

1-1-1924

## The Isaqueena - 1924, January

Reba Smith  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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# The ISAQUEENA



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January, 1924





# The Isaqueena

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

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Vol. XVIII

January, 1924

No. 2

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TERMS \$2.00 PER ANNUM

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WAGE PRINTING CO., GREENVILLE

# THE ISAQUEENA

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Vol. XVIII      Greenville, S. C., Jan., 1924      No. 2

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Published Quarterly by the Student Body of Greenville  
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## The Two Years



HE clock chimed three as Jeanne tripped up the stairs after calling a gay good-night to her escort. The New Year's ball had been a wonderful success and she had been the most popular of all the girls present, sought on every side. She danced over to the mirror and surveyed the image there intently, then suddenly leaned over and kissed the girl in the mirror. "You darling," she said, "you are a stunning knock out. No wonder all the boys fall for you" ---and yawned. Soon the brown curls nestled on the pillow and her long lashes swept her smooth cheeks.

It seemed only a few minutes later that a strong wind like a hurricane swept through the room, lifted the girl and carried her through the air at an enormous rate of speed. Feeling herself on firm ground once more the dazed girl rubbed her eyes and attempted to look around. The only light in the room came from a candle burning feebly near by. Awed by the terrible stillness which pervaded the room Jeanne felt herself growing cold with fear, a thousand hands seemed reaching out from the inky blackness to clutch her. As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she turned again to look at the candle, and then what she beheld there, caused her to utter a loud scream.

A shriveled old woman in tattered clothes, with gray hair falling over her shoulders held a candle in her hand. She advanced toward Jeanne who stood trembling like a leaf in the breeze.

"Surely, you haven't forgotten me so soon," she regarded Jeanne closely.

"I, I d---d'ont know you," she replied.

The old woman held the candle above her head and the light revealed many scars on her face. The candle then flared up brightly fanned by a slight breeze from a nearby window, and the light showed more plainly the room where they were—the church. Could it be true? Yes, she was surely standing before the altar rail, alone with this horrible old woman. Terror seized the girl, she thought of all the negro superstitions she had heard in her childhood. Falling down before the old woman she sobbed, "Oh please, don't hurt me, please, please!"

The old woman touched her gently, "Get up, you little coward! I won't hurt you."

Jeanne managed to assume a sitting posture and gazed at the old woman through a mist of tears.

"Who are you?" she sobbed.

"I am the spirit of the year, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Three," the old woman replied.

"You don't look like I should expect you to look; the Nineteen Twenty-Three I knew was young, carefree and full of joy," Jeanne brushed the tears away.

"That is exactly the point I wish to speak to you about, young woman; you knew only my gay side."

The old woman drew up a chair and sat down.

"I am so tired," she said, "You see I've lived twelve long months, and now you have delayed me." "Delayed you?" Jeanne asked, "I had nothing to do with you."

"Yes, you did," insisted Nineteen Twenty-Three, "I intended departing on the twelve o'clock train, but you caused this delay."

"But where were you going?" Jeanne was becoming interested in this queer old woman. "To the Land of the Past," answered Nineteen Twenty-Three, "Where all my relatives and friends, the other years, reside."

Jeanne regarded her in silence a long time. "You have so many scars on your face, Nineteen Twenty-Three. What caused them?" she inquired. The Old Year sighed, "Yes, child, there are three hundred and sixty-five; you see my days were filled with tragedies, some of them great, some small."

"And your hair is so gray, Old Year," continued Jeanne.

"Yes, Jeanne, I had so many cares." Nineteen Twenty-Three laid her hand kindly on the girl's arm, "Jeanne," she said, "before I go I want to tell you of a few of your faults, and you must promise me to correct them."

Jeanne listened intently.

"First," she continued, "You use too much slang, and do you remember all the classes you cut during the year, and the low grades you received as a consequence?"

"I remember all," replied Jeanne.

"Then you don't treat old people, even your parents, with proper respect," she proceeded, "In other words you are what the people of your world have termed a 'flapper.'" Jeanne appeared a little chagrined. "Do you promise me that you will try to improve yourself during the next twelve months?"

"I'll do my best, Nineteen Twenty-Three, but I suspect it will be a difficult task," said Jeanne.

"It is getting light, and I must hurry in order to reach the Land of the Past, so good-bye, Jeanne, I wish for you a Happy New Year." She was gone and in her place stood a beautiful young girl, so beautiful that she dazzled Jeanne. "Are you Miss Nineteen Twenty-Four?" Jeanne asked her.

"Yes," the girl replied; taking Jeanne by the hand, the two young girls danced joyfully back to Jeanne's home.

Just then Jeanne opened her eyes; the sunshine was streaming in the window. Jeanne rubbed her eyes and yawned.

"Well that was a peach of a dream, all right, but there isn't much in dreams." In spite of this fact Jeanne's mind kept returning during the day to the two years and the promise she had made.

LEOLA GILREATH.



## The Early 'Teens!



HAVE you ever been a girl? Or say, a girl's lover? Then you know what a combination of wonder and awfulness it is to be a girl or to love a girl. I happen to be a girl, and still happen to be one. The fact is, the further along in years I get the more I believe I am a girl. Instead of growing to be a woman I am coming to be a girl. You see, the members of the feminine race have a way of growing up before their time—that is they think they are grown-up a very long time before they are supposed to be. Sometimes some of them do run up to seed rather early. They get tall and slender, and seem to be all legs and all feet. Some do not experience his sudden bodily growth, but all of them grow up in their own estimation very early in life.

The 'teens which begin to attach themselves to the threes and fours of young girls' ages seem to work a magic spell and, like Jack's bean stalk, they are transformed into real grown-ups in the twinkling of an eye. There exist many peculiarities and eccentricities in the actions of a girl at the time when she reaches the first of her 'teens. This is natural. Some girls may escape this trans age, but they are so few that it is not worthwhile to dwell on them. All of them possess at least a few of the symptoms which are very many in number.

