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The Isaqueena - 1920, December

Maribel Waters
Greenville Woman's College

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The ISAQUEENA



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Vol. XV

CHRISTMAS, 1920

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Christmas Day

Morning. Crisp and clear,
And a glad new day is born,
Effulgent light from heaven sent
Flooding all the morn—
And in our hearts such radiance
As the Eastern Star had worn.

Twilight. Slowly the daylight fades,
The lengthening shadows fall.
The gentle peace of evening
Steals softly over all.
And hearts are filled with worship
As they hear the Christ-child's call.

Evening. And the same bright star above
That shone in days so long ago,
Proclaims good will to all mankind,
While angels looking down below
Chant "Alleluia in the highest,"
Sweet and soft and low.

—Eleanor Keese, '21.



From the Dead



NUTS sat on a box in a corner of the small, dingy room, his eyes narrowed searchingly as he watched the snow silently heaping on the window sill. Four men sat around a small table in the center of the room, studying, under a dim light, a map of the city.

They talked rapidly, each writing down notes as to his route.

Save for an occasional shrug or start, Nuts seemed to ignore their presence. Suddenly he straightened up, listened, gave a startled cry, and fell upon the floor in a faint. One of the men came to him and stretched him out, with his feet up on the box.

"Poor old Nuts!" he said. "These firecrackers get the best of him."

"Firecrackers! By Jove! It is Christmas Eve! Best time ever for our little game—all gaiety—peace on earth, good will to men—nobody thinking of danger," rejoiced cautious Jack.

"Slick you promised to tell us where you got your cat's paw, Nuts," drawled Max the Memorandum."

"Yes," said Slick, working Nuts arms up and down, "It was in Paris that I found him, working for an old shopkeeper on Rue de—something or other. The old Frenchman had taken him in through pity. He didn't know anything about Nuts, and called him by some sort of French concoction. He said Nuts didn't seem to know anything about himself; but once, when ill with fever, he had been delirious a little while and muttered of horrors in a German prison camp and about his escape and aimless wanderings. I asked why he had not told the American Red Cross about the matter; but it seems that the old fellow was too timid and too ignorant to know what to do."

"But, Slick, if you thought he had been an American soldier why didn't you tell the Red Cross?"

"Because I found I could use him," said Slick shortly; "so I brought him to America. Besides, he'll never be any better than he is now."

"But that fellow's got brains; he always gets results."

"Yes; but I think it's because he is used to taking orders and carrying them out. Judging by the state he's in, he must have had some orders to take in that German camp! And, fellows," continued Slick, "he talks like a highbrow."

"He's a puzzle, all right; he does his work like a man walking in his sleep. I hope he ain't done for. Good! He's comin' to. He's got a cinch to-night. What is your route, Jack?" said Max.

Again they fell to discussing their plans. Soon one by one left to be about his task until none re-

mained except Slick and Nuts. Slick aroused Nuts quietly.

"In shape, old man?" he asked.

"About," said Nuts, saluting.

"Shake yourself together and listen to the easy job you have for to-night."

Nuts sat up.

"Yours is 1702 Hampton Drive."

Nuts started.

"What is it, old man? Still shaky?" asked Slick, looking at him doubtfully.

"No-o-," sighed Nuts, dropping again into his clouching attitude.

"You'll be all right when you get some fresh air. A car will take you to the back gate and wait for you around the corner. The butler says there's a lot of fine silver—easy job—no men around. He'll leave the back door unlocked. I'll come by about time for you to be through, and if your car is still there I'll come to your rescue. About!" he finished, rising to leave.

"About," repeated Nuts again saluting.

Ten minutes later a car honked outside and Nuts hurried out.

"Hampton Drive, 1702," he ordered. Then he stopped, one foot still on the running board. "1702 Hampton Drive," he repeated absently.

* * * * *

In 1702 Hampton Drive, Mrs. Willerman had put Robert Willerman, Junior, to bed, had finished filling his small stocking, and now sat on the rug, leaning her head against the empty chair of Robert, Senior. A tear rolled down her cheek. Christmas Eve which should be the happiest, was yet the saddest day in her life. She remembered how, three years before, she and Robert, Senior, had filled little Robert's first Christmas stocking, and just how her husband had looked as he stood trying to squeeze into the wee top a silver cup, engraved "Bobbie." Then two Christmases ago, she had been sitting just here, alone, when the cablegram had come. "Missing in action," it had said. How could she realize that he would be forever "missing in action?" They had tried in every way to find a trace, but all she could learn was just "missing in action." Those three words had haunted her through the long days and nights of two long years. If it had not been for little Robert, she, too, would have been "missing in action."

Worn out with the day's preparations and with the burden of her grief, she fell into a heavy sleep.

* * * * *

On his way to carry out Slick's orders, Nuts usually sat staring listlessly in front of him; but to-night he looked about him with some vague stirring of interest. Since he had been brought to America

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he had never once roused from his indifference, as they went from city to city, even enough to ask the name of the place they were in. They had reached this place during the previous night, and all day Nuts had remained in his room while Slick was out conferring with his accomplices among the servants and taxi drivers. Now he was strangely disturbed.

"Hampton Drive," he muttered again, as the car stopped at the back of a stately home, dimly outlined before him. He went through the back gate and into the back door, left unlocked by the faithless butler. In the back hall he flashed a small pocket light. Hat rack—gun—golf sticks—everything seemed strangely natural in this house.

He went into the dining room, which was still lighted; but he had eyes for none of the elegant silver on the sideboard except one tiny mug engraved "Bobbie." This he took up tenderly, turning it about to read the engraving. He looked down at the array of silver. As if in a dream, he seemed to hear Slick's voice saying "About." What was it? What did it mean? "Slick" now seemed only one small part of a confused mass of memories that surged within him. What was the matter? Who was he? Where was he?

He lifted his bewildered eyes from the little silver mug, which he still held. There, on the dining room mantel, right before his eyes—

"Mother!" he whispered. "It's mother, and this is home! Oh! That battle—that trap in the German trench—that horrible prison!" And the tide of returning memory blotted out every trace of the past weeks with the gang of thieves.

* * * * *

In the shrubbery outside the dining room window, the butler had been watching for the burglar

to appear. As Nuts raised his head and saw his mother's picture, his face was in full view.

"Mr. Willerman!" gasped the scoundrel, slipping away with terrified haste.

As he turned the corner he met Slick, who stopped him hurriedly.

"What's happening in there? Why doesn't Nuts come on with the stuff?"

"Nuts, indeed!" stuttered the butler, shivering with fright. "That's no Nuts; it's Mr. Willerman, missing for two years in France!"

Does he know anything?" asked Slick eagerly, taking in the situation at once. "We called him Nuts because he couldn't even tell his name."

"Well, I'll bet he could tell it now," said the butler, "and you don't get me back there. I saw his face plain when he gazed at his mother's picture—and I saw his lips make the word, 'mother.' Let's get out of this town quick before he gets busy!"

"Poor old Nuts!" said Slick as they slipped away. "I'm glad he's in his right mind again and safe at home, even if we did fail to get that silver."

* * * * *

Robert Willerman, Senior, turned from his mother's picture and set the little mug gently on the table. Crossing the hall he softly opened the door of the living room.

"Margaret!" he whispered. "Margaret! Home At Last! Christmas eve! Bobbie's stocking! How long have I been away? How did I get back? Thank God, it is not a dream!"

He stole softly across the room, sat down in his chair, and slipping his wife's head gently to his knee, patiently waited for her to awake.

—Davis Padgett, '23.



The Realism of Arnold Bennett

Since Tolstoy, Bjornson, Zola and Frank Norris, and all the other early naturalists are gone, there is no author living in whose reality we can promise ourselves greater enjoyment than Arnold Bennett's. His good books, "challenge and endure comparison not with other books but with life itself. Their transcript of Five Towns society is so full, detailed and accurate that it may be used by the student of human nature almost as confidently as first-hand observation."

Since this is true, it seems unexplainable that Mr. Bennett wrote some of his books. How he could deliberately paint life falsely, when perhaps he knew the truth about it more clearly than anyone is on unsolved problem for everyone. There are apparently two selves of the novelist who are alternately producing fiction entirely opposite in theory and practice. It is unbelievable that the same author could produce **The Gates of Wrath, Helen With the High Hand and The Glimpse**, along with **The Old Wive's Tale, Clayhanger, Hilda Lessways and These Twain**. Stuart P. Sherman is inclined to excuse Bennett for this on the ground that he is "frankly writing to live." William Dean Howells suggests that perhaps there are two Mr. Arnold Bennetts rather than the two selves of one. Of this there can never be any positive proof. He thinks it unwise to bring the matter into court because it would most likely result in undue notice to the 'prentice works. It seems, therefore, that the only thing to be done is to let the genuine author write down the ungentle. He is more competent to do so than any author now living. Since we are only interested in his really worth while fiction we will put the other aside in our estimate of Bennett as a realist.

