

4-1-1925

## The Isaqueena - 1925, April

Jack Jones  
*Greenville Woman's College*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/isaqueena>



Part of the [Literature in English, North America Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Jones, Jack, "The Isaqueena - 1925, April" (1925). *Isaqueena*. 92.  
<http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/isaqueena/92>

This Magazines (Periodicals) is made available online by Journals, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in Isaqueena by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the [FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines](#). For more information, please contact [scholarexchange@furman.edu](mailto:scholarexchange@furman.edu).

# The ISAQUEENA



## Contents

"The Gate" (Poem) .....	Callie Mayre Thomas .....	3
"Corra White Harris" (Essay) .....	Edith Outzs .....	4
"Caesar's Head" (Sketch) .....	Annie May Ledbetter .....	8
"Trial" (Story) .....	Callie Mayre Thomas .....	10
"Isaqueena" (Play) .....	Jack Jones .....	13
"Cerebral Athletics" (Essay) .....	Grace Alexander .....	16
"If I Were a Heathen" (Essay) .....	Frances Antley .....	17
"On Lacking Inspiration" (Essay) .....	Madeline Dilworth .....	18
Social Calendar .....		19
Exchange .....		19
Editorials .....		20

April, 1925

VOL. XIX

Greenville Womans College, Greenville, S. C.

No. 3

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

—BEN FRANKLIN, PRINTER

WILLIAM LEBBY,  
*General Manager*

J. HAROLD MARTIN,  
*Sales Manager*

# Peace Printing Co.

Printing, Ruling, Binding, Engraving  
Office Supplies and Equipment



Distributors of



Products



News Building

Telephone—600

GREENVILLE, S. C.

PRESIDENT, CONSTANCE HAYNES  
VICE-PRESIDENT, FRANCES ANTLEY  
VICE-PRESIDENT, MARIE REAVES  
UNDERGRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE  
EDNA MAE LANGSTON  
TREASURER, MARGARET GARVIN  
SECRETARY, GWENDOLYN RANDALL  
Y. W. A., ANNIE MAE LEDBETTER  
MEMBERSHIP, EDITH BREAZEALLE

# The Young Womans Christian Association

GREENVILLE WOMANS COLLEGE  
Greenville, S. C.

CONFERENCE FUND, SUSIE BURRIS  
SOCIAL SERVICE, HERSHEL KNOTTS  
PUBLICITY, MARY FORE  
SOCIAL, LAURA MAE WATSON  
BIBLE STUDY, CLARICE JOHNSON  
INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATION,  
MARGUERITE BURNS  
HAND BOOK, BETH TURNER  
MUSIC COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN,  
VIRGINIA TIMMIE

## The Isaquerna

Student Body of Greenville Womans College  
Greenville, S. C.



VOL. XIX      April, 1923      No. 3  
TERMS \$2.00 PER ANNUM

# The Isaqueena

---

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

---



---

Vol. XIX

April, 1925

No. 3

---

TERMS \$2.00 PER ANNUM

---

FRANK PRINTING CO., GREENVILLE

# THE ISAQUEENA

---

Vol. XIX      Greenville, S. C., April, 1925      No. 3

---

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

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ----- JACK JONES  
FIRST ASSISTANT ----- EULA BURNS  
SECOND ASSISTANT ----- CLEMMIE MOTES  
BUSINESS MANAGER ----- CORNELIA SIMPSON  
ADVERTISING MANAGER ----- ANGELINE WALKER  
ASST. ADVERTISING MGR. ----- AGNES PEARSON  
CIRCULATION MANAGER ----- IONEEN BROIDIE  
ASST. CIRCULATION MANAGER ----- DOROTHY DENNING  
EXCHANGE EDITOR ----- MADELINE DILWORTH

---

## The Gate

CALLIE MAYRE THOMAS

Where stone walls jealously circle  
A tiny garden,  
Loveliness lies guarded behind a tight-barred gate.  
No one guesses its delicate sweetness:  
No one comes to open the portal,  
Though soft swaying zephyrs float  
Wistfully over high guardian stones;  
Though a fragrance of dew-laden flowers  
Swirls temptingly above the close-shut gate.  
Its secret lies remote.  
Its longing flames unsought.

Years pass. The garden grows in beauty.  
One rides from afar:  
The breezes twirl in delight about him  
Beckoning him into the garden.  
Flower odors fill his senses with the appeal  
To discover and claim its mysteries.  
In vain the gray walls frown forbiddingly,  
The bars are drawn by an unwitting hand.  
The little gate swings wide, revealing  
Myriads of flowers in dainty profusion  
Whose bright glowing crowns nod, "welcome".  
Long grasses wane under windy caresses  
And whisper, "Enter, 'tis yours".  
Dew drops tremble in sparkling invitation.  
Stately trees rustle in eagerness;  
Sunshine enfolds the seeker in tenderness,  
As he pauses in the wide-swung gate.  
The garden cries out in ecstasy:  
Its riches are found.  
Its gift is claimed.

The wanderer lingers in rapture:  
He listens to the yearning message of the wind;  
He sees the longing on the flower faces;  
He feels the warm call of the sunshine;  
He knows the cry of the heart of the garden.  
Yet he must go. He cannot stay to  
Answer its wistful whisper.  
Amid the hush his footsteps die away  
Like the drooping murmurs of the garden.  
He is gone.  
But the garden quivers in ecstatic prophecy,  
For he has left the gate ajar.

## Corra White Harris

EDITH OUTZS



*COUNT it all joy when ye fall into manifold temptations, knowing that the proving of your faith worketh patience. And let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking in nothing.\**

—One feels that the meaning of these words early became a part of Corra White Harris for though she has known fears, temptations, sorrows, misfortunes and griefs, she has also known “the great human virtues of fortitude, humanity, and faith, and strong in these, she has met the wind of destiny with cheerful courage.” Corra Harris has not long enjoyed the luxuries of life but she has not made her life miserable by bemoaning the fact. She has been strong in her determination of making the most of life from day to day in spite of the many obstacles that beset her. The carrying out of such determination has required faith—profound faith in God and in man—that faith that has been and is the faith of Corra Harris. Scarcely before one realizes it one is deeply interested in and attracted to a character that has known the meaning of faith since the days of early childhood. One rejoices to find the seed of faith and of hope planted in the heart of a mere child and to watch it grow and develop into a beautiful flower—character. In her own words, Corra Harris gives an account that establishes as a fact the belief that her faith took root in early childhood:—

“In the midst of the grass there was a rustic bench beneath the shade of a poplar tree, spire-shaped, with silver leaves always turning like tiny silver fans in the sunlight.”

I remember all this—the soft grass, the bees humming among the sage blossoms, the roses swinging and bowing to each other as if the wind that moved them was cotillion music—because mother often sat on this bench and read her Bible. On a certain day she was sitting there as usual, her brown hair parted, brushed smoothly back and coiled, her feet crossed, her skirts spread, and her eyes fixed upon the open book. I was somewhere on the grass at her feet, still a very small child, who knew no more of the immemorial past than that Adam was the first man, Eve the first woman, and Methuselah lived to be the oldest man. According to the back kick of my little short-tail mind, they had lived comparatively recently and passed away immediately before the beginning of real grandparents on earth. My world was bounded by the

\*James I:2-4

garden, mother’s room, and the high ramparts of the green hills beyond the avenue. My imagination, if I had any, could not have been taller than the sage bushes behind me.

Then mother called me by name and bade me listen. Dropping her eyes again to the book, she read, “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth”.

“There was no heaven, no earth, no stars, nothing, only God. He made everything,” she told me.

This was incredible but I believed it because she said it was so, and because when we are very young and innocent it is as easy to believe the magnificently incredible as it is difficult to believe any little good thing, later on when we are no longer innocent or good.

She went on reading what happened as recorded in Genesis, pausing between verses, giving me a truthful look as she interpreted them literally. I do not know if she believed that the heavens and the earth were created in seven of our short days, but she let me have it as it was written there.

I was amazed, exalted, as if she had opened the gates of unspeakable splendors to me. I swelled with emotions too great to think. I saw God, not an image with the face of my father or mother, but a strange inner vision, as by faith we grasp the idea of immortality without being able to conceive of the spiritual bodies of saints. I saw the blackness of nothingness split and light divide the darkness. It is the truth. I remember it well—I saw day break and the new stars shine and the waters divided from the waters.

We live best by faith, not by the mere facts within reach and proof of human reason or experience. I remember walking back to the house with a little barefooted strut, to think that I had been made by a God like that.

Whatever spiritual life I have had, began long after that. But my religious sense came to me that day, a conviction that binds me to the idea of almightiness. Never has my faith in this first chapter of the scripture been shaken.”\*

From this simple faith of her early days Corra Harris’ faith has grown into a faith that gives her courage and joy—not altogether orthodox, but a faith self-created from the beauty she found in the out of doors, the simple goodness of humble folks and the feeling of satisfaction in tasks well done.

\*My Book and Heart



As her faith began in her childhood, so her love for nature and for people had its early start. Corra White Harris says that her earliest recollections are not of incidents, nor of people; not even of her father and of her mother nor of that kind old room where she was born. "It is of a very large, round, warm day, spread in a sort of bright stillness over wide, green hills; one long day you understand—There was no night. The impression I have is of being alone out of doors in a bright place. My life must have been like that of a little herb in the fields. I was kin to the grass. I was near to the trees. No one ever called me. I was free and busy soaking in space, light, color, and this soft bright silence."\* Corra White's interest in her playmates—her little sister and cousins—her keen observance of her governess, of family portraits, of chromos, by the steel engraving of Henry Clay, and of the negro slaves, shows that she instinctively cared for human beings.

In childhood Corra White had a keen reaction to life, having many experiences, making the most of circumstances, possessing humor and individuality. She knew that her mother had matches which were kept for emergencies. But how she did enjoy slipping matches and hearing them strike on the brick hearth! If she were caught in this act, she made every effort to give excuses which would warrant freedom from punishment. She would declare that she could not reach the lamp-lighters and that the new crimped paper lighters were too pretty to be burned. (Her mother had made these paper lighters!) A little flattery is a good thing once in a while and Corra usually met situations with wisdom. As she says, "I could lie like a man, when necessary." While on a visit to their grandmother, Corra and her two cousins were permitted to play in the attic. There they spent a long time rambling through old trunks and boxes. On discovering a pack of papers the older cousin dared Corra to stick a match to them to see what would happen. *He* had the match—*she* had never taken a dare for she considered it a blow in the face. In a few moments screams of "Fire! Fire! The house is on fire!" could be heard.

