5-1-1920

The Isaqueena - 1920, May

Martha Peace
Greenville Woman's College

May, 1920

The Isaqueena

May, 1920

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HILL SHADOWS

The sunset's glow has swept the plains,
The new moon hangs in the sky,
The song of the leaflets swells and wanes
Veiled star-dust dims the eye.

I look below to the village lights;
But the voice of the hills cries out:
"Thru shadowland the fairy sprites
Will toss your soul about."

My star-dimmed eyes grow light, grow bright,
The purple shadows mingle
The cool clean mists of the mountain night
Make all my heart strings tingle.

The shadows circle and round me dance,
The elfin goblins whimper;
A million forms my soul entrance
The bowing pigmies simper.

I've lost my way in shadowland;
The purple hill-mist folds me.
The sweet, clear call from the pipes of Pan
Surrendered to, controls me.

M. P., '20.

LOTTIE OBLIGES

The minister's monotonous voice droned through the still hot air, a bee hummed idly against the window-pane and the younger portion of Stony Creek Baptist Church dreaming idly of shady nooks and picnic dinners, were hardly conscious as to which was which.

"My brethren, this is the last stage of the world." The Reverend Mr. McNeil paused here, and cast a stern eye over the listless brethren. Seeking one whom he might impress his glance fell upon Jim Gray whose gaze was fixed with worshipful admiration upon his fair neighbor, Lottie Harris. As if drawn by a magnet Jim lifted his eyes to the pulpit and caught the minister's rebuking expression. Blushing to the roots of his straw-colored hair, the unhappy man squirmed in his seat and listened, with rapt expression bub wandering interest, to the minister's next words.

"It is the last stage of the world, I say, and here we are wasting precious time dancing. Dancing! with an expression of unspeakable disgust upon this last world. And this time Lottie was the unfortunate recipient of his glance. She, too, was visibly embarrassed by this token of favor on the part of her pastor, and developed a color only a trifle less high than her admirer's. She looked away, and this time her eyes fell upon Jim, who was regarding her with an apologetic smile which said, "Got us both didn't he?" Tossing her head ever so slightly she answered his look with one of indignation at the suggestion of partnership in crime, and stared stonily out of the window with an expression which said, "I'll none of your sympathy, thank you."

But a casual observer might have wondered why her color was even higher after this exchange of glances than it had been. Jim, however, was not a casual observer, and he missed the significance of that color. He considered himself ill-treated. Just because Lottie had been in the city for two years and had come back with the glories of her widowhood fresh upon her was no reason why she should snub

him. He might at least admire her new frock without having her look holes through him. (Of course the frock and not Lottie was the object of his admiration.) Well, she wouldn't get another chance to treat him as if he were a worm.

And with this thought in mind he was among the first to start for the door—and the last to go through it.

The women had gathered in a knot to discuss a social which would be held in the schoolhouse the following evening. Lottie, sweeping out of the choir toward the other women, in her eager haste nearly ran into Jim, who was talking with the minister. Some one giggled, and a childish treble inquired, "O maw, what makes Mr. Gray so red?" More frankly embarrassed than ever Lottie rustled out of the church, entirely forgetting to stop and discuss refreshments as she had intended.

The June sunshine fell upon her bright lavender frock and heavily plumed hat, and the women fell to discussing her before she was well out of ear-shot.

"Well!" Hattie Black turned to the others with a 'what-do-you-know-about-that?' expression on her face. "Well, did you see Lottie Harris?"

I ain't blind yet," replied Mrs. Jones, somewhat tartly. "I ain't blind yet, an' I say some one ought to speak to Lottie Harris 'bout the way she's actin.' "

"Jest think," chimed in an eager third voice, "jest think, that po' Harris ain't bin dead a year yet, an' here she comes in colors," with as much horror in her voice as tho telling of Lottie's murdering her grandfather. "In colors!" Apparently she washed her hands of such disregard for the convention.

"Lan' sakes," said Mrs. Jones brisky, "next thing you know we'll be havin' another weddin.' I do hope she marries a man we know this time."

The sanctimonious one gasped, "Mrs. Jones, it ain't bin a year."

"I know, but she'll do it, young as she is an' all. Now, I

allus thought that Jim Gray had a hankerin' after her.''

''So'd I,'' said Hittie Black. ''But Lottie allays said she wouldn't have him if he's the last man on earth, even 'fore she met that man Harris from the city.'' (Poor Harris, being an alien had never been anything but ''that man'' to his wife's friends.) ''But I allays thought that she went with him a heap not to like him any better'n she said she did. An' I know she'd be happier with Jim Gray than—''

When Jim, his unbuttoned coat in even more than usual danger of slipping from his lank shoulders, came toward them, the women were busily discussing the social.

''How soon must we be there to clean up Mrs. Jones?''

''As soon as you can, an' the sooner the better. Sho is a heap o' dirt in that school-house.''

But Jim was not in the least deceived by the lively chatter of the women. He turned to his companion, and remarked in a disgusted tone, ''Ef that ain't jes' like wimmen!''

''What?'' absently queried the other, whose mind was filled with thoughts of the coming event, and the glories of Elviry Jones, ''What's like wimmen?''

''The way they're talkin' 'round, tryin' to get me and Lottie Harris hitched up. Who wants her anyway, I'd like to know? She's so uppety you can't speak to her. No wonder po' Harris died. It'd kill any one to live with her airs. Goin' that way? Well, so long. See you tomorrow night.''

''Uh, huh! So long.''

The road was full of homeward bound people, but Jim plodded resolutely along by himself, and when Lottie passed him, going back to the church for a lost handkerchief, he defiantly looked the other way, thus failing to note that she, too, found the opposite side of the road very interesting. He was'nt goin' to be coaxed into marryin' any woman, he mused, Lottie Harris, nor no one else. He'd show 'em.

It would seem that he had already shown them something.

''They don't even speak,'' lamented Mrs. Jones the next

day while resting from the arduous task of sweeping the school-house floor. "They don't even speak, and Elviry here wants a weddin' so bad, tho she does think Lottie ought to still wear black."

"Now, maw, I didn't say nuttin' about wanting' a weddin.' I jest said it'd bin sech a long time sence we had one."

"Well," said Hettie Black, "I do think Lottie'd be happier if she married again. An' Jim Gray don't do a thing when he's round where she is but watch her every time he gets a chance, an' thinks nobobdy's a-lookin.' An' she used to like him a lot, even if she said she didn't now, eve' one wants her to marry Jim—why can't she do it?"

"Nobody knows," said Mrs. Jones cheerfully. "Nobody knows, less'n it is the contrariness of human natur.' Lan' sakes, you don't mean to say it's after twelve? Well, I must get gone. See you tonight ever'body." And in a worried undertone she added to Elviry, "I do hope them pies hold out."

The pies did hold out, and no doubt contributed largely to the general enjoyment. Every one was making much noise and having a lovely time—every one that is except Jim, who considered himself an ill-treated man. And this feeling arose from such a trivial incident..

In the beginning of the evening when he went up the steps to the main hall where the social was held he found a group of young people laughing and chatting gaily. Lottie was with them, a wonderful Lottie who in a ruffed white frock looked even younger than some of the girls who were her juniors by several years. He could not understand why his remark to that effect should have brought him black looks from the other girls, tho he was grateful for their speedy departure. And after a few moments of blissful conversation with Lottie alone, he renewed his attempts at gallantry, assuring her that she looked like a girl again. Whereupon Lottie drew herself up haughtily and remarking, "I ain't any older than some other folks I know,"

swept away, leaving the well-meaning blunderer to his own moody meditations.

"I must be poison," he concluded bitterly, "Else, why do all the girls leave me?" And he went off into a corner, and there all alone in the dark, he indulged in feeling very sorry for himself. Being a mere man, and rather dense at that, he could not be expected to know that Lottie, laughing so gaily in the room beyond was already repenting her "uppishness," and planning to return to the porch as soon as she could without rousing any suspicion. Lottie was not anxious to have her neighbors discuss her any more than was necessary. She knew, none better, that Jim was not given to paying compliments, and she knew that his words had been well-meant, though they were not very flattering in their implication. And very guilty, by a roundabout way, in a casual manner, began to rid herself of undesired partners, and to make for the door.

Other couples had gone out, and Jim in seeking to avoid them started to enter the hall. He went too quickly, however, and in the dark brushed against some one. Trying to get out of the way he got in it more than ever as he realized when he heard the soft tearing sound as of cloth that had caught on something. He did not know who it was until some one opened a door letting a flood of light stream across the hall. And then he saw—Lottie.

In silence they glared at each other.

Under the circumstances Lottie may be pardoned for the sudden anger that engulped her. No woman enjoys having a new frock ruined before the evening is well begun. Her terse voice broke the silence with a curt, "Well?"

"I'm sorry, Lottie," Jim mumbed desperately. "I'm sorry, awful sorry—oh Lottie, you tore your pretty dress on a nail."

"No thnks to you that it ain't torn worse'n it is," snapped the woman. "But you allays did make a mess o' things, Jim Gray."

"Some other folks I could name ain't so diff'rent."

"Meanin' me?"

"I ain't sayin.' "

"Any one'd know what you mean though. You hardly speak to me sence I came back. But jest look how ever' one's talkin.' "

"Taint my fault, I didn't tell 'em to talk. They're tryin' to get me an' you to make up to each other. But I never said a word about wantin' to."

"Well, it ain't my fault."

"Mine either. But you treat me like I was poison an' I don't deserve it. I won't stand for it either. I'm gone." And he did indeed turn, but slowly and with a lingering glance fixed upon Lottie.

