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# PAC-SAC

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 1

PUBLISHED BY

THE

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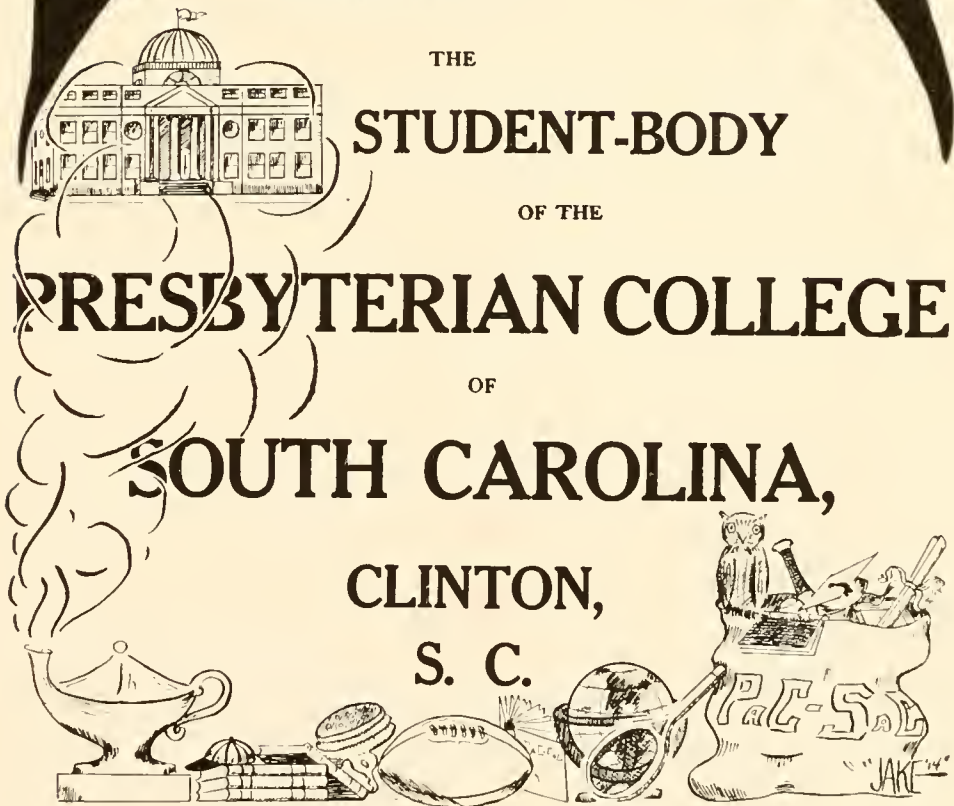
PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE

OF

SOUTH CAROLINA,

CLINTON,

S. C.



Presbyterian College  
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DR. WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS

In Recognition of his  
Unwearying Activity as a Philanthropist  
His Devotion as a Minister of the Gospel  
His Zeal as a Promoter of Christian Education  
This Volume is Affectionately Dedicated

to

**William Plumer Jacobs, D. D.**

Pastor of the Presbyterian Church for half a Century  
Founder of the Thornwell Orphanage  
And the Presbyterian College  
of South Carolina



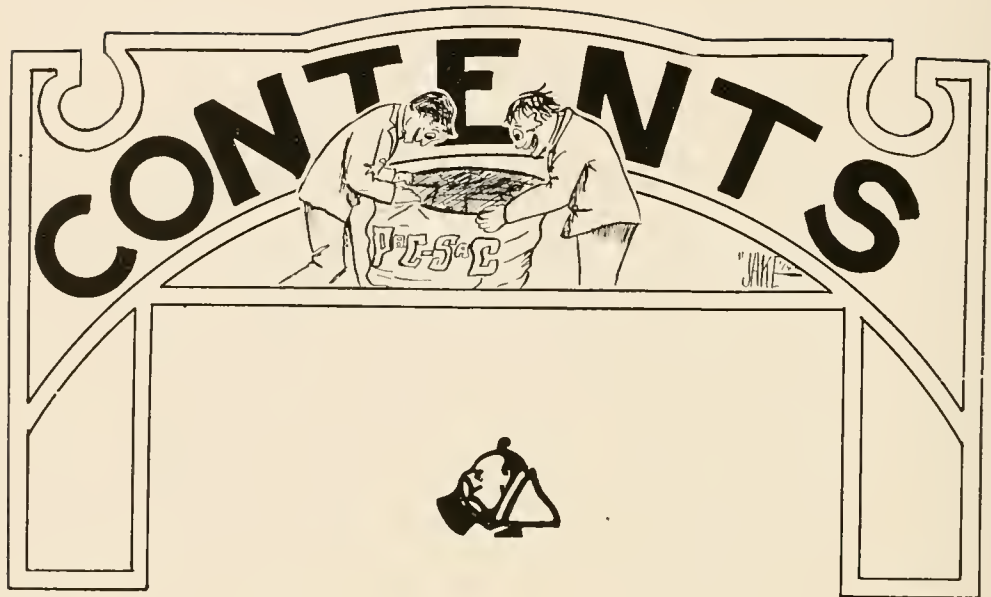
Miss E. FIRD, *Sponsor*

## Foreword.

WE send this, the first volume of the PaC-SaC, on a mission of love and hope and good cheer. It may have its inadequacies—it would not be a product of human endeavor if it did not—but as it represents our best efforts it should merit some degree of commendation.

Our chief hope in the publication of this year-book, is that it shall signalize another step forward in the progress of our College. In picturing the manifold activities of our campus life, we feel that underneath our motives there is an inherent striving to realize more fully "the abundant life;" to incorporate in this book those higher and nobler pulsations of feeling and sentiment which shall make us one with our fellows, both those who have gone before, and the long line who shall follow.

May it be not only remembered as a milestone in the onward career of our Alma Mater, but may it be ever cherished by the Presbyterian College men of 1914 as a volume of memories too sacred to be abused, too dear to be forgotten. Some day when we have crossed the meridian or neared the sunset of life, we can open this little volume and be carried by the precious memories recorded there back to the days of our glorious youthful prime, when we sang together those familiar, rollicking songs, and revelled in the quips and cranks so dear to our young hearts. Take it, men of P. C., and cherish it, not merely for the little merit contained in its pages, but for the glory and beauty and grandeur of the larger things of the future towards which its purposes move.



Dedication	Imagination (Poem)
Foreword	Sophomore Class
Alma Mater (Poem)	History of Sophomore Class
Historical Sketch	The Freshman's Nightmare (Poem)
The Faculty	Freshman Class
The Majesty of Night (Poem)	Freshmen
Senior Class	Literary Department
Senior Class Poem	Clubs
Senior Class History	Athletics
Prophecy of Class of '14	Calendar
Junior Class	Jokes
Junior Class History	Ads

## Alma Mater

In a city small, but rarest,  
    In a state that far is known,  
In a land that is the fairest,  
    Alma Mater has her home.  
She is worthy of all honor  
    That to her we gladly give,  
For she is the lavish donor  
    Of the truths by which men live.

She is faithful to her mission  
    Of conducting all aright,  
For she never gives admission  
    To a view that hides the light.  
Our ideals are much higher  
    Since our guardian she has been,  
And our zeal is all on fire  
    Just to show the world we're men.

May her beacon light direct us  
    Ever upward in the right,  
As she has equipped and armed us  
    For the turmoil of the fight.  
In the future may God speed her  
    On her mission brave and true,  
Cheers, boys, for our Alma Mater,  
    For the Garnet and the Blue!

G. L. D.



CAMPUS SCENES



## Historical Sketch of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina

**I**N 1880, Dr. W. P. Jacobs, believing that the Presbyterians of South Carolina needed a college of their own, began the movement to organize such an institution. The Clinton College Association was formed, a charter was obtained and the Clinton College was launched on its career. Its assets were a two-story wooden schoolhouse, a few books, a number of pupils and great hopes for the future. For some years the college had to struggle against the indifference of some of the Presbyterians of the Synod and the opposition of others.

The first president of the College was Rev. W. S. Lee, who held the office until his death in 1885. He was succeeded by Rev. R. P. Smith in 1885, and he in 1888, by J. W. Kennedy, who died in 1890. Mr. J. I. Cieland was then made president, followed in 1894 by Rev. E. C. Murray. In 1897, Dr. Murray resigned and was succeeded by Prof. A. E. Spencer, who held the office until 1904. During this time a chancellor was elected whose work lay chiefly in the field outside. This office was filled by Rev. W. T. Matthews until 1900, and afterwards in 1902 by Dr. James H. Thornwell.

In 1888 the name of the college was changed to the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, and the various Presbyteries of the State were asked to appoint trustees to co-operate with the Association in developing the institution. The first college building was erected in 1885, on the grounds of the Thornwell Orphanage, by the citizens of Clinton. The Rev. J. F. Jacobs, in 1891-92, made a canvass of the State which resulted in the building of an Alumni Hall for a dormitory, and a cottage for the professors, on land which had been given by Messrs. J. W. Copeland and Newton Young.

In 1904, the Board of Trustees was chartered by the legislature and all the rights and privileges of the Clinton College Association were transferred to it as constituted. In 1905, a still further change was made, the local trustees were entirely eliminated, and three members were chosen from each of the six Presbyteries in the Synod, together with three elected by the alumni. In 1907, the new administration building was erected, during the presidency of Rev. Dr. W. G. Neville, who assumed the office in 1904. The former recitation hall on the Orphanage grounds was sold to the Orphanage, and the college was located on its own campus. Additional land was purchased constituting a fine tract of thirty-three acres. The citizens of Clinton contributed about \$20,000 toward the Administration building. In 1907 Dr. Neville broke the ground for the new dormitory building, known as Laurens Hall, and for the Judd Refectory. The Laurens Hall was built largely by the Presbyterians of Laurens, and Mrs. E. A. Judd, of Spartanburg, gave most of the money for the commodious refectory. Dr. Neville was removed by death from his labors in 1907, and was succeeded by Rev.

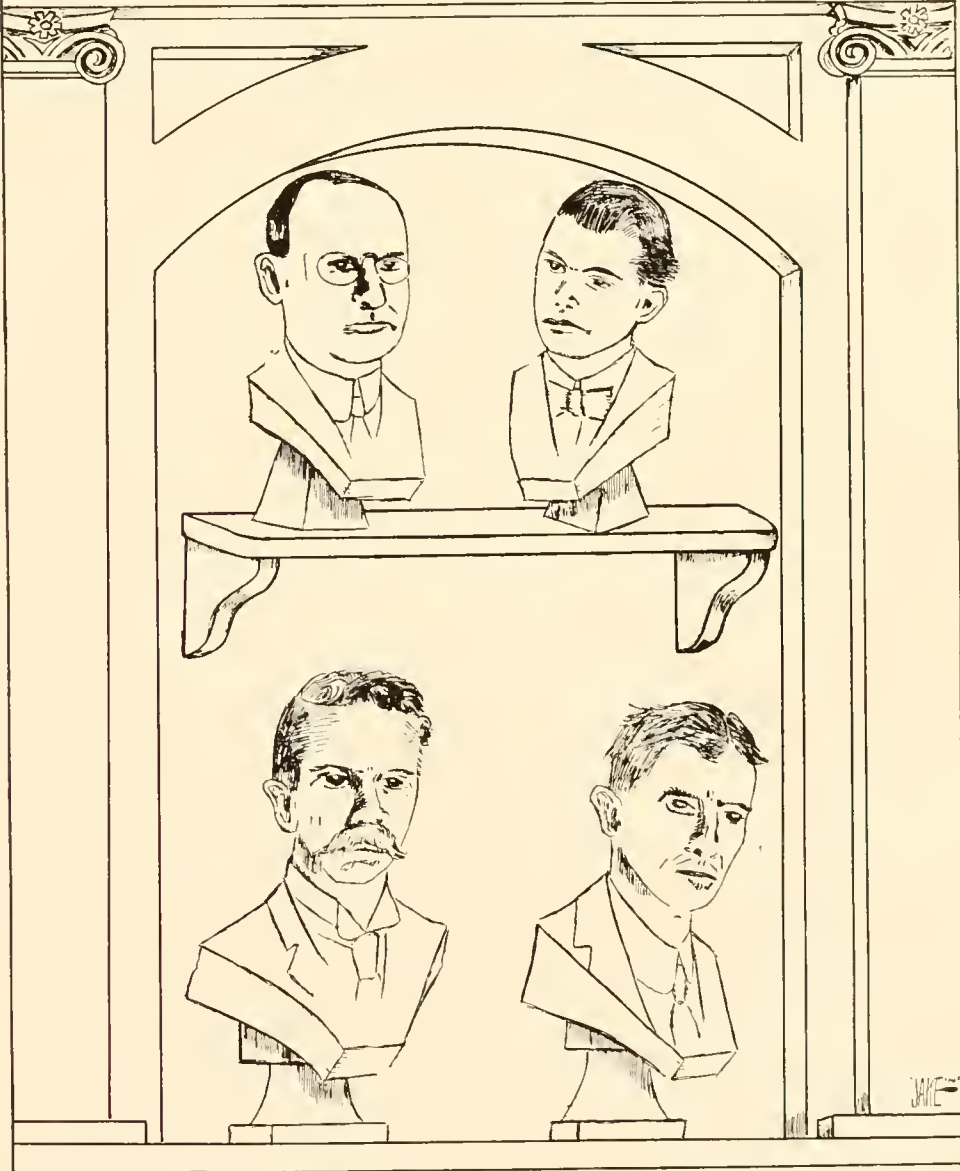
Robert Adams, D.D. Dr. Adams was president until 1910, when he resigned to re-enter the pastorate which he had so unwillingly given up. Mr. A. E. Spencer then acted again as president until a president could be secured. Rev. Davison McDowell Douglas, at that time a pastor in Baltimore, was elected in 1911, and assumed office that year.

Being himself a South Carolinian and the son of a Presbyterian minister, he entered on his work with great interest and zeal and was warmly welcomed by the people of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Douglas made several successful trips to the Northern cities, and a canvass, undertaken by the Synod, for its three Presbyterian institutions of learning, resulted in the raising of an endowment fund of \$100,000. A new dormitory building was erected in 1912, and as the town of Clinton had been adding electric lights, water and a sewerage system, all these improvements were available both for the new and old college buildings. The campus was put in good order, the athletic field improved, new houses for the Faculty had been erected from time to time, and the property gained in value and in beauty.

The internal improvement kept pace with the external. The standard of scholarship has been raised from year to year, the library has been enriched by many new books, the most valuable single gift being the McIlwain Memorial Library, given by Dr. W. E. McIlwain in honor of his father. The chemical and physical laboratories have been enlarged and improved, and Dr. Nelson has fitted up a fine laboratory for biological and mineralogical studies. The various departments have been divided among expert professors, and the college magazine has been much improved, both in matter and in form. Fraternities which have been established were gradually allowed to fall into "innocuous desuetude", but the regular Society Halls have been handsomely furnished and the Literary Societies take great interest in their work. The Bible has always been a regular part of the curriculum.

The greatest gain which the college has made is the increased interest and confidence felt in the institution by the churches and the membership of the Synod. From the college many faithful workers have gone forth, into the ministry, the various professions, and business of all kinds. Some of our female graduates represent the highest type of Christian womanhood, while the tendency of late years is to make the college strictly one for men. From the history of its past, and its energetic present, the college cherishes hopes for an ever-expanding and more influential future.

# THE FACULTY





DR. DAVISON McDOWELL DOUGLAS  
*President*

## Davison McDowell Douglas, B.A., M.A., D.D.

*"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same keeps faithful with a singleness of aim."*

Son of Rev. James Douglas and Margaret McDowell Douglas; born near Blackstock, S. C.; graduated with the degree of A. B. from Davidson College, 1895; student in Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary, '95-'96; graduated from the Columbia Theological Seminary with the degree of B.D., 1899, and from the University of South Carolina the same year with the degree of M.A. Student in Princeton University and Princeton Theological Seminary, 1899-1900. Was ordained by Asheville Presbytery in July, 1900, and installed pastor of Brevard and Davidson River Presbyterian Churches; was married to Miss Lydia Welch, September, 1903; moved to Baltimore, Md., the spring of 1904 to become pastor of Maryland Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he remained for something over seven years. While in Baltimore, studied two and one-half years in Johns Hopkins University in the departments of Hebrew, Philosophy, and History. Became President of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina the fall of 1911.



WILLIAM SMITH BEAN, A.B., A.M., D.D.

University of Georgia; Davidson College, Princeton, N. J.; University of South Carolina; Columbia Seminary; University of Leipzig, Germany. In Pastoral Work, 1872-1893; Editor, "Southern Presbyterian," 1893-1897; Professor, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1893-1912; Librarian, 1912. Author, "Teachings of the Lord Jesus".

DANIEL JOHNSON BRIMM, A.B., A.M., D.D.

