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The Isaqueena - 1924, June

Jack Jones
Greenville Woman's College

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The ISAQUEENA



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June, 1924

The Isaqueena

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The Sign



JOE Smith, Managing Editor of the Morning Post, looked absently across his paper-littered desk, and held his pipe, still sending up a spiral of smoke, motionless in his hand. Before him lay scattered notes on such a feature as would stir any old timer in the newspaper game to reflection. Sitting in his office on the second floor of the Morning Post Building, his eyes were on a level with the street lamp swinging lightly over the heads of the chattering groups passing below: family groups out for the picture shows, lovers, and lone pedestrians, coming nobody knows from where and going nobody knows where.

The Managing Editor was gazing into the street lamp as into a mystic crystal globe, purely habit. He did not even notice the flurried entry of Judson Stevens, Telegraph Editor, until Judson planted himself directly in front of him cutting off his view of the street lamp; and bursting forth:

"See here, this just came in."

The Managing Editor looked up absently from the notes he was writing and rewriting with more than his usual care, and reached for the typewritten paper in Steven's hands.

"Well, I'm glad something's broke. I was just thinking if somebody didn't stage an interesting suicide, or give a million to found a home for bootleggers' widows, or a bandit hold up the Ministerial Conference, or somebody's hen hatch a three-legged chicken, or Mayor Worth's daughter elope with an Italian fruit vender in an aeroplane, we'd be minus a headline tomorrow. I've been trying to rewrite something myself."

"Whatever you've found, let it rest in peace—read it, man, read it" said Stevens impatiently, and the Managing Editor read:

Sedalia, April 16.—John Reynard has been declared officially dead. That is, tomorrow the small remainder of what was once his millions, will be distributed among his heirs-at-large, all of whom are distant relatives. These relatives, Reynard, at one of the most trying periods of his life, denounced as leeches who had sopped from him everything and deserted him when he was most in need.

The sensational developments in the case of John Reynard, once the leading figure in the financial and social life of this district, furnished headlines for papers throughout the country. Following the crush of the Trust Institution, of which he was head, he was deserted by his wife. This tragedy was intensified by the fact that Mrs. Reynard took with her the nine year old son, around whom John Reynard's life centered.

"Say, this is good, s'got fine possibilities," mumbled the Managing Editor without looking up.

"Read on, I want to get on the wire about it again right this minute," said Stevens.

It was later discovered that she turned the child over to an Irish scrubwoman and left for parts unknown, with Reynard's partner. Reynard secured a divorce. He traced the child, and when returning with the boy to the cheap lodging house which he had taken, was in the famous B. & O. wreck, in which the boy was killed. Reynard disappeared, and it is now generally supposed that he also met a merciful death and his body was never identified. The case created great local schisms at the time. For the failure of the bonds many blamed Reynard, though sufficient evidence to bring legal suit against him had not been found at the time of his disappearance. It was also contended by many of Mrs. Reynard's personal friends that Reynard himself was not wholly blameless in his personal and domestic entanglements.

But tomorrow he is declared legally dead, whether he is in the open spaces of the South Sea Island, where guilt has buried him, or in the bosom of comforting mother earth.

The Managing Editor got in action. "Come here, Carl!" A cub reporter suddenly came to life. "Look up everything on the files of April 10th to 18th, 1917, about the Reynard case—everything: photographs, news items, and specials."

"Johnson!"—a tall man stuck his head out of a nearby stall. "Give us a good live drawing of a pensive little boy hugging his daddy's photograph in a poverty-stricken home, and of a demi-monde, wild, disordered, in a Paris cabaret attended by a lounge lizard. Make her face register despair, remorse—a recreant wife and mother, see? Look among those old prints and pick out one of a vine-covered cottage, where simple love can flourish, understand? And look among the photographs and picked out the most world-weary and tragic looking one you can find—we can blur it—and it'll pass for Reynard." He paused for breath.

"And say," interrupted Stevens, "I want to get the Sedalia correspondent and get a line on the relatives; how they feel about Reynard, and what they're going to use the money for. Oh, gee, I wish one of 'em would use it in some work for boys; in memory of Reynard's devotion to his son, and in remorse for how they treated Reynard. It'd go fine—everybody'd read that. Couldn't we give it the first column?"

"All right, get busy. Round up all you can. I'd been sitting here working up a story about the Industrial School, intending to spread it tomorrow, but it can hang over until Monday. It can make a corking good story too—human interest and all of that. The work they have done and the results they get from incorrigible boys ought to be broadcasted; if every county in the country had such a juvenile court and such a training school as this, instead of the old time reformatories, it would empty

the jails in a few generations. The United States Government ought to give toward a pension."

But Stevens hadn't stayed to hear his superior's opinions. The wires were already humming their messages to Sedalia, and Joe Smith Managing Editor, was sticking his own little scattered notes into files, sidetracked for more important news—awaiting Monday's elaborations. Then he sat back, confident that Carl, Johnson, Stevens, and all the rest would turn out thrilling copy, while the hum of the great hungry presses came as music to his ears. His gaze wandered again idly out the window and pierced the brilliant arc light swinging on a level with his eye.

And just at this moment, under the street light below, a man emerged from the throng of people and walked slowly back and forth under the eave of the office building, now and then stopping to look at the street light. The light seemed to be fascinating him, to signify something and it seemed that he could not withdraw his gaze. Suddenly he turned, looked at the sign over the news office, and hurriedly entered the steps leading up to the Managing's Editor's office.

Smith turned quickly as he entered. The man came forward in a quick impulsive way that a quiet person reserves only for those few whom he especially likes. The Managing Editor arose quickly, his manner expressing pleasure and surprise.

"This is odd, Foxworth. I was just thinking I would get in touch with you. I want to give your Industrial School a spread for day after tomorrow; had scheduled it for tomorrow, but something else came up. How did you happen to know that I wanted to see you—another one of your queer 'hunches' eh?" he asked playfully.

A slow smile spread over the visitor's face making attractive his scarred and homely countenance. One side of his face was almost immovable, and the smile gave it a curious divided expression, as of great silence in the midst of crashing turmoil.

"No, no, some news this time I thought you would be interested in. You might make a little item for your paper."

"Good, let's have it, big or little. A moment ago before the latest came over the wires, I could have made three columns out of an announcement of a church social."

"You remember the little boy you were so much interested in the last day you were at the Industrial School? He's in luck. He's been adopted by the Greens. Yes, the ones of Roselawn. You remember what a reputation he had when he came to us. He developed in a remarkable manner into one of the most manly little fellows I've ever known. He became almost too much of a favorite of mine—and the world seems suddenly empty for me now he's gone." He was almost apologetic at this show of personal emotion and hurried on. "Don't use any names. We like to protect the feelings of the

boys in later years. Publicity of any kind is bad for a boy."

"That's another of your unique theories, Foxworth, that has made the Training School so different from the old-time Reformatory—and say, aren't they all favorites of yours?" the Editor asked.

"I suppose they are, but I don't know that I have any theories. I just have boys and a picture of future men." And the smile illumined his face again.

"Good! good stuff! 'I have no cherished theories, but only some cherished boys', answered the distinguished founder and head of the school when interviewed by a reporter of the Post;—Front page stuff! with the caption, 'These rob the jails'."—The Editor was enthusiastic.

"No you don't, that is, not with my consent. You don't exploit my boys like that. Much as I owe to you, I couldn't do that for you." His eyes were burning. "Why, man, we don't want them to think jail—!" In his excitement he had risen.

"Well, calm yourself," Smith said laughingly, "You're like all the rest, you can't understand the tentacles of a first rate story. But, seriously, Foxworth, what I wanted to see you about was this: We want to give a big display feature to the Industrial School. Why, man alive, every magazine and paper in the country will copy it. You are a century ahead in your methods, and begging pardon, your theories—and if you can't see the news slant, think of what it will mean in helping other workers get the right attitude towards the supposedly incorrigible boy."

At this moment the Telegraph Editor stuck his head in the Managing Editor's door and interrupted: "Say, I've got it—got in touch with the correspondent at Sedalia. He's already been at work. I'll have some report in a minute," and he backed out and for the first time seemed to see the man standing at the window. "Evening, Foxworth, hope you've come in to tell us one of your angels has set the house on fire. Think of the tragedy of having a ready-made reformatory at hand that never yields a sensation," he grumbled to himself as he went back to his magic instrument.

Foxworth's eyes were blinking when he turned them again on Joe Smith. The swinging street lamp had held them as if by magic, and it seemed to require an almost physical effort to tear them away.

"Why, yes, Smith—anything that will advance the understanding of the ill-reared and ill-treated boy."

"This is what I want you to do then." The Editor pressed his advantage. "Everybody knows it's your personality that has put this across. I want to feature you, your ideas, your training for the work, your first inspirations—and I'm asking you for the first time in our acquaintance of six years to tell me all about yourself." He waited.

Foxworth sank into a chair and clasped his head in his hands.

"Smith, you are my friend. Do you think I have

forgotten how you found me wandering, a stranger, under that very arc light out there—a stranger and you took me in; you clothed me and you fed me. But for you and the support of your paper, I could not have built up my Industrial School for boys, and you know with what an obsession it took hold of me."

"You overestimate my part, Foxworth"—Smith was embarrassed at the emotional trend of the interview.