Mother may tell her little daughter before she reaches 'teen age that she must wear a hat to keep off the freckles, and sunburn, and the chap of the winds. In most cases mother has a difficult task of it; she cannot convince the young kirl, and the result is indifference and disobedience on the part of the daughter. Well do I remember how I detested a hat, and especially a sunbonnet, and one in particular. It was a blue one with a ruffle around it that mother used to tie on me every time I went out to play, and every time I got out of her sight I took it off. What did I care if I did freckle and sunburn? The wearing of that sunbonnet was one of the things about which mother and I couldn't agree. What do little girls care about freckles and those other things that mar facial beauty? Hats and bonnets are infinitely more trouble than freckles and sunburn. This is the way a little girl feels about the matter, but just let that little girl begin to grow up and it becomes a matter of a different color. When "Miss Thirteen" reaches this stage of her young life she begins to take frequent trips to the mirror, and becomes very conscious of the fact that freckles and sunburn are vertiable enemies to girlish beauty. She is convinced that they are horrid. They are so big and brown and ugly, but for them her complexion would not be so bad. Convinced of this fact the afflicted one decides to undergo the trying ordeal of removing the brown spots. What agony! For several weeks she refrains from buying the chocolates for her school lunch and saves the money for the purpose of buying a wonder-

box—Brown's Wonderful Freckle Remover. At last the longed-for box is purchased. It cost the whole amount of one dollar. It is carried and hidden away in the bottom bureau drawer until bed-time. That night the "toilette" is very tedious and is carried out with much apprehension of mother's coming to see why the light is on for such a long time. At last the deed is done, she turns out the light, slips into bed and falls asleep, fully believing in the morning she will awake fair and beautiful, the modern Venus. But, alas, the disappointment when she jumps out of bed and rushes to the mirror. The stuff is no good. It has only made her face red and splotched, and the awful freckles are still there. She does not give up for several days, but it does not take many days for her to despair of the remedy. She tries other remedies. For a week or more she goes through a treatment of buttermilk and meal packs, and another week of pure cream applications.

The once abhorred hat becomes a constant companion. The mirror shows some improvements, much to the young lady's delight. The wearing of the hat brings about complications. Hats muss up one's hair when they are worn to school. The question then arises, Is it better to go without the hat and be sunburned and freckled, or wear it and have her hair untidy when she takes it off. The problem is solved by slipping a comb into her book satchel. In this way, she has something with which she can rearrange her hair when she arrives at school. Soon, however, the comb has to be carried in some other way for the old book satchel is discarded, in spite of mother's protestations. Only children carry "old cloth book-satchels that one must hang over the shoulder." All the big boys and girls, the grown-ups carry their books on their arm or in a leather strap. Nothing could be much worse than to be seen carrying one's books in a cloth satchel.

The time comes when this newly grown-up person slips away to school without giving mother the daily farewell kiss. It is not because she loves mother the less, but that just now she fears her the more. Mother does not understand and will scold. The new Sunday dress! The brown jersey one looks so much better than the simple serge middy suit which mother insists is far more appropriate for school wear. Of course, she knows that it really isn't the right thing to do but the temptation is too great. She would not deceive mother for anything but she does prefer that she would not know that she had slipped off the old middy and into the brown dress the last thing before rushing off to school. Mother has some other old-fashioned ways! She still insists that ribbed hose are much more practical for young girls to wear to school. "Miss 'Teen" is no longer a young girl and silk hose are the only hose for young ladies.



In this mother has several allies if there happen to be any older sisters in the family. Everything mother has to say on the matter they sanction, and everything they say mother unconditionally agrees upon. I happened to be the younger of four girls so when I unfortunately yielded to the temptation of wearing a pair of those treasured silk hose there was sure to be war in the camp. There wasn't anything I could have done which would have more certainly brought down the curses of all the gods above and below on my head. Once I almost had to leave home after wearing a pair of Mary's grey hose to school—Oh! They were so beautiful—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as was I on that day. But alas! How my feathers fell when it was discovered what that prissy, awful, little culprit had done. I experienced one of those going-out-into-the-garden-and-eating-worm humors afterwards. Nobody loved, me, I almost had to leave home, and I did threaten to and made them all repent and offer to let me wear some of their treasured foot wear—on some special occasion.

What is the real cause of all this primping up? I know you must have already guessed it. To a certain youth the young maiden appears quite bewitching of late. Frequent glances and sweet smiles pass between them during the day. Several little white folds of paper are

slipped with much care from one to the other. Of course, they must not let the teacher detect this communication, for note-writing is one of the worst offenses that anyone can commit. When a note is captured it is always read out to the whole class. They take special care with their treasured notes which are far too sacred to be read in public—alas, they are in love for the first time.

Many are the sleepless nights when Cupid's wounded victim tosses her head to and fro on the pillow. She is fully convinced that she is in love. Her heart flutters when she thinks of the candy she found in her desk that day—a token of his devotion. She feels that she shall never like any other man, and, of course, he shall never like any other woman. She soon changes her mind about this. One day she doubts his undying devotion which he has so ardently proclaimed for her. That night she cannot sleep for weeping and sobbing. Finally, in the wee hours of the night she makes up her mind never hence forward to trust another man in all the world.

All this time she is growing up and for what? Soon she becomes a girl again.

LUCILE NIX.

---

## The New Year

Wrinkled, and worn with age;  
But still a wise old sage;  
Many the secrets she knows,  
The Old Year, when she goes.

Young, and full of laughter,  
The New Year follows after;  
With heart borne as a feather,  
Ready to brave all weather.

So strange it seems and new,  
I wonder if it is true  
That the Old is really dead  
And the future looms ahead.

LEOLA GILREATH.



## Birds



WHEN I was a young child I used to think that birds were just birds. I used to read about them, and I knew a little speech about them when I was in kindergarten; I think it was something about

“A birdie with a yellow bill  
Hops upon my window sill”;

but after a while I kept hearing grown-ups talking about birds in the funniest way, and I was quite puzzled. In fact I'm not yet quite sure just exactly what a bird is, or what he can be.

