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## The Isaqueena - 1921, April

Martha Osborne  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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# The ISAQUEENA



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April, 1921

# THE ISAQUEENA

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Vol. XV          Greenville, S. C., April, 1921          No. 3

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Published Quarterly by the Student Body of Greenville Womans  
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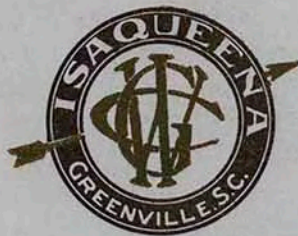
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# The Isaqueena

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
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Vol. XV

APRIL, 1921

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## A Morning Prayer

**N**OW while the day is young  
And the road ahead seems long,  
Help me to take my place among  
The cheerful and the strong.

No matter where this road may wind,  
Whether it be dark or fair,  
Grant at the journey's end I find  
Some shining truth which man may share.

Keep brave my heart, though sorrow-wrung,  
Give me to match life's din with song;  
Now while the day is young,  
And the road ahead seems long.

Flora Bennett, '23,

## When Three Was A Crowd

“**D**OROTHY West, you are absolutely the meanest girl I have ever known! The idea of you sitting there accusing me of eavesdropping.” There was a hurt note in Elizabeth’s voice and a glint of anger in her usually soft eyes.

“Now don’t get wrathful, Elizabeth, for you know I didn’t mean that. But I don’t see how you knew exactly what he told me, and you must admit that you never heard of a man telling two girls the same things, in the same hour, especially the first time he met them.”

“Well, men do surprising things sometimes, and he did tell me I had beautiful eyes.”

“And he did tell me I had beautiful eyes,” mimicked Dorothy.

“Pink is becoming to me with my rose leaf complexion,” quoted Elizabeth, surveying herself in the mirror.

“Blue only enhances my type of Spanish beauty,” mocked the other.

The situation was becoming ridiculous and they both had to laugh. They discarded their finery and as the clock struck twelve, two sleepy and slightly vexed girls turned off the light and prepared to drift away in “slumber soft,” and dream about the captivating stranger who had made such lovely remarks to each of them separately.

“I sincerely hope,” murmured Elizabeth drowsily, “that there will be two Prince Charmings at the next Junior reception and that both of them will have a fair amount of originality.”

“Now don’t get mad at me just because he thinks I’m pretty,” taunted Dorothy. “But I’m mad—oh! I say I am mad at him! He is nothing but an awful flirt, and I just want a chance to get even with him. But my,” she sighed rapturously, “those big black eyes!”

Dorothy lay silent a moment, and then giggled, “Now wouldn’t that be rich?”

“What, goose?”

“Come over here a minute.”

Dorothy sat up in her enthusiasm. “I have a perfectly lovely plan for settling accounts with Mr. John E. Walton. I want to show him that we are not such innocent little infants, but grown-up girls of experience.”

Elizabeth slipped out of bed and pattered across the floor to Dorothy, and there, with all the rest of the world asleep and only a stray moonbeam peeping in at the windows to listen, two very wide-awake girls sat huddled up in the middle of the bed talking about and plotting against a certain young man for so long that his ears should have burned, whether they did or not.

“But suppose he doesn’t,” suggested Elizabeth.

“Oh! but he will. I know men, my dear,” and with this bit of logic she turned over and went peacefully to sleep.

She thought she understood men, but circumstances proved she was not well acquainted with this one.

She was expecting a note, and was not surprised when it came two days later, but she was surprised when Elizabeth received a twin note at the same time and a box of violets exactly like hers and all from John Walton. The idiot!

Elizabeth was not surprised when she received the violets and note, but she had no idea the imbecile would send Dorothy exactly the same note and the same violets. He told them both how much he had enjoyed being at the reception—with Her—and he hoped to have the great pleasure of seeing Her again soon. Now whom, pray tell, did he want to see?

They took their violets and notes to their room and compared them. Their notes were exactly alike, even to the punctuation marks, and it did seem that each bunch of violets had been carefully picked and counted.

“Well, of all the nerve!” gasped both in a breath. “What is the matter with the man?”

Dorothy tapped her head significantly. “Trouble upstairs.” Elizabeth fairly blazed with indignation. “That man—he makes me ab-so-lutely furious,” she announced. “I’d like to hang him up to a tree and watch him die. Now understand me, Dorothy, I’m not jealous. You’re still my best friend and I know you’re prettier than I am, but I just don’t choose to have any peacock throwing it in my face.”

“Ditto,” answered Dorothy almost too sweetly. “Well, what about the plan?”

“I say it’s time to act,” cried Elizabeth, and springing up she seized pen and paper and wrote furiously for a few minutes.

“How is that?” she threw the note in Dorothy’s lap.

“Too much indignation in it,” was the criticism. “The man would know at once that you were boiling over and we want him to think we’re charmed with his style of flirting. Here, let me fix it.”

When it was finally written to their satisfaction Elizabeth copied it and mailed them both. Then they anxiously awaited further developments.

If they could have seen the look of perplexity that overspread his face as he read the two notes and heard his muttered, “The joke is on me,” they would have been delighted with their success and perhaps they would have laughed instead of exhausting their vocabulary in order to find new names for him when, two days later, two more notes arrived, exactly alike.

“He’s just the biggest kind of an idiot,” was the

unanimous decision, and forthwith they followed his example and answered as before. And before he had time to answer again, they sent him two picture post cards of the college.

After that letters flew thick and fast for two weeks and John was getting uneasy. Those girls had grit, but couldn't they see that it was time to end the joke? What was he going to do with them anyway? He was ashamed to drop out and leave them on the field with victory. Besides, he didn't exactly want to leave Elizabeth. He always had liked slender girls with soft brown eyes. What if they were to ask him to meet them somewhere! He laughed nervously. He couldn't be in two places at the same time and he couldn't meet them together. But of course they wouldn't do such a thing!

But that proved that he didn't know as much about girls as he thought he did, for at that moment they were discussing it, and a few hours later he received the two notes which ran, "Dear John,"—they had reached the "Dear John" stage long ago—"I am going up town tomorrow evening and will be in Brown's drug store at four o'clock; so please bring the pictures and cards from France. I am anxious to see them, as I had a brother in France." Dorothy's note read "Smith's drug store," but the hour was the same.

"I guess that will fix him," she remarked, "but are you really going to meet him at the drug store? I'm afraid to go, for he might go to your drug store and my pride would be wounded."

But he did neither. His twin brother, James, handed him the two dainty envelopes as he was starting up town.

"Who are the fair ones?" he teased. But as a look of perplexity and dismay slowly overspread his brother's face he stopped.

"Must be bad news, John."

"Oh, hush," was the impatient answer and John went out and slammed the door. That was some of that frisky little Dorothy's work. Now, what in the world was he to do? He simply couldn't go to both places and yet he must or else admit that he was beaten. He was so preoccupied in one of the stores that he bought a necktie instead of the handkerchiefs he had intended to purchase. Oh, plague women! If his friends learned about this he'd never hear the last of it. Why, a girl, or at least two of them, had actually got the better of him! But, pshaw! Why waste a perfectly good evening thinking about such a small difficulty? And whistling a careless tune under his breath, he went out on the street and flirted desperately with every pretty girl that came along, ending by escorting two rather gay looking ones to the movies. As they left the theatre, John saw James coming down the street alone, but paid no attention to him until he saw him cross the street to keep from meeting them. Poor old

James! It certainly was strange how twins could look so very much alike and yet one be so ardently fond of girls and the other almost abhor them. He wasn't quite sure, but he believed James was afraid of them, for he certainly kept out of their way as much as possible. Suddenly an idea popped into his head and he chuckled aloud. The girls looked at him for an explanation, but he only hurried them home and turned toward his own home to find James. When the two brothers were seated alone in their room that night John became quite confidential.

"What kind of girl do you like best, James?" asked John innocently. James shot a look at his brother, but found nothing suspicious in the other's face.

"Dunno. Why?"

"Oh, I just asked. I met a peach at the reception several weeks ago. Dainty, slender little girl with appealing brown eyes and wavy brown hair—nice and quiet, too. Just suit you, old man."

"You guessed wrong that time." James' face was rather red. "I don't like the silent kind. If I had to take any, I prefer a black haired beauty of the Spanish type."

John mentally patted himself on the back for managing so well. He drew his chair up close to James and laid a hand on his knee.

"See here, old man, I'm in a deuce of a scrape, and you're the cause of it all. Do you remember the story we read of the man who made love to two girls just alike, sent exactly the same letters and everything? And do you remember I said I was going to try it, and you bet me twenty-five dollars I wasn't game? Well, I resolved to try it sometime and I had such a good chance at the reception that I made a good beginning. I had no idea complications would arise, but, look here." And he showed him the notes and explained what he had done. "And now you must meet Dorothy, for I want to meet Elizabeth and Dorothy won't care. So come on and be a sport. Will you do it?"

"No, no, I can't! Don't even talk about it," James shuddered.

John pleaded, but was flatly refused. "All right," said John with a determined look. "If you don't, I'll tell——" He whispered in James ear and then leaned back in his chair with a careless air.

James blushed furiously and stammered, "If you do I'll—I'll——"

"Well, I will, but do as you please."

James collapsed. "Of course you realize it would be the very dirtiest kind of a trick, but you're just mean enough to do it." He thought a minute. "I guess I'll do it, but you'll have to think of another place. I won't meet her in such a public place as Smith's."

John was exultant. After a few minutes' thought,



he said, "I know what we could do if you are game." And he leaned over and talked rapidly for several minutes.

James was dubious, but finally said, with a martyred air, "Oh, well, I might as well go in for the whole show. I guess it will end by my having to marry Dorothy anyway."

John laughed and, getting out pen and paper, wrote the notes that almost unbalanced Dorothy and Elizabeth the next day.

"What next?" demanded Elizabeth tragically.

"Why, one of us will meet Mr. John Walton at the corner of Calhoun and James Street and take a nice little ride in a green roadster. Let's see," she referred to her note. "He says four o'clock. Well, who is going?"

"Me," said Elizabeth.

"Me," echoed Dorothy.

"Whose beau is he, anyway?" asked Elizabeth.

"I don't know and you don't either, but it's up to us to find out. Shall we draw straws?"

"Oh, no. That's too common. I'll tell you what let's do. Let's both start in opposite directions and the one that gets to the corner first shall go."

"That's a good idea. Let's dress. What shall I wear?"

"I wonder," said Dorothy, as they left the college at ten minutes to four, "why he wouldn't go to the drug store."

"I don't know, but I'd rather go to ride anyway. Well, goodbye. I'll see you tonight."

"Goodbye, I think we will ride to the mountains and get some wild flowers."

They parted and walked slowly until out of sight of each other, then broke into a run. As Elizabeth came in sight of the corner she heaved a sigh of relief. There it was! A lovely green roadster. Her heart thumped with excitement and joy. She thought she had never seen a more handsome man than he was as he stood by his car as she approached. After a cheery greeting he helped her in and they sped away toward the country. Elizabeth could not help feeling a pang of sympathy for poor Dorothy, who was being left behind. There was no necessity for wasting her sympathy, for hardly had Elizabeth disappeared when Dorothy came around the corner to find John drawing up in his green roadster.

