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The Isaqueena - 1922, May

Isabel Easley
Greenville Woman's College

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The ISAQUEENA



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Elysius Charles Welter

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May

O beauteous month of May,
When all the world's bright!
A sun for every day,
A star for every night;
When young hearts beat with old,
And laughter springs anew:
When clouds fail to gather
Across our sky of blue.
And breezes, softly sighing
Are with fragrance heavy laden,
While love sings in the hearts
Of every man and maiden.

Each morn is flushed at dawning
With no clouds to mar the day
And birds are sweetly singng
In their trilling, thrilling way.

Think not of melancholy
Like to twilight skies;
A goddess ever comforting
When all our laughter dies;
A sad faced, tender creature,
With the world at her feet;
A silent watcher o'er our moods
When tears—and laughter meet.

But sing with merry laughter
Alike to morning skies,
And gaze in the heart of happiness
And see with nature's eyes.
Forget the trials and sorrows,
That meet us on our way,
But laugh and sing wth nature
In this wondrous month of May.

—*Frances Luck.*

Some of Our Women Poets Since 1913



WHEN Ann Dudley Bradstreet's book of poems appeared in London in 1650 both England and America were amazed. England wondered why such poems could be written in the wilds of America, and we do not doubt America's amazement when she discovered her Colonial poet who won a reputation among English contemporaries to be a woman. Woman at that time was considered incapable of literary expression.

Today the question of woman's ability to write has been eliminated by the work of the women themselves. Of the 461 New York authors at the present 302 are men and 159 are women, and it is likely that the proportion holds good throughout the country. Approximately two-thirds of our writers are men and one-third women. Publishers and editors have known for years that in one branch of literature, and a very important one—imaginative literature—women are doing as notable work as men and have been doing it for at least a generation. Woman's best imaginative work is shown in the contributions she is making to the poetry of today.

First let us consider the condition of American poetry in the last years of the nineteenth century, and the gradual change in the recent years. After the Civil War the most noted of our poets—the New England group—began to drift from the public. They turned from real life and such men as Longfellow, Bayard, Taylor, and Bryant became occupied with laborate and unreal methods of poetry writing; the poetry became artificial. But "suddenly the break came. America developed a national consciousness; the West discovered itself, and the East discovered the West. Grudgingly, at first, the aristocratic leaders made way for a new expression; crude, jangling, vigorously democratic. The old order was changing with a vengeance. All the preceding writers—poets like Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes—were not only products of the New England colleges, but typically "Boston gentlemen of the early Renaissance." To them the new men must have seemed like a regiment recruited from the ranks of vulgarity. Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, John Hay, Joel Chandler Harris, James Whitcomb Riley—these were the men who had graduated from the farm, the frontier, the mine, the printer's shop. For a while the movement seemed of little consequence; the impact of Whitman and the Westerners was inverted. The poets of the transition, with a deliberate art, ignored the surge of spontaneous national expression. They were even successful in holding it back. But it was gathering force."*

In 1890 came the reaction and revolt. The poetic spirit of the time is best expressed in Richard Hovey's first poem:

*Untermeyer—Preface.

Off with the fetters
That chafe and restrain!
Here Art and Letters,
Music and Win
And Myrtle and Wanda,
The winsome witches,
Blithely combine,
Here is Golconda,
Here we are free—
Free as the wind is,
Free as the sea,
Free!

From 1890-1912 this restlessness was represented by writers of light verse and by the drama of Hovey, William Moody, Edwin Markham, and Bliss Carmen. The final great break came in 1913 when Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, John Gould Fletcher and others were heralded as writers of the poetry which was ranked as "America's first national art." New unknown poets, various groups, schools and movements were welcomed. But after these long years of struggle for freedom, what did the "new" poetry bring—was the fight in vain—where was the success?

The "new" poetry brought to the people things they had never heard before expressed in their language—things our people had felt but until this new freedom had never had the chance to express.

The new poets learned "to distinguish real beauty from mere prettiness; to find wonders in neglected places; to search for hidden truths even in the dark caves of the unconscious." The above is the essence of our modern poetry—does our poetic art hold a high place among the poetry of other nations? How does it compare with our mother country? Our recent poems seem to recent British poetry somewhat as New York seems to London. In an editorial, "The Melting Pot," in the "Nation," we find the following view of our poetry:

It's colors are higher and *gayer* and more *diverse* than the English poetry: its outlines are more *jagged* and more surprising; its surfaces glitter and flash—though its substances are not so solid or so downright as the British.

Nowhere in America have we a poet of the deep integrity of Thomas Hardy, a poet so rooted in ancient soil, ancient manners, and ancient dialect. Nor has England a poet shining, from so many facets as Amy Lowell, or a poet resounding with such a clang of cymbals—now gold, now iron—as Vachel Lindsay! Experiment thrives better here than there; at least our adventurers in verse when they go out on novel quests for novel beauties are less likely than the British to be held back by steadying tradition, and they bring all sorts of gorgeous plunder considerably nearer in hue and texture to the flaming shop-windows of Fifth Avenue than to those soberer ones of Bond and Regent Streets."

We are proud of this "new" verse and of the women who are helping to make poetry America's greatest art. Probably the most interesting of our modern women poets are Amy Lowell and "H. D.", Mrs. Richard Aldington, who prefers her maiden name—Hilda Doolittle—though in the *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1920* her poem, "The Islands" is signed by her married name. Both she and Amy Lowell belong to the Imagist group, which includes such writers as D. H. Lawrence, Richard Aldington, F. S. Flink, and John Gould Fletcher. The unusual group writes their verse, by certain principles; they believe in using language of common speech—always the exact word—in creating new rhythms in freedom in the choice of subject, in presenting and image, in producing poetry that is hard and clear, and finally they believe in concentration as the very essence of poetry.

Some one has said that "H. D." is the "only true Imagist," and her poems do show that she holds just to the Imagist creed. She writes in free verse, and after reading and studying her poems we feel that it is not because she could not write in the conventional forms, but because what she has to say is best expressed in free-verse. She has wonderful ability to create an effect, produce an image and vivid description in the smallest number of words possible. Notice this distinct characteristic in her poem—"Moonrise." In a very few words she reveals some of the charm of a rising moon.

"Will you glimmer on the sea?
Will you fling your spear head
On the shore?
We have a song,
On the bank we share our arrows—

The loosed string tells our note, O flight,
Bring her swiftly to our song she is great,
We measured her by the pine-trees."

While in "H. D.'s" work we feel the section of emotional experience, we seldom feel this in Amy Lowell's. Amy Lowell's "motion frequently takes place of emotion." She pictures life as the pictures on a Japanese fan—merely suggestive—clear cut. We find a classic tendency in her poetry; sometimes as mere fusion of other poets as shown in a "Dome of Many Colored Glass."

While she and "H. D." both portray beauty it is quite easy to see the contrast. "H. D.'s" is delicate, graceful, Grecian; but what type of beauty do we feel in the following lines from "Tree Fantasia on Japanese Themes"—in

I would recline upon a balcony
In purpose curving folds of silk,
And my dress should be silvered with a pattern
Of butterflies and swallows,
And the black bands of my obe
Should flash with gold circular threads
And glitter when I moved."

Do we not feel a brilliant mysterious, dazzling Oriental beauty?

Other popular volumes of this much appreciated poet are "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," "Men, Women, and Ghosts," and "Can Grand's Castle."

Ennise Tietjens has contributed to our poetry numerous Chinese themes similar to Amy Lowell's Japanese work. In her book "Profiles in China" we realize that she too has discovered the exquisite images, costumes, moods, and emotions of the East.

One type of poetry which should be of great interest to every country is the folk poetry; and although America possesses few traditional songs the writers have for many years realized the opportunities afforded them by the Indian and negro for work in this line. Two examples of recent folk-poetry are Constance Flindsay Skinner, and Alice Corbin.

In "No Answer Given", from Constance Skinner's *Song of the Coast Dwellers*, a collection of Indian lyrics, we have a real treasure. Besides the legend given in this verse her description is beautiful. There is a scene of brilliance, brightness, flame, and then the ashes.

