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The Isaqueena - 1920, March

Martha Peace
Greenville Woman's College

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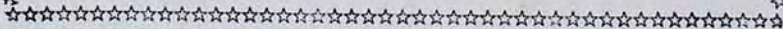
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The Isaqueena



March, 1920

Published each month by the students of the
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The Isaqueena

VOL. XIV.

GREENVILLE, S. C., MARCH, 1920

NO. 2

LIFE ON THE SOUTHERN PLANTATION DURING THE CIVIL WAR

In attempting to portray the life on the Southern plantation during the Civil War, it will not be amiss to sketch roughly the typical plantation. The "house" usually dated from colonial days, as did the old fashioned "tester beds", sofas and straight-back chair. In the front yard were multitudes of flowering shrubs and perhaps a carefully planned flower garden. The house was surrounded by massive oaks, elms, pines and cedars and separated from the fields by a fence or a Cherokee rose hedge. In the spacious back yard stood the kitchen, smoke-house and mammy's house. A little distance back was the gin, wash-house and blacksmith shop. Still farther back were the "quarters" of the Negroes. Over such a community was the mistress called to preside after the husband and sons went to the front.

Not an hour passed but that the "mistis" was sent for. She acted as overseer, nurse, doctor, priest, counselor and teacher. She gathered the Negroes on Sunday afternoon for biblical instruction, cared for the sick, baptized their children and read the ritual over the dead. All the time she was kept busy devising plans to make both ends meet in the terrible struggle to obtain sufficient food and clothing for her household.

Cotton becoming worthless because it could not be exported, the whole South turned its attention to producing food-stuffs—rye, oats, potatoes, wheat, pumpkins, peas and corn. The raising of wheat was not very successful. It had to be thrashed by hand with home-made flails. Even after it was thrashed, flour was so high, \$1,000 per barrel, that few could

afford it. Corn meal was substituted for flour and used in every conceivable way. Coffee was not obtainable at any price. Ground okra seeds, chestnuts and chikory were used instead. Tea was only kept for the sick. Sugar was the scarcest of all substances. Homemade molasses was used instead. Salt became so very precious that the earthen floors of the smoke-houses were dug up and the dirt was boiled in order to obtain the salt drippings which it contained. Soda was obtained by burning red corn cobs and mixing the ashes with water.

The wolf being turned away by nature's bounty, the next problem to confront the mistress was clothing. Looms that had not been in use since Revolutionary Days were brought from the attic and put to making homespun once more. Every home became a small factory. Everywhere was heard the whirr, clang, hum and bang of the wheel and loom. They searched diligently for something with which to dye the cloth. All kinds of twigs, leaves, berries and barks were used. The favorite dyes were made from the hulls of walnut, roots of pine and leaves of myrtle.

Many sheep were raised for the sake of their wool. But since wool was not so plentiful and the process of weaving it into a blanket so tedious, long tree moss and cow's hair were resorted to, especially for the soldier's blankets.

Pearl buttons became entirely unknown. In their place gourd shell, wood, bark, persimmon seed or pasteboard was used. This pasteboard was itself homemade. It was made by glueing several layers of paste together with meal paste.

Even shoes were made from this pasteboard. All of the homemade leather shoes were sent to the soldiers. The leather was tanned at home by the simple process of burying it for six months in a solution of red bark. The women wore shoes made of cloth or knit of homespun thread. As time went on prices soared. Soon after the outbreak of the war shoes sold for \$150 per pair and they rose to \$500. The blacking for the homemade shoes was a mixture of lard and soot smeared on with a brush of swine bristles.

It was not so difficult to obtain headgear. The hats the women owned at the beginning of the war were made over many seasons. After these gave out completely, new ones were made from the leaves of the Saw Palmetto, corn shucks, wheat and oat straw. These hats were dyed any desired color, made into various shapes and trimmed with bits of tarletan, old party dresses, duck or turkey feathers.

Miscellaneous household necessities were difficult to provide. Cotton seed and ground pea oil replaced kerosene, which in turn were replaced by candles of rosin and beeswax. Matches gave out and the fires had to be banked at night. It happened that one had to "borrow fire" quite often. Rude clay pottery was made but it could not withstand heat. Wooden dishes and trays were skillfully cut from wood. Glasses were made by cutting off the necks of bottles and filing the sharp edges. Oak balls and pokeberries furnished the ink. Scraps of wall paper were used for letter writing.

Sewing circles for the soldiers were formed in every community. Once a week the women from a radius of ten miles would meet and sew for the soldiers. Not only did these brave women give their last piece of household silver to the cause of the Confederacy but they made clothes for the soldiers out of their last remnant of household goods. Carpets were taken off the floor and cut into blankets. The oil cloth table covers were cut into raincoats and lined with cotton. The prized linen sheets, slips and covers were pulled out of the cedar chest and cut into hospital garments until there was not a piece of fine linen left in the South.

The one thing that was lacking for which no substitute could be found was literature. The few newspapers that kept up publication sold for \$1.00 each. Only one firm in all the South continued to print books and that was at Mobile, Alabama. The books that were printed were bound in coarse wall paper and sold for \$70 each. No new text books could be secured. The neighborhood schools were broken up but the children were taught by the mother or older sister.

Still a greater horror than all of these overhung the heroic women—the horror of a slave insurrection. They had only to assert their freedom and everyone knew it. All the people from the Rio Grande to the Potomac were wholly at their mercy. The only thing the distant soldier had with which to comfort himself was his belief in the character of the Negro—a character affectionate and loyal to attachments, unusually strong between master and slave.

Finally the struggle ended and the black clouds were lifted. The weary, war worn soldiers returned to destitute homes, undaunted they began to rebuild them and make the South beautiful once more.

KATHLEEN CHILDRESS, '22.

WANTED—A WIG

Great excitement was caused in the Stanley High School one morning by the following notice on the bulletin board:

“All boys of the Stanley Hi have passed a resolution to have nothing to do with girls who have bobbed their hair. This does not include those girls who have already cut their hair, if they will use a wig. It does include all those who cut their hair after this day (Jan. 14).” A postscript explained this highhanded action on the boys’ part by saying that they considered bobbed hair a sign of high-browism, which they wished to discourage. It was signed “Boys of the Stanley Hi,” and everyone recognized the handwriting on the notice, and knew that Bob North, president of the Senior class, had engineered, and probably originated, the plan.

There was a decided stir in the Senior class the following morning when in the face of the notice on the bulletin board Anne Howell, the most popular girl in the class, walked in with her fair hair cut short. Anne was more than good-looking, she was a beauty, and the best all-round girl in the room. They had to admit that the effect was anything but unbecoming, and Anne certainly laid no claims to being a

high-brow, but the wilful clipping of her hair had ostracised her, and every boy in the room was grieved.

Bob North thought it the greatest calamity that could befall him. Anne could always be counted upon to do the unexpected and forbidden, but he had never dreamed of her doing anything like this. It was inconceivable that she should deliberately cut herself off from all of their good times, for of course that was what it meant. She had cut her hair after their resolution had been passed. Ahead of him stretched weary Anneless and therefore, for him, girlless months, months of utter desolation. He shook his head and sighed. Life was hollow.

At recess the girls flocked around Anne to sympathize: "Anne, your lovely hair—" "What make you do it? Don't you know what the boys have done?" "Anne why don't you get a wig? Lucia Miller did and she looks as well—"

Anne's grey eyes swept the crowd of girls with cool contempt, as she answered the question hurled at her. "My hair will grow out again. I did it because I wanted to. Certainly I knew what the boys had done, I did it on purpose. Do you think," with a superb shrug of her shoulders, "that I am going to let any crowd of boys tell me what I can or can't do?"

"But Anne," pleaded her best chum, "please get a wig now, so that you can go to everything with the rest of us. I shan't enjoy anything without you."

"You'll be all right Harriet," Anne assured her calmly, "you'll forget about missing me, and have just as good a time as the rest. And besides, it won't do any good to get a wig now, because I knew about the resolution the boys had passed before I cut my hair."

"But you'll be the only girl left out. Lucia got a wig and it made no difference at all. The boys say it's prettier than her own hair." "And they go with her just the same as ever. Lots of girls who had just cut their hair got wigs. Lucia says she—"

"Oh, for goodness sake," broke in Anne, annoyed by this

continual reference to her dearest enemy, "Don't quote Lucia Miller to me. I'm not going to let my hair grow out. I'm of you can listen to those old boys if you like. I'm not." And, her head in the air, a martyr to her cause, Anne Howell stalked away the everfaithful Harriet at her side.

