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The Isaqueena - 1925, January

Jack Jones
Greenville Woman's College

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The ISAQUEENA



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January, 1925

*"Let him, who serves you
best, serve you most."*

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Facts and Fancies

RUTH MILDRED JONES

IT was all over with him; he was sure of that—just as sure of it as if he had been twenty-eight instead of eighteen. Why, what use was there of his living now?

He had known all the time that she was older than he, at least four years older; but that didn't help matters a bit. The fact remained, whether she were twenty-five or sixteen, that he didn't care whether he lived or not.

He walked along the street, reflecting all this. He imagined that he presented a tragical figure. People were surely looking at him, wondering what great sorrow had entered his young life.

Young, indeed! Little they knew! He had aged within the last hour. Why, come to think of it, he had met one of life's tragedies. And hadn't he taken it all just like an angel, tho? Hadn't he acted the man? He doubted if any one could have acted more gallantly than he had.

And, yet, people called him a kid!

If they had heard him when he told Betty that he was too fond of her to go against her happiness, they would change their tunes. My! hadn't it sounded well when he said: "Betty, dear, I shall be all the happier, just to know that *you* are happy." He, really, didn't suspect that there was anybody else in the world who could have expressed it more fluently.

By the time Harold reached home, he had almost lost sight of his sorrow in rejoicing over the excellent manner in which he had taken it. But, at home in his room, he was quite sure he had taken a relapse over his tragedy.

"Well," he sighed, "I guess there's not much use; but I'll go on to bed anyway."

And, within ten minutes, the young martyr was asleep!

Now, if there is anything in the world worse for breeding evil thoughts than staying in bed late of a morning, it is yet to be discovered. And that is what Harold did the next morning. This is the way his thoughts ran:

"Well, tonight's the senior reception at the high school-----I wonder if Betty has a new dress-----She looks good in-----O! hang it! What's wrong with me? What a fool I must be to forget so quickly—especially such an awful calamity."

Whereupon, the young man made a great effort to reassume his grief.

But, after all, she hadn't said she wouldn't ever go with him anywhere else. In fact, she had only said that she was engaged to some young college fellow, named Carl James, whom she met and knew while she was off

at college. She had, really, implied that she would see him tonight, according to their previous arrangement.

Just then—for he had already been in bed a half hour since his mother called him—the evil thought popped into his head. The same young man, mind you, who, only the night before, had praised himself on his self-sacrificing attitude of "your-happiness-first, no-matter-about-me"!

"Here's a chance for a little revenge," insisted the evil one. "You deserve some, you know—for any girl ought to be only too flattered to receive attention from *you*. What difference does it make if he is a college graduate? I'll wager he isn't half as good-looking as you."

"But no," protested Harold, "I mustn't do that. Why, I told her that I should always do all I could for her happiness and that this would be my sole happiness."

"Oh, but this is too natural for her to even think of its being revenge," insisted the tempter. "No one would expect you to take her to the reception after she let you down so coolly, as tho you were a little baby. So, tho you know perfectly well that she is expecting you, you could easily clear yourself if the need arose."

And, once more, the young martyr forgot his sorrows in contemplating how disappointed Betty would be when he didn't come around for her tonight. Good enough for her! A lot of good her old college beau would do her tonight! She must stay at home while every other young person on the street was at the high school reception. If she thought him such a baby, it would do her good to have to be an old maid!

And, mind you, the young man who, later in the morning, called up Betty's cousin herself and made an engagement with her just to spite Betty was the same young man who, the night before, had vehemently declared to this same Betty that he would always work for her happiness, regardless of the anguish it brought him.

Anne Baxter, the cousin, was a new girl in town, and had had little time to meet many of the young folks. However, she had met Harold at Betty's home the night before. She was both flustered and flattered when Harold called her up and asked her if she were going to the reception.

"Why, I haven't decided yet," she answered, quite as would any other young lady who knows perfectly well that she is not going, for the simple reason that no one has invited her.

Harold cleared his throat and grinned with satisfaction. Then,

"How about going with me?" (My! wasn't this a

rich joke on Betty! She'd be sorry she hadn't loved him when he didn't come around for her tonight!)

"Why, I thought," Anne answered, "that you were inviting Betty."

"Oh, she found at the last minute that she can't go—important engagement or something—I didn't pay much attention to what she said. Will you go? Sorry to have had to wait till the last minute."

And, after much would-be deliberation, the young lady told him to call for her at eight o'clock, as she had known from the first she would tell him.

Harold ate breakfast and started for school. He was still smiling over the jaunty manner in which he had talked to Anne. That point about not having paid much attention to what Betty said—that had finesse! That was the work of an artist.

And, as for Betty's having another engagement, he guessed that she would wish she had another one when she had to stay at home alone all evening. Served her right, anyway!

He was musing delightfully on the prospects of going for Anne in the car and driving around for awhile before going to the reception. Not that he cared a rap for riding around with her; but it would be fun to drive by Betty's and see her all dressed up—"and nowhere to go", he laughed wickedly under his breath.

He was almost at Betty's home now. He could see her looking out the living room window. He guessed she must be looking for him; and, furthermore, he thought her eyes looked heavy—as if she hadn't slept much. He hoped she would notice that *he* looked perfectly hale and hearty.

He saw her leave the window and knew that she was coming to the door.

"Going to tell me how sorry she is, I guess," he muttered—"like they do in books."

And then, the evil one came again and said: "If I were you, I wouldn't even speak to her. Make as if you don't see her—oh, there's Jane Greer across the street, just coming out of her house. Call to her and run across the street just as Betty starts to speak to you."

Betty was on the porch steps. He could see her out of the corner of his eye. He knew she was just opening her mouth to say something to him; so he yelled out.

"Hey, Jane, wait a minute!" Whereupon, he ran across the street to her, not even glancing toward Betty on the steps, calling his name.

Wasn't he popular, tho? Two young ladies nearly fighting for his company!

He let Jane do all the talking that morning. He was busy thinking about how hurt Betty must be. Apologize to him? Not on his life—at least, not yet! Let her worry a while. It's what she got for dumping him. He guessed she would appreciate him by the time he gave her a chance to speak to him again.

And this was the same Harold who, only a few hours before, had said so gallantly: "Betty, dear, I shall be all the happier just to know that you are happy."

The hours passed—and his satisfaction increased. Things were working out so well.

A few minutes before time for school to dismiss, he started with the idea that he had. He guessed Betty would way-lay him when he got out of school. He'd just bet anything she was out there waiting on him now.

True to his feeling, he peeped out the door before he would venture out. Yes, there she was! Good night, she must want to go to that reception mighty badly! She must think a great deal of him to keep trying so hard to get a chance to tell him how sorry she was! He really didn't think it was becoming in her to "tag after him" like this; he didn't even suppose Betty would do such a thing.

"No, ma'am," he said to an imaginary being, "not yet. You've got to suffer before I shall give you a chance to apologize."

So he went downstairs and slipped out the back door and through back streets in order to reach his home without giving Betty a chance to see him.

At home, after his lunch, he went right to his room and pretended to be dressing. He surmised that she would call him over the 'phone—and he'd have to pretend he was busy to keep from going when his mother called him.

Yes, there was the 'phone—in less than ten minutes. He heard his mother go to it and answer it.

"Harold? Why, yes, just wait a minute."

Then, "Harold! telephone!"

"I'm dressing; I can't come. Who is it?"

"Betty."

"Tell her I'll call her later." He knew he wouldn't do it. He'd show her he wasn't a little kid whom she could wind about her finger.

He picked a time when his mother was too far from the 'phone to hear anything he said. Then, he went to it and lifted the receiver:

"246-J—Yes, please."

"Is that you, Joe?—Ready to go around and decorate?—Bring a what?—Well—Yes—How much?—Well, I'll meet you at the drug store."

His mother, hearing his voice, did not suspect, when Harold left the house, that he had called Joe, not Betty.

Poor old Betty! He felt right sorry for her; she was so hurt. He would admit that he *was* a little too hard-hearted. If it weren't for Anne, he would be tempted to break over and take her to the reception anyway. She wanted to go so badly.

Two young ladies fighting for his company again!

When he got home that evening, he had barely time to eat his supper and to dress. His mother and father were in the living room when he came in the door.

"Betty called again," his mother called out. "Did you forget to call her?"

"Well!" He pretended concern. "I've had so much on my mind till I clean forgot it."

He walked to the 'phone in the hall way. Now, he knew he must be careful this time, since his mother and father were so near.

Pressing down the hook, he lifted the receiver and called Betty's number.

"Betty?---Huh?---At 7:45--- Well---See you later--- Bye."

He slammed the receiver in place, as though he had held a real conversation, and went in to snatch something to eat, and to dress.

At exactly seven-forty-five, he walked out the front door toward the car parked in front of the house—an immaculately handsome young man—handsomer by far than any young man, college graduate or not whom Betty Carson loved.

He was brushing and picking at his clothes so that he did not see Betty until he was right on her. There was nothing to do except speak to her. He assumed an air of bored indifference.

He was thoroughly disgusted with her. Why, she must have lost all respect for herself! And she was in gala evening dress, too—She was determined that she was going—she was more than meeting him on halfway grounds. That was all he wanted to know about her!