These incidents took place shortly after the Civil War closed for as Corra says, she came up as the price of cotton went down after the Civil War. Though medicines were very high and though the finances of the White family were most limited, Corra White's mother could always manage to have a ready supply of asafetida. If Corra sneezed or coughed, a piece of asafetida must hang around her neck. But "it was not so bad after all!", says Corra. She never felt that she was marked by the

odor of this offensive drug because around the neck of nearly every other child was hung a similar charm. In her writings, Corra Harris has given vivid accounts of the nights she sat before the open fire, toasting the bottoms of her feet which had been greased with suet. And if her cold was a severe one, her mother stewed butter, vinegar and sugar in a sauce-pan and to Corra she fed this concoction which was sure to cure all ailments!

The individuality of Corra Harris' personality is remarkable and *has always been* remarkable. As a child, the little things that she did and said, placed her in a class all her own. She was "the prey of noble emotions." She could be moved to heights of sorrow by her own thoughts, and she took the keenest satisfaction in exercising the sad side of her nature. As was the common custom on the old southern plantations, the whites had their own burying ground. Corra felt that the men and women who lay in that burying ground were her people, even if she did not know anything about them. "I used to go there in certain high moods, sit upon one of the stones, keen my nose to the heavens and weep for them. I would crumple myself up in a little fat bundle of grief and sob aloud for these relatives, not because they were dead but because they were forgotten. No one loved them. It was terrible. It was my duty to extend the charity of my small heart to them."\*

Wise and witty is the personality of Corra Harris. The salt of her humor is ever dropped on the tail of a fancy without malice. In the midst of a most trying battle she is able to find the humorous side of the situation. *Faith* and *Humor* may be well named among the soldiers in the battles of her life.

Corra Harris undoubtedly possesses a marked characteristic of day to day effort. To what is this characteristic due? One's thoughts naturally turn to the subject of heredity with the purpose of deciding whether in the case of Corra White Harris inheritance is very highly specialized. It is a matter of interest to know whether she followed in the footsteps of her parents or whether she found new paths to travel. Corra White is of French descent, her parents being the direct left hand descendants of Hugh Capet, "an unusually simple King of France", as she casually remarks. Her maternal great-grandfather was a primitive Baptist preacher, a man of brimstone distinction in this early church. In speaking of this grand-parent Corra Harris states that he marked his descendants with certain of the fiercer doctrinal convictions, but he failed to entail his piety. He was the only member of the family that was ever called to the ministry. Tinsley

\*My Book and Heart—by Corra Harris

\*My Book and Heart—by Corra Harris

Rucker White, the father of Corra White Harris, was a planter. His cotton plantation of two thousand acres was mortgaged "to the last cotton bloom to the top of the tallest cotton stalk."\* The birth of little Corra in March, eighteen-hundred sixty-nine, marked the beginning of the fourth generation of the White family to be born under this mortgage. But did this mortgage disturb the peace of Mr. T. R. White? Why it "rested as lightly upon him as the blue sky above his head!"\* Mr. White was of the easy going type. He occasionally succeeded in business, not because he was ambitious but because he was capable and just decided to experiment. He was often too careless with his money. On one occasion he left the plantation with fifty bales of cotton and with fifty cents in his pockets. When he returned to the plantation, he could not tell what he had done with the money which he received for the cotton! He was too easy with every thing and with every body. Corra says that her earliest recollection of her father is seeing him stretched fast asleep on an old couch, with a volume of Shakespeare open, resting upon his splendid nose. However, Corra states "but there is something rash in me with a reach to it, like a pair of wings in a high wind, that descends with a splendid sweep from this father." From the other parent, Mary Elizabeth Matthews, Corra must have inherited her virtues—the power to endure and the will to achieve. It was this mother who reigned in the home. It was she who did the planning, the scheming, the punishing. She taught the children their lessons and daily explained the Bible to them. She determined to give her children the best training possible and to instil the great truths of life while her children were young. Mary Elizabeth White was stern and rigidly orthodox. She had to be! She was a sincere, Christian woman who carried all her troubles and her joys to God. Her children believed that there was a particular angel whose business it was to look after their father. When their mother was found on her knees alone in her room the children knew that she was wrestling in prayer with that angel. Corra says that she never disturbed her mother on such occasions for she had a feeling that God was in the room with her and that it was best for "Corra" not "to be in such close quarters with the Almighty!" No wonder that Corra White grew into womanhood with a feeling of dependence on the Master Friend.

Corra White early had to face life with a grim determination to make the most of it from day to day. Courage was required for this Georgia lassie of fifteen to leave the Elbert County Plantation, where contact with people had been most limited,

and to enter the girls' academy at Elberton. Until this time, Corra's education had been directed by her mother and by a governess. She had read all the poetry and all the histories in the very considerable library of the home. She had finished the *Odes of Horace*, Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, that huge book on the *Evidences of Christianity*, and had attempted a little algebra. But she could not parse a simple sentence or work an example in simple fractions, nor was she sure of the multiplication tables. The day before Corra was to leave for Elberton her mother explained to her what it means to be a virtuous woman, that good women only can keep and save men, and what it means to be *neat*. No advice was given to Corra in respect to friend or actions. The mother left her child with only this: "Be virtuous and be neat." Corra realized that the responsibility of keeping fair the family name now rested upon her.

The girls and boys of Elberton having no appeal to Corra, she became enchanted by the vision of an immortal lover created by poets. Living above the commoner sphere of life, hers was a dreamy nature. On the other hand, there were real problems too. There was an uncertain feeling about her lover that caused her to be sad. There was a struggle with her own soul until at the Elberton Revival she took a definite stand for Christ. Though sep- No advice was given to Corra in respect to friends with whom she could "think aloud", Corra was growing—mentally and spiritually. She had the courage and the faith to stand for what she believed to be right.

On account of the low price of cotton the plans to send Corra to college had been given up. With the close of that first year at Elberton her school days ended but her education had barely begun in the great school of life. In that great school she has become a star pupil, for Corra Harris knows the human heart as does no other contemporary woman writer of America.

A year later, while visiting her uncle in another part of Georgia, Corra met Lundy Howard Harris, a "congenial intellectual antagonist" of her uncle's. Lundy Harris was ten years older than Corra and had been editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate* for two years and later was to become a teacher of Greek at Emory University. He was called to the ministry but at the time that Corra met him "there was nothing about him to suggest the witness of the Spirit or that tyranny of righteousness" under which they passed all the days of their married life. Ten months after meeting Lundy, he accepted the call, was licensed to preach and joined the North Georgia Conference in November, 1866, before his marriage with Corra White in the following Febru-

\*My Book and Heart—by Corra Harris

ary. The many obstacles of Corra Harris's married life were faced with courage. The "Circuit Riders Wife" spent the first months of her married life bouncing over the rough roads in a buggy with her husband. Lundy's circuit included five churches which must be visited regularly. Meeting new people, being entertained in strange homes, and all the experiences of a minister's wife were new to Corra Harris. This first year was the happiest and the hardest to live. Love had to pass from an ideal to a reality. Corra White had never cooked a meal in her life, for on the plantation there had been a slave for every task. Alas! the life of Corra Harris must be different from the life of Corra White! More duties and more problems arose as the days passed. It was not easy to realize that Lundy's time, thought and attention were being directed less toward her, and that he was becoming absorbed in his work, his prayers and his seeking after God. Even if it were God whom he was seeking, Corra felt a pang of jealousy. Later she found out that she was not excluded after all, that she was "his home, his refuge, his sanctification." But until that realization came, Corra kept her feelings to herself. No doubt, this young wife, only seventeen years of age, witnessed many trying moments which she suffered in secret.

At the beginning of the first protracted meeting Lundy suddenly lost the witness of his faith. This, Corra could never quite understand, but strong in her faith and unlimited patience she won Lundy back to his faith. Corra did not believe in making a show of one's religion, but for the sake of Lundy's protracted meeting, she was willing to sacrifice her own feelings. She found herself doing things she had never dreamed of doing! She tipped through the congregation, from sinner to sinner, urging him to the front. Lundy must have converts!

In October of this first year, Lundy and Corra visited the old plantation so that Corra could be with her mother for several months. There in the same kind old room where Corra had been born, a child was born to Corra White Harris. The little daughter was named *Faith*. Could a more fitting name have been found? Faith in God, in her husband, in friends, in all people, had been the secret of what success Corra and Lundy had enjoyed. Corra Harris believed in answer to prayer. She always held that her husband and her baby were hers in answer to prayers of faith.

During the next twelve years the obstacles of moving to a new town, of establishing Lundy as a Professor of Greek at Emory University, of nursing Lundy through a serious illness and of facing poverty, were met with unbounded courage. Finally the real test of Corra Harris' determination

came when Faith was at the age to enter college. Lundy's health had improved, a position had been secured at Nashville, Tennessee (1902), and in general conditions seemed bright. But in order to keep Faith at Goucher College much money must be raised. With unflinching determination Corra Harris succeeded in having some articles published in the Saturday Evening Post. That was a beginning. She wrote magazine articles, book reviews, and books. She made trips to New York that she might interview publishers. She learned to scheme even more than ever before in her life. She had always known the value of a nickle. Think of marrying a man who possessed only six dollars after the preacher had been paid! She says, "Love, friends, is the only wealth that counts up right, even in this present world." After paying her husband's funeral expenses, Corra was left with two dollars and forty cents! Indeed, she has known the trials, the struggles, the sorrows, even the poverty of life. Yet, she never pitied herself or considered herself a poor person. Today, Corra Harris is living in most comfortable conditions, able to travel and to enjoy the luxuries of life. She continues to write because she loves it.

The greatest sorrow that Corra Harris, as mother and wife, could have had, was the loss of her child and of her husband. That she was a true mother and wife is a comfort to her, now that she is alone. Ten years after Lundy's death came the loss to which Corra Harris is ever sensitive, her daughter was called to eternal rest. Probably *My Book and Heart* and *The Circuit Rider's Wife*, two of Corra Harris' most widely read books give more hints of her innermost feelings than anything that she has said or written for the public. She has written frankly and openly as few have written, still there are certain veils too intensely touched with the grief of parting for her to draw them aside. There is nowhere in her work the sentimental quality that could tolerate capitalizing such themes. Corra Harris' devotion to her husband and daughter is manifest most of all in her dignity and in the reserve of her confidences.

A reviewer of the life experiences of Corra Harris raises the question, "To what was her courage due?" In a nut shell, one concludes "Her courage was due to her energy, to her love for Lundy, for Faith, and for her friends and mankind in general, to her love for nature, and to her individual faith." Because of this courage, coupled with day to day effort, results the inevitable success of Corra Harris. Because she understands, and therefore loves the human heart, she has gone back to nature, to the foot-hills of Georgia, where, through her writings, she continues to give her best to humanity.

