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THE ISAQUEENA

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Margot Asquith



MARGOT Tennant Asquith, of London, England, wife of former British Prime Minister, Herbert Henry Asquith, stands today in the first rank of cosmopolitan figures. To say that she brought herself into prominent notice is only a half-truth. As the majority of critics say—'she hurled herself there.' It is true that she comes of a prominent and well-to-do English family, but she, nor her family, had not reached the heights of public notice—and criticism—that they have now reached since the publication of Mrs. Asquith's *Autobiography*. The publicity thus given to many political and court secrets, as well as the vivid, living panorama of the capers and caprices of Margot herself, has dazed and mortified some, has suprised and angered some, and has pleased and delighted some. In other words, Mrs. Asquith has made some new enemies as well as some new friends and admirers.

Mrs. Asquith's recent visit to America and subsequent articles from her pen on *American Men and American Women* has had the same result—new enemies and new friends. The story of her life, as given in the diaries, read and known by many Americans, naturally added interest to her visit in America. Curiosity, if not admiration, led to the desire to know more of the great and renowned Margot Asquith. In the eyes of many Americans, however, she cast a stain and a slight upon British womanhood, as well as an insult on the highest and best womanhood of America, by letting her first act be, upon landing here, the lighting of a cigarette. Such conduct is evidently the approved procedure in England among some titled and cultured families but the finest of American women consider cigarette smoking, in public or in private, an act beneath their culture. We know, too, that this is not the standard of the finest British women, for one of Mrs. Asquith's good, but entirely frank, friends, wrote these words to her when he learned that she smoked—"The Symonds girls at Davos told me that you smoked!!! at which I am shocked, because it is not the manner of ladies in England." This friend had the same picture of her, which persists, I am sure, in the average American mind, especially with those who saw her when she landed in New York City, for he said to her—"I always imagine you with a long hookah, puffing, puffing" and advises "give it up, my dear Margot—it will get you a bad name." Only the American flapper type whom Margot Asquith heavily censored and characterized as not having 'enough surface intellect for lunacy to work upon,' stoops to cigarette smoking. Measuring Margot Asquith by American standards, from this act alone, she deserves the title given her by the author of *The Glass of Fashion* and reiterated by the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton of New York City, as

the "Grandmother of Flappers." It should be remembered that Mrs. Asquith is now fifty-eight years of age, and was only two years younger when she wrote and published her *Autobiography*.

In writing on American women, for one of our American magazines, Mrs. Asquith said—"Cigarette smoking by women in particular, seems to be a moral issue over here. I understand that there is a campaign to rival the prohibition of alcohol in the matter. It is foolish to consider cigarette smoking in itself as an evil in prohibition is a very different thing to temperance and fails because it is interference." Judging from this statement Mrs. Asquith was a little piqued, and hampered America when she could not openly order her spiked drink. It is often said that the devil can turn the scriptures to his advantage when need be, and Mrs. Asquith in turn quotes St. John in her attack against prohibition—"The truth shall make you free," to which she adds "Freedom is truth, and truth is freedom," to which we may add and ask "What is the truth?" Certainly we shall not waive our opinions in the matter and accept Mrs. Asquith's. It stands in evidence that some of her truths, which she admits are not virtues with her but peculiarity, have caused her to be surrounded by a ruth-peculiarities, have caused her to be surrounded by a ruth-should not lead one into such deep waters. Mrs. Asquith's statement might be reconstructed and made to read "Truth is binding"—only a taunt with her—but a big and glorious motto to many honest and Godfearing Americans.

Mrs. Asquith's attempt to write about American men, as she saw and knew them during her month's visit to America, drew forth a bitter comment from the *New York Globe*. Mrs. Asquith did not know America or American people well enough to write an article that would be acceptable to us. *The Globe* comments as follows: "The great and only Margot Asquith has written down her judgement on American men. Summing up their weaknesses, she finds them uncultured, lacking in individuality, too engrossed in business, indifferent to the arts, overstandardized. 'Leisure to the American refuses to exercise his intellect, or is unable to enjoy music, he has not time to read. He has no half tones. He refuses to exercise his intellect, or is unbalance to enjoy other people. Since he is pre-eminently moral by training and convention, it is difficult to say how much temperament the American man has.'" *The Globe* critic writes, "This is all quite familiar stuff, it is very sad, and with the proper genuflections to the formidable lady who utters it, it isn't so-----Mrs. Asquith, who has been spoiled by a life time of sitting at the feet of British genius, probably had few opportunities in Amer-

ica to meet this class which, if not as numerous, is just as important in shaping the national character as the wealthy business Titans in whose homes she dined." *The Globe's* pert reply is just. It seems strange that a woman of Mrs. Asquith's wit, intellect and intelligence, would lay herself open to criticism, which is sure to follow such statements as are found in her articles on American men and American women. Probably she considers herself in her position and rank as invulnerable to the attacks of American criticism.

To be fair to Mrs. Asquith, in reaching conclusions concerning her and her character, attention should be given to the fundamentals of her life and training, as she states them in her Autobiography. From her own testimony, the most fair and just summary can be made. In studying a character like Mrs. Asquith, one thinks of Kipling's lines—"We would love each other better if we only understood," and there is much about this noted woman that we do not and cannot understand. Consensus of opinion, English and American, however, weighs heavily against Mrs. Asquith. As with any person in life, acquaintance with them and knowledge of them, opens new avenues—of admiration or of disgust and repugnance. This is especially true of Mrs. Asquith. She is a most unique woman and should be studied without prejudice.

