

3-1-1923

The Isaqueena - 1923, March

Isabel Easley
Greenville Woman's College

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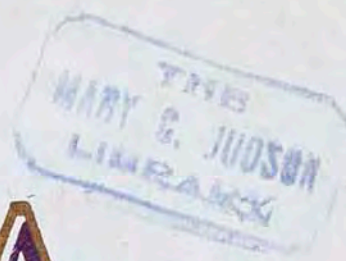
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Clara Childress



The ISAQUEENA



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March, 1923

The Isaqueena

PUBLISHED BY THE
Student Body of Greenville Womans College
Greenville, S. C.



Vol. XVII

March, 1923

No. 3

TERMS \$2.00 PER ANNUM

PEACE PRINTING CO., GREENVILLE

THE ISAQUEENA

ol. XVII Greenville, S. C., March, 1923 No. 3

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

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Clouds

Fleecy, flitting bits of cloud
Whipped by gusts of wind,
Rushing here and rushing there
Some safe place to find;
You bring the storm.

Scarlet clouds outlined with gray
Hanging o'er the dipping sun
With gold and blue and purple
Richly, nobly spun;
You bring repose.

Huge white billows drifting by
Against the clear blue sky
Bright and gay along you float
O'er brown fields so dry;
You bring content.

—*Reba Smith.*

Catholic Conditions In South America



OUTH America was nearly entirely colonized by Spanish and Portuguese Catholics and since those first days the Catholic church has predominated there. Brazil was discovered by Pedro Alvares Cabral in 1500 A. D. when he was on his way to found a Portuguese colony in India, but off the coast of Africa he was caught by the Equatorial current which took him to the New World; when he landed with his crew, mass was celebrated, which was viewed by the Indians with that awe and dread which impressive ceremonies cause in those who contemplate them for the first time, and a cross was erected along with the raising of the Portuguese flag. After that it was their state religion until the adoption of the Republican constitution in 1891; but even in 1912 in a population of twenty-one million, five hundred and thirty thousand, there were less than one hundred and fifty thousand non-Catholics in the country.

Uruguay was first settled by Spanish Jesuits in the seventeenth century and the Roman Catholic has been the state church ever since, although other creeds are now tolerated to a certain extent. Peru came under Spanish Catholic rule also and the Catholic religion was enforced on every one and from that time to the present has been the official religion, although there is now some toleration of other creeds. In Bolivia, Paraguay and Venezuela there exist the same religious condition and also in Columbia, except that the church there manages its affairs entirely independent of the civil authority. In Ecuador, the Roman Catholic has been the church of the state to the exclusion of all others until very recently, when other beliefs began to be allowed. In Argentina and Chile while it is the official religion, others are respected and protected. Thus through these centuries this religion has had ample time and opportunity to demonstrate its influence on these countries and peoples.

This influence has proved to be a sad one, first of all in the ignorance which is so appallingly widespread among them, accompanied by all its numerous ills. The church discourages mind development and tries to keep the minds of her people in constant subjection to herself. As C. Chiniquy, who was fifty-years in the church of Rome and a priest thereof for twenty-five years, says in his book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome", "all the efforts of the principals in their colleges and convents tend to prove to the pupil that his intelligence is his greatest and most dangerous enemy—that it is like an untamable animal, which must constantly be kept in chains." The excuse they do make at teaching and education is however so superficial "that our teachers seemed more desirous of passing away our time than to enlarge our understanding." Says Chiniquy, "It took us three

years to study Latin grammar, when twelve months would have sufficed for all we learned of it."

Their educational system is so poor that in Paraguay where it is said to be free and even compulsory, only one in five adult Paraguayans can read and write; that is, eighty per cent illiterates. In Ecuador where no other religion but the Catholic has been tolerated, education is at a very low ebb, scarcely exists. In Peru, where the Incas had reached such a high degree of civilization, three centuries of Spanish Catholic oppression has woefully deteriorated the conditions of the country and people, although the education was placed entirely in the hands of the priesthood and they had a chance to even improve the existing conditions. If even in Sao Paulo, the greatest educational center in Brazil, where there are so many foreigners and protestants who have greatly contributed to its uplift, there was found in the last census in 1919 seventy per cent illiteracy among children of school age, the percentage of illiteracy in the backward states may be imagined.

Those who can read are not permitted to read the Bible, which is a prohibited book to them and for all matters they have to take the priest's word. These take advantage of the people's ignorance and instill all manner of absurd and crazy ideas into their poor minds. When they have broken away from Romanism, read the word of God and obeyed its teachings they have shown themselves to be as intelligent and worthy a people as exists anywhere; but where the influence of the church of Rome still prevails and the Bible is not read, all the forms of vice and iniquity predominate. Quoting Chiniquy, "The colleges and nunneries of Rome are the schools where the rising generations are taught that it is an impiety to follow the dictates of their own conscience, hear the voice of their intelligence, read the word of God, and worship their Creator according to the rules laid down in the Gospel". The people have come to believe in fatality, which seems natural to ignorant minds, and there is no more common expression in Brazil than "Se Deus quizer" (If God so wills). As all people steeped in ignorance, they are very superstitious, believing in many signs and omens, and witchcraft is very common among them. As Chiniquy was taught "that scapulars, medals, holy water, etc., would be of great service to us in battling with the most dangerous temptations as well as in avoiding the most common dangers of life. Consequently we all had scapulars and medals which we kept with the greatest respect, and even kissed morning and evening with affection as if they were powerful instruments of the mercy of God to us."