## Caesar's Head

ANNIE MAE LEDBETTER



WRITERS are often prone to look beyond the bounds of their own states for subject matter and to neglect the wealth of folk-lore, facts, and beauty which lie around them. South Carolina has not been without history and the monuments of the valorous deeds of her sons still stand to keep them alive and glowing in the mind of the succeeding generations. Nor is she without legends and natural beauty to give romance to her people. Each section of the state has some peculiar point of interest, and no section is richer in this respect than the mountain section. Caesar's Head in the Blue Ridge Mountains is the beauty spot of the Piedmont.

To those in whom beauty inspires awe, this section is soul stirring, and Coleridge's lines from his "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni":

"Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,

Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven," are recalled with as much pleasure as if written on the spot.

A South Carolina poet has spoken of the mountains around Caesar's Head as:

"\_\_\_\_Giant Kings, linked hand in hand

And twined by one long verdant band

Of garlands that unwreath them,

The mountains of the Blue Ridge stand

As guardians o'er th' enchanted land

That east and west lies 'neath them."

The land is indeed an enchanted land of clear, cool streams, rising in the rugged sides of the mountains and flowing precipitously to their calm, mirror-like basins in the valleys below. It is a land of color, where wild flowers of every hue grace the hillsides in riotous profusion; a land where the air is light and balmy and the glories of nature are seen through a fairy-like haze which lies over hill and valley. While walking along the shady, peaceful roads of the mountains one almost expects to see fairies or dryads peeping from behind the trunk of some majestic tree just beyond the bend in the road.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of the place comes when the tourist, walking along a pretty but inconspicuous road, comes suddenly upon a small plateau of rock, and finds himself overlooking a beautiful valley where many varieties of trees, each in its characteristic shade of green form as it were a sea beneath. A slight wind stirs the branches back and forth and the whispering sound, together with the gentle sense of motion, creates an atmosphere of peace and calm.

Especially is this true at evening when the crowds gather on the mountain top to watch the sun set. The waning sun light falls on the surrounding mountains with a golden glow, while in the darkening valley, tiny straying rays find their way among the murmuring trees. The red ball of the sun is just above the mountain peak, and by degrees it sinks until an exact half-circle of fire can be seen. Then with a sudden drop it disappears altogether, leaving only the after-image in the eyes of the watchers. For a few seconds it seems as though the curtain of night will fall, all too soon, but a gradually deepening color comes upon the great thunder-clouds to the east and south, and soon they are aglow with the rose and orchid and yellow of the afterglow. This is the sun's last lingering farewell, before the stillness of night and the witchery of the moon-rise.

In the morning also there is an indescribable charm about the mountain. The feeble rays of an early sun find themselves unable to drive away the hosts of fleecy clouds which drift slowly and gently over the tall peaks and huddle together at the foot of the mountain. Soon they are so compact that the valley is entirely shut off from view and one seems to be standing in space, where nothing is real except the splendor of it all. Then the sun, becoming stronger, drives the clouds away and the wondering spectator turns from watching the flight of the clouds to regions beyond the mountains, to find the valley glorified in the light of the morning sun.

These majestic scenes are viewed from the top of the famous rock known as "Caesar's Head", and perhaps the spectator would be surprised to know that from the top of "the Head" to the valley below is a drop of one thousand, two hundred feet. This gigantic rock from which Nature has carved the Head is as majestic as any of the scenes which are viewed from its top. It is the highest and most picturesque summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains in South Carolina. The Head has an elevation of three thousand two hundred twenty-seven feet above sea-level and is considered the most fascinating spot in the "Land of the Sky."

Besides the natural scenery the Head is able to offer legends which delight those who go yearly to view its grim visage. Long and tireless have been the efforts of the travelers to find some resemblance between the profile of the rock and that of the Gallic Caesar, and many have had such vivid imaginations as make this possible. The following legend is perhaps the most interesting because of

the pathos which runs like a tiny thread through the story:

In the early days before civilization had made her ascent of the mountains, while the red men still roamed the great out-doors in freedom, the solitary head on the mountain-top kept vigil over the tribes. The Indians became suspicious and looked upon him with dread, for it seemed that a look of displeasure had dawned upon his rugged countenance. Some great evil seemed about to befall them and the men of the tribe met in council to decide how best to appease his wrath. The Seer announced that the great Spirit, Manitou, bade the people make a great sacrifice. This, he declared, must be a beautiful maiden from the tribe, who must be carried to the top of the peak and hurled to the valley below. Great was the consternation of the squaws and warriors, but the law of the great Manitou must be obeyed.

Falcon's Bill, a brave young warrior was favorite among the braves. He greatly loved Even-Dew, the daughter of the old chief, Otter Tail, and often met her in a certain trysting-place on the mountain side to whisper words of love to her. On an appointed night, while the moon lighted up in a ghastly manner, the features of "The Head", they met in secret to renew their vows and say farewell, for Falcon's Bill was to attempt the next morning a very important, but hazardous journey into the low lands. Their meeting-place, however, had been discovered by Raven Eye, the unfavored rival of Falcon's Bill. As Raven Eye listened with rage to their vows, he declared revenge. The next day the red men held council to hear the Seer's choice of a maiden for the sacrifice to "The Head." When he announced that Manitou had directed him to choose Even-Dew a cry of rage burst forth from Otter-Tail, the chief. But through fear of the great spirit he and his daughter became reconciled to her death. Even-Dew's only hope lay in the return of Falcon's Bill before the ordeal, but she soon abandoned it. On the appointed evening she dressed in white and in garlands of flowers and appeared on the summit of the mountain with the Seer to receive her fate. The crowd gathered below and waited breathlessly. Just as the Seer grasped the shoulders of Even-Dew and waited to gather strength, a third figure appeared on the rock above. The crowd below screamed, "Falcon's Bill!" As soon as the false prophet was hurled over the cliff, Falcon's Bill gathered the trembling maiden in his arms and left for a new land and a new tribe. Not many years later the evil which had been prophesied by the Seer came in the form of an invasion by the white men from the plains, and Caesar's Head was no longer the land of the red men.

Another legend is told of a man who loved dogs

beyond all reason and loved sports as well. One day while he was hunting in these mountains, his favorite dog, Caesar, fell from a cliff and was killed. While stumbling along, grief stricken, through the mountains, the man came upon this rugged edge of the rock and exclaimed.

"Why, that looks like Caesar's head!"

From that day the place has been called Caesar's Head. This head of the dog is more discernible than that of the general Caesar.

Besides the opportunity afforded by the Head for the exercise of the imagination, another even greater opportunity presents itself when the "family" is viewed. Guests at Caesar's Head often say to the new-comers, "You must see 'the family' before you leave." And they accordingly lead the way by many circuitous paths to the lower level of the mountain below on the right of the Head. Here Nature has formed, on the side of the dark rocks a most interesting outline from gray moss and lichens. Looking through half closed eyes and thinking on the days when Caesar led his gallant armies forth, one is able to discern the figure of a soldier on horseback, armed with a shield. There is also his lady fair, but she seems to be transposed to a more modern age, for she is playing a piano. No family is complete without its household pet and so in "this family" a small dog may be seen.

Were it not for the sense of unfitness in transferring the reader from the realm of fairy-land to the region of evil spirits, the "Devil's Dining room" would also be given a place in the description of Caesar's Head, but this would be too unpleasant. There is, nevertheless, much to excite wonder and fill with awe in the cool, rocky depths of this den, and all who go there come away feeling that it is not the least interesting of the wonder spots around Caesar's Head.

Those who know Caesar's Head best feel like echoing the wish for South Carolina's mountains that Whittier expressed in regard to New England's:

"-----Yet I trust

That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,  
Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,  
That our broad land—our sea-like lakes and mountains

Piled to the clouds,—our rivers over hung  
By forests which have known no other change  
For ages than the budding and the fall  
Of leaves—our valleys lovelier than those  
Which the old poets sang of—should but figure  
On the apocryphal chart of speculation  
As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites and the privileges,  
Rights and appurtenances, which make up  
A Yankee Paradise—unsung, unknown,  
To beautiful tradition-----."

## Trial

CALLIE MAYRE THOMAS



WELVE tense young faces turned toward a girl seated in the Student Council room; twelve rigid bodies in solemn caps and gowns stirred restlessly; twelve pairs of accusing young eyes focused on her white face as the president rose and gravely said:

"Josephine Clark, the Council has carefully considered the evidence and has been able to arrive at only one conclusion: you have been guilty of cheating." Her voice broke at the dread word, but she steadied herself and continued, each word falling like a dull weight on the heart of the girl in front of her. "As you know, the penalty for this is expulsion, though the Council has not yet arrived at a decision. We are truly hurt that such an occasion should have arisen, and are disappointed that a Burton girl could have done this, even if she is a Freshman. Miss Clark, you may be excused."

With a frantic glance of appeal, Jo got to her feet. There was no response on the faces of the Council and the sibilant hiss of the gowns echoed in her ears as she stumbled from the room. Past the groups of curious and silent girls she hurried with averted head, on to the blessed sanctum of her room. There she fell, face downward, on her narrow bed.

For a while all was a sickening jumble of the events of the past day. The examination paper with its staring figures, the averted faces of her classmates, the whispering gowns of the council members, the scratching of pens during the examination, her horror of failing, her temptation, and now—to be sent home in disgrace. To have to leave the college she had grown to love, to be forever spoken of in blame by her classmates, to be branded as a thief—a cheat! She writhed at the odious word. She pulled herself up to a sitting posture. The little room seemed to whirl about her, as again the president's voice rang gravely, "a cheat". She clapped her hands over her ears to shut out the hideous sound, but the word seemed to float before her. The colorful pennants on the wall leered at her, the curtains flapped derisively, the pictures of her friends grinned disdainfully, and "the cheat" seemed to write itself in letters of fire on her burning forehead. A despairing scream rose in her throat; she clenched her teeth on her lip to choke the sound. A thin stream of blood trickled down her chin. Woodenly she stumbled to her writing desk. Steadying herself by grasping a corner she stared down at her mother's picture. A mist swam

before her eyes. Her mother was looking up at her in sorrow and reproach. Long she stared at the dear eyes, now, to her frenzied fancy, filled with hurt and shame. Her own eyes dropped and fell on her mother's mouth which smiled at her in tenderness and pitying mother-love. Catching the picture in her shaking hand she fell on her knees by the bed with her cheek pressed against the pictured face. Great, stinging tears rolled down her cheeks, and her body shook with bitter sobs.

