The Isaqueena - 1922, November

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The ISAQUEENA

Contents

The Wind (poem) -------------------------- Frances Luck .................. 3
The Palace of Art ------------------------ Elizabeth Bates ................ 4
Success is the Thing (story) ------------ Jack Jones .................... 5
Book Reviews:
The Portrait of a Lady ------------------ Annie Mary Timmons .......... 8
The First Person Singular --------------- Lois Ballenger ............... 9
Editorial Department:
A Step Forward ................................ 11
State College Press Association ......... 11
Alumnae Department:
G. W. C. Greenville County Club Organized . 12
Interesting Facts About G. W. C. in 1874-1878 .......... 12
G. W. C. Calendar ............................. 13
Smile (poem) .................................. 13
Exchange Department ....................... 14
Jokes ............................................ 14

November, 1922

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“The Palace of Art”

F

EVERY author usually gets the leading theme or idea for his greatest works from some occasion or incident that has come into his own life. Quite often a great personal sorrow has been the means of bringing forth the greatest work of the author. For instance, the death of Arthur Hallam, his great friend, caused Tennyson to write, In Memoriam, his greatest poem. So far as is known, there was no occasion for writing The Palace of Art except that Tennyson as a young poet thought he should publish his belief on the service of art.

The source of the poem may have been supplied by George Herbert’s poem, The World.

“Love built a stately house”—In Herbert’s poem, however, the Palace was torn down. In Tennyson’s poem, the Palace is to be left standing to be occupied later by the repentant soul and her companions. Other sources may be found in Ecclesiastes 11:1-17, where we are shown how foolish it is to seek pleasure alone.

From about 1830 to 1833 there was very little accomplished in English literature. In this period Mr. Alfred Tennyson’s reputation, as a poet, was very uncertain. There had been much unfavorable criticism of his work. In 1830 he published a small volume of poems which were chiefly lyrical. These received much praise, but not from influential sources. His most noted critic at this time was Christopher North. There was very little praise mingled with his criticism of the author. He did add that Tennyson might some day produce something worth reading. Six months later Tennyson published a second volume. It contained thirty poems, including A Dream of Fair Women, and The Palace of Art. In these the poet’s style was not changed, but much improved. This time he was criticized by Lockhart, the editor of the Quarterly. His criticism was much more severe than Christopher’s had been, with no favorable comments. Tennyson profited by this criticism, because after ten years of silence he published his Poems in Two Volumes, and was recognized immediately as a poet. This volume contained some selections from the volume of 1833 and the ones that Lockhart had criticized so severely were omitted and the others were corrected until they appeared to have been rewritten. This self-criticism is shown in The Palace of Art, the longest and most important of the 1833 poems. When Tennyson had some lovely stanzas that did not exactly suit the poem he put them in as notes. In the second edition these were left out. In 1833 the poem including the notes, contained eighty-three stanzas. In 1884 it had only seventy-five. Thirty-one of the original number had been entirely omitted. Twenty-two new stanzas had been added. Those that remain have all been retouched and altered, so that very few remain as they were at first.

There is no other poem in the English language, even in the writings of Tennyson which has had such careful revision. All this remodeling shows us that Tennyson was broadminded. If Lockhart had criticized Wordsworth, as he did Tennyson, Wordsworth would have gone right on writing as he did before. Tennyson was willing to learn even from an enemy. The Palace of Art has gained by rebuilding.

The poem is an allegory. It is dedicated to an unnamed friend. Its object is to depict a selfish soul living alone in its own palace of pleasure, without taking an interest in the suffering of the great world of mankind. Tennyson wanted to show us that such a life must be a failure and must carry its own punishment. In the first edition it was addressed to an artist:

“You are an artist, and you will understand its many lesser meanings.”

In the second edition these lines have been omitted. It is as if the poet desired to give a wide range to his lesson. It shows us that during those ten years he had grown broader and deeper, with larger and more humane sympathies.

In the beginning the soul thinks there is no diety, and thinks of humanity as a herd of swine, so he builds a beautiful palace to enjoy. The palace which the poet built for his soul is described as standing on a lofty table-land, secure and inaccessible, because his first object was to dwell apart from the world. The palace is described as having four great courts and its fountains, with smooth lawns and branching cloisters. There is a gilded parapet around the roof that shows many wonderful views. Then he leads the soul through the different rooms and describes the tapestries on the wall. Next he is carried into the great half of the palace. Here, there are portraits of great men including Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, and Dante. And there was added, “Mosaic Chocieply Planned,” the floor that the soul trod on, on her way to the throne, between the faces of Plats and Verulam.

It seems as if the poet felt more deeply, as he grew older, the need of making this picture clear and strong. For example the two stanzas describing the soul in her joy:

“O Godlike isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
That range on yonder plain.

In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
They graze and wallow, breed and sleep;
And oft some brainless devil enters in,
And drives them to the deep.”
These lines are essential to the understanding of the poem. They reach the heart of the sin which defiled the palace and destroyed the soul’s happiness. She loved beauty and music, but scorned her fellow-men. This selfish pride drives out the Christ. It is this sin, the poet says, that changes the palace of art into a prison of despair. The soul does not find true rest in her palace until she learns that true art does not mean the seeking of selfish pleasure, but the serving of humanity. When she realizes this, she is ready to bring others with her.