"You no-account scoundrel," Betty began good-naturedly. "I've been chasing you all over town this whole day. I meant to tell you last night that I would have to break my date with you for the reception; but I forgot it. Carl is passing through town tonight and is going to stop over. I hate to disappoint you, but you see how it

is. Anyway, you were so sweet last night when you said that, no matter how badly you were disappointed, you would always be happy if I were happy."

Harold blushed guiltily. He mumbled something about being sorry, and that he'd go on around to the reception anyway. He simply couldn't let her know how he had been deceiving himself all day!

After the reception, which wouldn't have been bad at all had he not been so heartily despising himself during the whole of it, and after he got home, he looked at himself in the mirror.

"You poor little innocent fool!" he muttered.

He crawled into bed with one of Mark Twain's books to entertain him till he grew sleepier. "Answers to Correspondents," the chapter was titled.

"St. Clair Higgins," he read. "Los Angeles---- My life is a failure. I have adored wildly, madly, and she whom I love has turned coldly from me and shed her affections upon another. What would you advise me to do;"

"You should set your affection on another, also—or on several, if there are enough to go around. Also, do everything you can to make your former flame unhappy. There is an absurd idea disseminated in novels, that the happier a girl is with another man, the happier it makes the old lover she has slighted. Don't allow yourself to believe any such nonsense as that. The more cause that girl finds to regret that she did not marry you, the more comfortable you will feel over it. It isn't poetical, but it's mighty sound doctrine."

Harold smiled slyly, turned out the light, and turned. Then, he laughed softly to himself.

"You tell 'em, Mark," he said in the dark.

—o—

Heart Hungers

I sat by the fire one evening
When the embers were burning low
And thought of the days of my childhood
And the desires of long ago.

I thought of my old grandmother
Her steps now childish and slow
And knew that her wants too were simple
As in days of long ago.

Little things that then seemed vital
Grow foolish from middle age fire
But I crave for the old and youthful
The gift of their heart's desire.

AGNES PEARSON

Romantic Pendleton

NANCY DAY



ROMANCE—it seems to me as if the very trees which shade the streets of Pendleton breathe the word as one walks along. One feels there the atmosphere of Pre-Revolutionary, Revolutionary, and Civil War days and sees the relics and landmarks of each, for Pendleton, as you may know, is one of the oldest towns in the State of South Carolina and is the oldest in the upper part of the State, being even older than Abbeville. Pendleton in its early days was the county seat of Pendleton County which included what is today Anderson, Pickens, and Oconee Counties. It was the center of upper state fashions and gatherings. Here came people from Charleston for the summer and spoke of coming to the foothills. Pendleton was, and is to this day, an aristocratic town or as the Charlestonians called it, “a village of culture and refinement.”

In the days of the Indians Old Pendleton did not always have a life of peace and quiet, for the Indians had their hunting ground a few miles from the county seat and were not on all occasions inclined to be friendly with the whites. To protect themselves from these Indians the Pendletonians built Fort Hill about five miles from the town. Until recent years one was able to find arrow heads and other Indian weapons there.

Then came the Revolutionary War and upset the life in the town. Pendleton's great contribution to the aid of the Colonists was General Andrew Pickens, especially noted in South Carolina history. With Marion and Sumter he helped to rid South Carolina of the Tories.

And once more in the calm and quiet of peace the old stage coach made its way from Charleston to Abbeville to Pendleton and it was on this coach, drawn by handsome prancing horses that Calhoun made his way to Charleston from his home on the outskirts of Pendleton. This home, Fort Hill, was one of the centers where progressive methods of farming were discussed and the plantation around the home was one of those upon which the methods were tried. Calhoun was a leader among the progressive farmers. Thus, it was natural that, when Calhoun became tired of Charleston and life in the city, he should take the stage coach up to the “village”.

Here in the county seat of one of the agricultural sections of the United States was founded the oldest farmers' society which exists in America today. This society included many prominent men in its membership, for agriculture was the leading interest in this section. The Farmers' Society was founded in 1815 and held its centennial in 1915 at Pendleton. The Farmers' Hall in which the society's meetings were held has had the first

floor changed into a post office, but the second floor is still used by the society.

In front of this building is an interesting old cannon. No one seems to know how nor when it got there, nor where it came from. It seems to be a relic of some of the wars in which the men of Pendleton participated. It has never been fired except a few times in recent years. One of these was Wilson's election to a second term as President of the United States.

But the agricultural life of the Pendletonians was again disturbed by the war between the States and although they suffered during the war, it was with them as with the other Southerners that the greatest misery came after the war and during the reconstruction. The old county seat was filled with carpet-baggers and freed negroes. It was then that the “Red Shirts” organized themselves. There was one old negro slave, John Hunter, who stayed with his master even after the negroes here were set free and who served him as faithfully as ever. Well do I remember this old negro, who, when I was a child, used to go to every home in Pendleton on Christmas morning and play on his accordeon. Christmas did not seem complete without a visit from him. He was remembered by the families in Pendleton as if he were one of their members. The children in town knew him as “Pa” Hunter and loved him dearly. Once when some carpet-baggers and freed negroes were trying to take some of his master's property, John defended it until his master came to his aid. To reward him for his faithfulness in this and other things and to show their esteem for him, the “Red Shirts” always allowed him to wear a red shirt and march with them. On election day the “Red Shirts” went to vote for Wade Hampton and each voted on tissue-paper because it did not take as much room and the box would hold more votes. Each voted on an average of sixty-five times, filling the box with their tissue-paper votes. It was by this means that the white people of Pendleton partially regained control of their government.

The Ku Klux Klan also helped in getting control of the government again, for they were very active in the section of Pendleton. Under the leadership of “Manse” Jolly the Klan accomplished a great deal. “Manse” Jolly was one of the most daring and romantic leaders of the time. He had a way of walking into a store, asking a group of carpet-baggers to have a drink with him and when they, not knowing who he was, accepted the invitation and had drunk and someone asked, “Who pays for the drinks?” he would throw down a cane, cry “‘Manse’ Jolly,” jump on his horse and ride away. All of the

Anti-Ku Klux Klan tried to catch him, yet when they had the opportunity, they usually became frightened and let him slip away. One day while he was in church, the Anti-Ku Klux surrounded the church. When "Manse" Jolly got ready to go he walked down the aisle, out of the door, jumped on his horse, and rode away without a single man of the Anti-Ku Klux trying to stop him. So it was "Manse" Jolly who led the Ku Klux in their efforts to rid Pendleton of the negroes and carpet-baggers who were committing many atrocities and ruining the town.

Pendleton is not apt to forget these days in her early history for many of the brave Southern soldiers are buried in her cemeteries, among them General Bee who gave to General Jackson the name of "Stonewall."

One of the old churches most closely connected with Pendleton is the Old Stone Church about five miles from the town. It was not only the meeting place of the Ku Klux Klan during the reconstruction period; but it is also the burial place of many brave and noble men among whom are General Andrew Pickens of Revolutionary fame; Charles Coatsworth Pinckney, the statesman; and although John C. Calhoun is not buried there, his wife is. There is also a monument to Calhoun.

Another interesting event connected with the Old Stone Church and to me the most interesting is that of the Perry Bymun duel. This happened in 1832 when the subject of nullification was at its height in South Carolina and when most of the people were advocating it. Benjamin Perry, however, who was editing the "Greenville Mountaineer" at Greenville, South Carolina, opposed nullification and wrote boldly against it. Turner Bymun, editor of the "Greenville Sentinel," took the part of nullification and the two newspapers carried on a heated controversy which ended in a personal encounter. A challenge was given and accepted and an island in the Tugaloo River was decided upon as the place of combat. Perry wore a heavy overcoat cut in the style of the day which extended well to the front and this extension, which was supposed to make the chest appear fuller, was

well padded. This padding saved Perry's life for Bymun's shot tore the inner clothing across Perry's chest. Perry's shot hit Bymun's finger and glanced to his body. He fell and soon died. On account of bad roads caused by heavy rains Bymun's body was carried by men on foot to the Old Stone Church. The bridge across the Seneca River, which they had to cross, was washed away and they had to cross it on the sleepers carrying the coffin on two pine poles. The men reached the church about midnight and there buried Bymun by torch light in a grave half filled with water. The pine poles on which Bymun's body had been carried were placed to mark the head and the foot of the grave. These took root and grew to be stately trees, but they were later cut down. It is said that the duel so preyed on Perry's mind that he forbade even his dearest friends to mention it.

Among the other things which seem to appeal to tourists visiting Pendleton is the fact that the old jail which served Pendleton for so many years has been changed and remodelled in recent years into a public library. To look at it today one would never imagine that the law-breakers of Old Pendleton had ever been lodged there.

The old houses of Pendleton to me as much as anything else have a touch of the romantic. I remember when the owner of a certain house started to remodel it, he found, on taking off the old wall-paper, a Journal which had been used as a basis for the wall-paper. This Journal was one of those published in Old Pendleton and contained news concerning the election of Zachary Taylor for President of the United States. Another interesting feature of these old houses is their construction; many of them are put together with wooden pegs instead of nails.