Margot Tennant (Mrs. Asquith) as a child, grew up in rather a Bohemian or vandal style, which accounts for many of her characteristics. This peculiar training working on a sensitive and nervous temperament naturally resulted in an individual peculiarly different in thought and action. Writing of her early childhood in her diaries, Margot states—"We were wild children and, left to ourselves, had the time of our lives. I rode my pony up the front stairs and tried to teach my father's high-stepping barouche-horses to jump, and climbed our incredibly dangerous roof, sitting on the sweep's ladder by moonlight in my nightgown. I had scrambled up every tree, walked on every wall and knew every turret at Glen. I ran along the narrow ledges of the slates in rubber shoes at terrific heights." The critics in *The Glass of Fashion* give a representative remark on these statements from Margot's pen. "When I was reading the chapters of her childhood, where she tells us that she loved climbing on the roof of the house, I wondered if it ever occurred to her that she might end in the basement. A fall is so easy for heads not accustomed to great heights." The critic's viewpoint is certainly not veiled. Margot describes her first sorrow as follows: "My earliest sorrow was when I was stealing peaches in the conservatory and my little dog was caught in a trap set for rats. He was badly hurt before I could squeeze under the glass slides to save him. I was betrayed by my screams for help and caught in the peach-house by the gardener. I was punished and

put to bed, as the large peaches were to have been shown in Edinburgh and I had eaten five." Such acts were equalled, however, in her later life, by an episode she also gives in her Autobiography—. . . "my papa kept me waiting so long at the door of 40 Grosvenor Square that I thought I would ride Tatts into the front hall and give him a call. Unluckily after a somewhat cautious approach by Tatts up the last step into the marble hall, he caught his reflection in a mirror. At this he instantly stood erect upon his hind legs, crashing my tall hat into the crystal chandelier. His four legs gave way on the polished floor and down we went with a noise like thunder."

This rather inexcusable escapade, and certainly the relating of it, is followed by others which certainly do not add to the virtuousness of Margot. She writes of her caprices with seeming pride. She announces the fact of her great vitality in these lines—"I was the most vital of the family and what the nurses described as a 'venturesome child.' Our coachman's wife called me 'a little Turk.' Self-willed, excessively passionate, painfully truthful, bold as well as fearless and always against convention, I was, no doubt, extremely difficult to bring up." The tone of these lines, written after having reared children of her own, conveys no regret or pangs for her troublesomeness when a child. The memory of her own childhood should have aided her in bearing with her own children as they grew up. Judging from Mrs. Asquith's writings, egotistic principles would dominate her children.

Advancing womanhood did not add wisdom or virtue to Margot. Her sister, Laura "had been much disturbed by hearing that we were considered 'fast'; she told me that receiving men at midnight in our bedroom shocked people and that we ought, perhaps, to give it up. I listened closely to what she had to say, and at the end remarked that it appeared to me to be quite absurd." Margot could not understand such a criticism, and explains her viewpoint thusly—"We hardly knew the meaning of the word 'fast' and, as my mother went to bed punctually at eleven, it was unthinkable that men and women friends should not be allowed to join us." She spoke a truth when she said that they hardly knew the meaning of the word 'fast'—she was so out of touch with life (and delicacy) until the usual terms of reproach did not fit or reach her. The narration of how one young man lifted her bodily, and carried her to bed, is equalled by another when she visited her sick lover in his bedroom, unchaperoned. A reprimand for this act was as much out of place as being called 'fast' for entertaining young men in her bedroom. The opinion handed to Margot on this occasion receives a universal 'Amen'—"You say every one has a different idea of right and wrong, but I should say you have none!" After this Margot would listen to no more.

The narration by Mrs. Asquith in her diaries, not only

of childhood pranks, youthful adventures, and slashing opinions of others, but the bold discussion of deeper, vital and sacred subjects, is the thing that disgusts and repulses. She handles life, death, love, pain, birth and religion in a manner that is fairly a sacrilege to decent and refined minds. Why she should openly write of these things and the things she writes of them, is oftentimes puzzling and beyond average comprehension. The cool analytical narration of her mother's death seems to lack respect for the unburied dead. Such things to most people are the most sacred, memories, seldom to be spoken of, and never to be published. Irreverence surely inspired this question to her sister—"We saw little of our mother in our youth and I asked Laura one day if she thought she said her prayers; I would not have remembered this had it not been that Laura was profoundly shocked. The question was quite uncalled for and had no ulterior motive, but I never remembered my mother or any one else talking to us about the Bible or hearing our prayers." This explanatory line is added, which had better have been unsaid, for it reveals more than all the other statements—"Nevertheless, we were all deeply religious, by which no one need infer that we were good." This last clause, following preceding narratives, is superfluous. Her religion, which she lays claim to, certainly inspires no awe or reverence, else she could never have penned this statement.

Mrs. Asquith goes to the trouble to very carefully and minutely tell of the death of her sister, Laura, when her child was born. She also gives detailed descriptions of the birth of her own children and of her personal physical pain. This trait may be British and English individuality, but it never fails to jar the reader. Mrs. Asquith's love affairs are also dragged into publicity, and it is great wonder that Peter Flower does not come to his defense and sue for damages. Unless he is well anchored in the heart of some trusting lady-love, he is surely socially and financially undermined. Yet, after ruthlessly printing these usual sacred memories, she writes—"I could never at any time put all of myself into discussion which degenerates into gossip. I had not formed the dangerous habit of writing good letters about myself, dramatizing the principal part. I shrank then as I do now, from exposing the secrets and sensations of life. Reticence should guard the soul and only those who have compassion should be admitted to the shrine." Her act, in publishing the many things she did, contradicts her written statement, here given. What shall we believe? Mrs. Asquith is indeed, at times, very enigmatic and certainly when she wrote this—"Brains are such a small part of people that I cannot judge of them," which is followed by an equally puzzling statement, "When I die, people may turn up and try to make the world believe that I have influenced them and women

may come forward whom I adored and who have quarrelled with me, and pretend that they always loved me, but I wish to put it on record that they did not, or if they did, their love is not my kind of love and I have no use for it." This is certainly an ambiguous paragraph, and each reader can only make his own interpretation of it, and then most probably miss the idea—certainly he will never know though. Mrs. Asquith also states that she 'never notices whether people dislike her or not' which may, in part, account for the quarrels with adored friends.

