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The Isaqueena - 1915, May

Janie Gilreath
Greenville Woman's College

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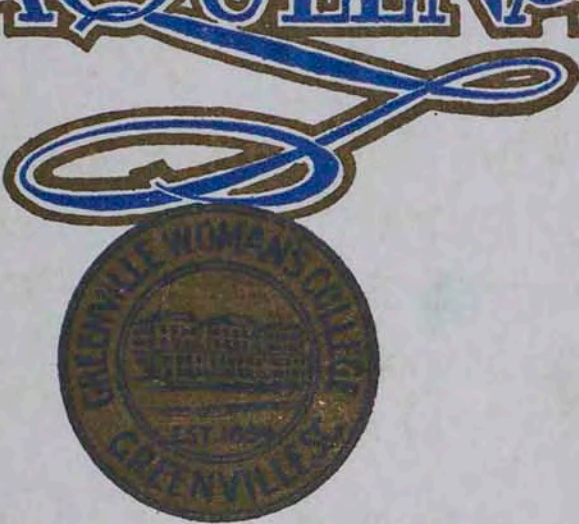
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The
ISAQUEENA

A decorative flourish consisting of a blue line that loops and swirls, ending in a circular seal. The seal is circular and contains the text "GREENVILLE WOMEN'S COLLEGE" around the perimeter and "GREENVILLE, S. C." at the bottom. In the center of the seal is an illustration of a building, likely the college's main building.

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The Isaqueena



May, 1915

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The Isaqueena

Vol. IX

GREENVILLE, S. C., MAY, 1915

No. 7

As a token of fond love and sincere
wishes, we dedicate this
issue of
The Isaqueena
to
Class of Nineteen Fifteen

“Not a Youngster’s Face”

When all my jolly boys and girls first went away to college
To try an’ stuff their care-free brains brim full of varied
knowledge,

The house looked like a country church with naught but vacant pews,

Without our merry Will, and John, Irene, and bonny Suze.
The chairs stood back against the wall, not one was out of plumb;

And I went round about the house a-feeling mighty glum;
The table, back against the wall, was set for only two,
And mother said it didn’t seem that she’d a thing to do.

“Oh, Lord,” I said once, twice and thrice, “what a lonesome place,

With just us two a-settin’ here, and not a youngster’s face!”
And when I went to milk the cows it seemed the whippoorwill
Had claimed the whole farm for himself—but just below
the hill,

Just when the dusk was growing dark, there came a noisy sound

Of boys and gals a-racing fast;—then, with a single bound,
Suze caught me tight around the neck, Irene gave me a smack,
And I heard a shoutin’ in my ears, “Daddy, we’ve all come
back.”

I rushed pell-mell into the house, the happiest of men,
A-shoutin’, “Mother, here’s our world, come home for a
week-end.”

SEABRONA PARKS, '16.

Maurice Maeterlinck: A Dramatist



OME critic has said that, "as Maeterlinck stands before us to-day, modern literature knows of few more commanding figures and of none more charming." He is delightful to read and still more pleasing to study. To most of us, however, he is known chiefly as the author of "The Blue Bird." We may, however, remember having read that he was a Belgian, but our picture of him was then rather vague, and certainly now, since the great European war has taken the first place in our minds, we have no thought of forgetting Belgium's greatest man of letters, Maurice Maeterlinck. He who has always been devoted to his little fatherland, he who refused to forfeit his Belgian citizenship to become a member of the French Academy, he who speaks so lovingly of his king in the present struggle,—he says, "Of all the heroes of this enormous war, one of the purest, one who can never be loved enough, is the great young king of my little country." Can we keep from admiring any man, whether dramatist, poet, or philosopher, who speaks such words? And Maeterlinck is all of these things—a man, a dramatist, a poet, and a philosopher. Although we are speaking of him merely as a dramatist, we feel all of these attributes throughout his plays.

These things are what Maurice Maeterlinck is to-day, but now let us see for a moment how he came to be the man of so varied achievements. He was born in the picturesque old town of Ghent in 1862. He, as some one has said, "spent his childhood in a home where, as in some of his own plays, ships could be seen sailing through what looked to be the

back part of the garden." The country of flowers, canals, and windmills was a place quite suitable for the developing of a poetic nature, and the little Maurice certainly had a poetic nature. When he grew older, he was sent to a Jesuit school, which he is said to have despised. However, we have no traces of this dislike in any of his plays. Doubtless, he gained from this experience his first visions of the gloomy castles which he describes in the plays of his first period. After seven years of this tedious routine, he studied philosophy and law, and in 1887 became a barrister. After practicing law a short while, the young poet fled to Paris, where he hoped to realize his literary ambitions. Living in the Latin Quarter in Paris, the young artist was thrown with many literary men, and "the air was then full of a sort of symbolism that endeavored to express by the innate melody of words what might be too elusive for their meaning." At first, under this influence, the young artist wrote poetry, but soon his plays began to appear. His first drama of any importance was "La Princesse Maleine." This, however, was followed by dramas of the same character, all seemingly "the utterance of a troubled and profoundly melancholy soul, straining to find its way in the darkness, dramas of doubt, restlessness, gloom, and moral terror." This was natural for the young artist, because all of his literary associates were pessimistic and portrayed life in "funereal hues." It was then that he attracted the attention of the great enthusiastic critic, Mirabeau, who soon proclaimed him, "greater than Shakespeare." Fortunately, Maeterlinck was well-balanced, and "kept a calm disregard of both applause and laughter." Now being among the higher literary circles, he attended the Parisian operas and here met Miss Georgette Leblanc, a great actress of the day. Miss Leblanc was attractive and talented, and the young dramatist, Maeterlinck, soon found himself in love. From then his whole attitude

towards life and his manner of writing underwent a transformation. His "unhealthy symbolism in his dramas, stagnant pools, grottos, and foul birds of night . . . departed forever," and, under his wife's influence, he emerged from despair into the "pure white sunlight of comprehension of the laws of the universe and was converted into a teacher, even an apostle of cheerfulness, courage, and equanimity." At the beginning of the second period, he wrote "La Sagesse et la Destinée," dedicating it to his beloved wife. After this his wife became his inspiration. Together they made their home in an old Benedictine abbey, enjoying nature and solitude.

Now, having had a glimpse of his life, let us peep at his dramas themselves, for, as the *Outlook* says, "it is in his dramatic work that Maeterlinck is most individualistic and baffling; remote, shadowy, symbolic, and yet as effective as Poe in enveloping his readers in an atmosphere charged with subtle significance." In all he is the perfect poet. Before taking up any of his dramas separately, let us mention a few of the best known of these plays. First in the list, we place "The Blue Bird," for since its appearance the authenticity of his genius has never been questioned. Then comes "Pélléas and Mélisande," about the best-known drama of his first period. Then along with this, appearing before and after, come "La Princesse Maleine," "Alladine and Palomides," "Monna Vanna," "Aglavaine and Selysette," and others. In his second period belong "Le Tresor des Humbles," "La Sagesse et la Destinée," and "Le Double Jardin," "L'Intelligence des Fleurs." Then we must not neglect his two little librettos—as he calls them—"Ardiane and Barbe Bleue" and "Sister Beatrice." He has taken his place beside Ibsen and Strindberg as a reformer of the modern theater! As Mr. Thorold says, "He has written many miniature dramas, some of which are the most poignant little pieces imaginable, all

drenched with the tears and mystery of things; fragments of life itself we think, as we read or watch them for the first time, almost catching our breath at the naïveté of their frankness, at their childlike ingeniousness." He is a master in handling his poetic words, and much of the beauty of his plays is in his wonderful thoughts. However, as some critic suggests, he is never tempted too far, and his main appeal lies in his limitless reserve power. Now let us see several of his plays more closely. For an example of his first period, let us look at "Pélléas and Mélisande," which is familiar to us all. Throughout the play we feel a gloom, a despair, and a questioning, and we are unable to analyze our exact emotions. From the very beginning we feel the spirit of Mélisande's sad doom. Yet with all of its melancholy and gloom, the play is enchanting. The language is poetic and beautiful, and must also be musical, because the French composer, Debussy, has set it to music. One feels the very atmosphere of the play, the whispering of the trees and the moaning of the ocean. This ability to create atmosphere is one of Maeterlinck's many gifts. In all of his plays, he makes the whole so poetic and real that we enjoy his work not only for its beautiful symbolism, but also for the language and atmosphere. It would be pleasant to analyze some one of his plays, trying to point out the symbolism, the philosophy, and the other beauties; but in this sketch we have hardly time to mention the best-known of his dramas. Now, in speaking of one of his spiritual plays, let us take a shorter one, and yet one of the most beautiful, "Sister Beatrice." This play, or libretto, has been set to music, as have several other of the artist's dramas. In it, as one of the translators has said, we may miss some of the glamor and the atmosphere of the Maeterlinckian drama, "but this is the play which most nearly approaches, in the matter of treatment, the avowedly obvious spirit of the English drama. That the spiritual in the play

has a story is, no doubt, the reason why the treatment may be material and articulate." This drama is a miracle play, one in which the Holy Virgin takes the place of Sister Beatrice, who deserted her post for her lover. After years have passed, Beatrice becomes penitent and returns to the monastery, where she is not only kindly welcomed, but even worshipped. Naturally she is unable to understand the nuns' utter forgiveness, but at last she learns the story of the Virgin's disappearance, and, understanding, dies happily at the foot of the Holy Virgin's image. This play was developed from an English legend. Its poetry is beautiful, and though the gloomy atmosphere is not as noticeable as in other of his plays, we can certainly feel the silence and peace pervading the monastery.

Now let us take one of Maeterlinck's dramas on modern life, for he does not hide himself away from the world, ignoring the modern interests. Of suffrage, which he considers a necessary step toward higher cultural development, he says, "In those problems in which all life's enigmas converge, the crowd which is wrong is almost always justified as against the wise man who is right." On this subject, let us mention "Ardiane and Barbe Bleue." In this Maeterlinck has altered the old legend of Bluebeard to suit his purpose and has the sixth wife, Ardiane, release her five predecessors, but, when freed, the five refuse to leave Bluebeard. As some one says, this play may be a satire on the New Woman, who is to free the old conventional woman. Beautiful like all of Maeterlinck's dramas, it is well adapted to the music of M. Gilkas.