Southwestern Presbyterian University; Columbia Seminary; Professor, Academy, Franklin, Ky., 1883-84; Tutor and Associate Professor, Hebrew and Greek, Columbia Seminary, 1889-1894; Professor, N. T. Literature, Columbia Seminary; Superintendent, Catawba Military Academy, 1903-1906, and Yorkville Graded School, 1907-1908. Professor, Bible and Pedagogy, 1910-1914.

GROVES HOWARD CARTLEDGE,  
A.B., A.M.

Davidson College; University of Chicago, Graduate School, two quarters. Member American Chemical Society; Instructor in Chemistry, Davidson College, 1911-1912; Acting Professor of Chemistry, Davidson College, 1912-1913. Professor of Chemistry and Physics, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1913—.

BOTHWELL GRAHAM, JR., A.B., A.M.

University of Georgia; Harvard University; Principal Martha Berry Industrial School, Rome, Ga., 1902-1903. Professor of Latin, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1903-1909; Graduate Work at Harvard, 1909-1910. Professor of Latin and German, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1910—.

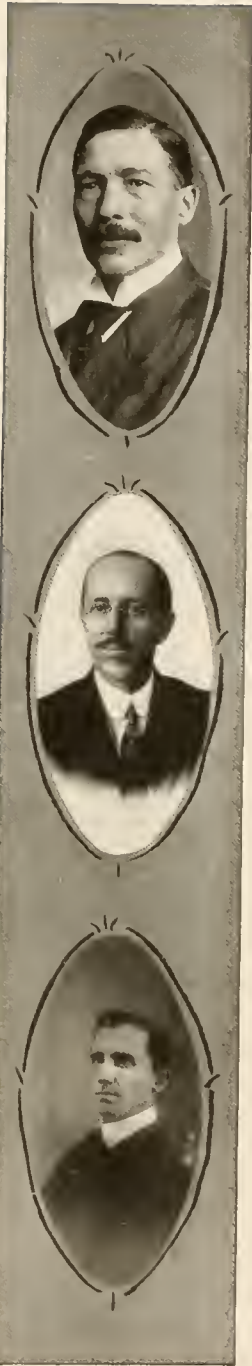
JAMES BOYD KENNEDY, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

Erskine College; Johns Hopkins; Assistant and Scholar, Johns Hopkins University, 1906-1907. Professor of Economics and Sociology, Wells College, 1907-1910, and Union College, 1910-1913. Professor of History and Economics, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1913—. Member of American Economic Association, 1906—. Author, "Beneficiary Features of the Iron Moulders' Union of North America, 1907"; "Beneficiary Features of American Trade Unions, 1908".

ABRAM VENABLE MARTIN, B.A.

Hampden-Sidney College; Graduate Work, University of Virginia, and Cornell University. Principal, McMin Academy, Rogersville, Tenn., 1892-1893, and Newbern Graded Schools, Va., 1894-1895; Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1896-1899; Professor of Mathematics, King College, 1899-1900; Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1900-1913; and Professor of Mathematics since 1913.





N. L. T. NELSON, B.S., Ph.D.

Carleton College; University of Chicago. Professor of Natural Science, Defiance College, 1900-1901; Teacher in Central High School, St. Louis, Mo., 1901-1909. Professor of Biology, Des Moines College, 1909-1912; Professor of Biology, Geology and Astronomy, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1912—. Member of American Association for the Advancement of Science.

ALMOND EDWIN SPENCER, A.B., A.M.

Graduated from Central University, Ky. Taught in Reidville High School, Spartanburg Co., S. C., 1889-1891. Professor of Greek and French, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1891—; President of College, 1897-1904; Vice President of College, 1904—. Acting President, 1910-1911.

MALCOLM GRAHAM WOODWORTH, A.B.

Hampden-Sidney College; Union Theological Seminary, Va. In Pastoral Work and Teaching, 1896-1902. Professor of English and History, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1902-1904. Professor of English, Davis and Elkins College, W. Va., 1904-1906. Professor of English and History, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, 1906-1912. Professor of English since 1912.



## The Majesty of Night

There's grandeur unbounded that's repeated each night,  
As Earth is surrounded and hidden from sight  
By the mantle of darkness that's thrown over all,  
When silence and stillness hold earth in their thrall.

The stars in the azure of heaven shine out,  
Oh! doesn't it amaze you to know, without doubt,  
That Earth to beholders on other fair worlds,  
Shines with a like splendor as onward it whirls.

There's Mars and Mercury, fair Venus and Jove,  
Which trip along hurriedly not seeming to move.  
They shine with great splendor, these wand'ers through space,  
Though light which they render reflects from their face.

The great constellations with each other vie  
In brightening creation though stationed so high;  
While Sirius and Vega, Orion and all—  
Are seemingly eager to answer the call

Of Him who appointed their stations in space,  
And each one anointed as king in his place,  
To show forth His glory to all who behold,  
And aye tell the story as ages do roll.

G. L. D.



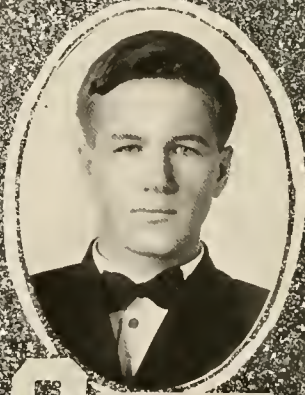
E.S. BENNETT  
ASSO. ED.



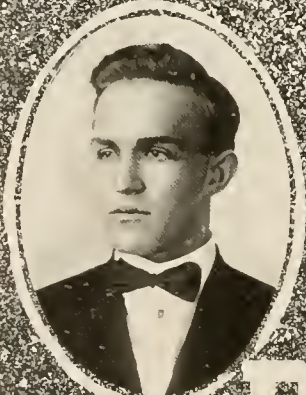
H. M. BYRD  
ASST. ART. ED.



H.D. SMITH  
EDITOR IN CHIEF



W.P. JACOBS JR.  
ART EDITOR.



W.E. DAVIS  
ASSO. ED.

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ANNUAL STAFF "ON THE JOB"

# SENIORS



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"JAKE '14"



Miss EVERETT, *Sponsor*

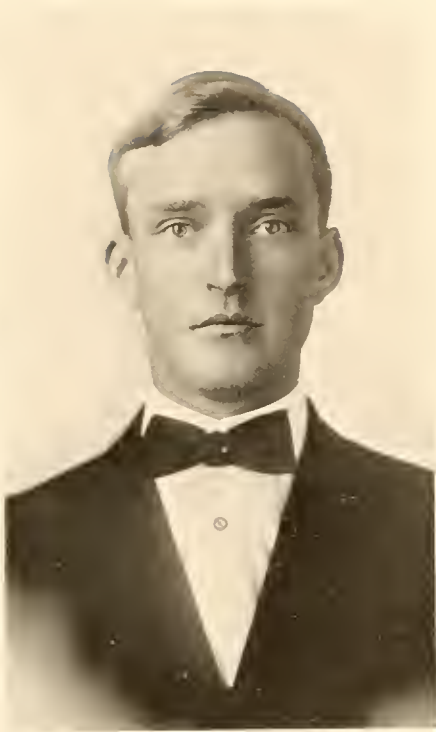
MOTTO: *"Non Victoria Sine Labore"*

COLORS: *Green and White*

FLOWER: *White Carnation*

OFFICERS

L. M. SIMPSON . . . . .	<i>President</i>
G. L. DAVIS . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
E. W. CARRIGAN . . . . .	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
H. D. SMITH . . . . .	<i>Poet</i>
W. P. JACOBS, JR. . . . .	<i>Prophet</i>
HUGH McLUCAS . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>



EMERSON SHELL BENNETT, A.B.

Cross Anchor, S. C.

*"Complete in feature and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."*

Entered College 1910; Member Y. M. C. A.; Member Eukosmian Literary Society; Secretary, second term, '11-'12; Treasurer, '12-'13; President, first term, '13-'14; *Collegian* Staff, '12-'13; Secretary Athletic Association, '13-'14; Athletic Council, '13-'14; Treasurer S. C. I. O. A. '13-'14; Associate Editor the "PaC-SaC," '13-'14. Graduates with third honor.

Bennett, strange to say while receiving his full share of everything else, never received a nickname. His handsome and genial disposition evidently forestalled any advances of this kind from his fellows. He is one of the brightest students in his class. He believes that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and consequently he resolved to drink deep of the sweet waters of learning. His natural inclination to study together with his remarkable brilliancy has made his college career both pleasant and profitable. When it comes to Math, he is in a class all to himself. As a consequence of this, he is now assistant in Math. He has equally developed along the other lines of college life. He takes an active part in literary society work, likes athletics, and is somewhat fond of sporting. He is an all-round fellow, and in view of his ability and accomplishments he will be well prepared to enter the teaching profession.





BENJAMIN TILLMAN BROWN, B.S.

Dalzell, S. C.

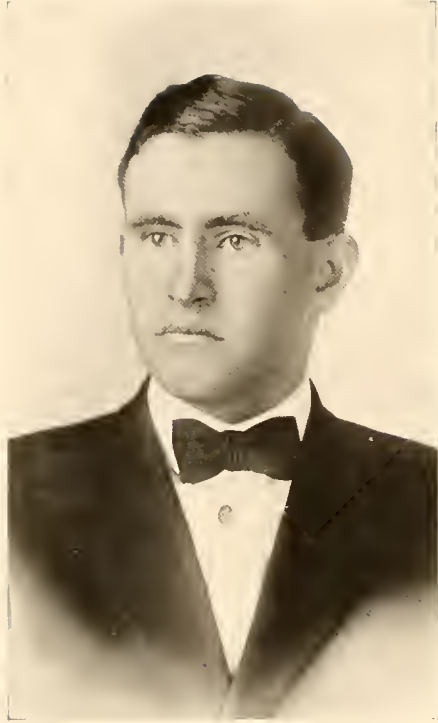
*"I hold that it becomes no man to nurse despair,  
But in the clenched teeth of antagonisms  
To follow up the worthiest 'till he die."*

Entered College, '09; Member Y. M. C. A.; Member Eukosmian Literary Society; Sergeant-at-Arms, second term, '10-'11; Vice-President, second term, '12-'13; Vice-President of Class, '10-'11; Declaimer's Contest, '11-'12; Commencement Orator's Contest, '14; Utility Baseball, '10-'11 and '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '12-'13; Varsity Football, '13-'14; Vice-President of Student Body, '13-'14; Wearer of the "P".

"B. T." is a typical representative of an ideal man, intellectual, physical, and moral. His appearance is tall and commanding, his forehead is broad and smooth, indicating his depth of intellect. His eloquent discourse and oratorical ability are so pronounced that we naturally think of him as a second Bryan. His physical ability has enabled him to show us a few things in athletics. His strength and tenacity have made him a good athlete. "B. T." has sought a golden mean in everything at college. He has been a diligent student, a moderate sport, a splendid athlete, a creditable orator, and a good, moral student. With these experiences and natural endowments, he goes forth to enter the ranks of the innumerable host. In view of his evident inclination to the profession of law, we can not but believe that lasting success will be his earthly reward.







HOWARD MATTHEW BYRD, A.B.

Hartsville, S.C.

*"Wise to resolve and patient to perform!"*

Entered College, '09; Member Eukosmian Literary Society; Conductor, last term, '09-'10; Corresponding Secretary, two terms, '11-'12; Critic, third term, '12-'13; President, second term, '13-'14; Assistant Art Editor "PaC-SaC", '13-'14; President Preliminary Orator's Contest for Rock Hill, '13-'14; President Darlington County Club, '13-'14.

Byrd is one of the substantial members of his class. He can always be relied upon. He has worked hard, and although somewhat failed at times, he has ever shown his tenacity. Fresh, Math. at one time seemed to him an insuperable barrier to his collegiate journey, but by his perseverance he has passed it. Among his other characteristics, his romantic nature is probably the most marked. His vacation romances furnish him with ample material for nine months contemplation and writing for the college magazine. Although not interested in young ladies in Clinton, he regularly receives epistles bearing other post marks. His favorite pastime is tennis and his pastime favorite is a brunette. He is a good speaker and shows ability as a professional man. It is understood that he will prepare himself for the duties and responsibilities of a successful lawyer.





ERNEST WILLIAM CARRIGAN, A.B.

Society Hill, S. C.

*"He was just the quiet kind, whose natures never vary."*

Entered College, 1910. Member Philomathian Literary Society; First Censor, first and second terms, '11-'12; President of Class, '11-'12; Secretary-Treasurer of Class, '13-'14; Business Manager of the *Collegian*, '13-'14; President of the Student Body, '13-'14.

Ernest is one of the handsomest members of our class. He is erect and well proportioned. He wears a clear and pleasant expression. He is one of the sane students who says that it is more important to assimilate well the grains of knowledge than to consume an indigestible amount. While he has not always made high marks, he has done good work. Ernest is a man who does not believe in disturbing other people either by his tongue or presence. He rarely visits your room, but is always glad to have you call. He is quiet and reserved. He has enjoyed the rare experience of being untrammelled by love affairs. Easily and gracefully he has passed through his college career. Armed with his "dip" and experience he will enter the multitudinous ranks of mankind as a banker, and spend his life in keeping the trusts (funds) of his fellowmen.





GUS LEE DAVIS, A.B.

Robinson, Ga.

*"His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."*

Entered College, 1910; Member Y. M. C. A.; Member Ministerial Band; Member Eukosmian Literary Society; Sergeant-at-Arms, third term, '10-'11; Treasurer, '11-'12; Secretary, first term, '12-'13; Critic, first term, '13-'14; Vice-President, second term, '13-'14; Member Glee Club, '10-'11; Vice-President Class, '13-'14; Winner Eukosmian Improvement Medal, '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief the *Collegian*, '13-'14.

Davis has fallen heir to a very unfortunate nickname. Contrary to his characteristics he has been branded "Stuck-in-the-mud". This title, however inapplicable, has clung to him since his Fresh. year. Although he has labored under an excessive burden of college work for four years, he will be awarded a coveted sheepskin. Unlike many college men, he has not striven merely for his diploma, but for the knowledge which it should represent. His literary ability was so marked that he was elected editor-in-chief of the *Collegian*. While his collegiate success has not been greatly marred by love affairs, he has had tender experiences. He has transformed this inspiration into poetic energy. In everything he is conscientious and true. As a friend he is noble and sincere. With the exercise and development of his possibilities he will go forth into the great world as a well-equipped minister of the Gospel.





BROOKS LEROY HURSEY, A.B.

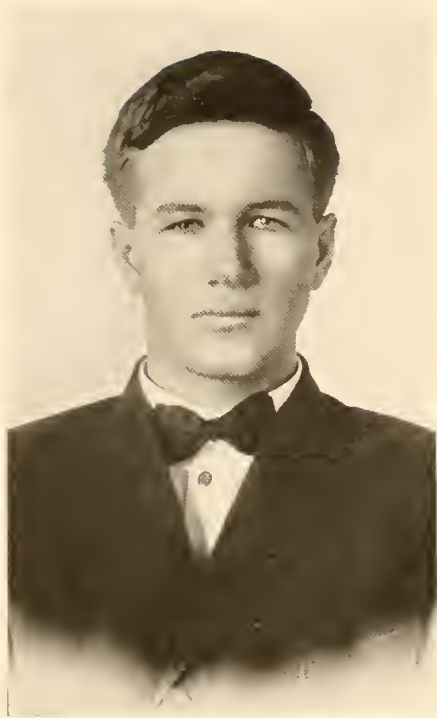
Society Hill, S. C.

*"And the greatest of these is love."*

Entered College, 1910; Member of Philomathian Literary Society; Corresponding Secretary, second term, '11-'12; First Censor, first term, '12-'13; Vice-President, third term, '12-'13; Chief Marshal Public Speaking, '11-'12; Chief Marshal Orator's Contest, '12-'13.

Though puny in stature, "Skeet" is by no means insignificant. He is much like a bee; an industrious, apt worker, always producing sweet results. He is famed for his ability to imitate to a "T" the sound of hail falling on a tin roof by the simple process of chewing "Spearmint" gum. "Skeet" is a firm believer in that famous doctrine, "Never let your studies interfere with your regular work." His "regular work" consists in patrolling the sidewalk in front of the Thornwell Orphanage from dawn 'till dark, and spending the remainder of his time in composing letters de luxe to the fair damsel who seems predisposed and predestined to do his hen-pecking for him on that beautiful isle of somewhere in the sea of matrimonial bliss. Speaking United Statistically, he has "heart flop," an affliction usually arising from wounds inflicted by Cupid's poisoned arrows, and almost invariably proving fatal to a fellow's bachelorhood. Being such an ardent lover of things "green," it is only natural that Brooks should find his course lying through the cool, sequestered hills and valleys of the farm.





WILLIAM PLUMER JACOBS, JR., A.B.  
Clinton, S. C.