"Hello," he greeted her. "We're exactly on

time, aren't we?" The town clock was striking four.

Dorothy was sure that John had never looked nicer, but she didn't know his hair had that nice little wave in it, and she adored the funny little wrinkles around his eyes when he smiled.

As they flew over the beautiful country roads they became quite friendly. The afternoon was perfect and each found the other a charming companion. They chatted quite pleasantly for some time and Dorothy remarked suddenly as tho talking to herself:

"If I only knew what made him do it."

"What?" asked John, in a puzzled voice.

"Oh," laughed Dorothy, "I wish you would explain why you wrote and said the same things to Elizabeth that you did to me. And whom did you really intend to meet? Poor Elizabeth! She's missing a lovely ride." She told him how they decided who should come.

John hesitated and finally said, "I'm really afraid to explain, for you might not like it, but I do owe you an explanation, and if you'll promise not to be very angry, I'll explain."

"Well, I couldn't be any more angry than I've already been, so I promise,—go ahead."

"You see," he began. "I'm really not John. I'm James." And as her mouth flew open in surprise, he hastened to explain it all. "But," he ended, "John showed me a snap shot of you, and although John didn't know it, I was dying to come. But, goodness," he cried, as the thought came to him, "What if you had gone with John? You are not mad are you?" He looked anxiously into her eyes.

She paused. "No, I— I'm rather glad, I think. But what will Elizabeth say when I tell her?"

"Don't worry about Elizabeth. John will explain everything to her. But when will you ride again?" he added as they drove into town.

As they settled this point they came in sight of the corner. There were John and Elizabeth just driving up. They hurried to the corner and after much laughter and explanation the two green cars were driven slowly away and two happy girls started back to the college.

"How lucky," murmured Dorothy.

Elizabeth looked at her questioningly.

"That they were twins," she explained. And they both laughed.

Marjorie Martin, '22.



## At The Rainbow's End


Would you go to the end of the rainbow  
To find the pot of gold?  
Would you know in its wondrous riches  
A happiness untold?

I once thought the end of the rainbow  
Lay far in the western sky,  
But something has whispered I'll find it  
Where my heart's deep wishes lie.

So come with your dreams for your guiding,  
And the faith of your childhood days;  
Let's find the gold of the rainbow  
In the sunshine of our ways.

Bess Barton, '23.

## Maurice Maeterlinck

NE morning thirty years ago, writing in the Paris "Figaro," Octave Mirabeau, himself already famous in the world of letters, and to become more famous, hailed the presence of a new star in the literary firmament of Europe. After the most fulsome flattery, after claiming that this man had captured the beautiful, and after hinting at his possible establishment of a new school, Mirabeau wound up his pæan of praise by dubbing him "The Belgian Shakespeare."

The name of this new-comer was Maurice Maeterlinck, and immediately Paris and all the world—as Paris and all the world will usually do with genius—began to study the new-comer's life, to peep into the nooks and corners and crevices of his private affairs, and to wonder at one of the wonders of the world—a great man. And, doing this, Paris and all the world made some discoveries: among other things it was found out that Maurice Maeterlinck was a Belgian.

Maurice Maeterlinck was born in the city of Ghent, in the busy little kingdom of Belgium, and to me the place of his birth is the miracle of his life. Of all unlikely places on earth for a poet and a dreamer to be born is this Ghent in Belgium. It is the most prosaic place imaginable. There is a slight sprinkling of the Middle Ages about its hot commercial streets, but for the most part, Ghent, with its mills forever thrumming, its stores, models in the marts of trade, the Broadway bustle of its streets, the swift march of flying feet as soldiers learn the ominous business of killing human beings, the grind and groan of wheels upon the many railways, the shrill whoop of whistles far and near, is distinctly a modern industrial city—anything but the spot one would select as a suitable birthplace for the author of "Pelleas and Melisande." These impressions of Ghent are no mere hearsay, for to use an American expression, Ghent is my "home town," and as a child I

was vaguely troubled by its restless commercialism. Even in the parks where white swans and geese take food from one's hand by the fountains, each guarded by its hideous array of gargoyles, and in the quaint churches, where queer sounding bells suggest both the glory and the gloom of Edgar Allan Poe's famous poem, the hand of man is only too apparent.

Yet in this spot, so unpromising for a poet, the sweetest of Belgian's dreamers was born and grew to manhood. Here he wrote those early poems which introduced him to the public; here and in Paris he produced those gems of theatrical art known as the Marionette plays. Here, in Belgium, and in France, he has lived his simple, uneventful life until this good day, writing essays which range in their themes from a dissertation upon bees to a modest discussion of Sir Oliver Lodge's views of life after death; occasionally bringing to the sunlight those funny little songs of his own inner life which he calls poems, and which remind one of the gorgeous nonsense of Amy Lowell; and giving to the world those profounder plays of later life which have so challenged the admiration of all who have either seen them or read them.

Arthur Brisbane has recently pointed out that one who really loves art must give it his life; to a greater extent than most artists, Maurice Maeterlinck has done this. True, his life has been healthy—both physically and mentally. It could not be otherwise, when one considers that boxing is his favorite sport and Emerson his favorite author. But it has been secluded. His two love affairs and the publication of his books have been its events; the rest has been devoted to study in some quiet retreat, investigation of the beauties of the silence which he loves, and the development of his soul.

However, though his private life has been without glamour, the influence of his literary life has been immense. Mirabeau was wrong when he claimed the

beauties of the Maeterlinckian plays transcendent to the beauties of Shakespeare; the two men were not at all alike in their methods and their work, but he was right in hinting at a new school of art.

Until latter days the purpose of the playwright seems to have been to paint life as it appears in its objective manifestations,—that is to say, as a visitor from Mars or some other planet might see it. To one on the silent-side of the footlights, these older plays appear decidedly objective, and seem to deal almost entirely with action. The great psychological history of interplaying purposes, of inter-acting motives, in short, the soul-life of individuals has no expression except as can be guessed at from the acts presented on the stage. Even when this soul life is to some extent traced, as in some of the more modern artists like Ibsen, it has to do with right impulses as they clash with wrong impulses,—and never with the great fight of the soul with destiny, the warring of the spirit with God.

Maeterlinck introduced and made successful the psychological, subjective play—and in this proved Mirabeau's contention that he had accomplished a new thing under the sun. To see the strength in the idea thus contributed to art by Maeterlinck, it is only necessary to think about almost any act of man, however much at random it may be taken from human life.

A man meets another on the street and shoots him down, and even after his enemy falls stands by his side and shoots again. Here is an objective act, a visible, easily understandable, human act that the ancient maker of plays would have used with great effect upon his stage of yesterday. He would have shown it all—every movement, every intonation of voice, everything except the hidden things which cannot be shown—to the audience staring in open mouthed astonishment, and understanding little. The long months of painful thinking, the midnight pondering of injustice and human wrong, the torturing silences of both day and night when the spirit fought its fight, the battle of the unseen personalities deep in the soul, the untangling and twisting of psychic threads; in short, all those individual human experiences, seething, bubbling, gripping, tearing, moving always onwards to a mad goal, and finally flowering in the crime of murder; these from the material out of which Maeterlinck constructs his dramas. The actual shot on the street, would have received little attention, and would have gone unnoticed.

This unseen life became the theatre of Maeterlinck; and upon it, more than any other of his time, he has succeeded. Watching a Maeterlinckian play, one may smile at first at the movement of lifeless, un-

thinking, willynilly, helpless automatons—men and women moving like rudderless ships upon the stormy sea of destiny—but it will not be long before one who came to mock will stand and pray, in the presence of spiritual battle. For, after all the critics have had their say, this fact must remain admitted, that the stage of Maeterlinck is the stage of the soul.

The weakness of Maeterlinck, in my opinion, is the shallowness of spirit in Maeterlinck himself. Like Poe, he aims for psychological effect—and, by the way, before I had finished half a play, I felt the influence of the American master upon Maeterlinck (what an influence on the Latins and their friends and associates has this ethereal spirit!—and his methods are to some extent the same. A general scheme of terror; an ingenious twisting of the facts of nature to help out in this; the use of symbolic words and expressions which mean so much more than they express; the judicious use of silences, intermissions of action, false notes to emphasize the harmony of the general piece; the wise selection of materials—these constitute the secret of both Poe and Maeterlinck. The weakness of both of these geniuses is a narrowness of vision, a limited comprehension of the meaning of human facts, a lack of bigness of soul. Had these two men understood life as Shakespeare or Homer understood it, what might not have been accomplished; for Maeterlinck is Poe on the stage, and Poe is Maeterlinck in the short story.

Indeed, M. Mirabeau was wrong: Maeterlinck was not Shakespeare. (I would claim everything I could of Maeterlinck, since he is my countryman; and I maintain his greatness against all comers; but he can never rise to the greatness of the "Man of the Thousand Souls.") Maeterlinck will always stand out in his field as one of the immortals and go down in literary history with Ibsen and Shaw and Galsworthy and Barrie; but none of these held in his soul the great understanding of man and destiny as did the author of "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar" and "Macbeth" and "King Lear." Ibsen was a great swordsman, Shaw knew how to use with effect the bayonet, Maeterlinck could marshal his men and plan a battle; but Shakespeare was the great general who could do best all of these things. The light of the candle and the lamp and the electric globe, may each burn brightly; but each is lost in the light of the sun.

Yes; I love the work of Maeterlinck, for Maeterlinck is a Belgian and he is great. But to use an expression from one of the Marionette plays—when Shakespeare was born, "God's hand moved."

Germaine Bouquet, '23.

## Poe's Poetry

**P**OETRY to me is a personal thing always. I can not speak of it except in a personal way. I know of it only that I like it or do not like it, that it is pleasing to me or is not pleasing, that it opens up an unguessed world or falls flat. I can discuss the poetry of any one—or even think of it, for that matter—only as an effect upon me.

I can not for a moment claim that I know what poetry is. I can no more define it than I can define God or heaven or virtue or vesper bells. As well try to put a waterfall, an earthquake, a spring morning, or the music of Wagner into words. Poetry is poetry, just as the silver tinkle of water over rocks is a brook—that's all.

I think anyone may know something of poetry if he loves it—even of the technique of poetry,—yet, lacking the latter, such a one will still be able to at least feel the manifestation of the invisible force, perhaps even measure its effect as one measures electricity, understand in some degree its throb in the soul, ride on it as on winds to the high mountains. Such a one could then tell his thrills, sorrows, emotions, feelings.

In this way I know that poetry is the music of language, the melody of words, the harmony of ideas, the symphony of giant sensations, the sentence movies, the heaven and the hell of human ambitions and hopes. But it's more than that: It's an effect—an effect on the heart, on life, on human destiny. If Edgar Allan Poe would have us judge a short story by its effect, much more by its effect should we judge a poem. Indeed, I should say the effect is the poem.

I once stood on the deck of an Atlantic liner, when just a child, and looked out upon acres of rolling sea. I felt the strangest sort of helplessness; I sensed the vague cruelty of nature. I knew that God was back by the coasts of Belgium. I had gotten an effect, a most lasting impression; and if I could only put that effect into rhymed words that moved with throbs and measures, I should have had a very effective poem.