Now, lastly, let us glance for a moment at Maeterlinck's greatest masterpiece, "The Blue Bird." Could there be anything more beautiful than "The Blue Bird"? It is so symbolic, so poetic, and, as a whole, so entirely beautiful that it is very different to discuss briefly. It is said that it is a French "Peter Pan." And it is! It has strange depths that

one may never reach. The story of the play is familiar to us all, and each scene, as also each character in it, has a deep poetic and symbolic meaning. We may say the Blue Bird itself represents happiness or perfect knowledge, what we will, but we know it has a beautiful symbolic meaning, and each person can interpret its significance to suit his individual taste and feeling. Of course, the children, representing humanity, found their Blue Bird of happiness by being unselfish to those around them. As we have said, each scene is beautiful, and, as in all of Maeterlinck's plays, leaves a beautiful picture in one's mind. However, the most appropriate scene just now is the one of the children's visit to Night's castle, where they saw the Wars hidden in a dark cave. Little did the author think when he wrote this scene that one of those huge Wars, standing very near the door, would escape so soon and nearly destroy his beloved little country. Be that as it may, our one hope is that Belgium will soon recover her losses and be a continued inspiration to her greatest man of letters.

Laura Ebaugh, '17.

The Losing Case



HAD been gazing out of my window for an hour, watching the moving transactions taking place in the opposite building. The activity wearied me, for it was an uninspiring day, and a junior law partner has little to do in his colleague's absence.

Stiffing a yawn, I was picking up the 'phone to make a date for tennis for the afternoon with Virginia Woodward, when a knock interrupted. Glad of a break in the monotony, I called a rather cheerful,

"Come." "Well, of all things surprising! How do you do, Jack Derrick?"

"Hello, old man," he answered. "Mighty glad to see you. Didn't know you were in Auburn till yesterday, so I came over soon as I could get off. I'm so glad you're located here, Harry."

"So am I, but I little expected to find an old chum in Auburn. Wonder why I didn't know you were here? I thought Virginia Woodward was the only person I knew. Do you know her?"

"You bet I do," answered Jack. "And, by the way, I see she's moving in her office across the way to-day. Of course you know her fantastic notion of practicing law."

I looked up in complete bewilderment, for I had had no inkling of Virginia Woodward's plans.

"Practice law did you say? Well, I'll be jiggered. I did think she had better sense than that. The very idea of a woman—a good-looking girl, mind you—practicing law! It's the limit! I shall certainly cut her," trying to impress upon Jack my utter contempt.

"Well, as you are both lawyers and rising young lawyers, too, we'd hardly expect you to be overjoyed at the appearance of a good-looking rival in an opposite building," said Jack with a mischievous chuckle, which proved him the same old Jack of our Harvard days.

"Oh, go to the dickens, Jack. You know perfectly well I wasn't thinking of that. It's just that I can't endure these new women. Can you?" I asked curiously, believing he was of the same opinion. Yet his answer nettled me.

"Oh, well now, they have a lot on their side, you know," he drawled. "And it's perfectly natural, as I said before, for a man not overly blessed with beauty and grace to be—er, somewhat disturbed at the appearance of a Venus disguised as a lawyer," he continued teasingly. "It would be very exciting if you two should happen to be on opposite sides of a case. Eh, Harry?"

"Well, rather; I declare, I might have expected this to happen, for Sister warned me."

"You knew Miss Woodward before you came, then?" queried Jack interestedly.

"Yes, she and Sis are great chums, and she was down home this summer. Sis told me all about this law bosh and woman's rights business, and I meant to be very cool, but she was so different from what I expected that I fell right in and did my best to entertain. I've seen her several times since I came, and was just fixing to ring up and ask her to play tennis this afternoon when you came in. Guess I'll let it alone, as no doubt she'd rather pursue her law studies, and I should much prefer she would, now that she's a lawyer. Humph!" I ended with fine scorn.

"What have you been up to since June, Jack?"

After detailing his summer with amusing incidents and a discussion of our old days, Jack left me to ponder over Virginia Woodward's action. Why had she not told me? I

wondered. Guess Sister warned her of my anti-views. Oh, bosh! Virginia Woodward, why did you have to spoil yourself? These new girls!

After this discovery, I took great pains to keep out of Virginia Woodward's sight. We continued friendly greetings, but nothing more. I was somewhat surprised that she didn't question me about my abrupt termination of her acquaintance, but she went daily to and from her office and I to mine. Not an eyelid betrayed whether it mattered to her if I called or not. When we did renew our acquaintance, it was under rather embarrassing circumstances. We were lined up on opposite sides of a case, Jack's words even proving true. This was our first attempt, and I was not a little excited over it, especially as I had to work it out alone, since Mr. Williams, who had taken me in his office as partner, was in another state. The case was one that was of little weight and of very slight importance to most people in Auburn, yet the whole population must have flocked to the court-house on the day of the trial. A man, who took a little dram occasionally, was bringing suit against his wife because the woman took their son's wages one week and bought the little brat some books for him to attend a night school in the mill village. Just another case of a woman trying to boss things! The father had been accustomed with lawful and God-given authority to be the guardian of his children and to take the boy's wages each week and dispose of them as his maturer judgment directed. Just another one of those cases where maudlin sentiment is thrown around a woman, merely because the poor man took a drink once in a while. He had a perfect right to assert his authority and I had been engaged to represent his side, while Virginia Woodward was to represent the mother's side.

On the day of the trial, the small court-house was packed with a mass of curious, interested people. Never had

Auburn expected to see a woman and man clash in the court-house, and much speculation had been aired as to the probable outcome of the trial. Auburn was conservative to the last degree, and I knew I had popular sympathy with me whichever side I might represent. A woman parading in public did not appeal to the notions of the old aristocratic families, though Virginia Woodward had always been one of them. The man, his wife, and child had been examined. It was now my turn to present the arguments for the wronged father. I half noticed the silence that fell over the crowded, surging room when I arose. With a dignified bow, which Jack has since told me was very obsequious and affected, I began, taking care to proceed slowly and enunciate distinctly. Still I felt my hands trembling as the paper shook, and the candid gaze of Virginia Woodward, one-time friend, now enemy, was more than disconcerting. So did Jack's dry sphinx-like smile and folded arms betoken huge amusement. Virginia Woodward's gaze never moved as I summed up the facts, pointed out the inherent right of a father to be man of his house and guardian of his children.

"What will become of our race if woman assumes the reins of government, whether in the home or in public?" I asked.

At this stage a shadow of a smile flitted over Virginia Woodward's features. With what I then considered a soaring flight of rhetoric, but which Jack has since reminded me was only a flowery and vacant effort, I brought up several allusions as to the customary right of the father to guard his children from the days of the Roman empire down. And in clipping off my last point, I exclaimed:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you not here to administer the laws of our dear old state? And you realize, gentlemen, that the law on this point says that the father shall be the guardian of his children. The law is infallible, therefore, gentlemen, see that the law is administered to this wronged father."

I sat down with the satisfied feeling of having made a rather good speech, yet I had a sneaking feeling that possibly some of my weak points had had to be covered by a brilliant flow of words, still I noted the approbation of those around me. Jack and Virginia Woodward, however, scarcely changed their expressions, unless it was to breathe forth a sigh of relief.

When Virginia Woodward rose, a brief, expectant hush fell upon the audience which was followed by a round of tittering and excited whispering, for now, to their minds, the main show was coming off. I noticed rather uncomfortably that she was facing the jury with absolute poise and a quiet dignity, which very quickly stilled the exclaiming, incredulous house. She began by presenting a pathetic picture of the home governed by a drunken father, with a mother who, although needy of the bare comforts of life, was willing, as a loving mother is always, to sacrifice, even suffer, that her child, yearning for something better, might have his wishes gratified.

I thought this might appeal to the women of the audience, for curiosity had got the better of propriety, and many were present. I hardly thought, however, that such a picture was sufficiently convincing, so I began to breathe more easily and settled back in my chair to enjoy this woman's rights girl argue. Not interrupting the calm, even flow of her words by even a flutter of the papers, she continued:

"In taking her child's wages, this poor mother has only done what any mother would have done. You see, gentlemen, this mere lad is working his life away to supply whisky for an ungrateful, lazy father. Why doesn't the father work? Why does he object to his son's attending the night school? You see the poor little fellow has a high ideal in spite of his sordid surroundings, and is willing to study at night, even after his confining work of the day. You admit, do you, gen-

tlemen, that mothers are of no influence, have been no working factor in a person's life? I do not believe it. Only think of the mothers of history."

Again I thought she was playing to the gallery, still I could not be blind to the force of her persuasion, for nothing else would I allow myself to call it. Her last points, however, began to change my self-confident attitude.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you not bound to administer justice? And though the law says a father shall be the guardian of his children, was not the law made to insure justice, and doesn't justice say this deserving mother shall guide her son hereafter? Recall how many times the strict letter of the law has been ignored to meet the exigencies of the case, and, in the present instance, are you willing to admit that a drunken father is the rightful guardian of his child? Step ahead of your generation, gentlemen, and see that *justice* rather than a mere *law* is administered."

With glowing eyes and growing intensity, Miss Woodward reached the climax of her speech and concluded with the quiet assurance and perfect poise with which she had begun. I fully realized that such a speech was not merely a rhetorical effort, but a strong, logical argument. I glanced at my opponent in candid astonishment and a vague feeling of unrest, and an undercurrent of failure took possession of me, exhibiting itself in my continual tapping on the table and the restless watching of the door. When she finished, a momentary, breathless suspense was followed by a tumultuous outburst of approval, which continued in the excited speculations of a number of those very evidently captivated by Virginia Woodward, who is, I admit, a winning personality. As my shifting denoted nervousness, so her calmness showed continued assurance. As the jurymen filed in after a twenty minutes' absence, the leaning bodies of the audience expressed the high pitch of excitement and interest. All were breathless, and I

felt suddenly weak. The judge arose and rendered the verdict that this woman should hereafter have equal guardianship over her child.