*"None but himself can be his parallel."*

Entered College, 1907; Member Eukosmian Literary Society; Sergeant-at-Arms, two terms; Recording Secretary; Vice-President; President; Declaimer's Contest, '11-'12; Preliminary Orator's Contest for Rock Hill, '12-'13 and '13-'14; Annual Inter-Society Debate, '12-'13; Commencement Orator's Contest, '12-'13; President of Class, '12-'13; Prophet, '13-'14; *Collegian* Staff, '13-'14; Art Editor "PaC-SaC," '13-'14; Member Glee Club and Orchestra, '08-'09, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14; Manager Glee Club and Orchestra, '12-'13; Eukosmian Football Team, '08-'09; Varsity Basket-ball Team, '12-'13, and '13-'14; Manager Basket-ball Team, '12-'13; Quarter-back and Manager Varsity Football Team, '13-'14; Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '12-'13, and '13-'14; Athletic Council, '13-'14; Wearer of the "P".

This pompadoured specimen of Clinton produce is the only original Jake in captivity. Jake, really, is in a class of his own. He entered college in 1907, and, after groping along in the dim dominions of the Prep. department for a season, became alienated from the ties of his native environment and transferred his rapidly diminishing ignorance to another institution. However, he soon repented the error of his ways and blew back into the fold—where he's been blowing ever since. It is rumored that he is in love, and that he is an ardent advocate of woman suffrage. Jake is a paragon with the artist's pen and brush, as attested by the pages of the "PaC-SaC". As an athlete he baffles description, and as a singer he is constantly inspiring us to—profanity. When it comes to having a pull with the Faculty, this chap occupies a whole pedestal to himself. And he enjoys the unique and enviable distinction of reducing "cramming" to an art. What it takes to grab off A's without undergoing the trying ordeal of brain exertion, he has it. Jake's a good egg, rhetorically speaking, and has a double prospect of "going some" in life, having chosen the traveling profession, you see. S'long, old pal, and luck be to you!





EUGENE COLVIN KING, A.B

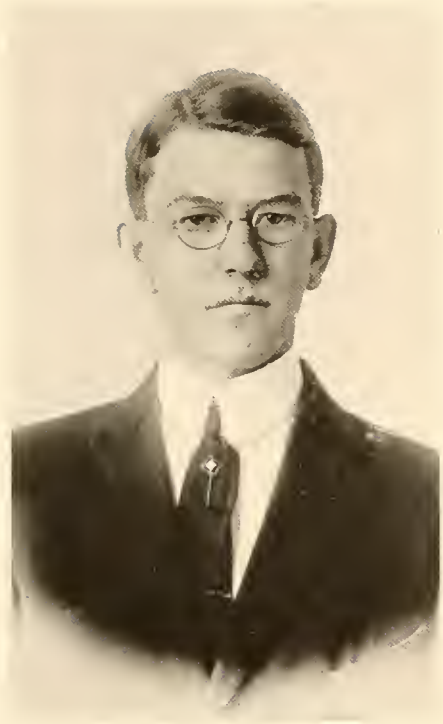
Clinton, S. C.

*"Within the infant rind of this small flower,  
Knowledge hath residence and medicine power."*

Entered College, 1910; Member Eukosmian Literary Society; Monitor, third term, '11-'12; Recording Secretary, second term, '12-'13; Corresponding Secretary, second term, '13-'14; Vice-President, first term, '13-'14; Secretary-Treasurer of Class, '12-'13; Secretary of Student Body, '13-'14; Assistant Business Manager of the *Collegian*, '13-'14; Assistant Business Manager Varsity Football Team, '13-'14; First Assistant Business Manager of the "PaC-SaC", '13-'14; Chief Marshal Declaimer's Contest, '13.

Look who's here! His majesty, our King; the only absolute monarch in the fold, and the only king on earth to whom we've ever made obeisance. "Gene" is a genius. Otherwise he wouldn't be in this class. He has seldom been caught in the act of boning, yet, by some inexplicable law of his unfathomable intellectuality, he has assimilated enough of the curriculum to excite our curiosity and bring down on his head the benediction of the Faculty, which is going some. That reminds us—his favorite pastime consists in the aforesaid habit of "going some." Gene "horsed" his way through the desert wastes of Latinland, and ever since has been bitterly bewailing the fact that he didn't absorb a little more horse sense during the long ride. Then, too, he is a motor maniac of a high and aggravated nature. He is an authority on punctureality and gas, and he is a self-ordained exception to all limits and to most rules. Gene is aspiring to the medical profession, and, take it from us, Genius King in such a vocation will certainly cut some figure.





JOHN SAMUEL LAND, A.B.

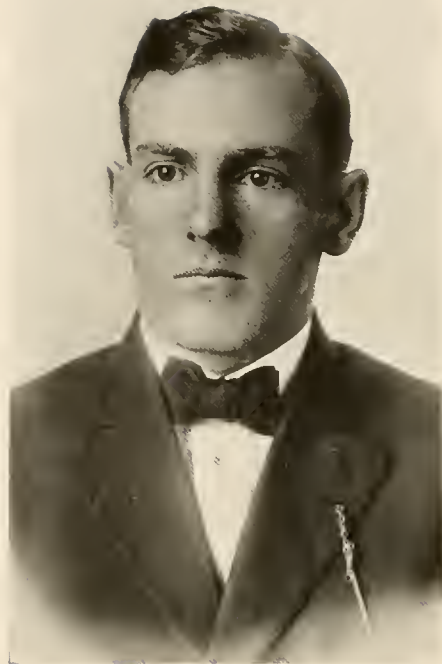
Yorkville, S. C.

*"He whose inborn worth his acts commend,  
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."*

Entered College, 1910; Member Y. M. C. A.; Member Ministerial Band; Member Philomathian Literary Society; Chaplain, third term, '10-'11, and second term, '11-'12; Secretary, first term, '12-'13; Critic, first term, '13-'14; President, third term, '12-'13; Class Historian, '11-'12; Collegian Staff, '12-'13, and '13-'14; President York County Club, '13-'14; Member Executive Committee S. C. I. O. A., '13-'14; Winner Freshman Scholarship Medal; Annual Inter-Society Debate, '13-'14; Commencement Orator's Contest, '14; Assistant Editor-in-Chief the "PaC-SaC," '13-'14; Graduates with first honor.

Here is one of the most studious and scholarly college men that ever cracked a book or burned midnight oil. "Work before pleasure" is John's motto, and he has carried out his precepts throughout his college career with unwavering fidelity. If all the land in our country were as fertile and productive as the inherent substance of our Land, all the farmers would become millionaires and the high cost of living would go down the spout of oblivion like Jupiter Pluvius shooting the chute. Four years of college life have wrought a wonderful transformation in John, John, the farmer's son, which fact goes to illustrate the importance of appreciating the responsibilities and utilizing the opportunities of college life. When the final synopsis of our distinguished course is made by the Powers above us, the name of John Land will doubtless be at the top of the list. Here's hoping that in his future high calling he will toil with the same sure purpose, and that his labors will meet with the same degree of success as have so profoundly characterized his sojourn among us.





HUGH McLUCAS, A.B.

McColl, S. C.

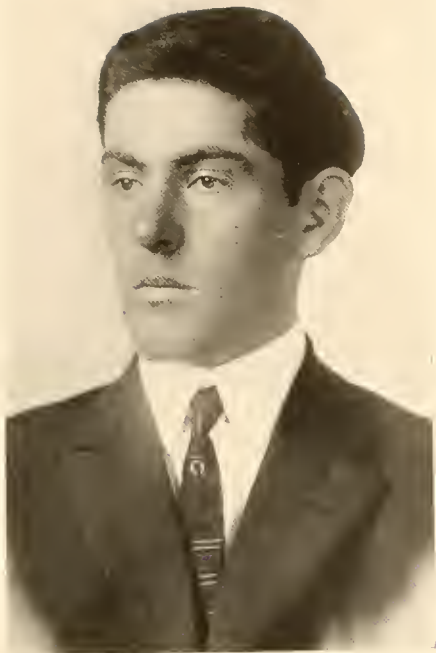
*"This one lives that he may eat."*

Entered College, 1910; Member Philomathian Literary Society; Critic, third term, '12-'13; Secretary-Treasurer of Class, '10-'11; Class Prophet, '12-'13; Class Historian, '13-'14; Delegate to Inter-State Y. M. C. A. Convention at Raleigh, '11; Member Glee Club, '10-'11, '11-'12, '13-'14; President Marlboro County Club, '13-'14; President Chicken Grabbers Club, '13-'14; Commencement Orator's Contest, '13; Preliminary Orator's Contest for Rock Hill, '14; President Annual Inter-Society Debate, '14.

Here is a chap whose mission in particular is to keep up the high cost of living, and, in general, to beat the proverbial Mr. Dickens to the final analysis of acute indigestion. Mac's the guy that put the "Mc" in McColl. He is the official "chicken inspector" of the college, in which capacity he naturally enjoys an intimate relationship with the befeathered (beleaguered) ones. This is one of us "wise guys" whose inherent intellectual gifts are such as to eliminate any necessity for studying. He was born educated, merely coming to college to get in his class, be fashionable, and to allow his native community a chance to recuperate from the famine which had originated from the boundless realm of his appetite. Mac, or "Ping-Loo," as he is known in select circles, is a most versatile member. He can be readily converted into a bull-frog-on-the-bank, a bull-terrier-in-a-scrap, a bumble-bee-in-captivity, or any one of numerous other roles equally as commendable. Exit "Mac," "Ping-Loo," expert mimicker, official chicken inspector and fun promoter! May dame Fortune ever smile upon you, even as we have smiled at your quips and cranks!







MOTT QUINN PETTY, A.B.

Bowling Green, S. C.

*"Not by levity of floating,  
But by stubborn force of swimming  
Shalt thou make thy way."*

Entered College, 1910; Member Philomathian Literary Society; First Censor, second term, '11-'12; Secretary, second term, '12-'13; President, second term, '13-'14; Class Secretary, '11-'12 and '12-'13; President York County Club, '12-'13; Associate Editor "PaC-SaC", '13-'14; Assistant in Chemistry, '13-'14.

Certain shades of hair may be fittingly referred to as "auburn". Some hirsute appendages may be spoken of as "Titian." Other cranial thatches may be unceremoniously pronounced "red"; but this chap's hair is a "beautiful golden brown". And we are proud to relate that there are other features to "Pet" fully as luminous as the covering on his dome. For instance, he's a "bohner" pure and simple. Frequently have the wee small hours of the night caught him reluctantly and sadly discarding his precious books to waste a few hours in the land of dreams. "Pet" is preparing to fall in love, which interesting fact convinces us that in all his getting he has not failed to get understanding. The problem of his future career is proving a dilemma to Mott Quinn. But whatever course he selects from the dazzling assortment fate is holding out to him, he will get there. He may be slow in some respects, but as sure as the wheels of Time continue to revolve, our "Pet" will keep faithfully and successfully on the even tenor of his way.





LOUIE MCGEE SIMPSON, A.B.

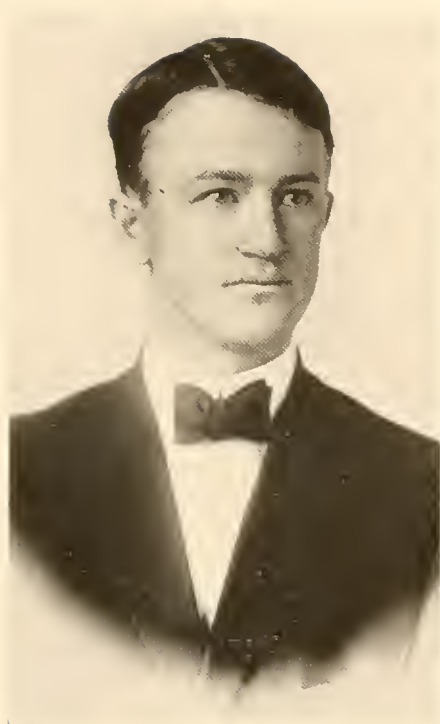
Honea Path, S. C.

*"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one."*

Entered College, 1910; Member Philomathian Literary Society; Conductor, first term, '11-'12; Door-keeper, second term, '11-'12; Secretary, third term, '11-'12; Treasurer, '12-'13; President, first term, '13-'14; Declaimer's Contest, '12; Preliminary Orator's Contest for Rock Hill, '13; Class Prophet, '11-'12; Vice-President of Class, '12-'13; President of Class, '13-'14; Commencement Orator's Contest, '13; Annual Inter-Society Debate, '14; *Collegian* Staff, '12-'13 and '13-'14; Business Manager the "PaC-SaC", '13-'14; Assistant in Physics, '13-'14; Graduates with second honor.

When Louie entered college, he had a hard proposition to face. His two brothers who had preceded him had made good records. It was up to him to continue this reputation. In doing this he has in no wise failed. His success can be attributed to several reasons,—to his ability, to his perseverance, to his steadfast purpose, and to the absence of natural impediments. Although he has a warm spot in his heart for the girls, he has been free from any undue distraction caused by the fair sex. But for what he lacks here he has beautifully compensated elsewhere—in the class-room, in the society hall and on the rostrum. His ability and fondness for natural philosophy have attracted the attention of the Faculty, and now he is assistant in Physics. Louie is an able student. To his efforts as business manager of the "Pac-SaC" we owe much. He says his failing is not talking enough, but in the contest of life he will win a place of esteem and success.





HOWARD DAVIS SMITH, SPECIAL  
Yorkville, S. C.

*"He has a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade."*

Entered College, 1910; Member Y. M. C. A.; Member Ministerial Band; Member Eukosmian Literary Society; Corresponding Secretary, three terms; Recording Secretary; Critic; President; Declaimer's Contest, '11-'12; Winner Declaimer's Medal, '12; President Declaimer's Contest, '13; Winner U. D. C. Essay Medal, '11-'12; Preliminary Orator's Contest for Rock Hill, '13-'14; Representative Orator in State Inter-Collegiate Contest, '14; Winner Commencement Oratory Medal, '13; Winner Alumni Medal for Oratory, '14; President Commencement Orator's Contest, '14; President Annual Inter-Society Debate, '13; Half Winner Inter-Society Debater's Trophy Cup, '14; Secretary-Treasurer Woodrow Wilson Club, '11-'12; Corresponding Secretary State College Press Association, '13-'14; Class Poet, four years; *Collegian* Staff, '13-'14; Chief Rooter, '12-'13 and '13-'14; Glee Club and Orchestra, '10-'11, '11-'12, '13-'14; Manager Glee Club and Orchestra, '13-'14; Varsity Tennis Team, '11-'12; Manager Tennis Association, '12-'13; Varsity Baseball Team, '10-'11 and '11-'12; Coach Scrub Baseball Team, '12-'13; President Greater P. C. Association, '13-'14; Editor-in-Chief the "PaC-SaC," '13-'14.

Ladies! The perspicuity of this elongated specimen of masculinity is beyond the contemplation of any of his contemporaries (meaning men), and so we bequeath to you the immeasurable privilege of elucidating the salubrious propensities of his intellectual verbosity. Imagine such an innocent looking chap relieving himself of such a bombast, and you have "Smitty" to an isolated frazzle. Originally, this gent came to college to get an education, but finding that books interfered with his regular affairs, he acquired a highly commendable aptitude for "cinch" courses, and began specializing in college honors. Like Mark Antony, he's a great orator—due, perhaps, to natural gas. A lover of things divine and beautiful, he has a natural propensity for "grace," which he claims to have acquired at Monroe, N. C. Conceded to be the most eminent authority in college on such questions as politics, baseball, college spirit, holidays, matrimony, mothers-in-law, etc. Smitty is a candidate for the ministry, despite the seeming inconsistency of the aforesaid delinquencies, and it is our professional opinion, as well as our sincere hope, that he will make good with marked distinction, and with—Grace.





CLINTON,

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## Senior Class Poem

As in our course these four long years  
We've toiled along our way,  
A call has sounded in our ears,  
A call of sweetest lay.  
It comes from out the boundless deep  
Of life's tempestuous sea;  
'Tis Duty calling us to keep  
The faith of the Trinity.

Our college life to us reveals  
The shame of a life misspent,  
The grandeur of a life that heals  
The hearts that cares have rent.  
We learn how great the problems grow,  
Which try the souls of men,  
And feel within our hearts a glow  
Too strong for tongue or pen.

The call to us comes loud and clear  
For workers, brave and strong,  
Who love the truth—men without fear,  
Who scorn all that is wrong;  
Who love the beautiful in life,  
Who cherish what is true,  
Oppose the false with ceaseless strife,  
With courage ever new.

The world affords a place for all  
Who would a service bring,  
For such there always is a call,  
And honor from the King.  
We go to climb that rugged path  
Which leads through storm and strife,  
To bend the bow, let fly the shaft  
On the battlefields of life.

We go with aims and motives pure,  
The cause of truth defend;  
With minds serene and purpose sure,  
We triumph in the end.  
So farewell, now, class of 'fourteen!  
Our college course is run;  
Whatever task in life, let's strive  
To gain the King's "Well done".