His works tended, after the dissolution with his partner, Mr. Eden Phillpott, to the massive in form and epical in motives. Mr. Bennett's mass is closely over-wrought with minute details, which do not detract from its largeness, although in his greatest work, the Clayhanger trilogy, he carries largeness almost to the point of immensity. H. G. Wells complained that the novels of Dickens are too short and the character most delighted in do not reappear. In the "Clayhanger" series Bennett is more persistent in continuity of scene and character than any author has ever been. But we do not break under the strain, on the contrary, "Clayhanger" leaves us unsatisfied and we wait impatiently for the remainder of the trilogy. We should like to know why Hilda married someone else immediately after becoming engaged to Edwin. We are sure the author's explanation will be soundly convincing if not entirely satisfactory, since that is one of his outstanding characteristics. He brings up every possible evi-

dence related to the situation so steadily and forcefully that not once do we doubt that they did the only feasible thing.

This is accomplished through his many vivid, clear and forceful details. Numerous though they are, we would not spare the least of them. The following quotation from "The Old Wive's Tales" is an exceptionally good illustration of the kind of vital details in which his works abound. When Sophia had come back to the Five Towns, after her sojourn in Paris, she and her sister, now both elderly and ailing, were waiting for supper one night. "The door opened and the servant came in to lay supper. Her nose was high, her gaze cruel, radiant, and conquering. She was a pretty and impudent girl of about twenty-three. She knew she was torturing her old and infirm mistresses. She did not care. She did it purposely. Her gestures as she laid the table were very graceful, in the pert style. She dropped forks into their appointed places with disdain; she made slightly too much noise; when she turned she manouvered her swelling hips as though for the benefit of a soldier in a handsome uniform." Here is not only a wonderful bit of detail but "a cosmical implication in which a universe of circumstance and condition is conveyed."

As well as being a mass of details, his work is epical. The central motive of all his good fiction is the collective life of the Five Towns. He has made the Five Towns as actual facts of the map of England as if they really existed. We are as familiar with the Five Town people as though they were our life long acquaintances. This is due to the author's unusual ability to allow you to understand and appreciate every individual in the story; not one is to be passed over as insignificant. All of his works do not contain this element, but without it they would fail to have the mastery which we feel in them.

Mr. Bennett's ability to probe the innermost emotions and thoughts of both men and women is astonishing. In his exposure in the Clayhanger series of numerous domestic conflicts, for instance, when Edwin was so upset because Hilda rearranged the furniture, he gives us the secret thoughts of both. Although Hilda loves her husband, his set ways, deliberate temper and aggravating colds irritate her. The exposure in Hilda of the illogicality and willingness of woman to gain the end by any means, should cause every woman to blush. The men should feel rather uncomfortable at the exposure in Edwin of their conviction that they are always right, but their wives always wrong. Hilda's interferences in his business exasperate him. He feels greatly wronged that she should have social aspirations that give him nothing but an increased burden.

Bennett is often regarded as the critic of provin-

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cialism. He is in reality its apostle. He loved, not despised the life of the Five Towns. He makes the addities and limitations of his provincial characters appear absurdly, splendidly English. Constance and Sophia are provincial heroines but they are heroines. Self-centered, unintelligent, if you like, but full of honesty, courage and sincere affections. For instance, take the first "Good night" of the two sisters after their long

separation; "they looked at each other again with timid affectionateness. They did not kiss. The thought in both their minds was—"we couldn't keep on kissing every night." But there was a vast amount of quiet, restrained affection of mutual confidence and respect even of tenderness in their tones." Above all they have common sense, they know how to live.

Kathleen Childress, '22.

The Gypsy Call

'Tis October in the city,
And October on the hill,
In my heart is restless yearning—
And my feet will not be still.

Far away I long to wander,
Far beyond the dusty road,
Up to where the thin trail windeth—
There I'd drop my weary load.

There I'd sit, and dream, and ponder,
Rest and muse in sweet content,
Let my thots stray backward, backward,
To the land by fairies lent.

For the stars are fairy street-lights,
And they beckon through the haze,
Urge my restless soul to seek them,
Lure me back to bygone days.

Lure me back to things I know not,
Yet would know if I could meet.
Call to me to come and know them—
Share the old-time knowledge sweet.

Oh, the wondrous things they tell me,
Things I knew, but have forgot,
Dreams I had, that somehow fled me—
Knowledge that I now have not.

Oh the dust upon the city!
Oh the glamour of the hill!
I will out, and I will follow
Where the thin trail windeth still.

—Mary Seyle.

What's in a Name?



BOYS! Men! Attention! Beautiful and attractive young lady wishes to wed. Write us today and get in touch with her immediately."

Bill Norris stared at this advertisement in the "Home Journal" which some well-meaning woman had sent to "our boys."

A look of supreme disgust rested upon his face as he muttered, "Marry? With the slackers hanging round every girl a fellow wants? Nothing is left for the soldier except some freak like that. The things they send the soldiers!"

"What do you think this is?" demanded his tent-mate's irate voice at that moment. "Can't you read to yourself and leave me to write in peace?"

"I'm reading this ad. Don't you want to answer it Jack?" As he spoke he moved the paper so the other could see it.

"H-m—" Jack looked thoughtful. "Now I don't care to try it—But you——?"

"No thanks." shortly.

"I thought Lou was not so kind lately. Has she—er—relented?"

"Not so you could notice it. Think I'll take a stroll—unless you can talk about something interesting." He sauntered away with an air of elaborate indifference.

Jack watched him out of sight, then picked up the paper which Bill had discarded and examined it thoughtfully. Presently he started another letter which must have been amusing, if one could judge by the way he chuckled while writing it.

A few days later Bill examined with interest a curious-looking envelope in his mail.

"It's postmarked Duncan," he mumbled. "But it doesn't come from any one I know. Who—? Oh!" He had opened the letter now and was reading—"Dear Billy boy—" Who in the world? "I hope you don't mind me calling you that. You know it's the way your letter was signed. I sure liked your letter. I clerk all day and you know I don't have time to meet nice men. So I wrote the agency—" "Agency!" Bill whirled upon Jack accusingly. "Jack Howard you did this!"

"I did not," cried Jack indignantly. "If I couldn't write a better letter than that I'd take chloroform. I told that girl——." He stopped abruptly.

"What," Bill demanded hotly. "What did you tell her? That you knew a poor lonesome soldier who needed cheering and here was the poor creature's address? Well you're it, then! I'm not going to answer that old letter."

"Be a sport, old boy," urged a third man who sat near. "Be a sport and carry on the correspondence you started."

"But I did not start it!" cried Bill. "And besides she called me Billy boy—and her name is Dora Alice," he groaned.

The third man stroked his chin thoughtfully. "There are worse names," he consoled. "Though of course there are better. Still it might have been Arabella Eulalie, or Etrulia. I knew a perfectly nice girl once named Daphne."

And after a moment's silence, with an air of studied indifference. "When did you hear from Lou?"

"Not lately," stiffly. Then in a would be casual tone, "Did you see her on your furlough? What sort of a time did you have?"

"Oh, I had a wonderful time. Lou was stunning. Too bad you quarreled—She's the most—"

"Thank you, I think I'm still able to look after myself Jack. What's this Dora Alice girl's address?"

"Find it on her letter."

But the third man persisted.

"What do you think Lou will do when she finds out about this correspondence school business?"

"She won't find out."

"Suit yourself." Harry rose to go. "I'll wager any amount you please she does find out, and if you're in any doubt as to her temper, I can enlighten you. The physical torment I've endured at her hands because she was my cousin, and younger than I——" He lifted his hands in an expressive gesture.

"I tell you she won't know."

Harry regarded him pitingly.

"I would not," he murmured, "I would not, I would not do anything on the sly," and departed whistling.

A month later Bill was wondering how, or rather where, he should spend his ten day's furlough. There were so many places he would like to go. It was impossible to crowd it all into ten days.

"Go see Dora Alice," suggested Jack.

Bill looked at him suspiciously. "You're always advising me to write Dora Alice. You started the mess. And now you want me to take my furlough to visit her. Why?"

Jack looked as aggrieved as the small boy accused of stealing jam when he was really only cutting his mother's pet roses. "Well, of course if you know any town that's nearer than the one where she lives I'm just trying to help you out." "Lou stays there almost as much as she does at home," remarked Harry, also present.

"Why drag in somebody I won't see? What does she have to do with it?"

"Nothing."

"Except everything," murmured Jack. Then aloud, "But the chances are nine to one she's at home."

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And if she should turn up—why tell her you're on business for the C. O. See?"

"Certainly. I do not see that this is anyone's affair but my own. I'll run the risk of meeting old friends if there is any risk."

He admitted to himself on the way over that there was some risk, but at that he was totally unprepared to meet Lou. But she was the first person he saw after leaving the train. And his surprise at seeing her was equalled only by her surprise at her unexpectedly cordial greeting.

"Hello Bill! What brings you to this fair town?"

"Business," responded Bill who suddenly thought the world a most wonderful place. "And you?"

"Oh, I'm staying with Aunt Nell. Don't you want to pay her a visit?" with mischievously sparkling eyes.