As the little poem says,

"There is so much good in the best of us,
And so much bad in the worst of us,
That it does not behoove any of us,
To talk about the rest of us."

So we find, naturally, good points in Mrs. Asquith, as well as weak, and find that she has many friends, as well as many enemies. She has had, and still has, many strong friends among eminent and intelligent people. The fact that she has many friends among people older than herself, is striking, for our elders are generally skeptical of the younger generations, no matter what period of history you may note. Several of Margot's eminent and noted friends gave her some good advice, which she did not resent. Mrs. Asquith is certainly not narrow minded, whatever, else we may find amiss with her. Most prominent, and most noted, of Mrs. Asquith's friends was Dr. B. Jowett, head of a college at Oxford before his death, who wrote to her often and intimately. In one letter to her he mingled a compliment with some good sound advice—"She is very sincere and extremely clever; indeed her cleverness almost amounts to genius. She might be a distinguished authoress if she would—but she wastes her time and her gifts, scampering about the world and going from one country house to another in a manner not pleasant to look back upon and still less pleasant to think of twenty years hence, when youth will have made itself wings and fled away. If you know her, will you tell her with my love, that I do not like to offer her any more advice, but I wish that she would take counsel with herself. She has made a great position, though slippery and dangerous: will she not add to this a noble and simple life which can alone give a true value to it?"

Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson and son Lionel, King George V. J. A. Symonds, Godfrey Webb, John Morley, these and many other characters prominent in English life were and are friends of Margot Asquith, who paid tribute to her in various ways. She was, has been, and is quite a noted favorite of intellectual and political authorities of England. Her generosity, her kindness, her truthfulness (though not always accurate), and her freedom from snobbishness make for

her many true and loyal friends. Her husband, Mr. Herbert Henry Asquith paid her a compliment when he wrote her—"Imaginative insight, you have more than any one I have ever met." Mrs. Asquith herself gives us this trait—"I have a good sound digestion and personally prefer knowing the truth. I have taken adverse criticism pretty well all my life and had a lot of it, but by some gap, I have not succeeded in making my friends take it well." This fact about Mrs. Asquith strikes a keynote to her character—she is frank and independent, generally admirable qualities in a woman. When Margot Tennant married Herbert Henry Asquith, two of her good friends, Lord Roseberry and Lord Randolph Churchill, deplored the marriage, in which they were not alone, Margot says. They feared that such a union might ruin the life of the prominent politician, in connection with the case. This fear links up with the statement of a recent critic, "the Gentleman with a Duster" in *The Glass of Fashion*, who says—"He (Mr. Asquith) will sit up playing bridge and drinking late at night—Asquith has gone morally downhill. From the Puritan he was, he has adopted the polite frivolities of society—He had gone all to pieces at one time, but pulled himself together when he became Prime Minister. This evolution of the square-toed Asquith, with his middle-class Puritanical bringing-up and his severity of conduct, into a 'gay dog' of London society is to me irresistibly funny." The critic says he got these facts from an intimate and good friend of Mrs. Asquith—so it seems that 'the truth must be the truth' in his connection.

This 'Gentleman with a Duster' as he styles himself, in *The Glass of Fashion*, ruthlessly criticizes Mrs. Asquith. He is an Englishman, of the inner circle, as is Mrs. Asquith and surely knows her as well and better than any critic to whom we can turn. He finds himself handicapped, as a critic, in the fact that Mrs. Asquith is a devoted wife, and exemplary mother and believes in God. He says "She is not evil, she is not base; she is by no means without good qualities. But how disastrously she has lost her way! Spiritually she has not grown; she is still in the nursery; her greatest happiness is still to be brought downstairs after dinner to amuse the guests. Time has not developed her finer qualities; it has only intensified her worst." This critic comments on her sudden notoriety, by the publication of her Autobiography, by saying "She has arrived at the wall by trampling down the flowers." The critic cannot understand how and why Mrs. Asquith published her diaries, with its love stories and youthful caprices. He compares Mrs. Asquith

with some of the noblest and finest cultured ladies of his acquaintance whom Mrs. Asquith personally knew, and he says—"She (his friend) could not have written such a book as this. Far rather would she have died of starvation. But Mrs. Asquith sells to the public not merely the long chronicles of her amorous adventures, telling us who proposed to her and how she explained matters to the first Mrs. Asquith, but even a most intimate letter of sympathy written to her, by a man still living, on the death of one of her children." Summing the various characteristics of Mrs. Asquith, this critic says, "The question is, not whether she was good, but whether she had the least notions of delicacy." The critics highest compliment to Mrs. Asquith can be found in the words—"Mrs. Asquith is a law to herself. That is why I call her a social anarchist. That is why I say her influence has been ruinous. But she has the wisdom of the serpent as well as its tongue. She can be demure, she can be perfectly subdued on occasion." The advice of her noted friend John Morley, 'don't improve an atom' calls forth bitter sarcasm from the pen of 'The Gentleman'—('And yet how does this great moralist, this burning reformer, this impassioned philosopher of history, write to a person so notorious for egoism and reckless self-assertion as Miss Margot Tennant?') "Don't improve!—and society going down hill at that time with both brakes off. Don't improve!—and the other classes of the community looking to Fashion as never before for its examples. Don't improve!—and every philosopher of antiquity proclaiming that goodness is something to be achieved by constant effort and unwearied watchfulness. Don't improve!—and he has applauded with all his eloquence the moral earnestness of one who said 'the greatest of all sins is to be conscious of none'. "Our critic arms himself, for criticism, thusly—"She has now painted her own portrait, and scandal may take a long vacation. We know, her, not only as she sees herself, but as she does not see herself, even in her own looking-glass."