An unrestrained applause broke out at this, and an excited, pushing crowd thronged around Virginia Woodward, although a greater part of the audience had, I knew, been skeptical of her ability heretofore. A few old residents and friends of Mr. Williams congratulated me, but their ill-concealed disappointment only heightened my intolerable chagrin. As quickly as possible, I rushed to the quiet of my office, there to thresh out the established fact that my first case was lost, and that—to a woman—Virginia Woodward. I had anticipated a good melancholy time of it, when Jack came in to put an end to miserable contemplations. I was angry that he should have to drop in at this of all moments. Companionship or sympathy was what I least desired, but there was no avoiding the issue.

“Wonderful argument she made about the mothers of the race. Eh, Harry?”

“Yes, quite,” was my curt reply.

“You did fine, old man,” continued Jack solicitously, “but I must hand it to her, she had you beat on every point.”

“It’s rather evident, since the jury has so decided. Your opinion, of course, is of inestimable value,” was the irresistible reply. I wished he would leave and was willing to insult him to effect his departure.

“Well, you needn’t get so sore about it. I bet right now you like Virginia Woodward very much better.”

“Indeed, I don’t. I have no words to express my contempt for a woman who will lower herself to the extent that Virginia Woodward has. I’m very busy, Jack,” I ended, fibbing easily.

“Really? How strange! Well, there’s no use arguing with you. Hope you’ll forbear committing suicide before I see you again,” and Jack was gone with a bang.

His sarcasm did not phase me, however, for Virginia Woodward was occupying my thoughts. Again and again I went over the case, and over and over occurred points I had failed to bring out, to my absolute anger at myself. I knew Virginia Woodward had made the stronger plea; perhaps she had the stronger side; yet I could and would not admit that my estimation of her was raised. Yet why did Jack's words, "I bet right now you like Virginia Woodward very much better," keep recurring? I didn't, I affirmed to myself again and again, with my arguments concerning woman's sphere. I reviewed my acquaintance with Virginia Woodward from the first day I had seen her. I had always liked her until she went into business. Suddenly there popped into my head this startling question, "Why shouldn't a girl be allowed to practice law? Why should I think less of her for her learning?" I knew it was chiefly professional pride that kept me from admitting that she was right, and I was too piqued to submit. Yet as I walked back and forth from the window to the cooler and back again, this idea kept revolving in my mind. "You are foolish, Harry Lane, to throw over a girl because she has brains. Oh, pshaw! you're a perfect fool." I smiled rather grimly to myself. It was a long time before I would own up to this feeling, but when I did it was to grab up the 'phone and call Virginia Woodward. In a most altruistic manner, I congratulated her and avowed my inferiority in the case. I was vaguely surprised that she did not refer to my conduct before the case, for I had scarcely spoken to her since she moved in the office opposite. I asked rather hesitantly for an opportunity to see her again.

"Well, how about to-night? I'm more than willing to resume our acquaintance which I so foolishly cut off, if you'll let me make amends." I apologized and confessed. "Oh, that's awfully good of you. See you to-night then. Good-bye."

As I hung up the receiver, in walked Jack, undaunted by my manner of a few hours previous.

"Ha, what did I tell you? Didn't you know you liked that girl for beating you?" he laughed.

"Well, I don't know that that was it, but I beg to take back my remarks concerning Virginia Woodward this morning. She's a wonder, I think, Jack."

"Humph! Changed your views mighty sudden. Well, wish you luck, old fellow!"

Jack's good wishes may have had something to do with it. Anyway, we did have luck, although, in spite of my urging, Virginia would never consent to have "Lane & Lane" on my shingle. She affirmed always that she would be the silent partner in my law business, and while I promised to be a partner in her activities, it was not as a silent partner that I offered myself.

GRACE DECKER COLEMAN, '16.

John Millington Synge



WHEN asked about himself by an old man on the roadside once, Synge replied that he was born in Dublin, had traveled afterward, had been in Paris and Rome, and had seen the Pope Leo XIII. In speaking of this incident, Mr. Howe says, "Outside of the work he left, that is his life, one thinks, as he would have it told." However, a few more definite facts about his life have been gathered together; and, in studying his life, one is impressed with its simplicity and comparative thinness in incident.

He was born April 16, 1871, in Rathfarnham, Dublin County, Ireland. He received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards studied music in Germany and linguistics in Paris. He fiddled his way across the country and lived in the families of peasants and petty bourgeois.

Mr. William Butler Yeats, one of Synge's contemporaries, tells of meeting Synge in Paris and sending him back to Ireland. Yeats, while quite young, was studying and writing in Paris when he learned that there was in the attic of his boarding-house one of his fellow countrymen, trying (like himself) to win fame in the literary world. Yeats immediately called on Synge, who was there busy, but unsuccessfully, writing plays on conventional subjects, such as nuns escaping from convents, and so on. These two young writers soon became good friends, and Yeats persuaded Synge to go back to his native land and write about the things with which he was familiar. Synge's residence in France was not wasted, however, for Francis Bickley says that it helped to open up

before him "that clean, disillusioned view of life which gives his plays their lucid reality."

Synge's writings consist of dramas, descriptions, narratives, and a few poems. "In West Kerry," "The Aran Islands," and "The Vagrants of Wicklow" are descriptions of his travels and the places where he lived and gathered material for his plays. "The Aran Islands" is said to be one of the few great journals giving a simple and direct account of a life among a people. It is in the drama, however, that Synge has given most to Ireland. His dramas are: "In the Shadow of the Glen," "Riders to the Sea," "The Well of the Saints," "The Play-boy of the Western World," and "Deirdre of the Sorrows." "The Play-boy of the Western World" is simply a picture of peasant life in Ireland, and although someone has said that it is weak in design, there is no weakness in execution. It has probably caused more opposition than any other Irish play, because it shows not only the beauty of the life with its richness of character, but also the faults of the race. "The keynote of Synge's writings is joy and exaltation that is always present even in his saddest and most pathetic works." Synge belonged to no school. Francis Bickley says of him: "Character, situation, and language he borrowed from actual life, improving and embellishing them, but never altering their essence. His plays are never symbolical, his characters never projections of his own moods and ideas, as with Maeterlinck or Yeats. The moods of his various plays—laughter and passion and knavery—were what he saw in the world, but the light in which he saw them was his own—a clear, hard light, striking through smoky glass. If there be an actual reality in things, an authentic value to stultify all our illusions, Synge was one of the few who have got very near seeing it." It has been claimed for Synge that he is the greatest imaginative dramatist who has written English since Shakespeare; and

one of his English biographers writes: "In all the English drama, from Sheridan and Goldsmith to Mr. Shaw, there is only one name that will go up among the greatest, and that is the name of another Irishman, J. M. Synge." Many critics have praised the Celtic wonder-sense and nature-sense, and to this was added, in Synge's case, a gift for dialogue far different from, yet even more remarkable than that of his fellow Irishmen, Sheridan, Wilde, and Shaw. He writes of rural Ireland and takes for his characters men and women a little richer in life than the ordinary man and woman and makes them a little richer even than he found them.

We may know the man better from Mr. Howe's description of Synge's best portrait, by J. B. Yeats, in the Municipal Gallery in Dublin: "It shows a homely Irish face, Gallicized just a little deliberately; with features that are insignificant, save for remarkable eyes. The black hair is in a careless sweep, the attire negligent but determinedly ordinary. The hands are the delicate hands of a craftsman. You come back to the eyes—eyes that assert nothing, that begin by questioning your assertions merely, that hold you under their calm, amused gaze, a gaze tolerant and a little cynical. They are curiously wide eyes, lidded a little lazily. As you look, the impartial gaze appears to have shifted; it is beyond you, on the things of eternal concern."

ANNIE LAURIE WELBORN, '15.

The Last Days

What, ma'am, I do not understand—
Vacation days are near at hand?
Oh, trifle not, make me believe
That we are from this work relieved.

Do you mean that school is almost o'er?
Give me your hand to even up the score.
We'll soon be free from all restraint,
And rest for three long months, methinks.

No more teachers,
No more bells,
No more chapel,
No more yells,
No more classes,
No more fails,
For we'll be free from this old jail.

Yet stay a moment, I declare,
In spite of thoughts both bright and fair,
There is some sadness in my heart,
To think from here we must depart.

How can we break the tender ties
Of our dear college true and tried?
How can we leave our friends so dear,
Those we'll not see for years, if e'er.

It is with sadness, after all,
That we await our final call
To leave this campus bright and green,
And take with us our prized sheepskin.

Rose Knight



DON'T remember just now why I was whistling. My desk was piled exceptionally high with letters to be answered, and there was plenty of hard work in store. Possibly the morning was the kind that promises happiness in spite of all. Or, perhaps, one has a telling feeling when interesting things are destined to break the monotony of work.

"Come in," I yelled, in a voice that has ever since been a regret to me. Where were my thoughts that I did not discriminate between that firm little rap on my door and those usual knocks so characteristic of book agents and business men?

"You are Mr. Wharton?" a girl questioned, as she entered my office. I had hardly time to assure her before she continued:

"I trust I'm not disturbing you, but I saw in the *Morning Herald* that you found a ring that . . ."

"Oh, you are Miss Knight," I awkwardly interrupted.

"No, Mr. Wharton, I am Miss Williams," she corrected.

"Then your mother was a Miss Knight," I asserted, both in apology and interest. As I spoke, I took from my desk an old-fashioned cameo ring. There was something about it that fascinated me; perhaps its quaint old style, or even the few worn places. There was a suggestiveness of secrecy about it. Especially did the name, "Rose Knight," which was awkwardly scratched on the inside appeal to me. So I was indeed disappointed that this young lady was not Miss Rose Knight.

"No," she laughed, "neither my mother nor grandmother had that name. The ring is my dearest possession, but I hardly know how I am to identify it, I—I—"

Two eyebrows were lifted wistfully, and an expression crossed the girl's face that interested me. It seemed, at least I wished, that she was about to tell me some secret and one that it hurt her to impart.

"Why that is all right, Miss Williams. We don't need any proof," I said as I handed her the ring.