These pictures of the palace constitute a prominent part of the poem; and it is evident that Tennyson used the stanza that he employed, because it was the most suitable for his word paintings. The stanza is close, having an abrupt, but restful sound. It consists of four stanzas: the first is pentameter, the second tetrameter, the third pentameter again, and the fourth trimeter. The rhythm scheme is abab. He has made the stanza his own as he has made the stanza of In Memoriam. Peter Bayne, speaking of the stanza of The Palace of Art, says, “No means could be conceived for setting forth, to such advantage, those separate pictures, each a perfect whole.”

Tennyson, himself in speaking of The Palace of Art, says, “The Palace of Art is the embodiment of my own belief that the Godlike life is with man and for man, that

“Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder’d without tears
And he that shuts out Love, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love—”

—Elizabeth Bates.

Success Is the Thing!

VISITORS to the town of Cartersville always noticed the old High School building on the top of McBee Hill. The quaintness of the building was emphasized by the modern structures around it: it seemed to be slumbering up there among the trees while the world around it was awake and thriving. Those who know the life inside of the old building say that events are much the same every year. Only instructors with high ideals and ambition for the youth were ever employed in Cartersville; the graduates, throughout the thirty years of the school history, were always substantial citizens; the girls became the best housekeepers in the community, and the boys the most successful business men. The inside of the building was as peaceful as the outside, or was until the opening of the 1922 session.

From the minute the doors opened for the 1922 session the old walls of the building began to feel a different atmosphere. Bobbed haired girls with dangling earrings strolled up and down the halls; boys straggled into the class-rooms with an indifferent sophisticated air—alas, the tea-hound and flapper had even squeezed into the sacred walls of the Cartersville High School.

After the first teacher’s meeting on Friday night, Miss Carrie Wade, history teacher, aged forty, eloped with the mathematics instructor, aged forty-six.

Shocking! Mysterious! Exciting!

Never before had romance been so bold as to venture into the stern old building.

The first real shock of the session came at the beginning of the second school month. The roll of the Senior girls’ Domestic Science class had been called and the class was ready for the talk which always preceded the cooking when the door opened and George Webster, one of the Senior boys appeared. He walked over to the desk of Miss Mays, the cooking teacher and explained his entrance. “I’m sorry I’m late to the class but I’ve been talking to Dr. Hughes about my schedule. You see I’ve elected this Domestic Science for the rest of the year and he said if I—”

Miss Mays laughed. “George,” she interrupted “I should be furious at you for interrupting our class but since asking to join this cooking class seems to be a favorite fraternity initiation joke, I’ll forgive and ask you to leave us now.”

“I was taken in a frat last year, Miss Mays.” George began to look serious. “This is no joke with me. After talking with Dr. Hughes this morning I’ve decided finally to elect cooking.”

The old walls of the building trembled. Miss Mays cleared her throat. Twenty-six girls giggled and began to whisper, but the girl sitting on the end seat of the second row only gazed at the black board in front of her. The twenty-seventh member of the class was Laura Norris, Banker Norris’ daughter—and she was George’s “girl.”

Laura was very pretty and she had brains. She was the best student in the Senior Class. She was the only daughter in the Norris household and was trained by her mother in aristocratic and noble ideas.

For the last two years George Webster had barely passed the examinations. He showed no inclination to study; he met classes irregularly, but managed, by standing the tests over and over, to go up with the class each year. Some of the teachers said he was stupid; some said he was lazy; the girls thought he was “good look-
ing," but slow and boring; all of the boys liked him—they enjoyed his indifferent attitude towards life. To Laura Norris, George was very interesting; although he was sometimes rather rude at social affairs she endured him because he was different from her other friends and he could dance. Her mother disapproved of George very much, saying although there were brilliant people in his family, George would never amount to anything worth while. Why not leave him alone and cultivate the acquaintance of Robert Stuart who was a fine boy, and of course would be a wonderful doctor like his father; but Laura had ideas of her own. Although she had always liked George's peculiar actions she was rather unprepared for his entrance to the cooking class. George remained in the class and with the other members continued the work.

Miss Mays was bewildered. She went to Dr. Hughes' office as soon as the class was over and asked if he had actually given George Webster permission to enter the cooking class.

“Yes, indeed I have,” replied the principal excitedly, “I've just called up Judge Webster and talked to him about his son’s career. When I told him what George had done this morning he laughed for thirty seconds and said he would take the blame for his son’s decision. It seems that when the Judge discovered George had failed on every subject he took last month, that he jokingly remarked to him that “since he seemed doomed to fail in life, if an education was needed, why not be a baker.”

Here Dr. Hughes laughed. “And so, Miss Mays,” he said “I advise you to keep George in the class and see how his adventure will end.”

Recess that day was the rival of a woman's club. Everyone was gossiping. George Webster and cooking was the subject. He had done the deed but why none of the pupils knew. The girls insisted that he would do anything to be with Laura; some of the boys said George was planning to do the domestic duties in his household and let his wife make the money; some said he was such a “big-eater” he wanted to be able to take care of himself, while others hinted that he was thinking of being a baker. George would tell nothing. He cared very little for the sensation he was causing. Public opinion meant nothing to him so long as Laura behaved as a sensible girl should—and she did.

