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Reba Smith
Greenville Woman's College

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December, 1923

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THE ISAQUEENA

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A Bowl of Roses

The all beautiful is hid in your folds, in your
Cool, delicate petals,
A bowl of roses,
Exquisite, fragrant, lovely,
With the cool of the moon still in your sweetness.
Deep in your mystic heart, love and life are found.
The pearl of scattered dewdrops on your leaves,
The divine, the exquisite!
Sweetest of dreams in your depths abound,
In your sweetly fragrant folds;
The blush of dawn,
The cool of many rippling waters,
The green of deep forests.
The sadness of a soft wind’s sighs,
A promise, a few scattered thorns.
In your folds the all beautiful lives;
Birth—and death,
Memory—fragrance—
A bowl of roses.

Frances Luck.
“Just Like Women Folks”

OR several minutes two girls had been making their way through a thickly grown patch of bushes on the top of Paris Mountain. The cracking of the dry, crisp leaves underfoot, and the occasional breaking of twigs from the bushes were the only audible signs of their presence.

But this silence did not last long for suddenly there was a mournful sound from the smaller girl—"Oh-o-o," she wailed, "I’ve snapped my knickers". The other girl turned and without sympathy disgustedly remarked,

“What’s the use to worry about a little thing like that? Don’t you realize that we’ve been rambling around in these old bushes for about half an hour since we lost the trail, and that we’re still lost. Just look at those clouds.”

“Margaret Daniel, you’re the young lady who suggested going to the reservoir by a new road and see where—.”

“Why, Julie McGee, how dare you blame it on me. You wanted to go yourself and—.”

“Oh, well, why argue about it? I know one thing tho—we’re lost and we might as well make the best of it". She looked at her watch. "It’s just five o’clock. Suppose we rest a few minutes under this tree?”

Just as they had stretched themselves out comfortably, there was a keen flash of lightening. Another wail from Margaret.

“We can’t stay here, Julia, it’s dangerous—the most dangerous place to be—why one time I knew a man who was standing under a tree during a storm and the next day he was found dead, and his—.”

“Well," interrupted Julia, "will you please suggest a place to go." Both girls looked at the space around them as if a miracle might provide a way for them. After a few minutes of observation, Julia’s face brightened and she caught Margaret by the arm.

“Doesn’t that look like a trail to you?” she asked pointing to the left of the big tree.

Margaret walked over to the place she had pointed out, pulled away several pieces of brush which seemed to almost hide the trail.

“There’s no doubt about it. Come on, let’s try it.” They started off.

The little path was almost lost at times as it wound in and out of the bushes, and sometimes it caused confusion by dividing, one part going to the left and one to the right—and the sky was growing darker and darker.

After patiently following the trail for about three-quarters of a mile, Julia saw thru the branches signs of a building at the top of the trail.

“Keep up your strength for a few more minutes, Margaret,” she encouraged, “I think I see signs of habitation in the distance”.

Her supposition was true, for as they neared the end of the path, they found themselves at the back of an old mountain cabin. They walked around to the front of the house; there was no sign of welcome, but as the rain was now coming down fast, a place of shelter was needed, so Margaret gave a loud knock on the door.

A minute, two minutes passed, but no response from the inside. But soon the girls saw a face peering thru the window and after a moment’s pause, the door was unbolted and opened by a lank, lazy-looking mountain man.

“Thank goodness, we’ve found someone to let us in out of this rain,” said Margaret, “we’re drenched now”. And without waiting to be invited in, both girls rushed inside while a grinning, bewildered young man closed the door after them.

The first sight to impress the girls as they entered the room was a hot log fire blazing in a huge stone fireplace. Beside the fireplace, at the right, was a small supply of wood and a small jug. In the center of the room was a square table covered with a red-figured oil cloth, while on each side of the table was a straw-bottomed chair. A small, worn cook stove stood in the left corner and beside it a wood box. Red peppers, herbs, and dried vegetables hung from the low rafters of the cabin. Dust and cobwebs were everywhere. Directly in front of the fireplace a small wooden box served as a card table, on each side of which was a split-bottomed chair. A deck of cards was spread out on the box and another small jug was on the floor by the side of it.

An old man, with a wrinkled, weatherbeaten face, got up from one of these chairs as the girls came in. He opened his mouth as if to speak, revealing only a very few teeth, but he seemed to be spell-bound. Suddenly he burst forth,

“Lordy, Lordy, ef hit ain’t some ‘little gels come in out de rain. Jake, stop yer gazin’ an’ lay sum mo’ wood on th’ fire so’s they won’t kitch col’," he commanded the young fellow.

“Oh, the fire feels wonderful," said Julia, “we didn’t expect such luck as this.” She sat down on the bench on one side of the fireplace while Margaret stood up in front of the fire trying to dry her feet.

“Wal, who be ye, and what ye ‘little gels doin’ er roamin’ round in these here woods by yer self in a rain lack this. Jest lack women folks ter do what ain’t human,” said the old man.

“Why, we weren’t just walking around in the rain for fun,” spoke up Margaret, “You see we’re spending
the week-end down at the first little cottage in the "Circle," we two girls, my mother, my father, and a friend of his, and the cook, and as Julia and I were coming back from the reservoir this afternoon, we lost our way. We stayed lost for a long time, just rambling around, and as it began to rain we were lucky enough to find the trail that brought us here."

The older man sank down into one of the chairs, picked up his old pipe, and looked into the fire. The storm outside grew fiercer and fiercer. A loud thunder-clap caused the old man to jump and then sink back into his chair.

"Hit's an awful storm," he began, "mighty curus weather, gittin' cold lack hit is, hit's witch weather, jest the kin' o' time the spirts an' witches be ridin' an' walkin' 'round doin' devilmint. I wus tellin' Jake when you'uns come in that this here storm be jest lack the one last yer when ole Mol do so much meanness," he mused, shaking his head and still gazing into the fire.

"Aw pa," said the younger man, "you ain't gonna start them tales 'bout them witches again, aire ye?" He turned to the girls—

"You see, pa's got some curus notions 'bout witches in stormy weather. He won't stay out in a storm a-tall, always comes in an' builds a fire. I do believe pa'd leave his own buryin' an' come in a house ef hit started ter thunder and lighten'," he added with a laugh.

"Who is old Mol?" asked Margaret, rousing from her drowsy feeling and looking interested.

"One o' pa's witches he's heer'd so much about," answered Jake.

"Why do you mean that he knows about real witches, are there any around here?" asked Julia, "do tell us about them!"

"Yeah, to be sho," spoke up the old man, "they is spirts in these parts, but ole Mol do mo' harm than them others 'round here." He filled up his pipe, and as he puffed away on it, began,

"'Bout ten years ago come this spring, an' ole hag come to these parts an' live up thar in that shanty tother side that place what folks call the 'Castle'."

"Why I remember that house, we saw it when we passed by there this afternoon," interrupted Julia.

