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The Isaqueena - 1915, November

Grace Decker Coleman
Greenville Woman's College

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The
ISAQUEENA



November, 1915.

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GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Isaqueena



November, 1915

Published each month by the Students of the
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DR. DAVID M. RAMSAY

Dedicated
To Dr. Ramsay
Our President

The Isaquena

VOL. X

GREENVILLE, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1915

NO. 2

Dr. D. M. Ramsay



HAVE known Dr. Ramsay for many years and can write of him out of a very close personal knowledge. Perhaps in the estimate of some I am disqualified for the task by personal friendship. But I may ask why should friendship in any wise unfit a man's hand for writing of a fellow laborer? I do not believe that it does. A man is truly known only by his friends. At least I think I know Dr. Ramsay.

He got a good start in life by being born in South Carolina and reared in a home where character had the primacy. Providence also gave him, in the first years of his life, the benedictions of the country and the blessings of work. These are high advantages where they have an ambitious soul to work on. But it is no purpose of mine to write a biography or to account for a life. I will give only those things of a worthy career that will help us in this appreciation.

I became acquainted with Dr. Ramsay while he was a student in the Louisville Seminary. He came there from Richmond College and brought with him a fine reputation. The Virginia boys by a kind of instinct put him to the front and it was only a short time until he was one of

our recognized leaders. The clubs in the first month booked him for membership. In his second year he was selected to preside at the table, introduce our guest and act as host of the student body.

As a preacher in his student days he became quite popular and was a favorite with those fine Blue Grass churches. At that time, as later, the aesthetic world made a strong appeal to him and to the art-side of his calling he gave much attention. I remember well how he used to work over words and sentences and every detail of public speaking. He also "got himself up" well. He respected the gift from nature of a finely proportioned body by never becoming careless in his dress. The outcome of all this was that he made a fine impression and the churches wanted him.

His Seminary mates felt certain that he would take a high stand in life. In this they were not mistaken as the years since have proven. He has labored in Kentucky, Alabama, South Carolina and Virginia, and has taken rank with our best preachers and foremost leaders. Places of honor and responsibility have sought him and in all of them he has borne himself with credit and served the denomination with wisdom. It has been his good fortune in the states where he has lived to come at once to leadership. Whether this was well or not it has been a fact and a fact that he did not seek to bring about. He has the advantage of a fine address and presence, and the first impressions he makes are good. This is certainly not always to one's advantage but it is a shallow judgment that would say it is to one's disadvantage. I do not believe it has in any wise militated against the deeper influence

which Dr. Ramsay has wielded. He is most honored and loved where he has lived longest and is known best.

I will give here what is and ever will be one of his highest honors. He has been pre-eminently loved as a pastor. This indicates much. And it is a triumph which his closest Seminary friends did not foresee. We felt sure that he would be a fine preacher but not a one of us thought of him as pastor. I will not soon forget the comment of Dr. L. O. Dawson, Dr. Ramsay's successor at Tuscaloosa, Ala. This was one of his early pastorates. I spoke to Dr. Dawson of my friend's promise as a preacher, expecting to hear some fine things of him. "Yes," he said, "but the people of Tuscaloosa think that he is pre-eminent as a pastor." I was not expecting to hear that. But later in his long pastorate over the Citadel Square Baptist church, one of the leading churches of the South, he made the same deep, loving impression on the families of his congregation. I dwell on this because it reveals as hardly anything else can the qualities of Dr. Ramsay's character. A man of mere talent may succeed eminently well in prominent pulpits. I have known some to shine as preachers and have churches and congregations flock after them who could not hold the moral confidence of those nearest to them. But for one to grow upon his church as a pastor and to do this for ten and fifteen and twenty years, he must be a man of piety, uprightness, wisdom and strength. This part of a pastor's work is almost the final test of a sound and rounded character.

The outstanding feature in Dr. Ramsay's character is Christian manliness. So I think. It is this that is seen wherever he is seen. Everyone, I am sure, notes it in the discharge of his public functions. But it is just as mani-

fest in committee and board meetings and in the most intimate relations of his private life. Perhaps emphasis ought to be laid on the adjective, for I have in mind a quality that is lovable. Manliness of itself is always admirable for it rests on courage and independence; but it is not always lovable for often it is attended with egotism and self-assertion. It is only Christian manliness that we both love and admire. The explanation, I suppose is to be found in the fact that it is attended with humility. We may admire mere greatness but we can love no one who lifts himself above others.

Dr. Ramsay is now, I think, in his chief work. In looking back over his career one almost feels like saying that his experiences in other spheres were to prepare him for the presidency of a woman's college. If they were not for this they have certainly done this. Both by nature and by training he is fitted for this large service. I have not the space to dwell on this side of his life; and there is no need, for I am writing to those who see him daily or have seen him in his present work and they know how admirably he meets the demands of his exacting position. But I wish to call attention to a feature in Dr. Ramsay's character in which those who are interested in the G. W. C. should delight.

I have spoken of the pastorate as a test of a man. I suspect that those who have been in both our churches and our colleges feel that the churches are not in it. Perhaps not. It is certain, I am sure, that in many ways the presidency of a college and especially of a college for women tests a man as no church can ever do. It is a more many sided task. A man who is over a college for young women must be an educator, a pastor, a preacher, an

Harvest Days

All Nature's clothed in autumn sheen,
The sunbeam's golden mellow beams,
The gathered goodly harvest yield,
Returns man's toil on plain and field.

Our grateful hearts and opened hands,
For from the plenty of his land
Man gives to others of his meed
Since he doth feel his neighbor's need.

We've labored hard and waited long,
But now in grateful praise and song,
For well-stored bounty we now see
The God of Plenty, thanks to Thee.

G. D. C., '16.

An Afternoon in My Friend's Library



OME one has said that a man's room, where he works, and reads, and thinks is a key to his character, and that if one studied the room long enough, he would soon know the man.

It was a long, low room in which I was seated, waiting for my host whom I had never met. The first thing that caught my eye was the sparkling log fire, leaping cherrily on the hearth, and displaying brilliant points in the picture above the stone mantle. It was a picture of a beautiful woman; her soft hair parted and coiled loosely back from her serene brow made a frame for her almost perfect face. It was not so much the perfection of feature that held me, as the wonderful expression of faith and trust which shone from her eyes; her lips seemed to breathe a blessing.

I arose from one of the soft leather chairs in which I had been seated and began to wander about aimlessly. Soon I came to a halt by the big desk-like table, and there I felt I had in truth come home. For although one end of the table was piled high with law books, and legal looking documents for which a lawyer has use, nearest the chair, right where one might reach a hand out and grasp it, lay a well worn volume face downward; turning it over I read a familiar quotation. So I knew my host to be a lover of Browning and with that thought my eyes wandered to the many books in the cases, which lined the walls. There was Dickens placed beside Carlyle and MaCauley, and my fancy seemed to see good hearted

Pegotty hugging poor David to the bursting point; and Tiny Tim's appealing little voice saying, "God bless us every one." Then I gazed once more at the books, there was Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley and among others, I spied Kipling.