She put it on her finger and looked at it long and devotedly. Then, I became conscious that she was studying my face. To break the silence I began to tell how and where I had found the ring. Her expression became one of question.

"Are you not rather careless with your trust, Mr. Wharton?" she asked.

In fact I had not even questioned her truthfulness. But as I assured her that I was a quick character reader, her expression changed to one of satisfaction, or rather one with a definite purpose. Instantly, she pulled her chair forward and said:

"I'll tell you about it. It's the only way I have to identify it, and then you found it for me. Somehow, too, you seem to want to know. Do you, Mr. Wharton?"

And not waiting for an answer, Miss Williams continued: "My grandmother was a tiny girl—little and dainty, Mother says. And a summer never passed that the porch of the little cottage in which she lived was not shaded with roses. Just opposite this cottage, there was an old house used as a temporary hospital for wounded soldiers. Recently, the small village had been turned into a battlefield. The result had been a field strewn with young lives, once splendid, now wasted. In the cool of an afternoon, long, long ago, a maiden sat behind the thick wall that the roses made between the

cottage and the wounded soldiers. That girl, Mr. Wharton, was my grandmother, and her name was Ellen Grey."

"But Rose Knight?" I questioned breathlessly.

"Oh, yes, I know. That's the question I asked when the secret was told to me. I'm the only person that knows. Dad and Mother knew!"

I smiled and she smiled back at me. Then very eagerly she pulled her chair closer to the desk and as eagerly continued:

"Where were we? Oh, yes, she was sitting there with an unopened book in her lap. She arose, and I love to think that she picked a rose as she went down the steps. She passed out the gate, book in hand. I need not tell you where she went. Being assured by a nurse that there was nothing she could do, she just strolled around the cots, giving comforting words to the wounded. Somewhere in that crowd, she found a boy whose big dreamy eyes searched hers and whose smile won her. Every day after this she went to him, sometimes she would read and sometimes soothe his restless forehead with cold cloths. At times he would not even speak to her, again he would tell her very, very strange things. Once he asked if she was not his Rose Knight and, just to please him, she answered, 'Yes.'

"Sometimes, too, they say that in his rambling talk he mentioned a beautiful garden. He always called my grandmother 'Rose Knight,' and often asked why she did not talk about their garden. Once he said, 'Oh, I knew you would come to me, Rose Knight, I knew it. When I'm well we'll go to the happy land again. Are you as happy here as you were there?' Her answer was: 'A thousand times happier, dear.' And so she began to love him.

"Where could this Rose Knight be, she wondered. She could not break the charm to ask. In spite of a little envy, she longed to find this girl he loved and tell her how great was his devotion.

"I love to think, Mr. Wharton," Miss Williams continued, "that there was a dreamy look in his eyes that was fantastical like the name of the girl he loved. For my grandmother once said that although his body was that of a soldier, his mind was imaginary like a dreamer or a poet."

At this point my office boy blundered in, but I motioned him out.

"Oh, I must be interrupting your work," she said.

"No, indeed," I answered. "Please go on."

She did not describe Ellen Grey to me. There was no need. I love to think, now even more than then, that she was just like the girl then before me.

"He told her wonderful stories," she continued. "And would sometimes doubt the very flight of his own fancy. And he would talk something like this:

"Oh, is it true, do you think, my own Rose Knight? Were we really there together?"

"Or it was:

"Do you love me as you did then?"

"And I think," Miss Williams added, "that the answer must always have been, 'more.' When he would call for his Rose Knight, do you think that she fibbed when she told him she loved him? Oh no!

"But one morning when she went to read to him, he was not there. He had grown very ill and had been taken to a city hospital. Ellen was sad, not for her deception, oh, no—but for him, and even more for some girl who must love him. Did she know? What was this girl's wonderful garden, now that the lover was gone? Then, she determined to find Rose Knight and tell her how true that lover had been.

"Her musings were broken, however, by the opening of the gate. A young soldier was coming up the walk. Her heart must have raged wildly as she rose to meet him. He asked if Miss Knight lived there, and she answered, 'No.' He started down the walk, but impulsively turned.

"'Pardon me, but you are as he described Miss Knight to me, and this is certainly the house,' he said.

"Then my grandmother told him she had lied and took the little package that he handed her. The soldier then told her that young Mason was dead. She sank into a chair and blankly stared into the distance. Calmly the soldier said that Mason wished her to know that he loved her, and he had vowed to see that Rose Knight should know it. At that she handed him back the package, but he would not take it. In her weakness and utter grief, she accepted his word of comfort and said nothing to him as he walked away. Then she opened the package and there was this ring with her name scratched in it.

"When my mother was born, my grandmother wanted to name her Rose Knight, just because it was a pretty name she explained to her husband; but he insisted that the baby be named Ellen. But when that little girl grew up, her mother told her the sad, sad story. So when I was born, they named me Rose Knight Williams. When I was sixteen, Mother gave me the ring to wear as she told me the sweet, sad story. So, Mr. Wharton, you see why the ring is so precious to me.

"Always my grandmother, they say, was secretly searching for this Rose Knight to give her the ring and tell her that young Mason died loving her."

"But did your grandmother never guess," I asked in despair.

"Oh," cried the girl in apparent joy. "Do you, too, think that there was no real Rose Knight?"

As I thought of the men that rush over the world searching for the "one" girl, there was no doubt in my mind. This dreamy youth had his not only visualized, but named, I suspected; so I eagerly answered:

"Yes, that's right."

"That's what Mother thought," added the girl, "or, you see, she would never have given me this ring to wear."

JANIE GILREATH. '15.

John Galsworthy, the Dramatist



AMONG the English dramatists, Galsworthy ranks with Arnold Bennett, Granville Barker, and Bernard Shaw. Since the attention of America has only recently been called to him, we are inclined to consider him a later arrival than he really is. In reality he has turned out about fifteen volumes in as many years, and even the earliest of these are, by common consent of the critics, placed with the foremost products of modern English literature. Here his fame has spread with phenomenal rapidity since his introduction only a few years ago. This fame, so Mr. Björkman thinks, is not the kind that may be called a fad.

Though still young, Mr. Galsworthy has become noted as a novelist, short-story writer, poet, and dramatist. In the field of drama, he has attempted several varieties. Though he is essentially a realist, his plays are rarely lacking in symbolism, and one of them, "The Little Dream," is purely symbolical. Here a Swiss maiden welcomes to her father's, a foreign mountain climber. It is night, and as the girl crawls up on the window to sleep, the stranger kisses her. Presently, her rustic lover repeats the salute, and Seelchen's ensuing dream is colored by the thought of these two kisses, each representing an opposite compulsion. In her vision, Seelchen or "Little Soul" beholds the three mountains of the district as endowed with human faces. Cow Horn represents the face of the shepherd, Wine Horn, the beardless face of the climber from the city, and Great Horn shows a sphinx-like face indicative of Fate or Death. Each mountain offers her a gift. The third declares that she shall live

on the hills with silence and dance in the cities with knowledge, but at last she shall come to the Great Horn. The joy of rest and the joy of motion, the peace of nature and the feverish stir of the world are both good, but death closes them all. Life leads the Little Soul from one extreme to another, and the soul passes on to the end of the world and beyond. *The Review of Reviews* interprets the Great Horn to mean the voice of the great mystery of life that leads us beyond love and death into the unknown hills of silence. This view is based, for the most part, on this speech of Great Horn's to Seelchen:

“Wandering Flame, thou restless fever,
 Burning all things, regretting none,
 The wings of Fate are stilled forever,
 Thy little generous life is done—
 And all its wistful wanderings cease,
 Thou traveler to the tideless sea—
 Where light and dark and change and peace
 Are One—come Little Soul to mystery.”

By his play, “The Fugitive,” Galsworthy has been enlisted as one of the many dramatizers of the wayward woman. Like Bergstrom’s “Karen Borneman,” the appeal is for a new freedom for women, though Galsworthy’s treatment is less radical and more subtle. The Fugitive represents the woman to whom the desire for self-expression is everything. “The Fugitive,” says the *Review of Reviews*, “is the story of the elemental instincts of human nature breaking through the crust of our highly tensioned life. In this play, Galsworthy makes the word, ‘lady,’ apparently synonymous with parasitic womanhood that has been robbed by false education and stultifying environment of all power of self-expression and usefulness. Clare is puppet femininity jerked by the leading strings of convention. When the leading strings break, the only alternative is death. Both Galsworthy and

Wells extricate their heroines by making them die for artistic reasons, whereas Hardy makes his live for the same reasons!"

Galsworthy has contributed also to the numerous plays of family life by producing the drama, "Joy." The humor of this play lies in the fact that all the characters are egotists. As the author says, "It is a play on the letter I."

In spite of his versatility as a dramatist, Galsworthy is best known as a writer of social problem plays. The most notable of these are "Justice," "The Eldest Son," "The Silver Box," and "Strife." "Justice" is regarded by the *Review of Reviews* as his most powerful play. It is an arraignment of our blundering attempt to make the punishment fit the crime. "On this dramatic framework," says the *Review of Reviews*, "Galsworthy has hung every humane argument for the reconstruction of our penal system and the rehabilitation of the convict."

"The Eldest Son" throws into our faces the question of caste as a factor in domestic life. Sir William Cheshire's groom has wronged a village girl. Can the moral law, which compels the groom to marry this girl of his own caste, also compel Sir William Cheshire's eldest son to marry his mother's maid whom he has wronged? Galsworthy's conclusion seems to be that an assorted marriage is not the proper remedy for a moral evil.

"The Silver Box" shows the inadequacy of the present criminal system, and "Strife" is a vivid picture of the clash between capital and labor.

In all these the author shows a profound insight into the hearts of all classes of men, and an impassioned sympathy with those who labor and are heavy laden. Yet his pictures are always true and unbiased. Though he is "the poet of democracy," the democracy that he strives for is the American and not the French brand: the ideal of recognition and justice for all classes and not for the third estate alone.

