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The Isaqueena - 1921, March

Martha Osborne
Greenville Woman's College

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THE ISAQUEENA

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Spring in Carolina

LAD Spring's in Carolina!
I heard her creep across the field
With murmur of the South Wind soft,
And trailing light across the grass
I saw her gossamer robes glide by,
Then sweet she whispered through the trees,
Whose fresh green leaves rejoice at her loved presence.
Sweet Spring's in Carolina!

Gay Spring's in Carolina!
I see her gleam in violets blue,
And smile in golden daffodils,
While purple lilac plumes adorn,
Her stately gracious head;
The joyous crocus welcome her
With upturned, smiling faces.
Fair Spring's in Carolina!

Here's Spring in Carolina!
The fragrance of the fresh turned sod,
The balmy South-Wind, flower-laden,
The joyous air of greening earth
All herald her returning.
And winter winds are just behind,
And summer breezes wait before,
And all the earth is fair and gay,
Today in Carolina!

—Mary Seyle.
In 1917 a book was published, entitled "From Coast to Coast with Jack London," purporting to have been written by a tramp, styling himself "A No. 1," and dedicated to Jack London and Mrs. Jack London.

This book has been sold on railroad trains and at magazine stations all over the country; and it has as one of its chief attractions an autographed letter, written by London himself and beginning, "In memory of happy hours with you."

The incidents of this queer little book are very amusing.

In the first chapter London meets the hobo in the city park of a great California city, in answer to an advertisement in the paper suggesting a hobo partnership. At this meeting London, the youngster, soon assumes leadership over the seasoned tramp, and suggests—without a cent in his pocket—a trip around the world. The two finally agree to this, and unusual things begin to happen.

Once while London is boarding a freight train, he meets a number of young fellows who have been persuaded to leave home by an experienced hobo-thief. He overhears the conversation between these people, and learns their plans which would undoubtedly have led at last to prison. At the first opportunity which offers, he opens the freight-door, takes the old rascal by the back of his neck, and send him sprawling into a nearby field, while the train rushes madly on. Thereupon he convinces the boys that there is nothing like "Home Sweet Home," and finally persuades them to go back to mother.

Another of these adventures—London and A No. I land in Utah, without a cent and half starved to death. They search for a job in order to buy food. They come to a store, but the store-keeper refuses to have anything to do with them. On the contrary, he calls them "dirty hounds," and commands them to live decently—under threat of arrest.

Right here, however, the storekeeper makes a fearful mistake. He uses himself as an example of industry and goes on to tell the hoboes that he made plenty of money, rides in Pullmans, and that he does this by making medicine with his own hands—by the use of water and coloring. That this stuff was sold to widows and children and sick people—

Before he can finish, London jumps at the man, lands several blows with his heavy fists, and leaves him with a black eye and a broken arm.

"So he thinks that's more honest than the way we are trying to travel!" he mutters. "I'll show him!"—And show him he did;

London and A No I never finish their trip, according to this book. They contract malaria in the dismal swamps of the west and are finally glad to get back home, where they lie in bed for several weeks, more dead than alive. Upon recovery, the two men part company, and London's mother persuades him to get a good job—and live honorably.

Whether or not these stories are true is not known; but they are certainly characteristic of Jack London.

London was a rabid socialist, and believed in the rights of the common people. He was always preaching the rights of the under dog, and he received the inspiration for a great number of his writings from the elbow touch with ordinary humanity. He was the Marat of California, and the Zola of its literature. Had he lived the life he wrote, and put his opinions into conduct, he would have been one of the world's great reformers.

He did not do this, but nevertheless he is always interesting. Whether struggling as a boy for the success which comes slowly, or prowling over the seas in a small boat with Charmain his wife; whether reporting as a special correspondent the Jeffries-Johnson prize-fight, or fishing in the North-west with his diamond ring for bait; whether drinking a crowd of lusty young students under the table in a great university, or writing strange stories, he is one of the most interesting figures of all literature.

II.

Jack London was born in Oakland, California. He was the son of a poor family, and in his younger days worked on the farm—as did the whole family. But he did not like routine work, and drifted from one odd job to another.

It was in the sixteenth year of his life that London decided upon the sea as the great adventure.

And here began the pathetic struggle, which was to continue throughout his life—the struggle with John Barleycorn. Associated with rough seamen, he drank—not because he loved alcohol—for he could not endure it—but because he wanted to show these men that he, too, was a man among men, that he could stand as much as they, and that he was their equal in capacity for drink as well as in strength. He wanted their friendship, and that was the way offered him to get it.

London, healthy, robust youngster that he was, soon became associated with the oyster pirates—a crowd of down-and-outers, thieves, murderers and what not. He didn't stay with this crowd long, however, for the roving spirit gave him no rest. He had the call of the sea in his ears; and to sea he went, putting his big body and healthy muscles into action.

He went to Japan, Chili, Hawaii, and on these trips he was of course associated with the roughs and toughs of the world, but he never got lower than the taverns. With others of this lowly hered, John Barley-
corn was forever his companion. He wanted friends—always friends, and in the saloon he got them. Indeed the saloon was the home of his lusty kind. One warmed his feet, ate a bite, met his friends, swore if he felt like it, sang, discussed anything he wished in the saloon. No wonder the saloon saw a lot of a man like London—a man in search of the friendship denied him elsewhere.

He was now living the life his spirit craved. He was a man among men. He was living the wild life. John Barleycorn "set the maggots of his brain whirling"; and stirred his imagination. He could drink them all off their feet—he was a good sailor on land as well as on the sea.

"I was a man—a god!" he said.

Returned to America at last, London went to his home in Oakland, and secured a job in a laundry. He never grew tired of his denunciation of this atmosphere. How this sort of drudgery must have seared his soul! In at least two of his books he paints its awful prosaic misery. Not an oasis in the desert—except when he met the girls.

But London was soon to have a rise in life!

It was about this time that he began to think of higher things than common toil. He began to go to the library, and to read books. He went to night school, and then to high school, but he was not satisfied. He studied all the time—night and day—and finally decided on college.

With a man of London's type, to wish is to will. He went to college—and stayed there—until one day the professor (blind idiot) told him that it would be a disgrace to the college to let him finish in three months what it took other students two years to do.

Thereupon London left the institution, decided to let career go hang—and got drunk!

Finally he went to work again, but he was never the same man. He had had a taste of higher things, and whether he knew it or not, his career had been decided. He felt that he wanted something more beautiful than he was getting in the life he lived—and at last felt the necessity of creating these beautiful dreamed-of things.

And here began his career as an author.

He started with short stories and shorter poems, which he sent to the magazines. They were returned with great regularity. But London stuck to it. He knew he could make good—and at last he did!

After he had pawned his bicycle and his suit to get the money to keep his manuscripts in the mail, he succeeded in getting one published. Others followed. The Call of the Wild made him famous; and success, which had knocked at his door, came in to stay.

From then on to his sudden death, Jack London was said to be one of the highest paid authors in the world over a million dollars were made by him in the space of a few years.

III.

Jack London was a most prolific writer. His travels were wide, his acquaintances many, and, like most writers, he got his themes from his own experiences. Dog life in Alaska, romances of the South Sea Islanders, prize fights, struggles of the under dogs of America, children of the Dead End in London—all these things and many others move through his pages. And his habit of writing a thousand words a day would necessarily make the output prodigious.

But all of his work is interesting—perhaps because, on account of his experiences, he knew what he was talking about.

To a great extent he was a realist, but not always accurate in his observations. He was a socialist, hot in his views, and sometimes the warmth of his views colors his facts. But at most unexpected moments, the poetry of pure romance will crop out, lending a sort of fragrance to the dullest things.

"The Call of the Wild"—the book which first made him famous—is a study of the life of a dog which under the influence of environment in Alaska, goes back to the first type—reverts to nature.

"The Call of the Wild" is the story of a prize fight, artistically done, but ending wrong. Reading it, one feels that London has allowed himself to get too close to the French realists, Zola and the rest; and has sought too much for the effect of cruelty, relentless life, animal instinct, hopelessness of love. The heroine loses her husband at the last minute, just as he has succeeded in covering himself with glory in the ring—he gets killed by a cave-man, a character London delights in painting. The little book arouses the feeling one gets after reading Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Life is too short for a man to study life for no other purpose than to paint its hideousness.

"John Barleycorn" is almost an autobiography,—in which the hero is London, in the grip of the monster, Drink.

"Martin Eden," my personal favorite, is another semi-autobiography. It purports to be a novel, and paints the feelings and doings of a number of characters, but London says in "John Barleycorn" that he was the writer who educated himself and succeeded at the literary game in so short a time—as chronicled of Martin Eden. It also ends wrong. Eden drowns himself at sea—just at the moment of attaining success.

In the "Star-Rover," the author attempts the daring—describing the experiences of a man in a prison of California, who by some psychological experience, of
which he alone has the receipt, lives again all the lives he has had before the last earthly existence. This book is beautiful—pure poetry.

It makes one regret that London was taken away in the prime of life; and at the very beginning of wonderful achievements.
—Germaine Bouquet, '23.

Suggestions to a Butterfly

O, lazy little butterfly,
With wings of golden hue,
Why do you waste your time down here
Where pleasures are so few?

If I were blessed with lovely wings
Of gorgeous tints like you,
If I could leave this drab old earth
For fields of azure blue,

I’d light on the edge of a fleecy cloud,
And float and glide around,
’Till I came to the beautiful sunset land,
Where marvelous colors abound.

I’d revel in orange and green and gold
With purple on every side,
I’d wade through streams of heavenly blue
’Till my very soul was dyed.

Then I’d whisper to my little cloud
Of fairy gossamer made,
To carry me far to Elysian fields,
Where flowers never fade.

And there midst a beauty exotic and rare
Forever and ever I’d dwell,
A sipping the dew from the gay buttercups,
And lulled by a dainty blue bell.

—Marjorie Martin, '22.

Galsworthy’s Philosophy

"It is sometimes said that an artist never intrudes his personality into his work and that the great writers of the world have kept themselves so closely to themselves that their readers have never been able to discover anything of their faith or partialities. This is not only untrue, but it is also absurd, for how can any many hope to exclude himself from his creations, since without him the creations would not be." This statement comes from Mr. St. John J. Ervine, who says further: "I will personally undertake to give a fairly accurate account of the general character of any author after an attentive reading of all his writings." Some writers are direct revealers, as Shaw and Wells, and some are indirect revealers, as Shakespeare and Galsworthy. From the study of Mr. Galsworthy's novels, dramas, verses, satires, and political articles, we discern the indirect revealer, and discover a writer who is destitute of egotism. We feel that we are not reading his autobiography, when we read his work, but that we are sharing with him some of his life experiences. As we live through these experiences with him, we become interested not only in learning to know the real Mr. Galsworthy with his sensitiveness, his reticence and his love of fair play, but we come to have an in-
creasing respect for his views,—those ideas that help to make up the man.

Both as man and philosopher, Galsworthy’s most distinguishing characteristic is his love of the square deal. This trait is conspicuous both in his social views and in his manner of presenting them. With reference to his fairmindedness we have Henderson’s statement that “Galsworthy is a conspicuous contemporary example of the dramatist of complete impartiality and sincerity. He always states a case or situation without fear or favor, and in a style that clearly conveys to us that there are two sides to it. He is sincere in his motive when writing, and is impartial in his mode of development of the thought.