Anne went bareheaded on all possible occasions the next few weeks, defiantly exhibiting her short hair. It seemed to her old friends that she rejoiced in her ostracism. She fairly blazoned her disgrace abroad. As a matter of fact the boys soon began to be sorry for their act. Several of Anne's friends had followed their leader's example and recklessly cut their hair and discarded their wigs. At all class frolics Anne's hated rival, Lucia Miller, reigned supreme, but if Anne ever felt any qualius jealousy no one suspected it. In fact, Anne was having a very good time herself, these days, even if she could not attend class affairs. She and her friends had gone over to the enemy and were making friends with the college students, the high school boys' hated rivals. One of the college boys had joyfully announced that he would go with Anne if she *shaved* her hair, and he was not alone in his sentiments. Bob and his pals in their desperation resolved to take the first step toward peace, and try to get the girls to repent the error of their ways.

One of them saw Anne coming from the hair-dresser's one afternoon and thought he saw his opportunity.

"Hello Anne," he greeted her gaily, "buying a wig?"

"You know, Tom," said Anne with an air of discerning sweetness, "I looked and looked and I couldn't find a one."

"How long did you look?"

"Oh quite a while. All the time I was waiting for Madame to come wash my hair."

"Then you didn't go there to look for one." The boy tried not to sound disappointed, but it was hard work. Then, "But look here Anne, surely you'll let your hair grow before commencement night. You know we won't want any short-haired barbarians, er—I mean girls, on the stage that night."

"No?" queried Anne gently, "But there'll be quite a few up

there. You know that Lucia and her crowd haven't left any wigs in town. And you wouldn't want any shaggy-haired 'barbarians' either I presume." And smiling sweetly she departed.

"Count on Anne to get you told," said Bob with gloomy pride in his adored when he heard about it. "Better leave her alone. Anyway," he added philosophically, "there are still a few girls left."

The weeks went by and Anne and her bunch seemed perfectly happy which could hardly be said of the boys. All of the nicest girls had taken sides with Anne, and the boys were getting tired of having no girls but Lucia and her friends. Bob finally decided to take matters into his own hands and see what he could do to establish a hair-growing league among the girls, and to persuade them to return to the old bunch. Meeting Anne by herself one afternoon he hastened to seize the chance for effecting a reconciliation. "I say Anne," he began more humbly than he realized, "when are you going to let your hair grow?" "I don't know," said Anne sweetly, "not until after commencement though you know, I don't want to look shaggy the night we graduate. The other girls don't either."

"Oh!" Then doubtfully, "But there's the class banquet to come off soon. I'd hate awfully to have you miss it."

"And I'd hate to miss it," Ann agreed cheerfully. "There's going to be a reception at the college that night," she added pensively.

That last remark decided Bob. Unless something was done, all the girls would go somewhere else the night of the banquet. He hesitated a moment, wondering what the boys would say. Hastily concluding that the boys would be willing to do almost anything to have the girls friendly once more, he made his plunge.

"Anne," he said, "if you'll get the girls to promise to come to the class affairs, I'll make the boys promise not to say anything more about bobbed hair. Is it a go?"

Anne considered a moment. "You won't bother about try-

ing to make us wear wigs or let our hair grow or anything?"

"No we won't bother you, if you'll just leave those old college boys alone."

Anne did not stop to consider that she was doing what "those old boys said" to do. Her mind was on something else, and after a moment she said, "All right. I'll do what I can. And we'll come to the banquet, short hair and all."

The girl regarded him pensively for a moment, then queried demurely, "How long must I go short-haired after the banquet?"

"I don't understand." The boy looked puzzled. "You know better than I how long it will take your hair to grow."

"I say," Anne spoke slowly in order to let her words sink into Bob's dense mind, "How long before I can show my own long hair? How long must I wear this wig? It's awfully uncomfortable," she added plaintively.

"Wig?" gasped Bob, "wig?. I thought—Anne Howell, do you mean to say you've been wearing a wig all this time?"

"Yes."

"But—why?"

"Mother doesn't like bobbed hair either," explained the girl, "so she wouldn't let me cut my hair. And I like bobbed hair, so I bought a wig."

"And the other girls?"

"Have cut their hair, really bobbed it. They don't know, except Harriet, that I haven't cut mine."

"Then," said Bob sternly, "I think you'd better wear that wig until we graduate. And now," brightening, "let's go find the rest of the bunch and tell them the War of Bobbed Hair is over."

MARY SEYLE.

THE BEGINNINGS OF EDUCATION IN GREENVILLE

There is no record that illustrates so fully the liberality, intelligence, and far-reaching wisdom of the first settlers of Greenville, or the sturdy manhood and womanhood of which the little village was composed eighty years ago, so that which sows the efforts and the sacrifices made by them in establishing and maintaining for many years the Greenville Male and Female Academies. They flourished for more than thirty years, attracting many pupils from abroad who boarded among the citizens, and added much to the reputation of the place.

The Academies were founded in 1819, when the village contained about four hundred inhabitants.

On August 20, 1820, Mr. McBee deeded to six citizens, trustees, thirty acres of land, "adjoining the village, for the purpose of establishing the Greenville Male and Female Academies." The boundaries extended from the former residence of Dr. Sam Marshall to Towns street, and from the present College street to the old Academy branch, and were at that time covered with native forest and a great undergrowth of chinquapin bushes. Truly this was a broad and beautiful domain dedicated in the infancy of our city to the cause of education.

Before the date of the deed a subscription had been taken up for the purpose of erecting the necessary buildings, etc. Almost \$5,000 was given by forty-nine subscribers. Some of these men were of large means, others had their fortunes yet to make, and doubtless some with no children to send to the Academies. At least one of the solid brick structures then erected is still standing. It was added to and modernized by Colonel James L. Orr, and constituted a part of his handsome residence on College street. That residence was bought some years ago by the alumnae association of G. W. C. and converted into a library for that institution.

A brick building was also erected on the Female Academy

grounds which was later torn down to make room for the Conservatory of Music, and a frame dwelling that was destroyed by fire in 1836. The dwelling occupied by President Towns of the "College for Women" was soon afterwards erected in place of the one that was burned. The above subscription is only one of many similar contributions by the public in support of the Academies.

In 1821 the rules and by-laws adopted provided for seven trustees, which number was afterwards increased to ten.

The first principal of the Female Academy was Reverend Wm. B. Johnson, D. D., a gentleman of high character and qualifications, who was much beloved by his pupils.

The first record of the principals of the Male Academy says that on February 27th, 1837, Mr. Wm. B. Leary, of Annapolis, Maryland, was elected by the trustees. He was a fine old Irish gentleman. His big heart was ever overflowing with love and kindness to his boys, as he called them. In 1842 Mr. Leary sent in his resignation and requested the trustees to place as a subscription \$300, which was due him for expenditures upon the grounds and buildings of the Academy.

It seems to have been the custom that when there was no money in the treasury to pay an account which was due to one of the trustees or patrons of the schools, to have the amount credited to him as a subscription. This was the case with Mr. O. H. Wells, who presented, in 1845, a bill of \$29.96 for printing, with the request that the amount be entered opposite his name as a subscription.

At a meeting of the board of trustees on June 23rd, 1854, Major B. F. Perry appeared before them as the chairman of a committee appointed by a public meeting of the citizens of Greenville for that purpose, and submitted for their consideration a preamble and resolutions proposing that the board should apply to the Court of Chancery for permission to transfer lands belonging to the Male and Female Academies to the Baptist Convention of South Carolina, with the view of erecting a Baptist Female College thereon. This proposition was adopted by a vote of seven to two of the board of trus-

tees. One of the majority was V. McBee who had recently been elected a trustee. He was the original donor of the lands and now coupled his vote with a subscription of \$1,000, if the college was located in Greenville.