Lottie herself stood nervously twisting her ring, and evidently of two minds as to what to do next. She hadn't treated Jim very well she thought. He wasn't to blame for the gossip, and he might be really mad. She watched him speculatively out of the tail of her eye while he slowly crossed the floor. Then, concluding that he did indeed mean what he said, she moved toward him with sudden resolution. Her eyes had grown warm and appealing, and there was a note of appeal in her voice too.

"Jim," she spoke hesitantly, "do you remember what you said—once—before I married and left?"

The man turned and regarded her with a glance meant to be stony, but succeeding only in being sulky, like a spoiled child's. He knew exactly what remark Lottie here referred to, but he pretended ignorance, and said," no—what?"

"That—I'd have to start things—myself next time? That I—you—Jim—'desperately,' might'nt we—I—it's what every one wants us to do you know—Let's—"

"You mean?—" He spoke fearfully, not daring to believe what he read in her face.

"Jest to oblige the others, you know."

"Well—to oblige them—"

But an outsider would have said that some one besides the neighbors had been "obliged."

M. S., '20

THE PERSONALITY OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The tour of a character, a phase coined by Georgette LeBlaue Maeterlinck, may very appropriately be applied to the account of her distinguished husband. We are always anxious to know that really great people are what we conceived them to be, and we Americans eagerly but tremblingly welcomed the great Belgian author who recently came to our shores, fearful lest an idol should prove to have the traditional feet of clay. Maeterlinck made the mistake of some of our distinguished visitors who are a little severe in their comments upon our habits and invited the Arctic breeze of resentment when he criticized the manners of New York, but New York went Blue Bird mad and gave his adverse comments only a passing notice. The hearts of all the ardent admirers of this mystic, moralist, playwright, critic of letters and topical writer went out to him in hearty greeting. Modern literature knows few more commanding figures and none more charming mixtures of economized strength, balanced faculties, multiplied energies and disciplined instincts. Besides possessing extraordinary, adroitness, exuherance and versatility, he is an experimental botanist and are automobilist capable of drivivng himself.

He is perhaps the most eminent living dramatist and poetic prose writer, instilling into his work the glow and fervor of the Roman and the keen human insight of the Anglo Saxon. This latter characteristic has probably been accomplished by no means other than through an intense study of our own Emerson. America admires the man who refused to give up his Belgian citizenship in order to become a member of the French Academy, the man "who seeks to realize the infinite, to know the unknowable, and to express

the inexpressible." Among those attending his lectures which were delivered for the most part in French few could understand him but he was given rapt attention, his magnetic personality holding all within the reach of his voice. An explanation for a great deal of his appeal to the American people may lie in the fact that he has that which all Americans think they have developed to the nth degree—a sense of humor. For coarseness and artificiality Maurice Maeterlinck substitutes spirituality and truthfulness. He turns from realism to mysticism, from naturalism to supernaturalism. It is for the most part true that what a man accomplishes makes him great in the eyes of the world,—the wealth accumulated, the books written, or the music composed, but one meets very few great personalties that force recognition from us. It is, however, a rare combination of genius and personal charm that has won for Maeterlinck a great place in the heart of the world.

Never was a great man more devoid of affectation. It is to be doubted if common sense is as much the keynote of his character as simplicity. His every life is founded upon it and he urges always that the human race develop it where it is lacking. He loves nature, literature and art simply. His modesty is made impressive by many witnesses. On one occasion, when invited to dinner, he replied most courteously, "I accept with much pleasure but only on the condition that I be received without ceremony. I am a peasant." At all times he barricades himself against indiscretion and curiously he detests notority and is peculiarly indifferent to the representation of his works. He carefully avoids the cackling, flattery, and small change of celebrity. There is the same lack of display in manner that is found in his dress. He is shy and reticent, hiding behind his work and sharing his thought and art but not his personal experience with his readers. Next to unostentatious strength and unfeiged equanimity his most characteristic rtaits are a shy reserve and a complete lack of personal vanity. When told he had been awarded the Noble prize for literature, his fea-

tures assumed an expression of comic dismay. "What!" he said, "Shall I have to go to Stockholm and wear a dress suit and a white tie on dull winter mornings and be presented to the king?" "Don't tell me that!" Scarcely is there found a more fascinating talker—but a talker who converses on anything except himself. Silence, however, is much more natural than talk and he has a craving to dream and brood. The story that three times did he threaten to tear up his passports and give up the idea of lecturing in America because of stage fright and discouragement over the slow progress of his English lessons does not seem so incredible in the light of his extreme modesty. It is these intensely appealing traits of character that make his books so delightful.

How can one account for there being no civilized language into which his works have not been translated but by the fact that there is perfect harmony of works and life? They are strong, sweet and wise,— to them our hearts turn in their search for consolation and inspiration. We are told that at one time fifty-nine Russian companies were playing the Blue Bird. Maeterlinck loves what he writes and writes only what he loves. It is true that he, like Tennyson, is tone deaf. In fact he cannot distinguish popular from classical compositions. The tory goes that as he came from working with his bees one morning he chanced upon DeBussy playing one of his most famous compositions. He immediately ordered the great composer to "cut the jazz music." Yet his work is full of melody and music and many of his plays appear in opera. It is told of him that after DeBussy had made fame for himself and Maeterlinck out of Pelleas and Melisande that so great was the author's disgust that he would hardly speak to the music master afterwards. When the first play "Princess Maliene" was published, Octave Mirabeau said "greater than Shakespeare." Most men would have lost their heads over the ill-worded praise. Nothing illustrates his mental equilibrium better than his calm disregard of such tributes. He was solicitous that the

Blue Bird succeed as an opera. But why? He desired that the proceeds go for milk for the Belgian and American children. He writes a play, a delicate, fairy-like thing, filled with the spirit of altruism, and then comes down hard on publisher and producer for the last penny in royalties. A poet and a dreamer, he is nevertheless a Belgian with all the thrift and shrewdness that implies. Yet this same Belgian has been able to take the fairy wand from the story book in a way that no one else has achieved, and to make human not only the lower animals, but insects, flowers and inanimate things.

Mrs. Thomas Carlyle once warned the women of the world —"Don't marry a genius!" But the present Madame Maeterlinck paid no heed to such an admonition and has been eclipsed socially and artistically by her brilliant husband. She looks like one of the child characters escaped from a production of the Blue Bird. Pink cheeks, vivacious face, Flemish red hair, she looks not a day over sixteen. Her husband's attitude toward her is almost paternal. Madame Maeterlinck "came, was seen, and failed to conquer." She has failed to hold her own in comparison with her more brilliant husband. At the famous Blue Bird Ball, where Maeterlinck himself longed in vain for a Blue Bird cocktail, she failed to scintillate, reflecting no rays of brilliancy when in the radiance of her husband's presence. In fact she was overlooked except by the merely curious. Her name, it is to be feared, will never appear on the title page of a book as did Georgette Le Blanc's. But the original of Tyltye and the creator of that lovable character in the Blue Bird, which symbolizes happiness, find great enjoyment and content in their life together. One cannot help but wonder at the mystic choice of a child wife.

Maeterlinck, however, denies the American impression that he is endowed with mediumistic powers. "Absolutely no!" he states. "I could sit three days at an Ouija board and it would never write for me." For his views an communication with the dead, Rupert Hughes has called him "a

romancer who has thrown common sense overboard'' and declares that he is either ''bogus or buncoed.'' But Maeterlinck offered no definite solution for the problem so alive in the minds of the people today. He believes that hypnotism and mediumism have merely pointed to the fact of immorality. He says ''I am more interested in the survival of the soul's personality. Hypnotism has given me many evidences that there is a consciousness greater than our living consciousness, dependent upon our removal from the distracting forces of life. Death, I am beginning to surmise, will let loose an unused store of memory and by it our ego will persist.'' His discussion of death not only departs from the traditional attitudes of fear but is permeated in this conviction that continuous development of the human soul is the ultimate aim and goal of existence. Materlinck declares that outside of religious there are four imaginable solutions and no more to the problem of the survival of the soul after death: total annihilation, survival without our consciousness of today, survival without any sort of consciousness and lastly, survival with a universal consciousness or with a consciousness different from that which we possess in this world. He is not settled in his attitude toward these, but he is convinced of the survival of the soul after death. One with such a hopeful view of the after-life cannot but be a note-worthy personality.

The habits, mannerisms and idiosyncracies of the great dramatist are most interesting. Perhaps his habit of early to bed and early to rise accounts for the striking physical ruggedness and balance of the man that furnishes a background of unexpectedness to the subtility of his speculation and the delicacy of his art. It may account, too, for the wealth that allows him to maintain many residences and furnish means for his charities, as well as for the depth of wisdom that is imbedded in his writings. Immediately after getting up in the morning he visits his flowers, fruits, bees, works steadily for two hours, and after lunch returns to his garden. In the evening he reads and retires early. A great

lover of sports is he, delighting in canoeing, automobiling, motorcycling, boxing, and walking. In fact he is almost as good a boxer as he is a poet and has fought Carpentier, although not in any professional ring. He drives his own car for the sheer love of it. The story is told of him that he always carries Madame Maeterlinck to a reception himself and parks his car in the space, reserved for the chauffeurs. When she is ready to leave he drives the car up to the door and shouts, "Car for Madame Maeterlinck." He is more at home out of doors than anywhere else, a man always getting about, delighting in caring for bees and teaching dogs to sing. He smokes a briar, drinks ale, and is a great boy and a good fellow. How love for and understanding of dogs is typical of Maeterlinck. At his home he has a crowd of them around him of all breeds and degrees. In fact Pelleas must no longer be thought of as the ardent and impetuous love of the youthful and beautiful Melisande, but as an intelligent and aristocratic member of the canine family, for Maeterlinck has bestowed this name upon one of his favorite dogs.