As I wandered on, ever finding something new and interesting, I stumbled against some golf sticks, and instantly I realized the meaning of the silver cups I had noticed on the cabinet. Evidently this man did not live entirely within doors among his beloved books and learned documents; for besides the sticks I had also seen a riding crop, much worn as to handle. Hanging below a beautiful copy of "Sir Galahad," was a fine kodak picture of a spirited horse, proud head in air, mane tossed high, rivaling easily the horse in the picture above. I then found myself before a "Mona Lisa." Her smile the epitome of sadness, and her hands with their matchless grace fascinated me as always.

At last I came to an abrupt termination of my wandering before a book case, obscure in the far corner of this spacious room, filled with volumes, browned by the passing years. My attention was at once riveted on the smallest book of the collection, for truly it was a collection and a rare one too. There was Bradford and Winthrop lined up beside Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards; while Sewall, Byrd, Wigglesworth and the "Bay Psalm Book" found their places among the many other treasures. I cautiously slipped the original "Of Plimoth Plantation" out from among the rest. And in turning the pages, yellowed yet still preserved, my thoughts travelled back over the years to the landing of my forefathers in Plymouth. Through toil, perseverance, and hardships they have made their homes—the log cabins of yesterday.

My mind formulated rapidly a colonial library with Cotton Mather as its distinguished owner. It was a low-studded room, with a beam across the ceiling, panelled with dark wood, and having a large chimney piece, on each end of which stood the old wax candle sticks. Directly above this and conspicuous because of the lack of others, I fancied the portrait of old Increase Mather, at two-thirds length, representing the stern features of a puritanic-looking personage, in a skull cap, with a laced band, and a grizzly beard, holding a Bible in his left hand. The imaginative furniture that appealed to me most were the pieces brought over by the Mathers on the May Flower. There were two tables; one exhibiting a great amount of carving and claiming the possession of as many feet as an octopus; the other an ancient tea-table, was placed in the center of the room, a wonderful piece of handiwork, with four long, and slender legs.

My imagination conjured Cotton Mather—with goose quill in hand, sitting in a very antique elbow-chair (with a high back, carved elaborately in oak, quite roomy enough for the old gentleman) by an old rose-wood secretary inlaid with teak wood. Letters, parchments, and blank sheets of paper were strewn before Mather; and above on the high shelves of the old secretary were the few books brought over from England with the other treasures. These, mildewed and stained, were arranged according to size and color; there were Ben Jonson and Shakespeare next to Bede and Caedmon; Chaucer and Wyclif lined up beside Marlowe.

But I soon discovered that Mather was not always engrossed in the deeper things of life, for I espied in one corner of this library a large black article of furniture, of

very strange appearance. It looked more like a coffin than anything else, but upon closer investigation it appeared to be a harpsichord. As I stood there, lost in imagination, I thought that even Cotton Mather, the man who wrote over his study door, "Be Short," even he, put aside his books of learning at some period of the day and played on the harpsichord, dreaming of the muses of old.

These few pieces of Louis-Quatorze and Riesner's style of furniture were in marked contrast to the half a dozen chairs which stood about the room straight and stiff, ingeniously contrived out of common pine, by some one of the ever experimenting colonists.

Unconsciously I had slipped "Of Plimoth Plantation" back into the leaded glass case to nestle among its companions. Lost in thought I scarcely heard the opening of the door, and was not fully awake from my day-dreams, until I felt my hands in a warm grasp and found myself looking into the grave and kindly face of the man I had never met. He was large and very handsome, and his keen, dark eyes smiled into mine as he craved my pardon for keeping me waiting so long; saying he had been obliged to make a trip across town to see an old woman, the mother of a poorer client. I added kindness to my list of mental virtues with which I had endowed this man. When I told him that my stay in his room, presided over by the beautiful woman above the mantle, and filled with so many old treasures, had done much for the quiet of my soul, he answered with a smile and a look of tenderness toward the picture, only breathing two words, "My Mother." I knew that he was one who possessed the power of understanding, and one whom his fellowmen would always love and trust.

REBECCA FURMAN, '17.

When Marjorie Smiled



ECKY, for heaven's sake don't keep us in suspense," entreated Bettie Kent. "Has Miss Clapps caught up with us for burning alcohol in the Chamber of Horrors?"

"No, Miss Pessimist," was the conclusive reply from the president of the Kappa Theta Sorority at Miss Capp's Seminary for young ladies.

"Oh!" bubbled Janet McFerguson, "I'll bet the Alums have endowed us with a chapter house."

"That sounds like your usual delightful optimism, Jon," commented Marjorie Kyp.

"Yes," was the retort, "and it sounded like *you* to be always poking fun at my 'delightful' schemes."

Marjorie smiled, while Becky for the eighth time called the meeting to order.

"Girls," she began slowly, "The Sigma Tans have asked Amy Scott."

It was out. The bomb had dropped into the midst of the Kappa Theta Sorority. A silence preceded the explosion, a babel of voices followed. Even Marjorie Kyp changed her usually inscrutable expression. "Impossible!" came from all quarters and a chorus of "Are you *sure* Becky?"

"Well," that important lady began enumerating the points on her fingers, "Firstly she went over to Amherst Hall with Carol Bagley to-day at noon, and yesterday afternoon she went up street with Anne Phillips, and

thirdly, she and Carol and Anne were all on the campus whispering together this morning."

"That's very convincing evidence," Betty Kent reflected. "But what do they want with her?"

"Gracious knows," the girls agreed and began a discussion of the unsuspecting Amy which lasted for about twenty minutes. Throughout it all Marjorie sat quietly embroidering, now and then offering suggestions which made her sisters feel that she might be making fun of them. But who could tell? Marjorie's face was always inscrutable, and with often a suggestion of a twinkle. Be that as it may, the girls could never really be angry with "Marge," for she was such a good fellow when a body was down and out, and besides she was such a shark in classes that you couldn't help but have a secret admiration for her.

At the end of the twenty minute discussion, Janet said decisively, "Madame President, I move that Amy Scott be asked to join our Sorority *immediately*."

"I second the motion," came simultaneously from every member except Marjorie Kyp.

"And what may be your objection, Miss Mona Lisa?" demanded the impatient president.

"Why it was only yesterday that I heard you say that you were sorry for Amy because she would certainly never be asked to join anything."

"Yes, and it was only yesterday that I heard you say that you thought her a splendid girl and that the girls here didn't appreciate her. Anyway I didn't know her *yesterday*."

"Well, Becky, I do think her an excellent girl, and I want her to be asked," explained Marjorie, "But I wish it to be

understood that her being rushed by the Sigma Tans doesn't enhance her worth in my sight."

"Well," beamed Becky, "It has been moved and seconded that Amy Scott be invited to join. I shall ask the secretary to write her a note immediately."

Two hours later, after an apparent eternity of waiting, Becky and Janet had the satisfaction of seeing the innocent Amy take the "bid" out of her mail box. They hardly gave her time to read it before they were bouncing to her room to see how she was going to take it. Some minutes later, when they returned to the impatient crowd, Becky sighed that Amy didn't seem much excited over it, but that she promised to let them know positively on the following day.