So these South American people all wear their saints and other things of this order around their necks, believe

in the power of water blessed by a priest, and are constantly tricked and fooled by the more cunning. A young man returning from the occasion of the yearly pilgrimage to "Bom Jesus da Lapa" (Good Jesus of the cave) Bahia, Brazil tells how he had gotten a little vial of the so-called "holy water" at the cave and made money selling it on his way home. On his way home many who had not been able to make the pilgrimage begged him to sell them a little bit. He would remonstrate and say he had very little and get them to pay a big price for it. He would then get a little more water at the next stream and again sell it for a big price. There were those people paying a big price for what they supposed to be holy water of great power for healing when they could have gotten the same freely from the neighboring streams.

The intemperance of this ignorant people instead of being checked and discouraged by the clergy is only led on by the gluttony and love for wine of the clergy itself). As Chiniquy tells of the celebrations of the priests in Canada where they would eat and drink to excess and then follow it by hours of debauchery, so they repeat the same all over South America. Therefore what can be expected of the people when their religious leaders give such an example? They have nothing to restrain them except lack of funds or death, so while they live they are as intemperate as they please, and thank God some see the folly of it and do not please to be so! Bolivia is in about the worst national intemperance condition. On a visit there last year Mr. Jackson, a missionary to Brazil, found the moral conditions as terrible as could be conceived and found that the last census of that community which he visited assigned the consumption of a quart of rum a month to every man, woman and child. Mrs. Jackson noticed that a traveling companion in Brazil used to hush up her child by giving her a drink of something everytime the child cried. She found it to be rum. Even though the influence of the evangelical denominations against intemperance has been strongly felt, there still remains a woefully sad amount of it in that great continent.

Naturally there abounds in that continent an appalling amount of immorality, since the Bible is prohibited them and there is so much intemperance. The Roman church does not require a civil marriage, just so a priest marries a couple they're married, so near relatives may be married by the church even though it is against the civil law. Intermarriages among various races are very common in Catholic countries and in Bolivia the population has become a mixture of races, half caste Indians and Spaniards. A man in Goyaz, after paying a large sum to the church, got permission from the Pope to marry his sister. He did this to see if such a thing were possible and when he had his permit in hand he used it to denounce the mercenary Catholic church. And one easily realizes the moral corruptions that must exist in a church

where such things are possible, and this corruption is spread over the people who are under the same church's influence. Although priests are under a vow of celibacy, when they have a chance to do so without the public's attention being brought directly on them (which is ever too frequent), they appropriate unto themselves any woman they wish and nearly always their neighbor nuns are their illegal wives. The moral condition of Peru has deteriorated under three centuries of Roman Catholic domination; although a few native Incas still retain some of the virtues of their ancestors and are honest and industrious, most of them, through intermarriage and contact with the Catholic Spanish, have gone the downward path of their country. Even though in the more civilized and Christianized centers, civil laws have been passed prohibiting such things as the use of masks; to prevent this, during the yearly Carnival debauchery is carried on all over South America.

The confessional may not be left out in studying the moral conditions of that continent. Chiniquy calls it the "school of perdition" which name fits it well for if human women and children, (men rarely submit to honest confession) tell all that comes into their lives to a human man, a priest, is it not natural that he may use these confessions scandalously? He does. So the people exist in a state of moral laxity and depravity and it is not to be wondered at.

It would be natural to presume that where there is moral corruption there would also exist political corruption and it is thus in South America. The Church of Rome does not try to be under civil law but rather, over it. In Columbia it manages its own affairs independent of the civil authority and by the terms of a concordat entered into with the Pope in 1888, the instruction in all educational institutions, including public ones, is directed in conformity with the dogmas of the Roman Church. As, although against the civil law, the church of Rome permits marriage of near relatives, so in many other instances they do not uphold the law, and really work against it. She does not hesitate to use government funds, however, when she can possibly lay hold of them. Year before last the church in Sao Paulo made application to the government for a donation of about three hundred thousand dollars for the erection of the magnificent cathedral, which is now nearing completion. The clergy even employs outlaws and professional assassins to murder the missionaries, or for that matter, any one whom they wish to have out of their way, thus supporting them in their horrible work. The political influence, therefore, of the Catholic church is the worst possible and is sadly felt among the countries of that great continent. All over it politicians put their "protoges" in offices which they are not in the least prepared to fill. In Compo Grande, Matto Grosso, Brazil, the mail service was as inefficient as any one could imagine for