In the light of such facts it is evident that Maeterlinck is far from being a visionary mystic. He seems to be more the man who wrote "The Life of the Bee" than the dreamer of melleas and Melisande. While he is somewhat of a recluse, likes to have his meals at a certain time, to take his walk at another time and to do his work at certain hours, he is nevertheless very human and ready to observe his obligation to others. He hates to have his picture taken and on one occasion when a young reporter came to get it, he refused. But when it was explained to him that if the boy went back without the picture his employer would blame him and not Maeterlinck, he at once agreed. He is a man who devotes himself to the ideal but does not neglect the practical. He is interested in science and is somewhat deeply versed in scientific principles. He has investigated table turnings with raps, the movements and transportations of inanimate things without contact, clairvoyancy, haunted houses, divining rods, and miraculous cures and is convinced

that the solution of the mystery lies in the hands of science. show a "naive lack of critical sense" and by some to This suggestion has been declared by some to show a "naive lack of critical sense" and by some more plain spoken it has been cited as an amazing instance of "twentieth century gullibility." Whatever may be his criticism one feels that his views are sincere and that there is no sphere of activity in which he is not deeply interested.

The entry of Maurice Maeterlinck into the sphere of the screen must seem a profound thing to those who have watched the progression of the motion picture from its original state among the arts. It will be interesting to watch the effect of a mind at once so keen and so essentially poetical on the realism so current on the screen. Gouveneur Morris says, "I consider Maeterlinck as a big acquisition to the motion picture field. He has a wonderful mind and is a big, powerful personality in the world of literature. Coupled with his poetic vision is the practical side, the man of affairs which enables him to carry out his ideas in a business like manner. For that reason he will be a sucess at screen writings." Maeterlinck is a real, dyed-in-the-wool film fan. He and his wife saw one hundred before sailing for home on the twentieth of April. Not few have been the times when his French secretary uttered strange French words as he watched the minute steal toward the hour of an important appointment and the Maeterlinckian dog barked fears over his master's absence while Monsieur and Madame Maeterlinck enjoyed a movie. The author himself supervised the filming of the Blue Bird. He says of our movies, "In setting and direction they are artistic to the highest degree and the acting is superb. But the scenarios—by whom are they written? Janitors or chambermaids?" He declares that more and more the trend of the screen will be to the story instead of the star and that the ideal way will be for the picture to be directed by the author. Maeterlinck says that the plots are on the whole absurd and untrue to logic, while the characters are drawn on false lines and frequently are

made to betray their essential character to make what we call a happy ending but which is very unhappy because it is not true and therefore not beautiful and therefore not happy. The famous author believes with our Keats that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." "What I object to principally," says Maeterlinck, is the complete obliteration of the pessimistic side of life, the insistent presentation of the idea that things which appear outwardly to be unhappy had better not be shown. The result of such a philosophy is falsity and falsity particularly in art is monstrosity and altogether unforgiveable." His viewpoint and its results are of tremendous interest to the movie-mad population of the United States for he points out eloquently that if the motion picture is to progress it is to be on a promise of sincerity and a resolute attempt to defeat the static ambition of mediocrity, the bane of genuine art.

Having the tone of poetry in mind Arthur Igneous said, "He speaks always without raising his voice." This saying holds true of the whole man and all that he is and does. Seldom does the world find a soul so well poised, so at place with whatever fate chooses to bring, so disregardful of the pitly concerns of life that keep most human beings in a state of turmoil. The great dramatist looks kindly to the past and eagerly to the future for higher perfection and happiness. Maeterlinck would be taken for an American business man were it not for his eyes—gray, introspective, the eyes of a mystic. He has founded his art upon honesty and he has created something lasting and lovely, something that reveals what is finest in him. Nothing reveals men so quickly as travel. When asked if this was his last voyage to America, he replied, "Oh, that I do not know. There are many things that I love and admire in your America . They call you a material people. You are not. You are the most spiritual people in the world. In no other nation does there exist among the masses of people the religious, moral and spiritual aspiration that does here. But American life difficult for the European. Another voyage? I cannot tell?"

Maurice Maeterlinck is one of those uncommonly well rounded human beings who find an interest in everything that is or may be and have an equally catholic ability to do something with anything which their interest happens to light upon.

Eleanor Keese, '21.

THE STORM

The stern black sky is still and cold as death,
The brooding trees fling dark outlines against the horizon,
Their listless leaves drooping in the sullen air.
And o'er the earth spreads a dull pale glow
Throwing the whole dark lands cape into black relief.
Down by the murmuring fountain the rose-bush droops,
And crimson petals scatter o'er the ground.
And, save for that faint murmur of the fountain,
And the nervous chirp of frightened birds,
There is no sound.
A sinister death-like hush hangs o'er the earth
And awe-struck nature holds her breath
Before the coming storm.
The storm-god wakes, and walks abroad.
A soft breeze stirs, and, whispering soft at first, then roaring loud
Turns into terrifying winds said sweeps toward mighty tree tops
That groan, and hold out unrelenting arms to the relentless sky.
Grim lightning flashes rend the heavens,
Loud rolls the thunder, the chariot wheels of the storm god.
With a mighty rush the rain is upon us
Sweeping all things before it, startling the birls,
Scattering the rose-petals far and wide.
It is here—there is gone—in a flash it has passed away.
The sun shines again in the smiling sky,
Birds chatter, and from glistening leans the proud trees

Shake bright raindrops whispering happily.
The rain-beaten rose bush holds up its brave head
And joys in the returning calm.
And we—poor mortals—smile and marvel
At nature's sudden moods, nor stop to think
How we are like her.

Mary Seyle, '20

A MODERN BACK NUMBER

The ringing of the door bell echoed sharply through the old house. The girl glanced quickly at herself in the minor, then looked out into the night, and as she did so, caught a whiff of magnolia blossoms that spoke poignantly to her of the newly cemetery and a new-made grave. Her face quivered; her lips moved in the scarce audible whisper,

"Dad,—dad!"

Somewhere downstairs a door opened, and closed. A moment silence and the sound of voices came faintly to the girl by the window.

The door bell! She wondered who it was; some of the neighbors probably. Well, she must talk with them; her mother would want her to.

Later in the drawing room she laughed and talked with a nervous gaiety that caused Mrs. Worth to glance anxiously at her more than once. "Joan," her mother thought, is only trying desperately to keep from breaking down. But will the neighbors understand?

Later Joan made reply to the questioning look in her mother's eyes.

"Mother," she began, "Dad used to think perhaps I might do something with my writing. You know I have never done very much, but I have made a beginning, and so today when I found there was a chance down in the newspaper office, why I jumped at it."

Mrs. Worth turned quickly to hide the ever ready tears. This was not what she had planned for Joan. Graduate

study, a year or so of travel, then time to devote to cultivating her literary gift under favorable circumstances. But the estate had proved not so large as she had hoped,—there was the boy to go through college.

"Very well, Joan. I am willing that you try."

The next morning Joan arrived at the office of the Danville Times at 8:40, twenty minutes ahead of time. She was busy examining the general scene when a sandy-haired boy, whistling "O What a Pal Was Mary," came sailing thru the door. Evidently he had been for the morning mail. He said good morning, stuffed his cap in his pocket; placed the mail on a big desk, and stacked the disordered papers. He then placed clean telephone pads, emptied the waste basket, and proceeded to his morning's dusting, all the while keeping a curious eye upon Joan.

At this point the telephone started ringing, and as if it signalled the beginning of the day's work, the force began tc arrive. Three girls came in, followed soon after by Mr. McClintock, a tall black-haired man with quick Irish eyes, who was city editor. By 9:20 typewriters were clicking, doors from the editorial rooms opening and closing, and the fascinating machinery of the great newspaper plant was in motion.

McClintock nodded a curt recognition to Joan and proceeded to examine his morning mail. Joan blushed; this complete ignoring of her presence was not what she had expected. Finally he roused himself with a start.

"Say, Miss Worth, run along with one of the fellows. Listen hard, and learn all you can."

Thus without any flourish of trumpets, began Joan Worth's newspaper career.

That first week in the great newspaper office opened the door of a new world to the bewildered Joan ,who had known only the life of home and college. The business association with men in all walks of life; the gay spirit of comradship and rivalry in the office itself, and a new sort of respect, accorded her as a business woman. All night this and an in-

tangible something in the atmosphere of the office itself inspired her with a keen desire to play the game,—and to make good.

The first week she went the rounds with another local reporter, MacClure,—and though she caught quickly his reportorial watchfulness, she still felt that she could not get news with his tactful, easy manner, and somewhat officious self-confidence.

She was standing in one of the downtown drug stores Monday of the next week, wondering where she could scare up some news. It was her first venture alone, and she was receiving scout encouragement from the cloud and the rain outside. Presently two men came in; called for cigars and began to talk with the usual carelessness of the American business man as to overhears his conversation. Joan was standing near, so near that it was impossible not to hear everything that was said. Suddenly she lifted her head, and half-way turned, as though she would interrupt.

Yes; they were talking of the man at the phone, undoubtedly. They glanced often in his direction. He was perhaps thirty-five, well-dressed, and possessed of that sleek humorous expression of the wealthy bachelor. He fitted badly with the strange story the two men were telling, thought Joan. Why should anyone—.