I do not know why I think it, but somehow I feel that this effect is always best when it has in it something of sorrow. And that is evidently what Poe himself thought, and that is why his poetry appeals to me more than that of any other poet I have read.

Once upon a time a great American magazine took a vote on the prettiest lines in the English language. This verse from Longfellow received the most ballots:

“And the night shall be filled with music  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.”

Had I been one of those asked about it, I should have suggested something else. Of course it is pleas-

ant, this stanza from Longfellow, and it certainly creates an effect. One gets the delightful picture of the desert, moonlight, camels, noiseless departure, silver boats floating away on the sands. But the impression is too weak. Pretty, but not lasting—that's what I should say of the general effect. It hasn't been painful; it can't stay with the nerves; it hasn't touched the heart.

This from the “Conqueror Worm” of Poe is what I should have suggested:

Out—out are the lights—out all!  
And over each quivering form  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
And the angels, all palid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy “Man.”  
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.”

Here we have great things superbly set forth. But we have much more: we have a terrible effect. Coming at the end of the little poem, coming “with the rush of a storm,” we have the verse which gives the whole a meaning, and the impression is so dramatic and painfully sad we can never forget it.

Horrible things slowly drifting over a canvas, suddenly explained as something we have been made to half suspect, but much more startling than we imagined, and in it all the hopelessness of death—that is the “Conqueror Worm.”

Others have understood the art of creating an effect, but not so well as Poe. I have never read a great deal of Kipling, but what I have read has shown me that he, too, knows how to make the nerves throb. “Danny Deever” I honestly do not even understand—I can not see what he is driving at without an interpreter—but I can hear the trumpets on parade. “Evarra and his Gods” leaves an impression just as indistinct (I should say that this indistinctness is a fault of Kipling) but I can sense the presence of a strange deity, hideous as a Chinese image. The “Ballad of Fultah Fisher's Boarding House” comes nearer the mark. Here's an effect for you. Any time I close my eyes, without the slightest trouble, I can see that bunch at the dingy tavern, around a deal card table, telling lies, spitting the “brimstone of the Lord,” and “liquoring out the day.”

Next to Poe, Coleridge is the man who understood the art best, in my opinion. No wonder Coleridge was the favorite of Poe! How the poet of Virginia must have envied the author of “The Ancient Mariner!”

A dead calm at sea, the waves the color of blood, the air full of silent tragedy, the rattle of dry bones on board, the birds of evil in a flashing sky, a silent ship manned by shadowlets and piloted by a skeleton—

what a field for the man of the University of Virginia!

Possibly the startling effect of Poe's poetry is due to the character of the man himself. One of the most unusual men that ever lived, standing always on the borderland between insanity and genius, the very soul of him torn and twisted by adversity, he put himself and all that he was into his verses. Is it any wonder that the pale student of the lamp, into whose heart the Raven shrieked his "Nevermore," should live in the memory of man forever? Poe's own spirit needed but the touch of supreme intelligence and human sympathy to rank it with the truly great poetry of the world.

To me the most interesting of these poems is "Ullume." The journey through the mystic night, in a veritable Valley of Fear, the moon and the stars threatening the unguessed and unguessable horrors of some spiritual hell, the winking and blinking of lights eerie and fitful, and then the sudden stop—Psyche confronting the cold and silent tomb! Who but Poe could have

written it? Who but Poe could have created such an atmosphere, such an effect in a few verses. The nameless horror of it, the hopeless tragedy of it, the supernatural pain of it!

So is it with all of Poe's poetry. What terrible worlds his imagination has painted! Dead worlds, lost worlds, to threaten mankind and haunt him forever. And through these worlds, these spirit spheres, a pale ghoul moves forever, to the blare of inaudible trumpets, with the shadowlets invisible,—and the pale ghoul is Poe.

Poe's body lies in Virginia, but his spirit must be in some dark cavern of some burnt out and dead moon, exploring strange graveyards, pondering queer problems, tortured always by a cold god's eternal, "No."

But effects like he created in poetry the universe shall never know again.

Germaine Bouquet, '23.

## Morning and Evening

**W**HEN coming dawn creeps o'er the world  
 With first faint rosy hue,  
 When dewdrops sparkle on grass and flower  
 In beauty ever new,  
 When morning breezes cool my brow  
 Hope is born anew.

When soft on earth dark presses down  
 And day draws to a close,  
 When heaven lights its last far star,  
 When folds the last sweet rose,  
 When the moon bathes all in silvery light  
 Tired hearts repose.

—Ruth Cowart, '24.

## Jeanette's Minstrel

**I**T WAS Friday, the thirteenth, and Miss Terry of the English department looked over her glasses at her juniors.

"Well! young ladies!" she greeted. "This is the big day; I hope none of you have forgotten it. I have been trying for a long time to teach you the rules of good writing, and now I am to see whether or not I have failed. What about our poems?"

Thirteen girls looked at each other with questioning eyes. Myrtle Mace and Agnes Little, sitting on the front seat and bluffing as usual, each attempted a little titter, which stuck in the throat and came out a snort. Ten other young beauties, blonds, brunettes, and what not, followed suit.

Jeanette Desire, the French girl, of Latin temperament and consequently never popular with her sisters, who didn't understand her, merely smiled.

"How about you, Miss Mace?" went on Miss Terry. "I suppose you have yours, haven't you?"

And then Myrtle began to pipe her little song:

"Well, I believe— Miss Terry, it was quite impossible— I've— Well, really—"

"Never mind, Miss Mace," said Miss Terry, who quite understood the shortcomings of Myrtle. "Give in your masterpiece, and have done with it!"

And Myrtle, with her ordinary fuss, turned it over, emphasizing the movement with the proper wailings and sighs and blushes.

Her production was christened "A Noise"—and it was. Valued as a literary effort it was worth about two copecks, or a tinkle of a rock in a tramp's teakettle—maybe less. When it was read Jeanette couldn't help thinking of a passage in the Koran, which a friend had once pointed out to her; of how the tribes of Thamad and Ad, rebelling against the Prophet, had been utterly destroyed—by a loud and furious noise!

It was rich, simply rich, and everyone, including Miss Terry, laughed boisterously.

Now, Miss Little—yours!" said Miss Terry.

Agnes pursed her lips (some one had once told Agnes that pouted lips were very becoming to her type), and, rising to her feet, gracefully presented a tiny parchment, on which appeared some fine, even writing.

It was all about a butterfly—and what a butterfly! It was all gold and silver and emeralds and pearls—even had a diamond or two stuck about and concealed on its person. That butterfly was worth a couple of millions, if worth a cent. Never had been such an insect since the return of Gulliver from his travels.

It was good for a laugh, anyway, and it was Friday, the thirteenth, and the Juniors!

And so Miss Terry went around the class. She

couldn't help but smile, and yet she was angry, too. She loved the girls with all her heart, had given them her best efforts—and the results were so commonplace, and so disappointing!

At last she said: "And Jeanette, yours please!"

It was with a frown that she said this, for she did not expect much from "Mademoiselle Dago," as the class unaffectionately called Jeanette Desire.

No one ever did seem to expect much from Jeanette,—the faculty least of all. It seemed to Jeanette that the harder she worked the lower were her marks. Both the teacher of Psychology and the Professor of Chemistry had flunked her, joyously flunked her; and the Dean had for three years clasified her as a Freshman. No one ever appreciated her struggles, no one seemed to care, no one bothered themselves about a humiliation to Jeanette Desire.

Jeanette held in her hand two manuscripts, and fingered them lovingly. One was marked "The Chrystaline Mummy" and the other simply "Greatheart." The first was her best work; hours and hours she had given to its construction and polishing—she loved it as only an artist can love the child of his brain. The other was just a little trifle of leisure moments, born of her own will to accomplish.

For a time she hesitated, puzzled. She did so much wish to hear Miss Terry read "The Chrystaline Mummy;" it was sure to win from her at least a certain amount of appreciation. And yet she knew that if it were a gem from Homer or Dante or Shakespeare it would be received with nothing but giggles by twelve of the thirteen.

She couldn't stand that—simply couldn't! She fumbled another minute with her papers and turned in Greatheart.

Whereupon Miss Terry read:

"Once on a melancholy day,  
When Youth had done a weary mile,  
He stopped upon the King's Highway,  
And paused awhile.

"The world was painted all in drab,  
Or so it seemed to tired Youth;  
Death mourned beneath a marble slab—  
And so did Truth!

"But Chance will make the strange appear  
Within the wood as on the mart—  
A palsied man now stumbled near—  
'Twas Old Greatheart.

"Youth pricked his ears, for Youth would know

What foolish mortals often miss—  
The old Greybeard was bending low,  
And Youth heard this:

“Ye gods of earth who chide my goal,  
Who chill my body, blood and bone,  
Ye cannot chide or chill my soul—  
I still press on!”

“This must have been what Youth would know—  
What Greatheart spake that dreary day;  
For, like the Greybeard, bending low,  
He went his way!”

When she had finished, just as Jeanette expected, a titter went around the class, a titter that expressed more of scorn than appreciation. And Myrtle Mace, who was really the inspiration of most of Jeanette's troubles, saw that Miss Terry liked the poem. Myrtle Mace was not brilliant herself, but she was of the unfortunate disposition that could not bear to see anyone else succeed, no matter in what line.

She leaned over and whispered to Agnes Little, “Somebody—somebody who ought to know, too—told me that the Dago didn't do her own work, that she got help regularly. Begin to believe it, don't you?” There were looks of inquiry from the other members of the class, then more whispers and anxious glances toward Jeanette. While this was going on, Miss Terry was reading Jeanette's poem—this time in silence; and then, placing it carefully to one side, heaped the others in a waste-basket—like so much junk.

Turning to her class, she said:

“Girls, I must say my experiment hasn't been a success.” This is entirely unsatisfactory; I did think you could have written better. And I believe yet you can write better—”

She let her eyes wander over the room a moment, as if thinking.

As for your poem, Miss Desire, I think it very good!” she finished. “Yes; it was really very good!”

Twelve pairs of eyes again glanced anxiously at Jeanette, and there were more whispers and nudges.

Jeanette, seemingly unconscious of the rest of the class, glanced at Miss Terry and then flushed. She was unused to appreciation, much less to praise. She knew perfectly well, too, that there wasn't much to her poem. True, the feet were regular, and you couldn't say that much for the others,—and there was an idea in it expressed in rather an unusual way.

Well, she was almost sorry now that she hadn't given in “The Chrystaline Mummy.” What wouldn't Miss Terry have said, could she have seen that!

But there! Up woke Jeanette from her brown study, for Miss Terry was speaking again.

“I've some news for you girls which I think will prove interesting,” she said. “A friend of the college,

in a letter which I received this morning, has offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best poem to be produced by the college in the next twenty-four hours.”

Hereupon there were more glances at Jeanette, and a few whispers and remarks. But as for Jeanette herself, she was quite unconscious of this furore she was creating.

“The next twenty-four hours, Miss Terry!” she gasped. “Why that—why that is so unusual!”

Miss Terry laughed.

“Yes, that is very unusual,” she said. “But then, the gentleman who offers the prize is very unusual—that is to say, eccentric, at any rate. He loves poetry—and has been suddenly called on a trip to Europe. As this was his last chance to ‘encourage poesy in the college,’ as he puts it, and as he was very anxious to hear the poems read himself, he has placed upon us the time limit of which I have told you.”