"I 'spose," reasoned Becky, "that by the time you've had two or three bids they *aren't* so exciting. But how *shall* we wait till tomorrow afternoon?"

And how did they wait? The excitement was intense. Again that afternoon Amy went up street with Anne Phillips. Twice that evening groups of Sigma Tans were seen whispering together, and it seemed suspiciously like something might be up with the Phi Zetas too. The plot was thickening. Life was developing complexities for the Kappa Thetas.

"It's just like these frats to rush in and ask a girl just the minute they find out that we want her," Janet grumbled to Becky.

They managed to sleep almost the usual number of hours that night, and were at Amy's door before breakfast the next day. Seeing that their hostess was perfectly polite and gracious but unwilling to give them any clue to her attitude towards their invitation, they withdrew to spend

the morning watching for developments. The Sigmas were annoyingly happy over something, and the hearts of the Kappas were somewhere periously near the region of their shoes. Even Marjorie was anxious, for, besides being appreciative of Amy's true worth, she hated the idea of defeat. The subject of their concern had smiled upon them that morning, but it was small comfort to Betty Kent whose interpretation was somewhat like this, "She's taken up that other frat, and is just trying to let us down easy."

With this comforting explanation the Kappas passed the morning. Mercifully there were classes and these took their minds partially off of the conquest.

Finally the time for the answer arrived. Becky ran to nine girls bearing the news of Amy's acceptance. The same nine girls plus one rushed to deluge the prize with hugs and exclamations of delight, when the first flush of excitement was over, Becky confided.

"Gee, Amy dear, you don't know how scared we were that you'd join the Sigmas."

"The Sigmas? Why they haven't asked me."

"What?" gasped Becky. "But you were up street with Anne Philips."

"And you went to Amherst Hall with Carol Bagly, and were always having secrets with her," added Janet.

"But," explained the dishaloeed Amy, "Miss Carhart sent Anne and me to the town library together to do some work on our Thesis, and you musn't breathe it but Carol and I, in fact all the girls at our table, are planning a surprise for Miss Frenan on her birthday."

Becky and Janet gazed blankly at one another, while Marjorie repressed a desire to smile.

BOB ARIAN, '16.

“Cotton Mather and the Witchcraft Trials”

(Reproduction from a Journal of the beginning and proceeding of a witchcraft trial.)

Introduction, a short description of the life of our wonder judge.



OTTON MATHER was born in Boston. He was an exceedingly precocious small child, and at the age of twelve years he entered Harvard College. At the age of eighteen years he had compassed nearly the whole field of human knowledge. At twenty years he was a minister in old north church. Then for the next half century his literary pursuits were remarkable. In his inner life he is a puzzle. He is very ascetic tho' fond of the pleasures of life, but he is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He is greatly criticised on account of the steps he takes in the interesting, tho' horrible witchcraft trials, but after understanding fully the part he takes and knowing of the nights of prayer and the days of fasting he spends before these trials invoking the guidance of God, how can we judge the man!

Court begins at nine o'clock, on the tenth of March which is Monday and lasts thru the remainder of that week.

(Judge, Cotton Mather; Jurors, Sims, Hale, Noyes and Chievest.)

Monday morning, promptly at nine, Judge Mather takes his place upon the stand. Near him are seated the jurors.

The convicted to be tried this day is George Burrough. Judge Mather stands before the horror-stricken audience, and calls forth this fearful looking man. He stalks forward with faltering steps, and takes his place in front of the jury. He is then given a chance to explain his actions, so immediately upon his knees he falls and with tears streaming down his wrinkled face confesses his guilt and begs for mercy. Just as the Judge and jury are about to grant this plea, screams of horror are heard and in one bound the witnesses come forward writhing and twisting with pain and denouncing George Burrough, saying he alone is the cause of their distress.

The jurors feel it their duty to condemn the man after the evidence is so clear, but our tender-hearted judge is filled with grief, because according to the law of the day he is forced to condemn the man to the stake.

Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock.

The trial for this day is such a trying one that our noble judge and jury hardly feel equal to the task, so they open this day with an hour spent in prayer and supplication.

At eleven o'clock the convicted comes forward. She, Martha Carrier, of whom many of us have heard, was such a rebellious wretch that she had to be brought forward by force. They finally succeeded in bringing her before the jury. She did not, as George Burrough, plead for mercy, but with words that would fill us with horror she denounced our noble judge and faithful jurors. She did not for one moment plead for mercy, but claimed she was doing her duty and that her calling was to be a witch, and that she would continue, to be one as long as her life should last.

The hearts of the jurors were naturally not softened towards this woman, and they wished to condemn her at once. We find our just judge, tho' denounced by this fearful character, trying to shield her. Judge Mather reasons with the jurors explaining to them that her mind is very much affected, and that perhaps they had better put off her trial until another day. Just as they were about to decide this the own children of the witch came forward and testified against their mother. They stated that they too were witches, and that their mother had taught them to be. They made this confession with tears of repentance, begging that they, and their mother might escape.

The fate of the mother was quickly decided. She must without fail be burnt at the stake. The children too, would have been condemned, but the tender, fatherly heart of Judge Mather went out to them, and he decided that he would take these children to his home and in their youth with medical aid he thought perhaps they might be cured.

Wednesday at ten o'clock.

The culprit of this day was quite a puzzle to the judge and jurors. He had been guilty of inexcusable crimes, but his plea for mercy was such that brought tears to the hardest hearts.

He claimed that he was possessed of the devil and that he was not accountable for the acts that he had committed.

While listening to the pleas of the man an unearthly shriek was heard and the witnesses bounded forward claiming that they saw before them the faces of the two deceased wives of the convicted whom he had slain. It cost the court a great deal to listen to the testimonies that followed. They were so vivid, horrible, and real that

every one in the court room, even our usually calm judge, was filled with mysterious sensations.

The horror of the situation, and the condition in which the jurors, as well as the judge, were placed made it impossible to carry on the trial.

The judge came forward and tried to quiet the crowd, and stated that he wished to take this man too, to his home, and to try medical aid upon him. He also stated that the court would adjourn for that day.

The remainder of the trials are not of special interest, so we will leave the court room and follow the judge as he takes the devil possessed witches to his home.

Judge Mather's wife, whom we know to be his third one, and whom we also know to be unsympathetic with many of the actions of her husband, met him at the door of their home and of course wanted to know what on earth could have become of his reason. She forbade him to enter the house with those fearful creatures, but the judge whom we know to be a determined, tho' kind man, at once entered and bade the unfortunates to come in.

He placed them in a large airy room that was separated somewhat from the other part of the house. He called in medical aid, and he himself spent precious moments, which he would have liked to spend on his literary work, in working with these people. He would spend hours at a time reasoning and praying with them, but it seemed that the medical aid and all of his earnest work was of no avail. They continued their heinous bewitchings, until the whole house of our most honorable judge seemed filled with mysterious noises and strange apparations. The wife of Cotton Mather, tho' always strange enough, had begun to do and act beyond all reason, so her husband, the

judge, begins to fear that perhaps she is becoming bewitched by these people. We see the dauntless courage of our heroic judge beginning to waver somewhat. He gives up in despair and decides that it is best for these people to abide in his home no longer.