"Wal," he continued, "that ol' 'oman jest tuck up stayin' thar, she jest wandered 'round in them woods by herself. Nobody knowed what she was doin' thar or what she come frum, 'tel one day some of them rich folks what uster come frum the city and stay in that 'Castle' in the summertime, saw her out thar in front of 'er shanty er mutterin' ter two big snakes'. He nodded his head for emphasis. "Yas sir, she wus er talkin' ter 'em an' they wus er holdin' up thar heads an' er listenin'. Then folks begin ter notice she act sorter quaire an' kind er spect she weren't up ter no good, so they plan ter kill them two snakes an' run her outer the country. One day two o' them rich men slip up ter her shanty an' see them ole snakes er sleepin' in the sun on ther steps an' one o' them men step up easy an' shoot one of them snakes. Wal 'bout that time the ole hag come out ther door of her shanty and see her snake dead. She tore at 'er 'air on 'er heade an' muttered out some wild talk ter them men but they jest laf at 'er. Then she got sho nuff mad, an' leaned down ter ther live snake an' say sumphinn' ter hit. Jest as she finish talkin' ter hit, that ole snake lit out attar them men an' chase 'em all way down them mountains."

The story teller's eyes blazed with excitement, and the two girls sitting on the end of the old bench, holding each other's hands apparently almost afraid to speak.

"An'," continued the old man, "nobody ever seen them two men any mo', an' 'bout that time that ole hag disappear too, but she left a spell ever since on this part o' the country. From that time on these parts been full of ole rattlesnakes what she left ter lay spells on folks. These here snakes what she left come out in summer storms an' bewitch ye. Sumtimes the folks what they bewitch jest disappear, sumtimes they lose tham nin', an' other folks have trouble of tother kin'."

Another wail from Margaret—"I'm afraid to go home; I just know one of those snakes will bewitch me before I get there."

"Naw, you little gels ain't got no cause ter be scarct," consoled the old fellow, "that ole hag jest left the spell on the men folks. Mighty curus business 'pear ter me. Seems lack I jest can't leave off frum feelin' that bad luck's a-comin' ter us here—I'm member last time ole Mol's snakes—"

Just then a loud, decided knock was heard on the door which for a minute stopped the story. Jake put another log on the fire; the girls didn't move. The old man continued,

"Yas, as I wus a-sayin', last time them snakes lay spells on folks—" but he didn't finish, for the door opened and two men entered. Margaret jumped up from the bench and ran to them. "Why dad," she almost screamed, grabbing the hand of one of them, "how did you know where to come to rescue us?"

"Why, you young scamps," laughed the newcomer, "I didn't know you were here. We've been looking all over the mountain for you; we had almost given up hope when we saw your old blue sweater and Julia's flashlight at the beginning of a little trail. We followed it and here we are. How long have you adventurers been here?" he asked as he glanced around the room and finally fixed his eyes on the old man.

At that moment, Jake sprang to an old rifle in one corner of the room while the old man suddenly got up from his chair, and held on to the table with his
trembling hands for support, while a curious expression came over his haggard face.

Two days later, on the front page of the "Greenville Daily News" a two column article appeared with the following headlines:

OLD BEN ABNER AND SON, CLEVEREST BOOTLEGgers ON PARIS MOUNTAIN, ARRESTED BY OFFICER DANIEL

While searching for his daughter and niece who were lost on the mountain, Officer Daniel, using the sweater of his daughter, found in a trail as a clue, followed the trail which took him to Old Ben’s cabin and there found the bootleggers who had escaped the officers for many years.

The remainder of the article gave a complete account of the arrest of the two men and the capture of the largest still on Paris Mountain.

And while the people were reading this article, Old Ben Abner was sitting in the Greenville County jail, shaking his head and muttering to himself, “I tol’ Jake they was sumthin’ wrong that day them gels come er bustin’ in ter our house. I knowed them ole witch snakes o’ Mol’s wus up ter sum devilment while that storm wus er goin’ on. Hit seemed mighty curus ter me. Aw well, hit’s jest lack women folks ter cause ye trouble!”

JACK JONES.

---

A Day

In the morning, at the dawning, at the opening hour,
Hearts are glad and spirits high,
Joy shines forth from earth and sky,
All life’s blessings multiply.
    God above is Hope.

In the stillness of the mid-day, at the noon-tide hour,
Cares increase and joys grow dim.
Weary then in mind and limb
    Trusting hearts look up to Him.
    God above is Strength.

In the evening, in the twilight, at the closing hour,
Cooling dews of evening fall;
Softly then the night birds call,
    And a calm hoods over all.
    God above is Peace.

ANNIE MAE LEDBETTER.
The Humor In Holmes’ Poetry

And since that day I have never dared to be as funny as I can.

It has been said that if there is a distinctive American humor at all that it is embodied in Holmes, but if one looks into the matter he will probably find that there is no new American type of humor. It is true that different writers in different countries have a somewhat different humor, but after all, does not all humor date from so far back in history that it is incorrect to say that there is a new type? American humor, it has been said, just as all well-bred humor, “is only wisdom smiling”. It is serious, clean, easy-going, and kindly; does not depend entirely upon imagination, but is always associated with knowledge, kindness, and sympathy. Just this kind of humor is found in English literature, and may be found in Irish literature, in Latin, and in Greek, as well as in modern European literature. There is, in fact, no new type of humor and we shall have to say that Holmes is the embodiment of all well-bred humor in whatever nation found.

The type of humor found in all Holmes’ Poetry is the type discussed above. It is always fresh, spontaneous, and wholesome, with no bitterness in its jests. It seems to come from a source that is bubbling over with good will for all mankind. Holmes undoubtedly sees the serious side of life, but he treats it in such a way that one might be justified in saying that he is sometimes flippancy and almost irreverent. Certainly, he took perverse delight in discovering the comic side of serious things, and by doing this he, in a sense, “became the savior of society”. Certain reforms can be brought about through humor better than in any other way, and Holmes, in his rollicking, good-natured way, had a purpose in his writings more serious than merely to create a joke. He had a purpose as deep as that found in Emerson’s most serious work but it is not so easily seen because he preaches his sermons in such a different key. It has been said that a joke is one of the most solemn things in the world and this may be found to be true in Holmes. He jokes, not only to make people laugh, but also to get into the mind of the reader some idea that he has in his own mind and, he thinks that is the surest way of saying just what needs to be said. A comic spirit is essentially a social spirit and when one is of this nature it is easier to say what should be said. Then, too, society in general, will take a sermon in a joke when it will not be preached to. For this reason it is easy to see why Holmes could say some of the things he has said when some more serious writer could not have said the same thing and kept the good will of the people. If we agree then that Holmes had a purpose in his writings that was not frivolous but got beneath the surface of things, we are prepared to admit in the case of Holmes that humor is certainly only wisdom smiling. Let us see, then, wherein lies the wisdom of humor in Holmes’ work.

Holmes never failed to see the comic side of the customs of his day, no matter how serious they were taken by other people. The educational system, especially that for girls, was to him a source of amusement. He saw the faults in the prevailing system when others were taking them as a matter of course, and he expressed his views on the subject in such a way that even those who fostered that type of education were obliged to take the criticisms kindly. His poem, My Aunt is a decided thrust at the education of the day and yet it is sympathetic and kindly, the humor is only a minor part of the poem. The educational systems needed reform and to Holmes there was no other way to bring about a reform except through a joke. He, therefore, wrote this poem which may have influenced the thoughtful readers of the time when more serious things would not have carried so much weight. Some, of course, saw only the fun but in lines like these, is there not more than fun?