Romance is embodied in everything around Old Pendleton and yet people think that to find romance one must go back to Greece and Italy or at least to some part of the Old World and forget that, though of later birth, our own country is over-flowing with the romance of its youth.

Houses

On the hill a log hut nestles,
By the road a stately mansion stands—
Austere and cold—
A cozy bungalow sits here, a farmer's cottage there;
And the car speeds on.

A light flashes in the cottage yonder,
Here all is dark—
Austere and cold;
A world of human stories shut up—in houses—
As the car speeds on.

New houses always come in view.
Unexpected—as the road winds over the hills;
Far over the hills—
And here by the road—houses, houses—
As the car speeds on.

On the street, a woman passes, bent and humble;
In the rush, a man proceeds, stately and tall,
Austere and cold—
A world of stories shut up—in faces, people, hearts,—
As life passes on. RUTH MILDRED JONES.

American Blue-Bloods

RUTH GILES



HO is there who doesn't revel in the stories related of the grand old Roman Empire, with its prestige of military glory, of nobility and aristocracy? And how indignant we become when we reach the point where the barbarous hordes swoop down and upset the dignity and grandeur of the old Caesars! We wonder what must have been the emotions of the old patricians when they were at the mercy of the crude barbarians. In spite of the upliftings of cultured brows, no doubt, the conqueror gradually, with an optimistic persistence, worked his way to places of high position.

Nor have such inroads into the select circle remained only in Roman history. Turn back to the annals of history in our own country. Although widely proclaimed as the land of democracy, the nation of equality, from the beginning of its history, we hesitate a long time before saying there never existed any class distinctions. In fact, someone has said we are all snobs at heart. Certainly there was an aristocracy to begin with. The visitor to the colonial mansion, clad in garb of European texture, was greeted at the door by the liveried butler with the question:

"Sir, your pedigree?"

If the candidate for admittance could trace his kinship back to the line of Randolphs, or Washingtons or probably to the line of Pocahontas—very good. But if not, he dared not cross the threshold of polite society.

Such conversations as the following were continual topics:

"Why, you haven't met the Van Holts? My dear, they are so elite. Why, they descended from a very prominent line in Virginia. Yes, the father is a sort of ne'er-do-well, they say, but with such a background as theirs! Well worth cultivating."

Or perhaps the following, in lowered tones and confidential manner:

"Such a disgrace the son has brought on that distinguished line. You know, his great-grandfather sat in the first Continental Congress. The very idea of marrying a working girl—and a merchant's daughter, at that! I'm sure the little rogue just bewitched that nice, refined boy!"

And so they lived, moved, and had their beings on pedigreed food, often inadequate even for sparrow appetites; in pedigreed dwellings, in dire need of repair; and in pedigreed clothing, beginning to yellow with age. Society pivoted about on its ancestral hinges, sometimes rusty and creaking, yet always being oiled with

tales about what our ancestors were and what our ancestors did.

But with the passing of time, the story about everybody's ancestors coming over in the Mayflower became rather flimsy. Some of the ordinary people of the bolder type, very impudent, indeed, wanted to know why the Mayflower, such a small vessel, didn't sink under such a load of ancestors.

Then came the swooping of the barbarians! To the terror of the retiring nobility, they rushed to the door of the sanctum, clamoring for admittance. This time, he wears a suit of striped material, cut along sporty lines; his round-shaped, rather fat, head encased in a black derby—spats and a cane complete his appearance. To his rather loud knock, the porter emerges with the inquiry—

"Have you the sufficient amount, sir?"

"Sure. More than enough. You owe me a dollar forty-eight from this bill."

Now a matter of dollars and cents! The newly-rich slide up into the circles of the elect on their shining, though sometimes, unearned, ducats. The old regime eye them at first with contempt, then with interest, and finally with submission. Certainly they are persistent and aggressive—these arriving aristocrats.

Mrs. Dupont was entertaining for Mrs. Duganne, (formerly Mrs. Dugan), who had recently come to the city and whose husband held a prominent position. Mrs. Duganne rather liked the sound of her own voice, and imagining others did too, proclaimed to all present, upon her arrival.

"Why, how good to see you folks! I tried to get Mr. Duganne out tonight, but he was so decomposed!"

Two or three aristocratic backs of the old order stiffened at this, several lips were pursed, but the old regime were too polite to show any signs; while the new order didn't notice anything especially. Mr. Duganne was as rich as Croesus!

Mrs. Duganne continued innocently: "We had such a grand trip abroad. The ocean was that grand, but I was sure glad to put my feet on terra cotta again."

Some tactful person said: "How witty is dear Mrs. Duganne!"

In fact, a person's bank account, or his make of clothes, or his kind of motor car is certainly a determining factor in the present state of affairs. The gentleman from Wall Street carries along with his heavy roll a passport to almost any circle almost anywhere.

However, no doubt, there will be a reaction to this

standard of measurement for the American blue-blood in the future. Perhaps then the candidate for the inner circle will appear, and one will not even notice his mode of dress because of the light in his eyes. After his tap, the porter, now a sympathetic man, will appear:

"What have you, sir?"

"Well, I dislike to boast, but I will say I have plenty of energy and determination, and I'm not afraid of work.

Here is my parchment, but I learned much more from my Alma Mater than is denoted on this document. But most of all, I intend to make the fullest and best use of my life and that of those around me."

Then may the door keeper shake his hand warm'y, open wide the portals, and invite him in—the true blue-blood!

Mulberry Castle

BY MILDRED EDWARDS



KITTY DAVIES stood on one side of her small college room and recklessly tossed blue and pink silk garments toward a new leather trunk on the opposite side of the room, while the faces of numerous movie stars looked down from the walls in seeming disdain.

"There," said Kitty as garment followed garment. "I guess you won't know yourselves when you reach that detestable Mulberry Castle.

"Mulberry Castle!" Echoed a chorus of girlish voices. "Why Kitty, you haven't told us, wherever is he sending you."

"You heard me say it, Mulberry Castle," answered Kitty. "The minute Dad heard I was shipped he decided to send me there. It has been the family home of the Davies since the year one. Of course, I have been in New York at preparatory schools ever since I can remember so I haven't the least idea what the castle is like. I do know though that it is where Uncle Edward wrote all those old books about the bravery and valor of the 'departed' Davies who were all English nobles or something else just as silly. I wouldn't give a fig for a one of them, and here I have to go to live with their ghosts in that stupid pile of brick which the history books call a *Typical Colonial Mansion*.

"There you go again, Kitty Davies, with your talk about not respecting your ancestors or caring for a good family name," cried Agnes Sprott, who was sitting cross legged on the table in the midst of various feminine apparel, "you know very well that you would never have been shipped from Fairville Seminary if you hadn't taken this attitude, why every one who is anything in Fairville comes from the purest of blue bloods except that Mrs. Emily Ward of whom no one can learn anything."

"No one has tried to learn anything of her," flashed Kitty "and just because she hasn't been 'established' here I have been asked to leave school."

"Why Kitty," exclaimed the chorus.

"Well you see if I had spent the night with Mrs.

Claxley or Mrs. Farquharn, without permission, it would have easily been smoothed over, but—

"That's just it, Kitty," answered Agnes "We all know that Mrs. Ward has money, but money doesn't count in Fairville, and so Mrs. Ward is not accepted. It is all your fault. Sometime you will learn to value, your family name and to know that good ancestors count. Just the same you know we all hate to see you leave, and have to go to that horrid place you speak of."

Kitty's black eyes snapped, she tossed her rather small boyish head until the short blonde curls fell in all directions and answered, "Let me tell you, Agnes Sprott, Mrs. Ward is a lady in every way. She is just as refined as this high and mighty Mrs. Claxley with her high heeled shoes and short waist lines or Mrs. Farquharn with her brown sweater and long black veil. No, she isn't 'established' as you say, but I'll be willing to wager you that her family is as historic as yours, for she has that lovely old silver and furniture which must have been in her family for ages. She is English, you know. Sometime Fairville will wake up and realize that Mrs. Ward, whom you now shun, is a person you should be proud to know.

"Well hardly," said Agnes, "Fairville never makes a mistake in estimating the worth of a person."

"That's just it. Fairville is too self-sufficient, how I wish every person who now lives in Fairville could be transplanted to New York for only a few days. They would then realize the fact that Fairville is just a little prudish, insignificant spot on the map of Virginia, and on the whole it is a rather ridiculous little village."

"We like it, Kitty, so I guess it is destined to remain as it is."

"Yes, with the same old styles, the same old family dinners and the same old gossips. My! I feel free already. At least I'll leave this and have a few days freedom before I go to the dungeon. Maybe after all Dad will get soft and at the last minute let me spend the rest of the winter with him in Havana.

"Luck to you, Kitty," echoed the chorus of girls as they told one of the most popular members of their stu-

dent body good-bye, "and write us what happens, you know we want to hear."

After the merry crowd had passed out Kitty resumed her packing, thinking all the time of the morrow when her old governess, Mrs. Hamilton, would arrive to conduct her to Mulberry Castle. Bitterness toward her fate was in her heart.

