1-1-1922

The Isaqueena - 1922, January

Maribel Waters
Greenville Woman's College

The ISAQUEENA

GREENVILLE·WOMANS·COLLEGE
NON SINE PULVERE
·1854·

Contents

January, 1922

VOL. XVI Greenville Womans College, Greenville, S. C. No. 1

Elizabeth Charles Welboon

1923

Rec'd 5 Nov 62

The Isaqueena

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

Vol. XVI January, 1922 No. 1

TERMS $2.00 PER ANNUM

PEACE PRINTING CO., GREENVILLE

THE ISAQUEENA

Vol. XVI Greenville, S. C., January, 1922 No. 1

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

EDITORIAL STAFF

The Washington Conference

THE Washington Conference, or the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments and the Discussion of Far Eastern and Pacific Problems, which was called by President Harding in August of this year, opened its session on November 11, in Washington. Its purpose, as is set forth by men who claim to speak for the present administration, is to accomplish those things which the Versailles Conference failed to do. That conference could not do much toward reconstruction when many countries were torn to pieces by war. Its purpose was to establish peace quickly. Now that the haste is over, all countries may meet in calm and quiet. The Washington Conference is called, not only to get an understanding of the size of armies and navies, but its mission is to establish peace and to bring healing to a sick world.

At first the President hesitated to call a conference on international questions, thinking that taxation and after the war economic issues should first be considered. Senator Borah of Idaho at the same time urged a conference for limitation of armament. The President thought that the purpose was good, but that his hand ought not to be forced. He took council, however, with Secretary Hughes and realized that matters were developing faster than he had expected. The treaty with Germany which accepted only the economic good to our country, and assumed none of the responsibility aroused public opinion and gave cause for a conference of some kind.

As plans for the conference developed, it was decided that each country represented should have a main delegation of four members, and an advisory group of an indefinite number. This advisory delegation consists of twenty members who are chosen for their expertness in military, naval, aeronautic, political, and economic knowledge. The number of men chosen seems a wise one. A conference of this kind should not be too large or too small. If too large it will exclude most of the members from real participation, leaving everything to be done by a small group. It seems probable that every delegate at the Washington Conference will take an active part.

The success of the conference depends largely on the characters of the men who represent the countries participating. On the whole, all the countries are well represented.

Charles Evans Hughes is head of the American delegation at the conference and will preside at the meetings. Mr. Hughes is a man of charming personality and will certainly add much strength to the American cause at the Conference. He is not a man who has had dealings with international affairs, but, since his appointment as Secretary of State, he has made his own investigation of foreign affairs. He has endeavored bravely to settle the Yap question before the conference, in order that more time might be given to other questions. Hughes has tried to show the nations who are to participate in the conference that the United States will enter the conference with a sense of justice and fair play.

Another important member of the United States delegation is Elihu Root. Mr. Root is a genial man and should have great weight at the conference. He is a man who is as capable of absorbing information as he is of giving it. Elihu Root was very successful as Secretary of State under Roosevelt. He was a member of the delegation that drafted the laws for the international court of the League of Nations. After viewing his past career, Mr. Root should be considered as a valued member of the Amreican delegation.

Still another influential member of the American delegation is Senator Lodge. Lodge is about seventy-five years of age and an able lawyer. He has expressed himself freely on foreign affairs and he expresses a desire that freedom and frankness may exist at the conference.

Senator Underwood's appointment as a member of the conference is another assurance of its success. Mr. Underwood is a man of common sense and a man of great courage.

Among the English delegates are Arthur James Balfour, Lord Lee of Farham and Robert Laird Borden. Although David Lloyd George is unable to come to the beginning of the conference, it is hoped that the Irish question will be so arranged that he may come later. Lloyd George has a strong personality as a negotiator. He is broad-minded and is always ready to listen to both sides of a question. He is a great leader. Lloyd George would not consent to come to the conference from the English people. James Balfour is one of the greatest living diplomats. He has been Prime Minister of Great Britain and has held almost every other position in the English Cabinet. He has wanted limitation of armament for some time. It was thought that Mr. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, would attend the conference, but he has sent another in his place. George Foster Pearce, Minister of Defence and Senator for Western Australia, has been sent to represent Australia. He is no orator, but he has a good understanding of Australia's problems and will make them clear at the conference.

The French delegation consists of Premier Briand, ex-Premier Viviani, Marshal Foch, Sarrant, Minister of Colonies, and M. Jusserand, Ambassador at Washington. Among these are two orators, Aristide Briand and Rene Viviani. The latter of these two, with his elegant speech, will be a great character at the conference. Aristide Briand, head of the delegation, Like Lloyd George in England, would not consent to come to America until he had receive a vote of confidence from the French people. Briand has seven times been Premier of France. Such a man as he will command attention at the Washington Conference.

Prince Iyesato Tokygawa, who is President of the House of Peers in the Japanese Parliament, will head the Japanese delegation at the Washington Conference. He expresses kindly feeling for the American Government. Among the others of the Japanese delegation are Baron Kyars Shedebors, Ambassador to the United States, and Masonas Hanbula, General Secretary of the Japanese Delegation.

There are three prominent figures among the Chinese delegation. These are men of new China. All three received a

part of their education in America, and therefore will be better able to understand the American attitude toward the conference.

The most famous Italian at the conference is General Diaz, who turned defeat into the most complete victory of the war in Europe, utterly annihilating the Austrian army, compelling Austria to sue for peace and incalculably shortening the war.

General Jacque, the Belgian commander, is also at the conference. He adds another noble character to the delegation.

These are all great men and they have great problems to solve. The inciting purpose of the conference is reduction of armament, but another question that must be settled is the solution of the problems that cause the building of armament.

The Pacific questions are many, but they center about one fact, so far as they involve international problems. This fact is that Japan has a population of 60,000,000 people and is increasing by about 700,000 every years, while her territory is too small for so many people. Japan needs access to the raw products and markets of another country. That is why she is pushing her way into Siberia, Manchuria, Shantung and Korea. Hunger drives the Japanese on! The fact is, not only that she needs room for her population, but that she needs raw materials, especially coal and iron. Siberia and Manchuria have many attractions for her in their mineral wealth which has not been developed. Japan looks at the white race forming one-ninth of the world's population and controlling nine-tenths of its territory. Then she thinks of the countries of the white race that bar her entrance. She also thinks of the vast resources of China and Siberia and sees the only hope for the Jap. Du-Kuno, of the University of California, in his book "What Japan Wants," says, "Notwithstanding that Japan is one of the most densely populated nations in the world, yet this density is not so menacing that the nation cannot maintain its population without seeking outlet elsewhere." "But," he adds, "Japan might take up arms should the United States adopt some policy that would stand in the way of Japan in obtaining raw materials from China or Siberia." The problem of Japanese expansion is the real Pacific question that the conference must settle.

There will be difficulty in settling this question because of the chaos in China. If China can be put back on her feet and her resources developed, perhaps the Japanese question can be settled. The conditions in China are discouraging. There are two governments, one at Peking and one at Canton. Then, every viceroy has a government and army of his own. England, Japan and the United States may settle their dispute by signing papers, but China can not be taken care of in this way. The most that can be done for China at present is to form some plan for developing her resources without endangering her sovereignty.

Japan's permanent stay in Siberia will probably be discussed at the Washington Conference. Siberia is a large country, sparsely settled, and containing great resources. Siberia is just across the sea from Japan and very likely Japan will turn to this country for the raw products and homes that she so much needs. Siberia is a part of Russia, but Russia is in no way able to defend herself now. The *New York Tribune* states that there is a common Anglo-French tendency to agree with the United States that Japan is in need of expansion and that this must not be carried out at China's expense. On the other hand there will be no objection to expansion at the expense of Russia.

Another question that may be raised at the conference is whether or not the Anglo-Japanese Treaty will be renewed. In war or in peace twelve months' notice for withdrawal must be given by one of the contracting parties. There is much interest exercised now in England and in her dominions over the present state of this alliance. It is possible that the coming conference may replace this special alliance by a friendly agreement of all nations interested.

The whole audience at the first session of the Washington Conference was amazed when Secretary Hughes arose to propose that England should stop all future naval construction and scrap pre-dreadnought capital ships, totaling nineteen, with a total displacement of 583,375 tons. Japan is asked similarly to abandon completion of seven capital ships not yet laid down, and scrap five building, also ten pre-dreadnoughts and scores of battleships, a total of 448,928 tons. America is prepared correspondingly to scrap fifteen ships in building on which $330,000,000 has already been expended, besides fifteen older capital ships, making a total of 845,740 tons. Arrangements with France and Italy are to be considered at a later stage of the conference. It is also proposed that there shall be no further construction of capital ships for ten years. No mention is made of air planes, sea planes, and lighter than air machines yet, but Hughes said his statement was only a summary of full proposals shortly to be published. The frank American scheme of limitation of armament was proposed in open session, but the details are to be discussed by the representatives in secret session.

There are many hopeful signs that the Washington Conference may be not only promotive of the spirit of harmony, but also notable in making a forward movement of mankind. It is the purpose of the conference to make permanent and secure the peace that was promised on November 11, 1918.

—Eula Burns.