## History of Senior Class

ON September 21, 1910, a certain number of verdant specimens of chloroplast, likewise an uncertain number of adolescent hayseeds, suddenly disappeared from their homes, and as suddenly made their appearance in the muddy little village, Clinton. Now, inasmuch as they had left their homes and were strangers in a foreign land, they came unto one, the same being Almon Edwin, and besought of him the privilege of going into winter quarters; for he was "Lord High Bursar" of the Presbyterian College. Now there were two of us whom Almon Edwin cared for in the P. C. nursery, also there were two who were good to look at.

So Almon Edwin took us in, fed and clothed us, and we were filled (with conceit) and clothed (with knowledge), so that our green coat was changed ere long for another. And it came to pass that Almon Edwin took the green-backs out of every man's coat, and it was so.

"Rat Reception" followed and we were received! Met all the fair fragrant flowers. But alas, when it was over! Well, a "Waterbury" is not more inclined to locomote than we were that night. We ran. But whither? Some did not get back till twelve o'clock, while others got back at six A. M.

Nothing happened that year more important than examinations and failures. In those days there was great sorrow and tribulation, for we were sorely discomfited, so that many fell in the conflict, to rise no more! Likewise Almon's depredations left us wasted and in exceeding great sorrow. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

CHAPTER II. Now it came to pass in the fourth year of the janitorship of Frederick Giles, please yer Honor, and in the beginning of the second spasm of the "Tempest Roar", that our minds being set on Almon Edwin and his resort (for Invalids and Tin Brains), we longed with yearning hearts to return, and it was so. Likewise there were twenty-three known as Wise-guys. Some vacancies were refilled by most monstropolous intellectualities, fostering a cause so noble as ours. One Sir Rufus, the same being red-headed; another, Jake, the mighty song bird and imitator, and still another, Falls!

Behold a new one was chosen in Almon Edwin's stead and he reigned with success and established a great resort for the poor "Invalids". And it came to pass that "Big Dick" built hard-walks and lectured the "Invalids" severally for not walking on them instead of on the grass. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

CHAPTER III. How happy were we to be back safely in the Presbyterian fold near the happy village of the orphan maidens. We were not vain, but we were proud that we had crossed the "Great Divide" (Soph to Junior). There was a feeling of sadness when we discovered that only fourteen of our brave and noble band had arrived. By some strange law of Nature, which is known by all, but which I dare not explain, some of our number were stolen away. The Dutchess, likewise the Countess were gone! What inexpressible grief! Perhaps the Goblins got them!! Some claim that two lobsters encamped round about them, but we venture the assertion that in all events they both fell into the hands of the receivers. So now we had no "American Beauties"

to bedeck our Bush of thorns. However, we were comforted, for one called "Fiddle," surnamed Nelson, came unto us and made music that would soothe savage beasts.

Our class has borne responsibilities, leading in every phase of college activity. It has furnished leaders on the diamond, on the gridiron, on the tennis court, and elsewhere. It introduced football and basket-ball. It has practically constituted the glee club and quartette. It has been wide-awake in the Y. M. C. A., and in literary work. Both in the class-room and elsewhere it has set up new standards of efficiency. The class of '14 donated more than all the remaining classes to the endowment fund of the college.

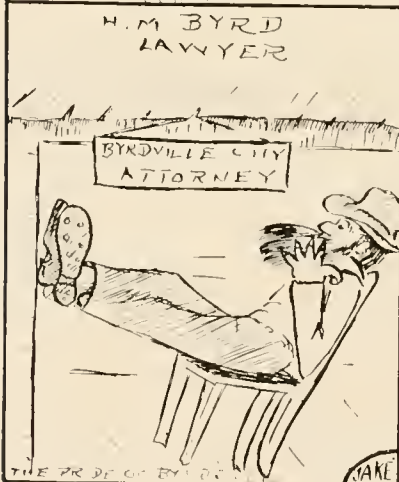
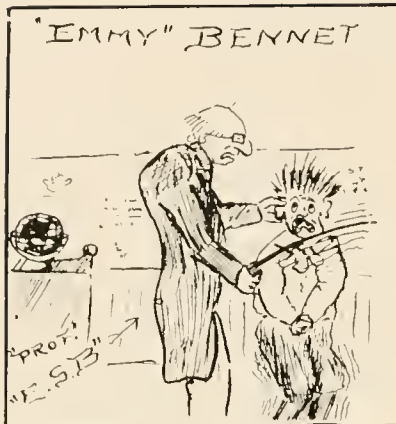
But of that one called "Ping", the same being made brave by Nature (for he had had smallpox), treed a real live case o' smallpox in the top of the Resort's Pride (New Dormitory). And it came to pass that when the saying went abroad that it was even so, verily, verily, "Invalids" frantically crammed their "Go-way-Rags" and in spite of the fact that it was Sunday, many ministers and others less distinguished (students), fled to the station and there took refuge on the posterior segment of the Panting Traveler! So now the "Lord High Bursar" was much wroth and he ordered the "Invalids" back, and invited them to have some sense. Also he caused a Pest House to be built and "Ping" cared for the modern Job for twenty-five suns.

And it came to pass that one of the "Invalids" (Red), was attended by the doctors (in their office), and they sent out a proclamation saying, "*He is no Invalid*", and straightway he girded himself about and departed. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

CHAPTER IV. Peace and quiet reigned supreme in the walls of the Winter Resort. Again we returned, and how different we felt this time. When we were Fresh we felt fresh! When we were Sophs, we felt important, calling upon the Rats, "Why stand ye here idle all the day," and kicked them into the way they should not go. When we were recently Juniors, we felt bigger than the Seniors because we out-classed them in oratory and in athletics, etc.

In spite of the fact that we had twenty-three in our second and thirteen in our fourth year, this class is a record breaker. It constructs its own standards, sets up its own ideals, obeys its own bidding and inclinations, letting other folks and their opinions go hang on the tree with John Brown. It has forsaken ancient customs and does not court the opinions of its Associates, so long as it is governed in its course by the inexpressible dictates of its own conscience! All this is our "Crown", but the "PaC-SaC" is our "Gem of Purest Ray Serene". The Senior class is solely responsible for its timely birth.

But to conclude—Our hearts have been merry and sad, many are the songs we've sung. Many staunch friends we've made since we came to our Alma Mater. She has been good to us and has done much to equip us with strong armor. If we fail, we shall have only ourselves to blame, for her guiding hand has pointed out the paths of purity and righteousness, in which, if we continue, we shall go into the great "University of Life" and succeed. May we ever cherish the beloved and almost sacred memories of her and at our entrance to the "Eternal University" receive, as we hope we have from her, the reward of the faithful!



## Prophecy of Class of '14

"Sit down, Children, and please, for Goodness' sake, be quiet! Now, how many of you dear little dumplings love your teacher? That's right, Katie, that's a good little girl. Sam, stop throwing those spit balls at your sweet teacher!"

That is the plea of unlucky old Emmie Bennett. He has decided to be a school teacher, and he is doomed to become an extremely dignified, learned, and prissy sample of humanity. Emmie has not an enviable record ahead, for to keep thirty-six restless children under control is no easy job, and it would make one's blood run cold to think of it. However, he has the making of a good teacher in him; and if his children will keep their teacher out of mischief, he will make them a fine instructor.

Who is that splendid young lawyer now thrilling the audience and the jurors with his fiery oratory? What is his name and whence did he hail? Oh, that is the Honorable Benjamin Tillman Brown, one of the most promising lawyers in the profession. His style of oratory is so brilliant, his smile so beaming, that not even "His Satanic Majesty" would dare oppose him. As a high class lawyer, he is unsurpassed, and many a poor criminal has felt his heart swell within his bosom as he learned from Lawyer Brown's account how noble and pure of heart he was. It is even rumored that he has his eye on the Presidential chair, and if the Democratic party fails to recognize his ability, and his fitness for the position, it will make one of the greatest mistakes ever heard of. With "B. T." go our best wishes, for in him are our highest hopes, and our only chance to fill that distinguished position.

Turning to B. T.'s roommate, and the next in alphabetical order, we also find one of the prides of the class of 1914. To H. M. Byrd is accorded dignity and an attitude of authority and on account of the wisdom with which he does not speak, the honor of being the city (village) lawyer of Byrdville. He will be the sole authority of that township. He will be the lawyer, judge, postmaster, mayor, council, police force, sheriff, coroner; in short, he will be the "Lord High Muck-a-Muck", the "chief cook and bottle washer" of the City of Byrdville. It will be he who will share the sorrow of every visitor who is so unlucky as to visit Byrdville, and share the gladness of the happy soul who leaves the community.



Ernest Carrigan is to be a banker, and it's lucky for him that he is to be the president, vice-president, cashier and teller of the Thirteenth National Bank of Society Hill, for he is especially fitted for the job of counting out money. The experience he obtained in counting the money the *Collegian* didn't have will be of valuable aid to him. He will have to do the riding in automobiles, wearing diamonds, etc., for the rest of the class. But listen! The saddest part of the tale has not been told. Ernest has fallen in love, and under the able guidance of Mrs. Ernest Carrigan he will take to absolute strict obedience, such as staying home of nights, building the fires early on cold winter mornings, walking the floor at night and minding the babies while Mrs. Carrigan is at the Suffragette meetings. But —

Help, Fellows! The assistance and attention of the whole class is needed in Africa. Poor "Stick-in-the-Mud" Davis went out from home with good intentions, but has met with a sad experience. Stick decided to be a missionary to Africa, and left home to do the good work; but gloomily will be remembered the date of the decision, for he has fallen into the hands of the savages, and has, as pictured in the adjoining photograph, had the misfortune of having the posterior portion of his anatomy packed tight in a pot of boiling water. . . . The tale is too sad to tell, but the steaming water, the smoking fire, the hungry savages and the expression of Stick's face will make up for what the pen hasn't the heart to tell. However, it's tough on the savages as well, for they haven't discovered that such a skinny man hasn't an overabundance of eating material on him, and that the hide of a man named "Stick-in-the-Mud" must necessarily be too tough for eating purposes. So we will leave "Stick" in the pot where we found him, for it is a known fact that green material does not burn, and that hot water has no effect on such tough hides.

*Acricolus Hursius*, alias "Skeete", or Mr. Brooks L. Hursey, is the name of a small piece of protoplasm among our number, who thinks he will be a farmer. Mr. Hursey has announced his intention to plow old "Mike", much to the surprise of all of his classmates. Skeete is too little to be a farmer, for just think! Should one of his lambs or piglets, or even one of his hens or roosters tread upon him, it would take a powerful microscope to find even the greasy spot left of him.

However, when a man has decided to follow a special vocation in life, it's too sad a thing to discourage him right in the beginning; so cheer up, Skeete, you will be extremely successful at shucking corn, feeding the pigs, and at gathering the eggs. But take our advice, old boy; better keep your head straight ahead and stop making "goo-goo eyes" over the Orphanage fence, or else Dan Cupid will smite you and blast all your hopes of being a successful farmer.





Here comes a job I don't like. A fellow never likes to tell bad tales on himself, and so it is an extremely difficult job to stick to the truth in this case. However, here goes! It falls my lot to be an advertising solicitor, and as it is natural for one of such temperament to be always behind time, the accompanying caricature portrays said unlucky one trying to catch a train. However, it has been suggested by one who knows, that said villain has been out on the road, and having failed to get any business, is shown counting the cross-ties home.

Have you a dog you want killed? If so, end his life with agony by letting Dr. Eugene King try to cure him. He has just prepared a new medicine which, when taken in minute doses, will prove absolute and rapid death to immortality. Gene says he is going to be a physician, and necessarily will closely ally himself with the undertaker. Try Dr. King's "Never Cure," for it's a sure and quick relief for every imaginable ache, pain, bruise and stumped toe. If immediate death does not ensue, call at the box office and your money will be refunded. "Gene" will be a success in medicine, "erratically" speaking; and if he will receive a star in his crown for every soul that he saves from agony, he will become a glowing constellation in the skies.

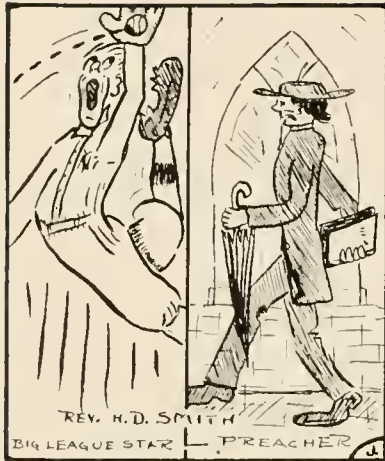
Hark! Let all lift up their eyes and hear that sweet sounding voice preaching unto the multitudes truths that are not. The Rev. J. S. Land, D.D., LL.D., P.H.Q., N.Y.Z., in eloquence is surpassed by none, and his fame as a howler is widespread. It is indeed strange that such a low, fat, bald-headed thing as this should shake the world and terrify humanity with his expostulations. However, he is an up-to-date preacher; and if he tells his congregation as much as he learned at P. C., there will be another Renaissance. You will have to remember, John, old Scout, you'll have to go a long way and preach a lot of sermons ere you will find another person with aspirations as high as yours.

"Silence in Court! while Judge McLucas pronounces sentence." "Ping Loo" has become a judge and a stately judge at that. "Mack" will continue to be a classy judge if he can keep a straight face long enough. He clearly knows the sense of right and wrong, as evidenced by the fact that he always declined offers to help swipe chickens, but always remained in the room getting the cooking utensils in preparation for the return of the raiders. If he can once overcome his inclination to become a cook or an official taster in a cookery, he will surprise the natives, scattering his justice and injustice in the judge's capacity. However, the answers to his wise and foolish questions have made him a learned man, and "Mack" stands at the head of his profession.

To think that such a genius in penmanship, oratory and music, should be wasted in "raising niggers and cussin' cotton", is enough to make the world shed tears. "Pet" says he is going to be a farmer, and though he is not following the trade he is cut out for in life he will make a success, for what he doesn't know about a farm is not worth knowing. He can tell the age of a bill goat by looking at his knees, count his chickens' eggs before they are hatched, and in the cotton patch he handles the plow so gracefully that it exalts the old gray mule to the highest aspirations. He gets more done in a day than his fellow farmers do in a season, due to the fact that he learned and practiced at school the theory, "Early to bed and late to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Look out for farmer Petty, for some day he is going to turn up something valuable with his plow.

Back in an old dingy room on the third floor of a flat on 1st Avenue, N. Y., there is an old, bald-headed, hump-shouldered man working in vain to discover a new element. Day after day he toils on, but in vain. But look! He has found what he was looking for. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cries, as he runs out into the streets proclaiming his success to the world. From the light we can see his face. It is Louie Simpson. Some years later we see him again. He is the greatest chemist in America. The people on Broadway ask, "Who is that man riding in the car there with his twelve children?" "Why," the answer comes, "that is Dr. Simpson, the greatest chemist in the world." Louie knows all about Chemistry, but is holding back the wealth of his knowledge to keep from cheapening the trade; and what's more, every one of the twelve little Simpson-lets is a "cracker jack" chemist, and is walking right in the footsteps of its father.





Now we come to the last and biggest man physically in the class. But never mind the height, it will come in handy. Howard Smith is going to lead a two-fold life. He is going to be a minister on Sunday and a big league star on week days. The inspiration from his sermons and the swattation from his baseball bat will be very essential to the continued rotation of the earth. In his height he has the advantage of being able to reach over during his long, dry sermons, and wake up the weary and sleepy with a tap on the topknot, while in baseball, the same advantage enables him to pluck the soaring pellet from the ethereal regions with all the grace and facility of a duck gobbling a June bug. "Smitty" will get married, of course, which fact ought to be a great boost to his prospects. Since he is a preacher, we will ask him to pronounce a benediction over the whole mess.

W. P. J.

## The Editor's Dream

I dreamed that I was the editor  
 Of the annual magazine,  
 And I wanted to make it the finest one  
 The college had ever seen;  
 But I felt somehow I had fallen down  
 Until, with the make-up due,  
 My girlie submitted a manuscript  
 Entitled "How I love you."

I've dreamed that I was a millionaire,  
 That I was a ruling king;  
 I've dreamed that I was another Burns,  
 Adrift in the fields of spring;  
 But I hold this closer to my heart,  
 With the "Pac-SaC" make-up due,  
 When I dreamed I was the editor  
 Perusing "How I love you."

SMITH, '14.



<i>Name</i>	<i>Hobby</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Greatest Gift</i>	<i>Principal Fault</i>	<i>Aspiration</i>
BENNETT	Fair Sex	Tennis	"Gee Whiz"	Mathematics	Silence	To teach
BROWN	Baseball	Boning	"Hang it"	Luck	Falling in love	To be a lawyer
BYRD	March	Tennis	"Oh! hello."	A Brunette	Criticizing	To be a lawyer
CARRIGAN	Botany	Reading	"Life is worth living after all."	Discretion	?	To be successful
DAVIS	"Stick-it-out"	Rubbing his face	"I'll be Joe-ee"	Poetry	Loving Mortgaged Property	To help humanity
LAND	Books	Reading	"Tshaw"	Desire for knowledge	Rapidity of Speech	To be a minister
JACOBS	Bossing	Football	* ? ! * * * ? !	Music	Reversing the truth	To be a good business man
HURSEY	Anything "Green"	Loafing	"I'll be darned"	Lying	Truthfulness?	To get married
McJUGAS	Moss Hall	"Spoonin'"	"Wait-a-minute"	Appetite	Faithfulness	To be a book agent
PETTY	Chemistry	Lab. Work	"Frame it"	Red Hair	Pickiness	To get a "Dip."
SIMPSON	Trying to Orate	Packing Sidewalks	"This world and one more."	Thrift	Non socialness	To get there
SMITH	Baseball	Scribbling	"Bloom it"	Oratory	Precrastination	To be an evangelist
KING	"Cheero"	Spoonin'	"Bang it"	Gab	Criticizing	To be an "M. D."