He opens his doors, and advises them to flee for their lives, warning them that if they are found by the next court for witchcraft trials they will surely die the death of the witches.

* * * * *

MIRIAM JONES.

Our Day of Praise

We have been thankful all the year
Because of the joys it brought,
The touch of tender hands, the cheer,
The sympathy that came unsought.

Because our life has had its way,
The sight of earth is still our own,
The lovely hills, the sun's gold ray,
The distant mountain's purple throne.

That though mistakes may backward lie,
And lift our beaten path above,
A guarding heaven still arches high;
The great big world is ruled by love.

SEABRONA PARKS, '17

Caught Masquerading



WHEN I took my aunt and sister to the Pequot hotel, the night before the Yale-Harvard boat-race, I found a gang of Harvard boys there. They celebrated a good deal that night, in the usual Harvard way.

Some of the Harvard men had a room next to mine. About three A. M. things quieted down. When I woke up next morning, it was broad daylight and I was utterly alone. The race was to be at eleven o'clock. I jumped out of bed and looked at my watch—it was nearly ten! I looked for my clothes. My valise was gone! I rang the bell, but in the excitement downstairs, I suppose, no one heard it.

What was I to do? Those Harvard friends of mine thought it a good joke on me to steal my clothes and take themselves off to the race without waking me up. I don't know what I should have done in my anguish, when, thank goodness, I heard a tap at my door, and went to it.

"Well, do hurry!" (It was my sister's voice). "Aunt won't go to the race; we'll have to go without her."

"They've stolen my clothes, Mollie—those Harvard fellows."

"Haven't you anything?" she asked thru the key hole.

"Not a thing, dear."

"Oh, well! it's a just punishment to you after last night! That noise was dreadful!"

"Perhaps it is," I said, "but don't preach now, sister dear—get me something to put on. I want to see the race."

"I haven't anything except some dresses and one of aunt's."

"Get me Aunt Sarah's black silk," I cried. "I will wear anything rather than not see the race, and it's half-past ten nearly now."

In a moment I heard my sister return to the door and say:

"Here's a valise; be very careful with it—the clothes are arranged as they come. Hurry up! Let me know when you are ready for the finishing touches."

Thoughtful sister! Had it not been for her intuition I should never have gazed upon that race! It was hard enough to make heads and tails of the "arrangement" even though placed in order as they were! Soon I called her to come give the touches. She entered with Aunt's black hat and a fascinating wig.

Soon I was buckled, wigged, and hatted as becomes a lady. Over my face hung one of these tantalizing "to the nose" veils which concealed all of my face except my mouth, which, thanks for once was small.

My sister exclaimed, "Why, you're a perfect lady! Come, let's go!"

As we entered the street I regulated my manly strides to suit those of a lady.

Just as we came around the corner the race began—in every sense of that word. Eagerly I started to run but was detained by the gentle hand of my sister and after a few moments returned to regulations.

But horror of all horrors! Coming straight towards us was Ralph, my sister's fiance! What should I do? Would I be recognized?

Sister again saved the day. "Ralph," she said, "please escort this lady to a good seat—she's a stranger here. I'll wait till you return."

So off Ralph and I went. Now, I thought, was my chance for revenge—now was the time to pay back the trick which the fellows had played on me. How good it would be to "turn the tables!" So I launched forth. Judging this to be the moment to test my fond brother-in-law-to-be's affections, a strange idea to become coquettish took possession of me, and so I coquetted, and ah, how gladly Ralph acquiesced! He carried me here, he carried me there. He, the much envied escort of a flirt! And wonderfully well he forgot my dear sister, so engrossed was he with my charms. At last, however, he reluctantly seated me, and piteously left me. But alas, "true love never did run smooth," sister! You shall know of your fiance's inconsistency long before another day dawns!

Not many minutes elapsed before I spotted the Harvard bunch. All eyes were turned toward me, and oh, the look in those eight pairs of eyes! Not one of recognition, but of admiration! They nudged each other and gradually edged over toward me. At the opportune moment down went my handkerchief, unknown to me of course! And down went eight eager hands for it. The triumphant one bowed with grace and handed it over. Then I smiled. Soon my name was known and I was introduced to the enthusiastic group.

Such another day has never since been spent by me. Oh, the dollars and cents spent on the center of attraction

—me! Oh, the admirable glances I received! The inviting smiles! How my heart thrilled at the generosity of my dear old friends! How they joked about their prank on their friend! Oh, the dates made by the “lady in black!”

But all pleasant days must close. As the sun gradually sank my kind escorts conducted me to the Pequot hotel and marveled that they had not seen me before. A tender good-bye was given to all and I gently glided up the steps.

Now the culminating point for my revenge had arrived. I would betray the wearer of the black. So step by step I went until the fifth step was reached—a look backward revealed the eight eagerly watching—and then purposely I stumbled—step by step was retraced—all rushed forward to save—not a wonderful “lady in black” but me! As my well known feet protruded into prominence all fell back aghast. Revenge had come at last and oh, how sweet it was!

“SMITZ,” ’16.



Rags and Tatters



TO OUR PRESIDENT.

(A Toast)

To you who love us one and all
Who gladly would make sad thoughts flee
We love you and list your call
Our President, we drink to thee!

To you who struggle for our life
And keep us busy as the bee,
With all our toil and all our strife,
Our President, we drink to thee!

To you we give the flowing cup,
And may its contents ever be
A source of strength to keep you up,
Our President, we drink to thee!

To you we give a heart-felt toast,
And on life's altar lay the key
To ope the hearts that love you most,
Our President, we drink to thee.

SMITZ, '16.

THANKSGIVING.

On this great day of praise to Thee
Dear Lord, who lookest from on high,
Our prayers ascend and endlessly
May thy calm spirit hover nigh.
Hope is our comforter; from Thee
Tho all things older grow and die,
Thy love is ours eternally;
To have, to hold and glorify.

SEABRONA PARKS, '17.

* * *

THANKSGIVING OBSERVANCES.

This month we celebrate again our National Thanksgiving. It is the one day of the year set apart to publicly render thanks to God for his goodness to us as a people. It began in the day when the Pilgrim Fathers of New England recognized the hand of God in the harvest that followed famine; the meagre comfort that followed disaster, suffering and the loss of many precious lives, and met together with thanksgiving, prayers and a social feast.

In cities the custom is gaining for Thanksgiving services to be held in churches on the Sunday preceding the day, the reason being that people are too busy cooking and eating their Thanksgiving dinners to go to church on Thanksgiving Day.

That Thanksgiving Day shall stand for the thanksgiving spirit, every day should be a thanksgiving day. We cannot give thanks rightly on one day in November if we forget God every other day in the year. Thanksgiving

Day is not a clearance day for paying off debts to heaven in coin of words. We need the thankful habit. The thankful habit includes a sense of obligation for favors from human beings. For reading that will stimulate the thankful feeling, turn to the good old Book of Psalms, and read the song of Thanksgiving from the poets of Israel.