How the Streets of Greenville Obtained Their Names

A town or city shows its history and individuality as much in its own name and in the names of its streets as in any other way. Many of the early Catholic settlements in America have French names and Saints' names. With this knowledge, Catholic settlements can be traced across the continent. Many cities have adopted the method of numbering their streets because it is maintained that a stranger can find his way much more easily than where there is no system. The citizens of towns, however, advocate giving the streets names that stand for something. Owen Wister in a recent magazine article points out the value of naming streets that will mean something to the next generation. A child who sees a street named Roosevelt will thrill with patriotic pride and think of one of America's great leaders.

How many of us stop to think how the streets of our own city obtained their names? Are we ever curious enough to ask how a street running east and west happened to be called North street, or how we happened to have a Toy street?

Greenville itself was most probably named for an early settler, Richard Green, a farmer, though the true derivation of the name is not positively known, for there is a story that it obtained its name from the verdant appearance of the country, and another that it was named in honor of Major General Nathaniel Greene. The first idea is most generally accepted. Like most small American towns, Greenville began with its main street, which in this case was a very hilly path leading by the home of one Richard Green. Though there has recently been talk of naming this street for Mr. Woodside or some other prominent citizen, it has remained until the present, Main street.

Probably next in importance to Main street is Washington street. When Greenville was a very small town the only railroad connection was the Airline road, the main thoroughfare from Washington to Atlanta. Through a corn field a street was opened up connecting Main street with the Airline depot. This street, because of the railroad's connection with the capital, was called Washington street.

Parallel to Washington street is McBee avenue, which was first called Avenue street. At the head of this street was a house on a tract of land granted by King George to one Mr. Allston. Mr. Allston sold this land to Mr. Vardry McBee, Sr., who planted a row of trees from the house down to Academy street, forming an avenue. It was therefore given the name of Avenue street. This was changed by a later generation of McBees to McBee avenue. A street running across McBee avenue, and in front of the house at its head, is Westfield street, named for the third owner of the house. Besides McBee avenue two more streets obtained their names from the McBee and Butler families, Pinkney street for Miss Pinkney McBee and Butler avenue for Dr. Wm. Butler.

Parallel to Washington and McBee avenue is North street, which was given its name because of the fact that it marked the northern limit of the town. River and Richland streets were named for their situation also, one crossing Reedy river and the other crossing Richland creek. Spring street reminds the older settlers of a path leading to a spring where now stands the C. & W. C. depot. The street running perpendicular to Richland street was first named Carrier street. Within the last ten years and since the city park was definitely established it was changed to Park avenue, as it passed near the park.

In one section of the town the idea was carried out of naming streets for trees. In this group we have Maple, Oak, Chestnut, Spruce, Poplar, Walnut, Pine and Mulberry streets.

One of the oldest streets in Greenville is Buncombe street. This was the main thoroughfare over which settlers from Buncombe county, North Carolina, formerly used to bring their produce down to Greenville, then the nearest market for their goods. Even now the North Carolinian, in his covered wagon loaded with cabbages and apples, can be seen on the Buncombe road coming into Greenville. Branching off from Buncombe street and going to North Carolina also is Rutherford street, leading to the county of that name. Augusta street was very important as it was the road used by farmers in hauling their tobacco to Augusta, Georgia. Pendleton street, too, obtained its name by its direction. It was the road used by travelers going over to the Huguenot settlement of Pendleton, about thirty miles from Greenville.

Gower, Cox, and Markley streets were named for the members of one of the oldest firms in the town, "Gower, Cox & Markley." Mr. Markley's home is still standing on what was then known as Violet hill. Swiss avenue was named by the Gareaux family for their native country, Switzerland. The name of one street has been changed three times. From West street it was changed to Highland avenue, and finally, after Wade Hampton became governor, to Hampton avenue.

At one time Greenville's highest school of learning for girls was the "Female Academy." The only approach to the school was a street parallel to Main and leading from McBee avenue. It was called Academy street. Later when the academy obtained a charter under the name of "Greenville Female College" another street running directly from Main was opened up and called College street. Named for institutions of learning also were Chicora street, running by Chicora College, and University street, leading up to and passing Furman University.

Judson street was named for Dr. Judson, at one time active president of Furman University. DeCamp street was named for Professor DeCamp, an instructor in music at the Greenville Female College. He built as a conservatory of music the house now known as Ingleside Inn, but it was used as a conservatory for only a short time, as Professor DeCamp was hindered in his work by lack of sufficient funds.

Dr. Boyce, connected with the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Greenville, owned a home facing on North street. His estate was cut up and the six streets passing through it were named for him and five men associated wtih him in his work in the Seminary. These streets are Boyce avenue,

Broadus avenue, Toy, Williams, Whitsett, and Manly streets.

A street named for one of the most interesting citizens of Greenville is Briar street. It was named for Tom Briar, a negro. He was one of the most highly respected of his race in Greenville, captain of the voluntary fire company, and did a great work in that organization. Named for another very interesting man is Poinsett street. Joel Poinsett was a man well educated and widely traveled. He held high offices both in this country and in foreign countries. Though educated in Connecticut and England, Mr. Poinsett was a Southerner. Once when in Mexico, sent by the government of America in an official capacity, he discovered a little red flower which he brought back with him and cultivated at his home a few miles out from Greenville. This flower, which is now popular all over the country, especially at Christmas, he named the Poinsetta.

As Greenville broadens out and new streets are made, may she continue to find citizens worthy of having their names commemorated as are the names of Joel Poinsett, Samuel Broadus, and Charles Judson. —*Mary Holcombe,* '24.

On Being Ugly

A Freshman's Philosophy

TO begin with, I am ugly; but if a New Englander were to read those words, he would doubtless misunderstand what I intended to write about. "Ugly" is not the word he would use in describing a person whose features were void of extraneous beauty. "Homely" is the adjective he would use. My western friend might misunderstand me also, for he speaks of the unattractive person as being plain. But my southern friend knows quite well what I mean when I say that I am ugly. When you have read a description of me, I am sure you will agree that I am quite homely. I do not make the statement that I am the ugliest person in the world, for I have been called attractive by some few people who know me intimately. But this, I think, is because my personality attracts them and not my personal appearance. In statue, I am small for a girl of eighteen. But though height be lacking, width is not. My hair is neither a pretty brown nor a glistening black, but a curious, dull, red-streaked in-between, very straight and stiff. My eyes appear to be brown when in the shadow, but woe unto me if I am closely observed in the sunlight, for then, they are nothing more than a hazel-green with occasional red specks. My nose is a curious, upturned pug affair with a generous sprinkling of prominent freckles. My mouth has not that desired Cupid's bow, or the coveted, laughing curve, but is large, boyish and straight. My hands are broad and brown and my fingers are short and fat. With such features as these, you may readily see that I am not pretty in the least.

Some people seem to think that homeliness is about the worst affliction their Creator could have bestowed upon them, but having this affliction myself and having a knowledge of the rudeness an ugly person must suffer, I emphatically disagree. In fact, I have found a certain kind of joy or pleasure in being ugly. I do confess that it required a good deal of courage and will power to make up my mind to find it, but the results were worthy of the efforts. This pleasure came not from being overlooked and snubbed because of my uncomliness but from the pure joy of being left alone. Since I am ugly, people are not forever staring at me, interrupting my inmost thoughts or annoying me with their silly flatterings. I have the pleasure of watching other people and discovering new things around me. Since I am what you call snubbed, but what I call left alone, I am constantly observing, searching, probing into mysteries with a delight and a pleasure I could not have had, if I had not been left alone. Indeed, if this is the snubbing that comes to the ugly girl, I am glad I was created with such features as I possess.

In being ugly, I have found not only joy but real benefit. I have learned to have a higher appreciation of beautiful things. Lovely people sometimes do not appreciate loveliness elsewhere. Their sense of beauty has been dwarfed by their absorbed interest in themselves. On the contrary, I, having no beauty of my own to be absorbed in, can really appreciate and enjoy beauty when I see it.

To be sure, being ugly is not always a pleasure. Some people are so very rude that one cannot help feeling hurt at times because of their rudeness. Here is where one's courage will help wonderfully. I very distinctly remember a day that my courage saved for me. With my parents, I had moved to a new town. I was aware of my plain features and knew that the first day I entered school the boys and girls would laugh at me. Before I started to school, I decided that I would laugh with them—call their attention to my straight, stiff hair, my broad , brown hands. The event happened as I expected. It was near the end of the recess and about a dozen boys and girls were around, jeering and grinning at the "new scholar." They were so extremely rude that before my first attempts to laugh, my white-hot wrath almost broke forth upon them. Then suddenly came the courage needed to laugh with them. Soon they ceased jeering and I, talking of my queer pug nose and big mouth, led the whole group into the school-house, quite forgetful of looks and proud that I had made some new friends.

Some girls might think that I would deplore my plain face because it does not attract the opposite sex. But there are many boys with ugly faces and entertaining personalities that prefer plain-faced girls because they have something in common. At any rate, I have found that my looks do not keep me from having any number of girl friends. Girls choose their friends from the standpoint of friendliness and personality, and not for looks. I have found that my girl friends with plain features are truer, better friends than some of those who possess lovely features. Perhaps I might say again we ugly girls and boys have something in common.

Since I have discovered that ugliness is neither a misfortune nor an affliction I can enjoy life as much or more than the most beautiful person on earth.

Why Doubt a Girl?