“He sent her away back to a stylish school—
They braced my aunt against a board
To make her straight and tall,
They braced her up, they stove her down,
To make her light and small.
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins—
Oh, never a mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.”

A thoughtful man like Holmes could not help but see the folly of all this nonsense. The result, he said, was this:

“Alas! nor chariot nor barouche
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father’s arm
His all-accomplished maid.”

Holmes pitied the “ungathered rose” but his was a pity. He, like Addison in his essays for the Spectator, felt the need for a reform but he attacked the subject with a gentle humor which took speedy improvement for granted.

Just as the educational system of Holmes’ day needed reform, so also did the stage need to be overhauled, or at least it was not what Holmes thought it should be. The plays were unreal, were not true to life but represented things as they are found in fairy tales. Holmes was
not satisfied with this state of affairs but instead of fighting against it as Ben Johnson did against the romantic tendency of his age, he laughed to the world about it even if he did knit his brow in private. In the same place that Johnson preached a sermon on the restoration of classic standards, because that was the thing he was fighting for, Holmes smiled and said, "The play, of course, ends charmingly." He said that when he was asked to write a prologue he found no trouble in doing it even though he had not seen the play. "I knew there was a young lady in it, and that somebody was in love with her. There is a general reconciliation at the end and all concerned form a line and take each other's hands, as people always do after they have made up their quarrels—and then the curtain falls.'

There is a world of meaning in the lines, "The world's a stage" as Shakespeare said one day. The stage is a world—was what he meant to say." Stage managers themselves could not get offended at these smiling remarks and yet who has more earnestly criticised the unreality of the plays? When he said, "The outside world's a blunder, that is clear, the real world that nature meant is here" he was showing further what an unreal interpretation of life the plays offered. In his discussion of the stage, Holmes was not merely making fun but he saw where there was room for improvement and instead of taking the matter seriously he, in his good-natured way, just smiled and said, "One thing is certain: 'Love will triumph here.'"

The church was another subject for criticism in Holmes's writing. He is remembered largely for The Deacon's Masterpiece in which he satirized Calvinism. He had a lifelong prejudice against this form of religion, but even in discussing this, his words are not bitter. No poem is full of more kindly criticism and chuckling good humor than this one, and yet no poem has a deeper meaning. The transcendental movement which was making such a headway just at this time had its effect on Holmes as it did on the other prominent men of the time, but it found expression in a somewhat different manner. While Emerson was withdrawing himself from the church because he could not conform to some of the customs, and while he was denouncing it in bitter terms, Holmes was seeing in it the same shortcomings but expressing his ideas in a different way. Emerson, in his essay on Self Reliance, showed how creeds affected the lives of the people, how that men were praying their brother's prayer, and how that every man was hindered from meeting God by his brother who had shut his own temple door. "Chiefly," said he, "is this true of creeds and churches—Such is Calvinism and Quakerism." Holmes showed how inefficient the creeds and churches of his day were in The Wonderful One Horse Shay. The things that had served their fathers and grandfathers for the part one hundred years was not what they needed at that time. The old shay had "seen its best days" as had Calvinism. John Milton, two centuries before Holmes, had seen faults in the church and demanded them very strongly in Lycidas. He wrote under different circumstances, of course, but the difference in the methods of treating the subjects can easily be seen. Milton wrote in a serious manner as though the reform must come through him and at once. Holmes was as sincere as Milton but he saw so much fun in the situation that he had to write in a humorous way, in accordance with his sunny nature, for, of course, he saw hope where Milton saw only despair. Milton's lines on the insufficiency of the church are these:

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But smoke with wind and the rank mist they draw
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread
Besides what the grim wolf with fiery paw
Daily devours apace and nothing said."

Holmes plainly shows that Calvinism is not sufficient but note the difference:

"First a shrink and then a thrill
Then something decidedly like a spill
And the parson was sitting upon a rock
At half-past nine by the meetin'-house clock
Just the hour of the earthquake shock.
What do you think the parson found
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound
As if it had been in the mill and ground."

More like the humor of Holmes, perhaps, is that found in the Spectator. Sir Roger at Church could be attributed to Holmes if we did not know who wrote it because it is so good-natured and cheerful and yet it really says something at the same time. There seemed to be mostly form in the worship that Addison was satirizing. "People are hardly ever brought to regard any truth howsoever important it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it." In Sir Roger, he showed how there was piety without religion. Holmes would certainly have approved of this kind of criticism because it was so like his own.

Besides satirizing the more important question of the day, Holmes took every occasion to make a humorous remark on anything that happened to cross his path. Some of his most usual remarks are on women, and their fashions, customs, and habits. He, like practically all the humorous writers of literature, saw many ridiculous things in women's customs but the difference in treatment can easily be seen by reading his criticisms in connection with some others. Nathaniel Ward in his Simple Cobbler of Aggawam gave a chapter to "Women's Fashions" in which he literally preached a sermon that sounds as if he expects the women to pay strict attention to his advice and profit by it. His remarks "Me, thinks it
should break the hearts of Englishmen to see so many
goodly English women imprisoned in French cages,
peeping out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy
to help them with a little wit" seems bitter when placed
beside Holmes' humorous remark,

"The styles, the man, so looks avow,
The styles, the woman anyhow."

He saw many things in women's fashions such as
"flowers frothed with creamy lace" and "adorned
bonnets" that were amusing to him but he never said
cutting word like these of Ward about them, "But when
I hear a mugiporous Gentledame inquire what dress
the queen is in this week; what the undiustertian of the
court; with egge to be in it in all haste whatever it be, I
look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product
of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing." Thoreau
in these lines, "The head monkey at Paris puts on a
traveler's cap and all the monkeys in America do the
same" sounds more like Holmes but still there is some-
ing lacking in his humor which it would need to make
it kindly and sympathetic. Franklin also criticised
women in an unsympathetic way.

"Women and wine, game and deceit
Make the wealth small and the wants great."

As humorous to Holmes as women's fashions was the
fact that they talked so much, or was it just a nation wide
reputation of women to be great talkers? Do they really
talk more than men? At least Holmes gives them credit
for it.

From Franklin's autobiography, "Women with tongues
like polar needles ever on the jar" kept a sensitive man's
nerves always torn up. And the fact that the land-
lady's daughter insisted upon being included in every
conversation, and said "yes" in such a screechy little
voice, prevented him from enjoying, to the fullest, all the
discussions at the breakfast table, but he always took it
good-naturedly. He knew also that women did not like
to tell their ages.

"My lady's cheek can boast no more
The cranberry white and pink it wore
And where her shining locks divide
The parting line is all too wide.

No! No! This will never do, talk about men if you will
but spare the poor women."

Holmes was just the kind of man that could tell a
woman of her faults and leave her with a smile on her
face. No one could become angry at such innocent fun
as is found in his words and yet he always has a worth-
while subject and says something worthwhile about some-
thing that carries more weight than if he had taken a
text and said, "Now this is the lesson I want you to get
from my sermon." He saw no reason to despair of
women just because they had whims and fashions all
their own. That was a small matter to him, but there
was no harm in joking about it, especially since he did it
in such a good-natured way.