Thanksgiving has come to be more of a home-day than a church day. It need be none the less a sacred day. Indeed, it is our great day for exciting the home with thanksgiving and feasting.

It would be a thankful world indeed if we appreciate what is ours regardless of what is not. Thanksgiving comes, I think, with a full appreciation and use of what is ours. If successful in gaining what we seek, let us be thankful.

It is well sometimes to reflect and be thankful for what we have not. This is the negative side to be sure, but in a world of many misfortunes such reflection helps appreciation of good fortune. "Ain't you proud you ain't got a harelip?" said Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. "That one thought is enough to keep me from ever gettin' sorry fer myself." The man with a harelip had cause to be thankful that he could not see himself as others saw him.

How many in their misfortunes have been preachers of thankfulness by their own practice! Fanny Crosby wrote her hundreds of hymns in blindness. Milton saw Paradise best when his eyes lost sight of the material world. Let us who have a measure of health and strength, help to make this a thankful world by our gratitude, by doing those simple things that make others

thankful. And let the coming Thanksgiving be for each of us not an occasion when the usual routine gives place to festivity and merry-making, forgetful of the many blessings showered on us by the great Giver; but rather a special opportunity to give expression of our gratitude to God for his loving care and tender mercies.

F. S. PARKS, '17.

* * *

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

"Oh! Oh! I just know she'll invite me." But even as he said these words, turning his dark eyes toward the door, he saw Dot skate past, her blue ribbons blowing back in the breeze. At her side, and exulting in the sport, was Frank, Charles' greatest rival and his bitterest enemy.

"Mother, Dot's aunt is giving a skatin' party for her to-day and every girl has invited a boy. I thought surely she'd ask me, and then I could skate with her, but now she's gone and asked that bad boy, Frank."

Charles' mother then tried to console the ardent young lover, but of no avail. She succeeded only in making him ruffle his hair until he resembled a mad porcupine. Although he was only ten years of age, Charles had a great amount of jealousy, especially when Dot's name was mentioned. He paced the room for several minutes as though he were an enraged tiger, and gritted his teeth vigorously.

To agitate him more than ever, the young couple passed again, and this time looked toward the door and smiled at Charles. Would they never cease passing. And were they passing just to worry and tease *him*?

At this moment the door-bell rang, and too impatient to wait for an answer, in came Harold, Charles' playmate and confidant.

"Say, old pal! Did yer see yer gul skating with Frank who had to stand in the corner at school fer talkin'?" ejaculated the animated child, catching his breath, which he lost in running.

"Ye-yes, I saw her," was the short but emphatic response.

And thereupon Charles, with eyes full of tears, ran to the portiers which hung in the hall, and covered his face with them. He thought a boy who cried was a coward and a baby. He who cried had committed a great and unpardonable sin. His face remained hidden until the tears had vanished and nothing remained to tell of them, save the stains on the little boy's cheeks.

"S'pose we make up something for him to drink the next time we play, and make him sick? We won't hurt him real bad, but just make him kinder leave Dot alone."

"Good enuff," exclaimed Charles, wild with excitement and anticipation of the coming experiment. "I know where we can get some medicine and things to make up the mixture. We'll put some castor-oil in it, an' some turpentine, an' some licorice, an' then some molasses an' water to make it kinder thick an' dark."

All plans being completed, the young pharmacist entered his father's office where he kept his drugs and medicines. They had some difficulty in securing the proper ingredients, as all of the bottles had labels on them with names as long as the word "Mississippi."

After perusing and discussing these numerous bottles and their contents, the children found the desired articles

and filled an empty bottle with their newly invented preparation.

"But s'pose it would kill Frank?" asked Charles' colleague.

"I hadn't thought of that," was the reply. And the little boy stood aghast at his terrible thought.

"I tell you, we will try it first on a dog, then if it works good, or rather bad, we'll know what to do."

Soon the youngsters were standing out in the road in front of the house, looking first up the street, then down, searching a stray dog or cat upon which to perform the experiment.

After a short while which seemed to be a long time to the impatient boys, a dog came running past with a can tied to his tail.

"Here's one," called the boys in one breath, and thereupon they seized the poor animal, who, just a moment ago, had escaped some little boys equally as naughty as the ones who now had him.

They finally, though not without a struggle, dragged the rebellious victim into the backyard where his doom awaited him. After he received the fateful liquid, the dog lay upon the ground, exhausted and worn.

"Look, look, is he goin 'to die?" said Charles rather hysterically. "Even if we did find him, I wouldn't like for him to die, would you?"

"No! I was just thinking of the same thing myself. And if you don't mind we won't give it to Frank at all anyway," spoke Harold rather reluctantly.

"All right, I'm willin', an' we'll just pour it out."

Just as the boys were watching the last of the dark

liquid soak into the soft sand, the gate slammed and Frank came walking proudly to the conspirators.

"Hullo! boys, what's the trouble all about."

"Oh! nothin', just playin'. Did you like the skatin' party?"

MYRTLE WHATLEY, '18.

* * *

LOVE.

Love is an indefinable feeling that runs all through your mind, your body and your spirit. By this I mean that love is sometimes a rather dangerous thing; you are unable to eat, read, think or sleep in peace. There is something which everlastingly takes hold of you and to save your life you can't get rid of it. In your happiest moments you are not exactly happy because you are always thinking of that one you so dearly love; in your saddest moments you are not exactly sad because invariably the face of that loved one steals before you and cheers you. Although love is also very sweet at times, it is very bitter at other times, and if you would take my advice about the matter it would be: Do not fall in love!

"SMITZ."

(*Written in '12.*)

LOVE.

The predominating characteristic of the human personality is a delightfully pleasing sensation which seizes upon your entire organism. This is to signify that the predominating characteristic of human personality is at intervals a peculiar pellucid sensation; you are better enabled to accomplish the necessary everyday activities

of life such as eating, sleeping, and thinking. An all over-
ishness aesthetically takes possession of your organism
and all the forces of nature cannot prevent it. In your
most divine moments you are unspeakably happy because
you are always thinking of that one for whom you have
the predominating characteristic of the human personal-
ity; in your saddest moments you are overwhelmingly
happy because the visage of the one for whom you possess
the predominating characteristic of the human personal-
ity fantastically flits before you and brings translucent
light again upon your sordid existence. The predominat-
ing characteristic of the human personality is, therefore,
ergo, consequently, thus, the most ecstatically divine
adorable emotion of printed or unprinted psychology,
and if you would take the advice of one far upon life's
pathway it would be the following phraseology: "Yes,
yes, by all means yes," let the predominating character-
istic of the human personality take possession of you!
Fall in love!

"SMITZ."

(*Written in '16.*)

* * *

"THE MAKE-UP."

"Yonder comes that 'smart alec' of a Bobbie Randle up
the road. I just can't bear him cause he's been tryin' to
take Dot away from me for a month, an' I declare if there
ain't Dot over there to her house just a wavin' her hand
at him to come over there an' play with her. I don't
care tho', I'll ask my mamma can't I take my rubber ball
over there, an' I'll bounce it right before them, an' I won't

let them play with it if they ask me to. That's what I'll do." All this was said by Jimmy Deane very angrily.

