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## The Isaqueena - 1919, May

Mary Anderson  
*Greenville Woman's College*

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# The ISAQUEENA

A decorative flourish consisting of a blue line that loops under the word 'ISAQUEENA', crossing itself to form a stylized, elongated shape.

*May, 1919*

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Prompt and Courteous Attention

# The Isaqueena



*May, 1919*

Published each month by the students of the  
Greenville Womans College

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# The Isaquena

VOL. XIII.

GREENVILLE, S. C., MAY, 1919

NO. 5

## COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

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Wednesday, May 28—8:30, Kindergarten Exercises.

Thursday, May 29—8:30, Primary Exercises.

Friday, May 30—P. M., celebration of One Hundredth Anniversary.

Saturday, May 31—4-6 P. M., Art and Domestic Science Exhibits, also Reception.

Saturday, May 31—8:30 Dramatic Club Play.

Sunday, June 1—5:30 P. M., Vesper Services.

Sunday, June 1—8:30 P. M., Joint Services of the Y. M. C. A. Furman University and the Y. W. C. A. Greenville Womans College at the First Baptist Church by Dr. W. L. Ball, of Spartanburg, S. C.

Monday, June 2—10:00 A. M., Class Day Exercises.

Monday, June 2—3:00 P. M., meeting of Board of Trustees.

Monday, June 2—8:30, Grand Concert.

Tuesday, June 3—10:00, Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. G. W. McDaniel, Richmond, Va.

Tuesday, June 3—2:00 P. M., Alumnae Banquet.

Tuesday June 3—8:30 P. M., Baccalaureate address by Gov. R. A. Cooper.

Address by Dr. D. M. Ramsay.

Awarding of Medals.

Conferring of Diplomas.



### THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE APOSTLE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

---

TO say that Jefferson lived at the most critical time of our nation's history would have been a comparatively easy statement to prove a few years ago. But even now with the world torn up in this its great time of transition from an old autocracy to an enlightened civilization there would not be the great hope for the world there is if it had not been for that magnificent period of American history when the handful of colonists asserted her independence against the mighty British empire.

The colonists had lived under the British yoke of oppression for a long time—such terrible oppression it was that the most infamous instances are too numerous to mention. The Navigation Acts which were passed by England to protect her infant industries were intolerably unjust. They restricted colonial trade and crippled colonial commerce to such an extent the colonists thought themselves justified in not abiding by the law. So by many shrewd Yankee ways they managed to evade these unjust laws and smuggled in goods as they willed and outwitted their tyrannical king.

The Stamp Act, more familiar to everyone than the Navigation Acts perhaps, is still another instance of British oppression and still another instance of righteous indignation on the part of the colonists. Already overburdened with taxes they had filled England's treasury to overflowing; and to have another absurd tax imposed upon them seemed beyond human endurance.

Yet what were they to do? Dared these few wilderness colonies of scanty population and scarcely any industries assert themselves against the powerful and enraged British Empire? Dared they hope to be victorious? Yet they could not submit to such tyranny and still hold up their heads with that proud old spirit that has ever marked marked American patriots. It is at just such critical

times as these that a nation is most dependent upon her leaders; it is at just such times as these that true leaders will come to front and show the best that is in them. Thomas Jefferson was just such a man. He was in the flower of his youth then, and was viewing the world with eyes not yet dimmed by disappointing experience. But young as he was he had the foresight of a much older man. He saw that the time was ripe for America to act if she was to stand for the principles of right and justice. When at last the Continental Congress decided upon the final step it was natural that they should have turned to Jefferson to voice their sentiment. He answered with all the patriotism that was in him and voiced the sentiment of the American people when he gave to them their Magna Charta of freedom in the Declaration of Independence. It is just that Jefferson should be the name with whom this document is forever connected for none had realized earlier how inevitable was the struggle, none had advanced its movement more rapidly, no one had loved its principles more dearly. In this document Jefferson asserted the right of the individual as they had never been asserted before. It is the document of the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned alike.

But the Declaration of Independence is only one of many achievements of this honored Father of Democracy. As member of the legislature, as governor of Virginia, as president of the United States, and even after he had retired in ripe old age, he served his country in hundreds of ways to his own great credit and to posterity's good fortune.

Some people have had little patience with Jefferson, have called him a great stirrer up of strife. But what great reformer has ever accomplished his ends without strong opposition? His greatest reforms were against the aristocracy of Virginia. There was no freedom of church and state then. The priest urged his people to support the government because the government upheld the church. All citizens must support the church in contributing yearly

to its expenses. It was down on the law books as a crime not to have one's children baptized. This was a great grievance to democratic Thomas Jefferson. He had a hard fight to do away with these laws for he had to overcome the conservatism, prejudice, and family pride of the aristocracy. But he was victorious in the end. Religious liberty was extended to all. The Church of England was made equal with other denominations. Compulsory tithes were done away with and only voluntary offerings must support the church.

But Jefferson did not stop his war on the aristocracy here. There were many laws in Virginia regulating the inheritance of property. The oldest son always inherited the family estate intact with all the servants and everything connected with the ancestral home. These mansions with their vast acreage meant more to the owner than anything in the world. It is reported that John Randolph set his dog on a man who came to his door asking him to sell. But Jefferson knew there was another side to this. Land wrongly was good for the favored few but it was injurious to the unfavored multitude. He knew that even for the favored few inherited wealth bred laziness, vice and degenerate sons. He knew landed aristocracy established caste. He believed heartily in the aristocracy of intelligence but never in the aristocracy of wealth. He was too true a democrat for that. Once rich, always rich, once poor always poor was no creed of his. He knew that it was never right for one class to enjoy nature's blessings to the exclusion of other classes. It was another and bitter struggle but he was completely victorious again. He made the soil democratic, doing away with land monopolies and establishing laws which divided the property equally among all the children.