LATE one September afternoon a tennis game was in full swing on the Brown court. A few small boys had straggled in to watch the game and were proving enthusiastic spectators as they sat under a big oak tree near the sidelines. The contestants were a tall, muscular man, and a small black-haired girl. Both seemed unusually happy and yet the game was a real fight, for the balls were flying high and fast. Finally, the balls stopped whizzing and the game was over.

"Sorry I beat you a 'love game,' Eloise," smiled the man triumphantly.

"Oh, don't feel sorry for me, she returned, pushing back a few stray curls from her forehead. "Its the first time you've ever done such a thing and probably the last. Come on, lets go." She took her white sweater from one of the "spectators" and threw it carelessly across her shoulder, while the victor began pulling his sweater on, muttering something about "taking cold." They picked up the balls and rackets and strolled across the lawn toward the Brown home.

"And do you mind telling me just why you won't ride with me tonight?" the man asked the girl beside him.

"Why no, I don't mind telling you. I won't ride with you simply because I'm going to ride with another man," was the cool answer.

"With Jimmy Carter, I guess,' he sneered. "Honest, Eloise, all last week when I wanted to be with you, you were always busy and almost every afternoon I saw you and Jimmy Carter racing up and down Main street in that little old red car of his. Don't you know he's one of the fastest, wildest—"

"He is not anything of the kind," flashed the girl.

"Of course you don't think so—but just look at that crowd he goes with. Surely you've no business riding around with him."

He was excited now. Eloise liked to see him that way. His face always turned so red and his blond hair looked still "blonder." "I know you're going with him tonight," he continued. "Why no—no, I'm—I'm not," she started to explain.

"Oh, that's all right, I'll see you flying around in that little cut-down affair. All I say is, I hope you live through this night affair without an accident. I still care that much, to wish the best for you even if you don't seem to want it."

Harry Crawford then rode away in his roadster—not a "stripped down Ford." Heaven forbid such—leaving a bewildered Eloise Brown standing in the walk wondering, "Why argue with a man?"

Harry came down to breakfast next morning unusually late.

"Morning, Sis," he greeted, but no answer from Sis. She was pretending to read the paper, but he understood that well-known cool look on her face—something was wrong, and he did not enjoy her company when things went wrong. She was born to criticize. She reigned supreme in women's clubs where the affairs of the world were gossiped about; she disapproved of everything and every one—especially her young brother, whom Fate had cast upon her house since the death of her husband more than a year before.

She finally condescended to address her brother.

"Well, I'm glad to see you here. I thought probably you were in it too, but I didn't see your name."

"In what, Sis?" he laughed. "Didn't see my name—what's the joke now?"

"Joke?" she almost screamed, "It doesn't appeal to me as a joke for a young man to have such notorious friends. Read this if you will," and she handed him the morning paper. "Didn't I tell you she was that kind of a girl, and now at least I hope you'll thank me for trying to warn you." She then left him alone with the morning newspaper and his breakfast.

What in the world was she talking about? It must be something terrible to make her so angry. He picked up the sheet of paper she had handed him.

"BIG SMASH-UP LAST NIGHT.
THREE SERIOUSLY INJURED."

These words flashed before his eyes in big headlines. He read on—"About midnight two cars were wrecked about five miles from the city. The driver and occupants of the car causing the accident were under the influence of whiskey. The two women, Maisie Charles and Eloise Brown, were recognized by the officers while the men gave their names as Ches Blake and Hunter Gary, from Kingston. These four persons will be summoned to the court at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

At that moment Harry Crawford swore. He read no more of the article, but read over that first paragraph. Yes, it was plain enough—it was "Eloise Brown." No wonder Sis was mad, he thought, and yet she had only wanted an excuse to break up their friendship since the time she heard that Eloise had remarked that "Harry's sister resembles a marcelled Buddah." Funny old Eloise, he chuckled to himself, and yet maybe Sis knew about her after all. He knew Eloise was always after adventure—something new and exciting, but what did make her get mixed up in a thing like this. And why hadn't he stayed at home all the summer instead of going away, allowing her to pick up such acquaintances as Jimmy Carter and other young college boys trying to "sow their wild oats." Anyway he loved her just the same! His grape fruit was eaten in silence. He looked at his watch—fifteen minutes till ten! Maybe, maybe, it's not Eloise, he still hoped, but why was her name there and why——

He called up the Brown home, but after trying for one long minute and receiving no answer, hung up the receiver. Don't much blame 'em for not answering, he mused. Poor Mrs. Brown, how grieved she must be!

There was only one thing left to do now, go to the trial. He could see Eloise—his Eloise who did not naturally belong there, up in that court room. That flashy gang would be there too, and, yes, the reporters would be there all eager to make

a fine thing out of it. Oh, why had she done it? There was no use waiting though—he'd go and see it through. Maybe she could get off with a fine, but suppose her father refused to pay and——

He pulled his cap as far over his face as possible, jumped in his car and started down the street. It seemed that everybody he knew or had ever heard of was down town. They all spoke in a cool manner. Yes, they knew that the girl he loved was arrested and to be tried that morning. Even the speed-cops turned around as they passed and looked at him. "Darn 'em," he muttered under his breath, "they needn't drag me in it too."

The clock was striking ten as he walked up the steps to the court house where an exciting trial was to be held—a case that was of vital interest to him. He started in the door but hesitated—he just couldn't face it. Fatima after Fatima was lit, but after a puff or two was thrown away—even Kipling's version of the "great god Nick o' Teen" as being "solace in the time of woes," meant nothing now. He slipped in a side door. The trial had not started yet, for there was an unsettled hum all over the room. He felt as if he were a law-breaker himself and sincerely hoped that no one saw him, but just as he was inside the door he almost bumped into his old college chum, Ed Ray, now a successful young lawyer.

"Why hello, Ed, so glad to see you," greeted Harry trying to be calm, "got a case this morning?"

"Yes I have; I've got to settle up that Eloise Brown and her gang. She has already caused too much trouble, but happens to get away with it—there she comes now," and he pointed in the direction of one of the side doors.

Harry's heart beat fast, and with a low moan he turned around facing the door. He looked once, twice, yes, three times, but saw only a confusion of purple plumes, a long string of white beads, rouge and bright hair. He turned to the man beside him, "Are you sure that's Eloise Brown?"

"Why sure it is—she's the latest hit in the vaudeville line, but why are you so interested in the 'lady'?"

Harry waited for no more information. Without a word to his friend, he pushed through the crowded room, ran down the steps, and jumped into his car.

"I knew it, I knew it was a mistake," he consoled himself, "and just think of the joke on Sis". At this thought he laughed—it was the first time he had had cause even to smile the whole morning. And yet—hang his thoughts and conscience too! Where was his Eloise last night, and why hadn't some one answered the 'phone? He was just one block from the Brown home, so why not go there at once and find out the truth? Just as he started up the drive he saw a familiar looking car stop in front of the house and Eloise herself, his Eloise with curly black hair, getting out, while her father entered the front door.

"Thank the Lord!" breathed Harry reverently. Eloise turned around and saw him.

"Harry, Harry," she screamed, "come here quick. I've got something to tell you." She seemed excited about something. "Look here," she began as he stopped his car, "see this big write-up on the front page of this morning's paper about a woman named 'Eloise Brown,' some vaudeville dancer, getting drunk and being in an accident last night. And Harry, you know that silly reporter, Sam Hill, thought it was I and came around early this morning to see dad and tried to get some news. Dad's furious." She stopped a minute to catch her breath. "And there I was peacefully sleeping out at Aunt Louise's. You remember that aunt who lives out in the country. Charlie Davis took me out there last night and dad just brought me back. Oh, I think the joke is huge!" She began laughing, but suddenly looked up at Harry's expression, which was not cheerful, "Why, what's the matter?" she demanded.

"Eloise, I'm ashamed of myself, but I thought it was you too."

"Aw, Harry, you're just joking, you know I wouldn't"——

"No, honestly I was afraid it was you, and even went down to the court a few minutes ago."

She was beginning to understand now. She jobbed her hands in the pockets of her suit and looked at him.

"So that's what you think I am, do you, Mr. Harry Crawford? Well, from now on, what I am need not worry you at all." She turned and started up the steps.

"Eloise, wait a minute, you're not angry with me—you don't think I"——

"Angry with you?" she snapped. "Why no, I'm not angry. I'm just through—through with anyone who doubts me as you do. When you insisted that I was going to ride with Jimmy Carter, that innocent little kid, you wouldn't let me explain it all—just jumped at your own conclusions."

"Eloise Brown," interrupted Harry, "you'd make a wonderful 'stump speaker.' Just wait till I get you a soap box to stand on, then we'll continue. It's very becoming."

"Don't bother," she began in a militant tone, but the next minute with the same old Eloise smile she asked, "Really, Harry, why doubt a girl?"

—Jack Jones.

Peggy Elopes

SELDOM had there been as much excitement in any school as there was at Braxton Hall during the two weeks before examinations. First, the seniors came out with flying colors at the basket ball game and then tried to console the dejected and crest-fallen Freshmen by giving a party in their honor. The Freshmen eagerly accepted the invitation and proved their proudness in devouring refreshments, if not in basket ball. Then the dean unexpectedly allowed the university men to come over to a delightful informal reception which lasted until eleven o'clock instead of ten-thirty. Anything more surprising than that could hardly have happened, and everybody wondered what could have happened at Christmas that had softened the dean's heart to such an extent. Neither this mystery nor the fact that they had ice cream on Thursday night, and Friday night too, kept them from enjoying the concert given by the Mock Orchestra or the Junior Minstrel. The bulletin boards clamored for attention but the girls marched by with averted heads to keep from seeing the schedules and assignments and the spell must not be broken if it could be helped.