JUNIORS

15

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MISS RUSSELL, Sponsor

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O. M. NICKLES . . . . .	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
W. E. DAVIS . . . . .	<i>Poet</i>
A. H. MILLER . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>



LEROY HAMMOND ADAMS, A.B.

Clover, S. C.

Entered College 1912. Philomathian Literary Society; Doorkeeper; First Censor; Second Censor, two terms; Corresponding Secretary. Member Athletic Council, '13-'14; Manager Tennis Association, '14-'15; President S. C. I. T. A., '14-'15; Tennis Team, '12-'13, '13-'14.



WILLIAM GARY ANDERSON, B.S.

Cokesbury, S. C.

Entered College, 1911. Philomathian Literary Society; Doorkeeper; Baseball Team, '11-'12, '12-'13.



WILLIAM PINCKNEY ANDERSON, Jr., B.S.

Westminster, S. C.

Entered College 1911. President Class, '11; Philomathian Literary Society; Chaplain; Corresponding Secretary; Secretary; Vice-President; Secretary; Declaimer's Contest, '13; Orator's Contest, '14; Collegian Staff, '13-'14; "PaC-SaC" Staff, '13-'14; Y. M. C. A., Secretary and Treasurer, '13-'14; Y. M. C. A. President, '14-'15; Athletic Council, '13-'14; Captain Track Team, '11-'12, '12-'13; Track Team, '11-'12, '12-'13.



WILLIAM CLARDY AUSTIN, A.B.

Clinton, S. C.

Entered College 1911. Class Historian, '12-'13; Eukosmian Literary Society; Secretary; Collegian Staff, '13-'14.





JOHN THEODORE BALLENGER, B.S.

Seneca, S. C.

Entered College 1912. Philomathian Literary Society; Second Censor; Declaimer's Contest, '13; *Collegian* Staff, '13-'14; Captain Baseball Team, '13-'14; Assistant Manager Football Team, '14-'15; Member of Baseball Team, '12-'13, '13-'14.

WATSON EMMET DAVIS, A.B.

Salters, S. C.

Entered College 1912. Philomathian Literary Society; Chaplain, two terms; "PaC-SaC" Staff; Member Track Team, '12-'13.

FRED ARTHUR FICQUETT, A.B.

Lowndesville, S. C.

Entered College 1911. Philomathian Literary Society; Conductor; Second Censor; Vice-President Junior Class.

HARRY MALCOLM GRAHAM, A.B.

Clinton, S. C.

Entered College 1911. Philomathian Literary Society; Doorkeeper; Corresponding Secretary.

PAUL NESBITT GRESHAM, A.B.

Wellford, S. C.

Entered College January, 1912. Eukosmian Literary Society; Monitor; Secretary; President; Inter-Society Debate, '12-'13, '13-'14; Declaimer's Contest, '12-'13; "PaC-SaC" Staff; Eukosmian Improvement Medal, '12; Orator's Contest for Commencement, '13-'14.



HARRY EUGENE HICKLIN, A.B.

Rock Hill, S. C.

Entered College 1910. Eukosmian Literary Society; Corresponding Secretary; Conductor; Declaimer's Contest, '10-'11 and '12-'13; Prophet, '11-'12; Member Football Team; Won Declaimer's Medal, '12-'13.



JAMES FERDINAND JACOBS, JR., A.B.

Clinton, S. C.

Entered College 1911. President Class, '12-'13; Eukosmian Literary Society; Monitor; Treasurer; Member Athletic Council, '13-'14; Member Tennis Team, '12-'13 and '13-'14; Manager Tennis Association, '13-'14; Baseball Team, '12-'13; Football Team, '13-'14; Secretary S. C. I. T. A., '14-'15; Declaimer's Contest, '12-'13; Orator's Contest, '13-'14; Commencement Orator.



JAMES KARL JOHNSON, B.S.

Clinton, S. C.

Entered College 1911. Eukosmian Literary Society; Secretary.





ALEXANDER GEORGE KENNEDY, B.S.

Blackstock, S. C.

Entered College January, 1911. Philomathian Literary Society.

ROBERT CALVIN McCUTCHEN, B.S.

Bishopville, S. C.

Entered College 1911. Member Philomathian Literary Society; Conductor; Member Baseball Team, '12-'13.

ALFRED HOYT MILLER, A.B.

Martin, Ga.

Entered College 1911. Eukosmian Literary Society; Conductor; Secretary; Monitor, two terms; Member Basket-ball Team, '12-'13; Captain Basket-ball Team, '12-'13; Manager Basket-Ball Team, '13-'14; Member of Football and Baseball Teams, '13-'14; President Y. M. C. A., '13-'14.

JOHN ALEXANDER NEELY, JR., A.B.

Anderson, S. C.

Entered College 1912. Philomathian Literary Society; Class Poet, '12-'13; Orchestra, '12-'13 and '13-'14.

OSCAR MALON NICKLES, B.S.

Hodges, S. C.

Entered College 1911. Philomathian Literary Society; Vice-President; Critic; Orator's Contest; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '13-'14; Manager Track Team, '13-'14; Member Track Team, '12-'13; Collegian Staff.

WILLIAM SIMS SMITH, B.S.

Union, S. C.

Entered College 1913. Philomathian Literary Society.

JOHN FREDERICK WINTERS, B. S.

Mont Clare, S. C.

Entered College 1911. Philomathian Literary Society; Corresponding Secretary; First Censor; Treasurer; Vice-President Class, '12-'13; President Class, '13-'14; Assistant Manager Football, '13-'14; Manager Football Team, '14-'15; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '13-'14; "PaC-SaC" Staff.



ETHEL MASON DAVIDSON, B. S.

Clinton, S. C.

Entered College 1911.

DORCAS MASON, A. B.

Clinton, S. C.

Entered College 1909.

## Junior Class History

ON the morning of September the nineteenth, nineteen hundred and eleven, an aspiring class of thirty-seven matriculated at P. C., and forthwith set out on the long and toilsome climb up the path of intellectual progress which leads to the goal of human achievement. And we are nearing the end of the journey. Just one more short year of retouching and polishing in the halls of dear old P. C., and we will be turned adrift to face the realities and the profound problems of life. But let the future come! Amid all the turmoil and strife we have many hours of pleasure and satisfaction. Sailing under the banner of the garnet and blue, and with ambition that knew no end, we felt sure that success would be ours. Our class was not so large, though as large as the average class at the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. The deficiency in number was made up in intellectual capacity; for indeed true greatness does not lie in number.

In our ranks a happy quartette of Co-eds took their stand. Small in some respects, but by no means in everything. During the period of college life, two of this number dropped out. Those who were left stood firm, men that have taken a strong stand. Nickles and Little Anderson are two of the best men that ever paced the track. In the season of '12 we furnished two of the trio of the pitching staff, and the receiving end. In Ballenger and White two of the fastest that ever confronted the horsehide. Adams and Jacobs are two of the best tennis players in the State. In football and basketball, we have placed a strong delegation. With this record to encourage us, as we pass from the ranks of the Juniors to that of worthy Seniors, let us press forward to the mark that will stamp us the best class that has ever sailed beneath the garnet and the blue. The past is finished, the future yet to be won. Let us

“Gather roses while they bloom,  
To-morrow is yet far away.  
Moments lost have no room,  
In to-morrow or to-day.”

## Imagination

Ah, subtle, slyly moving act of mind,  
That in and out, and out and in doth wind;  
That wanders here and there, leads us astray,  
On million prospects gaze, ten million can display.

One moment we may throned monarchs sit,  
The next a beggar's state seems better fit.  
Again we hold a million at command,  
But lo! our house is built on sinking sand.

And like the dreaded serpent's dusky head,  
Which leaping forth, its cruel fangs imbed,  
Returns again; so you to limitless space  
May travel far, but here you're back apace.

By scenes serene and pleasant to behold  
You lead us on where beauties do unfold.  
But stop! our guide no longer can you be,  
For now from visions full of sin we flee.

At will from all experience, boundless store,  
You fabricate, and build on that still more;  
On high our castles rise, but rise of air,  
So soon to tumble down, so soon again to rear.

W. E. D., '15.



A SECTION OF THE DINING-HALL



# SOPHIS





SOPHOMORE CLASS



MISS BRIDGEMAN, *Sponsor*

## Sophomore Class

### OFFICERS

R. S. WOODSON	<i>President</i>
A. W. BRICE	<i>Vice-President</i>
M. E. CARMICHAEL	<i>Secretary</i>
R. L. COE	<i>Treasurer</i>
F. S. CARR	<i>Historian</i>
J. H. POWELL	<i>Poet</i>

### ROLL

MISS ANNIE AYCOCK  
 L. M. AYCOCK  
 J. W. C. BELL  
 O. R. BELL  
 A. W. BRICE  
 A. M. BUCKNER  
 M. E. CARMICHAEL  
 F. S. CARR  
 G. B. CARRIGAN  
 N. C. CLARK  
 R. L. COE

J. F. CROMER  
 J. A. FLANNAGAN  
 H. R. FOSTER  
 C. A. HAIGLER  
 T. G. HALL  
 MISS MATTIE HOLLAND  
 P. B. JOHNSON  
 G. KENNEDY  
 P. H. MANN  
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D. M. McINTYRE  
 J. H. POWELL  
 T. C. PRYSE  
 R. G. REED  
 C. K. SCHWRAR  
 I. D. TERRELL  
 J. M. THOMPSON  
 E. S. WATSON  
 T. C. WINN  
 R. S. WOODSON

## History of Sophomore Class

THE Class of '16 is justly great in many respects. We came here in September, 1912, with the ability to do all things well. As an opening, the Y. M. C. A. kindly gave us a reception, better known as the rat reception, in which to make our debut. Several of our number made quite a "hit" with some of the fair sex.

We started out in our career under the leadership of J. H. Powell. He led us through many trials,—such as Fresh. Math., and taught us the value of being quiet when the Sophomores appeared. We were prominent in many activities—in the class room, in the literary societies, on the athletic field, and, in fact, in every department of college life. We showed our superiority on the athletic field by winning the class baseball championship of 1913. We beat the poor Sophomores, 5 to 4. Then we had to hold our "wigwag" for the benefit of our exterior portions.

After nine months of pleasure and work, we went home for a long-looked-for vacation of three months. We returned this year fewer in number, but stronger in determination. It was our misfortune to sign a pledge to do no "Rattin", which every member of our class has kept, although some of the green rats should have been "ripened". After arranging our courses, we elected R. S. Woodson as our guide. In the distance we behold our "Dips," for which we are striving and longing.

Our class is noted for its studiousness and college spirit. We have in our ranks the future Woodrow Wilsons. The future of America depends on the Class of '16.

HISTORIAN.

## The Freshman's Nightmare

Whitefaced, the Freshman woke at dawn,  
His wild eyes streaked with gore;  
He quivered like a stricken fawn,  
Deep wounded to the core;  
He gazed about from left to right  
With sudden choking breath,  
And then he ducked again in fright  
As from the grip of death.

"What's happened, Rat?" a Soph. near by  
Remarked upon his plight;  
"Have you discovered you must die  
Before another night?  
Have you been 'turned' while in your sleep,  
You rube of green serene?  
Or has some more accomplished guy  
Monopolized your queen?"

"Naw, worse'n that," poor Freshie moaned,  
And turned a lighter pale;  
And while he quivered there he groaned  
This terror-stricken tale:  
"While I was snoozin' and could fly  
To no protecting clime,  
I dreamt that I'd been doomed to be  
A SOPH. before my time."

SMITH, '14.

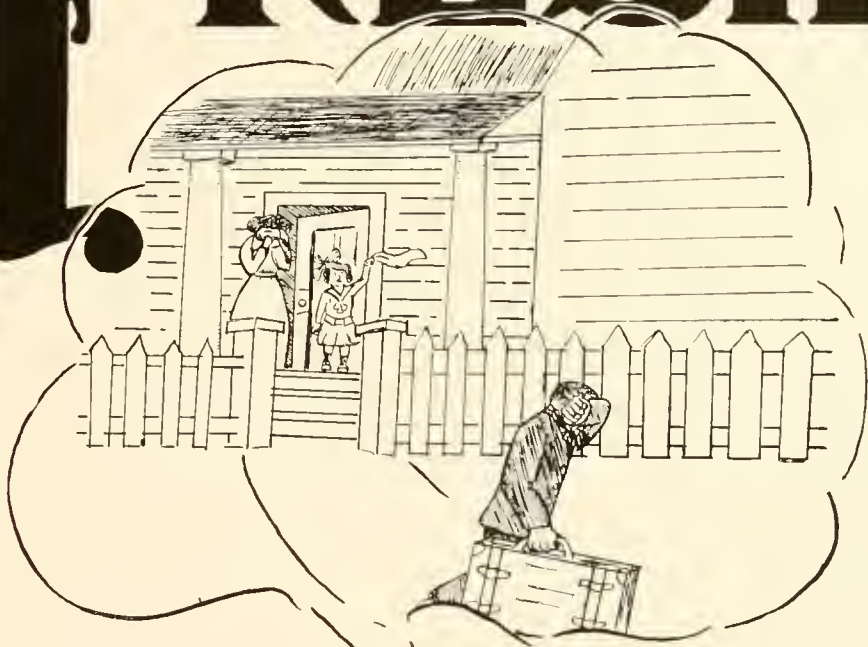


THORNWELL

SCENES



# FRESH



# 17



J. H. K. '14



FRESHMAN CLASS





MISS FINCH, *Sponsor*

## Freshman Class

### OFFICERS

C. H. BENNETT	<i>President</i>
C. B. OWINGS	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. H. PLOWDEN	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
W. E. DICK	<i>Poet</i>

### ROLL

W. H. AULL	G. R. COUSAR	S. A. LESSLIE	D. M. PLOWDEN
G. P. ASHE	R. F. COUSAR	J. H. LINTON	H. P. RAWLS
P. H. ASHE	R. B. CULP	R. T. LONG	W. R. RICHIE
C. B. AYCOCK	H. F. DICK	E. L. MCINNIS	A. B. SALLEY
J. M. BELK	MISS ALEEN HIPP	J. H. McNEIL	W. M. SCAIFE
C. H. BENNETT	W. E. DICK	M. F. MONTGOMERY	S. H. SHERER
M. G. BOULWARE	H. C. FLANNAGAN	H. K. NEELY	T. G. SLAUGHTER
H. M. BRIMM	J. H. FLANNAGAN	H. A. D. NEELY	A. J. SMITH
J. C. BURNS	J. H. FLOWERS	J. M. NICHOLS	W. E. SMITH
D. B. BURNS	H. L. FLOWERS	MISS ESSIE COPELAND	F. A. STULTZ
J. C. BYRD	A. R. FULLER	MISS ESSIE DAVIDSON	B. B. THOMPSON
G. D. CARMICHAEL	L. A. GOSSETT	MISS MYRTLE NORMAN	C. H. WHITE
D. G. CARMICHAEL	W. S. HAMITER	L. C. NORTON	J. H. WILLIAMS
W. N. CHANDLER	R. H. HATTON	J. C. OWENS	H. M. WILSON
T. CHANDLER	J. J. JONES	C. B. OWENS	W. H. YOUNGBLOOD
J. H. COLCHOUGH	J. T. KEY	H. H. PLOWDEN	

## Freshmen

ON that happy day in the fall of 1913, when the Presbyterian College threw open her shining portals and the Powers therein bade us enter into the joys of her fold, there sneaked in behind us a motley conglomeration of creatures known to us as "rats", and to the ladies in camp as "cute things". And, believe us, they were some obstreperous "animules". Indeed, the butter served in our refectory and the other delicacies on which we sin and have our pains were not fresher than they. And green! Verdant grasses! You could have bundled every particle of gray matter in the whole aggregation on the back of a flea and he could have galloped from here to California and back without raising a sweat.

After having pledged themselves to try to become civilized beings, they were taken in hand by their enlightened superiors and instructed in the ways intelligent people go. They were shown how, by bending over the back of a chair and grasping firmly the lowest rung, or by standing on the top of a table at psychological moments and thoroughly gargling the throat with a flow of oratory, they could breathe in an intellectual atmosphere without danger of catching cold. Then, after several dozen of them had been resuscitated by their watchful guardians from a watery death, brought on by their trying to drink water from the shower bath fixture, they were instructed in devious ways how to make tracks on dark nights the furthest possible distance apart and in the quickest possible time.