The Court of Equity having granted the decree and the legislature having passed an act in accordance with it, the board of trustees met on December 26th, 1854, and signed a deed transferring the Academy lands to the trustees of Furman University for the purpose of establishing in Greenville a Baptist Female College. And for almost fifty years G. F. C. was a household word to the people of Greenville. As G. W. C. it still remains a household word. Ever since its establishment it has been a source of pride and profit to Greenville citizens. A long line of distinguished professors and presidents have presided over its destinies, adding continuously an important element to the social and moral uplifting of the community. Year after year graduates have gone out from its walls equipped by cultured training to exercise in the various communities of their widely separated homes the benign influence of cultured womanhood.

In connection with the old Academies the following advertisement, taken from the Greenville Mountaineer of November 17th, 1843, gives a good idea of the village of that date:

“WANTING”

“A teacher to take charge of the Greenville Male Academy. The success of this school will depend on the industry and competency of the teacher.

“The property belonging to the institution consists of a large two-story brick building, containing four large rooms, with fire places in each, and a single-story brick building for a school room, situated in a handsome grove within the village.

“The village of Greenville is situated in the State of South Carolina, near the Blue Ridge, in a high and healthy region, noted as a place of resort during the sickly season, and for

health is scarcely equaled by any village in the Union, and there are but few that possess so many local advantages.

"It contains a population of eleven hundred persons, has three churches, well attended, has near one dozen stores, and a goodly number of industrious mechanics. Three stages arrive at Greenville three times a week. It is on the highway from the Western States to the cities of Charleston, Columbia and Augusta.

"(Signed) T. C. Austin, Secretary."

Furman was opened in 1851 at the present site which was secured from that wealthy and public spirited citizen Vardry McBee, who did so much to lay broad foundations for the Mountain city. The University was the evolution of the Furman Academy established in Edgefield in 1827 and removed two years later to the high hills of Santee. Here as a theological school it continued to the close of 1835, when it was closed and removed to Fairfield, where it embraced in its curriculum English, classical and theological courses in connection with a manual labor school. In 1844 Dr. James C. Furman became president. About the middle of the century, Dr. Furman was released from the school room and was successful, with the excellent help of others, in raising \$100,000 in order to establish Furman University. In 1852 Dr. C. H. Judson entered the faculty and was one of the building committee which erected the main university building. The original plan contemplated English, classical, scientific, theological, medical, and law departments, but the war prevented its full realization. In 1859 the theological department became the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which is now at Louisville, Ky.

Since its establishment Furman has grown and become more popular every year. The young men who have gone out from her walls have served their country as patriots, have filled many private and public positions of honor and trust with credit to themselves and reflected honor upon their alma mater.

Right now the future of the school is as bright in promise as the realities of the past have been glorious.

For a long time Chicora College was located in Greenville, but it was recently moved to Columbia. Greenville is also proud of her system of public schools which is one of the best to be found anywhere.

Thus Greenville, with all her educational advantages, has come to be looked upon as an educational center. We can truthfully say again, then, that "small beginnings have big endings."

ANNIE BRISTOW, '22.

VOCATIONS AND AVOCATIONS

Women as well as men have come to realize the need, the necessity of knowing well one kind of work, of being able to excel in one line. In other words all of us have, or should have, a vocation. There are any number of vocations, and we are free to choose, but we must find our place and take it. The more complex society becomes, the more individualism it requires.

From the time a boy is four years old until he finishes college, and takes his stand in the world, people are incessantly asking him, 'What are you going to be? What are you going to be?' Never once is he allowed to forget that he must plan his life-work; that he must learn a trade; that the world expects much of him. As a consequence, he thinks frequently upon such matters, adds training to natural capacity, and finds his work. More and more girls are being brought up in the same manner, and they, too, are finding their places, and are filling them more capably every day, whether they be in the home or in the business world.

We recognize the necessity of a vocation, but recently the importance of being able to do more than one thing has been brought forcibly before us. For all time perhaps men of genius, and men at the top in their own particular line, have

had some "hobby", some side-line in which they took a peculiar interest. They found that this game of "hobby" was one of the finest in the world. It was a wonderful means of recreation, as well as a guard against narrowing interests, and lonely old age.

This side-line or hobby has been called an avocation. The need of an avocation has just been demonstrated by many of our returned soldiers. Hundreds of our boys came back from France disabled and physically incapable of resuming their former line of work. Most of these knew how to do one job, and no more. At the present time the United States Government is operating schools to teach these men a new kind of work suited to their condition, and if possible to their natural desires. The men are responding eagerly, and are learning rapidly. They are making themselves assets to society, and happy in their own lives.

If boys and girls in their high school and college days would develop an interest in something beyond and apart from their regular work, they would be broader-minded, stronger and happier. The hobby of bird-study, or of gardening is a wonderful aid to poor health, office-cramp, or a sour disposition, music and the study of the world's great pictures may help some one the better to bear up in a time of deep grief, or a period of intense strain. There are countless blessings in a hobby, when you choose the right one. The world is too big, too full, and needy for a man to be narrow. Let us find our avocation while we are young, and may.

THE PRINCESS HIRRIHIGUA

All was silent in the great forest. The sun, gleaming brightly, high in the blue heavens, danced gaily on the ground that was covered thickly with pine-needles. The tall pine-trees, the sentinels of the Southland, reared their needle-crowned heads far above. At their feet, white poppies grew wild,— poppies that beckoned to the Indian maids, but hid their long thorns under a mantle of green. A foot-path, long

since over-grown with these charmers, disappeared in a thick screen of water-oaks. The white sand, spreading far in the distance, glimmered under the beating rays of the sun. A red-bird flashed from out the cool woods, and alighting on a tree-top, called for his mate. The answer came far away, and in a few minutes she flew toward him.

But all this was unseen by an Indian maiden, who stole into the pine-grove, as if afraid of detection. Her feet, shod in moccasins, made no sound as she trod the carpeted ground. Her dress, with its girdle of wampum, the strings of beads around her brown throat, all betokened a high rank. She took a few steps forward, and then stopped, her slender body swaying like a reed in the wind. She listened for a moment; when she heard no suspicious sounds, and decided that she had not been followed, she sank to the ground in relief.

"Oh, my white lover, come to the Princess Hirrihigua! Come, I beseech you." The lids fell over her black eyes, and lulled by the whistlings of the birds, and by the soft breezes, the beautiful Princess fell into a deep sleep.

A man came slowly into the dell, walking as if in deep thought. His feet were bare, his trousers were tattered, his body, tanned by the Southern sun, was naked; on his head was a covering made from a palm leaf. When he saw the girl lying on the bed of pine-needles, with the sunlight playing on her face, he fell on his knees by her side. Princess Hirrihigua awoke with a start, and found herself looking into the brown eyes of a man. Her white lover had come!

"My Indian maiden, I hardly dared believe that you would be here today."

"No one could have kept me from coming, Juan, for I love you."

"And I, my Princess, you know that I, too, love you? You believe in me, and will to the end?" Juan asked, bending over and peering anxiously into the eyes of his beloved.

"To the end!" she answered.

For both the Princess Hirrihigua and Juan Ortez believed that the end must come soon.

Several weeks before Juan had come from Cuba with supplies for the Spanish explorers of Florida. He had wandered from his friends, and was lost in the woods only a short while. His shouts for help were not heard by his former companions; night was coming on, so deciding to wait for the morning light, and hoping that he might be found by his friends, Juan lay down beneath a tree, and soon was fast asleep. So tired was he, and so deep his sleep, that he did not hear the wild beasts prowling around; he did not know of the wild-cat that lay in the tree above him. He did not see its two eyes, shining like coals of fire in the dark; no—he slept peacefully, unaware of any danger.

In his dreams, he was running down the beach at home, when suddenly he fell, and awoke. His efforts to move were unavailing. By the silver moonlight which shone all over the land, he could see figures marching ahead. Someone was carrying him somewhere. Juan tried to cry out, but his mouth was bound. A mocking bird was singing its own song in the woods, a bird in the bush chirped as they passed by, an owl cried his weird, "tu-whit, tu-who", flapped his wings in astonishment at the intruders, and flew away.

At last they came to a clearing; in the middle a big bonfire cast its ruddy glow upon the copper-colored faces that peered out of the encircling night. For the first time, Juan had a sense of fear, when he saw the chief, sitting in state before a tent, with his advisors at his feet. The old chief did not deign to turn his head nor to notice the newcomers, but remained statue-like, his face immobile as stone. Not until the Indian scouts had brought their prisoner immediately before him, did he raise his eyes.