Though Galsworthy is too much of an artist to commit himself in his plays and novels, he has written some articles for the *London Mail* on "Labor Unrest" in which he states his views. In pointing out the causes of this unrest, he says that the large businesses are conducted by a board of directors appointed and paid by the shareholders as trustees to produce a maximum profit. "Where there is such trusteeship," says Mr. Galsworthy, "there is rarely wide view of relation of capital and labor in the light of society as a whole. Trustees who might pursue a generous policy, if they had only their own interests to consider, are prevented from pursuing a generous policy when they are guardians of the interests of others. There is no way of counteracting the secret, dangerous and irritating effect on the mind of labor, save by such process of education as will soak the spirit of the prosperous classes with an altogether larger and saner view of the fundamental unity and interdependence of society as a whole."

Though Mr. Galsworthy is anything but a doctrinaire, he is a social reformer. By placing before men a faithful, passionately unimpassioned picture of the faults of the existing social order, he is preparing them to make their own solution. He says that there are three classes of playwrights: First, those who set before the public what it wishes to see, the views and codes of life by which it lives, and in which it believes; second, those who try to thrust down the public throat their own codes and ideas; third, those who present no codes but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, but not distorted by the writer's outlook, set down without fear or favor, and leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford. It is useless to say that Galsworthy himself follows the third method, not only because he thinks it will do the most lasting good, but because he considers this detached method neces-

sary to the highest art. His idea is that the function of the writer is to display to the living generation, both its own innermost soul and the world that it has made itself to live in. He is faithfully carrying out his own idea of an artist, whom he describes as "a soft and undeterminate spirit, for whom barriers have no meaning, content to understand, interpret, and create." He says, further, that the artist may come so near the thing which has no breadth—the middle line, that he can watch both sides and fairly smile to see the fun.

However, his attitude of detachment is not that cold-blooded kind which makes the author subject his victim to the searching light of analysis for the pleasure of watching him squirm. It is rather the detachment that comes from warm sympathy for all his characters. So sympathetic and impartial is his attitude in "Strife," that we feel an understanding for all the characters. We are sorry for the workmen, who are torn between the desire to be true to the exalted ideals of their leader in the strike, Roberts, and their desire to keep their women and children from starving. We feel admiration for Roberts, who so unflinchingly stands for principle and his purpose of bettering the condition of the workmen of the future. As he says, "'Tis not for this little moment of time we are fighting, not for ourselves, our own little bodies, 'tis for all that come after, throughout all time." For him we feel sympathy because of his struggle between love for wife and for his cause, for his sacrificing his wife for the ideals which are to be rejected by his men. Compassion we feel, also, for the obstinate, brave, old reactionary John Anthony, who actually thought that concession to the workmen would bring ultimate disaster to both capital and labor. Sympathy we feel, too, for his daughter and son, and for the wife of Roberts.

First, we think that Galsworthy may be expressing his opinion in the words of Edgar, or the impassioned utterances of Roberts. Then we say, "Perhaps he has the reactionary view of Old John Anthony, or that of Frost, the valet, when he says, "No man that's a gentleman looks down on another because 'e 'appens to be born a class or two above 'im, any more than if 'e 'appens to be born a class or two below." Perhaps you may think the author is of the opinion of Thomas, who says, "Nature is a ferry pig thing; it is pigger than what man iss and its no disgrace for anybody to give up to nature." Or does he think with Roberts that it is only by dealing nature a blow in the face that a man may be a man. Perhaps all these were Galsworthy's opinions. Perhaps he did not take sides.

Galsworthy is essentially a realist, but he is a spiritual realist. Though his characters are more human, perhaps, than those of any other living writer, they are more than human, they are symbolic. His impressionism is underlaid with symbolism. Although he is a creator of human character, he is rather a painter of social groups than of individuals. He continues the spiritual and formal traditions of Meredith and Ibsen; his attitude towards women is exactly that of Meredith. Almost the first impression that we get of Galsworthy is his modernism, of spirit rather than the outward appearance of things.

Galsworthy is master of technic. In fact, this first brought him recognition from the critics. Not the smallest portion of his success lies in the fact that he practices the lesson contained in the words which he has one of the characters of "Strife" say, "The essence of things is to know when to stop."

MARIE PADGETT, '16.

Auld Lang Syne

At this Commencement time, there is a feeling of sadness among us, as well as one of joy. We can find no better words for the expression of these mingled emotions than those of the following address. Miss Emmie Gaines, now Mrs. Padgett, gave this valedictory before the Class of 1883 and their friends.



WE have now, dear classmates, reached the last step in our last Commencement. The joy and festivity are over and, with a final separation before us, we feel that only the sad part remains. We can scarcely realize that this is, indeed, the great occasion which we saw with a far-reaching eye, when, from the lowliness and obscurity of our preparatory course, we gazed reverently up at the giddy, unapproachable height on which the Seniors stood. The happy days of our collegiate course are past, and to-night we are about to enter the portals of the great school of life. No gloomy forebodings of disappointment or failure haunt us as we gaze into the great future beyond. Our hearts are beating high with ambitious hopes and aspirations; we yearn to try our wings in a longer, higher flight than we have yet attempted. But, ere the final farewells throw their shadows over our hearts, let us pause a moment and see what records the busy messengers of memory bring us from the past session. Some whisper to us of mischievous pranks, perpetrated in fear and trembling, and practical jokes in which the heart, oppressed by our dignity and responsibilities as Seniors, found vent. Some, perhaps, with grave chiding, remind us of moments when we yielded to the evil influences of discontent and anger. Some, with sweet comfort, bear witness to hours of patient labor over difficult tasks; some smilingly recall pleasant periods

snatched from the press of school duties and spent in sharing the hospitality of Greenville homes. Others, alas! frowningly rebuke us for precious time unimproved, and we remember with a pang of remorse

“The wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
The good we *might* have done
Lost without a sigh!”

There is an old Eastern legend which tells us that the close of life is guarded by a massive gate. It opens readily for men to pass into the great eternity beyond, but remains firmly closed against any who wish to return to this world. The wicked remain just outside the gate, and, as a punishment, during the weary ages of eternity they must gaze through those immovable iron bars into the past and see the evil effects of their wasted lives and the misery caused by their wicked deeds, without being able to live over one lost moment, or recall one wicked act. Thus *we* must look back through the closed gate of the past, at our wasted and misspent moments, but with this difference, that our retrospection, instead of arousing in our hearts useless repining and regrets, should incite us to redoubled exertions that we may better improve the golden opportunities of the future.

As we look thus into the future, bright with the radiance shed upon it by our joyous hopes, an important question presents itself. What use shall we make of the education which, thanks to those who have so nobly fought against old and deep-rooted prejudice, we have been privileged to enjoy? We are under bonds to them to make the culture they have procured for us bear abundant fruit in our lives; we owe this to the living, also, no less than to those who have already gone to receive their reward for their noble efforts in behalf of our sex. There are many who will anxiously watch our course through life. Have you ever noticed how eagerly a

little boy, after having spent hours of patient labor in perfecting a miniature boat, watches its struggles with the little waves of the brook when he launches it for the first time? So, as we leave this peaceful harbor and push out into the mid-stream of life, the kind teachers who have spent days in arming us with useful knowledge will watch us to see if their teaching is at the helm to pilot us safely past the rough breakers of life.

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Now, dear schoolmates who are to rise to the position we occupy to-day, we leave to you the places we have tried to fill during the past session, hoping that by your efforts the *Mirror* may ever reflect only what is true, pure, and good, and that our Judson Society may, in time, become worthy of the honored name it bears.

To you, the generous-hearted residents of the Mountain City, those of us who have come from distant homes to attend school in your midst desire to return our heartfelt thanks for the hospitality you have always so kindly extended to us. By your kind efforts, homesickness has been almost unknown among us, and the Christmas holidays were made so delightful that we scarcely regretted not being able to spend them at our own homes. You have shown in a thousand ways that you feel an interest in us, and we wish to assure you that your kindness will be ever held in grateful remembrance. We leave you, feeling that the rank which Greenville holds in our hearts is second only to that of our own loved homes.

And now, honored President and members of the Faculty, to you we feel that we owe our best, warmest thanks, and our fond farewells. You have been to us not only faithful instructors, but true, sympathizing friends. You have done everything in your power to make this institution all that it should be, and though words are too feeble to express our

regard and gratitude, still by our lives we will try to bear witness to the thoroughness of your instruction, and the power of the Christian example by which you have gained the love and respect of us all.

And now, dear classmates, as the time draws near for us to separate, perhaps forever, our hearts are too full for utterance ;

“For words are weak, and most to seek
When wanted fifty-fold.
And then if silence will not speak,
And quivering lip and changing cheek,
There’s nothing told.”

But though we would like to extend this precious moment *ad infinitum*, in order to give utterance to the love and gratitude with which our hearts swell, the last sands are slipping through Time’s inexorable glass, and the dreaded hour of separation is at hand.

To one and all, a fond, final good-bye.



Rags and Tatters



MOTHERLY RAGS

A little gray-headed woman quietly opened the door and as quietly tipped across the room. Save for the easy glow of the fire, the room was dark; and with the exception of an occasional coal which slipped through the grate, the room was quiet. Seated in a comfortable rocker, the woman remained quite still for a long time. Her thoughts seemed concentrated on a little object that was lying on the floor before the fire. On her face was an expression of loving tenderness and a wistful smile of sadness.

The glow of the fire made visible the object before it—a head of ringlets and a blue coverlet in the shape of a small body. An undertone of sadness coming, I guess, from the land of intangible things, seemed to pervade the room. Soon, the small object stirred and gave a little cry, which was instantly hushed at the sight of a loving grandmother.

“Daddie come?” questioned the sleepy baby, as she received a caress.

“No dearest, but look what I have for you. ’Tis a nice blue ‘square’ just like your old one,” was the reply.

The child sat up instantly, and hugging her ragged “square,” affectionately cried:

“No, no, no.”

“Please, dearest, take this new one. Daddy will be sorry. This one will keep you warm; see, yours has holes in it. But tears rolled down the child’s cheeks and she began to cry.

“Why, dearest, dearest. Don’t cry, then. Grana won’t take it from you.”

As "Grana" carefully folded the newly bought coverlet, she shook her head. With the best of intentions, trying always to please the child, she had bought three coverlets for her. A neat, white one and also a pink having been refused, an exact imitation had been ordered. But the child only held more tightly and more lovingly to the old.