Alice Corbin's work, with native folk-lore is entirely "different." Her southern sketches are particularly interesting especially in such verses as the "Echoes of Childhood," a very original negro medley. She describes two of the characters—"Uncle Jim" and "Delphy," then adds her little refrain:

Underneath the southern moon
I was cradeled to the tune
Of the banjo and the fiddle
And the plaintive negro croon."

"Mandy with religion" she describes next, and "Betsey's Boy" who loves to dance, and finally ends with a song of the coon dancer:

"Banjo playin' and de sanded floor
Fiddle cryin', always callin' more,
People's faces lookin' scared and white,
Hands a clappin' 'an' eyes starin' bright,
Can't help dancin' though de candle's dyin'
Can't help dancin' while de fiddle's cryin';
Got-ter - keep - dancin'; can't stop now,
Got-ter - keep - dancin' - - I do an - know - how."

To me the most enjoyable of our modern women poets are the lyricists such as Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Willifred Wells, and Mary Caroline Davies. These are typical modern lyrics writers for their poems are clean, straight forward, and natural—so different from the over sentimental verses which formerly passed for real emotion. They express the range of human emotion in short, simple poems.

Sara Teasdale is perhaps best known by her collection of poems in "Love Songs" and "Flame and Shadow." One critic said that her lyric will far outlast this period

and become of that legacy of pure song which one age leaves to another. She expresses such simple emotion and just the thoughts we feel. Notice her thought in "Old Tunes."

"As the waves of perfume, heliotrope, rose,
Float in the garden when no wind blows,
Come to us, go from us, whence no one knows;
But they float away—for who can hold,
Youth, or perfume or the moon's gold?"

Sara Teasdale's work is easily read and appreciated because her familiar words and tender musical quality make a strong appeal.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's lyric verses seem more sharp and brilliant than Sara Teasdale's. While she is sometimes lacking in musical quality, it is impossible to doubt her cleverness after reading the closing lines of "Renescence."

"The world stands out on ether side
No wider than my heart is wide;
About the world is stretched the sky—
No higher than my soul is high,
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by."

The lyrics of Mary Carolyn Davies and Winnifred Wells show a decided similarity in that they are frail and delicate, and yet have a singing quality as pure as other lyrics.

Although Miss Davies is a writer of short-stories, serials, and sentimental verses, she is best in her unaffected lyrics. Her poems of eight lines are especially beautiful as we see in "The Day Before April."

"The day before April
Alone, alone,
I walked in the woods
And sat on a stone,
I sat on a broad stone
And sang to the birds
The tune was God's making
But I made the words."

We notice the same delicate, dainty touch in Winnifred Well's "From a Chines Vase."

"Roaming the lonely garden, he and I
Pursue each other to the fountain's brim,
And there grow quiet—woman and butterfly—
The frail clouds beckon me, the flowers tempt him.

How shall we know our real selves, he and I
Which is the woman, which the butterfly?"

Jean Starr Ontermeyer should be mentioned among our new women songsters for in her work we find a more serious note than in the majority of the other verse makers. "Perfection too is almost a passion" with her. She herself declares:

"I would rather work in stubborn rack
All the years of my life
And make *one strong* thing
And set it in a high clean place,
To recall the granite strength of my desire."

"Dreams out of Darkness," though perhaps not as serious as the poems in "Growing Pains", shows her romantic and rich musical qualities. In the "Lark Song" her words are more than mere words—they are the real lapping of the lake water—

"The lake falls over the shore
Like tears on their curven bosoms.
Here is *languid, luxurious* wailing;
The wailing of king's daughters.
The lapping of lake water
Is like the weeping of women,
The fertile tears of women
That water the dreams of men."

Margaret Wildemer's sentimental love verses such as "The Modern Woman to Her Lover" which begins:

"I shall not be to you
Flatter or fawn to attain my end—
I am what never has been before,
Woman and Friend."

have made her extremely popular, and yet her finest poems are those similar to "Factories" and "The Two Dyings." She is modern in all her work, and her "Factory poems" contain that lasting quality—they interpret the life of her age.

The list of women who have entered into the spirit of the new poetry, and have established a place for themselves in our national poetry, is long, and daily more poets are being discovered. The present poetry, is only a beginning of America's new poetic expression—we are hoping for the future. "Our hope lies in diversity, in variety, in colors yet untried, in forms yet unsuspected. And back of all this search lie the many cultures converging like immigrant ships toward the narrows, with aspirations all to become American and yet with those things in their different constitutions which will enrich the ultimate substance."

What part shall the "future Anne Bradstreets" play, in America's promising poetry?

Jack Jones

Beware: Ouija Board



“OH MARY, come here,” sang out a chorus of girls as Mary Carey entered room 315 of Mrs. Goodwin’s Boarding School. “Look what we have, a perfectly wonderful Ouija board. Eleanor’s brother Bob sent it to her with a clever little note attached. In the note he suggested that she try her hand and find out from Ouija what her future would be.”

“Now come on Mary and join us. Want us to find out who your sweetheart is— You bet we can. It told Eleanor’s, Evelyn’s, Mary Sue’s and I am most sure it will tell yours. Come on girls. Here, Mary just put your hand on this little three legged table and think hard,” said Malynela, a blue-eyed girl with a winning smile and a deep cherry dimple.

“Keep still now. Quit shaking the board. There she goes P—A—Lets see what that next letter will be— U—of course the next is l. It couldn’t be anything else. Ray! Rah! Rah! I know Paul. He is that new soda jerker at Plyers. I knew Ouija wouldn’t fail us.”

“Knock! Knock! Knock!” was sounded on the door “Come.”

Dainty little Dorothea Dean entered. “Girls, what are you doing? Oh! I see, wasting your precious time over a deceitful old Ouija board. Don’t waste your time. Don’t you know exams begin next week and you should be studying? Besides it is about time for light bell and all of you should be undressed.”

“Oh! now Grandma. Let us have some fun” put in Malynela. “It isn’t always that a girl has such a privilege. Don’t you believe in Ouija boards? Well, I do. This one has told me my age, how many children papa has, who won the state champonship and even the score. Now, say you don’t believe in them.”

“Well, I don’t and I never shall. You just pushed that little table in the direction you wanted it to go. I may be “Prissy,” as you have some times called me but I am not foolish enough to believe those two pieces of board have such “magical power.” Go ahead, though, and give me a demonstration by asking it what I made on my exam. No one knows except me. Let me have a hand on it.”

She put her slender hand on one side of the board while Eleanor put her finger tips upon the other. The point began to move. When it stopped before 9 Dorothea gasped. But when it went on to four her eyes opened wide in amazement. “Ah”! she cried, “Eleanor you didn’t push it there, did you?”

“No, Dot, why should I push it to ninety-four when I didn’t know what you made? Now, Dot, I am afraid we have convinced you that there is more to this valuable instrument than merely wood.”

“I don’t know,” calmly said Dot.

“Girls! Girls!” frantically yelled a girl as she dashed madly into their midst.” You know those beautiful pearls Uncle Ephriam sent me from South America? Well, some one has stolen them. I put them in my trunk; locked it; went down to lunch and just now when I opened my trunk the pearls were no where to be found. You know, girls, I almost worshipped Uncle Ephriam and any gift from him was dearer to me than most anything. What shall I do? Miss Goodwin couldn’t do anything. You know we have had things stolen before and she has tried to recover them but her efforts have been in vain. I will go to her though but there isn’t any use.”

“Viola, I have a perfectly wonderful idea,” cried Evelyn. “We will try Ouija and he will surely help us unravel this mystery. No doubt one of the maids took your pearls. When Ouija tells us we will go down to Miss Goodwin and make her search that old maid. Don’t you reckon it was Stella? She is sly and cunning old fox. Any way lets try Ouija before any further accusations.”

“Eleanor, since it is your board you have a hand on that side and I’ll put mine over here”, said Mary.

