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The Isaqueena - 1922, March

Maribel Waters

Greenville Woman’s College

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The ISAQUEENA

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THE ISAQUEENA

Vol. XVI Greenville, S. C., March, 1922 No. 2

Published Quarterly by the Student Body of Greenville Women's College, Greenville, S. C.

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The Passing of Youth

'Tis the dawning of the day,
   Like youth upon its way,
With a mist all about,
   For the future is but doubt.
Rising from the clouds of life
   Into each day's toil and strife,
Youth and morning go.

'Tis the noon time of the day,
   Youth has gone on its way,
Far from the clouds and mists,
   On the road which winds and twists,
Launched far in life's rough sea,
   In which youth can never be,
For youth died long ago.

'Tis the twilight of the day,
   And age is on its way,
Quiet and content, serene in mind,
   Safe in harbor, from life's stormy wind,
In the dusk of the fast coming night,
   In life's last flickering twilight,
Age and evening go.

—Frances Luck, '25.
Reminiscences of Brazil

As I sit writing a letter to my brother in Brazil, visions of that country and recollections of happenings of my childhood in the tropics come vividly before me. My impressions of the country and its people are so lasting that my letter is neglected and I find myself pondering over the pictures which come to my mind.

I am thinking first of that wonderful flag which will be hoisted as the steamer carrying my letter enters the port. I see very vividly the green background of the flag, with its triangular yellow space on which is the great deep blue ball. Across the ball I see written the words, "Ordem e progresso"—which mean "Order and progress"—an ideal for which every Brazilian is earnestly striving. On this same blue ground I can see the twenty-one tiny little white stars of Brazil. As I look on these national colors, green, yellow, blue, and white, I am reminded that so much of the nature in Brazil represents some of these colors. Nearly all plant life, especially the ferns, I remember, have green leaves dotted almost entirely with bright yellow. Then, too, the sky in which floats the flag is always as deep and as beautiful a blue as that which I see on the flag.

Next comes to my mind the great lighthouse, which stands on a great rugged rock, jutting out into the sea, guarding the entrance to the sea port of Bahia. Along the short by the lighthouse I see the long stretches of coconut trees, growing very abundantly and almost wild. I recall shiploads of coconuts which have to be exported to Europe to be made into the desiccated coconut for confectionery purposes, because Brazil has no factories for this purpose. This prepared coconut is then brought back and sold at enormous prices. Can I wonder at the high price of living in Brazil?

I see again the fertile plains of the country in which a native does not have to cultivate the soil. Its natural fertility is all that is necessary. I believe this encourages the Brazilian to be lazy and backward. I remember how he throws a seed and does not need to attend to it until it is up and bearing fruit. The native grows just enough to live on comfortably, but never goes to any trouble, hence Irish potatoes are imported from Portugal or other parts of Europe. The Brazilians have no pasture land, so the milk is for all the world like water. Still worse, they deceive you and dilute it with water in order to make a little more money to spend in ways harmful to themselves—drink, tobacco and such. I recall the first time I ever tasted milk in Brazil and how I thought watery condensed milk was far better than a Brazilian cow's milk.

I see now one old man bending and toiling over his work in the fields. How often I watched him from my window as he worked steadily on with the hot rays of the tropical sun beating down on him. As a child I wondered what was the difference between summer and winter. I remember how I trudged to the little American Mission School, up one of the great hills, in the heat the whole year around. Now I realize that the only difference is that winter is rainy and hot and summer is dry and hot.

In my imagination I am taken into a house where a Brazilian woman is busily making lace. She sits on a low stool and before her is the hard oval pillow on which she makes the lace. I see all the rows of pins which are placed along the paper pattern on the pillow with which she industriously works. Now I am interested in the way she throws the bobbins on which is wound the thread, from one side to the other and up and down. The Brazilian lace is very beautiful and entirely made by hand. I remember that when just a child my dresses were always daintily trimmed with it.

The scene before me now is one which is very familiar in Brazil and yet is interesting to the stranger. I see two Brazilian men among the great throng in a busy street greeting each other with the well known Brazilian hug. As they meet one man puts his hand on the other man's shoulder while the other one passes his arm underneath. Here they stand patting each other all the time in this kind of embrace for quite a few minutes. I recall how many times I have suffered under this torture.

The most interesting person that stands before me now is a typical Brazilian girl. Her hair is combed sleekly back, there are no flying hairs. I recall the little incident that once happened to Mrs. Maxey White. When she arrived in Brazil the first present she had offered to her was a bottle of coconut oil to put on her hair. This was given to her by a Brazilian girl who did not approve of flying hairs. This girl is small in stature, has a very dark skin, sparkling black eyes and straight black hair. She has her hair parted and arranged very low on the neck in a flat knot. She wears no ribbons, although some of the Brazilian girls wear just bands around their heads, but never any large bows. She is dressed in a bright green skirt, a red waist elaborately trimmed in pink lace and has a yellow sash around her waist. She is wearing lavender colored stockings. The Brazilian girls love color.

My mind then drifts along to some of the religious customs of this unusual people.

It is Friday before Easter Sunday. As I go down the street I see the throng of people dressed in black or in dark clothes. Here comes the great procession. First in it are the images of all the apostles. The people silently watch them go by, then comes images of all the other saints you can imagine, and then the images of all those who took part in the crucifixion of Jesus. Still the people stand silently and watch. At last comes the image of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and as one person
the multitudes cry, "Nossa Senhora" (Our Lady), and fall on their knees.

In this procession, I see some little boys called "molegues." These are boys whose playground is the street. Yes—whose bed is the sidewalk or alley. There are many such little boys in Brazil. I am thinking of one who lived years ago and whose name was Bernardo da Silva. He played, ate and slept on the streets. If his father or mother were living he knew nothing about them. He was a Catholic, as all other "moleques" are, and went to church quite often. The Virgin Mary was his patron saint. She it was to whom he prayed when in need, for he was taught that she would give him what he wanted. I see him now as he entered the church, went up to her image and getting on his knees, whined, "Oh! Holy Mary, I need a string for my kite and have no money." Just then he spied the money box of the Virgin Mary. Slipping his hand into the box he pulled out some money and said, "Holy, Mary, Kent have this money?" He waited—all was silent—that means she says yes, so the money is mine." He got up from his knees and waving "Good-bye" to the image, went out.

Just here my unfinished letter drops to the floor and I am brought to my senses with a start. After these recollections of the country, my writing will be more pleasant, and I take up my pen and continue writing to my brother in far away Brazil.

—Rene Joyce, '22.

Ambitions At Six

Who does not remember that first day at school? Certainly everyone feels older on that day than on any that follows. I remember very well the first afternoon that I gathered up about a dozen books, only one of mine, and went off to study alone like big sister did. I settled snugly on the front steps where everyone might see that I had begun that pleasant occupation of studying. As I sat there I was not studying, but dreaming. How old I did feel and soon, very soon, I would be a lady.

One of my highest ambitions was to get big like all the girls in high school and wear high-heeled slippers like theirs. Sister had had high heels the very first year she was in high school and I thought, "Oh what a short time before I will be in high school and will wear high heeled slippers." I thought of all kinds of slippers. There were black ones with high French heels and big silver buckles, white ones tied with wide white ribbons, pink satin, blue satin and yellow satin slippers, all with high heels—I could not decide which I would buy first.