Mrs. Asquith's close to her diaries, echoes her fairest wishes, and serves as a fitting close to a review of her sentiments. "An unfettered childhood and triumphant youth; a lot of love-making and a little abuse; a little fame and more abuse; a real man and great happiness; the love of children and seventh heaven; and early death and a 'crowned memorial service.'" Even the thought of death brings only a wish for a crowded memorial service—many of us will attend, out of curiosity, if we have opportunity.

—Lois Ballenger.

The Wild Rose



FOR two hours Minnaluski had sat by the big rock, pounding the yellow maize. Her arms and back ached unbearably, but there must be bread in the wigwam and she must hurry, for from the low wigwam nearby came the tantalizing delicious odor of roast deer. To her the world, despite the merry chatter of her beloved squirrels and birds, was a dreary place. Being an Indian princess with the pretty name of Minnaluski, the Wild Rose, could not suffice for the fact that every day there was water to bring from the spring, maize to be prepared and little sister to be amused.

From the open side of the wigwam a brown face was thrust and a voice called, "You Minnaluski! You have plenty maize? Come quick, big chief and white chief come."

The heart of the girl quickened its beat as she gathered up her crushed maize and hastened toward the wigwam. This was not the first visit of "the white chief," Paul Delane, to the Cherokee village, shut in on one side by the oaks, pines and thick growing underbush so prevalent near the fertile Reedy river; and protected on the other side by the sudden downward slope of Paris Mountain, with its luxuriant growth of trees. As the maiden neared the wigwam she half fearfully recalled his last visit and the flashing eloquence of his blue eyes, with the more eloquent pleading of his voice as he secretly came to her, down by the spring. "Lazy one," scolded her mother savagely, as she took the meal to be mixed, "again you have been idiling," and with a scowl she sent the girl to serve the food to her father and his guest.

Minnaluski put huge quantities of the venison into two wooden bowls and carried them to one side of the room, where her father and the trader were seated. The chief, Black Snake, greeted his daughter with his customary "ugh," but from the trader to whom she only dared lift her eyes a moment, she received an eloquent though unspoken message.

All during the meal Delane kept up a lively flow of conversation, encouraged by the occasional grunt of Black Snake. Minnaluski had withdrawn to the other side of the wigwam, where she and her mother busied themselves about their tasks until the men should finish and they themselves could partake of the food, but she was conscious that the white chief was aware of her every movement.

After the meal and the customary exchange of pipes the two men joined the other chiefs in the council which had assembled in the center of the village. Here Delane displayed his wares, receiving, for his bright trinkets, many skins which he stored in his pack saddle. While

the trinkets were being displayed the squaws and young maidens had gathered at a respectful distance, with the exception of an old squaw whose beady eyes glittered as she rushed into the circle, snatching up beads and rings until her claw-like hands could hold no more. Suddenly she dropped the shinning handles and seizing the trader urged him in her squawking voice, to come to her wigwam. The young girls without the circle hissed at the vicious squaw, but the brass trinkets had been too much for the old mother and she wanted them all. Somehow the trader managed to slip free of her clutch and presently, having disposed of his wares, he prepared to leave.

Already darkness had settled upon the Indian village and the shadows flickered here and there around the council fire, but Delane had refused the hospitality of the chief Black Snake, because he had sensed a growing feeling of enmity and distrust in the old chief as the two sat at meat. Delane had heard from his fellow travelers how this tribe of the Cherokee zealously guarded their young maidens from the white chiefs and Black Snake had several times seen the glance of his daughter turned shyly upon the trader. Consequently Delane urged his purpose of joining a fellow trader some few miles away from the village, whence the two were to proceed to the white settlement near the falls of the river.

But he could not leave, and hope to carry out his secret plans, without a word to Minnaluski, so, passing near the group of girls he, unnoticed, whispered to her, "Come to the spring—within an hour."

He rode calmly enough out of the village, but once out of sight he spurred on his horse and soon joined the trader, Jim Denner, who was already at the mill-house on the river, their old rendezvous. Delane confided to his comrade his plan of meeting the Indian maid at the spring and proposed a plan for carrying the girl off.

"But, wait a minute, Delane," protested Denner, "you can't get off with a Cherokee girl that easy. You know well enough how loyal that tribe is to the chief and old Black Snake—"

"Why, Jim," Delane broke in accusingly, "you aren't getting chicken hearted! Many a white man has stolen an Indian maid, with no trouble whatever. I imagine that one fifth of the settlers around here have Indian wives."

"Of course, of course," said Denner, "but are they regarded as equals by the settlers who have Anglo-Saxon wives? That's the question, old fellow."

"Yes, that's the question that doesn't trouble me. It's not a matter of public opinion, Jim—Anyhow, you your-

self would never consider making love to an Indian, eh," insinuated Delane.

"At any rate, I never considered riding off with her and causing an Indian uprising" replied Jim quickly. "I beg your pardon, my friend," said Delane, laying his hand on Jim's shoulder, "but my selfish longing has made me blind. I cannot give up my plan though, and the little girl may already be waiting at the spring."

Presently Denner remarked "All right, just as you say we'll do. They say 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady' and doubtless it never won a brown princess."

"Good old man, just wait 'til we go again to the Yemassee, where your Bright Eyes lives! We'll have the sweetest girl in the Cherokee tribe to help us, too," said Delane gratefully as the two, leaving their packs beneath the steps of the mill house, turned their horses' heads back toward the Indian village.

One half an hour they were in the forest at the east of the Cherokee village. Fastening their horses where they would be hidden by the underbush, the men stealthily crept toward the spring which was in the forest edge next to the village. Denner stretched himself on the soft ground, protected by the shadows, at some distance from the spring, while Delane followed his example, except that he kept as near to the spring as safety permitted. Close at hand the men could dimly distinguish the outlines of the Indian village. Fortunately the night was dark, except for an occasional star, and in the distance only the glowing embers of the council fire remained, showing that tonight there was no guard in the village. Delane's spirits rose as he waited and he dared to address his companion with occasional whispers. Soon an hour and a half passed and the Indian maid had not come. The silence pressed heavily upon the two watchers; only a faint bark of a dog or a chirp of the crickets broke the stillness. Delane's spirits fell several degrees, but he had held council with a pair of eyes that had given him the final word and he could not desert the spring. From the village came a mournful howl which the trader knew was that of Black Snake's hound—but no Minnaluski came.