At this point the man left the telephone, and Joan followed him to the street. He had gone half a block when a soft voice said:

"I—er—that is—I beg your pardon. I have just heard that a baby was left on your doorstep early this morning, by a stranger driving a closed touring car. I am a reporter from the 'Times'—"

Joan stopped breathlessly, and brushed the raindrops from her eyes.

The young man's face wore a puzzled frown, but at sight of the Irish eyes waiting eagerly for his answer, he smiled.

"Why,—er, what the deuce—,er—hang it all, a baby would naturally freeze on my doorsteps."

Joan sighed.

"In July?" There was a whimsical note in her voice. Then it wasn't a story. She looked up to find the man staring guizzially at her, a smile in his brown eyes without a word he bowed, and passed on.

"Failure number one," said Joan. "But I musn't mind."

The entire day was spent in a fruitless search for locals, and a stern look from the "city ed" was her reward that night. The next day he sent Joan to interview a prominent banker, as to the city's prospects for a Federal Reserve Branch Bank. The office wondered at the assignment but Joan listened nervously. She would have liked to have asked for more definite information but she was a little afraid of this tall, whimsical Irishman known as "City Ed."

A few minutes later she was admitted to the private office of the bank president. She stopped in the door, the color mounting her face. The man behind the desk was tall, sleek, and smiling, and in his manner there was every evidence of the wealthy contented bachelor.

The man in the drug-store!

Joan did not move. The man laughed.

"You think I owe you a story er—, Miss Worth?"

Joan sat down opposite the banker.

"I shall like your views on the Federal Reserve Bank and the branch—!"

The man smiled slightly, and looked out the window.

"Yes, we are trying to get the branch. Town is booming. Even July doesn't make us sleepy. And baseball—, we've got any team in the state beat a mile. Did you see the game yesterday?"

Joan shook her head. What a strange man! What time did she have for baseball?

She looked up from her notes to find that quizzical expression in the brown eyes opposite. Robert Thornton, bank president, leaned forward suddenly.

"Miss Worth, would you care to go to the game with me?"

Joan was amazed. In all her brief experience of life she had never had to face a situation just like this one. She rose hastily, numbled something about work, thanked him for the interview and left.

Outside she drew a deep breath, and hastily scouned her notes. He had not even talked about the bank! "City Ed" would be ready to discharge her, and she could not blame him.

Her lip trembled, and it was all she could do to keep back the tears.

Back in the editorial rooms the "City Ed" glanced hastily at her write-up. His face flushed, and his fist came down with a bang on the cluttered desk. But when he looked up, and saw the object misery in Joan's face, he wheeled in his chair, uttered a sharp "Won't do," and went on with his work.

That night she ate supper in silence, and more than once Mrs. Worth looked anxiously at her; but asked no questions. Joan went to her own room immediately after supper. As often before when there had been problems to solve, she sat by the window, and gazed at the distant mountains, now purple shadows in the summer dusk. Try as she would, she could not banish the angry, impetuous face of the City Ed., and the look in his eyes haunted her. Only the darkness seemed friendly to the girl in the window.

"Dad, did you really know your girl? Dad, they say I—I won't do!"

Joan slept, and dreamed of a tall, dark-haired man with quick Irish eyes,—and he was taking her to a ball game!

The next morning she was told that the "City Ed." wanted her to interview Colonel Swinburne, ex-Senator, and present promoter of the city playgrounds for children. Joan was so glad of an opportunity to redeem herself that she forgot to be afraid. Had she known that the best reporter on the staff had failed to secure anything printable from the city's most prominent citizen—, perhaps my story should never have been written,—but Joan interpreted the

broad smiles of her fellow reporters as indicative of their good nature and interest. Nothing more.

Joan knew Col. Swinburne well, and with a woman's intuition decided to go to his home just after he had finished his lunch, and had enjoyed his cigar for a few moments on the shady side of his porch.

The Colonel welcomed her with a smile; inquired concerning her family and laughed drolly when asked about the new corporation and the proposed development of the mountain site, a mile or so from the city.

"It has been coming. Yes; it had to come."

He drifted away to stories of his boyhood, and the jolly hikes and hunting trips to Paris mountain.

Joan forgot she was a reporter; forgot to take out her little writing pad and pencil;—forgot everything except this wonderful, courteous gray-haired man with his stories of fifty cears ago.

For an hour he talked, and then he looked at Joan as though he were really seeing her for the first time. This was a new species of reporter to him,—no stubby pencil, no officious intermptions,—just an alert girl with a soft piquant face and a wonderful art for listening to other people.

As for Joan, she could scarcely wait until she reached the office and her own desk. Here was truly something she could write, and for forty minutes her pencil flew. She sighed happily as she finished and her face was eager with hope. When she handed her story to the City Ed. He betrayed no surprise that she had made the "Fighting Colonel" talk, but he knew the rest of the staff were on tiptoe to hear what this paper contained. Contrary to his custom, he laid the paper on his desk, and went on with his work, nodding dismissal to Joan.

It was perhaps thirty minutes later that the "City Ed." swung out of his cage, as his box-like office was called, and stamped thru the outer office, looking neither to right nor to left. Then the staff knew, and it ceased to smile. Joan had

failed, and they left the girl to her own thought, for, all things considered, they were a kindly bunch.

Presently the "City Ed." came back. He was followed in a few minutes by the sandy-haired office-boy, who informed Joan that Mr. Mac wished to see her.

"The boss ain't in no ladies humor right now, Miss Worth. He said he ain't runnin' a model school fer manners, nor no ladies' composition class, but a real live newspaper."

The freckled nose wrinkled warmingly.

"Take it from me, he's hot."

Joan found herself standing by the great littered desk, and wondering just how long her courage last. McClintock looked up with that weary, non-committal gaze that is habitual with busy editors. Without any preliminaries he began.

"Miss Worth, you can write. You can turn out copy, but you don't get facts. This write-up of Colonel Swinburne is good but—

"Well, anyway, you are woman first. A man looks at you and talks about the weather or the old days when 'nobody worked but father,' was approved."

The girl bit her lip.

"Mind, I'm not saying its your fault. That deuced air of yours seems natural, but it don't get man-size newspaper copy.

"You're on the grandstand, not in the game.

"You can write, but you've got to get facts first."

The girls cheeks were burning from the rapid-fire volley of words, but she understood.

"In other words, I'm a modern backnumber, Mr. McClintock! I—don't fit?"

"Yep, that's it. A modern backnumber,—with a chance."

With that the big man went on signing letters, and Joan sought her desk again.

"With a chance!"

At home Joan was so pale her mother became alarmed,

and followed her to the porch after supper. It seemed to Joan that she must talk to someone, and in a few words she told the story of the interview. Then she sighed.

"You see, Mother, I'm a relic of 1850 with a veneer of modern life and college education,—only I think it has gone deeper than a veneer."

The mother said nothing. To her the face of the girl with its sweet seriousness expressed only the tired heart of a girl very much a girl of 1850,—yet vaguely the older woman sensed the struggle of the younger heart.

Joan looked up quickly.

"A backnumber is someone sort of old fashioned, Mother, and I'm a backnumber with a chance and,—" her arm slipped softly around her mother's neck, her eyes were shining—,I've been afraid to take it, but now I know—I know!"

Then she told her.

The "City Ed" was busy next morning when Joan went to see him. The day was hot, and the tired lines in his face were emphasized by the cool white dress and dainty charm of the girl as she waited for him to finish his dictation.

For some reason,—perhaps because of the light in Joan's eyes, or because—, well, anyway, City Ed smiled.

Joan flushed, and her fingers folded and unfolded the paper in her hands.

"I—I've found that chance, "City Ed"—er, Mr.—Nel—r Mr. Editor. Its—I—er—knew it would have to be women."

She hesitated, and then finished nervously.

"It's a woman's page for the paper."

City Ed. took the paper from her hand. When he had finished reading it, he looked at the girl opposite, and there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"Where did you get this copy?"

"I started at 6 o'clock this morning, with my own article. It is now 11:30 and I've just received the mayor's article, which is the last."

"How did you get this copy, Miss Worth?"

Joan smiled; she knew her ground now, and there was just a bit of triumph in her tone as she answered.

"I'm old-fashioned enough to know women,—and modern enough to make them like me.

The editor mused:

"And you can write. Yes; you can write."

"My, you're a find."

The twinkle in his eyes reached his mouth.

"A modern Joan. My the women are lucky. We'll feature this in Saturday issue. For five years we have waited for this."

Joan left the office as one in a dream. She was much too excited to stay in the stuffy editorial rooms. For an hour she walked,—walked, she cared not where the hot noonday sun. Her thoughts raced madly in time to the excited thumps of her heart. She was no longer a misfit! She had found her place. A modern Joan. And "City Ed." had waited five years for her woman's page. She thought of the smile in the city editor's eyes, and wondered—

"Oh, pshaw—I'm merely a cog in the machine."

The next afternoon at the ball game, all doubt seemed to have vanished from her mind. The tall dark-haired man with the quick Irish eyes looked as if someone had crippled his baseball enthusiasm, and the girl beside him—, well, Joan seemed to have time for nothing else in the world except baseball. I said "seemed"—but when Irish eyes smile into Irish eyes—! Well, a baseball game is good for the heart, anyway. A "city ed" and a Piquant cub reporter joined hands in mutual sympathy when a ball went over the fence for the first home run of the season.

THE MAN IN THE CASE

"Gad, Edna, I never see you any more than fifteen minutes at a time. You're always at some shower or card-party, or some other useless place every time I call you on the phone in the afternoon, and in the morning all Mary can tell me is that you have gone shopping. It seems to me that you ought not make any other engagements at night anyhow."