the postmaster was a murderer, who knowing nothing about the job was given the office by a political party who protected him. In the October 26, 1922 number of "O Jornal Baptista", the official organ of the Baptists in Brazil, there was published an interesting but touching letter from Dr. Nogueira Paranagua from the interior, where he has recently gone to give himself to the uplift of his fellow countrymen by giving them the Gospel as he treats his patients and preaches in public. He told of a city through which he and his family passed, which at another time flourishing and prosperous had been brought to ruins by the shots and set fires ordered by the "vandal", considered political leaders. Even inscriptions made with the blood of victims could there be seen. What had been a nice little square in the city was turned into a cemetery. The people that remained were hastily preparing to retire. Thus he pictured this dark scene which is repeated in numberless other towns of South America, resulting from the political corruption and inefficiency. Mr. Jackson has passed through many such villages in ruins, caused by the feuds between political leaders.

It is no wonder that also a general state of poverty and discomfort is to be found where the Catholic church has had absolute sway, for the people have to pay out goodly sums for baptisms, masses, funerals, and other countless ceremonies; they burn endless numbers of candles before the saints whose help they seek; on their innumerable saints days and festivals they burn up their money in fireworks and other such things. People who haven't a decent roof over their heads or the necessary clothing for their backs spend what they have in these useless

things, and even those who are better off find themselves skimping and pinching for months after their Carnival expenses: can't send their children to school because they haven't shoes; some one is sick but they can't afford a doctor. Even those who have great material wealth, are found living under conditions far worse than what the thrifty American washwomen live under: lack of hygiene, of conveniences, of sense of comfort. Jose Paranagua, an owner of twenty-two cattle ranches in Piauh, Brazil, died on a two dollar cot which he had induced a missionary to sell to him, who had it for use in traveling. His sister-in-law, another person of wealth, used to sitting on her low table smoking her long silver pipe and ordering the ranchmen and little piccaninnies around, was completely at a loss what to do with Mrs. Jackson, an American lady. Thus the people's money has gone to make the church wealthy and comfortable while they are left to live in poverty and discomfort.

Thus after four hundred years of opportunity to prove its worth, the Roman Catholic Church has demonstrated the blight it is to any person, state or country. Chiniquy is right in saying "when you see Roman Catholic churches, colleges and nunneries raising their haughty steeples over some commanding hill or in the midst of some beautiful valleys, you may confidently expect that the self-respect and the manly virtues of the people will soon disappear—intelligence, progress, prosperity will soon wane away, to be replaced by superstition, idleness, drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, ignorance, degradation of every kind" for in South America it has proven true.

—Elizabeth Jackson.

Lanier

Thy life was an Aeolian harp of gold,—
 The murm'ring brook and rustling of the trees,
 Awakened chords of music in thy soul,
 Which thou translated into melodies.
 The melodies that in thy soul found place
 In verse immortal thou didst give to man,
 So full of music and poetic grace,
 And yet so clear a child might understand.
 Too soon the Stirrup-cup was proffered thee,
 But thou didst drain its dregs without a fear;
 The Chattahooche sighs unceasingly,
 All nature moans thy fate, O brave Lanier!
 O, gentle troubadour of Southern skies,
 When will a bard to fill thy place arise?

—A. M. Ledbetter, '24.

My Dolls

BUT when I became a man I put away childish things," and it is generally conceded that the word "man" includes both the brave and the fair sex. It is indeed a true bit of philosophy but there is one "childish thing" I could never quite depart from. Perhaps I think more often of it now that Christmas is drawing near—Christmas time when a little girl's fancy fondly turns to thought of dolls.

From earliest childhood one of my weaknesses has been dolls, large and small, but always beautiful with great blue eyes. I always felt a peculiar thrill each Christmas morning when I awoke and found a brand new dolly to add to my yearly increasing family—for dolls were more precious in those old days and were only purchased on this one rare occasion. Surely nobody's doll was so pretty, so sweet, or so good as mine, mine that only cried when occasion demanded, a thing which very few mothers can truthfully say.

As a rule, all large families are interesting since they present such a variety of types and interests and my doll family was no exception. Lady Margaret, the mother of two sons and six daughters, is a lovely, affectionate being. She has been the constant companion of her well developed family since her now deceased husband cracked his poor head while falling down the stairs one day. In spite of all the loving attention shown him in the way of mucilage and bandage he succumbed to his injury and Lady Margaret went into mourning. Now her chief delight is in her "dear children".