“Alright lets go. What’s that its pointing at? Look close, as we do not want to make any false accusations. Yes D-O-R-O-T-H-E-A—Dorothea. We haven’t any maid by that name. Surely some of the negroes. Who live over near the mill must have slipped in from the back door. Lets ask Ouija what Miss Dorothea’s last name is,” suggested Mary Jane.

The point moved slowly until the following name was clearly spelled: D—E—A—N. Every girl turned crimson.

“Oh! girls you are playing some cruel joke on me,” put in innocent little Dot.

The girls looked from one to the other.

“Ask it where Dorothea Dean lives. Probably you have a namesake unknown to you Dot?”, said Evelyn.

“Be careful now and tell us where D. Dean lives. You are our detective, therefore do your best.

R—O—O—M—3—1—4.

Every girl wore a horrified look. Could this be true? Of course it was. Everything so far had been correct.

“Girls, stop. This is outlandish. You are always playing jokes on me. Why do you do it? Lets stop this foolishness and get down to brass tacks and find Bee’s pearls. It is bed time now and the maids have gone home so there is nothing for us to do but go to bed and get up early in the morning in order to begin our investigation.”

The girls all gave their solemn “Good night” and with drawn faces and loaded hearts went to their respective rooms and went to bed but not to sleep.

Eleanor and Evelyn tore the subject of pearls up. They could not understand why Ouija should have spelled the entire name of Dorothea Dean unless she had taken the pearls. They hated to lay the evil deed at their class mate's feet but what else was there for them to do? They wouldn't hurt the child's feelings by asking to search her room and besides Miss Goodwin trusted Dot and wouldn't let such a thing be done. One thing certain and sure they would in the future keep all their jewels locked out of her sight. They had heard of "Clips" and assumed Dorothea to be one.

A similar discussion took place between Mary Jane and Nalynda.

"Mary Jane, something's wrong or that old Ouija wouldn't have moved like that unless Dot had taken the pearls. You know Eleanor and Mary wouldn't have deliberately spelled out Dot's name. I love the girl and wonder what possessed her to take the pearls. Maybe she just hid them to tease Bee. You know Viola is forever playing jokes on Dot so probably Dot is playing some trick off on Bee and will give the pearls back tomorrow. Let's hope so and attempt sleep."

When Mary went to her room Dot was already in bed. Dot leaned up on her elbow and said; "what do you think of that Ouija board, Mary? I believe the girls suspect me by the way they were glancing at one another. Goodness knows I am as poor as Job's turkey but I wouldn't steal if I were literally starving."

"Don't worry, sweet roommate," said Mary, "that old Ouija stuff makes me tired. There isn't anything to it." She said this in a very non-chalant fashion. After a few more words the two turned over and feigned sleep but sleep would not come to the pondering hearts.

Bee was the only one who did not discuss the events of the evening. She had a roommate with whom she did not feel free to confide her secrets so she just pondered the affair silently in her mind. She alone of the crowd excepting Mary believed Dot to be perfectly innocent. How she was to put this thought of innocence into the heads of those head-strong girls was a mystery to her. She loved her pearls but far more did she love Dorothea and she would not suffer herself to lose the friendship of so dear a friend for all the pearls of the Orient. All night long she lay awake and tossed. A feverish perspiration clung to her brow.

Before sun up groups of girls were gathered here and there talking in whispers about the robbery. Before Viola was able to tell "the crowd" to say nothing of the Ouija board snatches of the affair had leaked out. When Dot came into sight the whisperings ceased and current topics of the day were dwelt upon. Her heart was nearly broken. How could she suffer such humiliation at the hands of her school mates? Viola was her sole comfort and tried in vain to soothe the forsaken girl. She called her into her room and behind the closed door told her, "Dot, I know very well that you

didn't take my pearls. Please do not let the words of those narrow minded girls taunt you. I believe in you and trust you. Don't you worry for if they all turn against you you will still find a true friend in me. I love you more than I can tell so let's not let such a thing as pearl come between us." Viola gave the girl a soothing kiss full of meaning. Dot was relieved to a certain extent after hearing her friend's earnest words. But, to be accused by the others hurt her to the core.

School closed in June. The girls did not have the happy times that they had anticipated during commencement. The pearls still were in their minds. Dot, the ray of sunshine, no longer went with the group. She and Viola secluded themselves as nearly as possible from the others. Dot was a mere shadow of her former self. It is true that she found no dearer and truer friend than Bee but Bee would not suffice. Her heart ached continually. The fact that she was innocent was the one thing that consoled her.

All in "the crowd" were seniors. It was with strange and singular feelings that they bade one another goodbye. No longer were they that gay and frivolous crowd of former days. They went home carrying with them strong convictions against Dot.

Dot applied for a position as teacher of English in the High School of her home town. Here she taught for four years when her health gave away completely. The doctor said that some strange malady due to worry was sapping the strength out of her. He advised a rest cure free from worry. When this seemed to be of no avail he carried her to a sanatorium about fifty miles away. She stood the trip very well and was soon settled down in a nice airy room overlooking a mountain stream.

That night a familiar voice reached her ear. "Hello, Doc. Have you another patient for us. Uh! Dorothea Dean. Why that name seems familiar but I do not know the face."

Dot, glanced around, "Ah! Mary, I am so glad to see you." Then her face clouded as she remembered the pearls. The other girl kissed her and left the room.

As days went by the poor girl's strength went instead of improving. The nurse did all in her power to aid, to cheer the suffering woman. Mary watched Dot with utmost care. Dot's hair was grey whereas it had been a golden brown. Deep lines were furrowed upon her brow.

One morning the doctor called Mary from the room. After he had made a thorough examination of his patient, and said, "no hope". She can last but a few days in the least. We will call her mother."

Mary could stand the strain no longer. She sent another nurse into Dot's room and hastened to her apartments. From a trunk she drew forth a package, which she put into her pocket and hurriedly turned her steps back toward Dot's room.

Dot's eyes were turned listlessly toward the wall. Mary dismissed the nurse, closed the door and went over to Dot's bed and took her hand in hers.

"Dorothea Dean," she said, "you have innocently suf-

fered long enough. Look! The Pearls! I stole them! I worked that Ouija board!"

And no one knows which one had suffered the most.

Elizabeth Welborn

The Materialism of Benjamin Franklin



FRANKLIN'S fertile brain was always devising some new scheme of practical utility. Accordingly, in the year 1732, after having carried through his plan for a public library, he commenced the publication of an almanac. In its pages, under the guise of Poor Richard, Franklin published year after year proverbs, some original some gleaned from other sources, which he regarded as the best possible rules for guidance in life. The almanac met with phenomenal success. In thousands of homes it was read over and over again by the winter fireside; fathers repeated its proverbs to their children exhorting them to remember them always. Yet happily for this nation of ours, those early fathers did not rely upon the teachings of Poor Richard alone to guide their children's conduct—Happily the sayings of Poor Richard were supplemented by those of the greatest of all teachers.

That Franklin rendered remarkable services to his country is a historical fact. There was scarcely a phase of public life that he did not help to improve. And through his inventions he did much toward making the homes of our American people more comfortable. For all this we greatly honor him. But when we consider his moral philosophy, our admiration for Franklin becomes somewhat chilled. How disappointing to find so remarkable a man holding such short-sighted beliefs! As Long says, "His philosophy seems to us an affair of policy, rather than of enduring principle. It is bounded by earth's horizon and lacks the tremendous emphasis of the eternally right." The things of this earth were more important to Franklin than any question concerning the life beyond.

We cannot say that Franklin ever rejected Christianity. He regarded it, to use his own words, as "the best system of religion the world has ever seen or is likely to see." He believed in one God who ought to be worshipped, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. Of this we have his direct testimony. His firm belief in an over ruling providence was fully shown in the speech which he made before the convention for drawing up a Constitution for the United States. But these views are not conclusive evidence that Franklin was a Christian. "Christianity is not a creed, but a life." In order that a man possess it something more is necessary than a recognition of its truth or its excellence. In some of the highest qualities, Franklin was obviously

lacking. The general tone of his teaching was mercenary and worldly. To quote Sherman, "Franklin had nothing of the realizing sense of sin or of the need for mystical regeneration and justification." He believed, to use his own words, that "though certain actions might be bad because they were forbidden or good because they were commended; yet probably those actions were forbidden because they were bad for us, or commanded because they were beneficial to us in their own nature."