Do not think that the procuring of high-heeled slippers was my sole ambition at this early age, for it was not. There were many more, and among these was another very silly one. It was my ambition to get my tie spread over my shoulders and tied in a knot exactly like Miss Emmie's, my teacher's. She had a big three-cornered tie and I had a small windsor tie that suited my age and size much better. Although there was this slight difference in the size of these ornaments and, although it was impossible to make one resemble the other, I did not lose any time trying to puzzle out a way to make mine three-cornered. Mary Smith was called across the fence to offer her suggestions, but she was no better thinker than I. I practiced tying ties for hours, but all in vain.

This same teacher, Miss Emmie, had great influence on my life at this time. My thoughts constantly centered upon her and from her many of my ideas came. It was one of my highest aims to be able to put the inside of the middle joint of my fore finger in my mouth just like Miss Emmie did when she was thinking. I knew that I would be able to think much better if I could get my finger placed between my teeth in exactly the right position, for everything Miss Emmie did was exactly right.

There was another ambition in my little life at this time and it stood above all others. It was not to acquire any of Miss Emmie's habits or qualities, but to obtain a certain thing like mother had. I had been having toothache and I thought, "Oh how grand it would be to have teeth like mother; teeth that never, never hurt; teeth that I could take out!" Yes, it was my highest ambition to have false teeth.

Ambitions change as life goes on. Now, when we look back upon those days when we were six, how foolish they look. Perhaps when we are older we will look back upon these days and say, "Oh! what ambitions," or "What foolish creatures."

James Russell Lowell As Minister To England

The recent death of the widely known and highly admired Englishman, Lord Bryce, calls to mind what has been done by individuals to establish peace and good will between England and America.

Lord Bryce in the capacity of ambassador to the United States by his contact with American institutions and his study of them published in his “American Commonwealth” has done much to acquaint the English with their American cousins. But two or three decades before Lord Bryce did his great work in promoting the friendliness of the two English-speaking peoples another man in the capacity of minister to England did something of the same nature. That man was James Russell Lowell. His interest in the Irish question and his desire to see Britain and America united in understanding and good will were expressed in work that is well worth reviewing since questions of this nature have been called to mind by the death of Lord Bryce who built on the foundation which to a great extent was laid by Lowell.

Prior to Lowell’s English mission, 1880-1885, England and America had not attained a mutual understanding. Consequently they had no good feeling toward each other and no mutual interests. The stars and stripes had been floating over the United States for more than a century yet it had never occurred to England that an American had what could be called a country. Before the Civil War, Americans were to the English only a large mob of adventurers and shopkeepers. To them America had no traditions. Because America was the youngest of the nations, England thought she must be treated accordingly. America had been young but the Revolutionary war which established her position had sobered her. Then an even manlier tone was assumed after four years of facing death among her own people. Her British cousins found it hard to realize that she had grown up. But it was time for her to claim respect which had not been admitted. It was time for others to know that to Americans America was more than a promise, that she had true citizens just as other nations had.

England’s old idea of America was destined to be changed as America made progress in democracy. That she was more than a promise struck upon England almost suddenly when America sent James Russel Lowell as minister to the court of St. James. This new attitude was in no small measure due to Lowell’s preparedness for the position. He was a true American, a democrat, and a man of letters. He was the American of his time most saturated in literature. He was well known at home and educated Americans rejoiced when they knew that he was to represent them in England. As a man of letters he was known in England by the classes most closely related to the government. His experience as a man of letters helped him also to meet situations in social and political life that he probably could not have met had he not had such experience. Here he never lacked the moral courage which dared to stand “in the right with two or three.” His nature and method were gentle and persuasive rather than severe or antagonizing.

As a man of the world he believed in democracy. His famous address at Manchester on “Democracy” reveals the character of belief. In his address Lowell asks—“What shall we say of government by a majority of voices?” He answers that experience has shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. In dealing with the question of universal suffrage, the essential characteristic of democracy, he says that those constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. The ballot in the hands of the people is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads which they would inevitably have without the franchise. What men prize most is a privilege. The vote would be over valued if denied and some illegitimate way be sought to make up for the want of it. He refers to his own homeland when an appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail. He mentions some of the errors of democracy but he shows the finer side of it too, as evidenced by the hearing and breeding of such men as Lincoln and Emerson. His solution is to feel the national institution with elements of growth and vigor, to make such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves and so to justify them in respecting others.

Lowell was a severe critic of England for the attitude of her upper classes during the American Civil War. England had watched this struggle with painful attention, because of her own economic interests. During the war the most important manufacturing interest in England was paralyzed by loss of raw cotton which was obtained exclusively from the United States, and tens of thousands were thrown out of employment. Relief from this situation was her only interest in American peace.

Mr. Lowell had other qualities—self-poise, courtesy, devotion to truth, and refinement of speech and manners—All of these added to his fitness for his position.

His fitness for the position of minister was increased by another thing also. Besides knowing his own nation, speech, and customs, he knew those of another country. He had been minister to Spain and while there he found that his versatility enabled him to adopt himself to other national manners and customs. His political and social life in Spain helped him to enter upon his English mission with great ease and confidence in him-
self and hope of performing a great diplomatic service for his homeland.

He was transferred from Spain to England in 1880 and served as minister there for five years. In that difficult, exacting position he stands second to none of all who have thus served. He had inaculable influence in promoting the friendliness between America and England. This was in part due to his diplomacy in both social and political life. In London he found himself in the midst of friends and soon adjusted himself to his new relations. Mr. Smalley says that Lowell had seen the inside of more country homes in England than any American who ever lived. This evidence of his friendliness to the people and theirs to him.

Lowell was in great demand at the dinner table and at social meetings. For the Englishmen these were the ideal places for exchange of ideas of public affairs. It was inevitable that Lowell made a remarkable impression. His Bigelow papers prove him typical of the greatest Yankee wit. He had the spontaneousness of nature which made him one of the best of conversationalists. Themes such as literature and the common elements of American life were subjects that he was familiar with. Here he had an opportunity to show his beautiful command of the spoken truth. In truth his very genius rose within him to show what his culture really was because he knew that England generally deemed American culture vulgar. He wished them to see an American citizen as he really was. By showing this phrase of American life those personal intercourses with the Englishmen had weighty effects in producing an entente cordiale.

Just as the social life of the American minister helped England to have a juster estimate of American life, so did the political aspect of it. Lowell was minister when England and Ireland were at enmity because of operation of the so-called ‘coercion act’ and the old Irish question of Home Rule. He took lively interest in these affairs. But Lowell’s judgment regarding the Irish situation was not the result merely of what was going on then. He, as all other Americans who had followed public questions at home, could not escape the formation of some opinion respecting the relation in which Ireland stood to England. Her emigrants to America were his fellow citizens. In 1848 when O’Brien, Meaghur, and other Irish leaders were agitating for reform through insurrection Lowell commented on the situation in one of his editorial articles in the National Anti-Slavery Standard. He had no faith in the measure which these Irish leaders proposed. He thought the only remedy that could cure the evils of Ireland lay in peasant proprietorship and education. Then when the ‘coercion act’ was passed he condemned the measure taken by the British government. What the ‘coercion act’ was and how Lowell felt about are revealed in a quotation from a letter which he wrote to the American consul in Cork: “The ‘coercion act’ so-called, is an exceptional and arbitrary measure. Its chief object is to enable authorities to arrest persons whom they suspect of illegal conduct, without being obliged to produce any proof of their guilt. Its very substance and main purpose are to deprive suspected persons of the speedy trial they desire. This law, of course, contrary to the spirit and foundation principle of both England and American jurisprudence; but it is the law of the land and it controls all parties domiciled in the proclaimed districts of Ireland, whether they are British subjects or not, and it is manifested entirely futile to claim that naturalized citizens of the United States should be excepted from its operations.” Because of the delicate duty of discriminating between men who were American citizens and innocent of any infraction of British laws and men who used the cloak of naturalization, whether genuine or pretended, to cover illicit actions and designs, he had to uphold the real dignity of an American citizen and at the same time avoid entangling his country and Great Britain. Certain Irishmen who had returned to the Isles were arrested and imprisoned by the English. The American minister arranged for and gave trial to such prisoners. This involved not only a mass of correspondence and sifting of evidence, but constant application of personal judgement and exercise of much ingenuity in the reading of character. But through it all the American minister was equal to the task and kept down trouble between England, Ireland, and the United States.