Why is it that mothers always love their oldest sons best? Nobody knows, yet it is true that Napoleon Bonaparte was Lady Margaret's oldest and best loved son. He is a big handsome fellow, who looks especially well in his uniform with the brass buttons, and who dominates Christopher Columbus, his younger brother. I sometimes think Lady Margaret made a terrible blunder when she decided upon that name for her youngest son for he has never so much as discovered his own brain yet. Evidently she was historically minded when she was establishing her family. The daughters are altogether lovely. Ruth, the oldest, has the distinction of being the only daughter of her mother who stutters, and the manner in which she says "m-m-m-ma mama" is most effective. The entire family has been known to leave off all work and play just for the pleasure of hearing Ruth t-t-t-talk. Margaret, the baby girl, has golden curls that are quite as pretty as Ruth's black ones, though the blue eyes of the two are exactly alike. She is a gay little girl, this baby Margaret, and is the favorite of her brothers. The four intervening sisters are Marie, Hortense, Evangeline and Edith.

This family now lives on the top shelf in my closet,

though mind you do not let them hear that. They think they are in a palace. On the second shelf from the top of that same closet there are some queer looking objects, many sadly mutilated. After close observation they are found to be rag dolls. My hearts aches now when I see one vacant place there. Dear old Dinah used to be there but she is no more. She was the best friend I ever had, one to whom I always confided my childish troubles; one who was always my constant daily companion and who always went to bed with me and came out intact next morning. Often I played with her in the yard and fields, and my chief delight was in burying her—to have the pleasure of preaching a funeral and chanting a song. She was soon resurrected, however, and played with again until my childish fancy dictated another funeral. She always remained sweet and good, as friends do under trying circumstances but,

"I lost my poor little doll, dears,

As I played in the meadow one day;
And though I searched for her more than a week, dears,
I never could find where she lay."

As I recall my sorrow at that childish occurrence, my grief seems incredible now. Yet, it is a part of the divine plan for children, especially girls, to feel this. This sorrow is a part of the mother instinct that is the heritage of every girl, and is but indicative of her finer, bigger self. I shall never forget how my mother comforted me over the loss of my dear rag doll and how she made me another which could never quite take the place of Dinah. Nor shall I ever forget how soon after my loss, my mother lost a tiny son. I could sympathize with her then, for had I not suffered just the same grief. It is remarkable how children understand human nature and the manner in which we ignore their opinions and ideas is deplorable. We pass them by with a word, forgetting that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread".

Happy childhood days! I firmly believe that every childhood is happy, at least to some degree; and the girl who in all her life had only one or two dolls—and this number may be used of the other joys she chanced to have, looks back upon her childhood with the same feeling of pleasure as the one who possessed whole colonies of dolls. It gives a girl a—shall I say—natural feeling?—to climb into the attic and inspect her family of dolls. She fondly recalls the happy Christmas when Santa left Rose in her stocking. Rose, you know, is that poor child over there whose curls are no longer curls from so much combing and whose once rosy cheeks have too often come in contact with her industrious mamma's wash cloth, and dolls can not attain color as easily as the modern flapper. Rose was always patient and sweet even when she had chicken pox which left those

dreadful scars on her face. Here any girl will go off at a tangent, dwelling upon the many illnesses of her dolls as is the custom of all mothers when there are such delightful events to be recalled.

Of all my childhood experiences, the loss of my precious rag baby caused the most grief and at the same time developed my power of sympathy to a greater degree. To this day I never see a tiny girl gazing hungrily through some shop window at a lovely doll without wishing that I might see her baby arms hold that doll. That child does not look half so hungrily at the candies

and other goodies in the window further down the street as she does at that doll. If that doll were her very own she would never part from her day nor night; a mother couldn't love her baby any better than she would love that doll. It was love of that kind that caused my grief over dear old Dinah and, though many years have passed and my doll-playing days are gone forever, that same love makes me know that

"She is still, dears,
The sweetest doll in the world."

—*Evelyn Allen.*

The Wine of Life

O wine of life, sweeten my lips,
Let thy sparkling bubbles play
Against my lips, my eager lips,
Ere you quickly pass away:
Let thy fragrance be imbued
Into my thoughts, my life,
Stay yet awhile, thou amber hued,
Exquisite wine of life!

You hail from grapes, clustered grapes,
Sweet 'neath the hum of bees;
Drooping clusters in the shade
Of dull green leaves and trees:
From an arbor beyond compare,
'Neath a sky of azure blue,
With luscious grapes, clustered grapes,
O life's own wine of amber hue!

O wine of life, kiss my lips,
Lest I forget thee ere I taste
Of thy sweetness, mystic sweetness,
Lest I miss thee and something waste;
But, wine of life, fancy fired,
Tire me not with thy divine,
Just touch my lips, leave them inspired,
O wine of life, life's own wine!

—*F. Luck.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Spring Holidays



HERE seems to be one subject besides spring clothes in which all of us can be interested at this time, and that is a spring holiday. Everyone in a hazy kind of fashion, has a general idea as to why he or she would like a spring holiday, but when questioned closely, it's "just because". But there are genuine reasons on the affirmative as well as the negative side of the question.

Toward the last of the third quarter when most of us have been rather diligently doing what we were sent to college for—studying—we find ourselves wishing for an almost unheard of thing—a rest. We long with all of our hearts for it. A few days at the beginning of the fourth quarter—say four days—with classes suspended, permission to go home if one lives close enough would,—questions on the negative side having been closely considered—solve the problem. Those living too far to go home could just remain in the college; no college rules other than that of class work need be changed—not even the breakfast bell. Of course, there are always a few who rest all of the time, but by the end of the four days they might be so tired "resting" that they would be glad to study.