“But—” suggested Jeanette.

“Yes,” interrupted Miss Terry; “I know what you would say. Of course I know mighty few gems have been produced under compulsion or by the clock—but those are the conditions. The poems must be written tonight and handed in tomorrow. Each girl must read her own production in chapel before the judges, who will be ready to render decision immediately after all have finished.”

She looked straight into the eyes of Jeanette Desire.

“I hope some of you will produce something worth while,” she concluded. “And I am inclined to think some of you will.”

## II.

All afternoon, to quote the expression of Senior who plumed herself because of her wide vocabulary, the college was simply agog with excitement. Never had there been anything like it in the memory of the oldest Special—and she was an old maid of some thirty winters (who didn't seem to have ever any summers or springs).

It raged in the boarding rooms and in the study hall, on the campus and in the library. Who had written Jeanette Desire's poems—that was the question.

Myrtle Mace declined to be more definite in regard to her source. She reiterated “good authority,” “someone who ought to know,” and hinted that there were “positive proofs” as to the person who had been assisting Jeanette. There were a few scattered partisans of Jeanette, but for the most part the girls were only intent upon the excitement caused by the rumor.

And so it came about that Jeanette soon knew all about the tempest in the teapot.

About five o'clock she went to the library to get Maeterlinck's “Monna Vanna”—and she was almost insulted; in fact she would have been quite insulted

if she hadn't been French—and so indifferent.

The room was full of girls, and they were taking advantage of the temporary absence of the librarian to discuss the problem of authorship of Jeanette's poem. Myrtle Mace called out from across the hall:

"Girls, who are the great American poets?"

And Agnes Little answered: "Longfellow, Edgar Allan Poe, Whittier, Holmes, and Jeanette Desire."

"One of those, I think, is French," said Myrtle Mace.

Never mind; she's gr-e-at, anyway!" returned Agnes Little.

She said this with a peculiar lisp, and all laughed loudly.

Jeanette walked straight up to Myrtle Mace. She was angry, pale, shaking. She had lost all sense of self-control.

"You little geranium!" she said hotly. (Myrtle painted and was notorious for her perfumes.) "You think because you carry a nut above your ruffled lace everyone else does!"

And Jeanette gave a little exhibition of Myrtle in Miss Terry's room, which was screamingly funny, and wound up by repeating a verse from that perfection of poetic art, entitled "A Noise."

It brought down the house and called for an encore which Jeanette was not at all sorry to give.

"I suppose you are going to enter the contest tomorrow," said Myrtle, in a tone which she intended to be sarcastic, but which sounded almost apologetic.

And it found Jeanette in no mode for conciliation.

"I suppose I shall," she said. "I am going to write a poem, and I think I shall call it "A Big Noise." So if I fail I shall at least have made a racket like a poet. You quite understand the operation, don't you, Myrtle Mace?"

This was too much and the girls demanded more. One even went so far as to say:

"Go to it, Mam'selle Dago, go to it!"

And another—

"Even if Jeanette didn't write the poem, it's quite certain Myrtle Mace didn't write one either. I don't see anything to put on such airs about.

And seeing the tables turned suddenly against her, Myrtle, without more ado, fled ingloriously from the room and beat a retreat upstairs.

Jeanette, almost laughing now, turned upon Agnes Little.

Do you mean to say I didn't write my poem?" she demanded.

"Oh, no, on the contrary, I think you did," said Agnes.

"No, you don't, Agnes Little!" said Jeanette. "If you really think I wrote it, and yet you are trying to insinuate an untruth, then you—you are smaller than I

thought you. Agnes, your name's Little—and you are!"

Jeanette meant this and, what's more, she looked it. Agnes Little shrank away from her.

"Agnes," Jeanette continued, swallowing hard.

But Agnes had had enough. She had been thoroughly impressed by Jeanette's treatment of Myrtle, and had no desire for a repetition of the performance.

"Well, I must be going, girls," she said, attempting to make a graceful exit. "So long, Jeanette; see you tomorrow!"

Jeanette, left in possession of the field, did not stay to enjoy her triumph. She got her book from the librarian and without so much as looking at the remaining girls, stalked out of the room and up the stairs.

At the first landing she met Myrtle Mace.

Oh, Jeanette!" called Myrtle. "If you will be so good as to go down to the bulletin board I think you will see some most interesting things."

Jeanette, who was really very courageous, went down, head up. Even face to face with the tragedy she managed to conceal its bitterness from two or three pitying Juniors who stood by to watch—and to carry the news.

There it was again: Freshman for the fourth time, Jeanette Desire!

"Shades of Euclid and the Mathematicians!" she fumed to herself. "Would the bloomin' old Dean never understand how hard she had been studying mathematics!"

Up in her room at last, Jeanette flung herself upon her bed, and began to soliloquize—since she couldn't cry.

What was the matter with the college, and what was the matter with Jeanette Desire?—this last was the nightmare of her thought.

Four years at school and in the fourth year—still a freshman! And it was all because the faculty could never grasp the fact that she was not quite a fool, had not the heritage of a dunce—was an imbecile only because of a lack of opportunity.

They thought she couldn't learn mathematics; yet her grandfather had been a member of the French Academy. They believed she couldn't write; yet her uncle was a novelist, her brother had had some work accepted, published and even praised in the American magazines; and her father, before his death, could have sung the entire opera of Carmen from memory—and that was proof of an artistic temperament at least.

She drummed a tune on the chair with her fingers.

"At any rate," she finished, "I'm glad I didn't turn in 'The Crystalline Mummy'."

Just then the switch was turned at the city power house and a little globe just off the campus began to wink knowingly through the dusk. It looked like a frightened little star, and it reminded Jeanette of that



poem of childhood which had been translated into French from the English.

She smiled and hastily jerking a pencil pad before her, wrote rapidly:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,  
Up above the world so high,  
Spread out your silver sprinkle!

"I love to watch you in the blue;  
I love to see you winkin':  
You do not care a pasque Dieu,  
And I care less, I'm thinkin'.

"I laugh to see you shinin' so,  
And twinklin' thru the blue, sir;  
I know some sparklers here below—  
I think you know them too, sir!

"And come to think, Sir Vis-a-Vis,  
I've solved our little wrinkle—  
That life for you and life for me  
Is just a bloomin' twinkle!"

Jeanette read the doggerel in the half light at the window and laughed. Then, growing serious, she walked over to a strange looking cabinet which stood in the corner of the room and gazed at it for a moment in silence.

Upon this cabinet sat a cheap chalk image of an American author, whose insane eyes glared out into the gloom.

Before this Jeanette bowed like a Druid priestess. "I shall need you tonight, Spirit Daddy," she said. And having said this she rushed downstairs to supper, passing on the way two girls concealed in the dark. She was intent upon her thoughts, but as she passed she heard whispered bits like, "I'll get even with her," "I tell you I know what I'm talking about. She doesn't write her poems, and I intend to prove it this very night!"

### III.

Exactly at ten o'clock that night, in a crypt of shadows close to the keyhole of the door to Jeanette's room, Myrtle Mace and Agnes Little were waiting and watching.

They had been there for an hour at least, but it was not until the college bell struck ten times that their vigil was rewarded. At that moment precisely they heard voices—and one was that of a man.

Myrtle glanced quizzically at Agnes Little.

"I told you that someone was helping her," she said. "I knew Jeanette was not writing those poems!"

"The cat!" replied Agnes in a whisper. "The cat!"

The voices in the room continued speaking; almost inaudible at first, they became easily distinct in a few moments.

"Well, what shall I write about?" Jeanette was heard to ask.

"Oh, anything!" came the answer. "You know perfectly well I could write an essay or a poem about a broomstick—as was said of Dean Swift by his sweetheart. I'll dictate anything you like—what do you suggest?"

At this Myrtle Mace nudged her companion in the dark. It was perfectly plain now that some one was helping Jeanette.

"Suppose I hand in 'The Chrystaline Mummy'." Jeanette said.

"No, no!" came the other voice in protest. "That's entirely too good—won't do at all! Why that's almost in a class with my 'Raven.' 'Twill make you famous later on—and besides no one would believe you the author—now."

Myrtle Mace pricked up her ears and raised her eyebrows in wonderment. What could this fellow mean by his "Raven!" The only "Raven" she knew about was that written by Edgar Allan Poe—but he'd been dead for ages!

"It is good!" said Jeanette musingly. "I know that much myself; the 'Chrystaline Mummy' has stood the test!"

"The test!" said the other. "What test are you talking about, I'd like to know!"

"Why, I once read it to a couple of highbrows—that's people who are supposed to be quite literary, you know—and they liked it," replied Jeanette.

"Fiddlesticks!" sneered the other. "If that's all the testing you've done, I shouldn't be so sure of my conclusions. Your highbrows as you call them—your literary people are the last folks in the world to appreciate good literature. Just look how they treated me when I was alive—and writing!"

Myrtle Mace felt a little shiver run up her back. "When I was alive and writing"—indeed! The man was undoubtedly the silliest piece of humanity she had ever heard of.

"Well, I also read it to two old working women once," Jeanette was saying, "and they liked it, too. One of them told me that after she had heard me read 'The Chrystaline Mummy' a cracking of ice on a winter's night always made her jump with dread—and brought to her mind the little frozen man of the grove."

"That's better," said the man; "much better! When ordinary people like literature, it's good. Your 'Chrystaline Mummy' will live, when you are dead. But just the same I wouldn't hand it in—not yet! When I dictated that I think I was quite drunker than when

I wrote 'Ulalume' and 'Eulallie.' I want to correct it a bit—before you submit it to the world."

Myrtle Mace was certainly frightened now, and so was her companion. 'Ulalume' and 'Eulallie' were undoubtedly written by Edgar Allan Poe—and he was just as undoubtedly dead. At least that's what Miss Terry had said—and surely she ought to know.

And as to ghosts and wraiths! But there wasn't much time for *thinking* of those things, for Jeanette was again speaking:

"What! Daddy Edgar! Do spirits get drunk, too?"

"Of course, my dear, of course!" the man chuckled. "Ha, ha, ha! Well, that's a good one—certainly they get drunk. I assure you that Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge don't know a thing about the hereafter—not a thing! Ha, ha, ha!—But that gives me an idea."

"What, Daddy Edgar—please tell me!" said Jeanette. "About our poem we are to write?"

"Exactly, my dear, exactly. Have you by any chance got 'The Letters From Julia,' by that fool fellow, Stead?"

"Here it is, right here, Daddy Edgar," said Jeanette, picking up a book from her desk. A friend of mine gave it to me for a birthday present. I have the last edition."

"Good!" replied the man. "Turn to page 41 and read."

Jeanette read:

"I found myself free from my body. It was such a strange new feeling. I was standing close to the bedside on which my body was lying; I saw everything in the room just as before I closed my eyes. I did not feel any pain in dying; I felt only a great calm and peace. Then I awoke, and I was standing outside my old body in the room. There was no one there at first, just myself and my old body. At first I wondered I was so strangely well. Then I saw that I had passed over—

Then I felt as though a great warm flood of light had come into the room, and I saw an angel. She, for at first she seemed to be a female, came to me and said:

'I am sent to teach you the laws of the new life.'