The little girl rubbed the sleep from her eyes and began to frolic, drawing her blue "square," or rather her blue shreds, from one end of the room to the other, crying:

"Oh, Grana. Look! Look!"

In the midst of her romping, the door was opened and, along with rays of light, in came "Daddie."

"Look, Grana," laughed the child, jumping into her father's arms and kissing him again and again.

When the excitement of a father's home-coming was sufficiently stilled, the little gray-headed woman spoke. Disappointment was apparent in her eyes and voice. Shaking her head and looking at the newly bought coverlet, she said:

"She's *very* fond of it!"

"And so am I, Mother," the son replied. "We all are."

He stooped to kiss her, and holding his baby girl in his arms, continued:

"You see the mother bought it with her own hand, and, as she lay dying, she asked me to wrap it closely around the child, fearing the little one might be cold." A tear rolled down the man's cheek, and, with the free arm, he encircled his mother.

"And I know not," he continued, "what magical charge Death wove into the 'square.' It has been a little mother to her," the father said, sadly.

"Yes, yes," whispered "Grana" in low tones, "possibly a better one than either you or I."

JANIE GILREATH, '15.

STORY JANE ADDAMS TELLS

That women are "men of action" when it comes to getting things done is the moral of a story told by Jane Addams. Two boys at Hull House classes were told to write a story upon the making of the first United States flag. Their literary efforts ran thus:

I.

"Wunst the soldiers fighting King George found out that they had to have a flag. The soldier that thought of it first said: 'Bill, we aint got no flag,' and Bill says it was so.

II.

"So they went to General George Washington, the Father of His Country, and they says to General Washington, 'General Washington, we aint got no flag. Aint it fierce?' And General George Washington says, 'Yes, that's so we aint got no flag, Aint it fierce?'

III.

"So General George Washington, the Father of His Country, went to Betsy Ross, who lived on the corner of Beacon and Chestnut Streets, and General Washington says, 'Betsy, we aint got no flag. Aint it fierce?'

IV.

"And General George Washington says, 'Aint it fierce?' again three times. And Betsy Ross, she says, 'I shed say it is fierce, General George Washington, the Father of His Country. Here you hold the baby and I'll make one.'"

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE TWO LITTLE SURGEONS

"Warren, dear," said Aunt Martha, "if you will churn for Ethel this morning, I will bring you something from town when I go Saturday. Ethel has to go over to Dr. Babb's for me and will get back in time to cook dinner."

"I won't mind doing it for you," quickly answered Warren, the six-year-old boy, possibly thinking of the things he had seen in the stores.

Warren's mother had to go west for her health, and Warren had been sent to visit Aunt Martha, who lived on the old home plantation. The old place with its orchards, meadows, and groves, was an ideal place for Warren, according to his father, who had spent many happy summers there. The place had passed into the hands of Uncle Tom, Aunt Martha's husband, when the boys went to the city. Uncle Tom died before Warren was born, but his wife still lived on and managed the old home. The greatest regret of Aunt Martha's life was that she did not have a girl. When Warren came to stay with her she petted and treated him like a little girl.

"Auntie" fixed the dasher for him, tied a large apron around his neck, and told him to start work. She left him at his task. Warren wondered what his little friends would think; if his father ever had to churn; and why little boys did not have little sisters to churn. He grew tired, but, being a boy, he must not give in! Soon, however, he was relieved of his tiresome task by Aunt Veenie, his favorite cook.

Saturday morning came, and how excited Warren was as he stood by the well watching Jim, the colored man, hitch up. He was wondering what his aunt would choose from all the pretty toys he had seen.

After Auntie left, he played with Aunt Veenie's little grandchildren. But the morning seemed long to him.

Lunch time came and still no Aunt Martha. Not until about half-past three did he see the buggy coming down the road.

He ran down to the gate to see what she had brought; he could not see, and he hated to ask. He opened the gate for her, at the same time wondering if she could have possibly forgotten her promise.

She drove to the lot while Warren swung to the back of the buggy. After Jim had unharnessed the horse, Aunt Martha began to take out of the buggy her purchases. At last she drew from the seat a box, and, handing it to him, said:

"Here is your present. Be careful and don't open it until we get to the house."

What could it be? Is it a train, or some toy? These were the questions that ran through his mind as he walked to the house. He did not wait until he got in, but sat down on the first step and opened the box; then he lifted the lid and saw a doll. What must he say? Turning to his aunt, he managed to say, hoarsely, "Isn't it pretty?"

"Yes, I thought it was pretty, too. I have always wanted a little girl that I might buy her a doll. You can play with it when you get lonesome."

Warren did not even take the doll from the box, but picked up box and lid and went quickly upstairs to his room. There he placed the box, with the doll still in it, inside the closet.

The next day Willie Babb came over to visit him. They played in Warren's room, and Willie wanted to "play doctor" like his father. Warren remembered the doll. At first he thought Willie would laugh and tease him; but then they must have a patient, so out from the closet he pulled the doll. In a few minutes the two boys were surgeons with pocket-knives. They cut off first one arm, then the other, and, as the elastic that held the body together was cut, the head and legs came off.

Little boys full of life and energy do not play very long at the same game before they are ready to stop and try something new. Warren, who yesterday was ashamed of his doll, to-day after half an hour of play threw down his knife and said, "I didn't know a fellow could have such fun playing with a doll. Let's stop now and go down to the apple tree."

Down the steps they ran, across the barn-yard they went; and, without opening the gate, they climbed the fence, and in the shortest possible time they were perched upon a limb of the apple tree, feasting on red fruit.

GRACE WALKER, '18.



THE OLD CHESTER TALES

Old Chester is a usual village town with extraordinary virtues, or vices, as you may choose to call them. It is well satisfied with itself, pursuing its contented way without restlessness or aspiration. It is satisfied to live with lamps and candles instead of gas, and stage-coaches rather than trains. In fact, Old Chester throws up its hands in horror if gas or waterworks are suggested for the town by the younger generation. The "real folks" live in Old Chester proper. Upper Chester is the abode of the new inhabitants, who are scarcely noticed by the other residents.

Old Chester people are simple, old-fashioned folk with the same way of living that their grandparents had. They have no aspirations and turn up their noses at new departures or newcomers. Too, they are somewhat gossipy, as most village people, and their views are narrow, whether religious or otherwise. These are characteristics of a larger part of Old Chester people. Here and there, however, is a refreshing personality. Dr. Willy King, for instance, with his broad-minded kindness; or, perhaps, some member of the younger generation, who attempts to introduce things contrary to custom.

Margaret Deland's stories are laid in Old Chester. The thread of interest there centers about Dr. Lavender. He is a feeble, behind-the-times old clergyman, with his hair pushed back over his forehead. He receives all visitors in a queer old dressing-gown, and his faithful little dog, Danny, is always on hand. His extra hours are spent in looking after his hiving bees. In his quiet hours, we see him chuckling over a seventh century reading of "Robinson Crusoe," or carefully looking over his collection of stories. And always his eyes beam with his good opinion of his fellow man, an opinion that grew out of his belief that the children of his "Father" could not be so very bad, after all. His was a practical, cheerful religion, and we hear him saying with shrewd good sense:

"Anybody who is amiable, sensible, and humorous is good. Can't help it."

His one certainty is love, and he supports "out of the way" people out of his meager salary, because his heart is overflowing with kindness.

On each Saturday, Old Chester children gather at Dr. Lavender's for their "collect class," as their grandfathers had done in times past. After the lesson, there are always apples to eat, or Danny's tricks to be watched. On special occasions the bees are exhibited. Dr. Lavender is as typically old-fashioned as his village and his people. On one occasion, when a young girl had suggested a girls' club or a debating society, he refused. Thereupon, she exclaimed:

"It does seem to me we are behind the times."

"I hope so, I hope so," Dr. Lavender replied.

Sometimes he is a little rough with his parish members, but no one ever comes into his presence without receiving help and comfort. Ofttimes a shrewd bit of philosophy or advice given by the old Doctor is in the spirit of love and friendship.

In telling these tales, Mrs. Deland uses a simple yet charming style. With quaint illustrations, she tells her story to the point, delineating the characters with keen insight. Also, she traces their motives and actions with wise philosophy. In closing the book, one is prone to feel that perhaps Dr. Lavender's influence is not confined to his people only, but to all who read about him, learning to love and admire him.

GRACE COLEMAN, '16.

* *

Each day we spoil our happiness by just some little thing:
It may be we have not the dress in fancy dance to fling;
Or else the atmosphere's so dense that we can scarcely
breathe:
And so we fume and foam and fret until we fairly seethe.
But some day, when we've wiser grown, our happiness will
depend
On something that we strive to do, or get, for a worthy end.

MARIE HARRIS.

* *

THE POWER OF MUSIC

General Fasternth had great aspirations for his son, Gilbert. He had been sent to several military schools, and had been tutored in the works of Bismarck and other German philosophers who advocated war. His first toys were soldiers; and playing with these toys, he grew to be a little war-loving boy.

Gilbert's mother, however, had something to do with his education. She was not entirely in sympathy with her husband's ambition. She had her son to study music. Often while in college, after laboring over military tactics, he would go to his room, pick up his violin, and give voice to his better nature.

While Gilbert was yet in school, his mother died. Her last request was that her son should give up his military career. She had lost her father and two brothers in the Franco-Prussian war; and she had grown out of sympathy with the wonderful militarism of Germany.

Gilbert's father would not listen to the request. He wished that war would break out in order that his son, who was now ready for graduation, might have an opportunity to rise in the army. His desire was realized. Germany was at war with England, France, and Russia.

Father and son made preparations to go to the front. To General Easternth, military glory and honor were of supreme importance. For years he had known no life save that of a general. But the young Gilbert felt his heart strings pulled two ways.

The morning for departure had arrived. Taking a last look at all that was dear to him in his old home, Gilbert's eyes fell on his violin—dust-covered from weeks of neglect. He took it up tenderly, drew his bow across the strings, and drifted into Wagner's "O Thou, Sublime, Sweet, Evening Star."

