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The Isaqueena - 1921, May

Martha Osborne
Greenville Woman's College

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The ISAQUEENA



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Alumnae Issue, 1921

THE ISAQUEENA

Vol. XV Greenville, S. C., Alumnae Issue, 1921 No. 4

Published Quarterly by the Student Body of Greenville Womans
College, Greenville, S. C.

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The Isaqueena

PUBLISHED BY THE
Student Body of Greenville Woman's College
Greenville, S. C.



Vol. XV

ALUMNAE ISSUE, 1921

No. 4

TERMS \$1.50 PER ANNUM

To Miss Mary C. Judson

FROM some the silver eagles rolled
Some brought the gift of fame,
From others came the treasured gold,
Some added just a name.

The offering brought by the heart of one
Was loyalty sublime,
A love ripened in the sun
And shed a light divine.

A life! What more can woman give?
'Tis short, tho' ninety years,—
But in these "vine clad walls" t'will live—
O! Alma Mater, hear!

'Tis ours the trust to keep, we must
Hold the torch—nor fail
Tho' tight life's web, look up, look up,
Her spirit crieth, "Hail"!
—Martha Peace Knight.



PROSPECTIVE FINE ARTS BUILDING, GREENVILLE WOMANS COLLEGE

The Physical Growth of Greenville Woman's College



ALL institutions come by gradual growth. The slow and steady development of the college is not only attractive but inspires its friends with confidence of continued success. If in a pessimistic moment one should become discouraged about the future of the Greenville Woman's College, a glance at its history through two-thirds of a century would be heartening and reassuring.

Up to this time the college has never been the recipient of a large gift unless the initial gift to establish the institution in Greenville should be considered large. It has never had the good fortune of possessing a rich friend who could make it the beneficiary of his means, and yet through the passing years its progress has been like that of the sun moving toward the noon-day. This thought is accentuated when one thinks of the going up of the various buildings on the campus.

About 1854 when the college was established, the central building, now used for purpose of administration, was constructed out of money given by the city of Greenville.

Then about 1895 the next building which stands to the west of the Central building, was put up. I understand that the money was raised for this purpose by the sale of some of the real estate which was in the original gift to the college, by the city of Greenville and the greatly honored McBee family.

About 1900 under the devoted leadership of Dr. Charles Gardner, the East building, which was used for a long time for an auditorium, now converted into a handsome dormitory, and which was named for Dr. Gardner, was built. Then in 1911 the college authorities resolved to make the venture of borrowing money to enlarge the plant, and the West dormitory was constructed—a handsome building for 75 students, containing also the commodious apartments for the President's home. In the summer of 1912 the authorities

of the college borrowed more money and constructed the North building, which houses the Science department, the dining room and culinary departments and contains a handsome dormitory for 75 girls.

Again in 1912 with the enthusiastic devotion of the Alumnae, we made another venture and bought, on time, the elegant home of Col. Orr, with a three acre lot adjoining the campus on the west, stretching from College street to Marshall Avenue. Now upon this three acre lot plans are laid for the construction of the Fine Arts Building.

This edifice is expected to be the largest and handsomest on the campus. It will be constructed of red brick in the Georgian-Colonial style. This building will contain music studios and practice rooms, the Domestic Science department, the Art department, the Expression department, two spacious and handsome society halls, the Administration department, a large social hall, and an auditorium seating one thousand.

The architects, Messrs. Beacham & LeGrand, have been employed and have submitted tentative plans which show a beautiful building and give promise of meeting in an unusual way, the demands of the college. The contract for the building has not yet been let nor can it yet be known when it will be ready for occupancy, but builders and business men not only say that this is a good time for building but in their judgement work can be rapidly accomplished.

Having felt the need of this building for a long time and having patiently waited, the members of the college family are full of enthusiasm over the prospect of its speedy completion. If these plans are successfully carried out the Fine Arts Building will be a dream of beauty and a triumph of efficiency.

David M. Ramsay,

President of the College.



The Artist Washes His Brushes



WARM water and a mild white soap, to clean my brushes—faithful servants to my dreams, I'll not neglect them.

Here's the big one all pinkish lavender—With it I paint those last few strokes that give atmosphere.

How the color spreads as I rub it, in sure touches, on the canvas.

On the palm of my left hand. What a pretty color it gave as I spread it, in sure touches, on the canvas.

Here's another, not a big fat fellow like the other, but crisp, for just those touches that in people as in paint, give character. It's dark hue stains the water, yet the bubbles, froth of the white soap, are white again.

Now I'll take this precious one—cobalt always was a favorite color—it with here a touch of emerald green, there rose madder, makes a fairy world one loves to dwell in.

Here are many grays, all varicolored. Like monotonous lives they are, yet to each a hue, a color note, that if placed in just the right relation makes an everyday existence beautiful.

There, I'm done now. No! Here are two more dear tiny things, (I always do forget my riggers): one all full of clear bright lemon yellow, the other bluish white—it made a high-light sparkle.

Now all are finished, even the handles clean.

What an inspiration! A whole handful of tools all ready for the master hand I'd like to have to paint a world's great masterpiece.

—Margaret Hayne Beattie,

Newcomb College, Tulane University.

(Copied from "The Poets of the Future", A College Anthology—for 1918-20.)

Greater Greenville Woman's College



IT is true of institutions as of individuals that they must grow and develop if they would be of the greatest use to mankind. And so those in charge of Greenville Woman's College have no thought of saying at any time, "She is finished." We have definite aims and objectives and are moving toward them at a reasonable rate of progress. It is the purpose of this article to give to those who are interested some of the plans we have in mind and toward which we are working.

1. Four Years of Real College Work. This means among other things work based on four years of high school work or its equivalent. An entrance requirement of fifteen units is the usual way of expressing this. In 1912 the college adopted the standard requirement of fourteen units. This standard has been raised to fifteen units, and the college has announced that in September, 1921, such a requirement will be put in effect. The teachers endeavor now to make all their courses of college grade, but it is very difficult to maintain such a standard in certain classes, when a considerable proportion of the students are just out of three year high schools. When only those students who have completed four years of high school work are admitted to freshman classes, we shall expect the number of failures to be very much reduced. The above should not be interpreted to mean that all students from three year schools are admitted as conditioned freshmen; many of them take a year in the preparatory

department. Indeed, there is reason to think that this college guards her freshman classes more carefully than do most South Carolina colleges.

A corollary to the aim of four years of real college work in encouraging the establishment of an adequate number of standard four year high schools in South Carolina.

2. A Model School. For a number of reasons a complete separation of the college and preparatory work is desirable. At present the teaching force of the college and high school is largely separate, and a complete separation can be brought about with very little re-organization. Many colleges have discontinued the preparatory departments altogether. The desirable courses here, however, seems to us to be the organization of the whole into a model school in separate buildings and under trained supervision. In this way excellent instruction could be provided for the children in the school and at the same time college students who expect to teach could be given training in practice teaching. We have now a limited amount of practice teaching under trained supervision, and the results justify an extension of this department of our work.

3. A Fine Arts Building. This has at times seemed so nearly a realization that we have almost seen it as we peeped over the garden wall, so to speak. Definite plans, however, are now being made for proceeding at once with this building which is to contain an audi-

torium, music studios, sound proof practice rooms, an art studio, society halls, a social hall, and other desirable things.

4. The Library. The college is fortunate in having a library building large enough to accommodate a growing library for a number of years. We plan to heat it next year from the central heating plant. It contains now approximately three thousand volumes besides seven hundred and fifty pamphlets, most of which are so selected as to be actually of use in the courses given. But in order to be adequately equipped for advanced courses in the various departments and in other departments to be added, and to supply the number of duplicate copies needed in many cases, our minimum aim is ten thousand volumes besides pamphlets. As the library grows certain changes will be made in the interior in order better to adapt it for library purposes. A far reaching step was taken when the college engaged a trained librarian to classify and catalog the books and to make the material more readily available for the students. The classification is now complete and the cataloging is proceeding satisfactorily. The alumnae are using their money over and above expenses, for the library, and in addition the college is appropriating several hundred dollars annually for this purpose. This year the lighting and heating have been much improved, the walls have been completely renovated, new shelving, book stacks, a catalog cabinet, desks, chairs and a typewriter have been added to the equipment.

5. Dormitories. The number of high school graduates seeking entrance to college is increasing year by year. Therefore, we shall need more dormitory space to care for them. It is in the early plans of the college to extend the north end of West building sufficiently to provide for an additional hundred students. Eventually, another dormitory will be needed.

6. Science Building. The large increase in the number of students in the science courses has made more laboratory space necessary. With the removal of certain departments to the Fine Arts building, sufficient space for present needs can be provided in North Building. The equipment which was given the college by the Donaldson heirs was first class and sufficient for the number of students then in the college. However, as demands for advanced courses has arisen additional equipment has had to be provided by the college. Advanced courses are now being given in chemistry, and it is our purpose to add this coming year more equipment in biology and physics. With this continued expansion a science building is very soon going to be a serious need, and this is the next building on our program after the Fine Arts building and the extension of West building.

7. Class Rooms. An increase in the student body al-

ways means an increased demand for class or lecture rooms. It is our purpose to have six large class rooms in the extension of West building. In addition, there are certain large rooms on first floor of Main and East buildings which can be readily turned into class rooms, large and well lighted.

8. Faculty Offices. Members of the faculty should not find it necessary to use their living rooms as studies or conference rooms. If a professor teaches classes for fifteen hours a week, it is an extravagant policy on the part of the college for her to occupy a large class room as a study during the other working hours. Therefore, small studies or offices should be provided for the teachers, and it is the purpose of the college to do this.

9. Physical Education and Athletics. It is our belief that as far as practicable athletic work should be done out doors. But since even in this justly praised climate there are days when out-door work is impracticable, both an indoor and an out-door gymnasium should be provided and a full time instructor engaged. When the music work is moved into the Fine Arts building it is our purpose to remove the temporary walls in the present practice hall and use the large space thus provided for an indoor gymnasium. The space for out-door work can be increased. The offerings in the department of physical education should be so varied that every student would find some line of work in which she would be interested. There might be certain work which would be required of all students, but each one should be allowed to choose her major gymnasium work as she is allowed to choose her major academic subject. Then the gymnasium will be looked upon as a real recreation by practically all students. We only await the means wherewith to supply the equipment necessary for such a varied program.

10. New Departments and Additional Advanced Courses. With the increase in number of upper classmen there will be demands for new departments and additional advanced courses in the various departments. We hope very soon to have a separate department of social science, and to offer courses in geology and astronomy. This latter will have, however, to wait upon an observatory. We look forward to offering in this generation full majors in eighteen or twenty departments.

11. Additional Teaching Force. Hand in hand with an increase in the number of students must go an increase in the teaching force. New advanced courses mean teachers with experience and advanced college and university degrees. And doubtless a "teacherage" will be required, though it shall be known by some more attractive name. Indeed, such a building would be very, very acceptable right now.