Then during these four days—taking for granted we had them—one could make headway on the new dress for commencement week, and save the trouble of sending home for them. And then one can make them as one wishes, without having to consult the opinions of others.

During this time an untold amount of energy may be stored up—for it won't take it all to sew. Then when classes are resumed one would go about his tasks with renewed energy, feeling capable of striving for the best and highest things. It must be admitted that a vacation has a demoralizing effect on a few—but whether they had

a vacation or not it would be just the same. They would gain nothing nor lose nothing. Then on the other hand there are those who have, together with the desire for social approval, the desire to do their best. They would come back to work brimming over with joy and enthusiasm. These, one is glad to say, are in the majority, otherwise where would the college be?

College spirit must be kept alive, and if one feels deadened herself, there is little chance of much enthusiasm and "pep" being displayed in the student body. For the college spirit to be lessened is a grave danger and it must be guarded against. The best way to do it is to have a period of rest for the girls—a period when absolutely nothing else has to be done. Then have a student government meeting and watch the enthusiasm—it won't be forced, but free.

The greatest result obtained from the vacation would be in the quality of the work done in the class room. For some of the pent up energy would be spent in preparation of lessons, while before the vacation there was not enough energy left for anything. The lessons may have been studied but not with enough interest to make them interesting. But now one would not be fatigued or lifeless and the work would show the difference.

If students need a vacation—why not the teachers, too? In our opinion they do, for after the rest they would be capable of making the class work more interesting and at the same time more helpful. Therefore we say—taking all things into consideration—a vacation would be decidedly in our favor, and a thing of such a nature that the faculty would profit to as great an extent as the students. We hope this matter will receive due consideration at the hands of those in authority.

G. W. C. Calendar

February 10—Informal reception.
 February 12—Sophomore class entertained by Miss Cox.
 —Dedication of Science Laboratories.
 February 13—Lyceum.
 February 15—Davidson Minstrel.
 February 19-24—Blue Ridge Week.
 February 20—Miss Lumpkin speaks to girls.
 February 21—Lyceum—Romeo and Juliet.
 February 22—Blue Ridge slides shown.
 February 23—Dr. Slossan lectures on Chemistry.
 February 26—Dramatic Club presents "Nothing But The Truth."
 March 3—Sophomore-Senior reception.
 March 5—Meeting with industrial girls at Y. W. C. A.
 March 10—Swimming demonstration.
 March 12—Lyceum.

March 14—Science Club Meets.
 March 15—Courboire gives organ recital.
 March 16—Dedication of Society Halls.
 March 24—French play presented.
 March 30—Miss Flora Bennet gives graduating recital.
 March 31—Clemson Glee Club.
 April 1-7—Mission Study Week.
 April 7—Freshman-Junior Reception.
 April 8—Institution Sunday.
 April 11-14—Exhibit of World paintings.
 April 13—Girls go to Converse for Cabinet Training Council.
 April 14—Blue Ridge Stunt Night.
 April 16—Dramatic Club presents, "Come out of the Kitchen."
 April 17—Intercollegiate Glee Club Contest.

Jonathan's Rattler

PEARS to me like you can allus manage the outlandistest procedures. Jonathan Payne you're plumb Payne through and through, and no mistake."

"Well Ma," Jonathan broke in upon his mother's seething accusations "seeing as how I happens to wear that name, I guess I have a right to be. But, honest, I had no idea"—"Shucks! You had no idea—shore you didn't. Nobody but a blank idiot would a hitched as purty a horse as old Sorrel to a measly twig in broad daylight, and you knowed that 'twas only last week when Captain Stokes was scalped in them very woods. First thing I know you'll have nothin' left—trampin off to Palaver with Huldy Baker an forgettin everything else."

"Say, look here, you shan't blame Huldy"—stammered Jonathan, suddenly grown bold.

"Land knows Huldy's too smart for you," continued his mother undisturbed. "There aint a girl anywhere that could a took care of her mother and tended that farm like she did after them Indians stole and scalped her two brothers las' year. No other girl would a shot down her number o'them redskins at the fort last month, neither. Huldy's smart and too good for any no—account Payne."

Disdaining to hear his reply, Mrs. Payne stalked into the house in the characteristic attitude of the Payne's. Jonathan seated himself upon the top of a huge barrel near a big oak tree, not far from the porch; and drawing from his pocket a half whittled stick and a knife he began his daily occupation. The art of whittling was the chief delight of the youngest progeny of the house of Payne and Hester and, as Mrs. Payne frequently complained, "nothing riled her so much as to see Jonathan with that idiotic knife when any Hester would a'been ploughin' the field." Half an hour, and Jonathan's knife still slipped smoothly down a perfectly rounded stick, adding shaving after shaving to the growing pile at his feet. He suddenly laid his knife down and dropping his head upon his hand, moaned to himself, "why was I so careless?" "I'd got that spot cleared up and logs rolled up there; enough to build a right handsome shack with a few more that old Sorrel could help drag up. Was going to break up that claim too, 'fore long," he mused ruefully. "And Huldy's so fond of flowers and things—said last night we'd better plant a garden there 'cause we might need one this summer. Huldy said that much!"