"Oh, God," she cried, "have mercy on my mother. Forgive me, oh, forgive. Little mother, I didn't know, I didn't know—" Her head drooped against the coverlet; with shaking hands she pressed her mother's picture against her quivering lips.

A knock at the door. Jo rose unsteadily. At the summons to enter, the marshall of the Students Council silently handed Jo a cold white envelope, then withdrew. For an eternity, it seemed to the suffering girl, she stood with that hideous missive in her rigid hand. At last she broke the seal and drew out the letter. The page swam before her eyes. Brushing her hand across them she peered at the lines written in a scrawling, school-girl hand.

"The Student Council after considering the fact that this is a first offense and that it has been committed by a Freshman, has decided to modify the usual punishment, imposing the following restriction instead:

"Miss Josephine Clark is expected for a period of one month to remain alone in her own room except at meal-time, church services, and class periods."

Slowly the meaning impressed itself upon Jo's numbed mind and heart. Another chance! Clutching the life-giving letter in her hands, she dropped to her knees and lifted a white, yet radiant, face to heaven, and breathed a prayer of thankfulness to the friend-in-need.

"My Father, I thank thee. Help me to see, Lord, and I shall so live in my college course--."

Her voice broke and she dropped her weary head on her arms, whispering, "And I promise you, too little mother."

Four years later Jo stood on the steps of the vine-covered administration building with her type-written valedictory in her hand. She was saying it over to herself for the last time to assure herself that she was letter-perfect. As she finished the last line, she raised her head and lovingly surveyed

the campus spreading away before her in velvety green, deeply shadowed here and there by the majestic old elms. Beds of colored nasturtiums and poppies bloomed near the sparkling fountain, whose showers glistened like crystals in the fading late afternoon sunshine.

"Dear old Coll.," she mused lovingly, "My Alma Mater."

Memories crowded upon her thick and fast. The timid Freshman, the days of her punishment for cheating—even now she cringed at the remembrance of her disgrace—the awakening of her heart to what was noble and worth-while; the slow climb back to trust and respect, the gradual triumphs of becoming a popular member of '24, the later one of being chosen as the best-all-round Burton girl, and finally her election as president of her class. Senior president! And tomorrow she was to receive her diploma and bid Burton farewell. Farewell! To the dear college that had been with her through all, that knew her struggles, that had brought her the highest and best ideals of life. She remembered her promise on her night of suffering, and lifted her heart in gratitude and prayer to preserve those high truths in her life.

Her thoughts turned to tomorrow's graduation, and she glanced down at her type-written speech of farewell. It was her last triumph, her last deed for her Alma Mater. As she studied the sheets she smiled; there were odd-looking gaps in some of the words.

"I really must have my old type-writer fixed," she thought, "it simply refuses to make an 'i'. I suppose it's trying to be individual, but some might object strenuously."

She turned, after a lingering look at the mellow sunshine falling in checkers on the soft green sward, and reentered the building. She stopped short in alarm as the marshall of the Student Council came toward her. The girl's face was tense and she could not meet Jo's eyes.

"Jo, there's a special meeting of the Council and you are wanted."

"I!" Jo gasped in surprise. "What is it? What has happened?" As the girl turned away in silence, Jo grasped her arm. The furious pressure made the marshall wince. "Tell me," Jo insisted.

"There has been some trouble and—oh! wait until we get there, Jo, I can't tell you." She jerked herself away, but not before Jo had seen that her eyes were suspiciously wet.

With a growing sense of dread, Jo followed the silent marshall to the council room. Her face was white, but controlled, as she entered the door. At the sight of the solemn caps and gowns and the serious faces before her, she paused in foreboding

and a chill quiver ran down her spine. Then she stepped forward and waited in outward calm until the president should speak. The Council was almost an assembly of her dearest friends; the president herself was her most intimate chum; surely Sarah would end this agony soon. She noticed numbly that Sarah was clutching the table with fingers whose knuckles were white, that her face was drawn and strained, and that she was trembling.

"Josephine Clark, a most unfortunate affair has occurred. You have been charged with ---." She stopped. Her eyes wavered to Jo's white face, to the members of the Council sitting in rigid pose, and back to the table.

"Please go on." Jo realized she had spoken, but in a voice she had never heard before.

Sarah looked appealingly at the Council and whispered in a scarcely audible voice, "with cheating on the Physics examination."

Cheating! Jo closed her eyes as the room whirled dizzily, waves of nausea passed over her; all was a menacing cloud of black gowns with the white faces of her classmates threatening her. She threw up her hand as if to ward off a blow and caught the back of a chair for support. Slowly the room righted itself, the black gowns settled into their places, the faces of her classmates were no longer threatening, but were filled with sad reproach. As from a far distance she heard Sarah's voice, broken and hurt, saying something about Miss Bigham, the Physics instructor. Finally she caught the details.

There had been one perfect paper handed in on the Physics examination—her own. As she had passed out of the class-room a type-written sheet had fallen from her pocket. Miss Bigham had seen it, and also seen her pick it up and walk quickly away. Later, on passing the waste-paper basket near the door in the corridor, the instructor noticed a sheet lying on the floor. Stooping down to put it in the basket she noticed it was covered with typed physics formulas and notes. There was a peculiarity about the paper that instantly identified it. In every word where the letter belonged an "i" was missing, leaving a gap in the middle of the word. Everyone in school would recognize that typing as only one typewriter had such distinction. Connecting the page Jo had dropped on the way out of the room, the type-peculiarity, and the coincident of a perfect paper, Miss Bigham had reported the matter to the Council. They had looked up her record and found ---.

Jo swayed and before her sick heart was spread the scene of her first visit to the Council. Horror at this repeating agony, the torture of her old disgrace seemed to open a yawning chasm of despair.

Swiftly she stepped to the president's table and clasping her hands cried:

"Sarah! you know I didn't do it this time! Oh, Sarah, I didn't, I couldn't! I can't understand what it all -- I know I didn't do it!" She whirled around and flung out her hands to the others. "Girls! Emma, Nell, Catherine, all of you! You know I didn't do it! I! Your class president!"

She paused in sharp appeal; the girls moved uncomfortably. Sarah's voice, grave, but clear said, "Josephine Clark, the evidence seems convincing, but be assured that the Council will consider it carefully before --," she stopped, caught her hands together, then dropped into her chair sobbing, "Jo., oh, Jo, how could you? I can't believe it. I can't believe it." In a moment every girl in the Council room was in tears. Eyes blinded, Jo walked unsteadily from the room and closed the door.

As she disappeared around the corner of the corridor, a girl's ghostly face peeped out from a cleaning closet next to the Council room. Her desperate, haunted gaze followed Jo's bent head and suffering figure. A moment later the girl slipped from her hiding place, clutching a shabby typewriter in her arms. Then she, too, disappeared around the corridor corner.

Jo hurried, sick with bewilderment and dread, from the halls and sought once again the refuge of her room. Lying rigid on her bed, her breath coming in hard gasps, her hands clinched at her sides until the nails dug into the tender flesh, her mind turned round and round one startling point—they thought her still a cheat. After she had tried, after her long years of penance, after her struggles to regain respect and character, after she had climbed so high and had paid her debt, after all this, she was still thought a cheat. What was the use? Why should one try? Once she had heard it said that "once a man has sinned, he can never come back." Was it true? Wasn't it true? If ever a sinner had tried, she had. If ever one had failed, she seemed to have been that one.

Hours she lay there. Twice she had heard footsteps come to her door, but they had gone away without knocking. Night passed, and as the first ray of the dawn filtered through her window, the exhausted girl rose and gazed out at the campus. The green leaves waved sweetly in the morning breezes, the odor of flowers scented the air; the sun sparkled on the dew-drenched grasses; birds sang joyously from the top-most branches. All outdoors was busy with the glad awakening.

A dull hand seemed to draw taut across Jo's brow, and a sharp pain pierced her heart, as she remembered that this was to have been her graduation day. Her day of days! With a throb of pain

*Twelve*

she thought of her mother sleeping at the village hotel and tremulously happy that her daughter was graduating with first honors. First honors! No graduation for her! The injustice of it! The cruelty! No, no! She must not think any more! She leaned her aching head against the window and ruffled her hair in the morning breeze. It was odd that she couldn't cry, she thought drearily. Before, she had cried. Perhaps if she could she would feel better. But now she was tired, so tired. She smiled bitterly at a frisky squirrel who audaciously ran up the trunk of a tree just outside her window and flirted his bushy tail at her.

"I'm not playing today, Bo-Peep. I'm --." She turned away with a wounded gesture and sat down on her bed.

She awoke to find the morning sunshine streaming into her room. She looked at her watch: half-past nine! If she didn't hurry, she'd be late—with a moan she fell back on the pillow. Remembrance crowded back. She pressed her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the horrible vision.

The door opened and her mother entered.

"Dearest! Jo, darling, if you don't hurry you will be late. Hop up, honey." She caught sight of Jo's tragic and haggard face and started back in dismay. "My baby, tell me!" Her arms were holding Jo's shaking body close. Her face, sponged of its joy and radiance, grew lined and old as Jo told her story. She said nothing, but only held Jo tighter and more tenderly, while her eyes held Jo's in steadfast belief and confidence.

A hubbub in the corridor. A loud knock and the door burst open. In rushed Sarah with a shabby typewriter in her hand and a letter clutched to her breast. With her were several council members, all Jo's dearest friends.

"Jo, oh, Jo darling, will you ever, ever forgive us?" Sarah caught Jo's hand and held it to her wet cheek. "Here, read this." She thrust the note into Jo's trembling hand. As she unfolded it, a familiar oddity of the typing made her gasp. There were gaps in the words where small "i's" were missing.

"I'm not saying who I am," she read, "you'll know soon enough. I've gone away, and I shall never return. I broke my typewriter and borrowed Jo's never thinking of her getting any blame. If she will forgive me, I am glad; because she has suffered enough for my fault."

Jo looked up; the girls stood there in silent appeal. Radiantly she held out her hand, throwing one arm around her mother.

In all the rows of seniors, of all those who attended those beautiful and simple graduation exercises, not one had a heart more full of love and gratitude toward Alma Mater, than the senior president, the girl who had come back.



## Isaqueena

JACK JONES



## CHARACTERS of the play:

Allen Francis, an English fur trader.

Thomas Smith, business partner of Francis.

Isaqueena, a Chactow maiden, who has been captured by the Cherokees.

Mrs. Middleton, wife of Reverend Middleton of Cambridge.

Time of the play: 8 o'clock on an October evening, 1730. At this time in the history of South Carolina, the settlements were scattered and not strongly defended. The state was a royal province with Johnson as Governor. Although treaties had been made with the Cherokees, a tribe of Indians who lived along the banks of the Broad and Saluda rivers, there were continual uprisings against the white settlers. The Carolinians were prosperous. Rice was raised for sale. Barrels of pitch, tar, turpentine, lumber, skins, and raw silk were exported.