"Ugh, white man cruel! Kill heap friendly red men. We kill, too. Ugh!" With this unintelligible grunt, he rose, and stalked into the tent, followed by the council-members.

Juan was seized by the guards and thrown into a little hut, black in darkness, except for a slit in the roof. He lay on the ground, almost fearing to move. In a few hours he could tell that daylight had come, but the sun was shining brightly

before the door was opened a crack, and a bowl of gruel was pushed in. Juan ate it eagerly, too hungry to fear any treacherous act by his nose.

The sun was high in the heavens, the hut was stifling, when the door again opened. One of the Indian guards of the night before stood by the opening with a stolid face.

"Ugh," he grunted, "Paleface, come."

Juan followed him and was led to the scene of the previous night. The same chief, surrounded by his subjects, was seated before the tent. Something new had been erected; green wood had been piled up, and kindling was heaped near it.

"Palefaces kill red men; red men kill, too!"

The chief paused; Juan raised his eyes, and saw that the men had opened the ranks and a beautiful girl now stood there, listening. Her eyes, black and lustrous, were wide from fear.

The chief continued, "Kill Paleface now."

Then he, too, looked up. His mouth broke into a smile, his eyes brightened with pleasure, but he only said, "Princess Hirrihigua, go; my daughter should not be at the killings of our enemies."

But the girl came toward him, for the first time taking her gaze from the stranger. She bowed low before her father, and still on her knees, raised her head and spoke to him in pleading tones.

"Father, do not kill the paleface. This paleface does you no harm. When he does harm, kill, not now. Grant this one favor to Hirrihigua—the life of the stranger." Hirrihigua rose from the ground, and stood before him. If you do not do this, then by my dead mother, I kill myself too!"

A cloud passed over the face of the chief, when his daughter mentioned her mother. After the death of his squaw, Ocaee, a few months before, the Chief Hirrihigua had aged; now he gave all his hopes and love to the maiden, who looked like her.

A few minutes passed in silence. The old man turned to his council members for advice. One of them stepped for-

ward and said, "We have spoken. The paleface should die by fire, slowly. Now we leave the judgment to you."

Chief Tirrihigua turned to the Princess and looked at her for a long time. She said nothing, but stood before him, in all the dignity of her rank. Perhaps her determination to kill herself, perhaps the name of her mother and the memory of past scenes, or perhaps the look of pity on the faces of the people for the handsome stranger, made him merciful.

He did not glance again at the advisors, did not turn to his people, did not look at his daughter, waiting for the answer, but contemplating the ground in a wooden stare, said, "Go free."

Princess Hirrihigua fell on her face again, and kissed her father's hands, the crowd scattered, but still the chief sat before his tent.

It was a few seconds before Juan realized what had happened. That bed of green boughs was not for him, no agony, no death—he was free! Then he remembered that he was indebted to the lovely Hirrihigua for his life, and hastened to her to thank her for the intervention. She stood up when he drew near, and looked at him from soft brown eyes.

"Thank you," was all that Juan could say, but that was more than enough. His glance was more eloquent than words would have been.

Juan remained in the settlement for two weeks after his release. No one harmed him; he was treated as though he were one of the tribe. He saw the princess every day; he taught her his language, while she showed him the beauties of the Southern woods. Chief Hirrihigua had nothing to say regarding their friendship, but watched them with a keen eye. Two more weeks passed; Juan had been with the red men for a month, and still nothing was said about leaving.

One morning Juan and the Indian girl started on their usual walk. They wandered far, so interested were they in Hirrihigua's attempts to master a few Spanish words. Laughing and chattering, they came to a field of white poppies.

"Oh, look," cried the Princess, "how beautiful."

She darted ahead and stooped over to pick one. "Oh," she cried again, "I forgot the prickles." She held up a small hand, now streaked with red. Juan smiled, "Ah, your head-long ways are sure to bring you to trouble! Let us sit down here and I will fix it all right."

"Juan," Hirrihigua began, a few minutes after they were settled in the shade of a big pine tree, "my father is expecting the Chief Mucoso to arrive from his Camp."

"So?" indifferently remarked Juan.

"Then the betrothal service will be carried out," she finished, giving him a sidelong glance.

"Betrothal! Who!" he asked startled.

"Mucoso and the Princess Hirrihigua!" she declared laughingly as she jumped to her feet. As if by agreement, they turned their steps homeward. When they arrived the Princess sought her maids to give them the flowers she had gathered during the day. Juan went immediately to the Chief. When he had gained admittance to his presence, he said, "Paleface love your daughter, Princess Hirrihigua. Want to marry her and be her husband."

Points of light as sharp as a steel dagger gleamed from the eyes of the Chief. He pulled himself up to his full height, folded his arms across his breast, pointed to the door, and said, "Go."

Juan went out, angry but helpless. The sun was not shining for him, the birds were no longer singing, the skies were gray; all that he could see was the face of the girl, her eyes dark with pain as he had seen them last. He strode to the tent that had been set apart for him, and threw himself face downward on the couch.

"Indian maiden, my Princess Hirrihigua!" he whispered over and over.

Food was placed on the ground beside him, morning passed into afternoon and then into evening, the sun rose to the height of the heavens and then sank in a golden glory, but Juan heeded these things not at all. The moon rose, throw-

ing its light over the silent woods, filling all the dark corners with its silver beams. The chuck-wills-widow gave his cry somewhere in the woods, a leaf fell from a tree, and rustled when it hit the ground. The night wore away slowly. Juan wearied by his long vigil, slept. The flap of the tent opened; a figure stealthily entered, pulled the canvas down, and crept over to the sleeping man.

"Juan, Juan, waken, for danger is near."

Juan stirred, but his eyes were still shut.

"Juan, wake, while yet there is time!"

The eyes flew open, Juan leaped up and grasped the hands that had shaken him. It was the Princess Hirrihigua.

"What is the matter?" he gasped.

"Sh! Juan, my father hates the paleface greatly. He is now plotting with his council how to harm you. Go, while yet there is time. Fly to the camp of Mucoso, and there will be protection for you."

"To the camp of Mucoso? But he is your betrothed. There will be no protection there."

"Go, Juan. Because Mucoso is my betrothed, he will protect you for me.

"Come with me, Indian maid!"

Soon the time will be ripe for that. Go. Save yourself. I am safe now. Meet me in the field of poppies on the seventh day from now. Then the greatest danger will be over."

"I will come," he promised.

Juan listened to her entreaties, and followed her into the moonlit open. The sleeping village looked squat and shapeless, but Juan turned away from it, and made his way toward the shelter of the woods. He gave a last look at Hirrihigua before he entered the haven. The moonlight shone full on her face as she stood silently, watching him, then she seemed more beautiful than ever to her lover. But he went on his way.

Morning light found him still a long distance from his goal. He hid in an old tree trunk, hoping against hope that no one had pursued him; no one came in sight. That night he con-

tinued his journey, dodging the lighted patches, taking refuge in the shade of the trees. Juan was tired, but whenever his courage might have failed him, he prayed, "For my Princess, give me strength," and he felt able to conquer all things.

In the dawn of the next morning, he reached the settlement, saw the young chief and gave him the message from Hirrihigua. Mucoso promised him the desired protection, and bidding him not to worry, gave him a couch to rest upon. As he feared that spies might be in the village, Juan left his tent but seldom, until the day of his tryst.

No strange Indians had been seen, so on that day Juan walked abroad fearlessly. He hastened to the field of white poppies, and it was there that he met his Princess Hirrihigua, and she gave her promise to trust him "to the end." The end seemed very close to them both, and well it might have seemed to be.

Juan bent over the girl, where she lay in his arms. A twig cracked, a whiz was heard, but before either could look, an arrow had sped from the bow and lodged in the heart of Juan. He fell backwards, among a bed of the poppies.

Hirrihigua looked toward the forest, and saw a group of her warrior people running through the pine-grove; they were followed more slowly by the old Chief.

"My white lover, I cannot live without you!" she cried.

The half-crazed maiden pulled a knife from her giridle where it was always hidden, and plunged it in her bosom to the hilt. She fell upon the body of her lover, pressing her lips to his.

The warriors stood in an awed circle, when Chief Hirrihigua strode up.