12. Administration Building. As the institution

grows additional administrative officers and offices will be required, which will logically lead to the need of a separate building.

13. **Endowment.** It is a recognized fact that standard fees are not sufficient for providing for all the needs of running a high grade college. Therefore, an endowment is a necessity. The aim of this college is a minimum endowment of \$500,000. We comment to friends gifts of \$25,000 to \$50,000 for the endowment of special chairs or departments.

14. **Scholarships and Loan Funds.** The scholarships and loan funds which have already been provided by friends have been of inestimable value to a considerable number of young women. We hope year by year, to be able to increase this number. It is our special desire to be able to provide scholarships for gifted students

to continue their work in the best universities of the country. We have very definitely in mind two or three students who ought to have such assistance at once.

The above enumeration deals largely with the physical equipment and organization. No less important are the spiritual and moral aims and purposes. But a separate article would be required to write of these. We can only say here that an appropriate slogan would be "Christian service for God and humanity", and we trust that the sum total of our educational work shall prove to be a fulfilment of Herbert Spencer's definition of the function of education, viz.: "to prepare us for complete living."

—Rosa Paschal,
Dean of the College.

Protest

LIFE, I will make no more bargains with you;
The price of your dreams is too dear.
Fools there may be who will call you cheap,
But you are a profiteer.

I have put into your slot machine
The golden coins of time;
For youth and faith you gave me back
Only a counterfeit rhyme.

Death will arrest you some day, Life.
You know you are in the wrong.
The price of youth is far too much
To pay for a silly song.

—Marie Marshall Padgett,
B. A., '16.

Vasiliki

CAPTAIN Eric Wallenstein stopped a second on the great flight of white stone steps which led up to Headquarters in the little village of Khent, and peered up to a bedraggled moon in some perplexity. Taking a card from his pocket he held it before his eyes, but the light was not sufficient, and so he struck a match on the gilt corner of the top of his military leggings.

The card was officially rectangular, of a dirty dingy color quite unlike those issued at the beginning of the war, and had on it, in long, angular, bold handwriting, this single sentence:

Capture Vasiliki tonight.

Turning to his friend, Lieutenant Anderigen of the Air Service, Captain Wallenstein said:

"Ach, but this promises to be sport! I honestly think I am telling the truth when I say that I should rather be at the head of the expedition upon which I am about to set out than to be on the the General Staff. Certainly for the next few hours at least I would not exchange places with Ludendorff himself."

Lieutenant Anderigen smiled incredulity, thought for a second, seemed to weigh what the other had said, and replied:

"Pouf! An affair of the heart, I suppose. Otherwise I could not imagine a soldier used to excitement on the field going into such ecstasies over a simple order. Captain, was is a very prosaic thing, as you and I have found out; if you have really run across an adventure worth while, at least be so good as to tell me about it."

Captain Wallenstein lit a cigarette, blew a whiff into the night air, and seemed to give the thing judicial consideration.

"I came here a year ago with the brigade of General Stutts—as you know", he began. "Consequently I think you will agree with me that I am in a position to know something of that infernal system of foreign spies who have dogged the steps of our invading armies. Well, of all these spies, this Vasiliki, I think, was the strangest and the most active. She seemed to have underground methods of communication with the enemy which proved next to impossible to detect. A hundred times we thought we had her, only to see her slip through our dragnet like an eel. She must be Flemish—though her name suggests the Pole—for she seems to have known all the natives and to have held them in the hollow of her hand. No matter the rewards offered, the inducements held out, no one ever gave us the slightest clue to her whereabouts when wanted, her letters, her visitors or her friends. One would have thought her a myth had it not been for the damnable regularity with which valuable information got to the enemy through her instrumentality."

"A vampire!" suggested Lieutenant Anderigen.

"More than a vampire", went on Captain Wallenstein, "a supernatural one, a devil! But can you imagine our surprize one fine morning when she, the one so long sought in vain, walked boldly into the office at Headquarters and gave herself voluntarily into the keeping of our officers. I give you my word I almost dropped in my tracks, could hardly believe my senses; yet there she was, in the flesh, and pretty as a pink! All in tears too—it seems that her lover had just been killed in the French Army—and she claimed to have nothing after that to live for."

"Wanted protection of G. H. Q., I suppose", said Lieutenant Anderigen. "Did you ever hear who her husband or lover was?"

"I knew the man well—Major Mauvais Billot."

"Major Billot!" exclaimed Lieutenant Anderigen. "You mean the Man of Verdun who won the Croix de Guerre by staying with his machine guns after having received seventeen shots in his body!"

"The same fellow; he was killed a year later at the head of a batallion at Hill No. 60—at least that was the report, afterwards confirmed. A little man he was, small eyes, big ears, scars made by a sabre stroke clean across his left neck and forehead, but as brave a rascal as ever donned a French uniform and fought his Majesty's soldiers. He was known to have been Mdsle. Vasiliki's lover—not husband; and the story so touched General Stutts that he pardoned her—or rather failed to find any evidence against her at Court Martial, allowing her to retire to a convent behind our lines, protected by our guns. And now comes the strangest part of the story—"

"A subterfuge, I suppose", interrupted Lieutenant Anderigen. "Major Billot had not been killed, eh?"

"Oh, yes, Billot had been killed all right. You see he fell in our lines and through the whim of the General was buried by us close to this same convent. The strange part of the story is that every night Mdsle. Vasiliki goes out into the moonlight by her lover's grave; and people—hundreds of them—say that the spirit of her lover appears in a halo and greets her. They have been seen together, sometimes by the graveside, more often of late in the attic of the little chapel, always conversing *tete-a-tete*."

"Nonsense, Captain. Nonsense."

"Of course, that's what Headquarters thinks; for you see they have detailed me tonight to take them both, girl and spirit lover, dead or alive. It is even believed that it's another of Mdsle. Vasiliki's schemes of spying. At any rate news has certainly been leaking through in the last fortnight."

"Where do you expect to take her?" asked Anderigen.

"At the chapel."

"And then?"

"Oh, I have orders to have them both shot at sunrise. Quite a little extravaganza for a convent to witness, but, as the French say, 'C'est la vie!'"

"'C'est la Guerre!', at any rate", replied the Lieutenant. "But Captain, I want to ask a favor of you—I want to go with you. I haven't had any fun since the raid day before yesterday, and I feel almost as if I were going stale."

"Good!" answered his companion. "Nothing in the orders against it, that I know of, and in dealing with the occult, I think a man is justified in having assistance. Come!"

And the two friends, arm in arm and laughing, walked down the steps, and crossed the courtyard to the barracks, where the squad detailed from Headquarters was waiting.

They moved silently and stealthily and in an incredibly short time, the convent, the chapel and even the little grave were covered by a number of threatening machine guns.

After the last man had been properly placed, the two friends met on a corner of the little enclosure, and took a rapid survey of the grounds, the buildings, the trees, the points of vantage, and formed their plans of battle.

The convent proper loomed up darkly to the front; the little chapel, immediate object of attack, was off to the south a couple of hundred yards. This got their attention at once, for sharp lances of a sort of blue light shot out from its one curtained window and fell upon the well kept lawn, forming ungainly figures of curious shapes and patterns.

Having watched it for fully five minutes in silence, the two men bent their forms together and began whispering.

"I think," said Anderigen, "that there are two men in that attic now, but Captain, that's the strangest light I ever saw. Positively the rays appear to violate all laws of physics the world has accepted—they seem to bend instead of shooting straight."

"Yes, I think they are together," replied Wallenstein, answering the first observation of his friend and ignoring the last.

"I think we had better slip quietly up to the bottom of the stair case and ascend together. A crowd of people charging in might alarm our prey, and they say he is wonderfully resourceful. Together we ought to be quite able to take care of a single Fleming.

"Oh, you suspect the man then?"

"I have an idea. I think he is a village priest, young and probably not entirely interested in his church; the secret service have watched him for some time and have reported him to Headquarters, more than once."

"We'll take him then by ourselves. More's the glory."

"Exactly, then enevant, Lieutenant—if you are ready."

The two men stalked across the square, silent as ghosts, and gained the stairway, evidently unobserved. Up the creaking woodwork they went on all fours, scarcely breathing in their efforts to win the approval of the G. H. Q., and only stopped when they had quite reached the top landing.

Anderigen was the first to stick his head to a crack in the door.

"We've got them, Captain—they're together—caught like mice in a trap!"

Wallenstein now took his turn, pulled off his cap, and glued his eyes to the peep hole in the door.

shook so violently that his cap fell off and rolled to the bottom of the stairs.

"It's Billot," he whispered. "As sure as you live, man,—it's that damned dead Frenchman, Major Billot!"

When he drew back his head the next moment, it "Impossible!"

"No matter—I tell you it's Major Billot! And his feet are cut off at the knees and are two feet and a half from the floor! The fellow is standing up without anything to support his body!"

"Impossible!" again said Anderigen, beginning to be convinced and half joking with his friend's excitement.

"Well, look in again!" ordered Captain Wallenstein. "He is there, I tell you, sabre cut and all. It's supernatural!"

Once more Anderigen knelt beside the peep hole.

"It looks like his description, certainly," he said in a moment.

Wallenstein's big shoulders were shaking like a reed, but nevertheless he once again took his station and swept the interior of the attic with his eyes.

Sure enough a man, bearing a strange resemblance to the dead Major was standing in the middle of the floor without visible support. His face was strangely transfigured in a strong halo of blue light, and the angry looking sear across his forehead seemed to shine with a deep red glow.

A woman knelt by him and looked up into his eyes with the fanaticism of an Arab woman at a shrine. Her long hair was loose and hung down almost to her feet, seeming to envelope her entire body with a black mantle. Her hands were clasped tightly, and held up almost on line with her heart, forming an attitude of invocation.

Wallenstein drew back at last, and now a feeling of fright obviously possessed his soul entirely, and communicated itself to that of his friend. Softly the two men stole down the stairs, and out of the corner of the clearing, where a shrill whistle called the squad together.

On the way home to Headquarters, the two friends walked silently together for at least a mile and a half. Then suddenly Anderigen stopped dead still in his tracks, as if he had been shot.

"We've allowed ourselves to be flimflamed", he said. "A mirror, cleverly placed before that man in the attic, would have created the effect we noticed."

"It was Billot!" said Wallenstein doggedly. "I know the man, and I know the scar. I once had the pleasure of meeting him hand to hand in a charge, and I am perfectly acquainted with the fellow, I tell you. Verdampt, I'd know him in Heaven!"

"Nevertheless, we must return—we owe it to Germany."

This they did after much persuasion. Leaving the squad in the road, the two set out hastily for the attic which they reached in five minutes.

All was quiet as a graveyard, not a sign of life could be seen anywhere in the convent.