We have no trouble in following the thought expressed in Galsworthy’s works, as he writes in a vivid, decisive and clear manner, using definite phrases which follow each other with smoothness and rhythm. We get his thought in a good and most pleasing language form. A good example of his style is found in his definition of the course to be pursued by the artist. He says the duty of the artist is, “to set before the public no cut and dried codes.” The thought here is plainly expressed in everyday terms,—still they are well chosen and display his art in the choice and selection of words. He employs this same vivid and clear style in picturing for us the tragic and distasteful things of life. He does not hesitate in ruthlessly exposing the unpleasant and carnal side of man. Wm. Lyon Phelps says in commenting on his style as found in “The Dark Flower”, “Such a work has an unpleasantness that a writer of lower grade could not have produced.” It takes the artist to produce even the most distasteful literature, and though the theme of “The Dark Flower” does not reach the high standard usually attained by Galsworthy, no lesser artist could have produced it; and Phelps truly says of it that “Lillies that foster smell far worse than weeds.” The quality and exquisite style of Galsworthy used to express the regrets of lost physical youth, makes the work far more unpleasant than if it came from the pen of an inferior writer and thinker.

In the study of Galsworthy’s philosophy we stop to note and comment on the realism with which he pictures nature, sentiment, and character for us. In “The Dark Flower” we find some of the finest nature descriptions, as: “The chalets with their long, wide, burnt brown wooden balconies and low hanging eaves, jutting far beyond the walls; the bright dresses of the peasant women, the friendly little cream colored cows, with blunt smoke grey muzzles.” Again in “The Dark Flower” we have a most exquisite description: “What had moved her to put on this blue cloak? Blue of the sky and flowers, of bird’s wings and the black burning blue of the night. The hue of all holy things.” No better description than this can be found: “How like to a fire is a man’s heart! The first young fitful leaping, the sudden, fierce, mastering heat, the long steady slower burning, and then—that last flaming up, that clutch back at its own vanished youth!” In this comparison he pictures nature as revealing the emotions to him. How beautiful and suggestive is the picture!

Considering now Galsworthy’s philosophy, we find from a study of his works that he reveals his philosophy first liberally, then conservatively. He writes and speaks radically in some places and reservedly in others. When he says with reference to the sincerity of one’s writings that “Sincerity bars out no themes; it only demands that the dramatist’s moods and visions should be intense enough to keep him absorbed and that he should have something to say so engrossing to himself that he has no need to stray here and there,” we find a god example of his greater freedom of utterance. We see plainly from this statement that Galsworthy has no patience with the dramatist who is insincere and has so little to work on that he must hunt for something to say to complete his work. Galsworthy says also in this connection: “There are no short cuts to the good in art,” and we may know that the writer who fills his work with insincerity and subterfuges is making short cuts that never lead to any literary goal.

Henderson supports Galsworthy as the sincere dramatist when he says: “It is the sincere drama which Hankin, Barker, Houghton, Galsworthy and others are striving to create, the drama which shall make interesting on the stage the things which interest us in ordinary everyday life.” From this statement alone, we get the approval of the literary world, of the ideals and thoughts expressed in Galsworthy’s dramas, and are assured that a study of them will indeed repay us for the time spent in so doing.

The more radical views of Galsworthy are found expressed quite plainly in his novels, and in some of his plays, when he is dealing with the subject of honor in matrimony. In his novel “Fraternity” he pictures very vividly the difficulty of living with a person whom you have ceased to love. In this instance the man and wife drift apart, not because of other love affairs and interests, but because of the little indifferences they have continued to show to each other for a period of years. They are both conscious of the change in their feelings, but do not speak directly of it to each other. The husband finally becomes tired of living under such a farce and thinks it more honorable to break away from matrimonial bonds, than to live the lie—so he leaves his wife and seeks distraction, in another place with his story writing. Again in his play, “The Fugitive,” love has died on the part of the woman and she considers it more honorable to break marriage bonds by separation than to live with her husband.
without love. In these instances we feel that Galsworthy enjoins upon us the necessity of revolt against the tyranny of outworn customs and inspires us to shatter the ancient social rules which destroy the vitality and initiative of the human impulse. Still we gather, from the hardships which the woman in "The Fugitive" meets with after the revolt—which finally lead to suicide—that the ancient customs and rules in matrimony are the safer ones, especially for the welfare of woman kind.

From another angle in the study of Galsworthy's philosophy, we find him presenting the problem, stating the facts, and then leaving us adrift without a suggestion of solution from himself. It is then that he is most conservative when he merely presents the problem and offers no remedy. In his most notable drama, "Strife," he shows how the will of the Mass and the will of the Master conflicted in a battle of words, but he gives no answer to the problem as to how best to settle such a conflict. Henderson says of this play: "Criticism must make room for the new drama of discussion," and Thayer interprets it as the "Social Drama" demonstrating the need of social reform by presenting certain wrongs in our social system. The total lack of finality of decision is clearly shown and expressed in the closing remarks of two of the workmen:

"Tench (Staring at him—suddenly excited): D'you know, sir—these terms, they're the very same we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for?

"Harness (in a slow grim voice): "That's where the fun comes in!""

Whether the motive be to show a battle of wills or to plead for social reform, Galsworthy leaves it for us to decide.

Again the philosophy of the writer is disputed in connection with his play, "Justice." Galsworthy has declared conscientious purpose for redress of immediate social evils in the development of this play. Thayer says: "It is a story of social and prison reform and offers a common instance of the inability of the law to cope intelligently with individual delinquency. A social drama showing the treatment of the poor by the more fortunate." Henderson says that "a play like 'Justice' often fails to stir the emotions because of its extreme impassiveness—no taking of sides." In its development, the play truly gives us an insight into situations calling for prison reform, and pictures a true to life incident of how unconcerned the upper classes are in dealing with troubles connected with the less fortunate classes. One might well draw a two-fold lesson from the play—the need for social as well as the need for prison reform—but the individual reader is left to decide for himself.

In studying the philosophy of Galsworthy it is quite evident that he usually portrays the darker side of life in most of his writings. His novels, "Fraternity," and "The Dark Flower," his plays "Strife," "The Eldest Son," "Justice," "The Pigeon," "The Mob," and "The Fugitive," all picture the darker things in life. Observation of this phenomena in so many of his works, persuades us that the author is keenly alive to the need of social reform, though he does not openly advocate it in any of his works. Phelps in commenting on Galsworthy's constant reference to the dark and gloomy side of life says: "An obsession of Mr. Galsworthy's is a marriage without love." He does stage, quite frequently, this condition, showing especially, the woman married to a man she does not love. In "The Fugitive" Mr. Galsworthy advocates the new freedom for women—that they break away from such bonds. But here as in "Justice" it is an unsolved problem.

Turning to Mr. Galsworthy's political writings we find that he strongly, plainly and emphatically states his views. In such writings he very cleverly states the problems and gives his personal belief as to the best solution of them. We can best understand his philosophy along such lines by quoting several of his statements. From his article "Where We Stand," which appeared in the February, 1920, Atlantic Monthly, we get his thought as to "the benefits of war." He says: "The war has not changed human nature one jot or tittle. It has carted the hay of old national boundaries and problems, and produced a luxuriant crop of new ones. It has destroyed some autocracies and given such stimulus to so-called democracy as to threaten the world with fresh tyrannies—of the part over the whole. It has disrupted greater Russia probably forever and has wasted the youth and wealth of Europe to such a degree as to shift the real storm center of the world to the Pacific ocean and the three unexhausted countries lying east and west thereof. It has exaggerated the conception of nationalism and on the whole lowered that of individual liberty. It has brought forth the theory of a league of nations which will, alas, remain a theory, unless to their uneasy surprise, the now dominant powers should suddenly become altruistic. If there be a saving way at all it is obviously this: substitute health and happiness for wealth as a world ideal and translate that new ideal, into action by education from babyhood up. To do this, states must reorganize education—spiritually—must introduce the humanitarian religion of service for the common weal—a social honor which puts the health and happiness of all first and the wealth of self second." These thoughts from Galsworthy give us a very clear idea of present day views of results of the great world war, and we feel that his solution suggested above, is one of the best for our country, for
truly, the education of a person decides very largely how he will think and act. In his article "American and Briton" Mr. Galsworthy gives us plainly and clearly the difficulties that arise from misunderstandings between these two countries. He says that very largely, the future and standing of all nations depends upon the congeniality of these two great nations, and earnestly advocates good feeling and fellowship between them. By comparing Mr. Galsworthy's thought with other political writers and thinkers, we find that he is a figure whose influence must be considered, and knowing his sincerity we are eager always to obtain his ideas.

In all his works Mr. Galsworthy has summarized life as he sees it. The barrier in life today, as in the several scenes which Galsworthy portrays for us, is—lack of love for one's fellow-men. And with Galsworthy we ask: "Is it then a hopeless outlook?" and answer with Stone, the old philosopher in "Fraternity," saying: "I have seen a vision of Fraternity. A barren hillside in the sun, and on it a man of stone talking to the wind. I have heard an owl hooting in the daytime—a cuckoo singing in the night." The only source of hope he sees is in the presence of the quality of courage.

—Lois Ballenger, '23.

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The Message of the Roses

A

'T break of day I plucked them,
The white, the yellow, the red,
And in their dew-drenched beauty
My love to you is sped;
Each rose in its own manner
The old, old story tells,
And each in its way expresses
The love that in me dwells.

"I love you!" cries the red rose
"My love is fierce and strong,"
"My love is pure," the white rose breathes,
"It knows no hint of wrong."
"But no one will love you as I,"
Says the yellow rose all ablaze,
"My love is as true as the sun,
I will love you all your days."

With the fierce, fond love of the red rose,
And the pure, true love of the white,
And the jealous love of the yellow,
I pledge you my whole heart's plight.
With a three-fold nature I woo thee,
The fond, the deep, the pure,
And as long as roses bud and bloom
So long will my love endure.

—Lucile Wyatt, '23.
OJOEPhINE was the first one to step out on Ratsback Ridge and take a quick survey of the position which commands the city of Shelton three miles away on the one side and the town of Camp Putnam two miles off on the other.

George Harker, her brother, and Horatius Hadley, called “Horatius at the Bridge” by the Harvard undergrads because as quarterback he had saved the day in the game with Dartmouth, towered immediately behind her.

All three wore Varsity sweaters, and all three sniffed the eight o’clock morning air with the enjoyment of splendid young animals.

“I say,” said Josephine, “it looks like a painting! There’s one exactly like it, almost, in the art gallery at Vassar. We students had to criticise it a week ago for the pre-Christmas exams. “Look, Horry, look! You can imagine the tops of those tall chimneys minarets and mosques. It’s—”

“Aw, cut the highbrow, Phina!” snarled George. “Suppose it a football field and let it go at that!”

“I don’t know, George”, cried Horatius, instinctively coming to the assistance of his chum’s sister. “It looks tremendously oriental to me. I—adore the East, you know.”

“Boston especially”, twitted George. “That’s where that streak of calico we met at the Junior Prom halls from is’t it? Remember what an impression she made on a certain distinguished quarterback.”

“Stop it!” commanded Horatius, glowering at his tormentor and glancing at Josephine in alarm. “Stop it or I’ll tell of a distinguished right end and a butterfly from Buffalo.”

“Stop it!” chimed in Josephine for no particular reason at all and returning the look mysterious.

And strange to say both Josephine and Horatius blushed. The psychologist might have explained the blushes as belonging to the class sub-conscious.

“It all calls for an adventure!” said Josephine, changing the subject. “Wouldn’t it be jolly to be knights up here on the hilltop. Knights like Ivahoe—and—and King Arthur of the Round Table!”

“Fiddlestick! (K)Nights at eight o’clock in the morning is twelve hours too soon!” exclaimed George with a humor appreciated by himself alone. “Besides you’re a girl, Phina!”

“But an adventure does stir the blood, George,” argued Horatius again unconsciously defending Josephine. “You said so yourself in the game with Princeton.”