He continued with the rest of the class the scientific study of cooking, and decidedly enjoyed it. The novelty of his cooking soon wore off but was continually used by some as a good joke. On Valentine’s Day George received a note with the following verse:

“We may live without poetry, music, and art: We may live without conscience, and live without heart; We may live without friends, we may live without books; But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books,—What is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love, what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
Will you be my Valentine?”

The hand-writing indicated that the Valentine was supposed to be from some devoted young lady, but George chuckled to himself that “Joe Harris' r's and s's give him away.” George was too indifferent to be offended and laughingly showed his valentine around to the boys and girls.

As commencement drew near the Senior class began to have parties and dances. One Saturday night George Webster came into the living-room of his home and announced to the family that he would give a dance for the Senior class on the following Wednesday evening. Mother and Father Webster were delighted. George had never shown a very social disposition, and had especially scorned the idea of entertaining—but now he had changed—they were really proud of him. Margie, the twelve-year-old daughter of the Websters’ was greatly excited over the prospect of George’s dance—“Oh, George,” she cooed, “you’ll be a tea-hound yet.”

“Tea-hound nothing”, sneered George, “you know I don’t care a hang about dancing or seeing anybody else dance, I just want an excuse to have the gang here to try out some of my cooking. I’m giving my graduating demonstration in cooking next Wednesday,” he added with a laugh.

At this Mrs. Webster picked up the sewing from her basket and silently began to embroider; Father Webster decided to re-read the evening paper, while Margie’s only comment was “Nutty old George.”

George’s dance, however, was a great success. The house looked beautiful; the orchestra and guests were “fulla pep”; but the real success centered in the refreshments. Margie, George’s little sister, explained to several guests early in the evening that “George is some cook—he fixed all the ‘eats’ tonight ‘cept the ice-cream.” Of course the news spread, but when the “eats” did come George’s ability was not questioned. The cakes served with the ice-cream were made from one of George’s original recipes. The tops of them were iced in white with the numbers ’23 in gold on the white foundation. The gold and white mints (gold and white were the class colors) were delicious, and the punch bowl was never deserted. Laura had never seemed so devoted to George. She thought he was wonderful. And so ended George’s first dance.

Two days before the commencement exercises of the Cartersville High School, Dr. Hughes called the Senior class together for the parting talk. After the talk each
pupil was asked to fill out a slip which was passed around. Besides giving name, address, age, and date of birth he asked each pupil to mention the career or profession he or she wished to enter. When the slip came to George Webster he wrote "baker" after his name and passed the slip on. Laura Norris as well as the other members of the class saw what George had written. Dr. Hughes had passed a similar slip around to twenty previous Senior classes and never before had baker appeared on any of the slips.

When Laura met George in the hall a few minutes later she began pulling a class ring from her finger.

"Take your ring, George," she said, "and consider me only as a past event. I've tried to be decent to you when you've been acting so noticeably peculiar all the year. I thought this cooking of yours was only a joke, but now since you seem to be earnest about this baker business I'm through with you. What in the world will your family think? Why don't you use sense and study law like your father intended you to? Well, what you do doesn't matter to me at all. I'm going to the final banquet tonight with Bobby Stuart, a future physician."

She turned and walked away. George put the ring on his finger. "Aw, Laura," he began, "don't you appreciate a joke occasionally, I'm—but she was too far away to hear.

II.

After a year or two of preparation in smaller colleges, several of the High School graduates of the class of '23 in Cartersville, entered universities. Harold Black, president of the class, went to Yale; Josephine Allen became a star athlete at Mount Holyoke; Laura Norris was proving her theory of the equality of sexes in the matter of brains with the other co-eds at Cornell; and George Webster, because of the superiority of Father Webster over his son, entered Harvard to prepare himself for the bar. According to the letters written to his family, George enjoyed his work, and evidently was working very hard—not even coming home for the Christmas holidays, but remained up North. Judge Webster was eager for his son to enter the law profession with him.

When Caroline Brown—one of the graduates of '23 class of Cartersville High School, returned to America in 1929, after a two year's trip abroad with her aunt and uncle, she found Cartersville, her old home, the most prominent city in upper South Carolina.

"Everything seems so changed," she remarked to "Jodie" Allen, who had stopped in to see her one afternoon. "Those two years away seem so long. Where is Harold Black, and Louise, and Sarah Harris, and funny old George Carter, and—"

"George Carter," gasped "Jodie," "Haven't you heard about him? Why Caroline he's the owner of a chain of bakeries throughout five Southern states."

"Bakeries?" interrupted Caroline, "you're joking, surely. I thought he got his degree at Harvard and was to be his father's partner in law."

"That's the belief every one had until two years ago," continued Jodie, "he did dabble with law just to please his father, but was spending most of his time with chemistry. He rather upset the town two years ago when he opened his bakery here—but now he's wealthy and by honest means, too."

"Well, well," laughed Caroline, "and what of his old flame Laura Norris? What does she think of her lover of her youth?"

"Think of him? Why Caroline, when have you read the paper?"

"Oh, not since I returned. Anything exciting in it?"

"Just glance at this please," suggested Jodie, handing Caroline the picture of the Evening Herald.

Caroline glanced at the front page and saw two familiar faces under which she read, "Miss Laura Norris, beautiful daughter of John T. Norris, President of First National Bank of Cartersville, and her fiance, George Webster, the young millionaire baker, and son of Judge Lewis Webster."