"Wait." Foxworth waived his hand. "You laugh at my hunches, but let me tell you another thing. Do you know how I know you are my friend? Something more than the fact that you fed and clothed me and have stood by me in my work, and made the people of this town accept me as one of their own. You will think it foolish. And this is the reason. The last time you came to the Industrial School, I looked out the window and saw you—I said to myself: 'If he gets out of this side of the car, the side he would most naturally get out, I will know it is best not to confide in him, that I can not trust him; if he gets out the other side, I will know that I can trust him, and when you got out that side, I knew I could always trust you.'" Foxworth looked up to see how Smith was taking his apparently irrelevant confession:

"Oh, but Foxworth what's wrong with you tonight, man? That's absurd. I had a perfectly good reason for not getting out on that side—the door-handle was broken—you're nervous, over-worked—better take a rest."

"No, I apply these same 'hunches' or intuitions in the treatment and judgment of my boys, and it never fails, and I want to tell you in one sentence why I can not comply with your request for an autobiography, and what, I think, explains this peculiar feeling of mine—this dependence on intuitions, on 'hunches', as you say, or, if you will, signs."

The man's voice was low, and Smith arose to shut out the roar of the huge presses, devouring the copy fed it, and to motion back Johnson who was bearing down upon the Managing Editor's private office to exhibit some finished live drawings of a pensive boy and a Parisian demi-monde. He was waiting, now tense, for Foxworth's sentence and Foxworth said it slowly and distinctly:

"I do not know anything about my past."

"What? You mean to say that all memory of the past has been gone for the last six years?" Smith was for once genuinely startled.

"For six years, yes—and for how long before that I do not know. Now you understand why I have seemingly rebuffed you every time you have asked personal questions. And more than that, I believe that my dependence on intuitions, or signs, as a means of forming judgments and as a guide to conduct has been given me in return for the loss of memory—for the loss of experience that guides other men in making important decisions."

Smith's face was wearing a curiously alert expression. "And do you not want to regain the memory of your former life?"

"Want it? Want it? The thoughts, the possibilities that lie in it, the thought of what I might be missing, of what I might be shirking, weigh down my spirits constantly. If I could—if I could be certain. Think what it means to have an unknown past, to wake up every day and think, 'Right around the corner today may lie discovery, may lie a new life.'"

He seemed about to add more, but turned abruptly to the window and riveted his gaze on the swinging lamp.

"But are you not happy in your work?" Smith inquired.

"Happy, yes—and the thought that there may be something that would interfere with it is one of the greatest uncertainties. If I but knew"—and he seemed about to add more, but stopped suddenly, and pulled out his watch. "I want to drop in at the Juvenile Night Court tonight, and it's seven o'clock now. And Smith, I know you are my friend, the sign said so. I can trust you. I have thought time and time again of enlisting your aid to try to find my past, but I don't know—it's the uncertainty."

"Uncertainty," rang in Smith's brain for fully half an hour after Foxworth left. Finally he arose and called Stevens who came in exuberantly.

"I've got it—a first cousin from Sedalia, who inherits half of Reynard's money, says if Reynard ever did turn up, he'd like to use the money to prosecute him for misappropriation of funds. He knows he's responsible for the failure of the Bonds." But he saw that Smith was thinking of something else.

"Sit down, Stevens. We've got a nut to crack"—and Judson Stevens sat down. The two men talked for an hour. They viewed and reviewed the case—and at last Smith said.

"There's no doubt in my mind. Just think of the names—Reynard and Foxworth—the name he gave as his own, and his partially disfigured face, the wreck. If I could only be certain—the uncertainty of it."

"Uncertainty of what?" barked Stevens. "It's the most marvelous piece of luck that ever came my way. Gee, my whole life has budded but to bloom this moment. It's perfect! The most talked of man in the country, right here—we discover him just in the nick of time—and we've got it cornered—until tomorrow morning!"

"But Stevens, think of the man—Foxworth; the work he's done!"

"That's right—Stiff—news is news, and the newsier the newsier."

But the two men looked at each other thoughtfully. A deep bond of long-standing friendship and admiration existed between these two men, Joe Smith's only son bore the name, Judson Stevens Smith, and was, if possible, equally beloved of both men.

"Well, keep things going, Judson, 'til I get back. I

promised the folks I'd run out home a few minutes this evening. Keep everything to yourself, but keep the boys humping on those special articles and drawings."

A few minutes later Smith drove into a quiet suburb of the town and there he stopped in front of an attractive bungalow. In spite of himself, the two phrases he had applied to cottages that day came to his mind: "Where simple love grows" and "These rob jails."

He ran up the walk thinking that for a few minutes he would find peace. He opened the door, and there stood his wife, his boy, Judson, and an embarrassed Foxworth.

"Oh, Joe I am so relieved that you've come. This afternoon Judson went out with a crowd of boys. I tried to persuade him not to go for I didn't think those boys were what they should be. They stole some fruit from a fruit stand and were carried before the Juvenile Court. Think of my boy going to court!" and here she began crying so that she could tell no more.

"Who brought him home?" Smith asked, but he seemed to know before his wife could control herself enough to answer.

"Mr. Foxworth brought him, but he did not know he was our child until he recognized me." She could say no more, and the weeping boy was in the sorrowing mother's arms.

Smith spoke to Foxworth who was turning to leave.

"Can I ever thank you for this, my friend? But for you my boy, my little Judson, would have spent the night in the detention home." He was overcome with emotion. "I did not think that I'd see you next here in my home, but how can I ever thank you?"

"He was a little boy who needed help. I could tell by my intuition, by a sign, if you will, that he was not bad—that he did not belong in the Juvenile Court, and I personally took charge of him bringing him to the address given. He refused to give his name—and I am more happy now that I did."

Little Judson clung equally hard to Foxworth's and to Smith's hands when the men left, the doubtful mother and penitent child reunited.

During the brisk drive back to the turmoil of the city both men were silent, letting the cool night wind whip through the car and drive away the torrent of emotion, so recently aroused in the breasts of both.

They alighted from the car and crossed the street under the brilliance of the electric arc.

"Won't you come up, Foxworth? I would really like to talk with you. There are some things left unsaid." Smith hesitated.

"No, Smith, no, not tonight. I feel that tonight under some spell, I know not what, I might say to you things that have been beating through my brain for the past few hours, that continually haunt me—and I'd best not—for my own sake." It was evident that he was deeply agitated. He turned to go, but stood a moment

gazing on the brilliant globe alone, as if frozen to the spot. Smith put an arm around his shoulders. So shaken had he been with his own near-tragedy that he was near forgetting the lasting tragedy of the other man.

"You come with me, you needn't talk unless you like."

A radiant Stevens greeted them as they came into the editorial office. He hardly saw Foxworth in his excitement.

"Got it all ready—live drawings and all—waiting for your OK, Smith. Stick it here," and he thrust a sheaf of manuscript copy into Smith's hands.

Foxworth leaned against the tall files in the Managing Editor's office. Smith came and stood by him, dropping the precious manuscript carefully in his desk.

"I want you to help me, Smith—you are my friend—and you will know how to do it—help me regain my past, my former self."

"Are you sure you want this. Suppose it should entail loss of your present interests and influence?" Smith was cautious.

"But I am sure it could not, it can not, Smith—going to your home this evening deepened my feeling that somewhere back in my past I have had a wife and child of my own. God, man, think of it! Suppose I am missing that, shirking that, a little cottage like yours, and a boy, yes, just like yours! There are times at night when I wake startled, hearing a woman's voice, a boy's voice calling me, and that is all—and they are both voices of love." Smith's hand fumbled on his desk, for the live drawing of a Parisian demi-monde—perhaps after all, he was mistaken. How could he be sure this scarred, homely Foxworth, leader and maker of men, was the handsome John Reynard, Fortune's fool, tragedy's playmate, sinner and sinned against?

"And then, there are other times"—the man's weary voice droned on—"when I am not certain, no memory image, but merely emotions, horrible emotions sweep over me that come I know not how. It's these I want to get rid of. If I could only know something, at least, know whether I shall ever find my old self. I could go on doing my work with a measure of happiness and contentment. If I could only know which turn the road will take; if I could only know whether there are voices back there calling for me, needing me."

Smith picked up the top sheet of the manuscript and held it out to Foxworth. Foxworth looked at it idly, and brushed it aside.

"Yes, I know I'm keeping you from your work, but now I must talk. Smith, look at that street arc light out there. How many times has it ever gone out in the twelve years you have been here?"

Smith humored him, understanding his nervous state, "Why I don't recall that it has ever failed us."

"Under that arc light you found me. For me it has had a peculiar fascination, when I came up here first tonight and again with you, I knew it was my sign. I

ran away earlier this evening, but you see how I was led back. I want to know if my road will turn and still I do not—I am frightened.”

“Brace up, man—how many times must I tell you not to pin your faith on such things. Why to prove to you that you’re wrong, I could tell you something tonight that”—but he was interrupted by Foxworth.

“Look at that street light, if it goes out, that is my sign, I shall accept my future as closed and brush it from my mind; if it burns on brightly, all will be opened to me—happiness or misery. Doubt will have ended.”

In spite of himself Smith was impressed, and began to feel the uncanny influence of the swaying arc. Outside, Stevens’ voice was berating the cub-reporter, Carl, and the presses, hungry presses, copy-devouring presses, were roaring as if for more—more—more. He planted a firm, decisive hand on the manuscript and was ready

to press the bell that would send the cub-reporter scurrying with more food for the presses.

“Look! Look, the light is dimming. With it dims my past, with it dims all hopes—and fears—with its dimming dies doubt and uncertainty. I will accept it as sealed.”