"Mamma! Uh Mamma! can I go over to Dot Williamse's and play a half hour with her an' Bobbie?"

"No, Jimmy, don't you know that I told you, you couldn't go to Dot's any more this week, because you fussed with her last time?"

"But mamma, please lemme' go, uh mamma, I want'o go make up, an' mamma—"

"No, no Jimmy, another word and you will have to go upstairs."

"But mamma, I'h—I'h—"

"Jimmy go upstairs immediately."

Jimmy very slowly went upstairs making all the noise he could and deciding that he would get a rope and hang himself or lie down on the bed and hold his breath until he died, so that Dot and mamma would hate it cause they didn't treat him good. Jimmie lay down across the bed and instead of killing himself went to sleep.

The next morning Jimmie came down to breakfast sulking, and when he had finished eating went out in the back yard and climbed up on top of the wood-shed, still thinking about his troubles.

Dot seeing Jimmy perched upon the wood-shed came over and climbed up by him. Jimmy didn't say a word.

"What's the matter with you Jimmy?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied Jimmy.

"Jimmy Deane, now don't you go tell me that there ain't nothing wrong with you, for I know that there is. Didn't I see you make a ugly face when I called Bobbie over to play with me?"

"Well, I guess if I did make a ugly face it wasn't 'cause I wanted to play with you."

"Now Jimmy if you don't talk nice to me I won't tell you what I came over here for."

"I don't care what you come for, but if you want to you can tell me," replied Jimmy looking up with interest.

"Well you know my birthday comes the first day of May, an' my mamma's done promised me a party, an' Jimmie she's done said that I was a going to have a May dance, an' Jimmy I'm going to be the Queen an' will you be my King?"

"Come on Jimmy let's go try on the suit my mamma's done made for the King."

Jimmie ran off with Dot, forgetting the way she had slighted him the day before.

M. BABB.

* * *

THE FARMERS CLUB.

The school house was small and shabby, and its whiteness glared at us in the darkness. As we came walking along the road, we noticed small crowds of men assembled outside. We walked into the hallway. In one corner was a pile of wood, or what once perhaps had been a pile of wood—now a scattered heap on the floor. All around the walls were hooks and nails on which we were to hang our wraps. We dutifully did so, and entered the dimly lighted room.

On the side to our left was a row of seats occupied by several farmers, who were busy discussing current events. After going to the other side of the room where

we found seats for ourselves, I proceeded to survey the interior of the building.

The space was small, about the size of a large box car. I noticed that the unpainted floor was very dusty, and evidently lacking any intimate acquaintance with the scrubbing brush. There were three rows of double-seated desks, one row being shyly tucked in behind the stove. Picture to yourself the strife between the country boys over the possession of these seats, where the box stove served as a protective shield from the glaring looks of the teacher.

In one corner was a book case containing all the thumb-worn text books belonging to the district. The walls were scattered over with pictures, yellow with age. Directly in front of the stove was a raised platform on which was placed a teacher's desk, behind which was a chair.

This same mentioned chair was at present occupied by a young farmer. Despite his week's growth of beard, overalls, and gingham shirt, he was rather good to look upon. There was a certain air of business about him. His eye was lit with enthusiasm, as he rapped upon the desk and called the meeting to order. We found that we were attending a meeting of the "Blue Ridge Farmers' Club."

The proceedings had been carefully arranged, and we were surprised at the business-like way in which everything was conducted. The secretary was called upon for a report of the previous meeting. A blooming country girl responded to this call, and we listened to an account that made us regret that we were not partakers in the fun.

The regular program was then in order, and we can frankly say that there were several numbers, which deserved our best praise. A trio of young men in the community sang a few lively and popular songs. Then there were the little children. They considered this occasion a very important one, and their well prepared speeches received merited applause. The meeting was soon concluded, and a motion to adjourn was in order.

The young ladies lingered to gossip over the neighborhood doings. The men likewise to shake hands and remark over the meeting or discuss crops and farming.

I arose, and as I stood there, I looked again at the little school house. This time I saw it in a different light from that with which my eyes first rested upon it. I saw in it the germs of great possibilities and a promising future.

LOUISE MOORE.

The Isaquena

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THIS ISSUE.

We wish to express our thanks to Dr. Cody for the merited appreciation of our president. Feeling that no student could do justice to the subject we called upon one who is always willing to help our college. It is a great asset to an educational institution to have at its head as

capable a man as Dr. Ramsay, and it is not only in his executive capacity that G. W. C. girls love him, but as a friend and counsellor. With the appropriate tribute Dr. Cody has made, it is entirely superfluous to add anything on these pages. It is only to thank him, however, and to more intimately express the students' appreciation of their president that mention has been made here.

* * *

EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

The recent elections in New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have brought more clearly to the public mind the question of enfranchising woman. Although the amendment to the constitution in each of these states has been lost, leaders by no means feel discouraged and affirm that defeat has only strengthened the cause. The few votes obtained are a wonderful gain, for a few years ago, such an election would have been an impossibility. The National Convention of Congressional Union for Suffrage will meet for the first time in December at Washington. This promises to be a grand jubilee of women from all over the country, and every effort is to be made to influence Senators and Congressmen to support the Susan B. Anthony amendment granting equal suffrage to women.

The recent failure of the suffragists in the above mentioned states is attributed by one writer to the lack of attention paid by men on account of their occupation with what he terms more weighty affairs of the nation. It is rather the indifference of the men of the East, however, which had led to its defeat, their absolute inertia rather than opposition to the measure. Bound by old

time prejudice they let other national and international questions serve as an excuse to keep them from judging the question fairly and giving it the consideration necessary. The defeats have only prolonged the fight, for suffrage will ultimately win. Training and better equipment for future work has been secured by this experience. In a majority of nations and in most western states, women have been enfranchised in some places for a number of years, in others more recently. It is a significant fact that not only has President Wilson announced his support of the movement, but that a large per cent. of the editors of the country are in favor of equal suffrage. The arguments of strong antis that to grant suffrage will cause an antagonism between the sexes are weak says one editor, for votes will give woman a joint responsibility for the political welfare of society, and a joint effort to redeem it. That women are capable of conducting political affairs has been successfully demonstrated, and since, after so long a time, they have been enfranchised educationally and industrially, it is argued that they should be enfranchised politically. The trouble with the majority of antis is that they cannot realize that the twentieth century woman is not a sentimental, hysterical pet to be pampered with and condescended to by the men who regard themselves as superiors. They do not realize that women "desire the vote, not because it will solve more than a part of their problems, but because winning it is a way of saying aloud to a democracy that women are in a new world, that they know it, and are preparing to deal with it."

THE FLETCHER METHOD.