However, a match struck in the little attic, revealed

this little rectangular card:

Father Pierre Vallette presents his compliments to two German idiots.

"I told you the fellow was clever!" said Wallenstein at last with a sigh.

"The devil" was the only reply Anderigen seemed to think would fit the occasion.

And being Germans, the two men, instead of laughing cursed the whole Flemish race, and swore to get vengeance on the first occasion which should present itself.

Next day Captain Wallenstein's report to G. H. Q. was to the effect that the raid had been carried out as ordered and the convent had been found as deserted as the grave.

—Germaine Bouquet, '23.

If -

(With apologies to Kipling.)

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew,
And with a right good reason too;
If you can smile, tho' all about be frowning
And blaming frowns and tears on you;
If you can work and work and keep on working,
Or being lied to, understand those lies;
If you can answer ev'ry question asked you
And seem to all surpassing wise.

If you can mark and not make marks your master,
And punish, nor make punishment your aim;
If you can work with children bright and stupid,
And, spite of preference, treat them all the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you taught them
Twisted by all to make you sound a fool;
If you can bear to see a leader failing,
Losing all interest in both books and school;

If you can make a heap of all your theories,
And risk them all on one small tow-haired lad,
And fail, and start again at the beginning
On one who's just as "cute," and just as bad;
If you can force your heart and morve and sinew,
To keep on fighting till the bitter end;
And never show despair that often fills you,
And bear in patience all the Fates may send;

If you can talk with Gloom and still be cheerful,
Or walk with Praise, nor lose the humble touch;
If neither child nor principal can hurt you,
If patrons count with you, but not too much;
If you can make each quickly passing minute
Carry you toward the goal that's to be won;
Teaching is yours, for all that there is in it,
And what is more, you'll be excelled by none.

—M. Seyle.

Shaw, The Dramatic Satirist

THERE never was anyone like Bernard Shaw, and there never will be. In the history of Literature he is an original and unique figure. And because Shaw is so different, the English public seems to take a kind of pride in confessing that they cannot understand him. The most obvious reason for their lack of understanding is that they fail to regard Shaw as a dramatic satirist. It is only when he is viewed in this light that his works become intelligible.

Chandler, in discussing the dramatic satirist, says that he is always an egoist. We could never say that Shaw failed to qualify in this respect, for there is no writer more egotistical or dogmatic than he. He uses every means to reveal himself. He deliberately chooses to stand in the limelight. The real subjects of all his remarks is George Bernard Shaw. In fact he himself says, "I have advertised myself so well that I find myself, while still in middle life, almost as legendary a person as the Flying Dutchman. Certainly Shaw is no exception to the statement that the dramatic satirist is always an egoist.

In further explanation of the dramatic satirist Chandler goes on to say, "He is dissatisfied with life as it is because he conceives of life as it should be, but instead of insisting upon either of these phases he creates, with definite purpose, a misrepresentation of life." In this respect, too, we find Shaw qualifying as a dramatic satirist. He is by nature a rebel, a destructive critic. There are few accepted ideas or conventions that he has not attacked. Along this line, G. K. Chesterton has said, "Shaw casts about him for something to attack, which has been up to this time unattacked. He is not content to be a common atheist, he wishes to blaspheme something in which even atheists believe. He is not satisfied with being revolutionary: there are so many revolutionists. Against individual and social illusions, conventions, prejudices, traditions, religious beliefs and social standards, Shaw brings to bear all the power of his mighty intellect. He is, as Chesterton has said, "a sort of anti-confectioner whose whole business it is to take the gilt of the gingerbread."

If then, Shaw is by nature a dramatic satirist, what are the principle objects or ideas which he attacks?

One of them is the common conception of the hero. Shaw would not have us think of the great man in History as being essentially superior to other men. The hero, he says, is nothing more nor less than an egoist wrapped in conventional poses. Upset these poses and the ordinary is revealed. This idea is brought out in "The Man of Destiny", in which Napoleon is described as "a man who has swallowed religion, loyalty, patriotism—all the common ideals—in his boyhood, and who, having a keen dramatic faculty now plays upon them

by the arts of the actor and the stage manager." Throughout the play we find Napoleon, for the time being, forgetting to pose, and then suddenly drawing himself up with a start. For instance—the lady in talking with the general says, "You wanted to win the battle of Lodi for yourself and not for anyone else, didn't you?" "Of course," he replies. Then as Shaw says, suddenly recollecting himself, he pulls himself piously together, and says like a man conducting a religious service, "Stop: no. I am only the servant of the French Republic. I win battles for humanity, for my country, not for myself." In "Caesar and Cleopatra," Shaw again portrays the hero as an egoist, but unlike Napoleon, Caesar is not ashamed of his egotism. "He acts naturally and therefore virtuously". He is superior to other men not because he loves more but because he hates less. He is magnanimous not because he is warm enough to pardon but because he is not warm hearted enough to avenge. If we are to believe Shaw, then, the truly great man is not he who checks his bad impulses, but he who has no bad impulses to check.

Another object of Shaw's scathing satire is the common ideals of heroism as connected with war. We have always thought of the soldier as fighting because of patriotism and courage. Shaw tells us that our idea is false. "It is fear that makes men fight" he says, "It is indifference that makes them run away. Fear is the one universal passion." Our common idea of the soldier is laughed to scorn in "Arms and the Man." The play opens in an atmosphere of military melodrama. The hero rides off to death in an attitude, leaving the adoring heroine in tearful rapture. The band plays and the cannons boom. Into all this comes Bluntschli, a professional Swiss soldier, and proceeds to shatter the heroine's romantic ideas of war. A man never fights unless he has to, he tells her. "There are only two kinds of soldiers," he says, "old ones and young ones. The young ones carry pistols and cartridges, the old ones carry grub." but he does not end his process of disillusioning the young lady here, he goes even farther and says that the first man at the head of the cavalry charge is never there because of his bravery, but because his horse is running away. By the end of the play the heroine has lost all her military illusions, and admires the professional soldier "not because he faces guns but because he faces facts."

Shaw objects seriously to the perpetual playing upon the motive of sex. He objects to the idolatry of sexualism which makes it the source of all great emotions. As Chesterton expresses it, "Shaw deliberately lures the onlooker into the net of Cupid in order to tell him that Cupid is not there at all. Millions of dramatists have made a man face death for the woman he loves,

but Shaw makes him face death for the woman he does not love, merely in order to put woman in her place." Shaw dislikes the idea that woman is the only key to man. Chandler says "For Shaw love is a great cosmic force. The individual fancies that he is taking the initiative in his own love affair—as a matter of fact, he is obeying the Life Force." This idea is brought out in "Man and Superman". The play has two underlying motives. The first is that the Life Force desires, more than anything else to make suitable marriages in order to produce a purer race or eventually a Superman. Love is nature's means of accomplishing this purpose. The second is that in bringing about these marriages woman is a more conscious agent than man. In this play woman is made the pursuer and man the pursued. In the end the woman accomplishes her purpose—the marriage is performed and the groom then makes the following speech—"What we have both done this afternoon is to renounce happiness, renounce freedom, renounce tranquillity, above all renounce the romantic possibilities of an unknown future, for the cares of a household and a family." Now whether the man hunts the woman or the woman hunts the man there's bound to be some romance about the affair—Shaw however, gives it none. This is where he errs in his treatment of love. To quote Chesterton—"He (Shaw) can, if he likes, scrape the romance off the armaments of Europe, but he cannot scrape the romance off love, because it is all romance, and three thousand miles thick." And again—"It is to no purpose that Shaw said that romance was all moonshine. The moonshine that ripens love is now as practical as the sunshine that ripens corn. It is vain to say that sexual chivalry was all rot. It may be as rotten as manure—and also as fertile. It is vain to call first love a fiction; it may be as fictitious as the ink of the cuttle or the doubling of a hare; as fictitious, as efficient, and as indispensable."

Nor has Shaw permitted our common idea of duty to go uncriticized. Man has the habit, Shaw says, of discovering what he wants to do, calling it duty, and then proceeding to do it. In "The Man of Destinies" we find Napoleon saying, "Every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have what he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. We find this same idea brought out in "Man and Superman" and other of his plays.

Other ideas enter in for their share of Shaw's satire. "The Philanderer" is a satire on physical science. The story has to do with a young doctor, in the innocence of his professional ambition, who has discovered a new disease, and is delighted when he finds people suffering from it and cast down to despair when he finds that it does not exist. "Fanny's First Play" is a satire on critics who, Shaw says, are afraid to give their opinion of a play until they know who the author is. These ideas, however, are only minor ones, and are accorded very little criticism in comparison with the preceding, more important ones.

As a propagandist, Mr. Shaw is never insincere: he believes his own opinions, even at those many moments when they happen to be wrong. "His pages bristle with ideas; and every living idea is a challenge. This is why his plays are so much more interesting than other plays. They answer no questions, but they ask many. For some in the audience the end of his play is the beginning of mental activity. Instead of giving us food he gives us an appetite." Shaw has never descended to the level of a common scold. He is a nuisance as conscience is a nuisance—we need him.

—Thrace Mauldin, '22.



The Text

MIKE chewed gum furiously for a few minutes and then, although there wasn't a thing to hear except the knotty old apple tree and the cozy old fence corner, he leaned over and whispered to his companion, who was lying on his back blissfully puffing away at a "rabbit tobacco" cigarette.

"Say Red, where'd you get the money to go to that show with?"

Red yawned and stretched himself. "I borrowed Ma's egg money," he admitted. "Where'd you get yours?"

"Robbed Sister's Sunday School bank," was the careless answer. "Got' lots more fun outer that cash than the ole heathern would anyway. But won't Sis raise a yell though?" And he grinned at the thought.

Red sat up, discarded his cigarette and began on a green apple.

"That guy wus the biggest fool to go and get caught," he remarked, his mind wandering back to the picture show they had witnessed that afternoon. "I b'lieve I could rob a bank thout being sent to the jail house. He held up that stage-coach though, and didn't that feller wiggle when he got his throat cut." They could not suppress a shiver.

"Red, I tell you!" Mike sat up in his excitement and threw away his green apple core. "Let's organize a Black Circle."

"Aw, go chase yerself! Y' know we couldn't. Where's any bank to rob? Aint more'n five dollars in this old cheap town banks, I betcha. And who we gonna murder? Aint nobody round here near ready to die 'cept old Tom White an' he's so old and crippled he couldn't fight. Aw, gwan, I tell you we can't do it." But his eyes were sparkling.

"Course," remarked Mike who always took the lead and which was perfectly right for wasn't he four months older than Red who wouldn't be thirteen until November? "Course if you're goin' to be a baby and get scared we can't do nothin—" He stopped for Red's eyes were flashing and his sleeves were being rolled up.