But the great mystery centered around Peg Long. What the trouble was with her nobody knew but there was certainly a change. She had been restricted for two weeks for going to the opera unchaperoned. Of course, that was not so startling in itself for adventures of that kind were too frequent with Peg, but the way she was taking her punishment was certainly astonishing. In the numerous instances when she had been restricted before, she had seemed rather to enjoy the trouble that she gave the Council, but for the last two weeks she had been absolutely different. All her usual vivacity had taken wings, and she was positively cross when anyone approached her. She refused to take part in any of the usual pranks, refused to help out with midnight feasts, and always seemed to be thinking—thinking of some deep subject. It could not be that she was actually studying. The girls accused her of being in love but she called them "silly" and tossing her head, pushed them roughly aside and left the room with such a disgusted air that they were more mystified than ever. All this was entirely unnatural to the fun-loving Peg. She had had nothing to say since Wednesday morning when she had received a letter, which she immediately locked in her trunk, and then locked herself in her room. The girls believed that the letter was from "a man", for a glimpse at the envelop had almost convinced the prying Kitty of that. But Peg would not satisfy their curiosity, and the mystery remained unsolved.

The "inseparable six" were discussing the situation on Monday morning when Peg approached the group in the foyer with an air of one having a disagreeable task to accomplish. Her expression was less grum than for several days past, so the girls clustered around her and began chattering about the examination schedule, which had at last come to their notice.

"Just think! Two exams on one day." wailed Nan. But Peg put her hands over her ears and refused to listen. "See here, girls," she announced slowly and solemnly. "It's just like this—I've got to have fifty dollars and I've got to have it right away. No, don't ask me what for, for I can't tell you, but I've got to have it. I must have it! Who's going to lend it to me? Dorothy, how about you?" She appealed to her best friend.

"Me! Fifty dollars! Why, child! Did you ever know me to have over thirty cents at one time? Fifty dollars. Why, what in the world—". She did not finish for Peg was already appealing to Janie. Janie gasped, "Not a cent!"

Peg was perilously near tears while the girls were staring at her in sheer amazement. Fifty dollars! Was the world coming to an end? What would the girl do with fifty dollars when she couldn't even leave the campus? They firmly believed that she must be losing her mind but they did feel sorry for her as she stood gazing at each of them with tears in her usually sparkling brown eyes and her hands clasping and unclasping nervously. In a minute, however, Peg was her old self again. She sniffed, dashed a hand across her eyes and began to storm.

"Don't stand there staring like idiots, What's the matter? Haven't you ever borrowed any money? Of course it's an unusual sum but well, how much have you?"

The stupified girls roused themselves sufficiently to count their scattered wealth, which they found amounted to eight dollars and sixty-seven cents.

Peg sighed in despair. "You're lovely, every one of you, but you see that won't do. Oh! what can I do? I'll get it or die!" And they knew she would, for she always got what she wanted.

"Why don't you write home?" ventured Dorothy.

"I did." Peg made a wry face, and the girls laughed.

"Oh, please tell us what's the matter with you and why you have to have so much money," begged Kitty, who was noted for her curiosity.

Peg laughed and patted her on the shoulder.

"Poor old Kitty. I guess it is worrying you, but I can't tell. Honestly I can't. Not yet anyway." She noticed the fallen countenances and continued. "Listen, girls, don't spread this all over school. Don't tell that I'm trying to borrow fifty dollars for somebody might suspect something was wrong. It's really not such a serious affair after all. Besides," she finished, turning to go. "It's bound to leak out, and if it doesn't I'll tell you before tomorrow night. But I know Jim will tell somebody and it will soon be all over school."

Dorothy sank into a chair and stared at her companions.

"Fifty dollars! Fifty dollars! What can she want with it? And who is Jim? Say girls, who is—Jim?

"Do you know what I believe?" whispered Kitty as they gathered more closely around her—her suggestions were always thrilling.

"I believe she's getting ready to elope!"

"Elope! Elope! What a wild idea! What would she

want with fifty dollars if she was going to elope? I guess Jim—or whoever he is—would pay her traveling expenses." Mary was sarcastic.

"Well, now, if you were going to elope, you wouldn't want to impose yourself on a man entirely empty-handed, would you? You would want change enough to get an occasional hair net without asking him for it, I hope."

"Yes," conceded Dorothy, "She might be thinking of that. When you think of it, it does seem possible. It really must be something of that sort, cause she said it would leak out in a few days."

They were getting excited now and in a few minutes they had collected enough evidence from the other eight girls to convince a jury that Peg was certainly going to run away with a man in just a few minutes.

But the fifty dollar surprise was nothing to be compared with the one they received when they went upstairs and were confronted by a placard on Peg's door hearing the announcement "Big Auction Sale. Fifty dollars worth of clothes going to the highest bidder! New gray choker going cheap! Everybody invited."

They held a brief council and decided that Peg was out of her head, and since she belonged to their crowd, and since they were responsible for her, something must be done. Why, she would be the laughing stock of the school! Accordingly they appointed themselves a committee to go in and remonstrate, only to be dismissed gently but firmly, and told to "stop meddling." Then they decided to be very vigilant and, at the earliest symptoms of an elopement, to inform the dean.

The sale was a big success. The girls took it as a joke and bought the choker and several other articles thinking they would be redeemed the next day.

Things were quiet until about eight o'clock that night when Kitty burst into Dorothy's room with her black eyes sparkling and her cheeks red with excitement.

"She's going! She's going!" she whispered dancing around the room in excitement. "She put her money in her coat pocket and she's going out by the basement door right now."

"Come on," was the sole reply.

They flew down to the office of the dean and hastily explained that Peg was eloping at that very moment.

The dean seized her coat and in less than a minute was on the campus. Peg was in the very act of stepping over the fence to join a man who was waiting in a car just off the campus.

"Peg Long, stop this instant." commanded Miss Sprague, losing her glasses in her haste and stumbling over a rose bush.

By this time the dormitory was aroused, and girls heads appeared at every window, while Dorothy and Kitty, clasped in each others arms, wept copiously.

Poor Peg looked around, saw the dean and without a second's hesitation jumped into the waiting car, and after a few hasty words to her companion they were off. The distracted dean wrung her hands and gazed around for a means of pursuit. Not finding any she hurried to the president's home and in as few words as her excitement permitted explained the situation.

"Miss Sprague, if you'll just be a little more calm"—began the president.

"Calm! I haven't time to be calm. Think of the reputation of the school. Are you going to do anything or not?" she demanded sinking into a chair.

The president soothed her ruffled feelings and presently she was able to explain more clearly all she knew about the case.

"Well," decided Dr. Rankin, "If she's gone, she's gone and we would be foolish to try to stop her now. She's probably married by this time. Perhaps she'll telephone. Anyway we'll wait and see."

Miss Sprague stared at him dumbly. She knew it was worse than useless to argue with him for his will was like iron. So she spent a miserable hour waiting for the telephone to ring.

"Well, there's no use to wait any longer, Miss Sprague. We'll probably hear from her tomorrow," said the president as he arose to accompany her to the door. Just at this moment a car drove up to his gate and stopped.

A good looking young man got out and helped a young lady to alight.

"Peggy!" gasped Miss Sprague, springing down the steps and grasping her by the arm. "What do you mean and who is this?" She pointed a finger at Peg's companion.

"I am her brother, madam. If you'll just wait a minute, I think Peg has something to say."

"Yes, I guess I'll get about six more weeks' restrictions for it anyway so I might as well own up. But I don't mind telling you that I wouldn't tell if Bob hadn't made me." Peg was plainly defiant and didn't care for consequence.

"Come in, Peggy, and explain your side of the case." said Dr. Rankin kindly, leading the way to his study.

"I shall have to start at the beginning," began Peggy when they were all composed enough to listen, "It began at the White Department store. I went for a dress one day and, after I finished selecting it, I found I didn't have money enough to pay for it. They were very kind and said I could pay the balance some other time. Of course I knew it was against the rules to charge things but I thought no one would ever know so I had it charged and afterwards some other things. My bill soon ran up to fifty dollars. They sent me the bill several times but I didn't have the money to pay it so they wrote me two weeks ago that if it wasn't paid by ten o'clock tonight, they would notify the college authorities. Of course I wrote home but father said I was spending too much money and he wouldn't send me any. I was afraid to tell him about the bill for he had told me not to charge things in town for he wouldn't pay any outside bills. I must pay cash for what I bought. I did everything I could to get the money —Bob goes to the University and was in almost the same fix that I was, so he couldn't help me. Nothing was left for me to do but sell some of my clothes and since I was restricted and could not go down town, I sent for Bob—and—got caught." she finished lamely.

Marjorie Martin. '22

Sydney Lanier

AMERICA has given to the world a number of poetic geniuses but with the one exception of Edgar Allen Poe, none of them have been so widely recognized and highly appreciated as Sydney Lanier. Lanier is rated by the best critics of Europe and of the world as America's second greatest poet. He died early in life and has been placed along with Keats, Shelley and a few other inheritors of unfilled renown, not simply because he died while he was still young, but because what he had done and what he had planned to do in the future gave promise of a much better and more enduring work. The world honors and praises him. Men study his life, read both his prose works and his poems and then cry out against death for taking away a man who possessed such a character and who had begun such a glorious literary career.