Thus by his social and political diplomacy, a constant purpose, and richness of character Lowell helped draw England and America closer together. The wisest heads in both nations became aware of advantages which might arise from closer union of Anglo-Saxon races and that the true interest of both countries lay in their mutual friendship. The awareness of this belief has been strengthened throughout the years that have since elapsed. Lowell furnished an ideal attitude for both Englishmen and American which may be set forth in his own words:

“Be noble and the nobleness which lies
On others, sleeping but never dead, shall rise
In majesty to meet thine own.”

—Beulah Farnham, ‘23
How Kitasuma Came To Have A Japanese Name

It was Monday morning. The camping party was to disband on Tuesday about noon. Nothing of special importance had been planned for this last day’s camping in the mountains, and every one from the youngest to the oldest camper was thinking and wondering just how the day could be spent, when along came one of these mountain wagens containing an old couple, a man and woman, who seemed to typify the Blue Ridge mountaineer. We were surprised at first and a little annoyed by their stopping and thus abruptly breaking into our perplexing thoughts. However, our vexation was of short duration for we soon found that these interlopers were ‘heaven sent’ in order that a rather bored camping party might be interested on this, their last day’s visit in the heart of the mountains of Old North Carolina.

“What yer young folks doin up here in these yer mountains of ovrn?” asked the old mountaineer.

“Looking for excitement,” said one of the campers; “Studying nature,” said another, and “Having a bum time,” said still another.

“Well,” replied the old man to these disarrangements. “Why don’t yer git out and climb our mounting yonder, git a look at them flowers up there, git up and be ‘going’ and yer won’t git enother chance ter say our territory is bum, and lacking in, what yer calls, excitement?” All the while he had been pointing out and up toward the west, and following his finger the campers saw, for the first time during a week’s stay in the little town of Ridge Crest, the small mountain in the midst of the long range surrounding the town.

“Honest now, it won’t do us any harm to go up and take a peep at it,” said one of the girls, and it seemed that the same idea had been taking form also in the other minds. With one accord, the party exclaimed, “Let’s go.” and so it was arranged. On the trip this story was gathered from another mountaineer.

It was many years ago in early spring, when the sky is bluest and the atmosphere clearest, that Hon. Hayakawa and Hon. Ciosan set out on the bi-weekly coach running from Asheville to Old Fort purposing to travel from hence eastward. These Japanese gentlemen were on their way to Washington, as representatives from their country’s government, in company with three surveyors, who had a lodge near a small lumber camp, that is now the little town called Ridge Crest. This was in the days of stage coaches and slow travel, when only true lovers of beauty and the early forest surveyors took the tiresome trip along the rough and winding mountain roads. Just before the coach neared the lumber camp a front wheel broke thus delaying them for several hours.

This break in the coach wheel caused the surveyors much displeasure, for they had to walk all the way back to their lumber camp, a distance of about eight miles. To the Japanese gentlemen, however, it was an opportunity to climb to the top of the little mountain, which they thought might prove interesting.

They followed a small log trail, up which they came immediately after leaving the coach road, and after walking silently for about half an hour the two stopped, for to their astonishment they had suddenly reached the very top of the mountain. Here they stood transfixed, marvelling at the panorama stretched before their eyes—the soft green hills close at hand, the even fields on the banks of the Swannanoa, the distant turquoise mountains and the last violet line that fades into the sky. Picking up a charred stick Hon. Ciosan wrote on a flat rock near-by the word “Kitasuma”, meaning “Beautiful in the North”, and to this day, the little mountain has been called Kitasuma, and scores of people visit it on account of its marvelous beauty.

The campers were delighted and charmed with their trip, as the old mountaineer had predicted, they would be. On reaching the top of the mountain, over which the sun in all its brilliance was shining, they found that they could see, for miles around them the green peaked ranges. Over the valley hung the silver grey clouds, through which one was able to get a glimpse of the tops of a few of the tallest trees. The flowers all around seemed to represent a rainbow, so varied were they and so beautiful in color. The rhodora was the flower that was everywhere prevalent, however, and while some of the campers wandered aimlessly around enjoying the many different flowers, one of the crowd, thrilled over the sight of the rhodora as she had never before been thrilled, recalled Emerson’s “Rhodora.” As she stood gazing at one of these little flowers, the poet’s lines seemed to speak themselves:

“Why thou went there,
Oh rival of the Rose,
I never thought to ask I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance supposed,
The self same power that brought me there brought you”
—Bessie Prisickett, ’22.
"Cotter’s Saturday Night” and “Snow Bound”

If you would appreciate the joys of rural life read Whittier’s “Snow Bound” or Burns’ “Cotter’s Saturday Night.” To rate country life at its worth”, says Steadman, “one must have parted from it long enough to have become a little tired of that for which it is exchanged.” In the case of both Whittier and Burns this rule holds true. For, after years spent in the city,—years of political stress and strain, after the battle had been fought and won, we find Whittier dreaming of his childhood, thinking of the old home, and of loved ones,—calling up all the details which made that life so happy, and which seemed so dear to him now that they were gone, and before he realized the real joy of the life he had led, there on his father’s farm.

The same thing is true in the case of Burns. Years passed after he left his father’s cottage in the country, before we find him writing the “Cotter’s Saturday Night”. In the mean time he had known the joys of success and the anguish of failure. He had known what it was to be entertained in the best homes and society, only to become an outcast from that same society in later years. In short he had become too well acquainted with the fickle world. After this had come to pass we find Burns, too, lauding the joys of a simple country life.

One part pictures a home in New England, the other shows a cottage on a Scottish moor, and yet how much alike these two poems are.

In the treatment of this rural theme Burns is entirely in his element. Here he exhibits neither affection, nor condescension, nor ignorant idealization, nor superficial observation, as some writers on rural themes are wont to do. Everywhere there is complete comprehension and living reality—the people he deals with are real people, the scenes he describes stand out just as vividly to us as some we have actually seen. Let us review the poem.

The chill November day is drawing near a close as the tired cotter plods his way home. Everything about him is desolate and bare. Yet there is cheer in the cotter’s heart, for love is there. He knows that children will run to meet him at the door, and he knows that there will be a smile of welcome on his wife’s face as he enters. It is a happy scene which Burns pictures so vividly. We can almost hear the fire as it crackles on the open hearth, and the baby’s prattle as he climbs on his father’s knees. One by one the older children come in after their day’s work, and joyfully exchange news of the happenings of the day, while the mother listens, and with needle and shears “Makes old clothes look almost as well as new.”

Later we see the family gathering at the supper table. There is a visitor for the meal—"A strappin’ youth—sae bashful and sae grave” who admires the oldest daughter, Jenny. In his honor the mother has brought out her well saved cheese to go with the customary porridge. No regal feast was theirs, but joy and cheer shows on the faces of all. Perhaps it was just such a scene as this that Solomon had in mind when he said: “Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therein.” It seems only natural that religion should play an important part in this simple home of the Cotter. Accordingly we find the family gathering, “the cheefu’ supper done,” "to worship God.” They begin their service by singing—

“The sweetest far of Scotia’s lays,
Compared with these, Italian thrills are tame”.