I heard big brother say that his teacher was a “bird,” and Mary said that the old maid next door with the dyed hair was a “bird”, and Cousin Sue said one day, when I was with her, and we passed a window full of beautiful hats, that they were “birds”; and Robert even called me a “bird”! At first I was complimented because I thought about the little birds with the silky feathers that hops about my front porch, but when Cousin Sue and Mary laughed, I thought about brother's bald-head teacher, and the dyed hair, and of course, I was insulted. Who would not be!

Did you know that birds can talk? Well, they can, because when brother asked mother who told her he had been in the swimming hole again, she said, “A little bird told me”, and that was the first time I knew that birds could talk; but I guess it's true all right because the magpie is a bird, and I'm a magpie. Didn't you know that, either? Father said that I was. That reminds

me of something else. Yesterday, Father said that the town jail was full of jail-birds this week, and when I asked him where they kept all the birds in the jail, he said “In the cages”. Of course, I should have known that, but how was I to know that the jail kept birds, too. Robert said that some day he and I would go there and hear them sing. I can hardly wait. I guess he is doing that to make up for that insult he gave me. Anyway, if I'm a bird, I'm not the only one. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown are birds, too, because just the other day Cousin Sue saw them gossiping over the back fence and I heard her say, “Birds of a feather flock together”, and I slipped through our side gate into Mrs. Brown's back yard to see if she had feathers, and, sure enough, there were a lot of them beneath her kitchen window. I guess I must be too young for mine to be showing, yet.

Somehow, I just cannot get that matter of birds straightened out. When I was so insulted about what Robert called me, mother made me feel all right again by saying that a bird *was* a bird, and nothing else, and that people, or anything else, could *not* be birds; but then, that very night she was reading me some stories, and she read me one about “What a funny bird the frog is.”—and now I'm all mixed up again.

Is a bird an old man, with a nose like Aunt Mary's polly, and a bald-head; or an old maid like the “dyed-lady” next door; or a little girl, who is almost a young lady, like I; or a hat; or, is he a frog?

GERALDINE GILLIS.

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## A Place of Contentment

All along through the by ways I trod  
While dreaming the dreams of a girl,  
Now my journey has led to a crowd  
Who dreams not, but lives in a whirl.

Amid the gay life of the city  
Ever seeking a place for repose  
I long for the days in the country  
Where excitement will come to a close.

ESTELLE COOPER.



## BOOK REVIEWS

**The Mind In The Making**

By James Harvey Robinson  
New York; Harper and Bros.—\$2.50

James Harvey Robinson's name has been associated with history for the last twenty-five or more years. After reading the histories of which he was joint editor, the public anxiously awaited the publishing of his book "The mind in the Making." A real masterpiece was expected, since Mr. Robinson was well prepared to write such a book. His education at Harvard and Freiberg, where he received his Ph. D., well fitted him for this task. The research and thorough knowledge which writing and editing of *The Development of Modern Europe*, *Readings in Modern European History*, *Introduction to the History of Modern Europe*, *Readings in European History* and *The new History*, furnished a background, which must have been a great help to him in writing *The Mind in the Making*. From a man so well fitted for this task the public expected a very able book. Just whether Mr. Robinson has written such a book as he hoped to write and as the public expected from him remains to be decided.

Mr. Robinson, in writing this book, has chosen as his subject one of the most important of all the interests of man. Of it he says: "Although it has cost its author a great deal more thought and labor than will be apparent, it falls, in his estimation, far below the demands of its implicit urgent theme". The theme is indeed a broad one, but the author tries only to set people thinking on a certain definite line. He believes that people are tormented by what they think about a thing, and not by the thing itself. It is his purpose to verify this fact, to show the difficulties which stand in the way of changing this method of thinking, and to point out some means by which it may be overcome. The first step, so Mr. Robinson thinks, is to create "an unprecedented attitude of mind to cope with unprecedented conditions, and to utilize unprecedented knowledge". He points out how science does not take into consideration the old ways of thinking, but drives straight to the task in hand with the most up-to-date knowledge as a tool; while social science is always discussed and dealt with just as in the past ages.

With this introduction the author proceeds to set forth three methods of reform which have failed. These are first, "changes in the rules of the game"; second, "spiritual exhortation"; and third, "education." Under the first class of reforms many steps have been taken. Terms of office have been changed, different relations have been selected. In the face of this, very few, if any, forward steps have been taken. Under the second class of reform, spiritual exhortation, many efforts have been

made. Thousands have declared that brotherly love is what is most needed. Mr. Robinson shows how this has been taught for over eighteen centuries with few resulting improvements. He then tells how, after changing the rules of the game, and since spiritual exhortations have made no noticeable effect, efforts have been concentrated as the savior of social science. He shows how this education has fitted one for citizenship in the world as it stands, but made no efforts to change the root principles of civilization. After setting forth the methods of reform which have failed, he tells us that there is one which he believes will not fail, namely: Intelligence. Science, he points out, had to discard all of the "consecrated notions of its theories and its worship" which were held by the "best and wisest and proudest of mankind" down to three hundred years ago. Just as this is true, social science must discard old theories and start in at the fundamental basis of society.

Mr. Robinson divides his book into eight chapters or sections. In the first division he discusses his purpose, giving the three "disappointed methods of reform" mentioned above, and suggests Intelligence as a possible method of reform. From this point he passes to the second division of his subject, in which he sets forth the new ideas which have been advanced during the past few years in regard to our minds and their operation. He shows how old philosophers studied the mind as a thing apart, shows the fallacy of this method, and points out how the mind is affected in childhood. The various ways of thinking are discussed in a limited way. These are called "running thought", "reverie", and "rationalizing". Most of our reasoning is the simple art of finding argument for "believing as we already do". No idea, he thinks should be held simply because it is ancient. The fact that it is ancient rather suggests that it should be investigated. Another kind of thought is termed "creative thought." It is on this that real intelligence is based. Mr. Robinson holds indeed that creative thought is "what makes man". He points out how most of the stands which a man takes are not the result of thought, but of prejudice, and that most of our stands on political, religious, and moral questions have been handed down to us by our forefathers and are not the results of deep and critical thinking. In this section on man's processes of thinking, Mr. Robinson shows some fundamental truths, but is not inclined to dive very deeply into any one operation of the mind.

