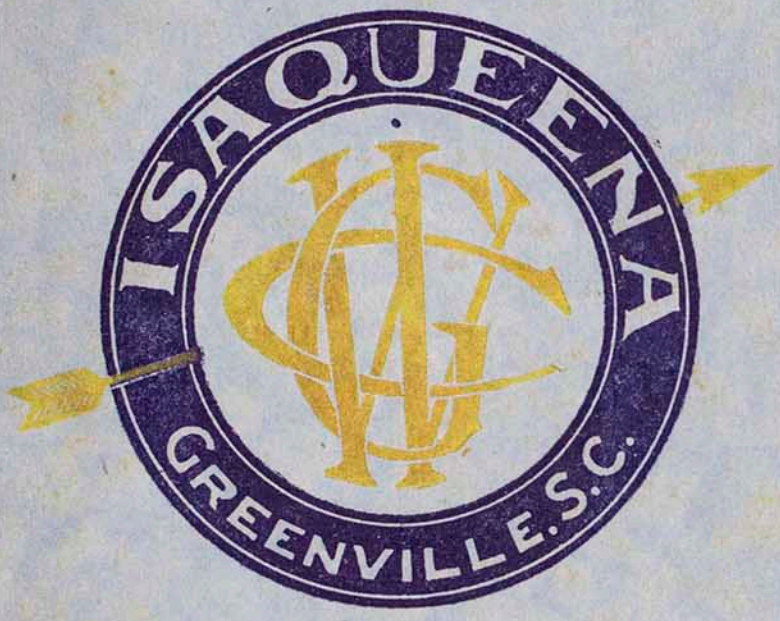
4-1-1920

The Isaqueena - 1920, April

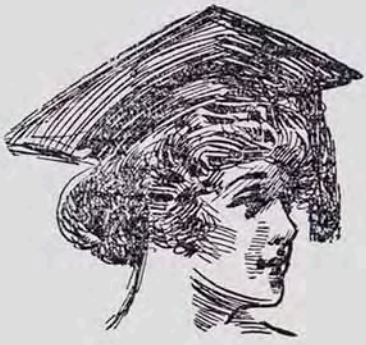
Martha Peace
Greenville Woman's College

K. Childress



April, 1920

The Isaqueena



April, 1920

Published each month by the students of the
Greenville Womans College

Directory

David Marshall Ramsay ---------- *President*
Miss Rose Paschall ---------- *Dean*
Miss Bernice M. Brown ---------- *Bursar*
Miss Lois Ballenger ---------- *President's Secretary*

ISAQUEENA STAFF

Martha Peace ----------*Editor-in-Chief*
Mary Seyle ----------*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
Bertie Ballard ----------*Business Manager*
Eloise Montjoy, Frances Earle--------*Advertising Managers*
Ruth Moore, Grace Pepper, Henrietta Drummond------
----------*Literary Editors*
Adele Kirven ----------*Art Editor*
Maribel Waters, Belle Barton ----------*Athletic Editors*
Mary Smyth, Cleo Hallum, Mary Anderson----*Local Editors*

JUDSON LITERARY SOCIETY

Alethean Division

Kathleen Boylston ---------- *President*
Henrietta Drummond ---------- *Vice-President*
Kathleen Thompson ---------- *Secretary*
Lois Ballenger ---------- *Treasurer*
Belle Barton ---------- *Senior Critic*
Mary Anderson ---------- *Junior Critic*
Inez Lever ---------- *Senior Censor*
Vivian Hendricks ---------- *Junior Censor*
Helen Harris ---------- *Chaplain*

Philotean Division

Ruth Brown ---------- *Acting President*
Ollie Rhame ---------- *Vice-President*
Nairnie Way ---------- *Secretary*
Muriel White ---------- *Treasurer*
Marian Hettrick ---------- *Senior Censor*
Eloise Montjoy ---------- *Junior Censor*
Marie Askins ---------- *Senior Critic*

Jessie Felder ---------- *Junior Critic*
Ruby Quattlebaum ---------- *Chaplain*

Y. W. C. A.

Belle Quattlebaum ---------- *President*
Mary Anderson ---------- *Vice-President*
Lucille Rollins ---------- *Secretary*
Muriel White ---------- *Treasurer*

Student Gov't Association.

Mary Connor ---------- *President*
Kathleen Boylston ---------- *Vice-President*
Inez Lever ---------- *Secretary*
Jennie Cox ---------- *Treasurer*

Entre Nous Staff.

Rawie Jones ---------- *Editor-in-Chief*
Mary Syele ---------- *Assistant Editor*
Inez Lever ---------- *Business Mangaer*
Belle Barton ---------- *Asst. Business Manager*
Mildrend Hill, Margaret Way ---------- *Club Editors*
Llewlee French, Elizabeth White ---------- *Adv. Managers*
Mary Burns ---------- *Art Editor*
Belle Quattlebaum ---------- *Literary Editor*
Lois Ballenger ---------- *Exchange Editor*
Miss Mary Gambrell, Miss Eula Barton ----------
---------- *Alumnae Editors*
Marie Askins ---------- *Joke Editor*
Helen Harris ---------- *Y. W. C. A. Editor*

Senior Class Officers

Jennie Cox ---------- *President*
Martha Peace ---------- *Vice-President*
Belle Barton ---------- *Secretary*
Margaret Way ---------- *Tresaurer*

Athletic Association

Rene Joyce ---------- *President*
Nairnie Way ---------- *Vice-President*
Maribel Waters ---------- *Treasurer*

Contents

The Isaqueena

VOL. XIV. GREENVILLE, S. C., APRIL, 1920 No. 3

THE LURE OF SPRING

There's a winding trail thru the woods today
And it beckons and urges me on.
There's a murmuring music where brown brooks play,
There's the wood-thrush's note at dawn.

The blue skies smile in the earth's new warmth,
The fleecy cloud-ships sail on high,
The mystic breath of sweet new life
Whispers softly, "Spring is nigh."

There's the crisp, fresh fragrance of daffodils,
The modest violets' softer scent,
And the trailing arbutus across the hills,
Peeps forth from its brown leaf tent.

There's a golden star in the sky at night,
The night wind is soft thru the leafing trees,
There are plumes of the lilacs, purple and white,
Their fragrance is borne on the warm night breeze.

It's Spring in the world,—and the woods beyond
Beckon and urge me to follow the trail.
I must hie me forth at the wood-thrush's call,
I must greet the Spring-time without fail.

M. Seyle, '20.

THE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

The rays of light from a lantern pierced the black night and fog that lowered over the ocean near the rocky shore. A whistle came from one direction: from another, the fog-horn of an ocean steamer blared forth the announcement of its presence. Lights gleamed through the darkness; the water swished as the cutting prow threw it to the side. The boat glided gently past the rocky promontories and slid into its docking at the mouth of the river. Three whistles were sounded—the whistles showing honor and reverence. Miss Sally Haverdale stood on the rocks swinging her lantern and, hearing them, knew that another vessel had reached home safe, and perhaps Jed was safe!

Miss Sally was a tall, gaunt, old lady, half-crazy, the townspeople said. Her face showed itself yellow and wrinkled in the flickering beams of the lantern. The thin hair, long since white, was tossed by the sea-breeze in scraggly locks over her face. The little children of the place were rather afraid of the weak old lady as she stood night after night swinging her lantern eyes stared a bit wildly.

But to herself Miss Sally was still a young girl, waiting for Jed to come and lead her home,—a bride. When old Miss Sally Haverdale had been young Miss Sally was the acknowledged belle of Savannah. Jedidiah Peters had been one of her lovers.

The girls teased Sally about her sailor sweetheart. The boys laughingly and some rather enviously asked Jed "when it would be?"

"Now Peters, you can't fool us. We have been in the same place and know the signs well," chaffed Charles Hudson.

But Jed was invincible, a smile twisted his lips, and a twinkle lit up his eyes, but he kept on with his work. When the boys decided that they could have no more fun with him, they scattered to their various tasks. Jed coiled rope, —rode his boat over white caps in a haze. He hadn't

thought that the dainty Sallie would look at him, a sailor, whose greatest ambition was to be captain of a boat as his father had been. But if everyone thought was he was already her accepted lover, wasn't there a chance? And before he hardly realized it, he saw the face of the sprightly Sallie everywhere he looked. The blue eyes sparkled at him from a rope coiled innocently on the deck of a fishing-schooner. When on shore, he would see her far ahead. But hasten his steps as he might, she always vanished before he reached her.

Jed decided that if he wanted anything the only way to get it was to go after it. His calls at the cottage where Sallie reigned became more and more frequent. Charlie Hudson, Jin Grover, and David Moore were all regular visitors at the house. On each Sallie smiled with the same cordiality, pressed the loathed cups of tea on the callers, accompanying each cup with such a smile that,—well, who could refuse? Not Jed, at least.

"Sallie; Sallie!" Her mother warned one evening after they had reluctantly departed. "Why will you carry on with those boys so?"