Then,

“The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high
Fr, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
While Amalek’s ungracious progeny”.

or,

“Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed
How he who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth wheron to lay his head.”

“Then kneeling down to Heaven’s Eternal King,
The saint, the father and the husband pray’s,
Hope ‘springs exaltant on triumphant wings’
That thus they all shall meet in future days
That bask in unreabed rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator’s praise
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.”

Poor as it is, and simple as it is, we can but feel that the home which Burns had pictured for us is a real home. No carpets covered its floors, no decorations made its interior charming, but love filled its walls with cheer and happiness, and faith in God, and sympathy for fellow men gave to that simple cottage an atmosphere that riches could never buy.

The account which Burns gives us of rural life in Scotland is a remarkably vivid and realistic one. And we can but feel proud that one of our American poets has written a poem which is a worthy successor to the “Cotter’s Saturday Night.” Burrows well avows “Snow Bound” to be “the most faithful picture of our northern winter that has ever been put in our poetry”, and he might well have added that as a literary expression of the inner life of an old fashioned American rustic home it has no rival. This is no peasant’s home; it is far above that in refinement and culture but it is equally simple and devout—just a good old fashioned real American home.

Like Burns, Whittier chooses to describe his home in mid-winter, when it is cold and disagreeable outside, but warm and cheerful within.

Page Nine
For two nights and a day the snow had fallen incessantly,
"And when the second morning shone
We looked upon a world unknown
Of nothing we could call our own,"
"The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood.
The bridle post an old man sat—
The well-curb had a Chinese roof."
And then Whittier goes on to describe in his simple yet imaginative way the delight which the boys got out of shoveling a tunnel thru the snow. Even the chores became pleasant task, and it was a true adventure to explore the landscape, for everything was different, under its covering of snow—
"We minded that the sharpest ear,
The buried brooklet could not hear
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship"
Night also brought its joys for the children. Their play in the snow must be discontinued until tomorrow, but there was just as much fun to be had around the open fire. Safe from storm and cold, in the shelter of the big old kitchen, children and parents gathered to spend a pleasant evening. Writter’s power of description is remarkable. The kitchen with its whitewashed walls and sagging beams stands out as vividly as if we had actually seen it. It is the touch of fancy and child-like imagination which Whittier puts into his descriptions, that makes them seem so real—
"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about
Content to let the northwind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house dog on its paws outspread
Laid to the fire its drowsy head
The cat’s dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger seemed to fall,
And for the winter fireside meet
Between the andiron’s straddled feet
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October’s wood.”
Gathered around this fire the group passed the time with "stories old."
"Our father rode again his ride
On Memphreneagóg’s wooded side,
Sat down again to moon and lamp
In trappers’ hut and Indian camp;
Lived o’er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. Franccs’ hemlock trees;"
The mother too contributed stories along with the Aunt and the guest—
"At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull’s-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit thru
Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine
That sign the pleasant circle broke."
The sketches of character are good portraits; the faces are alive and ruddy in the firelight, homely beautiful like “Flemish pictures,” to use Whittier’s own phrase—the father, a “prompt decisive man,” the uncle “innocent of books,” and the aunt—was ever more charming tribute to the elderly maiden?
"The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistening at her noon;
Thru years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy trees to thin grey hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.”
Then the sister
"Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.”
And the strongest portrait of all is that of the cultivated passionate woman; who is the first.
"A certain pardlike, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,
Lent the white teeth the dazzling flash,
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;"
"A woman tropical, intense.”
Having lived in a home like the one he portrays, there is little wonder that Whittier likes to dream “in thoughtful city ways of winter joys his boyhood knew.” And there is little wonder that in picturing those dear members of his family, most of whom had passed on beyond, that Whittier is led on to thoughts of eternity.
"Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
Since he who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must,”
"Alas for him who never sees the stars shine thru his cypress trees!"
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The trust to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!”
As we have said, Burns depicts for us a home in Scotland—a home simple and poor, a home in which there is little of culture and learning, yet much of dignity and simple refinement.
Whittier describes for us a home in our country—home in which there is far more of comfort, far more
of culture than in the Scot’s simple cottage, and yet the same spirit pervades both homes. And determines whether or not a dwelling will really be a home. Love, sympathy, faith in God and fellow man—these are the necessary characteristics of a successful family life. Where they are we have a home, whether the structure be a mere shanty or a house beautiful. In the words of the modern song,

"Better than a castle
with a gilded dome
Is a Love Nest you can call home."

—Thrace Maudlin, ’22.

Mother

After the day is over,
After my work is done,
I wearily plod homeward,
’Neath the spell of the setting sun.

Just at the break of twilight
Just when the day is best
Alone in the hush of evening
I sit quietly down to rest.

In the glow of the dancing firelight
Just as I close my eyes,
I see a mystic form appear
As a lace like cloud in the skies.

Nearer seems the vision
Clearer its shape becomes
At its sight my heart starts beating
As loud as a hundred drums.

Now my mind is clearer,
Now I know what to do,
Now I bask in the radiance
Of the mystical presence of you.

Just now you seem to beckon
You bid me come with you,
I wish to go; because I know
Your heart is pure and true.

I move and I awaken,
But the vision has disappeared,
I stumble around in the halls of thought
And at last my mind is cleared.

’Twas a dream that I had at twilight
Oh Mother, a dream of you,
And I live with the hope ever present
That the dream will some day come true.

—Flora Bennett, ’23.
G. W. C. Date Card

January 2—
Student body returns from Christmas holidays. “Have a good time?” is the everlasting question. Dreaming of days gone by is the pleasantest occupation.

January 5—

January 7—
Our friends “across the river” came over—Good New Year beginning for informal receptions.

January 14—
Alethean Literature Society meets. Roll call answered with quotations from “Bringing up Father,” and “Mutt and Jeff.” (Impromptu program)
Robert E. Lee program interests members of the Philothean Literary Society.

January 16-25—
Exams ! ! ! ! ! !
“Busy,”—“Keep out,”—“Do not disturb.”

January 20—
Freida Hempel as “Jenny Lind.”

January 21—
“A Glimpse of the Flowery Kingdom” Lyceum number.

January 23—
A large crowd assembles at the Judson Memorial Hall, on Furman campus, for the annual debate of the Philosophian and Adelphian Literary Societies.

January 24—
The G. W. C. girls have the pleasure of hearing Billy Sunday at the Textile Hall.

January 25—
At 4:30 in the afternoon the old bell in the hall rang out a farewell to the first semester and a welcome to the second.

January 26—
Stereoptican slides on Argentina by the president of the Y. W. C. A.

January 28—
On the Dean’s bulletin board “The young men from Furman have asked to come over to-night.” Their request is granted.

January 29—
G. W. C. and Furman Student Volunteers give joint program at Morgan Memorial Church.

February 2—
An “old time singing” takes the place of the regular Y. W. C. A. program.—Old songs, new songs and rounds.

February 7—
Dramatic club puts on new play called “Aunt Neally,” under the leadership of one of the advanced students Miss Eloise Alexander.

February 8—
An interesting Lyceum number—G. W. C. “birds” enjoy the “Bird Man.”

February 9—
Is there anything significant in the fact that the Chemistery D class went to the Furman laboratory to analyze sugar? We understand that the young men who were working remained two hours over time!!
Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay’s 24th wedding anniversary—chicken dinner. The president announces that if he had to become any other person he would prefer being Mrs. Ramsay’s second husband.
Four G. W. C. girls, Misses Maribel Waters, Cleo Hendricks, Bessie Prickett and Margaret Burns, sing at the Kiwanis Luncheon.
Dr. Cody speaks on “Orthodoxy” at Y. W. C. A. regular meeting.