In section three the main theme of the book, the man-



ner in which our human intelligence came about, is discussed. There are four "historical layers underlying the mind of civilized man". These are the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional civilized mind. Before entering into a discussion of how the civilized mind came to be what it now is, Mr. Robinson tells us why man alone can become civilized. He thinks man is descended from the lower animals, and that the animal mind and body is the fundamental basis of present civilization. He shows how the animal-man might have taken the first step toward progress. Through this animal and child stage the mind was scarcely developed at all. The strongest point brought out in this connection is the fact that man is of such a nature ("easily pledged to routine, timid, and suspicious of innovation") that it seems natural that a long time was necessary to develop his mind to its present state. The most striking point brought out under "savage mind" is that present civilization is still very close to savage beliefs. Mr. Robinson says: "Those ideas which are still almost universally accepted in regard to man's nature, his proper conduct, and his relations to God and his fellows are far more ancient and far less critical than those which have to do with the movement of the stars, the stratification of the rocks, and the life of plants and animals." This section of the book shows how our minds have been affected by the deadly conservatism, needless restraint on the freedom of the individual, and hopeless routine of savage life.

Sections four, five and six, mark the beginning of the author's critical thinking, and point out those things which have gone to make up the so called "traditional civilized mind". Mr. Robinson discusses the Egyptians with whom this civilization commenced, and their religious beliefs which are still held in western Asia; then the Greeks whose chief contribution to this civilization was skepticism "in the highest and proper significance of the word". The medieval inheritance is discussed in part five. From this stage in history the present civilized mind received a different outlook on religion. People learned that "religious dogma" could be neglected in public matter and reduced to a matter of private taste or preference. Life was considered a work against which people of medieval times toiled. They prepared the way, however, for a revolution in human affairs. In part six, the scientific recollection is discussed at length, in fact, too much at length in some respects. Mr. Robinson

has a tendency to dwell upon certain points which are self-evident. The effect of scientific discovery on life is treated in a very able way, although in some places one tires of the repetition of facts with which every one is perfectly familiar. The chief result of the Scientific Revolution is that the "ancient tribal insolence" has been developed on a stupendous scale.

The "sickness of an acquisition society" and the satisfied condition in which our present civilization revels is the theme of part seven. Mr. Robinson stresses our duty to future generations. This leads into section eight which concludes the main division of his book. He points out how history shows that fear has prevented radical changes in the affairs of social science. He concludes his book by showing that the mind is a matter of accumulation and has been in the making ever since man took his first step toward civilization. In concluding he says that knowledge continually brings light to bear on every subject, hence nothing is going to be settled in a sense in which it was once supposed to be settled. The book closes rather abruptly, after setting forth intelligence as a suggested means of reforms.

In so far as the purpose of the book was to set one thinking, it is inclined to have a feeling of discontent when one has finished reading it. The author does not quite reach the point where his reader is satisfied. He says, "The object of this book is to substantiate this proposition, (that we fear what is thought of a thing, and not the thing itself), to exhibit with entire frankness the tremendous difficulties that stand in the way of such a beneficent change of mind, and to point out as clearly as may be some of the measures to be taken in order to overcome them". The purpose of the book is three-fold. The first two tasks to which the author sets himself, are brought out very clearly. The third is less satisfying. A measure to be taken to overcome this given condition is pointed out. Mr. Robinson tells us that this measure is "Intelligence", but he fails to tell us just how intelligence is to be used in this respect. Although he does not quite succeed in the third phase of his undertaking he sets one to thinking and this is what he originally set out to do. "The Making of the Mind" is interesting both from a historical and a psychological point of view, and can be read, with great benefit, by anyone.

SARAH FICKLING.



## Results of A Rainy Day

### A Rainy Day

"Oh, there's no joy in a rainy day"—  
That's what I've heard some people say;  
But little they know—I'm sorry for those  
That have no fun on a rainy day.

It's fun to hear the raindrops beat  
Upon the roof and on the street;  
Pitter-patter! Pitter-patter  
They sound like steps of little feet.

It's fun to make a roaring fire,  
Draw up a chair, and never tire  
Of reading Shakespeare o'er and o'er,  
While raindrops fall—and make a mire.

The day is mine; I please myself.  
Perchance I roam from shelf to shelf  
And steal the currants from the cake.  
Perchance I read out of my wealth

Some letters from a good old friend,  
And dream my dreams of when I shall  
Meet Love and know the charm of it;  
Oh, such are the charms of a rainy day!

But what care I how much there be  
Of mire and mud? My thoughts are free;  
And on they wander—on and on;  
Though rain may fall—and make a sea.

RUTH MILDRED JONES.

### To The Sun

The rain-drops fall  
On the roof outside  
And drip, drop, drawl,  
In a streaming tide.  
My spirit's ever sad  
Now for thy rays I sue,  
Sunshine, make me glad  
Sunshine, I call for you.

LUCILE NIX.

### The Shadow

The rain outside is making  
Silver puddles on the street  
And from their mystic edges  
Grey shadows swiftly creep.

Inside, my fire is burning  
Sputtering gently, warmly bright  
But in my heart no peace is found,  
On it no friendly light.

For though some days are grey ones  
With the silver shining through  
There are golden days with shadows  
Hiding all the happy blue.

And though my fire glows brightly,  
Though the rain falls softly too,  
My golden day has vanished,  
For my friend has proved untrue.

M. DILWORTH.

### Rain

Sobbing trees a-swaying  
Mournful sighs they're praying  
All the world seems full of rain;  
Sodden garden, watery lane.

In time with rain-drops tears are falling  
For the sunshine ever calling.  
All the world seems full of tears.  
Sunless days and dreary years.

NANNIE JONES.



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

### Prizes For College Students

Here are a few prizes within the reach of the college student who has a talent for writing:

The College Press Association offers a prize of \$2.00 for the best essay, poem, short story, sketch or one-act play published in any college magazine. Another prize that may be of interest to college students is offered by the Woman's Home Companion, \$100 will be awarded to the writer of the best "ten-word story," of which the following is an example: "For sale: A baby carriage, blankets and covers—never used." All stories must be mailed not later than January 31st to the Short Story Contest Editor.