For a moment his spirit soared. His father grew impatient; could not understand such nonsense.

So off to the front father and son went. Among his father's corps was Gilbert's old room-mate, Conrad.

When not on duty the boys were often together, talking over college days.

After the fall of Liège, the officers occupied a large house not far from a hospital. Gilbert had distinguished himself in the siege and had been advanced to a lieutenancy; but his friend was wounded. The doctor said he could live only a few days. As soon as the young lieutenant could get off duty, he went over to the hospital. Conrad was very weak,

feverish, and restless, and expressed a desire to hear Gilbert play on his violin once more.

On his return Lieutenant Fasternth retired to his room. As he went to hang up his coat in the closet, he struck his foot against something hard. Stooping to investigate, he discovered that it was a rare old Stradivarius. He picked it up eagerly. He wished to return to his friend's bedside and play for him; but duty was urgent just then.

The next day when he arrived at the hospital, the nurse told Lieutenant Fasternth that the end would be sooner than they had expected. When he expressed a desire to play for his friend, the nurse led him to the room. He paused in the doorway.

Anguish of soul and body was stamped on the face of the dying boy. He murmured "Mother" and "Margaret" from time to time. Oh, who was to care for the aged mother back in the fatherland? Who would comfort the fair-haired girl who had blessed "her soldier boy" as he clasped her to him in a last farewell? He was dying! To what strange bourne was his spirit now to be wafted? His soul was torn with conflicting emotions. His body was scorched with fever and racked with pain. He tossed restlessly. With noiseless tread Lieutenant Fasternth entered the room and stood looking down on the troubled face and restless form of his friend and comrade. Very boyish he seemed as he lay with flushed cheeks and locks curling around his temples in death's dew. Lieutenant Fasternth was seized with a great desire to change the expression on that troubled countenance; to bring calm, and peace, and the light of hope to his tempest-tossed soul.

Without a word he passed his bow over the strings of his violin, and then began to improvise. A lofty purpose was in his soul. Earthly things were all forgotten. The violin pulsed and throbbed and vibrated in answer to the musician's touch. At first, the pleading notes seemed to reach the very

bar of Heaven; soon the theme was mingled with hope and faith and love; a glory surpassing all things earthly seemed to pour from the soul of the instrument, attuned to celestial music; and then, in a triumphant burst, the music ceased.

Anguish, doubt, and despair gave place to a great peace in the dying boy's face; as the violin breathed hope and faith, his eyes grew luminous from a light within; then, as the last triumphant note trembled on the air, a flood of radiance from the setting sun caught up the glorified spirit.

GRACE WALKER, '18.

The Isaqueena

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Editorials



Our college spirit should be as reliable and durable as a stone. Instead, we fear that this year it has taken the form of a soap bubble—beautiful, but very unsteady. Remember the Thanksgiving basket-ball game? Never has enthusiasm reached such a height. The Blues were arrayed against the Golds, and each girl in college was not merely interested, but excited. Well, the Golds were good winners and the Blues

good losers. So, in all, the spirit was excellent, both in quality and quantity! The same was true when our 'Varsity defeated the Memminger team. But what then? Did these and other victories become monotonous? If not, where were you that glorious afternoon when we showed Due West "Who is Who"? If the efficiency of our team was not more reliable than that of the whole student body, what kind of a record would G. W. C. have in the basket-ball world?

Yes, we did some wonderful work on Community Day. The glory of the results was indeed sufficient to make us jubilant. In fact, our "good feelings" have existed longer than the effects of the work. Let's clean up our campus and college with a constant fervor.

We would not wholly censure. Without a doubt, a feeling of *oneness* and a *real* college spirit have grown up among us. The need is, you see, to get this beautiful bubble in bounds, so as to make it a practical, wonder-working force in our college life. And that is a force that can always be depended upon.

Yes, most of our athletic feats are over. But Commencement is an important culmination of the year's work! Stay over. Lend your presence and, therefore, help us make this the best of all Commencements. As a proof of your college pride and for the love you bear the Seniors, don't go home beforehand. Edge off the blunt ends of a hard year's work with some good old college fun. Prove to your friends, some of whom you may never see again, that you are as good at your play as at your work.



LITERARY SOCIETIES

Years of hard, yet pleasant work in our two Literary Societies have meant much to us all, especially the Seniors.

Meek, demure, little girls have been turned into well-read young women. As they once awkwardly, blushing faced their fellow students, they now appear before the public at large with calm assurance.

The Societies have afforded work more modern in character than that of the class-room. The lives of recent poets, authors, artists, musicians, and statesmen have been carefully worked out and presented. For instance, the lives of Galsworthy, Margaret Deland, and Chopin. There have also been extempore programs, demanding the exercise of the imagination. In truth, this faculty of the mind has been "wonderfully and fearfully" trained. For at times, such marvelous excuses have arisen that they seem to have been inspired. Music, too, has served as an educational, as well as an entertaining, force. The Saturday evening meetings, also, have afforded character study. Blonds and brunettes have stood before us; some interpreting fact with wit, some with their practical and good sense.

Yes, there are many sides to us—the comic as well as the serious. At least, however, we are democratic. We make our blunders, of course; but they open our eyes. We have been interesting and interested—a typical piece of humanity. Yes, it may be your Literary Society, rather than your class work, that has made a "hero" of you.



COST MORE—WORTH IT

There isn't an A. B. graduate of the Class of '15 who will not tell you that an A. B. degree is worth the cost. And while she makes this statement, she will be remembering the complicated costs in time, money, and pleasure. The time of specialization is over, that is, a specialization which is not based on a well-founded foundation. Far be it from us to

censure the special class. In it we find expression of our finer sensibilities, as our love of music and art. What we want and need is breadth, and then depth. This may be interpreted as a need for well-rounded citizens, in college as well as in the big world. There are demands for a first-class merchant and a first-class sculptor. But the door of opportunity is opened to the merchant or the sculptor who has an intelligent sympathy for all political, social, and religious issues. To those who realize this need, it is a pleasure to know that statistics show a yearly increase of A. B. graduates.

In and Around College

·PSYCHOLOGY

Since many of the girls have struggled so bravely to surmount this obstacle—psychology, we think this article, taken from *Life*, will be thoroughly appreciated.

“Psychology is a word often used to explain the meaning of something which we don’t understand after it has been explained, and which, if we did understand, would not do us any good. The psychology of advertising means that some one, who hasn’t the ability to succeed at it, tries to reduce to a mental formula the method of those who do succeed at it. Psychology, in short, like the policeman after the fight, comes around after the thing is done, swings its club and looks wise.

“The psychology of Shakespeare is the guess of some one with a college degree as to what Shakespeare was thinking about when he wrote his plays, always completely ignoring the fact that the only things Shakespeare was thinking about were the box receipts and how to keep the audience interested. The principal difference between psychology and astrology is that astrology tells you what is not so beforehand, and psychology does it afterward.

“A psychologist, by any other name, would know as little.

“Psychology is, we are told by experts, the science of the mind. But the great beauty about the mind is that no matter how much machinery there is, no matter how many new theories there are, no matter how many new systems of thought arise and have their brief day, it still remains unscientific, and breaks into new fields without rhyme or reason.

"Psychology, however, need not be utterly discredited. It has one great useful function. It occupies the exclusive attention of a lot of mediocre intellects, who, if they were doing anything else, would not do it well enough to constitute a gain over others who do it better. It is, therefore, much better for them to be engaged in an occupation the exercise of which keeps them from doing something which might be worse.

"Psychology, in conclusion, is the sum total of all that is not known about a given subject, reduced to a formula."

* *

Y. W. C. A.

"The Young Women's Christian Association offers an opportunity to girls of wealth who wish to give their money for the benefit of their fellowman. If there is one thing really difficult, it is for those who would really help their fellowman to know how to spend their money to the best and most useful purpose. Those who give to the Y. W. C. A. may know that every dollar that they give is for the purpose of elevating the brotherhood of man, and every dollar that they give, will be economically administered by girls who know how to administer it for the purpose for which it was donated."—EX-PRESIDENT TAFT.

* *

MRS LAKE'S TALK

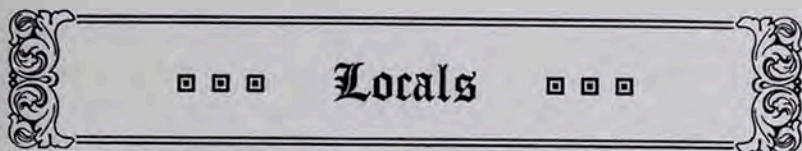
It was a great privilege to have Mrs. Lake, our Baptist missionary to South China, speak to us in chapel April 8, 1915. Mrs. Lake and her husband have recently come from China, and to say that the G. W. C. girls were glad to welcome a former student and teacher of this college, would be insufficient, as well as unnecessary. Mrs. Lake gave us an interesting account of her work, and the customs of China.

One of the greatest evils in China to-day is the way in which women, and especially infant girls, are treated. Girls are not wanted in the home, often being sold, or thrown away. The condition of the mother is appalling, as she is forced to live in life-long subjection to her husband. Can we close our hearts to the crying need for help? We cannot all be missionaries, it is true, but we can, by our prayers and financial aid, help wonderfully in extending "His kingdom" on earth.



MR. PURSER'S VISIT

Mr. Purser, one of the foreign mission secretaries of the Southern Baptist Board, gave a very inspiring talk to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. of Furman and G. W. C. April 7, 1915. The topic for the evening was "The Missionaries' Attitude During the Present War." As students, we are likely to restrict our view of the association work to the Y. W. C. A.; but this is only a branch of what is a world-wide organization. All classes and conditions of women are being encouraged and strengthened along physical, intellectual, and spiritual lines because of this noble work. Mr. Purser stressed the fact that the call for more missionaries is urgent, and the need is great, both at home and abroad. Who will lay down his life in order that he may find it anew in a life of busy, varied activity, teeming with unexcelled advantages for personal development and unrivaled opportunities for service to his fellowmen?