"My daughter," he began, but when he saw the body lying on the ground, the old man bowed his head in sorrow. "First her mother went, and now my daughter! 'Tis an act of the gods." He raised his hands in submission. Turning to the warriors, he commanded, "Bury them here."

Still locked in each other's arms, their lips together, his

face wearing the smile that had been upon it in the hour of joy, her's alight with love, they were buried.

The red bird still flashes from tree-top to tree-top, he still calls his mate from the fresh woods, the sun still sends its beating rays upon the glaring sand, the birds still sing happily. But the Indian Princess does not steal clandestinely into the pine-grove to meet her white lover, and does not dream until he comes. The Indian maiden and her white lover lie sleeping together, under the carpet of pine-needles, while the breezes blow softly and the white poppies wave and whisper above them.

AMELIA ELIZABETH BOOR.

AN IDEAL COLLEGE GIRL

What is your conception of an ideal college girl? What qualities do you think she should possess? My idea of one is a girl who plans definitely for her work and her play and whose greatest asset is a cheerful disposition.

Of course in order to do her work properly she must be conscientious about it. But being conscientious does not mean that she become completely upset and nervous. The girl who goes into a thing—whether it be a basket ball game or a math examination—with a smile, is most apt to come out with one on the winning side.

Being a real college girl, to me, means more than mere study. A college girl who has the true spirit is not only cheerful and happy herself, but tries to help other girls through all the little trials and big ones, *trials* that every college girl experiences. And those trials are many. They take in everything from the defeat at that basket ball game to the failure on that examination.

Of course we can't always be happy and cheerful. Naturally, we all have our blue days. College life wouldn't be col-

lege life if it weren't for its "ups and downs". And its in the "downs" that the courage of a real college girl shines.

A real college girl helps not only herself, but may be of decided aid to her room mate and other friends. Let's all smile and try our hardest to be real college girls.

ISAQUEENA

Night was falling in Keowee vale. Long, dark shadows were creeping o'er it, but the moon, as though loath to let darkness reign, peeped now and then through the clouds flecking the vale with light. The river, fresh from the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, flowed like a silver thread through the valley.

This beautiful vale was one of many in the possession of the Cherokee Indians, who, long years ago, lived in that section of the Blue Ridge Mountains where North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee touch. They were the largest and most important tribe in the Eastern United States. There were two divisions of the tribe, the "Over Hills," those who lived on the mountains and the "Under Hills", those who lived in the valley.

Keowee, the capital town of the "Under Hills," was situated on the Keowee river. It was the home of Isaqueena, a lovely captive Chortaw maid and a slave to the old chief, Kuruga. Here she toiled and dreamed of Allen Francis, her paleface lover. The town has long since disappeared, but the river still flows on.

"And enshrines forever noble memories of Isaqueena, Choc-taw maid and lovely captive—a slave girl to savage masters whose name, Deer's Head, they translated into Cherokee, "Cateechee."

One day she overheard Kuruga's warriors in council. They planned to massacre the traders at Fort Cambridge and seize their possessions. The Indian girl's heart ached at the thought of the fate her lover would meet at the hands of her cruel master.

On that summer's evening when night was falling in the valley Cateechee stood by the water's edge. Suddenly she bent low and whispered to the flowing river, "Allou Francis, heed my warning for Kuruga plans tonight thay death."

After whispering her message of deliverance to the waters, Cateechee glided softly into the woods. Her brave heart throbbed with its burden and longed for someone to share it. But only the wind in the trees answered her warning.

"If the river will not bear it,
Nor the moon nor the trees hear it,
Then the doomed pale face must share it."

She slipped quietly and silently thru the forest to the place where the ponies were grazing and stretched forth her brown hand to them in a mute appeal for their aid. "Do the ponies love me?" she said. "Ninety and six miles to Cambridge! Will the ponies help me?"

They looked shyly at her for a moment and then turned and galloped away, save one, which came and licked her brown hand. Quickly from her waist she took a girdle and improvised rein to guide her steed over the hills and to the valley to where fated Cambridge stood.

"And as the fleet-footed pony bore away his lovely rider, noiseless were the footfalls, rapid the gait, as they passed long shodaws."

"Yonah, the good Choctaw prophet, muffles his feet," said Isaqueena. Her heart filled with fear lest a footfall be heard by the warriors and they pursue her.

Like a whirlwind she rode thru the forest in the silent hours of night. No blazed trail or wheel-traced path marked her way. The stars were her faithful sign boards.

The whispering, chuckling streams were the mile posts on her pathway. Six miles murmured softly at her approach, but loudly cheered her "as she crossed it like a phantom."

Suddenly, drowning out the song of six miles, the scream of a panther pierced her ears. Frightened, she leaped quickly

forward and whispered to her panting steed, "Onward, speed like the Cat of God!" He sprang forward leaving the horrible scream far behind.

Twelve miles crossed her path, a clear little river, which bathed the sides of her pony and quenched his thirst with its cool waters.

Then eighteen showed the distance she had come from Keowe. It chatted loudly over the rocks, as if all danger were over. But Cateechee did not tarry. She still feared the pursuit of the warriors.

Chatting louder than eighteen, three and twenty dashed across her path, telling her in its own language that she was far from the hated red men. Six and twenty plunged over the falls, begging her to stop and linger; scolding her as she raced onward.

On she rode 'til there shown in the east the light of approaching day. Then she stopped by a brook to rest. She bathed her face and hands in the cold stream and threw herself down on the cool earth to enjoy for a few moment the beauty of the sunrise.

A bird, perched high over her head sang in the Cherokee tongue, "Teechee, Teechee." There came an answer, in the Choctaw language, that she loved, "Queen, Queena."

"Tis his soul in wood-thrush and wren,"

She said. "He comes to meet the slave,
Whom he would make one day his squaw.

The paleface wanders in sleep, and the birds lend wings to his soul.

"Cheego, Cheego," the red bird called.

"Like the paleface you talk," said Isaqueena. "She-go, she-go."

At the thought of the paleface she called her pony and mounting rode quickly away. Soon the column of smoke from Francis' cabin greeted her eyes.

Allan Francis was in the doorway of his cabin, leaning on his rifle. He was clad in fringed buckskin breeches and a shirt of doeskin which the loving hands of Isaqueena had em-

broidered. The morning sun shone thru the shadows of the forest trees about him.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs could be plainly heard and he was peering anxiously thru the woods in the direction from which the sound came. As he looked Cateechee dashed into sight. She rode straight to him and leaping from her steed's back stood beside her lover at his cabin door in the morning forest shadows.

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The years sped swiftly by for the pale face and his Choctaw squaw, years full of happiness and content. They dwelt in Allan's humble cabin, blessed by peace and plenty.

One stormy winter evening, several years after Isaqueena's escape from the Cherokees, the family of three, for a little daughter had come to bless the union, were sitting around a fire of blazing logs. On the soft rugs Cateechee had placed a faw-skin, a soft pallet for her baby. The little Indian mother sat smiling at her cooing papoose. Outside the wind howled thru the forest trees, and the rain beat steadily on the cabin roof.

Suddenly the door burst open and the storm rushed in with rage, blowing sparks and smoke over the room. But above the fury of the wind's shrill yells were heard which seemed to shake the rafters. Turning quickly, Francis saw Kunuga's warriors snarling at him from the doorway.

For a moment he stared at the red men, dazed by their sudden appearance. Then he stooped and snatching logs from the stack on the hearth, hurled them rapidly at the braves.

But the Indians outnumbered him. Soon they pinned him to the wall and bound his arms with sinews. Then they led him with his wife and baby into the fierce tempest. There they stood under the forest trees, bound with sinews watching the savages loot and burn their home. Isaqueena closed her eyes to shut out the awful sight of the warriors dancing around her burning home.

When the last flame was out they started on the long journey to far off Keowee's vale. For two long days and nights

the captives were led thru the forest by Kuruga's warriors. They knew not what the end of the journey would mean—whether stake or torture, or the bonds of servitude. When at last they reached Keowee, they were led into the council chamber to await the coming of the Ravens, the advisers of the people.

After a few minutes, the door opened and the wise men filed slowly in and sat in a circle around the chamber. Not a word was spoken. They only smoked and scowled at the captives.

Finally Awasta, who had come from the high peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains, broke the long silence:

"Braves will not try squaw and papoose," said he. "Let Kuruga send home to the wigwam of the women, the slave squaw who loves the pale face more than the braves of her people."