Scene of the play: A log cabin in Cambridge, a small village of English traders. The cabin is made of logs held together with mud. Instead of a door the skin of an animal hangs over the entrance. There is only one room in the cabin. Across one side is a fireplace made of huge stones. A big black pot is suspended over the small fire. One bench, made of pine wood is placed against the wall by a window; another bench is placed at a rough table. On the table are beads, bracelets, and other jewelry. A map is spread out on the table. On the wall on the left side of the fireplace hangs five deer skins. On the floor to the right of the fireplace are two piles of folded blankets, evidently used for beds.

Allen Francis and Thomas Smith are both in the room.

Allen Francis, a young man about thirty years old, is dressed in deerskin trousers and a long hunting shirt with a wide leather belt. He is seated on the wooden bench by the table. His right elbow is on the table, and his head is resting in his right hand. In his left hand is a crude pipe with a long, straight stem.

Thomas Smith is also dressed in deerskin

The legends of our South Carolina Indians have been the source of much pleasure and inspiration. The name, Isaqueena, which was given to the literary publication of the Greenville Woman's College, is associated with several beautiful legends of a brave Chactow maiden. In this one act play the most familiar of the legends is used.

trousers and hunting shirt, and he is wearing a fur cap. He is seated on the floor in front of the fireplace, and is whittling a stick with a large knife. He looks up at Francis.

Smith (*smiling*). I suppose you'll soon be making another trip to the Keowee since your last trade there, two weeks ago, was so successful, and the women so beautiful.

Francis (*slowly puffing on his pipe*). Yes, the trade was fine. The red men liked my beads and the skins we bought there will bring a big profit to us when we ship them to England. Strange isn't it, how we can get so much from the Indian by showing him a few trinkets?

Smith (*getting up and shaking the splinters from his trousers*). Yes, yes, even a woman's heart.

Francis (*turning to Smith*). A what, a what did you say? I don't understand ---.

Smith (*sits down again, joins his hands and puts them around his knees*). You don't understand? That's strange. Don't you remember that beautiful Cherokee maiden who was in the lodge of the chief the morning we went in to see him?

Francis (*calmly*). Oh yes, I remember her. I saw her again a ---.

Smith (*interrupting*). You gave her two strings of beads and several bracelets, didn't you?

Francis (*still calm*). Yes, I did. What's wrong with that? (*talks faster*). Did you notice how happy she was—seemed just like a child. But you called her a Cherokee maiden. She isn't a Cherokee. She hates the tribe.

Smith (*takes off cap and throws it on the floor*). Hates the Cherokees? Why, she seems to be a favorite of the chief.

Francis (*opening a tin box on the table and taking out some tobacco*). Yes, she's a favorite of the whole tribe. A beautiful captive always is.

Smith.—A captive is she?

Francis (*refilling pipe*). Yes, captured from the Choctaws last year during the Sun Dance, and she hates those Cherokees—the chief knows this and tries to watch her. I think she has tried to escape several times.

Smith (*puts wood on the fire, and then stands up against the fireplace and looks at Francis who is gazing at one of the maps on the table*). Well, when did you find out so much about the maiden? You only saw her a few minutes when we were in the village didn't you?

Francis (*picks up pipe and starts smoking*

again). I saw her only a few minutes the day you were with me, but I've stopped by there as I was returning from those trips Jake and I made last week beyond the Cherokee village. Remember you and Hal went in the other direction?

Smith (*nodding his head*). Yes, I remember.

Francis.—In fact, I saw her about two days ago when Jake and I went to Keowee to see about shipping some skins.

Smith.—Oh, so that's why you've been coming back late from those trips? Well, well.

Francis (*looking into the fire with a dreamy expression*). She seems more beautiful every time I see her.

Smith (*folding his arms and looking at Francis sternly*). Francis, I was only joking when I mentioned that girl, maiden or whatever she is, but from the way you take it, it doesn't seem to be a joke to you. What is the matter with you?

Francis (*walks around the room and looks at the skins hanging on the side of the hut*). Well, I've seen women in several lands, but I've never seen one as beautiful as she is. (*Excitedly*). To tell you the truth, I like this country. I think I'll settle here—English life doesn't suit me any longer.

Smith.—What! Why, your people are expecting you home in the spring. You know you only planned to be away about two years. "Out on the seas in search of money," as you said. Why don't you make your fortune here before spring and then go back home where you belong? (*He picks up a fur cap from the floor and puts it on his head*). I'm going down to Jake's to see what's happening. Come on.

Francis (*with an amused smile*). Not tonight. I thought I'd plan a few trips—and Smith, ask Jake to let us have some maize, we're out. (*Exit Smith*).

Francis stretches out his arms and legs, then walks around the room several times. He sits on the side of the table and looks at one of the maps, then sits down on the bench and begins to write. He writes for a minute or two, but stops to fill up his pipe and light it. He holds up several strings of beads and looks at them. He puts them on the table, picks up a quill and continues to write and smoke. Suddenly he stops writing and looks up with a startled expression. A dog's bark and the hoofs of horses are heard. Then the murmur of several voices are heard, and distinctly a man's voice saying "Get back, get back!"—Just then the flap over the opening of the cabin is pushed aside and Smith enters with a girl in his arms. Francis gets up, looks at Smith, but is speechless.

Smith (*excited*). I found her a few yards from our door—saw her fall off of a pony. Get some blankets. Don't ask any questions because I can't answer them. (*Smith puts the girl on one*

*of the blanket beds. Francis gets two blankets and puts them over the girl. He looks at her and then at Smith. She begins to toss her head from one side to the other, and begins to faintly murmur. Francis continues to look at her as he wraps the blankets around her. He hears her mutter, "Pale face trader."*)

Francis (*taking Smith by the arm and speaking excitedly*). Smith, it's Isaqueena, the girl from Keowee.

Smith.—What? From Keowee? It can't be—why it's ninety-six miles from Keowee—you know she couldn't—

Francis (*interrupting*). Yes it is that girl. I saw the beads and bracelets I gave her. For goodness sake what will we do with her—what does she want?

Jake (*calmly*). She's just returning your visit I guess, but don't get so excited. I sent Jake for Mrs. Middleton. Lord only knows what we'll do 'till she gets here. Don't think the girl's hurt—the pony didn't throw her off—she just slid off—Jake saw her. Let's make up the fire.

Francis (*puts a log on the fire*). Why Smith just think of riding ninety-six miles! What in the world does she want?

Smith (*holding up his hand to interrupt Francis*). Listen! she's saying something. She's not unconscious, but for the soul of me I don't know what to do to revive her.

Francis.—I don't either—let's go nearer and try to find out what she's muttering.

(*They start toward the cot but the flap at the opening is again pushed aside and Mrs. Middleton enters. Mrs. Middleton is a small, fat middle-aged woman. She has a shawl over her head and shoulders. In one hand she has a large white cloth and a bottle, in the other she has a small tin box.*

Mrs. Middleton.—Where is she? Where is she? (*Smith points to the cot. Mrs. Middleton throws off the shawl, goes to the cot and looks at the girl*). Poor girl, she'll feel better in a few minutes. (*Mrs. Middleton turns to Smith*). Jake told me you picked her up before she had time to hurt herself.

Smith.—Yes, we did, but Francis says she's a girl from Keowee, and you know the ride is ninety-six miles and ---

Mrs. Middleton (*holding up both hands*). From Keowee! The Lord help us. No wonder she fell off that pony. (*She pours some of the contents of the bottle on a cloth and rubs the girl's forehead with it. She turns to Francis who is walking up and down the cabin*). Any hot water, Mr. Francis?

Francis (*nodding*). Yes, in the pot over the fire.

Mrs. Middleton.—Well, come hold this cloth on her forehead while I make a stimulant. That's what she needs.

Mrs. Middleton begins to dip water from the pot and pours it over some leaves in a bowl. Smith is helping her. Francis goes to the cot, kneels down by the side and awkwardly applies the cloth to the girl's forehead for a few seconds. The girl opens her eyes, she looks at Francis and tries to get up.

Francis.—Don't get up, Isaqueena, don't get up. Mrs. Middleton and Smith look around.

Isaqueena (sits up and stretches out her hand). Pale face trader, red men in Keowee coming to fight you. (She falls back on the cot).

Francis (gets up and turns to Smith). Did you hear that? Red men in Keowee coming to fight you! Hurry with that tea—we must make her talk some more.

Mrs. Middleton (brings a cup of tea over to the cot. She turns to Francis). What did you call her?

Francis.—Isaqueena.

Mrs. Middleton (holding Isaqueena up). Drink this, Isaqueena, you'll feel better.

Isaqueena.—No, Isaqueena no drink medicine of white squaw.

Francis (comes over to the cot). Yes, Isaqueena will drink medicine. Isaqueena will feel better. (She looks at Francis, takes hold of the cup which Mrs. Middleton is holding for her and begins to drink the contents).

Isaqueena (looking up at Francis). Hurry pale face trader—

Francis.—What is it Isaqueena? What is it you say?

Isaqueena (still holding cup). Cherokee chiefs meet in big tent—say they hate white man at Cambridge—coming here to fight when sun comes up. I jump on pony and ride to tell white trader (starts to get up). Isaqueena must go back.

Mrs. Middleton (holding the girl). No, no, Isaqueena must rest.

Francis.—Smith, this means an attack. Go tell the men in the village. Tell them to get ready and go to the Block House. (Exit Smith).

Mrs. Middleton (folding her hands and looking up.) Oh, the Lord be praised for sending us word. (She looks at Isaqueena). You poor girl—riding ninety-six miles. (She puts a blanket around Isaqueena and helps her to a chair near the fire. Francis puts a log on the fire).

Isaqueena.—Indian girl must go back to Keowee.

Mrs. Middleton.—No, Isaqueena must stay with us tonight. (She turns to Francis). Mr. Francis, she doesn't realize how tired she is—she's

just holding up on excitement. I'll go back to my hut and fix a cot for her. Give her some more of my medicine and bring her over in a few minutes.

Isaqueena (looking up at Mrs. Middleton). White squaw good to Isaqueena.

Mrs. Middleton (puts shawl over her head and starts out). Lord knows, all of us should be good to anybody who rides ninety-six miles to save our lives. (Exit Mrs. Middleton).

A moment of silence follows. Francis goes to the water pot and dips water from it into a bowl. He pretends to be making the tea. Isaqueena looks into the fire without speaking. She goes to the table, picks up a string of beads and holds them up.