February 10—
Beams! Beams! Fine Arts Building Beams! Aren’t they long? Seventy-five feet.
Mass meeting of Student Government Association. Plans for “Dress Campaign” are accepted.

February 11—
The Alethean Literary Society gives a party in honor of the Philopeans.

February 13-14—
“In the Spring a Young Man’s Fancy” by the Dramatic Club.

February 20—
The Freshmen-Senior Reception.

February 25—
The Juniors give a stunt—thought they would start something new at G. W. C., eh?

February 28—
Anna Pavlova, “The incomparable,” appears at Textile Hall, assisted by her ballet russe.

March 7—
Anna Case heard in concert at Textile Hall.
Our Women, or Chapters on the Sex-Discord, by Arnold Bennett, is a book that every woman should read. Mr. Bennett truly “practices what he preaches” in this book, in the impartial manner he has taken in writing it. The author uses the word “sex” quite as freely as we use the words “man” and “woman,” so we must give a new and broader meaning to the word, than some of us have hitherto done. He states that his chapters are an expression of the discord between the sexes, and the impulse to write them has sprung from a realization of the discord.

Being a man, and writing on the subject of “Women” primarily, Mr. Bennett acknowledges the necessity of seeking the “fairness which is in him.” In this discourse we see ourselves as others see us—as friends, lovers, brothers, husbands see us, and none are too good, or too perfect but that they might improve by adhering to the suggestions of Mr. Bennett. The author, however, is not a realist, but says that one misunderstanding is removed only to be succeeded by another. He is not trying to remove the discord between the sexes, which he describes as the most “exasperating thing in existence,” and also the most “delightful and most interesting thing in existence;” but merely to establish harmony and put an end to the vast alteration.

Mr. Bennett is not trying to make a name for himself in writing on this subject, as his statement on the subject shows. He says: “More cheap renown has been achieved by facetiousness and cynicism about women than by anything in the whole realm of social controversy. The biggest fool or rascal ever born can achieve a name in this field if only he is silly enough, or unscrupulous enough,” and we know when we finish Mr. Bennett’s book that he is not silly or unscrupulous, but it truly proves the fairness that is in him.

The author accounts, in part, for this discord between the sexes, by the fact that formerly the destiny of woman was to be parasitic. But this period is now closed, although the war between the old and the new ideals is not yet over—still it is won, and it is no longer quite correct for a truly proper woman not to have something to do apart from her husband and her home. Standards and conventions change and we change them and with them, and feel as much satisfaction in ourselves and the new conventions as past generations have felt in their forward steps.

Another step toward lessening the discord, says Mr. Bennett, is to abolish the economic slavery of women, by having every girl brought up and educated so that she may be able to make her own living. No organism demands wider knowledge and nicer skill than the home. The amateurish training received by the average girl does not help her to know “when to send for a doctor and when to laugh.” For Jill to say to Jack, “The steak is cooked to a cinder, but I am charming and I adore you,” is apt to receive the retort from Jack, “Both statements are undeniable, but I fail to see the connection between them.” The author emphatically concludes that every girl without exception ought to be trained professionally either for domesticity or for an extra-domestic career, and the only exception be on the ground of ill-health or feeble-mindedness.

To women all though history, and at all times, has been accorded the name of “Charmer”—a name which women instinctively desire and acquire and which men always want them to have. No one wants to see women in uniform dress as men, nor does any one want to see men only and keep women in the background, so women have a standard they must live up to. Jill must not be negligent when there is only Jack for dinner. Her duty is different from Jack’s—because she is a woman. One Jill has asked, “Why should I try to charm Jack when Jack doesn’t try to charm me?” which the author answers with the question, “Why should Jack open doors for you and raise his hat to you?” and Jill has her own question answered by her retort, “Because I’m a woman, of course!” This point shows a duty primarily Jill’s, in helping to solve the eternal discord.

The question which has often been raised, “Are men superior to women?” the author considers an unworthy one, in view of the attitude toward the “public” woman in the past. He states that today every man and every woman knows that the average man has more intellectual power than the average woman—a fact which is as notorious as the fact that a man has more physical strength than a woman, but one thing is sure, that women will have a much better time in the future than they have had in the past. They will not necessarily be happier, but they will fulfill themselves more completely.

The salary-earning girls of the present day has been the subject of much talk and criticism. True she has lost some things, but she has made gains in return. The gain on the whole, says Mr. Bennett, was enormous. In times past, the girl of the household was permitted to meet no men, other than near relatives, but that disadvantage is changed with the advent of the salary-earning girl. Instead of dreaming of men, she may know them in reality, and correct her dreams by reality, which correction is far better than the violent and distressing one, say, in a month of marriage. By meeting and knowing men, not a man, girls can meet the male companion in a hundred matters on common ground—in a freer, fuller, and saner
intercourse. This change signifies a fraternalization of the sexes.

Much of the discord today is due, in the majority of cases, to the fact that the married woman is economically a slave. The generous husband "Allows" or "Permits" his wife to have so much money each month—while he holds the privilege to withdraw what he grants! The wife may spend more than the husband, but so long as the "Allowance" feeling exists, the discord will exist. Mr. Bennett states that legislation is needed to modernize the economic relations between husband and wife, and he little doubts that it will ultimately come. Such a statement seems radical, at first, but the writer points out the fact that "Lancashire cotton masters wore solemnly in public that the cotton trade would be ruined if they were prevented from working children of twelve years for eighteen hours a day."

In solving the discord problem, Mr. Bennett points out the importance of social intercourse. To sneer at it as conventional shows a serious failure of understanding. He says that the significant thing about it is that it is mainly in the hands of the women. For a woman to plan a social hour and omit, as so many do, any plan for intercourse, is like planning a meal without a balanced and outlined menu. He points out the fact that in nearly all social intercourse exaggerated insincerity predominates—and must be done away with. The circulation of ideas must be given equal place with the circulation of wines and foods, before any progress can be made along this lines. "We are yet only at the beginning of intercourse."

Mr. Bennett very cleverly describes in the closing two chapters of his book the masculine and feminine view of the sex discord. Discords will and do invariably come up between man and wife, but they should be settled! They are not settled, sometimes, because Jack makes no attempt to put himself in Jill's place, to make his brain work on the lines on which her's works; and they are not settled again, because Jill fails to put herself in Jack's place, and to try and see things as Jack sees them;—wherein Jacks and Jills are very much alike.

In order to smooth the rugged places in life, between any two individuals, each one must, as Jack and Jill, attempt by the exercise of imagination to put himself or herself in the position of the other, doing a part to solve the discord, which feminist legislation can never resolve unmixed.

—Lois Ballenger, '23.

The American Novel

"The American Novel," by Carl Van Doren, is a record of the progress of native fiction. It traces the development of the American novel from its earliest beginnings to the present time. In the preface the author states that the book is meant to serve as a chapter in the history of American imagination. The plan of the book is somewhat the same as that which the author uses in the chapters on fiction contributed by him to the Cambridge History of American Literature.

The book consists of ten chapters, in the first five of which Mr. Van Doren discusses, The Beginnings of Fiction Romances of Adventure, Blood and Tears, The Eighties and Their Kin, and Reaction and Progress. The remaining five chapters are given over to a criticism of the writers whom he considers the most outstanding in the development of the American novels. Cooper, Hawthorne, Harvells, Mark Twain and Henry James. The chapter on Cooper is of all the most interesting. Other worthwhile characteristics of the book are its biographical notes and index.