Foxworth’s excitement caused Smith involuntarily to suspend the pressure on the call-button. Before his amazed eyes the arc light grew fainter and fainter. Suddenly it flared forth more brilliantly than ever. Smith was almost as tense as Foxworth. Its brilliancy grew redder and redder until only the bright wires in the electric bulb could be traced. Smith’s hand almost involuntarily brushed the manuscript into the waste basket. The tense figure leaning against the files drew a long sigh and relaxed.

Then the crowds of hilarious, hasty passers-by on the streets below were plunged into total darkness.

ESTELLE COOPER.

The Inconvenience of Convention



ES, I’ve just come back—and I had such a lovely time while at my cousin’s. Everybody was so sweet to me. The cousin I have just visited, you know is such a dear one.

But, listen, the journey back was monotonous—nothing but the chur-chur-chur of the trolley—the same buzz all the way. I always expect to find congenial travelers, if you call people who travel short distances on trolleys, travelers. Certainly they are not so in the sense that people who travel in Europe are. Anyway I was trolleying—I suppose it is the habit of everybody who ever rode on a train or trolley to pick out the most interesting looking passengers to wonder about. You say, that’s not the rule—most people like to travel solitarily? Well, maybe so; for my fellow-passengers tonight were all solitarily-inclined, that is, the ones with whom I could have engaged in a conversation.

There was a very interesting man sitting just behind me. But he didn’t help out much, because he was talking to another man. I listened to their conversation awhile, but as I would not participate, I withdrew and looked out of the window just as two cars went racing down the road. But they flew by in an instant and I turned again to the other passengers.

There was an old man and his little daughter up the aisle. I felt sorry for the girl because the man didn’t want her to do anything but talk to him.

A schoolteacher, I guess that’s what she was, looked very disgustedly out her window. I suppose she was thinking of what a hard time she would have in classes tomorrow, because she looked to be a week-end. She had exquisite brown eyes and black hair.

In the men’s apartment for smoking, I could distinguish a handsome man. He was smoking, and looked very happy. But, you see, I couldn’t begin a conversa-

tion with him. I really believe he must have been engaged. His face looked as if he were thinking of a beautiful blond girl back home. I would have liked to have talked with him about his lovely bride-to-be, the ceremony, the honeymoon, and the bungalow. But, alas! He could not be approached—by me, at least.

My eyes wandered momentarily to the seat across the aisle. A girl sat there. My grandmother would have called her a flapper. No, she doesn’t say I’m a flapper, but she says I will be if I bob my hair as I’ve weakly threatened to do. I thought once of talking with this girl but on second thought I saw she wouldn’t like to talk, because she was carrying on a flirtation with a man—very nice-looking just in front of me. I guess I shouldn’t have said she was flirting with this man—she was trying to. He looked as if he were disgusted with girls of her type, and most especially with her. This man who had hueless eyes—they were expressive though—dozed off and on all the way. The reason I had not noticed him before was that he was slumped down in the seat, teahound style, you know—and I could see only the back part of his head. When he looked so disgustingly indifferent toward the flapper, I got a good view of him. His hair was parted in the middle; his nose was Romanly inclined; his complexion was good, considering that he was a man. He was most charming—at least er-er to himself. He did not notice anyone except to frown at them. I imagine he would have been an interesting companion, had he thought of anyone besides himself. But don’t you see, I couldn’t touch him on the shoulder and say, “Come back here and talk to me.” That would have been most improper. Well I guess he was—how old?—about twenty-one probably. He was preoccupied though, and apparently did not wish to become unpreoccupied.

Every now and then he would slumber sweetly, or appear to do so. But I don't think he really did, because his eyes would open every few minutes; he was just bored, that was all. He looked around once, but not directly at me. I wish he had, because he had a pleasing appearance. If he hadn't been sleepy, I might have had a good conversation with him. But, no—I couldn't ask him to talk to me—that wasn't the thing to do, you know I started once to hit my purse on the back of his head,

when I stood up, pretending to adjust my coat, and politely ask him to excuse me. But I guess he would have gazed at me without saying a word. No, he didn't have Staycomb on his hair. Yes I got a "special" from Jimmie while I was there. I saw your friend, Jack, down in the foyer as I came in—yes, he's just as absent minded as ever, didn't even help me with my suitcase.

FLORYNE LONG.

Damocles, Jr.

WELL, what was candy made for anyhow if it wasn't made to be eat?" moaned freckle-faced little Tom D. Moore. He was a lad of nine, and on this particular occasion he was sitting in the yard on an upturned tin bucket, digging his toes into the sand pile. He firmly grasped two sticks which he was vigorously rubbing together. (O! how he did want his new knife Uncle Bob had given him—the one that he had carried in the war. He certainly couldn't learn to whittle out little boys and dogs if he didn't try—but sister was afraid he'd cut himself, so she had hidden it.)

Tom thoughtfully ran his fingers thru his tousled curls, which in the sun's bright rays, looked as if his whole head were a mass of flames. He jerked up the one gallows on his faded blue overalls.

"Sit up and listen to me, now. Do you hear, old fellow?" Nep was Tom's ever-present playmate—a mongrel dog. He was neither a Collie, nor a Shepherd's dog nor a fice—just plain dog; extremely ugly and extremely intelligent.

"Are you listening?" sternly demanded Tom as he held one of the dog's paws to help him keep his balance, and accented each syllable with an emphatic shake of his fore-finger.

"Well, what did Sis leave her old candy on the piano for, if she didn't want it eat up? And, anyhow, we didn't eat but two little old box lids—aw! what you call them things it's in?—O! I know, it's shelves! Well, Nep, we didn't eat but two shelves full anyhow, did we? I don't see what she wants to make so much fuss for about that little bit of candy—and squall and bawl. Aw! she makes me sick!—she said she was going to tell Dad the very red hot second he got home, Nep, and that he'd spank me. Shucks! I don't see why he had to go off to New York and take mother—they've been gone just about a hundred years."

For a few moments the lad was silent. He stroked Nep's head slowly and patted his bare foot in time with the distant music of a steam calliope. Yes! when he grew to be a man, he was going to go with a circus and ride the ponies all he wanted to! Suddenly he blurted out. "I don't see why boys have to have sisters for anyhow, do you Nep?"

Disconsolately, Tom leaned his elbows on his knees and rested his chin in his hands. Every time he didn't do just to suit Sister, she began, "Now Tom Moore, I'm going to tell Dad on you the minute he comes home. O! you are such a horrid creature!" Tom was almost consumed with self pity. Why did everybody think little boys were such awful creatures? And why did he especially have such a hard time? Why was Sister's only delight not letting him do anything he wanted to? He was tired of hearing from morning 'till night, "I'm going to tell Dad."

There had always been something mysterious about Tom's middle name. Just what did that "D" stand for, anyhow? The teachers at school would ask him, but he'd only say—"It's just Thomas D. Moore and that's all!" The fellows couldn't get him to tell, so they said it stood for "Dearie"—and sad to relate they often nursed a black eye or a bleeding nose to repay them for their brilliance. Who knows?—it may have stood for Damocles. —But Damocles of old stood petrified, waiting for the sword to fall and kill him, but not so with our young Damocles, Jr.! He would not tolerate having the sword of threat suspended over his head—he would cut the cord by which it was suspended and await the swift consequences.

Tom gave the sand a vicious dig with his toe, jumped up off of the tin bucket, brought his fist down with an emphatic bang into the palm of his other hand. "Well, Nep, if she's going to tell Dad, she may as well tell a whole lot while she's telling, 'cause I won't get but one spanking anyhow! Let's go fishing, Nep, I've got an idea."

Tom got his broad brimmed straw hat and fishing rod, and with Nep at his heels, went to the fishing hole. He quietly sat on the bank for a long time, but the fish just wouldn't bite. Finally in great disgust he pulled out his line, and there at the other end dangled a wriggling eel. "Now, Nep, isn't this just the snake's hips? By the time I get that mouse out of the pantry, won't Sister have a cutting up time?" Tom carefully put the eel in a tin bucket and started for home, proudly carrying his new found treasure.

As he walked along, the ideas were churning about in his head. Sister was going to have a date with John

Baxter that night, he knew, because she had told the cook to be sure and bake a cake and have plenty of ice-tea. Even if John had been the Crown Prince of England or Jack Dempsey, or even William S. Hart, he must get even with his sister for hiding his knife and eternally threatening to "tell Dad."

When he got home, Sister was down stairs pressing the pretty frock she expected to wear to enhance her beauty. Tom fairly giggled as he thought of what he was about to do. He climbed the stairs to the bathroom and locked the door and stayed a long time.

With a final backward glance, he slipped quietly out and down stairs again. His big blue eyes were sparkling and a broad grin spread from ear to ear. How the ideas and schemes were whirling around underneath those red curls. Where was the big bottle of glue Daddy kept in the tool shed? He had seen it the day Mother and Dad went away—Dad had been gluing a tag on the suit case. A frantic search brought forth the glue bottle, and armed with this, Tom crept silently into the parlor.

Yes, he knew just how they did—hadn't he peeped under the shade many a night?—John always came in and sat in the big armed chair 'till Sis came down, then she played for him on the piano. After awhile, John always took her arm, and led her over to the settee, and then—but all that was interesting Tom at present was getting the glue poured on those pillows so it would not be noticed until the youthful lovers had seated themselves. With great care, he arranged the pillows very invitingly, smiling and giggling to himself all the while, in imitation of Sis—and then administered a generous coating of glue from the huge bottle! He glanced over his shoulder every now and then to see if anybody was coming—and listened very intently to make sure that he heard no footsteps.