The Witter-Bynner Prize of \$100 is offered for the best poem submitted by an undergraduate in any American college. Not more than two hundred lines will be considered from any one person. Manuscripts should be typewritten, the name, address, and the college of the writer should be on every sheet. The manuscript must be sent before May 15th to Mrs. Edgar Speyer, 22 Washington Square, North, New York City, New York. The envelope should be marked P. S. A. U. C. Mr. Bynner's co-judges will be Leonora Speyer and Ridgely Torrence.

The Drama League, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, will award a prize of \$300 for the best full-length play with a religious theme and \$100 for the best one-act play, also with a religious theme, submitted before April 1, 1924.

Prizes of \$100., \$75. and \$50. are each offered for the three best Essays on "Why The United States Should Join the League of Nations."

The growing interest among undergraduates of American universities and colleges in the League of Nations and the World Court has prompted the College Division of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association to conduct an essay contest, with prizes of \$100., \$75. and \$50. each to students who desire to compete for them.

The contest is announced by Corliss Lamont who, as chairman of the Committee of University and College Students of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, is in charge of the organization of branches of the Association in universities and colleges. Mr. Lamont reports that over eighty universities and colleges have already been organized.

The subject of the essay is to be: "Why the United States Should Join the League of Nations." The total number of words submitted by the contestant must not exceed three thousand. Only one essay may be submitted by any one contestant.

Manuscripts must be typewritten and only on one side of the page, and must not be rolled. No manuscript will be returned. No postage for the return of manuscripts should therefore be included by the sender.

All manuscripts must be received at the office of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, 15 West 37th Street, New York City, by 12 o'clock noon, March 1st, 1924.

The submission of any manuscript, whether or not it receives an award, shall give to the Association full rights to publish any part or all of it in such manner and at such times as it may choose.

Then there are also prizes offered within our own college. The Zeta-Sophia, the scholarship society of the college, offers a prize for the best short story submitted for the *Entre Nous*. The President's Medal is again offered for the best magazine article submitted; all material to be entered in the contest must be submitted by May 12th, 1924. A prize for the best file of freshman themes may be announced before the end of the term. These prizes will be awarded to someone, why not to you?

### On Going Home

Is it worth while, college girls, to go home once a month, or as often as is permitted? It is indeed fine to be at home, but after all we are in school to study, to learn, and how can we succeed in this with the time lost that must be when girls go home so often?

"Going home" not only causes Peg to lose time, but all of her friends. Of course, she must pack the night before during study hour. There's a "busy sign" on Ethel's door, but she must have her gloves. Ethel, in the middle of an English theme, is not sure

whether she loaned the gloves to her sister or Adeline, but she leaves her paper and goes to third floor to see. She finds the light off and the door locked—"I really should not have loaned Peg's gloves" is in her mind, and she goes to two or three rooms to inquire where Adeline is. After interrupting five or six girls, she finally succeeds in finding the gloves—but she loses the rest of the hour apologizing to Peg for having loaned her gloves.

The room is packed with girls. Why should they worry about breaking study hour when some one is going



home? The messages to be sent to friends at home are the things worth while now.

Peg continues her packing. Finally, she decides that she has everything—but she picks up her mother's letter, and is reminded that she is to carry her rubbers. She finds one—but where the other can be is beyond her. "Why do I have to carry them? Who could have borrowed them?" After a moment she remembers that the girl next door borrowed them the week before. "Alice," she yells from her own room, "do you remember whether or not you returned my rubbers last week?" Alice is sure she did, but worries because Peg cannot find one of them, and stops her work to come in and help search the room. The rubber is finally found under the bed.

Ten-thirty comes and the Proctor finds it necessary to knock twice on Peg's door. But she has so much to do and cannot work in the dark—why worry about a major—she's going home!

The rising bell rings, then the warning bell, but Peg did not go to sleep until after twelve, so how can she help it if she does not wake until the breakfast bell rings—another minor.

Those classes seem hours and hours. She does not hear a thing that is said concerning the lesson. In Chemistry laboratory she is sent to the board to balance an equation. The professor is dumb-founded for she has been giving Peg "A" on Chemistry, and she cannot balance the simplest equations. She begins to ask her questions and finally comes to the conclusion that Peg is the biggest "bluff" with whom she has ever had any experience.

At last, lessons are over! Peg rushes to her room to dress. She finishes dressing twenty minutes before the train is due. She suddenly realizes that she cannot go

to the station alone. She goes to nearly every senior in school before she finds one who does not have a class at that time. She puts the rest of the things in her suitcase, tells everybody good-bye and at last she is ready to go!

The hours at home simply fly. Before she hardly has time to realize she is there, Monday morning comes. "Oh, why do I have to be punished in such a way" she wonders as she throws her things into her suitcase, forgetting numbers and numbers of things, of course. Poor Peg is sure to be called on in every class the morning she returns. She tries to look interested, for she remembers what blunders she made the day she left, but her mind is perfectly blank. She does not remember ever hearing of anything that is discussed in class. She really does try, but her mind, in spite of all she can do, wanders back to the night before. How she wishes it could have lasted on and on!

She goes to history. It is not until she reaches the door that she thinks of that term paper that is due—she rushes back up stairs to get it even if it is not quite finished—but alas! when she reaches her bed-room door, she feels like keeling over when she remembers reading the paper to her father the night before at home, and, of course, it is there on the table yet. Nevertheless "ten" is counted off for the late paper and how she does have to rush to get a "special" off that morning in order to get the paper back the next day. She spends that afternoon and practically all the study hour that night delivering packages and messages to girls from home.

Perhaps it is not until examination time that we realize that practically all of this happens when girls go home so often. Again I ask girls, is it worth while?

A. B.

### Thieves of Time

In almost every student body there are three classes of girls divided according to the time they spend in studying. As our student body is no exception, we have these same divisions. The girls of the first class are commonly known as bookworms. They study at every available spare moment and consequently are looked upon by their more frivolous fellow-students as bores or bone-heads. To the second class belong those girls who have worked out a fair plan of studying at certain times and playing at others. These girls usually look with pity upon the girls of the first class and with questioning minds upon those of the third class—girls who study at rare intervals, and only briefly then.