All night Kitty and Mrs. Hamilton had travelled toward the small town of Moncks Corner, South Carolina, near which stood Mulberry Castle. And now, although it was still early morning, Kitty had again fallen asleep, but the methodical Mrs. Hamilton sat up-right and gently shook Kitty's arm.

"Wake up child" she said, "We are nearly there and we must gather up our luggage."

Kitty slowly opened heavy eyelids and began to look out of the window. "I don't care if we never get there," she answered, and calmly closed her eyes for another nap.

"Now listen, young lady, these trains stop for only a few minutes at small stations. You can't have as long to leave this train as it took you to tell that yelling crowd of girls good-bye.

At the station Tom waited with Anna Hexley to conduct Mrs. Hamilton and her charge to the castle. Kitty, on descending from the train, learned that they were the housekeeper and the chauffeur. She looked about her and saw what reminded her of a small western town of which she had read.

The buildings were for the most part of wood. Horses and wagons were in evidence everywhere while occasional automobiles were parked here and there on the sides of the one sandy street.

"Well", thought Kitty as she climbed into the immaculate limousine. "It surely does not look aristocratic, I wonder if they have any 'holier than thou' gossipers here?"

The car slowly passed down Main Street and turned in the direction of Mulberry Castle, some four miles distant.

As they neared, Kitty caught a glimpse of red brick through the moss covered limbs of the great oaks which bordered the drive on both sides. Here and there along the drive rabbits scurried across and disappeared among the now bare smilax vines which clustered around the roots of the trees. As the car drew nearer Kitty was able to obtain a clear view of the whole castle and the surrounding grounds. In spite of herself she could not but admire the stately old Southern Colonial mansion with its serene brick walls and four corner towers.

"Those towers," said Mrs. Hamilton "were used as forts during the Revolutionary War. Ships then came up the Cooper river, placing the English within firing distance of the castle. You may be sure though, Kitty, that the Davies always bravely defended their home, for the

honor of the name of Davies depended on their valor."

"Family again," thought Kitty, but for once remained silent.

Little clusters of servants were gathered on the lawn and about the massive pegged doors of the entrance to the reception room of the castle. Mrs. Hamilton, who had known them all for years greeted them cordially, but Kitty only gazed at the broad expanse of the river which wound around the side of the building until the posts of the doorway hid it from view.

It is significant that ideas when once formed influence the mind against the forming of new ideas and opinions. Kitty had decided that she was to abhor this place in which she was to remain and study during the latter part of the winter. For this reason she neither admired nor liked the winding curves of the mahogany stairs, nor the huge corridor, above, which led to her bedroom. She gazed upon the family portraits which lined the walls of the corridor as if they were mocking fantoms and passed into her room with a shudder of relief.

"Supper will be served in half an hour," Anna Hexley told her, as she deposited her traveling bags and turned to leave the room. "But who is to unpack these?" asked Kitty.

"I'm sorry, Miss Kitty" answered Anna, "but your Father has given directions that you shall do your own waiting on, and I'm to report your conduct to him."

"Well, I call that system," cried Kitty. "The housekeeper to report conduct, the governess to report on studies, pray tell me just who is to report how much I eat, how long I sleep, and just what clothes I wear? It is bad enough to be sent here for punishment without being spied upon!"

"Now Miss Kitty, you know your father is trying to do the best for you. The Davies always do the best for their children." Kindness beamed on her large Irish face, but Kitty being in no good mood did not deign an answer, only began furiously to jerk apart hook after hook of her dark traveling dress.

"Goodness, child, don't you know you will tear it?" exclaimed Anna, "There, let me help you, you poor child."

"Don't touch me, you might have to report the awful deed," testily answered Kitty as she jerked away from the helping hands.

Later Anna might have been heard to exclaim, as she entered the kitchen with both arms raised above her head, "She is one tartar, she is, but no wonder, poor child."

That first meal in this new place of abode was a strange one to Kitty. She handled the heavy silver without giving it a second glance, and looked defiantly at Mrs. Hamilton who sat in prim correctness on the other side of the rosewood dining table. She wondered what Mrs. Hamilton was planning to do on the morrow, and

complacently decided to spend the day in bed, reading her latest acquisition in novels. Just then the eyes of a gray headed old gentleman in a portrait just above the mantle seemed centered on her. "I'd like to jerk you down," thought Kitty. As the firelight flickered on his face, she gazed at him and reviewed all her grievances. Her escapade at Fairville Seminary seemed to her more than ever as just a naughty prank, and her punishment loomed larger and larger. If it hadn't been for Uncle Edward, there, maybe she would not have had to come to this place.

Worn out from her trip Kitty sank to sleep immediately upon reaching her bed. The next morning she was awakened early by the trill of a bird just outside of the window and contrary to her plans to remain in bed she stole to the window in order to see the merry warbler. Her eye was caught by the glitter of sunlight on the river as it flowed away toward Charleston. She stood dreamily wondering what she should do that day when the thought of the portraits came to her. She crept into the corridor, and placing a chair beneath them she removed each portrait from the wall and placed it in a small closet under the stairs. Next she dislodged Uncle Edward from the dining room, then feeling quite satisfied with herself she passed into the library and began examining the many shelves of books she found there. Thus she was blissfully unconscious of the uproar she had created on the outside when the removal of the portraits was observed.

Mrs. Hamilton, on rising, had discovered the vacancies caused by the removal of the portraits. Wisely she had them replaced and did not mention the occurrence to Kitty. Later, she expressed to Anna the wish that "those gossiping old ladies in Fairville" had broken up their family dinner before they decided to report Kitty to the authorities of the Fairville Seminary.

In the meantime Kitty had taken an interesting looking old volume from one of the shelves. On opening it she found a coat of arms engraved on the fly leaf. "How beautiful it is," she thought and examined it more closely. Under the engraving she found the inscription "To conquer, but never to be conquered." Admiring the sentiment she explored further and found that this was a book written by none other than Uncle Edward. She threw it down in disgust. "I wish I could get away from the Davies for one hour," she thought.

For a few moments Kitty sat silent, gazing out of the window at some cattle grazing near the river. Then an irresistible impulse caused her to again reach for the book she had thrown down, as she studied the shaggy lions which guarded either side of the coat of arms a vague pride in her family gripped her. The new sensation rather frightened her. She did not attempt to analyze her feelings, but began to read the book. By the time she had finished reading of the great Davies the breakfast gong had sounded.

It was a proud and also crestfallen Kitty who entered

the dining room and took her seat opposite Mrs. Hamilton at the table. Proud because of this new feeling of "belonging," and crestfallen because of the childish deed she had committed such a short time before. It was with pleasure and surprise that she noticed that Uncle Edward was again in his accustomed place.

Days passed, happy days for Kitty for in spite of herself she soon learned to love this place which she had once considered a prison, she had been shown the crack in the side wall which the English had made with their cannon during the Revolutionary War, and was proud of the part which the Davies had taken in defense of their country.

Tom willingly conducted Kitty to all points of interest on the old plantation. He explained how rice had been cultivated there during the old days. He demonstrated the working of the plantation launch in which her father had so often made trips to Charleston in recent days. Gladly he displayed the spirited horses, the grey hounds, the family coach and even instructed Kitty in the art of horseback riding.

One day Kitty accidentally stumbled upon what seemed to her to be the opening to a cave, near the river bank. A small door, overgrown with ivy and honeysuckle vine was visible under the palmettos which overshadowed it. On inquiry Kitty found that this was the exit of an underground passageway from the castle to the river. She begged to know more about it and was lead though it. As she traversed the damp corridors the fire and spirit of those forefathers, who had once passed down this same path in order to escape from the attacking Indians, coursed in her veins, and a fierce longing to know more of them possessed her.

In order to learn more of them, these new found relatives of hers, she read incessantly in the books she found in the library. More and more she became interested in genealogy. On finding the name "George Thomas, genealogist, Charleston, South Carolina," in one of the books, Kitty resolved to seek his aid, and learn to trace the evolution of other families besides her own. She found him a valuable source of information, and after hours of ceaseless work for many days she mastered the books and other material which George Thomas sent her. To her joy she found that she was able to trace the family history of Dwigths and Porchers, two neighboring families.

One day glad tidings for Kitty arrived in the form of a letter from the president of Fairville Seminary saying that in the fall, if Kitty desired to conform to the regulations of the school, she might return. After all she would be able in some way to make up for the disgrace she had placed upon the name of Davies.

Now she longed to prove that her deed had not been one of a disgraceful nature, but the thoughtless act of a school girl. She dreaded to face Fairville and its stream

of gossip. She visualized Mrs. Claxley peering at her through enormous horn rimmed glasses, and Mrs. Farquharn entering the Episcopal Chapel with some other old ladies all aglow over the news that "that Davies scape grace had returned to pollute the society of Fairville." She could see other old ladies as they lifted their veils to get a clearer view of "that Katherine Davies who dared to visit in the home of Mrs. Ward." Yet clearer than all this she saw her duty to go back to Fairville Seminary.