This great poet is an American poet and America proudly claims his as her son; yet the South and Georgia hold a still stronger claim upon him. He was born in 1842 at Macon, a city in the southern part of Georgia. His home there was ideal in every way. His father was a lawyer of the old Southern type and a descendant of Jerome Lanier, a musical composer who was well known at the court of Elizabeth. The father was himself a "man of considerable literary acquirements and tastes." He had a library filled with old classics, a treasure house for his son, who had loved books from his earliest youth. Lanier's mother was a noble woman and the daughter of a prominent Virginia family, which was also noted for a decided talent for both music and poetry. His home training was of the highest type. He was given every opportunity that his parents could afford, and like the ambitious boy that he was, availed himself of these opportunities and came out of college with a fairly good education. When only eighteen years of age he graduated at Oglethorpe College with the highest honors of his class. He then held a tutorship in that college until the War Between the States broke out.

Then with his country's welfare at heart he nobly responded to the call of the Confederacy and joined the Southern forces at Macon. He served with courage and bravery until the close of the war in 1864. He took part in the battles of Seven Pines, Malvern Hill and others of importance. Near the end of the war he was captured by the Federal forces and imprisoned for five months. As soon as he was released from prison, he returned on foot to his home in Georgia.

Shorlty after his return he became very ill and was sick for some six weeks. Lanier was naturally a weak man physically and, with the exposure and strain of army life, he contracted a lung trouble which hindered his career and brought about his untimely death. At the end of six weeks he was able again to be up, but from that time on until his death in 1881, he struggled and suffered much at the hand of this horrible disease. He secured a school and began teaching, as a means of support; however, he soon abandoned that, and took up law in his father's office. Still he was not satisfied, and leaving that profession started on a search for some place that would be suitable for his health and where he might give vent to his two master passions, music and literature.

In the remaining fifteen years of his life he met with many difficulties and hardships, but he faced them with cheerfulness and optimism. He was baffled at every step toward the goal of his great desires and was beated back into the pathway of suffering and death, yet he always maintained his cheerful spirit. He was ever looking forward and working to attain his purpose. In spite of all he ever looked on the bright side of life. Even while in the army and as a prisoner in the Federal prison he studied literature when his military duty permitted. He was never found idle or inactive. By his example the world has learned that for a man of strong and courageous spirit the weakness of failure is impossible.

He gave himself first to music. He had inherited from both sides of his family a talent for music and even before he could write legibly, he had learned to play the flute, organ, piano, guitar and violin without any formal training in the art. He was a real musical genius and, after his return from the army, the masters began praising him and soon he became a master himself. In 1873 he carried his wife and children with him and settled in Baltimore, where he had obtained the position of first flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra. In addition to this he wrote articles for magazines and gave lectures in private schools as a means of supporting his family. These writings and lectures attracted great attention and people recognized that Lanier was not only a musical genius but a literary genius as well.

In 1879 he accepted a position as lecturer at Johns Hopkins University. It was there that he wrote his two greatest prose works, "The Science of English Verse," which is an exposition of his theory of the principles of versification, and the "English Novel and the Principle of Its Development," which contains much wise and luminous criticism of modern literature. "The Science of English Poetry" is considered the most valuable contribution to the subject of verse structure yet produced. Besides these Lanier wrote some very interesting prose works which are especially good for young people. Among these are: "The Boy's Froisant," "Boy's King Arthur," "Boy's Mabinogiow" and "Boy's Percy." One of his best novels is "Tiger Lilies," which he wrote shortly after his return from the army. In it Lanier gives his experiences and impression during the war which reveal plainly his poet soul. All of his prose works show the author's genius, character and personality. The student at Johns Hopkins University who knew him best said, "No strain of physical wear or suffering, no pressure of worldly fret, no amount of dealing with what are called the hard facts of experience could stiffen or dampen or deaden the inborn exuberance of his nature which escaped incessantly into a realm of beauty, or wonder, of joy, of hope."

True, the prose works of Lanier bear out this impression of the character of the poet, but the true character and per-

sonality of the man is brought out more impressively in his poetical works.

In the poems "Baby Charley" and "Hard Times in Elfland" are revealed Lanier's playfulness and affection as a father. In the poem "My Springs" he pays a beautiful tribute to his wife. Surely no man ever enjoyed home life or appreciated his family more than did this great Southern poet.

Through the medium of his poetry Lanier revealed himself as a devout Christian. He showed that he possessed the faculty of distinguishing between churchdom and Christianity. There is no poem which speaks of the Master in tenderer lines than the one beginning:

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent
Into the woods, my Master came,
Forspent will love and shame;"

"Certainly Lanier's poems are religion put to music."

In his poem "Symphony" Lanier showed how much he disliked business dishonesty and those material aims which corrupt the life of any Republic. He is one of the few poets who has dealt so truthfully and so poetically with this side of modern life.

Lanier was inspired by the strong appeal of nature and in his poems he exhibited a loftiness of thought and a deep sympathy with the life of nature which makes them beautiful and attractive. No other poet has given such vivid descriptions of the luxuriance of the Southern forests, the glow and quiet of the Southern landscape, and the warmth and color which they possess. His poem "Corn" which first attracted the world's attention to his poetical works throbs with sunshine and is musical with the murmur of growing plants. "The Song of the Chattahoochee" is excellent in its musical rhythm. One can almost see and hear the waters of the Chattahoochee as,

"They hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapids and leap the fall."

The poems, "The Marshes of Glynn" and "Sunrise" which are considered his two masterpieces show how much he enjoyed the beauty of nature and also his faith and trust in an almighty God. Nowhere can be found not even in Wordsworth, the High-priest of nature, more expressive lines than: "The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep." or "But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill." And again in "Sunrise" one feels the very ecstasy of the poet's soul and he hurries forth,

"Ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks, to hide in your gospelling gloom."

His work is a noble addition to American poetry. It possesses and displays a distinct accent of originality which makes it different from other works. It shows that he thought largely on all vital subjects, on love, on life, on art, on economics, and religion. Lanier did not, however, write poetry which revealed the conditions and feelings occasioned by the sectional discord of the sixties. He wrote from the view point of an American and as a result he struck a universal note that makes his poetry appreciated more and more as the years go by.

The days of this great man were cut short and his opportunities were slender, yet, he worked and he showed his noble manhood. There is none whose life is more stainless, more lofty, or more inspiring and few whose works will fill a more important place in the garnering of the poetic art of the world.

Lucile Nix '25

The Puritan Religion

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

The heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters oer
As a band of Pilgrims
Moored their bark
To that wild, New England shore."

IT is now three hundred years since that eventful night, and, in this third centennial of American Puritanism, it is fitting that the American people lay aside other thoughts for awhile, and let their minds dwell on the Pilgrim Fathers. And always when one's thoughts turn to the Puritans, they will dwell on the Puritan religion, for the religion of a people determines their character and ideals, as revealed in their home life, their acceptance of the more durable Fine Arts, their literature, and their personal conduct. And as one's mind dwells on this religion, let him note without prejudice the strength, and also the weakness of the religion.

In England there were two religious sects, the Conformists, who wished a reform in the church, and the Non-Conformists, who withdrew from the church. The Puritans belong to that branch of the Non-Conformists known as the Separatists. Their religion being severely persecuted in England, they fled to Holland, landing at Amsterdam in 1608. However, they remained in Amsterdam for only ten years, for their children grew up and intermarried with the Dutch, and also they were losing their English characteristics. So they decided to leave Holland and come to America, where they could set up a New England and live the pious lives they desired to live. They set out in two ships, the Speedwell and the May Flower, but the Speedwell, on account of leakage, was forced to turn back, and the May Flower made the voyage alone, landing at Cape Cod in 1620. And here amid many hardships the first Puritan home was established, a home crude in appearance, but showing the same pious home life that the later, more durable houses showed.

For in the Puritan home family ties were very strong, family affection very freely expressed, and family life very pure and elevating. On rising in the morning each member of the household read a chapter in the Bible and offered a prayer, after breakfast family devotions were held, and also after supper. Then before going to bed each member of the household again read a chapter in the Bible and offered prayer. There was a "reverential intimacy" between parent and child, private talks where thoughts were freely expressed were held between them, and advice was wisely and gently given. Thus we see that the home was a strong factor in the huilding of the young Puritan's character.

Also the Puritan's acceptance of the more durable of the Fine Arts, and his rejection of the higher of these arts have helped to establish those ideals which are characteristic of our first American settlers. It has been said, and is believed by many people now that the Puritans were hostile to the fine arts, but no, it was only the lighter of these arts, the drama and sculpture, to which they were hostile. And the reason they were so hostile to the drama was because of the low plane to which it sunk during the migration in 1650. The drama at this time was impure and degrading to the mind, therefore was severely frowned upon by the Puritans, and ever after this the Puritan mind could not tear itself from the prejudice against the drama. The Puritan's appreciation and knowledge of the best in music and literature was keener than that of the average modern American. As a rule all of the girls played the piano well, and the greatest of English authors, among them Shakespeare, were read, enjoyed, and learned. The Bible, the masterpiece of all literature, was studied more thoroughly by the average Puritan, than by the average modern American youth.