When Jefferson became governor of Virginia he still carried on his reform. In fact, his whole life was filled with doing away with tyrannical aristocratic custom, and making new laws founded on true democratic principles.

Education was one of Jefferson's favorite and most thorough of reforms. He was ever interested in the rising generation and insisted upon their right to have the benefits of a real education. He believed education to be the real champion of democracy. A real democracy could not exist unless it had for its foundation the education of the masses. It is an appropriate rounding out of Jefferson's life that his last years should have been given to the founding of the University of Virginia—the first modern university. To this work he gave all his energies, his experience, influence, and diplomacy. And it needed all this to found such an institution for learning as he knew was necessary. He even drew the plans for the building, for he was a great architect himself. Had he left nothing more to posterity than this great institution his name should be honored as one who had done much for the benefit of the race.

Jefferson practiced his democratic beliefs in everything. Once when asked by a grandchild why he would not state his religious convictions he said, "If I inform you of mine, they will influence yours—I will not take the responsibility of directing anyone's views on the subject." He believed that every man must work out his own salvation by thinking for himself. He believed that religion consisted in being good and doing good.

It would be impossible to estimate the amount of good the life of Thomas Jefferson accomplished. He did good in many great things, he did good in just as many little things. And these little things may have been his greatest amount of good, for it is ever the little thoughtfulnesses that count. Since his death his influence has done just as many great things for it has inspired those who have read of him to higher and nobler lives. It is largely his influence that makes America what she is today. The idealism he preached and lived is the same idealism of twentieth century America. It is the influence of just such old time patriots as Thomas Jefferson that has enabled

America to hold high the torch of liberty and justice and  
rightfully call herself the champion of World Democracy.

CAROLINE EASLEY, '19.

---

THE HEART OF ME

---

**T**HE heart of me sings gladly  
'Tis the opening of the year  
The heart of me trips madly  
'Tis the end of the students care.

The heart of me mourns sadly  
Yon the years the fourth and the last.  
And the heart of me skips badly  
When I think of all that is past.

LEORA PERRY, '19.

## JUST MARY.

**F**OR nearly a year the detective bureau had been wholly involved in government work. Just so long had had this land of America been termed an "ally." Those employed thus, had worked steadily, often into the dawn of another day, as they closed a case.

Cynthia Fuller, though only eighteen, had found her share of government work at home. Her father was one of the most accurate government detectives employed. Under him were scores working, but still he needed one, in whom he could confide small but important matters, more important than those that passed through the hands of his clerks. War work was considered a part of every one's life and so he turned to his eighteen year old daughter, who had complained recently of feeling that she was not doing her part in the war. It was a new case in hand centering in a part of town known as the Bellevue Boulevard. From here important documents had been known to pass across the sea to our enemy, who eagerly, no doubt awaited that contained within.

Cynthia was rather surprised to hear her father's voice at the telephone that bright April morning, summoning her to his office on business. To be sure she was all his family, as her mother had died ten years before. It had been her plan that morning to go as usual to the Red Cross rooms and help, but cancelling this thought in her mind, she found herself half an hour later passing by long rows of offices, in which she caught glimpses of numerous girls, some younger than she, pegging away on typewriters, with piles of papers filed about them. It was actually a relief to reach her father's own private office. Here was silence again. Large leather backed chairs invited the visitors to feel comfortable while they waited. But she only had time enough to glance at these for a secretary beckoned her toward the inner office.

There he sat; a typical American business man. His

forehead furrowed with lines, significant indeed. His manner changed only for a moment when he glanced up and smiled absently as his daughter entered the office. Cynthia herself felt restrained a bit as she had never before seen her father when he didn't relax at her coming and agree with her whim whether it be a "perfectly lovely new hat with the darlinest bows on it," or the "prettiest dress you ever saw." But then she remembered that it wasn't her errand this time. She wondered what she could have done or probably left undone as she was forgetful and careless, she had to acknowledge.

"Cynthia,"—her father suddenly wheeled about in his chair.

Her heart jumped a bit. She had been thinking of a new friend whose acquaintance she was not proud of and of whom she had not told her father. He lived on Bellevue Boulevard to be sure, but his name sounded so foreign—Goldberg.

"Yes, father," she answered rather guiltily, her thoughts making it so.

"Cynthia, I need some one to help me on a case in which I must have perfect trust. I heard you wishing to help in war work yesterday. Now I have some. First, will you give me the next two or possibly three weeks, during which you promise an absolute pledge of secrecy of all that you see and do?" He turned to her as though he expected her answer to be in the affirmative.

Cynthia thought. No dances, no auto rides, nothing that she wanted to do. But here was a chance to do a real thing for her country probably, as her father's tone intimated.

Hesitating no longer she said, "Why yes, father, I promise that."

Her father always felt assured that what she promised she promised, so continued. "Daughter, we have a hard case, a new one. Facts are involved which I can trust only to one, you Cynthia, in whom I have the gravest con-

fidence. These are plans for our government, regarding its workings for the next six months. They are to pass through my hands two weeks from tonight. It sounds simple, but right here is the crinkle. On Bellevue Boulevard lives a new family, or new in that part of town. They took the house the month that we declared war with Germany. Off and on our men have had clues centering about that district but which were so indefinite as to leave them, in the end, hopelessly and utterly in the dark. You remember the Kendall home which was closed five years ago. Next to that home lives the Goldberg family, of whom I spoke a minute ago."

Cynthia started. Had her thoughts betrayed her, so that her father had noticed? She glanced at him, searchingly, so as to ascertain the fact, but he was so absorbed in thought, that she knew, it was she alone who knew the other.

"Now Cynthia, this is what I want you to do," he went on, unconcerned. "The Kendalls return next week from the West. They have applied in advance for a maid," he said, handing her the morning paper.

Cynthia glanced at the column headed "Wants," and saw the advertisement, as her father had said.