Everything was in readiness, and as the clock struck seven-thirty, Tom made a final survey of his handiwork, and went "tip-toeing" out to tell Nep all that he had done. But he and Nep both kept an ear-turned toward the house. It was only a few minutes before the air was rent with piercing cries. "Tom—Tom! Come up here quick—there's a snake in the bath tub!" Tom rolled over on the grass shaking with laughter, while the screams grew louder and louder. Finally, his laughter subsided, and putting on a serious air, he walked into the house and slowly climbed the stairs. "Aw, Sis, what you want to take fits for? Can't a fellow have nothing around here?" he asked.

"Tom Moore, you come here this minute and get this horrid snake out of this tub. It's after seven-thirty now, and I must be dressed in an hour, stormed his sister.

"Sis, you remember you took my knife this morning? Where is it?"

"You take this horrid reptile out of here, I tell you. I'm going to tell Dad on you, young man," she screamed.

"Where's my knife—tell me—and give me a piece

of that cake cook baked this morning, and I'll take it out." Tom quietly informed her.

Barbara Moore realized that for once her youthful brother had it on her, and her threats would get her nothing. "It's in the left hand drawer of the kitchen cabinet—Tom, please take this awful snake out and I'll give you some cake just as soon as I can get dressed. Do hurry, Tom—Please," she almost wailed.

Tom took the eel and went down stairs holding the wiggling creature by the tail. He went joyfully to get his much treasured knife that his uncle Bob had carried in the war—but it wasn't there—his sister had fooled him! He would show her how to play tricks on him! Into the parlor he marched and crawled under the settee to await John's arrival; but before long he went to sleep because he had to be so very still. He dreamed of pirates and robbers and all kinds of things that are dear to a little boy's heart. Suddenly he was awakened by the sound of voices. He thought he was hiding in the top of a log cabin and his enemies were on the roof planning to capture him! Just in time he realized where he was; and listened very intently.

"Barbara, darling, you must have known for a long time that I love you with all my heart. I adore you, I cannot live without you. Won't you make me the happiest man in the world? Won't you be my guiding star and light my pathway throughout life's journey?" he heard John say.

All of a sudden, Tom grabbed John's foot—"John, you'd better always keep your knife hid," he said, "cause Sis sure will swipe it."

Pandemonium reigned! Sister and John both jumped as if they had been shot—but they were stuck fast to the settee. With much tugging and pulling, John managed to pull the pillow on which he sat, loose from the settee—but it still clung firmly to him. Barbara was hopelessly glued! In the mean time Tom had deftly rolled out from under the settee on the opposite side—and jumped out the open window.

Very unexpectedly, Mr. and Mrs. Moore returned the next morning from New York. Barbara tearfully flung herself into her father's arms and sobbed out the whole story of her humiliation and anger.

Mr. Moore managed to keep from smiling, because he realized just how terrible it seemed through his pretty daughter's eyes—He took Tom into his den to "settle" with him.

"Thomas, don't you realize how terribly you both frightened and embarrassed your sister yesterday? I'm thoroughly ashamed of you, son. I left you in your sister's care, and I meant for you to be a good boy. What made you be so bad?"

Tom was sitting on the very edge of his chair, looking intently at his father.

"Dad, I'll tell you just how it was." Tom was not at all afraid of his father, tho' on this occasion he felt sure he was "in for it". "I wanted to go to the circus that was

in town, and see all the elephants and ride the ponies—and Sis would not let me go—and she took my new knife that Uncle Bob gave me and hid it 'cause she was afraid I'd cut myself and she wouldn't let me go over to Bill's 'cause I wouldn't go to the Post Office for her four times yesterday morning—so I went fishing.—O, Dad, why is it sometimes you fish and fish and fish and the fish just won't bite. I couldn't catch nothing but that old eel Sis thought was a snake. I just happened to think about putting it in the bath tub to-uh-er-uh-you know, Dad, to kinder' revive it a little bit." He paused waiting to gage the effect of his "speech."

"Well, son, you ought not to have done that. I am ashamed of you." Mr. Moore said trying to keep from smiling.

"Well, Dad, I took it out—and she said she'd give me my knife and it wasn't there where she said it was. It made me still madder—'n' so I hid under the settee O, yes I forgot, I did kinder spill a little glue on the pillows. I hid to hear if she's going to tell old John Baxter the truth about herself. But I went to sleep and

woke up hearing all that foolish talk.—Ah, Dad what did you say when you asked mamma to marry you? Did you ask her to be your leading star or something of the sort? Poor John Baxter shore 'nough musta wanted Sis to marry him, 'cause he told her he couldn't live without her. Huh!—Say, Dad, what did you say to mamma?" Tom's eyes grew real round and he eagerly leaned forward to hear what his Daddy was going to say.

"Tom, wouldn't you like to go to the circus this afternoon," his father suddenly asked.

"O, Dad! and see the elephants and ride the ponies?" "Yes, and see the elephants and ride the ponies—now, you go wash your face and hands and put on a clean blouse—and, Tom, don't you let me ever hear of your treating your sister like this again, next time, I go off, I certainly sha'n't leave you with her—because I'll take you with me." he added under his breath.

As Tom, D—Jr. ran joyously out of the room, Mr. Moore lighted his pipe and lounged back in his Morris chair, dreamily thinking of little boys, and boys' mothers and circuses.

—PEG GARVIN.

On Being The Baby



HOUSANDS of people the world over gather themselves into small groups every day of their lives, and exchange their ideas on many topics—especially people. How many times we, who are the youngest children in the family, are the topic of criticism! "Oh, she's spoiled to death," one member of the group ventures to say. Then, "No wonder! She has everything under the shining sun that she wants. It's a sin for parents to humor a child in any such way." And one lady—I always picture her as a tall, skinny, unsympathetic old maid with keen eyes—puts on an air which would give one the idea that she is going to quote ethics, or philosophy or what-not, and squeaks: "Oh well, you needn't wonder:—she's the baby." As though the fact that she is the baby would serve to explain her whole moral being!

I am tempted to believe that such dear ladies simply do not know the trials of that poor youngest child, probably, they never will, for everybody cannot have the experience. There are some times when a baby is glad she is one—(for instance, such a time as tonight when mother gave me the extra piece of pie and dad divided his apple with me). Parents do pet the baby,—from the time when she is a tiny tot, and daddy brings her candy every day—until the time when they become childish themselves, and the baby must pet them. Parents clutter the house with dolls, doll carriage, and everything that their wonderful baby loves. And, meanwhile, the other children lift their shoulders, raise their eyebrows, pucker their lips, look sanctimonious, throw knowing glances from one to the

other, and do whatever else is consistent in a jealous person who wishes to appear unconcerned. At the end, they mutter something about the hateful little brat always having everything she wants—and, if they want anything, they have to get down on their knees and beg for it. Whereupon, they march from the room in righteous indignation.

If the smouldering jealousy of those brothers and sisters was all that the baby had to bother her—what happiness would be hers. But alas! One who has been a baby can tell you about those trying experiences that send her off into the woods to sigh and wish she were Mathuselah's oldest daughter. Then, she wouldn't be treated like a pet spaniel! Of course, everything is all right with the baby when her daddy is around; it really is fun to have Big Brother and Sister jealous. But daddies cannot stay with their babies all the time—and mothers are so often busy. In fact, there are, at least, nine hours each day when the baby is left to defend herself. Then, comes the crisis! Enter those brothers and sisters, determined to get "their pound of flesh." They pounce upon her, sneer at her, taunt her. "Uh, huh! You thought you were smart 'cause you got the biggest apple didn't you? We'll see about that." Forthwith, one of them grabs the apple, raises it slowly, tortuously slowly to his mouth, saying, all the while: "Um-m-m! Don't you wish you had it? Just look at the nice apple daddy brought his baby. Here goes now—right here from the reddest side. Yum! Yum! Yum! how good it is!" And the poor baby squeals, jumps up and down, beats him with her doubled

fists—and, finally, holds her breath till she gets purple in the face. Then, sister becomes uneasy: "Bob, you'd better quit. She's holding her breath—mother will get us." They change their tactics, pounce on baby's newest toy and threaten to give it to Aunt Becky's little black girl. They find her pretty big doll and hold it, by its hair, outside the window, until baby's little heart is almost broken. Oh, they are cruel people! And what does it matter if one is one's daddy's and mother's darling? Fathers and mothers aren't the only people in the world—There are still older brothers and sisters.

Each year serves only to increase those domineering brothers' and sisters' already enormous powers to torment. One thing that I shall remember as long as I live was having to sit in the middle. (Those were the days of horses and buggies.) I should become really thrilled over some trip until, when I got out to the buggy, Brother would say: "Pull the seat out, so Ruth will have enough room." My whole delight would vanish; I used to ride along the road and think how wonderful it must be to sit 'way back on the seat like Sister and Brother! And how I loved daddy when he would take me in his lap, and let me hold the lines. That was the only time that I forgot my brother's and sister's taking all the room except my little portion in the middle.