The braves nodded approval, so Cateechee and her baby were taken to Kuruga's wigwam.

Allan stood mute as they were led away. The red men watched him closely for some expression of pain or sorrow that might brand him a coward. But his face remained motionless and they commended his stolid bearing.

When he was alone with the red men, Skiagaunsta, a wizard from the old tribe of Estatoes, rose from his seat and looking at Allan Francis said:

"Good Yohewah loves his children. Let the pale face fear Yohewah, for he favors our great nation. Let the pale face please Yohewah. For the people will teach him how to trap beaver, and how to kill the fat wild deer for Cateechee, and let him become Kunuga's faithful son, the red man's good friend."

"Toenhah! Toenhah!" the warriors cried when the old speaker sat down. Then they loosed the white man's bonds and led him to Kuruga. The old chief gave him the pipe of peace, which he smoked and passed around the council circle.

"Allan Francis then repeated their most sacred word of honor, 'Toenhah! Toenhah!'"

Twice again he said it boldly. And that was the end of his

pledge to be faithful to the Cherokees. He was now a child of old Kuruga, but the Ravens watched him daily.

Isaqueen and her husband built a wigwam far up in the valley, overlooking the beautiful river. Each day Allan Francis roamed far and wide with the clever Indian hunters, while Isaqueena waited for mi at the wigwam. Two gray winters and a golden summer passed by and still they longed to return to Cambridge.

The spring of the second year came. Birds sang sweetly and the flowers filled the air with their perfume. The brooks murmured and whispered once more. All nature seemed rejoicing over the advent of another spring.

A group of lovely Cherokee maidens had wandered out into the woods to gather the ripe, juicy berries. Catechee, with the matrons, went to guard the maids.

Suddenly black clouds closed over the sun and the distant roar of thunder warned them of an approaching storm. Maids and matrons hurried back to their wigwams forgetting in their haste to watch Catechee. As they ran they met Allan looking for his wife and daughter. To his inquiries concerning them the maids and matrons answered, "Ayrate," meaning "they are behind." "Papoose makes her weary, papoose makes the deer's head droop," said one squaw.

As he met another "The Good Spirit speed thy fleet feet, gentle pale face, bravest hunter, and bring thee to thy good squaw," she said.

"Ayrate." The word made his heart beat fast. "Ay, Ayrate Ayrate shall be her fate; and she shall dwell below this nation of wild Cherokee braves," said he, if God favors my bold purpose."

Just as the storm broke he met her, far behind the others, hurrying forward with her baby. Quickly they found shelter under a boulder from the wind and hail and safely hidden planned their escape from Keowee vale.

From shrewd old Kuruga's power, from the constant watch of the Ravens, from the thralldom of the nation, and the law of savage customs."

"With thee to thy kindred I'll go," said Cateechee in a whisper. "To the wigwam of the pale face. Let us hasten while the storm howls, 'twill be our friend and spoil our trail. And blind the eyes of the Ravens. Then she wrapped her baby in a cloak of doeskin and gave her to Allan Francis. It was the strongest pledge a sqaw could give to follow her husband. He took the baby and whispered "Ayrate."

"Nay, Otarre, over the hills," said she. Let us hide in the mountains until the search shall be safely over, and we can take refuge with your kinsmen.

"Thou hast spoken well, Cateechee."

So quickly they set out over the hills to their hiding place.

The valley was swept by the storm for hours. Then the thunder and lightning ceased and calm and silence settled on the vale. The stars peeped out between the fast moving clouds, and the moon rose high over the crags. But—

"The great calm that night was broken by a mocking bird's sad night song." The night song of Coonie later.

Salooe, the Raven of Sauyi, was patrolling the valley, when he heard the weird song. "Does the Conee latee mourn for naught, does Conee latee whisper secrets to the Raven?"

As he spoke he came to Allan's wigwam and pushing aside the curtain at the doorway he looked in. And lo, it was empty, Allan and Cateechee were not there.

He stepped back and drew his breath. Then like the blare of a trumpet, there sounded the war whoop of the Cherokee braves, "Echa-herro! Echa-herro!" A thousand voices seemed to answer as the cry echoed thru the hills.

The braves came running in the expectation of finding Allan Francis in trouble. But when they discovered that he and his squaw had fled they tore their hair in anger and swore to bring them back.

Fleet-footed runners were sent out on all the trails that led to the land of the white men. For many days and weeks they sought the run-aways but the search was in vain. One by one the Ravens returned, bringing no tidings of them.

So it was decided by all that their prisoners had perished in

the dark forest, all save Salooe, the old Raven of Stauyi. He sat silent in the great council, listening to the reports of the others. Then he stole out and with a few young braves set wide thru the forest until they came to foot-steps in the bed of a mountain stream. These they followed to an old hollow three in which there was a bed of bows.

"It is their house," said Salooe, in derision. "Pale face sleep like the dog," he said.

Allan Francis was on the bank of the Tugaluyi, ready to begin the journey to Cambridge. The rough canoe that he had built was floating idly on the water. While he made ready to sail, Isaqueena, with her baby strapped to her back, was gathering berries on the banks of a nearby stream. Here the warriors found her and their war cry "Echa-herro! Echa-herro!" shrilled thru the air.

Cateechee startled, sprang forward like a deer. She fled down the creek's vale to the place where the water leaped ninety feet over the rocks. First they fell ten feet to a jutting shelf of granite and then plunged eighty feet into a dark pool below. At the falls she paused and looked around, her black eyes flashing when she saw the warriors pressing onward. Her defiant look brought forth a second war cry from the savages. It reached the ears of Allan Francis walking thru the woods in search of Isaqueen. Glancing up he saw her poised on the brink of the falls. She stood motionless until the arrows of the red men began to fall around her, then, with a wave of her hand to her husband, she leaped down the falls.

He crouched behind a boulder when he saw her jump and waited to see what the red men would do. They raced to the falls and gazed down the dizzy height, then turned away with shrieks of anger. Their prey in their hands, they suffered it to escape.

Yet, in the mind of Allan Francis, there was still a gleam of hope. If his eyes had not deceived him, did not Cateechee land on the shelf of rock, ten feet below the top of the falls? Had he not seen her vanish quickly under the thick veil of falling

water? He climbed the steep cliff and from the spot where she had last stood, softly celled her name, "Cateechee."

Cateechee, safely hidden under the falls, and hearing her name, uttered in the well-loved voice, came out from under the rock, and to Allan's inexpressible delight showed herself. She had been saved as it were by a miracle on the crag.

But there was no time to waste. Long buckskin thongs, which he threw down to her, she bound securely around her waist. Then drawing her safely up to the rock beside him, he climbed with her down the perilous cliff.

On reaching the safety of the level ground, they walked down the stream bed to the river, leaving no trails behind to guide the Indians. When they found their canoe the moon had risen and the river, in its light, looked like a broad band of silver.

They climbed quickly into the canoe, swiftly the boat moved down stream. Dawn was breaking in the east when they reached the end of their voyage. Cambridge and freedom were won at last.

MARY SMYTHE, '22

A PLEA FOR HELP

About this time of the year, probably a little later, a general slacking up is often noticeable in much of the school work. Too often the cry is heard: "I'm not going to study any more now than I have to. I've something else to do," for outdoor activities are calling and, of course, that is only natural. Every one likes to be out in the open now. But the call of the outer world should not be heeded, to the exclusion of other things.

Other things than outdoor sports should be stressed at this time of the school year more than any other time. It shows whether one is a real fighter or only a make-believe. The worth while girl right now is the one who works straight ahead, without thinking of stopping just because she knows she can pass without any further effort. No one likes a quitter, or

being called one. But that is the name one feels like giving to the girl who works little more than half the year and then stops. Girls, work up to your limit. Don't stop with the plea that you are busy—everyone is busy. And its always the busy eople who have time to do things. If they don't have the time, they make it. Look at the girls you ask to help you, and you'll find that generally the busiest ones are called upon most often.

And right here, let us listen to a plea from the organizations. They are always asking for help, and they never have too much. When they call upno you, respond. Freshmen and Sophomores, your turn is coming soon, *you'll* soon be the ones asking other people for aid. And when your time *does* come, you'll realize the joy of finding a girl who *can* and *will* help.