“Adventure! Of course! Well, yonder’s your chance.” And George dramatically pointed down the ridge to a point where the bridge crosses Raven’s Creek. “See that man!” he said. “He’s just now midway the stream. Let’s hurry down the path and ambush him when he gains the side of the hill where the clump of rhodendrons are. Come on—we’ll be archers in Lincoln Green!”

“And when we capture him?” Horatius wanted to know.

“Well, we’re knights, aren’t we?” replied George,—“good American knights. And the man’s a spy, I’ve no doubt, a German spy. We’ll have to courtmartial him, that’s all.”

“And then?” asked Josephine.

“I believe the man will turn out to be guilty,” laughed George.

“And then—?” persisted Josephine.

“Well, we’ll have to execute him!”

“Good Lord, George!” cried Josephine. “But we’ll be late for breakfast!”

“Oh, we’ll frame up on Mamma,” returned George airily. “We’ll tell her that it was all Horry’s fault—that we were just showing him around. She’ll pardon anything for a visitor.”

“But I don’t want to miss breakfast myself,” objected Josephine with a funny little catch in her breath. George looked her full in the face.

“Phina,” he said; “you’re about the hungriest knight I ever saw in my life.”

“’Tis diplomacy,” explained Horatius, for the first time mocking Josephine—but doing it very tenderly. “’Miss Phina is afraid we’ll hurt the man—and get in trouble.”

“Well, come on Horatius Hadley,” cried Josephine, cornered. “I’ll show you that I’m as good a knight as any of you.”

And the three, springing away like deer, hurried down the path to cut off the approach of the man from the bridge.

It took but a moment to get in position behind the bushes which screened them from the road, and here they waited and watched.

At last they could see the long angular form of the man reeling up the road.

“’He’s old—I see his long grey beard!” whispered Josephine. “Really we ought not to bother him.”

“You’re a brave knight to get frightened now!” said George impatiently. “I thought you were going to be game.”

“Quiet!” cautioned Horatius. “The moment for action is arrived.”

Josephine was positive that she could hear the thumping of her heart, but she was determined to see it through.

“Ready!” whispered George.

En avant!” came back from Horatius.
And the next moment the two had hurled the embankment to the road and had executed simultaneously two beautiful tackles.

The old man went down like a sack of salt and lay pinioned beneath the arms of the two knights.

A long murderous looking pistol, a pocket knife, a pipe, a match box, a package of tobacco, and an official looking bundle of papers, covered with German sentences were soon piled up in the road, and Josephine, who was beginning to enjoy the thrill, stood over them in triumph.

George and Horatius stood up, and the old man slowly came to a sitting posture, looking dazed.

"He’s a Jew!" said George, ignoring his presence.

"No; a Mohammedan," said Josephine. "It’s more romantic."

Horatius, the man of action, said nothing, but, bending down over his late antagonist, watched him intently.

"I shall investigate," was his simple laconic remark.

As for the old man, he stroked his pointed mustache, attempting to smile but succeeding only in frowning, a gesture which seemed to increase his numerous wrinkles.

At last he spoke.

"By what authority—?" he asked mildly.


George assumed his most dignified air.

"I will not allow you to question my authority nor even to think about it," he said impressively.

"However, I suppose I am at liberty to tell you that we have arrested you as a dangerous character. You are a German, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a spy?"

"No."

"Well, no matter," said George. "We’re going to shoot you anyway. But first we’ll have to hold a council of war—it’s the usual thing in these cases, I believe. Here Josephine, take that blunderbuss and stand guard for a minute, will you? I want to confer with General Napoleon Bonaparte. Come on Henry!"

The two whispered together in the rhododendrons. In a moment they returned, and George, resuming his air of command, stepped over to the prisoner.

"Stand up!" he ordered. And when the old gentleman had complied, he continued: "Forward to the Ratsback!"

"On to the Ratsback!" echoed Horatius with the air of a crusader.

"Ratsback—rats!" cried Josephine. "Why the Ratsback?"

"To execute the prisoner!" returned George quietly. "But the Ratsback won’t do!"

"Well, I know it’s hard on the Ridge to kill a Ger-

man up there," said George. "But then—well, it will be nice to the German, won’t it?"

It was Josephine’s turn to whisper to the council of war.

When she had done so, George slapped her on the back like a boy.

"Bully," he said, "bully!" Josephine, from this moment you’re the Generalissimo."

Then turning to the prisoner, he finished:

"Forward, Mr. Jew—Mohammedan—German—Spy! We are going to execute you at the railroad tank—by order of Marshal Foch. And say your prayers, for in five minutes you’ll be taking brimstone and hot chocolate with Frederick the Great."

The water-tank is situated within a hundred yards of the intersection of the Camp Putnam road with the one which leads from Shelton City across Raven’s Creek.

Arrived on the spot, the conspirators found everything necessary for the purpose they had in mind—a piece of rope, a long water hose, and a convenient water-crock.

Everybody fell to business. George and Horatius began by blindfolding their man, and then, tying his hands behind his back, fastened him securely to a large maple. Horatius took off his coat.

George had already adjusted the water nozzle and was in position six feet in front.

Josephine stood by to count.

The voice of George was as solemn as a funeral chant:

"Mr. Spy, you may speak your last words!"

The old man squirmed.

"I protest—" he began.

"Aha," cut in George. "You’re a Protestant—I thought you a Catholic. Well, go on, Mr. Jew—Mohammedan—German—Spy—Protestant. What have you to say why the sentence of the court martial should not be carried out?"

"I protest this outrage", finished the old man.

Josephine and Horatius looked at each other in silence. Surely it was impossible that the old gentleman should take a joke so seriously, and their hearts began to soften.

George, sensing the situation, immediately sang out:

"Squad ready!"

Josephine began to count:

"One—two—three:

"Fire!"

It came from George, and as he spoke he turned the watercock, and a stream of rushing water beat upon the old man’s breast.

At the impact of the blow the victim crumpled in his tracks and fell to the ground like a shot.

"There, that will do, George!" screamed Josephine.

"Stop it—you’ll drown him!"

The three rushed forward and hastily undid the ropes.
The man’s face was haggard, his lips blue, his eyes staring wide from their sockets.

George stooped down and took an outstretched hand. “No more pulse than a beet!” he said, his face white.

Josephine took the old man’s head in her arms. Even in the excitement Horry caught himself wishing he could take the spy’s place.

“Heavens,” said Josephine, “he doesn’t breathe. He’s fainted—he’s dead!”

“We must get a doctor”, suggested Horatius, again the man of action.

“Yes,” sobbed Josephine, “and it must be done quickly. Run, George, run! You’ll find Doctor Sitton a mile down the road at Mr. Brown’s, who has fever. Hurry!”

“I’ll do it in five minutes,” said George, putting off.

“But he hadn’t gone ten steps when he was halted by two gentlemen coming down the Ridge. One was an elderly man in plain clothes, and the other, much younger, wore a military uniform, whose shoulder straps indicated the rank of captain.

The two newcomers walked quickly to the side of the fallen man, while the conspirators stared on in petrified amazement.

“What do you think of it, Mr. Rochester?” said the military man.

“A college prank which may turn out badly, Captain,” the other replied as he stooped down and placed his ear to the old man’s breast and then examined his face.

The next moment the plain clothes man was standing straight.

“Jehosaphat!” he cried, “It’s—it’s—” Turning to Horatius, who was nearest, he continued curtly, “Have you searched this man?”

“Yes, sir,” returned Horry, half choking.

“Find anything on him?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What?”

“These, sir,” And Horry produced the articles—pistol, match box, papers and all.

The plain clothes man discarded everything but the bundle of papers, which he examined carefully with the Captain.

“What luck!” said the latter as they finished.

“Indeed so!” replied the plain clothes man. Then turning to George who had just walked to the center of the stage as usual, he said, “Young man, you’ve played the devil!”

“I am afraid so, sir”, George remarked meekly.

“My name is Mr. Rochester,” went on the plain clothes man. “I am a detective in the Government Service. I want you to hurry on and get that doctor. I think Captain Fitzpatrick will be glad to guard this man himself until you return.”

Then turning to Josephine and Horry—

“I am afraid I shall have to ask you to go with me to headquarters at Camp Putman for an investigation,” he added. “Come on!”

And as they went away Josephine found time to wonder why the Captain should take orders from a plain clothes man.

The long dark dingy reception room at Headquarters will always stand out in Josephine’s memory as a nightmare. To this day she calls it “the Star Chamber.”

Thirty minutes of mortal agony she spent there alone with Horry while Mr. Rochester “investigated” in an inner room.

However, at the end of that time, the plain clothes man—Josephine will always remember him as the plain clothes man—came in smiling. Going straight up to Horry, who rose from his seat at his coming, he abruptly began a short cross examination.

“I forgot to ask you your name?”

“Horatius Hadley, sir,” Horry explained.

“Occupation?”

“Student.”

Mr. Rochester wrote it all down in a book.

“Student where?”

“At Harvard, sir.”

“What!” exclaimed Mr. Rochester. “Are you the famous quarterback?”

“That’s where I play, sir,” admitted Horatius, blushing furiously.

“And your companion?”

“That was George Harcker.”

“The Harvard right end?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I’ll be jumped up!” Mr. Rochester turned to Josephine. “And you, I suppose, are the Harvard center—at least at the dances.”

It was Josephine’s turn to blush.

“I go to Vassar—my name is Josephine Harcker,” she said. “I merely play basketball.”

“Oh, well,” said Mr. Rochester, “I suppose you are the center of attraction—of gravity, maybe—to some people,” and he fastened his eyes again on Horry, who looked like a criminal.

“I suppose you know,” continued Mr. Rochester, addressing Horry, “that you will be charged with murder.”

Horry gasped in spite of himself, and this time Josephine had to come to his assistance.

“Oh, sir,” she said, “it was all my mistake. It was a college prank, you know, sir, and it was I who suggested it. Really!”

“Don’t believe her, Mr. Rochester,” said Horry, finding his voice at last. “If we had listened to her the old man would not have been bothered.”

“Nevertheless,” said Mr. Rochester, again smiling, “I am afraid you will all have to be tried.” He pat-
ted his cheek for a moment in thoughtful silence. "Of course the military authorities will have nothing to do with it," he explained, "but I think you will really have to report to the sheriff of the county."

"Indeed!" said Horry, quite crestfallen.

"Oh," gasped Josephine.

Mr. Rochester laughed.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "I believe you deserve well of your country. If I had my way about it, each of you would get a medal of Distinguished Service."

Josephine was astounded.

"For killing a man!" she cried. "Surely, Mr. Rochester—"

"Well," said Mr. Rochester, "it's this way."

He pulled from his pocket the bundle of papers found on the dead man, and began to flip them off one by one.

"This," he explained, "is a blue print of Fort Dearborn. This is another of the fortifications at Cape Storning. This is a plan of Camp Washington, and this of Camp Putnam. The fact is that the man killed is no less a personage than Fritz Schwartz, the famous German spy, wanted by the police of all the Allied nations."

"I'll be—" began Horry, and stopped as he realized the presence of Josephine.

"I agree with you," said Mr. Rochester, laughing again.

Josephine wanted to kiss somebody—but contented herself with patting the arm of her chair.

Mr. Rochester pulled out his watch.

"I've got lots to do, children," he said sweetly. "And now so far as I am concerned you are at perfect liberty to leave the camp. I advise you to see the sheriff at once—and if I can help you let me know."

And catching up his precious bundle of papers he disappeared into his sanctum.

At the front door Josephine, who was leading the way, ran plump into the arms of George and Captain Fitzpatrick.

When she at last managed to extricate herself, wonder of wonders, she noticed behind them, big as life, Fritz Schwartz, himself!