"Y' call me a baby, do yu? Who stole all those watermelons out of Farmer Brown's patch an' sold 'em to buy cigarettes? Who snitched that boat so we could play Robinson Crusoe last month and had to cut stove wood a month to pay for th' paddle y' lost an' blamed it on me? An' who put those rats in teacher's desk yesterday an' got most beat to death? Did I cry? Y' call me a baby, eh?"

Mike hastened to assure him that he didn't mean it and after a few minutes silence he leaned over and

confided to Red a plan which his ever ready brain had suggested. Red's eyes grew bigger as the plot thickened and a delicious thrill of terror crawled slowly down his spine and ended in his toes. He dared not express his fears for he hated the name of baby but when the haunted house was mentioned each red hair stood upright and his chubby cheeks fairly bulged with excitement. Even Mike, who had pulled off his hated shoes, was diligently digging his toes in the soft earth while his dirty fingers were constantly running through his tousled hair.

"And now," ended Mike. "We'll take the oath of the Order of the Crimson Mask."

After much searching of pockets he produced a dirty scrap of paper and a stub of pencil and scribbled.

"We Mike and Red do solemnly swear to rob, burn and plunder in this town of Appleton and to have no mercy on anybody who tries to stop us.

(Signed) Mike and Red."

They drew a skull and cross-bones at the top of the paper and bravely sticking their thumbs with a rusty pin they applied the bloody seal. They then placed the paper in a tin can and dug a hole in the northwest corner of the fence ten paces from the apple tree. But a thought suddenly struck Red, and he threw up his hands.

"Sufferin' cats! We didn't have no Bible so our pledge ain't legal. You got any Bibles in your pocket, Mike?"

Mike's face fell as he slowly shook his head.

"What d'you think I tote Bibles around for? Ma makes me say my prayers ev'ry night. Ain't that 'nough? But say! I got a page out of teacher's Bible. I was scared she'd make me learn the Ten Commandments for throwin' spit balls so I tore 'em out."

The problem was solved so each desperado placed a dirty finger on the crumpled sheet and repeated the pledge. Mike had to start over once for his finger got on Thou shalt not steal and with a grunt he put it on Honor thy father and thy mother, and solemnly chanted the pledge without batting an eyelash.

"R'member," warned Mike as they finished scattering leaves over the spot where the tin can was hidden. "We got to start on somethin' easy so they wont 'speat us. And don't let that kid sister of mine on this. We don't want no skirts mixed up in our bizness an' girls'll tell in spite of thunder."

A faint shout reached their ears and they awoke to the fact that it was almost dark.

"Now aint that jes' like wimmen?" mourned Red. "When a feller gets to havin' a good time they got to

go butt in. I hate stove wood worse'n rattle snakes." He picked up his shoes and started grumbling toward the house.

"Don't forget," whispered Mike, catching up with him. "'Leven o'clock. Ole Man Jones' store. Red mask, pass word. Get me?"

"Uh huh."

At eleven o'clock that night a watchful person might have seen two small persons wrapped in dark robes, which bore a strange resemblance to skirts, and a strip of bright crimson cloth across their faces, meet behind Mr. Jones' store, go through some strange handshaking, whisper for a few minutes, and finally disappear beneath the store.

And the next morning Mr. Jones walked in his store and almost fainted at the sight that met his eyes. Everything was absolutely topsy turvy. Some body had broken in his store. A plank was loose and he couldn't step for peas and onions and they had even pulled the stopper out of the molasses barrel. And two boxes of his best cigars and a whole crate of oranges had been stolen.

Never since the declaration of war, had Appleton been in such a state of excitement. Why, there was thieving in Appleton and that hadn't happened in years. The men gathered at the post office and discussed it and the women almost wore out the fences leaning over them to talk to their neighbors. There was no doubt about it, the sleepy little town had waked up.

But Red and Mike put on a very superior air around the other boys and linked arms and walked off when they started the subject. After dinner they wandered off to the den and then they turned loose. Their tongues seemed loose at each end and they eagerly discussed the events of the night before.

"We've got 'em goin' ", exclaimed Mike. "They can't imagine who got that stuff. Oh, boy! Aint it fun? But that was too easy," he went on producing an orange and laying aside a long black cigar for future reference.

"You betcha life!" agreed Red who was already laboriously puffing at his cigar. "And they'll never find the stuff in the haunted house. But that was too easy. Your kid sissy could do that. Let's spring the big un tonight."

"Not on your tintype! We gotta save that til last. What's th' matter Red? You look sick."

"Aw, shut up. Nothin's matter with me. What's th' matter with your cigar?" He grinned as Mike laid it hastily aside. "You look sick too."

A silence followed during which they stared moodily at the ground. But they had to give up and for the next half hour two desperately sick boys lay moaning on the grass while their forgotten cigars smouldered and finally went out.

But nothing was the matter with them at ten o'clock that night although something seemed to go wrong with Mr. Brown's cow for they had an awful time getting her out of the lot. They finally persuaded her to leave the lot but the gate creaked and Red fell over a tin bucket in the back yard. They finally got Bossy to the swamp where they tied her firmly to a stake and then ran all the way home for it was most too dark and spooky in the swamp to be pleasant.

The next day was Sunday and people found it very hard to be pious in the face of the new disaster that had visited the town. The men searched all over town before going to church but Bossy couldn't be found. This thing was getting serious especially to the women who had already thought of burying some of their silver. If anything else disappeared detectives would be sent for.

Mike and Red shivered with delight when they heard this. Just think! They were important enough to have a detective. Even the village policeman couldn't handle the Order of the Crimson Masks.

But they had to put aside these thoughts, don their Sunday clothes and march away to church. They tried to be really good and snickered out loud only once and that was when the fly lit on Reverend Turnipseed's nose and wouldn't get off in spite of the frantic efforts of the preacher.

"Thou shalt not steal," announced the preacher choosing his text, and the criminals sat up straighter. What was everybody looking at them for? They had not done a thing. If they had known they were going to get preached at they would have gone fishing instead of going to church.

"Be sure your sins will find you out," continued the preacher and they nudged each other.

Mrs. Brown leaned over and whispered to Mrs. Jones that her cook had seen a tramp sneaking away from their back yard that morning and Mrs. Jones gasped. That was news so she passed it on to Mrs. Smith and Mike and Red winked. They fervently hoped he'd be arrested.

But no thief was caught and by Wednesday all the suggestions for the solution of the mystery had been rejected and things were quieting down.

The members of the Order of the Crimson Masks had not quieted down though for the most desperate crime of all had not been committed yet. When the sun went down that night they could hardly be still long enough to eat supper, but Red's mother began to suggest Castor oil if he didn't eat so he suddenly developed an enormous appetite, ate his supper, yawned sleepily and went upstairs to bed. He tossed and tumbled until eleven o'clock, then hastily dressed and silently left the house. He sneaked around the back fence and flew down behind the barn where he found Mike waiting for him.

"Sh-sh-" warned Mike. "You made lots of fuss running so. Come on, let's get it over with. I hope there's at least fifty dollars, 'cause we can't get to New York on less'n that."

They stealthily made their way across a vacant lot and sneaked up to the back window of the post office where they stood still and listened intensely for a few minutes.

"O. K." whispered Red, and they busily began pulling the tacks from around a small pane of glass. They managed to get the pane out without very much noise and Red squeezed through and opened the window for Mike.

At this time the fat policeman who happened to be returning from the drug store with the clerk glanced over at the post office saw a flash light flicker. He whistled, and ran off up the street leaving the bewildered clerk to follow.

Burglars were in the post office! They'd catch them now! The policeman was so excited he forgot to stop and deliver the camphor to his sick wife but ran all over town waking up the men and getting ammunition to catch the burglar at his work. Five minutes later a small army of men sneaked up to the back of the post office and peered in at the window. Two black figures wearing crimson masks were huddled over the money box dividing the spoils. The fat policeman cautiously stepped through the window, raised his long black pistol and in an awful voice demanded "Hands up!"

The two burglars whirled around in amazement and fear and faced a crowd of astonished men.

"Mike!" gasped the policeman.

"Red!" echoed another.

The criminals stared at each other and uttered not a word. What was there to say? They were caught and there was no use in denying it. Oh! Goodness. What made 'em go and get caught? Now wouldn't they get an awful licking and they might even be sent to jail. The men looked awfully stern and the policeman looked like a giant. Very silently the men escorted them from the building, up the street and finally into the pastor's studio where a gaping crowd soon gathered.

And then the fuss began! Nothing but two little boys! Surely the people weren't going to be cheated out of a burglar like that. All the women wished Mike and Red were their boys for a few minutes and the men looked grim, especially the real parents who were having visions of leather straps, well applied. The boys shrank closer together and then the pastor entered and the trial began. The boys wriggled and squirmed but he was relentless. They had to confess everything, even to the cigars and cow. Goodness, this was worse than jail! How people would laugh at them! If they ever got out of that room alive! But preaching wasn't all they got. They must cut stove wood to pay back all the money they had spent that didn't belong to them—it would take them two years. Finally the sermon was over and they left the room with these words singing in their ears, "And now my children, no matter where you may go, you may be sure your sins will find you out."

And the chastened criminals were led off to continue their contemplation of the way of the transgressor.

—Marjorie Martin, '22.



BOOK REVIEWS

MODERN DRAMATISTS

PROFESSOR Williem Lyon Phelps has given us both profitable and interesting reading in his "Essays on Modern Dramatists". The book is not so much a scientific criticism of six playwrights of our own time as it is an appreciative commentary. The book abounds in personal characteristics of the dramatists, and interesting incidents from their lives—all of which Professor Phelps tells in so charming a manner that he succeeds in arousing contagious interest on the part of the reader.

The essay on Clyde Fitch is delightful. Having been a childhood friend of Fitch's, Mr. Phelps is able to take us back to the days of their youth. Not only does he give us many interesting details of the early life of Clyde Fitch, but of his later life as well. After reading this essay we can but feel that American Drama suffered a great loss when the untimely death of Fitch prevented his writing such plays as he had it in him to write.

Mr. Phelps once spoke of himself as "Barrie's hun-

dred per cent admirer". And after reading his essay on Barrie, we have no doubt as to the sincerity of that remark. Mr. Phelps showers Barrie with praise, claiming that the works of that man "taken together make the most important contribution to the English Drama since Sheridan". He finds nothing to criticize in Barrie.

With Galsworthy it is different. In him Mr. Phelps finds much to praise, but he finds much to criticize as well. Mr. Galsworthy has written some excellent plays. The four best of which are, Mr. Phelps contends, "The Silver Box", "Strife", "Justice", and "The Pigeon"—all of which are practically without the element of love and have no sex interest. The obsession of sex, Mr. Phelps says, is fatal to the genius of Galsworthy. For this reason he considers "The Fugitive" a failure—not to be compared with "The Silver Box".

The essays of Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Rostand are equally delightful. Mr. Phelps has given us an interesting book.

HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL

RANDOLPH Bourne was a revolutionist. Living at a time of social unrest, economical uncertainty and political upheavels he imbibed a spirit of restlessness. Every day it was forced upon him that many changes were needed in the literary as well as the political world.

There has recently appeared a collection of his essays published by Huebsch in which there is found the best of those which appeared a few years ago in the different magazines to which Bourne was a contributor. If you read them and enjoy them then, you will enjoy reading them again. If you haven't read any of them at all begin at once and spend delightful hours in this great critics company.

In each essay there is at least one thought which has been lying dormant in your own brain for a long time expressed in the most adequate speech possible. The reviewer finds unspeakable joy in his one-sentenced criticism of Chesterton—"gluttonous and thick, with something tricky and unsavory about him." His life, his ideas, and his style of writing are full of the most delightful surprises. His keen insight into the changing world of science, literature, and art is altogether delightful to consider and he goes to the bottom of situations with marked infallibility. Because of his simple, conversational style one is made to feel

after reading a few of his delightful essays that the author has been an intimate friend for some time. His work is interesting because of the unusual life and character of the man as well as for its literary style and value.

In "The History of a Literary Radical", a student of the principles of education particularly would find his opinions exactly confirmed. There is quite an argument being waged over the place of Latin and Greek in our curricula. We agree with him that they are no longer "a solace to the aged, a quickener of taste, a refreshment after manual labor, and a clue to the general knowledge of all human things." Randolph Bourne agrees with the modern student and educators that they develop the mind no more than any other worthwhile study. He agrees with the great educator Graves that the problem of the twentieth century is to educate the individual to cope with his everlasting changing social environment. Most students of the classical languages approve heartily of his statement that too much Latin is "like a constant diet of beefsteak", and too much Greek, "like a constant diet of fine wheaten bread." He holds that the literary field is a great one but that its toilers should be only those whose natures fit them for the work.

The predominant idea in "Our Cultural Humility"

and "The Professor" is independence in thinking. The Professor says, "We must above all teach our undergraduates to think." There have been marvelous literary masterpieces written before our age but Bourne would not have us accept what recognized critics have had to say about them without further investigation but he encourages the formation of original opinions from a modern standpoint. Literature, he says, should be taught without prejudice of personal feelings entering in and students should then be allowed to draw their own conclusions. Always the view of the student

toward his environment is very sanely and sympathetically treated. His essays are primarily for students.

Randolph Bourne was a scholar and a keen thinker. The world may well deplore his early death for he certainly gave promise of being one of our most brilliant writers. His interests were universal and he had hardly found himself when his life was cut off. At no time does his satire interfere with his wine feeling. His work cannot but be interesting to a thinking person.

—Eleanor Keese, '21

MAIN STREET

One of the sensational books of this season is, "Main Street", by Sinclair Lewis. Criticisms of it have run all the way from the pronouncement of it the "wonder work of the season", to the verdict rendered by Catherine Beach Ely, "Main Street bored me to extinction. I hated it as one hates stale bread seven days a week Such a mud puddle of sordid tattle is "Main Street". Our pity goes out to those who have nothing better to give the world than 'Main Street'. Still more our pity goes to the thousands who are fed on this pap." But whatever our decision may be as to the literary merits of "Main Street" we can not afford not to know it. In the list of fiction in demand at the public libraries published in the May "Bookman", "Main Street" was leading in each of the six geographical districts. It has provoked a veritable ware of words as to what actually happens in the small towns. Lewis chooses Gopher Prairie as his particular example of such a town and gives all details, ugly or otherwise, and spares nothing. "Main Street" is a novel about

the real American town of today—not the kind of superficial life sometimes pictured by authors using the proverbial flighty damsel and the Gawky Swain; but of staid contented people who build around themselves a high wall of respectability of the sort which excludes gaiety. Woe to anyone who gets without this wall. To a person from a "Gopher Prairie", this book gives a feeling of its absolute truth. The Atlantic Monthly says; "There is now no reason in the artistic economy why any one should ever write another novel of contemporary life in a small town. Gopher Prairie is every small town in North America, and its 'Main Street' is the continuation of 'Main Streets' everywhere."

"Main Street" then does not profess to be a thrilling and idealistic picture of life as the author thinks it should be, but it is a gripping and understanding account of a particular type of society as it really exists today.

—Marie Askins, '21

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Alumnae Isaqueena hope of bringing the alumnae and the school into closer touch with each other. We had planned to have this exclusively an alumnae issue with the entire literary department contributed by the alumnae. It turned out to be another case of "the best laid plans o' mice and men" and we failed to receive

many of the articles on which we had counted, consequently, at the last minute, we had to change the entire plan of the magazine. We hope that this issue, slight as it is, may be taken by the alumnae as some small proof of our interest in them and their affairs and we extend to them a hearty invitation to avail themselves of the columns of the school publication whenever they may desire their use.

A GOOD CITIZEN

AFTER any crisis there is always a decided reaction. At the end of a mental strain, the individual almost invariably experiences a physical reaction. After the stress of a great war, a nation relaxes, unexpected things occur, and a period of extremes, of uncertainty holds sway. Such is the condition of affairs at the present time.

Although a vital change was expected in this country as in the other war burdened states, when that change did come it found us wholly unprepared. We predicted an immediate slump in prices, a revolutionary end for the H. C. of L. Then we turned right around and entered a short period of the wildest spending we have ever known in our extraxagrantland. For the past five months the situation has been acute; people have spent much, and saved little. Credit is exhausted. Money can not be borrowed.

A farmer needed ten dollars immediately. He was a man who had been accustomed to all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. "But ten dollars looks like a hundred now", was the comment of the man who made the loan. Forty bales of cotton was offered as security for this ten dollar loan. And still cotton is seeking rock bottom!

The attendance of the schools and colleges is less in many instances than the Fall enrollment warrants. Many from the rural districts have had to stop because of the cotton situation and lack of credit. This condition has been aided in the cities by the lack of employment among the laboring classes. Men who charged exorbitant prices for their labor during the war are now working for one-half and one-third the war wage. Especially in the large cities do we find a restless horde of employment seekers. Idleness breeds much that is undesirable, as is shown by the prevalence of crime and disease at the present time.

In such a situation as that existing to-day it is meet that all men and women exert the utmost of their power to tide over the intervals of unrest, and restore the normal prosperity of pre-war days. As one prominent business man expressed it, "work hard, borrow

nothing, and pay your debts as you can." Now is the time for woman to reveal her citizenship by economy, optimism, and a determined pursuance of the regular everyday life. Now is the time for the college girl to show the woman within, the making of a good citizen, that indomitable will that is most peculiarly characteristic of the American woman. Any girl can go to college if she will; every girl can remain even at a time like the present if she so determines. The tendency to drop out when the economic and financial conditions are tight and unsettled has shown itself, frequently. This is only a slightly apparent in some institutions; in others, not at all noticeable perhaps. Yet the tendency is present, and must be combatted.

Already the war has caused many to stop entirely or cut short their education. The reaction must not be permitted to produce or double the affect. Men and women must realize that because money is scarce is no legitimate reason for abounding a lifes preparation, even though costly for a moments present relief. A man cannot truly live by mere development of his dollar sense. Matthew Arnold says that after all it is in poetry we discover fact; we find all that is true, all that is eternal in the history of any civilization. This being true it is important in our practical age that men let not a congested state of finances overwhelm them, and rob them of their right to life, freedom, happiness gained thru "a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world."

Such a one and only such may be rightly called a good citizen. Such as these will be prepared for the next crisis; will buffet the next reaction, emerging good citizens as before. Such as these make life livable to-day. Not the money kings, but these are using their all to alleviate the tension of the presnt moment. Asked to give the dominant fact concerning George Washington, I would reply without hesitation. "He was a good citizen." It should be the aim of every man and every woman to be a good citizen, and to help the college man and woman to realize before it is too late that preparation for citizenship means good citizens.

—Martha Peace Knight.

WHY TEACH THE DEAF?

HELEN Folk had just arrived from the East where she had been a whole school session. Among her neighbors Helen was a subject of more or less speculation and, perhaps more curiosity, because of the unusualness of the work she had been doing and because they were never satisfactorily posted as to what her next adventure would be, a delinquency be it said to her credit or otherwise, that caused her to be used as a conversational topic frequently. Judy Byrne was a good friend of Helen's in spite of, or perhaps because of the fact that she shared in the neighborly speculation and curiosity. She had been two classes below Helen in college and this past year each had drifted into a correspondence based mostly on mental telepathy. So it was with keen anticipation, subdued curiosity and real joy that Judy pounced upon Helen this her first afternoon at home. She was fortunate in finding Helen undisturbed by other friends, so the little secret project in the back of her thoughtful head could well be carried out.

Judy was out of college just two weeks. As yet she had not found her particular niche in the world of things to do as had most of her class, and this fact caused certain misgivings, though she never ceased to be thankful that she hadn't grabbed at the first thing that came along only to find herself at a distasteful occupation. True, the high school of Geneva was anxious to have her, but Judy couldn't bear to think of the dignity she might have to assume to be "Miss Byrne" to Dot, Jack and all the rest of the boys and girls of her sister Louise's set. Moreover, Judy had never been very far from Geneva and the world outside of Ohio looked particularly alluring to her. Judy had made up her mind long since that she wanted to be different. It was partly because Helen's work was different that she had looked forward to her return, had fidgeted meanwhile and dilly-dallied with tempting propositions for teaching or working. Now that she was with Helen an unexpected shyness came over her, so that she gave Helen ample time to hear and comment on the latest gossip before putting her project into execution. Once started, however, she was direct and there was scarcely need for this half flattering, half tentative question:

"Do you really like your work, Helen? I want to hear all about it. It must be so interesting."

"Yes, I do like it. I like it a lot," replied Helen who was fresh from her first year's experience, joyously full of her new work and entirely unsuspecting that she was being made to talk of it for a purpose.

"Well, I always did want to know why you went into it. Back in college I never dreamed you'd be teaching the deaf when I graduated", said Judy keeping to the subject.

"Neither did I, nor did I expect to find my fate in a loaf of bread", replied Helen somewhat reminiscently and with a sort of satisfied smile on her face.

Judy's face puckered into a veritable question mark as she exclaimed, "A what?"

"A loaf of bread. One finds one's fate in many things, mine was in a loaf of bread", answered Helen still smiling rather tantalizingly, for she knew full well Judy would have the whole story eventually, yet she enjoyed the sensation of making her ask for it.

"Well, what on earth has a loaf of bread to do with teaching the deaf?" came the expected question from Judy.

"Well, Judy dear, you know there was no special reason why I should teach the deaf rather than do anything else and how I did get into it is a long story and you don't want to be bored to-day", replied Helen who was enjoying Judy's curiosity, still wholly unsuspecting of any hidden desire in it.

"Yes, I do want to hear it. The sooner my curiosity is satisfied the better", contradicted Judy positively.