"Oh, mother, they like it. And I do too," she added, dimpling suddenly.

Mrs. Haverdale smiled. She was secretly proud of her daughter's impartiality.

"But, Sally, why don't you put them at peace. Tell Charlie or Jed or someone that you'll marry him and be done with it."

"But I don't love Charlie, mumsie, and Jed hasn't said anything." Sally threw herself on the old hassock at her mother's feet and, drawing her head down, kissed her.

"But if Jed did, you—"

"Ah, mother, ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. Sallie jumped up, shook her finger playfully at her mother, and with a mischievous smile and rosy cheeks fled to the cover of the darkness in her own room.

"Well," her mother mused, "if the foolish boys will come!" and she smiled complacently over her work.

But the boys, themselves, began to think that they were foolish to pursue the irresistable, coquettish Sallie and soon Jed and Jim Grover held the fort.

Jim felt assured that the quarry was his for the asking and slightly scorned the persistent Jed. Sally felt his contempt for the other caller and resented it. So when Jed asked her to go for a stroll on the rocks one moonlight evening, she consented quickly.

Dark leaves of sea-weed were caught by the pinnacles as the waves swept them to the shore. They glistened and shone in the silver light. Jed and Sally wandered on rather silently: he looked up at the stars while she examined the pebbles in the path that straggled along by the sea-side. As if by agreement they sat down on the dangerous rocks and tossed pebbles into the river as it rippled along and became the sea. The silence, broken only by the lapping waves, seemed ominous.

"Sally," Jed broke in softly, "Could you love a sailor well enough to marry him?"

"That depends altogether on who the sailor was," she answered calmly.

"Well," Jed continued rather crest-fallen but far from discouraged, "could you care for the sailor if it were—"

"Jim Grover?" Sally interrupted. "Oh, I don't know, I might if I tried."

Jed winced as she spoke of his rival.

"No, Sally, I meant me, and—I believe you knew it all the time," he finished as he saw the smile on her face.

"O, Jed, you are the limit," Sally giggled. "You do get at things in the most round about way. Why didn't you—"

"But that isn't the question," Jed went on grimly. "Then does this suit you? Will you marry me?"

The smile vanished from the face of the light-hearted Sally. "O, Jed, can't we just go along like we were?"

"No. We can't." Jed answered positively. "You've got to take me or leave me now."

"Then I guess that I'll take you," Sallied lowered her eyes demurely.

"Sally, you darling—"

And all was peace.

Jed was happier now than he had been for many days, and could look at Jim Grover contentedly and not envy him his father's money. Money couldn't buy Sally.

But his happiness was short-lived, for one morning it was raining, and the clouds, lowering over the ocean from the north, promised a squall before the day was over. Jed had the day free, and thought with pleasure of the time which he would spend at the cozy fireside by Sally. He could see her now, as she had been so many times, the flickering light turning her brown hair to gold. She would spread her small hands toward the fire, and, shivering as she heard the wind howl around the corners and whistle thru the trees, would pat the floor with her dainty-shod foot, and ask, "Isn't it good to be together, Jed, dear?"

So when Jed arrived at the house, he remembered "Mother" Haverdale's injunction to "come right in without knocking," and did not preface his arrival with a tap at the door. He threw his dripping sou' wester on the porch, and stamped the water from his feet. But no Sally came to the door. He shook himself, as a shaggy Newfoundland dog might who had just come from a river. "Ah," he thought, "they don't know that I'm here, so I'll just go quiet an' surprise 'em." And he shut the door softly and tiptoed thru the hall to find his sweetheart.

"Sally," he whispered, leaning against the door-casing as if to gain strength from it.

Sally stood before the fire, held in the arms of his old rival, Jim Grover, and looking as though she rather liked it.

"Jed," she in turn whispered with white lips as she saw him in the door.

"You traitor." Jed drew all his resources, and leaped forward with clenched hands.

"Jed, stop." Sally interposed a white face between them.

"Get out o' my way, Sally. He'll be sorry for this—takin' my girl from me." Jed shook in his anger. "And you! Maybe you wanted him to take you—protecting him! And him never offering to say nothin.' "

The flame gleamed fitfully on the haggard, drawn face of the wronged Jed, on the fluffy, white dress of the girl, and the scornful face of the man.

"Jed, go now dear—and come back later," pleaded the girl. "I can't explain. But, O, Jed, you know that I love you."

"I know that I trusted ye, Sallie. Can't ye explain before the faith dies, girl?"

"No, Jed."

"Then, good-bye, Sally. I've loved ye. And, turning to Jim—you scoundrel—"

Is there no way, Jed? Need there be an explanation?" Sally cried.

"Aye, for us to be happy, there must be no cloud, Sally."

"Then, goodbye, Jed."

Sally flung herself in a quivering heap on the couch, her shoulders racked with sobs. But Jed had already passed out into the storm, leaving his life behind him—a second Enoch.

"Sally, I'll find him and bring him back," Jim promised.

"Go, Jim, she sobbed. When you came asking for shelter and comfort, I never thought of any—O, I loved him."

Jim did search for Jed but not very diligently. He was rather pleased at his successful attempt to break up the love affair which was to him so undesirable. Now with a little skillful maneuvering Sally would be his. And Jim smiled in satisfaction.

But Sally was sorry—cried that she wished she were dead —life wasn't worth living, anyhow! She paced frantically

up and down in the living-room. The fire burned low, but Sally still sobbed. Her pretty face was tear-stained, her eyes reddened from crying. Her brown hair, which the fire had not flicked on, just for Jed, was dishevelled, and stray locks hung down. The glowering sky made her more miserable, and it was a great relief to her feeings when the storm broke; the rush of wind and the steady patter of rain against the window-panes, lulled her to sleep.

When next she woke the rain had stopped, but she heard the surf beating against the rocks. A sudden flare in the sky startled her, and she ran to the window. Again the light flared! This time she knew it for a rocket.

"I'm glad that Jed isn't out in this water," she sighed as she turned to her little clock on the table. Sally had slept longer than she supposed; it was three o'clock in the morning. Daylight would soon be here, and she would go down to the shore, and hear the reports of the wreck. Probably, helpers would be needed tonight if anyone was saved, but she couldn't face her friends yet. In the midst of her planning, a great boom came from the cannon at the sea.

"Sally," her mother said as she came in, "I thought that I heard you stirring around. There is some ship in distress, —I just saw a rocket. The sea's pretty bad; I doubt if they get a boat out in this weather."

Sally roused herself again, and pushing up the window, stuck her head out in the cool night air. Now she saw men skurrying down the street. A few women were running beside their husbands, their shawls flying out behind them.

"Yes," Sally heard a deep voice say, "It's too bad a sea for a boat to get out. What?" he called to a dark figure rushing in the opposite direction. "Jed? A rope?—Good! but he couldn't make it in waves like these!"

A puff of wind blew the answer away. But already Sally turned up the lamp, and began to dress quickly.

"Where are you going?" her mother asked sharply, unable to guess what her plan might be.

Mumsie, Jed is going to do something—I don't know

what,—and I may never see him again. He must know,—Oh, why did I do it!"

Mrs. Haverdale began to throw on her clothes, too, but Sally was flinging a shawl about her shoulders, and runnnig down the hill before she was ready. "Sally," she called and then sighed. Thoughts came of her own youth when her first lover had been drowned by this same grasping sea.

"Will I be too late?" Sally whispered as she stumbled on. "Please, God, make him wait until I get there! Where is Jed?" she asked a man standing at the edge of a group.

"Jed? Over there all ready to go in."

And there he stood,—half-naked, a rope around his waist, swinging a lantern in his hand. "All right, men!" he shouted as he received an answering signal from the distressed ship. "Let go!" and he handed the lantern to a bystander.

"Jed, not before I tell you," Sally cried, and darted from the darkness toward him, but not before he had jumped into the waves, and had started his struggle toward the boat.

"Come, Sally, come with me, and wait for him." A sea-captain's wife put a restraining hand on her arm. But Sally shook herself loose.

The men freed the rope little by little, slacked it, freed it again. The minutes were endless. Lightning flashed in the sky, and by the gleam, they saw a dark spot far out, bobbing up and down on the waves,—now disappearing—again breasting the sea bravely! Then it sank from view completely. Pull in, boys, he's gone! Pull! I knew he couldn't do it." And they pulled.

Sally fell on her knees, and when they laid the body of the powerful boby on the rocks, she kiseed the white face again and again. His wet body glistened in the lantern-light. But his hand with the rope still wound around it, fell lifeless by his side. The crowd stood around in a respectful silence, the men bared their heads, while a woman sobbed.

"Jed, Jed," she whispered. "Don't leave me now! Jed,

it was all a mistake, and there's only you!" Her head dropped on his hairy breast. She lay quiet for a long time. Her weeping was stilled, and a look of peaceful happiness came over her face.