Charley certainly was aggrieved, as this outburst showed plainly, for generally he was the most lover-like of lovers. But tonight—!

"There, there, dear, it will all be over in a few days," pacified his pretty bride-to-be. "But you know how fussy everything is for a big wedding. Everybody entertains, and there will be a general mess until it's over. But mother has set her heart on having a wedding that will be really big."

"I don't see why we have to go through all this torment just to get married."

Charley sighed thoughtfully, but in a moment his face brightened.

"Say, Ed, I know one person in your family that doesn't like big weddings."

"You mean dad? Shucks, mother twists him around her little finger when she really wants anything."

Charley resumed his downcast appearance.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go through it all,—stiff shirts, dress-suit, reception, everything! But gee, Ed, you're worth that, and all the world besides to me."

Edna settled down on the couch, contentedly, resting her head on his encircling arm.

"Ed—na! Ed—na!" a shrill voice called from upstairs. "Come here just a minute!"

"Coming, mother."

"There, sweetheart, I knew it would be like that. You are always wanted for something. I've got to stop by the office so I guess I better go now. And remember, I'll phone early in the morning."

The door slammed behind Charley as he stepped out in the street. Stopping a moment to light a cigar, he was nearly knocked over by an unexpected whack on his shoulder. He turned quickly around and confronted his future father-in-law.

"Well, dad, I haven't seen you today. How's the world treating you?"

"Pretty fair, son." Mr. Beverly led the way, saying, "Come on, I have a message for you."

"All right. Have a smoke, won't you. These are good cigars,—ought to be though, the boss gave them to me."

Charley puffed luxuriously, and when his companion had "lit up," strolled down the street beside him. Whenever anyone passed by, the voices were lowered to an indistinkuishable murmur, but at other times, Charley's "Oh, boy," and "Say, that sure will get Jimmy's goat," were audible. Soon they reached the car-line, and separated with a hearty hand-shake. Mr. Beverly turned homeward, while Charley boarded a downtown car. His broad grin attracted the attention of the conductor. When the car was again on its way, he turned to Charley, laughed in a friendly manner, and then questioned him.

"Well, boy, what's eatin' you? Girl must have accepted you, or you wouldn't be singing the 'Weddin' March' and grinnin' your fool head off."

"What?" replied the astounded Charley. "The Wedding March! Why, I didn't know—"

He broke off suddenly as a slow red crept up to his temples.

"Got you now, haven't I? You see I recognized it, cause I got that way, too, a few years ago. Now I have the sweetest little wife and two kids. And take it from an old-timer —that's the life!!"

In a few minutes, Charley left the street car and the garrulous conductor, and wended his way through crowded streets to his boarding house. Mrs. Ellis, his motherly old

land-lady, nodded her head happily when she heard his step on the stairs.

"Sure, and 'tis happy he is tonight. And glad I am that somethin' nice has come, for 'tis downright sad the poor boy has been for the last few days."

Charley called Edna on the telephone quite early the next morning. A few hours later when Alice Gray tried to reach her, she found it impossible.

"Yes'm, Miss Edna, she don' lef' jus' a lil while ago for her aunt's home in Jacksonville. She's goin' shoppin.' Yes'm, 'n I guess she'll be back tomorrow."

Thus Mary, the colored cook, assured her.

"Well," Alice pondered, as she hung up the receiver, "that's off; no shower for her this day. But it will be just as well to postpone it a couple of days."

In spite of her plans to hold the impromptu affair some days later, she could not refrain from calling up Edna the next morning just to see how she was. That is, she tried to reach Edna, but still her friend was "out-of-town." Her "so sorry" of that day was changed the next, when she again failed to reach her, to "Well, I declare, when is she coming home?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Beverly calmly answered. "Yes might try again tomorrow."

According to her instructions, Alice tried again, but with no better results.

"But Mrs. Beverly, why doesn't she come? You know we had planned so many teas and dances for her, and had to give them up, and then the wedding. "Why!" Alice gasped, "that is to be day after tomorrow! All the invitations have been sent—!"

"She will surely be back by that time. Edna is old enough to take care of herself, so don't worry, dear."

And with this admonition Mrs. Beverly hung up the receiver, leaving Alice gazing in amazement at the opposite wall.

"Um-m," she murmured as the click reached her ears, "wouldn't that jar you?"

She rose from the desk, and wandered to the kitchin, pushing a chair back in place, and straightening a rug as she went. Her mother was overseeing the icing of a cake, but stopped when Alice came in. She patted a stray wisp of hair in place, and wiping her plump, freckled hands on her apron, stood with arms akimbo.

"Now, what's worrying my girl? That wrinkle hasn't any business on your forehead, dear." Without waiting for an explanation, she went on, "Run out in the garden and pick some flowers for the club meeting this afternoon."

"But, Mumsie, it's just what meeting that I'm anxious about. Edna hasn't come back yet; so we can't have any party for her."

"Well, that is a shame. But let the girls come anyhow; you can have fun without her."

At four o'clock that afternoon the girls assembled. "Pug" Allen, the pet of the group, dropped into a low rocking-chair, and leaning her head against the back, addressed them with a placid air.

"And now that I'm here, let's begin!"

This advice was greeted with shrieks of delight from her friends.

"We will 'begin,' 'Pug,' " Alice said, and cries of, "Pug, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" drowned the next words.

"Well, where's Edna? I've got a bone to pick with her. She's gone off some place and is having a good time. I suppose she thinks we don't know anything about it," put in a fair-haired girl who was standing on the edge of the group.

"Can that racket, Syl," warned the slaugy "Pug." "I bet if you were going to get married, you'd be the first one to want your fling before you did get hitched. 'Tisn't everybody that has an aunt in Jacksonville, and can go to the big city to visit."

"Yes, and it isn't evevrybody who doesn't go where he says he will," flashed back Sylvia.

"What do you mean?"

Alice fairly bristled with anger, but remembering her duty as hostess finished quietly.

"What have you heard, Syl?"

"Edna never has been at her aunt's home since she left here, and she isn't there now. When sister was in Jacksonville, she called for her to go shopping, and Miss Stanley told her."

Alice leaned forward, breathing heavily, her face white from fear.

"But where can she be?" she asked.

No one had an answer ready, although a puzzled look was on the face of each.

"Well, it's up to us to tell Mrs. Beverly; she doesn't know it. And Charley—who will tell him?"

"Oh, I forgot to let you know," said Jane Edwards. "He went down in the southern part of the State on business,—left day before yesterday, but he told Jim that he's be back as soon as he possibly could."

"We should worry about him. He'll get here for the wedding, but Edna—!"

"Hm-m-m-m! Don't suppose that there is another man in the case, do you?" suggested a dreamy-eyed blonde.

The girls rose in great indignation at such a supposition. Vivian Haynes, the frivolous speaker, said nothing more, but pulled her fluffy skirts farther over her white-shod feet. Everyone looked at "Pug" for advice.

Her forehead was puckered into many wrinkles; a perplexed look was in her eyes.

"Why not a committee of three go to Mrs. Beverly right now, and tell her of it as gently as they can?"

"Yeh! Who'll go?" came a shower of voices.

"Well Jane Edwards, as President, and then Alice, cause she knew Edna so well, and—."

She paused.

"And you 'Pug,' " Jane continued.

"Well"—; again she paused and traced a design in the

carpet with her foot, apparently in the deepest contemplation. "Well," she repeated, "let's go."

Wraps were donned, hats tilted at precarious angles and the sad party started on its mission. Mrs. Beverly herself answered the ring of the door-bell, and hurriedly explaining that Thursday was Mary's day off, she led the way to the library. Much to the surprise of the visitors, they saw Mr. Beverly sitting at the fireside.

"How nice for you," Alice said cheerfully, "to have a day's vacation."

"Yes," he answered as he rose to greet her, "we are waiting.—"

"Yes," repeated his wife," we are just waiting.—"

"What for?" questioned Jane.

"We thought that Edna might come home from Jacksonville on this afternoon's train."

"Oh!" the girls looked at each other in consternation.

"Dear Mrs. Beverly, haven't you heard?"

The slaugy "Pug" had become unexpectedly tender.

"Heard what, dear? "she asked, as her face grew pale.

"We have no other way to tell you except plainly."

Alice was the spokesman this time; Jane crept to the lady's side and put her arms about her.

"Edna hasn't been to her aunt's home snce she left!"

Mr. Beverly hurried to the window, and pulled the curtains behind him. "Pug" went over as comforter, but when she pulled the curtains back, saw a smile on his face.

"I suppose you think me a queer father, 'Pug.' "

He turned toward the group by the fire; Mrs. Beverly was still leaning forward, as if stunned.

"Hark!"

The girls listened but only the long-drawn "honk" of an auto horn was heard.

"What is it?" asked Alice, but she received no answer.

When footsteps sounded on the porch, both the parents and the girls hurried to the door. A flushed and happy Edna

appeared on the threshold, while the equally happy face of the forgotten Charley appeared over his shoulder.

"Well, where have you been?" the girls cried in chorus.

"Oh, mother!" was all that Edna could reply as she flew into Mrs. Beverly's arms.

"What happened to you?" Alice asked. "We thought that you might not get here for the wedding, but we'll keep you guarded for the next two days, cause we must have a

"But you see there really isn't any use for a wedding here," broke in Charley, "because,—"

"Because you see we've already had one," finished the girl.

"Edna, sh! think of your mother and father. You know that your mother has a weak heart, and must not be startled," whispered Jane.