"Well, here goes the story. One day in the summer of 1917—that was while you were away visiting—I went to the bakery to get a loaf of bread", started Helen.

"Well, naturally, you wouldn't go to get shoe-strings", interrupted Judy as she rearranged the pillows in the swing to suit her.

"No sarcasm, please. I thought you wanted to hear my life story."

"Oh gracious, no! Not your life story, just the last two years", put in Judy who began to feel she wasn't gaining her object.

"Oh, that's different. I'll start again. As I said before, I went to the bakery to get bread—if you don't interrupt this time I may get somewhere with this autobiography—" added Helen provokingly. "While I was there, Mr. Davis came in. He's Evelyn's husband and superintendent of one of the state schools for the deaf, as you do not know, being ignorant of our profession. He wanted to know what I was going to do. I told him I'd just been turned down for war work. I didn't want the high school again, so I hadn't decided what I'd do. He said he wished he could interest me in work with the deaf and told me of the college in Washington where they train teachers. He was trained there and said if I were at all interested he would write the president. The next thing I knew I had a letter from the president and had decided to go."

"Umph! You decided in a hurry. Didn't you?" commented Judy.

"Well rather", answered Helen.

"Helen, didn't you feel awfully funny when you first got there and sorry for them all the time? I know I would. The only deaf people I ever saw were queer

looking ducks who gesticulated wildly and made the most awful faces and had such queer voices. You remember how queer we thought that deaf camp near college was?"

"Yes, I do and I went to Gallaudet with about the same notions you have, but I've changed them, of course. You know, Judy, I think we consider any set of people queer and funny looking if we don't know them and haven't been with them. I don't believe I'd ever think the colony queer now", Helen said, revealing to Judy a certain breadth and sympathy she realized she herself had not attained. "As for feeling sorry for them you get over that. They are handicapped, but they make the best of it and are cheerful about it. They have their literary societies, athletics, dances, and socials as any other college students do. They are very friendly too."

"Well, Helen, what was your first impression?" she asked still driving for facts.

"Let me see. I know it seemed mighty queer to see all those people with their hands flying making funny motions. Among themselves their conversation is carried on largely by their hands. I noticed every time they met each other they threw a kiss. You can imagine how absolutely crazy that looked to me until I discovered that that was the sign for 'Hello', 'Good-morning', or 'Thank you'."

"I thought they talked nowadays. Don't they?", asked Judy somewhat puzzled by what she had heard casually and the seeming contradiction Helen was offering.

"Oh, yes. The majority of them talk and read the lips, too, but at first I couldn't understand them to save my life because I wasn't used to them. We never use signs in teaching."

"Don't they talk like us?" asked Judy. "I never talked to one in my life."

"Not exactly. You see, Judy, they don't hear, so, naturally, they don't have much inflection and that makes their speech more or less monotonous", explained Helen.

"How do they talk at all then? We learn to talk by hearing other people talk, but how do you teach a deaf child?" asked Judy all interest and attention now that she was getting facts.

"That's a mighty long, slow process. You see, Judy, when we take a deaf child, say six years old, he has the mental growth of a hearing child of about three. He knows no speech, unless of course, he has just become deaf. He has no language, that is, no word language. He has ideas because he can make signs to convey his wants and to make himself understood. You remember, Judy, in modern psychology we learned that at a very early age thought and language growth become intertwined?"

"Oh yes, we had a lot on that again the first semester," answered Judy.

"Well, by the time a deaf child comes to school his natural sign language has already helped his brain to grow. It is the teacher's place to give him verbal language through the eye for his mental growth, because all our intellectual heritage comes through verbal language. You remember, too, we learned in college that the touch or muscular sense is the most important and that what we see can only be understood after it has been touched, also that the use of the hand determines in which lobe of the brain thought process will be carried on—the left hand for the right lobe and the right hand for the left lobe. Well, this connection of the hand with the brain is the most important thing in the education of the deaf. The child's natural hand language of signs may be made the ground work of all his future progress. You can't suppress his making signs, so instead of suppressing, we try to lead him to use something the world uses, speech, lip-reading and writing. Then, Judy, to understand the problem at all, you have to remember that the deaf child takes his language through the eye, instead of through the ear."

"My, but they have to work! Don't they?", exclaimed Judy realizing somewhat vaguely the difficulty.

"Indeed they do, and it's a constant wonder to me how they learn at all," replied Helen as she reached for the cool lemonade her mother had just brought out. "I must sound very pedagogical, Judy, but I don't mean to. I don't see any other way of getting the problem across to you. Apropos of all this psychology I've been trying to tell you, I'm reminded of some incidents which would interest you, I think, as much as they did me. As I've said, deaf children have thought or ideas before they have word language. They receive spiritual truths eagerly as soon as they have enough language, but even before this time some of them have pondered over the mysteries of this old world of ours. Often they have the queerest sort of ideas. The moon seems to form the center of the untaught deaf child's universe. Perhaps the face has something to do with it, but its seeming to follow them probably has more. Most deaf children seem to resent the moon's supervisory attitude. For instance, one little girl wrote, 'When I was in my bed the moon shined in at me. I made a face at the moon and told it to go away. It went under a cloud and I thought I had driven it off. I was glad.' A good many years ago a small boy from Kendall School where we did our observation and practice teaching tried to kill the moon with his brother's rifle."

"Oh, Helen, do they all feel that way? I think that's pathetic", said Judy with growing astonishment.

"No, a few have loved it", replied Helen. "One deaf man said he thought when the moon was full every month it was his dead mother's face. I suppose it was the 'Lady in the moon' that suggested this. And here's another story from Esther Conover, one of my girls. She thought the sky was some big dark curtain

the deaf child not sounds, but organic positions. Then and that there were holes in it, so the light could shine through for stars. She said she had seen her mother water flowers with a sprinkler, so she thought that someone had a large sprinkler and the water leaked through the holes in the curtain when it rained. Don't you like that?"

"Oh, it's a poet's image!" exclaimed Judy.

"I thought so, too, when she told me, but I am far off the subject. I believe I started to tell you how we developed speech. Well, the tiny deaf child, as I've said before, is absolutely undeveloped as to the use of his senses of touch and sight and, of course, he can do nothing more than make a noise with his voice, though I sometimes think he doesn't know he has a voice. For the first few weeks the pupils are given a great deal of sense-training. Some of this is Montessori work or adaptations of it, and along lines that experienced teachers of the deaf have worked out. We build up speech by teaching phonetic sounds which are, of course, for these sounds in combinations and later words and sentences. This speech is, of course, quite mechanical and guided by the muscular action of the vocal organs as the child feels them and is learned by imitation, not through hearing, but through sight. Preceding it and sometimes along with it various gymnastics of the tongue and breathing and voice exercises are given. Nowadays we are trying to develop the idea of voice before actual articulation is begun by using musical vibrations. By that, I mean,—Judy, I'm talking shop for all I'm worth. You see what you've started. Aren't you bored?" broke off Helen suddenly conscious that she was again carried away on her favorite theme, also of the fact that the awning needed lowering to keep the sun off their cozy position.

"Indeed, I'm not. Go on. I want to know lots more about it. I haven't heard anything so interesting for months", responded Judy anxiously awaiting Helen's next word entirely oblivious of the sun of the passage of time.

"Then I will go on a little longer." said Helen willing to continue the theme though she was rarely given to monologue. "Do you know how Edison got along at the big conferences to which he was called for advice during the war?" she asked, adding, "He's deaf, you know."

"No, how did he manage—lip-reading?"

"No, he had his secretary tap out the conversation in the Morse code on his shoulder-blade. He got it through vibration by bone-conduction. Well, just imagine a class of deaf children around a piano with their hands on it feeling while the teacher plays. Then imagine their being able to tell what part of the piano is played, whether the vibrations come from the bass or the treble, and later to become so sensitive to vibration that they can tell the difference between the voice, piano, horn or other instruments, even though they are

several feet away."

"Well, how on earth can they do it?" asked Judy bewildered by the statement that music was used to teach the deaf, an apparently paradoxical fact.

"They do it by feeling the vibrations in their hands, through their feet or some other part of the body. We use the piano, voice, drum or any kind of musical instrument to develop the idea of tone and rhythm, they apply it to try to get changes and rhythm in the voices of these deaf children." continued Helen.

"They don't learn to sing. Do they?" queried Judy.

"Oh, no. Later when they've learned speech, that is, how to articulate words and sentences we teach them songs and they love to do them with the piano. They keep perfect time, but there isn't enough tone to call it singing. That may be accomplished in the future, you never can tell. This work is still in the experimental stage."

"It must be wonderful. I don't see how they do it." remarked Judy.

"I don't either. I never cease to live in perpetual wonder at how they do it and, as for their learning language, that's the greatest wonder of all. How they can get straight, correct language, is marvelous," remarked Helen again revealing to Judy a broad sympathy and great understanding.

"Why, I never thought of that, but, of course, when they don't hear they have no idea of sequence of words. Do they?" queried Judy in a surprised tone.

"Why, Judy, you've gone deeper than I thought possible with one who knows nothing about them", replied Helen appreciating Judy's insight. "That's just the point. They have to learn everything. They have no sense of sound to guide them in their use of words. I never realized how much we depend upon the sound till I began teaching the deaf. The Japanese schoolboy, Hashmura Toga, doesn't say anything funnier than some of the things we get. For instance, one of the boys at school was relating something to me one day and was being continually interrupted by John, a veritable perpetual motion machine. Tony stood it as long as he could, but finally turned to me and said, 'John is full of move', meaning movement or life. That isn't as funny as the deaf man who went to a factory to see about getting a job. The first thing he said was, 'I want the works.' There's something else I should have brought out and that is that we begin teaching language by action work and by the use of objects. For instance, you give two commands: 'Run', 'Hop' and have them carried out in action. Then you show the beginner two objects, a ball and a car, perhaps, and point to them and repeat the names until he can read the lips and point to the one named himself. This is where early lip-reading comes in", finished Helen.

"Helen, you've been lovely to tell me all this and you've answered so many of just the things I wanted

to know", said Judy thoughtfully.

"Why, Judy, you arn't thinking of going into it yourself, are you?" asked Helen surprised at Judy's statement and suddenly reading a new meaning in her pointed questions.

"Yes, Helen, I've been thinking of it for a long time, but I couldn't make up my mind until I knew more about it."

"Splendid! Oh, Judy, I'd love to see you do it and you'll love it. Any more questions you want answered? I've told you a good deal already of the problems of the teacher", answered Helen enthusiastically and especially delighted to gain a recruit for the Normal class, since only that morning had come a letter from her training school asking her to try to interest college graduates in going into the work.

"Yes, there is one more question. I want to know what you teach them?" asked Judy leaving no stone unturned in her search for information.