"Come, dear," her mother begged. Sally smiled contentedly. Suddenly she jumped to her feet, and laughed in glee. "But this isn't Jed, she cried. "Jed is out on the boat. See! I'll wave this lantern, and then he'll know that we're here, and come home to us!" She seized the lantern, and swung it around and around, sparkling with laughter.

"She's mad, a girl whispered in the crowd.

"O, mother," Sally cried as her mother came up, "Jed is coming home, and now we will be married." And still she swung the light valiantly. "I'm so tired," she sighed, and fell to the ground. The lantern tumbled into the sea, and the first light of day shone in the Eastern sky.

With the morning came the sun, and all traces of the storm's ravages disappeared. But in the little stone chapel on the hill-top, people gathered and paid their last reverence to the sailor lad who had given his life, and had never heard the message of his Sally.

Sally staid at home. She piled logs high on the fire, rearranged the furniture,—waiting for Jed to come. When evening came, she lit the lantern that hung on the kitchen wall, and started down the hill to the rocky promontory where the river flows into the sea. There she stood, swinging the light, resting, and then swinging it again. Jed must not come to harm on the rocks. Her mother followed her for a few nights, and tried to bring her back, but Sally persisted in swinging the beacon for those at sea.

Mrs. Haverdale aged after this madness came on Sally. At her death, Sally moved to a cabin by the sea,—Sally, crazed, the people said, undesired by Jim Grover now, eager for her Jed to come, and toss his black mane in the way she knew so well. The golden curls turned to gray, the fair complexion sallow, the smooth skin wrinkled, the blue eyes faded. But still Miss Sally stands on the rocky point,

swinging her lantern in the dark night, to guide Jed into the harbor safely.

Amelia Boor, '22.

"THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION"

Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,
And the thousandth of an inch to give us play
Kipling

Though we should like to deny it, we must acknowledge that we are too prone to chain our feet to the crowded business street, and to neglect the little lanes and eyways that lead to rest and relaxation; to recreation, contentment, and simple enjoyment. The little French girl who recently came to America to chose one from her many American soldier suitors, has rejected them all. She says that American men work too hard. "This is a century of haste, of all people we seem to be the most addited to this vice." We must realize that America has earned and deserved her reputation for industrial fever.

However, it is not true that we love our powerful dollar in America. We love what money buys, and so accustomed have we become to the thrill of the race, that we dare not drop out or slacken our pace for fear the other fellow will get ahead. We are always in a hurry, consequently children are no longer taught to play; they have no time to play. Women prefer any amount of chatter to a quiet afternoon at home, and the pipes of Pan are as "sounding brass" to the hearts of our men.

America has forgotten how to play. She seeks diversion in the crowded theatre, the noisy street, the man-made park, and the automobile, that artificial stimulant of weary nerves. The people of America are laughing, today, but the laugh is a nervous one. We need to realize that "the man who has lived most is not he who has numbered the most years, but he who has had the keenest sense of life." To

have this keen sense we must liberate the play spirit, and let the soul find itself in a moment's meditation, an afternoon walk, a day of gardening, or a friendly book. In other words we need to practice the gospel of relaxation which Rousseau has aptly called "the noble art of losing time."

Children should be left, with some guidance, to wonder in their own fairy world of dreams, until fifteen years of age. Their lives should be normal and orderly, but so arranged as to leave much time for the child's very own; time in which to play, and,—as Pollyanna expressed it,—"to just live." This period is essentially the growing age, when the imagination reaches unknown heights, and the freckle-faced boy sees the marvelous sights that unconsciously blend to form tomorrow's man.

Play is spontaneous; therefore, natural and free from all restraint. It is the guardian angel of health, the heralder of growth, and the great socializing influence of childhood. The children of sorrow the little orphans of Belgium and France are today being taught to play and laugh. If they play they must laugh, and laughing, they grow. The importance of play can scarcely be over-emphasized, and modern educators are according it a more prominent place each year.

Rousseau says that "everything is good as it comes from the hands of the Author of Nature." Yet, we spend many years making rules to regulate the lives of children only to find that we have accomplished that which we set out to avoid. Rules are necessary, but without play they would be useless. In the Gary schools in Indiana 53 per cent of the time in the elementary grades is spent in play. Professor Horne says that "in the school the place of play is fundamental beside work." The Gary schools have proved this to their own satisfaction, and other schools are studying their methods. Play affords a necessary reaction from work and preserves the individuality of the child. Froebel tells us that, "We should not consider play as a frivolous thing. * * * By means of play the child expands in joy as the

flower expands when it proceeds from the bud. Joy is the soul of all the actions of that age."

A year or two of gymnastics should follow the play period. Spencer says gymnastics is "factitious exercise." It is a culture of the body which "aims to make it the fit bearer of a cultured mind." It is highly important at the high school age when boys and girls are beginning to find themselves. This is the age of specialization; of the tendency to go far in one direction. It is thus leaning toward extremes in the critical period of rebirth that makes a well developed physical body so necessary in order to preserve the balance, and turn the current of new life in the right direction. The average day of the modern high school pupil is one mad race to "cover the ground" from the ringing of the bell in the morning to dismissal in the afternoon. Some high schools require gymnastic courses of all pupils but these are few and far between.

The immense value of such training has been startlingly revealed in the student Army Training Corps of the colleges and academies of the country in the past year. "Gymnastics is a good supplementary agency to play in physical education, and should be required in the educaitonal system."

The stuffing process begins in high school, and acquires a smooth regularity in college. In recent years, we have welcomed the practices of the Greeks and Romans to offset the educational monasticism of yesterday. "Before athletics came to occupy its present prominent place in education, the college student was supposed to be a monument of erudition, whose body shadowed forth in pallid face and attennated figure his nights of groping for the light of knowledge."

Athletics has taken a dauntless stand in the great arena of the college world. Athletics has been placed in the college curriculum to stay. As usual our educators are first to take a stand for needed reform and progress. They are first to realize that "all books and no play" may leave a

man somewhat a man after all, but not a worthy citizen and a brother of men. Our great educators are first to defend athletics, and last to criticize.

Professor Horne in his "Philosophy of Education" gives an eloquent and reasoned defense of athletics; a defense that must charm the successful lawyer, and warm the heart-cockles of the star athlete of Anybody's College in "Any Old Town." He says that "athletics contests have transformed this college student into a college man of superb physical strength, of applicable mental furnishing, and with all the interests of real life at heart." Only such a one can be called truly educated.

Your college athlete of today is courteous, just, sociable, spirited, wide awake to every opportunity for advancement of himself or school. He is in all respects a man, a man of character as well as strength, a socialized individual. Investigation has disproved the objection that the athlete is a laggard in scholarship. The athlete has proved that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." His widened interests and increased view have brought not only health of body, but also a sound, weighing mind, a mind that grinds slowly with its fellows, and leaps quickly in a crisis.

President Eliot has shown that out of the thirty-five hundred students at Harvard, at least two thousand take active part in one or more of the thirteen sports in which an enumeration of the number of participants was made." The objection that athletic sports demoralize is offset by the truth that they advance morale.

Football is the prince of games in moral quality. It affords the finest training in essociated effort. Athletics is here to stay; it plays no half-way game. Not since the days of universal Greeks has there been such an illustration of the simply human as that shown by the college man today.

Moreover the college man has set the pace for the college women. In most of the great institutions for the education of women, athletics occupies a prominent place. However,

we, as women, must realize that where the schools for men have profited greatly, we have yet for to go in the great field of athletics.

Our modern men and women grow old too hastily because they have forgotten how to play.

They have in their wisdom banished the real, the lasting, and have sought the artificial, the camouflaged pleasures invented for profit, and not for people.

A man may cease to be a child, but he may not cease to play. God did not decree thus. He gave us trees that we might work all day, and in the evening rest our weary spirits listening to the song of the leaves and breathing the fragrant breath of his nature world. Gardens are not a source of food, but a "little bit of heaven" dropped to earth for the weary, work-ridden soul of the business man.

Flowers are not meant for landscape gardeners and drawing-room vases, they are heartsease for the tired mother; the key to a fairy world, for the nerve stricken stenographer. Again, our educators are realizing the need for hobbies, and avocations are preached today as soundly as vocations are taught.

If you would not grow old, my mother, have a hobby, something apart from your work to call your own. This is living. If you would be young, my father, neglect not your avocation for your work. But my work brings returns, something I can see; I shall rest when I have made enough; when I am old!

I wouldn't call it living to be always seeking gold
To bank all the present gladness for the days when I'll be old."

"For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Play, athletics, hobbies, recreation—life,—we pass them quickly, and race madly to the end.

Play is a fairyland that calls to each and every one of us. All are admitted thru the gate of Desire that leads to the Lane of Relexation, and they that walk the way are young,

for the "Fountain of Youth" hebbles eternally in their hearts.