Among this third class of girls are those thieves of other students time. They walk in upon you during the middle of study hours with an irresistible anecdote from last summer's experience. They never see that you are

seated at your table with lines upon your brow and books and papers across your knees. They do not notice that you respond to their delightful tales with only an occasional yes or no. They prattle on and on often standing before your mirror.

It has been suggested that the hostess stand as long as the guest remains in the room, but the majority of the girls of this type would let us stand up half the night before they would even notice the gentle hint. Obviously the best solution for such a problem of this kind is to have a more strict observance of student government regulation regarding visiting during study hours. One neither desires to offend any girl by appearing to be an ungracious hostess nor does one want her to think that one never wants visitors. We simply want them to realize that there is a time for work and a time for play, a time for visiting and a time to remain at home.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

GRACE: "Exchanges! Exchanges! My, but I must get to work on them! Oh!—I was just wishing for someone to help me, and you have come in time, Bess. There are some excellent poems, short-stories, plays and essays in these college publications, won't you help me criticise for a while?"

BESS: "I'm glad I'm here! Let me see some jokes quick for I'm worn out with lessons!"

GRACE: "Here is the *Chronicle*, and it always carries jokes that bring real bursts of laughter!"

BESS: "Oh! I have found there are many more features about this magazine that are attractive! It contains so many poems. Grace, here is a poem that brings a new thought to my mind—in 'Autumn' the writer conceives the glories of the fall as praise to the first Thanksgiving Day."

GRACE: "Yes, that is a good thought, and you will find the theme of humble submission to Divine Guidance in the poem 'Prayer'. Then turn to the poem 'The Ole Swimm'n' Hole' for a poem that is very natural and picturesque."

BESS: "Oh, here is a story with a very interesting title—listen Grace—'Wanted—A Husband'".

GRACE: "The title is very well chosen, but the situations have not entered the sphere of either seriousness or humorousness".

BESS: "Yes, I'll agree with you—but don't you think the drawings at the head of each department are very suggestive?"

GRACE: "*The Newberry Stylus!* You know, this is the first issue that our Exchange has received of this magazine. I find the chief fault to be a lack of material, and a higher standard could be easily reached by a little more effort. The article on 'Agricultural Cooperation' is very interesting from the standpoint of information."

BESS: "Yes, but I don't like the way the situations in 'Lending Fate A Hand' are pictured. They are lacking in intense action, and nobody seems to be deeply interested in the story."

GRACE: "All that is true, and I am sure a few book-reviews would add to the strength of the *Stylus*."

BESS: "And Grace, I am sure the *Tattler* from Randolph-Macon is a worthy Exchange. The poems are good and the material is well-balanced."

GRACE: "The only thing the *Tattler* is lacking in is essays and book-reviews, which would add to its literary value. 'Symphonie Pathetique' is unique—even in title, and contains the very note of romance."

BESS: "*The Concept* is a very delightful number, it makes me think of Thanksgiving at home, really this is one of the best we have seen."

GRACE: "And why do you think so?"

BESS: "Because 'variety is the spice of life', and *The Concept* has poems, essays, short-stories, and sketches

besides one of the most life-like plays I have found. 'His 'Oman' deserves special commendation, for the writer certainly holds the attention to the last, and points very realistic scenes."

GRACE: "Yes—and the last stroke is so natural, for after all, Sue was just a woman with a big heart. Which is your favorite poem, Bess?"

BESS: "Friends—it is simple and beautiful." "THE NAUTILUS"! THE NAUTILUS! What splendid work has been accomplished by the Freshmen of the Greenville High School in the first issue! They should be congratulated on the quantity and quality of the material. The headings of the departments are the best I have seen—and the *Nautilus* is not lacking in original jokes."

GRACE: "If the Exchange Editor would offer more specific comments on the magazines received, this department would be much more interesting."

BESS: "And *The Erothesian* carries a continued story—that seems to me a good way in which to interest the girls in their college publications! And I like the idea of the College Directory being put in the magazine—what do you think of it?"

GRACE: "Both of your suggestions are good, but I find the *Erothesian* lacking in essays, poems, and sketches. The quality of the work is good, but a bit more would help decidedly. And here is another poem on 'Autumn' I have found in the *Carolinian*. Have you noticed that this has been a favorite subject with nearly all college students?"

BESS: "And what theme does it have?"

GRACE: "Well, the mental pictures are formed by the use of words, without much thought. The picture of Autumn can be seen rather than felt. All true poetry must make one feel what the writer has felt."

BESS: "To my mind, 'The Emancipation of May Yin' is the most interesting feature of the magazine. It is long enough to give the reader the right attitude."

GRACE: "And what do you think of the situation?"

BESS: "Well done—and wouldn't it be great to be a missionary to China?"

GRACE: "The strongest article in the November issue of the *Carolinian* is 'The Virtue and Promise in South Carolina'—for the information contained in it is very useful. Then, too, it really made me think of our own State. The poems are better in quality and greater in quantity—but I wonder why a Joke Department could not be added?"

BESS: "And here is *The Criterion!*"

GRACE: "I am always glad to receive it for there's always something 'new' in it. Look! the Alma Mater heads the Literary contributions! Not a bad idea for other colleges to follow!"

BESS: "Not in the least—I think it adds a personal



touch and surely it shows the true college spirit." "Here is that something 'new'—the 'Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina'. What an original idea, and how much good that will do the future staff. They will have an idea of what is expected of them. But Grace—where are all the poems?"

GRACE: "Wait!—probably their representatives got some other ideas at the Association, and their poems will appear next month. Oh! the dinner bell!"

BESS: "Well—we are not calling this the end of our

Exchanges, for there are several others left, and Grace, please invite me to your Exchange Party next month!"

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *The Echo, The Chronicle, Collegian, Criterion, Limestone Star, Concept, Carolinian, Pine and Thistle, Orion, Pine Branch, and The Laurel.*

Comments on these will be found in the next issue of THE ISAQUEENA.