"Well," said Caroline, throwing down the paper, "Jodie Allen, this is interesting. Talk fast and tell me everything."

"Nothing else to tell," calmly announced Jodie, "except that he's having a gorgeous home built out on Greenville Drive, and that he's the best 'catch' in the city, and Laura Norris got him. I never did care much for George, but I'll say this much for him; that he had more brains than the rest of our class, because just think how he disregarded public opinion and did the kind of business he liked. Just think of Bobby Stuart,—he's clerking in a department store because he isn't fitted for a regular profession."

"Thought he was studying to be a doctor," suggested Caroline.

"He did go to a medical school, but never finished. He told me he always hated the idea of being a doctor, but just to please his father, decided to study. His father died and left him nothing. Bob's married now, and has to do something. I guess George would have been doing the same thing if he had followed the family whim of being a lawyer. Oh, well, it is the success in work that really counts after all—even in a bakery. More tea, please, Caroline."

—Jack Jones.
BOOK REVIEWS

The Portrait of a Lady
(By Henry James.)

While it is true that Henry James is a realist, it is hard to say that some of his characters in The Portrait of a Lady are such men and women as we may meet every day in the shop or street. In fact they are in every particular exceptions, and unusual cases. They are not typical of America, as they are considered by many. Mrs. Touchett, in all her perverseness is intensely real, yet one would shrink from saying that she is a real American woman. She had her own way of doing things, was plain spoken and as near independent of all humanity as is possible for any one to be, and yet remain in this world—so far we see in her the independent and original type of American woman—but to proceed, she was a plain-faced old woman, without grace and personal attraction, who delighted in her own peculiarities, thought of herself first and always and was never known to please anybody except Isabel Archer, whose brightness and wit attracted her. It is seldom that one finds in America, or elsewhere such extremely perverse characters as the Mrs. Touchett type. Then again, we have her son Ralph, "born to easy fortune and tranquil destiny," absolutely a creature of whim, who drifted from one clime to another with no definite end in view to amuse himself, with the great wide world as his toy. It is quite evident from a study of these two characters, and others, that Henry James did not really know American life, but painted his characters with skill from the extraordinary specimens he had observed in Europe. This book cannot be classed with the number which really portray the great mass of our countrymen.

James seems to have no aim save the scientific desire to record the facts or events of experience, to become perfect in characterization. One reading of The Portrait of a Lady is quite convincing that he accomplished his aim. It can be said of no other writer that he has surpassed James as a painter of external portraits, a delineator of personality and manners. The skill with which he reveals the thoughts, arguments and actions of his characters, and their manners as seen against the European background, makes this novel valuable, even though plot or story element is lacking. One does not seek adventures or dramatic situations, but follows the author closely as he slowly and deliberately unfolds such a character as the living and intensely real heroine—Isabel Archer. There is no desire to turn the pages wildly to see what happens next—whether the exaggerated villain at last receives his rightful death or the hero bravely escapes from him and rescues his love—but a quiet willingness and satisfaction to delve into a study of her mental processes under the skilled judgment and guidance of the author.

"Although Henry James is a genius as a character painter," I hear someone remark, "the speeches of his characters have a certain monotonous brilliancy that seems to shout the name of the author in your face." Yes, that is true. At no time can they be termed less than brilliant. Every speech they utter is brilliant and witty, and as a result of that, may appear to have a superficial ring to it. The perverse Mrs. Touchett, the charming Isabel, the great Lord Warburton, all seem at one time or another to slip out of their places, to assume the philosophic attitude of the author, and to cope with each other in the use of their conversational powers as a number of Henry James would be apt to do under like circumstances. While his analysis is perfect as an art, one cannot help but feel that the predominant factor directing it all is self-consciousness. He never seems to forget himself. But, let me ask, is this really objected to in a writer? Why should he not put his philosophy into the mouths of his characters so long as he does not submerge them in it and destroy their own personalities? It is true that an author who habitually does this is generally considered inferior, yet in the case of Henry James, it is admirable. For years he labored intensely in his particular field of work, laying little emphasis upon anything else. He attached his problems deliberately, laboriously, as a scientist. He stands today for specialization. Therefore his work is such a thing of the intellect, so objective, so perfect an art, that he is decidedly a lucky person who has the opportunity to drink in a little of James' philosophy direct from the mouths of his most interesting characters.