"And the only time that the Paupipes play
Is 'over the hills and far away.' "

"In America today the arts, due to play, are not keeping pace with the science, due to work." The busy American needs what Professor James calls "the gospel of relaxation." We are an educated people, and yet we heed not the warnings of our greatest educators. Just the other day the children from the tenement district of New York City paraded the streets with placards of their own making. The placards said, "We want a place to play." The streets are no fit playground," "We work better when we play." Regretful old age, helpless childhood, weary humanity everywhere begs "a thousandth of an inch" for play.

The 'noble art of losing time seeks followers today. Surely we may cultivate it to the enrichment both of our own lives, and of those around us. Thru such an art a modern Apollo may yet arise from the melting pot of the nations.

Martha Peace.

AN INDIAN ECHO

In a wildwood spot by fairies sought
Where timid chipmunks chat and dwell;
On the moss-hung bank of Minnehahas sprays,
An Indian maid her love doth tell.

It is said she comes but once a year
A song to sing 'neath the frosted moon.
And the ferns weep softly, and wild things cry,
And the pine trees sigh on this night in June.

And her song is an echo of restless sorrow
That only the trees and the wild folk hear.
Though man may listen and seek and wonder
In the laughing water is hidden each tear.

Martha Peace.

"SIMPLE SIMON"

"Oh! Mother, what shall I do to pass these miserable three weeks?" moaned Martha Pendleton as she turned from the window to look in despair at her mother.

"A girl as fond of outdoor sports as you shouldn't ask such a question in a place where the horseback riding, fishing, hiking and swimming have all been especially recommended," answered Mrs. Pendleton.

All those things are delightful done in a crowd, or even in pairs; but, Mother, you know they aren't much fun done alone."

"Have none of the summer people come in yet?"

"Nobody but some little boys who are camping near Lake Junaluska, Mr. Webster says. I surely do miss the young people at Tryon, after going there so many summers; but I don't wonder that Cousin Allan's widow couldn't bear to go there, where everything would remind her of her honeymoon."

"Margaret will furnish you a good deal of amusement—as well as employment."

"Indeed she will! Mother, she is the most adorable two-year-old I ever saw! Sometimes, though, when I'm enjoying her most, the thought that Cousin Allan will never come back from France to see how precious she is—oh! it is heart-breaking!"

Martha turned to the window and gazed with unseeing eyes at the mountains. Her mother looked at her ,with a sigh for the lonely grave in France, and another for the seventeen-year-old daughter who, having lived since babyhood in a boarding school, felt lost when separaetd from her girl friends. The "miserable three weeks" safely over, there would be excitement enough; for there was to be a reunion of the Pendleton family at Webster Farm, with jolly cousins enough to satisfy even Martha's eager enjoyment of "folks."

"Holy smoke from the eyes of Budda!" gasped Martha,

suddenly whirling from the window. Mrs. Eliza Marshall Pendleton! Do you realize that Grandmother arrives in''—she consulted her watch—''fifteen minutes?''

''Gracious! Go to meet her at once! I had entirely forgotten,'' cried Mrs. Pendleton as she hurried away to prepare for the grandmother, the center of attraction in the coming reunion.

Martha, snatched Margaret rudely from a doll tea-party and rushed down the steps to the car, while Margaret hung over her arm, politely waving farewells to her doll guests.

Fere are ve doin,' 'ittle muvver?'' asked Margaret, giving Martha the pet-name bestowed upon her the first time they played dolls together.

''We are going for Grandmother, child of my heart,'' answered Martha, drawing the precious baby closer as the car flew toward Clyde.

Arriving at the railway station, Martha met the expected addition to their party. Also—and not without interest—she glimpsed a well set up figure swinging down the street from the post office, and followed by a group of boys.

The next morning was crisp, clear, and sparkling—a day to kick the lazy or to cheer the downcast. Martha, feeling herself both kicked and cheered, set off early in her little car, with Margaret tucked close beside her. She drove slowly, enjoying the wonderful air and the sight of the velvety, pasture-dotted mountains, so different from the wild forest-covered ones near her summer home. Margaret leaned lazily against her, dreamily chanting:

'' 'Shimple Shimon met a pieman'—''

Martha brought the car to a stop before the Clyde post-office—the town ''hang-out,'' where overalled natives awaited the mails, meanwhile whittling sticks, chewing their favorite twists, discussing deals in beef cattle, and disposing of other pressing local and international problems. Leaning against a post was the black-and-white-checked banker, looking wise, as became a financial magnate, and oc-

casionally dropping a crumb of wisdom—or near wisdom—which was accepted eagerly by the sitters-by.

Next door, shaded by the same awning, was the store where, as Martha said, people were made sick on one side in order that they would have to buy drugs on the other. One side was fitted with shelves filled with drugs and patent medicines; the other had a few rickety tables and chairs, where cream and other refreshments were served; show-cases across the rear held bread, cakes, and pies to be sold on commission for an Asheville bakery.

" 'Ittle muvver, Mardawet wants a yice-cream-comb." Margaret's clear voice aroused Martha from her mail, and even attracted the attention of the black-and-white-checked banker and the other prominent citizens.

"Margaret shall have an ice-cream cone," agreed Martha, as the two went into the haven of the hungry and sat down at a table.

Just then a crowd of laughing little boys came running in and perched all over the counters. They were followed by a tall young man who went to the pie counter to purchase tiny pies for his clamoring flock.

Martha, quite interested, surveyed him from foot to head. He wore white basket ball shoes, very white duck trousers, a garnet and black University of Virginia sweater, a white, low-collared pongee shirt with a Pi Beta Phi frat pin weighing it down on one side, and he—but Martha didn't get to his face, for just then Margaret discovered him.

"Shimple Shimon!" she cried eagerly. "Shim—"

"Sh-h-h," whispered Martha, turning very red. "He isn't Simple Simon. See? He has pennies, many pennies; Simple Simon didn't have any—don't you remember?' ' And Martha rose hastily and retreated.

Perry Priestly had heard, and stood looking amusely out of the doorway at the little car whirling rapidly away. He stepped out under the awning and walked over to the black-and-white-checked person.

"Er-r, pardon me—but do you know who is that stunning girl who has just left here?" he asked.

"Well," said the banker, blowing up his vest with pride, "they's a war-wedder out there, so they say, and, as the kid calls her Ma, I calculate she's the widder.

"O-o-oh!" trailed out Perry. "Out where? Where does she live?"

"Eh?" queried the banker. "Er-r—out on the lake road in a big white house. But mind—you be keerful about widders."

"Boys," called Perry, if you're ready, we'll hike to the lake today."

"Mother," said Martha a few days later, "I see that University of Virginia boy everywhere I go—and even when I don't go. Only this morning I was on the diving board ready to dive, and I felt somebody looking at me, and there he was hiking with his boys and deliberately staring over in the orchard at our swimming pool—and me! Of course he hurried on when I looked up. Mother, you know he must be nice—he's one of Cousin Roger's frat brothers! Don't you think he might find some way of making himself known? I saw him yesterday talking to Mr. Enkler. I should think he'd get Mr. Enkler to introduce him to somebody."

"My dear," suggested Mrs. Pendleton placidly, "perhaps this young gentleman hasn't thought of being introduced. He may not be lonely."

"What a joy-killer you are!" Martha said rebukingly. "If he doesn't care to know me, I wish he wouldn't stare so."

But Perry did wish to meet her—and meet her quickly. He was as lonesome as she, and even more interested; but a decent sort of fellow could not walk up to a window whose husband had been dead only six months, and introduce himself—or even look interested.

"She is so young, and so happy-looking," he thought." How can she be a widow? And yet, sometimes when she's

looking at that cute baby the most tragic look comes into her eyes! Oh! It's hopeless! I shall continue to be miserable till Roger comes. Then, maybe, I'll have a companion in misery, at least."

"Happy idea!" he exploded after a few minutes' thought. "I've an inspiration. I'll write to Roger and tell him all about this person and ask if his aunt has come yet, and where she stays."

"No sooner thought than written," he laughed, after a few minutes of earnest writing. And then he proceeded to reread his production:—

Eagle Nest Camp,

June 20, 1919.

Dear old Roger:

I'm not kept busy enough down here for the good of my health. In my idle hours I am disturbed by thoughts and glimpses of a little war-widow with a baby big enough to talk. Can you picture me in such a situation? But you could never picture her—she's indescribable. Try, if you can, to visualize a small, small girl, with black, black hair and blue, blue eyes and the pinkest of cheeks and the reddest of mouths. Does that sound thrilling? But you have to see her to realize the charm of her—the spirit—oh! there's just nobody like her!

I know her name—she's Mrs. Allan Anderson—and where she lives, but that's all.

Roger, old man, it's lonesome in this place. When will you be coming?

And heyo! I almost forgot—where did you say that famous reunion is to be? Has the aunt who was to be the advance guard come yet? She might, by accident know Mrs. Anderson and—oh! well, where is that aunt of yours?

In misery—if not love,

Perry.

Several monotonous days passed. Martha told her long-suffering mother that she was going crazy—raving crazy.