Of his earthy morality Franklin was extremely careful, having at an early age set himself to the study of moral perfection. The rules which would best enable one to reach this goal, he published, as we have said, in "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Poor Richard exhorts us to be industrious, for, as he says, "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright." And again, "Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry, all easy." "One today is worth two tomorrows." "Industry need not wish for better times," and others on the same subject.

Also, we are urged to give attention to our own business. "Not to over-see workmen is to give them your purse open;" "He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive"—so says Poor Richard.

To industry and attention to our own affairs we must add frugality if we would make our industry more certainly successful. "What maintains one vice would bring up two children." "A small leak will sink a great ship."

Franklin does not admonish us to be industrious and frugal because it is our duty to ourselves and to others, but because industriousness and frugality will bring us material success. To Franklin, it seems, success meant the laying up for yourselves treasures upon earth. In fact, he tells us that his object is to make people virtuous, but assures us at the same time, that the road to virtue is through money making. For, as Poor Richard says, "Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

Poor Richard also urges us to tell the truth. But why? Simply because it is much simpler and more convenient. One lie necessitates another, and then possibly many others. How much easier to have told the truth at first. The Bible also tells us "Lie not one to another." But the eternal truth lying back of this statement is disregarded by Franklin.

Probably the most familiar saying of "Poor Richard" is, "Honesty is the best policy." It is true that we should

be honest, none of us would question that. But why does Franklin urge us to be honest—because it is the best policy, because in the long run the honest man will get along better in this world, because honesty pays. Isn't there a higher reason than that, why we should be honest?

There is something wanting in these teachings of "Poor Richard." As Barrott Wendell puts it, "Though all this is sound practical morality, of the kind which should at once advance a man's earthly prosperity and incidentally benefit society, it is about as far from the passionate morality which should save souls as it is from vice itself."

In his story, "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg," Mark Twain brings out quite clearly the inadequacy of such a materialistic system of philosophy as Franklin's. He does not tell us that the inhabitants of Hadleyburg ever heard of "Poor Richard," but the principles which guided their lives were practically the same as those which the pages of the almanac exhort us to follow.

For three generations the town had kept unsmirched its reputation for being the most honest and upright town in all the region round about. "It was so proud of this reputation and so anxious to secure its perpetuation that it began to teach the principles of honest dealing to its babies in the cradle. Also, throughout the formative years temptations were kept out of the way of the young people, so that their honesty could have every chance to harden and solidify, and become a part of their very bone." Hadleyburg was incorruptible—so every one admitted.

But one day a stranger in the town became greatly offended by the people, and going away, he tried to devise some plan, by means of which he might corrupt the town. Finally he had the desired idea. This is what he did: Disguising himself he went one night to the home of Hadleyburg's old cleahier and asked to leave a sack there, saying that the paper attached to the sack would explain what was to be done with it. The contents of the paper were something to this effect: "Years ago, when in great need, I was given twenty dollars by a citizen of Hadleyburg. This man also made a remark to me which has helped me to lead a better life. The money in this sack is to pay him for his service. Now I have no idea who the man is, but I am sure that the right man will remember the remark he made to me. Now this is my plan—Publish this paper, then let any man who claims the money appear at the town hall thirty days from now and give to the Rev. Mr. Burgess the remark which he claims is the right one. Then let Mr. Burgess open the sack, where he will find a paper with the correct remark on it. If the man proves to be the right one then let the money be delivered with my sincere gratitude."

The thirty days following the publication of the paper wrought a great change in Hadleyburg. At first its citizens went around bragging of the fact that such a thing could never have happened in any town but their own.

Then they began to wonder who the rightful owner of the money could be. All were convinced though that old Goodson, who had recently died, was the only man who would give a stranger so large a sum as twenty dollars. Later there was a noticeable change in the people of Hadleyburg. Instead of the smiles which had followed the coming of the wonderful sack, frowns and worries, absorbed stares were everywhere in evidence on the faces of the people. For each man's thoughts were centering around the one theme, "What if I could in some way find out or guess the remark and win the money for myself."

Then one morning each of the nineteen leading citizens of Hadleyburg, quite unbeknown to the other eighteen, received a letter which read something like this:

"Goodson was the man who befriended the owner of the sack, therefore the sack should be his. But Goodson is dead. Now I remember Goodson's saying that you—I think it was you—had done him a great favor for which he was deeply grateful, and that if he had a fortune he would leave it to you when he died. If you are the one who did him this favor, I think the money should be yours. I was with Goodson when he made that remark to the stranger. I shall tell you the remark, for I know I can trust to your honor. It was this, "You are far from being a bad man: Go and reform."

'Howard L. Stephenson.'

From the minute those letters (all of them just alike) were received the moral standards of Hadleyburg began to be steadily lowered. Each of those nineteen men knew that he had never done a favor for Goodson, yet each one began to deceive himself into thinking that the money was rightfully his—that some kind providence had sent it his way. The idea of having 160 pounds so took possession of his mind that he could think of nothing else. His conscience gradually ceased to bother him. What wonderful things he would do with the money!

What had become of the honor of Hadleyburg? The nineteen leading citizens had forgotten that there was such a thing.

At last the day came when the sack was to be given to its rightful owner. Each of the nineteen prominent men expected that he would soon have the money to carry home with him. Imagine the consternation when the same remark was found in all the letters. Men called each other liars and thieves and began to invent merciless stories to tell about the other claimants. Pandemonium reigned in the town hall. The crowd hooted and jeered, and made all manner of sport of the leading citizens of Hadleyburg and their incorruptible honor.

The stranger had wreaked his vengeance—he had accomplished his purpose—Hadleyburg was corrupted, deplorably corrupted. Those men who had formerly been looked up to had proved themselves to be contemptible. Men felt that they could no longer trust their fellow citi-

zens—all confidence was gone. The very foundations of their town had fallen in.

But why did the stranger's plan succeed? Why was it that Hadleyburg could not stand the test? A few words of one of its own inhabitants makes this perfectly clear. This is what she said, "Our lives have been one lasting training in honesty—honesty shielded, from the very cradle, against every possible temptation, and so it is artificial honesty, and weak as water when temptation

comes." The trouble with Hadleyburg's philosophy as with Franklin's was that it did not go deep enough. It's followers acted, as some one had said, in a way so far from superficially damnable that they had grown to regard themselves as God's own elect." But a system of morality which does not recognize the eternal truths of Christianity cannot stand in the hour of temptation and trial. It will be like the house built upon the sand which the floods came and washed away.

Marjory Martin.

Breakfast at Eight

THERE were few passengers on the train, only three men and a rather small young woman dressed in neat tweeds. Wilma Steel, the girl, for she seemed very young, had scarcely noticed that the journey was lonesome, so absorbed was she in what she was reading. As she finished the book and laid it aside she began wondering if there would be anyone at the station to meet her and how she would be recognized. Fear seized her heart. If there was no one to meet her where should she go in a strange city at two-thirty in the morning? As she sat there she became almost sick with fright.

The train cried shrilly in the cool night air and rolled slowly up at the station, stopping with much creaking of brakes and shaking of cars. Then everything was still except for the puffing and blowing of the huge engine. Wilma was the only passenger to alight. As she set her foot on the soil of Glenmore for the first time, a slight chill ran over her body. She looked all about her and quickly saw that there was no one from the college at the station. She stood still a moment, not knowing what to do or where to go. Her mind seemed a blank. She knew no one in the city and did not even know the name of the hotels.

She was sick with fear while all around her came the loud cry: "Taxi! Taxi! Taxi, Miss!" and gruff men came up to take her baggage. One driver lounged up with slow and unsteady gait and reached for her traveling bag. Another man pushed him aside, saying, "Bill, youse had better beat it foryer home 'till youse is sober."