"I certainly do." It would be hard to say who was the more astonished, he at her invitation, or she at his ready acceptance. Certainly after their last quarrel they had vowed that they would never speak again. And here they were, acting as if nothing had ever happened. But it did not take long after reaching Aunt Nell's for them to fall into their old ways. Lou began it by asking casually if he had seen Red Earle lately.

"No," said Bill stiffly. "Not since I went to camp."

"Nor want to, I presume," said Lou with dangerous sweetness. "Now really, Bill, don't you think you're a bit hard on old Red?"

"No. There's no excuse for his not entering with the rest of the old bunch. I'm not at all keen to see him."

"Well, if that's the way you talk of your old friends—calling them slackers—"

"I didn't call him a slacker. I merely said—"

"What amounted to the same thing. Just because he didn't go to an officer's camp with the rest of you, and come back with some pretty bars—" Lou was losing her temper now—"Well, I don't blame him for that. Having the men call you 'ninety days' wonder' and so on must be a pleasant sensation." She paused suddenly. "Anyway, you'll hardly care to be here when Red calls this afternoon."

"Most assuredly I won't. Good afternoon."

"Good-bye," sweetly, "I'm sorry you won't stay. I wanted you to see Red because—" She stopped, for Bill had raced unheeding down the steps.

Bill walked rapidly to a pay-station with a heavy frown upon his usually smiling face. He had not intended going to see Dora Alice after he saw Lou. He might not see her again now before he went across. And he had hoped—Oh pshaw! Girls were the limit all right. After an interminable length of time he located Dora Alice and secured her promise to meet

him that afternoon when her day's work at the Red Cross was over. "Even Dora Alice has the fever," murmured Bill as he turned away, "and Lou is going with a slacker."

He met Dora Alice after her Red Cross work, and ten minutes later he was wishing he had left her and Lou and the agency, and everything connected with this stupid town alone. She looked all right—but looks aren't everything. And good heavens! but she was sticky!

"Were you ever here before?" she queried in an obvious effort to make conversation.

"Yes—no—er that is—"

"How do you like it?" She was persistent in her effort to stimulate interest, but she seemed one-ideaed. "Um—oh—very well."

"Perhaps you like some other town better for good reasons," she continued, trying to be arch and succeeding in merely simpering.

"Perhaps." It was not a fortunate remark to make to Bill just then, and it utterly checked his powers of conversation.

Desperately he revolved schemes for releasing himself from this undesirable engagement, but he rejected them all. Any excuse he might make would be so flimsy that even Dora Alice could see thru it. He didn't wish any one any harm but he did wish something would happen. Something did happen, but not just what he would have liked. For while he was wishing for an excuse to leave Dora Alice he heard a familiar voice crying, "Why, Carol, what do you mean by loafing at this time of day, and where did you meet Bill?"

Lou, all right!

Both turned, but with what different expressions! The girl, Dora Alice, or Carol, just as you choose to call her, with a beaming smile; Bill with a face whereon bewilderment and anger struggled for mastery. For with Lou was a tall red haired youth in khaki. The face was familiar—but the uniform! Not only had Red, the slacker, donned the uniform and had put on that of a private. Dazedly Bill put out his hand, "Red, how are you? But what does this mean? Why aren't you with the rest of us over at the camp?"

"I'm entering this man's war as a private in the infantry." Earle looked him straight in the eye then added, "And would you mind swapping girls? I've been hunting Carol for half an hour to say good-bye. I leave tomorrow you know."

Lou broke the momentary silence which followed. "Oh, by the way, Bill, you've never met Carol have you? Let me introduce you to Mrs. Charles Earle, nee Carol Hard and always my dearest friend. You see," she added in explanation, "Red's been in for a month, would have been in longer but the doctor said something about weak heart action." She laughed

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lightly. "Of course he was wrong. I'd have told you before, only you took so little interest in your old friends."

"Dora Alice" murmured a dazed Bill, "Carol Hard—of course; and old Red in a private's uniform." He was still groping for a connecting link. He tried again—"Dora Alice—Lou's chum, of course. And she's Mrs. Charles Earle Reid's wife." He turned accusingly upon the other three. "You wrote those letters, Lou, or at least dictated them. And Jack Howard helped you. That man had better enjoy life while he can. He'll certainly not enjoy it when I finish with him."

But later when he and Lou were seated in Aunt Nell's swing he changed his mind about his treatment

of Jack. For Lou was repentant and forgiving in short altogether adorable. And she confessed her share in the plot.

"You see you wouldn't relent, and Red's talk of going made me think pretty hard. And—well about that time Jack wrote telling me how glum you were—and sent me that clipping from that old agency. It was my plan to have Carol answer it—And I was going to tell you all about it this morning, only you got mad again. I just had to see you. Don't get angry again, please—"Billy boy," with a caress on the last word that made Bill's heart sing for joy. "Billy boy!" It was a mighty nice name, soft and—Oh, after all, what's in a name?

—Mary Seyle.

The College Rose

Ah, rose upon the college lawn,
All wet with somber autumn dew,—
Where is your smile of summer gone,
And brighter hue?

Why do you kiss the fading grass,
And lie adroop and weeping there—
What would you tell me as I pass,
Or linger near?

I know your fear, sweet college rose,
I feel it in your gentle breath,
You think the Northwind nothing blows
But wintery death!

Fear not, dear rose, and proudly greet
Your foeman with a soft caress;
You'll bloom next summer just as sweet
In loveliness!

—Germaine Bouquet, '22.

H. G. Wells

It is an incurious person indeed who has never looked into the books of H. G. Wells; for "thru his countless pages swarm the figures, flash the colors, hum the voices of strictly contemporary life. Tho' he is on the brink of fifty, he remains the copious and incessant spokesman for the younger generation which he has slung into consciousness of itself." A "French savant" calls Wells "the most remarkable man in the world today—the man with the greatest vision and widest thought." The publisher, Mr. Newman Flowers declares that "Literature has produced greater men than Wells, but no more remarkable being; no greater humanitarian; no writer so versatile." The

foundation for all this is found in the fact that Wells "springs surprises upon us at every turn; a sort of literary fire works that goes off in odd places and always with supreme effect!"

Mr. Wells is a remarkably strong man physically, seldom ever feeling fatigue. He takes few, if any, holidays, works for many hours every day, plays games very strenuously, and is unhappy if he hasn't some work on hand. As soon as one book is finished, he begins a new one. He is very fond of conversation. Mr. St. John Ervine has said that "Mr. Wells mind is so active that one can almost see ideas leaping off his tongue as he talks." He has the unusual

faculty of engaging his hearer's interest without making any perceptible effort to do so. "His conversation is unrehearsed and goes rather jerkily, but reaches its destination." Mr. Wells is an attentive listener but he listens not out of politeness, but because of the desire to obtain information. This desire to obtain information often causes Mr. Wells to listen at length to very bad talkers. We are told that Mr. Wells differs from most celebrities in that he is an uncommonly good host, taking great pains to see that his guests are both comfortable and entertained. Mr. Wells is a good mingler and is instinctively friendly. But in his make up is a bit of cruelty, which makes him most attractive when he becomes angry; for "he seems only to be witty when he is about to hit someone severely on the head. "Mr. Wells is hardly a witty man but he has a "neat malicious, humor" which delights him as much as it delights his friends.

To use Mr. Flower's phrase, "Wells is a man of "surprising evolution." He began his literary career by writing stray articles and bits of journalism. He was then a teacher with a scientific mind that "groped for its own peculiar outlet." He wrote one scientific novel and then another, rather piquing his readers by new ideas in fiction, but giving them no hint that he was capable of writing such books as were to follow.

Then presently he switched from the scientific novel to the novel proper giving us "Tono Bungay" which though it was greatly criticized, was something absolutely new—"A line of thought that balked at nothing." Then followed the Britling phase and the attack of such weighty subjects as religion and education. From this moment more serious thought crept into Well's books. His mind seemed to have abandoned the old scientific train of thought; to have suddenly descended to earth with a jerk and to have concerned itself with the religion and educational problems of men.

So phase followed phase until we now have the **Outline of History**, in which Mr. Wells attempts to deal with history from the beginning of time to the present date.

The range of thought embraced in this evolution is unnatural. "Many things Wells says are impossible. Presently they become remotely possible and ultimately achieve the possible; the reason being that Wells is a genius before his time. The world catches up with him in jerks. He has been challenged for forecasting impossibilities when he is really a barometer of human emotions."

When asked one day why he kept breaking away when he had so successfully established himself in several branches of fiction, Mr. Wells replied that he hated the idea of the "novelest rut," that "to keep the mind clear it must be constantly tried out in new grounds."

In **Joan and Peter**, Well's educational views are treated fully—the existing English school system is severely criticised. We find Oswald continually asking of school masters, "what is the object of your school curriculum? How does it fit one for life? Why do you teach these useless subjects?" and the like. Wells wishes the state to organize and standardize education. "He belongs undoubtedly to the scientific type of educator, distinguished by its devotion to original research, and by its steadfast belief that the crown of human endeavor is an extension of the boundaries of knowledge." Wells does not approve of the teaching of Greek and Latin in the school, but prescribes as the backbone of a sound curriculum, as much mathematics as possible, English, and natural sciences." Wells is a pupil and disciple of Huxley, and therefore insists upon the importance of fearless criticism and the free play of ideas on all subjects concerning us.