"Oh! mother and dad, that's all right girls!" the incorrigable Edna continued in a confident tone. "For you know, girls, dad said that if we'd only elope and he could escape the stiff collars, and all the other hardships the poor dear would have to go through, he would pay us,—"

"One thousand dollars," interrupted Mr. Beverly.

Amelia E. Boor, '22.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNT

(Translation of Horace, Ode III., '13)

Bandusian Fount so crystal clear,
Worthy thou art of wines that cheer,
Encircled thou with flowers sweet
Thou art of praise and song most meet.

Tomorrow thou shalt honored be
When sacrifice is made to thee.
A kid shall be bereft of life,
Whose antlers tell of love and strife.

Though Sirius cast his burning ray,
The oxen 'neath thy shade shall stay,
And wandering flocks shall turn to thee
To drink thy waters cool and free.

Renown and fame shall come to thee
Since I shall praise the great oak tree
That guards thee well both night and day
Beneath whose shade thy streams shall play.

Lillian Wilson, '23.

EDUCATION IN COLONIAL SOUTH CAROLINA

It was at one time quite the fashion for certain historians to stress the lack of educational facilities in the Southern colonies, but as more and more a careful study of conditions is being made, it is becoming increasingly evident that the South was not lacking in a real interest in education. Prevented by their agricultural life from congregating in anything like public schools, the Southern colonists yet took adequate steps to see that their sons were educated. This is particularly true in regard to South Carolina. Although it was not until after the war between the States that anything like a system of public school was established, the people of South Carolina were without educational institutions. On the contrary we are told that as soon as the founding of the colony was accomplished the colonists turned their attention to providing educational facilities for the coming generation.

From private donations, and liberal endowments sprang the early educational institutions of the colony. For thirty years we have no account of an organized effort along educational lines. To understand this one must have a knowledge of the people of South Carolina and of the condition in which they lived. "In South Carolina during the colonial period, and for many years afterwards, most of the cus-

toms and prejudices prevailed which were peculiar to England, and which "History of Higher Education in S. C." (Colyer Meriweather) "History of Higher Edncation in S. C. (R. 13) (Colyn Meriwether) were brought over with them by the steady flow of English settlers. This should be borne n mind in order to appreciate fully the situation in that state, especially in the matter of education. This was by no means universal and free in the last century in England. * * * South Carolina therefore was slow to adopt the modern views about education, and always has had a proportion of illiteracy among her whites. It is only since the state has undertaken the education of all classes without distinction that illiteracy has begun to diminish in amount."

Dr. Mamgault in "History of Higher Ed. in S. C." By Colyer Meriwether.

As a result of this condition, we find tutors taking the place of our present-day public schools. As tutors were scarce, it was only the very wealthy who could afford such a means of educating their children. Many of the wealthy sent their sons to England to school. Meriwether says that the absence of a college previous to the Revolution is easily accounted for when this fact is known. Besides the tutors of the wealthy, and the English education of the rich, two other agencies played an important part in the early education of the colony. These were private schools and academies.

"If anything was done for establishing schools before 1710, the records of such action are lost, though an act of that year recited that gifts had already been made for founding a free school." The first, authentic record of schools in South Carolina is shown in the acts of 1710-12. The first measure was called "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning." Several sums of money were given by well-disposed persons, for building a free school at Charlestown. This could not be done at the time, and the act was re-

pealed, only to be repealed by another and more elaborate measure.

This was called "An Act for Founding and Erecting a Free School in Charles Town for the Use of the Inhabitants of the Province of South Carolina."

Sixteen commissioners were appointed. They were to meet once a year to elect officers, and two other times for transacting business of the school. The master must be "a member of the church of England, in sympathy ,and full fellowship of the same." He was given a salary of one hundred pounds form the public treasury. He must teach Latin, Greek, and mathematics. The commissioners might appoint twelvve students to be taught free, and any man donating twenty pounds could nominate one student to be taught free for five years. The fee for other students was four pounds a year. John Douglas was the first master. An assistant was provided for, if needed, in the same way the master was. The funds were taken partly from the public treasury and partly from the fees. The assistant was to teach writing arithmetic, merchant's accounts, surveying, navigation, and practical arithmetic.

The act further provided that each parish might appoint a suitable place for a school, and receive twelve pounds from the public treasury toward building a house.

In 1711 a school was established in Charleston by the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." "It sent out missionaries not only to preach, but to encourage setting up of schools for the teaching of children." In 1722 there was enacted a law which provided for the establishment of schools for all. Justices of courts were authorized "to purchase lands, and erect a free school in each county and precinct, and to assess the expense upon the lands and planes within their respective jurisdiction." Ten poor children were to be taught free in each school.

The first royal Governor, Sir Francis Nicholson, (1721-24), was a great friend to learning, and under his influence many legacies were left to the schools. In 1722, Richard Beres-

ford left £6,500 currency to the vestry of the Episcopal Church to use in the parish of St. Thomas and of St. Dennis for the maintenance and education of poor children. The following extract which Meriwether quotes from one of the managers of the fund at the present time shows careful management of this bequest from colonial times to the present: "The history of the management of the fund did great credit to the successive vestries in whose care it had been, and the total number of children who were clothed, housed, and educated during those many years was large."

In addition to the schools founded by public legislation and private gifts and legacies, we find many charitable organizations, and societies which were pioneers in the education of the Palmetto state. The South Carolina Society, (1737), the Wimjaw Indigo Society, (1756), The Mount Zion, St. David's, and Camden Orphan Societies are some of these. The school established by the Wemjaw Indigo Society was founded at Georgetown in 1756. McCrady says, "this school for more than one hundred years was the chief school for all the eastern part of the country, between Charleston and North Carolina line, and was resorted to by all classes." "The rich and the poor alike drank konwledge. * * * To many it was the only source of education."

In 1732, Mr. Richard Harris left £500 to the parish of St. Thomas, Mr. James Child of St. John's Parish gave one square for a university, £600, and a lot for a free school. £200 were subscribed by inhabitants. In 1734 a free school was opened in Dorcester. The "Fellowship Society" gave one-half of the funds for the education of the the poor. I.

From private donations, tuition money, and public bounty the seeds o f the present day education were planted. "If Ramsay's statement that the early settlers had no sooner provided shelter, and the necessaries of life than they adopted measures for promoting the moral and literary improvement of themselves, and particularly of the rising generation, is somewhat strained and ovevrdrawn, it is nevertheless remarkable that notwithstanding the con-

strant political turmoil, the varied disasters which befell the colony, the continual apprehension of war, and the actual repeated invasions of the province, so much was attempted and conceived in these respects."

The contention that the people of South Carolina have not been interested in education is unfortunate, and without foundation. Economic conditions and mode of life united to retard educational progress in the south. The backward condition of the public schools is due to these causes, and not to any negligence or lack of interest on the part of the people. Education was of vital interest to the people, of Colonial South Carolina, and was ardently supported by them.

Martha Peace.

VICENTE BLASCO IBERNEZ

One of the result of the world war has been that an international mind has been developed. We have become accustomed to think in terms of France, of Belgium, and even of Spain; we have learned to know something of their authors, and to discuss common problems. A striking example of this is Vicente Blasco Ibernez, for years a well-known literary figure in his own country, but only recently bursting meteorlike into the consciousness of the average American. Since the publication of "The Four Horseman of the Apacalypse," however, his name has become a household word, and we have demanded more and yet more of his books, interested in the man himself, and the outstanding facts of his life have become fairly well-known.

Ibanez was born in January, 1867, of Arugonese Parents in that Valencia which he has glorified in his best work. When he was eighteen years of age he wrote an anti-governmental sonnet that brought him a six months stay in prison. A later offence was similarly rewarded; but his subsequent work has been mainly fiction. A convenient classification of his works is made by Goldberg Novels—(1) Regional type, (2) propaganda type, (3) war-books. Some of the

books belonging to the regional type are: "La Barraco" (Cabin or Farmhouse) and "Cunos Y. Barro" (Reeds and Mud); to the propoganda type: "La Cathedral," "Langre Y. Erena" (Blood and Land), "La Bodigal" (The Saloon), "Los Cuatio Jinetes des Apocalipsis" (The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse). This does not exhaust the author's work; in fact it omits some of his best as "La Maga Des Nude" (The Nude Girl) and "Sonnica." "Sonnico," besides being a tale of war is one of the most successful modern novels of the sort that attempts to reconstruct a past age. The vast reading of the author was a material aid in the purpose, but only his glowing imagination and penetrating vision infused life into the tale of the size of Saguntum by Hannibal.

Of his novels preceeding "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" an interest perhaps chiefly centers one "Savgre Y Arene" in which he depicits the blood-lust of the bull ring. This may be taken as typical of the novelist's method in his propaganda novels in which he attacks the church, the Jesuits, and the evil of drink. It has not an intricate nor an exciting plot in outline, yet filled in as it is, with the descriptions of bull-fights and the comments of the author (through the characters) with the new insight into Spain's National sport, with glimpses into the heart of the bull-fighters and their families, as well as into the hearts of the blood lusty mob, we have, if not a great novel, a powerful tract. He is fair minded enough to reveal the glories of the arena but is propagandist enough to reveal in all its sickening details the reverse of the shield. His works through the various themes chosen show the struggle between the Old Spain and the New.