After reading Holmes' poetry one finds himself in love
with this good-natured, kindly, optimistic humorist. His
words are just the kind that should be given to a person
who is always complaining that the world is going to the
bad, that if we keep on in the way we are going we will
soon plunge headlong into the pit of destruction. Of
course, life is not all sunshine, nor is the world all good,
and Holmes realized this fact as much as anyone but he
knew that behind the cloud the sun was still shining and
he could always be glad of that. He did not shun the ser-
ious questions that the leading men of every age have
to meet, but he faced them in such a cheerful, optimistic
way that he was sure to make life lighter and brighter for
everyone he met. Occasionally, he attempted to leave a
written record of his serious thoughts as in the Chambered
Nautilus and in this poem if in no other he gloriously
succeeded, but that was a very small part of his work. He
was more prone to see the humorous side of serious
things as in The Last Leaf and many other poems of this
same character. His most usual method was to take a
really serious subject and treat it in a humorous way.

—LOLLIE BARBARE.
The Decline of Old-FashionedCourtesy Toward Women

The old-fashioned courtesy toward women is slowly passing away. Common sense and the changing position of women are revolutionizing the standards of courtesy. Now-a-days a gentleman does not stand bare-headed out-of-doors when he is talking to a lady. A gentleman does not spring to his feet when a lady enters a public conveyance. There are no such expressions as “Oh, I am charmed to see you” or “Madam, the pleasure is all mine; I assure you,” when a gentleman calls on a lady. A man’s manner toward a woman today holds more respect than gallantry.

There are many reasons for this change of demeanor toward women; one is the new idea of making everything practical. It is not thought necessary for a man, while he is talking to a woman, to stand bare-headed on a cold day, as he might during those few minutes take cold. If a man should hurriedly rise whenever a woman enters a street car or an omnibus, he would take the whole trip standing. It would surely be impractical and nonsensical to adhere strictly to such rules of the courtliness as our grandfathers practiced in a more deliberate age.

The old days of chivalry have passed with the disappearance of the feminine “clinging vine” and with the growth of the strong modern woman. The coyingly sweet, dependent kind of woman inspired the courtly gentlemen of a generation ago to gallantly place themselves at the disposal of the lady. They whispered compliments in her ear; they zealously guarded her from draughts and fatigue; they kept worldly affairs from her tender knowledge; they politely escorted her on her visits of charity; in fact, they courteously waited on her hand and foot. But the woman of today is too independent to either care for or appreciate such delicate attentions. She does not relish whispered compliments, rather she wishes them spoken aloud. She knows that she should not sit in a draught; because of her splendid physique she is not easily tired. The modern woman is educated and interested in the happenings of the world; she wants to know them, and she does know them; she not only knows them, but she understands them. She needs no escort in her philanthropic work since she is quite capable of taking care of herself. In short, she is an educated, thinking, understanding, and capable being.

The “Emancipation of Women” has caused a revolution of the standards of courtesy. Woman has become man’s equal in almost every sense of the word. She has entered into the world of business and is as self-reliant, as strong, and as quick-thinking as a man. Naturally a man is not going to treat her as if she were a helpless, fragile butterfly. Woman is making a place for herself that she alone can fill. She is a success in commercial affairs. Men are finding to their surprise that many women are quite as shrewd in a deal as they are. They have discovered that a woman is not afraid to trust her own judgement, and that usually her judgement is correct. They have learned that a woman has decided opinions about certain angles of business and that she stands by her convictions. They have found that a woman can keep her head in an emergency and that often her quick thinking has “saved the day.” Men are learning that in the business world, women are equal to themselves. Admiring these “manly” qualities in a woman, a man is not going to attempt to think for her; it is not necessary. Neither is he going to offer his protection where none is needed. He is not going to pay her frivolous compliments, for she thinks of things more interesting. Also, in the busy commercial world there seems to be no time for gallantry. Neither women nor men expect it. Much of the decline of old-fashioned courtesy may be traced to the appearance of women in the realm of business.

Women are penetrating into other fields beside business; they are making a tremendous success in politics. Surely, men reason, a woman who can do a man’s work in a field hitherto devoted exclusively to men should be treated on an equal footing with them. The hearty handshake of comrades is more to be desired than the bows and smiles of the cavalier. An expression of interest and agreement is more welcome than graceful flattery. Therefore, men are greeting women now, not with sugar-coated compliments and solicitous protection, but with the friendly attitude of hail-fellow-well-met. It is senseless to keep up the old formal manners between such equals as the modern woman and the modern man.

Many people are deploring such an abandonment of the old customs; they cannot understand that courtesy has now a deeper meaning. They declare that such a decay of manners shows an increasing tendency toward practical matters. The world seems to be thinking of gain and does not take time to keep up the traditions of gentlemanly conduct to a lady. They think the new manner is rudeness; they do not see that courtesy means today, not mere politeness, but respectful admiration. They do not catch the deep significance that underlies the new friendly, comradely attitude between men and women. It is true that old-fashioned courtesy is disappearing, but a new interchange of interest and friendliness is taking its place.

—Callie Mayre Thomas.
About Myself

English teachers tell students to write only about things in which they are interested. For that reason I am writing about myself. I am, like all people, supremely interested in myself.

That last sentence sounds as if I were selfish. I am, but I am not extremely selfish. When the best piece of cake is on the far side of the plate from me, it is true that I want the best for myself, but I invariably take the piece nearest me, and pass the plate on as if I did not care for a piece larger than my own. When I get a box of "eats" from home, and hear somebody knock at my door, I shove the box behind a stack of books, brush the crumbs from my mouth, and call out "Come!". But I am not alone in doing this. My friend brushes the crumbs from her mouth and looks as if nothing had happened also. I am not any more selfish than other people.

I admit that I am more or less selfish. I am at least truthful. I mean by truthful that I tell the truth when I can at all. In civilized surroundings and polite society, it is not always necessary to speak out the brazen truth. It is sometimes very much better to say nothing at all than to speak out the real truth. In many cases I have found that "a still tongue makes a wise head." I have told white lies when it was unavoidable. Everybody has.

I tell the truth when I say that I really like people. Next to myself, I like folks better than anything else in the world. To meet new faces is a great pleasure to me. Even when I am at the waiting room of a depot, I do not tire readily, because each face that comes in has something new in it that is more or less appealing. I have found by observation that there is no person whom I have met, who has not at least one favorable thing about him. I always have a good time at the beginning of each year at college. When the Freshmen arrive, it is so much fun to see how different they all are—except in one characteristic, namely that of being "green", as the saying goes. At church the number of new faces every Sunday is astonishing. The unusually large number of visitors that goes to worship at the Old First Church account for so many unknown faces. When the sermons are uninteresting, I am still very comfortable. I do not get cross and count the number of pipes in the pipe-organ or the number of windows either. I watch people's faces, and wonder what kind of sinners they are. Some look as if they have no besetting sin, while others look as if they had committed murder the night before. There is such a pleasing difference between faces, the fat ones, the lean ones, the wistful ones, the beautiful ones and the happy ones. Of course all of them have chins, lips, cheeks, noses and eyes. The little differences in the way in which these things are combined make the difference. I like folks, because they are so alike, yet so different.

Most folks have hobbies. In my mind, hobbies make people much more interesting and life-like than they would be without them. Myself, to my great sorrow, have none.