Back in the Indian village, after the traders' departure, the chiefs, with their families, went to their wigwams. Black Snake, in the privacy of his wigwam, departed from his customary mode of conversation and muttered to his squaw, Neatonski, threats against white men who dared to look at Indian maidens. He harshly sent the silent Minnaluski to her skin couch in the rear of the wigwam, and drawing his blanket around him, continued his mutterings, accompanied by silent puffs at his long pipe.

Minnaluski lay on her couch nervously waiting for her father to retire. Presently he extinguished the dim torch and threw himself upon his robes. To the girl on the couch came the myriad voices of the night, the bark-

ing of dogs and the peaceful chirping of crickets. Time was fast flying. Across the room at intervals, she could hear the mutters of Black Snake, but he was addicted to such conduct even in his sleep. The girl noiselessly raised the flap of the wigwam against which her couch was placed and peered into the still blackness which overhung the serene village. Across the wigwam came a startlingly loud snore followed by a number of "whiff—pooohs" which gradually settled into a process as regular as breathing and the girl, knowing that her father would give her no trouble now, rolled out under the side of the wigwam.

Once outside she glanced around and seeing all safe, rose and crept stealthily away from the village. The spring was three hundred yards away, and the intervening distance was interspersed with trees whose friendly trunks aided the girl in her flight. When a few yards from the spring she paused, her heart leaping wildly. From her father's wigwam she heard the dismal howl of his big hound—that certain portent of coming evil.

It was this howl that alarmed Delane and sent him to his feet, just as the girl got to the spring. She trembled at his approach, like a startled fawn, and answered his words of love with soft murmurings in her pretty dialect. As he told her his plan of escape, she drew back, tormented by fear of her father's anger. Love won the day, however, and creeping through the underbrush the three started for their horses. Once they were startled by a low sound and peering through the darkness recognized the head dress and war paint of a Creek Indian. Perhaps he was a scout, and he quickly disappeared from their view. The girl was terrified but the three hastened their flight, and presently came to the horses. Minnaluski found herself lifted to a horse's back and Delane climbed on. He placed her in front of himself and drawing his coat around her to keep off the chill night air, he gathered his reins and the two horses galloped swiftly to the mill houses. Somehow, even the horses sensed the feeling of impending danger, as they nervously tossed their heads. Denner, arriving first at the mill house, placed all the baggage on his horse and again the mill house was left behind as the three night riders set out for the white settlement where Father O'Brien lived.

Often Minnaluski freed herself from the protecting arms of her lover to glance fearfully in the direction of the Indian village, but her fears seemed groundless. Only an occasional howl could be heard in the distance. Delane attempted to soothe her, repeating softly her musical name as he pressed his lips against her black hair. Presently he felt her grow quiet, and her silent nearness and confidence thrilled him. All the love of his soul was for this artless child of the forest.

Before reaching the settlement the riders had to ford

the river. The pass was neither wide nor deep, but once Delane's horse stumbled over a stone. They reached the bank safely, however, and came to the settlement. All was darkness but the place was familiar to both men and they were soon pounding upon the door of Father O'Brien.

The faithful priest quickly answered the summons. There was nothing unusual in being awakened any time of the night to perform the marriage ceremony for some trapper or trader who had won an Indian bride, so he soon concluded the simple ceremony for these two. Also, he agreed to keep the affair secret. He smiled gently

as the trader took his Wild Rose to his heart, and gave the two an additional blessing.

The next issue of the Mountaineer stated: "It is a source of grief to all peace loving men that a party of Creek Indians invaded the peaceful Cherokee tribe, our near neighbors, only last week. The warring party advanced at night and laid waste almost all the sleeping village. The Cherokee losses are heavy, Black Snake, the chief and many of the men being scalped. Many Cherokee maidens are now in the wigwams of the Creek's, and all the remaining tribe mourn the loss of their young princess, Minnaluski, the Wild Rose."

—Evelyn Allen.

Book Friends

BOOK friends are always a source of delight. Unlike our other friends, they are not chosen for us by fate, but we ourselves may choose them. Moreover, we need not choose our book friends from among our associates; through them we may dine with princes, chat with great statesmen, frolic with fairies, or journey with Indians. We may have friends from every corner of the globe even some in Mars. In books, we find friends for every day, friends with whom we dream at twilight, friends who accompany us on our trips through the fields and forests, friends to cheer us, and friends who sympathize.

I have often rejoiced over having so many friends. I have friends in all kinds of situations and with all kinds of characters. I enjoy books like "Silas Marner" which is filled with sadness and unhappiness, and I enjoy such books as "Penrod" which is happy and humorous. "Silas Marner" is the suffering of a man innocently wronged; "Penrod" is the antics and pranks of a boy. Both are my friends, however; both hold my same affection.

Just recently, I found a most delightful friend in the Count of Monte Cristo. He is my friend of adventure, my companion in thrilling exploits. He is as fearless as Saint George who killed the dragon, as mysterious as a character of the Arabian, and as relentless in his plans for revenge as Nemesis. For a time he thought he was an emissary of heaven; how human! but he soon

found out his limitations and came back to earth. I think at times we all have a tiny bit of that feeling of being all-wise. When our friends fail in some undertaking just as we have predicted, it seems almost impossible not to say "I told you so!"

Some of my friends are quite different from me. Queen Elizabeth is one of my dearest friends. Yet Queen Elizabeth had wealth, power, influence, a wonderful intellect, and a powerful personality. Elizabeth, it is true, was very human; she seems to have had most of the faults of mortals, yet there is no doubt that Elizabeth was a wonderful woman. Through books, I can share her secrets, attend her feasts, and be her friend. I could not find another friend just like Elizabeth.