"Prose fiction," says Professor Van Doren, in the opening of his statement,"by the outbreak of the American Revolution, one of the most popular forms of literature in Europe had as yet a small and insecure reputation in the British colonies which subsequently became the United States," and from these lines we realize the comparatively recent material with which the author deals. No fiction was written in the colonies and little attention was paid to English production. Professor Van Doren believes that the political allegory prepared the way for invented narratives. After a discussion of the beginnings of fiction the writer gives the three "matters" of the American romance as the Revolution, the Settlement and the Frontier.

The development of the novel is brought out by a criticism of the novelists from the time of Cooper, on whom "the task of becoming the principal romancer of the new nation" weighed lightly since he accidentally stumbled into authorship, to the writers of the present day. This latter group of writers is reviewed only in so far as they show the general tendencies in recent fiction. Besides the five writers to whom are devoted whole chapters of interesting discussion and criticism, there are a host of other writers of less importance who are discussed in a most interesting manner.

—Eugenia Pearson, '23.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The College Magazine Today

Self-expression is the joy of life. It is through work that man expresses himself. The musician expresses his moods and aesthetic appreciation in his music; the poet in his poetry; the farmer is interested in the soil and expresses his interest by endeavoring to increase the value of the soil and its products; and when the mechanic, with his keen, mathematical mind, expresses himself we know the result—automobiles, railways, ships, buildings, and other great constructions.

A college shows its love of sports by the athletic and social activities; its religious interest by such organizations as the Y. W. C. A.; but where is the literary expression?

The college magazine should express the literary achievements of the college; its editorials, short stories, essays, poems, and sketches are the students speaking and expressing the literary training of the college.

There are others, however, who consider the magazine a joy and are anxious to work for it and see it a success; they realize, as all broad-minded modern people do, the real value of the college magazine to the student and its possibilities for developing genius. It is an accepted fact that the future poets, journalists, and short story writers are now being trained in the colleges.

Some readers contend that such literary geniuses as O. Henry and Jack London were not college men—but will their work stand the test of time? Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow were college men, and contributed to our literary writings that have lived. We cannot say where our future permanent contributions are to be found, but after reading a copy of the "Best College Short Stories" or "The Poets of the Future," we feel sure that the colleges are training our future Hawthornes, Emersons, and Longfellows.

Besides the stories in the 1922 "Best College Short Stories," there is an introduction containing discussions by leading editors for the benefit of young authors. Thirty-nine colleges are represented by these stories; it is interesting for us to know that South Carolina is represented by Converse College in this collection—why not Greenville Woman's College next year?

"The Poets of the Future" is a collection of the best college poems of the year. The edition this year contains one hundred and twenty-five poems, representing sixty-eight colleges. In reviewing this book the St. Louis Globe Democrat says, "The poems indicate that the authors have already 'arrived' and can take their places with the older poets."

The Louisville Times says, "An immensely interesting volume and one which should be in the hands not only of those who are interested in poetry, but all who are interested in Young America. It is, we believe, prophetic of the future, not only of the few among these rhymesters who will undoubtedly be great poets, but of the entire drift of thought fit the next twenty years. Poetry, yes, extremely worthy and creditable poetry, and behind it the Vision Glorious."

With such appreciation of the value of the work done by college students as this, why question the opportunity the college magazine offers for future authorship—why doubt that the quality of future writings is being determined by our college work today. Is it not necessary then, that each student use all her effort to make her college publication the very best literary expression of the college—and by so doing she will not only honor her college, but also aid the future contributions to our national literature?

The High School "Star" Learns In College That Other Bright People Exist

Acute is the shock that comes to the student who was a "star" in high school, when after settling down in college she discovers that there are any number of college mates who are quite as advanced in learning and ability as she. It is a shock because the high school boy or girl enters college fresh from literary, athletic and class room triumphs—heart set on taking all honors in college with ease and somewhat cock sure and self-satisfied in her capacity for doing so. The first blow comes when the "ex-star" discovers in her conversation with her classmates that there are others whose ambitions are of the same nature as hers and whose achievements back home were the equal of hers. She finds that medals are well distributed but continues to wear hers in a most conspicuous place, and makes up her mind that competition will make up the honors she is bound to win all the more glorious, and then come other stunning shocks. She finds that she is being out-stripped by some gifted student and her heart is made sad because a professor gives her no more notice than the other students. Perhaps she is beaten in debate or possibly she just makes the basket ball team by a hair's breadth. She cannot understand at all. Back home in the high school she was the "star" everything came; teachers pointed to her as a model. In high school it was she who led in classes and won all the medals in addition to being the best basket ball player on the team. Why can't she do the same in college? She knows her mind and ability are the same. She "takes stock"
of the situation and after much thought concedes that there are many other people who are just as bright as she. But that does not pacify her feelings. She is disappointed, gloomy. Her dreams of conquest have been smashed. She is almost ready to quit and go home to mother. Several crying spells are interspersed with a season of moodiness which makes her almost unbearable.

And then comes the change. Out of the first disappointments and the strings of a few defeats arises a new attitude and a changed girl. The "ex-star" has found at last that her little sphere is only a very small one and that she is just one of many bright, ambitious students. She is willing now to admit that others are more competent than herself; her self-centered, self-satisfied self is dead; she enters a new realm—her thought now is as much of others as of herself. She is happy and pride of a new sort has entered her bosom; it is pride in her class, her club; her college.

Thus the close of the first year finds our high school "star" a normal, wholesome student who has built a bright future out of a disappointment that grew from the realization that there were other bright people in the world besides herself.

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Out In The Deep

How far, how far
From them we are,
Whose souls who sleep,
Sleep in the deep;
Out in the deep!
Out in the deep!

They neither hear nor see,
In the depths of the sea,
But beneath storm and tide
They will ever abide,
Out in the deep!
Out in the deep!

Nor rain, nor cloud,
Nor an angel shroud,
Can disturb their rest,
On the sea's cold breast;
Out in the deep!
Out in the deep!

Without smiles or tears,
In their years,
They lie there and wait,
Wait—for judgment and fate;
Out in the deep!
Out in the deep!

—Frances Luck, '25.
ALUMNAE NOTES

A Suggestion To The Alumnae

During the last few years, as never before, the alumnae of the Greenville Womans College have had reason to be proud of their Alma Mater. They have observed the splendid results obtained in various lines of work by her graduates. There are very few spheres of activity and few states of the Union in which they have not made their influence felt to a marked degree. They are proud of the fact that there is probably but one other college in the state which has had so many teachers in our public schools. The alumnae have seen the faculty of the college increase in number and efficiency; they have seen the value of the institution as a center of learning in South Carolina draw forth many words of praise and substantial gifts of money; and they are watching its standard as it is being gradually raised to the level of that of the best colleges of the South.

The college is rapidly reaching the goal of standardization. One of the requirements, however, of an A college is that its library shall contain seven thousand volumes and we have not reached that number. To see that the number and content of the books of this very essential part of every college meet the requirements of the various departments has long been the task assigned to the alumnae. Through lack of organization, however, the former students have lost sight of the need and there has been no definite plan for keeping it before them. Through ignorance, therefore, rather than through negligence, the alumnae have not added to the library in a way that keeps pace with the demand for books. Practically every subject that is taught at the college requires more or less supplementary material, and the students have often felt that they are not getting as deep an insight into their subject as they should because of the lack of this reference matter. If this need is presented to the former students of the college there can be no doubt that they will respond nobly, with the enthusiasm that marked the performing of their duties at college and with all the promptness that marks their response to the duties in which they are engaged today. We feel sure that they need but to be informed and ways and means will be found to meet the emergency.