Since you know some of my characteristics, I must tell you of my looks. You might think I was here in the spirit and not in form, if I did not give some idea of my appearance. I am quite tall, five feet eight inches in height. I am not fat; neither am I thin. I observe the "happy medium" in this matter. My father's people are fat, my mother's thin. Probably that is the reason I am a "happy medium". Sometimes my eyes seem black, most often blue. My eyebrows are dark and sufficiently arched to suit my somewhat long face. I will skip my nose, the less said about it the better. My mouth is not shaped so beautifully as that of the Grecian woman, but it is not so bad. It is almost straight, when I'm in a good humor. My complexion is not bad. I have as much color as one could wish. My hair is dark brown. My untiring efforts have never yet induced it to curl. Upon deliberation I have changed my mind about keeping my nose a secret. I realize that you cannot get an adequate picture of a face minus a nose. My nose has always been "a source of great grief to me." My nose begins beautifully, but it has such a bad ending. It runs in an almost perfect line till it gets near the end. Then, for no earthly reason, it tilts right up. Alas! many noses, like mine, have such promising beginnings and such tragic endings. But there is no use to worry about, for it will ever be thus.

I wonder why people think more of themselves than of anything or anybody else. But the fact remains that they do.

—Floryne Long.
BOOK REVIEWS

The Homesteader’s Portfolio

By Alice Day Pratt

HAT a relief to pick up a book like The Homesteader’s Portfolio! No rough trappers hollowing to their dogs to “mush”, as in the Canadian adventure stories; no brave cowboys saving the day by their quick gun play, as in the Western stories; no unexperienced girl fighting alone the temptations of the large city, as in the New York, Chicago, and Boston stories; no lowering Mexican rustling cattle, as in the border stories; no eternal triangle as in modern fiction. No! The Homesteader’s Portfolio is none of these. It is not even adventurous; not once does the reader feel himself holding his breath nor does he hear his heart beat. But through all of it, he feels calm and secure; happily, he has not to pass through those wild experiences which leave one trembling and weak. What then, does The Homesteader’s Portfolio aim to do? It aims to portray perfectly naturally how one woman, alone, made a home on a homestead claim. “Nature,” Alice Pratt concludes, “has not betrayed the heart that loved her,” she has given to the Pilgrim a home where was once an Oregon Wilderness.

The style of Miss Pratt’s book gives exactly the atmosphere that she intended it to have, that of an every day, heart-to-heart chat about the making of her home. It is a simple narrative, without any flourish or any attempt at eloquence; it just tells the story of an old maid who has stopped and asked herself: “Tua vades, old maid? What will you do with life?” and nothing more. Through it is interspersed bits from her Journal, giving one the feeling that the story is being related to him by a very dear friend. This friend is Miss Pratt herself, who has grown tired of life. She has stopped to wonder what she is to do with life—and the answer has come. Consequently, at the end of her school term, she has found herself on the train bound for Oregon, reflecting along this line: “Behind, what extremes of gaiety and misery, what competition, what life at high pressure! Before, what calm, what freedom, what limitless spaces, what hope and opportunity!” She has entered upon her claim with the determination that living on it will make life better for her; and, through all her struggles, she has kept this before her. She has met with a type of person new to her, the old Oregonian. She has oftentimes wondered at him; but she has learned to understand him and to explain all his peculiar ideas. She has oftentimes wondered at him; but she has been in touch with the big things of life; she has learned what loneliness means, and how much company even a group of animals can be to a person in such a condition. She has suffered; she has joyed—but, in the end, she has shed tears of regret at having to return to the East, leaving her animals and her homestead. A sublime quest told in a simple story—that is the treatment of The Homesteader’s Portfolio.

It is full of descriptions that tell, description made by well-chosen words used in exactly the right place and at exactly the right time. There is the Pilgrim, sitting “upon a slender foot bridge that spans the big ditch that governs the new irrigation project in Umatilla County”. The month is October; the region, Northwestern Oregon. She seems “lost in a gray ocean of desolation.” She sees the “checker board of fruit trees,” leafless and hardly visible because of the distance. She sees the little homes in the distance; and then, her glance drops to her feet. Her shoes are white with volcanic ash through which she has walked for several miles. “She is tired.” She sees a flock of sheep coming in the distance, almost obscured by the cloud of dust around them. She watches them. Suddenly, she hears a foot step behind her; she arises, startled. It is a black-robed priest who, when he learns that she has come to locate, says “‘God bless you’ and resumes his way.” That is one of the book’s calm scenes; let us see one that is full of emotion—and notice the change in the choice of words. The Pilgrim is experiencing one of the red-letter days of her life. It is Thanksgiving Day, 1911, the day that she has reached her claim. “Luminous it was, in fact, in central Oregon a glorious day. From frosty sunrise to frosty sunset, through all its brief but brilliant hours, I rode—now on bare Rim Rocks heights, now in the deep-cut valley of the Crooked River, the lofty mirage-like Cascade behind, before that unknown quantity so long vaguely imaged—my destined hit of the earth’s crust, my freehold, my estate”. It is, then, one might say, free from bombast, being instead, full of well-chosen words.

Probably, the most dominant characteristic of the narrative is its delightful humor. Miss Pratt is, truly, an optimist, for there is hardly an experience in her four years on the homestead which she is unable to relate humorously. For instance, there are her struggles in acquiring her little group of farm animals—almost tragic in one sense, and in another meritorious—provoking. Probably, the most amusing of her experiences is when an immense two-year-old steer, Psalmus, becomes her star witness in a case in court which is going against her. Bossey, the steer’s mother, has been stolen; the jury is on the point of rendering the verdict that Bossey is not lawfully the Pilgrim’s; when in rushes Psalmus—Psalmus who has insisted and existed on a calf’s diet.
all his life! Psalmsy who, whenever he saw his mistress, "would brace his feet, hump his back, draw in his cheek, bow his neck, and, with a seemingly tremendous effort, bring forth a guttural 'ba-a-a-w'" that moved her both to tears and to laughter! The steer rushes to his mother, proceeds to get his dinner—and the jury forgets the trial while laughing at the ridiculousness of the situation. Then, when he sees his mistress, Psalmsy brings forth his pitiful little "ba-a-a-a-w"; the Pilgrim's claim of ownership is established without a doubt; and Miss Pratt has depicted one of her most humorous experiences in homesteading.

Then, again, the book is humorous in its description of the old settler, the old Oregonian. He meets the Pilgrim when she arrives at her homestead claim, and offers right off to haul the lumber for her house when she gets ready for it. Yet, when she wonders how she will get her tent and personal belongings brought up from the station right away, he can think of no possible way. He is a man who makes promises freely, but rarely ever fulfills them; a man who is always eager to do something that must be done in the future, but never offers his services in a present emergency—a promiser, but not a practitioner. One year, the Pilgrim's land lay idle; and another, she plowed it, planted her grain, cultivated, and harvested all alone—because the old Oregonian is what he is. He pretends not to know when the homesteader is hinting for a service; in the meantime, she is laughing to herself at his seeming dulness. He is a man set in the customs of his father; nothing less than the Rock of Gibraltar could swerve him to others. The chairman of the school board set the school opening date on September 1; the old Oregonian immediately opens opposition. Nothing else availing, he plans a camping trip and takes away during the first month three-fourths of the children, leaving the old maid school teacher, the Pilgrim, with "one quiet and lonely little pupil" as her charge. The next year, a young lady with modern ideas of teaching comes to the school. The old Oregonian has heard that "the pupils had been wasting time idling about out-of-doors when they should have been in the schoolroom. There had been some irregularity of hours and program. One pupil had lost a book in one of the jaunts referred to. Then, they had been required to do work that was not fitting. They had been asked to dust, scrub, and decorate the schoolroom, to make curtains and had even built a shed for their horses—the horses which had stood out in the blizzards for twenty-five years—and all this in time that should have been devoted to books. The teacher employed a teacher to teach book-learning, and if she couldn't do that, it was best that they should know it. 'The program that has followed in this district for twenty-five years is in that register yonder,'" he concludes, "and we'd like for you to stick to that and make the pupils learn.' He is a shut-mouthed fellow, too. Aunt Polly saw Lou Pike kill Jim Grater's steer; but, when the Pilgrim asked if she did not tell it, she answered, with a piercing glance, "We don't." The old Oregonian is, in a word, an uncooperative person—with his homestead neighbors, with modern movements, and with law—an aggravating person, yet an humorous one.