As would naturally be supposed, since there is little plot and much characterization, the movement is extremely slow. In truth, James seems not to concern himself with movement at all. He describes every character and scene minutely—even the teacup Mr. Touchett held in his hand when he was introduced to the reader. It is of little importance to him that he stops the story in order to describe the exact color and material of a tie worn by one of his characters when it wouldn't make a particle of difference, at that particular time and occasion, whether that character wore a tie or not, or, at least, the reader does not wish to concern himself with it, if he does. At every step there is analysis, searching for cause and effect, and philosophizing. When Lord Warburton is on the point of proposing to a certain young lady, before the pleasure of hearing his voice is
ours, we must become fully aware of all his sensations as they are interpreted one by one. It was a delight to follow this long-drawn out analysis until reaching this point in the story, but then altho serving to create some suspense, it became an obstacle to enjoyment. Henry James would not have destroyed any of the charm of his work had he left out a little of it, particularly where the story was sufficient to insure the undivided interest of the reader. For example, we must read several pages of such lines as the following before he says the words we are looking for and longing to hear. How strangely calm and deliberate are his thoughts at such a time. "The young lady, who trod the turf beside him, had come from a queer country across the sea which he knew a good deal about; her antecedents, her associations were very vague to his mind except in so far as they were generic and in this sense they showed as distinct and unimportant. Miss Archer had neither a fortune nor the sort of beauty that justifies a man to the multitude, and he calculated that he had spent about twenty-six hours in her company. He had summed up all this; he had looked these things well in the face and then had dismissed them from his thoughts. He cared no more for them than for the rosebud in his buttonhole"—On and on he goes in this fashion until at last he says, "I care nothing for Gardencourt. I care only for you." In such a manner, James stamps in the minds of his readers such clear impressions of his characters that they not only seem very close to them at the time, but remain permanently. Now could one forget them when every bit of conversation speaks philosophy? Every thought and sensation means analysis? Isabel Archer is almost as real to me as any girl of my acquaintance. Lord Warburton is my particular friend.

At all times, Henry James shines out in his characters, but never does he seem to be possessed by them. Nowhere in this novel is there a single sentence read with held breath and beating heart. There are various kinds of situations in which his characters are placed but in no one of them is it possible to find any stirring emotions. To close the book is to bid "Farewell" to a number of delightful acquaintances but there is still a feeling that the message has been somewhat subordinated to the style, that it was without depth. Could the author have failed in his mission? No! decidedly not! he never aimed to create. His one sole purpose was to portray manners, to paint external portraits, and he did it. The realistic portraits of Ralph Touchett and Isabel Archer alone are quite convincing and laugh to scorn the doubt that he could have failed, even in the slightest degree, to accomplish his aim. For who, but a man perfect in his art and thoroughly capable of doing what he wishes, is able to deal with the intellect alone and yet leave in the mind of his reader so vivid a portrait of any character and one that is not only perfect in appearance but whose mental reactions and argumentations have really touched the life of the individual?

—Annie Mary Timmons.

'The First Person Singular'

(By William Rose Benet.)

His romance of modern life by Benet is strikingly a mystery story, and as one critic has said "baffles the reader as successfully as it did the postmaster and old Miss Crome." The interesting style of writing, which the author has, the striking and vivid characters developed, as well as the typical and familiar setting given to the action, together with a well planned and well worked out mystery plot focuses our interest and attention untiringly on the novel. A brief resume of the plot will bring out the mystery element involved and give the best idea of the story action.

Flora Sibley, a successful and attractive writer of fiction, much admired by both sexes for her charm and beauty, tires of the life she has been leading in New York for a period of ten years, and decides that something must be done to change the routine of her life.

Tuparton, Penn., an ugly, dirty, and poorly developed town, heralds the coming of the afternoon train—a great event in the daily life of the place. A stranger, who, the gossips tell us, has rented the Battell house on the hill, alights. Great interest is extant because the newcomer is moderately young, pretty, indifferent and independent. She settles in her new home with a maid and a cook for companions and asks life to pass along while she works her garden and thinks her thoughts.

In Tuparton, Dr. Charles Gedney lives with his adopted daughter, Bessie. He dwells among his historic manuscripts and pays no attention to gossip, newcomers, or romance. His life has been darkened by a jealous wife, whose stubbornness and unreasonableness have driven his only and much beloved daughter, Gertrude, from home. Soon after, the wife dies, and leaves the Doctor in his lonely house, which he cheers by the adoption of his niece, Bessie, a bright, temperamental but sensible girl. Bessie who is sixteen, when the story opens, and the newcomer, Mrs. Adela Ventress, become fast friends. Bessie studies drawing and oil painting under Mrs. Ventress' tutorship, despite the protests of Uncle Arthur, who is horrified because no one knows anything of the new woman.

Bessie continues her studies with Mrs. Ventress, and
when her cousin, Slade, representative of a New York paper, pays Dr. Gedney and herself a visit, she takes him with her to meet her wonderful Adela. Slade who is older than Bessie, but younger than Mrs. Ventress, imagines himself in love with Adela, after their first meeting.

Meantime the town props, Miss Crome, an old maid, the postmaster, and the real estate agent, Mr. Duffit, are wagging their tongues over every clue they can obtain with reference to Mrs. Ventress. Who is she anyway? And where is her husband? Why doesn't she mix with Tupton society more than she does? And most of all, she had been seen smoking a cigarette, an unpardonable thing for a woman to do in Tupton. Miss Crome had caught her in the act and it was not to be denied. Who is this Slade, also from New York who came down to visit Mrs. Ventress, on week ends—and always there is in their minds the mystery of Gertrude Gedney, who had disappeared fifteen years before.

Just at this time a mysterious document is found in the offices of the newspaper where Slade works. It proves to be an exceptionally interesting story, but no name is to be found about it and no clue leading to the identity of the author. Slade shows it to his friend Richard Coryat, who declares that it was written by Richard Terrill, an Englishman, who had published a book a few years before. However, Miss Ann Cole, of New York comes into the office one day and claims to be the authoress both of the story and the book by Richard Terrill. She promises to return with credentials but never returns again and the news office and interested persons are as much in the dark as before. Slade has heard Mrs. Ventress say that she has written some and is still experimenting and he begins to wonder if the story might be hers. Coryat’s suppositions are also aroused, as a literary friend of his had recently disappeared from the city, so he and Slade plans a visit to Tupton to investigate.