Isaqueena.—Pale face trader, do you—

Francis (turning around he sees her; he puts the bowl down and goes to her). Isaqueena must sit down—you must rest. (He takes her by the hand and leads her to a chair before the fire. He stands up against the fireplace and looks at her).

Francis (slowly). Isaqueena, beautiful maiden, why did you ride that long distance tonight—why did you come?

Isaqueena (smiling). Indian girl is brave when bad Indian wants to kill good white trader.

Francis.—And you did this to save my life?

Isaqueena.—Yes, pale face trader was good to Isaqueena—give Indian girl beads. (she touches the beads around her neck). Talks good to her. Indians bad to her—no happy with them. (She shakes her head). Isaqueena love pale face trader and ride in the night when wild cats yell to save him. (She shrugs her shoulders).

Francis (coming to her and taking one of her hands). Oh, does Isaqueena love pale face trader, does she?

Isaqueena nods.

Francis (sits down on the floor at her feet and takes both of her hands in his). Oh, Isaqueena, brave, beautiful maiden, you must not go back to the Cherokees. You must stay with the white man. And Isaqueena—tomorrow—tomorrow we will be married!

Isaqueena (doubtfully). But bad Indian may kill pale face trader.

Francis (shaking his head). No, no, we are safe now since you came to us tonight.

Isaqueena (smiles and puts her hand around his shoulder). Oh pale face trader, I will be so happy—no more bad Indian—the Great Spirit has been good to me.

Francis.—Yes, we will be happy always. Are you ready to go to Mrs. Middleton's?

Isaqueena (faintly). Yes, Isaqueena is tired.

Francis rises from the floor and puts on a fur cap. He wraps a blanket around the girl and picks her up in his arms.

Francis.—I will come for you before sunrise and we will go to the Block House so we will be ready when the Cherokees come.

Isaqueena.—Good pale face trader! Oh, Isa-queena love him and save him from bad Indian.

Pale face trader save Isaqueena from bad Indian.

Frances.—Yes, Isaqueena, pale face trader is saving you from bad Indian because he loves you. (*Exit*).

*Curtain.*

## Cerebral Athletics

GRACE ALEXANDER

**H**EADS are bowed before it everywhere. Small curly heads whose very ringlets seem to shape themselves into question marks; rough, tousled heads that proclaim the fourteen year old school-boy; sleek, "peaked" bobbed heads; heads with matronly mops crowning them; heads with iron-gray hair brushed stiffly away from the temples in a business-like manner; round heads, square heads, flat heads, learned, unlearned and whatever other type of head there be. What is this all pervading rush before which all heads are bowed? Where is one head that is not bowed at some time of the day or night over one of the fascinating, gripping and impelling designs of black and white squares. If Rodin had waited until today to shape his "Thinker" surely he would have pictured him as a brawny man with loosened collar and tousled hair, sprawled at ease over a wide spread newspaper busily contemplating a dizzy arrangement of tiny squares of black and white. "What is the lowest length-wise member of the frame work of a sailing vessel?" Might be a fitting inscription for the modern "Thinker". Vain search for vainer words, all to fill out a vacant space of two blocks.

Black and white stripes have ever been a symbol of compulsory servitude, and it remains for some charitable organization of women to start a movement to have convicts' apparel changed to black and white squares; this would enable the prisoners to find amusement for their leisure hours when the rocks give out or there are no more roads to drag. At the same time it would decrease the number of runaways, for what man could bear to part with his checked suit while there was still number thirteen vertical to solve? Not any mere human would.

Cross-word puzzles have been commended by persons in many walks of life. Mothers of small children recommend them as very effective means of enticing "les petits enfants" away from the last piece of pie when there are guests present, the little Johnnies and Sarahs being willing to sacrifice their Epicurean taste to the appeasement of their literary. "Mother, what ith the oppohtit of yeth?" or some other equally astonishing query being com-

monly heard in the nursery of today. Dad approves of them for they keep mother busy at home so that she does not have so much time for interminable shopping. Daughter approves them for they offer such attractive ways to entertain at parties or they may be worked out to announce an important event in a unique way that is usually announced by such prosaic things as miniature brides and grooms; or a cat in a bag. Brother likes them, not so much for their own value, as for the opportunity they offer for sitting close to Mabel, Jane or Sue. Grand-mother likes them for they afford her the opportunity to excel the rest of the family.

The family is not the only institution where the craze for the crazy squares has been manifested, it has dared to invade the sacred precincts of the classroom. My psychology professor assigned cross word puzzles to each of her pupils to work, supposedly to observe the learning process introspectively. Needless to say there have been no laggards. In the process of learning thus observed as the learning curve showed, there was a notable plateau the reason for it being "a mule's papa" no one in the class was able to fathom the mystery. Instead of some scholarly question the instructor is much more likely to be asked "What is an elephant's sixteenth vertebrate?" So, on they go, solving, questioning and plotting curves until they are cross, cross-eyed and crossed out. The English professors have recommended them on the ground that they increase and strengthen ones vocabulary. Surely our mother tongue will never grow weak for cross-word puzzles call forth enough strong language to strengthen it.

The world of fashion is not exempt from the rage, a leading style dictator announces that cross-word hosiery, scarfs, golf-clothes, hats and gloves may be seen in the shops all proudly flaunting their black and white squares, thus adding more puzzle to what is already the greatest puzzle of the age—woman.

It goes without saying that the sports realm is being crowded to make room for the fad, tournaments between cross-word fans seem to be gaining in numbers and followers; who can say that

they will not supplant football or track in college circles? Perhaps ten years from now the streamer of the sport page will carry some such thing as: "Speedy Farrow wins cross-word tournament by 1/2 number twenty-seven Horizontal!" And underneath the head-line a picture of a small, wizened body supporting a huge head, the description printed by it will read as follows: "Weight one hundred

pounds, girth of chest sixteen inches; girth of head thirty-six inches; fine specimen of cross-word puzzle physique."

As it goes on gaining in momentum the fad will soon cease to be a fad and become a habit. Gray matter will increase in popularity and the "walking" encyclopedia will have come into his own.

## If I Were A Heathen

FRANCES ANTLEY



If I were a heathen, a really true heathen, you would keep on reading what I am writing. I don't know why, but you would keep on reading. If you are a business man, a great financier, you might read to determine my value in dollars to a stock company you are trying to organize, or to see if you thought it worth while to donate a hundred dollars to send a missionary to convert me. If you were a Sunday School teacher you might hold me up as the representative of a field needing aid from the boys and girls in your class. If writing headlines for a newspaper were your vocation you would consider me as a possible subject for a hundred lines on the front page of Sunday's edition—or probably, as a filler. If you manufactured clothing you would bemoan the fact that I was a rude, uncivilized person, and did not appreciate the fact that cuffs had disappeared from trousers or that Paris was wearing straight lines instead of ripples. If you were a great singer, you would possibly give a benefit performance for me; or if you were a teacher you might wonder what method would be most suitable in hastening the connections that should have been made long ago in my brain. If you were a psychologist you would be interested in finding out whether I have the same number of cells in my gray matter as you have in yours, or just what is lacking that the connection between one neurone and another in my brain would run along a different path than it does in your brain.

Yes, if I were a heathen, you would all find your pleasure in reading an article I should write. But don't think I wouldn't have my pleasures too. The knowledge that you would read what I should write would be one joy, for where is the man that doesn't get a sudden sensation from the spurt of self-confidence when he realizes he has a ready audience? I could have pleasure in the freedom from your customs and creeds too. And the greatest possible joy of all life would await me when I should realize in my own way that I had found

the true God, and that the mysteries of the past ages had given me as a birthright this great salvation. All my heritage would come in one glorious minute and as I awoke to the real power and privilege of self, no joy could be greater.

In thinking about your pleasures, I believe those of the psychologist would be the keenest for his will be the hardest to obtain. If the structure of the brain matter and nervous system was not microscopic he might determine the relative difference after a few hours in his laboratory. Then he would be satisfied and publish a great many books and send teachers to me who would know exactly how to go about bringing all the necessary changes to make me a human fit for present day society.

But as no psychologist has been able to enjoy these pleasures yet, my question is how much does a man have to differ from you to be called a heathen. In the social world you have a norm, or average person. You test a man by this standard, and if he rates high above the norm you call him a genius, attend his lectures, read his books, and make your minds his slaves. If he rates below the average, you call him a failure. If he rates far below it you call him an idiot and send him to a hospital, attempt to do his thinking for him the rest of his life, and force him to accept it. Do you rate me as a heathen, by a similar testing? What are the degrees on the thermometer you use? If I live two hundred miles away I am all right, if I live two thousand miles away I am uncivilized, and if I live three thousand miles away I am a heathen? Is that the way? Well, if you should exchange places with me, would you call the people on your "Main Street" heathen? If they should see me taking my daily shower in the falls, and my setting up exercises on the limb of a cocoanut tree, they would not be a bit more surprised than I would be, should I behold a contraption of white porcelain for the first time, and see them do the "daily dozen". But baths and setting-up exercises are not fit methods for testing human beings, nor

are clothes, or other little social customs, for that matter, you admit.

You called Germany barbarous eight years ago when she brought upon the battlefield the most terrible inventions against human life that the world has ever known. Some of you might have "thought" the Germans heathen, but never once as a people, were they called heathen. Neither would you call me a heathen because of my battering ram, or tomahawk, or liquid fire, or pen, or any weapon I might use.

What then, would be the difference between you and me? If the greatest joy of life should come to me, if I should realize my relation to the living

God and the possibilities of self, would you then at once reach across the mountains and seas and hold out your hand to me? Not necessarily. There are men on all your main streets with gods other than the Father, but you do not call them heathen. They may pay respect to golf clubs on Sunday, or worship marble fronted banks all the week. It's all the same to you; you do not call them heathen.

If the matter of miles doesn't make the difference, if social customs don't cause it, if our methods of warfare, or the things we worship, don't make it, what would make the difference between you and me, if I were a heathen?

## On Lacking Inspiration

MADLINE DILWORTH



H, what is so rare on a soft spring night  
As real inspiration to write, merely write!  
Come hither, muse, and touch my languid pen. Awake the mind that seeks the secret of the shadows on the grass and not the mystery of a Milton's genius.

If there be muses, and if they are capable of imparting visions, and bestowing, though sparingly, the gift of real inspiration, why does my muse fail to hear my call? Can a moonlight night with soft balmy breezes and strips of lawn with ever enchanting shadows entice the phantom god from me? Surely she knows my need, for what could hours of anguished thought and pencils chewed unmercifully mean but that I have a real desire to write something no one has even dreamed of? At length, I make the marks which would indicate that at last inspiration was mine, but no sooner does my eye scan the lines than I hear a teasing, taunting whisper, "How old, how dry! Why, that has been said dozens of times before, and in a much better way." And the voice does not even add, "Try again."