First, they were required to hide their verdant countenances 'neath a coat of black on a certain historic night, and to march in their benighted ignominy to every public "hang-out" in the city, and thus show to the wondering populace that all monkeys do not thrive best in jungles of other lands. When the multitude was convinced, and all the skeptics silenced, the animals in captivity were forthwith released from the tie that bound them and told to scatter. They scattered. A company of hen-pecked husbands at a militant suffragette meeting could not have eliminated themselves with greater alacrity than did these knights of the Styx. Some ran, several flew, others blew up and transferred their citizenship to other planets, and a few, who, failing to get a quick start had had all the distance eaten up from them by their fellows, precipitously stuck their heads into the bottom of a convenient ditch, where they remained with eyes that saw not and ears that heard not but with heels that did perform much wonders.

Next, to make sure that their training in this essential branch of activity was being properly assimilated, they were chased a few blocks on "rat" reception night, after they had undergone the stupendous ordeal of making their debut in society. And they did demonstrate in noble style the things we had taught them, and that all "rats" wear seven-league boots. Indeed, a Thomas cat with a baby rattler affixed to his rearward appendix could not have sought his hole with more diligence than did these wandering Willies.

But thanks to the general excellence of the environment in which they have learned to breathe, and to the refining influences that have been soaking into their personalities, they are beginning to approach that momentous transformation toward which their whole ambition moves (Fresh. to Soph.).

And after all, they are a necessary evil. All of us diamonds were doubtless stones in the rough in the early morn of our existence, and who can tell but that these same jaggy specimens may some day become "gems of purest ray serene" even as we, their predecessors have done. So cheer up, unfortunate brethren. Where you are to-day, we were yesterday, and another array of ignoramuses will be to-morrow. So the best for you is yet to be.

PARDON ME, MR. FIELD, BUT—

Poor little Fresh. is about to bust,  
As reluctantly he stoops;  
While the tyrant Soph. lays on his crust,  
With a strap that loops the loops.  
The time has been when Fresh. was new  
To experiences so rare;  
But that was the time when sonny grew  
'Neath his native skies so fair.

"Now, don't you come while I sleep," he said,  
"If you do, please make some noise!"  
So marching off to his brand-new bed,  
He dreamt of his childhood joys.  
And as he was dreaming, the Soph. came 'long  
And "turned" little Freshie blue,—  
Oh! the trials are many, the trials are long,  
But the oppressed "rat" pulls through.

Ay! faithful to his trust he stands,  
Suff'ring in the same old place,  
Abiding the touch of Time's fleet hands  
With a smile upon his face.  
And he wonders as waiting the long year through,  
O'er the back of that awful chair,  
What things to next year's Fresh. *he'll* do  
When he cops them and puts them there.

SMITH, '14.

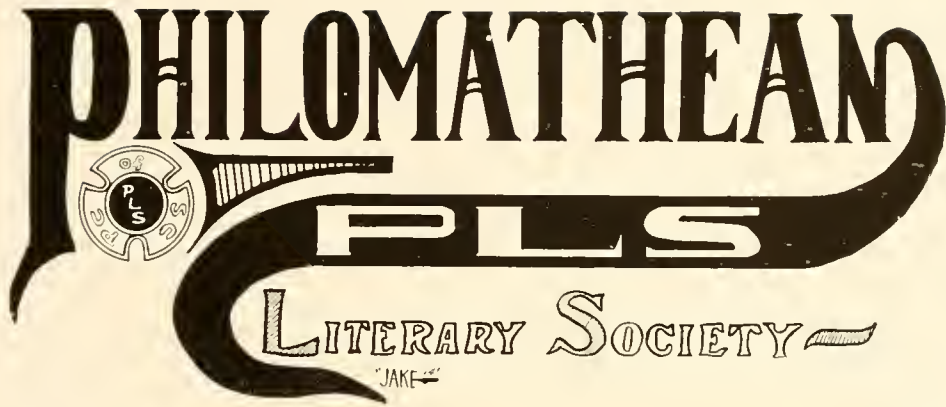


# LITERARY DEP'T.





PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



## Philomathean Literary Society

### OFFICERS

M. Q. PETTY . . . . .	<i>President</i>	M. E. CARMICHAEL . . . . .	<i>First Censor</i>
W. P. ANDERSON, JR . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	F. A. FICQUETTE . . . . .	<i>Second Censor</i>
O. M. NICKLES . . . . .	<i>Critic</i>	W. E. DAVIS . . . . .	<i>Chaplain</i>
R. S. WOODSON . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>	F. S. CARR . . . . .	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
J. F. WINTERS . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>	M. G. BOULWARE . . . . .	<i>Conductor</i>
W. E. DICK . . . . .			<i>Doorkeeper</i>

### ROLL

L. H. ADAMS	J. H. COLCHOUGH	J. P. JONES	D. M. PLOWDEN
W. G. ANDERSON	R. L. COE	A. L. KENNEDY	H. M. PLOWDEN
W. P. ANDERSON	G. R. COUSAR	G. L. KENNEDY	L. W. PERRIN
W. H. AULL	R. F. COUSAR	J. T. KEY	M. Q. PETTY
H. BALLENGER	J. T. COUSAR	J. S. LAND	J. H. POWELL
J. T. BALLENGER	W. E. DAVIS	J. H. LINTON	R. T. REED
M. G. BOULWARE	W. E. DICK	T. LONG	A. B. SALLEY
A. W. BRICE	F. A. FICQUETTE	P. MANN	R. B. SHANDS
A. M. BUCKNER	J. H. FLOWERS	R. C. MCCUTCHEON	L. M. SIMPSON
J. C. BURNS	W. L. FLOWERS	H. MCLUCAS	W. E. SMITH
D. B. BURNS	A. FLANNAGAN	E. P. MCLWAIN	W. S. SMITH
D. G. CARMICHAEL	H. FOSTER	E. L. MCINNIS	E. SMITH
G. D. CARMICHAEL	M. GRAHAM	J. H. MCNEIL	H. B. SMITH
M. E. CARMICHAEL	I. GRAHAM	J. A. NEELY	B. B. THOMPSON
E. W. CARRIGAN	C. A. HAIGLER	H. K. NEELY	J. M. THOMPSON
G. B. CARRIGAN	T. G. HALL	J. M. NICHOLS	O. E. WHITE
F. S. CARR	W. S. HAMITER	O. M. NICHOLS	C. H. WHITE
T. CHANDLER	B. L. HURSEY	L. NORTON	J. F. WINTERS
W. N. CHANDLER	P. B. JOHNSON	M. F. MONTGOMERY	M. E. WILDS
M. CHEATAM	R. T. JONES	C. B. OWINGS	R. S. WOODSON

## Philomathean Presidents



J. S. LAND

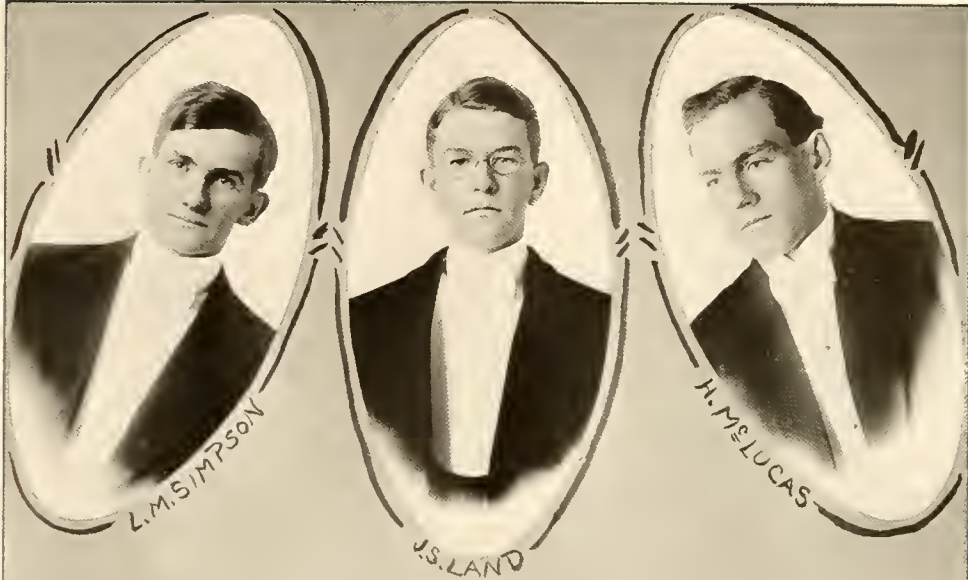


M. Q. PETTY



L. M. SIMPSON





PHILOMATHEAN ORATORS



## Philomathean Debaters



J. S. LAND



L. M. SIMPSON

## A Jury-Room Secret

IT was a hot, sultry afternoon, in the latter part of August. "All the air a solemn stillness held." There was not a single breeze stirring, not even the song of a bird relieved the awful monotony. The small courtyard of Johnstown was literally packed with people, some merely curious, others interested. Some were lying on the grass in the shade of the large oak trees, others in small groups were holding animated conversations, while all were hatless and coatless, and were fanning themselves and mopping the perspiration from their brows. There was an ominous calm in the very atmosphere. Each man was speculating within himself, or with his neighbor in awed tones as to what would be the verdict of the jury. Most anxiously did they await this verdict. However, no one of all the spectators guessed, or even suspected, the terrible struggle taking place within the jury-room. The case had been in the jury's hands for six hours, and still they were unable to reach a verdict. Of the twelve men enclosed in that small room, eleven men seated as near as possible to the open windows, destitute of coats, hats, ties and collars, and even shirts in some instances. These men were accustomed to toil in the open air, and the stuffiness of the small room was almost unbearable.

James Faulkner, the twelfth man, was nervously pacing back and forth like a caged tiger. On his face were written the doubt and uncertainty born of a man's struggle with his soul. Only his signature was now lacking to the verdict to doom young Tom Parre to the electric chair.

"Gentlemen, I can not sign that paper," he said at last.

"I don't see why," retorted one of the jurymen. "It's just as plain as the nose on your face that Tom killed the old man. Ef there ever wuz a plain case, this un is."

"I know it looks plain all right, but I can not make up my mind to sign the verdict. Circumstantial evidence is not true evidence every time, and I might send to his doom a fine young man just as innocent of this crime as you are."

"Well, do somethin'. Yer old woman is terrible sick, and while we're parlyin' here something might happen to her. Ef you are goin' to sign, get busy and do it now, and don't keep us waitin' all night long."

"Gentlemen, I am more anxious than anyone here present to be done with this affair and get away. My wife is lying at the point of death—oh, God! she may even be dead now. I should most certainly be at home with her now, it's a poor law that makes a man leave the bedside of his wife to serve on a jury. In spite of all this I *can not* sign that verdict."

"Aw shucks; I wish you'd do it, Jim, I'm getting mighty tired of this, and want to git hum and git some of Mirandy's eatables. Gee, how my mouth waters. I can taste 'em now. Here I have been fer three whole days in this messy court-house and aint had a good meal's vittles since I been here."

After this bit of conversation the men relapsed once more into the stolid silence, broken only by the ceaseless pacing back and forth of Faulkner. For two long hours the stillness within reigned supreme, broken only by a few shouts and imprecations of the crowd wearied with waiting. Then, there came a loud knock on the door of the jury-room. A telegram was thrust into the hands of the foreman when he cautiously opened it.

"Here, Faulkner, this is fer you," he said as he turned away from the door.

Faulkner took the telegram, and nervously tore it open. He read it, and re-read it several times—then for many minutes stood motionless, vacantly staring out of the open window. Once more he began pacing, but this time with a more determined tread. Finally he stopped and faced the jurymen; on his haggard and worn face the many furrows plowed there by his great mental struggle were effaced by a calm serenity, a divine-like expression. Cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his hands were tightly clenched at his sides.

"Gentlemen, I have a little story to tell you," he began. "Once upon a time, there was a tenant in this neighborhood, who owed his landlord a large amount of money for several years' rent of a farm. The landlord was a mean, rough, cruel, miserly man, who never lost an opportunity to grind beneath his heel those who were weaker than he was. He thought no more of robbing widows and orphans than of flicking the ashes from his cigar. He was aggressive and overbearing, cool, calculating, and utterly conscienceless. When drinking—and he drank much to hush the feeble voice of his lingering conscience—he was especially cruel.

"One night at the inn, under the influence of liquor, he insulted a young man and lashed him across the face with his riding-whip. Because of his respect for the old man's grey hairs, the young man did not strike him, but he *did* utter threats of vengeance. A few days after this incident, this tenant received an inheritance—."

"Sounds mightily like the case in hand," interrupted one of the jurymen.

"Please don't interrupt me, gentlemen, till I finish my story. The first thought of the tenant, after receiving the inheritance, was to pay his debt to the landlord. He drew from the bank the required amount and started to the home of the landlord. It was almost dark when he arrived at his destination. As soon as the landlord recognized him, he began to berate and revile him, not even giving him time to tell the cause of his visit. Soon he began not only to talk of his relatives in very uncomplimentary terms, but also with curses and vile names. Seeing that the tenant swallowed all these insults, he began finally to insult the name of his wife who was lying at the point of death. In speaking of her, he used such names as no man would dare use to another man in speaking of a lady, even though he hated her with all his heart. The tenant's blood boiled, he became blind with fury, mad with a desire to kill this brute. His eye chanced to fall upon a hunting-knife, glistening in the moonlight, on the ground only a few feet from where he stood. He seized the knife and with a single leap was beside the old man. With one deft plunge he drove it into his heart. Realizing at once the awful horror of the crime, he obeyed his instinctive desire to flee. That knife, my friends, belonged to the young

man who uttered the threats of vengeance in the inn a few nights previous. It had slipped unnoticed from his belt while he, returning from the hunt that morning, was passing near the old man's house. In the natural course of events, the young man was brought to trial for the crime. Would it be right to convict him on circumstantial evidence?"

"Just fits the present case egsactly, only, *Parre* killed the old man," said one of the jurymen. "Mighty quare story of yours, Faulkner."

"Gentlemen, what would you have done under the same circumstances?" said Faulkner.

"We'd ha' killed him too, we reckon," they said with common accord.

"That part's all O. K.," spoke up the foreman, "but finish yer story, Faulkner."

"There is little more to tell," said Faulkner. "Parre was the young man, and I am the tenant. Now that my dear wife is beyond all earthly woes and pain—the telegram said she died only a few hours ago—I have no fear and hesitancy in telling my story. Before, I did not have the courage to tell it, since I knew it would kill her to see me go to prison for murder. There, gentlemen, is my reason for not signing that verdict."

When he had finished the last words of his story there were tears of honest sympathy standing in the eyes of all his listeners. The foreman slowly approached the table and picked up the convicting verdict.

"Guess I'd best tear this thing up and make a new one," he said. "It's no good now." Very deliberately he tore the paper into bits and threw them into the wastebasket. With tears in his eyes he strode across the room and grasped Faulkner's hand, saying,—"Faulkner, you're an honest man. By yer story-tellin' you've saved an innocent man from a terrible punishment. H'm, I never did believe much in this circumstantial evidence business, anyway, and let me say, right here, right now, for once the secret of the jury-room won't escape from its walls. Am I right, boys? Are you with me?"

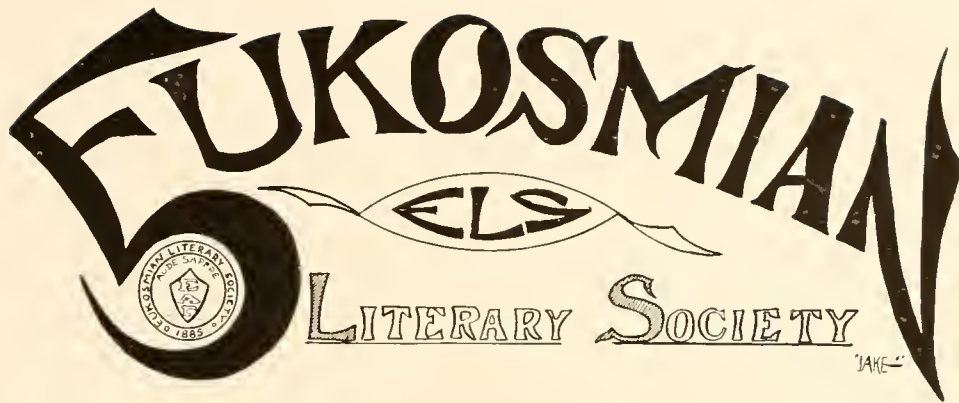
And to a man they said, "We are."

PRYSE.