The Puritan youth knew great parts of the Bible by heart. George Hubert Palmer, one of the few real Puritans who is living today, says that before he was fifteen he had learned half of the Psalms, the whole gospel of John, three of Paul's epistles, and large sections of Job and Isaiah. And he also tells us that this was characteristic of the average Puritan. So in truth, the Puritan was not hostile to the Fine Arts, but more thoroughly acquainted with them than the modern American.

In all probability, though, the fact that the Puritan's knowledge of the Fine Arts was limited to the more durable and serious of them, had something to do with the sternness of the Puritan life. The freedom of action which the modern American enjoys was not enjoyed by him. For the Puritan was forced to go to church and sit through long hours of dry and tiresome services, and he was forced to give money to the church, thus taking away that satisfaction of going to church and of giving of his own free will.

Though stern in his religious duties, the Puritan was not cruelly stern, as he has been sometimes thought. The Salem witchcraft is talked of with horror and recalls to the mind the picture of stern and cruel Puritans. But this is a wrong conception of the Puritans, for history tells us that in the same years that twenty "witches" were burned in Salem that one hundred thousand were burned in Europe, and that in Spain and France an enormous number of witches were burned after being condemned by the Puritans. The sternness of their religion was a weakness, but from this we see that they were not cruelly stern as has been sometimes thought.

To sum it all up, it can clearly be seen that the Puritan's religion was essentially a personal religion. It's home life with it's purity, family affection, and "reverential intimacy" between parent and child, the literature which the Puritan

mind fed upon; the great reverence, which was a marked characteristic of his religion, his deep appreciation and knowledge of the nobler of the Fine Arts, all tended to the ennobling and perfecting of his own individual life. In spending so much time trying to perfect his own life, though it was a noble task, the Puritan was spending time that he might have spent in helping others, and noble as the task of perfecting his own life was, he was not living that noblest life, a life spent for others, which is the only means of true happiness. And for this reason, because the Puritan religion was so essentially personal, it was forced to die, for in these modern times when people are thrown so closely together, a religion that holds itself aloof from the world cannot last.

—*Margaret Mahon.*

The Butterfly

Yesterday a chrysalis,
Today a fragile butterfly,
Tomorrow I will fade,
And the next day will I die.

—*E. Welborn.*

BOOK REVIEWS

The Mirrors of Downing Street

"The Mirrors of Downing Street" by A Gentleman with a Duster, gives a critical, straight-forward study of England's leading statesman and politicians. The editor's own statement in his introduction shows us plainly his reason for writing the book. He says—"My duster is honest cotton; the hand that holds it is at least clean; and the energy of the rubbing is inspired solely by the hope that such labor may be of some benefit to my country. I think our statesmen may be better servants of the great nation they have the honor to serve if they see themselves as others see them—others who are not political adversaries, and who are more interested in the moral and intellectual condition of the State than in the fortunes of its parties." In order to accept what the author has to say about his English brothers, we find ourselves constantly thinking back to this statement of himself and his purpose in thus portraying England's leading characters.

We can best get a review of this book by merely summarizing some of the things that the author has to say about these statesmen.

Mr. David Lloyd George receives first mention in this book, and greatest mention, to my mind. In view of the fact that he has been and is one of the foremost statesmen of the world today, and has been so forcibly before the public eye during the war period and since, makes the writer's remarks seem even more radical and scathing than they otherwise would. I shall not attempt to agree with or contradict the author's views; merely quote. He says that no one since Napoleon has attracted so universal an interest as Mr. Lloyd George. "His achievement, when we consider what hung upon it, is greater than Napoleon's, the narrative of his origin more romantic, his character more complex—and yet who does not feel the greatness of Napoleon?—and who does not suspect the shallowness of Mr. Lloyd George?" Yet a quicker or more powerful mind could not be found in all England than that of Mr. Lloyd George. The author says: "No man of our period can utter an appeal to conscience with anything like so compelling a simplicity," and again, "His intuitions are unrivalled: his reasoning powers inconsiderable." His failure, the writer says, is due to his quick mind— which is seldom a partner with virtue. He seems to have the goal of the super-man—if he fails to win men to his way of thinking, and they persist in attacking him, he proceeds to destroy them.

A woman who knows him well once described him in these words: "He is clever, and he is stupid; truthful and untruthful; pure and impure; good and wicked; wonderful and commonplace: in a word, he is everything." M. Clemenceau said of him: "I have never met so ignorant a man as Lloyd George!" The author's greatest and summarizing condemnation of him is the fact that in view of his great influence and ability, he has failed to serve his country as he might have done.

Of Lord Carnock, Russian Ambassador, who has been called—"The man who made the war," the writer has gentler phrases to describe. Gentle, refined, cultured, morally just and righteous, Lord Carnock could not embody what is known in England or America as the "politician." He worked for Russia for the sake of Russia, loving her people, yet seeing the dangers of the Russian character. "This work of his, which helped so materially to save the world, was done with clean hands. It was never the work of a war-monger. No foreigner ever exercised so great an influence in Russia and this influence had its power in his moral nature." His work was done by indirect action but most emphatically felt. He knew that Russia would fight—but he did not make the war.

Baron Fisher, Admiral of the Fleet, was England's great altruist statesman. He worked with great zeal and passion for the English navy and for England. His feelings are well shown in his words to Mr. Churchill—"What does it matter whom you offend—the fate of England depends on you. Does it matter if they shoot you, or hang you, or send you to the Tower, so long as England is saved?" His experience with Downing Street filled him with contempt for politicians, because of their total lack of character. In his old age he ceaselessly quoted the lines of William Watson:

"Time and the Ocean, and some fostering star
In high cabal have made us what we are."

revealing a simple trust in the divine and an undying love for the sea and the work of the fleet.

Hon. Henry Asquith, Prime Minister of England for a period of eight years, receives a heavy score from the pen of the author. He says of him—"The truth is that Mr. Asquith possesses all the appearance of greatness but few of its elements. He has never had an idea of his own. The 'diffused sagacity' of his mind is derived from the wisdom of other men. He is a cistern and not a fountain." Thus we get the writer's opinion of Mr. Asquith—a man who knew how to take advice but not firm in giving it, whose fame rests on the work of those under him. His fall from power is attributed to his decay in private and domestic life, to his being surrounded by a brilliant domestic circle of the modern spirit of audacity. His motto should have been "Uphill all the way," and his mind occupied with deep thinking instead of tea-parties.

Lord Northcliffe, journalist and statesman, receives his mention from his vivid imagination. His paper is alive because he could make fairy-stories of every detail of life—while it was financially kept going by his employees. He is very likable—with a winsome boyishness—which passes with his fits of despondency, which comes through ill health. But he is not a morally good man at all times, and for this he will have to answer, says the author. He never hesitates to take

advantage of anyone, if it gives him the zest and fight he loves. He enters a fight not for the end to be won—but just for the fight. "A man so generous and so boyish may make grave mistakes, but he cannot be a deliberately bad man," is the summary of the critic.

In Mr. Arthur Balfour, politician, we find the typical aristocratic Englishman. The lines:

"And strangers coming, all were taught t' admire
The learned Lady, and the lofty Spire,"

characterize Mr. Balfour very correctly. His learning may astonish the simple, while his loftiness dwindles beyond the grasp of mortal man. His aloofness, superiority, and cool reserve, have prevented him from having any strong emotion or incentive to work and so he has taken things easy—"easily, too easily." His egotistical superiority and cynical manner make what is known as the 'Balfourian manner'—which keeps the vulgar world at arm's length. Such a bearing could never inspire confidence and without such one can never truly work for his fellow-men.

Lord Kitchener, one time secretary of war, was not a political success, although through his connections with the British Army, he came to prominence. His ability was in directing the able lieutenants under his authority. He had a deep sense of duty, and realized that he was not the success that he was generally thought to be, and ever worked to be the Kitchener of public opinion. As he was big, akward, and blundering, he wanted big things, around him and to do big things. His country's welfare was always first in his mind, but his lack of a great mind and a great character cramped his abilities. He was ever loyal and faithful to his country and to his duty and "certainly he can never be styled,' the son of Cronos and Double dealing' ".

Lord Robert Cecil might well be termed the good statesman. He was ever gentle, kind and good to everyone. Because of his moral concern for his country he has been termed a fanatic. But he is far from a fanatic. A fanatic would do things, while Lord Robert Cecil thought things and did not have the physical courage and public eloquence to act on his convictions. He would be better known today, if he was a fanatic, but his reserved and retiring nature have held him in the background. He had the vision and the longing, during the war for a great moral leader for England—while he should have been that leader. The sin of silence and omission is held against him. "He debates where he should appeal; he criticises where he should denounce; and he accepts a compromise where he should lead a revolt." He prevented the conference from making "a Peace to end Peace," but one feels that "he is rather the shadow of a great statesman."

Mr. Winston Churchill is well known to us today as a foremost journalist and War Correspondent of England. As a politician, he is the most interesting figure in Parliament next to Mr. Lloyd George. He is still young and gives promise of greater things even "if on several occasions he has disappointed his friends, also on several occasions he has confounded his enemies." He has many brilliant gifts and qualities of real greatness, but lacks the unifying spirit of character. Men watch him but do not follow him. His character suffers, says the critic, from association with second-rate people. "He is too heedless of his good name." One thing can convert his qualities into terms of character, it is a new direction. Although handicapped with ill health, and a sensitive and nervous temperament, he keeps striving, and needs only "Conversion" as General Booth of the Salvation Army once told him.