Our college feels particularly fortunate in having in our music faculty this year Miss Entzminger who is introducing the Fletcher Method. This method is in very few southern colleges and it is an advanced step taken in our already high standard in the music department. Miss Fletcher, under whom Miss Entzminger studied, is a Canadian and introduced this method fifteen years ago. Like all unusual theories it was met by ridicule and opposition at first, but since its high indorsement by leading musicians, thinkers and educational psychologists, its course has been more smooth. The basis of the Fletcher system is the development of the play instinct in music. It conforms to all modern ideas of psychological education. The aim is to give the child a systematic and logical musical education in a way that will be pleasurable, and make the child musical rather than destroy the musical instinct by the mechanical training which has been used in the past. Beginning with the child of eight a four year course is given which makes it possible for every child to be musical. At the end of this course the child has a well rounded musical foundation having had his ear, eye, touch and rhythmical sense trained and his imagination cultivated, and is prepared to study any form of music since he has learned melody making, transposition and modulations, things thought impossible for most adults in the old system, let alone children. It is impossible to give in detail the methods of this system, so big is its scope, but it is well worth while to observe, during the occasional open lessons given, the various ways in which the play instinct is cultivated. The Fletcher Method tries to foster self-expression, and let music be an outlet for

one's emotions. With the spread of this training it is inevitable that America will have better trained musicians and musicians who are true artists.

* * *

TRUE EDUCATION.

It seems rather paradoxical to urge upon students who have just begun to adjust themselves to the routine of study, that they should not study too much. Before denouncing such advice, however, let us see exactly what is meant. Various people have various standards for the model student, but hardly one will admit that the best all round student is the bookish prude who invariably knows the answer in the class room, but appears stiff and to no advantage in social life of any kind, all his learning being limited to the contents of the text books. What we need and want more than anything, fellow students, is breadth and independence of thinking. A balance of things must be secured before a person can leave college with any mark of true scholarship. A student has no right to represent his college unless he has availed himself of a well rounded and well balanced education. How can this breadth and balance be secured? The first prerequisite is *thoughtful* study, not mechanical learning of lessons. Cultivate this habit of thought, for it is a thing which must be cultivated and cannot be developed in a day. We are all too prone to learn this lesson for this day in order to be able to hand the information, not seriously impaired, back to the professor. The result is a conspicuous evidence of the lack of any individual thinking. In the second place every student should feel a loyal interest in all phases of college life, and where possible, partici-

pate in various activities. In athletics is a broad field. Literary societies offer a wide scope for training of individuality and development of initiative and poise. In the Y. W. C. A. there is means for religious development and in clubs and other organizations a means for social development and sympathetic interest. Particularly do we need to pay more attention to our social life. The criticism has been made of our modern colleges that students graduating from them are positively ill-mannered. This would not always apply to every case, but it is far too true that as a whole we lack the dignity and naturalness which go to make up a cultured person. Other ways a student can broaden himself is by studying a little of the best art and music available to him. Greatly to be stressed in this balancing of college life is the reading of the student, for his reading is generally an index to his character. From conversation one soon discovers the quality and scope of another's reading. It would seem that we advocate a dip into all branches of knowledge and that our model student should be a "Jack-of-all-trades-and good at none," but a *good* speaking acquaintance with a little of the "best that has been thought and said" goes a long way towards creating an impression of culture which Matthew Arnold defines as the "study or pursuit of perfection by means of getting to know the best which has been thought and said in the world."

* * *

THE SPIRIT BETWEEN THE BOARDING AND THE DAY STUDENTS.

Last year Miss Young, one of the National Y. W. C. A. secretaries, helped to organize a day students' chapter

of our local Y. W. C. A., whose aim should be in addition to the aim of the association as a whole, to foster a better and more sympathetic feeling between the town and boarding students. For some indefinable reason there nearly always exists in colleges for girls a feeling of separation between boarding and town students, and often a spirit of rivalry and antagonism, due perhaps to the exclusion of the latter from the Y. W. C. A., literary societies and social affairs. Boarding students are prone to think that a day student's life is so wrapped up in everything outside of the college that she has no need for college life. This spirit of separation is greatly to be deplored, for without the participation of every girl in every activity, true college spirit is not generated and we have a house divided against itself. We feel that our day students' Y. W. C. A. has done much to promote a spirit of comradeship among G. W. C. girls, for now an almost equal number of day students participate in college affairs in the capacity of officers or members of various organizations. It is hoped that this year will see an even greater co-operation than has been hitherto manifested. To secure this spirit an obligation rests on both boarding students and day pupils. Girls, you who are boarders, it is up to you to make the day students feel that they are welcome in your college, whether in your daily intercourse or in your associations and societies. There are many little courtesies that you can show that will make them more comfortable. Don't make them feel that they are an outsider in everything except classes. You, who are day students, it is your part to extend the hospitality of your town. Aside from showing the boarders what attention you can, and getting them interested in Green-

ville, you must show a willing mind and ready hand to help in whatever is asked of you. Enter into everthing that promotes loyalty and friendship among G. W. C. girls and be sure to meet the boarding students half way. We must have a student body that is loyal, and to secure this there must be a prevailing spirit of harmonious unity.

Exchanges

PRISCILLA POTEAT, Editor.

Only a few exchanges have come to our desk this month, perhaps due to the fact that the first issues of many college magazines are late in coming out. We hope however, that the accustomed number will come in next month.

The Wofford College Journal.

The story *A Race With Time* is rather weak, but the essay on our Governor is better, although the writer seems to take delight in throwing bouquets. The poem, *Wofford Boys*, has good thought but very faulty expression. We read the essay on the Monroe Doctrine with much interest, especially as it was written by a Latin-American, and tells us exactly what the Latin-American countries think of us in connection with that doctrine.

The Aurora.

We are very much pleased with the *Aurora* for this month. The poem *In the Library* appeals to college students because it is so true to life. *Counter Currents* is also good, although the plot is rather old. *Diplomacy* is unusual but interesting on that account.

The Newberry Stylus.

The literary department of this magazine would at least be more interesting if there were more stories and

poetry. The one story is poor, and one of the two poems is a borrowed one. *Common Sense* is spicy and is a novel way of advertising the Y. M. C. A. *The New Hemisphere* borrowed one. *Common Sense* is spicy and is a novel way shows that the writer has the modern ideas about "woman's sphere," and it is rather well written. *The Education of the Scholar* is also good.

The Carolinian.

Back to the Fold is the only story in this magazine, and we think it is too long too sensational. Some short stories of merit would improve the department. The poetry is good as is also the Prohibition essay, *It Can't Be Done*.

In and Around College

CAROLINE ROPER, CLAIRE SMITH,
Editors.

Y. W. C. A.

Saturday, October 16, the Y. W. C. A., after a splendid lecture by Dr. Weatherford, gave a reception to the Y. M. C. A. conference delegates at Furman. It has been the custom of the Y. W. C. A. for many years to give the first big reception at the college, and this one was enjoyed to a greater extent than any previous ones, on account of the presence of the Conference delegates.

Miss Young, one of the secretaries of the South Atlantic Field, was with us for several days during the month of October. She came just in time to help install the Bible Classes. As she always brings new zeal and energy, and inspires G. W. C. girls to better efforts, we hope the classes will prove a great success. You, as a student of G. W. C. can make these Bible Classes a success by your presence, your help and your boundless enthusiasm. These classes have been worked out with care by the Committee and approved by Miss Young. You have your choice! Which shall it be?