"So you're living!" she cried, addressing the spy.

"Refused to croak!" broke in George sheepishly.

"I protest—" said the spy.

George looked at him with murder in his eyes.

"You protest that you're dead, I suppose," he said jeeringly.

"I protest this cruel arrest!" said the spy.

George wheeled upon Captain Fitzpatrick.

"If it's all the same to you," he said, "now that the old Walrus has achieved his resurrection, I think I shall beat it. If I stay here another minute I shall have to execute him again."

And without waiting for a reply George did a Marathon down the road.

Josephine looked up at Captain Fitzpatrick.

"You knew all the time," she accused, "that the spy was not hurt. Mr. Rochester knew it too—that's why he teased us so."

Captain Fitzpatrick smiled, and, bowing low, walked toward the door through which the detective had disappeared.

On the way home Josephine and Horry walked very slowly. For no particular reason they went out of their way to cross the Ratsback.

Here Horry stopped at the very spot where Josephine had proposed knighthood to the conspirators.

"I say," he said abruptly, "I want to know something."

"Yes," replied Josephine softly. "That wouldn't be bad for you, Horry."

"I want to know if you meant what you told me this morning," went on Horatius, ignoring the thrust.

"When?" demanded Josephine.

"After we were arrested."

"Horatius Hadley, I haven't an idea what you mean!" Josephine exclaimed. "I think you're loony!"

"I'm merely a knight," returned Horry simply.

"You mean mid-(k)night!" said Josephine, borrowing the wit from George.

"Well, I want to know if you meant it," persisted Horry.

"Meant what, Horry?"

"What you told me with your eyes."

Josephine looked at the camp in the distance, at the bridge across Raven's Creek, and then straight into Horry's face.

Finally her eyes fell.

"Oh, come on, Horry!" she said softly. "We're already late for breakfast, and I'm afraid Mamma is going to be perfectly furious."

And then, after the manner of girls, she laughed loudly as she ran on ahead.

—Germaine Bouquet, '23.
Larking

"Too tame. Think again."
"Go to ride," again suggested Priscilla.
"No man.
"My brain power is weak," said Priscilla, ruffling her hair. "You suggest something."

After a moment spent in deep thought, Barbara leaned over and whispered something in Priscilla's ear.
"Holy smoke!" ejaculated Priscilla. "That's grand, but what if we're caught?"
"Ish ka bibble." With an expressive fling of the hands and a shrug of the shoulders.

After much planning they decided that the proper time for celebration was six o'clock, while all the rest of the college family were at dinner. So promptly at five they left the building and walked rapidly toward town. Lazy Priscilla was enthusiastic now and did not lag behind, for hadn't eaten been mentioned? Um—she could just taste that delicious fruit salad and if there was one thing she liked better than anything else it was creamed potatoes. But "Vanity Fair!"

"I guess you have the right pocket book this time, Priscilla. We don't want another scrape like the one we had at the drug store. Do I look all right?" Barbara was gazing into a shop window as she passed.

"Perfectly charming. Your violets match your eyes almost perfectly and your new hat is stunning. Oh, goodness! I wish I was slender and graceful instead of fat and pug nosed. Barbara look, who is that man?" and she pointed toward a tall broad shouldered man who was entering a shoe store on the opposite side of the street.

"Don't stare at him like that," begged Barbara, tugging at her arm. "It looks like Bob, though, doesn't it? But it can't be, for he told me last month that he was going to Arkansas."

Priscilla giggled. "What would he say if he could see us on our way to 'Vanity Fair?'" He would give you some advice then, wouldn't he? You did treat him too badly at that last reception though. And you even sent back his last letter."

There was no reply to this thrust, for it was true. But what right had Bob to meddle with her affairs? If she did go to ride with Leonard Brown it was none of his business and as he always managed to catch up with her in her escapades, she decided that he was meddling. So when he mentioned seeing her up town after dinner one night she flared up and told him to mind his own business. He was hurt, but begged her pardon and left. She returned his next letter open and had heard nothing from him since. She appeared quite agitated now and sent frequent glances in the direction of the shoe store. What if he should see her go into the restaurant? She valued his good opinion too much for that, even though she had been
furiously angry with him. She was through with him anyway. She tossed her head so high in the air that she almost upset a small newsboy who scuttled out of the way with the remark to a companion that "the swell lady had a grouch at somebody."

The girls both laughed and passed on. Why, they couldn’t afford to be cross on such a day as this. Such a perfect day for larking! Good old George! The best thing he ever did was to have a birthday. Something exciting was bound to happen. It just couldn’t help itself on such a day. Why didn’t somebody come along with them? It would be much more interesting.

Just before entering the restaurant they stopped at a ten cent store and bought two tiny American flags out of pure gratitude to the first President of the United States. Then feeling that their duty was done and with satisfied consciences they proceeded in high spirits to the most pretentious eating place in town.

As they entered the restaurant they were greeted by the tinkling of silver and glass, while the strain of a fox trot almost made them forget that they came to eat, so eager were they to mingle with the swaying couples on the polished floor. They gazed around the spacious room and finally selected a table half hidden by some palms. They sank into their chairs feeling rather out of place among all these palms and bright lights.

"My!" sighed Barbara. "This is life. I don’t see why we aren’t allowed to come here. It’s so down right elegant. Priscilla," she whispered, leaning closer, "what would you do if a man asked you to dance?"

"I’d tell him I’d be delighted to dance—after dinner."

They picked up the menu and studied it carefully.

"If I can’t decide what I want. What are you going to take, Barbara?"

"Fruit cocktail, broiled spring chicken and peach Melba," Barbara addressed the attentive waiter, then turned and deliberately winked at Priscilla.

"Oh, I guess I’ll take Blue Points, chicken a la king and chocolate parfait," she said in the off-hand manner of one who eats such things three times a day, and when the waiter left they both giggled. Ye gods! If the president should see them now! And how Barbara did wish that meddlesome Bob could see her! She would give him something to talk about since he so earnestly desired it.

They lingered over their cocktail, thoroughly enjoying the music, the laughter and the excitement at the same time. Neither of them noticed the tall, black-haired man who sat at a table also screened by palms, a short distance away. He cast frequent glances in their direction, but they were so engrossed in their own meal that they did not even know that he was there, and the meal progressed with no interruptions until near the end of the hour. But before they left the table a somewhat flashily dressed young man sauntered by and then paused for a moment.

"Care to dance?" He smiled as he leaned over the back of a vacant chair.

Barbara hesitated. The music was certainly alluring and it would be a wonderful climax to the perfect evening. The man behind the palms half arose with his napkin crumpled in his hand! Would she dance with that strange man? But he sank again into his chair when he saw that she had decided not to do it. He smiled as she shook her head and sent the man away.

"I really did want to," she sighed. If he had only looked less flashy!

"We’re having the most fun, and I’m thrilled half to death," Priscilla fairly wiggled in her excitement.

"Why must this lovely evening come to a close?"

They nibbled at the food until there was really no excuse for remaining longer at the table. Then they rose, gathered up their gloves and got out their purses to pay the bill.

"You pay it all, Barbara, and I’ll pay you when we get out of here."

"Certainly." Barbara opened her bag and reached in for the money. As her hand wandered around in the bag a most dismayed expression spread over her face. It must be a mistake. Of course. Here it was. She breathed freely and drew forth—a one dollar bill! And then began a frantic search in which she turned her bag wrong side out at least six times to assure herself it was empty. They sank slowly back into their chairs with blank faces.

"Why so silly?" exclaimed Barbara, her face lighting. "Of course I left my money in my other bag, but you can pay and I’ll pay you."

Priscilla’s abject face told its own story. "My dear child, look here," and she slowly counted out six pennies and laid them on the table. "Well, now this is a quandary. She placed her chin in her cupped hands and stared vacantly into space.

"I see two girls being forcibly ejected from the door of a restaurant," she chanted. "And again I see them being held up until the police arrive."

"Shut up, silly. This is serious. What can we do? Here comes the waiter. There’s only one thing to do and that’s to interview the manager. Come on," she cried, springing up, "let’s not spoil the party by such a small thing as this, and by the way, there’s no use keeping this lonesome dollar. And with a grand flourish, as if she were rolling in wealth, she tipped the astonished waiter and swept by with her head held high.

Outwardly bold but inwardly quaking, they sought out the manager. What made everybody look at them like that? How did they know they had but six cents? Nevertheless, Priscilla walked boldly up to the man-

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ager with six cents clasped tightly in one hand and a bill for six dollars in the other.

"Here," she announced, holding out both hands. "We've eaten this much," she fluttered the bill before his face. "And we've got this much." The pennies rattled. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Well that is too bad," sympathized the manager.

"Couldn't you borrow the money?"

"Who from, pray tell me? None of our friends are here."

"Phone to the college."

"To the college!" shrieked Barbara. "What can you mean? Don't you know we would get a month's restriction for this?" The man behind the palms caught the word "restriction" and smiled. The girls seemed to be having trouble.

"Well, I'm sorry," replied the now exasperated manager, "but this happens almost every day. I can't help it but you must stay here until you pay or someone pays for you."

They used both argument and persuasion but both failed. He calmly went about his work as if they were not there. Their case seemed hopeless. There was absolutely nothing to be done. They looked at each other in despair.

"Now," said the man to himself, "I guess its time I took a hand in this affair." He quietly left his table and carelessly sauntered over to the perturbed girls.

"Good evening, Barbara. Can I help you? You seem to be in trouble." A wicked little smile hovered around the corners of his mouth and Barbara saw it, but this certainly wasn't the time for quarelling. Never had man been so welcome.

"Bob!" Gasped both girls at once. "Where did you come from? I thought you were in Arkansas." Barbara stopped lamely.

"No, I'm still going around trying to get you out of scrapes," he teased. "Barbara, haven't you forgiven me yet?" He leaned closer and looked into her eyes.

"Oh, say," broke in Priscilla, "We haven't time for that. We're in an awful predicament. Can you lend us six dollars or not?" She told him the rest of the story.

"And you can bet we're glad you happened to be here. Aren't we now?" She grinned at Barbara.

"Well I guess so," answered a rather flurried Barbara with a look in her eyes that sent a very happy young man away to pay the bill for her dinner.

He walked to the street with them and there they parted, but not before Barbara had whispered, "Remember, Thursday is calling day."  

Marjorie Martin, '22

Voices

I heard a star
Say from afar,
"God is here!"

Down at my feet
A violet sweet
Said, "God is here!"

Star and flower,
God's love and power—
Everywhere!

—Bonnie Bess Mahaffey, '23.
Dialects in American Literature

OEL Chandler Harris, the well known dialect writer, protests against what is generally known as a "dialect story." He says there is no such thing as a dialect story. "Dialect is simply a part and parcel of character, and the writer who is developing or depicting character has not more thought of merely writing dialect than an artist who is compelled to paint a wart on a man's nose has of painting bunions. In literature as in life, people must be natural. They must speak their natural language, and act out their little tragedies and comedies according to the promptings of their nature. Dialect stories are generally nothing but jargon, simply written to introduce their jargon."

Be this as it may, the American writers long ago perceived the great literary opportunities—the opportunity to portray different types of character and ways of living afforded by the peculiar conditions of American life and that is why we have the so-called dialect stories, stories which are more than jargon, bearing as they do, a vital relation to our national life.