Lord Haldane, secretary of War, 1905-'12 is to me the most lovable of the 'lords'. His humorous, kind and long suffering nature throughout his martyrdom by his friends and fellow statesmen, is indeed the most commendable trait found in mankind. Never a harsh word of rebuke for anyone, when he was so cruelly misjudged and misunderstood, was indeed the best rebuke that he could have given. That he was loyal to England, and not one minute for Germany, is proved by his silent acceptance of the disloyalty of friends, and by the keen insight of some friends. Lord French said: "He got nothing but calumny and abuse; but the reward to such a man does not come in the ordinary way. I had proved the value of his great work and that is all the reward he ever wanted." Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill all knew of the wrong done to Lord Haldane, and the author very accusingly asks the question: "Why were they silent?" But Lord Haldane by his behavior has taught one of the noblest lessons to be learned in the school of life.

Lord Rhondda, Minister of Food, during the war period, with his great mathematical talents, rendered a great service to his country. He realized that for his position, a man and not an office, must stand for Food control. His justice, impartiality, and fair play soon won for him a great name and the goal for which he sought. He was a lovable man, with appealing boyishness which drew people to him. "Lord Rhondda realized the moral qualities of statesmanship. He appealed to the highest instincts of his countrymen. This was his greatest achievement." The critic says of him in summary—"That he came so late and for so brief a period to power I regard, if not as a national misfortune, at any rate as a striking condemnation of our methods of government."

Lord Iverforth, of Andrew Weir and Co. shipowners, and prominent war financier, did more for Britain financially, than any one man during the war period. His one consuming ambition was to be a ship owner, but he was willing to sacrifice his interest in this great trade for the sake of working for his government during the war, and without his aid England's finances would have been in a sad plight. He is a very reserved and retiring person, quiet and patient, but with imagination enough to see ahead—and to work ahead. The critic states: "I regard Lord Iverforth as one of the few very great men in commerce who have the qualities of genuine statesmanship." This belief seems justifiable in view of the philosophy of Lord Iverforth who says, "The more freely nations trade together the more clearly will it be seen that humanity must work out its salvation within the limits of economic law. And the way to a smooth working out of that salvation is by recognizing the

claims of the moral law. There is no reason why mistrust should exist between management and labor. The economic law demands humaneness."

Lord Leverhulme, industrialist about whose unpopularity with the House of Commons the author says—"It is curious how many men who do well outside the House of Commons fail to make good inside. Curious indeed! But more curious still, that the House of Commons should continue, in the light of this knowledge, to enjoy so good an opinion of itself." Lord Leverhulme, greatest acknowledged industrialist in the world, gladly, freely and unselfishly gave his aid to his country during the war. Lord Leverhulme's case is likened to politics in America, in which the greatest and best men are outside, and the second rate men are in politics and governing the affairs of the nation to a large extent. Lord Leverhulme has stated an aversion to politics and the critic makes a plea to Englishmen to make their politics of a higher order so that the best minds of the nation will feel an attraction to a political career.

The advice given by the writer, and the hope held out to the on-coming generations that they "may grow up with no taste for the betting ring, the card room, and the night club, or, that a certain number of them find their highest happiness in knowledge and wisdom rather than in ameteur theatricals and fancy-dress balls," should indeed be the hope and goal of present politicians, statesmen, ministers and educators. Many of us, no doubt, have a prejudice against an anonymous writer, but we should all make it a part of our education to accept criticism even of adverse nature. We may feel that this critic has been harsh at times, but we also come to feel that he is sincere.

Lois Ballenger, '23.

If Winter Comes

In this delightful book A. M. S. Hutchinson tells the story of a plain, honest, loyal Englishman, who goes through the fiery furnace of almost overwhelming tribulations and comes out untarnished. He is married to the type of woman from which every man would earnestly desire to be delivered. She simply could not recognize the mysterious about anything; "one was born, one lived, one died. What was there odd about that? An insect—you killed it. A flower—you plucked it. What's the mystery?" She had no imagination whatsoever. She saw or heard the thing precisely as it was presented. "If she saw a door she saw merely a piece of wood with a handle and a keyhole, "never once thinking of what might be on the other side." She was never grateful for anything given her or done for her, "simply because she could not bestow upon the gift the imagination of the feelings of the giver." "The thing was a present just as a pound of bacon was a pound of bacon." "You said 'thank you' for the present just as you ate the bacon. What more was to be said?" She was a convincing scold and took every opportunity to "fly up" at Mark, never seeming to try to understand him and never caring because she didn't.

This is not the only trial he has to bear. Two other women come into his life. Nona, his real mate, with the same enthusiasm and zeal that characterizes Mark himself; Effie—a fair, clinging vine type of a child, victim of another man's sin, is cast upon Sabre's generosity and shielded by him at a terrible cost.

So many things happen to Sabre in such a short period of time near the end that they lose some of the convincing power. He seems more a person set apart than the ordinary person we know at first, and we lose something of the intimacy we have felt all along. This intimacy is regained, however, when the tide of tribulations turns toward happiness.

The characters are keenly studied and widely varied. Few authors have loved a character as Hutchinson loved Mark Sabre. After making Mark live he does seem to have the power to go all the way round and make the others live also.

Perhaps the weakest point in the story, with the exception of Sabre's dire time of trouble, is the fact that Hutchinson does not tell why the clash between Mark and Mabel was inevitable. The way they accepted the situation after she had measles is a little bit overdrawn for human nature. There must surely be something that could be said for her point of view, but Hutchinson does not say it.

—K. Childress, '22.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The College And The Town

The college situated in the small town is the real center of things. The town has grown up around it. There are few other interests. Perhaps the only auditorium in the town is the college auditorium and here is given the lyceum and other attractions that come to the town. The town people keep up with college happenings. They are interested in and support the college undertakings. They come in contact with the students and extend to them the hospitality of their homes. There is thus a very strong bond between the college and the town. This was the situation in Greenville thirty years ago. Commencement week was a glad time for the whole section of Upper South Carolina. The homes of the citizens were open to visitors and people from all over the State, not only alumnae and relatives of students, but many others came to attend. The exercises both of Furman and Greenville Womans College were planned so that there was no overlapping and plenty of time was left for social functions. The young ladies "dressed in great display, there were many beaux, and it was a very festive time." Commencement Sunday was the great climax; the churches of every denomination were closed and the entire congregation attended the sermon.

Today, since Greenville has become the Textile Center of the South and has such varied interests, what is her attitude toward the colleges? Of course there is a part of her citizenship friends of the college and her alumnae who have the interest of the college at heart and always loyally support and boost the college. Aside from these, the friends of the college and the alumnae, what is the attitude of the town? What is the attitude of the average citizen who has no direct tie to the college, who has no sister or daughter a student?

Doubtless this citizen has an interest in the college. He realizes the importance of a college to a city. He believes in a college education for women. He knows a college is a good advertisement; people hear of the college and thus of the city; desirable citizens are attracted who come to educate their children. In talking to his friends, perhaps he boasts of the college as one of the assets of the city. Perhaps he is a merchant. He realizes that the college brings business to the city. He appreciates the patronage both of students and the college and takes an advertisement in the magazine or annual. Our citizen is progressive, he believes in community spirit and in community work. He likes the way the college responds on all occasions with its buildings and how the students take part in everything they are asked to do. He knows where the college is and thinks the students are fine girls.

The town is proud of the college, but what has it done for the college? Does the town give a substantial support? Most of the benefits, it seems, come one way. Suppose a drive should be put on to raise an endowment for the college such as many of the Northern colleges are doing, such as Goucher, for instance, is putting on all over the country. There is surely no reason why the Greenville Woman's College should not become a Class A college, if she had the proper endowment. Would the town support a drive like this? Our citizen might think that the standard of the college was quite high enough. If the college were to plan a yearly musical festival, would the citizens back it up and guarantee the money? Our citizen perhaps would sign if enough others would. On the other hand, if a movement were on foot to move the college our citizen would be the first to fight it. Now to look back, is the attitude to the college as friendly as it was thirty years ago? Has the town grown away from the college? Has the idea of the higher education and better equipment grown with the town?

Money Prizes

In a recent publication of *The* (Columbia) *State,* announcement was made of a contest to be held by *The State.* This contest is open to all undergraduates of our South Carolina colleges for the best piece of literary work, be it poem, sonnet, essay or short story. The conditions of the contest place the prizes offered within the range of any college student and should appeal to every ambitious student of every college in the State. The work submitted must not contain more than 2,000 words, a limit which gives every student a chance to his best work; the judges, to whom the papers will be submitted, are chosen by the South Carolina College Press Association. No composition that has appeared in print elsewhere will be considered, and no student will be allowed to enter more than one composition. Probably the most interesting feature of the contest to many students is the fact that generous prizes are offered. The first prize is $50; the second is $30; the third is $20; and there are ten prizes of $10 each. More important than the winning of such a useful and needed article as a money prize is the value of such a contest in helping toward the discovery of genius and the raising of the standard of literary production.