"You are to apply today, daughter. The correspondence will be arranged in my office under the name of Mary Fuller, meaning you. During the first week you are to observe carefully all that goes on about the Goldberg home. At the end of this time, a secret service agent is coming into the Kendal home as a visitor. He will recognize you by the words, "due west," which must be whispered to him during dinner. He will then know that it will be from you that he will get his report."

The next few days were so filled with preparations that Cynthia had no time to puzzle this out. There was a trip to the costumer's with her father. Here she saw herself arrayed in a garb that she had only distantly connected with Fanchette, her maid. How much she herself re-



sembled Fanchette as she glanced into her mirror the night she departed for the Bellevue Boulevard, she didn't take time to think. A car had called for her. No one had seen her leave or even prepare to leave, as all the servants had been dismissed for the fortnight.

A week later and Cynthia's new role was well nigh complete. In the servant's room that morning she heard that company would be there for dinner that evening. This she had expected, but she felt rather dubious, now that the truth of the situation was drawing to its height. That afternoon Cynthia, now just Mary, was busy cleaning silver. How her hands had ached the first few times that she done that kind of work! Glancing out of the window, as she rubbed, she saw an unusual and rather queer sight. A man was rolling a round bundle on the ground. Suddenly it disappeared from view, seemingly to fall through the earth. As the man turned, she saw or rather recognized the face of Jasp Goldberg, with whom she had been riding only the week before. What was he doing rolling paper packages along the ground for his amusement, she mused. He was going back into the house now, but why—? What could it mean?

"Is the silver ready?" She turned. It was Mrs. Kendall speaking, but by her stood a man whom she recognized as Brad Kendall. She had met him at a house party only the summer before. It was then that he had told her that he was going into government work, of a nature that he had not decided upon as yet. Then she had lost all track of him, this best of friends, as they had been that summer before, for he seemed to have sunk into oblivion. She was determined not to have him recognize her in this role of servant girl. But could he be the man of whom her father had told her or was he simply another member of the family of whom she had not heard? Strange she had never before connected the names!

"Why, why, what are you?"—she gasped and stopped and turned to Mrs. Kendall. "Yest, in just a minute,

ma'am," she said, rubbing busily away on the last piece.

That night at dinner as she went in to serve the consomme, she glanced around to see who the man was that her father had said would be the one to receive the message that night. The only stranger was Brad Kendall but surely he must be one of the family. He had not noticed her confusion that afternoon she felt sure, so she was determined that he shouldn't recognize her at dinner. As the meal progressed she saw no possibility of another coming in. Resolved not to fail her father in her mission she finally drew near Brad as she set down his coffee and whispered the words, "due west." He made no sign of understanding her. The family was engaged in conversation and had not noticed. If he was the right one she knew he would make use of what she had said. If not, he wouldn't understand and it would be lost.

A week later found Cynthia again at home. "Her family," as she called them, had again gone West and she had completed her work. Only once had she seen Jasp Goldberg since she had returned and then she had avoided a meeting. She had told her father what she had seen that afternoon, as she had cleaned silver, with the rest of her story as she had told it to Kendall. As yet she had seen no result from her two week's apprenticeship. Her father had sent her word to leave but he had had to go to Washington the next day on business. Evidently he was satisfied with her work, as he said only words of approval when she talked with him.

As she sat waiting that afternoon, for what she did not know, she heard the newsboys outside. Their voices had risen to an undue pitch of excitement, it seemed to her. She listened:

"All about the great spy plot on Bellevue Boulevard. Papers found in yard of Goldberg's house," she managed to grasp after straining her ears.

What? Was she dreaming? In a half understanding

way she rose and started toward the door. But it opened for her.

“Cynthia.” It was her father who had come in all unknown to her as she had not heard the outer door open and shut. “Cynthia, see what you did for us,” and he held a paper toward her.

VIRGINIA M. QUICK, '19.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE ODE III, 13.

**B**AUDUSIAN Fount more clear than glass  
 And decked with buds so sweet and gay  
 Tomorrow shalt thou honored be  
 Who'st worth all wine of purest ray  
 A kid with horns of love and strife  
 Shall come to crown thy happy day.

In vain: for this same sportive lamb  
 Shall stain these waters held so dear  
 Its life blood shall it give to thee  
 And red shall flow in streams now clear  
 Nor shall the dog-star yet prevail  
 Nor e'er to thee come near.

O comfort of the wandering flock  
 Who tired and thirsty to thee came!  
 The oak tree standing on thy bank  
 Shall be the proof of lasting fame  
 The hollow rocks whence streams leap down  
 Shall last no longer than thy name.

NELLIE MAY MACKEY, '19.

## THE ROSE KIMONO.

**D**ORIS HEDGES! My, what a scare you gave me; Where in the world have you been this time of the night?"

Norma Farrell, sitting bolt upright in the middle of her bed, stared and popped questions at the confused Doris.

"I—er—I left my vanity case in the lobby and I knew one of those horrid bell boys would steal it—would give it to the maid. So I—so I went after it!" finished Doris, almost out of breath as she cautiously edged towards her room door.

"Why didn't you call me? You shouldn't have gone down there alone. Don't ever do anything like that again. What if you'd been taken for the burglar and—Doris! what is that chain hanging out of your neck?"

Doris gasped and hastily fumbled to hide the tell-tale chain.

"It's—that's—it's my vanity case chain!"

"A silver vanity case with a gold chain," scorned Norma, "hand it to me this instant, or I'll write your father every word."

Slowly and painfully the girl drew forth the chain—and watch. The man-in-the-moon, shedding his dazzling light over the blanched countenances of both, nodded knowingly.

"I—I found it in the hall—it—"

"But this watch belongs to the young man in the east wing! I saw him with it late tonight—and the monogram—J. C.!"

"Well—I—I know, but—I couldn't find my vanity case in the lobby and so I—I came back through the east wing to hunt in the window near Mary's room."

"But the watch! Surely—Doris—you couldn't have;" but the guilty look and lowered eyes explained; Norma understood. She could say no more, but staggered to a chair and collapsed.