Such dialects as exist have been produced by the mixing of races of the last century—a mixture which has broken up our country into many sections, each with its distinct dialect. Portraying as they do the distinct types of American life, these stories tend to subordinate plot to character, movement to atmosphere. Very few of them have a complicated plot; but their interest usually centers around the accurate, sympathetic delineation of the men and women who speak these dialects, with all their superstition, crude wisdom, shrewd humor, generating observations on life and primitive emotions. The most important types portrayed are: The Westerner, the Negro, the Southerner, and the New Englander. One of the most fertile fields in the realm of dialect literature has been the negro. Our negro dialect stories not only afford amusement, but are historically important, marking a stage in the development of primitive English.

The negro came into prominence in our literature because he occupied so indispensable a position on the large plantations of the South during the "60's." Negro slaves were imported from various parts of Africa; consequently, each brought his own language, which was soon mixed with English and was finally "boiled down" to the negro dialect. Very seldom do we think of any negro dialect except that of those unparalleled "Uncle Remus" stories, but there are others.

First, there is the dialect of the negroes of eastern or tidewater Virginia, which sounds entirely different from other negro dialects. The speech of "Ole Uncle Billy" in Page's "In Old Virginia," affords a good example of this dialect. Speaking of "de Cun'l," Uncle Billy says, "Twus ca-jus he want to go in trurr ah'my."

Translated this would mean, "It was curious he wanted to go into the other army." Besides giving us the Virginia dialect, Page makes us acquainted with the South during the "60's," and especially with the "ole time" Southern negro, who is represented by Uncle Billy.

Since so many of the rice field negroes of South Carolina came from the west coast of Africa, they brought their own language and soon produced a dialect—really a confused mixture of African and English words, which we know as the Gullah dialect. From these we get such words at "tote"—to carry, and "buckra"—boss, which are still current in negro speech of South Carolina. The Gullah dialect, however, has found no particular place in literature, although it is used in a diluted form by Edgar Allan Poe and William Gilmore Simms. Although literary critics agree in pronouncing Poe's negro dialect faulty, yet he shows traces of the real speech of the South Carolina rice field negro.

Speaking of the gold bug which had just been found, Jupiter says, "Dey ain't no tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you, de bug is a gollie bug, solid, ebry bit of him, 'sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

We may see from these sentences some characteristics of Poe's dialect, the words, ebry—every, 'sep—except, goole—gold, dey—there, neber—never, hebby—heavy, have probably come from African words combined with English.

By far the most important and popular of all the negro dialects is the well known Uncle Remus dialect. About 1876, when Harris gave to the world his stories of "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit," and other animals, they immediately became popular in both North and South. Even England appreciated them, and Uncle Remus became a well known word in both continents. Thru these enjoyable stories Harris has, in the character of Uncle Remus, not only added a new figure to literature but typified a race, and by so doing perpetuated a vanishing civilization. Old negroes, like the ones in Uncle Remus stories, are fast dying out, but from these accounts our memory is refreshed and this civilization which is vanishing is made a part of our literary heritage. Some one has said that what James Fenimore Cooper did for the Indian, Harris has in fact done for the negro. We may think of Chingachgook as the "Last of the Mohicans," and Uncle Remus as the last of the "old time" negroes.

The historical value of these stories cannot be overestimated, for in them Harris has brought into our literature the folk-tales of the negro, thus laying the foundation for a scientific study of the negro folklore. In order to scientifically study a race or tribe we must know something of their traditions, myths and legends.
And since in these stories some of the negro folk-lore is revealed, we are able to understand more definitely these curious, but interesting people.

The same legends are found also among the Indians and in the literature of Siam and India. The author, not only preserved the original legend, but preserved them in this quaint negro dialect, giving them a genuine flavor of plantation life. In these legends Harris' heroes are animals—Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit, Brer Terrapin, Brer Lion, Miss Goose, and many other familiar animals. One striking characteristic of the negro is shown in these stories—he allows the weakest and most harmless animals to triumph over the strongest. It is not virtue, but helplessness; not malevolence, but mischievousness which is victorious. To become acquainted with the Uncle Remus dialect, let us notice part of the story of "Mr. Fox and Miss Goose" which the old negro told to the little boy one night.

"Brer Fox, he ax w'at dat fuss is, en Brer Rabbit, he up'n spon dat it's ole Miss Goose down at de spring, he say, sezze, dat she battlin' close.

"W'en Brer Fox year date he sorter liek he chops, en low dat some er dese yer long—come shorts he gwine ter call en pay he 'speeks. Ole Brer Rabbit, he slip 'roun' en call on Miss Goose, en say, sezze, 'Ole Brer Fox gwine ter call on yer.'

"Wid dat, ole Miss Goose wip er han's on er apun en says, sez she, 'Wat I gwine do?'

"Ole Brer Rabbit tell Miss Goose dat she mus' go home en tie up a bundle er de wite folks close, en put um on de bed, en den she mus' fly up en er rafter, en let Brer Fox grab de close en run.

"Ole Brer Dog, he come 'long en set up wid Miss Goose dat nex' night, en den fo' day, yer come Brer Fox creepin' up en Mr. Dog sail out frum und' de house en ketch ole Brer Fox en saf' Miss Goose. En de bad feelin' 'twixt Brer Fox en Mr. Dog start right dar."

One can well imagine these "ole time" negroes with their great love for animals and nature, and their happy intimate relations with their white folks.

The negro speech however, is not the only source of our dialect literature for it draws from the South, the West, and New England. The Southerners are supposed to have many peculiarities in their speech, of which the most striking are: a dropping of the final d and g, soft pronunciation of r, and the use of all with you, meaning you, you girls, etc. In Pyrmelle's "Diddy Dumps and Tot", the following selection gives us a good example of a Southerner's speech.

"Oh, yes, that will be the very thin', an' Mammy won't never know it, 'cause we'll be sho to be back befo' supper. Come on, you all."

Then, stretching all over the South, there are ranges of mountains which, together with their in-habitants, have for many years afforded writers wonderful material for stories. These Southern mountaineers are pure of stock, for their unmixed blood has had its source in the veins of some of America's best and earliest settlers; they are primitive in their ideals, strong in their passion,—whether love or hate. Their dialect too, is singular, and their dominant characteristics are always shown in their dialect stories. In "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine", June, a mountain girl is found by her father talking to a "stranger" in the hills, and the old mountaineer does not welcome the stranger on meeting him.

"Have you a father?", the stranger asked her.

"I reckon I have," June answered.

"Where is he?"

"Heych he is!" drawled a voice from the bushes, and there on the bank of the river stood a giant mountaineer with a "Winchester" in the hollow of his arm. He spoke to the girl.

"You go on home. What you doin' heych gassin' with a furriner?"

She shrank back into the bushes but cried out, "Don't hurt him, dad, he ain't even got a pistol."

Finally, the stranger won the confidence of the old mountaineer, and was invited to his mountain home for a "dram".

Leaving the South, as we go to the western part of our country, we find another dialect. By the Western dialect we generally mean the dialect spoken in the Middle West and South West with Mark Twain ( Clemens), Owen Wister, Eggleston, and Riley as representative writers. The original sources of this dialect are New England and Southern, mingled here and there with the German and Scandinavian elements.

Notice the last stanza of Riley's "The Old Man and Jim" we see typical Hoosier dialect.

"Think of a private, now, perhaps, We'll say like Jim, 'At's clum clean up to the shoulder straps And the ole man jes' wrapped up in him! Think of him with the war plum' thru, And the glorious old Red, White, and Blue, A laughin' the news down over Jim, And the old man bendin' over him The surgeon turnin' away with tears At hadn't leaked for years and years, As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to His father's, the old voice in his ear— "Well good-by Jim, 'Take keer of yorself.'"

Tho not included in the term "Western dialect", the dialect of California is wonderfully produced by many short story writers—especially Bret Harte. The some one has said that Harte's writing was not in dialect but in cockney English, we are sure of one
thing—it is American. His aim in his stories was to picture the crude life of a mining camp during the discovery of gold in California in ’49. In “How Santa Claus came to Simpson’s Bar,” he gives a pathetic account of the lack of Christmas spirit in the Valley of the Sacramento.

The “Old Man” came into the room and glanced quickly around the group.

“Dismal weather ain’t it?” he said. “Mighty rough papers on the boys and no show for money this season. And tomorrow’s Christmas. Yes, Christmas, an’ tonight’s Christmas Eve. I sorter had a idea, jest passin’ like, you know, that maybe ye’d like to come over ter my house tonight and have a tear around.”

From this little sketch we may understand Harte’s style. Harte’s dialect is certainly clever, and is probably his own creation, but because his characters are so different, Chinamen, Indians, nameless outcasts, and adventurers—it is quite natural that he should suit his dialect to these different types.

The Western dialect stories are exceedingly valuable on account of the fact that they present so naturally the rude life of a mining camp, and may we not say—add a great feature to our literature?

Far up in the northeastern side of our country, generally known as New England, we find a dialect, which, tho not as prominent in literature as the other dialects, is very interesting—the “Yankee” dialect. A genuine Yankee never gives a rough sound to the r when he can help it, and he seldom sounds final g. In regard to a he is sometimes inconsistent, but he generally gives a close obscure sound, and he omits h in such words as “when” and “while.” Rose Terry Cooke and Sarah Orne Jewett are our chief representatives of New England dialect.

Tho we have these so-called dialects in our literature the resemblances are so great that they are hardly dialect. The differences are not in the loss or preservation of old words or old idioms—with the possible exception of the negro dialect—but the greatest differences are in pronunciation, intonation, slurring and stress.

Recently the American short story has re-acquainted North with South, East with West, and has linked the separated sections of the United States into closer bonds of union and fellowship. And the newspapers, educational facilities, the increasing means of transportation, together with the American desire for correctness, have tended to check these dialects which the colonists brought with them when they came to our country.

And yet these dialects evoke our lasting gratitude for the peculiar flavor and charm which they have brought to American literature.

—Jack Jones, ’22.

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**Love**

LOVE is a game at which young and old play,
But only the best players understand
That in love or in cards if you win your way,
You must careful be, and not show your hand.

—Lucile Wyatt, ’23.

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**Spring**

I LOVE to feel the fresh spring breeze
Blowing strongly through the trees;
I love to see the rain-beat flowers,
Wildly toss in April showers;
I love to smell the damp dark earth,
And note the first green signs of birth;
I love to watch and see things grow,
In beautiful gardens, row on row.

—Iris Hollis, ’23.
MARY Ann Stanley was deliberately kicking up dust with the toe of her tennis shoe as she strolled down the middle of the hot mountain road. The sun was sprinkling her face anew with freckles, but when Mary Ann was in that “independent-of-man” mood, freckles did not interest her.

It was Friday—and Friday meant a dance at the hotel. She would have a good time of course, in spite of the fact that the boys were always such infants. Most of them would be Boy Scouts from across the river, for very few of the hotel guests danced on Friday nights. Yes, that Jim Harte would be there, and brag about his wonderful talent for ukelele playing; Henry Black would still blush, but would not hesitate to give the same account of his famous cousin who wrote a play; and oh, that silly little Harold Taylor, who tried to look like Wallace Reid, would fuss about the music, and tell of his wonderful dancing teacher in New York last summer. And yet Charlie White was a wonderful dancer—all the girls liked him—and hadn’t he rushed her last Friday? Yes, and he had written her a poem, that wonderful poem, “The Girl That I Like the Best.” Maybe he would rush her again—but one couldn’t depend on Charlie—he was so fickle! Anyway, the whole bunch of boys were so young and inexperienced in life—so well pleased with themselves. Does not a woman of seventeen demand more mature admiration? It didn’t matter much if she didn’t—

Honk, honk, h-o-o-n-k ! ! !

Mary Ann’s toe stopped kicking dust, and she looked around just in time to jump to the side of the road.