Bye-and bye, there comes the day when sister begins to have beaux—and to think that there's nobody in the wide world quite as learned as she. About the same time, brother buys his first pair of long trousers—and begins to feel all hands, arms, and legs when a girl looks at him. The baby is, say, seven years old—let us suppose she is. She hears sister talk about this and that "perfectly stunning young man" until she can stand it no longer. Finally, she bursts out with: "Well, I don't see anything stunning, as you say, about that thing." Sister gives her a withering glance and a "Listen at you put your little mouth in!" And mother, forgetting that that child is the baby, says: "Children must be seen and not heard!" Oh, the times that the poor baby must listen to these two cutting remarks! From morn till night, to hear older sisters tell the tale, she "puts her little mouth" into everything. Again, sister and mother must needs talk on very deep subjects, not suitable for little girls to hear. It is nothing less than marvelous to remember all those errands on which sister can send the baby sister! They used to tell me that "the poor little piggie-wiggie must be so hot"—and didn't I want to take him some water?—"Poor 'ittle sing!" Whereupon, I slipped around to the end of the porch, crouched down in the corner, and listened. I remember wondering what a trousseau was, what it had to do with a proposal—and oh! a vast number of such things, until, all at once, some evil spirit spoke to mother in a still more evil voice. "Where do you suppose Ruth is?" it said. I could not see her, but I can imagine just what she did. She turned her head side-

wise, listened for a short while, looked at sister, and put her finger on her lips. Then, she said: "I don't hear that child! I'll wager she's somewhere listening. Suddenly, I bethought myself of "the poor little piggie-wiggie," suffering from the heat,—and ran as fast as I could. But it was too late, I can hear sister's voice now as, stamping her foot in anger, she screamed: "The hateful little thing! She's always sticking her nose into everything!" It's really a small wonder that every baby doesn't, before she is grown, heartily regret the fact that she has a mouth and a nose; they are the sources of so many of her troubles!

And what is brother doing all this time? Not only is he at that awkward stage of every boy's life, but his voice is changing, he starts a sentence in a shrill tenor and ends it in a deep, sonorous bass.

This feat used to seem to me nothing less than the eighth wonder of the world, I didn't see how he ever could do it. I asked him time after time, to tell me; but each time, he would look at me none too affectionately and leave me alone—to wonder and wonder how he did it. Oh, age! You have taught the baby that the quirks in brother's voice are too personal to be discussed! Would that her curiosity might have been satisfied while she was younger, many hours that she wasted in pondering over the mystery would have been saved—and the unsympathetic looks of an injured brother would have been spared her. But—oh, well! Babies just can't have any fun; there are too many brothers and sisters in the world. As long as they exist, baby continues to be a poor, abused, misunderstood creature.

At last, the baby's fourteenth birthday comes. Sister is married now, and brother is a pretty decent human. It seems that Baby's life ought to be a pleasant process; but it is far from being so—it will never be so. She is doomed to the sentence of babyhood during all her life for now, there is the middle sister who, all along, has been a real pal; but who has reached the "Romeo—Rosalind" period which every normal girl experiences. The baby no longer thinks that handsome youths are despicable; in fact, she has reached the age when she thinks they are quite charming. What hurts her is that none of them think she is charming! They come to call on sister; and, even though the baby may do her best to look attractive, they pass her by with a casual nod and a "Hey, Sallie!"—and worship at sister's feet. While we who are babies stand and look on, so jealous we can hardly remain civil to sister. We despise her because she is slim and graceful, and because her feet don't look so big and don't get in the way so much, and because her hands don't get all red when she lets them hang down at her sides, and in the way wherever she puts them. We wonder why Fate has so ordained it! We stand before the mirror and gaze at ourselves. We see how fat we are—and don't wonder that all the boys love our sisters instead of us.

"Nell," we moan, "I could look slim and graceful too, if mother would just get me a dress like sister's. She knows I'd look better, and she doesn't love me—or she'd let me have one. And she'd let me put up my hair, too—and wear silk stockings all the time." Poor baby—she has a wretched time! Finally, some boy in her class says she is a good old scout—probably, because she has helped him with an arithmetic example. She is thrilled over the romance of it; she just must tell somebody about what he said. She confides the wonderful secret in her sister who shrugs her shoulders, turns up her nose, smiles disdainfully, and says: "Don't be silly! That's nothing." The horrid thing! The destruction of every childish hope the baby may have! The prig, who thinks that no one means what he says unless he says it to her! But time goes on—the second sister goes to all the parties, receives all the candy and flowers, entertains all the young men, talks about psychology, ethics, trigonometry, and other high-sounding subjects—while the baby stays at home and studies her arithmetic and her physiology. It is exasperating to think that as fast as she gets rid of one bothersome sister, there is another grown-up to take the absent one's place.

Finally, though, comes the day when she is left alone with father and mother—those who have always granted her every wish. Surely, there is nothing to torment her now! But even their fond care becomes disagreeable, now that she herself is grown. For instance, when she helps mother prepare a meal, mother still persists in giving her the baby jobs. "Now, honey," she says, "you set the table and watch the things on the stove while I make

some pastry for these pies—and, oh, yes—you might cut the cake, too." "But," pleads the baby, "let me make the pies—please!" Mother refuses, though, for she'll get dough all under her finger nails—and, so, all through her life at home, the baby girl continues doing those silly little childish jobs, while mother wears herself away doing the harder ones. Dad, too, keeps her from doing his work, because, he says, it's too hard on her. The coal's too heavy—and he can just put this old coat around him—so he won't get much wet when he goes after it. These are the things with which the baby must contend at home; she loves her parents for their kindness—and yet, it hurts her to see them doing all the things they did when they were young—and all because she is the baby.

Even in college, the baby suffers. Time after time, I have had people ask me if I am the baby; and, when I say "Yes," look at each other, grin and say, "I told you so. Anybody could tell it." And, again, the baby mourns the fact that she was not Mathuselah's oldest daughter. Then, maybe she wouldn't be so spoiled that everybody notices her almost selfish nature.

I am tempted to believe the baby regrets the fact that she is a baby as long as she lives. There is only one person in the world who can call her that—and be loved because he does it. And that's her lover! It's a funny old world, anyway. Why is it that she hates the rest of the world for doing the very same thing that she loves him for doing? I hope that, some day, I may find out—at present, I have no comfort in being the baby. It's a miserable position to occupy.

RUTH MILDRED JONES.

The Will-O'-the-Wisp

(From the play of that name)

Night, mist—the falling rain,
A heavy mantle o'er the sombre moor;
A cry in the stillness, a throbbing pain;
A soul caught by the will-o'-the-wisp's lure.

The orange gleam of her wind-tossed locks,
The white hand beckoning through the midst,
The sea's low thunder beneath the rocks;
God pity him, lured by the will-o'-the-wisp!

The poet's wife stumbles; but she must follow on.
She strains her eyes through the thickening mist;
She sways on the cliff, the sea's sad moan,
A living silence: 'Twas the will-o'-the-wisp.

CALLIE MAYRE THOMAS.

My Awakening

Would that I had the silver tongue of Cicero, the constructive power of Milton, the poetic force of Wordsworth and the unlimited vocabulary of Shakespeare to express myself! Had nature endowed me with these wonderful gifts I would give my conception of beauty as logically as Milton gave his conception of the happy man in his "Allegro," I would serve as an interpreter between man and nature as did Wordsworth and I would converse with the supernatural as did Shakespeare in his Hamlet. But, since fate is against me I condescend to low estates and pursue another means of expressing myself.

In my careful investigation and study I came across a few lines that have been my only inducement to stay in a world where self-expression is necessary. Such inducement has prevented my being a Crusoe number II. These lines, the hope of my salvation, were uttered by Samuel T. Coleridge in one of his lectures. These are the lines: "If men would only say what they have to say in plain terms how much more eloquent they would be!" After my recovery from the shock of the message I saw a dim ray of light creeping above the horizon. It said to me, "perhaps you still have a chance to be eloquent."

This stimulated me to a more intense research and investigation. I immediately resolved to know all the requisites for expressing oneself in plain terms. Upon recalling that Jonathan Swift was a man deeply interested in young writers I turned to his works to get his information concerning this plain terms matter. I found

that Swift said, "proper words in proper places is the first essential in expressing oneself in plain terms." I gather from this that all obscure and obsolete terms must be eliminated and terms must be used that are common in every day life, such terms as even the common domestics can understand. I also gather that before such terms can be used effectively one's thoughts must be clear and, of course, this requires a proper knowledge of one's subject matter. It may well be said that out of the abundant knowledge of the subject that mouth speaketh.

Mr. Swift said that the second essential in plain term expression is simplicity. He went on to say that to possess this art of simplicity one must be natural. He referred me to a statement of Dr. Buffon's that says nothing is more opposed to the beauty of naturalness than the pains people take to express ordinary, everyday matters with an air of pretense. I judge that superficial brilliancy, forced tones, and emotional appeals are to be eliminated. No doubt Socrates' "know thyself" and Emerson's "Be thyself" will be an asset in abiding by these principles.

I am now indebted to Jonathan Swift, Samuel T. Coleridge, Dr. Buffon and even Voltaire and Goethe for having brought home to me the sublime truth that it is possible for me to express myself and every one from the king to the milk maid will be able to understand me. I leave you now, gentle reader, after my great awakening. Some day I hope to meet you in the world of literature. I will be in my chariot of plain terms drawn by naturalness and simplicity.

MAE FARNHAM.

The Necessity of Conformity to Current Styles in Dress

Every age brings something new,—something different. Every year brings something unique, something novel. It is well that this is true, for these novel things keep life from growing monotonous. Life without change would necessarily become unattractive and uninteresting. For most of us much of its charm would be lost. There are few who enjoy the same thing, year in and year out. Without certain changes, from time to time, we would soon come to feel that we were in a rut. We would inevitably become sluggish and unprogressive. How true is that proverb,—“Variety is the spice of life.” To verify this statement, you have only to consult that person who wore the same thing yesterday that she is wearing today, and so on through the weeks to come. To most people that state of affairs is the superlative of monotony.