Write? Yes, you knew that was coming. It never fails to come. But then you know the staff can't run things by itself. It can't do anything but collect the material you hand in, and then maybe write something for a "filler." It's really your magazine, and it's up to you to support it. You're likely to hear it to the bitter end. Write, *write, write*. If you have been criticizing Isaqueena for its scarcity of issues, ask yourself how many things you have written for it. Then sit down and write something, anything you can—poem, sketch, essay, short story, or even a joke. And if it isn't accepted the first time, try again.

If you can't write anything else, you can criticize. If you wish to make any criticism, favorable or adverse do it, present it *to the editors*, and they will gladly accept any suggestions you might make that will help the maganize. For it is not *their's*—it's *yours*. And its up to *you* to support it, to listen and to help when an S. O. S. is sent out by it.

M. S., '20.

The Isaqueena

Published Monthly by the Student Body of the Greenville
Woman's College.

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Editorial

A BEING DARKLY WISE

One of the props of this College for Women is an old, bald-headed, except for a fring of gray hair, stoop-shouldered man who wears great shoes, baggy patched trousers and a gray sweater. He is Uncle Murphy, a man of many trades and master of all. It is he who is sent for when the trunk locks are broken and when there are mysterious leaks on the ceilings. He is consulted when the corn won't come up and the hens go on a strike. This highly rectified, indispenable and versatile old gentleman lives in a tiny cabin at the back of the barn. The white-bearded goats, which constitute a part of the college menagerie, sleep on his doorsteps and see that no harm befalls him by night.

Back in the days "along aftah de wah" Uncle Murphy made the singularly awful threat of leaving and our predecessors appreciating his incalculable value in securing their happiness, draped the entire college in mourning. They were very modern girls in many ways and so did not approve of the wait-on-yourself plan. No one else could have cut kindling that started fires so easily, no one else could have brought coal as promptly or taken up ashes without having scattered them all over the room. Murphy says: "Dey wuz all puffed ladies" and they all loved Uncle Murphy as generations after them have done.

Again it is in the days "along aftah re wah" and though Murphy's work is not splitting kindling and removing ashes, he is still making the college a cleaner, more beautiful place to live in. He spares neither broom nor dust cloth and for this reason one is not afraid of soiling one's fresh, white middy suit when sitting on one of the familiar arm chairs that adorn the class rooms. He knows as much of how and when it is to give the cows salt and when the moon is right for planting beans as he does of raising flowers. He often bemoans the fact that he no longer has the violet rows along the walks and driveways. But if he's not tending violets he is doing things equally as useful.

One of the most unpleasant tasks that Uncle Murphy has to perform is the ringing of the bell. Since it has to be rung at the unholy hour of six forty-five, he knows there are distressingly few girls who want to rise at that time. But he uses system and consequently he can distinguish it from the warning bell which peals forth in threatening tones a half hour later. Those who are so unfortunate as to be awakened by the first interrupter of our right to much needed beauty sleep, find that for a time it comes slowly and then for the same length of time the speed is doubled, ending with two short taps.

Added to his other accomplishments are the power of prophesying and ability to carry on a very interesting and entertaining conversation. In those days during the late war when Dr. Ramsey told him bad news he would say: "Neber yo mind', Doctor, dere ain't no army lak ourn an' it'll cum out right."

And talk! The dear old soul can talk forever. He promulgates his psychological observations with the most eloquent ease. He has a vast store of knowledge and a keen insight into human character.

It would be strange to be around the college and not see evidences of Uncle Murphy's faithful work and hear his quavering voice raised in religious song. Though he's getting old, we hope he'll live to be as old as Methuselah and ten years older.

ELEANOR KEESE, '21.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

By BERNARD SHAW.

The conception of Shaw, held by the average reader and theater-goer, is that he is an "artistic mountebank," "a buffoon," "the prince of self puffers." As a recent writer in the *Bookman* has said, "The spectacle of an eminent comic dramatist widely heard and read, but grudgingly accepted in the deeper sense by his contemporaries, is not a novel one. That they take this attitude shows that his thrusts have hit the mark, and Mr. Shaw needs no critic to tell him that he must resign himself to share the fate as he shares the character of Lucian and Rabelais of Swift and Heine." Theater-goers as more astute critics who have learned to know "Shaw, the a whole see only "Shaw, the buffoon," but there are, of course, philosopher," the geneial man, honorable, true, kindly at heart. They have come to know that he has something definite to say about life, that he has perceived some defect in actual life and regards it with a profound antipathy, and while they may not always agree with him, they are very anxious to find out just what he is saying in regard to things or our misconception of things.

In this, one of Shaw's latest dramas, called *Heartbreak House*, he takes as the object of his satire, not a particular idea so much as the entire social fabric of cultured England. It has been said: "Everything Shaw says about the British

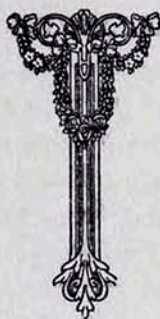
Empire or the English people in his plays must be taken with a grain of sugar. Salt Shaw supplies plentifully from his own store, and he rubs it in, but the sweetness which is in his nature does not come out before an unperceptive audience." This is particularly true of this play. He sees in English society all that is hollow, silly, frivolous and pleasure loving and he spares no time in stripping bare these defects. The loss of respect for each other and even between the sexes is plainly shown throughout; and one gets this idea as Shaw's prophecy, as one of the prime causes of the Great War. Shaw makes the statement in explanation that *Heartbreak House* is not merely the name of the play, but it is cultured, leisured England before the war.

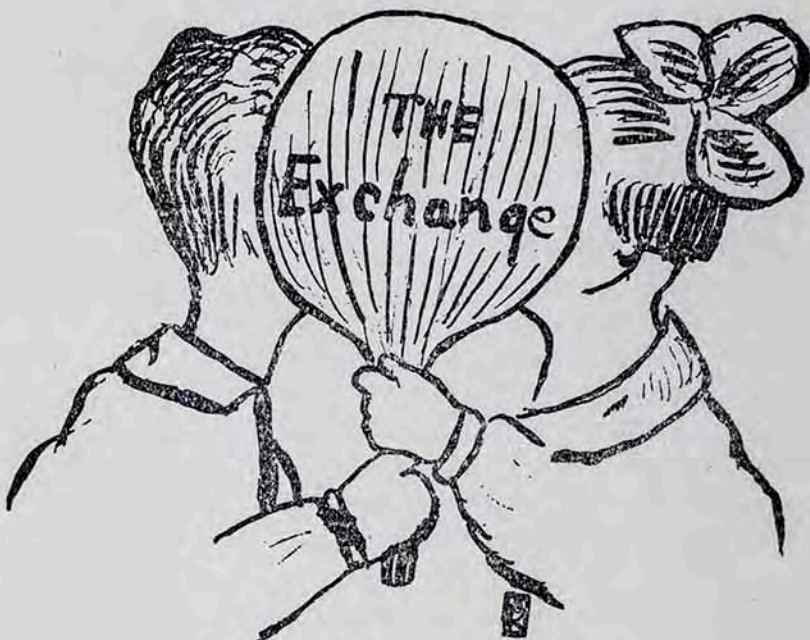
Social standard had become corrupt, perhaps too satisfactorily pleasant or empty, and Shaw saw an "over heated drawing room atmosphere that was delivering the world over to the control of ignorant and soulless cunning and energy with the frightful consequences that have now overtaken it." All the characters in the play, representatives of this class of English men and women, are living idle, talkative, irresponsible lives with no end in view other than to stingingly torment a close friend, father, or husband by taunting remarks or to make clever quips and play upon words. As Shaw says in explanation, "They took the only part of our society in which there was leisure for high culture, and made it an economic, political and as far as practicable, a moral vacuum, and as nature abhorring the vacuum immediately filled it up with sex and with all sorts of refined pleasures, it was a very delightful place at its best for moments of relaxation. In other moments it was disastrous." Shaw shows us this working itself out in *Heartbreak House*." He displays the utter chaos and lack of all guiding principal of the upper classes, and running quite true to form, he exaggerates this condition and comes to the nth degree.

Hence the wide divergence of the critics in regard to the play. There are those who can see nothing in it—who say that Shaw has out done even himself in being vague and mys-

tifying. There are, on the other hand, those, who like Ludwig Lewisohn, who think, "In this play Shaw is searching and as profound and as vital as his best work, and yet softer and mellow and more imaginative." Whatever conclusion the individual reader may adopt, he certainly will find this last play of Shaw's a most thought-provoking volume.