It has been interesting to note the methods that the men, alumni of Furman University, have adopted in order to raise money to supply the school with necessary equipment at the present time, they are preparing an entertainment which they expect to give in order to help supply their Alma Mater with funds to build an adequate gymnasium. It is an ideal way of getting money and when it comes to a thing like that the women are not less resourceful than the men. What the graduates of G. W. C. need is a strong organization through which they can keep informed of the requirements of the college and one which will enable them to help meet the demands of the fast growing institution.

The ideal plan would be to have a strong alumnae association with an efficient executive board at its head. There is no doubt that every woman who ever studied at the college has an unfailing interest in its welfare and that at least suggestion about the need of our library she would do her part toward making it what it should be.

—Eleanor Keese.

THE EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

BESS BARTON, Editor.

As evidenced by the February number, The Carolinian is coming to be more and more a magazine of genuine literary worth. And when we find that in the entire publication of three very good stories, five poems, and an essay of unusual value not a single member of the staff is numbered among the contributors, we are moved to envy. Of the stories, “The Substitute” probably has the least originality of plot, but it is interesting and well-written, nevertheless. “How Painter Tail Mountain Got Its Name” is delightful in its portrayal of human nature, but there is always danger of the dialect being ‘over done’ in a story of this kind. Because we enjoy the poems we hesitate to offer any nonconstructive criticism. We do feel of some, however, “La Belle Vie” for example, that the theme is a bit ambitious for one of short experience.

The February Concept is a pleasing combination of “sense and nonsense” that commends itself to the average reader of college magazines. Very likely because we always expect to find in The Concept at least one poem of promise we were disappointed that this time all of them might well have been included in the Wild Thyme. About the story, “The Smiling Villain” we are still wondering—and we almost say still condemnatory. Failing to find an interpretation of our own, we should like very much to have the writer’s explanation as to the motive or compelling idea. “The Doorstep Girl” has a plot that might be developed into a striking story, and the writer gives signs of being able to develop just such a story. In its present form it can scarcely be called more than a sketch.

We are more than glad to have the magazines that come to us through the exchange department. We find in them both pleasure and profit, and we would like again to express our whole-hearted appreciation of each one.
JOKES

Pig—"That was a sad defeat the other day."
Skin—"Yes, even the grandstand was in tiers."—Cow.

* * * * 

Professor’s Wife—"Why, my dear, you’ve got your
shoes on the wrong feet."
Professor—"But, Henrietta, they’re the only feet I
have."—Phoenix.

* * * * 

Ambitious Author—"Hurrah! Five dollars for my
latest story."
Fast Friend—"Who from?"
A. A.—"The Express Company. They lost it."—Brown Bull.

* * * * 

"I hear some of the profs lead a fast life."
"I doubt it; none of ’em passed me this year."—Gargoyle.

* * * * 

You can always tell a Freshman
And put him down as such.
You can always tell a Freshman
But you cannot tell him much."—Princeton Tiger.

* * * * 

"He says he’ll never believe a sign in New York
again!"
"How come?"
"He saw a sign ‘Park Here,’ but though he looked all
around, he couldn’t find a park."—Princeton Tiger.

* * * * 

Trans-Atlantic Romance No. 1—Girl frigidly to gent
who has just spoken to her: "Did I understand you to
say that your name was John Smith?"
He (slightly oiled)—"No, Pocahontas, you did not."
—Record.

* * * * 

"It’s funny but it often happens that dry books best
satisfy thirst for knowledge."—Princeton Tiger.

* * * * 

"Hello, old top. New car?"
"No! Old car, new top."—Lyre.

* * * * 

Dreams are illusions, and many a girl’s complexion
is a perfect dream.

* * * * 

A nervous chap was about to wed. To the calm best
man he cried, "Tell me, is it kisstory for the groom
to cuss the bride?"—Princeton Tiger.

* * * * 

Dark Skin—"Ah wants fo’ to buy a razah."
Obliging Clerk—"For shaving or social purposes?"—Orange Owl.

* * * * 

Simp—"I can’t live within my allowance."
Blimp—"Well, I can’t live without mine."—Octopus.

Editor—"We can’t accept this poem. It isn’t verse at
all; merely an escape of gas."
Aspiring Poet—"Oh! I see; something wrong with
the meter."—The Medley.

* * * * 

"My professor doesn’t know good English."
How so?"
"Why, he says ‘pie are square,’ when it should be
‘pie is round’."—Widow.

* * * * 

"Have you a little fairy in your home?"
"No, but I have a little miss in my engine."—Philadelphia Retail Public Ledger.

* * * * 

Roddy—"I know a man who lost a hundred pounds in
ten minutes."
Reddy—"How’s that?"
Roddy—"Horse race in London."—Sun Dial.

* * * * 

Jane—"Were his letters to you during the summer
sort of a Romeo and Juliet affair?"
June—"No; Much Ado About Nothing."—Punch Bowl.

* * * * 

She—"This Italian coin smells just like garlic."
He—"Yes, my dear; most Italian quarters do!"—Ghost.

* * * * 

Prof—"Nothing ever was, now is, or ever will be that
did not come from something that was, now is, or will be."
Student—"That explains the hole in the dough nut.
—Exchange.

* * * * 

Zoology Prof. (oratorically)—"Where will the missing
link be found?"
Student (aroused from slumber)—"Have you looked
under the bureau, sir?"—Princeton Tiger.

* * * * 

Kitty—"That man over there is staring right at my
nose."
Kat—"Maybe he’s a reporter."
Kitty—"But why should a reporter stare at my nose?"
Kat—"Well, they’re supposed to keep their eyes on
everything that turns up, aren’t they?"

* * * * 

Guide—"See that tiger lily."
Woman Sight Seer—"I don’t see him; and besides my
name isn’t Lily."—Princeton Tiger.

* * * * 

"Your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "your
bull pup has chewed up the court Bible."
"Well," grumbled the judge, "make the witness kiss
the dog. We can’t adjourn court to get a new Bible."—Record.
Advertisements
$5,000.00

How would you like to receive $5,000?

By means of a small weekly deposit you can guarantee that amount for yourself through our insurance savings plan.

You could arrange for that amount to go to some loved one or to G. W. C. should you not live to receive it.

Southeastern Life Insurance Co.
Established 1905
Greenville, South Carolina

EFIRD'S
Opposite Skyscraper

Where you always find appealing selection at the low prices made possible by Efird's Chain buying power.

We especially invite you College Girls to visit our store. Selections and prices will then speak for themselves.

Greenville, S. C.