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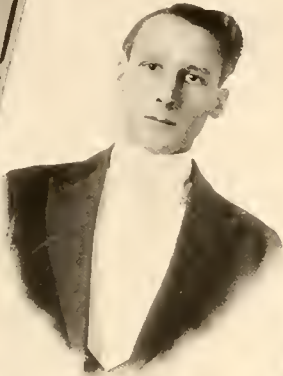


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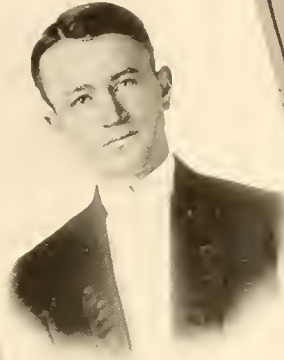


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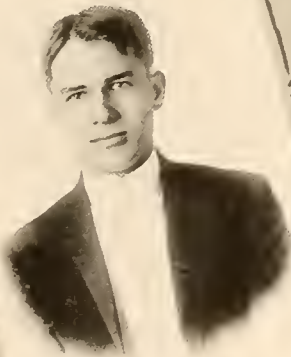
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J.F. JACOBS JR.



W.P. JACOBS JR.

## Eukosmian Debaters



H. D. SMITH



P. N. GRESHAM

### THE REVERIE OF A STARRY NIGHT

O could I soar with wings of infinite power  
Away from all the woe and pain and care  
Of this old earth, away I'd fly, away,  
Swift as the glancing beam of light I'd go  
To those bright orbs which all around us burn:  
To far-off Mars, or farther yet, until  
I'd come to blazing Jupiter, then still on  
To Saturn, Neptune wheeling fast through space,  
With years an hundred-fold as long as ours.  
Then on I'd soar beyond the narrow bounds  
Of our puny system. On yet on,  
To suns beyond the sight of human eye,  
To worlds unknown and ever and anon  
I'd meet a comet with its tail of fire,  
I'd see the Greater Bear, the Pleiades;  
Those seven weeping sisters and Orion,  
That mighty hunter. All of these I'd see  
And many more, yet on and on I'd go,  
Till to the very throne on which their Maker  
Sits, and with a marvelous well-laid plan  
Controls them all, I'd come and there at last  
I'd take my rest for all eternity.



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## The Y. M. C. A.

THE mission of the Y. M. C. A. is to build up the moral character of the student body. It seeks to impress upon every student that his body, soul, time, strength, reputation, influence, talents, education, money, health, all belong to his Maker and should be consecrated to Him in grateful service. It holds out a helping hand to those who are most susceptible to yielding to the many temptations peculiar to college life. Thus, the Y. M. C. A. tries to weave something akin to the fabric of Christian life and example into the heart of every student, to shield him against temptation, to pull him back from the brink of the pits of sin, to urge him onward in the path of duty. To every young man it holds out a beautiful, beneficent motto, nobler than any ever blazed on banners of silk in letters of gold, and borne before the greatest kings, namely, "To Me to Live is Christ, and to Die is Gain."

There is nothing grander than Y. M. C. A. work. We have seen the rays that gleamed from the headlight of a giant engine, as it rushed onward through the darkness, seemingly conscious of its majesty and power, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger, and we thought it was grand. We have seen the light come over the eastern hills in resplendent glory, driving the shades of night as a sea-born gale drives the mist, 'till leaf and tree and blade of grass glittered in the myriads of diamonds of the morning ray, and we thought it was grand. We have seen the light that leaped at midnight throughout the storm-swept sky, shining over chaotic clouds, amid howling winds, until clouds and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into mid-day splendor, and we know it was grand. But the grandest thing next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty throne is the coming together of young men to exercise their souls, to equip themselves as soldiers, ready to endure hardships for Jesus Christ. When we attend a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and listen to the spirited singing, the earnest supplications that ascend to the throne of Grace from the lips of our fellow-students, and listen to eloquent addresses of our mates, our souls are filled with ineffable joy and pride in this great movement, and we can well afford to say, "It is good to be here."

It is the endeavor of the Association to have a speaker of ability to address the meeting every Sunday afternoon. Just after the meeting, the Ministerial Band comes together to gird themselves with strength for a more efficient service. Every morning at 7:45 o'clock the Y. M. C. A. meets in the capacity of the Morning Watch. The Y. M. C. A. exerts a great influence through the Bible Classes. Here is the most successful part of its work. This is true for two reasons; first, it reaches more students; and then, it imparts a knowledge of the Bible, and of Missions, which has ever been a source of good work. The Y. M. C. A. of our college is steadily growing. And it is our earnest desire that every student may become a member of it.



MRS. FRANCES McCAW LIVINGSTON

(Grandma)

"She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone, or despise:  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace  
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

## “Its”

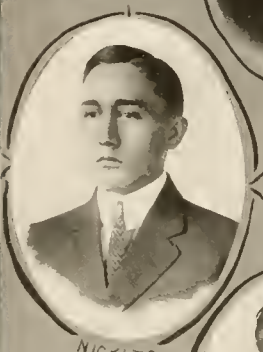
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Biggest Fool . . . . .	HICKLIN
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Biggest Dude . . . . .	BUCKNER
Biggest Nuisance . . . . .	JOHNSON, P. B.
Biggest Loafer . . . . .	CHANDLER, N.
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Strongest . . . . .	BROWN
Neatest . . . . .	BUCKNER
Cutest . . . . .	ASHE, "DUTCHIE"
Greenest . . . . .	NORTON



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Y.M.C.A. ED.



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ASS. BUS. MGR.



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ANDERSON  
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# COLLEGIAN



DAVIS  
ED. IN CHIEF



CARRIGAN  
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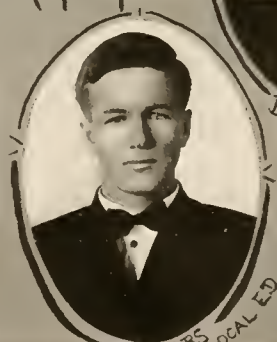
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### THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN

Carnations bloom and poppies flourish,  
Fair Clyties the garden walls adorn,  
And peeping forth for sunshine to nourish,  
Is the Rose without a thorn.

Oleanders gay, with foliage so green,  
Tall hollyhocks lately born,  
In beauty they wave, but no beauty is seen  
Like the Rose without a thorn.

Every bush a mass of flowers,  
Glorious hydrangeas greet the morn,  
While high above their grandeur towers,  
The lovely Rose without a thorn.

Dahlias red and pink and white,  
And daisies all across the lawn  
Are scattered wide, a charming sight,  
But not as the Rose without a thorn.

Sweet shrubs their delicious odors so rare  
With those of the delicate snap-dragon  
Mingle and cross, but can not compare,  
With those of the Rose without a thorn.

W. E. D.

## A Tragedy

THIS on a dreary night. Two villains are heard quarreling on their way down the dormitory hall. They quarrel louder, they fight. Hark! is it not a pistol shot I hear? A scream! One, Jake, falls dead into the room of one Norton. The crowd gathers. The light is turned on. Ah! what a bloody scene. 'Tis sickening. Said villain lies covered with his own blood, shot through the heart. They pick him up and lay him on the bed of one McInnis, who, terrified with fright, and without waiting for the bidding, flashes off in search of a doctor.

Who is the perpetrator of this crime? Who could be so base as to mar the pleasures of such a peaceful night? Some cry, "'Tis Norton;" but the accused one vows vociferously, "'Tis not I, my dear brethren. You are on the wrong track, for the guy who did the shootin' has gone from here. Fellows, I give you my right hand that I am innocent." While the villain lies gasping for his breath, cries are heard and shouts of "Lynch him! Lynch Norton! Send for the police! and kill him!"

Moans are heard, and one Carrigan and one Young grievously fall prostrate upon the body of their dying friend. "Raise him up. Give him more air," they moan. "Jake, the best friend we had in college. Speak to us, Jake, ere you depart. Tell us who killed you and we will annihilate him." Whereupon the said villain, gasping for breath, points his dying finger at fat Norton, crying in agony, "He did it. The fat one.—The fat one!" and then gave up the ghost.

Immediately came forth cries for pity and help and expostulations of innocence from the said Norton, pleading with the mob not to lynch him but to please wait for the police and give him a fair trial. Whereupon Doc. McQuarter, seeing Jake lying lifeless, became filled with anguish and rushing at young Norton, placed a rope around the conjunction of his head and body, meanwhile crying, "Lynch him! lynch him!" In view of the fact that Norton came from the vicinity of his own domains, aforesaid Ernest Carrigan placed his anatomy between the raging mob and the mobbed, and pleaded in young Norton's behalf.

Finally, however, the said Carrigan was overruled, and one Winters and the aforementioned McQuarter, followed by the raging mob, carried young Norton off to be lynched, as he pleaded his innocence, saying, "Fellows I'm as innocent as a babe. You needn't place the coil around my neck, for I will not depart from you." The lynching party went splendidly until one member of the said raging mob mentioned getting his gun. As soon as said expostulation was asserted, the accused one jumped unceremoniously down a whole flight of stairs and ran as does a hare when chased by a hound. When the blamed one departed hence and could not be overtaken by human effort, aforesaid villain who was killed arose from the dead and with great glee, enjoyed the joke as did all the mob of accusers.

In the meanwhile, as the crowd of deceivers were lifting their tunics and dancing for joy, the frightened one ran headlong through the doorway of the residence of the head of this institution, crying, "Oh, Doctor, help. Save a mobbed one. One Jake has been assassinated by the hand of a bloody tyrant, and the blame has been unwittingly cast upon this poor, innocent little creature which before you stands. Wilt thou not save me and thereby rectify this horrible catastrophe?" Thereupon said president in evening dress sought with diligence the vile dwelling place of the deceivers. Hereupon the joke ceased, as will the woeful tale of this awful catastrophe.

#### LIFE—

Life's a kind of combination,  
A fusion both of night and day;  
There are thorns upon the roses  
Which are scattered in our way.

No life's all sweet, no life all bitter;  
Each is mixed we know not how.  
Every path is strewn with roses,  
Though it cross the Mountain's brow.

What were life without a sorrow,  
Without its many breaks and jars,  
With no cloud to grace its sunset,  
With no night to show its stars?

So, when storm-clouds hover o'er you,  
Lose not courage nor complain;  
God has never yet forgotten  
To bring sunshine after rain.

POWELL, '16.

# And Thou Mayest Add Thereto

ORATION DELIVERED IN S. C. I. O. A. CONTEST, 1914.

*Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

THE paramount problem to-day, not only with the American people, but the international and world-wide problem, is the social problem of plain and simple justice—to give to every man upon this earth the fruits of his own toil. To solve by practical demonstration the great problem of increasing social power consistently with personal freedom—to increase the efficiency of the human agent by enlarging individual liberty—to triumph over not only the physical but the moral obstructions in the path of man's progress, and to adorn that path with all that is rare and useful in art, and highest in civilization, are the noblest achievements of which a nation is capable. It is in this sublime scheme of human endeavor that the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are incorporated to the fullest limit of their sacred worth. It is in this grand investment of social benevolence that man, the investor, shall not live by bread alone. It is in the materialization of this glorious plan that the loftiest aims of altruism find their attainment. It is in the practical solution of this great problem that the new freedom will cast off the swaddling clothes of infancy and put on the armor and dignity of matured strength.

There is being written a new, modernized story of the Pilgrim's Progress. The Pilgrim represents the toiler, the common citizen, who is the type of the millions of the American people who support this Government and make it what it is. There is to be no Slough of Despond or Delectable Mountains or Crystal River. The central, dominant idea in the unraveling of the plot is that the burden shall fall from the back of the Pilgrim, and his blunted and dwarfed nature may receive the quickening of a new revelation.

It is profitable for the college men of this generation to view in retrospect the last decade of our national history. We look into the great fields of American industry, with all their manifold activities of life, and we see the cherished institutions of our Republic being desecrated by the trained legions of monopoly; we see the precious principles of democracy being over-ridden by the corporation; we gaze with incredulous eyes at the slimy tentacles of "bossism" entwining about our government; we behold the great mass of a liberty-loving people being robbed of their independence while the oppressors thrive in unmolested freedom on the spoils. It seems that manhood and virtue are on the auction block; that vice is snapping its finger in the face of decency; that even the guardians of the law are allied with crime.

But, thank God, the finger of time even then was pointing to a change. The Almighty framed this universe upon a plan of benevolence, and in His gracious goodness ordained that out of our very blunders may come blessings; that our bitterest experiences may become stepping stones to better things.

The American people have taken up the cry "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen." They have become deeply and strangely interested in the affairs of their own Govern-

ment. They have chosen as their chief magistrate a man who holds up to them the ideals of a practical democracy, and who has volunteered to lead them into the light of a new freedom; a man whose name is a synonym for fidelity and devotion to duty, for perfect consecration to the public service; whose laborious and eventful life, whether in private conduct or domestic relation or official position, has ever shown the man "who comprehends his trust, and to the same keeps faithful with a singleness of aim."

Woodrow Wilson took up the cause of the people, and with a courage, a vision, and a statesmanship unsurpassed in the history of the race, he forced the institutions of American Democracy to face the dawn where promise breaks into fulfilment. In a marvelously brief time the machinery of our Government, readjusted by the hand of this master political mechanic, began a new whirl which gave forth a symphony keyed to the music of freedom. And to-day he is holding rigidly to his trust, realizing that representative democracy is on trial for its life, and dedicating the mightiest efforts of his transcendent genius to its salvation.

The president, in his first official message to the people of the nation, said, "This is a day, not of triumph, but of dedication." And in that statement he gave expression to the profound truth that nobility lies not in party spirit nor in mere patriotism, but in actual service. Proceeding further in his message, he said, "I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men to my side. God helping me I will not fail them if they will but counsel and sustain me." That was an appeal to the rank and file of democratic citizenship. It was an appeal to you and me, who, so soon, shall inherit the burdens and responsibilities of our nation. And what does it mean? It means that while the principles of democracy may be essential to the happiness and prosperity of man, if they are not upheld—like the hand of Moses on the battlefield—they can avail nothing.

To-day, so opulent, so auspicious, will soon be past. What of the future? What remains to be done? We know not what to-morrow has in store for us, but it behooves us, as trained college men, to greet its advent with a true sense of its profound significance, and with an unflinching purpose to keep well its mighty trusts. We should be prepared to overleap the bounds of past accomplishments, and to push onward into regions hitherto unexplored and dwell among yet undiscovered truths. The social and economic life of the American people is in a transitory period. Great, momentous changes have come and gone with startling abruptness during the past generation. And doubtless the rising generation will witness greater revolutions and more profound transformations than have ever occurred in any past age.

The time is coming when the divisions of society shall be more perfectly adjusted, with its laws, creeds and conventionalities reconstructed in closer conformity to the standards of purity and justice. The day is even now dawning when the standardization of human health and welfare shall extirpate vice and prostitution and crime. And may God speed that brighter, better day for which prophets have prayed, poets have sung, and the poor, long-suffering Pilgrim has yearned—that day when the aristocracy of idleness, already tottering upon its throne, shall become a fast diminishing shadow, and when work and worth shall go hand in hand.

Oh! college men, do we appreciate the countless opportunities awaiting us in these spheres of service? Do we appreciate the nature and extent of the demands about to be made upon us? Are we tuning our souls and nerving our hearts and consecrating our energies for the great business of life? Have we caught that spirit of patriotic, unconquerable valor which is the whole secret of achievement? If the college man is to fight a good fight in the broad arena of life, he must not waver in the face of disappointments, hardships, and apparent failure. The man who, in pursuit of some worthy purpose, has not held on until he could taste blood, who has not persisted until every breath became a gasp, has never tasted the real wine of life. As the upward struggle of the young sapling in the thicket produces the clear fibre and the tall timber, so in human life, struggle, toil, and dauntless effort are the atmosphere that develops the grand qualities of the race.

It may not be at the battle's front, amid the splendid pageantry and bloody carnage of war, that we are called to go. It is true that the stairway of human progress is nothing but an escalade of battles, and that peace has her victories no less renowned than war; that, while it may be a noble thing to die that honor might live, it is a grander and more practical thing to live so that honor shall not die. We shall be called upon to wage the silent conflicts of daily life, on the battlefields of liberty and righteousness and peace. And if we strive with honest efforts and valiant hearts in such a cause, we may be assured of this: that angel hands out of the Celestial skies will fan our wearied brows, and the blessings of the Prince of Peace shall thrill our souls!

Young men, let us heed the call that is sounding in our ears. Let us strive to emulate the virtues of our Southern statesmen, who, from Washington to Wilson, have left us a heritage too sacred to be shamed, too dear to be forgotten. We are builders. To-day we are laying the foundations of our future careers. To-morrow we shall be the architects of our Nation's fortunes. And

"Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show;  
We may our ends by our beginnings know."

May we build a career that will be a living testimonial of all that is purest and noblest in life, and that will guarantee to our country of to-morrow the all-sustaining, all-inspiring power of a worthy citizenship. May we contribute our full measure of time and effort towards lightening the burdens of our less fortunate brethren and thus play our part in the new story of the Pilgrim's progress. May we build a magnificent temple of liberty in which love and unity and happiness shall dwell forever, that our posterity may rise up and call us blessed, and that this Imperial Republic of ours may go on and on and on, throughout the annals of its shining career until it shall attain that approximately perfect day when no decoration shall be so exclusive, no dignity so exceptional, no privilege so precious, as citizenship in the United States of America! Oh! may we

"Build it well, whatever we do,  
Build it straight and strong and true,  
Build it high and clean and broad,  
Build it for the eye of God."