She would die if she didn't get to talk to somebody who was not the cook, or a sad widow, or a 'Job's comforter' of a mother, or a deaf grandmother. Even the darling baby was so insatiable in her demand for stories that Martha almost said "Simple Simon" instead of her prayers. Everything had grown deadly dull.

And Perry, hiking his crew over Kelly's Mountain, was thinking practically the same thing: Wasn't life miserable? Would Roger never write? Wasn't it a shame that the first girl a fellow ever saw that he could care for should have her heart buried over in France?

Late Saturday afternoon, the middle of the second week, Martha, driving listlessly by the mill half a mile from town, met a breathless Perry who, instead of going straight on, as usual, hailed her to stop. What in the world had happened to him!

"Here!" he said. "At last! Take it! Oh, read it—please! I'm not crazy."

Hesitatingly Martha took the letter, glanced at it, and then, hesitating no longer, read it with increasing excitement, and amusement:—

Hoketown, Virginia

June 26, 1919

Perry—you fool!

My aunt is the mother of your fascinating little widow, who, by the way, is not a widow at all, but my seventeen-year-old cousin, Martha Pendleton, and (I agree with you) a very charming little creature. My cousins widow, Mrs. Allan Pendleton Anderson, is a tall, dignified blonde. As she seldom goes out, I don't wonder that you've seen the baby with Martha. But oh! Martha a war widow with a two-year-old daughter! Just wait till I tell that joke to some girls I know in Martha's sorority!

Mother, Father, Dick and I will arrive in the afternoon of

July 5th. I expect to be met by my best frat. brother and my most charming cousin.

Best luck to you!

Roger.

Martha burst into a peal of merry laughter.

"Hush!" pleaded Perry. "This is no laughing matter. I've lost ten whole precious days!"

"Simple Simon!" laughted Martha.

Dorothy Davis Padgett, '23.

THE ART OF TENNYSON

To fully understand the intensely enchanting and compelling forcefulness of the art of Alfred Lord Tennyson one must fully apprehend the character of the man himself. The one interprets the other, making the examination of some of his representative rooms most interesting. The first characteristic of his art is simplicity and this came directly out of his character. In his poems this simplicity is illustrated in his choice of subjects, in his style, and in the unfolding of the beauty that lies in all nature and humanity. With this simplicity his poems contained clearness—in thought and expression. There are few poems that cannot be easily understood as to meaning; and that is one of the first and greatest attributes an artist can attain. His work will live forever because of the fundamental simplicity and clearness since these two qualities most of all appeal to men and women. With these qualities of style is it any wonder that Tennyson could so well portray the humor emotions, the loves and hates of mortals and the joys and pains of humanity! His unparalleled pictures and the molding of his characters are both marked by clearness and simplicity.

The stateliness of Tennyson's poetry is the expression of his personality. No one but a person with a marvelous personality could have made his feminine characters have such grace, majesty and all those qualities so entirely a woman's

own; his men have such dignity, chivalry and all those attributes admired in men. It is he who pictures the strength of woman with such admiration and her weakness with such sympathy; it is he who shows the nobleness and virutes of men. Tennyson considered it his task to convince the world of love and beauty. This duty of the poet to portray the ideals of mankind he felt strongly and the duty was performed with faithfulness and sincerety.

The success of the artist depend largely upon his ability to make one feel the beauty in all things. The creation and the representation of the beautiful is art. Tennyson, of all our poets, may be said to have possessed this power of creation and representation. In all his poetry he is found writing always of what is worthy of love, of joy, and of reverence. This faithfulness to beauty is the foremost characteristic of this great artist. His poetry always speaks of love. He wrote of his love for his country, for the great causes which set forward mankind, for nature as a whole and for itself alone, for the great ideas—truth, justice, honor, purity, uprightness, liberty, and the duties of man, for God in whom he felt all nature and man to be contained. He was faithful to loveliness and every line of his poetry is alive with it. There is in his work the personal touch, the touch of a man whose very soul was in harmony with the beauties of nature and humanity; there is also the individual surprise, the unique way, the way of making everything nature but yet framing some good from even the unpleasant events of life; and there is the unimitated shaping of all subjects into exquisite elegance. All his work is distinctly marked by strength, skilfulness, daintiness, and earnestness.

The Princess is most delightful and charming; always attractive to youth that is full of the joy of life. It has all those qualities admired by youth—variety, gayness, and a charm that is most enjoyed in our leisured ease. The hero and heroine are all that romantic youth could ask for; they are the embodiment of childish dreams, desires and affections. The variety of the poem with its ancient and modern

contributions provides interest for youth and maturity. The fine descriptions and perfect images are the delight of all readers and show to what minute observation nature and man were put. In the very accurate pictures painted is noticed the great range of the vision of the author, his clear insight, his fitness for the task, and the finish put on all, expressions. The hero of the poem is all htat the most particular maiden could ask for and one that a man might justly wish to resemble. The Princess is a character that appeals to all modern women. She has grace and beauty and common sense, holding many opinions which now prevail. The woman question owes a great deal to the way in which Tennyson handled it in this poem. He treats it not argumentatively, not scientificially; but he worked it out by the imagination, and it becomes serious only when the deep affections of humanity enter. The style is marvelous in the way the poem is built up; something lively and then grave, sometimes grotesque and again noble and often chivalious. This style gave him great scope for his imagination. The skill with which the characters are made to give their views of womanhood is most noteworthy. There is admirable art in it all. The scenery is delightful, full of sunshine, quality and grace. The pictures are so vividly drawn that a painter might paint from point to point what the poet has created. There are no elaborate descriptions of landscapes, however. The nature touches that the poet loves so and gave so remarkably are chiefly in comparisons. As can always be expected from Tennyson, beauty is kept prominent. The general direction of the poet is always toward beauty. Moral aim, truth knowledge and human good are made subservent in the manifestation of beauty. The gift of creation is perfected. The fact that Tennyson strove always to make his opinions and creation grow out of some kind of love is well illustrated in The Princess. The woman question which is so emphasized would not by itself be a lovely thing but because he works it all out thru one form of love or another ,it is exceedingly interesting. It is always love that is the cause of

the lyrical outbursts of the poet; that makes his songs noble, clear, uplifting and softly ringing. The way that this genius works out this all important question of woman's rights would appeal to any open minded woman. He says that woman's place is not confined to marriage and her home, though she is the one to fill the home with dignity and would the lives of those who are entrusted to her care. Nowhere in Tennyson's poetry can more beauty of expression and depth of understanding be found than in The Princess.

Another poem that well illustrates the greatness of the art of Tennyson is "In Memoriam." So long as the English language lasts, so long will this poem be read. The art that produced this poem is most striking and characteristic. It is like a great light house sending out far reaching rays of hope and comfort to save mankind. The subject is simple and close to the heart of man and as it expanded it ennobled the poem. The appealing forces of this poem lies in the fact that is the work of a man who put the inward pity for a companion and fellow-worker who was cut off in the prime of life. The vast question of human sorrow for the loss of those who are loved; sorrow as infinite and as varied as love, belonging to all the lovers and friends of the whole world, going back with unremitting force thru the whole of time, was borne in upon the artist and filled his soul. This accounts for the rush that there is whose swiftness is stately, for the passages of youthful fire and glow which occur after the pain of loss is lessened and the sweetness of memory and the soothing effect of a great faith have discharged bitterness from the soul. In this poem is truly a high range of passionate imagination, a breath of youthful ardour weighted with dignity of thought. The passion is not that of love alone, it is felt for all humanity; it is a passion deepened by the universal thoughts which are mingled with it. Nevertheless, the sweetness and nearness of personal feeling is not wanting another aspect of true art is the deep and ardent emotion, gathered around the great and noble realities which belong to all mankind. Tennyson struggled with

vast questions of human sorrow for the loss of those who are loved, sorrow belonging to all lovers and friends of the whole world. His powerful appeal to the breaking human heart can not help but be recognized by all those who have felt crushed by the death of loved ones. His intense desire to show his sympathy for the sorrowing world and to comfort those in trouble is shown in the intimate, personal experiences which he pictures. No wonder there that it has that universal appeal, no wonder that it is read always with mixed emotions. The paintings that are made of the seasons have been its greatest topics of comment. One is made to feel the warmth of spring tharing the cold brad on big severe winter. There is the soothing thought in the verses that describes the spring and the whole of nature breathes and thrills at its coming. There has been storm but one is made to feel that even the day breathes balm to the troubled earth. The poem is free from the personal and is universal instead. The poet felt the pain of the world, he was filled with vast emotions, and though the solemn swell of the passion of mankind belong to his poetry it does not lose, when he desires it, its happy brightness.

We marvel at the wonderful art of Alfred Lord Tennyson when we consider the subjects he chose. He pictured the landscapes and dwellers of the large and varied world, and excelled in both. He was intensely interested in the questions of the hour and some of his poetry is marked by the sounds good sense of his opinions. The creations of his imagination will be a joy to men, while humanity endures. They will not be merely a joy but a comfort—for they cannot be read without experiencing a feeling of refreshment, inspiration and exaltation. A constant pleasure is to be found in him for few are his failures and many his successes. The permanence of the work of Tennyson is secure.