And this is the way our book friends are our closest friends. They never bore us, they never intrude, they never leave us, they are never too intimate. We can manage book friends; our other friends are sometimes unmanageable. Our book friends hold up high ideals, but they never insist that we ought to follow them. They go a little astray, but we do not feel that our friendship makes it necessary for us to point out the error of their ways. Our book friends never annoy us by reproaches or sorrowful glances for our wanderings. They do not ask anything of us; above all, they take us for what we are. That is why we cherish our book friends above all others.

—Callie Mayre Thomas.

Criticism of Babbitt

By Sinclair Lewis.

BABBITT affords a real human being for careful analysis of the typical American citizen of today. In Babbitt, Mr. Lewis centers all our interest in the person of George Follansbee Babbitt, a hustling citizen of Zenith, Indiana, a busy city of the middle-west with a population of 350,000. Babbitt is a typical American citizen in a "complete and brilliant portrait" as one critic puts the phrase. This type of citizen has existed for a long time but not until today, possibly, has it developed until it has become prominent in American society. Mr. Lewis makes us know the typical American citizen's innermost thoughts, his big plans, how he esteems his friends, and how, in turn, they esteem him. One critic says "Babbitt is the standardized citizen of 1922. He is just as much a national product as a Ford car."

Babbitt is an average father, affectionate, bullying, ignorant, and rather wistful. Like most parents he enjoys the game of waiting till the victim is clearly wrong, and then virtuously pouncing. Not until it was too late did he realize the duties of a father except that of furnishing money. As all fathers feel concern for one member of the family more than the others, so Babbitt is concerned more with the future of Ted than with any other member of the family. Ted, in his last year at high school, is a natural born mechanic, but contrary to his son's desires to become efficient in mechanics, Babbitt desires that he pursue a literary course at the state university, his own Alma Mater. Rone, the eldest daughter, who has graduated from college is allowed to do much as she pleases. Tinka, the ten year old daughter, is the only member of the family in whom Babbitt finds supreme delight. Every morning he greets her with his familiar "Well Kittiedollie" and delights in her delights.

So far as married life is concerned, Babbitt's has passed from "poetry to prose." There no longer exists between the Babbitts anything of warmth, or personality, or interest in the same things, but rather coldness and impersonality mark their relations. Every morning they awake with the only thought that another day of routine and humdrum must be contended with. Myra, Mrs. Babbitt is a nagging wife like many others of today. To all members of her family she seems indifferent and uninteresting.

The Babbitt house, situated in the fashionable Floral Heights Section, lacks only one modern convenience, and that is a frame garage instead of the old corrugated iron garage. The furnishings of the house are the best of inexpensive yet convenient furnishings on the market. Convenience is the slogan of the modern generation of

housekeepers, and in the Babbitt household every convenient contrivance has been placed. Cooking, cooling, warming, cleaning and lighting are all done by the aid of electricity. The house has a sleeping porch, a porcelain, nickel, and glazed-tile bath-room just as all other house in the Floral Heights section.

In the office we find Babbitt planning to enlarge his business establishment, just as every citizen plans. Babbitt is governed by Vision—guessing at the future.

Through Vision Babbitt looks into the future. The purpose of the firm is to serve the people by finding homes for families, stores for merchants, renting, buying, leasing and selling property. In these he is always diligent and steady though at times his honesty in transactions may be subject to criticism. But in nothing is he quite as diligent and steady as he is in the real purpose of the Babbitt, Thompson Real Estate Co., that is to make money for George F. Babbitt.

Babbitt is enterprising, full of "pep, punch and push." He has great desires for Zenith, and sees in her a satisfaction which a true citizen of today feels for his home town. Babbitt is engaged in the real estate business, but wishes to be known as a "realtor" rather than a "real estate man". He owns a six cylinder car in which he feels a great delight as he majestically glides down the thoroughfares of Zenith. He delights in being recognized by the "swells" of Zenith, and even in being addressed as "Mr. Babbitt," by the garage man. He feels that he is envied by the less fortunate citizens, and rather looks upon them with a "holier-than-thou" attitude. Of the more aristocratic element of society Babbitt is secretly envious, though he is never willing to admit it.

Babbitt is interested in many organizations of his city. He is a member of the Republican party, of the Elks, the Presbyterian church, the Y. M. C. A., the Athletic Club, the Real Estate Board of Zenith, and the Booster's Club. Probably Babbitt's greatest triumph occurs when he addresses the Annual Meeting of the Zenith Real Estate Board. Babbitt gives us a picture of our Ideal Citizen—"I picture him first and foremost as being busier than a bird-dog, not wasting a lot of good time in day-dreaming, or going to sassiety teas, or kicking about things that are none of his business, but putting zip into some store or profession or art. At night he lights a good cigar, and climbs into the little old bus, and maybe cusses the carburetor and shoots out home. He mows the lawn, or sneaks in some practice putting, and then he's ready for dinner. After dinner he tells the kiddies a story, or takes the family to the movies, or plays a few fists of bridge, or reads the

evening paper, and a chapter or two of some good lively western novel, if he has a taste for literature, and maybe the folks next door drop in and sit and visit about their friends and neighbors and the topics of the day. Then he goes happily to bed, his conscience clear, having contributed his mite to the prosperity of the city and to his own bank account." This man Babbitt calls a "Real He-man, the fellow with zip and bang." Another great success in Babbitt's career is realized when he is elected vice-president of the Booster's Club. His conversation over the phone with Mrs. Babbitt is quite amusing—"Say you got to hand it to little George, this time! Better talk careful! You are now addressing the vice-president of the Booster's Club. When the president is away little George takes the gravel and whoops 'em up, and introduces the speakers—no matter if they're the governor himself."