After a summer abroad with her father Kitty returned to Fairville. She had gathered many interesting facts which threw light on her favorite work, during the summer. She had now become accustomed to the thought of facing her teachers and schoolmates again, and took it as a matter of course when she was greeted kindly by her former teachers and with great gladness by her schoolmates.

One warm spring morning Kitty Davies walked jauntily down the aisle of the Fairville Episcopal Chapel between the pews of the Fairville elect. She wore a stiff blue organdie dress, and a wide brimmed hat to match. Her black eyes sparkled and her golden hair glistened in

the sunlight which streamed through the stained glass windows. She seated herself beside Agnes Sprott.

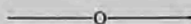
"I know you did it," Agnes whispered, "You needn't play saint, the others don't suspect and I won't squeal on you, but you surely have created a commotion in Fairville. Just think of all those people who have valued their families and been so proud of them, having their family histories printed on the front page of an Extra Sunday News. It is so about Mrs. Claxley's grandmother being a thief and Mrs. Farquharn's brother betraying the English during the Revolutionary War?"

"Surely is" answered Kitty, "and did you see that Mrs. Ward is the great granddaughter of the Duke of Terrel and a member of one of the greatest families of the English nobility?"

"Yes" answered Agnes with a crestfallen look.

Kitty's curls glistened as she turned her head toward the choir which had begun to chant the opening chorus—"I told you so," she said.

At Mulberry Castle Uncle Edward's smile seemed to grow broader as the sunlight from the east window fell upon his painted face.



The Throngs

—

In the briskness of the early day
I see the hordes pass on their way;
In mechanical rhythm their steps are measured
To the chant of "Work, let your time be treasured."
Thus rushes along with anxious face
The busy throng with its strident pace.

But now the sun is mounting higher
In a setting of smiling blue,
Transfusing a rich, a warming fire
O'er the gay, the giddy crowds below.
In holiday garb they are sauntering about.
In greens, in blues, in reds;
The chill of the morning frost is thawed
As onward the gay throng threads.
This is a jostling, a laughing stream,
Where together both high and low
With faces wreathed in cheery beam
Mingle in gala communion.

Clouds are gathering, the wild winds howl,
As distorted the mob rushes on
Toward its grim, its sordid goal.
A transformed monster, huge and fierce:
It groans, it roars, it bellows,
As coiling down the narrow street
It reaches out with hungry claws
To crush its victims in the moving mass.
The inflamed, the enraged throng!
Chanting with frenzy its death-like song!

And so the throngs pass on
Each in their different mood
With pulses ever changing
From noblest to vilest attitude,
Proteus-like, assuming varied forms
Surge onward the multitudes.

RUTH GILES

The Pied Piper

BY SARA GOGGANS



HERE was a sound of enchanting music in the air. The Pied Piper came through the quiet streets of Hamelin and lo! all the children came trooping behind—from the school-room, from the shops, from the places of business they came. That was many years ago but still all the children follow the Piper!

Many and various are the tunes which this wily magician plays to accomplish his ends. Whether in the shimmering satin-backed crepe, or in the long tunic suits from Paris, the newest creation in the street suit, in high-heeled pumps or expensive brogues, the moment he pipes, the children dance to the tune of fashion. The girls and women from behind college walls, from behind the ever-chattering typewriter, from the dusty counters of the tight-windowed shops, from the tinkering music of the cash register, from the odor of cake and cookies, from the ceaseless buzz of the elevator—all hear his enchanting music and follow in his wake. Not only over the women of the land does this magician rule but over the men as well. They do not protest, these strong-willed members of the sterner sex—they dare not. They do not dream of breaking out of the cave and going back to Hamelin. The music of the Pied Piper has lured them too far.

The Pied Piper, after he had led them all into the cave in the side of the mountain, rules supreme. He is maker of laws, judge, and ruler.

"Thou shalt not appear during the month of August without thy furs," he shrilly pipes to his feminine devotees. And they go forth on the hottest days of the year wrapped in the apparel appropriate for December.

"Thou shalt wear thy dresses twelve inches from the floor, whether you be large, small, dumpy, or lean."

"Thou shalt wear tan calf brogues with a straight heel. Even these are to be worn although one suffers with broken arches."

"Thou shalt wear square-crowned hats." And they wear them although they give one the appearance of a commander-in-chief in a cocked hat.

"Thou shalt wear thy hair cut very close behind, in layers, so to speak, until the middle of the head is reached, letting it gently slope longer to the side, ending in a prominent point. And they go forth in this fashion. Did not he decree it so?

To the other half of his kingdom he pipes on the bass:

"Thou shalt wear thy hair long and shiny made so by the use of 'Glastoria' and 'Stay Down', and gently parted on the side." Behold every man in the realm comes forth with a long mane, glistening and smooth. Perhaps, this shininess will gain favor in the eyes of the sovereign, they sincerely hope.

"Thou shalt wear thy trousers twenty-one inches wide, not only at the bottom, but all the way up, fastening this important part of your apparel to you with a wide belt to be put far below the average waistline."

"Thy trousers shall be light in color, worn with a dark coat to give vivid contrast. Under this coat thou shalt wear a sweater, preferably a light solid color with a streak of varied colors around the neck to give color to the brown cheeks."

"Thou shalt wear heavy tan oxfords of either the 'Johnny Bull' or 'Scotly' last, having always a glowing shine."

"Thou shalt roll thy socks," which command is followed by even those who have weak and scrawny limbs.

"Thy hat shalt be flat-brimmed with a slight roll on the side."

"Whatsoever thou commandest we will do," declare the foolish mortals—and they try to! Is not this realm within the mountain the only place worth while? No one cares to be banished and sent back an exile to the village.

The poor little lame child was left behind—not because he wanted to be left but because he could not follow. There are many of these lame children. They sit in their cheerless rooms and gaze upon the reflections of the Pied Piper and the other land, on the pages of their fashion sheets and they dream of the day when they, too, will be classed as a follower of the Pied Piper. They do not think of all the silly laws and rules these poor people must obey. They see only the glistening, shiny side of it; they have not yet entered the enchanted realm.

And the mothers and fathers are sad and lonely, for their children never return to the village and they and the cripples are without. They dream of and long for a time when they will see their children once more—see them as they were before the enchanter appeared and claimed them for his own—but they will never—for a cruel sovereign is Fashion, the Pied Piper of modern times.

"Outside Activities" For The College Student

BY FRANCES ANTLEY



ON every American college campus there has grown up in recent years a complex organization of extra curricular activities. When one compares the college campus of two decades ago with one of today, these "outside activities" are easily noted. Two decades ago college was still a place for those only who sought the pleasures of the intellect. Possibly on account of the rapid development of a "newly-rich aristocracy" in America, the atmosphere of the colleges and universities of today do not hold to such ideals of highest intellectuality. It is a boast of modern society that anyone can obtain a college education. It is these "anybods" on the campuses today that are in a large measure responsible for many of the "outside activities." They find that they cannot get sufficient pleasure and enjoyment from study for study's sake, so other activities are created to satisfy them. On fulfilling the offer of a college as defined by William DeWitt Hyde—"To be at home in all lands and all ages, to count nature a familiar acquaintance, and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among the men of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose oneself in generous enthusiasm and co-operate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christian,—this is the offer of the college for the four best years of your life" these "outside activities" have a definite task. The average college campus of today readily shows the existence of such "outside activities". Among the buildings one sees fraternity houses, the Y. M. C. A. Hut, and halls for literary clubs. The gridiron, the gymnasium, the cinder track represent the athletic activities. These symbolize the "outside activities" that share honors with the work of the regular curriculum—activities such as social organizations, athletic associations, religious organizations, and clubs for literary or departmental work.

These "outside activities," though they have a duty and a feasibility that is not denied by any far-sighted educator of today, do compete with the more serious purposes of the college, the regular duties of the curriculum, for the interest, the strength, and the time of a student. A student very often finds himself so interested in some form of "outside activity" that he loses his keen interest in his class work for the time being. A student in one of the smaller Southern colleges was working on the publi-

city committee of the Y. W. C. A. She found this work appealing and the results gratifying. Little by little her thinking developed more and more along lines of publicity. In reading a magazine she would find her attention wandering from the article she was trying to analyze to the attractive lettering of an advertisement. In reading poetry she would often find a verse or two that she thought could be worked into an attractive poster. Then would come the desire to throw her books aside, take a paint brush, and make a poster. The development of this instinct would have had a serious effect on her prescribed college courses; this "outside activity" drew her interest from her college course. Great demands are made too on the physical strength of a student. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an established principle in education but the play must not take so much energy from the student that a sufficiency is not left for the studies. The boy who makes a football squad has an hour of early morning practice, the whole afternoon is devoted to it, and at night "skull practice" is in order. Other sports occupy equal amounts of time. Weary hours spent in the collecting of club dues, chasing after advertisements and subscriptions for college publications—all demand the strength of the student. As a member of a social club, a boy might stay out at a dance until extremely late. The next day his classes will suffer because of his drowsiness. Athletics seem to be regarded by some as the "Ruler Supreme" of college life. By the training a student receives in athletics his strength is increased rather than exhausted, and added vim and force are created that can be used in preparing class work. A wise distribution of one's strength is necessary to keep going in a college program. A student's time is shared too with the "outside activities". It is often disastrous when a student, after writing a paper for a literary society, realizes she has not time to prepare the paper that is due in her English class the next day. The most important field of competition between the prescribed courses and "outside activities" is the time of the student, though strength and interest are held as premiums too.