"The special work in speech and speech- or lip-reading advances with the development of the child as does his language. Later he has subjects very much like those our brothers and sisters have in public school, though often adapted to suit his particular needs and taught usually by speech, lip-reading or writing, never by signs. In all schools, industrial work is given and the pupils learn some kind of trade. A good many are prepared for Gallaudet College, the only college for the deaf in the world. You see, Judy, we don't teach college work."

"Was the course pretty stiff?" asked Judy.

"Oh, yes we kept busy. We had the usual psychology and pedagogy only as applied especially to the deaf; speech, speech-reading, signs, spelling, observation and practice teaching. On Mondays and Wednesdays we supervised the girls which is what we got paid for. "Paid! Do you mean to tell me you took the course, had it given to you along with your board and room, then got paid?"

"Just that because its original purpose was, by getting college graduates, to raise the standard of teaching the deaf. It seems that in the beginning the mother school at Hartford employed only acknowledged scholars as teachers of the deaf. As time has gone on it has been harder to obtain such teachers. In this training school only, paid fellowships are given to college graduates. Then at the end of the course if

you're successful you get your M. A. too."

"Pretty nice, I'd say."

"Indeed it is and a year's residence in Washington will prove a valuable asset to any teacher throughout her career."

"Did you have any trouble getting a position? Are there are enough schools to go around?"

"Oh, my yes! There are something like a hundred and fifty-five schools in the United States and teachers are scarce."

"How does the work pay in dollars and cents?"

"Not as much as public school work in some places, but in the long run I believe you get as much. You see a great many of the schools are residential schools and you live in and get your living besides your salary. Of course, in a big city that's a saving. It's such satisfying work and so interesting even though one may be sacrificing a little in salary. One thing which makes it so interesting is the fact that for the deaf child his teacher is the connecting link between him and the outside world just as Miss Sullivan was the interpreter of the universe for Helen Keller. The eagerness of deaf children keeps the teacher up to the notch to keep abreast with current happenings. One of the chief charms of the work to me is the fact that you have a chance for initiative, invention and originality. I don't mean to give you the idea everything is easy, however. There's lots of hard work, but there's satisfaction because to use your originality your own mind is growing all the time."

"Helen Folk, you've made a recruit", said Judy jumping up. "Give me the address of that Washington school and I'll send in an application to-night."

"Hurrah", said Helen as she thrust out one hand to welcome Judy into the profession and threw the other around her. "I'll write to-night, too, and say a good word for you, Judy. Let's have a set or two of tennis before it gets too dark."

— Grace Decker Coleman, '16.

Editor's note: The writer of this article wishes to call attention to the fact that there are vacancies in the normal training class connected with Gallaudet College and that information in regard to the work with the deaf may be had from Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet College, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.

GREENVILLE WOMANS COLLEGE CLUB

The increasing interest of the alumnae for the College manifested itself a few months ago in the organization of a Greenville County Boosters' Club. The initial steps in this direction were taken at a reception given by President Ramsay in honor of the faculty and former students. On this delightful occasion an interesting report of the organization and work of the

Furman Boosters' Club was given by the chairman, Mr. Beattie, after which a brief business session was held and Mrs. N. H. Alford chosen as temporary chairman of the G. W. C. Club. On November 27 a meeting for the purpose of organization to which all former students in the county were cordially invited, was held at the College. In spite of the inclemency of the weather

which kept many from attending a permanent organization was effected with officers as follows:

- Chairman, Miss Jim Perry,
- Rec. Sec., Miss Helen Morgan,
- Cor. Sec., Miss Virginia Quick,
- Treas., Miss Mary Gambrell,
- 1st Vice-Chairman, Mrs. J. W. Kendrick, Greer, S. C.

2nd Vice-Chairman, Mrs. O. B. Givens, Fountain Inn, S. C.

Local Advisory Committee, Mrs. John Russell, Miss Annie Addison and Mrs. Oscar Hodges.

The new organization should be of great benefit to the Alumnae Association inasmuch as it seeks to enlist all former students whether graduates or not.

—Annie H. Brown,
Secretary, pro tempore.

MISS JUDSON, AS TEACHER AND FRIEND

LET these lines from Miss Judson prove her high purpose in life.

Her influence as teacher throughout the state and her sweet character has touched so many lives that it is useless for me to say even a word in that connection.

As a friend, she was always the same, always true. In speaking of her as a friend, I cannot separate her from her brother, Dr. Judson, for it was the two together I know so intimately.

Shut in her room, as she was for a number of years, being a cripple for eighteen years,—it was a real joy to her to have some friend come in to chat awhile.

She always had a number of books about her and she was either studying, reading, or writing out her thoughts.

The education of woman was uppermost in her mind, and she has inspired many of her pupils to seek a

higher education. She often held up Mary Lyon as her ideal of a woman, and she urged her girls to study her life and take courage.

I shall close with a quotation from Miss Judson after her return from a mountain trip.

“It is not to the eye alone that Nature speaks. To those of us who have minds to think, and hearts to throb, and souls to feel, she speaks with an eloquence and power that cannot be forgotten, “Of Him who made, who guides, who governs all;” and as we go back into our daily life, its frets, its worries, and its vanities sink into insignificance, and we feel that never more can they have so great an influence upon us. The uplift of soul that has come to us through the sight and study of God’s great and wonderful works, will lead us to brighter, nobler living—will make us stronger to suffer and to bear.”

—Rena Rice Geer.

UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MISS JUDSON

We are told of a land full of rapturous joy,
Where hopes never perish, where pleasures ne'er eloy;
Where our lofty aspirings, our purposes high,
Our bright dreams of doing, are **not** born to die.
And **thus** it must be; else, a cheat were all here,
And but dust and ashes, all that we hold dear.
Myths, only, were virtue, love, honor, and truth,
And only fool-fancies, the high hopes of youth.
Then though dark be the present, though no silver
lining,

Reveals to the heart, that the sun is still shining;
Though the Future, no joys in our pathway may cast
Like those that now sleep in the grave of the Past;
Though conflicts far sterner, be waiting the soul,
And sorrows more bitter may over it roll,
For hours that are past, let us sigh again never;
But with a strong heart, and an earnest endeavor,
With a faith that ne'er falters, what e'er be our doom,
Let us press bravely onward; through sunshine and
gloom,

Till “over the river”, Earth’s Pilgrimage done,
The last battle fought, and the victory **won**,
In Heaven, at last, we shall find to be real,
All those glorious visions—the soul’s bright ideal.

M. C. J.

ALUMNAE NOTES

VIRGINIA QUICK, Editor

Class 1859

Miss Edna M. David of Greenville, S. C. has died.

Class 1880

Miss Marie Rutledge is making an extended visit in Baltimore, Maryland.

Class 1884

Annie (Wells) Cureton is now living in Greenville, South Carolina.

Class 1885

The address of Helen (Manly) Patriek is now Marion, Alabama.

Class 1888

Carrie (L. Mauldin) Howland has recently returned to her home in Catskill, New York, after a visit with her mother, in Greenville, South Carolina.

Class 1889

Bessie (Wilson) Donaldson was in Greenville, S. C. this winter, as her only daughter, Mary Sue, was married here, at the family home.

Class 1890

Carrie (Bostick) Lake and her husband have devoted their time during the past months to their new work among the lepers. They have established a leper colony on an island near Canton, China, which has been purchased by the Baptist Foreign Mission Board for this purpose.

Class 1906

Clara Hard has recently returned to her home in Greenville, S. C., after nearly five years in Japan, spent in Y. W. C. A. work there.

Class 1907

Adisah B. Mack is still doing Red Cross Work in France. She has been retained there since the war, as her services in this work, proved most valuable at that time.

George E. Nomis is now teaching in Columbia, S. C.

Class 1908

Evelyn (Park) Daniel has returned to Greenville, S. C., where her husband is professor of English at Furman University.

Evie Mae (McKinney) Neves is now living in Greenville, S. C.

The address of Mattie (Bryant) Kendrick is now Greer, S. C.

Birth: To Edith (Adams) League (Mrs. G. Frank), a son, at Greenville, S. C.

Class 1909

Elizabeth (Easley) Hyde is visiting at her home in Greenville, S. C.

Jean V. Latimer is teaching at Chicora College, Columbia, S. C.

Class 1910

Carrie V. Bailey has died.

Leila Laurence is managing a tea room in Fifth Avenue in New York City.

Marriage: Helen M. Brown to R. L. Phillips at Atlanta, Ga.

Birth: To Annie Bell (Reynolds) Townsend (Mrs. Mae), a daughter, at Greenville, S. C.

Class 1911

Ada S. Inabinet is now living in Greenville, S. C., where she is stenographer for Martin & Ward, architects.

Cora (Long) Simpson is in Louisville, Kentucky, where her husband is attending the Baptist Theological Seminary.

Leila Mae (McKenzie) Bridges is now living in Florence, S. C.

Class 1912

Belle Easley lost her father in April of this year, in Greenville, S. C.

Eunice (Gentry) Wilson is living in Raleigh, N. C., where her husband is an instructor at A. and M.

The address of Alice (Johnson) LaRogue has changed to Marion, S. C.

Class 1913

Minnie Green has been teaching at Goldsboro, N. C.

Class 1914

Sadie Kate Hunter has a son, now two years old.

Class 1915

Marriage: Janie Ward to B. O. Givens at Ninety-Six, S. C.; Ruth White, at Spartanburg, S. C.

Class 1916

Birth: To Clayte (Bailey) Anderson (Mrs. Wm.), a daughter, Minnie Reid, at Greenville, S. C.

Class 1917

Ruth Cannon has just been re-elected as the teacher of the second grade in Simpsonville, S. C.

Vinita Cureton has returned to her home in Greenville, S. C., after a successful year of teaching at Janey Institute, in Burnsville, N. C.

Class 1918

Sarah Owens is in journalistic work in Birmingham, Alabama. She and a friend—Miss Lenhardt by name—an architect and interior decorator by occupation—are keeping house, in a small apartment there where meals are served by their own hands.

Martha Osborne receives her A. B. degree at G. W. C. in June of this year.

Engagement: Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Todd announce the engagement of their daughter Alice to Zenias Grier, of Greenville, S. C. The wedding to take place in June.

Class 1919

Caroline Easley receives her A. B. degree from Denison University, in Granville, Ohio, in June of this year.

Marion Wassum of Macon, Georgia, has been visiting in Greenville, South Carolina, recently.

Class 1920

Hortense Parkins has been re-elected head of the domestic science department of the High School in Simpsonville, S. C. Recently, her class gave a banquet in her honor, as a token of appreciation of her work with them.

VIRGINIA QUICK, Alumnae Editor,
312 W. McBee Ave., Greenville, S. C.

List of Graduates Whose Married Name and Correct Address We Want in Full

Recently in looking over the files of graduates of this college, it was thought that it would be necessary to ask the alumnae and students to assist in the correcting and additions of certain names and addresses. In the list which follows, we are asking you to fill in any or all, blank spaces, with the information asked for and mail it directly to the alumnae editor whose address is given above. Thank you!