But even all these triumphs do not satisfy Babbitt. He feels that something is gnawing at his very soul, that some element which is vitally necessary is lacking. He and Paul Reising, a friend, set out to find this element in the woods of Maine but do not succeed. Returning to Zenith, Babbitt seeks this longed for element. He becomes entangled in affairs with a widow, a neighbor, a liberalist, and a manicurist at the Pompeian Barber Shop, but in vain does he seek for the lacking element. Just as we may try and try and never reach the standard we have set until we discover our own faults, so Babbitt sought happiness and pleasure without actually finding it until he actually found the trouble in his own person.

Mr. Lewis has given us a type of our modern American citizen. He has made us all Americans as they actually exist. Without doubt he has succeeded, with a great deal of humor and cleverness added. Much interest has been added to the story by actual reproduction of speeches, advertisements, slang and modern opinions on such questions as labor strikes, correspondence courses, and prohibition. "Prohibition is a good thing for the

working class. Keeps 'em from wasting their money and lowering their productiveness. Saloons ought to be closed, but a fellow ought to have an occasional sip of beer or light wine, is the opinion of the person who thinks that personal liberty ought not to be invaded. Still others think the manner of enforcement is all wrong, but delights in some new recipe for home brew.

Mr. Carl Van Doren in the *New York Evening Post* says "No living writer surpasses Mr. Lewis in satiric observation. The superiority of 'Babbitt' lies in the fact that it has layers and layers below layers of humanity out of sight of the ordinary satirist." Mr. Lewis satirizes the American language by embodying such familiar expressions as "What chu speaknu-bout," "pleasopun door," "snothin atall," "How're you, you big shrimp?" "I'm first rate, you second hand hunk o' cheese" in his characters. Lack of will power is another thing which Lewis satirizes. Babbitt knows the harm of smoking, but never succeeds quite definitely in putting aside the ol' cigar. He finds that they are habitual nerve quieters. These are two of many things which Lewis satirizes.

Lewis's pessimism is perhaps exaggerated. 'Tis true that more pessimistic writers exist today than ever before but Mr. Lewis seems to carry it to the extreme. You get into the mire and remain in it, going in deeper and deeper until you feel that everything is enveloped in darkness. If Americans were as pessimistic as Lewis paints them there would be little hope for recovery. Too many people would never recover.

As a critic Mr. Lewis is excellent, but as a philosopher he fails. The end of the story leaves us in the dark, for we do not know whether Ted is going to profit by his father's example or follow it. He may be successful in the fight, but probabilities are just as great that he will not. He may make a miserable fight just as his father did. To follow the course of events during the future will be the only means determining the question.

—*Reba Smith.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

If I Were A Woman

Dr. H. E. Tralle, of New York, in a recent chapel talk—a talk remarkable because of the unusual combination of entertainment and value—took for his text, as it were, one for which he apologized because of its seeming temerity. It was a mere clause “If I were a Woman.” Dr. Tralle said:

“If I were a woman I should be pretty, or as pretty as possible. I should try to exhibit good taste and common sense in my dress, thereby enhancing rather than smearing my personality. If I were a woman I should keep busy because so large a portion of the world’s ill results from lazy brains and idle hands. I should be active mentally, physically, and morally. If I were a woman I should be happy. The one person always beloved, always in demand is the person with a steady, reassuring smile. I should strive, from start to finish, to keep my life so glad that others might share my happiness. If I were a woman I should be useful. I should set myself to achieve something definitely worth while. And all the time, I should want my influence to strengthen, never retard, the progress of those about me.”

Of course, this sounds ideal, and yet how much of it can we refute as being impractical or unapplicable to our

everyday lives here at the Greenville Womans College? And do we not need to think more seriously along just such lines as these? While we do not agree with the prevalent, whole-sale criticism of college girls in the matter of dress, we do recognize a growing demand for common sense and good taste that would eliminate several conspicuous customs among us. Could not public opinion in our own student body accomplish this? After all, everything desirable might be summed up in the word *activities*, mental, physical and moral. We do need more careful methods of study, more extensive and intensive reading of worth-while books, more whole-hearted participation in athletics, and surely more whole-souled interest in the welfare of other students.

We need to realize that to a certain degree we should feel a personal responsibility for our fellow-students and our influence should be such that the best and noblest qualities of those about us are encouraged.

At any rate, it seems to us that, taken earnestly, Dr. Tralle’s talk might mean the invigorating among us of such a spirit that every girl who comes to the Greenville Womans College will, largely because of our efforts, spend four happy, useful, character-building years.

G. W. C. Date Card

- January 2—Students return from holidays.
- January 6—The Juniors give a stunt.
- January 8—Mrs. Ramsay and Miss Paschal entertain the student body at an informal reception.
- January 9—Mr. G. E. Epps speaks to students.
“Cosi Fan Tutte,” a lyceum attraction, is presented.
- January 15-24—Examinations.
- January 25—Second semester begins. Furman Freshmen reception.
- January 26—Literary Societies meet in new halls.
- February 5—Junior-Senior reception.
- February 8—Pipe organ being installed in Fine Arts Building.
- February 11—Lyceum attraction.
- February 16—Delegates leave for Student Volunteer Conference at Winthrop College.
- February 17—Freshmen Stunt—“Rollicking Rats.”

ALUMNAE NOTES

Class 1858.

The death of Mrs. J. A. Chambliss (Mary C. Mauldin), occurred in the late fall of 1922. She was the oldest living graduate of the college and a member of the first graduating class. A telegram of sympathy was sent by the Alumnae to her family living in Jefferson City, Tennessee.

Class 1890.

Mrs John Lake (Carrie Bostick), of Canton, China, is in the States now with her husband after nearly ten years on the foreign field. They were in Greenville for a few days after New Years and will return for a longer visit in the spring.

Sallie Watkins is teaching in the High School of Gastonia, North Carolina. She spent the summer in New York City, where she and her sister attended Columbia University Summer School.

Class 1891.

The death of Mrs. Charles Faucett (Helen Shumate), occurred in August 1922, after a lingering illness.