Miss Crome, at Tupton, with Mr. Duffit has been working out a theory as to the identity of the strange Mrs. Ventress. With the aid of other ancients of Tupton, they recall that Gertrude Gedney, the runaway, had been seen with a certain Roger Ventress, before her disappearance, and that he too, had left Tupton at the same time Gertrude had disappeared, and had later died in New York. This new Mrs. Ventress was about thirty-five, Miss Crome figures, and had features about the same as one would suppose Gertrude Gedney, to have could they see her after fifteen years. Moreover she calls herself Mrs. Ventress and Gertrude is said to have married Roger Ventress; and further evidence against the lady is her intimacy and regard for Bessie Gedney, the adopted daughter of Dr. Gedney, and stepsister to Gertrude. So this strange lady must be Gertrude Gedney, returned to Tupton in disguise, and so Miss Crome states her evidence to Mr. Duffit, and Mr. Duffit tells the postmaster, and the postmaster tells his wife—and soon the town is buzzing with excitement.

The afternoon train to Tupton that day brings several passengers. A strange lady, who goes to the one hotel in the town, and Slade and Coryat go on their intended visit of investigation. Uncle Arthur had heard the talk and carried it with indignation to Dr. Gedney, and Dr. Gedney is equally indignant and hurt when he realizes how the town is talking about the supposed Gertrude Gedney. He assures Uncle Arthur of the mistake—but the town talk goes on, since Dr. Gedney considers it dignified to say nothing.

Coryat and Mrs. Ventress meet with evident embarrassment and confusion, which only deepens the mystery to Slade and Bessie, who is also aware of the affairs regarding her dear Adela. Slade and Bessie go for a walk that night and in passing the creek in the upper side of town, hears a strange strangeling sound from the bridge. Slade dives into the water and comes out with the unconscious form of a woman in his arms. She is carried to Dr. Gedney’s—and great is her surprise when she awakes the next morning to find herself in familiar surroundings—and Bessie and Dr. Gedney are overjoyed when they find the strange woman to be Gertrude. Slade is equally surprised to find that she is Ann Cole, claimant to the story in the news office, and Coryat is dumbfound to find in her his long lost Jane Bartlett, and the town folks are abashed to learn that the strange Mrs. Ventress is not Gertrude Gedney Ventress, but Flora Sibley of New York, hunting change of scene and peace of mind which was not to be found in Tupton, with Miss Crome and the postmaster nosing around.

And so the mystery surrounding Mrs. Ventress and Gertrude Gedney solves itself, without the aid of Miss Crome, who for once is sufficiently left behind to keep to herself for a period.

The skill of the writer in keeping the mystery behind several characters throughout the entire story adds zest to the plot, the characters and the setting. The author does not weaken in the development of his characters in his effort to make the story a puzzle—and this fact in itself, that he accomplished what he set out to do, makes the book a success.

—Lois Ballenger—’23
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A Step Forward

Forty years ago, according to The College Mirror, commencement at the Greenville Womans College was featured by the appearance on the stage of befreilled and beribboned young ladies carrying in their hands their graduating essays which they eventually passed over to the presiding gentleman to be read to the audience. And, when finally in the exercises of these very literary societies we have today “a young female spoke from a public platform”, all Greenville rose in condemnation. Letters of criticism are still on record, and an article appeared in the daily paper inviting mourners to the funeral of Modesty. Who would then have dreamed that a comparatively few years later, we would be setting aside at a vast expenditure a building for the sake of offering to young ladies the highest opportunity for development in the art of public speaking and debating—the more public the better.

When we read in the official bulletin of 1874 the announcement of “instruction in embroidery, wax-work, and music,” it seems incredible that today this same music and art offer some of the chief means of livelihood as well as contribute an infinite amount to the genuine enjoyment of everyday existence. Possibly, we view an even more amazing change when we realize that our grandmothers’ matter-of-course, but hit-and-miss methods of housekeeping have been replaced by a scientific knowledge and a systematic use of time and energy for the housekeepers of our country, the results of which in happiness and increased usefulness can hardly as yet be estimated.

December 1st, 1922 was a red-letter day in the history of the Greenville Womans College. Those of us who have thought of this day only as bringing the actual dedication of the new fine arts building, with the accompanying pageant, concert and addresses, are not to be numbered with the far-reaching minds who have unavoidably grasped the real significance of the event. For G. W. C. this building is the culmination of years of thought and labor to forward just such improvements as we have mentioned. For leaders of education everywhere it is another forceful pointer to the fact that for girls, as well as boys, education must be a matter of practical, well-balanced, and enjoyable living.

State College Press Association

Newspaper men and editors of magazines, in fact all writers of the best periodicals, have their particular press associations and those of us who are interested in college magazines are doing well in having a State College Press Association.

It was my pleasure to attend the recent meeting of this association held in Columbia on November 22-24. The program was well-planned, the first part being almost entirely devoted to the business while the latter part consisted mainly of the social features. There were a number of excellent speakers who were greatly enjoyed; among these were representatives from The State, the University of South Carolina, Chicora College and Columbia College. However it is interesting to note that the most practical helps were given by the delegates themselves in the “round-table talks.”