Class

- 1859 Martha B. Lawton, (Mrs. —, —, Riley), Atlanta, Ga.
- Meta E. McIver, (Mrs. —, —, English), Charleston, S. C.
- Dollie J. Watson, (Mrs. —, —, Tolbert), Abbeville, S. C.
- 1862 Anna Wallace, (Mrs. —, —, Garrett), Laurens, S. C.
- 1866 Lizzie Edwards, (Mrs. Melville, Dozier), _____ (St. & No.), Los Angeles, Cal.
- 1867 Kate J. DeVive, (Mrs. —, —, Butler), Edgefield, S. C.
- 1875 Joella Moseley, (Mrs. J. L. Killian), _____
- 1878 Rebecca Winstock, (_____), _____ (St. & No.) Baltimore, Md.
- 1881 Cattie K. Atkinson, (Mrs. —, —, Morrison), Clemson, S. C.
- 1883 Kate Townes, (Mrs. L. G. Corbett), _____
- Anna Scruggs, (Mrs. —, —, Andrews), Greenwood, S. C.
- 1884 Annie B. Winstock, (_____), _____ (St. & No.), Baltimore, Md.
- 1886 Lela J. Huntley, (Mrs. —, —, Robeson), Chester, S. C.
- 1887 Hortense Lahir, (_____), _____, Texas.
- 1893 M. Lillie Fant, (Mrs. —, —, Grant), _____

Class

- _____, Oklahoma.
- 1894 Myrtis L. Smart, (Mrs. —, —, Phillips), Columbia, S. C.
- 1895 Meta V. Steedly, (Mrs. Wilbur Young), _____ New York City.
- Louise Killian, (Mrs. T. J. McAdoo), _____
- 1901 Maud Harrison, (_____), Welford, S. C.
- Ella Grant, (_____), Mt. Carmel, S. C.
- 1903 Conie B. Mathias, (_____), Chilili, China.
- 1906 Ruth Etheredge, (Mrs. —, —, Larley), Lynchburg, S. C.
- Lela Norris, (Mrs. —, —, Tindal), Vance, S. C.
- 1907 Wilton G. Earle (deceased), (Mrs. —, —, Ledge).
- Gertrude Jennings, (Mrs. —, —, Carpenter), Savannah, Ga.
- Janie L. Latimer, _____
- Margaret Bullington, (Mrs. —, —, Huggins), Lamar, S. C.
- 1908 S. Paneuma Barton, _____ China
- Annie C. Covington, (Mrs. —, —, Harper), Newberry, S. C.
- Jessie M. Wardlaw, _____
- Zillie A. Workman, (Mrs. —, —, Culbertson), Troy, S. C.
- 1909 Rosella Talbert, (_____), McCormick, S. C.
- 1910 Anna L. Kay, (_____), Easley, S. C.
- Mildred S. Bush, (Mrs. —, —, Resser), College Park, Atlanta, Ga.
- 1911 Florence L. Drummond, (_____) Woodruff, S. C.
- Bessie L. Minick, (_____), Batesburg.
- Mary Belle Fuller, (_____), Laurens.
- 1912 Ray Masters, (_____), Anderson.

Class		Class	
Rena Hunsinger, (-----), Westminster.		Lucile Goodwin, (-----), -----, N. Y. State.	
Mary Sue Sproles, (-----), Greenwood.		Allie Belle Aiken, (-----), Greenville.	
Warner Hare, (-----), Orangeburg.		Ethel Lanham, (-----), Me- dina, Ohio.	
Alice Johnson, (Mrs. —. —. LaRogue), Marion,	1915	Hattie Borroughs, (-----), Liberty.	
Willmise Cunningham, (-----), Abbeville.		Ruth White, (-----), Spartanburg.	
Anna Belle Pack, (-----), -----		1916 Marguerite Halsall, (-----), Charleston.	
1913 Nannie Burns, (Mrs. —. —. Roper), Laurens.		Bessie Stall, (-----), Greenville.	
1914 Sadie Kate Hunter, (-----), Marion.		1917 Etta Boyd, (Mrs. —. —. Brown), Trio.	
Ila Dixon, (-----), Akron, Ohio	1918	Helen Wory, (-----), Mon- roe, N. C.	
Lena Donald, (-----), -----		Oeey Sarratt, (Mrs. —. —. Lee), Blacksburg.	

EXCHANGES

BESS BARTON, Editor

No more thoroughly enjoyable publication has come our way than the **Goucher Kalend** for April. Stories, essays, poems—all of them are delightful. The story "You May Go, You May Stay", is well written with a charming touch of local color, while "The Green Turtle" portrays one of the most appealing traits of boy-nature in a way that could not fail to find a hearty response. "The Cat With the Gingham Tale" fails to do justice to its interesting title, though the plot is certainly unique. The little sketch "Half Tones" expresses so beautifully a beautiful idea that one can find nothing to criticize, while the verse, "Shadows", by the same author, and evidently written with the same thought in mind, is exquisite.

The April number of **The Furman Echo** contains an unusual number of essays that demand genuine appreciation. "The Glory of the Imperfect" stands out for excellence of composition and for depth of thought. We should read it again and again. The story "Jim's Jam" is written in true short story style never allowing the interest to lag, and bringing a most welcome sur-

prise at the end. Of the poetry, none is quite worthy of mention. "A bachelor's Retrospect" might be all right if placed in the "Just for Fun" Department, but surely it cannot be called poetry.

The Winthrop Journal for April contains less varied and, we are inclined to think, less praiseworthy material than usual. "Gossamer" is a most delightful bit of verse, just fanciful enough to be appealing. We appreciate the sketches on Keats because of the Keats Centenary but even more because they are well written and hence would be interesting at any time. Of the stories "Grandpa Goes Home" has at least a commanding human interest, but "Rose-Time" presents a plot that is old beyond the possibility of original construction.

For some reason we have received fewer exchanges this month than at any previous time during the year. We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of:

"The College Message", "The Wake Forest Student", "The Wofford Journal", "The Tennessee College Magazine", "The Winthrop Journal", "The Furman Echo" and "The Toucher Kalends".



JOKES

DOROTHY WHITE, Editor

Miss Mayes (in Household Management): "Earline, what is correct posture?"

Earline: "Well, it has to be in the right place."

Miss Denmark: (Giving a lecture on Martin Luther) "The Pope issued a bull against Martin Luther but he took it into a public square and burned it."

Excited Girl: "Oh, Miss Denmark, did he burn it alive?"

Mary (taking gym.) was lagging behind in a spirited march.

Gym. Teacher: "Mary, walk with alacrity!"

Mary (innocently): "Who is she?"

Sophomore, trying to make an impression: "As Shakespear says in Paradise Lost, 'A man's a Man for a' That'".

I call her the silent belle.

Why?

Because, I kissed her and she never told.

Teacher (in History): "Who can tell me something about Nero?"

Bright Pupil: "He was the one mentioned in 'Nero, My God to Thee'."

Mrs. Ramsay (College supply room): "Here's a book that will do half your work for you."

Freshie: "Gimme two."

—"The Howler."

'22: "My girls mad with me, because I know so many naughty songs."

'21: "Do you sing them to her?"

'22: "No, I just whistle them."

—"The Howler."

Sedate member of the faculty; upon recognizing a grand opera air and recalling some chorus work with an opera company: "Why, I sang that in Vietrola, once!"

Freshman: "I wonder if the professor meant anything when he gave me a ticket to his lecture on 'Fools'."

Senior: "Of course he did; doesn't it say 'Admit One'?"

Changes

The women now are doctors,
And some are lawyers too;
They even run our street cars,
In overalls of blue.

I've heard of women coopers,
Of merchants by the score;
One woman got to Congress.
And maybe there'll be more.

They've got the vote all over;
They helped to can the booze.
While poker, pipes and baseball
Have surely got the blues.

The prospect is not cheerful,
Our hopes are rather poor,
But they still need us for something,
For husbands, we are sure.

—The Yale Record.

Tarzan O' Tennessee

Three BIG men sat behind a trench, and propped
three giant bowlders—
One French, one English, one a Yank,—with
stripes upon their shoulders;
And near them lolled a Teenchie-Plute, with legs
bowed out and bandy—
Skull Johnsin' of Ole Tennessee,—the Lilliputian
dandy!

The BIG men watched a "Gatlin' Nest", in No-
Man's desert stretches,
And cussed von Ludy's pointed Pops, that piped
the whine o' wretches—
Skull Johnsin' cussed no man at all—his eyes were
soft and subtil—
A soup bowl fixed between his knees—his fist a
spoonless shuttle!

"We've got to take it!" yelled the Yank. "That
next will prove our ruin!"
"Oui, Monsieur", purred the Frank, "but zee—
how zoze machine are doin'!"
"No chawnce, old Chap", said the Englishman—
"That rat-tat isn't chawrmin'—
Bah jove—our situation, sir—I think—is most
alarmin'!"

Skull Johnsin' did not bat his slits, nor move his
nose a fraction—
The Dutelman got the range, and then—the pump-
guns got—the action—
Zip—Zip!—a busted bowl of beans!—a shot with
malice in it!—
And lo! there came (as sometimes does) a most
strategie minute!

Out of the trench Skull Johnsin' sailed—a fig for
shouted orders!—
Machine guns—boo!—They'd not stop him—nor a
basketfull o' Mortars!—
A peaceful Gink, he'd take most things (from two-

pence to a guinea!)—

But no darn Fritz should make HIS bowl—hop up
and do the shimmy!

Straight to the nest Skull Johnsin' charged—
through loads o' zoonin' bullets—
So cool 'twas like a home parade—or a moonlight
chase o' pullets!—
Into the ditch—and the "jaws o' death", the black
Balaklava "blundered"—
But who the dickens would have thought a coon
could lick six hundred!

He did it!—Bah, how the Regiment ran! (And
Skull was scarcely tryin')—
The "Flying Squadron", some one jeered, was now
the squadron flyin';
And at their backs Skull's blade described full
many a fierce meridian—
A stroke that smacked of the Ole Jawbone—and
the Flamin' Sword of Gideon!

On—On they ran, with Skull behind—The Black
Death on a sally!—
The allies first all petrified—and then—a football
rally!—
What cheers—and cheers!—And then, stock still,
they watched the Lilliputian—
What WAS that weapon—he had found!—that did
SUCH execution!

"Vous—Sacre-dam!" the Frenchman swore.
"Viola, ze bloomin' nigger!"
"Sye—not hof prime", said the Englishman—
"that clawssy gunless trigger!"
"The Dixie Beast!" the Yankee bawled—"I'd
bet the Gates o' Gaza
He'd rip the Unt' den Linden up—if he had **just**
one more razor!"

—Germaine Bouquet, '23.



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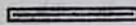
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