Wilma was glad to hear one word spoken in her favor and she turned to the man who had pushed Bill aside, giving him her hand-bag. As she climbed into a large but much worn car she gave the order that she be carried to one of the best hotels in the city.

"Me will carry youse to ze best hotel in ze city," replied the man, and they were soon off in the cool night air. As they passed along the lonely streets Wilma thought, "It is the rule of many large hotels not to receive ladies after twelve o'clock. What if I should be turned away from the hotel? I suppose I should be left

in the streets—but here, I'll pick up courage and hope awhile."

At that moment the driver pulled up at a very large building and stopped. Warning him to wait until she learned whether she might stay, Wilma entered the large marble lobby.

The clerk at the desk aroused from his nap to say politely, "Sorry, but we do not admit ladies this late." He seemed touched by the look of despair on Wilma's face and added, "You understand it is merely a rule of the establishment. I am truly sorry."

Wilma understood that it was merely a rule and perhaps he *was* sorry, but that didn't help her in the least. She was on the verge of crying when she passed out the door. What did she want to come to a student government council for anyway? She could not manage herself, not mentioning the four hundred girls who comprised the student body of which she was president back at college.

As she reached the waiting car this time she gave the order: "Glenmore Woman's College," and hopped in. Her mind would not rest. She asked herself question after question. If she should ever reach the college would she ever succeed in arousing anyone? Perhaps she would go to a half-dozen buildings before she found a dormitory or anyone awake.

She had little time to wonder, for the driver soon pulled up at a large square brick building. She stepped out of the car and was in the act of knocking at the door of the building when she noticed a large cross above the door and nearby a sign: "Sacred Heart Academy."

Wilma was quick. She called the driver, who was already shifting his gears. Her fright was almost overcome by anger now.

"Man, you have brought me to a Catholic Academy. Do you not know where the Glenmore Woman's College is?"

"Les zee. Oh! Ze college es across ze river. Me will quickly take youse, Miss."

They passed on between long rows of tall buildings and quiet streets, across a large bridge and at last up a long winding road. Wilma's eager eyes noticed that in-

stead of houses and lawns there was a broad hill covered with grass and many trees. She wondered if this was not the campus of the college. In a minute more, by the moonlight, she could see the white columns of several large buildings scattered here and there. She knew that she had reached her destination, and she heaved a low sigh of relief.

The driver stopped before one of the buildings, the only one in which there was a light. He set Wilma's suit case on the porch of the building and this time left her to find her own way. She knocked time after time. No one answered. Again her heart sank with fear. Even the driver was gone this time and besides, there was no place else to go. She waited what seemed to her an hour, and finally, after knocking with all her strength, she heard some one come down the long corridor, snap on a light and turn the door-knob. The person, who opened the door and stuck forth a head covered with electric curlers, might have been any age. She had sleepy brown eyes, but a kind little smile.

Wilma was overcome with joy at finding some one and before the woman could say a word she began her story.

"Miss McMillan, I suppose? I am Wilma Steele, a delegate from Brown College to the Student Government Council that is meeting here. I missed my train yesterday and had to take a later one. You know I should have arrived at six yesterday afternoon, but since I missed the first train, it has thrown me very late."

There was a queer little smile on the lady's face, but her voice was kind when Wilma did stop and let her say a word.

"I am very sorry there was no one at the station to meet you and you are indeed a brave little girl to come here all alone at this late hour. Come right in and in a minute I will show you to your room.

While Wilma sat awaiting Miss McMillan's return she glanced about her. The foyer was rather bare and not exactly tidy. It certainly did not fit the descriptions

she had heard of Glenmore. On the floor she noticed a burned match and on a table at the back of the room a military cap.

She thought of the play the girls in her college were practicing for. At this moment Miss McMillan returned.

"Now your room is all ready and I hope you will rest well. Breakfast is at eight. Don't make any appearance and I shall surprise everyone in the morning by coming down to breakfast with a new delegate. I believe I shall make them open their eyes."

As Miss McMillan walked away to her improvised bedroom, which was really one of the college parlors, and to her improvised bed, which was an old stuffed couch, she thought, "Yes, the students will open their eyes and perhaps Wilma Steele will open her deep brown orbs a tiny bit wider too."

Next morning when Miss Smith awakened she was at first surprised to find herself in such surroundings. Then she remembered Wilma Steele and the happenings of the night before. She arose quickly, and being dressed, arranged her hair and hurried to Wilma's room. She knocked, and upon entering found Wilma a bewitching little mite in a lavender sport suit. The breakfast bell had already sounded, but it seemed to Wilma that "Miss McMillan" would talk forever. When they quitted the room there was no one in the halls. They made their way silently toward the dining room. Wilma was not timid, though she was a little thing. Her experience in her own college was varied, but as they neared the dining room door she was wishing that they had come earlier before everyone was seated.

As the big door opened Wilma entered. What did it all mean? She was dumbfounded! Her gaze met that of at least three hundred boys in khaki uniform. An instant she could not think; then she knew that she was at Glenmore Military Institute and not Glenmore Woman's College!

Eula Burns.

Mark Twain, The Romancer



WHENEVER the name of Mark Twain is mentioned, one invariably exclaims, "Oh, yes! the humorist." One immediately thinks of the droll comedian who told such astonishing tales with such perfect gravity, and who, with his power of satire, ridiculed everything that was commonly regarded with reverence. One thinks of those "enfants terribles," Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, and their marvelous exploits.

Like the majority of people who become famous through their ability to make the public laugh, Mark Twain longed desperately to be taken seriously. Along with his love for a practical joke went his hatred of sham and oppression in any form. Many of his stories, which an infatuated public thought purely humorous, were inspired by his indignation against tyranny and pretense. But the public refused to take him seriously and continued to find him unspeakably amusing.

Now that we are getting far enough away from the day of Mark Twain to judge the literary value of his works, we are beginning to find that it is neither as a humorist nor as an indignant protest that Mark Twain will be known to posterity. His humor lacks that quality that makes for lasting endurance, and his protests against sham and prejudice, though sincere, are too iconoclastic, perhaps, to appeal to future generations.

No, the Mark Twain who will be recorded as one of the great figures in the history of American literature will be neither Mark Twain, the humorist, nor Mark Twain, the reformer. It will be Mark Twain, the romancer. The romancer who in his boyhood dreamed beside the great American river, and who later caught the romance of a vital period in American life; who "saw with distinctness a unique area of American life, and as the brief and picturesque area folded away caught the sunset glory of it and embodied it in romance—the steamboat days on the river in the slowly era, the old regime in the South, the barbarism of the plains, the great buffalo herds, the wild camps in the gold fields of Nevada and Colorado.

The books that show us Mark Twain the romancer are: "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Fin," "Roughing It," "Life on the Mississippi," "Pudd'n Head Wilson," and a few chapters from "The Gilded Age." The life that these books depict has vanished forever. But Mark Twain has told us the story of this vanished world. He has told it in such a way, and has illustrated it with such vivid descriptions and life-like characterizations that he made it live for all time. He has "caught and held the spirit of it, and had thrown over it all the nameless glow of romance." The world he has created for us is a golden world, yet it was created from life and with infinite care. He had no patience with those romanticists, notably Cooper and Sir Walter Scott,

who were careless of facts, and who sentimentally misinterpreted both the spirit of the time of which they wrote and the people who lived in them. He disliked Scott intensely. Indeed, he attributed the Civil War and all the South's "backwardness" to Scott. In "Life on the Mississippi" he says: "But for the Sir Walter disease (the habit of reading Scott) the character of the Southerner—or Southron, according to Sir Walter's starchier way of paraphrasing it—would be wholly modern, in place of modern and mediaeval mixed, and the South would be fully a generation further advanced than it is.* Sir Walter had so large a hand in making Southern character before the war, that he is in great measure responsible for the war." Since Mark Twain was so careful with regard to his facts, the six books mentioned above are invaluable as source books of American history. Nowhere else can one get so truly certain phases of the spirit of the mid-nineteenth century West. He was a native Westerner, and he interpreted the West from the standpoint of a native. Being a part of the West, and removed sufficiently far from it to see it in true perspective, he became its best interpreter. Over every page of these books may be written these words from the preface of "Innocents Abroad:" "I am sure that I have written honestly, whether wisely or not."