Armstrong's
Complete Line of All Imported Toilet Articles
Page & Shaw's and Martha Washington Candies Received Fresh Weekly

Armstrong's
The Daylight Drug Store

C. D. Stradley and Company
THE HOUSE OF GOOD VALUES
GRENIVILLE, S. C.

An Ideal Place for College Girls to buy Ready-to-Wear

Notions, Novelties and all kindred lines usually sold in a first class Dry Goods Store

Phones 170 & 171

Your Patronage Appreciated
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>You Can Get It at</th>
<th>The Domestic Laundry</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Seybt's</strong></td>
<td><strong>LAUNDERERS AND</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Everything that a good Stationery Store should have and a special appreciation for G. W. C. patronage.</td>
<td><strong>FRENCH DRY CLEANERS</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. A. SEYBT &amp; CO.</td>
<td>Phone 826</td>
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<tr>
<td>Phone 504</td>
<td>Greenville, S. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>127 S. Main</td>
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<tr>
<th>Greenville Steam Laundry</th>
<th>Curtis Burnley School of Elocution, Summer Camp</th>
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<tr>
<td>OTUS PICKLESIMER, Manager</td>
<td>On beautiful, twelve miles Lake Waramaug, New Preston, Conn., surrounded by mountains. Ten selections taught, including child impersonations and dramatic readings. Athletic instruction. Private bungalows each accommodating ten students. Address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Satisfaction, Service, Quality Elford and Townes Sts.</td>
<td>Mrs. C. E. Railing, 328 North Main St., Greenville, S. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Phone 119</td>
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<td>Greenville, S. C.</td>
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<tr>
<th>Order your</th>
<th>Marriage or a Career Which?</th>
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<tr>
<td>Engraved Visiting Cards</td>
<td>It takes two to complete a marriage but—you can carve out your career alone.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Announcements</td>
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<td>Invitations</td>
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<td>From Us.</td>
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<td>Quality High - Prices Low</td>
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<tr>
<th>Peace Printing Co.</th>
<th>Draughon’s Business College</th>
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<tr>
<td>W. LEBBY, Manager</td>
<td>offers you a thorough specialized business training and will fit you for a position of responsibility.</td>
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<td>GREENVILLE, S. C.</td>
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<tr>
<th>The Globe Furniture Company</th>
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<tr>
<td>Complete Furnishers</td>
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<tr>
<td>124 S. Main St.</td>
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</table>
Visit Our
NEW HOME
On Main Street

Curling Irons, Toasters, Chafing Dishes, Everything Electric and Gas for the College Girl. :

Southern Public Utilities Co.
"Service All Ways Always"

Belk-Kirkpatrick Co.
Is the Place for
STYLISH SUITS, COATS, DRESSES, SKIRTS WAISTS, FURS, UNDERWEAR

MILLINERY
Of Every Description for Less
HOSIERY, GLOVES, COLLARS, TIES TOILET GOODS DRY GOODS IN WONDERFUL VARIETY

Belk-Kirkpatrick Co.
MAIN ST. AND McBEE AVE.
Thirty-Two Stores
Phones 2540-2541

READ
The Greenville News
The Leading Newspaper in Upper South Carolina
GREENVILLE, South Carolina
DO WE LIKE COLLEGE GIRLS?

We surely do and give their wants our best attention.

Visit our Beautiful New Store when you want anything extra smart.

Meyers-Arnold Co.

COLLEGE GIRLS SHOP AT

GILMERS INC.

If you would be assured of the utmost both in Values and in Styles, Buy all your Needs at Gilmer's. We are now featuring Merchandise particularly suited for College Girls in assortments and at prices that know no competition.

The advantage of leisurely and convenient selection is yours.

Before purchasing that New Coat, Suit, Dress or anything that you need, we invite you to visit the second floor of Greenville's largest store, "Gilmer's."
**New Pumps**

New Pumps for Young Ladies arriving daily—hourly

A pleasure to show you always.

---

**Piedmont Shoe Co.**

Good Shoes for Everybody.

On the Corner.

"Where the Big Shoe Hangs Out."

---

**Notice!**

We cordially invite you to call and inspect our line of Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Sweaters, Silk Underwear, Corsets and Hosiery.

Don't forget our Millinery Department on second floor.

**Yeager's Quality Shop**

Phone 424 209 N. Main St.

Greenville, S. C.

---

**Students and Teachers of G. W. C.**

You are cordially invited to visit our store, and make it your down-town headquarters.

Everything new and beautiful in jewelry and watches.

G. W. C. seals in pins and rings, class rings, letter seals, etc.

We have a splendid repair department, and a special manufacturing department where we make any new piece to order.

**Hale's Gift Shop**

Jewelers

Est. 65 years ago.

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**FOWLERS**

The Place for College Girls

Fountain Pens, Stationery, Toilet Articles, Candies.

Ice Cream, Cold Drinks, Sundries and Sandwiches.

2418

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110 East Coffee St.
Hawkins-Blanton Co.
Incorporated
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, LADIES'
READY-TO-WEAR, GENTS'
FURNISHINGS

People's National Bank
Greenville, South Carolina

HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE
KITCHEN HELPS
We specialize in Labor Saving Devices —
Jones Hardware Co.
"The Quality Hardware Store"
208-210 S. Main St. Phones 66-3011

Nothing Can Do
More to complete your costume than a pair
of stylish Boots, lace or button. For all wear
we are now showing SPRING STYLES in all the
new and fashionable models; in all popular
leathers.

POPULAR PRICED
Patton, Tillman & Bruce

Busbee-Southern Furniture Co.
215 S. Main St.
Phone 256
GREENVILLE, S. C.

When you think of
5 and 10, think of
Woolworth's

Women's Shop
Invite Your Inspection
Of Its Complete Ready-to-Wear
and Millinery
Best Qualities and Styles — Moderate Prices
Ample able to care for all Banking Matters

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Norwood National Bank

Capital $125,000.00

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Geo. A. Norwood, Jr., Cashier

Albert T. Vaughan
Incorporated

JEWELERS
118 South Main Street

Agents for J. P. Stevens Engraving Co.
Visiting Cards
Wedding Invitations
High Standards.
Moderate Prices

A Cordial Welcome

Monaghan Mills
Cotton Manufacturers
Greenville, South Carolina

HEADQUARTERS FOR
College Girls
FOOTWEAR
AND HosIERY
POLLOCK'S
"FINE FOOTWEAR"
103 N. Main St.
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 equipment. Library especially endowed. Trained librarians. 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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Company/Service</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cabaniss-Gardner Company, Inc.</td>
<td>Phone 402, North Main St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Correct Apparel for Women</td>
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<tr>
<td>Main and Coffee Streets</td>
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<tr>
<td>Greenville, South Carolina</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Hamilton-Smith Co. Incorporated</td>
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<tr>
<td>EXCLUSIVE LADIES APPAREL</td>
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<td>Greenville, South Carolina</td>
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<td>GO TO—</td>
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<td><strong>Duke's Tea Room</strong></td>
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<td>FOR DELICIOUS MEALS</td>
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<td>EXCELLENT SERVICE</td>
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<td>DUNEAN MILLS</td>
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<td>Greenville, S. C.</td>
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<td>Cotton Manufacturers</td>
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<td>O’NEALL-WILLIAMS CO., INC.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Outfitters to Sportsmen</td>
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<td>Standard Sporting Goods of all Sorts</td>
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<td>Smith Bldg.</td>
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<td>Main St.</td>
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<td>GREENVILLE, S. C.</td>
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<td>First National Bank</td>
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<td>Established 1872</td>
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<td>Busy Ever Since</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ashmore &amp; McDavid SHOES</td>
<td>Phone 2226, 165 Main St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. O. JONES CO.</td>
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<tr>
<td>“Phoenix” Hosiery</td>
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<td>“Indestructo” Wardrobe Trunks</td>
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<td>DOSTER BROS. <em>Drugs</em></td>
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<td>Main and Washington Sts.</td>
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<td>Agts. Nunnally’s Candy and</td>
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<td>Waterman’s Pens</td>
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<td>The Little Shop</td>
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<td>Attractive Millinery</td>
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<tr>
<td>118 S. Main St.</td>
<td>Phone 1507</td>
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<td>MILLS MILL</td>
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<td>GREENVILLE</td>
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<td>South Carolina</td>
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<td>FLYNN BROS.</td>
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<td>Good Things to Eat</td>
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<td>Near the College</td>
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<tr>
<td>706 Buncombe St.</td>
<td>Phones 1405-06</td>
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