"Oh, this is terrible! Here, give me the watch and I'll replace it, quick! What if your poor old father knew, it would kill him. Give me your kimono."

Norma took the watch from the sobbing Doris, and enveloping herself in the luminous folds of the rose kimono, tiptoed noiselessly down the hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim Cartwright lay gazing at the dancing shadows on the ceiling and thought. Who could it be? He went over the facts again and again, trying to discover some clew. The numerous articles being missed; the intrusion at night of someone in a rose colored kimono; and the same excuses about getting into the wrong room. Painstakingly he re-reviewed the list of guests in his mind. The Miss Primcross; no, she wouldn't dare for fear of meeting a mouse in the deserted hallways. Miss Hall—she was away all of last week. Mr. Jenkins—but the baby face and feminine voice! Mrs. Morton—but she was one of the ones robbed, also the Whitehalls, Lagrones, Dupreys, Harts and Lancasters. Miss Rockingham had been confined to her bed for almost a month, Mrs. Calloway had a gouty foot. They almost completed the list of their sex—but Miss Hedges, the petted and pampered heiress, with every whim and wish granted—and Miss Farrell—the dainty little companion who had ridden up in the elevator that very night after the dance—and had asked him the time; of course not! And he was obliged to make good on this last case, or give up in despair after all his futile struggles. Jim turned to the wall with a sigh and dozed—but only to be awakened with a start a few moments later.

He grabbed his revolver, jumped out of bed, switched on the light—and then stopped—too dumbfounded to speak.

"Miss Farrell!—you?"

Poor Norma had become entangled in the long folds of the kimono and tripped over a chair. She sat in a huddled heap with the watch still clutched in one hand.

\* \* \* \*

Jim paced the floor of the manager's office. In five minutes the guests would assemble for the cross-questioning and although he believed Miss Farrell innocent, she refused to throw any light on the situation.

"You confess," he began, "that you were in my room only ten minutes ago and with this watch in your hand?"

"I do."

"And the other missing articles?"

"I know nothing about them."

"Have you entered other rooms in that rose kimono, previous to tonight?"

"I have not?"

"Whose kimono is it?"

"Why—I—I don't—it's mine!"

Norma glanced helplessly at the frightened Doris.

"Would you mind telling me where you bought it?"

"At—Smith's."

"But here's Rhinehagar's tag on the inside. Besides it's about four sizes too large for you. Ladies, let's see whom it does fit. Miss Hedges, will you step forward?"

Doris looked at Norma appealingly hesitated—and then broke down weeping.

Norma's face shown with a radiant light for she realized that Doris had at last learned the lesson.

WILLIE MAY NIX.

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT OF BROWNING'S  
POETRY.

**W**HAT is a poet? When we analyze our conceptions, I fear the poet suffers. In the estimation of the normal human being, who deals with life first hand; the poet is a vapid day-dreamer allowed to live on society for the pretty useless rhymes with which he charms the crowd. He is an unnecessary luxury, precocious, odd, unmindful of society, selfish, and an altogether dangerous play-thing for the women. This impression is handed down from the time that the bards strolled over the country charming for an evening the gay lord and his household. They were usually rowdy and care-free lot. What wonder that the industrious, self-respecting population looked askance at them. This then is the origin of the popular sentiment against verse makers.

Even up to the nineteenth century the poet was an eccentric being. In periods of great literature there was a good natured tolerance of this characteristic, and it must be remembered that many, many times, the actual hostility of the people was not uncalled-for. As much as we love Shelley we must admit that he was impossible. He was impractical, idealistic, revolutionary; and these characteristics he shared with Byron and other representatives of his age.

Yet during the nineteenth century there was a change, even to the point of reverence, in popular sentiment for poets. The change was a slow growth from early times, for we must remember there have been true humanitarian bards from the beginning. Indeed the greatest bards have always been distinguished for their interest in human welfare, and as forces for good in their communities. Chaucer perhaps heads the list. His Muse dwelt not among the stars but in the hearts of men. Shakespeare himself was supremely the man of affairs. Milton the Sublime worked harder and more effectively, and more self-sacrificingly for

the cause of human liberty than any other man. And last but not least Browning the Vital threw his life into the work of succoring humanity. At witness we mention his life in Italy. That he was intensely interested in, and sympathetic with people is shown by the fact that he made so many staunch friends, not only among the women but also among the men. All men admired and loved him. This intense humanitarian spirit is a characteristic outpouring of his inherent vitality.

All his life from his birth to his death he was a distinct vital personality. What he believed, he believed with his whole being. What he loved or hated, he loved or hated with a strong passionate nature. He was full of the mere joy of living and he based his philosophy of life on it. Hear Rabbi Ben Zzra—

“Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made.”

And again—

“Thou to whom fools propound  
When the wine makes its round  
Since life fleets, all is change the past gone,  
seize today.”

Fool! All that is, at all  
Lasts ever, past recall;  
Earth changes but thy soul and God stand sure.”

“\_\_\_\_\_.  
Therefore I summon age  
To grant youth's heritage  
Life's struggle having so far reached its term;  
Thence shall I pass approved  
A man, for aye removed  
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.  
Let age approve of youth and death complete the  
same.”



The thoughts, ideals, emotions, struggles, even the failures of life are the foundation for old age and death. As is the first so will be the last.

So the mere act of living life fully meant much to him. That he lived completely, actively, vitally, is shown by his romantic elopement with an invalid with whom he fell in love at first sight, and whom he loved even beyond death. It was this characteristic which made him the dramatist. His turn of mind was dramatic, his swift thought was dramatic, his conception of the human soul was dramatic; that is, dramatic in the sense of being tense with life. His mind—set was one of action, glorious, purposeful action. He was up and doing with mind and soul decidedly one with that of Italy. His swift thought vitalized every object with which it came in contact. Very few of his poems do not deal with and rejuvenate obscure characters; yet how alive is each! Browning never created lifeless forms. He dealt primarily with human beings of definite characteristics.