In our religious system also, Mr. Wells desires a reform. He has written a religious trilogy consisting of **Mr. Britling**, **The Soul of a Bishop** and **God, the Invisible King**, in which we find a plea for simplifying our ideas of religion—a plea for something more simple and universal, something less partisan and less incredible to the mass of men." Mr. Wells insists that we must revise our creeds, and put away our rituals and our priests. Mr. Wells believes that the progress from bad to good is inevitable, that man cannot thwart God's purpose altho he may hinder it. He insists that "God's will must ultimately find adequate expression through man." At times Mr. Wells like every one else, cannot escape the tendency to despair of human effort, and expresses local pessimism, but his universal optimism is uninjured, and "one comes away from his writing in the knowledge that he believes that man, sooner or later, will achieve a higher destiny."

At present Mr. Well's views on socialism seem to be rather running riot. In his recent articles on Russia, he insinuates that most of the evils that afflict the Russian people are due to the misguided English and allied governments, who did not take his advise at the start and embrace the Bolshevist principles and the Bolshevist leaders as the only means of salvation for humanity. He maintains that international government by the proletariat is the only cure for the world's sorrows and evils and disorders. Wells contends also that the present terrible condition of Russia is not the result of Bolshevist rule but of "Capitalism" and "European imperialism" and an "atrocious blockade. Again in his "**Outline of History**" do we find a great deal of socialist propaganda. In fact some one has said of this history that it is a "gigantic socialist tract." In his treatment of this Christian religion it is evident that his main intent is not religious, but social. The sayings of Jesus which he emphasizes are those which seem to be against the insti-

tution of private property and in favor of universal brotherhood.

Mr. Wells derives much encouragement from "the catastrophe of 1914." He looks at this in much the same light as he does other world disasters. After the Black Death in the fourteenth century, which brought about a great loss of life and shortage of labor, there was, he says, much discontent and an impassionate preaching of the abolition of property rights. Why should not similar results be looked for now? In concluding his *history* Mr. Wells gives a sketch of the future state of his dreams and desires. It is of course a world state. In his picture of what is to come he says, "Our true state, this state that is already beginning, this state to which every man owes his utmost political effort must be now, this nascent Federal World State to which human necessities point. Our true God now is the God of all men. Nationalism as a God must follow the tribal gods to limbo. Our true nationality is mankind." He goes on to say that this coming world state will have a common religion, much simpler and better than any now known. The whole race will be highly educated. There will be no armies or navies and "no classes of unemployed people,

wealthy or poor." These views of Mr. Wells' have been greatly criticized, and not without cause, but there is little doubt that in time to come Mr. Wells will modify them and bring them more within the bounds of the reasonable.

There is probably no more prolific or varied writer in the world today than H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells faces life very fairly and squarely, regarding it from all angles of vision. There is only one truth but it may be approached by many different paths, and Mr. Wells has attempted most of them. It may seem to some of his readers at times that he is running away from things toward which he had formerly run, but it is more likely that he is merely trying another way of getting at the same point. Whether or not Mr. Wells is today "Thinking for half Europe," so his publisher depicts him as doing; "his foreign mail-bag is the certain testimony of that. All branches of thought require him. Thinkers far out in the extreme dark seek him to nurture their frail tendrils of thought. Those who are wavering and wobbling over new and unaccustomed problems come to him for stability, as if he had the power of dropping a little sun into a dull day."

—Thrace Mauldin, '22.

The White Death

IN the occupied town of C—, the stillness was suddenly broken by the pealing of the old town clock. One—two—the strokes reverberated.

Van Vogel, the German officer in command, suddenly paused in his restless walking to and fro. He pulled out his own watch for confirmation, muttered something about "schlechte, dummer Eseln," and strode over to the table. Here he poured himself a glass of Burgundy, contemptuously tossing the bottle into a corner already well filled with empty bottles of all shapes and sizes, but bearing for the most part the labels of the most choice of the French vintages. "They know how to drink—the contemptible French."

He stood a moment, a picture of the German official as one usually conceives him. They were there—all the distinguishing marks—the low brow, the big hands, pointed mustache, piggish eyes, and air of inimitable insolence. With lordly indifference to consequences he had thrown his muddy boots upon a Brussels rug. As he stood waiting, one felt that he had also the mental characteristics of his class. Should the new comer prove an inferior, he would find him insolent and overbearing; should he be a superior, cringing and servile.

He suddenly turned upon hearing a sound at the window.

"Aha! At last!"

But no, the sound changed into a peculiar flapping, a tiny scratching on the panes. A monstrous leather-winged bat flew over the top and circled the room. Its wings must have been frozen, or else long confinement in some dark cavern of the forest had made them too weak to sustain its weight, for after a few gawky flights about the chandelier, it dropped heavily upon the man's breast. He crushed it with a single blow of his fist and then once more began to pace the floor, stopping a little while by the window through which it had flown.

Outside the wind was blowing steadily from the north, and snow was falling in heavy drifts. In the distance could be seen the dark outlines of the stone walls which enclosed the cemetery of the town. The reflected light lit up the long square patch with startling distinctness and made each tombstone appear a ghost.

The man smiled grimly as he watched, and idly pulling at his moustache, turned at last and settled peacefully on his couch.

Thirty minutes passed, when the sound of footsteps upon the gravel path came up from below. Propping himself upon his arm the man appeared to listen. Then he lay down again and waited.

The footsteps drew nearer—ascended the stair-case—approached through the corridor. At the end of a minute there came a tap upon the door, the soft uncertain knock of a Prussian subordinate, which always, no matter the emergency, seems to ask permission.

"Who is there?" demanded the man in the room roughly.

"Commandant von Vogel, it is I, Lieutenant Heinrich Dotendorf," was the reply from without.

"Come!"

Two men entered, carrying between them a long box wrapped in white linen, which they carefully placed upon a table. This done, they straightened, saluted with great deference, and stood at attention.

"Your man may leave—report at barracks, and keep your mouth shut," said Colonel von Vogel. "As for you, Lieutenant Dotendorf, I shall need your services."

One of the men addressed hastened to obey the order, walking backwards out of the room, as if in the presence of Majesty. The other dropped his hand from his face and stood by, watching the Commandant with fixed eyes.

Von Vogel was now all action. Impatiently he cut the string which bound a long slender bundle, and immediately a blue print fell before his eyes.

This he examined with care, keeping his head continuously bobbing back and forth and raising his forefinger as if making mental notes.

Lieutenant Dotendorf, drawn irresistibly by curiosity, crept up behind and peered boldly over the man's shoulders.

Immediately he fell back as if struck by a blow and his body began to jerk convulsively in excitement.

Upon the blue parchment was the outline of a skeleton, done in white ink. Immediately over the spot in the left side where the heart should have been was a great white spider.

Von Vogel placed a stumpy forefinger over this part of the drawing and exclaimed as if talking to himself:

"This is it! This is it! The plummet should go from here! The heart was taken out!" Then turning suddenly around, and finding his subordinate looking also, he added: "Quick man—the tools! We've got to finish this business before daylight—or else the General will be claiming his share!"

"I think, Colonel"—began Dotendorf.

Von Vogel cut him short with a frown.

"Hurry, man! It is your business to obey—not to think!"

The two men walked to the table and began to work with lightning speed. A chisel, inserted under the top of the box, proved sufficient, and its boards ripped off with a loud bang. Masses of a queer looking material somewhat resembling paper bearing strange hieroglyphics were disposed of shortly; and then the two men, not without difficulty, succeeded in lifting out a large heavy bundle. They placed it lengthwise upon the table and began pulling its papyrus rags from around it.

In five minutes a fine specimen of a nude Egyptian mummy revealed itself before them—white as chalk and staring up to the ceiling with its age-old smile. A little dark cavern leading through the pursed lips into the mouth, punctured this levity with a sort of strange mockery.

For the first time during the night von Vogel appeared to be almost human.

"Wonderfully preserved!" he said, turning to his assistant with an almost friendly gesture. "I think he was a priest during the reign of one of the Rameses."

"I know, Colonel—I know!" replied Dotendorf, whose teeth were chattering wildly. "His name was Akkamemnon. I know——"

"You know what?" urged von Vogel.

"I know all about the stiff's history. I had it of the Padre—the Padre of the churchyard—a few moments ago."

"Indeed! Then keep it to yourself!" sneered the Colonel with overbearing insolence.

But this time Dotendorf was not to be denied the privilege of telling his story.

"Colonel, perhaps you do not know that this dead man was brought here seven hundred years ago by Sir Geoffrey Lionel LaDier——"

"Indeed yes!" replied the superior officer. "And Sir Geoffrey took from it a Mohammedan mosque, I think. You see I am quite well informed. I too know a Padre."

"But the mosque, Colonel—did you know that it was burnt by the Arabs; and that wherever he has gone this Akkamemnon has carried bad luck, death, desolation, sometimes worse than death?"