A student should include activities in his college course but they should be limited so that unwise inroads upon her interest, time, and strength will not be made. To each student there are twenty-four hours each day. The "outside activities" in which she participates, as everything else, must be limited by these twenty-four hours. The college student, doing standard work, carries an average of fifteen hours a week. For each hour of this class work, an average of two hours is required for preparation. For the preservation of good health eight

(1)—The College Man and the College Woman—Wm. D. Hyde.

hours of sleep a day is necessary. Allowing one and one-half hours each day for meals, one hour for dressing, and one hour a week for prescribed gymnasium work, one hundred and nine hours are provided for in a six-day schedule. This leaves thirty-five hours, or an average of five and a half hours a day for a student to use for recreation or "outside activities."

A question arises to the thinking student of how she shall spend these five and a half hours. This is the time allowed for recreation, for social life, and for the fuller development of those interests that seem most vital to her. The choosing of the "outside activities" may be based upon the college course the student is taking for her interest along these lines has already been shown. To the girl who is doing her major work in English, the literary societies, the college papers and magazines, and the English clubs would hold a wide appeal. The Science club or Home Economic club would prove most valuable possibly to a girl who is taking a course in Home Economics. As interest has already been shown along the lines of the selected course, the "outside activities" might be chosen in connection with them.

If a student selects her "outside activities" in accordance with her prescribed college course, she finds these activities of greater value because they are related to her interests and hold the possibility of giving a practical turn. When a literary club offers in its program for the year a study of the novel, the students get information here that would be of service to them in a course dealing with the development of the novel. A chance of expression of creative and superior ability along definite lines is offered and this leads into a possible choice of a profession. How many are the newspaper men of today who first became interested in their work by serving on the staff of a college paper? Many of the prominent magazine writers admit that their first practice was for the benefit of a college publication. The religious or-

ganizations offer chances of development of social service. The production of the annual holds a possible attraction to photography. Each "outside activity," aside from the value gained by social contact with other people, when worked as a supplement to a college course, serves as a help in choosing a profession.

Someone has said "there is that in youth which rebels against restriction, which tends naturally to ranging interests rather than to depth of concentration: And there is always to be reckoned with his greater devotion to those phases of his life which he himself organizes and controls than to those that are organized and prescribed for him." ⁽¹⁾ Considering this, "outside activities" fill a needed part in a college's program, but students must feel the demand the years will make upon them.

*"Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
with a conviction of the power that waits on
knowledge."—Wordsworth.*

Too many students think that the four years they live within the college walls will be the only time of their lives when they can contribute to the work of that college. An intense and spirited love of their Alma Mater calls them to throw themselves whole heartedly into every activity working on their campus. To these students must be brought the realization that life outside of the college walls brings a much larger field of service to that Alma Mater, if their work is done thoroughly while in school. The four years within the walls are simply a time of preparation for the giving that will come later if a college student is wise in the selection of her "outside activities" for a college graduate should be able "to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices both private and public of peace and war." ⁽¹⁾ It is not doubted that "outside activities" are a valuable part of college life but the amount of these activities and the choice of them is the proposition which the student faces today.

(1)—"Outside the Curriculum"—Forum, February, '24.

(1)—Milton.

The Rosebud

Dawn had come,
Night had slipped away,
The rosebud opened her eyes
And knew that it was day.

Her day of joy and beauty,
Her day to cheer and bless,
Her day to help the world along,
Her day of happiness.

She gave her fragrance to the breeze,
Her smile to a child in grief,
Her nod to a lovely passer-by,
Her color to a dead, dry leaf.

Night had come
Day had slipped away,
There, on the cold, damp ground
Some colorless rose petals lay.

LUCILE NIX

BOOK REVIEWS

The Southern Plantation

BY DR. FRANCIS PENDLETON GAINES



AY down South in Dixie!" How many different images lie in that one phrase! Even today there are those who have never been in the South and think of this part of the country in a confused way. They imagine large, stately homes, "easy-going" people with much culture and little money. And certainly, they think of the South of ante-bellum days in mysterious awe; it appears to them only as a place to furnish ideas for fiction writers.

There is really no longer a distinct North and South in this country, but there is an appeal, a charm, a something about "the South" which still finds its way into popular sentiment and is reflected in modern fiction, music, (jazz and lullabies), and entertainments (minstrels and motion pictures).

Often the popular conception of the South is far from the real conception. To create a truly Southern atmosphere, the writer or entertainer must go back to the South of ante-bellum days, and according to the popular idea there must necessarily exist a stately mansion, a beautiful girl, a handsome man, a devoted mammy, darkey comedians—a Southern plantation! This misconception of the plantation is the root of many of the inaccurate and confused ideas about the ante-bellum South. For this reason Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines' book, "The Southern Plantation," a clear and detailed analysis of this "ante-bellum estate," is received with much interest.

The method the author uses in discussing the subject at once attracts attention. Dr. Gaines does not dash hurriedly into an abstract treatment, but step by step—simply, convincingly—he establishes a foundation, and thus prepares the reader for each angle of the subject. He divides the study into three parts: (1) The Popular Conception of the Plantation (2) The Development of the Conception in literature, in Popular Song, and on the Stage (3) The Conception Compared with the Actual.

The book begins with the popular conception of the plantation as revealed in numerous songs, dances, advertisements, movies, stories, and minstrels of today. "There is a measurable dramatic representation of plantation life in relative fullness," Dr. Gaines says. "The pattern is constant. The setting reveals the conventional mansion, a large white house with commodious grounds, the latter lovely with prodigal growth of flowers and shrubbery considered Southern. The background is usually the cotton-field; if a moonlight scene can be introduced, so much the better. The characters fall into stock types:

the old planter, or if the time is post-bellum, the former general; his daughter or ward, heroine of the drama, owner of an elaborate wardrobe, marked particularly by hoop-skirts and delicate bodices; the butler, who may also be the body guard, clothed in grotesque finery; the old mammy, who may also be the cook, with her inevitable bandanna."

After giving the reader this foundation, the author begins to develop the conception of the tradition in literature, stating that the plantation made its first important appearance in American literature with the works of Kennedy and of Corruthers, about 1832. By 1850, however, the plantation began to have a firm hold on American thought and the result was a "fairly well defined tradition."

Between the years 1850 and 1870, the period of the fugitive slave agitation, the plantation element was found in much of the literature, and especially as Dr. Gaines says in the polemic writings, the domestic romances and in the serious art. After 1870 there was a new appreciation of the old tradition, caused by the increase in the number of the writers who turned to the plantation for material, and by the romantic attitude of the writers to the tradition. Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris brought to the tradition "a body of writing which is considerable in quantity and marked by high artistic ability." Dr. Gaines also traces the places which the plantation holds in writings of recognized merit after 1870 to the present literature.

The stage is always a subject of interest, and when Dr. Gaines discusses the development of the conception of the plantation in the minstrelsy and in the regular drama, the subject is both pleasing and charming. The author says that, according to Joseph Jefferson, T. D. Rice is called "the first knight of the burnt cork". He made his debut in 1832 with his famous song and dance of Jim Crow. Dr. Gaines shows how the plantation theme persisted and still appears on the stage of today even in the motion pictures. Closely associated with the stage is the plantation song. The development of the conception of this type of song and its effect in modern songs is also carefully discussed.

The last part of the study of the Southern plantation, Dr. Gaines calls "The Conception Compared With the Actual". After the preceding chapters the reader is prepared for the facts in the case—and "here lies the story." The economic basis and social structure of the plantation, the plantation characters, and finally, the race

relations are all ably-handled. So forceful and genuine is this discussion of the actual plantation that a decided reaction in the mind of the reader is sure to follow. Some readers, no doubt, will be disillusioned; their fanciful dreams of the enchanted Southern plantation will be shattered. Other readers will receive the truth gladly—realizing that the tantalizing uncertainty and confusion is over.

An editorial, of a very recent date, from the News and Courier of Charleston, South Carolina, states, "We haven't the faintest idea whether Dr. Gaines is a Northern man or a Southern man. Nor do we care. His book speaks for itself." This remark indicates that the

book is a work of art. Dr. Gaines' work is absolutely free from any touch of sectionalism—he presents facts. As the reader enjoys the book, he can feel the personality of a man who has sought the truth, has found it, and has presented it in an unbiased way. The one fact—that "The Southern Plantation" is truth, will justify the statement which the "News and Courier" makes, "The manner in which he has executed the task which he thus set for himself, Dr. Gaines has placed all serious students of life in the Old South in his debt."

"The Southern Plantation" is written in a clear, simple style; its subtle humor in numerous places is delightful; its interest does not flag; it is a valuable study!