But his great novel in the popular conception seem to be his "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It is a powerful, gripping story fresh from the scenes of war and its effects. Ibanez was the first civilian to visit the battlefront after the battle of the Marn, where he saw the scenes which he used in the "Four Horsemen." He worked on the story

for more than a year in his mind, and wrote it in four months in the year 1916. In this powerful novel he presents mind pictures of the sufferings endured by the people, the inhuman cruelty of the Germans, and the destruction of property during the war. The reader sees with Ibanez, as with John on the Isle of Patmos, the four horsemen—Plague, War, Famine, and Death—sweep over the world leaving destruction behind them. He points the heart-rendering despair, the utter desolation, the many horrors of the war; but he does full justice to the noble loyalty, courage and heroism of the men who gave their all for a great cause. Since we see the war through Spanish eyes we are made to believe that Spanish neutrality was of the head rather than of the heart.

William Dean Howells said that "there is no Frenchman, Englishman or Scandinavian, who counts with Vicente Blasco Ibanez; and of course no Italian, American, and unspeakably no German, equal to this first of living European novelists." Rebecca West does not think Ibanez a great artist; she says, "Ibanez is not a great artist at all. He is that fine but quite different thing. A great gentleman who writes novels. He has many faults as a writer. He often writes with a lingering over detail that looks like conscientiousness, and is actually a lack of suppleness that will not let him leap over the inessential. Too often he makes his principal characters move in grooves dictated by a propaganda, and introduces his subsidiary ones simply in order that he may relate anecdotes about them." However she also says that "Ibanez has a beautiful spirit, and fills his books with an atmosphere of dignity."

Mrytle Loftis, '20.

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

ISAQUEENA PRIZE

Sometime ago the Isaqueene staff, at the suggestion of the editor, offered a prize of five dollars for the best article appearing in the April issue of the magazine. There were many creditable efforts to win this prize and the result of the decision was somewhat doubtful. Three members of the faculty were appointed as a committee to judge as to which was the best article. After carefully considering each essay, poem, short story, and sketch, they decided that "The Lure of Spring," a poem written by Miss Mary Seyle, had won the prize. There was no prize offered for second place but this honor was won by "The Gospel of Relaxation," an essay by Miss Martha Peace. Both of these young ladies belong to the class of 1920 and are very talented writers.

THE ISAQUEENA OFFICE

Kipling, in his "Copy-Book Maxims," tells us that proverbs are old, but that we cannot escape them—, the law of the copy-book holds. The editor wishes to bequeath to next year's chief just one maxium,—and its fruit for the year.

The maxium is, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The result is our new and solidly equipped "Isaqueena Office." At our very first staff meeting last September plans were begun for the securing and furnishing of such an office. The newspaper gods laughed in glee, but they forgot the copy-book maxims.

After much talking, a great deal of urging enthusiasm rewarded our efforts. A committee was appointed to confer with Miss Gebhardt and Miss Pipkin, and to try the needed furniture, rugs, and draperies. Approximately two hundred and fifty dollars was spent. A refreshment committee, appointed by the editor, has been selling ice-cream, peaunts and sandwiches to pay for the furnishings. The bill does not have to be paid until next year, but the refreshment committee is a live one, and enthusiasm is working wonders.

The office, just at the rear of the foyer, contains a large editorial table three comfortable chairs, a long davenport, two rugs, and a library lamp. The draperies are of cretonne. The office is all that a magazine office should be,—comfortable, convenient, and artistic.

The editor wishes the staff of '20-'21 much success in its work and relief from the petty worries that ruin or make a paper, thru this the result of the persistence of the staff of 1919-1920. Long live the copy-book maximums! May you receive as much encouragement and hope from them as have we! We are glad we can say to you confidently, "The best is yet to be."

M. P. '20.

GREATER G. W. C.

This is a day of progress, of change of readjustment and those individuals or institutions who do not make strenuous efforts to keep abreast of things will soon find themselves far in the rear.

Old G. W. C. has caught the spirit of this movement and is making strident steps in improvement. All around the campus repairs are being made and the college is receiving a needed coat of paint, even in spite of this high cost of labor.

Landscape gardeners are now completing plans for the improvement of the campus which we are sure can and will be made one of the beauty spots in Greenville.

Moreover plans are being formulated for the erection of the new fine arts building, which G. W. C. has long needed. This is to be built to the left of the college and is to be three stories high,—the first story to be a large auditorium with all the modern equipment, the second story to be given over to the music department and the third to art and home economics.

More rooms are needed to accommodate all the larger number of applicants whom we now turn away. It is very probable that forty new rooms will be added to the north dormitory.

Thus we see that our college has been making rapid strides not only in such matters as standardization reorganization of the library and so forth, but in the physicial eqquipment of the college plant itself. Like all live institutions, it is showing marked signs of growth and we feel that we can truly say that a new day is ahead for Greenville Woman's College.

1920's NICHE

Four years of comradship lie behind us, the Senior class of G. W. C. For four years we of the class of '20 have worked and played together, some have left our ranks, others have joined, but always the group has gone ahead. Now that the last days are coming so swiftly, so soon to be gone, we stand Janus-like, looking in both directions at once. There's a sigh for the days that have passed all too rapidly, there's a smile for the coming years that will be ours.

As the Senior class we realize that much has been expected of any Senior class. For the past nine months we have been the leaders, the pace-makers of the school. And now that those months have nearly passed we pause to take stock of ourselves, asking, "What have we done for the good of our Alma Mater?"

Well, we have done our faulty best, and we hope that some good will come of it. We have left a few customs which we hope it will please the classes of the future to adopt. First of all we have tried to bring the different classes together, to establish a spirit of real sisterhood. In this our sister class has greatly aided us, in fact we scarcely know what we should have done without them. Our sister class, we hope that your sisters of the future will endear themselves to you, as you have endeared yourselves to us. With the idea that each class should establish a custom as well as bequeath a gift we have concluded to hold the first senior banquet in expectation that succeeding classes will follow our example and in the hope that as much fun will be afforded them as we anticipate at ours. If we have worked hard this year, we have played hard as well. Of course it would not become us to say, just now, exactly what we have accomplished; we'll leave that for our Alma Mater to find out for herself. We shall be judged according as we are missed by our fellow-students. All the best in us has been called forth by our college, and we in return have

given what we could, realizing from whence came our inspiration.

This much we know, however. If the undergraduates have learned nothing else from us, they have had some excellent examples of how not to do things. Let us hope that they will profit by the lesson. Let us hope that each succeeding Senior class will be better than the one preceeding it—never satisfied, always looking for some better way to thank her Alma Mater.

NEW METHOD OF SECURING NOMINATONS

Each year in our college there comes a day when the officers of our various organizations begin to make a canvass of the student body for girls who can and will fill their places. Heretofore this has caused a great deal of confusion, for too often one girl was given more offices than she could hope to fill capably, while other wirls who could have worked just as ably, were left with nothing to do. The point system was employed, but this did not always prevent a girl from having too many honors. This year the difficulty has been overcome by the general nominating committee plan which our dean has introduced. Nominating committees from all the organizations meet together, announce the officers they have chosen for the coming year, and see to it that no girl holds more than seven points. It is felt that this is a decided step forward in the management of student affairs, and that in the future the delicate problem of securing the right girl for the right place will be incalculibly easier.

Next year's officers have been elected, and we feel sure that all of the organizations are to be congratulated upon the leaders they have secured. This year's workers wish all success to next year's officers, who are:

Student Government:

President ----------Marion Hetrick
Vice President ----------Marion Pitts

Secretary ----------Louise Eadly
Treasurer ----------Mirian Zeigler

House Presidents:
Ollie Brodie
Eloise Montjoy
Gladys Parsons
Elizabeth Donnald

Y. W. C. A. (Already elected)

Isaqueena:
Editor-in-chief ----------Ruth Moore
Assist Editor ----------Amelia Boor
Literary Editors—Florence Gardner, Frances Whitescarwer.
Locals and Jokes ----------Davis Padgett
Athletics ----------Maribel Waters
Other Organizations ----------Edith Ouzts
Exchange Editor ----------Marjorie Martin
Art Editor ----------Mattie Jo Deatharage
Business Manager ----------Kathleen Childress
Assist. Business M'gr ----------Mary Walker

Entre Nous:
Editor-in-chief ----------Eleanor Keese
Assist. Editor ----------Vera Martin
Club Editor ----------Edith Canady
Assist. Club Editor ----------Bessie Prickett
Literary Editor ----------Annia Galphin
Assist. Literary Ed ----------Christine Cooper
Business Manager ----------Lois Ballenger
Assist. Business M'gr. ----------Marjorie Fulmer
Advertising Manager ----------Mary Covington
Assist. Advertising Mgr. ----------Isabel Easley

Philotean
President ----------Muriel White
Vice President ----------Sara Lee Walkins
Secretary ----------Louise Eaddy

Treasurer ----------Bessie Prickett
Critics ----------Merian Zeigler
Ansor ----------Marian Hetrick
Chm-Program Com. ----------Eleanor Keese

Alethean:
President ----------Mary Anderson
Vice President ----------Gladys Parsons
Secretary ----------Pearl White
Treasurer ----------Lou Penn Shuler

Glee Club:
President ----------Maribel Waters
Business Manager ----------Flora Bennett

Athletic Association:
President ----------Rene Joyce
Vice President ----------Irene Rawlinson
Sec. & Treas. ----------Kathleen Childress
T. Mgr. ----------Mary Anderson

Exchanges

LOIS BALLENGER, EDITOR

For some reason unknown to us, the exchanges are few this month, and our remarks must necessarily be brief. Howevevr, we wish to acknowledge the receipt of The Right Angle, The Technician, and The Tigar.

The one essay appearing in this number of The Right Angle is interesting, but where are other essays,—and stories? The several poems make this lack more noticeable. The Joke and Local Departments seem to have been the ones upon which the efforts of the girls were concentrated.