It is then that the scowl is seen upon my brow, that the tap, tap of footsteps and the incessant tattoo of my pencil is heard. In desperation I fling myself before my open window, only to rise a few moments later with despair in my heart and a sudden enmity against nature surging within me. I

fly to Curl for comfort, but how can one find humor in such subjects as the "Morality of Stubbing One's Toe in the Dark", or the "First Long Trousers" when my ears are filled with the sound of the first cricket chorus of spring. Ah, nature is to blame! Even such subjects as the "Smell of Spring" lose all interest when one can merely sit still and enjoy those tantalizing odors and never injure their deliciousness with crude expressions. "Deep Woods" have always had a great fascination for me, but I find no overwhelming desire to describe them filling my soul. Mountain springs with all their suggestiveness of bubbling energy and freshness fail to arouse that stubborn muse. My eye travels down the list—Trout Pools, Squirrels in a Park, Apple Blossom Time—what visions those words bring to me, but when the maltreated pencil begins its march across the page, something within me, dares me to desecrate those pictures with words other than those born of true inspiration.

I drop my pencil and once more my eye falls on the "list of subjects suitable for treatment in the informal essay". Suddenly, two little words fairly jump from the page and in them I find an explanation of it all. There is no longer a feeling of enmity in my heart against nature, for my muse has the spring fever!

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

### The Winthrop Journal

The poetry written by the members of the Faculty Poetry Society and printed in the February Journal was excellent as a feature for that issue. The dialect of "Bullicies" is especially good, while the images of "White Hyacinths" and the "Middle Years" are distinct and beautiful. The girls at Winthrop should be inspired by the efforts of the faculty and strive to equal their attempts. Evidently Miss Talbert is thoroughly acquainted with the poetry of Carl Sandburg and is his ardent admirer. However, all of her criticisms were not constructive. Disappointment is in store for the reader of "Springs and Benches." The inconsequential ending leaves one with an unpleasant, let-down feeling. There seems to be a very prevalent tendency among college students to write fairy tales and stories. It is no easy task to create the proper atmosphere for this, but Sara May succeeds. It would be im-

proved however if so many illusions to the "still, still look in Uncle George's eyes" were not made. As it is, the impression is given that the author is afraid her idea will not be gotten across to the reader. "Nets" is an attractive story, well written and amusing. The conversation is well worked out, being natural and not bookish nor stilted. We advise the writers of the book reviews to go to the *New York Times* and find what information in regard to publisher, price and date of the book should be given. If the space taken up by the four short editorials had been used for two longer ones and those well developed, the result and effect would have been better. On the whole, the *Winthrop Journal* is one of the best woman's college magazines that our exchange receives. There is a splendid balance of material and most of the articles show that Winthrop has students of real literary ability.

### The Orion

The "Two Browning Studies" in the February *Orion* have the ear-marks of being class-room work. The essay "Colors" is very prosaic, indeed, few people could write a two hundred and fifty word essay on that subject that could be otherwise. "Evils of Billboard Advertising" contains a unique idea and Miss Wray shows a keen sense of humor, but the essay needs developing. It could be made three times its length with profit. "Slip Sheets" is an interesting feature, although these, too, hint of class work. "Grandmother" presents the best picture. Where is the beauty in a description which runs "Eight ranges of mountains were in a row"?

Anne Sedgewich's "The Little French Girl" is ably reviewed by Louise Wray. She interprets the author's ideas well and gives enough of the story to make it interesting but not enough to spoil a would-be reader's interest. Her extracts were well chosen. "Princess Perfect" is a charming fairy story with the old, old theme of "happy-ever-after." There are only two poems in this issue, and we feel sure that the *Orion* should have more contributions along this line. We hope to see more poems by the author of "Dawn's Unfolding." The comparison of the constancy of the sun's task with man's inconstancy and the results thereof is an original thought.

### Social Calendar

March 2.—Organ Recital by Palmer Christian.  
 March 5.—Chicora Glee Club.  
 March 7.—Freshman-Junior Reception.  
 March 9-14.—Mission Study Week.  
 March 10.—Furman Glee Club.  
 March 16.—"The Intimate Strangers," presented by the Dramatic Club.  
 March 19.—Lyceum.  
 March 23.—Dorsey Whittington in Recital.  
 March 30.—Emory Glee Club.  
 April 4.—Lyceum.

April 6.—"Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," presented by the Dramatic Club.  
 April 10.—French Play.  
 April 11.—Blue Ridge Stunt.  
 April 16.—Annual Guest Night of the Cloister.  
 April 18.—Junior-Senior Reception.  
 April 24.—Inter-collegiate Glee Club Contest.  
 May 1.—All new officers go into office.  
 May 23-26.—Commencement.  
 May 27.—Farewells!

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

---

While the words *nobless* and *NOBLESS OBLIGE oblige*, separately, have changed in meaning since the days of chivalry when they appeared as a knight's motto, together, they have always expressed the same policy and sentiment.

The word *nobless* was first used to mean noble birth or condition, later it was a form of address and still later it referred to the nobility as a class. *Oblige* meant to be bound by a legal moral tie, and finally, to owe a feeling of gratitude to someone for something. The words have long been together however and they express a noble policy. *Nobless oblige* means literally nobility obliges. It is a phrase implying that nobility or birth makes a certain standard of conduct obligatory.

Students belong to the nobility because of their opportunities and intellectual accomplishments and like the noble of old they must serve their fellow men. The suggestion that "every student practice in her life program the policy of *nobless oblige*" was recently made by an influential South Carolinian. Others have gone farther and suggested that students especially should not have the privilege of accepting such a policy if they desire, but that they should be bound to it by obligation. Too often people are careless and neglectful of obligations to their fellow man. To know a policy is one thing; to practice a policy is another.

When a student begins to think of people to whom she owes certain obligations she cannot begin with her most recent acquaintances. She surveys the shadowy past, the vivid present, and the distant future.

In the immediate family the mother and father, who have been governed by the golden rule have endeavored to have a profound effect and influence upon her young life. Friends and comrades have lent a helping hand; they too, deserve something in return. Schools and teachers have added numerous advantages, encouraging in every way the onward step. College days have opened a broad and far reaching view on life; somebody has made it possible. Without a doubt this group, which is indeed large, would be profoundly disappointed if the girl, the object of affection and interest had no sense of obligation to those around her.

Students accept more or less these larger moral obligations. Facts and experience show that every student practices, to a certain extent the policy of *nobless oblige*. There are however, frequently obligations in College which one may overlook, obligations, perhaps that come indirectly

through something done, not for the individual in particular, but for the college group or some other group. Only recently has the student awakened to the fact that throughout college life she is one of a group rather than an individual. If students, as groups, were mindful of their obligations the enormous sums spent by individuals would go to the proper firms. The former rate of expenditures may show that obligations can be met.

In 1924, according to records in the student cashier's office \$17,650 were drawn by 220 students. An accurate estimate shows that each student enrolled in 1924 spent exactly \$80.23. The question we should like to ask is if there is any obligation as to where and how this money is spent; undoubtedly the business men of Greenville receive all of it. It is reasonable to suppose that a good amount of the money was spent for groceries, drugs, fruits, and confections. All of this is necessary to a certain extent, but did the student use her money wisely in purchasing the necessary things? Did she realize any obligations?

The student could create a desirable sentiment by purchasing from firms which are most willing to assist the college. All progressive people have a goal, but the business group, even more than the social, endorses a sentiment making policy to accomplish its end. In the business world we do not see the golden rule policy made prominent. Instead we see an inscription of similar meaning always before us. "We patronize those who patronize us." This necessitates cooperation.

Without the co-operation of the business circles the world would be incomplete, even the educated public. In fact the educated and those who are becoming educated, need assistance in many ways. The students are constantly calling on the business firms to patronize college publications by inserting advertisements. Without assistance the privilege of publishing periodicals would be denied students. Students and business men realize the fact.

What then would be the proper attitude for business men and college students to cultivate toward each other? Would it not be an attitude of co-operation? That is the suggestion which has been made and heartily endorsed. Definite plans are being made to put into practice the policy of *nobless oblige*.

Since we as students wish to be woven into a serviceable unit of harmony, we with the business firms have said: "We patronize those who patronize us." Why not recognize the obligation?



HONOR STUDENTS      What is an honor student  
AND                      in college? Is he a student who

HONOR COURSES merely stands high in scholarship during the years at college and then at commencement receives prizes and medals? This perhaps is the general idea, but Mr. G. E. P. Smith of the University of Arizona says that the old fashioned honor list based on scholarship alone is under attack. And as we think of the advances in college life the attack today seems desirable.

Considering that the traditional honor list, consisting of persons who make high grades is receiving unfavorable comment and investigation, other requisites for honor students are being suggested. Qualification for citizenship, personal charm, self-discipline, fitness for leadership, and of course scholarship surpassing that of the average student, are among the most outstanding requisites which educators give for admittance to a college honor group. A student possessing these qualifications will not only raise the standard of the college work but will be better fitted to take his place in society after graduation.

The method of dealing with honor students is one of the vital questions which the modern educators are discussing. Honor societies and clubs, to which honor students are admitted at graduation or perhaps at the beginning of the Senior year, are found to be insufficient for the needs of these students of unusual ability. As a result of this, many universities and colleges are now offering "honor courses". Among the colleges and universities which are using these courses successfully are Barnard College, New York, Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., and the University of North Carolina.

Barnard College offers a course to exceptionally well equipped students which may be substituted for the regular prescribed course. The "honor course" may be a special course of study in one subject or a group of related subjects. A student may be admitted at the beginning of the Freshman year after his high standing in the College Entrance Board of Columbia University and the strong recommendations of preparatory schools as to unusual ability, maturity and promise, have been considered, or he may be admitted at the beginning of the Sophomore year as a result of excellent college work. The appropriate department or group of departments, with the approval of the Faculty, will then take charge of a student's course, and will determine the course still to be pursued

for the Bachelor of Arts degree. During the Senior year there will be no examinations given to an honor student but at the end of the year a comprehensive examination covering the curriculum will be given.

Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., has a similar course which is offered to students of "exceptional mentality, initiative, and qualifications for leadership." The conditions of admission to the course are:

1. The candidate must have completed the Freshman and Sophomore years with an exceptionally high grade.

2. The heads of the departments will consider the personal qualifications and will choose not only men who receive high grades but who are fitted in other ways for leadership.

3. The students selected will be free from ordinary college hours. They will be given much freedom in the selection of their studies. At stated times they will individually meet the professors for conferences.