Eleanor Kesse

A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT

There is the old saying, that some people are born under a lucky star. Ralph O'Connor had always believed himself to be one of these fortunate individuals. Now he was beginning to be somewhat shaken in his faith. True, it was a miserable day; the rain continued to pour; drenched ,gloomy-looking throngs of shoppers and business people hurried hither and thither.

Ralph gazed with apparent disgust at each person who passed near his shelter, and received the compliment in return. He was merely one of thousands of young ambitious men who are lured by the fame of great cities. Equally like numbers of others, here he was, stranded in New York City with one dollar and thirty-cents as his sole fortune.

He had been doing well as a newspaper reporter in one of the small cities of Indiana. Several of the dear old citizens had told him he surely was making a promising career for himself, whereupon, Ralph not being able to buy a large enough hat in that small city, decided to come East. Oh! the wonderful boasts he had made of his success in New York!

"Well, I suppose my one consolation is that they can't see me now," muttered Ralph between his teeth. But what should he do? He had tried for the past week to get work only to be met on every hand by the ever-recurring, "Nothing doing." No one in this city seemed to appreciate his superiority as a newspaper reporter. He was fast becoming desperate and if he didn't find work soon ,he would be like old "Jeff" Marvin back home, "On the county." In spite of himself he grinned at the pleasant prospect.

At this juncture his thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of two well-dressed young men, wearing tall silk hats and flourishing silver headed canes, who stepped under the shelter of the store, one remarking that he was not "keen" about getting his new hat wet. They talked about varying subjects, appearing not to notice our young friend Ralph. As they were taking their leave, one of the men

said in a casual tone, "I say, are you going to the Brick Mansion ball tomorrow night in honor of Miss Somebody or Other?"

"You mean Miss Steadman? Well rather. She is the most popular of all the debutantes, I understand. She is a southerner—from Tennessee, I believe. Aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, of course, between you and me I really hadn't intended to, until you had just finished this last little speech. I shall go quite early, too. Avoid the rush, you know."

The other man laughed and together they sauntered down the Avenue.

Ralph stood for a few moments apparently absorbed in deep meditation and then he suddenly burst forth with a "By Jove, I might as well make a stab at it. I can't do any worse than fail."

That night Ralph slept peacefully and awakened with a light heart. He inquired of several people as to the location of the Brick Mansion, and after many inquriies, was informed that it was the residence of Mr. R. J. Whitehall, the noted financier.

The hours passed slowly that day, but finally evening came. Then the hours sped swiftly on, until ten o'clock arrived. Ralph picked up his hat, closed his door with a bang and walked for some distance, gaining confidence with every step. At last he came to the house, but the slight of it caused his courage to wave for the moment. Now was the time for caution. With this thought came that of fear. What if he should be seen stealing his way around this house? And if he were caught, what would become of him?

Even from the street he could hear the faint strains of a lively waltz. Still he crept on, slowly and very cautiously, trying to keep out of the direct rays of light, which shone from the brilliantly lighted rooms. Several feet in front of him he espied a clump of shrubbery in front of one of the windows. If he could only get in there without being detected it would serve as the best place for his observation.

He made one dive and landed safely in the bushes. "Some grand stand for a reporter," he said to himself as he drew forth a notebook and pencil, rapidly taking notes upon the gay scene that met his eye.

The room was crowded. The women were attired in the most gorgeous and elaborate gowns. There was one young lady standing near the window whom Ralph noticed especially, deciding at once that she must be Miss Steadman. She was tall with very dark hair and wore a very simple but rich gown of rose colored satin which served to accentuate the ivory palor of her face and neck. The only jewels she wore was a beautiful diamond necklace which glittered and sparkled with unusual brightness.

At this moment a gentleman came up and spoke to her whom Ralph immediately recognized as one of his friends of the evening before. They talked for a few moments and then left the room. Ralph wished to follow them but did not dare to move from his position.

He finished his notes rapidly, taking in every detail of the scene of gayety, and was about to maneuver his way back to the street when a sudden scream was heard. Ralph turned very pale,—someone had seen him. With a leap he ran at full speed around the house. He turned a corner, and crash! Some large black object fell to the ground with a thud. Ralph was winded and it was a moment before he completely recovered his senses. When he turned to look at the object, it was disappearing around the corner. Ralph ran after it but the object eluded him in the darkness. He then returned to one of the windows and heard Miss Steadman telling in an excited manner that she had been sitting by a window in the conservatory when suddenly she felt a slight jerk at her neck. She lifted her hands quickly, with a scream but the necklace was gone.

"Oh, if I had only had sense enough to catch that thief," said Ralph to himself. As he was coming around the house a second time he saw something white lying on the ground. He stooped to pick it up but it proved to be nothing more

than a handkerchief. As he lifted it from the ground he heard a faint tinkling, and then something sparkling lay on the ground at his feet. He quickly picked it up.

"The diamond necklace," he gasped. At first he was too dazed to move but the hysterical screams and noisy confusion from the house gradually impressed themselves upon his confused brain. Quickly recovering himself he ran to the front door which was already crowded with anxious guests peering into the darkness watching several men searching the premises.

As Ralph ascended the steps of the veranda every one stopped talking and turned inquiring glances toward him. Holding up the necklace he explained in a very plausible manner that he had been passing by on the street and hearing a scream had rushed to the house and was just turning the corner when he had run into a man, knocking him down. But the man had eluded him before he realized what had happened. Then he had found the necklace in a handkerchief lying on the ground, where the collision had occurred. Of course he could not tell them that he was trying to obtain material for a society gossip "write up'.'

As he turned to leave after handing the necklace to the grateful Miss Steadman, Mr. Whitehall asked him his name, wrote it down, and sliped a piece of paper into his hand, in viting him to join them for the rest of the evening. Ralph, however pleaded a previous engagement and left rather abruptly.

"Well, I had to be honest even if they didn't give me any reward", he remarked as he walked rapidly down the street. Suddenly he became aware of a piece of paper in his clinched fist, and looking at it under a street light he read, "Pay to the order of Ralph O' Connor two thousand dollars." He read it over three times and then his hat went flying into the air. "By Jove, I have got a previous engagement with the first train leaving here for Old Indiana, and no newspaper will ever get that little "write up," either. Was I born under a lucky star? Well, I'll say so!"

SPRING FEVER

Spring fever has me in its power. It is a weird malady which is really no fever at all, rather a strange languor which fills me with a desire to dream, a disinclination to work. The disinclination amounts to an actual distaste, a positive repugnance for anything that demands a display of energy. It is degrading and unnecessary, is labor. I'll none of it. I feel myself turning Bolshevist. I have a deep sympathy, even a sort of respect for strikers. They do not want what they say they do,—such grossly material objects as more money and improved surroundings. They merely want a loafing-spell to be freed for awhile from the eternal lustle and worry attendant upon the everyday business of doing things by schedule. They are above ordinary mortals in frankly living up to their ideals, and taking the rest they want. For this I respect them. They have spring fever, which strange disease is by no means peculiar to any particular season of the year.

Spring fever holds one in a relentless grip. It gets into one's veins, filling one with vague desires and unfathomable longings. Work is impossible, play unnecessary, life unreal. It fills one's days with a strange moody lassitude when just to sit and look at far-off hills is enough to fill one's cup of contentment to the brim. Day-dreams, entangible as air, inscrutable as a wizard's magic, fill one's horizon.

The fire wheele worms in chill mornings and cool evenings furnishes another source of lazy enjoyment. What air-castles do we find in the glowing coals, what weird fancies do not the flickering flames conjure up for us? The shadows dome on the wall, and there come those dreams that flit before the half-closed eye." Dreams float thru one's brain in perfect accord. The Spring rain on the roof furnishes a musical accompainment for them. They are inspired by no particular happening—just dreams. They come, they go—they are a by-product of Spring fever.

Morning—the sun beams upon a new day, childish voices shout in glee at the return of warm weather. It is the time

when one should feel fresh, imbued with energy, inspired with courage to fight the world. I listen idly to classroom discussions,—I realize their importance, but—marvelous discovery! feel no desire to talk. I, who used to chatter gaily until my distracted friends and family stuffed their ears with cotton, wish to silent. I have known the agony of keeping still while others talked, of withholding that which came so quickly that my tongue tied in a knot in my efforts to tell them,—but the affliction which seizes me now is stranger than any other,—I really want to be quiet, I enjoy being a listener. I am too lazy to talk. Wonderful Spring fever!

Afternoon—I will study. This is the time to work, to think, to achieve,—The fresh spring air is conducive to labor. I will study. I seize my books—But a bird calls, the outdoor world smiles—I am lost. I cannot work. Spring fever holds me,—I am hopeless—I have joined the ranks of the strikers, and I am too far gone to feel any qualms of conscious concerning my defection. Powerful spring fever!