But in jumping she stumbled over some pine brush, leaving her in a heap on the ground. A yellow roadster drove up and stopped. Its occupant, a young man in white flannels, got out and walked over to the little heap on the ground. The heap in the form of a girl, had now raised up and was leaning on one arm, her hand resting on the ground,

“Are you hurt, little girl,” inquired the new comer.

The “little girl” tilted her head to one side, and her small black eyes pierced the form of the man beside her.

“No, I’m not hurt, but I don’t care to be scared most to death again,” she snapped.

The man smiled at Mary Ann, and much to her own surprise that indignant little face of hers turned into one big smile. How could she help it when her eyes beheld so fascinating a form? In these dark eyes of his was a “world full of love,” and yes in “that hair were the stars’ thousand gleams.” How she loved a tall, slender man—so like a hero! Oh, how kind Fate was to bring this dream man to her—they were meant for each other!

“I’m really sorry I frightened you,” was his apology, “but I’m glad I found you—you’re just in time to help me. Feel like getting up now?” He held out his hand, which Mary Ann took reluctantly, and soon she was standing beside him. She was drunk with emotion. Would she ever forget that long, slender hand as he placed it in hers? How polite he was, and how gracefully he had helped her—if he had been any of her friends she would have been pulled up roughly or probably would have gotten up by herself. How often she had seen Earl Bradshaw, her idolized movie star, assist ladies in the “movies” in the same way in which this man had assisted her.

“And now,” he began, “do you happen to know where Mr. Raymond Lee lives? I must see him on important business.”

“You mean old Squire Lee, don’t you?”

“I guess so, for it’s an old man I’m trying to find.”

“Why yes,” continued Mary Ann, “he lives right down this road. Go straight on for about a mile till you come to the state line—there’s a big stone there—turn down that little road and you can see his house. It’s the only one there.”

All the time she was explaining, the man was watching her. What a charming picture she made standing there—and how she did remind him of a bad little ten-year-old boy with her bobbed hair and overalls! He liked that patch of freckles, across her nose—and how her little face did shine when she talked. And her peculiar accent, a sort of swallowing of her words! What was she and who was she anyway?

“I thank you so much,” he told her, “but may I ask you if you mind riding down there with me and showing me where to turn? I’m afraid I don’t quite understand,” he lied.

“But I don’t know you,” hesitated Mary Ann, “Anyway, I have to hurry back to the camp.”

Why couldn’t she tho? Why didn’t she dare? This was Romance.

“Oh, that’s all right,” he interrupted. “I expect you’ve seen me many times, but I do believe it’s the first time we’ve really met.” He reached in his coat pocket and brought out two cards. “Frank Carter is my name in private life, but Earl Bradshaw is my stage name.”

Mary Ann gasped—yes, she had thought so when she first saw him—but it seemed almost impossible.

“I’ll give you both of these to be sure you’re properly introduced.” He handed the cards to Mary Ann, which she took with a trembling hand. She read the names, and slipped them into her pocket. She held out her hand.
"I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Earl Bradshaw," she told him frankly, "and now I'll show you to Squire Lee's."

Of all her wildest dreams she had never dreamed such a one—her ideal right beside her. This was Life. He opened the door of his little roadster and helped her in (just as he did in the movies), and in a minute she and Earl Bradshaw were riding down the road.

"And now may I know the name of the little lady beside me?" the movie star asked suddenly.

"Just like me to forget," laughed Mary Ann.

"Why, it's just Mary Ann Stanley, and I live in Atlanta, but I've been camping up here, since last week, with eleven other girls, in that cottage back there." She waved her hand indefinitely behind her. "I've been having such a good time, and I've just been to that little store this afternoon to try to get some plates, because I broke three right after lunch—here's the place to turn now."

They went to the old Squire's house, but he was not in.

"Guess I'll have to come back," mused Earl, "and now I'll take you back to your camp—that is if you won't go for a little ride with me."

Mary Ann's eyes strayed to the watch on her arm. Six-ten!

"No, I can't, I ought to have been back long ago," she managed to say. Oh, how she had sinned—riding with a strange actor in her overalls! What would Miss White say?

"It's a lovely time to ride," he insisted as they started.

"Yes, it is, but er—er—do you know this old Squire Lee?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Why no, but I wanted him to help us with our new picture. You see our company is up in Asheville, and we're taking pictures all around there. We heard of this old man, and we need him in the picture. I guess, tho, I can come again for I'm staying at Caesar's Head Hotel for a few days."

Caesar's Head Hotel! Why she would be there tonight at the dance, and maybe he—no, he wouldn't, for Friday nights were just for kids, and he was a wonderful man of the world.

"Why, I'll be over there at a dance tonight," she told him.

"Great! Then I'll see you again. I was just wondering if I could be lucky enough to scare you again as I did this afternoon."

Both laughed as he recalled the incident of their meeting.

"But," he inquired, "is it a private dance? Would it—"

"Oh yes," she urged. "It's just a hotel dance, but on Friday nights our camp and the Boy Scouts dance—but other people come too if they want to. Here's where you had better drop me," she said as they came to the road which led to the cottage.

"See," she pointed, "that's our camp up there, but you'd better not drive up, 'cause it's so muddy."

He stopped the car, and before he had time to open the door for her she was out, for she had no doubt that any minute a chaperon would be seen walking down the road. Every minute counted now.

"I've certainly enjoyed being with you this afternoon," Earl Bradshaw was soon saying to the little girl beside him, "and, Miss Mary—Mary Ann, may I hope to see you again this evening?"

"Yes," she answered, "and I've enjoyed it too. I'll see you tonight."

"For heaven's sake, Mary Ann, where have you been? We've been looking everywhere for you! Have you been kidnapped or what?"

This was the greeting Mary Ann received from Carrie Long, the oldest girl in the camp, as she stepped on the back porch of the cottage at 6:45. The girls had eaten supper and were sitting on the porch waiting for time to dress.

"Where have you been?" demanded Carrie.

Mary Ann sat down on the top step and rested her chin in her hands and gazed into space.

"I said, where have you been?"

The victim turned her head, "Well, if you're so crazy to know, I stopped at the Pierce cottage when I went to the store after plates this afternoon." She had not lied for she had stopped in front of the Pierce cottage to tie her shoe string.

"Where are the old girls, anyway?" she irreverently demanded concerning the chaperons—Miss White and Mrs. Barnes.

"They've been gone all the afternoon—went over to the Bishop's to stay with that sick woman over there. Guess they'll be back soon," spoke up some one. Oh, peace to Mary Ann's troubled soul; they had not seen her then!

"Aren't you going to eat anything?"

"I'm not hungry. Come on, Peg," Mary Ann addressed her favorite chum, "let's go and see if we can find something to wear tonight."

"Honest Mary Ann," begged Peggy, when they were up stairs, "why were you out so late?"

"There's a reason," winked bad little Mary Ann.

It was nine-thirty when Mary Ann Stanley came slowly down the steps from the dressing room of the Caesar's Head Hotel. The other girls had gone down, but it was necessary for her to put on more touch of powder on her nose, give her sash one more twist, and gaze once more in the mirror. Would he like her in this pink organy dress—but perhaps, perhaps he wouldn't be there. Her heart was beating fast as she came down the steps, and once her high heels almost tripped her. At the bottom of the steps she
stopped and looked around. The room was crowded—but he was not there. Oh! why had she expected him? Why had she believed an actor?

"Why, hello, I was beginning to believe you had broken your engagement with me," she heard a familiar voice, say, and turning around, she saw coming from behind the tall ferns, her Idol. Yes, he had really remembered.

"Why, I have just come," she said.

The music for the next dance had just started.

"May I have the pleasure of having the first with you tonight?"

Mary Ann smiled her answer and they began swaying to and fro to the strains of "Margie." She realized that never before had she really danced, never had she experienced such joy and pleasure, as was now hers.

She was so small, thought Earl, and some dancer, too. A real evening was waiting him. "May I have every other one," he asked as the music stopped.

"Why of course," she answered, and then started dancing with Charlie White.

"Gee! Mary Ann, you're some little heart-smasher in that frock," whispered the faithful Charlie.

"You shouldn't make personal remarks, Charlie," she corrected.

"I know, but you are, and er— Mary Ann, won't you save me lots of dances tonight?"

"Yes, you may have as many as you can get, but I can't save you any," she encouraged in a far away tone.

"Thanks."

"Well," thought Charlie as his dance was over, "what's the matter with Mary Ann anyway? Last Friday night she was a regular little sport, but tonight she is acting like a—like a year 1800 Etiquette Book."

He soon succeeded in snatching another dance with Mary Ann, but she still appeared agitated about something.

"Who's that baby-doll tea-hound that has been giving you such a dead rush tonight, Mary Ann?" he demanded.

"Oh! just a friend of mine," she answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Wish I could chew his ears off," muttered Charlie, as he left at the end of the dance.

Yes, Mary Ann was happy. Never before had she spent such an evening. The jealous glances of the girls and the curious glances of the boys were wasted on Mary Ann, for she "let the rest of the world go by" as she danced away with the most wonderful man in the world. When the music started for the last dance, Earl was beside her.

"Suppose we don't dance this—it's too hot in here—let's stroll outside and see what the moon is doing," he suggested.

Mary Ann wondered—would she dare? The chaperon had positively forbidden strolling in the moonlight at the dances—but it was so hot inside.

"Yes, let's do," answered the demon in Mary Ann; and so they left the dance hall and went out to see the stars.

"There was never such a short dance," thought Mary Ann, for just as he was telling her how her eyes were like the stars above she heard the crowd's loud laughter, and knew that the dance was over.

"I must go now," she said.

"Well, good night, little brown eyes," said Earl, taking her warm little hand in his, "I'll never forget these dances with you. Good-night, and don't forget me."

As if she ever could forget him!

"Good-night, Mr. Bradshaw," was all she could say. Words were useless at a time like this. Yes, "parting was such sweet sorrow."

Earl Bradshaw stood on the porch and watched the cars as they left one by one. Just when Mary Ann's car left and she was waving her hand in farewell he saw two figures slowly approach the steps.

"Be careful, Frankie dear," laughed the figure in white, "don't vamp the little lady too much. I saw your fond farewell, and I'm afraid—"

"Oh, now, Marie," returned Frank Carter, alias Earl Bradshaw, "don't begrudge me a little pleasure with some kids. Guess you've had a good time yourself—tonight," he added, glancing at the man beside her. "By the way, Marie, will you drive over to Cedar Mountain with me early in the morning to return this?"

He held up a little gold vanity case. "It belongs to the cutest little brown headed kid anywhere. Some complexion and no make up either."

"Sure, I'll go," returned Marie.

Mary Ann woke early Saturday morning. She was dressed and down stairs by seven o'clock. The morning was too beautiful to shut one's self from it—especially when one was in love. She took her ukelele, sat down on the front steps and began strumming and singing, "I Love You Truly." She finished both verses, and started on "Just A Wearyin' For You" when she heard the door of an automobile slam and, looking up, beheld Earl Bradshaw!

"Good morning, early riser," he greeted her. "Did you think I was wicked to forget to return this last night?" He handed her the little vanity case.

"That's all right," laughed Mary Ann, "I haven't needed it anyway."

"Well, what about a little ride this morning? We have a good chaperon in the car."

Mary Ann glanced toward the roadster. Who was that woman and what was she doing in the car?

"Yes, thanks, I adore riding early in the morning," she jumped up and started to the car—ukulele, bloomers and all.
"Why, Charlie White, do my eyes deceive me? How did you get here so early? Where's everybody?"
Thus questioned Mary Ann of a lone figure sitting on the porch of the cottage when she returned from her ride.

"Oh! the crowd's at breakfast—yes, they asked me, but I was waiting on you. Here's your fan you left in the ear last night."