There are some people however, who seem content in their old ruts. At least, this is true in a great many cases where changes are made. For instance in the realm of ideas,—there are those who change their ideas, and grow. On the other hand, there are those who never

have a new thought. The old ones are sufficient unto themselves. These people apparently prefer this passive state of inertia to that aggressive state of mind which necessitates the exertion of real effort and genuine energy.

Of course, there are some things that do not change, they do not need change. There are other things which must meet with changes, often times radical change. There are very few people or conditions that are able to say “Others may come, and others may go, but I go on forever.” A well known variety of these constantly changing things is the styles of peoples’ dress. There is nothing which is more unstable or subject to more vicissitudes,—unless, it be a woman’s mind. But that is no fault of hers; in truth, it is her privilege. But back to styles, they are continually changing from year to year and are year by year compelling men and women to follow them. One must be up to date; one must keep up with contemporary styles. This has always been a law of style. Whether one lived in the far distant countries of India or Egypt, or in the ancient cities of Greece

and Rome, or in the towns and villages of Medieval Europe, or in the great Metropolies of the modern world, it mattered not. "Live in Rome, do as Rome does." Live at any time, dress as that time does.

Why is it necessary to conform to current styles of dress? Perhaps this question has been in the minds of many a poor husband when he is called upon to buy a new dress and when he knows, in the words of Catullus that his pocket-book is already filled with cob-webs. Why? Because the old one—the one bought two seasons ago is not up-to-date, according to the latest creations of the most fashionable modiste. Madame, if she walks in the society of her choice, cannot but feel the need of wearing clothes that show the smartness and chic of the day. The subject of dress is the one most generally discussed by the members of the feminine sex; and it is one frequently discussed by the opposite sex, although they would have you believe that only women have time for detailed discussion of fashions. This question of "why" which so oftens confuses and disturbs the bewildered husband can be quickly answered by his thoughtful wife. One of the duties of a woman is to make herself just as beautiful, attractive, pleasant, and sociable as possible. To display all of these attributes when out among friends or strangers natural beauty and attractiveness are of course very well; in fact, excellent, but without the proper sort of dress, slippers, hats, and all the little accessories which conform to the current styles of dress, these natural qualities are necessarily impaired. How can a person feel at ease, free to converse, and be grateful in her actions when she is conscious that the dress that she wears is out of harmony with the styles of her friends? How can she pass freely and socially among the guests at a reception when she is conscious that her afternoon frock is at least four inches shorter in length of skirt and length of waist line than that of the others present? It is impossible. Not one in a thousand could do it. Perhaps there are articles which are badly needed for the house that will make for convenience and comfort, but they can wait. Most of the people whom she meets with will never know that she does not have these things, hence they can wait. If her clothes are out of style they will certainly notice that; so the new clothes must be had. Everyone notices clothes, when a woman is not dressed as those whom she meets on the streets and places to which she goes, how can she help but be self-conscious, and feel a little, or sometimes, much discomfort? So, in order that Madame may possess that freedom and consciousness that she looks well, that everything is going to "go beautifully", one must have clothes modelled according to the styles of the day. She must keep up with the "Joneses" in the conformity of her dress to the styles in the most recent fashion sheets.

When a woman musters up courage enough to ask her husband for money to buy a fur coat or new frock or toils for hours over a table, cutting, and a sewing machine stitching, putting together an old dress accord-

ing to a new pattern; when she makes a new dress like one she recently saw in a show-window down town, when she economizes and saves to get a new hat, it is not necessarily of herself and her own ease and pleasure that she is thinking. When a man toils incessantly and also economizes and plans that he may furnish the new frocks and the new materials for frocks, he has a reason for so doing. If a family keeps up its appearances, if the father's work prospers, if all the family is to get along well in the community, everyone in the family must be clothed well. If the preacher's wife should absolutely refuse to dress accordingly to the styles of her day, she would, in all probability, greatly hinder the best work of her husband. Suppose that the wife of a minister today should insist upon wearing the crinoline and bustle of her great-grandmother, she would be the talk not only of the whole of her husband's congregation, but the whole town as well.

When a young man or a young woman gets out to obtain a position, his or her appearance has much to do with the possibilities of getting the place. If the style of the day is to wear the dresses eight inches from the floor and a young lady appears today before the principal of a school to apply for a place on the Faculty with a dress of the length of the dresses worn in the Winter and Summer of nineteen and twenty-one, she will, in all probability, go away without the position. Her ability to hold the place might be equal or even greater than that of some other young women who would get the place. But people judge so much by appearance that the odds would be against the person too conservative or too far advanced in style of dress.

Perhaps one may not care for the style of dress worn by her contemporaries. Surely, many women of the years gone by found it uncomfortable to weight themselves down with four or five petticoats and a skirt, each containing ten or twelve yards of material and all of them sweeping the ground. But it was not a question of whether one liked the style, everyone was wearing that many petticoats and anyone who didn't was old-fashioned, conservative, curious, and very much out of style. It was much easier to bind one's waist within the radius of twenty inches and fence the neck in with whalebone and net, than it was to be out of style. Possibly, the trained nurse may find that she doesn't look well in the hospital costume, but it is infinitely more suited to the duties she has to perform, so she wears it. She would find it difficult to care for the patients and her ward if she insisted upon wearing dresses with long, flowing sleeves and skirts that were sweeping the floor.

It has been a matter of form through all ages that people of a particular time had certain styles of dress designed in that age and worn by that age. In the early stages of human history, dress was strictly utilitarian consisting only in enough to protect the body from the extreme conditions of climate and temperature. Following that clothing became a means of showing distinction.

Those who were of high rank wore much drapery, embroidery, and tapestry, while those of lower rank, wore less amount of decorations. Later the purely decorative motive came into clothing. With the coming of Religious Orders in the Middle Ages, people dressed according to their Religion. In order that a man might show to what Religion he belonged, he necessarily had to wear the clothes designed for his Religion at that time. And so on down through the centuries men and women have worn the style of dress fashioned for and by the time in which they live.

At all times there is some great dictator of styles who sets the pace. Queen Elizabeth was at the same time a great monarch and a "setter" of styles. Not to have worn the dress as it was especially modelled during the era of her reign was but to be cranky, old-fashioned and in a

strong sense disloyal to that great queen. Today, styles are set. There are Fashion dictators. Chanel, the Parisian Modiste, has been the prophet of the "one atmosphere" in dress. Everyone sees in the fashion sheets and hears in the shop "The lines of the body must be straight and severe—not fluffy, not broken; nor trailing—the long chemise line. Much attention must be paid to the gloves, shoes, and hats, more even than to the gown." So every one is wearing the long straight lines, and putting much into her gloves and other accessories, and as a result everybody must follow suit. Where the majority leads, the minority must follow, and there it goes! Here exists that same question of the rights of the minority, which was so much the concern of the great statesmen of the sixties—*When will the minority come into her own?*

LUCILE NIX.

EXCHANGE CHATTER

The variety number of the CONCEPT is interesting from cover to cover. The sketch "Storm on the Pacific" is very vivid and the word-pictures are so realistic that we feel sure that the author really had this experience. Her creation of atmosphere is very successful. We like the "little-girl" wonder at vague mysteries of the sea that is brought out so clearly. We are not told, but we believe that the author was a splendid companion to have on such an adventure. The poems in this number are delightful. "My Spring Song" and the "Lone Pirate" are light, but the underlying thought in each is good. "A Pleasant Thought" has an unusual theme. The informal essays are not as good as college students should write, although the unexpected paragraph at the end of "Why I Have Always Avoided Men" is unique. The editorial, "College Honor," is very creditable and the three one-act plays are above the average, the humor in Annette's Andy being especially delightful. The plot to the story "Youth" has the quality we term different, but we suggest that the author work out the conclusion a little more clearly.

In the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for February there is a surfeit of poems. "My Shrine" and "One View" are the best ones, while some of the others are not worthy of publication in a college magazine. The essay on Thomas Woodrow Wilson would be greatly improved if so many

of the sentences did not begin with "And," "But" and "For". "Ande" is a delightful sketch with a beautiful thought underneath the humor. The addition of a Joke Department would aid in the balancing of the material. We commend the JOURNAL for encouraging the production of original work in the English departments of the High Schools in the state.

The CAROLINIAN has some excellent poems in the January issue. "Star Dust" is real poetry and "Sonnet" suggests deeper thinking than is usually attributed to a college student. The quality of the essays is above the average and it is a pleasure to find three well written essays in one issue. In the short story, "The Howl of the Lost Wolf," the author portrays the emotions of the characters in a splendid manner while his weird atmosphere produces a suitable background for this type of story. The CAROLINIAN is one of the best college magazines the exchange receives, and any staff would be acting wisely if it selected material of the standard that the Carolinian publishes.

We acknowledge the following magazines: THE ORION, COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON, THE EROTHESIAN, THE ECHO, THE CONCEPT, PINE AND THISTLE, AND THE CHICORA MAGAZINE.

Longings

I long, but what is it for?
For the whisper of the sea as it touches
The rocks? For the evening wind
Singing in the trees?
For a day once gone, for a feeling once felt?
For the Tomorrow, and a smile
From eyes; the world before me
With Youth as my guide.
This is what I long for
As I gaze into the skies.