No dramatist has experimented with the human soul as he has. None has shown its power of development in crises, as he. Take for instance the hero in "The Return of The Druses." He with worldly ambition claims to be the divine prophet. His love for his betrothed makes him repent and he desires to drop his claim, but the same love makes him cowardly. Finally events cause him to confess before all, but the all sacrificing devotion to his betrothed, and to the people, change him from the weak coward to the semi-divine which he had claimed and denounced. The betrothed dies at sight of him transfigured, and the people loudly proclaim him what he has denied. He with still greater sacrifice of himself kills himself at the highest point of success, just to be with his beloved.

So Browning had the soul of a dramatist, but that characteristic within himself which made him the dramatist at the same time ruined him as a dramatist. He thought so swiftly it irked him to express the thought fully. He

jotted down one word for many, left incomplete sentences and similes. The greatest part of his work is suggestion. Consequently the scholars, the intensely versatile persons must be the actors and the audience. It requires study from people who love to study; because no matter what is said to disprove the fact, Brownings style is obscure.

His failure as a Dramatist is explained by Brander Matthews as being a lack of the art of dramaturgy; that is, the art of presenting a play to be acted before an audience. His action was intense, but it is action of the inner life. He wrote dramas of the soul. Therefore his dramas were not to be seen so much as felt and appreciated. His tendency was to analyze, to refine motives, to present emotions without action, to study complex emotions. The average audience is made up of all classes of people. Browning appealed to the minor part of the audience. The Philosophers, the poets and the student of human nature could find much pleasure in seeing or reading his dramas; but the average audience could not follow his subtle ties of thought.

Maurice Maeterlinck the supreme writer of soul dramas has less action even than Browning, yet his plays are successful because of his stage effect. Browning either would not or could not produce stage effects. Perhaps he did not realize that they were needed. His age was not a suitable age for drama since the people were not educated up to it and he was of his age. Or if he knew his deficiency he could not have remedied it, because of the depression to his exuberant spirits. He was impatient of restraint even in careful workmanship. And he failed as a dramatist.

But his dramas are the least part of his works. He is best known perhaps for his Dramatic Monologues and semi-dramatic works. Under this latter head we class "Pippa Passes," one of the most exquisite poems in the English language. It is in dramatic form, and each scene is quite dramatic; but the method of linking the scenes is not the accepted dramatic method. The four scenes are abso-

lutely unrelated and contain nothing in common except that Pippa Passes. She is the main character but she is not tempted nor hated nor destroyed as a human would be, but is the embodiment of a bit of good unconscious of itself but making others conscious of itself. As a drama "Pippa Passes" is a failure, as a poem it is superb.

Genius creates always its own form for expression. Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* is exactly what he needed for the expression of his philosophy, and he created the form. Chaucer created his *Canterbury Tales* to express his view of life; and Spenser did the same in creating his *Fairy Queen*. Thus it has been throughout the history of Literature. Browning also created his particular mode of expression, it was the Dramatic Monologue. How well it is suited to his nature. His lightening thoughts could be expressed in a short work; dramatic in content, suggestive of reality, philosophic in meaning.

Not only is he creator but also master of that field. Considering his work carefully there is no doubt of this, rather wonder at the subtlety of his mind. Let us stand beside the Duke viewing "My Last Duchess." There is no other speaker than the Duke but observe the action he alone suggests. He draws the curtain aside, seats the guest, answers a questioning look. The answer reveals his inordinate pride and jealousy. He tells quite openly why he saw fit to give commands that should stop the indiscriminate smiles of the little Duchess. He asks the guest to arise, they would meet the other guests below. Here he suggests that the guest is merely the steward who had been sent to arrange a union between his masters daughter and the Duke. His mention of the dowry shows his greedy purpose in the marriage.

Such another is "Andrea Del Sarto." In this Browning gives the situation, the characters the action with a word, a phrase. And all are given truly and faithfully. There is no hint of the writer. He presented them as they were; he made them say and do what was characteristic of them.

Browning is the undoubted master of Dramatic Monologues as surely as Aeschylus is the master of Greek dramas; yet these are not the limit of his power.

He has excelled in still another phase of poetry. It is what he himself calls Dramatic Lyrics. It is to these he owes his claim as a lyric poet. True his style is not lyric. It is rugged, harsh even, but he has written some unexcelled lyrics. Nothing of Tennyson's is more exquisite than "The year's at the Spring." Granting that he is lyrical, and knowing he is dramatic we readily see the outcome to be Dramatic Lyrics. The main characteristic of these poems, that which makes them unintelligible to most readers is that all begin with the first person, the hero speaking for himself.

This use of "I" is an essential dramatic element. It was begun by Burns and carried to its fullest achievement by Browning. It is this use of "I" which gives the dramatic poignancy to the lyric poetry. If we take a hasty look through Browning's works we will see very few indeed which have not this element. "Porphyria's Lover" will illustrate. Its lyric quality is superb, and it is dramatic in the extreme. The strangling of Porphyria by the lover in the one moment she is his; to keep her his forever is a moment of passionate jealousy but external quiet. The end teems with music and philosophy for he says—

"And all night long we have not stirred  
And yet God has not said a word."

It is a strange philosophy.

In the lyric "Saul" the speaker is David. In telling how he sang and how Saul responded to each song, he gives it a dramatic touch. The surging of natural elements is also an artistic touch of dramatic vigor. Nature tense with knowledge of the Christ to be expresses her gladness thus.

"And little brook witnessing, murmured persistent and low

With their obstinate all but hushed voices e'en so, it is so!"

To appreciate the poem would be to study it entire, and it is well worth study. Truly it is beautiful.