"Thanks so much, but why that war-like expression—is it the latest style of wearing your face?"

"Oh! why can't you girls be serious sometimes? Look here, Mary Ann, I let that long-legged doll of a man have you last night, but I thought surely he wouldn't be hanging around this early. But what did I find? You stepping out of the little old roadster of his—been to ride, I guess, and darn it all, Mary Ann, who is he anyway, and where did he come from?"

"Calm yourself, Charlie, calm yourself," soothed Mary Ann, "that man won't bother you again, for he and his wife are leaving for Chicago this afternoon."

"His wife! Leaving this afternoon!" gasped Charlie, nearly falling off the step. "Tell me, Mary Ann is that true? By why did you let him rush you so last night? and why did you ride with him this morning?"

"Oh! his wife went along with us this morning, and he didn't know any other girl at the dance last night and I had to be nice to him."

"Say, Mary Ann," beamed Charlie, "let's walk down by the river this afternoon!"

"Sure thing, Charlie, let's do that and sit down and rest. And, Charlie, won't you write me another poem while we are resting?"

—Jack Jones, "22.

A Slumber Song

CRIMSON and gold, full glorious, the slow descending sun
Is lost behind the plummy tree tops;
The earth lies hushed and fragrant in the misty after glow,
And with expectant air and baited breath
Awaits the lordly night,
'Tis the still, sweet vesper hour
That holds my heart in thrall
And stirs my restless spirit
To dreams of passion and quest.

A stir in you tall oak betrays another seeking spirit.
A soft awaking murmur—then full-throated
A burst of song. A trilling golden melody
A song of fullest ecstasy.

High notes of exquisite passion,
Low notes of comfort and calm,
The gamut of human emotion
The full-throated singer runs.
And last, before sinking to silence,
He murmurs a low slumber song
To comfort the children of birdland
With promise of peace for their dreams.

The sun sinks with sky softly rosy,
Sweet twilight envelopes the earth;
Indefinable longing wells and surges in the heart.

—Mary Seyle.
O You Kipling!

O Fultah Fisher’s Boarding House,
Where Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Fought Yankee Salem Hardieker,
And so of course was slain,
My dreams have often carried me,
When dreaming grew insane.

I’d know the motley mob at sight,
That wild and wicked horde,
Who “liquored out the day” and spat
“The brimstone of the Lord”—
Just such a crew as you may find,
Where people have to board!

I’ve seen the mighty bull-throat there,
The woman I have seen—
I’ve watched her loot Ultruda’s charm—
At least it glittered by the lamps.
And gee—it was a bean!
And caught a Cafe queen!

I’ve heard her whisper airy things,
I’ve seen her stare surprise,
That Hans should murmur “Cattegat”.
When Anne made her eyes—
I’ve seen her mad—who wouldn’t be
At willful, woeful lies!

And ever now I seek to sleep,
That canny thing appears—
A jealous, ‘‘winkin’ Light O’ Love’’
To flicker on the stairs!
And evil cry to Hardieker—
A woman’s idle tears!

The merry dance of shadow shapes,
The lusty bout of foes,
The crazy chat the Swede put out
Before he turned his toes,
And the little silver crucifix
In Anne’s awful clothes!

It’s pretty—well, I’ll say it is—
But I should change the deck!
A fight within a boarding house
Could only make a wreck—
I’d murder Hans—and save the knife
For Fultah Fisher’s neck!

—Germaine Bouquet, ’23.
The Oppor. Perhaps no industry of modern times has experienced such rapid yet substantial development as the moving picture shows. At first a mere fad, it is now a national, even international, business. The innocent bean planted by Jack the Giant Killer has long since grown to immense proportions, and has flowered into the castle of the monster. And with this growth has come, as always in God's system of things, great responsibilities and great opportunities.

There are naturally three possible fields of achievement for the movies: The amusement of humanity; the education of the world; the cultivation of the finer sensibilities, both religious and aesthetic.

Science has demonstrated that the laws of health and the rules of good citizenship, for that matter, require that the world must sometimes drop all of its engagements and play. What better way to relax than to sit in a comfortable playhouse and watch the antics of some Charlie Chaplin! The tired laborer forgets his toil, the business man lays aside his problems, the teacher unbounds from the stress of the class room, and laughs as each ought to laugh in order to remain the nicely balanced machine the swifty-whirling world demands. In this field the movies seem to be meeting obligations.

The world must also be educated. Never before in all history has the call been so strong for men and women mentally big. Colleges, academies, schools everywhere are doing their best; but many there are who will never be in position to get these advantages. The movies present a vast university that all may attend. And here, too, the demand is met. The laws of physics, of chemistry, of health are explained; the classics are illustrated in the spotlight of the screen as they could never be taught in the classroom; foreign lands never to be visited are made to appear by a magic touch; good citizenship is instilled into the hearts of the young; and great ambitions to accomplish wonderful things float into the spirit of the onlooker as from the soul of the master artist.

But in the third place, the world, if this age is to live hereafter, must be kept in tune with the Heart behind the Shadows. And here, in its most glorious opportunity, the movies fall down. It will do no good to say that artists to live must follow the world; far better to say that artists to realize the best must lead the educated without being degraded; and the vampires and the suggestive dances and the wild revelries and all the things that make men mean and women impure must go.

If the movies can not measure up to this opportunity without compulsion, then the laws of the land should take a hand in the game.

The world must at least be made a decent place to live in.

What do you know? If you were asked to classify an artichoke, would you assert it to be a fish? Would you define it as a kind of bird? Would you locate Tokio in China, or Yale University in Cambridge? Would you say that Darwin was a master of literature, or that Poe wrote "The Scarlet Letter?" Would you label Arthur Brisbane an athlete?

These, according to Paul V. West, are a few of the vast number of lamentable mistakes made in recent intelligence tests given to a good-sized representative college group. Only lack of reading can explain such unheard of replies. How much do you read, anyway? Do you keep in touch with life and become acquainted with the "free facts that float so familiarly on its surface" as well as those formally dealt with in the class room? Or do you try to excuse your lack of current knowledge by saying: "My college work keeps me so busy that I have no time to read papers and magazines?" Such a statement will not excise ignorance of vital issues. "He who has not learned to read his daily newspaper," says W. P. Atkinson, "will hardly read Gibbon and Grote to any purpose; he who cannot see history in the streets of Boston will trouble himself to no purpose with books about Rome and Pompeii." We must not confuse our reading to required texts. If we are to be college women in the true sense of the word we must keep up with the political and social questions of the life of our own day. Total abstinence from the reading of periodicals must make one to some extent both ignorant and selfish.

There was a time when girls were supposed to know nothing of current happenings, and would indeed have had little or no use for such knowledge. But that time has past. We girls of today have lately been granted practically all of the rights of men. Will we approach these privileges intelligently? Certainly not, unless we develop the habit of reading. What kind of a showing would G. W. C. make in an intelligence test depending upon reading? How many of us could say with Fenelon: "If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all"?—or with Gibbon, the historian, who says: "A taste for books is the glory and pleasure of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies"?

If we rightly cultivate the reading habit, if we read aright and remember well, not only can we have the best of friends (our books) always at hand, but we can at length say with all modesty, "My mind to me a kingdom is."
BOOK REVIEWS

The Age of Innocence

The “Age of Innocence” is one of Edith Wharton’s latest books and one which has been widely read. It is a story or rather a picture of fashionable New York society of the “early seventies”—a time when the descendants of the Knickerbockers, the van der Luydens, the Chiverses, the Mingotts, the Newlands, and the Masons, ruled society—a time when “taste and form” predominated and when “scandal was dreaded more than disease.” The book is refreshing in that it is different from the modern novel. It is an accurate picture of the society of that day, and perhaps will become classic as a historical record of this society.

Mrs. Wharton makes us see things as they were: the social old “Academy Opera House” with its “shabby red and gold boxes,” the streets teeming with handsome, private broughams and humble “Brown couples,” the formal, solemn houses, and that chilly, “high-ceilinged, white-walled Madison Avenue drawing room” of the van der Luydens with its stately pictures and pale brocaded armchairs. She pictures the homes and the people with such accurate detail that we feel that the author was there and knew each one of her characters.

The three main characters stand out against a background of minor characters. May Welland and Countess Oleniska represent two different types: May, the shielded daughter of a wealthy family, brought up in surprising innocence of life in general but versed in social arts and knowledge; Ellen Olenaka, the traveler, with her foreign air and manners and peculiar beauty. Both loved the very human hero. Although the characters offer a wide variety of type, they are all real and carefully drawn. Each of the minor characters has its distinct personal flavor, the independent Granny Mingott, the exclusive van der Luydens, the correct Lawrence Lefferts, the greatest authority on “form,” old Sillerton Jackson, a hanger on but a great authority on “family,” Mrs. Archer, Janie, the wealthy Beauforts and others. In her minor characters she shows her greatest skill.

The story works out gradually, beginning in the early seventies and ending with a later age and generation. During this time society changed greatly and many of the old family lines and forms broke down. The plot of the story seems subordinate to the characters. We do not move from crisis to crisis in the story, but we become absorbed in the development of the characters themselves. It really seems the family history of some very interesting people.

The book holds you from beginning to end. It is the kind of book which when once begun demands to be read within twenty-four hours. If you wish to read a good book, you will find the “Age of Innocence” well worth while.


Now It Can Be Told

Any one who has not read Philip Gibbs’ new book, “Now It Can Be Told,” should lose no time in doing so. Mr. Gibbs served as a British correspondent throughout the World War. He and his fellow correspondents have published several volumes about the immense military operations in France and Belgium. This last book is entirely different from any other war narrative. It relates the unspeakable misery that the soldiers had to bear. The terrible tales could not be written during the war because the censors had to eliminate all remarks concerning that phase of the soldier’s life. But now it can be told and it should be told in justice to the millions of soldiers who sleep in Flanders fields and to those who passed through the awful horror of it all.

This book portrays the life of the British Tommy in billet and in trench; it does not specialize in horrors, and has scarcely a word to say about the atrocities of the German invaders, upon which so many volumes dwell. On the contrary, the author seems to consider them of minimum importance compared with the experiences of the soldiers. He tells us what the men in the front trenches were enduring while we were satisfying ourselves with the official report that there is “no change in the situation. All is well.” While we were receiving these reports whole battalions were being completely destroyed in one night. Men were standing knee deep in mud, without a dry thread in their uniforms, and with swarms of rats and “cooties” to add to their uncomfortable position. The author has helped us to visualize just what it meant to live day after day, year after year in the grime of the battle fields.

The British staff officers have received many criticisms for the mistakes they made, for which thousands of England’s bravest soldiers paid their lives. Mr. Gibbs is constantly alluding to the seeming unnecessary sacrifice of lives in order that the staff might report, for the glory of the “High Command,” that more ground had been taken. He says that a recorder like
himself has no right to sit in judgment on the Staff, but can only cry out “O God” in remembrance of all that agony and that waste of the lives of splendid boys who loved life and died.

Mr. Gibbs maintains that some change must be made in our social structure before we recover from the results of the war. He thinks the crash inevitable and sees in it a possibility for the restoration of the mental balance of the nations. It is to be hoped that the nations stand “for peace and not for war, for Christian charity and not for hatred, and with the virtue of patriotism, will combine a generous spirit to extend to other peoples across the old frontier of hate.” If the nations do not take some stand but rather allow this war to lead to monstrous preparations for a future war we will have betrayed those soldiers of ours who gave their lives that the world might be made safe for democracy.

The interest is never lost in this book. The episodes join on to one another smoothly. The only drawback is the repetition of some of the incidents. M. B. M. says that “a diligent use of the blue pencil would have shortened the book without seriously impairing its interests or its value. It would at least have made room for an index, which the volume lacks.”