And as I looked she gently touched me and said: 'We must go.'

Then I left the room——"

"Wait," said the man; "that's quite enough of that stuff! I wonder at the world, so much of the world, swallowing it!—But it does give me an idea.—Get your pen, my dear, and we'll write our little poem."

Then came the rustle of skirts as Jeanette opened her desk, got pens and paper, and drew a chair across the floor.

"Are you ready?" said the man.

"Yes, sir; I'm ready, Daddy Edgar," whispered Jeanette.

"Well," came the man's voice, "the first line will

be: 'Darkness and leven-thirty'."

And Jeanette wrote:

"Darkness and eleven thirty"

"I've got it, Daddy Edgar," said Jeanette.

"The second line will be—let's see—will be: 'In the glen of the Athelstae'."

And Jeanette wrote:

"In the glen of the Athelstae"

"And the third and fourth," continued the man: "I stood by a fallen body, which strangely resembled me."

And Jeanette put it down:

"I stood by a fallen body, which strangely resembled me."

And thus they went on, the man dictating and Jeanette writing, for at least five minutes. At the end of that time the man sighed loudly and said:

"I think that will do. Yes, I am quite sure that will do. Suppose you read now the complete poem."

And Jeanette read:

"Darkness, and eleven-thirty,  
In the glen of the Athelstae,  
I stood by a fallen body,  
Which strangely resembled me!  
I watched the crimson splotches  
Making the pale cheeks red,  
Welling from a wound that severed  
The torso from the head!

"I marveled the curious writhing,  
(Flesh of the carrion dust!)  
And it's loneliness touched my spirit  
Like a sudden brutal thrust.  
And then one fanned beside me  
Winds of the Athelstae,  
Heedless of the ruck of battle  
And whispered: Come with me!

"We journeyed—ah that journey  
Down thru a moonlit glade!—  
Till we came to the world of whispers,  
In a summer scented shade;  
And here the star-ghouls wafted  
The shimmer of such a gleam,  
That love in its wanton fashion,  
Unveiled a wicked dream!

"Said I to my companion:  
Witch of the wilderness, hail!  
Thou stealest a dear one's visage,  
Long passed to the other vale.  
In her dear name I greet thee  
(Who was to have been my wife)  
And together we'll steal a measure  
From the Midnight's sylvan life.

"Said she: Nay, life's behind thee  
 In the glen of the Athelstae!  
 This is the land of Shadow  
 And the home of Eternity!  
 Darkness, and eleven-thirty,  
 And blood on a severed head—  
 That was both end and beginning,  
 For, darling, thou art dead!"

When Jeanette had finished the man sighed again.

"Fine!" he said. "Fine! Of course it isn't as good as 'The Bells' or 'The Haunted Palace,' but I think it will serve your purpose quite well indeed. 'Twill make them sit up and take notice, my dear—as sure as my name is Edgar Allan Poe!"

Jeanette made an inaudible reply. She was evidently asking further directions.

Again Myrtle and Agnes were all ears.

"It's ten minutes of twelve, my dear," said Poe. I think I must be going. Hand in the poem, and call it 'In the Glen of the Athelstae.' That will do, I think—and save the 'Chrystaline Mummy' until some other time. Really, I don't think I'd give it to the college at all. No, the magazine, some big metropolitan magazine would be much better. The poem will distinguish you."

There was a pause. The two listeners were waiting breathlessly, expecting they hardly knew what.

"Oh, yes," he said in a moment. "I knew there was something else I wanted to say. There are two frumpy little female furies out there in the passage way, listening at the keyhole. If they ever bother you again just let me know. I'll make them live in The House of Usher, sleep in The Haunted Palace, listen always to the clangor of The Bells, get croaked at last by The Raven; and then I'll bury them in the vault of Ulalume. So long, dear; I'll see you again."

But Myrtle Mace and Agnes Little wanted to hear no more. White and breathless, they dashed up stairs. Having gained their rooms, they sat and shivered in silence.

#### IV.

At ten o'clock next morning, as the "College Chronicle" has duly recorded, spring made a mid-winter visit to the chapel of the great auditorium.

As the Senior with the big vocabulary condescended to put it: Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane—and fetched all the dogwood blossoms of the seasons.

Never was such a feast of color since the world began, such a banquet of odes and lyrics. Sunrise and sunset met on speaking terms and rainbows tied all the stars into polka dot cravats and peek-a-boo ribbons.

On her way to her seat, Jeanette passed Miss Terry, who stopped her.

"I am expecting that masterpiece," Miss Terry said, smiling.

Jeanette laughed.

"I've got it," she replied merrily.

Not ten feet away were Myrtle Mace and Agnes Little, evesdropping as usual.

"Jeanette thinks she has already won the prize," said Agnes Little, pouting her lips into a grimace.

"The little——" But Myrtle stopped and grew pale as she noticed an angry look in the eyes of a certain American author, whose picture glared down from the musty wall.

The President of the college himself sat upon the rostrum, having announced but one change in the program,—which was that each contestant, upon request, could have Miss Terry read her poem.

By the side of the President was the wizened little creature who was giving the prize. He was busily smacking his lips and otherwise preparing to enjoy the delectable menu made from "Parts of Speech," seasoned with the imagery of Mount Olympus—or such of it as Mercury could be persuaded to bring on such short notice.

And then the fun began in dead earnest—to continue for over an hour, while Jeanette laughed and frowned by turns and fingered nervously the manuscript of her verses.

And indeed it was a spectacle for the Yahoos!

Couplets and quatrains, similes and metaphors, trochees and iambics, all entered the arena together to make a Roman holiday.

What a medley of nonsense! No one could possibly name all the themes or christen all the songs.

Suffice it to say that nothing in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, nor in any other of the more or less desirable residential sections of the universe was left unnoticed.

"What rot—what insufferable rot!" said Jeanette Desire under her breath.

Agnes Little, who was sitting close by, observed her lips moving, and called it to the attention of Myrtle Mace.

"Look at Mam'selle Dago," she whispered. I think she's praying."

"Not she!" replied Myrtle Mace. "You don't know the little devil. She's merely talking to her minstrel."

Just then, the President, changing his seat from the window, exposed a chequered space of the bulletin board—and there it was again—like a frightful apparition!

Jeanette Desire: Fourth year in college: Conditional Freshman!

It was the straw to break the camel's back—and Jeanette could stand her burden of humiliation no longer. Wounded pride had come at last to stab her

happiness, and, by Jove, her Latin blood was at fever heat!

She crumpled her poem, and almost with the same movement, opened her writing pad, and began to write furiously.

At the end of ten minutes she had finished. Folding the pages neatly, she signed her name to the bottom of the last one, and, passing the little bundle up to Miss Terry, left the room.

When Jeanette's name was at last called, Miss Terry read:

"I sat one day where waters cool  
The moss grown rock immerses;  
And lo! besides me stood my Muse,  
Whereon I wrote some verses.

"I put my heart within the thing,  
My spirit, more's the pity!  
And then I gave it to the world—  
It seemed so very pretty!

"Appreciation—Fie, my Lords—  
Who'd ever dare invite it:

Some called my skit a wretched thing;  
Some said I didn't write it.

"So now I'll court the Muse no more,  
Though every one invoke her;  
Till Judgment dawns, I'll dare to be  
Just simply mediocre!

"And folks shall get what folks expect—  
They'll get my visions never:  
The world's a madhouse made for fools—  
So why shouldone be clever?"

Later, when the name of the winner was announced it was not that of Jeanette Desire.

Agnes Little and Myrtle Mace, though neither of them had been successful, could scarcely contain their joy.

"The cat!" whispered Myrtle, making a wry face.

Replying, at the risk of repetition, a fault which didn't seem to worry her at all, Agnes Little murmured:

"The pie faced creature!"

Germaine Bouquet, '23.

## The Winds

I LOVE the gentle little breeze  
That rustles all the fresh young leaves  
In spring.

I love the salt wind from the sea,  
Its wetness, warmth and freshness blowing  
Over me.

The autumn wind that bows the corn,  
Bright leaves that in its arms are borne,  
I love.

I love the slashing winter gale  
That brings the snow and clattering hail,  
And masters me.

What care I, blow they rain or snow,  
If you but know that thoughts they blow  
Of you?

Annie Laurie Quickel, '23.

## The Elizabethan Playgoer

**W**HEN Shakespeare peeped through the curtain at the audience gathered to hear his first play, he looked upon a very motley crowd. The pit was filled with citizens of London, apprentices, grooms, boys, and a more dissolute and boisterous element who paid two or three pennies for admission. They criticised the actors and ridiculed the dandies on the stage; they ate and drank, and, if they felt so inclined, fought one another after the fashion of the time. The galleries contained a fair proportion of men and women, some not too respectable. Fashionable playgoers of the male sex might, if they opened their purses wide enough, occupy stools on the wide platform-stage. Such a practice proved embarrassing not only to the performers but to those who had to content themselves with the penny pit. Standing in front and by the side of the stage, they could often only catch glimpses of the actors through the serried ranks of stools. The refinements of torture to which the Elizabethan playwright was subject must indeed have been infinite. Dekker in his essay, "How a Gallant Should Behave at the Theater," tells with the piteous irony of long suffering experience of the behavior of these gallants: "It shall crown you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious scene of the terriblest tragedy, and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high that all the house may ring of it."

And again more suggestively: "Now, Sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, etc., on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, if, in the middle of his play, you rise with a screwed and disconcerted face from your stool and be gone."

From another passage, it is clear that the first arrival of the gallant upon the stage, as seen from the front of the stage house, must have been almost as striking as this precipitate exit:

"Present not yourself on the stage," it advises, "especially at a new play, until the quaking prologue hath by rubbing, got colour into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that he is upon point to enter; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you had dropped out of the hangings, to creep behind the arras, with your three-footed stool in one hand, and a sixpence held between a forefinger and a thumb in the other."

The arrangements for the comforts of the spectators were meager and often disorderly. Play bills of a rude kind were posted about town; if a tragedy was to be presented, these bills were printed in red letters. There were no lists of actors, no programs, no ushers

or tickets. There was usually but one door for the audience, where admission fee was deposited in a box carefully watched by the money taker.

The performances were given at three o'clock in the afternoon, and were announced by the sounding of a trumpet and the hoisting of flags. At the third blast of the trumpet the prologue speaker appeared, clad in a black velvet robe and wearing a crown of bays over a huge wig. The assembling audience had been amusing itself by eating, drinking, smoking, and playing cards, and often continued these occupations during the performance. Pickpockets were frequent, and if caught were tied to a post on the stage. There was general confusion throughout the audience. The prologue speaker was often interrupted and sometimes forced to end his speech by the violence of the groundlings or the late arrival of some gentleman upon the stage. The people in the pit were, as a rule, more respectful to the plays and players than those upon the stage.

There were no women actors in Shakespeare's time. This was probably the most striking defect in the practice of the Elizabethan playhouse. It was thought unseemly for women to act at all. Female parts were played by boys and men—a substitution lacking, from the modern point of view, in grace and seamliness. The costumes were often rich; but had no pretensions to fit the period or the place of action. The scenery was of the simplest and rudest description, and the stage devices were elementary and transparent. There were crude representations of rocks, trees, animals, and cities. A placard on the wholly indescriptive cities announced that it was Verona or Rome; the audience needed nothing more: a hint to the imagination was enough.