Evening—Now that the worry of the day has passed surely I can do something, surely now my former energy will return, I will be vested by some happy inspiration, I can work now. I gaze out of my window—the twinkling lights beyond beckon to me. I cannot resist their invitation. If I may be allowed so to misquote I will have "One dream more, the best and the last." Spring fever has me in its relentless grip. I am lost to the world.

There is no preventive, no cure for this disease. While it lasts I have withdrawn from the world, it must run its course and when it has finished with me I shall return to earth. I endure it now, hopeful that next spring will find me immune from this peculiar, undesirable, withal enjoyable malady.

THE LOST ROAD

A lonely, limping road
  Beckoned me away,
To leave the world behind me
  To watch the leaflets pray.

It took my weary feet
  And kissed away the mire
And clapped on leafy wings,
  To speed my soul's desire.

Thru wildrose, meadows, winding,
  A blue bird for its guide,
It took my hand in silence
  And wandered by my side.

At dusk it wended slowly
  A wood to wonder round
And lost itself in shadows
  Where fairy folk abound.

My heart cries out to travel
  The wandering road once more,
Tho years have passed, I find it still
  In mem'ry's mellow store.

Martha Peace

ON THE NATURE OF SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRIES

It is probably fair to declare myself in the beginning one of those who cry out, "I believe, Oh, I believe," when "Miss Peter Pan Adams" throws her fairy web about me, and makes her plea for the fairy kingdom. I am one of those who rebel just a little at the thought that fairies were created at all; they just are,—and ever will be,—Puck, Queen Mab, Ariel, Gitama, Oberon,—all live today just as

when Shakespeare kidnapped them from their paradise of Make Believe, and brought them here to dance upon the hand of Fate, and delight the hungry souls of mortals.

Before Shakespeare, people had felt the need of fairies, and some kind soul had invented pigimes, brownies, saucy little elves, and large human fairies, but it remained for Shakespeare to abduct the real fairy that we know today—(or do we?) to make his part in mortal affairs so noteworthy, so fascinating that Puck declares, "What fools these mortals be," and is very, very glad in his saucy, elusive, fairy way that he can temper the lives of erring mortals.

In this he reveals the utter lack of morals in the fairy world. This is one reason for their appeal to us and for their royal rule in our worldly realms, whether we will it or not. It is their freedom from moral conflict and from pain that draws us within their magic influence and lifts us out of our little world of work into one of wonder.

Our fairies of today are small, though not so tiny as the little brown elves of long, long ago.

I suppose we must admit, with Charles Lamb, that Shakespeare invented fairies, though I shall continue to believe that he only found them.

Puck is as elusive as he is real; we cannot quite grasp him. We wonder if he doesn't sometimes borrow Queen Mabs chariot to flee our mortal senses. Ariel is an airy spute that rides with the wind and assures the voice of mortals. Gitaina, the fairy queen, and Oberan, the fairy King, have a quarrel and play their pranks on mortals to settle the dispute.

Pessimists would disappear, and people who complain of lack of enthusiasm and interest in others, would the better understand, if only they would cry,

"I believe, Oh, I believe!"

The Isaqueena

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

Terms: $1.50 per annum, in advance. Single copies, 20 cents. (Entered at Greenville Postoffice as Second-Class Matter).

Editorial

THE CRUELTIES PERPETRATED UPON THE GIRLS OF GREENVILLE WOMAN'S COLLEGE

The question has arisen among the teachers of Greenville Woman's College, "How much do the girls really study?"

According to reports from the students themselves, coupled with personal observation, it seems evident that something should be done to reduce the over-strenuous requirements. Study? Of course they study. Many of the girls say that put two hours on every lesson, yet some of those same students have been heard to say that the teachers refused to pass them. The students claim that the faculty is unreasonable in its requirements and the teachers in

turn seem to feel that the girls have not mastered the art of real study.

As has been previously stated we decided that such a critical situation demanded an investigation based upon two very reliable sources; the reports of the girls and personal observation.

In order to justify the conclusion to which we reached, it is necessary to quote a conversation between two girls, during study hour.

"Mary, let's study English together."

"All right, Louise, but we must do it quickly and not talk the least bit, for I have four other lessons to prepare."

"Let's see, we had those old sentences to reconstruct, didn't we? I'd like to reconstruct that whole book, believe me."

"Well, the comma is used to separate—"

"Oh! Mary have you seen the way Bob has his hair parted?" * * * * * * Ensues a lengthy description.

The first test of a sentence: Does it express a complete thought? The second test: Does it contain foreign matter?—

"By the way, speaking of foreign matter are you going home for the week-end, the Meridith's are giving a dance Saturday night?" * * * * * *

The sentence as the thought unit is the starting point for the study of—

"Louise, I have simply got to go to the hair dresser's and have my hair marceled and speaking of it, reminds me that I want you to ask Jack Harris, the next time you see him, where he gets his hair marceled or permanently waved. He has the best looking wave I have even seen.' '

"Why, Louise, look at the time! We have been studying over two hours and we aren't half through."

"Well, I can't help it, I haven't any more time to spend on the stuff. She ought to be satisfied with two hour's preparation."

In the light of the evidence thus presented, we would recommend that a motion be made, seconded and carried, that all teachers on signing a contract to teach at G. W. C. shall be forced to take a solemn oath; that they shall assign no lessons requiring more than one-half hour of preparation and that they shall be required to pass every student, thus avoiding the all-too evident physical and mental strain which is now being perpetrated on the girls.

This method would undoubtedly prove a great drawing card to the college and cause it to gain rapidly in popularity.

HOW OUR Y. W. C. A. MAY BE MADE MORE POPULAR

This is a question which we all have to face squarely for it is up to each one of us to make our Y. W. C. A. just as popular as we can. It is true that our programs are more interesting, and the attendance has increased this year, but there must be something lacking for our Y. W. C. A. is not a magnet for every girl in college. We are very proud of what our organization has done and is doing, but we realize there is yet much room for improvement. One of the best ways to popularize it is to plan for more varied and more attractive programs. It would be well to post them several weeks ahead, in order to give the girls ample time for preparation.

The Y. W. C. A. Just what kind of an organization it is, and what it is striving to do? A program which would set forth something of its nature and history clearly defining its relation to college life would be both helpful and interesting.

The program should include more musical numbers and need readings. Since we realize the need for college and class songs, why neglect the need for Y. W. C. A. Songs?

Enthusiasm would be created also by having joint meet ings with the city Y. W. C. A. and the Furman Y. M. C. A.

A like suggestion might be made to the several welfare committees. We should undertake study of the needs of the mill district and of the city and really see just what we can do to better conditions. The only way in which our organization can really expect to grow is through personal service. The city Y. W. C. A. has offered suggestions which would lead to interesting work with the factory, and mill girls in cooperation with their Y. W. C. A.'s. We have been in the same old rut for so long that we seem to be afraid to strike out along new lines.

The Y. W. C. A. holds such an important place in college life that nothing should be allowed to interfere with its meetings. We brook no interference with our social good times, why should we with our weekly meetings.

The city pastors should be invited to attend them and suggest lines of work. But we should not depend entirely upon our program committee or upon outside help. Each girl should feel it a duty as well as a privilege to volunteer for service. Personal efforts on the part of the girls are lacking.

In some Colleges the girls get up at sunrise and go to some nearby park or woods and have breakfast or weiner roasts. Why not try this? We know it is great fun. This would be an incentive to others to join us. Nothing serves so well to bring us in touch with one another than an informal party at which light refreshments are served. The wisdom of this course has been demonstrated by the success of our Saturday night parties. Let's keep the social ball rolling.

Emily Bates.

FIRE DRILL

A very necessary and helpful improvement is being instigated and carried on by some energetic members of our faculty and student body—this improvement is fire drill. There is probably no need that is as pressing as this just now and with the real work placed in such capable hands we expect great results. One trial alarm has been given for two buildings so they may get really organized and know just what and how to do to avoid the great danger of disorder and panic. Captains and lieutenants have been appointed for each hall and buildings and their duty is to see and know that each person is out of his room and also that his windows and doors are shut. Besides this, each person is requested or required to grab a coat and towel; the towel to have ready to wrap around the head in case of smoke. If a girl intends spending the night out of her building she must notify her captain so that the captain will not spend useless time hunting her up. It is often utmost importance that the student body be brought to realize its individual responsibility and that the utmost effort be expended to get this work well systematized; thereby lessening the danger should we be so unfortunate as to have our building catch on fire.

Frances Johnston, '21.

Exchanges

LOIS BALLENGER, EDITOR

The "Erothsion" for this month has very good material, but is lacking in fiction. The essay on Ireland is good as far as it goes, but is too condensed to be really comprehensive. The editorials show good thought and are appropriate to the times.