Locals

G. W. C. GLEE CLUB GREAT SUCCESS

The Glee Club of the Greenville Woman's College gave a most delightful entertainment in chapel at Clemson College Friday night. Their club songs, solos, duets, and quartets, varying from the comic to the classical, were enjoyable and entertaining throughout the entire concert. They were encored several times. Mr. Swift's violin solos were the features of the entertainment, and it seemed that the audience would never tire of calling him back. The "Humaniphone" was a novelty the like of which has never been seen here before. After the entertainment a reception to the girls was given by the Clemson Glee Club. We wish them the best success with their concerts and look forward with much pleasure to their return next year.—*Tiger*.

* *

MAY DAY FESTIVAL

Yesterday afternoon on the campus of the Greenville Woman's College, the May festivities were ushered in by the student body of the college with attractive and appropriate exercises.

The prevailing colors for decoration may be truthfully given as green and white, the green carpeting and foliage of the beautiful campus, dotted here and there with the bright faces and white dresses of the lovely May party.

Miss Janie Gilreath was queen of the occasion; her chariot, drawn by twenty little girls of the primary department, was

followed by fairies, pages, and maids-in-waiting, which constituted the coterie of the royal attendants.

Six girls from the several classes acted as maids—Miss Maude Wilbur, from the Senior class; Miss Clayte Bailey, from the Junior class; Miss Marian Hurt, from the Sophomore class; Miss Mamie Felder, from the Freshman class; Miss Sloan, from the Sub-Freshman; and Miss Ruth Altman, from the Specials.

The pages were Sara Tannahill and John McKay.

Miss Paule Chapman, president of the Senior class, presided as Lord High Chancellor, crowning the Queen in a very pleasing manner.

A large number of friends witnessed the beautiful performance.

* *

RECITALS

A joint recital was given Tuesday evening, April 15, 1915, by Miss Ruth White and Miss Marian Graham. Miss White is candidate for graduation in Voice, and Miss Graham in Piano. The evening was a credit to both departments.

Miss Broadwell, Director of Expression, presented in graduating recital, Miss Paule Chapman. Miss Chapman's recital given Tuesday evening, April 27, 1915, was exceptionally well given and highly enjoyed.

Miss Hattie Boroughs gave her graduating recital in Expression Friday evening, May 7th. The program was interesting and well given.

Personals

Miss Marie Gibson, of Converse College, was the guest of Miss Alma Easterling last week, April 25th-28th.

Miss Maude Martin, a graduate of G. W. C., visited the college for a few days, April 27th-28th, enroute to her home at Fountain Inn.

Miss Annie Donald and Miss Annie Harris spent the week-end, April 25th-26th, with Miss Marie Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. White, of Spartanburg, attended the graduating recital of their daughter, Miss Ruth White, April 20th.

Miss Mamie Welborn has been visiting her sister, Miss Annie Laurie Welborn.

Miss Lenora Thompson, a former student of G. W. C., visited her sister, Miss Nellie Thompson, for the week-end, April 30th-May 3rd.

Dr. Kibler, of Newberry, visited his daughter, Miss Mary Frances Kibler, April 27th.

Mr. Rhett Clark, of Clemson, visited his sisters, Misses "Jeter" and Birdie, last week-end, April 25th.

It is with grief that we report the death of Miss Merle Swift, a former student of our college. The student body expresses a true sympathy for Mr. Gale Swift, now the Violin professor of our college.

Miss Louise Riley is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. We hope to have her with us soon.

Miranda Waters (after Soph reception at Furman)—
“Now, Hick, I’m not going to talk to-night—I get so weary of the daily ‘retinue’ that I must go to sleep.”

Miss Ramsay (in English)—“Miss Hurt, will you tell me something about Dante Gabriel Rossetti?”

Miss Hurt—“I know a little about Dante, but I don’t remember Gabriel and Rossetti. Did we have them to-day?”

Miss Ramsay—“Leata, have you heard anything favorable of the books we have just ordered?”

Leata—“Yes, ma’am. They haven’t come.”

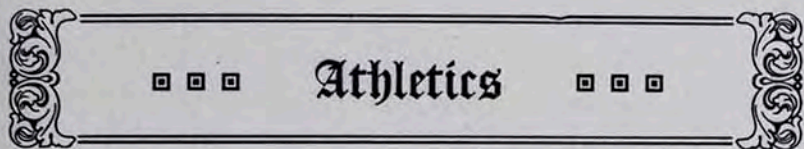
Ruth White (in chapel)—“Why doesn’t everybody wait until everybody gets out, so there won’t be such a rush?”

Teacher—“What is the cause of the European war?”

Brilliant student—“Somebody accused the Kaiser of being like Cole Blease.”—*Exchange.*

Meta D. (at Wofford-Furman Debate)—“This program says next number is Invocation. What does it mean? Is he a Wofford or a Furman man?”

Mildred Loadholt (in church)—“Dr. Quick keeps preaching about Paul. The calendar says ‘Saul.’”



Athletics

Basket-ball season is over, and we have ended it with glorious victories! During the past month, several most interesting games have been played, the first being at Due West. This ended in a great victory for us, the score was 23 to 14. For this game the line-up was as follows:

Forwards—Cox, Donnal, Scarborough (Sub.).

Centers—Smith, Roper, Asbury (Sub.).

Guards—Von Lehe, Easley, Gambrell (Sub.).

On April 28th, the Due West team was most cordially welcomed to Greenville to fight us. This time our team again played with a determination to win and won a decided victory—35 to 22. Captain Roper and her team proved charming hostesses. A delightful dinner was served in the G. W. C. dining room, and afterwards both teams enjoyed a party at the “movies.”

List of Advertisers

Busbee, Southern Furniture Co.....	Greenville, S. C.
Dr. J. P. Carlisle.....	Greenville, S. C.
Ottaray Dry Goods Co.....	Greenville, S. C.
Flynn Brothers.....	Greenville, S. C.
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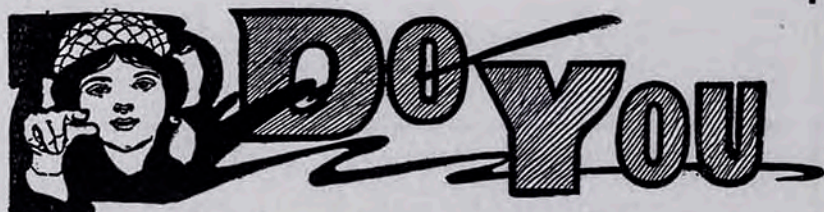
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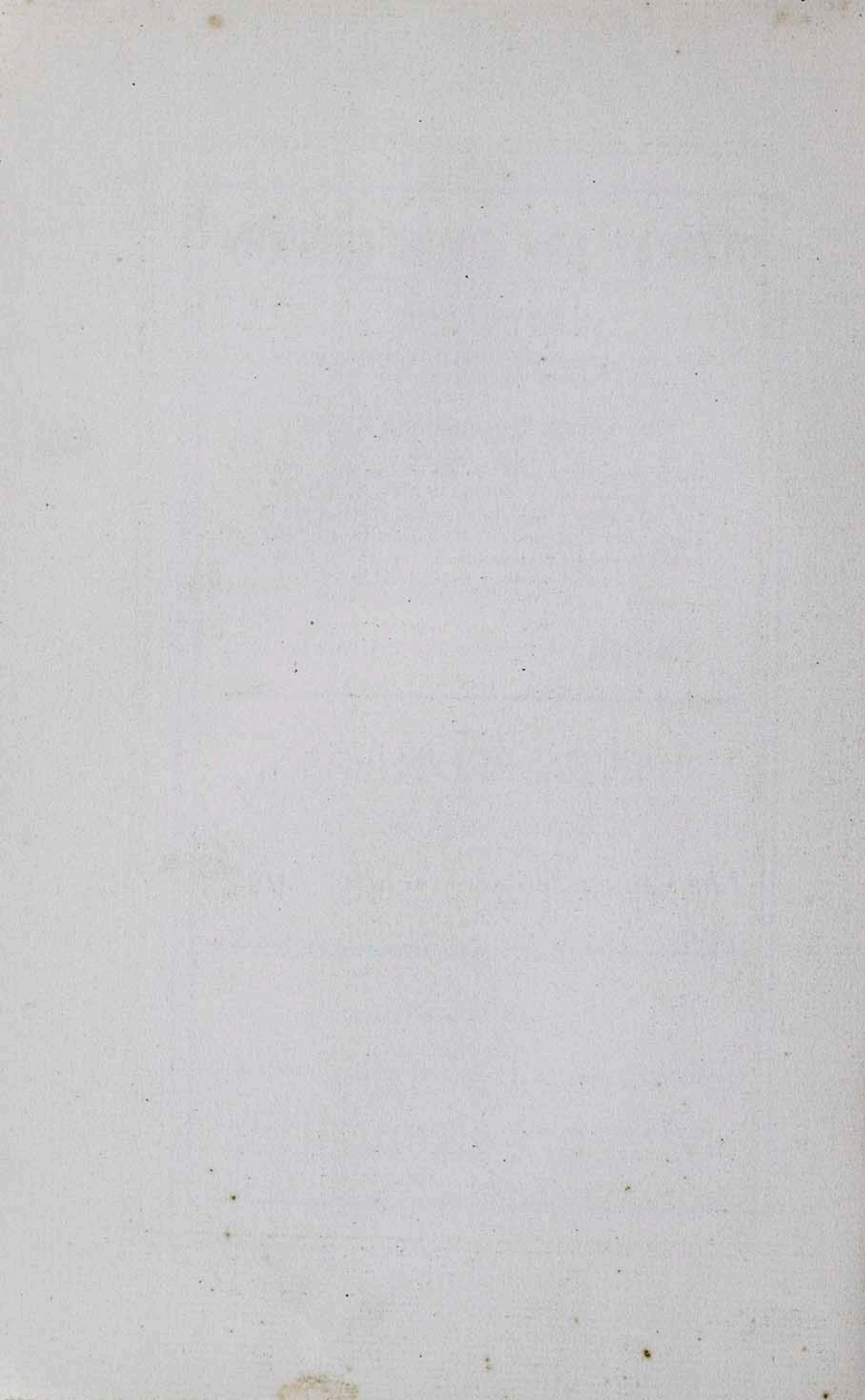
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