4. The course selected by the honor students shall be equivalent to three years of ordinary college work, and after passing satisfactory examinations in the field of study which they have selected they will be given a special honor degree.

It is obvious that courses such as those just outlined are arranged for students who enjoy college work, who realize the personal and social benefit of college work, and above all, students who possess self-discipline. A prominent librarian of South Carolina thinks that even in the smaller colleges and universities of our state, a similar honor course might be successfully used, because where the numbers are small the characteristics of each student may be carefully studied and given attention.

It is not the size of the college which determines whether an honor course is to be given there—it is the quality of the student body. If the student body of a college gives more emphasis to athletics and social affairs than to intellectual attainment, it would be difficult for an honor course to exist in this environment. The students are not ready for the responsibility which the course affords. But when the students in a college possess real intellectual curiosity, when they seek culture because they can appreciate and enjoy it—then that college may offer an honor course. What qualifications have you which will make an "honor course" necessary in your college?

# Patronize Those Who Patronize Us

## BAKERIES:

Federal.

## CANDY:

Savoy.

## COLLEGES:

G. W. C.

Furman.

## CAFETERIES:

S. & W.

Sam's Lunch Room.

## DEPARTMENT STORES:

Breazeale's Fashion Salon.

Cabaniss-Gardner.

Ceely's Fashion Shoppe.

Efird's.

Meyers-Arnold.

Stradley's

Vogue.

Yeager's Quality Shop.

## DRUG STORES:

Armstrong's Pharmacy.

Reynolds and Earle.

Doster Bros. Drug Co.

## ENGRAVERS:

Peace Printing Co.

## FURNITURE STORES:

Jones Furniture Co.

## GRILL:

Bryan-Boyett.

## JEWELERS:

Hale's.

Vaughan.

## LAUNDRIES:

Greenville Steam Laundry.

## MUSIC HOUSES:

Leagues.

Marchants.

## MEN'S READY TO WEAR:

Stewart & Merritt.

J. O. Jones.

## MILLINERY:

Five Dollar Hat Shop.

## NEWSPAPERS:

Greenville Daily News.

## PRINTERS:

Peace Printing Co.

## SHOE STORES:

Ashmore-McDavid.

Broadway Shoe Store.

Patton-Tillman & Bruce.

Piedmont Shoe Co.



# Ceely's Fashion Shoppe



GREENVILLE, S. C.

## S. & W. Cafeteria

### Students and Teachers of G. W. C.

You are cordially invited to visit our store, and make it your down-town headquarters.

Everything new and beautiful in jewelry and watches.

G. W. C. seals in pins and rings, class rings, letter seals, etc.

We have a splendid repair department, and a special manufacturing department where we make any new piece to order.

### Hale's Gift Shop

JEWELERS & SILVERSMITHS

Est. 67 years ago.



College girls find this an ideal place to shop for

STYLISH READY-TO-WEAR

Hosiery, Neckwear, Novelties

Phone orders receive Careful Attention.

"More than forty years in business in  
Greenville."

# *Suedes, Satins, Patents*

COMBINATIONS

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

## ***PIEDMONT SHOE CO.***

—GOOD SHOES FOR EVERYBODY—

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

---

## Forward March

School is over—and the campaign of life begins for the graduation class. How buoyantly, with what an air of victory these bright faces and brave hearts face the world.

School is over, now for the quickstep into the school that is never over. Now for active service, for personal sense of responsibility—without the guiding hand of the drillmaster at the elbow.

Forward march, bold spirits; the world is yours. But you will have to take.



*"Greenville's Fashion Center"*

## Stewart-Merritt Company

---

Clothiers for  
Men and Young Men

We sell Stein Bloch—and Michaels  
Stern Clothes—We sell for CASH,  
and give you VALUE.

---

R. H. STEWART - TANDY W. JONES  
Phone 915 Greenville, S. C.

## Ashmore & McDavid S-H-O-E-S



G. W. C. Girls, it will pay you to come down town and see the high grade shoes we have in stock. We will give you the best to be had, and at prices that are right.



## Ashmore & McDavid

212 S. Main St.  
Next door to Carpenter's Drug  
Store

Don't Fail To See Newest Modes  
at

## **The Vogue**

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR  
AND MILLINERY

Phone—424 109 North Main St.  
Greenville, S. C.

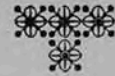
Newest Modes Of Individuality  
In

Coats, Dresses, Ensemble Suits  
Evening Wear—Millinery, And  
Accessories

Fashioned Exclusively  
For The Miss

A Discount To All G. W. C. Girls  
And Teachers

## **Armstrong's**



Complete Line of All Imported  
Toilet Articles

Hollingsworths and Martha Wash-  
ington Candies Received  
Fresh Weekly



## **Armstrong's**

The Daylight Drug Store

## **J. O. Jones Co.**

"A Men's Store For Women"

Indestructo Trunks  
Cedarobe Trunks  
Suit Cases and Bags  
Phoenix Hosiery  
Bradley Sweaters  
Hat Boxes

## **J. O. Jones Co.**

GREENVILLE, S. C.

## **Fall and Winter Styles in Millinery**

We can fit you in the very latest in HATS  
for FALL. Prettier selections have never been  
shown in Greenville. Hundreds of patterns to  
select from, and prices range from

\$2.95, \$3.95, \$5.00  
and \$7.50

*YOU CAN DO BETTER AT OUR STORE*

## **Five Dollar Hat Shop**

214 North Main Street

# EFIRD'S

Consider This Your Invitation to Our  
Mighty Showing of  
Spring Dresses

Yes Dresses That Expresses Individually  
Dresses For Every Occasion  
Millinery, Hosiery, Shoe, Depts.

## Efird's Department Store

Greenville, S. C.

### *Vaughans*

For Jewelry



High Standards—Moderate  
Prices



One Price to Everybody.  
A Cordial Welcome



### Cabaniss-Gardner Company, Inc.

Correct Apparel for Women

328 N. Main St.

Greenville, South Carolina



# Where Culture, Refinement and Character are Developed in Young Women

An institution, rich in heritage, thorough in instruction, complete in equipment; located in an historic atmosphere of ideals and culture grounded in the Christian faith and standards of educated, aggressive womanhood.

---

Educational Foundation 1820

Chartered 1854

## Greenville Woman's College

GREENVILLE, S. C.

---

Equipment—Complete, modern, comfortable. Climate—ideal, best in the Carolinas. Four-Year Courses—leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Music. Diplomas in Art and Expression, especial work in Departments of Music, Art, Expression and Home Economics. Faculty of well known highly specialized Christian leaders.

A College that gives a definite preparation for a life of Christian service and religious activity in the home community.

For Catalogue And Other Information Address

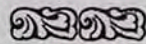
DAVID M. RAMSAY, D. D., President, Greenville, S. C.



# Savoy

Greenville's Sweet Shop  
CANDY, SODA,  
LUNCHES.

Home-made Candies  
Made Fresh Every Day



## Savoy Candy Co.

104 S. Main St.,  
Phone 1899

# Broadway Shoe Co.

Greenville's Newest Shoe Store  
Exclusive But Not Expensive

SPECIALTIES IN SHORT  
VAMP SHOES for WOMEN

Hosiery  
To Match

Hosiery  
To Match

106 N. Main St.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

## Yeager's Quality Shop



WEARING APPAREL FOR  
WOMEN and MISSES  
COMPLETE LINE  
of  
MILLINERY

326 N. Main

Phone 593

## Marchant's Music House

D. H. Marchant, Jr., Proprietor

A high grade store in every respect.  
Note this splendid representation:  
Knabe Pianos; Edison Phonographs.



GREENVILLE'S only sheet  
MUSIC STORE

118 W. North St.

Phone 1371

# Greenville Steam Laundry

## DRY CLEANING



SATISFACTION—SERVICE—QUALITY

Phone 119

Elford and Townes Streets

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Home of

*Quality Products*

Party Orders Our Specialty

*Federal* SYSTEM  
OF BAKERIES

### SAM'S LUNCH ROOM

"Good Things To Eat"

—G. W. C. GIRLS WELCOME—

### Reynolds & Earle

Incorporated  
DRUGGISTS

111 Main Street  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Phone 663-664

PROMPT DELIVERY

### LEAGUE'S

String Instruments

Phonographs

Pianos

305 N. Main Street

Telephone 2146

# BREAZEALE'S FASHION SALON

PEGGY PARIS COATS

for

GIRL'S AND LITTLE WOMEN

Ensemble Suits, Afternoon and Party Dresses at  
Reasonable Prices

Brazieres, Wrap-Arounds and Madame X Reducing  
Corsets

Glove Silk Under-Things, Dainty and Serviceable  
Hemstitching and Picoting, Nice Line of Hosiery.

All of The Newest Shades.

MILLINERY FOR ALL OCCASIONS

# BREAZEALE'S FASHION SALON

Arcade Annex

Woodside Building

GREENVILLE, S. C.

# FOWLER DRUG COMPANY

"Five Points"



College girls are especially  
invited to visit our store

Phone 22

Greenville, S. C.

AGENTS

*Nunnally's*  
THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

# Doster Bros. Drug Co.

# Modes of the Moment

## EMPHASIZING THE SMARTEST STYLE FEATURES OF THE NEWER FOOTWEAR FASHIONS

In perfect accord with fashion's newest dictates, yet individual and distinctive are the beautiful new footwear styles on display at this store.

There's an added satisfaction in selection, in that styles presented here are always so advanced that they remain stylish, though you wear them for months to come.

The College Girl will find here, footwear to meet her every requirement be it class-room, street or formal occasion.

## PATTON-TILMAN & BRUCE

"Shoes and Hosiery of the Better Kind"

### *Bryan Grill*

—G. W. C. GIRLS WELCOME—

Bring Your Friends  
Home Cooked Food



OPEN ALL HOURS

Best Food - - Best Service

Woodside Building

### The Jones Furniture Co.

All that goes to make

HOME LIFE MORE  
COMFORTABLE

Can Be Purchased  
On Our Club Plan

221 N. Main St.



# **FURMAN UNIVERSITY**

GREENVILLE, S. C.

W. J. McGLOTHLIN, Ph. D., D., LL. D.

Courses are offered leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Science, (B. S.), Bachelor of Arts (B. A.) and Bachelor of Laws (LL. B.). Strong faculty, beautiful campus, healthful climate, moderate expenses. Jas. C. Furman Hall of Science, with fine equipment. Library especially endowed. Trained librarian. Large, comfortable dormitories, fitted with modern conveniences. Unrivalled athletic field, new dining hall, central heating plant and splendid student body.

THE REGISTRAR,  
Box E, Furman University  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