"You, Jonathan," came the sonorous voice of his mother as she appeared on the porch of her neatly kept cottage, you'll have to"—she was cut short by a whistle from the nearby woods—a whistle as clear and trilling

as that of a mocking bird. Yet, she knew that sketch of woods to be no haunt of the joyful songster, although that same clear call had come from the same direction many times before. The harsh woman shuddered as it came again. It was the call to the old fort Beaufort three miles away, meaning that Indians were again spreading ruin. How she shuddered at the thought of them—of Indians, the subtle crafty savages who wore at their belts, the scalps of her husband and three of her sons. For once she failed to be the efficient Martha Hester, and, as a neighboring settler dashed into the clearing, she threw upon her son the childish, appealing, utterly dependent look of a Martha Payne.

"Hello," yelled the rider, checking his horse, "better clear out and git to the fort right now. There's a tribe o'them fiendish Choctaws on the warpath and they're spreading hell as fast as Beelzebub hisself. Cabins burned—everybody scalped 'ceptin some of the han'some girls. Come to fort Beaufort itself. Be double quick," he warned again, "the old fort has got another hot time ahead of it, and, Jonathan," he threw over his shoulder as he fairly flew on his round of summoning, "I done seen Huldy an' you better go by there—old lady Baker aint so pert."

Jonathan Payne needed no second injunction to hasten his departure. Quickly, he bridled the only remaining animal, a grey mule whose only virtue was a fast accumulation of inertia; and he brought her to the porch where his mother stood fumbling in a dazed manner with a small bundle of clothing. Jonathan rushed into the big room, and in the kitchen corner of it, found a knapsack of provisions that was made ready daily since the red men were growing dangerous. The bundles of food and clothing he placed on the mule, in front of his mother, and carefully locking the cabin door, he climbed upon the mule's back. It required a prodigious amount of muscle and leather to get old grey anywhere, and Jonathan faithfully applied both. His mother was still terrified, and in his tender, awkward way, Jonathan attempted to soothe her but she was dumb. Left to himself and old grey he neither whistled nor imitated any of his forest friends. Ordinarily he was a veritable child of nature, a born imitator of all his wild companions. Now, all his thoughts were upon the dark eyed reticent Hulda. He marveled that she had actually whispered that he "might build the cabin and plant the garden;" and she had slyly remarked that cooking and keeping house for him might be fun! He could never forget how his tongue refused to move at that, and his heart was like a wild thing. The birth of love and sentiment was a wonderful phenomena to Jonathan.

Now the thought that some savage would soon hang

the dark hair among his trophies, drove him onward along his path. He felt the mule's feet sink in the marshy bog of the woods; the old trail which he followed led through one of the dark, low grown forests of the Southern Carolinas, where the ground was exceedingly marshy. Mosquitoes "zoomed" their one tune around the heads of the three—Jonathan, his mother and the mule. Twice they emerged from the chorus of mosquitoes into clearings where deserted cabins with wide flung doors told of the swift flight of their inhabitants. Still goaded by fear for Hulda, he neared the spot where she lived with her mother, but as he came into view of the house with its jonquils and pansies around the door, his heart stood still. Across the porch lay the scalped body of Hulda's mother. Flowers had been trampled upon, chairs upturned: everywhere there were signs of violence; one side of the roof was in flames. With a piercing yell, Jonathan sprang upon the porch and into the house, making the bogs resound with his cry of "Huldy!" The sight of the murdered women had electrified Mrs. Payne; and the two, mother and son, soon ended their fruitless search for the girl.

"They'll pay for this with their lives," threatened Jonathan, "them blamed redskins. An' I shan't leave her mother here to burn while they've got Huldy, not if they scalp me for it."

And, forgetting their flight, the two quickly and tenderly carried the body to the adjoining thicket, covered it with earth, and strewed it with leaves. Then they hastened old grey to the fort, Mrs. Payne holding the reins while Jonathan fastened the knapsack of food upon his body. There could be no peace for him at the fort, so leaving his mother safely in the fort, he determined to go in search of his Hulda.

"Aint much danger o'them Injuns in these quarters," remarked an old man to him, "cause they was makin' northwest from here, when Jake here, just now seed em."

"Straight northwest? You're sure?" asked Jonathan. "Yep," affirmed the old man again. "Straight northwest fur shore, 'cause Huldy's purty eyes wuz turned southeast—Ha! Ha!"