MARY SINGLETON, '20





LOIS BALLENGER, EDITOR

Since we have received only two or three January issues of the college magazines, we will comment also on the several December issues received. Presumably the influenza epidemic has interfered with the publication of some of the magazines, as it has with our own—THE ISAQUEENA.

The Hampton Chronicle from Chicora College is steadily climbing upwards. All departments are being given a place—now to work them to a fuller and bigger development. Let us have another longer short story, another poem, and another essay or so, for next issue.

The Concept, from Converse shows good work on the part of most of its staff members. The Literary Department is well filled in the last issue. The poems, essays and short stories are worthy of commendation. We especially commend the short story, "Via the Mistletoe," the dramatized essay, "They That Sit in Darkness," and the lyric poem, "How the

Poet Comes to Be." The various departments represented are gaining ground in each new issue, but we feel that they have needlessly slighted the Athletic and Y. W. C. A. Departments.

The Wake Forest Student takes an ever interesting line of development for its January issue—the history of the town and college. We read it with much interest. It is well to bring to the notice of the new students of a college the history of the college and town where it is situated.

We hope, however, that next time the Wake Forest Student will also bring all of its different departments to the front and show us what they are doing in Athletics, in their Y. M. C. A., and their societies.

The Erothesian from Lander suggests a steady working body of girls, but one a little sad and down cast—perhaps with too much work. The Editorials are good and the Literary Department is becoming one of the best, but—let's have a snappy, live, and more interesting short story next time and a few more essays. We wish to commend the work done in the other departments—the jokes are very good and wholesome.

The Clemson Chronicle brings us something good to read. The last part of the story "Jack Almond's Dream Girl" was read with much interest. The Literary Department of the December issue carries a good variety of stories, poems, and essays. Work your other departments up to the level of the Literary Department, and The Chornicle will be one of the best college magazines published.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: The Acorn, The Winthrop Journal, Tennessee College Magazine, The Newberry Stylus, Nautilus, Criterion, Richmond College Messenger, The Righ Angle, Greensboro College Message, Wofford College Journal, The Collegian, Bashaba, Furman Echo and The Orion.



Locals

Mrs. Mary Smith, of Union, was a visitor here February 20. She was accompanied home by her daughter, Elizabeth.

Mr. E. M. Holliday spent February 20 with his daughter, Sallie.

Miss Dorothy Garrison, of Piedmont, was called home last week on account of the illness of her mother. We wish her mother a speedy recovery so that Dorothy may be able to return.

Mrs. Walter Boggs, of Liberty, visited the College February 16.

Mr. S. Parrish, of Easley, visited here recently.

We are pleased to note that Misses Nannie and Hattie Campbell, who have been remaining at home on account of small pox, have returned.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hallum, of Pickens, were here February 19.

Miss Bernice Parrish visited her sister, Ossie May, last week.

Mrs. Fannie Horton Long spent February 23 with her daughter, Grace.

Prof. L. E. Childress, of Piedmont, visited here recently.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Center, of Greer, visited relatives here last week.

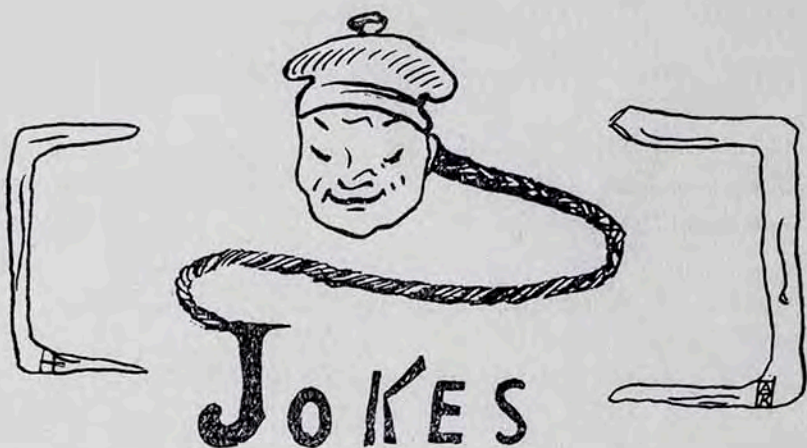
Mr. J. M. Rogers, Miss Annie Laura Collyer, and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Collyer, of Williamston, visited Marion Collyer the past week end.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bates, of Columbia, visited Olive Bates February 21.

Mr. Thad McCullough, of Clemson College, was the guest of Miss Sena Haddock February 21.

A marriage of great interest to the college girls was that of Miss Vivian Mullikin, of Williamston, to Mr. Herman Merritt, of Piedmont, which occurred January 18, at Easley, S. C.

Mrs. Annie E. Geer, of Belton, spent February 22 with her daughter, Ruth.



L. Southern (in History class). Wasn't Queen Elizabeth beheaded?

S. Powe: No, she died.

L. Southern (studying for a History test) hearing someone speak of Creatore's Band, said: "I heard Creatore's during the Renaissance, (meaning Chautauqua.)"

E. H.: "What in the world is the matter with those yeast cakes, didn't they come from the east?"

Wanted to know: "Why Dot, 'Gooie', and Farie didn't send those valentines?"

M. Seyle: "Martha where is Rhode Island?"

M. Peace: "It's in Connecticut."

Thelma Lewis: "These cakes must be done. They have been baking one-half an hour."

Bernice Cary: "The recipe says they are to bake thirty minutes."

What is Gladys Parson's idea of boiling water in a double boiler?

D. Padgett: "Josephine what was Napoleon's first name?"

In Dom. Sci. Class—Bernice Cary: "Miss Ramsay, don't make me wash the dishes. I'm going up town and I've just manicured my nails."

Mary Timmerman: "And oh, I ate loads and loads of pie."

Eloise Hipp: "Is that why you are so pious?"

Why are Eloise Hipp and Allyne Griffin partial to Haynes cars?

What good does it do to black walnuts to put them in the refrigerator?

Wants: Some feathers from the wings of love.
A few staves from the barrel of a gun.
Some splinters knocked off the north pole.
The cover of the book of fate.

A cat cannot pass its own claws,
No porcupine nibs its own quill,
Though orphan bears still have their claws,
A bird will not pay its own bill.

"Selected."

Flora said that when she went to the dentist's with Sookie Barksdale, the dentist said to her after she got in the chair: "Don't open your mouth so wide; I intend to remain outside."

Marye Lewis: "My brother is a self-made man."

Her room-mate: "If that's so I wonder why he didn't put more hair on his head."

M. ASKINS, '20.

POINT SYSTEM OF HONORS

Five Point Honors.

President of Y. W. C. A.
President of Student Government.

Four Point Honors.

President of Senior Class.
Editor of Isaqueena.
Business Manager of Isaqueena.
Editor of Annual.
Business Manager of Annual.
President of Literary Society.

Three Point Honors.

President of Athletic Association.
President of Junior Class.
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Secretary of Student Government.

Two Point Honors.

President of Sophomore Class.
President of Freshman Class.
President of Special Class.
Secretary and Treasurer of Society.
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.
Treasurer of Student Government.
Departmental Editors.
Chairmen of Program Committee.
Council Members.
Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class.

One Point Honors.

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Other Society Officers.
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If you have not seen

If you have not accepted

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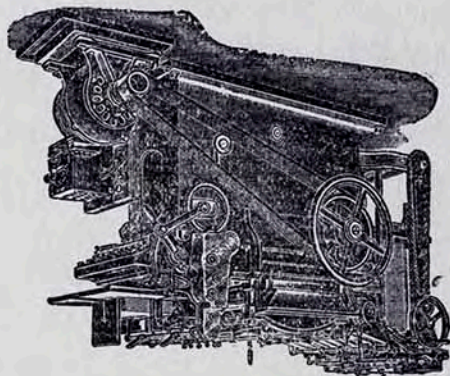
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The institution is a noble tribute to the faith, sacrifices, and loyalty of its friends. It is the second largest college for women in South Carolina, enjoying the distinction of having more of its alumnae teaching in the schools of the State than 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. S., are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Conservatory of Music, the Department of Art, Expression, Kindergarten and Domestic Science.

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