J. J.

The Enchanted April



THE old maxim, "circumstances alter cases" is converted by "Elizabeth," the author of "The Enchanted April," into "situations alter characters." Imagine a change from a dreary city with sooty rain falling steadily on the countless umbrellas and glistening omnibuses to an old Italian castle set in a bewildering profusion of colour made up of myriads of riotous flowers bathed in glorious sunshine. Is one the same in attitude, spirit, and conduct in the first setting as one is among the beauties of the second? One month of alluring loveliness, thirty days of glorious enchantment, an April of smiles and delicate witchery fill the monotonous lives of seven people with love and grace, in "The Enchanted April." The medieval castle becomes a veritable fairy palace which weaves its spell over all who dwell within its walls. April, the month of smiles and tenderness, becomes synonomous with sunshine and by its trembling soecery brings happiness and love to blossom where discord and disillusion had rankled. "The Enchanted April" is music and poetry in its characters, its plot, and its imagery.

Mrs. Wilkins, the dominant personage of the little drama, is inordinately sensitive to environment. In her suppressed surroundings as the insignificant wife of a rather pompous lawyer, whose first name, Mellersh, describes him better than any detailed description, the little woman goes unnoticed and unknown. Mr. Wilkins encourages thrift, particularly in regard to his wife's clothes; and, as a consequence, they were, as her acquaintances dubbed them, "a perfect sight." More often, however, her husband's circle never spoke of her at all, as she was so shy, so reluctant in conversation, so self-effacing that her presence and personality were negligible. In contrast with Mellersh's clean-shaven, fine-looking bearing and his pithy and prudent conversation,

she was pitifully inadequate. No one recognized her disabilities more than herself, and no one guessed the longing she had for beauty and the chance to live up to her own personality. On a dreary afternoon as she sat in the uncomfortable woman's club and listlessly scanned the advertisements in the "Times", the announcement "to those who appreciate wistaria and sunshine" that a small medieval Italian castle would be for rent during the month of April, brought before her hungry eyes a vision of restful freedom in surroundings of tender loveliness. The longing so emboldened her shy spirit that she persuaded the capable and efficient, yet withal rather unhappy Mrs. Arbuthnot to join her in renting the villa. In order to reduce the rent to the slender boundaries of their purses, they secured two other women, Lady Caroline, discontented and dispirited, and Mrs. Fisher, an educated, quiet, and elderly widow. After a rather disagreeable scene with Mellersh, in which she displayed a gentle but immovable obstinacy, Mrs. Wilkins set off for her enchanted castle, San Salvatore. In the delicious peace of its quiet days, and relieved from the pressure of her husband's harsh respectability and conventionality, she develops into a rare personality; much as an exotic plant, undernourished and oppressed in the bitter cold of a basement, unfolds and blossoms into delicate and tender beauty in the sheltered warmth of the hot house.

The new joy and peace and the slow unfolding of personality is not confined to Mrs. Wilkins, but blesses her companions also. Mrs. Arbuthnot, a tower of strength in church affairs, the vicar's right hand, had devoted her time and energy to the poor instead of to her husband; for, harassed by her conscience, she could not countenance his means of livelihood—he wrote immensely popular memoirs of the mistresses of former kings.

She loved him too deeply to be near him without weakened, and, as she could not awaken him to the awfulness of living by the sins of others, she gave him to God's hands. Lady Caroline, too, was unhappy; she was tired, tired, tired of everybody and everything she had known. She wanted to get away, to rest, to relax in peace. The third companion, the firm and lonely widow, merely wished to spend a short time in Italy without annoyance. Four women, differing widely in habit, thought, and emotion from each other, placed in close proximity in an enchanted land during the teasing, enticing month of April! Two actively unhappy, one lonely and unloved, and the other just uncurling the petals of a tender personality, are gradually softened and relaxed until they are bound by ties of affection and tenderness and gain courage to adjust their surroundings to fit their new selves.

The moods of "Elizabeth's" characters are daintily, yet surely drawn; the book is touched by the same haunting and witching beauty as other of "Elizabeth's" works. Of "Elizabeth" herself very little is known, as she seems to preserve her incognito very closely; but she has gained a great deal of distinction for her powers of description, for her ability to absorb atmosphere and transform it into words. The moods of the setting fairly breathe through her pages and are almost the moods of her characters. On the first morning of her arrival at San Salvatore, Lotty Wilkins, enraptured at the beauty before her, is tremblingly stirred in response. "Wistaria and sunshine"—she remembered the advertisement. "The wistaria was stumbling over itself in its excess of life; and where the pergola ended the sun blazed on scarlet geraniums, bushes of them, and marigolds so brilliant they seem to be burning. The cherry trees and peach trees were in blossom—lovely showers of white and deep rose-color among the trembling delicacy of the olives----The grass was thick with dandelions and daisies, and right down at the bottom was the sea----The wind caught at her and brushed, wet and scented, across

her face----" And Mrs. Wilkins smiles, "It is heaven, isn't it?-----all so visibly and enjoying ourselves." Enchantment—a delicious harmony of characters and environment.

The characters and atmosphere are the principal parts of the book, and the plot only serves to enhance their interpretation. It is simplicity itself, and indeed the whole book might be effectively comprehended in the one word, if to simplicity one may ascribe a fairy-like delicacy of movement and touch. Perhaps a resume of the action might concern itself with four women sadly in need of rest and change. The repose and beauty of San Salvatore so refresh their spirits that two of them realize how great is their love for their husbands, one gains a dear friend with whom to share love and companionship, and the fourth experiences life's greatest miracle. The action is leisurely and smooth, graceful and supple, and is almost atmospherical. Not at all, however, does it seem to hesitate and its conclusion, though delicate and exquisitely sensitive, is finished and lightly rounded.

After such a sojourn in the magical harmonies of Italy in April, one involuntarily seeks the enchanted land in one's own surroundings. Life demands "sunshine and wistaria" says Mrs. Wilkins, after her husband had decided that she was really charming and had all the qualities he had credited her with during his courtship, and which seemed to have been in abeyance since their marriage. Surely there is beauty everywhere and it needs only the enchanted glasses of the super, trusting and patient, to discover its allure. Mrs. Wilkins found primroses one day up in a cold corner of the hills. Beauty lingers; it is the music and poetry of life. After the enchanted land of beauty, after the month of glorious loveliness, "when, on the first of May, everybody went away, even after they had got to the bottom of the hill and passed through the iron gates out into the little village, they still could smell the acacias."

C. M. T.

Winter

Winter days are here at last
The flowers droop and die
For cruel winds and stormy blast
Have swept the earth and sky.

Beneath the trees the leaves lie dead,
The snow lies thick, the birds have gone
In woodland paths the rabbits tread
The world is asleep till the spring
shall dawn.

M. S. GRAY.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

RETURN To college students each day during the Christmas holidays is like a course of a delightful banquet, but the day they return to the college is like the black coffee which settleth them. It is then that a new era begins.

This era of fitting into college circles after holidays is a painful adjustment. After the excitement of the greetings which accompanies the return to college, the students begin to show dissatisfaction and lack of interest in the college. In the girls' colleges the chatter in the halls and rooms generally evolves around, "he said", "I said", and "we did." Study hour is a luxury on these first days of return. Opened books give only a blurred impression of words. The average student will allow her eyes to wander around the room while her mind is drifting to brown eyes, Chesterfields, bridge, New Year's Eve—roses—snow or similar images—and the voice of the college is very faint.

In the boys' colleges the same unacademic atmosphere exists. The average boy tries to seek more solace from the "great god Nick o' Teen," and the Christmas pipes, cigars and cigarettes are lit in unusual number. As he encircles himself in streams of smoke he visions turkey, breakfast at 10, a pink fan, an encore waltz, blue eyes, fruitcake, doughnuts, pains or similar themes—and the voice of the college seems far away.

Memories, dominating memories, are present during the first days after students return from the holidays and these voices from the past make the adjustment to college life painful. But examinations, the voice of the future, are near and the adjustment must be made.

Memories are beautiful; memories are pleasant, but we realize that they are not included in a college curriculum. The art of forgetting, accomplished by will-power, will gradually eliminate the presence of these memories. After all it is best to live in the *present*; it is best for us as college students to *master* the Christmas memories as soon as we return to college and begin work immediately. It saves time—it pays.

BE A THINKER An English Professor in a South Carolina college said that she had recently received from one of the students in the English department an essay which was a revelation to her. The words in the essay were arranged in a logical order but the essay itself did not contain a single thought.

This trait, much talking and writing but no thinking, seems to be prevalent among the majority of the college students—that is if we listen to public opinion. Do we deny this opinion or do we realize how little we really

do think? So often the so-called educated man or woman must "begin at the bottom" in a business or profession just as those who are not considered educated—Perhaps this is because an educated person must prove that he is able to think out problems—regardless of his college work, because an educated man is not always an intelligent man. To possess facts is one thing! To interpret facts is another.

When an educated man does begin to interpret the facts which he has accumulated and really thinks, he does not stop at the bottom of the business he has undertaken but goes up and keeping on going up—

Mr. Edward W. Bok in a recent magazine article, "How About the College," gives an illustration of the opinion which exists in regard to an educated and an intelligent person. He tells the story of a little Polish girl in a New York school who was asked to write an essay on the difference between an educated man and an intelligent man. She wrote: "An educated man gets his thinks from some one else, an intelligent man works his own thinks."