These six books are six chapters from the autobiography of Mark Twain. "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" record his recollections of his boyhood by the Mississippi River. They show his understanding of the American small boy and of human nature in general, and his ability to portray manners and customs. Tom and Huck are typical "bad" boys—mischievous, adventurous, thoughtless, and without being wicked. The other characters are varied, but at all times realistic—the "king," the "duke," Aunt Polly, Aunt Sally, Huck's father—all are true to life. The manners and customs are depicted interestingly and graphically. The episode of the Grangerford-Shepherdson feud, and the Sherburn-Boggs shooting affair are typical of the "old days" and emphasize a tragic side of those days which we are apt to overlook in our musings of the "good ole times."

"Life on the Mississippi" is a record of Mark Twain's romantic adventures as "cub" on a Mississippi steamboat as he recalled them in after years when the old piloting had vanished. As no one else has done, he has given us a perfect picture of this era, and he has communicated to us a sense of the river's immensity and mystery which he himself felt so keenly.

It has been said that the Mississippi was twice discovered: first by DeSoto and later by Mark Twain. "De Soto merely glimpsed the river, then died and was buried

*Pattee—A History of American Literature since 1870.

†Pattee.

in it by his priests and soldiers.* Mark Twain explored it and found romance. In showing us this romance he has placed us under eternal obligation to him. As Irving immortalized the Hudson, so has Mark Twain immortalized the Mississippi.

"*Roughing It*" is filled with the high spirits and wild excitement of those wonderful days when the author and the West were young together. His account of the young West, when "flush" times prevailed, and law and order were not, is vivid to the point of sensationalism. Yet his account is true. Its vividness is due to the fact that he came into direct contact with this period of Western life and caught the youthful, effervescent spirit of it.

Though weak in construction, and lacking that vivacity and spontaneity which usually characterizes the work of Mark Twain, "*Pudd'n-head Wilson*" yet has its good points. For one thing it has the atmosphere of the "near" West in the old slavery times. The description of the sleepy, pretty little town of Dawson's Landing is very charming. Here, too, the darker side of slavery is emphasized and shown to us with all its tragedy.

Mark Twain wrote "*The Gilded Age*" in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that the "Age" is even more poorly constructed than "*Pudd'n-head Wilson*." It rambles through two volumes when it might easily, and profitably, have been condensed into one. It is very much like the thousands of other insipid novels of that period. There is only one thing that saves it from absolute failure and that is the character of Colonel Beriah Sellers. He makes the book. He belongs in that smaller group of living characters created by American writers. One can't help liking him—generous, loquacious, sanguinary, imaginative as he is. Yet one gets rather impatient with him at times. He is

**Life on the Mississippi* (p.6).

a type, but he is also more than a type. He is a living, breathing personage.

The chapter that most obviously bears Mark Twain's stamp is chapter four, volume one. This deals with a Mississippi steamboat race and wreck. It is exciting and thrilling in its horribleness, and it is further proof of Mark Twain's wonderful descriptive power.

From the standpoint of construction, these books are inartistic. The author had very little constructive skill. As Professor Pattee has said, "He excelled in brilliant dashes, not in long-continued effort." All these books are monotonous, a series of episodes and descriptions, a series which never reaches a dramatic climax. However, the episodes themselves are graphically told and some of them are almost intensely exciting or more dramatic than the episode of the pony express of the plains as told in "*Roughing It*." Some of the descriptions, too, belong with the best in literature, as, for instance, the description of a summer sunrise on the Mississippi* One has to read this to appreciate it, and after one has read it, one realizes that Mark Twain had a great deal of the poetic in him.

If he had had constructive skill and had been able to trace the growth of a human soul, then, with his picturing power, his wonderful mastery of phrase, situation and detail, Mark Twain could have reached the acme of literary perfection. As it is, he succeeded in doing a thing for which he will long be remembered: He painted a true, living picture of the Mississippi and the young West, and to quote Professor Pattee again, "he turned the eyes of America from the romance of Europe to her own romantic past."

**Life on the Mississippi*.

Mary Jenkinson.

“I’se jes’ a lil’ cullud Boy”

I’se jes’ a lil’ cullud boy,
But happy ez kin be,
Dar ain’t nobuddy nowhar
Whut’s happier den me.

I gits up in de mawnin’
Feelin’ fresh an’ fine,
Eberything looks bright ter me,
Dar ain’t no use ter whine.

Jes’ arter eatin’ brekus
T’ings ain’t so pleasant, tho,
'Cause Pa say, “Sonny, gitter wuk,”
An’ I can’t play no mo!

'Til er bout our dinnah time
I hears er bell er ringin’
An’ all de niggahs in de fiel’
Goes runnin’ home er singin’.

Den I get pow’ful happy like
An’ eats tel I neahly bust
Fer vittles tastes a whole heaps sweeter
Ef yer wuk in de fiel’d done fust.

And den we has de bes’es’ time
Playin’ blin’-fol’ an’ bear in de ditch;
But w’en we gits tired ob dem
We play guessin’ games an’ sich.

W’en wattah mullon time is come,
Oh Gee! I likes dem t’ings,
An’ when we gits red, juicy ones
Us all jes’ shouts an’ sings.

De white folks is happy, too, I s’pose
Dey has fun same as black,
But I don’t b’lieve dey’s quite so happy,
Remember dat one fac’.

Dey’s heaps er folks in dis gran’ wrul,
Some libs across de sea,
But don’t yuh nebber b’lieve nobuddy
Is happier’n me.

I’se jes’ a lil’ cullud boy,
But happy ez kin be,
Dar ain’t nobuddy nowhar
Whut’s happier den me.

—A. M. Timmons.

G. W. C Calendar

May 9.—Entertained the Industrial Girls.

May 12.—Annual Hospital Day.

Mr. McKissick addressed the students in the History Department.

Mr. Huntington addressed the Science Club.

May 13.—Miss Denmark had an entertainment for her pupils.

May 14.—Mother’s Day.

May 15.—“Trial by Jury.”

May 16.—Students’ Recital.

May 18-26.—Exams! Exams! Exams!

May 27-30.—Commencement.

May 31.—H-O-M-E!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Just as "there is nothing new under the sun" there can be nothing new to say to college girls about the value of earnestness in school work and activities in general. But, if by chance, we could strike an unusually impressive tone, surely there could be no more opportune time than this. We have no "new girls" now—each of us has had enough of college life to realize that there is a purpose in it all—and together we are planning for the coming session, not only arranging class schedules, but making definite plans for literary societies, Y. W. C. A., Spokesman, and some few of us at least, are in the air castle stage about the Isaqueena. We once heard what must have been a fairy tale about a girl who wrote during the summer in order to have contributions for her college magazine the next winter, and encouraged by that, we are daring to make a suggestion to every girl in our

own student body. If each of us could come back next September with just one thing to offer the editorial staff, can you imagine what an Isaqueena we should have? And can you imagine what it would be like to have a creditable magazine published promptly and cheerfully by the staff, instead of the usual pleading for material in the face of "too much work to even think about it?" Maybe the suggestion is impractical; maybe too much of the work would be unacceptable; we can hear all of the objections, but to every possible one we say a vehement "No." And, again we ask if each girl will not use a little of her leisure time during the summer months in writing something for use in the Isaqueena next year. It can be done, and we see no reason why G. W. C. girls can not do it. Shall we try?

"To A May-Fly"

O'er meadows green I see you float, May-fly,
 On veiny wings of gold amid the air.
 Tell me what you see from your path so fair.
 Above, ruddy clouds in the ev'ning sky?
 Do not you float above the crystal stream
 Filled with trout and silver fish, perhaps gold,
 While shepherds lead from the rocky fold
 Their thirsty flocks, while the half moon beams,
 Across the meadow to the stream: But, no.
 Your life will not last long. Death will come soon.
 That which thou dost glory in while sailing slow
 In thy straight path into the yellow moon
 Will soon be past. Into the fading glow
 And with it you, short-lived will perish soon.