I.—Senior & Junior.

1. The Doctrines of Our Faith. Mrs. Ramsay.
2. A Life At Its Best. Miss Willis, Miss Dulin.

II.—Sophmores & Freshman.

Student Standards of Action. Clayte Bailey, Eula

Barton, Ellen Newton, Eliza Byars, Maggie Tinsley, Willie Bryan, Marie Padgett.

III.—Sub-Fresh.

Christian Citizenship. Helen Davis, Florence Shaw, Jennie Sue Way.

* * *

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Alethean Society has had the pleasure of welcoming a very large number of new girls into her "glorious fight for the right" at G. W. C. There is a great spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm among the members this year which is growing daily. The programs have been splendid and 'tis with a good will we bid this society "God speed."

Under the new point system Miss Grace Coleman has had to resign the presidency of the Philotean Literary Society, on account of having too many points. The vice-president, Miss Leta White and the treasurer, Miss Rose Jeffries have had to resign for the same reason. The Society held its regular meeting on October 23, to elect new officers with the following results: President, Eliza Byars; Vice-President, Adelyn McComb; Junior Critic, Helen Davis; Treasurer, Florence Shaw. The new officers are starting out with a rousing enthusiasm and with the help of every girl this will be the best year in the history of the Philotean Literary Society.

Through the good work of the programme committee we have been enjoying excellent, entertaining and instructive meetings.

We are glad to welcome a large number of new girls, and we hope that they will continue to take a great interest in all the activities of the society.

Locals

The two Lyceum attractions presented recently have been greatly enjoyed by the student body. The first was a concert by Miss Frances Ingram, prima donna contralto, given on October 22.

The second attraction was a concert given by the Barrere Ensemble of Wind Instruments on November 1.

Personals

Misses Ruth Scott and Lottie May Vaughn spent several days at their homes during the Fair at Columbia.

Miss Rose Jeffries spent the week end at her home in Spartanburg.

Miss Elva Goodhue visited at Anderson College during the month.

Miss Mamie Felder has returned to resume her studies at the G. W. C.

Miss Grace Coleman spent a week-end recently at her home in Spartanburg.

From the depths of the bath tub, Julia Gay is heard singing in harmonious tones, "I am a stranger here."

Annette—Pinkie, are you a Philotean?

Pinkie Dawson—No, I am a Virginian.

Lucile to Laurie Best—"Laurie, you know I never have had a pink dress before until I got my green jacket yesterday.

Miss Dawson in visual image experiment in Psychology—"Miss Waters do you get that?"

Miranda W.—"Yes'm, Miss Dawson, but I don't see yellow, I see *Brown*."

Miss Willis in Latin, explaining Cicero's personality as an orator.

Mary C.—"Miss Willis, did Cicero *really* speak this in Latin?"

Leonora Thompson, in piteous tones to Pearl Dowling at the football game—"Do look how dirty the players are getting!"

Pearl—"Law, honey! You needn't worry. What you reckon they got a scrub team for?"

Eliza Byars, gazing in rapture at the wondrous beauty of the mountains.—"Oh! I'm so exasperated!" (exhilerated).

Mary Corpening, rushing madly down the hall.—"I must hurry down to the Science Room and see those tadpoles sprouting into butter-flies."

Gladys Padgett, while speaking of clocks.—"I haven't even got a calendar to tell the time of day by."

There are meters of accent,
 And meters of tone,
 But the best of all meters,
 Is to "me(e)t—'er" alone.

There are letters of accent,
 And letters of tone,
 But the best of all letters,
 Is to "let (t)—'er" alone.

* * *

IN THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

Japan—Can play any position and makes all the managers nervous.

Russia—A big fellow, but so slow he has to make a homer in order to get to first.

Belgium—The innocent spectator who was hit with a foul ball.

Turkey—A pitcher who looked easy, but who is making a lot of trouble.

Uncle Sam—The man who owns the pop, peanut, and refreshment privilege.

War Correspondents—The men who can't get into the press-stand because the managers have given all the seats to their friends.

Czar—The manager with loads of substitutes, but too few regular players.

—*Collier's Weekly*.

PARAPHRASES OF HORACE.

EUGENE FIELDS.

Lyn that you Chloe to your moder sticken
 Maketh all ye yonge bachelomes full sicken;
 Like as lyttel deere you ben y-hiding,
 When as come lovers with theyre pityse chiding.
 Sothly it ken faire to give up yonder moder,
 For to beare sweete company with some oder,
 Your moder ben well enow so farre she goeth
 But that ken not farre enow God knoweth.
 Wherefore it ben sayed that foolish ladyes,
 That marrys not shall leade an aype in Hodye,
 But all that do with gode men wed full quicklye
 When that they be on dead go to ye seints full
 sickerlye.

—*Ode XXIII., Book I.*

* * *

RECONCILIATION.

Horace—

“When you were mine in auld lang syne,
 And when none else your charms might ogle,
 I’ll not deny,
 Fair nymph, that I
 Was happier than a Persian Mogul.”

Lydia—

“Before she came that rival flame—
 Was ever female creature sellier?
 In those good times
 Bepraised in rhymes,
 I was more famed than Mother Ilia.”

Horace—

“Chloe of Thrace! With what a grace
Does she at song or harp employ her!
I'd gladly die
If only I
Might live forever to enjoy her.”

Lydia—

“My Lybaris so noble is
That by the gods I love him madly,
That I might save
Him from the grave,
I'd give my life, and give it gladly.”

Horace—

“What if ma belle from favor fell,
And I made up my mind to shake her,
Would Lydia then
Come back again,
And to her quordam love betake her?”

Lydia—

My other beau should surely go,
And yon alone should find me gracious;
For no one slings
Such odes and things
As does the lauriger Horatius.

—*Ode IX, Book III.*



Athletics



We are glad to see our girls making such splendid progress in athletics. The Blues and the Golds are enthusiastic over their game for Thanksgiving for both teams are already hard at work practicing with a determination to win that game for their side if possible. The new girls, teachers and all have each been pledged by either a blue or gold and these are looking forward with great anticipation to our big Thanksgiving game. Keep up the good works, girls! Last year the cup was won by the Golds, this year which shall it be?

Fight hard Blues,
Work hard Golds,
For who is to be the lucky one
No one yet knows.

Point System of Honors

FOUR POINT HONORS.

Editor of ISAQUEENA.
Business Manager of ISAQUEENA.
Editor of Annual.
Business Manager of Annual.
President of Y. W. C. A.
President of Student Government.

THREE POINT HONORS.

President of Athletic Association.
Presidents of Classes.
Presidents of Societies.

TWO POINT HONORS.

Secretary and Treasurer of Societies.
Secretary and Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.
Secretary and Treasurer of Student Government.
Departmental Editors.
Chairman of Program Committee.
Council Members.

ONE POINT HONORS.

Other Class Officers.
Other Society Officers.
Other Y. W. C. A. Officers.
Other Athletic Association Officers.
Other Society Officers.

No girl may hold offices amounting to more than six points.
By Action of Faculty, 1915.

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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.

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