What is the significance then of the dramatic element in Browning's poetry? In some way poetry had come to a stand still, all of its forms had become old and stale, the age was absorbed in more vital subjects, poetry was put in the background. It waited for some genius to vivify the art and its meaning. This lot fell to Browning. The method he used was the dramatic use of "I." It is best seen in this song from "A Blot In the Scutcheon."

"There's a woman like a dew drop—  
And her eyes are dark and humid like the depth on depth  
of lustre  
Hid i' the hare bell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild  
grape cluster.  
Gush in golden tinted plenty down her neck's rose misted  
marble."

Now discussing the exquisite beauty and melody let us pass on to the latter part

"And I who (ah for words of flame!) adore her,  
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before  
her—  
I may enter at her portal soon—"

These lines strike the keynote of real interest in the poem. The woman is described so as to charm the poet's or musician's ear yet our delight is purely intellectual until the lover presents his poignant adoration. Then and only then does the song live in our hearts. It is this dramatic personal element which has given new life to poetry. It has indeed opened up a new field to poetry. Of course the personality of Browning has added much

charm to this form. His rugged phraseology and especially his philosophy are as invigorating to the mind as new wine to the body.

While this dramatic element of Browning has hindered his popularity in the past it assures it, to a certain extent, for the future. This is true because his methods are being better understood each day, and his dramatic form being original will be used more and more. Yet no matter how we reason and exalt his name, and how fast the Browning cult is dying, it is true that he will never be the author to while away a tiresome half hour. He will ever be the poet of the few who do intensest study. And so be it. The most priceless jewels are hidden deep.

LEORA PERRY, '19.

## Freshman Page

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### SPICE OF FRESHMAN LIFE.

Mr. Nava: "Will you put the next sentence on the board, Miss Bristow?"

A. B.: (In stage whisper.) "I can't write, my feet hurt."  
\* \* \* \*

Mr. Schafer: (In chapel). "Has some one a favorite hymn?"

Voice from the Freshman class: "Lord Dismiss us with Thy Blessing."  
\* \* \* \*

Miss Cord: (In Christian Culture class). "Miss West, what do you know about Jonah?"

L. W.: "Jonah was the man that swallowed the whale, wasn't he?"  
\* \* \* \*

Soldier: (At reception). "Is G. W. C. a denominational school?"

J. M.: "No, Baptist."  
\* \* \* \*

M. S. (To drug store clerk): "What's your name?"

D. S. C.: "Guest."

M. S.: "Aw, I can't guess, tell me."  
\* \* \* \*

Miss Pipkin: (In Freshman English). "Miss White, what is the definition of remainder?"

P. E. W.: "It's what you get when you multiply, isn't it?"

## Rags and Tatters

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### PEAS A' LA KNIFE.

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"Oh, William, do let's ask these two soldiers to ride."

Mr. and Mrs. Royall and their daughters, Mary and Lucy, were riding out to see the cantonment which had just been placed near their home town. They were about a mile from camp when they passed the two soldiers of whom Mrs. Royall was speaking. Mr. Royall stopped the car and called to them. "Would you like to ride to camp?"

"Yes, sir," they both exclaimed, running to the car.

"Well, boys, how do you like our city?" Mr. Royall asked after they had gotten in and he had started the car.

"It's a very nice town, but we don't know much about it. We don't know many folks down this way, so we stay around out here most of the time," one of the boys answered.

"Just walking for your health this afternoon?" Mr. Royall asked.

"No, sir, not that exactly. Just got tired of hanging around camp so we went for a walk," the soldier answered.

"It was some walk, too," the other fellow interrupted. "We left our place about two hours ago and have been walking ever since."

"What is your regiment?" Mrs. Royall asked.

"The 115th Artillery. A North Carolina regiment."

"Show us the way and we'll take you there," Mr. Royall suggested. "I can't find my way around out here by myself. By the way, boys, tell us your name. We are Mr. and Mrs. Royall and our daughters, Miss Mary and Lucy."

"This is Mr. McCale and my name is Colt," the more talkative fellow answered. "This is our place, here," Mr. Royall."



"William," Mrs. Royall whispered to her husband, "let's ask them for dinner next Sunday." And before he had time to whisper "All right," she had turned to the men. "We would like so much to have you come in and take dinner with us next Sunday. Can you come?" She gave them a friendly smile.

"Can we?" they both exclaimed. "We certainly can, and many, many thanks for thinking of two lonely soldiers. We'll be right there."

"They seem to be very nice young men," Mrs. Royall remarked as they rode off. "I do hope we haven't made a mistake in asking them to the house."

The week passed and Sunday came. Mrs. Royall had wondered many times during the week whether she had done the right thing to ask two perfectly strange men to her house. She had said this many times to her husband and he had always answered with some teasing remark about her "two young men."

On Sunday, when she was putting the finishing touches to the table, he came into the dining room. After a few minutes of silence he said, "I say, Susie, do you remember the joke about Mrs. Newlyrich who told the cook to be sure and mash the peas because they might roll off when Mr. Newlyrich tried to eat with his knife?"

"Yes, my dear, why?"

"Well, I just wanted to suggest that you have the cook mash the peas for dinner today to save your 'young men' any embarrassment."

Mrs. Royall's anger was aroused at once. "Why, William Royall," she exclaimed, "you know these young fellows are too well-bred to do such a thing. I know they will use their knives properly."

"Oh, well, it was merely a suggestion you know, my dear," he said, good-humoredly.

In a few minutes the soldiers arrived and were welcomed cordially. Mr. McCale seemed very much confused but Mr. Cole was very much at ease.

“Oh! gee, it’s good to sit down at a real table again,” Mr. Cole exclaimed, when they went into dinner. “I have only been away from home two months but it seems like a year.”

“Where is your home, Mr. Cole?” Mrs. Royall asked.

“In Raleigh, North Carolina, the ‘garden spot of the earth,’ ” he answered laughingly.