(Copied from Milton Sonnet on the late Massacre at
 Piedmont.)

—Reba Smith.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

The Scholarship Society

A desire to recognize, in some appropriate way, those graduates who have shown marked scholarship, ability to do independent thinking, and the qualities of character that make efficient citizens, has prompted the faculty to make plans for the formation of a scholarship society at the close of this session. The faculty is proud of the senior class and of the other classes that are in succession to be senior classes. They have watched with eager interest the steady climb up the mountain trail of college years; they have seen courageous initiative in exploring new pathways, and patience and perseverance in climbing over some of the obstacles along the way. And now as the time draws near when the seniors are separating to follow individual trails further up the mountain side, they crave the privilege of placing a special mark of honor on those who have distinguished themselves during these years. It is in response to this desire that the formation of this society is proposed.

The policies and general regulations of the society will conform to those of the Phi Beta Kappa honor society, the oldest and largest national organization of this kind in the United States, founded in 1776, at William and Mary College in Virginia. In forming the regulations of the proposed scholarship society, the faculty has been constantly guided by the hope that this society might become the foundation of a Phi Beta Kappa chapter at Greenville Womans College, when the college meets the requirements.

In estimating grades, it has been found expedient to adopt the following terminology: A grade of *C* on the semester average for a one hour subject shall count *one merit point*; for a two hour subject, *two merit points*; for a three hour subject, *three merit points*, etc. A grade of *B* on the semester average shall count *two merit points* for each hour of the subject; a grade of *A* *three merit points* for each hour of the subject.

The general regulations of eligibility to consideration for membership in the society provides that the student shall be a candidate for the B. A. or B. S. degree, that she shall have taken, in Greenville Womans College, 75 of the required 120 semester hours for an academic degree, that she shall have obtained at least 252 merit points or the part thereof proportional to her required residence with no grade below *C*, and that she shall have demonstrated in her college life a desire for high scholarship, ability to do independent thinking and shown those fundamental qualities of character that shall enable her to carry into her world the ideals of her Alma Mater. It will be seen that these general regulations require that a member shall have been a student in the college long enough to bear the imprint of the standards of the college from which she is receiving this honor, and that she must

be at least an average student in all courses taken and beyond the average in some.

The number elected from the junior class will not be greater than two. Only the exceptional junior will be elected; such an election signifies unusual distinction.

The number elected from the senior class will not be greater than one for ever six or major fraction thereof on the roll of candidates for the academic degrees, including any that may have previously been elected in their junior year.

Elections will be made by the faculty at the end of the junior year and at the end of any semester thereafter. Any student admitted to the society previous to the completion of her work for the B. A. or B. S. degree will be admitted subject to the condition that she forfeits her membership unless she fulfills the conditions of eligibility in completing her work. A student of exceptional ability, who has failed to meet some technical requirement of eligibility, may, under special conditions, become eligible to election.

The society will be retroactive to 1914, the year when the present standards were adopted. Those elected to membership during these years have been chosen solely on scholarship, based on the college grades. The following members have been elected: Ann Brock (Mrs. Sam Reid), 1914; Mattie James, 1914; Vinita Cureton, 1915; Olive Busbee, 1916; Marie Padget, 1916; Eula Barton, 1917; Willie Bryan, 1917; Ethel Simpson, 1917; Helen Morgan, 1918; Katharine Easley, 1919; Mary Holiday, 1919; Christobel Mayfield (Mrs. Williams), 1919; Rawie Jones (Mrs. McManaway), 1920; Martha Peace (Mrs. Knight), 1920; Eleanor Keese, 1921; Helen Harris, 1921.

A small engraved card bearing the seal of Greenville Womans College will be given to each member of the society certifying her membership in the society.

The active charter members will consist of those elected at the close of this session and the alumnae members. The first meeting will be held after the elections are made this session. At this time the constitution will be framed, officers elected, and the organization effected. Appropriate ceremonies in recognition of the charter members will be held at the commencement exercises on the morning of May 30. A mark of well merited honor has been conferred on Mrs. J. A. Chambliss, the only surviving member of the first graduating class, the class of 1858, in electing her an honorary member. This announcement will doubtless thrill the heart of every alumna who glories in the hallowed memories of the pioneer student, and who welcomes an opportunity to show honor to those who in the early years helped to shape and inspire the ideals for which her Alma Mater has stood throughout the three-quarters of a century of its growth.

—Isabel Harris, *Chairman of Committee.*

Alumnae Meeting And Luncheon

On May 30, 1922, the Greenville Woman's College Alumnae Association held its annual business meeting in the Alumnae Building and it was pronounced quite a success owing to the unusually large number of graduates and former students who returned for commencement. However, from what we hear this meeting was only a beginning of what is to be accomplished by our strong and loyal alumnae.

With Mrs. B. E. Geer as President of the Association, we know that we can look forward to a year of marked progress and development. We understand by September there will be a number of changes around the college, particularly in the Alumnae Building, due to the work of the Executive Committee through the summer. This local committee consists of fifteen members and seven officers, as follows: President, Mrs. B. E. Geer (Rena M. Rice '96); Vice President, Mrs. M. B. Tindal (Stella McDaniel '80); Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Seyle ('20); Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Broadus Bailey (Rebecca D. Furman '17); Historian, Mrs. S. W. Stansell (J. Dot Sanders '03); Treasurer, Mrs. Guy Gullick (Helen Davis '17); Parliamentarian, Miss Jim Perry ('13).

Already G. W. C. clubs are being organized over the State and Mrs. Broadus Bailey tells us that many more will be formed in the next few months. The Florence club has elected Mrs. Charlie Duckett (Miranda Waters '16) its President and Mrs. Edgar Heape (Rita Polk '19) Treasurer, and has already sent a liberal contribution to the association treasurer. The Columbia Club is making splendid progress with Mrs. Walter Going (J. Allie Mack '07) President, and Mrs. A. T. Tripp (Gertrude Hoyt '89), Treasurer, and has also sent a check to the Executive Committee. Greenwood is being organized by Miss Claudia K. Townes '79; Union by Mrs. M. E. Brockman (Nannie A. Wilson '03); and Mrs. James W. Mixon (Mamie E. Watson '90), and Belton by Miss Mary Gambrell '17.

We hear with interest of this splendid progress toward a bigger and better alumnae organization and turn from the business of the association to the social side. Featuring the reunion classes of 1872, 1897, 1912, 1917 and 1920, the annual alumnae luncheon was held at the college May 31. Mrs. Alester G. Furman, of the class of 1887, acting as toastmistress. A color scheme of blue and gold was used throughout the dining hall, hydrangeas and coriopsis blending in the table decoration.

Mrs. B. E. Geer, incoming president of the alumnae association, set before old and new members the goal towards which the alumnae are now working—the equipment of the Mary C. Judson library. The class of 1872

reported that the family of Mrs. Henry P. McGee, in honor of Mrs. McGee's class, is starting a fund to be used for books. The class of 1887, represented by Mrs. Furman, Mrs. E. V. Parks and Mrs. W. A. Allison, reported \$50 towards a library shelf to be dedicated to Professor Townes. Mrs. Helen Davis Gullick, of the class of 1917, announced that \$75 had been raised as a memorial to their president, Ella May Smith Walker, to be used towards furnishing one of the rooms in the library. The class of 1912 reported a fund started, the use to which it is to be put not yet determined.

WOMAN TRUSTEE SPEAKS.

Mrs. Edwin Carpenter, the new member of the board of trustees, was introduced and welcomed as the first woman on the board. Mrs. Carpenter replied graciously, saying that nothing save her loyalty to her own college kept her from regretting that she is not an alumna of G. W. C.

Dr. Ramsay, responding to "The Future of the Greenville Woman's College," touched upon the sort of sound education the Southern girl is wanting and how the Greater Greenville Woman's College is meeting the need.