FRANCES ANTLEY.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Lost Lady*Willa Cather*

Willa Cather's novel "A Lost Lady" has been in circulation only since September of 1923. Her growing popularity is attested by the vast number of copies (2,220,000 in number) composing the first edition. Books which were published by the author previous to "A Lost Lady" are "Alex's Bridge," "O Pioneers," "The Song of the Lark," "My Antonio," "Youth and the Bright Medusa," "One of Ours," and "April Twilights and Other Verses." The author's career is, so to speak, in the making, and the reading public is looking forward with interest to the future of this writer.

"A Lost Lady" is a book written by a woman for women primarily. It is not a novel of romance, neither is it pessimistic. In fact, it is rather hard to find a class to which it does belong, for it is a combination of the historical and the realistic novel. It is thoroughly modern in structure, having a simple plot while the characters are few in number. Another modern characteristic is the democratic mingling of characters. An example of this tendency is the group of boys who come to fish in the meadow of the aristocratic "Forrester place" of Sweet Water, a small mid-western village, whose rapid growth and decay were characteristic of western towns during the period from 1880 to 1890. Sweet Water, much grayer now than it was at one time, was situated between Omaha and Denver. It was well known to the railroad aristocracy as the home of Capt. Forrester, a veteran railroad magnate, who came to live there after sustaining an injury while actively constructing "the Burlington," one of the great railroads which were to play such an important part in the future history of the West. In the West there were two distinct strata of society—laborers and homesteaders composing one strata, while the other was composed of wealthy men whose primary purpose was to develop the great west. To this last strata belonged Capt. Forrester who chose the west for his home, and staked off property near the edge of the little western town to which he came after the death of his first wife and after his second marriage to "Maidy" Ormsby, twenty-five years his junior. These two made Sweet Water their winter home, while their summers were spent in the fashionable resorts of Denver and Colorado Springs.

Some authors introduce description incidentally through characters, but Willa Cather introduces her character's largely through description, which is a rather unique characteristic of their particular author. Capt. Forrester is a man who is a born master of men, a man who, when through with his duties as railroad constructor, delighted in retiring to his home among the lilacs

and snowballs to indulge in the pleasure of watching his rose garden blush soon after "the green began in the marsh and ran over the meadows," or to take a lazy nap in the winter time in a chair before the fire of huge logs. The captain's clumsy dignity covered a deep nature, a nature which was able to detect the most thoughts of others, a nature which made him understand and bear with patience the actions of his wife.

As a psychological study Neil Herbert, one of the boys of Sweet Water in whom Mrs. Forrester became interested when he was a mere boy, is the most pleasing figure. He personifies the overcoming of evil by good. When he becomes a young man he learns that Mrs. Forrester, whom as a boy he always considered the very incarnation of hospitality, beauty, fragility and grace, a person whom he had always considered as a special kind of person,—when he learns that she is not true to her husband, that she is willing to sacrifice all, even her husband's good name, for the society she loved and craved, his faith is shaken, for it was not a moral scruple that this woman had outraged, but an aesthetic ideal. His roses were cast into the mud, and to him "lilies that festered were far worse than words."

It has often been said that suffering makes character. This is again exemplified in the character of Neil Herbert, for he decided immediately after the catastrophe to discontinue his study of law and take up the course of study in a technological school rather than condescend to such unscrupulous means as Ivey Peters used to secure the lands of Mrs. Forester after her husband's death. He felt that his chief aim in life could not be the desire to "turn the crown into the pound." This decision marks the turning point of the book.

Neil's interest in keeping trace of Mrs. Forrester, after years had passed, never waned, and the casual information gained years after in a Chicago hotel after he had become a prominent lawyer in New York City tells us that Mrs. Forrester gained in the end what she had always loved—money, social position, and, in short, everything but love.

The book is a revelation of the life of wealthy aristocratic westerners of the latter half of the 19th century, portraying very vividly the unrest of the wives of the rich magnates of western history, although Mrs. Forrester is a fine exaggeration of a type. The history of men who dared anything, but risked nothing and of men who helped make the west is distinctly given in "A Lost Lady."

—REBA SMITH.

Where the Blue Begins

By Christopher Morley

The reason that Christopher Morley can write an interesting dog-story is because some people—a great many people in fact—actually lead a dog's life, figuratively speaking. That is, a life that is wholly external. One is led to believe that is exactly what the author meant when he selected such characters as Gissing, of the Canine Estates, Mr. Poodle, Mrs. Spaniel, Captain Scootie, and the Air-dales. At first the book strikes one as being of a rather frivolous nature but like many things that seem frivolous at first glance, the modern college girl, for instance, it has a meaning that is as deep as life, itself.

First of all the book is interesting. It is rather light reading, but the mind never wanders from the story. The narrative quality is simple and easy to follow, but it is only a minor part of the book and serves merely as an instrument in the hands of the author to set forth his philosophy in an effective way.

The name of the book signifies that the author is trying to decide where true happiness in life begins. Gissing, the dog-hero of the book, searches in many different places and in many different professions for happiness and contentment. He leaves home because he does not have the feeling of freedom that he wants in life. He follows and watches the horizons to see if the blue begins with them, but after searching for a long time he asks the question, "Isn't one horizon as good as another? and do they really remain blue after you reach them?" When he has tried the professions of Floor Walker for Beagle and Company, the ministry, and working on ships, he resorts to the steam roller as a means of escape from them all. He returns home at last after deciding that happiness does not consist in easy tasks, and in shirking responsibilities, but in doing one's duty. Just as Tittle and Mittle found the Blue Bird of happiness at home, so Gissing found when he reached home again that "over the coals in the furnace hovered a magic evasive flicker, the very soul of fire. It was a pentecostal flame, perfect and heavenly in tint, the essence of pure color, a clear, immortal blue."

The next fact obvious from a reading of the book is that it is a satire. In his pleasing satirical manner the author touches the most vital problems of life and attacks them in a way that is really delightful and at the same time stimulates thought. The rearing of children is one of Morley's subjects for criticism. Gissing was a bachelor with no earthly cares until the duty of caring for three puppies was thrust upon him. It was then that he found himself at a loss to know what to do. He be-

gan the task somewhat light heartedly but was soon overcome by its vastness. At the end of each day he was completely exhausted and welcomed the dark that put the puppies to sleep. He knew no puppy psychology and therefore could not understand the working of the little puppies' mind.

Next it seems that the author is smiling at the religion of the day and at the same time trying to decide for himself just what true religion consists in when he says: "God is a horizon not something sitting on a throne." He is just a bit doubtful as to what God really is and he thinks often of the matter—just trying to figure out what the Divine Being really means to him, individually. One thing is certain and that is that somewhere there is a being that transcends anything in the way of social significance and that very being may be the point of unity of all minds, for certainly there is a kinship in all minds. But even if Moreley is hazy on the subject of religion he can see a lack of true religion in the lives of those about him. It is when this is brought to his attention that he smiles and says "God is more than a formula on Sundays and an oath during the week." He does not agree with the crowd who represents God as forgiving just because it feels the need of forgiveness. If there is an all seeing and understanding God he must be just.

But the author strikes a note that is of vital importance to every ambitious person and that note is that whatever is worth while in life is worth striving for and greatness cannot be attained without effort. If a dog is to have the enviable reputation of being good at tracking rabbits he must start when he is a puppy and track rabbits until he has the art practically perfected. There is room on the very top rung of the ladder for all who are capable of standing alone, but if one person is not prepared, then another is. Gissing found many promising places of employment open to him. Yes, there was always something for the genial dog to do and he won passing fame, but he soon found that in order to do the things that other people has spent time and effort in fitting themselves to do he too must strive. He could not even bring up puppies in the way they should go without having first prepared himself for the task.

If there is one thing that the book does it is to lead the reader to think. There are numbers and numbers of suggestions that would mean nothing to the thoughtless reader, but to the reader that is alive to these suggestions there are beautiful conceptions unfolded.

LOLLIE BARBARE.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A College Tea Room

Yes, girls do wonder about such serious things as "where the next meal is to come from" or rather where the next "between-meal-lunch" will be eaten. No matter how good a housekeeper a college may have and no matter how good the regular meals, girls will have lunches, which usually consist of hot dogs, candy, or ice cream. We wonder if a tea room, efficiently run, would not be an asset to G. W. C. Many girls have been overheard lately discussing this matter. The town girls are not quiet on the matter either.

Cafeterias or tea rooms are found in connection with almost every college now. It is hardly probable that a cafeteria would pay in a college the size of G. W. C., but what about the tea room? It seems from all reports that a tea room in a college is usually a good thing, if there is an efficient manager behind it. That manager means everything in this question. There are many efficient managers who have made a profession of their business.

The professional woman is rapidly putting tea room management on a plane of high efficiency and today the schools and colleges are drawing their cafeteria and tea room managers from professional fields. They are marked for their knowledge of quality cooking and food control. Such women as Mrs. M. C. Doone, director of the cafeteria at the University of Richmond, Virginia, have succeeded in this work, making the school cafeteria and tea room business like and efficient.

If the manager is efficient, she will have first of all an attractive place in which to serve the food that she prepares. Boys might not care so much about the attractiveness of the place, yet they too want at least a tidy place in which to eat, and a girl's aesthetic nature always plays a part in where she buys. In the March "School and College Cafeteria," we read: "The University of California faculty agreed to the action of the girls by providing their eating room with a more esthetic decorative scheme. This point is in itself of interest. The desire to make the cafeteria in the schools more artistic is growing."