"Oh yes; I've heard all that. These churchmen prattle strange tales to their parishes. But do you know the personal history of this corpse, Lieutenant—I mean its intimate personal history?"

"Certainly, Colonel—the Padre told me all about it. They say the man, the Egyptian, was a priest of Isis and lived years ago—I don't know how many. They tell that greed was his master and carried him to such extremities that the gods swore vengeance. He robbed the poor, accepted bribes from the rich, even stole the sacrifices from the gods themselves, accumulating millions. That one day he was suddenly struck down at his altar by some invisible thrust, and that flaming spirits immediately appeared and, then and there, damned him forevermore."

Von Vogel laughed loudly.

"There's one thing I believe the Padre did not tell you," he said after deliberation. He walked over to his map again and pointed a stubby claw at the spider upon the blue print. "Lieutenant, what do you make of that?"

"It looks like some gigantic bug," said Dotendorf.

"Exactly—but do you know what it represents?"

"Colonel, I do not."

Again von Vogel laughed.

"Lieutenant, that represents the hiding place of some of those millions of which you have just told me. The priests of Isis cut out this old fellow's heart, and stuffed the cavity full of pearls. Think of it, man, pearls—each worth a king's ransom! I found this diagram in a closet of this old house—perhaps its tenant meditated robbery himself—at any rate, blue print, pearls and all are now ours. It will be our own fault if we do not make the best use of our opportunities. Quick, a scalpel! You'll find one in that leather case on the window seat—we're going to begin a little dissection!"

"But Colonel," Lieutenant Dotendorf protested. "The Padre told me that whoever touches the mummy will surely die of the white death!"

"The white death—blitzen! Merely a churchman's subterfuge to guard against the taking of his riches! Superstition has never yet deterred a follower of Nietzsche from a lawful enterprise. The scalpel, man—the scalpel!"

Von Vogel who seemed to have no time for further conversation worked with the precision of a skilled surgeon. The long slender knife, held firmly in his strong clutch, was driven to the cross of its silver hilt in the stale flesh of the mummy's breast. When it was withdrawn a strange incense of eastern exotics filled the room.

At length a section of the breast, cleverly removed, disclosed a little bag of unusual texture imbedded in the cavity of Akkamemnon's heart. This rattled like a bag of peas when placed upon the hard surface of the table.

Von Vogel contemplated it for a moment in triumph, and then hastily emptied the contents. A little pile of white and red stones banked up before his eyes and winked back at the electric light a dull dead gleam.

"Rubies and diamonds!" exclaimed the Colonel. "It was my only mistake—I thought them pearls. But I might have known that a greedy Egyptian would not have invested his wealth in perishable properties."

And now von Vogel, standing in the presence of his vast wealth, went quite mad. He jumped up and down like a child, goosestepped through the room, caught hold of Dotendorf's arm with unPrussian familiarity, went through the antics of a dervish. One might have said that the greed of Akkamemnon had gone along with his wealth, to the midnight marauder.

At last he apparently recovered his coolness and looked at the precious stones of the Egyptian with calculating eyes.

"A king's ransom!" he said more quietly; "A king's ransom!" He turned to his companion, shaking his huge forefinger at the bridge of his nose. "Young man," he went on, "one never knows the outcome of

war. You ought to feel happy that no matter what the outcome of this one the family of your Colonel will never know want. Ah, a king's ransom, sir—a king's ransom!"

"But Colonel, this wealth is not ours!" broke in the Lieutenant.

Von Vogel turned upon him like a trapped tiger.

"Of course it's not OURS!" he cried hotly. "Whoever said it was OURS! It's mine, damn you—every mark, every kopeck, every sou! I found it—I won it—I take it! It's mine, do you understand? Mine!"

He held a handful of the stones up to the electric light and watched the scintillating rays. Clutched in his fist, he waved them above Akkamemnon's face, and made them glitter into the sockets of his eyes.

But in this movement, executed with so much venom, one of the rubies became detached from his fingers and fell straight into the mouth of the mummy, through its pursed lips.

Von Vogel stared for a moment perplexed.

"We've got to get it!" he said ruefully. "That stone is worth four thousand marks."

Again Dotendorf attempted to argue with the cupidity of the other.

"For the love of God, don't bother it Colonel!" he whispered. Your fortune is already so great one stone the less will not affect it. Leave that one for Akkamemnon! See, he has swallowed it! It is fate—it is a warning!"

Von Vogel's eyes glittered strangely.

"We've got to get it!" he repeated. "That stone is worth four thousand marks!—Do you hear? Four thousand marks!"

He caught up a chisel from the table, inserted it in Akkamemnon's mouth, and prized with all the strength of his great muscles. The teeth came open with a crack, one shelling off, and the Colonel stuck in his fingers.

The next moment the yell of a madman rumbled through the corridors of the old building. The chisel had fallen out, and the mummy's teeth had snapped upon the Colonel's hand like a vise.

Dotendorf rushed to the assistance of his officer but was waved away with a peremptory gesture. Regaining possession of his steel, the older man raised it aloft, and smashed Akkamemnon's skull with a single blow.

Staggering back, he now raised his freed hand to the light of the electric globe. Already it was swollen and the color of leprosy up to the wrist. Blood trickled from a wound in the forefinger, and dripped to the breast of the mummy.

"What virus!" said Von Vogel, watching it. "One wouldn't have thought that poison could slumber for such a time and still be so strong!"

"It is the white death!" murmured Dotendorf, stag-

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gering back in turn, white as a ghost.

Von Vogel turned for the second time upon his assistant, the picture of rage, and raised his chisel. Before he could strike a convulsive shudder seized him from head to foot.

"God!" he murmured. "I—I can't breathe!

And now he reeled, only saving himself from falling by clutching the table. His chin trembled; his eyes were pin points of fire. Then, with a groan and a rattle of the throat, he fell prostrate upon the body of Akkamemnon—and was still.

"The white death!" screamed Dotendorf. And like a child he kept repeating: "The white death—the white death—the white death!"

In a moment, without so much as a look at the treasure spread out before him, he fled through the door, which slammed behind him.

A few seconds later he had gained the outside of the house, his big body had bounded across the patch of light, and he had disappeared in the drifting snow.

—Germaine Bouquet, '22.

The Way of Life

I pondered once that oft the days
Of sunshine in my heart,
Are days when all the world outside
Is grim and gray and dark.

And oft when earth has fairest hue,
With blue skies, cloudless, fair,
My heart is heavy with its load
Or sorrow and of care.

But now I know that after all,
The sunshine in my heart,
Can only come with work well done,
In fair days or in dark.

—Bess Barton, '23.

Booth Tarkington

"A good story well told" is what is desired when we search for something to read; and this is ever a characteristic of Booth Tarkington's work. The tired reader always finds his books interesting, charming and clever, not filled with treatises on any subject in which the author alone may be interested, but filled with real people, with real lives put into fiction, with a deep and genuine vein of humor.

His sense of humor is one of the greatest forces in his character and it is thought by some that his advance would be swifter had he not such a conservative force in his nature. But in spite of his handicap, it is marvelous the many different styles in which Tarkington is able to write, or rather the many different types of people he understands so well. His *John Carvel* which is a historical romance is very different from his other books although it was published in the same year as, *The Gentleman from Indiana*. *Monsieur Beaucaire* is one of the most, if not the most charming of his books. It is a novelette of the best sort. Once is not enough to read this "minature historical romance," but it may be enjoyed time after time. *Monsieur Beaucaire* is in a class by itself among

its author's work, but we know that in spite of this work the author hates any misrepresentation of reality, or any phraseology assumed as a fashion, or for effect. One critic says that Booth Tarkington's sense of fact accounts for his artistic virtues, and for his lack of range.

The heroines in some of his books show that he attempts to make them attractive, healthy, and capable. How the eighteenth century reformer would be shocked in his modern Helen Sherwood, who, although reared in ease and idleness, undertook from a sense of gratitude the business or running of the newspaper of a man whom she had known for only a few days.

The writer with great skill and talent showed that he had studied contemporary manners in the "*Gentleman from Indiana*," which is a portrayal of the policies and social life of a small town in that state. Although the reader may never have been to Indiana he experiences all the pleasure of it and really feels as though he had taken a trip to Carlow County, the scene of the story. Mr. Tarkington has what many writers have not, the power to make his readers love him, and in reading, "*The Gentleman From Indiana*," it

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seems probable that the author himself must be well beloved by the ones about him as was the hero, John Harkless. One reason for the authors understanding the Indiana people so well is that his home is in Indiana. In fact he was born at Indianapolis. It was while pursuing a business career there, he found gifts in himself as a writer, especially of realistic and romantic stories. His first book met with instant success and the next was subsequently dramatized and produced by Richard Mansfield. In 1902 he entered politics as a member of the legislature.