Against a background so meagre, heroes rode in on hobby-horses, and young women, whose chins were not always as closely shaven as they might have been, were frightened by pasteboard dragons of the simplest devices, and yet no one was made ridiculous. "The imagination is more subtle than the most skillful carpenter, and more vividly creative than the greatest stage artist."

"Profound commiseration seems due to the Elizabethan playgoer, who was liable to have his faith in the tenderness and gentleness of Desdemona shaken by the eruptions of a brawny athlete masquerading in her sweet name. Boys or men of all shapes and sizes squeaking or bawling out the tender and pathetic lines of Shakespeare's heroines, and no joys of scenery to distract the playgoers from the uncouth inconsistency! At first sight it would seem that the Elizabethan playgoer's lot was anything but happy."

The audience was fond of unusual spectacle and brutal physical suffering. They liked battles and murders, processions and fireworks, ghosts and insanity. They expected comedy to abound in whippings and tragedy in death. There was nothing too horrible for them to witness on the stage. But if the theater reflected all this, it was following and not leading its age. The audience of the Globe expected some sensation and physical horror, but they did not come primarily for this. They could get real blood and torture at the daily bear-baiting, and public executions were not at all uncommon spectacles. The audience came primarily to be entertained.

Compared with a modern audience, that of the Globe was very illiterate. A large number could not read and only a very few read much. The vast amount of miscellaneous knowledge which a modern audience has garnered from newspapers and periodicals was wholly lacking among the Elizabethans, who knew nothing of popular science, inventions, railroads, geography, etc. An Elizabethan dramatist had few restrictions placed upon him by the general knowledge of his audience. "He would not go so far as to assert that water ran uphill, but he could do about what he pleased with the solar system or the geography of Bohemia."

"The ignorance of the Elizabethans did not, however, prevent them from taking an interest in new information. They were quick to respond to oratory and

repartee, felt at home with ancient puns and metaphors, but were quick to detect a new conceit or an adventurous figure. They went more for the story than anything else." They liked variety and preferred the emotions mixed. Cruelty was enjoyed the more if tenderness were mixed with it. Tragedy was the more delightful when combined with fun. The audience never lacked the keenest delight in human nature, and consequently in its dramatic presentation.

The Elizabethan playgoer needs no pity. It is we who are deserving objects of compassion. The Elizabethan spectator was able to realize the dramatic potency of the poet's work without any, or any but the slightest aids outside the words of the play. This quality we lack, and this quality it was which enabled the Elizabethans to acknowledge in Shakespeare's work, despite the manner of its production, the "delight and wonder of the stage." Good acting is needful. Scenery in moderation will aid the dramatic illusion, although excess of scenery may destroy it altogether. Dramatic illusion must ultimately spring from the active and unrestricted exercise of the imaginative faculty by author, actor and audience in joint partnership. And so instead of pitying the Elizabethan playgoer's lot, we find ourselves envying him his powerful imagination.

Thrace Mauldin, '22.

## Wishes

**I**F Aladdin's lamp I were given to rub,  
If a magic ring on my finger to turn,  
I'd wish for the gift of song supreme,  
My love that you might learn.

If the Little Lame Prince would give me his rug,  
If the Seven League Boots were mine to wear,  
I'd follow you round the wide, wide world,—  
I'd go with you everywhere.

If a fairy godmother I might have,  
And a Cinderella I should be,  
I'd make one wish that must come true,—  
I'd wish that you'd love me!

Annie Laurie Quickel, '23.

## The Wonderful Hand of Providence



R. and Mrs. Erasmus Berry, more commonly known as the "Ras Berrys," had just "had words and parted." Mrs. Berry had only gone as far as the pantry, however, where she sat on the flour barrel and wept a few meagre tears over the jar of huckleberries that had caused the present disagreement. Mr. Berry adjourned as far as the wood shed, where he gave vent to his feeling by chopping viciously on a log. Such high pressure caused the log to fairly fly into stovewood.

The state of Mrs. Ras' mind was tumultuous beyond words. She was trying to collect her thoughts, however, so she could revel in her misery. Although she didn't realize it, her greatest joy in life was to review in private the bickerings and quarrels in which she and her husband daily indulged, and to consider herself the most wronged woman ever tied to man.

The quarrel which had started was about how they should eat their last jar of huckleberries. Mrs. Berry wanted to make a pie of them for dinner and casually mentioned the fact to her spouse at the breakfast table. Now Ras was decidedly fond of huckleberries. In fact he liked them better than anything he had ever eaten, but he decidedly liked them better with cream and sugar than in a pie. This Mrs. Berry well knew.

"Now, old lady, don't you cook them huckleberries into a pie," he began.

"Why not, Ras," she retorted, "I like them best in a pie, and I haven't made a pie out of any of the berries we canned for we've eaten them all with cream, just because you liked them."

"Now," grumbled Ras, "that's the last jar we've got and I want that you should not cook 'em into a pie! Who picked them berries anyway if I didn't?" he argued. "I worked all day down yonder in the branch and maybe you've forgotten how I got myself all scratched up with briars till you got scared that I was goin' to have blood pizenin'. I think I'm due to eat huckleberries like I want to."

"That ain't nothin' now, cause you didn't ketch blood pizin'," snapped his wife. "Also, Mr. Erasmus Berry, if it's the same to you I'd like to ask who stood over that cook stove in that hot kitchen all day long watchin' them berries? There was so much of 'em till I couldn't fix 'em all at one time. I got so hot till all my blood riz up and you said with your own mouth that I looked like a boiled beet."

The quarrel by no means ended with this subject, but had wandered back by divers paths to many other topics about which they had quarreled numerous times before and about which they would probably continue to quarrel until "death did them part."

After indulging in considerable self pity, Mrs. Berry arose to wash the breakfast dishes, but even as she

dried and stacked them she found herself formulating arguments on the proper serving of huckleberries, and turning more in thought to the fierce quarrel of breakfast time.

Finally her mind began wandering back to other quarrels of long ago. How well she remembered the time that they had disagreed on the color of the house. She had wanted green and her husband had wanted yellow with blue trimmings. Now of all crazy things, she thought, would be a yellow house with blue trimmings. But Ras said it would be this or none. Since they had saved for years to buy the paint and she had been so anxious to have it done, she had acted with good grace and given in. But never, she thought, would she forget her joy when Ras came in the day after the paint had been bought and had been poured into two great buckets in the barn to say that the gray mule had kicked over the bucket of blue paint which had landed in the bucket of yellow, and that after stirring them together it had made the greenest of greens. She had laughed a week over this and every time she saw the painter applying the green paint to the house she became convulsed with chuckles.

She next thought of the quarrel that they had over the naming of their one child who had long since died. Ras wanted to name her Sereptah and she contended for Sophia. The result of this was a compromise. They decided that since both names started with "S" that they would call her "S" until she would be old enough to choose between them. The child at the age of three, died, and on the little tombstone they placed Sereptah Sophia.

After recalling many more of their differences Mrs. Berry reached a conclusion which she thus decisively formulated.

"I'm jest naturally tired of always quarreling for what I get around this place. I don't believe Ras Berry cares whether I'm ever pleased or not. I live away out here and never see anybody except at revival meetings or quilting parties. I cook and cook and save and save and never yet have I gotten my way in anything unless the hand of providence comes in and gets things done for me. Something has got to happen without providence," she snapped as she viciously squeezed out the dish cloth. "I'm going to find out just exactly how I stand in this house." She gave a vicious flap to the dish towel for emphasis.

After putting away the shining dishes and arranging everything in immaculate order, she went to the front porch, where she was in the habit of going to do all her thinking. She had just seated herself when Ras walked out and grunted that he was going to town on business and would be back about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. Ras answered him not a word, for her brain was busily occupied with a new plan that had just popped into her mind after hearing his words.

"I can find out this afternoon," she said to herself after he left the porch. Therefore when she saw Ras disappear down the road she sat down and wrote him a note to be ready for him on his return. In this note she volunteered the information that there had to be a change in the manner in which they were living, and feeling that she was in the way, it must be up to her to bring about this change. "When you get back from town, Ras," she wrote, "you'll find me in the botton of the well."

Just the act of writing this last, frightened the poor woman, for she was mortally afraid of water. Every-time they came to the big river bridge on going to town she made Ras stop and let her walk across it, fearing that it might break in. Naturally, then, the thought of reposing in their deep well made her shudder. However, she pinned the note where she thought Ras would see it first thing, and went about the regular round of duties. She decided not to fix any dinner, for Ras would get his in town and she felt as though she could not swallow a mouthful.

At about three o'clock Mrs. Ras took a seat near a front window to wait for her husband to appear. It was about four o'clock before the blazed face of the old mule appeared down the road. On seeing him, Mrs. Berry fled to the back yard and hid in the woodshed. Here she intended remaining until she should see Ras racing to the well. After that she hadn't planned.

Peeping through a knot hole, she saw him slowly unhitch the mule and then go whistling toward the house with his arm full of bundles, but she managed to control her curiosity and settle herself on a block to await the climax.

She waited and continued to wait, but no Ras appeared. After waiting several hours, her temper was fast passing beyond control.

"He's glad," she muttered. "He's glad I'm dead, and he doesn't intend drawing me out of the well till he's sure I'm dead! My, but I'm glad I didn't jump in, so I can give him several pieces of my mind! All he went to town for anyway was to keep me from cooking them berries."

It had become very dark, and since Ras hadn't appeared, Mrs. Berry finally decided to bring about the delayed climax. She crept stealthily in the front door and began looking for her better half. Nowhere in the front of the house could she find him, but on approaching the kitchen she heard the noise of the rattling of dishes. Without stopping to think she burst into the room and advanced with a Napoleonic air, only to see her husband standing before the stove cooking. This came as a shock and served as a check to her

speed. It was an unusual sight, indeed, to see Ras Berry cooking!

As soon as he spied her he dropped the batter cake turner and came forward.

"Well, hello, old lady," he gushed, "I thought you weren't ever comin' home. I decided you'd gone a visitin'; so I'm cooking supper for you.

"Now, you set right down in this chair and wait till I get what I brought you from town."

Poor Mrs. Berry was too astonished to do anything but sit down.

"Brought me something from town," she repeated to herself. "Can it be Ras doing this? Why he ain't never brought anything from town for anybody, 'less it was a new-fangled trough for the pigs, so they could drink easier, or a new plow that would save the mule some hard pullin'.

"It's the hand of providence again," she mused. "I guess it's after doin' me another good turn. I'm glad I didn't jump in that well. I'm an old fool for thinking about it. Why, here was Ras in here cookin' for me so's I could visit." But visions of the "visit" that she had made came up before her. She recalled herself sitting cramped upon a bale of hay, when she was supposed to be reclining in the well.

"Ras must not have found the note," she continued. "All I hope is that he won't see it."

About this time Ras entered with a package and, after putting it on her lap, he stood off to watch her open it.