—Kathleen Childress, ’22.

ATHLETIC NOTES

MAE JONES, Editor

Athletic spirit is dominant among G. W. C. girls. They displayed their enthusiasm by their hearty cooperation with the basket-ball players. Almost all the interest has been centered around basket-ball for the past two months. All the games were well attended by responsive witnesses and class spirit ran high.

January twenty-second brought a successful close to the basket-ball season. The first game was played by the Seniors and Sophomores. The game ended in favor of the Sophomores with a score of 10 to 5. On December the tenth, the Freshman met the Juniors on the court. The Freshmen did some fine work, but lost the game with a score 12 to 9. Even more exciting was the Senior-Freshman game on December the fourteenth. The Seniors allowed the Freshmen to make only one more goal than they, which ended the game 9 to 7. On January the seventh, the Sophomores and Freshmen played. The score ended 10 to 6 in the Freshmen’s favor. The Sophomores won a game over the Juniors on January the seventh with a score 23 to 13. On January twentieth, the Seniors gave the game to the Juniors with a score 32 to 2.

Because three class teams won two games each, an extra game had to be played. Slips were drawn for the order of the games, and it fell to the lot of the Freshmen and Sophomores to have the game preliminary to the championship game with the Juniors. On January the twenty-first, a large crowd assembled to witness the game. The Freshmen won with a score 8 to 6. The final game was played the next day, between the Juniors and Freshmen. This game was intensely interesting from start to finish. The game ended with the score 24 to 14 in favor of the Freshmen. This made six more wearers of the G. W. C. block letter. Hurrah for the Freshmen!

The line-up was as follows:

**Seniors.**  
Ruby Fellers-------------Center  
Helen Harris-------------Side Center  
Miriam Zeigler---------Forwards  
Florence Stewart-------Guards  
Eliza Gunter-----------Floride Kelly  
Ruby Quattlebaum------Elsie Dill  

**Juniors.**  
Helen Westmoreland------Center  
Lois Loftis-------------Side Center  
Rene Joyce-------------Forwards  
Mae Jones--------------Mertie Lee Phillips  
Olive Brodie-----------Elizabeth Merritt  
Helen League-----------Addie VonLehe

**Sophomores.**  
Lucile Hoke-------------Center  
Lucile Wyatt-----------Side Center  
Janie Scruggs----------Forwards  
Ruby Woodward---------Guards  
Floride Kelly----------  
Elsie Dill-------------  

Mae Jones, ’22.
ALUMNAE CLASS NOTES

VIRGINIA QUICK, Editor

1903.
Clara (McNeil) Thomas passed away in 1919.
Nannie (Wilson) Brookman is now living in Chester, S. C., where her husband is superintendent of the public schools.

1910.
To Eunice (Bristow) Hearin (Mrs. W. C.), a son at Canton, Texas.

1911.
Marriage: Jennie L. Cowser to Ira C. Davis (Furman, 1919), at Greenville, S. C.
Nellie (Whitten) Hellams is now living in Kershaw, S. C.
To Emily (Earle) Woodward (Mrs. Boyd), a son, at Greenville, S. C.

1914.
Clara L. Wingo died August, 1920, at her home at Fair Forest, S. C.
Snow Jeffries and Gladys Rives are teaching at Edgefield, S. C.
Pauline (Walker) Chandler is living in Greenville, S. C.
Sallie T. Cade is a nurse at Anderson College, Anderson, S. C. She completed her course of training at the University Hospital, at Augusta, Ga., in the fall of 1920.
To Annie Mae (Bryant) Skinner (Mrs. R. C.), a son, Richard C., Jr., at Jacksonville, Florida.

1915.
Marriage: Paulie Chapman to Edward L. Boatwright, at Townville, S. C.

1916.
Marriage: Mary Garrison to George Enfield McNeutt, of Dover, Delaware.
Ethel Loftis is teaching in the graded school at Fort Mill, S. C.
Maggie Tinsley is teaching in Boise, Idaho. She spent last summer at Columbia University, N. Y., in summer school.
Grace Coleman is teaching in Washington, D. C.
Marie Padgett is teaching at Camp Sevier, near Greenville, S. C.

Leta White is studying medicine at the Medical College of Virginia, in Richmond, Virginia.


Engagement: The engagement is announced of Rebecca Furman to Broadus Bailey, of Greenville, S. C.
Mary Kilgo is teaching at the American Spinning Company, at Greenville, S. C.

1918.
Marriage: Hazel Prickett to Jesse Thomas Anderson, of St. Matthews, S. C.
Nan Easley is teaching at Judson Mill, Greenville, S. C.
Ida Mae Prothero is employed in government service at Washington, D. C.
Ruth Martin is a social secretary for the Calvary Baptist Church in Washington, D. C.
Ex-1918. Marriage: Mary Jane King to Hugh Walker, at Brevard, N. C.

1919.

Ruth Lancaster is teaching at Cherokee Falls, S. C. Louise Seaffe is spending the winter at DeLeon Springs, Fla.

Virginia Hudgens is a bookkeeper in her father’s store at Pelzer, S. C., and spends her afternoons teaching domestic science.
Aileen Coggins is teaching at Spartan Academy, at Welford, S. C.
Irene Erwin is in library work, at Washington, D. C.
Her address is 1710 R. L. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Carolyn Cartwright is teaching at home, at Decatur, Ala.
Zilla Smyer is teaching at Johnston, S. C.
Pauline Ray is teaching at Union, S. C.
Leona Perry is teaching near Richland, S. C., in a delightful “old-fashioned” country school.
Mary Brown is teaching at Dunean Mill, Greenville, S. C.

1920
Marriages: Mildred Hill to Marcus Boyd (Furman 1918), at Mount Airy, N. C. Lewlie French to Oliver S. Wollar, of Oklahoma. Vera Jackson to Robert Jackson, at Greenville, S. C.

Jennie Cox (B. L., 1919) is teaching Latin in the High School at Ridge Spring, S. C.
Martha (Pearl) Knight is now living in Olanta, S. C., where her husband has a position in the public schools.
Eleanor and Louise Southern are at home this year, in Greenville, S. C.
Elizabeth White is spending this year at home in Greenville, S. C.
Belle Quattlebaum is teaching at Batesburg, S. C.
Inez Lever is teaching at Greenville, S. C.
Marie Lewis is at home in Johnston, S. C.
Ruth Brown is teaching music at Monaghan Mill, at
Greenville, S. C.
Mary Seyle is teaching at Dunean Mill, Greenville, S. C.

Ex-1920. Bertie Ballard is teaching at Brevard, N. C.

Ex-1923.

Marriages: Ethel Kilpatrick to Frank S. Gaffney of
Greenville, S. C. Dorthy Estes to Thelbert J. Lewis,
of Conway, S. C.

EXCHANGES
BESS BARTON, Editor

Pleasing in appearance and interesting as to content is The Converse Concept for December—interesting because of the cleverly written little stories. First among which we would mention “The Tinthemiz,” and the unusual number of readable poems. The Concept staff is indeed fortunate in having a “Wild Thyme” Club to insure against a lack of verse. We wonder though if it is through intention or lack of material that the magazine contains only poems and stories. Always, it seems to us among the most valuable contributions to our college magazine are the essays, and a magazine without at least one could scarcely be called well-balanced.

Also, in The Criterion we find a super-abundance of stories, if they are all stories, and a startling lack of other material. The stories are fairly well-written, but the plots are anything but original. We are particularly reminded of other stories in “When Cupid Filled His Ranks” and “Love.” Surely the magazine could be improved by the addition of other departments.

Possibly the most thoroughly enjoyable magazine that has come to us for the past several months is The Wake Forest Student. The essays, “Whittier, the Poet of the Farm,” and “The Ideals of Americanism in Literature,” show an unusual appreciation of the subject in hand, while the treatise on “Rubber” is interesting if only because of the information it presents. The so-called story, “Conflict,” if considered only as a sketch, is admirable in the refreshing knowledge of nature it depicts.

Judging from the January number, The College of Charleston Magazine would do well to add to the variety of its contributions. The one poem, “Reminiscence,” is of no very great merit. The story, “The Viking and the Bridge Builder,” has an interesting plot which has not been well worked out. In fact it seems to us that faulty sentence structure detracts from the value of all the stories.


What is Spring?

A vine in my window is budding,
The birds and the bees are about,
The pathway of life is before me,
Tis Spring in my heart and without.

Shall I still feel the joy of the Spring-time,
When most of the path lies behind?
When no more in the freshness and beauty
A promise for life I can find?

—Bess Barton, '23.
A Real Fish.
The City Cousin had a vague idea he should show the Country Cousin all the instructive sights of the big town. She had other notions, having heard of Broadway cabarets, but listened patiently while he lectured learnedly at the Aquarium on the trunk fish, angel fish, moon fish, parrot fish, etc.

"How very interesting, Cousin Egbert," she murmured. "I think they are just lovely, but couldn't we go now and look at the planked shad?"

In Terms He Understood.
An ex-sea captain, expostulating with his pretty daughter, exclaimed:

"This is a fine time to be coming home after automobile with that lubber!"

"But, daddy," explained his daughter, "we were becalmed. The wind died down in one of the tires and we had to wait for it to spring up again."

Then the Stampede.
"You poor man," exclaimed a gentle old lady, bending over the bed of a hospital patient who looked as if he had been struck by all the shrapnel fired in the Argonne, "were you struck by an automobile?"

"No, ma'am, I had a light attack of the flu and I dropped the doctor's prescription in the trolley where everybody could read it."

"All this talk about prohibition is bunk," declared an old laborer. "Twas whiskey saved me life onet."

"Snake bite?"

"Snake bite nothin'. I was diggin' a well an' come up for a drink and while I was gettin' it th' well caved in."

Figures Never Lie.
"What are the chances of my recovering, Doctor?"
"One hundred per cent. Medical records show that nine out of ten die with the disease you have. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. Others all died. You're bound to get well. Statistics are statistics."

Miss Denmark (in history class): "What became of Rome?"
Gooie K.: "It fell."
Miss D.: "What became of Carthage?"
G. K.: "It was burned?"

Farmer (proudly showing off his pigs): "And that's the cutest little pig I have. His name is Ink."
Visitor: "How's that?"
Farmer: "Because he is always running out of the pen."

Mr. Henpeck: "Wot's your steak like ter-day?"
The Sentimental Butcher: "Tender as a woman's 'cart, Mr. 'Enpeck."
Mr. Henpeck: "Oh is it! Then I'll 'ave some tripe."

Bill Collectors: "But why do you let your wife spend all of your money?"
Mr. Henpeck: "Because I'd rather argue with you than with her."

Academy Student (timidly entering supply room): "Mrs. Ramsay, do you sell Latin ponies here?"
Mrs. Ramsey (dryly): "We do not deal in live stock."

Alma McL.: "Did we have to memorize this poetry by heart?"
Carrie C.: "No, we had to memorize this by Longfellow."

Confident.
Jones: "My girl has the prettiest lips I ever saw."
Brown: "I'll put mine against them."—Davidsonian.

P. W.: "Aw shut up."
M. S.: "You are the biggest fool around here."
Instructor: "Girl! Girls! You forget I am here!"

"Just met my summer girl."
"How was she?"
"Wintry."—Richmond Collegian.

Lillie A.: "I don't like this salad dressing."
Grace Mc.: "You shouldn't be so fickle, Lillie."

Among the memorable dates in history, wrote a school boy, "was Anthony's date with Cleopatra."

"I guess I'll take a day off," said the student as he tore a sheet off the calendar.

Another thing that causes a chicken to cross the road is a show window with a good mirror in it.

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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.

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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.

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