Mr. Tarkington is also famous on account of his study of the American boy. This is manifested in the great charm and lightness of touch shown in his "Seventeen," "Penrod," and "Ramsey Milholland," although humor is their outstanding characteristic. Naturally one would think that this group would appeal mostly to children, but it is advised that every

person over fifty should read them, especially "Seventeen," for every man will see a picture of himself in the adolescent love affairs of William Baxter. It is almost perfect in the understanding of the tragedies, love affairs, comedies and problems of childhood. How could an older person read it and not live again his youth or sigh and wish that he were young again?

Although the first half of "Penrod" is considered not very well done, the latter half is delightful. Many readers think that his two negroes rival some of Mark Twain's characters in interest.

Although Tarkington's books do not strive to instruct, they give many examples of the faults and good traits of American people. Time alone can show the endurance of his work, but it is improbable that they will ever lose their charm and fascination for the American reader.

Marie Askins, '21.

Bird Notes

When I am happy
and all goes well,
It seems to me
that I can tell
Each note and tune
of every bird,
Each little phrase
and every word.

—M. Fulmer, '23.

To a Friend

Your friendship is like a strong, high, tower,
To which my heart ascends,
And though the dark storm clouds may lower
Your friendship true defends.

What then if clouds be often gray,
And sorrows fall like rain?
I know these cannot last always,
The sun will shine again.

—Lois Ballenger, '22.

EDITORIALS

The Grind and the Real Student. Just where to place the fine line of demarcation between the grind and the real student is often a puzzling question. A grind is a person who tries to be a real student but uses the wrong methods in her efforts to become one. She is serious in her purpose but does not know how to attain it. She has the idea that a successful college life means excelling in one's classes; so she spends countless hours poring over her text books, never stopping to refresh her mind with a frivolous story or a timely article on questions of the day. She came to school "to get an education" and get it she must; at any cost.

In spite of all remonstrances from her friends she remains indoors all the afternoon grinding, grinding, grinding. Oh, perhaps she takes a fifteen minute walk before dinner sometimes, but she does it because she feels it to be her duty and even then plans not to lose any time, for you see, she can be planning her English theme for the next day while she walks.

She has no real conception of a well rounded college life. She would be dismayed at the thought of going to a reception or lyceum on Monday night when she has five classes straight on Tuesday. "Dear me!" she would exclaim, "I haven't time to go to such things. I have a whole book of history to read in less than two weeks."

Ask her anything you want to know about math or history and she can tell you without a moment's hesitation, but ask her who starred in the Furman-Clemson game and an intelligent answer would be an occasion for surprise.

Ordinary school intercourse and the chatty gossip of leisure moments are to her unknown. You may go to her room almost any night to ask about a certain lesson—but you never enter. You are confronted by a placard with "Please Don't Disturb" in large letters and you turn away with a groan. The grind is grinding. But the little world of school affairs goes on, and is hardly conscious of her existence.

The real student, on the other hand knows that studies hold a very important place in her college career, but they by no means constitute the whole of it. She does not confine herself to her room with only her books for company, but goes to the library and reads an occasional love story, looks over the magazines and newspapers and endeavors to get a general cultural background for her school work. She interests herself actively in athletics, in social affairs, in school organizations, and she lets no phase of school activity pass by without contributing its quota to her development as a human being.

She has learned that there are many things worth

while that are not in her books, and while she does not neglect her work, she takes advantage of every opportunity to broaden her interests and widen her sympathies. In this way she keeps her mind more clear and active and is better able to prepare her lessons when the time for real work comes.

Is the picture overdrawn? Upon examining our list of acquaintances we find numerous girls who correspond in greater or less degree to the two outstanding types. We would all like to excel in our studies, but sometimes we find our ambitions deadened because of the grind. Let us then remember that even our studies are better for the admixture of a little of the saving grace of common sense; that it is more often the girl of well developed interests rather than the grind, who leads in scholarship.

Concerning Christmas Giving.

Are you worrying about what you will give your friends at Christmas? Is your list already long, and yet every day you think of someone else that you simply can't leave out? Have you ever thought, "Oh, I wish I didn't have to give presents!" Will you not stop and think for a moment of what the spirit of Christmas really means?

Long ago when the wise men found the Babe in Bethlehem, they offered him gifts, the best gifts that they had. Thus they worshipped and expressed their love for Him. Since then men give gifts to each other in remembrance of that time, and to show their thanks to God for his great gift to men. If he were here on earth, would we not present our gifts to Him, rather than to each other? That being the case, then why do we not use the means that we have of giving to Him? He himself has said that, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." He also said, "Feed my lambs." What an opportunity is ours at this Christmas of giving to Christ! In Central and Southeastern Europe to-day there are three million five hundred thousand little children who will perish this winter unless they get aid from America. If you have read the November issues of **The Literary Digest** you cannot but feel that you must help in this great cause. We read that ten dollars will provide a child with shoes, woolen stockings, an over-coat, and food for the winter. Up to November 17, one half million dollars was raised but twenty-three millions are needed. In the same magazine many instances are given of liberal contributions that have been made, many of which meant sacrifice for the giver.

We feel that because we are school-girls and do not earn money for ourselves that we are excused from

such appeals. But do we not have money for other things that we wish? Doubtless we are planning to spend quite a sum on our friends for Christmas gifts, which we know they do not need, but we dare not strike them off our list for fear we will be embarrassed by receiving gifts when we have not given in return. Why should we not write a note to our friends before

Christmas, telling them that their gifts have gone to save the life of a child? Imagine that you yourself received such a note. Would it not make you much happier to know that you had helped feed a starving child, than to receive a trivial gift which you enjoy to-day, and to-morrow lay by and forget?

ORGANIZATIONS



Edith Ouzts, Editor.

Should an outsider ask a G. W. C. girl, "What is considered the most important organization of your college?", she would reply, "Our Y. W. C. A!" The Y. W. A., the literary societies and the athletic association are all of great importance and necessary to college life, but to the Y. W. C. A. every college girl and faculty member is invited and should feel it her duty to attend. In other words, it is the One organization that takes a keen interest in every girl. At its meetings are moulded the characters that lead in other college activities.

It might be well for us to keep in mind that the Y. W. C. A. is a great national organization and remember that tho only a part, we are a part and one that counts, and that we are working in cooperation with similar associations thruout the country.

The purpose of the National Association is:

1. "To lead students to faith in God thru Jesus Christ;
2. To lead them into membership and service in the Christian Church;
3. To promote their growth in Christian faith and character, especially thru the study of the Bible;
4. To influence them to devote themselves, in united effort with all Christians, to making the will of Christ effective in human society, and to extending the Kingdom of God thruout the world."

Our local Y. W. C. A. has planned great things for this year and has already accomplished things noteworthy. We feel justified in being proud of our president, Miss Helen Harris, who is ever striving to uphold Y. W. C. A. ideals. Among the first meetings of the term, the following policy, which was drawn up by the president and cabinet, was adopted:

1. "To uphold and foster the "Big-sister" plan;
2. To uphold the high standard of honor in all college relations;
3. To aid in the elimination of all useless gossip;

The "Big-sister" plan is an excellent one and will be of great value to the underclassmen. The plan is

for each Senior and Junior to select a Sophomore or a new girl as her "sister," and thereby create among the girls a spirit of helpfulness and sisterly devotion. The chosen sister should feel free to ask her "Big-sister's" advice on anything that happens to puzzle her, or to feel that her troubles and pleasures are her sister's troubles and pleasures. On the other hand, Big-sister will keep an ever watchful eye over her little sister and offer suggestions or help whenever it is needed.

When we pledge ourselves "to uphold the high standard of honor," we do not refer only to examinations, but to our every day class work and to all college relations. It is just as wrong to deliberately copy work for a daily recitation as to do so on an examination; and a wrong act, or failure to report when it should have been done, is wrong, whether it is made known or not. These things have been realized and as a result we see the girls pledging themselves to uphold the high honor standard.

"Gossip," and especially that gossip around a college, is a thing that should be stamped out! How often girls crowd in a room and make remarks about their friends! Little things, yes—but remember it is these small things that lead to large ones.

This year, for the first time, the Young Woman's Christian Association is to send a "U. F. R." to Blue Ridge. The "U. F. R." is an Undergraduate Field Representative, who is elected by the Association and sent to the Blue Ridge Conference. Our Representative is Miss Cleo Hendricks, who, in June, will represent our Y. W. C. A. At this time seven U. F. R.'s, from the different colleges, are elected to go to Richmond, where they will meet with Miss Young and build up laws for the Association. From this conference at Richmond one representative is chosen to attend the National Convention.

A Blue Ridge Conference Committee was appointed by our cabinet to raise money for sending the delegate. On Saturday night, Dec. 4, 1920, the "Mock Orchestra" gave a very interesting program, charging ten cents admission. The amount raised was twenty-four

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dollars; this is to be used to help cover the expenses of the delegate.

Another very important phase of the Y. W. C. A. is the work of its Social Service Committee. At present, they are doing social work at Vardry mill village. Several members of the committee, accompanied by others, who are interested in the work, visit the village on Saturday afternoons. They play with the children, teach them games and songs, and tell them stories. Plans for a Christmas party for the little ones are now being worked out.