Mrs. Royall was charmed with him and glanced at her husband triumphantly to discover him convulsed with laughter. What could be the joke she thought as she glanced around the table. At last—she blinked to make sure she was seeing right. Mr. Cole was eating peas and all, with his knife.

MARY SMYTH, '22.

# The Isaqueena

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## Editorial

Through this our Commencement Number I feel that there should go a message to the girls that are leaving behind the dear old halls of G. W. C. and are going out into their world. It is their world, you know, for nobody can keep them from possessing all the beauty and joy and experience that life pays in daily dividends.

During fourteen long, and generally speaking happy years you have been guided along and fitted out to go upon life's journey. Parents and teachers and friends have helped and advised you in the selecting of the proper outfit. For

no one dares, in this enlightened age to start out unprepared for all kinds of weather.

June will find you fairly started on that journey. Each and everyone of you have the same goal in view—happiness. There will be many alluring side paths inviting you to go astray from the plain path. Roads to nearer such-like pleasure and ease and worldly gain. But each of you must remember your training and the great ideal of that training. What was that aim? That you might be inspired with the highest feelings and that you might better your environment as a result of this. It requires your daily thought and patience. But finally you will reach your happy journeys' end, a reward that comes only from "SERVICE." And, then, too, there comes this same message of service to each one of the under-graduates, as you go home for your summer vacation. Just what does your college education amount to if it doesn't add something to you and your influence or your environment? Your community has a right to and does expect something from you. Are you going to disappoint it? Or, are you going home determined to serve.

There are hundreds of things you can do. Does the junior set in your town need a teacher? Some one that will guide them into pleasant and yet wholly wholesome paths? Does a class in your Sunday school need a teacher? You Freshmen especially are fitted for that work. For you have had a thorough course in your "New Convention Normal Manual." The Sunday schools are the seed of good communities, any work in them will surely count. Then there are ways and ways in a home that you can serve, lightning the burden of those who have labored that you might have your training. Girls! all of you! through service comes happiness—therefore serve.

---

I doubt if there is a single girl that ever comes to the close of a nine months school year without saying, "This summer I'm going to do something to lighten my next

year's load." Let me suggest (for resolutions are always good) that some of you at least make up your minds to write something for the college magazine this summer—a poem, an essay, a story. Sometime during the summer when you stand looking out across a wonderful scene you will say "Oh! that's enough to inspire anybody." Well its not my opinion that the ability to write comes from inspiration but that's the general idea. So, when you come to that inspiring moment this vacation remember the Isaqueena.

---

In closing this last page of my editorials there comes a sense of regret. Regret for the chance that is passing—the chance perhaps of some good influence or encouraging word. I have enjoyed it nevertheless and wish to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the students that have done voluntary work for these pages. None of the work has been required—it has come from willing and loyal pens; and I wish to thank each one for her part.

# Athletics

This is the last report for the Athletic Association. It feels indeed proud of its progress during this College year. We have achieved great wonders though they have seemed slow taking shape. We have started the ball rolling now although it has taken us this whole year. We are ready to plunge into the Athletic work with new vigor just as soon as we return next year. We are sure that our enthusiasm is going to be even greater.

Some class spirit has been created this year and this is going to be kept up by means of our class basket ball teams next year.

Certainly there is going to be a College Varsity Team next year and we hope that with our practice this year we shall have a team proud to represent our College and the best in the State.

There will be about fourteen or fifteen girls to win their block letters in basket ball.

Swimming has featured greatly in our Athletics department. The girls have shown great interest in this and as a result we have more than half a dozen novices in the art, of which we are proud. This certainly ought to serve as encouragement for those of us who are so faithfully trying to learn to swim.

There are four or five who will likely get their blocks in swimming.

These blocks will be presented on Class Day with the banner for the team who wins the championship in basket ball. There is still one more game to be played before this can be decided.

Most of the spirit which has been created is due to the faithfulness and enthusiasm of Mrs. Williams, our Director of Athletics. To her we are indebted much and we wish to thank her, hoping that she will be with us next year.

Good-bye athletes and all those who have helped to make the Athletics a success this year. Three cheers !!!

RENE JOYCE, President.

## Society Dots

We wish to say here, that the Y. W. C. A. as well as all other departments of the college, is coming to the close of a very successful year.

For the past month the program for our weekly meetings have been unusually attractive. One evening was devoted to Blue Ridge. We met out on the campus and the girls who had attended these Blue Ridge Conferences gave such interesting accounts of the trip that all who had not been wanted to make plans to go this summer. G. W. C. is expecting to send a large delegation in June. At the close of the meeting everybody gathered around a big bon-fire and had a jolly time toasting marshmallows.

April 30th there was a musical program given by the students. Very delightful.

May 7th. The debate tonight was largely attended, everyone being interested in the subject, Resolved that Hawaii is a better place to spend a honeymoon than Africa. The speakers, dressed in costume of their respective countries, were very picturesque. The arguments were so convincing that the hearers were undecided which country to visit. The decision of the judges was reached with difficulty, but the result was in favor of the negative side. However we should like to return from Africa via Hawaii.

Last night Miss Sallie M. Russell of the local Y. W. C. A., came to talk to us. Miss Russell's talk was very interesting. Many new avenues of thought were opened to us. Every one came away greatly helped by having heard her. We hope to have Miss Russell with us again in the future.



## College Shadows

### LOCALS.

Thursday evening, April 17th. Tonight an operetta "The Wild Rose," was given by the Choral Club of the Greenville Womans College, under the direction of Mr. J. Oscar Miller. It was quite a charming production and all who saw it seemed delighted. The operetta will be repeated at commencement.

Friday night, April 18th. The twelfth annual Piedmont Oratorical Contest was held, as usual, in the auditorium of the Greenville Womans College. There were ten representatives and each one did credit to his school. The winner of first place was Mr. Frank M. S. Millan of the Westminster High School. To him were given a gold medal and a silver trophy, cup.