Yet with all his aggravating characteristics, he has many a delightful custom. There is the "little dinner in the Basin to which everybody is invited," the "little dinner" consisting of at least thirty distinct dishes. The whole day is spent together; and, after the frost begins falling, the visitors make the way homeward over the mountain. Then, there are the Aunt Pollys who have heard "by phone that I had a fall from a borrowed horse, and had trottad over with a bottle of linen and a pie". The old Oregonian has always "a place at the table and a quilt for the night for the transient". He delights in his basket socials—the fancies the baskets the better; and the more substantial the eats, the best. So he is a man who, though seemingly unkind, is thus because his views have not yet been broadened.

Again, The Homesteader's Portfolio relates humorously the joys and discouragements of the homesteader. It is discouraging, when one has one's crop planted and nicely growing, for the jack rabbits, taking it for their own, to visit it and, indeed, ravage it. Night after night, this happens; the homesteader realizes that something must be done. She buys a twenty-two and prepares to defend her rights. She has no trouble in knocking over the rabbits, but she breaks a leg of one and the back of another. Of this she writes: "It was a new and gruesome experience, being responsible for that". One is on the point of crying, yet finds himself laughing, when he imagines this poor defenseless woman, driven to desperation by the destruction of her crops, wounding her victim and, then, searching and searching for him so that she may relieve him of his pain—and, afterward, writing: "I shall remember those two rabbits as long as life is mine'. Then, there is the time when she is snowed in, and her matches give out. While she sleeps one night, her fire goes out. The next morning, she dresses in the icy cold of her tent, and walks three and a half miles to her school in unbroken drifts of snow, arriving there completely exhausted to greet an empty schoolhouse. But such discouragements are not all of the homesteader's life. No, there are the jolly basket socials, picnics, and dinners—and, afterward those experiences of which she writes: 'I remember the sense of home when I got back to the tent and the little biddies and sat for a bit in the moonlight with Bingo's head in my hands'. There is the joy she gets from mowing her crops, from tending her brood of white leghorns, in a word, seeing her home grow. All this, joy and dis-
couragement, Alice Pratt has described in her irresistible style.

One cannot leave the book without wondering at the undervolted that flows through it, Miss Pratt’s philosophy of life. We find it in such reflections as these: ‘Why is it that because one is afraid of “the life-long bond—those to whom the thought that spontaneity might become obligation is intolerable”—must be denied this spark of love, this high experience of love and union, in order that the benediction of the “blessed condition” may rest upon the prosaic multitude, uninspired and uninspiring.” Furthermore, she speaks of people as “non-understanding humans” and refuses to believe that God is the author of what she calls “the cruel and illogical plan of salvation.” It is tragic to think that a person who wrote “The Song of the Homesteader” should hold to such doctrines—that she can be a moral revolutionist and a Pilgrim in Oregon. Her philosophy is a deep blot on her book.

The Homesteader’s Portfolio, then, has a tolerably-well-carried-out purpose: the question is: Is this aim worth striving for? The beginning and the end of the book serve as an answer for the question: “Serried and sharp is the region’s rim Like lunar cliffs clear-cut and bold, Plains under quivering waves of heat, Plains under fierce untempered cold. Dreary the landscape, lichen-gray, Sage brush and juniper miles on miles. Never a wood bird whistles gay, Never a violet peeps and smiles. Coyote and jack rabbit, wolf and owl, Prairie dog, eagle and rattle-snake.

Bones of the bison and starveling steer, Season on season bleach and bake. Whirling dust storm and shifting sand— This, oh this, is the Promised Land!

Silvery, sinuous, ditch and flume Leading down, from the arid steep, Water of life to the land below— Virginal valleys rich and deep. Limitless orchards of peach and plum Cheeking the landscape east and west, Garden and vineyards and soft-eyed herds, And woolly flocks with abundance blessed. Barn and haystack and bungalow And blaze of flowers for the passerby, And soldierly ranking of poplar spires, Silhouettes on the sunset sky, And sweet-breathed meadows, a billowy sea— This is the Country-that-is-to-Be”

And again, “So here a moment yet it lies— A virgin land untenanted— Where many mansions soon shall rise, Where soon a million feet shall tread.


Grandeur of tho’t grandly expressed—sublimity! Who could say that the aim is not worth while?

—Ruth Mildred Jones.

The Thread of Flame
By Basil King.

This is the story of a man who waked up one morning to find himself on board a ship, returning from France to America, with no idea of who he was or what his past life had been. His memory was shattered as a result of shell-shock. He does not tell anyone of his plight, and starts out unaided to solve his mystery.

His efforts to obtain some employment for which he is fitted, his poverty, and his futile attempts to establish his identity are very interestingly told by Mr. King. Although the reader is puzzled to find that a man who was so well known in former years—as Billy Harrowby turned out to be—could live so long in New York, pacing the hotel lobbies in the hope of being recognized, without a single acquaintance seeing him. One realizes that Mr. King makes the story real as well as readable. One of the best things in the books is the vivid scene in which Harrowby, as a carpet porter for a Fifth Avenue rug concern, finally meets a friend of his wife’s and all at once remembers his forgotten past. Harrowby returns to fashionable life in Boston and to his domineering wife. But he becomes tired of society life and longs for the company of the simple carpet porters. At last, he returns to New York and becomes a carpet porter again. His wife also, tires of the old life and joins him in his work of helping poor boys.

The reader feels that Lydia Blair expresses Harrowby’s own misgivings when she says: “I wonder if you are all there.” Mr. King is a very competent novelist. His purpose in writing the book in which he succeeds wonderfully, is to show clearly that after experiencing ‘true’ life during the war, no one can return to the artificial life in society.

Some of the characters in “The Thread of Flame” are ably drawn. There is much to admire in Harrowby’s wife though she has little depth. Lydia Blair is a fine character, and as a whole, the novel is well written and interesting.