With his burdened heart bounding at the thought that Hulda was depending on him for her rescue, Jonathan mounted his mule and hastened again to the smoldering ashes of her cottage. It was evident that here had ended the Indian raid. Reconnoitering he found numerous tracks and broken twigs leading through the woods to the northwest. He headed his mule toward the fort and turned him loose while he himself set out on foot on the Indian trail. All that evening and night he clung to the trail, using the friendly aid of the stars to ferret out his path. The Indians had grown more wary and the path was extremely difficult to keep, being entirely lost in places. Jonathan kept to the woods, Indian-like, rally-

ing his anxious spirits with a scanty portion from the knapsack. That he steadily gained on his enemies, he knew, since they carried many prisoners for whom they must needs halt at night. After two days of anxious trailing he came suddenly upon the Choctaw's camp in the very heart of the forest. The dense undergrowth had prevented his seeing the camp at a distance.

"Another move and the game'd have been up for me," he muttered to himself. "Them tracks are fresh though, and I reckon Huldy is here."

After eating sparingly of the little remaining food he fastened his knapsack tightly and silently crawled to the forest edge not thirty feet away from the nearest tent. Here a low spread alder bush hid him from any wandering gaze; and not fifty feet away he saw a huge bonfire beside which the warriors were holding council over several white prisoners. There was no mistaking the dark eyes and hair of one of the prisoners and Jonathan anxiously awaited his hour. He could fix no plan in his mind; Indians were as watchful of prisoners as hawks, and as vacillating of plan as the wind.

By the council fire the dark faces of the savages showed fierce beneath their warpaint; their beady glances were constantly upon the white prisoners and the dozen or more squaws who were seated at some distance from the fire. One old chief, whose skin was filled with liquor, advanced to the prisoners and caught, by the shoulder, her of the dark hair and eyes. She shrank from him and he uttered a fiendish laugh. At the same moment Jonathan, in his snug hiding place, pursed his lips and emitted the dry rattling sound of a disturbed rattle snake—a trick of his well known to Hulda. She started and he caught her eye stealthily sweeping the forest.

Over the group of Indians ran a tingle of excitement and they talked loud among themselves. Jonathan could hear "Bad, bad luck." "White man on trail," and other such remarks accompanied by ominous shakes of the head. He wisely decided that the rattler must be the evil omen of the guileful Choctaws and thereupon he seized upon his new weapon. Noiselessly moving to another sheltered spot he again sent forth that peculiar dry rattle. In the group of Indians he heard plans to move camp immediately, and soon the dark group was noiselessly cutting into the forest opposite him. The prisoners with arms bound close to their bodies by green withes, were conducted in the front of the silent procession.

Jonathan immediately trailed the party, using every precaution to cover his progress. Once a scout from the Choctaws passed within four feet of him and he used his newly acquired weapon. But to his chagrin he found that every rattle sent the enemy faster, making his path harder to keep.

"I'll just lie low," he told himself, "now that Huldy

knows that I'm on the trail. I'll not rush too much."

The silent Choctaws made their way through the bog and low growing underbush with utmost speed. At night they halted, making for themselves beds of the long, dark grey moss which hung from all the trees. With the moss they also kindled a fire. The next morning Hulda and the other prisoners were awakened by an old squaw, who gave them an ample quantity of dried meat and mush. Hulda's limbs ached miserably from the unaccustomed marching and only the presence of other white friends and the knowledge that Jonathan was alive to her danger kept up her spirits. The prisoners dared not talk to each other, only an occasional whisper could be exchanged, yet before leaving the site of their night camp they were separated and Hulda found herself alone with a party of two squaws, and eight warriors, headed by the drunken chief Sacontee. They moved on, and Hulda perceived that they were leaving the marshy swamp. The ground was becoming dry and smooth red mud now appeared instead of the familiar black mud she knew.

Once in her weariness she staggered and Sacontee saved her from falling—again she instinctively shrank from him and he, repulsed, again assumed an expressionless mask of indifference.

Night was falling as the party came to a sequestered spot in the woody upland, so frequently found near the low lying mountains of South Carolina. The squaws built a fire and began cooking meat on long forked sticks held across the blaze. When, with a violent whoop, a body of Cherokees swept upon the party, with fierce

yells they fell upon and scalped all the Choctaw party except Sacontee, who during the fray seized Hulda and escaped to the forest. Heedless of his direction, he was dragging along the terrified girl who was too afraid to remain or escape voluntarily.

The two were well away from the scene of the massacre; as yet no Cherokee arrow had found them: and, since they were well hidden by the underbrush, the chief felt no fear of the tomahawk—Hulda prayed for Jonathan or the tomahawk. Sacontee stooped to loosen the tight withes about the arms of the terror filled girl and at the same moment a deadly rattle came from beneath the fallen log, by which he was standing. Still holding the withes the Indian sprang from the log, pierced through the temple by a bullet. Quickly Jonathan Payne raised himself from the leaves behind the log and seizing Sacontee's tomahawk, sent the Indian to the happy hunting ground.