In connection with the Y. W. C. A., I should like to make clear to you the difference between the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. W. A. The Y. W. C. A., the purpose

of which I have given, is a national association to which all denominations are invited. On the other hand, the Y. W. A. is a Baptist association, and at its meetings various topics of interest to Baptist girls are studied and discussed. Our local president is Miss Emily Askins. Mrs. Davis and Miss Tyler recently visited the Y. W. A. and brought inspiring messages.

It is of incalculable value to any girl to be a member of these splendid organizations. No girl can afford to let her worship, which is the most essential part of her life, be neglected. The attitude of the body of girls at G. W. C. toward the Y. W. C. A. is remarkable. There's an interest in it and a desire to make it all that it should be, that is not found in most places.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Mae Jones, Editor.

Athletics is playing a great part in the life of the college this year. There has been a spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation noticeable among the whole student body. We have more college spirit this year than ever before. The girls have taken their places on the field with plenty of "pep" and a greater number of girls have come out for basket-ball than ever before. The new girls have readily fallen into line and everything indicates a year of the greatest accomplishments.

Class teams have been organized and there are good prospects for a varsity team that will compete with any college in the state.

We are fortunate indeed in having two competent coaches in basket-ball, here in the college, viz: Misses Burton and Decker. They have rendered in-

valuable services in organizing the class teams.

The annual Blue and Gold Basket-ball game was played on Thanksgiving morning at 9 a. m. The game was well attended by town spectators and Furman "Hornets." Every girl was out with her colors flying and "rooting" for her team. The Blues succeeded in holding the 'loving cup' for another year.

Three of the class games will be played before Christmas and two after the holidays. The champion team will be awarded a block letter. Which will it be?

A walking club has been organized for those who cannot take "gym". Sallie Powe was elected manager. A tennis club with Mary Anderson as manager, is getting in some good practice now, for the tennis tournament soon to be held.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Virginia Quick, Editor.

An Interesting Occasion.

Yesterday afternoon, November 12, the Executive Committee of the G. W. C. Alumnae Association celebrated one of the most unique, interesting and important meetings in the history of the college. The occasion was the installing of a fire-proof safe for the keeping of records and all material contributing to this romantic story. The principal speaker of the occasion was Rev. J. L. Vass, professor of History at Furman University. Prof. Vass gave in a splendid and scholarly style an outline of the ways and means of research through the ancient and medieval periods of the race. Mr. Vass closed his remarks by commending the Alumnae for their initial step in the preservation of the College historical data.

The Executive Board of College Trustees was present. Dr. Quick, as pastor of the First Baptist church and a trustee of the College, made a few remarks expressing his desire to see the College made a standard A 1 college. He felt that the historical background and the importance of the education of our daughters should be a call to the Baptists of the state to standardize this institution.

Dr. Ramsay made a five minute talk in which he spoke of his connection with the board of trustees and of the great life Miss Judson has given the college, her period of service having reached from its early history to these later modern days.

Mr. G. Furman Norris, chairman of the G. W. C. Board of Trustees, in a happy style spoke interest-

ingly of the past. Mr. Norris said that at one time there were boards and the "President of the college was in love with half the boarders."

Mrs. A. G. Furman, a former president of the association, gave a good deal of advice to the association workers.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Jas. H. Machen, a member of the local board of trustees.

The whole body stood and sang "America," Mrs. G. Furman Norris at the piano.

A rising vote of thanks was given Mr. Vass for his excellent address.

The meeting was held in an upstairs room of the "Orr Building," now the "Alumnae Building," which is occupied by the Mary C. Judson Library. At the close of the session those present marched downstairs to the safe. Mrs. Wilbur Harris read a poem written by a friend of the College for the occasion. Rev. J. N. Wrenn offered prayer, after which Mrs. J. D. Hughey, faithful president of the association, with appropriate remarks placed the parcel of records in the safe. Thus closed an event fraught with much romantic and unwritten interest, both past, present and future, the autumn glory about lending enchantment indescribable to the occasion.

The call for historical data is repeated. Address all material to Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, Corresponding Secretary, College St., Greenville, S. C.

Japanese Operetta Presented by College Girls.

The Operetta was conducted by J. Oscar Miller and staged by Ida Robbins Buist. Great care and patience has been exercised in the training of the characters who will take part, and it is said that the music is especially attractive. The libretto is by Jennie Quinton Rosse, with music by Charles Vincent.

The Alumnae Association of G. W. C. has assumed the financial end, all the proceeds going to the college library.

1865.

Mrs. W. H. Townsend (Hattie Hay) of Columbia, S. C., passed away in March, 1920.

1881.

Miss Hettie Goldsmith was in New York City last summer, taking special work in English under Dr. Trent, at Columbia University.

1890.

A few words that come from across the seas, from Mrs. John Lake (Carrie Bostick), class 1890:

"And what of the college these days? I greatly enjoyed your 'Courier' article about the Alumnae luncheon and have only one suggestion to make; Whenever any of you write about the 'old girls,' we, who are away over here at the end of the earth and

haven't been able to keep up with the changes that take place from year to year, would know better to whom reference is made if the girlhood name is inserted in each case, in a parenthesis just after the married name."

Miss Fannie Watkins has returned to Winthrop college, where she is an instructor in mathematics, after spending a summer studying at Columbia University, N. Y.

1893.

Miss Eliza McGee passed away at her home in Greenville, S. C., August 22, 1920.

Class 1896.

Mrs. W. R. Earle (Maud Natherland) spent last summer in New York City, where she studied at Columbia University.

1903.

Miss Emmie McGee of Greenville, S. C., is spending the winter in N. Y. City.

1909.

Mrs. J. E. Clinkscale (Mary A. Gilreath) and family have returned to Greenville, where they are now making their home.

1911.

To Jessie (Bryant) Hicks (Mrs. Elijah), a son, at Florence, S. C.

Miss Nina E. Entzminger has returned to Greenville and is again a member of the faculty of G. W. C., after a year of study in New York, under Augusta Cotlow.

Miss Gladys McGee has returned to N. Y. City where she has resumed her study of music in the Walter Damrosch School of Music.

1912.

Sarah Lee Earle is now principal of Poe Mill School.

Marriage: Urma Black to Paul Whitaker, at Bamberg, S. C.

To Hazel (Gilreath) Taylor (Mrs. John S.) a daughter, at Greenville, S. C.

1913.

Miss Dorothy Mahon is teaching expression in a college at Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

Miss James W. Perry has been elected chairman of the Greenville County G. W. C. Booster's club.

Marriage: Theresa Sanders to Jesse Jackson. They are living in Columbia, S. C., where Mr. Jackson is connected with S. C. State University.

Marriage: Eualine E. Sullivan to Frank G. Warner, on Oct. 14, at Greenville, S. C.

1914.

Marriage: Anna L. Sanders to Dr. N. B. Morgan, at Union, S. C. Alice Belle Aiken to Ira Lee Griffin

The Isaqueena

at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Ann Orr Brock to Samuel Reid at Honea Path, S. C.

1915.

Miss Margaret H. Beattie has had the honor of having a poem published in a collection made from the best of all college poems of the country.

Venita Cureton is teaching in N. C.

Mrs. J. E. Burnside (Ellen Newton) spent the Thanksgiving holidays at G. W. C.

1916.

To Joella (Davidson) La Motte (Mrs. M. G), a daughter, at Norfolk, Va.

Marriages: Helen Seyle to Robert Hellams at Greenville, S. C. Laurie Best to Belton Plowden at Allendale, S. C. Ella Mae Smith to Brooks Walker. Martha Bull to Johnson Hunter at Greenville, S. C.

To Miranda (Waters) Duckett (Mrs. Charlie), a daughter, Marion Jean at Florence, S. C.

Lela White is now in the Baptist Hospital at Columbia, S. C., where she is studying in preparation for her M. D. degree.

1917.

Marriage: Marion Smith to Miles Hunter at Kinards, S. C. Louise Moore to Charles W. Patterson at McCormick, S. C.

Ex. 1917.

Priscilla Poteat has returned to Greenville and is teaching music at Monaghan Mill.

Cassaudra Asbury is instructor of Domestic Science in the Chester High School, Chester, S. C.

To Alice (Callahan) Carurle (Mrs. A. B.) a daughter, at Edgefield, S. C.

1918.

Marriages: Agnes Jenkins to E. L. Miller, at Greenville, S. C. Claire Smith to John Lucus at Timmons ville, S. C. Kate Miller to Grover W. Palmer, at Purline, S. C. Lucile McLendon to James Mauldin, at Timmons ville, S. C. Ruth Rucker to J. E. Bryson of Greenville.

1918.

To Mary Frances (Kibler) Holley (Mrs. H. E.), a son, at Aiken, S. C.

Sarah Owens is in Birmingham, Ala., where she is connected with one of the newspapers. Sarah created quite a sensation last spring by her article on "Jay-walking."

Catherine Harris is in the Baptist Training School in Louisville, Ky.

Lavinia Keys is connected with city play ground work in Greenville, S. C.

Mattie Osborne has returned to G. W. C. to resume her studies and thereby add another degree to her name.