—Elizabeth Bates.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Journalism In Our Colleges

Few colleges in South Carolina have courses in journalism, though educational institutions are beginning to realize the importance of such courses, especially women’s colleges. In 1730 Elizabeth Timothy, took up the work of her husband by publishing the Charleston, (S. C.) Gazette; it was an emergency, the death of her husband, that caused her to edit the paper. This incident occurred almost two hundred years ago, and received much unfavorable comment at the time. Since then, a great change has taken place in the literary world so far as women are concerned, for today there is an average of five women on a city daily of average size. In this age there is a huge demand for clever, humorous writers who have some subject of human interest developed in an original and attractive way, and women are just as capable of giving the desired results as men. The average woman has as much originality and wit as the average man. Women, realizing this, are beginning to take up newspaper and magazine work because they are as much interested as men in the press of the present generation. The work itself is exceedingly interesting as well as fascinating. Practical experience in writing can best be obtained by the inauguration of courses of journalism in our colleges. Is it not the purpose of our education to make us capable of carrying on our chosen work in an efficient manner? Since the need of a course in journalism for both men and women is growing day by day, we hope that G. W. C. will help in the broadening movement of education by adding a course of journalism to her curriculum.

The State College Press Association Which Met In Spartanburg November 21-23

Delegates from the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, the College of Charleston, Newberry College, the University of South Carolina, Furman, Wofford, Clemson, Erskine, Lander, Coker, Columbia, Chicora, Anderson, Winthrop, Sumterland, Converse, and the Greenville Womans College convened in Spartanburg on November 21 for a three days session of the South Carolina College Press Association.

The first meeting was that of the Executive Committee on Wednesday afternoon, at which time amendments and changes in the constitution were suggested to the committee by Mr. R. H. Hodges, president of the association, these suggestions to come before the association at the Round Table meeting on Friday morning.

Wednesday evening all the representatives from the various colleges were guests of the Converse girls at dinner, songs and yells by the hosts and guests adding much merriment to the occasion. An informal reception was held immediately after dinner in the parlors.

Wednesday morning in the Carlisle Literary Society Hall, Dr. H. N. Snyder and Mr. R. H. Hodges welcomed the delegates to Spartanburg. Addresses by Mr. P. H. Finke and Mr. C. O. Hearon of the Spartanburg Herald were very humorous and full of information of an interesting character. So encouraging were their talks that several of the delegates expressed their desires to take up newspaper work as “cubs”.

On Wednesday afternoon the Rotarians carried the delegates on a ride to interesting points in and near Spartanburg, Cedar Springs School, the Country Club, the General Hospital, and the City Park were visited.

Miss Maida Kimball of Lander College presided over the meeting Thursday morning at Wofford. Dr. Snyder, president of Wofford College, in his own charming manner, told of the improvement of journals today over those of his time. Dr. Snyder was editor of the Vanderbilt magazine when he was a college student, so he is certainly capable of judging the standards of publications of by gone days with those of the present. Mr. J. Rion McKissick, editor of the Greenville Piedmont, gave a few “don’ts” to editors of college papers and magazines in his talk. He gave suggestions of great benefit to those aspiring youths who are at present interested in journalism.

On Friday morning subjects of special interest to editors were discussed. Changes in the constitution were voted on, Erskine College was admitted to the association, and prizes in the annual contest conducted by the association were announced. The Association accepted the invitation of Furman and G. W. C. to meet in Greenville next year. The convention closed Friday night with a banquet at the Cleveland Hotel, given with Converse and Wofford joint hosts.
When One Talent Becomes Ten

What place has the one-talent man in the world today? Would there be a civilized world without him? The majority of people belong to the one-talent class, but by placing the one-talents together they may reach the ten talent heights. This is especially true of musical talents. Few people are richly endowed musically, yet they have a place in the musical world. Those who are not stars in the profession can do much to aid in the development of the musical life of a college. What would the chapel service be if only those with trained voices sang? Yet when all enter into the song service, following the direction of the leader, the result is inspiring. The hearty, spirited singing of a group of young people is uplifting not only to those who hear them but to the young people themselves. Low spirits are forgotten and as a result the college work is entered into with a new zest.

But it is not only through the chapel service that the girl who is not musically talented can take part in musical activities. The College Choral Club is composed largely of untrained voices, yet under the leadership of a trained director real music is attained. There are many advantages in becoming a member of a Choral Club even to the musically one-talented girl. It is really an accomplishment to be able to read a song by sight, but an accomplishment that may be gained through the Choral Club. Then much to the distress of the directors of public singing, very few people know how to follow a director. This may be corrected through the Choral Club. In a Choral Club familiarity with and a greater appreciation of good music is gained. Appreciation does not just spring up but must be cultivated, for appreciation comes through familiarity. So the musically one-talented person has a place of her own in the musical world.

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor: I am delighted to learn that the ISAQUEENA is continuing the Joke Department. Last year there was a great amount of discussion among the colleges as to whether it was advisable to continue the Joke Departments in the literary publications. Every department in a college magazine has a certain relation to the sum total of all the other departments. Certainly the Joke Department has a place of significance. It gives a magazine what the Literary department does not always give—a certain spark of wit and life. The idea of a literary magazine with a high standard is an excellent one, but the jokes of a college paper should not be sacrificed.

There is nothing more enjoyable than a page of good, wholesome jokes, and why? Because they give the mind relief from more strenuous things, relax the thinking, and many times if not always, bring laughter which is very desirable. College jokes, especially if they are original, give to a magazine a feature that makes every girl feel that the magazine is her very own. At college she does not have reading sources from which she may obtain fun, and her Alma Mater is supposed to supply this part of her nature through its publications. The jokes she reads should be of the highest type, and thus her mind is fed with a desirable spark of wit which all human beings desire to a greater or less degree.

Every normal person has a desire for a variety of entertainments. If after reading some of the longer literary articles such as essays, short-stories and book-reviews, why not turn to the jokes and get a taste of what after all, made the longer articles interesting; viz: personal touch. The joke department of our ISAQUEENA helps to make it the magazine of the Greenville Womans College. It adds a tone of accent to all the other material and gives a favorable touch.

Thanks to the Staff for continuing to bring joy to our hearts and smiles to our faces.

Page Sixteen
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Exchange Editor regrets that only a few exchanges have been received for the first issue of the Isaqueena. Exchanges from all colleges are greatly appreciated and gladly received. Comments on the Isaqueena are also earnestly sought, for it can only become a better magazine through the criticisms of those who read and appreciate it.

The first number of the Wofford Journal has been received. The size and cover are very attractive. The quality of the literary work is good but a few more poems would make it much better. The story of "Mr. Houser and Business" is interesting, and deals with conditions that actually exist. The sketches and essays of this number are good and help very decidedly in improving the literary value of the Journal.

The greatest fault of the Journal is that the advertisements are distributed among the literary compositions. Often the reader, in search of a continued article, is attracted by an advertisement in the department and completely loses the literary value of the article. If the advertisements were placed in a group, the magazine would be much more readable. The Journal is lacking in a Joke Department. The addition of this department with a few "peppy", original jokes would add greatly to the Journal.

The attitude of the Wofford Journal toward the betterment of high school poetry and prose is very commendable. The prizes offered are quite worth trying for and should be an incentive toward better high school work. When our high school boys and girls become really interested in literature, the problem of material for future college publications will have been solved.

The October issue of the Echo is one of the strongest magazines, from a literary standpoint that has been received by the Exchange Department. The issue contains biographies, short-stories, and poems, which are all interesting. The most noticeable thing about the October issue is the number of poems it contains. College publications are often lacking in original poetry—but not "The Echo."