How much more interesting people would be if they thought out their own thinks. Of course to do one's own thinking requires mental energy, but it results in an independence and assurance that the unthinking person does not have. By individual thinking we do not advocate radicalism or heresy—these are the products of superficial and superfluous thinking; good sound thinking will not injure anyone.

Here is a disadvantage also in individual thinking. notice the individual thinkers in the business, political or religious life today who have accomplished something worthwhile—they are generally criticised. Perhaps a good motto for a person to adopt if he is a sound individual thinker and is honest in his thinking is the one Gouverneur Morris gives in his late novel, "Keeping The Peace"—the motto is this, "They say. What say they? Let them say."

We wonder what would happen if college students became real thinkers. We are sure of one result—these thinkers would gradually change public opinion—the educated man would become also the intelligent man—a combination which would accomplish things. Let us begin this year "to think our own thinks!"

ROUGE There is much discussion today on the subject of rouge. Father, the mother, brother—in fact the whole family—the lover, and even an old maid aunt or kindly old bachelor uncle have a word to say on the subject. It is discussed in the home, at the corner drug store, where the "tea-hounds" stand, in the church, and

in the institutions of learning, including the Greenville Womans College.

With so many persons discussing this topic, naturally many views are expressed. There are those who say that a great amount of rouge on a girl's face detracts from her general appearance. They say that when a girl has her cheeks rouged to such an intense color that they match some deep red or orange trimming on her dress, one feels that she is artificial. She no longer seems to be that sweet innocent piece of humanity, but some stiff model. To these people who would perhaps not object to seeing a moderate amount of rouge used artistically, a great amount of rouge is repulsive. After all each individual, by justice, owes this much to society—to look her best. Without doubt this group, which is indeed large, would declare that the highly rouged girl is not most pleasing to the whole group of society around her.

Consider the argument of those who say that even a moderate amount of rouge is not pleasing and detracts from a very attractive girl. These people would have the white roses remain pure white roses, advocating that rouge is artificial and therefore the girl who uses it is no more beautiful than an artificial rose.

The college girl is not likely to take the last view point. The average student, it is believed, thinks that a moderate amount of rouge and powder used skillfully changes her complexion, and therefore appearance, for the better. The question is shall a girl who has not that youthful bloom in her cheek, put the artificial bloom there in such a way that it appears natural? Some would say that this is deception, and yet after all it is no more deception than curling the hair that is naturally straight.

In the old world the use of rouge is looked upon in quite a different way. There, few ladies use rouge. They do not have to, because usually they have a healthy, pink coloring. Especially does one note this among the English women. The warm damp climate of England seems to bring out the pink pigment in the skin and maintain it longer than the dryer climate of America. Does this not, to some extent, justify the American woman's use of rouge?

It may be that the American student does not take enough exercise and enjoy the health-giving sun enough to stimulate the color in her skin. Just as true expression comes from within-outwards, true beauty comes from within-outwards. All study and no play—and certainly all study about beauty and no fresh air and exercise—means not only that Mary will be a dull girl but that she will also be a pale rose.

Would not a course in hygiene help in deciding whether or not she would leave off rouge entirely, use it in moderation, or continue to use it in abundance, as some do. Such a course as is now being considered for Greenville Womans College would certainly teach a girl how to

keep her body sound and healthy and therefore her complexion healthy and glowing.

EXCHANGES

The Tatler of Randolph Macon Womans College is one of the best magazines our exchange has received from a woman's college. All of the material printed is of high standard but there was not enough variety offered. There were no essays in this issue. If two or more of these, another editorial and a book review had been added, the material would have been better balanced. "Feeling" is a very vivid description of emotion and the setting of the story was especially well developed. "The Quest" is the best story in the magazine, it being one of the most original modern fairy tales we have ever read. Sutookee is a lovable little elf, justly deserving of his "happy-ever-after." "Exercise in Angular Prose" has the quality we call different, but the characters are too marked by self-control and deliberateness to be real or very human. "What'll I do" is just an amusing little love story, not unusual, while "At Cummer's Mill" is the Doctor story heard so often—he gave the best of his young life and service to the people in the small country town.

The poetry of this issue is better than the prose. "Death of Conrad," "Now," and "The Guest" will bear reading many times. "A Fancy," and "Willow" are the pleasing results of a good imagination. "Autumn Sadness" and "When I Have Died" contain real emotion and the lines about the moon in "Autumn Sadness" are very good:

*"Tonight it is a twisted thing—
Like a mouth that smiles in pain."*

The unique idea of comparing a night train to a pirate ship is brought out in "Night Trains" and the description is well done. In "Aspects of the Hudson," the aspect of noon is the most realistic. The editorial "Literary Criticism" makes a splendid point and we hope to see some real criticism in the exchange department.

The chief criticism we have to make of the Criterion of Columbia is the arrangement of the material. One number follows the other throughout the magazine with the result that the impression of too much material placed in too little space is given. The poetry of this issue is not even mediocre in quality—in fact, "To the Freshman" and "Four Views" are merely jingles. "Opportunity" contains a good thought but the author needs to spend some time on meter and selection of words. "Memory" is an attractive bit of rhyme, old in theme but enjoyable. Evidently the fair ones of Columbia College are marks for cupid's darts. All of the four short stories are on the theme of love. Is it not possible for a college student to write an interesting short story on some other subject than the old worn one of love? We can read of moon-

light in gardens and girls as fair as roses or love affairs that always end happily in any cheap magazine. If love must be the theme then do not ruin a good story with too many flowery descriptions. Give us something that will not leave a clawing after-effect. "A glimpse of Hill Crest" is a well written article of educational value to all South Carolinians. "The Other Fellow" is rather sketchy, and although we get an idea as to the point the writer was trying to make, this would have been clearer if she had spent more time in developing it. She evidently has not given sufficient thought to her subject. The editorial "Forward" was not very convincing in getting the students to realize that they should do their part in building up the Criterion. "Relations in Hamony" is applied directly to Columbia college but the problem it presents is one that all college students should face squarely. We do not think that the Local Department has any place in a college literary magazine. Neither do we think that the Scrappy Stories add materially to the literary value of the Criterion. Much of our criticism is destructive but we offer it with the hope of helping the staff improve the quality of material printed.

The staff of the Chronicle of Clemson College has had our sympathy, for we realize the difficulties encountered in securing material for the magazine during the recent walkout. We were unable to determine whether the November number was a Junior Class issue or a Kirton issue. There was a decided brevity in the table of contents—only nine numbers, four of these poems, with three by the same student. The poem "Tapers" by Mr. Kirton was the best number in the magazine. His treatment of an original idea is altogether delightful. Cobwebs, attic-lights in the heart and lavender scented dreams are comparable to the echoes of soft music that remain in the soul. The meter of "De Possum Hunt" by the same author is especially suited to the negro dialect. Mr.

Kirton's third poem, Nightfall, is rather gloomy and pessimistic. Being a fanatic on the subject of pessimism and optimism, the idea of night fall being a time of terror to the creatures of the earth is not very pleasant. Mr. Kirton does not excel as well in attempts at essay as he does in poetry. Mr. Kirton's three poems throw the poem "November Moonlight" into such pitiful contrast that we wonder how it got in print. We sincerely hope that Mr. "February" will come down to earth before attempting other exaltations.

If the three short stories had measured up to the standard of the poetry, the Chronicle would have been improved somewhat. "A New Scene in a Political Debauche" has the elements of a better short story if more time were given to the working out of the plot. The author shows an ability to characterize well. "The Preacher's Little Girl" is with endearing adjectives and flowery phrases. Most young writers seem to be incapable of describing love scenes. Whether this be due to lack of experience or ability to express emotion we cannot say, but we hope our feelings will be regarded hereafter. If the editor had spent all of his time in developing any one of these editorials, better results and impressions would have been made. He is to be commended for devising a means of getting the students interested in writing for the college magazine.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Echo of Furman, the Carolinian of Carolina, the Wofford College Journal, the College of Charleston Magazine, the Collegian of P. C., the Erothesian of Lander College, the Right Angle of Summerland College, and the Nautilus of Greenville High School. It was with especial pleasure that we read the Carlinian and the Wofford College Journal. The Nautilus is a very creditable High School Magazine, unusually attractive in appearance.

Children of the Brain

Hark, I hear the tramp of feet
I see the children of the brain
I feel the welcomes of the parent
Smell to a glad refrain.

The misty portals open wider
And forth from them they pour
A motley crowd, they come,
Not waifs behind, or rich before.

A stooped man embraces a waif,
A woman, a velvet gowned
Each a parent clasps in turn
The poor, the torn, the renowned.

These children can linger not
But pass from the warm embrace
Into the cold, cruel world
Leaving the parent's enraptured face.

MARIE REAVES.

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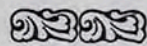
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And then resolve—not to make any more in vain for 1925. Temperance, thrift, strict application to duty, studiousness—all are alright, but mortal men and women will find it far easier to merely resolve to abide more freely—and graciously, by the Golden Rule. It covers everything, including happiness.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

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