### What The Alumni Is Doing To Standardize Our Library

The Alumnae Association of the Greenville Womans College has completed the first half of one of the most successful years in its history. Under the inspiring leadership of Mrs. E. W. Carpenter, much has been accomplished, and the year 1923-'24 is sure to be a banner one for the Association.

In September, 1923, it was brought to the attention of the Executive Board that in order for students to pursue the courses of study now being offered at the college, a standard library would be necessary. In the report submitted to the Board, it was found that four thousand volumes would be necessary, the building would have to be renovated, and standard library equipment installed, in order to meet the requirements of standardization. The Association adopted this standardization program and pledged to the college \$20,000.00, this amount to be raised not later than June, 1924.

This great program was announced to the citizens of Greenville on October 18th, this day having been designated as G. W. C. Rally Day. The occasion proved to be both profitable and interesting. Educational rallies were held in different parts of the city during the day. These meetings were addressed by prominent business men and educators, and were attended by a large number of Alumnae and friends of the college.

In connection with the Rally Day program, a sale of

tags was conducted in the city, from which four hundred dollars were realized.

On the evening of October 30th, Mrs. Ramsey had as her dinner guests at the college, about forty Alumnae and representative women of Greenville. At this time plans were laid for an intensive one-day campaign in the city to solicit money and pledges for the library fund. This campaign proved to be very successful.

In November, letters were mailed to all graduates of the college, asking that each do her part in standardizing the library. The Alumnae are responding to this call, and it hopes that many more names will be added to the list of contributors.

The first week in December, a "Dollar a Daughter" Campaign was waged in Greenville, each daughter having been asked to give to her Alma Mater a Christmas gift of \$1.00, aside from her regular pledge to the library.

The report of these activities would not be complete without mention of the Alumnae Clubs and the Greenville County Club in particular. This Club, of which Mrs. Hext Perry is president, has heartily cooperated with the Executive Board in every phase of the years work. Successful clubs have also been organized in Orangeburg, Columbia, Florence, and Sumter.

The Association will not fail in its undertaking and in June, 1924, will present to G. W. C. a standard library.

### Heralds of the Universe

Oh! leaden drops that beat upon the pane  
I watch with questioning eyes and quivering heart,  
I listen with ears attuned to your refrain  
And ponder upon the joys that must depart.

The smoke grey mists that herald your approach,  
The cold quiet purple haze that covers all,  
Afford my wandering mind space to encroach  
Upon the solemn universe apalled.

GRACE ALEXANDER.



JOKES

Mr. A.—“Lucy, go file these letters for me, please.”

Lucy:—“It would be easier to clip them with the scissors.”

\* \* \* \*

Miss O. (in science class): “Where would you look for the big dipper?”

Ella: “In the water bucket.”

\* \* \* \*

Davis: “You know a boy was working in a railroad shop and the jack flew up and struck him in the chest and killed him.”

Icolene: “Jack who?”

\* \* \* \*

Sam: “Why do girls close their eyes when they are being kissed?”

Mary: “To keep from seeing harm in it.”

\* \* \* \*

Walter: “What are you doing wearing so many coats?”

William (carrying paint card): “I was going out to paint my dog house, and it said, “To obtain best results put on three coats.”

\* \* \* \*

RAH! RAH! RAH!

Soph.—“Prof. Smith is sick today.”

Fresh.—“That so? What is the complaint!”

Soph.—“No complaint; everybody satisfied.”

—BURR.

\* \* \* \*

She may be old and wrinkled and dirty but you like her just the same—

A Five Dollar Bill.

\* \* \* \*

Mixed Directions.—“First Freshman (putting up pictures)—“I can't find a single pin, where do they all go to, anyway?”

Second Freshman.—“It's hard to tell because they're pointed in one direction and headed in another.”

—CONGREGATIONALIST.

\* \* \* \*

Somewhat the same.—“Been able to get any coal?”

“No; but I've subscribed to another Sunday newspaper.”—LIFE.

\* \* \* \*

A PROBLEM

Ed.—“I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?”

No answer.

Ed.—“I say, I guess you've been out with worse look-

ing fellows than I, haven't you?”

Co-ed.—“I heard you the first time, I was just trying to think.”—LEMON PUNCH.

\* \* \* \*

Cop (to Freshman, standing in middle of sidewalk): “Hey, move on. Is your self-starter broke?”

Freshman: “It's all right. I see there's a crank here.”

\* \* \* \*

Prof. (being introduced): “Oh, yes, I remember you. You are in my class, aren't you?”

Stude: “Now, see here, Prof. can't we still be friends?”

\* \* \* \*

“Darling, will you marry me?”

“Why, how foolish! You couldn't even keep me in handkerchiefs.”

“We can wait 'til your cold gets better, can't we?”

\* \* \* \*

“My, how absorbing!” said the man as he finished blotting the check.

\* \* \* \*

“Have you seen my comb?”

“Not since this morning. You parted with it then.”

\* \* \* \*

Brick Layer: “And what will you pay me?”

Boss: “Will pay you one dollar and fifty cents.”

Brick Layer: “What do you think I am, a college graduate?”

\* \* \* \*

Professor: “What is a diploma?”

Freshman: “It is a written guarantee that the bearer knows how to starve to death in a polite and gentlemanly manner.”

\* \* \* \*

Real Appreciation.—“I have just called in to say how much I appreciate your treatment, Doctor.”

“But I am not your doctor, young man!”

“No, but you were my old Uncle's, and I am his heir.”

—CHRISTIANIA.

\* \* \* \*

Fine Board: “Kate, the hash was very much like sawdust this morning.”

“I know it, sir. The missus said to use all that was left of the planked steak.”—JUDGE.

\* \* \* \*

One Good Turn Deserves Another.—

Maude.—“What a beautiful new gown Helen is wearing. Says it's imported, doesn't she?”

Marie.—“Not exactly in those words. It's her last season's dress. The dressmaker has turned it inside out, and now she says it's from the other side.”

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.