Among the most beneficial discussions were those on the exchange, the jokes and the athletic department of the college magazine. Too much stress cannot be laid on the Exchange Department. It brings the colleges into closer touch with each other and in doing this often helps the students of the various colleges in solving their magazine problems. It also acts as an advertising medium and stimulates greater effort on the part of the contributors. Since the athletic side of college life is gaining more attention and support than ever before the magazine should have a strong editor of athletics and should give ample space to athletics. Special attention was also given to the danger in having too many jokes, as the literary tone of a magazine may be weakened by this. The literary standard of the magazine must be maintained at all costs.

Every college in the state should be affiliated with this association and any student should consider it a privilege to attend one of its conferences.
ALUMNAE NOTES

G. W. C. Greenville County Club Organized

An important occasion in the affairs of the College and of the Alumnae Association was the organizing of a Greenville County Club on October 18 in the Social-Religious Hall of the Fine Arts Building.

About forty graduates and former students of the institutions were present. Much business was discussed and enthusiastic plans formulated for the betterment of the Alma Mater. The object of the organization is to create further interest among former students of the College not only in Greenville, but in every other town in the county, and to make of this organization the banner G. W. C. Club of the State. The officers of the Alumnae Association stress the fact that unless Greenville County takes the lead in this most important club movement, they can not expect other counties in South Carolina to become actively interested.

At the initial meeting in October the following officers were elected: President, Miss Helen Morgan, '18; Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Powe (Helen D. Mauldin, '07); Recording Secretary, Mrs. Joe W. James (Lena J. Waddell, '06), Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Trammell (Lella Childs); Treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Brown (Anna L. Wingo '20); Historian, Mrs. S. V. Parks (Fannie M. Moore '87); Parliamentarian, Miss Sadie Holcombe.

The acting Executive Secretary of the Alumnae Association, Mrs. Broadus Bailey, read the club Constitution and By-Laws, which were unanimously adopted, and the meeting closed with a short talk by Dr. Ramsey. Then followed a pleasant social hour, with the serving of tea and crackers.

Miss Morgan, the President of the Club urges all former students as well as graduates of G. W. C. who are now residing in Greenville County to become actively associated in the work of this most important organization.

Interesting Facts About G. W. C. in 1874-1878

These interesting facts were contributed by an Alumnae of Greenville Womans College:

As I was a student at the Greenville Female College from the Fall of 1874 to 1878, I can make the following statements:

The teachers during that period were:

Dr. C. H. Judson, President, and teacher of Mathematics; Prof. J. F. Dargan, Principal, Physical Science, Latin; Dr. E. C. Dargan—77-78, had the chair of Latin; Miss M. C. Judson, Logic, Psychology, English; Miss C. D. Dawson, French, Assistant in Mathematics; Miss Emma McKay, Penmanship, History; Miss F. G. Bibb, Principal Academic Department and College Government; Miss M. C. Croft, Principal Primary Department; Dr. J. C. Hiden, Class instruction and lectures on English Literature; Music in charge of Prof. M. G. Decamps and Assistants.

The student body, numbering less than one hundred, was made up chiefly of day pupils. During the session of 1877-78 there were only eight pupils boarding in the college dormitory, two of these coming for the Spring term.

No degrees were given prior to 1879. The graduates were classed as English graduates or full graduates, the latter distinction was given to those who completed the Latin or the French course. The course of study for all classes was prescribed and obligatory. The teachers demanded well prepared lessons and the instruction was of a high order. The examinations given in Psychology and Logic in 1878 were the same as those given the students of Furman University.

For the most part, the class rooms were without school furniture. The Dormitory furnishings were meager and poor. The pupils sat upon long benches, the teachers had nondescript desks and split bottom chairs. I remember Dr. Dargan (E. C.) carefully inspecting his chair and giving it a gentle shake before seating himself.

There were about twenty desks in the basement for the use of the writing classes. The class rooms were heated by open fire places; a stove was in the Chapel; in the Physical Science Laboratory there was some small equipment, but this was later removed to Furman University.

There was no college library. A “Webster’s Unabridged” and a “Dictionary of Poetical Quotations” were the only books belonging to the school that I remember. This deficiency was met by the private libraries of our teachers, our parents and of several public spirited citizens.

There were no Literary Societies at this time, neither was there a missionary band. The boarders and day pupils, however, were regular in their attendance upon church services and were earnest and reverent in spirit. There was also a high standard of honor. There was no Alumnae Association, until after 1878.

For several years there was no catalog published. A small prospectus was gotten out each year, one of which for 1877-78 is in the hands of the writer. The students
were younger than the average College graduate of later years. The graduating exercises of 1878 were held in the Opera House. Before that time the College Chapel was used for all closing exercises. The essays were read not by the graduates, but by some gentleman prominent in the literary life of the town, or by some one especially interested in Baptist institutions. The graduating class of 1878 selected Dr. J. C. Hiden, then pastor of the first Baptist church, and one of the most noted English scholars of that time, and Bishop Ellison Capers of Christ Episcopal Church, to read their themes.

—Mrs. W. J. Langston.