At many different times in the history of literature, prizes have inspired poets and writers to productions which, in most probability, would not have been written otherwise. Genius was discovered which might have remained hidden. Tennyson, for instance, while in the university, won the Chancellor's prize and was thereby encouraged to write and publish a small volume of poems. This volume contained the germ of all his later poetry. His poem, "Timbuctoo," which won the prize, helped gain for him a name which has lived until today and which will live for many centuries to come. Mathew

Arnold, while at Oxford, distinguished himself by winning prizes for essays.

Passing over many other instances and taking one of the present time, we at once think of Miss Lulu Bett, written by Zona Gale, which won the thousand dollar Pulitzer prize. Of this play the Literary Digest says, "She has written a powerful play, and a joyful play, the like of which rarely has been seen on our stage. It started a 'back to earth' movement."

These are sufficient to show that prizes have helped discover and encourage genius and given the world some invaluable literature. Were they not well worth while? May not this contest bring forth for South Carolina another Timrod or Simms? It is most gratifying to note the advancement being made in many educational activities in South Carolina that have not until recently received any stimulus. Such an offer as that made by *The State* should indeed call forth the efforts of college students. Active interest on the part of one of our greatest newspapers should inspire to greater efforts those students interested in any form of writing. There is talent in Greenville Woman's College and students should begin to work to avail themselves of the opportunity offered by *The State*.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Class 1876

Sadie (Goldsmith) Rowland (Mrs. Beattie) is living with her daughter in Walterboro, S. C.

Class 1879

Pauline (Patrick) Gurgamus (Mrs. P. E.) is head of the voice department of Judson College, Marion, Ala.

Class 1881

Hattie S. Goldsmith spent a part of last summer in New York City, studying at Columbia University. He has been made the principal of the new John Street School, in Greenville, for the session 1921-1922.

Class 1883

Nannie (E. Earle) Bomar (Mrs. P. V.) is now living in Marion, Alabama, where her husband is President of Judson College.

Class 1886

Bessie (Stradley) Hodges (Mrs. W. W.) has accepted the position as housekeeper, or home "Mother," of the Y. W. C. A. of Greenville, S. C.

Class 1890

Miss Sallie Watkins has accepted a position as head of a new textile school that has been opened in Greenville, S. C., under the direction of Mr. L. P. Hollis, director of welfare work at Monaghan Mill.

Class 1892

Miss Etta McGee is filling the important position as chairman of the Woman's Bureau, of the Greenville Chamber of Commerce. Under her leadership the membership has been increased and the work of the Bureau has advanced along all lines. She is also chairman of the City League of Woman Voters.

Class 1900

Miss Anna M. Hawkins has been a member of the faculty of the Greenville High School for several years. Her work is in the English department.

Class 1901

Aileen McGee studied at the University of Virginia this last summer. She is now in California.

Nannie (Rowland) Hughey (Mrs. J. D.) was re-elected president of the Alumnae Association of the College at the annual meeting held June, 1921.

Class 1903

Emmie McGee is spending the winter in New York City, with her sister, who is studying music at the Damrosch School.

Class 1905

Mary E. Adams attended the 1921 session of the Furman summer school. She is teaching in Greenville Public Schools.

Class 1906

Clara T. Hard has accepted the position as secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Greenville, S. C. She returned from Osaka, Japan, last spring, having been the General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. there.

Class 1907

Georgia Norris has been hostess of a year-round camp near Detroit, Michigan.

Class 1908

Paneuma Barton, who for the past six years has been a missionary in Canton, China, has been married to Dr. T. H. Allison of Canton.

Class 1909

Jean V. Latimer (L. I. '09; B. A. '14) spent last summer in Boston, Mass., with her neice, Annie Maude (Wilbur) Brown (Mrs. A. I.). This winter she is teaching in a private school and, at the same time, pursuing studies for her M. A. degree from Brown University, in Providence, R. I.

Class 1910

Mary (Gilreath) Clinkscales (Mrs. J. E.), who has been living in Greenville, has moved to Montgomery, Alabama.

Leila Lawrence is now living in South Dakota.

Class 1911

Jessie (Bryant) Hicks has been visiting at the home of her mother in Greenville, S. C.

Gladys McGee is spending her third winter of study in New York City, at the Damrosch School of Music.

Emma Wright is teaching in the Monaghan Mill School, Greenville, S. C.

Class 1912

Bernice Brown was married last summer to Walter Wingo and is now living near Fair Forest, S. C.

Belle Easley is secretary to Dr. Z. T. Cody, editor of *The Baptist Courier*.

Lucile Willis was married this past spring.

Sophia Brunson has been teaching in the Sumter High School for the past few years.

Flora Lee Lawton is teaching in the Dunean School, Greenville, S. C.

Lois Greene entered the Louisville Training School this fall.

Class 1913

Loulie (Cullum) Craig is living in Petersburg, Va., where her husband is a pastor.

Dorothy Mahon is studying expression in Boston, Mass.

Ottie (Simmons) Ayer was in Greenville during the Baptist Assembly.

Flora Mae (Hunt) McCully is guest of her sister in Conestee. During the past year she was Supervisor of art in the public schools of Birmingham, Alabama.

Class 1915

MARRIAGE: Margaret Hayne Beattie to St. John Courtenay, on the ninth of November, of the year. After several weeks in Europe, they will be at home in Columbia, South Carolina.

Snow Jeffries to Julius Bland, June, 1921. They are living in Johnston, S. C.

Paule (Chapman) Boatwright recently lost her father, Dr. J. D. Chapman, by death. Dr. Chapman was a prominent leader of the Baptists of this state and at one time was the financial secretary of the Greenville Woman's College.

Janie Gilreath played the role of *Cateeche* in "The Keowee Trail," a pageant which portrayed the history of seven counties of upper South Carolina. It was produced on November 11th at the Greenville County Fair grounds.

Mary Green is teaching in Greenville this year.

Mozelle Skinner attend the 1921 session of the Furman Summer School.

Class 1916

Marie Padgett is spending the winter in Greenville, S. C.

Miranda (Waters) Duckett was a visitor in Greenville for the Carolina-Furman foot ball game.

MARRIAGE: Beth Herndon to Mr. Roy Hunton, November 12th, in Greenville, S. C.

Class 1917

Mamie Bryan is teaching in the High School, in Asheville, N. C.

Ellen (Newton) Burnside is in Greenwood, S. C., where her husband is an instructer at B. M. I.

MARRIAGE: Helen Davis to Guy L. Guillick, in November, They are to make their home in Greenville, where Mr. Gullick is a lawyer.

Class 1918

Annie Donnald is teaching primary work at the Camperdown Mill School, Greenville, S. C. She spent a part of her summer studying in New York at Columbia University.

Ruth Scott is teaching in Florence, S. C.

Lavinia Keys is studying in Chicago, Illinois, in preparation for the work of a community organizer. She has had a year of practical experience with the Greenville Community Service Organization and was selected for this special line of work, from the country at large, as only a small number can be taken at one time.

Annette Robertson is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. N. H. Alford, of Greenville, S. C.

Mary Frances (Kibler) Holly was in Greenville recently for the Carolina-Furman game.

MARRIAGE: Susie Hester to Walter Farr, June 22, 1921, at Easley, S. C. Mr. and Mrs. Farr are making their home in Greenville, S. C.

Class 1919

Mamie Allen is teaching in Greenville, S. C., this year.

Carolyn Easley is a physical director at the Y. W. C. A. in Dayton, Ohio.

BIRTHS:

To Edna (Walker) Peace, a son, at Greenville, S. C.

To Martha (Peace) Knight, a son, at Greenville, S. C. Mr. and Mrs. Knight are now living in the western part of Virginia, near Bristol.

MARRIAGES:

Carolyn Cartwright to Brown Mahon, June, 1921. Mr. and Mrs. Mahon are living in Greenville, S. C.

Jean Dodson to Calvin Clement Anderson, June, 1921. They are living in Franklin, Tennessee.

Nada Green to John Cary, on June 25, 1921. They are living in Pickens, S. C.

Marion Wassum to William Tennet Powers of Columbia, S. C., on September 27, 1921.

Nellie May Mackey to Earle Stall, November 1, 1921.

Class 1920

Louise Southern is teaching at Conestee, S. C.

Belle Barton and Lois Green attended the summer session at Peabody College.

MARRIAGE: Rawie Jones to Herman McManaway, September, 1921, at Greenville, S. C.

Class 1921

Annie Galphine is teaching in the preparatory department of G. W. C.

Marion Hetrick is instructor in piano at G. W. C. this year.

Greenville Womans College

GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Greenville Womans College is an institution of higher learning established, controlled and supported by the Baptist Convention of South Carolina. It has to its credit sixty-seven years of successful experience in educating young women. The college has more than one thousand alumnae in this and other states.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Second term begins Feb. 1, 1921.

For further information apply to

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

Or OSA C. PASCHAL, Dean.

Furman University

GREENVILLE, S. C.

W. J. McGLOTHLIN, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D.

Courses are offered leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Science, (B. S.), Bachelor of Arts (B. A.) and Bachelor of Laws (LL. B.). Strong faculty, beautiful campus, healthful climate, moderate expenses. Jas. C. Furman Hall of Science, with fine quipment. Library especially endowed. Trained librarian. Large, comfortable dormitories, fitted with modern conveniences. Unrivalled athletic field, new dining hall, central heating plant and splendid student body.

THE REGISTRAR,
Box E, Furman University
GREENVILLE, S. C.