"Oh, Jonathan, how I prayed for you to come!" sobbed Hulda, now that the danger was past and Jonathan very gently removed the last binding withes—to put on one more binding.

"Well, Huldy," mused Jonathan after she was quiet and they were faced southeast again, "there ain't much use o'our hurryin'. Everything's gone at your house and mine, too, I reckon."

"No use? Why Jonathan," scolded Hulda, catching him tightly by the hand, "that garden ought a been planted long ago!"

—Evelyn Allen.

I Wish

Not for the beauty of dawning day,
 Not for the music of the lark's clear call,
 Not for the sweetness of the newborn rose,
 Not for the pearl of dew at morn,
 Not for the gold at the rainbow's end,
 Not for the softness of the sad wind's sigh,
 Not for the jewel of the twilight skies,
 Not for the crescent of the passing moon,
 Not for the knowledge of master mind,
 But for childhood's thoughts
 And faith.

—F. Luck.

JOKES

Judge: "Ten days or ten dollars—take your choice."
 Fleming: "I'll take the money, your honor."
 —College Humor.

After their introduction the two seniors glided around the Union ball-room floor. The girl was eyeing her partner keenly. Finally she said: "Haven't I met you before somewhere?"

"Why I don't believe so."

"Oh, I have it! I was engaged to you once during my freshman year."

"Indeed, you're right—what a remarkable memory you have."

—Exchange.

Prof: "That's the fourth time you have looked at Smith's paper—stop it!"

Fresh: "Yes, but Smith is such a punk writer."

—Tyre.

Father: "The next time that young man comes around here I'll sit on him."

Daughter: "Oh, Papa, leave that to me."

—Tyre.

Prof: "Who was Homer?"

Student: "The guy Babe Ruth made famous."

—Exchange.

I called my love by radio,
 In hopes that she would hear,
 I asked her if she'd marry me,
 And closed it, "Billy dear."

Oh, sad is my predicament,
 Indeed a sorry mess,
 When I tuned in my receivers
 I heard forty answer, "Yes"!

—Exchange.

Truculent Bill Collector: "Are you Mr. Smith?"
 Mr. Smith (meekly): "No, sir, I'm my roommate."

—Record.

Bashful Boy: "Sir, Jane and I have decided that our happiness is the biggest thing in the world."

Father: "You change your mind so often—just yesterday you wanted to marry her!"

—College Humor.

Puzzle: Find the frog.—Absent-minded professor: "I will show you the internal structure of a frog."

Same party (after opening paper disclosing two hamburger sandwiches): "I was sure I ate my lunch a few moments ago."—Iowa Wesleyan News.

Physiology Prof: "What do you know about cells?"

Student: "Not much, sir, I've only been in two."

—Gargoyle.

More brains(at piano recital): "What is that charming thing she is playing?"

Less Brains: "A piano, y'dub!"—Boll Weevil.

Near Examinations, Will: "The German marks are very low."

Bill: "They're no lower than mine."—Tiger.

The Best Laid Plans: "When Tut-ankle-amen retired into his dug-out, he little thought he would be.

—London Opinion.

Prof: "Do you know where shingles were first used?"

Freshman: "I'd rather not tell."—Burr.

Lives of great men oft remind us
 We can make our own sublime,
 And by asking many questions
 Use up recitation time.—Jack-o-Lantern.

"Just run along sun," said the cloud, "while I have my shower."—Orange Owl.

Old Lady: "Doctor, don't you think I should go to a warmer climate?"

Doctor: "Yes, Madame, but I'm doing all I can to save you from it."

—College Humor.

After all is said and done,
 And thoughts their vigilance have won,
 When your sun sinks in the West,
 And body and mind have gone to rest,
 When God smiles upon your soul,
 Then, my friend, you've reached your goal.

—F. Luck.

THE EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

THE ORION is a well rounded magazine and is to be congratulated on the variety of material found in the Lanier number.

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL for March is a creditable number. The story "When Mother Passed Judgment" is clever and interesting. "The Laws Challenge" also deserves mention.

We are glad to see that the FURMAN ECHO is still im-

proving. The March issue contains several commendable articles. "The Vine! The Vine" is a weird story though interesting. "A Comparison of Some of the Shorter Poems of Browning and Tennyson" is an article well worthy of note.

THE CRITERION as usual is one of the best magazines we have received this month. It is a splendid idea to give a page to the Alma Mater.

A Person's Best Trait



HAT is a person's most admired trait? It is a winning personality. This quality in a person's character is evident in varying degrees. One person possesses only a spark of it, another takes it to the extreme, and still another has just the right amount of charm and personality—that golden mean.

Charming characteristics are certainly to be admired, yet few of us possess as many of them as we should. How may they be acquired? By being good-natured; by helping others; by being considerate of others, by being unselfish; by being clean in body, spirit, and mind; by showing interest in affairs about us; by putting pep into organizations; by always helping in plans and schemes which shall uplift and strengthen humanity. If we possess these traits, then we are well on the way towards possessing winning personalities.

—R. S.

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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.

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