Annette Robertson is in Marion Institute at Marion, Ala., where she continues to do secretarial work.

Lois Loftis has returned to G. W. C. to take an A. B. degree with class of 1921.

Rosa Payne spent the summer in New York City, where she took the summer course offered by Columbia University.

1919.

Marriages:

Gladys Campbell to John Lipscomb of Greenville, S. C., at Bennettsville, S. C.

Clara W. Phillips to Wm. Schwiers of Greenville, S. C.

Rita Polk to Edgar Heap at Estill, S. C. They now live in Florence, S. C.

Etea T. Walker to Rodger Peace at Greenville, S. C.

Mary Anderson to Daniel Cochrane, at Greenville, S. C.

Theo Tyler to L. Gordon Hill at Norway, S. C.

Martha Peace to Bert Knight, at Greenville, S. C. They are making their home in Lake City, S. C.

Essie Meares to J. Wilbert Wood, at Nicholls, S. C. They now live in Atlanta, Ga.

Carrie Leb Whitmire to D. L. Williams, at Greenville, S. C.

Laura Butler is teaching in Oaklawn School, Greenville, S. C.

Mamie Allen is teaching in Chester, S. C.

Mabel Byrd is teaching English in the High School at Florence, S. C. She took her A. B. degree at Dennison University in June, 1920.

Mildred U. Costner is in Augusta, Ga., where she is in training at the University Hospital.

Caroline Easley is in Granville, Ohio, where she entered the senior class at Dennison University.

Nada Green has returned to Greenville, where she is teaching.

Mary Holliday is spending the year at her home in Conway, S. C.

Christabel Mayfield is teaching in the Academy of G. W. C.

Elizabeth Seyle is teaching in Union, S. C.

Marion Wassum is now living in Birmingham, Ala.

Mary Corpening is teaching Latin and Science in the High School at Latta, S. C., She took her A. B. degree from Dennison University, June, 1920.

Dorothy Starbuck is studying in New York City.

Elizabeth Little is teaching in Greenville, S. C.

Ex 1919—Isabella Poteat now lives in N. Y. City. She took her A. B. degree from Meredith college, June, 1919.

The Isaqueena

1920.

Rawie Jones is teaching French in the Academy at G. W. C.

Belle Barton is teaching in Greenville, S. C.

Martha Peace, Myrtle Loftis, Jennie Cox of '19 took their A. B. degree in June, 1920.

Marriage: Ilene Harling to H. H. Smith, Jr., Oct. 10, 1920, at Edgefield, S. C.

Ex-1922.

Frances Earle and Annie Bristow entered Junior Class of Goucher College this fall.

Ex-1923.

Margaret Shields of Scranton, Pa., is in Russell Sage College, N. Y.

Sarah Geer has entered Hollins College in Virginia.

The Alumnae editor would appreciate any information or corrections of the list of graduates. We realize that the catalogued list is not correct as we have to depend on information given by chance and which does not come officially from class secretaries. Such facts should be sent to the alumnae editor: Home address, 316 W. McBee, Ave, Greenville, S. C.

EXCHANGES

Bess Barton, Editor.

In this, our first issue of **The Isaqueena**, we wish to express our appreciation of the magazines that have already come to us and to say that we are looking forward with much pleasure to the receipt of others.

It seems to us that, as is generally the case during the first months of each session, the magazines, as a whole, have not yet reached the usual standard of excellence. Judging from our own experience, we would say this is due to lack of time both for gaining the active interest of the student body, and for the work itself.

The story, "Kiai," alone would have made **The Furman Echo** worthy of notice. This story is remarkable both for its diction, its setting, and for its touch of philosophy and deep human interest. Much less praiseworthy is the other story, "The New Hired Man," if only because of the absurdity of the plot. The essays lack freshness of thought and style. Indeed the very themes themselves, such as "Tennyson's Poetry," rather preclude any freshness of treatment. The magazine contains no poetry worthy of mention.

The only two stories in **The Acorn**, "The Last Laugh," and "Knowing Dick" evidence immaturity of thought both in word, choice and plot. The essay "Thomas Mott Osborne" is well-worked out, although the theme is a too-oft treated one.

The Carolinian introduces a new and interesting

feature in publishing a play, although this particular play "The Gambling of Molly" is of no very great value. With some trepidation, we would suggest that the magazines from the men's colleges publish stories with less sentimentality and more real sentiment. Then we would probably not guess before reading the story that "His Greatest Gift" was his love.

By far the best magazine that has come to us is **The Winthrop Journal** for November. Without the exception of a single article this magazine evidences a superior literary merit unusual in a college publication. We would mention particularly the story, "Exiled By His Own" as containing a startling amount of local color to have been written by one whose information is supposedly second hand. The editorials are distinctly alive and interesting. To all the Exchanges, we would commend a careful inspection of the **Journal** with a view to profiting not only by its thoroughly organized and well developed plan, but by remarkably pleasing appearance.

We received copies of **The Carolinian**, **The Acorn**, **The Newberry Stylus**, **The Furman Echo**, **The Clemson Chronicle**, **The Erskinian**, **The Orion**, **Wofford College Journal**, **College of Charleston Magazine**, **The Winthrop Journal**, **The Hampton Chronicle** and the following papers: **The Tiger**, **The Hornet**, **The Orange and Blue**, **The Technician**.

JOKES

Davis Padgett.

Located at Last.

Miss Gebhardt: Where is the kingdom of Utopia supposed to be?

A. Hall: In the Library! I saw it there yesterday.

Hamlet to Date.

We are all interested in that school for boys—not Furman boys this time, but discharged soldiers at the Public Health Service Hospital. One clever fellow recently accounted for himself as follows:

“I’m out here to find out whether I have T. B. or not. T. B. or not T. B.—that is the question.”

Thanks, Poe, Old Chap!

Once upon a midnight dreary, sat Miss Pipkin weak and weary,

English C. themes quaint and curious, laboriously poring o’er.

While the grammar was so shocking, suddenly there came a knocking,

As of a timid Junior knocking, knocking at her bedroom door.

“Some late paper,” she said weakly, “seeking entrance through my door—

Only that and nothing more.

Suddenly she grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,

“Girl,” she called out, your loud knocking I desire to ignore.

For the grammar was so shocking, when so timidly you came knocking,

And so faintly you came knocking, knocking at my bedroom door,

That I did not want to hear you”—Came a theme under the door.

Quoth Miss Pipkin, “Anymore?”
Kathleen Childress, '22.

The Tie That Binds.

Jones: I’ll bet more couples are married in that parsonage than anywhere else on earth.

Brown: Indeed? It’s more than a parsonage then—sort of a Union Station.

Blessed Relief.

Student: The privileges of university students in the Middle Ages were exemption from taxation and from millinery duty.

The Latest.

Our President is strong and straight,
Hair black, unfurrowed brow;
He looks so young, and yet—strange fate
He is a grandpa now!

An Artist.

Student: My doctor is strong on interior decoration:

Friend: How is that?

Student: He’s always painting the interior of my throat with iodine.

Addition to Curriculum.

New Prep. Student: Have you a course under Miss Gardner?

Fellow Student: No. What does she teach?

N. P. Student: Education and Cyclopaedia.

A Letter.

Dear Santa Claus:— I write to you
To let you know my greatest need.
My wants, you know, are very few;
There’s just one thing for which I plead.

I want a pen, dear Santa Claus?
A fountain pen that won’t give out—
That still will write and never pause,
No matter what I am about.

For instance, if we’re making fudge,
Or down town at a picture show,
That pen will keep right on—the drudge—
Recording things I ought to know.

My science notebook it will fill,
And do my work for English B;
It won’t get mixed and write to Bill
About what Jack has said to me.

So, Santa, give me this, I pray,
And let me rest my weary brain.
If help can’t come by Christmas Day,
I fear I can not stand the strain.

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

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

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

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is on one of the great thoroughfares of the South. It is an old educational center and maintains the best ideals of our people in the midst of a great material prosperity. The advantages and opportunities of such a community are educational by-products of no small value. Along with these must be mentioned Greenville's climate and health. The air and water are perfect. The college in all of its sixty-six 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 B. A., B. Mus. are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Department of Art, and Expression.

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, 1921.

For further information apply to

David M. Ramsay, Th. M., D. D., President

Or ROSA C. PASCHAL, Dean.



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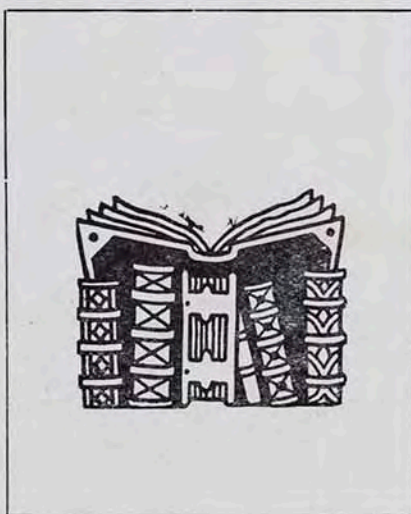
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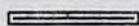
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