With trembling fingers she broke the string and opened the package. There before her lay fold upon fold of lovely silk and lying on top was a nice new dress pattern to make it by. Not even the fact that it was the color of canned huckleberries served to bring back the quarrel of the morning.

"It's grand, Ras, but wait just a minute and I'll be back," she gasped as she dashed out into the hall and went to the hook where her husband always hung his hat. With trembling fingers she removed it.

"Saints be preserved!" she uttered faintly. For right underneath the hat, right on the hook where she had placed it, was her note!

"I might have known that after Ras Berry had hung his hat on that self same hook every day for thirty years that he could do it now without even lookin'. The hand that tears you up," she said to the note, as she jerked it down, "won't be the hand of providence, but the one belonging to Mrs. Erasmus Berry."

She crammed the pieces into her apron pocket and went back to the kitchen, where she found Ras stirring some hominy.

"Ras," she said slowly. "Go out to the spring and get some cream to go on the huckleberries for supper."

Marie Askins, '21.



## Memories

I HAVE a book of pictures  
For which I'm ever glad,  
I live intently eager  
Another one to add.

They never fail to comfort,  
They're always within view,  
And when my courage falters  
They give me strength anew.

I found a new one lately  
In the first warm day of spring—  
'Twas a bed of dew-kisses violets  
Where the tall, cool grasses swing.

So when I'm prone to question,  
When doubts beset me so,  
I find within my picture-book  
The faith I need to know.

Bess Barton, '23.



## EDITORIALS

**A Review and Preview.** Our fourth issue of *The Isaqueena* will be devoted almost exclusively to the alumnae. This is therefore our last opportunity of saying a word to the student body. We wish to glance back over the things we have tried to accomplish, to see wherein we have failed or succeeded—in short, to take stock of the condition of our college publications.

We frankly admit that some of our plans have not succeeded as we had hoped. One of these is the reporters' club. We would not for a moment say that the individual members have not done loyally and well all that was asked of them, but the club has failed to function as a club. It should have had regular meetings at which the members would discuss the things that should be reported, the relative importance and space that should be given to various articles, and other topics pertaining to newspaper reporting. In this way the members would gain some practical knowledge and experience in journalism which might be of service to them later. But although the club has not been all we had hoped this year, we still believe the idea to be a good one, and next year we expect to have an enthusiastic reporters' club, with each class competing for the honor of having the largest amount of space devoted to the news of that class.

Another plan which we expect to meet with great success next year is the point system that we have recently adopted. Already the girls are interested in it, and we are confident that interest will increase as they become accustomed to the system and understand it fully.

We regret that some issues of *The Isaqueena* have been published late and that we will be several copies short of the number of **Spokesmans** we are supposed to get out during the year, but causes beyond our control have prevented. **The Spokesman** has appeared at fairly regular intervals, with the exception of a period at the beginning of the year, when we had neither an editor nor assistant-editor, and also a period of some weeks in the winter when the printers' strike caused an unavoidable delay. To make up to some extent for these delays, we have published several times a six-page paper. We have endeavored to give in a concrete and interesting manner the most important happenings of our college life. We are fully aware that the paper can be improved in many ways, and next year, with someone in charge of **The Spokesman** who will not need to concern herself about **The Isaqueena** also, we expect a much better newspaper than ever before.

Last year we departed from the custom, followed for many years, of publishing *The Isaqueena* every month, and made it a quarterly magazine. This year

we have greatly increased the size, and have made it in every way a much better magazine. We believe that everyone is pleased with the change, and the same plan will doubtless be followed next year.

We have been trying this year to build up a spirit of staff loyalty, to make each member feel responsible for co-operating in all work of the staff, as well as for doing what seems her own particular duty. It is as true of editorial work, as it is of all other work, that a number of people, working for the same things in the same way, can accomplish much more than if each of these people should attempt to do her own task without regard for what the others were doing. For a staff to work well together they must know each other well. With this end in view we have had several staff parties and get-together meetings, at which the members discussed freely any questions pertaining to their work.

But we have not been satisfied with making the members of the staff see the need of a united staff. We have striven to make the student body see that to be chosen as one of that group entrusted with the publication of our papers should be recognized as one of the highest honors that can be given a girl. It should mean that she has not only the ability to write acceptably, but also the ability to secure the enthusiastic co-operation of others. The staff that succeeds in getting the support of the student body must be one in which every member is united in working for the good of all.

**College Democracy** Democracy must be one of the controlling principles of college life, because those ideals that are born in the student minds of today will influence all life tomorrow. With the realization of this fact, many of our colleges have introduced a system of student government, thru which that democratic spirit can best be created. Student government, based upon the underlying principles of democracy, might be termed "a government of the students, for the students, by the students;" but whether it stand for a true democratic government depends altogether upon the students.

That some of our colleges have in some measure failed to uphold that democratic purpose, has brought about a most serious situation. How account for failure? To what degree has it failed at G. W. C.? Students, and they alone, are responsible for lack of a democratic spirit in their colleges. Yet, there can be found no definite cause of failure, nor does a like situation seem to occur in any two colleges. However, in nine cases out of ten, the trouble can be traced to mere carelessness and thoughtlessness. Democracy has in a measure failed at G. W. C. in that, unconsciously,

selfishness, personal prejudice, a refusal to look at all sides of a question, and a failure to perceive that efficiency and democracy must go hand in hand, entered into college affairs. Such would not have been the case had G. W. C. girls been more careful and more thoughtful.

Do you think for yourself, or are you blindly led by the girl with the glib tongue? Do you test arguments advanced to determine whether they point to a constructive policy and make for school progress?

It sometimes becomes apparent that students have the wrong idea of student government. Even tho the students are self-governed it does not follow that they should not, on certain occasions, avail themselves of expert advice. Lansing, in some recent articles dealing with the Big Four at the Peace Conference, makes the point that Lloyd George showed greater diplomatic strength than Wilson, in that he had reduced to a system the problem of obtaining expert advice. When any important matter was pending, he held conferences

with those best qualified to speak on that subject, requiring from them the salient facts of the situation.

The faculty has no desire to interfere with student government affairs,—it is eager only to advise and help. We are all working together for the success of our college. There is no one of us who would hinder her progress in any department in the slightest degree. But to fail to elect the most capable girl to office is to raise a most considerable barrier to our advancement. Business is business, and at a buisness meeting of the student government all personal prejudice must be left on the outside. To be sure, no G. W. C. girl, or any college girl would act in a way detrimental to her college if she were conscious of the fact. Let us learn to weigh and consider, to think and to reason things out.

We are concerned not only with what our college is today, but with what we help to make it tomorrow. We can help very little until we have extended our horizon and enlorged our vision with a true and more discriminating conception of democracy.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Our Short Story Writers

"Our Short Story Writers," by Blanche Colton Williams, fills a long-felt want. It is a part of our human nature both to desire intimate human details of the authors in whom we become interested, and to crave from a critic of recognized standing some expression of opinion as to the merit of their work. Readers of modern short stories have for some time felt the lack of just such a volume. Certain names are constantly met in the magazines, but any information as to their personalities and their standing in the literary world, which we may chance to have in our possession, have for the most part been gleaned in a very desultory fashion from chance magazine articles and stray bits in "news notes on authors."

Blanche Colton Williams, Instructor in Short Story Writing, Columbia University, and Associate Professor of English, Hunter College, is a recognized authority on the short story. Her book is interesting both for its critical comments, and for the selection of story writers she has made. She frankly tells us, "I am inclined to suspect that the first prospective reader will find his favorite teller missing." She goes on to say that the seventeen living writers she has included in her book, she has chosen on three counts, "significance in work in time or theme or other respect; weight or actual value of the work, and quality of work measured by the number of stories of story volumes."

Miss Williams has included in her selection twenty authors, seventeen of whom are still living. She says

in explanation of her choice: "Herein are Alice Brown and Mary Wilkins Freeman, interpreters of New England; Irvin Cobb, humorist, Southerner and journalist successor to R. H. D.; Edith Wharton, representative of culture and the Henry James school; Dorothy Canfield, lover of humanity and democracy; Robert W. Chambers, imaginative artist, superior to Chambers the novelist; Melville Davisson Post, detective story writer, and Brander Matthews, New York realist, technicians who have held out for the **story**; Mary Roberts Rinehart, product of the motion picture era; James Brendan Connolly, author of sea stories pronouncedly individual; Hamlin Garland, realist of the Middle West; Margaret Deland, witness through her Pennsylvania tales that religion and truth are not incompatible with dramatic effect; Booth Tarkington, satirist, argus-eyed reader of life; Fannie Hurst, stylist of distinction and, with Edna Ferber, portrait painter of the middle class of New America; James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergesheimer, seekers after beauty, performers of "the old gestures toward the stars."

Other authors mentioned in the book are: "William S. Porter (O. Henry), most popular of American short story writers, who, she says, infused into every sentence the breath of life;" Jack London, who "for good or evil has made a profound impression upon his generation;" and lastly Richard Harding Davis—"a sort of matinee hero among fictionists."

Representative as this list is, it is not all inclusive. The author makes her apologies for omitting such

names as George W. Cable, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, Charles Egbert Craddock, and others. She justifies her selection, however, by the three counts she has given us as her working principles.

One of the most striking characteristics of the short biographies contained in this volume is the pleasing, convincing, and individual style in which they are written. These short life accounts are different from the usual thing in that they give us a view of the intimate life of the writers. It is just this little touch of intimacy that we enjoy, for it makes us feel that these "masters of the short story" are really human after all.

Let us notice some of the facts—as Blanche Colton Williams presents them about the life and work of that literary figure around whom hangs the glamor attending upon a phenomenal success and a romantic marriage,—Fannie Hurst. She tells us that "the fiction writer may be born but is indubitably made by his action." The charm of Fannie Hurst's writings is made by her actions; her whole life is like a story.

Braving opposition at home, she entered Washington University and there wrote many stories. After her graduation from this University she "endured a brief and unsatisfactory career as teacher in St. Louis—her home. Before her twentieth birthday she left her comfortable home and turned to New York. If one was ever drawn by a sense of destiny, Fannie Hurst was drawn." During her first six months stay in New York she experienced the joys and sorrows of

being a twenty-dollar per week actress, a salesgirl in a cut price department store, and lived in all sections of the big city. She married Jacques Danielson, pianist and composer, and kept the marriage a secret for five years. When finally it was announced "there was a stir in the metropolis that lasted more than the usual nine days." The reason for the secret, she said, was to prove her theory of marriage. During those five years she and her husband lived separately—"meeting as per inclination, not duty;" maintained a separate group of friends, and enjoyed personal liberty as before marriage. Her plan did "work," so at the set time their marriage was announced and not annulled. "She and her husband live separately and shall continue to do so."

Fannie Hurst has been called the immediate descendant of O. Henry. She experienced life and wrote of life as she lived and saw it. But Miss Williams says, "But to her has fallen only a due portion of his spirit. Her beat is not his beat; her length is not his length. If Fannie Hurst could not have written his terse "After Twenty Years," neither could he have achieved the epic, "Get Ready the Wreaths."

On a whole, "Our Short Story Writers" gives extremely valuable information, and should be read by everyone who has any interest at all in our American short stories.