The small two-room cottage on our campus is a mere frame, but it has, after all, an attractive location, and

with little expense and a fair amount of work could be corrected into a pleasing little tea room. What a different place it would be with some flowers and a clinging vine! And what a different place it would be inside with neat white chairs and tables with bright covers! Give an artist the chance and she will make a palace of a barn! Alice Lincoln Roof says that a tea room's attractiveness and hygiene are more matters of design and management after all.

Just as girls demand an attractive room, so they want attractive food and attractive food means good wholesome food served in a different way. The same old food served in the same old way is not very tempting.

Hazel Strafford says, "Food must be interesting. The plainest of food can be so, if the dietitian is an artist in her special line, as she should be, and if she uses her creative ability to the uttermost and every day."

In thinking of the kind of foods to be served in this particular college the town girl must be thought of first, for it is really she who most feels the lack of a tea room. Enough time is not allowed for the lunch hour to enable very many of the town students to go home for lunch. Most of them must go down the street for lunch. This naturally means some time wasted. More time could not be allowed for lunch, because that would mean time wasted for the resident student. The town girl would say thanks to a hot lunch at a moderate price on the college campus!

It is a question as to whether a tea room should be run in connection with the domestic science department, by the alumnae, or by a private individual. At any rate, a well planned tea room run on the right scheme would no doubt prove a success.

At one time the alumnae did operate a tea room in the cottage mentioned above. This building was needed for practice rooms, as we became pressed for more room in the college. Now, since we have our beautiful Fine Arts Building, this cottage is lying vacant—an excellent place for a tea room. Why not work the tea room idea into a scheme for increasing the library fund?

E. B.

Spanish Moss

Shrouds
Grey hanging moss
Swaying to and fro;
Majestic trees, with life all gone;
Smaller trees, twisted and gnarled,
All covered o'er with shrouds.
Young trees of sickly green,
Pushing upward
Vain reaching for the light.

Shrouds
Hanging from every twig
Feeding on the life blood
Of all it touches,
Crushing the young life
Of all it touches.
Swaying grey moss
Beautiful in your
Slow, steady massacre.

MAMIE SUE GRAY.

JOKE DEPARTMENT

FINAL EDUCATION EXAM

as proposed by

Miss Edna Brabham.

1—Define G. W. C.

2—Discuss Furman or Clemson.

3—What is love? Give personal experience.

4—Illustrate by personal example "How to Kiss".

5—Is the long or short period in kissing better? Why?

* * * *

They met on the bridge at midnight!

They never will meet again!

For one was an east-bound heifer,

And the other a west-bound train.—Exchange.

* * * *

Mary—"Mother, I want you to meet Mr. Wren. Mr. Wren was born in the Canary Islands."

Mother—"Pleased, indeed, to know you, Mr. Wren. Perhaps you will sing for us?"

* * * *

Speaking of heredity. Stockings run in the best of families.—Exchange.

* * * *

She—"Lucy, why on earth did you stay out so long with such a wonderful dancer as Charlie?"

Lucy—"He showed me some new steps and we sat on them."—Exchange.

* * * *

"They have a machine now that can tell when a man is lying. Ever seen one?"

"Seen one? By gosh, I married one!"—Exchange.

* * * *

Ann—"What would you do if a boy kissed you on the forehead?"

Annie—"I'd call him down."—Exchange.

* * * *

Sympathetic Person—"Hello! What is the matter, little boy? Are you lost?"

Little Boy—"Yes, I am. I might a known better'n to come out with grandma. She's always losin' sumpin."—Exchange.

* * * *

Two old maids were planning for the holidays. "Anna," said the one, "would a long stocking hold all you'd want for Christmas?"

"No, Elvira," responded the other, "but a pair of socks would."—Exchange.

* * * *

Paul—"At the masquerade I thought your costume was ripping."

Pauline—"Well, if you were a gentleman you would have told me so."—Exchange.

* * * *

Lady—"Can you let me have two first-class rooms?" Hotel Clerk—Yes. "Suite One."

Lady—"Sir!"—Exchange.

In pioneer days

When a man reached

For his hip

Everyone ducked—

Now he draws a crowd.—Exchange.

* * * *

A GARDEN CATASTROPHE

The potatoes' eyes were full of tears

And the cabbage hung its head,

For there was grief in the cellar that night—

The vinegar's mother was dead!—Exchange.

* * * *

A peach came walking down the street,

She was more than passing fair.

A smile, a nod, a half closed eye,

And the peach became a pair.—The Pointer.

* * * *

A flea and a fly flew into a flue: "Let us flea," said the fly: "Let us fly," said the flea; so they flew thru a flaw in the flue.—Exchange.

* * * *

Prof. (in Mechanics): "Which is a couple?"

Student: "Two equal parallel forces acting in the same direction."

Prof: "But if they act in opposite directions?"

Student: "That's a divorce case."—Froth.

* * * *

DEFINITION

A Widow: "The luckiest woman in the world. She knows all about the men and all the men who know anything about her are dead."—Exchange.

* * * *

PAID IN INSTALLMENTS

"I hear that John won a prize for singing."

"Yes, a whole building—one brick at a time."

—Octopus.

* * * *

SUCH A BORING JOB, THOUGH

A: "He's always looking down in the mouth."

B: "A pessimist, eh?"

C: "No, a dentist."—Judge.

* * * *

WORTHLESS

Our idea of foolish extravagance is offering a freshman "a penny for his thoughts."—Sun Dial.

* * * *

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS!

"Don't you find it hard to meet expenses at college?"

"Hard? Why, I meet them at every turn."

—Flamingo.

* * * *

A man's interest in a woman depends on two things: Her interest in him and other men's interest in her.

—Tiger.

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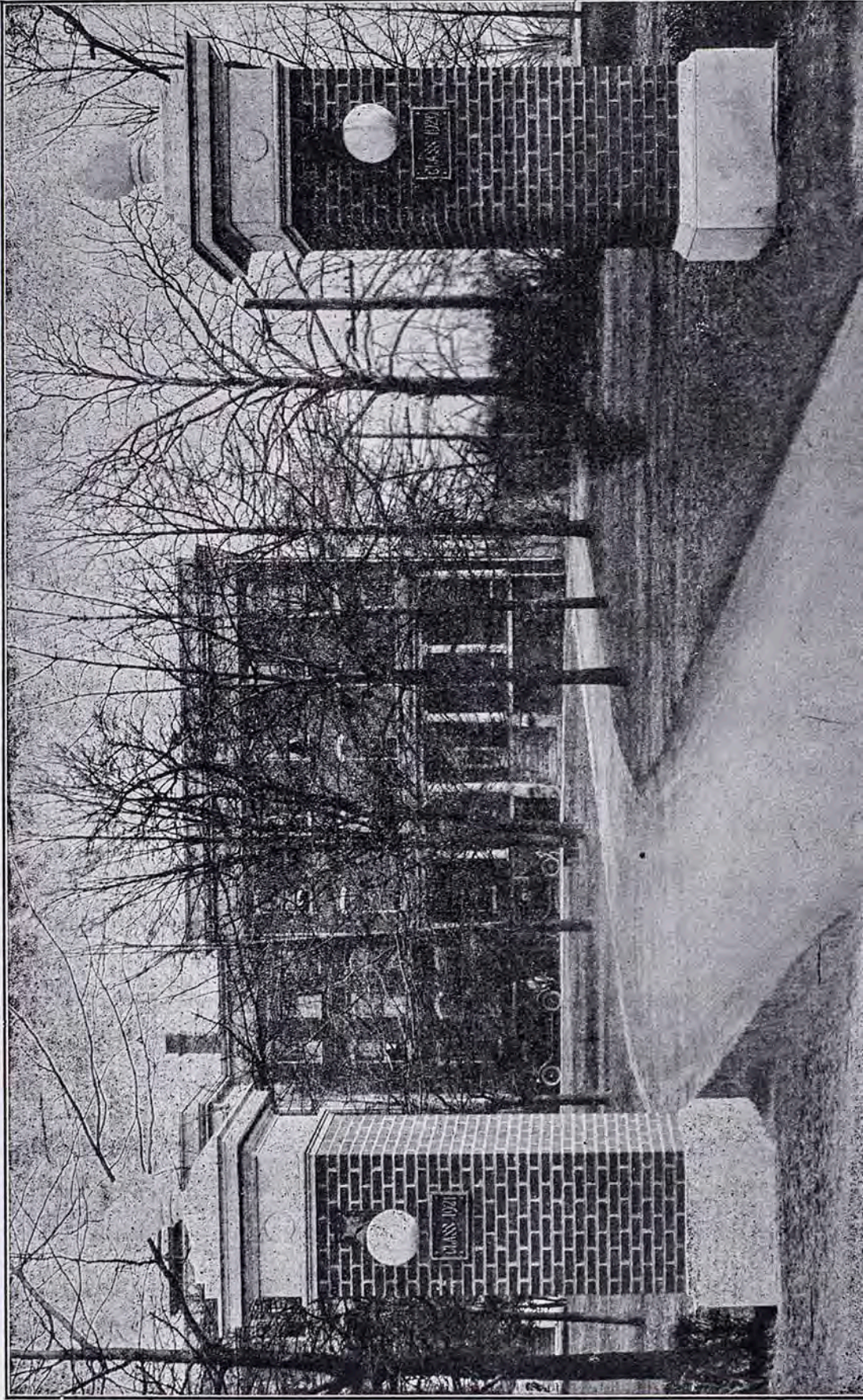
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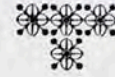
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