G. W. C. Calendar

September—
13—Opening exercises.
14—Aletheans entertain.
    Furman University opens.
15—Y. W. C. A. party for new girls.
16—Philoteans have party.

October—
3—College Choral Club meets.
5—Joint meeting of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.
5—Mrs. Ramsey and Miss Paschal entertain Thursday Morning Club.
9—Reception for college at First Baptist Church, joint meeting of Furman and G. W. C. student volunteer bands.
14—Membership Committee of Y. W. C. A. entertain new students.
18—Radio concert.
19—Lyceum attraction.
25—Recognition Service of the new members of the Y. W. C. A.
    Textile Exhibit visited.
30—Philoteans have Hallowe’en Party.
    Aletheans celebrate Hallowe’en.

November—
1—Mountain Day.
5—10. Literary Societies observe Better Speech Week.
6—Senior-Junior Reception.
7—Announcement of Better Speech Week.
    Play “By Courier.”
8—Professor Daniel speaks on “Good English.”
10—Philoteans present “Trial of Bad Speech.”
11—Aletheans present “English Past and Present.”
12—18. Voluntary gift campaign.
13—Parade.
14—Freshman-Junior stunt.
15—Sophomore stunt.
16—Senior stunt.
17—Professor Daniels talks to girls.
    Budget is put “over the top.”
    Sophomores beat Seniors in basketball 20-4.
    Freshman beat Juniors.
30—Thanksgiving Day.
    Golds defeat Blues.
    Seniors guests of College at dinner.
    Reception.

December—
1—2. Dedication of “Fine Arts Building.”

Smile

Never be discouraged,
Smile the whole way through,
Then the task will lessen—
Skies will seem quite blue.

Grouch and frowns and grumbling
Ne’er get anywhere;
Grit and old endurance
Take you everywhere.

When you smile at others
They start smiling too;
When you frown at others
Then they’ll frown with you.

Through your work is heavy,
    ’Thou take you seem to fail
Work and smile—look happy!
Then through life you’ll sail.

—Reba Smith.
THE EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

We regret that during the period of reorganization of the two staffs of our paper and magazine last year that our Exchange Department was somewhat neglected but we are planning to make it a very vital part of The Isa queena this session.

The purpose of this department is to make all publications better. Only by having our faults pointed out and our achievements praised can we raise our standards. Realizing that all comments will be made in a friendly spirit we welcome criticism of our magazine.

We are glad to have received: "The Carolinian" and "The Hornet."

JOKES

"I hear your room mate is in the infirmary. I hope it is nothing contagious."
"No, I don't think it is. The doctor says she is suffering from over work."

He, "Your lips are like rose petals."
She, "But really I must say good night."
He, "Well, let's say it with flowers."

Wife, "Dear, I have got something to talk to you about."
Husband, "Well, I am glad, you usually talk about nothing."

Censor: "How old are you?"
Lady: "I have seen twenty-four summers."
Censor: "How long have you been blind."

Teacher, "How do you make matches?"
Lad, "I don't know but I don't blame you for trying to find out."
Teacher, "Why?"
Lad, "Mother said you had been trying to make one for twenty years."

Wife, "I see by the paper that Bris says women are going to wear their dresses longer."
Husband, "I am so glad, you never wear one over a week."

"If I were so unlucky," said the officer, "as to have a stupid son I would make him a parson."
A Clergyman who was in the company said, "You think differently from your father."

Mr. B—"Sonny, I wonder why you are so cross-eyed."
Sonny—"Well, I was born on Wednesday and I was looking for Sunday both ways."

"THE NAUTILUS"
A postmaster recently sent this notice: "Subscriber deceased. Present address unknown."

Mr. Newrich (examining Curio)—"Two thousand years old? You can't fool me! Why its only 1921 now!"

Tommy had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long beautiful day fishing—On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?"
At this Tommy, in all of the consciousnes of guilt, quickly replied:
"Ain't been home yet."

NUT BAD
A Peanut lay on a railroad track,
Its heart was all a-flutter;
The 5:18 came thundering past—
Toot! Toot!

He sat in a fashionable coiffeur's shop with his little daughter, while his wife was having a marcel wave put in her hair.
The little daughter, as she played about, patted her father's bald head and said in a loud voice that all the ladies who were getting waved could hear:
"No wave for you daddy—you're all beach."

—Exchange.
Patronize Those Who Patronize Us

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First National Bank.
Woodside National Bank.

BEAUTY PARLORS
Little Beauty Shop.

BOOK STORES
Seybt and Co.

CANDY
Savoy Candy Co.

COCA-COLA CO.
Greenville Coca-Cola Co.

COLLEGES
G. W. C.
Furman University

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Yeagers Quality Shop
Gilmer's
Cabaniss-Gardner Co.
Eфirds
Hagler's
Stradley's
J. O. Jones
Hamilton-Smith
Saul's Ready-to-Wear
Belk-Kirkpatrick.

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Armstrong Pharmacy
Carpenter Brothers, Drugs
Doster Brothers, Drugs
Fowler Drug Co.

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FLORAL CO.
Greenville Floral Co.

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GROCERIES
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JEWELERS
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Southeastern Life Insurance

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Meadows Manufacturing Co.

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Erwins
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Casino Theatre

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Greenville News

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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.

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, 1923.

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