Class 1896.

Mrs. E. W. Carpenter (Katherine McNeill), is recovering from a serious illness.

Mrs. B. E. Geer (Rena M. Rice), was appointed one of the Alumnae Trustees of Greenville Womans College, at the Baptist State Convention, held in December of 1922.

Class 1899.

Mrs. C. E. Burts (Sadie Watson) of Columbia, S. C., was made an Alumna Trustee of Greenville Womans College, in December 1922.

Class 1903.

Mrs. Lemuel W. Stansell (Dot Sanders), and family, have moved to Charlotte, N. C. Mrs. Stansell will continue to hold the office of Historian of the Alumnae Association.

Class 1907.

Mrs. Dupont Guerry (Ola Gregory) of Greenville, has recently been made a member of the Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association.

Class 1908.

Mrs. P. H. Anderson (Paneuma Barton) of China, is with her family in Greenville on a furlough from her mission work.

Class 1911.

Nina Entzminger is in New York City studying and teaching music.

Gladys McGee has opened a studio in New York City. She completed a course last June in a school of music there.

Class 1912.

Mrs. A. H. Pyron (Marion Asbury) is teaching in the city schools of Greenville.

Marriages.

Emma James was married in November of 1922. Her address is Flint, Michigan.

Ollie James was married in December of 1922. Her address will be New Orleans, La.

Class 1913.

Dorothy Mahon is teaching in a college in Tallahassee, Florida.

Class 1915.

Mary Earle Green is teaching in the public schools of Greenville.

Class 1916.

Demmie Coleman is teaching in the Greenville City Schools.

Frances Marshall has returned to Greenville where she holds a business position.

Class 1917.

Meta Dowling attended the Summer Session, held at the National Y. W. C. A. Training School, 600 Lexington Ave., New York.

Marriage.

Grace Walker to Mr. Jackson of Greenville, in December 1922.

Class 1918.

Mrs. J. T. Lucius (Claire Smith) is living in Greenville, as her husband holds a position there. She has recently been made a member of the Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association.

Lavinia Keys has full charge of the Greenville Branch of Community Service work.

Annette Robertson is working in a bank, in Nashville, Tennessee.

The engagement of Annie Lillian Sloan to Mr. George Norwood of Greenville, S. C., has been announced. The wedding will be in February.

Class 1919.

Caroline Easley has the position of physical director of the Y. W. C. A. of Hamilton, Ohio.

Mary Holliday is teaching in Mount Airy, N. C., after spending a part of the summer in New York City where she attended Columbia University Summer School.

Rita Polk (Mrs. Edgar Heap) is living in Greenville.

Marriages.

Virginia Hudgens to Mr. Brooks Connor of Spartanburg, S. C.

Elizabeth Little was married in the summer of 1922.

Pauline Ray was married recently and is living in Union, S. C.

Births.

To Mr. and Mrs John C. Cary (Nada Green), a son, October, 1922.

To Mr. and Mrs. Earle Stall (Nellie May Mackey), a son, January, 1922.

Class 1920.

Martha Peace Knight is living in Greenville, S. C. Mary Seyle is teaching in Greenville County.

Class 1922.

Marriage.

Virgina Lucinda Werts to John Cobb Marshall of Greenville, S. C.

Grace Long has entered the Class of 1923 of Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

THE EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

THE NAUTILUS—The Freshman number of the Nautilus is exceedingly good for a High School magazine. It reaches the standard of many college productions. The pictures add much to the interest of this number.

THE FURMAN ECHO has a good exchange department in the January number. "The Wrath of Buddha" is the most noteworthy story of this issue. The ads being scattered through the literary department detracts somewhat from its appearance. We congratulate the staff on the improvement made over last year's publication.

THE CONCEPT as usual is an attractive and well balanced magazine. We look forward to its coming with great interest .

One of the best exchanges received by us this year is the Chronicle.

Both issues of the Criterion that we have received are worthy of distinction. In the December number "Memories of Camp Nameoka" is the most interesting article.

We suggest that the Carolinian develop an Exchange department.

JOKES

Prof.—"Can you suggest any means whereby I can improve my lectures?"

Student—"Have you tried selling them as lullabys?" —Minor.

* * * * *

"What's this I hear about Mary being kissed by the landlady's son."

"Don't get excited; it was only a roomer." —Sun Dodger.

* * * * *

"Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?" "No, but I've been slapped." —Exchange.

* * * * *

"Mama, Daddy called the nurse an angel yesterday. Will she fly?"

"Yes, darling, very soon." —Purple Parrot.

* * * * *

"Do you know our new minister is just wonderful. He brings home to you things that you never saw before."

"That's nothing, we have a laundryman that does the same thing." —College Humor

* * * * *

"Father, there's a big black bug on the ceiling." Father (busy at work)—"Well, step on it and leave me alone."

She—I was certainly shocked by a story in this month's Cosmopolitan.

He—Yes- She—And it was even worse the third time I read it. —Sun Dial.

* * * * *

"Here's a book," said the agent, "You can't afford to be without."

"I never read," answered the victim. "Well, buy it for your children."

"I'm single—I have no family—All I have is a dog." "Well, don't you want a nice heavy book to throw at the dog now and then?"

—Humbug.

* * * * *

"I know she loves me—Why, she came to the station to see me off."

"Crazy! She wanted to be sure you were leaving town."

—Exchange.

* * * * *

The He—Woman—"Why can't girls have trouser pockets to put their hands in?"

Bachelor—"They do—the married one." —Exchange.

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Stradleys
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MANUFACTURERS

Meadows Manufacturing Co.

MILLINERY

Erwins
McKnight's Hat Shop

MOVIES

Garing Theatre
Casino Theatre

PAPERS

Greenville News

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**THE REGISTRAR,
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GREENVILLE, S. C.**

Greenville Womans College

GREENVILLE, S. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Second term begins Feb. 1, 1923.

For further information apply to

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