Mrs. C. T. J. Giles represented 1897, whose graduates are taking their places throughout the South.

MORALITY PLAY GIVEN.

The feature of the luncheon, however, was the morality play, "Every Girl," written by Mrs. Elizabeth Robertson Alford and presented by members of the class of 1912.

Miss Belle Easley reported concerning the career of each member of the class, showing the 78 girls and their 41 husbands engaged in professions and businesses of all kinds.

Mrs. Helen Davis Gullick gave an account of the class of 1917, the death of whose president has left the class somewhat disorganized.

PROPHECIES GO WRONG.

Miss Jennie Cox, president of the class of 1920, re-read a clever paraphrase of the class prophecy, showing the many contradictions which in two brief years can take place.

Mrs. J. D. Hughey, retiring president of the Alumnae Association, at the beginning of the luncheon greeted the class of 1922, and Miss Grace Long, class president, responded.

At the close of the program Mrs. Furman called again upon 1922, and Miss Long replied, giving briefly the plans and high ambitions of the graduates.

Alumnae Class Notes

Class 1872.

The class of 1872 is to be recognized this year at the Annual Alumnae Luncheon, as the "fifty year class." Mrs. H. T. Cook of Greenville, S. C., is the only living member, of the four graduates at that time.

Class of 1875.

The correct address of Mrs. J. L. Killian, formerly of Greenville, S. C., is Little Rock, Arkansas.

Class 1878.

Mrs. W. J. Langston is now living in Easley, S. C.

Class 1879.

Annie (M. Harrison) Wideman (Mrs. J. L.) died in March, 1921.

Class 1880.

Mrs. E. E. Beelinger is now living in Princeton, S. C.

Class 1881.

Janie (L. Williams) Hunter (Mrs. John) died November 27, 1921.

Class 1884.

Mrs. G. R. Needham lives on 1740 Forbes St., Jacksonville, Florida.

Class 1888.

Florence (E. Cox) Todd (Mrs. F. M.) died this spring, at her home in Simpsonville, S. C.

Class 1892.

The address of Mrs. A. N. Brunson is Greenwood, S. C.

Class 1893.

Emma (Johnson) Clifton (Mrs. Jesse) is living in Greenville, S. C.

Class 1901.

Marriage: Maud Harrison to Edward Buoch, of Norfolk, Va.

Frances (Langston) Bass (Mrs. J. L.) is living in Greenville, S. C.

Annie Ben Chiles lives in Biltmore, N. C.

Alma (Daniel) Baggott (Mrs. John) is living in Johnston, S. C.

Margaret E. Scarborough is living in Florence, S. C.

Class 1903.

Dot (Sanders) Stansell (Mrs. Lemuel W.) is living at 203 East Park Ave., Greenville, S. C.

Class 1905.

Vashti (Keys) Cullem (Mrs. W. O.) is living in Columbia, S. C.

Class 1908.

Evie May (McKinney) Neves (Mrs. Carl A.) is living in Greenville, S. C.

Class 1911.

Miss Gladys McGee will finish at the Institute of Musical Art, on June 1, graduating in piano. Miss McGee graduates with honor and is also the Vice President of her class, which numbers one hundred.

Class 1912.

Marriage: Lucile Cox to H. S. Burdett, of Jesup, Ga. Marie Anderson is living on Buncombe St., Greenville, S. C.

Eunice (Gentry) Wilson is living in Raleigh, N. C.

Class 1913.

Pett Belk is living in Cheraw, S. C.

Loulie (Cullum) Craig is now living in Petersburg, Va.

Alexina Sauls lives in Smoaks, S. C.

Wardlaw Stansell lives in Greenville, S. C.

Class 1914.

Marriages: Sadie Kate Hunter to a Mr. McMillan of Mullins, S. C.

Snow Jeffries, whose married name is not known by the editor, is living in Edgefield.

Elizabeth Isabelle Beacham to Mr. Dixon Franklin Pearce, of Greenville, S. C., on May 9, 1922.

Class 1915.

Margaret (Beattie) Courtenay has returned from several months of travel in Europe, and is now at home in Columbia, S. C.

Marriage: Janie Worthington Gilreath to Mr. James Clarkson Derieux on March 14, 1922. They are now living on 182 Sullivan St., New York City.

Class 1917.

Marriages: Virginia Allen to Mr. Winfield Potter of Greenville, S. C.

Vashti Cox to Mr. Vintan De Vane, of Greenville, S. C.

Ethel Simpson's address is Biltmore, N. C.

Lucy Salley has been teaching in Walhalla, S. C., this year.

Class 1918.

Lois Loftis is a member of the 1922 graduating class of G. W. C., taking her B. A. degree.

Class 1919.

Marriages: Mildred Costner to Dr. McCalla, of Milledgeville, Ga. Virginia Hudgens to Mr. Brooks Connor, of Spartanburg, S. C.

JOKES

I wonder.
Wonder what?
If the cigarette is the feminine of cigar.—*Exchange.*

Love is like a photograph plate—it takes a dark room to develop it.

Alumnus: "So your daughter got her B. A. and M. A."
Father: "Yes, but her Pa still supports her."
—*The Howler.*

Saleman: "Here's a book that will do half your work for you."
E. W. "Gimme two."

F. K.: "What are you doing these school days?"
T. M.: "Resting my brain so as to enjoy my summer vacation."

Miss W.: You know what the question is; do you not?"
A. M. T.: "Yes, but I can't exactly remember what the answer is supposed to be."

E. S.: "I wonder if the professor meant anything when he gave me a ticket to his lecture on 'Fools.'"
S. F.: "Of course he did; doesn't it say 'Admit One'?"

Miss K.: "What are the three kinds of diction?"
A. A.: "Newspaper diction, oratorical diction and benediction."

Dr. R.: "Young ladies, I am dismissing you ten minutes early. Please go out quietly so as not to awake the other classes."

Miss D. (on history): "Who can tell me something about Nero?"

S. P.: "He was the one mentioned in 'Nero, My God to thee.'"

The human fly was scaling the outside of the tall building at a dizzy height and an anxious throng watched in the street.

"What's he doing?" asked an old gentlemen.
"He's going to the top of the building." Said a by-stander.
"Well," asked the old party, "Why don't the crazy take the elevator."

Little Mable, eight years old, had passed most of her life in the company of grown-ups and she had acquired many of their oldish ways by imitation. An elderly lady was visiting the aunt with whom Mable lived. Mable had heard the expression, "Well Preserved," used concerning old people. So, after this old lady took her departure Mable sprang a surprise upon her elders by remarking: "Auntie, isn't Mrs. Brown a well-pickled old lady?"—*Judge.*

Young Lady (on first visit to Western Ranch): "For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?"
Cowpuncher: "That line, as you call it, lady, we use to catch cattle and horses."
Young Lady: "Oh, indeed! Now may, I ask, what do you use for bait?"
Business envelopes.

Said a friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an M. A. degree.
"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph. D. next?"
"No. He will be looking for a J. O. B."—*Life.*

"You had a good start at college; you were on the highway to a well-rounded education. Why did you give it up?"
"I heard that it was folly to be wise."

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

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

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

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is on one of the great thoroughfares of the South. It is an old educational center and maintains the best ideals of our people in the midst of a great material prosperity. The advantages and opportunities of such a community are educational by-products of no small value. Along with these must be mentioned Greenville's climate and health. The air and water are perfect. The college in all of its sixty-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.

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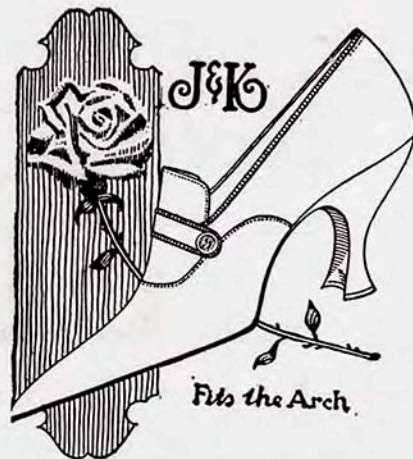
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