Jack Jones, '23.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

VIRGINIA QUICK, Editor

The Greenville Woman's College Alumnae Association is planning a memorial service in honor of Miss Mary C. Judson, on Tuesday, June 7, at eleven-thirty. A business session of the association is called at ten-thirty, that same morning. This memorial is to be held instead of the annual alumnae banquet. Former students of Miss Judson's and a few other representative speakers have been asked to assist in this service. It is hoped that alumnae of the college will gather and pay honor to one whose name stands first in college records.

A committee from the association, with Mrs. N. H. Alford, as chairman, has been appointed to plan the publication of certain of Miss Judson's papers and poems. This we hope to have in print by commencement.

### CLASS NOTES

#### 1916

Elizabeth Jeter is spending the year at her home in Santue, S. C.

Laurie Best Plowden is now living in Greenville, S. C.

Grace Rickenbaker is teaching at Williston, S. C.

To Addyn (McComb) Pruitt (Mrs. Thos.), twins, at Hickory, N. C.

Marguerite Halsall has been recently married at her home, in Charleston, S. C.

#### 1917

Ella May (Smith) Walker died in Greenville, S. C., on March the thirtieth. She was the class president, and her enthusiasm and loyalty in all college and class activities will be missed by all.

I cannot say

Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day,

I joy in these:

But I can say

That I had rather walk this rugged way,

If Him it please.

I cannot feel

That all is well when darkening clouds conceal

The shining sun;

But then, I know

God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,  
Thy will be done.

I cannot speak  
In happy tones; the tear drops on my cheek  
Show I am sad;  
But I can speak  
Of grace to suffer with submission meek,  
Until made glad.

I do not see  
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,  
When he is love;  
But I can see  
Tho' often dimly through the mystery,  
His hand above!

—F. C. Browning.

(Read at Mrs. Ella May Smith Walker's funeral,  
April 1, 1921.)

Mamie Bryan is teaching at Easley, S. C.  
Meta Dowling is teaching at Florence, S. C.  
Ethel Simpson is teaching near Allendale, S. C.  
Annie Von Lehe is teaching at Greer, S. C.  
Elizabeth Callaham is in Dr. Tyler's hospital, in

Greenville, S. C., as an assistant.

Vaditi Cox is doing office work in Greenville, S. C.  
Born to Mamie Felder (Ackerman), a son at Cottageville, S. C.

Marriages: Rebecca Furman to Broadus Bailey, at Greenville, S. C. Belle Tomlinson was married at her home in Olanta, S. C. Lillian Hendricks to B. O. Williams at Easley, S. C.

#### 1918

Clarice Dill is teaching near Aiken, S. C.  
Wilhelmina Riley is teaching in Abbeville, S. C.  
Marian Babcock is working, under Dr. Jervy, in Greenville, S. C.

Katherine Harris is planning to spend two years in Virginia, in religious work, following her graduation from the Louisville Training School, this month.

Marriages: Kate Miller was married at her home in Pauline, S. C. Helen Wray was married at her home in Monro, N. C.

#### 1919

Marriage: Lula Stewart was married in Greenville, S. C., where she is now living.

Born to Gladys (Campbell) Lipscomb, a son, at Greenville, S. C.

## ATHLETIC NOTES

MAE JONES, Editor

### Track

Now, since the basketball season has come to a close, track, tennis, and swimming are coming to the fore. The athletic court is now in excellent condition. Quite a number of enthusiastic girls have enrolled for track, which will be one of the chief events of May-Day. High jump, broad jump, running and other stunts are being faithfully practiced. Girls, come out and help your class win the track banner.

### Swimming

A water carnival, similar to the one which was successfully given last year, is under promotion. This year's program will doubtless be enjoyed as much or more than the one last year, and will also include the famous G. W. C. pudding, tub race, lemon and spoon race, old clothes races, and dives.

### Tennis

The tennis court is much in use now that the warm spring days have come. A number of girls are practicing with the hope of entering the tennis tournament and winning the coveted prize—the tennis racket.

G. W. C. had the privilege of taking part in what was perhaps the greatest demonstration of physical education ever held in South Carolina. About one thousand boys, girls, young men and women participated in the performance, and at least another thousand witnessed it.

The program, which was opened by the kindergartners from the college, included a colonial minuet, gracefully rendered by the Georges and Marthas of G. W. C. It received most favorable comment.

The whole performance was repeated on Manly Field on May 16.

## ORGANIZATIONS

EDITH OUZTS, Editor

### Y. W. C. A.

"We would be friend to all, the foe, the friendless;  
We would be giving, and forget the gift;  
We would be humble, for we know our weakness;  
We would look up and laugh and love and lift."

The spirit of our Y. W. C. A. is beautifully expressed in the above lines. The Y. W. C. A. aims not only to lead students into membership and service in the Christian Church, but to promote a friendly, unselfish,

humble and loving spirit among the girls.

As an expression of this purpose we might mention a few accomplishments and plans of the Social Service Committee. On an average of once a week the members of the committee, often accompanied by others who are interested in the work, visit mill villages in order to teach the children songs and games, and tell them stories. At present, the committee is asking for contributions of old clothes, shoes, hats or anything, to send to the Crossnore School in North Carolina. These articles are to be sold to the mountain people on Saturday afternoons, and the proceeds are to be used in carrying on educational work.

A reader of our magazine might remark, "Frequent mention has been made of the work of your committees, but what about your regular weekly programs?" I should reply, "Our Y. W. C. A. programs are always interesting and varied." The different classes occa-

sionally conduct the meetings and outside speakers are often present who bring inspiring messages. Among the recent visitors were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lawton, returned missionaries from China, and Mrs. Davis. Thru the efforts of the Blue Ridge and Membership Committees a most interesting picture show of the summer life at Blue Ridge took the place of one of the meetings. The purpose of these pictures was to create interest in the Blue Ridge Conference, and it was no doubt a success. The members of these committees have been selling ice cream on Saturday nights in order to raise money to help bear the expenses of the Blue Ridge delegates. It is earnestly desired that a large percentage of girls will consider this worth while trip.

The social feature of Y. W. C. A. is one of great importance. Thru the invitation of this committee girls have enjoyed hiking in bunches of fifteen or twenty, to Paris Mountain on Monday mornings for breakfast.

## EXCHANGES

BESS BARTON, Editor

Surely, the spirit of Spring is abroad not only inspiring the poet to sing her praise, but giving to all our writers enthusiasm anew. Without a question the magazines that have come to us during the past month have, as a whole, far surpassed any previous productions of the year. We find them not only a source of keen enjoyment, but of much profit as well.

**The College Message**, from Greensboro, is attractive because of the variety of its contributions. The editorials are unusually applicable to college life, while the department for current opinion will surely supply a real need for the average student body. These articles on matters of current interest present genuine information in a simple yet pleasing manner that cannot fail to reach and greatly benefit the least informed of us. The so-called literary department seems to us less literary than the one just mentioned. Without a story of original plot and without a poem it could not be complete. However, in view of the magazine's counter-balancing features, we feel disinclined to criticize.

**The Davidson College Magazine** forestalls any adverse criticism by recognizing its own shortcoming, namely, an absolute lack of poetry. This fact seems

almost negligible, however, in view of the unusually readable stories, sketches, and essays. "Bought at 24:76" has a cleverly developed plot, while the story "Le Talionis" is well written though improbable. Particularly interesting and beneficial was the discussion of Walter Malone as a contemporary poet. The idea of presenting a story through memoirs was well applied in "Memoirs of Henry Marshton, Physicist."

If **The Carolinian** continues to encourage the publication of plays we shall expect from them something of genuine value. "The Woman Who Threw Her Life Away" surpasses anything of its kind we have seen in the magazine this year, though it has the fault of being a bit heavy with the moral it is intended to present. In truth, **The Carolinian** for March is, as usual, a wide-awake publication.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: "The College of Charleston Magazine," "The Blue and Gray," "Wofford College Journal," "The Newberry Stylus," "Goucher Kalends," "The Concept," "The Winthrop Journal," "The Orion," "The Orange and Blue," "The Carolinian," "The Davidsonian," "The Furman Hornet," "The Davidson College Magazine," "The Erskinian."

## JOKES

DOROTHY WHITE, Editor

A. Hall: "Alma, will you go to the dentist with me? I've got to have a tooth extracted."

A. Morris: "Sure I'll go; do you think he will pull the tooth?"

G. W. C. girls in shop: "I'd like to try on that one

over there."

Saleslady: "I'm sorry, miss, but that is the lampshade."

Tom: "She is younger than she looks."

Jim: "How do you know?"

Tom: "I looked on the hotel register and it says "Suite 16."—Lemon Punch.

Bessie P.: "What'll we do?"

Flora B.: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go to the movies; if it's tails, we go to Duke's, and if it stands on edge we study."

If you get hungry during the night take a roll and after you have had a roll if you get thirsty there are springs under the bed.

Visitor: Please don't bother to see me to the door."

Hostess: "It's no bother at all. Really it's a pleasure."—Tornado.

She stands alone shunned by mankind. The salt tears start from her eyes—tears which she manfully tries to blink back. She is deserted, alone set apart from the crowd. Her sin has overtaken her. No, gentle reader, she has killed no one, nor has she robbed the poor. A more heinous crime is hers. She has just devoured an onion.—Tornado.

Miss Lynn: "Cleo, what kind of an island is the island of Crete?"

Cleo H.: "An island surrounded by water."

Nannie Campbell (reading college news at Literary Society): "Miss Emily Askins has returned from a Missionary Journey to Anderson College."

**Out of the Mouths of Sophomores.**

"Lycidas" was written by Milton in honor of his friend, King Edward.

Some of the persecutors of the noval were the Greek and Italian romances.

While Bunyan was in prison he became prime minister.

The purpose of literature is to polish up the lives of the people.

**Milton Reduced to a Hurdy-Gurdy!**

Sophomore quotation: "God-gifted organ box of England."

Miss Lusby: "I know every girl at my table except one."

Miss Pipkin: "Who is she?"

**Hey!**

When you're greeting friends you're meeting,  
Be polite, I pray.  
Say "How are you?" It must jar you  
When you hollo, "Hey!"

"Hey" might do for Timbuctoo, for  
Manners there are rude;  
In a college vowed to knowledge  
It is far too crude.

On the street I sometimes meet my  
Girls in fine array;  
They look charming, but—alarming—  
Each one calls out "Hey!"

Let us bale it and retail it  
For the cows to eat;  
But don't choose it—please don't use it  
When a friend you greet.



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

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

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

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

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

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

Second term begins Feb. 1, 1921.

For further information apply to

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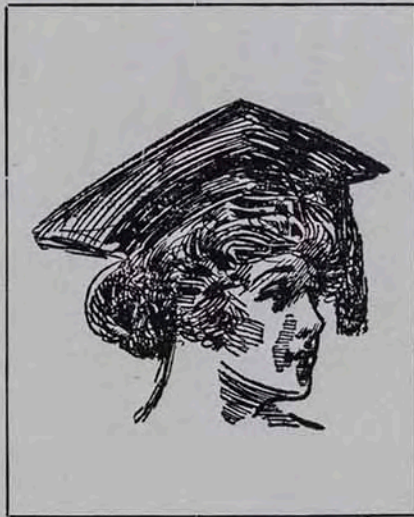


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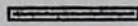
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