The Technician is a fine little paper; we enjoyed everything in it. There may perhaps be an excess of poems, but the other material is so varied, and well-arranged, that this fault is easily overlooked.

Locals

MAY DAY

Saturday afternoon, May 1, it almost seemed as if we were enjoying a real old English May Day when we assembled on the back campus preparatory to the grand march. Our Seniors came in the guise of the merry men of Robin Hood, wearing the red and the green; the Juniors, following close after were gaily attired as shepherdesses, the Specials, Sophomores and Freshmen came on variously attired as innocent young girls, peasants and comfortable county people.

The line marched through the foyer, down the front walk separated into two lines and circled the campus several times. A triangle was then formed around the orchestra and an interesting program was carried out.

After an exciting archery contest between Robin Hood and his men, Robin himself, who had managed to hit the target proceeded to the May Queen and escorted her to the throne where he proceeded to crown her with due ceremony.

The primary department was not omitted, and after the coronation of the queen they danced out to the center and made the air ring with joyous spring songs.

An interesting feature of the afternoon was the folk dances by the five college classes. Each dance was well ren-

dered and elected applause from the audience. The college feels that it owes a dept of gratitude to Miss Ferguson of the city Y. W. C. A.

The kindergarten was there in full force and were quite bewitching little butterflies in their dance.

Then came the usual May Pole dance, after which, at a signal given by the orchestra, we joined hands for a final dance.

The afternoon was closed by a most enjoyable informal reception given on the campus and lasting until six o'clock.

Marjorie Martin, '22.

FIELD DAY

About 9:30 Saturday morning, May 1, 1920 the girls gathered on the front campus, some of them were in "gym" suits. The question on every one's lips was, "What are they going to do now?"

Everyone was on tip toe with expectancy when we saw two of the teachers stretch a rope across a small space on the campus, near the west drive way, and when we saw a group of girls in "gym" suits gather at the back of the library, some one said that it was time for the 50-yard dash. Miss Lucile Wyatt made the dash in the shortest length of time—7 seconds.

After this we were asked to go to the back campus, where we witnessed the following contests, standing high jump, standing broad jump, and basket-ball throw.

Miss Lucia Burnett won in the standing high jump—jumping 3 feet and 1 inch. Miss Florence Stewart won in the standing broad jump—jumping 6 feet and 10 1-4 inches. Miss Edna Pettigrew won in the basketball throw, throwing the ball 70 feet and 5 inches.

We were asked to go back to the front campus. Here we witnessed the 60-yard dash. Again, Miss Lucile Wyatt was victorious—making the dash in 8 1-5 seconds.

After this we again found ourselves on the back campus, where we were delighted with the following contests, the running high jump, the baseball throw and the running broad jump.

Miss Irene Rawlinson was victorious in the running high jump and the baseball throw. She jumped 4 feet and 5 inches and threw the ball 146 feet and 8 inches. Miss Rene Joyce won in the running broad jump. She jumped 13 feet and 1-2 inches.

The Sophomores won the banner with 126 1-2 points. The Specials came second with 93 3-4 points.

Miss Rene Joyce won first place with 59 1-2 points. Miss Irene Rawlinson won second place with 55 1-2 points. Miss Florence Stewart won third place with 44 1-4 points.

Girls, lets determine, now, to make next year's field-day a greater success than we even dream of now. Let's talk field-day, plan for field day and if we can not run and jump ourselves we can encourage our friends to do it.

Let's put some life into our athletics and let people know that we are REAL folks.

"We can do it if we will."

V. Martin, '22.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT TO PRESENT THREE PLAYS

Not long ago we knew the one-act play as a curtain-raiser or the after-piece, and all theatrical wise-acres felt sure that a group of one-act plays could not make a successful program. Today the one-act play in this country is popular,—particularly with audiences of the exprimental theatres.

The Expression department has chosen three one-act plays to be given during commencement. They are: "Three Pills in a Bottle," "Nevertheless," and "Glory of the Morning."

"Three Pills in a Bottle" is a fantasy in one act.

In this story a very poor widow takes all of her savings

and buys three pills which will cure her little boy, who has been sick a long time. Often when his mother was at work the little boy would sit by the window and beg the people passing to let their souls come in and play with him. One day three souls came to play with him but it happened that something was wrong with each soul. This worried the little boy, so he unselfishly gave away his three pills to make the souls well. After the souls are cured they cure the little boy. This story shows how unselfishness is the end of many troubles.

"Nevertheless" is the story of two little children whose parents are very strict about their grammar. In it a burglar reaches regeneration thru these children and a dictionary. If one looks at it in the cold, gray light of middle-aged unexperience it is doubtless a rather tedious trifle, but if one's eyes are those of childhood where "every one lived happy ever after" and an all-abiding faith in the ultimate fitness of things is the chief tenet of one's convictions—one will like the play.

"Glory of the Morning" is an Indian play with the scene laid on the shore of a lake on an Autumn afternoon of long ago. "Glory of the Morning," is an Indian squaw who has married a pale-face that has come from across the Big Sea water. This French man, after remaining true to Glory of the Morning for many years, is ordered back to his native land. He realizes that Glory of the Morning would not be happy there so he decides to take his two Indian children, Red Wing and Oak Leaf, with him. The two children are told to decide for themselves. Oak Leaf decides to go with her father, but Red Wing, who has been taught the ways and faults of the white man by an old Indian medicine man, Black Walk, remains true to his Indian mother and staunch friend, the medicine man. The story ends with the departure of the Chevalier and Oak Leaf.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Monday, June 1:

10:30 A. M.—Class Day Exercises.
5:30 P. M.—Meeting of Board of Trustees.
8:30 P. M.—Final Concert.

Tuesday, June 8:

12:00 M.—Alumnae Luncheon at First Baptist Church.
1:30 P. M.—Trustee Dinner in G. W. C. Dining room.
8:30 P. M.—Baccalaureate Address by Rev. Charles S. Gardner, D. D., LL. D., Louisville, Ky.
President's Address to graduating class.
Awarding of degrees and diplomas.

Thursday Evening, June 3:

8:30 P. M.—Recitals—Isabel Thomas, piano; Ruth Brown, voice.

Friday, June 4:

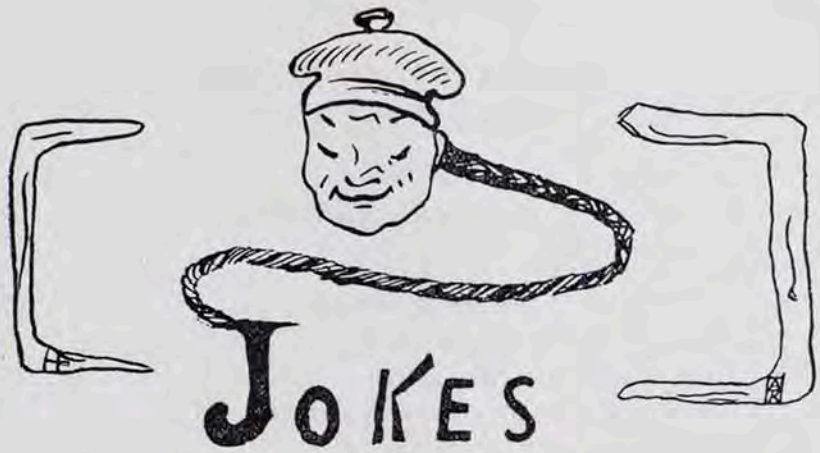
————P. M.—Kindergarten exercises.
8:30 P. M.—Recitals—Margaret May, piano;; Kathleen Thomas, piano; Annabel Watkins, voice.

Saturday, June 5:

4:00 to 6:00 P.M.—Art and Domestic Exhibit.
8:30 P. M.—Dramatic Recital.

Sunday, June 6:

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Edwin C. Dargan, D. D., LL. D., Nashville, Tenn.
5:30 P. M.—Vesper Services. Mrs. George W. Quick, Greenville, S. C.
8:30 P. M.—Annual Address.—Y. W. C. A. and Furman University Y. M. C. A., by Pres. Walter E. Sykes, Ph. D., Hartsville, S. C. at First Baptist Church.



K. Childress—"Oh, Im going to Orr's studio tomorrow."
M. Ldftis—"What for, about your eyes?"

Miss Woodruff—(exceedingly exasperated) "Must I separate you two girls.
N. A.—"No, not without a divorce."

K. Tompson—"How did you like Sans Souci?"
Evelyn Dicks—"I never have tasted any."

Mae Von Lehe—"Where did you ever see an elephant skin?"
Dit Way—"On his back.
Mae—"Oh, I didn't know but that it was in his trunk.

I. Thomas—"Is Margaret May a clever pianist?"
M. Anderson—"Oh yes, one night last summer at the seaside she played "A storm" with so much effect that it brought out the life saving corps."

M. Boyleston—"I wonder why Eleanor Keese is so thin."
Jennie Cox—"Why she can't get a square meal; they feed us on round tables."

B. Barton—"Did you ever see a cake walk?"
Marye Lewis—"No but I've seen a letter box."

BARGAINS IN SONGS

Sing me to sleep for twenty cents.
Oh, how she can dance for thirty cents.
Kiss me again for thirteen cents.
My Baby's Arms for fifty cents.
Oh how I miss him for thirty-five cents.
Oh Susie behave for ten cents.
You're in love for fifty cents.
Lonesome that's all for five cents.
Sweetheart for ten cents.
I'll say she does for ten cents.
Let me have a little corner of your heart for ten cents.

Mrs. Miller—"They tell me that whiskey has been the death of more people than bullets.

Mr. Miller—"Well, I'd rather be full of whiskey than bullets."

M. Askins.

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.