Thursday, April 24th. Tonight the Greenville Lyceum Association presented the Rodeheaver-Matthews Company in concert. These men, with their diversified and exceptional talent, offer programs that contain a wealth of the unusual both in vocal and instrumental music. They are entertainers of unusual originality and charm.

Friday evening, April 25th. Miss Annie Maude Wilbur, Director of the School of Expression of the Greenville Woman's College, presented Miss Martha Peace in graduating recital assisted by Miss Dorothy Starbuck, pianist. This was one of the most delightful evenings spent during the college year. The selections rendered by Misses Peace and Starbuck were splendid in every respect.

Friday, May 2nd. One of the most elaborate May Day Festivals ever held in Greenville was the one held on the campus of the Greenville Womans College as its centenary celebration, 1819-1919. The Liberal Arts and Sciences were presented by the students and the Hundred Years of the Life of the College by the Alumnae. The Pageant advanced in the following order: Alma Mater, accompanied by the May Queen, and her Maids, the Minstrels, the Master of Ceremonies, May Pole dancers, Heralds, Primary Department of a century ago, and the academic procession.

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Friday evening, May 2nd. Miss Carelyn Cartwright, soprano, accompanied by Miss Frances Johnston, violinist, was presented in graduating recital by Mr. J. Oscar Miller, director of the voice department. Her voice is one of rare quality and beauty and the music was enjoyed by all

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Saturday, May 3rd. This evening all music lovers were delighted by the splendid numbers rendered in the grand combination concert by the G. W. C. Glee Club and the Furman Glee Club. The program was splendidly rendered.

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Wednesday, May 7th. The last number of the Lyceum course was rendered tonight when the Lyceum Association presented Louis Gridler, baritone, of the Chicago Opera Association, in joint concert with Mme. Zelina de Maclot, soprano, formerly of French and Italian Grand Opera companies. They are singers of marvelous interpretative ability and gave their audience an evening of great enjoyment.

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The girls are all excited over the coming vacation and are frightened over the coming exams.

## Jokes

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Lucile H.—(to Everett). Is Bohemia in France?"

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When asked on examination to explain erosion this is the answer Grace Cothran gave: Erosion is turpentine coming out of a pine tree.

---

Mary Holliday was telling Miss Asbury how to fix her hair when she said: "But Cassie you must fix it that way because the dressmaker said so."

---

P. W.—Mary, Annie has a little niece.

M. H.—Is it a boy or girl?

When Marguerite Hyman was offered some very soft candy she was heard to ask if it were taffeta.

---

Ruth—Della, who was it settled South Carolina?

Irene R.—Oh, I know that! It was the Pilgrims.

---

Miss Cord (to her English class): How old was De Quincy when he was born?

---

M. Talbert, while taking dictation: "Miss Perry, in real business when you take a letter in short hand, do you send it off in short-hand or do you typewrite first?"

---

R. J. (undressing one night). "Do pull down the shade so the street car won't see me!"

R. Joyce says she always lets up the shades at night so she will have plenty of fresh air.

---

Jennie Werts (to Nita Pruitt) "My tooth hurts every time I eat candy."

Nita' Well, oh! you better have it filled or you will have to have it amputated (meaning extracted)."

---

Ha ha! Some Seniors are greener than Freshmen. Just ask who said "My expenses worry me to distinction."

---

Please some one tell a certain girl how to get in the swimming pool for her special benefit.

---

Margaret Talbert wants to know if you can send letters off in short hand.

# Point System of Honors

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## Five Point Honors.

President of Y. W. C. A.  
President of Student Government.

## Four Point Honors.

President of Senior Class.  
Editor of Isaqueena.  
Business Manager of Isaqueena.  
Editor of Annual.  
Business Manager of Annual.  
President of Literary Society.

## Three Point Honors.

President of Athletic Association.  
President of Junior.  
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.  
Secretary of Student Government.

## Two Point Honors.

President of Sophomore Class.  
President of Freshman Class.  
President of Special Class.  
Secretary and Treasurer of Society.  
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.  
Treasurer of Student Government.  
Departmental Editors.  
Chairmen of Program Committee.  
Council Members.  
Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class.

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# Greenville Womans College

GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Greenville Womans College (Greenville Female College) is an institution of higher learning established, controlled and supported by the Baptist Convention of South Carolina. It has to its credit sixty years of successful experience in educating young women. The college has nearly one thousand alumnae in this and other states.

The institution is a noble tribute to the faith, sacrifices, and loyalty of its friends. It is the second largest college for women in South Carolina, enjoying the distinction of having more of its alumnae teaching in the schools of the State than any other college save one.

The work of the College is strongly endorsed at home and abroad. For many years the number of boarding students has been limited by the capacity of the dormitories, and the annual income from college fees for local students alone is equal to the income of the endowment of any college in the State, which enables the College to give the best education at reasonable prices.

Believing that the aim of all training should be the development of heart, mind and body, the College seeks to give the product of symmetrical womanhood.

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is on one of the great thoroughfares of the South. It is an old educational center and maintains the best ideals of our people in the midst of a great material prosperity. The advantages and opportunities of such a community are educational by-products of no small value. Along with these must be mentioned Greenville's climate and health. The air and water are perfect. The college in all of its sixty years of history has never lost a student by death and it has enjoyed singular freedom from epidemics of every form.

The College is giving the best modern education to young women. The faculty consists of men and women holding degrees from the leading colleges, universities and conservatories. Fourteen units are required for entrance. One major and two minor conditions are accepted, to be worked off before reaching the junior year. Our B. A. diploma has been accepted for graduate work at the universities. The degrees of M. A., B. A., B. S., are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Conservatory of Music, the Department of Art, Expression, Kindergarten and Domestic Science.

In order to meet the needs of the local students and the boarding students not prepared for entering the Freshman Class, a high grade academy maintained by the College, well equipped, with instructors of the same character and grade as the teachers in the College.

Second term begins Feb. 1, 1919.

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