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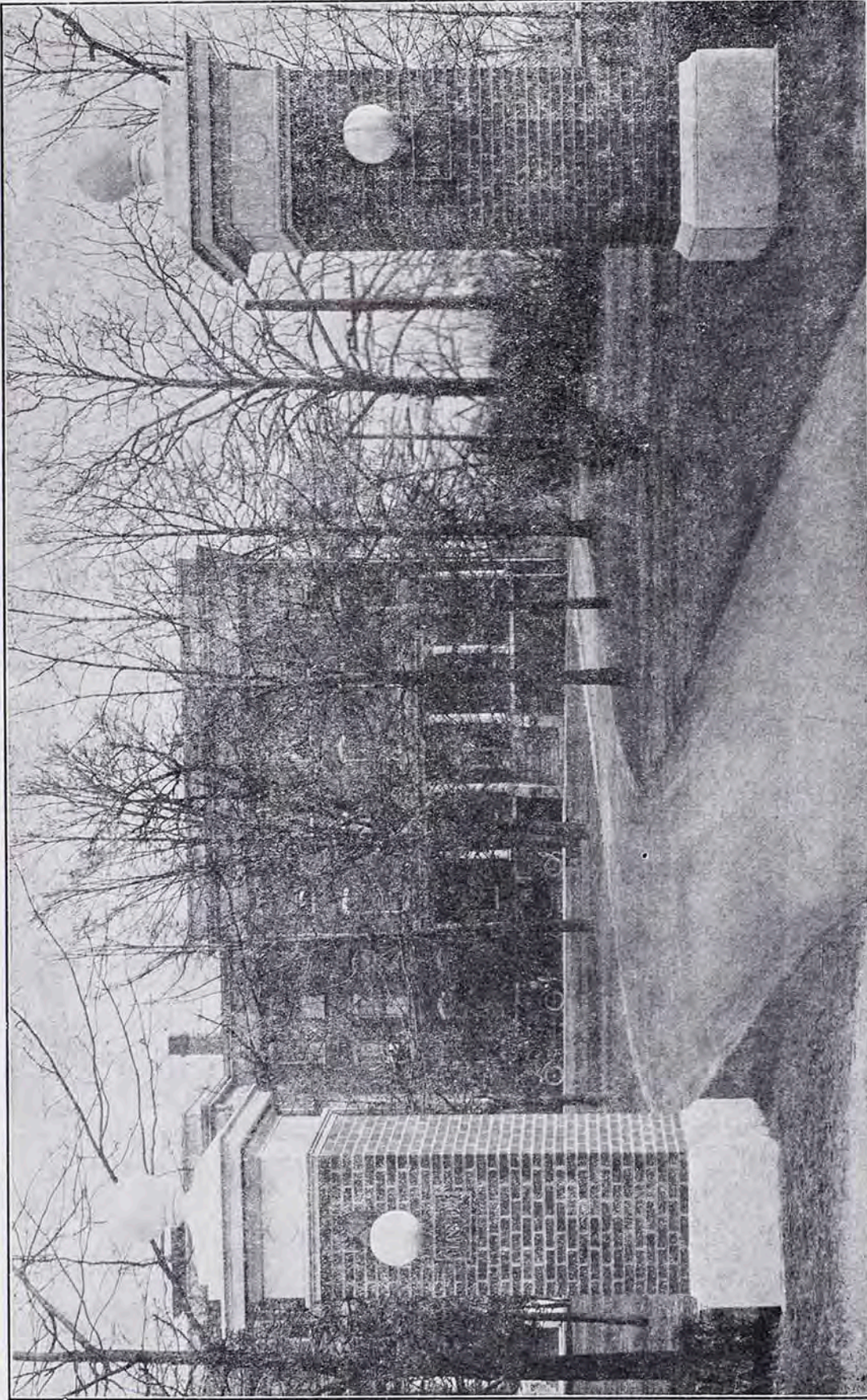
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To Choose Your Wardrobe From Our Great Stock

Of Coats, Suits, Frocks, Millinery, Lingerie, Corsets,  
Gloves, Hosiery, Toilet Articles, Blouses, Skirts.

In Short Everything That A Girl Needs For Winter

Gilmers Is Now Showing In A Tremendous  
Variety At The Lowest In City Prices

110-12 N. MAIN ST.  
THRU TO BROWN

**GILMERS** THE MOST COMPLETE  
READY TO WEAR STORE

## *Notice!*

We cordially invite you to call and inspect  
our line of Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists,  
Sweaters, Silk Underwear, Corsets and Hosiery.

Don't forget our Millinery Department on the  
Second Floor.

## **Yeager's Quality Shop**

'Phone 424 Greenville, S. C., 209 N. Main

## **A Good Place to Shop**

Busy in the business of saving you  
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Special Prices.



## **Martin's Department Store**

124 South Main St.  
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Furnishings for the whole family.



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## The Wise Ready-To-Wear

Incorporated

EXCLUSIVE LADIES'  
APPAREL

Greenville,  
South Carolina



### Cabaniss-Gardner Company, Inc.

Correct Apparel for Women

Main and Coffee Streets

Greenville, South Carolina



## Stewart-Merritt Company

Clothiers for  
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We sell Stein Bloch—Fashion  
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—We sell for CASH, and give you  
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Garments of Quality  
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Combinations

Whatever the preference of the college young lady; we believe you'll find shopping here pleasant as well as profitable.

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—Good Shoes for Everybody—

“On The Corner Where The Big Shoe Hangs Out.”

*Our Engraved Work  
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*Engraved Visiting Cards,  
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*Printing, Binding, Office Supplies*

*W. LEBBY, Manager*

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When Your Grandmothers At-  
tended G. F. C.

The Boys Sent Them

*Skylar's*

Fine Candies

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Something New—

Something Different

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**FIVE DOLLAR HAT SHOP**

(Owned by AYERS INC.)

Exclusive Models \$**5**.00  
Wonderful Values **FOR**  
Wonderful Styles **ANY**  
**HAT**

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Next To Estes & Torrence

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Permanent Waving

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**THE LITTLE SHOP**

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Blanche R. McKnight,

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Trimmed and Tailored Hats at  
Medium Prices.

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Likly Luggage & Wardrobe  
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Wrist Watches, La Tosca Pearls, Vanity Cases,  
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DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

At reasonable Prices

**Sol Knigoff**

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Established 1907



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