The "Newberry Stylus" for March is more of a pamphlet than a magazine. The stories are rather sketchily done. "Those Still Over," a poem, deserves praise, and is the best thing in the magazine.

The "Carolinian" for March shows a preponderance of short stories, a good essay and one especially noteworthy poem, "From Those Under the Crosses to America.". The story, "Moonlight Witchery," though not a masterpiece of literary achievement, shows a keen insight into the ways of life. It is real, and therefore quaint.

Where is the "Carolinian's" Exchange Department?

The most noticeable feature of the "Bashaba" from Coker College, is the variety of material, and departments representing all the activities of college life. The poem, "Morning," is just what it is meant to be, a breath of spring morning.

"The Furman Hornet" shows great improvement over last year, each issue showing more of effort and less of carelessness. It is a representative college newspaper from every standpoint.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: "The Furman Hornet," "The Carolinian," "Newberry Stylus," "Erothesian," "The Giger," "The Bashaba."

The Glee Club

Surrounded by hundreds of enthusiastic boys and deafened by exciting yells of Fire! Fire!!, the Glee Club of the Greenville Woman's College made its first appearance at Davidson, Wednesday the seventeenth of March. The trial we had undergone in getting there and the fact that we had to give the concert without any dinner—a calamity for which certain railroad officials were to blame—faded into oblivion when we heard the thunderous applause of the boys at our appearance on the stage. No amount of fatigue or hunger could have prevented the club from singing its best to such an appreciative and responsive audience. But our faces took on more length and the perpetual smile of the night before faded when we had to take an early train away from this home of beaus homme.

The greatest part of that day, Thursday, was spent in a little burg among the North Carolina hills in waiting for a train to take us to Florence. We lived weeks during the six hours we were kept waiting there and so eager were we to get away that when the train did come a committee of girls beseiged the trainmen and poured ardent petitions for speed into their ears. And fly we did! In fact we went so fast that we could scarcely maintain a state of equilibrium. But who minded having to put on evening dresses on the train and again having to sing without any dinner after receiving such a welcome as we did in Florence? We can never express our thanks for the marvelous entertainment, but we do humbly petition those wonderful people for another Glee Club engagement.

The only trouble with those visits was the having to leave so soon. Early Friday morning a certain trainmaster or-

dered a special coach to be added to his train and we were whirled away to Greenwood. There are more splendid people in the world than anybody knows anything about and Greenwood is full of them. We were banqueted by the Chamber of Commerce Friday night and on Saturday morning, along with the commanding officers ,we were given the honor of reviewing the cadets of B. M. I. It was a scene to melt a heart of stone when a little later we had to tell the boys good-bye and board the train for Greenville. It was a bunch of reminiscent girls who returned to their Alma Mater on the twentieth of March from the most wonderful trip ever taken.

However, we found out last Saturday that no matter how good a time one has had there's always a better time coming. All our anticipations of a sure enough, honest-to-goodness, big time were fulfilled on our visit to Clemson. We spent a blissful afternoon and evening in their company and a ride back to the college in the we sma' hours of the morning held no terrors for us after such pleasure. We remember and appreciate each detail of the kindnesses shown us and will sieze the opportunity to visit them "again and again."

The following is the program which the Club gave on all occasion:

Program

The Woodland Calls----------W. Rhys-Herbert
Lifes Lesson (There, little girl, don't cry!)—Ethelbert Nevin
When Daddy Sings----------Victor Harris

Glee Club

Violin
Thais Meditation----------J .Massenet
Hungarian Dance----------Victor Kuzdo

Miss Johnston

Reading
The H. C. L. Hits Billy Brad----------E. P. Butler

Miss Barton

The Kerry Dance----------Molly-Harris
Bendemeers Stream--------Arranged by J. Hyatt Brewer
Plantation Love Song----------Deems Taylor
The Bells of St. Mary's----------A. Emmett Adams

Glee Club

Soprano

Come Away----------Katie Moss
Fiddle and I (Violin Obligator)----------Mrs. A. Goodeve

Miss Brown

Readings

"Da Wonderful Nose----------T. A. Daly
Hullo----------S. Walter Foss
Bill's in Trouble----------Anonymous

Miss Barton

Quartette

Gray Days----------Noel Johnson
Dawn ---------- Leoni
Roses of Pickardy----------Haydn Wood

Misses Waters, Bennett, Hill and Hudson

Happy Birds----------Holt-Hilton
My Sun (Italian folk song)----------E. di Capua
Waiting (When I Hear the Gate a' Swinging)--Leo T. Croke
Come Where the Lillies Bloom----------Will L. Thompson

Glee Club

PERSONNEL OF CLUB

J. Oscar Miller----------Director
Miss Mildred Hill----------President
Miss Ruth Brown----------Business Manager

Miss Amelia Boor
Miss Ruth Brown
Miss Mildred Hill
Miss Essie Mae Howard
Miss Anne Hudson
Mlss Frances Johnston
Miss Rene Joyce
Miss Eleanor Keese
Miss Helen MacDowell
Miss Sarah Pinson
Miss Marion Pitts
Miss Bessie Prickett
Miss Maribel Waters
Miss Annie Belle Watkins

Miss Ruth Brown, Soprano
Miss Frances Johnston, Violinist
Miss Belle Barton, Reader
Miss Flora Bennett, Accompanist

STUDENT'S RECITAL

The student's recital on Monday evening, March 29 in the college parlors, was very much enjoyed. The program was given as follows:

Violin quartette

Misses Johnston, Padgette, Lawton and Turpin

Vocal numbers:

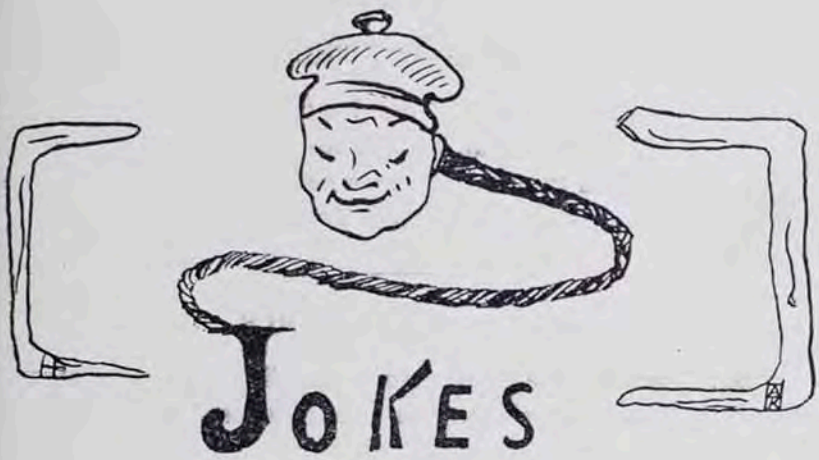
1. Le Cehaume ---------- Ernest Chanson
2. Villanella ---------- Gabriele Sibella
2. Robin, Robin, Sing me a Song
Charles Gilbert Spross

Miss Watkins

Instrumental numbers

1. Prelude ---------- Rochmannoff
2. Barcarolle ---------- Godard
3. Wedding Day ---------- Grieg

Eloise Montjoy.



QUICK RECIPE FOR H. C. L.

Why not try and solve the H. C. of L?
Eat dried apples for breakfast,
Drink water for dinner and
Let them swell for supper."

A preacher phoned to the express office and asked if there was a package of hymn books for him. The agent replied, "Yes, and I wish you would come and get them as they are leaking over everything in the office."

WE WONDER WHY

"Describe water, Ruth Geer," said Miss Burton.

"Water," explained Ruth "is a white fluid that turns black when you put your hands in it.

CORRECTION

"I's"—began Drina H.

"I am, not I is," corrected Miss Gibhardt promptly.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," Drina H. went on.

GIRLS, TRY THIS

Ollie "busted" her head—
Accidental, no doubt—
And they rolled down her back—
But she shimmied 'em out.

OUT O' SUGAR, GIRLS

"Dot" went to the corner store and didn't get any sugar. On the way out she slipped on a banana peel and returned to the college with two lumps.

An Irishman was asked what he would take to sit on a certain church steeple over night.

"Faith," he replied, "an I'd take a divil of a cold."

A new girl on entering the English class was asked her name. She replied, "Helen French," and Flora Bennett spoke up and asked, "What is it in English?"

One day a Furman student asked a certain druggist for some kind of medicine which the druggist put up in capsuls. A week or two afterwards the Furman student returned, addressing the druggist said, "Please refill these little glass things."

Mrs. Perry: What is the meaning of auora.

O. Bates: Aurora is a kind of goat.

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.

Other Class Officers.
Othre Society Officers.
Other Officers of Athletic Association.
Hall Proctors.
Other members of Isaqueena Staff.
Other members of Annual Staff.
No girl may hold offices amounting to more than 5 points.

Greenville Womans College

GREENVILLE, S. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Second term begins Feb. 1, 1920.

For further information apply to

David M. Ramsay, D. D., President

Or ROSA C. PASCHAL, Dean.