"The Key Industries of Brazil" is educational and shows what thought and care together with first hand knowledge may result in. The ground is well covered and the article adds strength to the magazine.

"Now that I am Twenty-one" is one of the most interesting articles found in any college magazine. The philosophy of the article is very commendable.

Copies of The Carolinian, The Stylus, The Concept, The Teller, The Nautilus, and Pep, the newspaper of the Greer high school, have been received recently. Comments on these magazines will be found in the next issue of the Isaqueena.

Calendar, 1923

G. W. C.—F. U.

SEPTEMBER
13—Y. W. C. A. Party, at G. W. C.
14—Alethean Party, at G. W. C.
17—Philotean Party, at G. W. C.
17—Society Night, at F. U.

OCTOBER
15—Church Reception, at G. W. C.—F. U.
18-19—Y. W. C. A. Membership Campaign, at G. W. C.
18—Rally Day, at G. W. C.
21-27—Annual Pictures, at G. W. C.
27—Senior Stunt, at G. W. C.

NOVEMBER
1—Lyceum, at G. W. C.
5—Senior Reception, at G. W. C.
5-10—Good English Week, at G. W. C.
10—Junior Stunt, at G. W. C.
12-16—Y. W. C. A. Financial Campaign, at G. W. C.
29—Thanksgiving; Open House, at G. W. C.
24—Sophomore Stunt, at G. W. C.

DECEMBER
1—Senior Play, at G. W. C.
5—Founders' Day, at F. U.
5—Lyceum, at G. W. C.
7—Inter-Society Debate, at F. U.
11—Baraca Class Social, at F. U.
13—The Messiah, at G. W. C.
14—Lyceum, at G. W. C.
14-21—Examinations, at F. U.
JOKES

IF THEY HAD WRITTEN IT—

DEBS
Comrades, we must rise against this iniquitous, immoral, indefensible, unjustifiable, inexusable, inexpiable, unpardonable and irremissible inequality!
we have string beans!
We have onions!
We have sausages!
We have scalions!
We have all kinds of fruit!
We have old fashioned tomatoes!
We have Long Island potatoes!
Why Have We No Bananas?
Comrades! I pause for a reply!

HUXLEY
I consider it of the utmost biological significance that, although the species of Leguminosa, Allium cepa, Brasica Aleracea, Lycopersicum and Solanum Tuberosum exist in great abundance, I can find positively no trace of the Musa Sapientium today.

STEVenson
The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings;
We've ice cream and pickles and apples and cake,
And herring and goulash and Hamburger steak;
We've matzoths and crullers and omelet souffle—
So what if we have no bananas today?

A. E. HOUSMAN
The cherry trees are laden
With berries ruby red,
And many a rose-lipped maiden
Lies in a lonely bed.

Of peaches there are plenty,
And apples acid-sweet,
And many a lad of twenty
Struggles a starless street.

The grapes are big and bursting,
But plantains, fair and gay,
For which the world is thirsting
Are not for us today.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
We were very tired, we were very merry.
Once we munchen an apple and twice we bit a cherry;
And we bought a dozen peaches, and gave them all away
Just because we had no bananas that day!
—Coming Tower of the New York World.

AT THE LIBRARY
Stude—“Have you the National Encyclopedia?”
Sophomore Clerk—“No, but what did you want to know?”

The Mater—“I’m so worried about John’s condition down at school.”
The Pater—“It’s his conditions that are worrying me.”

“What’s the difference between the Spokesman and the Hornet?”

“The Spokesman is printed by the G. W. C. girls and the Carolinian by the Carolina boys.”

“What about the Hornet?”

“Oh! that’s where you get stung!”

Town girl to boarding student: “Is this Math A?”
Boarding student: “No, this is E. C.”

Lui: “I’m working very hard to get ahead.”
Elle: “You need one!”

—Yale Record.

I had a little rooster,
I set him on the fence,
He crowed G. W. C.
He had good sense.

NO DOUBT
“I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph. D. next.”
“No, probably a J. O. B.”

—Burr.

HABIT
Photographer—“It would make a better picture if you would put your hand on your father’s shoulder.”
Father—“It would look more natural if he would put his hand in my pocket.”

Miss R. to bright student in chemistry class: “What is the meaning of the word supersaturated?”
B. S.—“It means soaking a substance until it holds all it can and then some.”

Jack: “Well, I’m the idiot.”
Jim: “Why?”
Jack: “I’m engaged.”
Jim: “How’d you do it?”
Jack: “Acted like a foolish ball player.”
Jim: “How’s that?”
Jack: “Slipped on the diamond.”

—Tiger.
PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

ART SHOPS:
  Gaddy's Art Shop.

BAKERY:
  Barker Bakery.

BEAUTY PARLORS:
  Little Beauty Shop.

BOOK STORES:
  Seyht and Co.

CANDY:
  Savoy Candy Co.

CAFES:
  Sanitary Cafe.

COLLEGES:
  G. W. C. Furman.

DEPARTMENT STORES:
  Yeagers Quality Shop.
  Gilmers.
  Cabaniss Gardner Co.
  Efird's.
  Stradleys.
  Outlook.
  Wise Ready-to-wear.
  Saul's Ready-to-wear.
  Belk Kirkpatrick Co.
  Martins Department Store.
  Meyers-Arnold.

DRUG STORES:
  Armstrong Pharmacy.
  Carpenter Bros., Drugs.
  Reynolds Earle, Drugs.

ENGRAVERS:
  Peace Printing Co.

FURNITURE STORES:
  Jones Furniture Co.

GROCERIES:
  J. A. Bull.

HARDWARE:
  Sullivan-Markley.
  Poe Hardware.

JEWELERS:
  McDill.
  Hale.
  Vaughan-Marcy.
  Sullivan-Markley.
  Sol-Knight.

LAUNDRIES:
  Greenville Laundry.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES:
  Southeastern.
  Shenandoah Life.

MILLINERY:
  McKnight's.
  Little Shop.
  Ayers.

MEN'S READY-TO-WEAR:
  Stewart-Merritt.
  J. O. Jones.
  Men's Shop.

PAPERS:
  Greenville News.

PRINTERS:
  Peace Printing Co.

SHOE STORES:
  Ashmore-McDavid.
  Patton, Tilman & Bruce.
  Piedmont.

SHOE REPAIRS:
  Greenville Shoe Hospital.
“She Gives Such Delightful Original Gifts”

If you listen closely you can hear the sleigh bells jingling—you can even hear the reindeers snort and imagine the thud of their feet as they gallop on their way from Fairyland.

You know—or will know when you visit this store, that Santa Claus is making his headquarters here until Christmas, what has he brought that you can buy with safety and economy?

There are novelties, of course that many will want and there are rich, beautiful silks—lovely bags and umbrellas—Dainty Lingerie—Lustrous Silk Hosiery—all sorts of smart Sweaters, Blouses, Gloves and Handkerchiefs—Sparkling Cut Glass—Shimmering Silver and Glowing Lamps, and what else? We can’t begin to tell you in this small space. But come and see for yourself, whether one dollar, or fifty is spent the delightfully Original Gift will be found here to fit the needs and tastes of the recipient.

THE OUTLOOK
Cloak and Suit Co.

217 North Main St.

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<th>Saul’s Ready-to-Wear</th>
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