H. D. SMITH, '14.



## APRIL SHOWERS

Hearken to the patter  
Of the gentle April rain;  
As it falls upon the meadow,  
And on mountain, sea, and plain.

Come the gentle showers,  
Brought by zephyrs from the south,  
And they're calling forth the flowers,  
For they've slept now long enough.

Flowers hear the tapping,  
And they gladly raise their heads,  
Smiling at the gentle rapping  
That now calls them from their beds.

Trees that are so naked  
Can not longer stand as dead,  
But have new life injected,  
And by rain drops they are fed.

Nature all rejoices,  
For new garb she now has on,  
Now she hears the happy voices,—  
Children's prattle, birds' sweet song.

Whence this wondrous power  
Making life spring everywhere?  
Surely not the April shower  
Can alone make earth so fair.

Power is Almighty  
That so great changes bring,  
Making lands so sightly,  
Causing praise to ring.

G. L. D.

# Entrapped

## PART I.

“**W**HAT a splendid job for the summer. Say, old pal, we are in for a great time and some profit too, aren't we?”

“Yes,” was the thoughtful answer, “But they say, Harold, that Cupid lurks in every corner of that college campus, and, with all of those lovely teachers flitting here and there like sunny butterflies, and the little love-god as their ally, our unfettered existence stands in jeopardy and I almost prefer the wilds of Africa to married life.”

“Humph!” was the contemptuous reply, “Would you let the filmy net of woman's charm frighten you away like that? Why man, we have seen women before, and, I dare say, that you, in your college career, have sunned yourself in the warmth of a woman's smiles many times before—even as I have done. And I am quite sure that there is no danger of our being completely ensnared and captured by the first onslaught of feminine wiles. No moaning for me and no scare—just a jolly good time.”

“All right then, I feel sure that the majority of those five hundred teachers will be silly, flippant high-school girls and none of them will suit my fancy. So here is to our undisturbed happiness and single life;” raising a glass of pure water. “But beware! Oh, beware; In the spring time a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—you know,” laughed the elder of the boys.

“Yes, but it is July and as hot as blue blazes,” flashed back the younger boy.

## PART II.

“Miss Williams? Oh yes, the little girl who used to add postscripts to Julia's letters while they were at college together. To think that I would meet her here! Yes, I am ready, introduce me to her at once.”

“Julia, meet my friend, Mr. Boyd. My cousin, Miss Williams, Mr. Boyd.

The girls had paused in their reading and turned toward the two men as they approached, noting the tall, dignified bearing of the one and the fun-loving face of the other. As the girl addressed heard the name, her cheeks flushed and the brown eyes wavered as they tried to meet those of the man presented. An answering gleam shot from his eyes, but his lips only voiced his pleasure at the introduction.

Regaining her composure, Miss Williams turned to her companion and said, “Alicia, meet my cousin, Mr. McKinnon and Mr. Boyd—my friend, Miss Seawright.”

Soon the two couples were strolling through the lovely grounds or among the happy, chattering groups of men and women. To the surprise of the two men, the whole scene was one of simple grandeur and earnestness, totally devoid of the wanton carelessness and flippancy that they had expected to find at a gathering of summer-school teachers. Happy, silvery ripples of laughter were heard among the younger groups and thoughtful

yet sunny smiles from the older ones lent dignity to the innocent fun and spoke peace and contentment to all.

It was the sunset hour, when the day's work was over and appetites satisfied, and every one of that large body of teachers and students sought the balmy out-of-doors to revel in the glorious sunset among the hills, and to catch the evening breeze stealing up from the east. The scene was one of perfect loveliness and when the moon rose to shed its bewitching light over the already magic picture, a deep and thoughtful silence fell upon the strollers that went to and fro, across the velvety campus.

That night in their rooms two men faced each other rather guiltily. Mr. McKinnon was the first to speak: "Do you think that we are going to have a jolly good time, Harold?"

"Why sure! that's what I came for and I think that we are going to have a deucedly happy time," was the characteristic reply.

And they did. The days sped swiftly by. The dewy mornings brought bright-eyed girls from their search for nature's secrets on the large campus, to savory breakfast tables; the noon hours brought tired but happy faces, the evenings revealed the dreamy, brooding and romantic nature of the students, and the approach of the end of the summer school made the many hearts there gathered realize to what depths of earnestness or lightness they had committed themselves.

Soon the long halls were hushed to the tramp of the hurrying feet, the doors were closed, the summer school was over but not ended.

### PART III.

In her own little home, a lovely brown-eyed girl is watching the sun sink to rest among the western hills even as she had done one evening six weeks before on the campus at Winthrop College, but now she holds a letter in her hands and a beautiful light shines from the depths of her eyes as she reads again the precious missive:

"Dear Little Princess:

"May I call you thus? For of all that throng of queenly girls at the summer school, you stand out pre-eminently. First at Winthrop, first in my dreams, first in my heart always.

"I did not dream to what I was going when I reached Rock Hill. Never dreamed that I was going to meet the girl that would have it in her power to either make me the happiest man in the world or to make me the most miserable being that ever trod God's green earth. I was glad as soon as I met you, and you knew it too, now didn't you? That gladness has expanded and grown until it completely fills my life and I am satisfied. If you are willing that I come and plead my cause, write me, Little Princess, and I shall hope that to me will be given the dearest, truest and best of gifts—yourself. May I come?"

"HAROLD."

And a week later, this letter wended its way into a would-be bachelor's apartment.

"Dear George:

"Drink to the success of the summer school and to the health of all its attendants, but more especially two persons who were there and to Cupid who pierced their hearts with his love-tipped arrows.

"George, no man on earth, however confirmed an old bachelor he may be, can safely take his heart into the portals of Winthrop College during the summer school. It seems to me that all the flitting creatures in the world could not do the work of that student body in general and a little brown-eyed girl in particular, so here is confessing that I am tired of a bachelor's life and I am going to be married in June to the——. Words are inadequate to name her qualifications, George, but you know her. Congratulate me. I made a fortune last summer.

As ever,

"HAROLD."

The reply:

"My dear old pal:

"I am getting on fine, am leaving to-day for Miss Seawright's home. The joke is on us. The sweet-toned Miss Parrott is going to be maid of honor. I congratulate you also.

"GEORGE."



## Splashes, Smashes, and Dashes

"Come on, fellows, the lights are out over at the 'White House' dormitory, and I can lead you into the room of that Senior over there who has been continually annoying you with his boasts that he has never been 'turned'. You know he is the only fellow in his class that hasn't been 'turned', and though he is one of my classmates, I want to see him 'get his' before he leaves here. We'll put a stop to his boasting to-night."

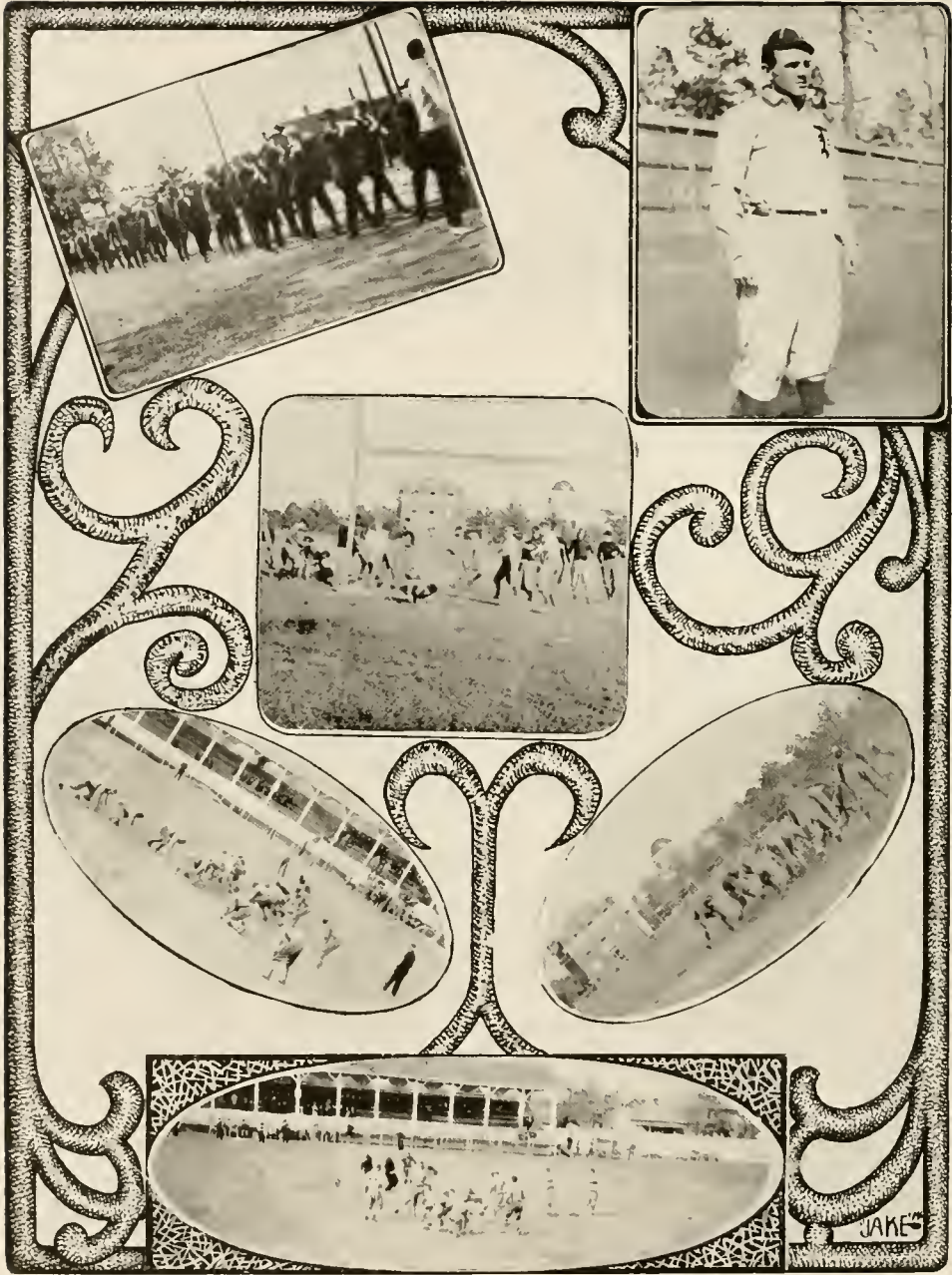
The speaker was a Senior, a member of the class of '11, and the boys to whom he was speaking were Freshmen—some of the raw material of our class of '14. They were adventuresome, bold, and daring "rats", and were ready enough to go out under the leadership of this Senior on such a thrilling adventure of "bedlifting".

So off they hustled to the "White House", so-called by the boys who were using it—the President's residence—as a dormitory. P. C. was without a president that year. Those "rats" had unbounded confidence in their leader, and closely they followed him into the inmost confines of that stronghold to the bedchamber of that boastful Senior. They stealthily entered, and finding everything quiet, thought they had him at last. They advanced cautiously to his bedside, where they supposed he was peacefully sleeping. He was theirs at last. They were just ready to "lift him to the ceiling." But alas, the treachery of some college boys! Their leader had betrayed them. The awful fact dawned upon them. Buckets of cold water shot from every corner of the room upon them, and mingled with this torrent of water were shoes, fire-tongs, etc. They were dismayed, dumbfounded, panic-stricken, and fled in utter confusion out into the hallway only to meet at every jump, full in their faces, buckets of cold water. What could it all mean? Had the fountains of the great deep broken forth anew, and had another flood suddenly come over the earth? Verily, for them there was a flood. Every boy in that dormitory had provided himself with two buckets of water. Some had lined themselves up on the sides of the hall, down which the invaders must escape, and some were stationed at the head of the staircase.

Could they be so heartless as to throw all that water on those betrayed "rats," you ask? Indeed, that is just what they did. Sheets of water met the poor rats full in their faces or fell on their heads as they plunged down that hallway and staircase. But even that was not the end of the freshet. After the ascent of the invaders, two of the boys had placed a bath-tub full of water at the foot of the staircase. Through this the "rats" plunged, and as they darted out of the door they were given a parting volley by the boys who had manipulated the bath-tub stunt.

Reader, did you ever see a drowned rat? Aren't they about the wettest things you could conceive of? Those "rats" were not exactly drowned, but when they got back to their rooms, after a sprint that exceeded the speed limit allowed on public highways, they concluded to adopt for the future, in regard to trusting a Senior in such matters, this motto: "Never Again."

G. L. D., '14.



JAKE'S

## The Greater Problem

HE drew a deep breath of relief. To him the cool air of the night was pleasant, for as he leaned against the prison wall, he was indulging himself in the first free breath that he had enjoyed for three long years. Three years! How long ago it seemed since the massive gates of this gloomy prison had swung open and then closed again with a smooth, silent force that brought to his mind the awful fact that never again would they swing open for him.

As they closed he had thought of the world he was leaving. His thoughts were bitter; for did not everyone in that cold world believe him to be guilty? Everyone—No! for there was one outside who had believed with the whole heart when he professed his innocence.

Now that his memory had leaped back over that long span of time, he recalled more calmly the thoughts that once had agitated him so profoundly. For days he had been haunted by the injustice of it all. He thought of it by day and his dreams were dominated by a statue of justice that smiled at him with a smile of decision, almost of hatred.

But during those three years his fierce, burning thoughts had undergone a change. "If I had been on that jury," he reasoned, "and some other poor devil had been on trial I would have brought in the same verdict. How else could they have decided, when all that mass of circumstantial evidence pointed but one way?"

Thus his mind became quieter, and he turned his attention to planning an escape. Justice, in the opinion of the world demanded that he should spend the rest of his life behind those bars; but to himself who knew that he was no murderer, the demand of justice seemed to be his freedom. When he had determined to escape, he went about it deliberately, for he had learned a lesson from those dark, unyielding gates; slowly and unobtrusively he gained privileges by his conduct, and made friends both inside and outside the prison.

Now he was repaid for all his patient and unremitting preparation. He looked at the dark sky over his head and thanked it for its very blackness; for had it not hidden him from those who believed him to be sleeping safely in his narrow cell? He glanced along the wall to make sure that no chance observer was there, and then made straight for a tall tree which was outlined dimly against the sky. He stumbled over the roots of the tree, caught himself, and then felt in the hollow of the gnarled old chestnut. Pieces of rotten wood fell down and made a rattling noise, but that did not deter him. He drew out a package, and as he felt it he knew that one helper had obeyed orders. Prison stripes were exchanged for the everyday clothes of a working man, and he was soon walking quietly toward the city, whose lights were dimly glowing against the clouded sky.

As he entered the city, his progress became slower. He knew his way, for had he not spent whole weeks in his lonely cell, in fixing every one of these streets in his mind?

But each street must be recognized by those keen eyes which saw everything, without attracting attention to themselves.

As he turned another corner, he found himself in a place about which his mind had centered for many an hour. His quick, sure glance took in every object in a moment. Only a few figures were to be seen on the streets, which met here. He stopped under the dull glare of the street light. To the east lay the better portion of the city; to the west lay the factories; and beyond them, or even intermingled with them, were the homes and dens of criminals and outcasts.

The man stood with his head bowed for a moment, then lifted it slowly and irresolutely and gazed toward the east. "That is where I belong," he muttered; "but they have driven me out from everything for which I cared. Three years of life are gone, and the rest of it must be spent down there." He glanced down the street which seemed to grow narrower as it penetrated farther into that densely crowded district of badly built houses and grimy factories, that district which was to shape the future course of his life.

"If this terrible banishment had never come upon me," he resumed, "life would be very different now. Instead of being out in this cold street, I should now have a pleasant home." With this he threw back his head and took a few steps up the better paved street, for it was not far to the dwelling of her who was to have been the light of the home which they had planned together. But his steps were slow and undecided, and he soon retraced them, and passed down the street which led the other way.

"Not yet," he said, as he came under the light. "I must wait, for there is more work to be done before notice is given that a prisoner has escaped."

Three months later, a man stood under that same light. Three years before, he had known the life of that part of the city which lay to the east. He had been familiar with its pleasures and its easy luxury, but now he had learned also the life that lay on the other side, the life of the murderer, the outcast and the criminal.

During the first few weeks, he had been forced to be constantly on his guard, for his escape had caused the turmoil that he had expected. But three years of planning how to keep out of the clutches of the law, had not been in vain, and the secrets imparted to him by noted criminals had not been forgotten. Now he considered that his problem was solved. Slow, steady watchfulness and a definite plan for each danger had helped him through many perils, until now his pursuers had given up.

His problem was solved. Then why did he step back into the darkness of that doorway as he saw the figure of a woman approaching, along the almost forsaken street? This was not the first time he had seen her surrounded by a crowd of ragged, unkempt children, as she came from among those dark, dingy houses. Before, the children had laughed and played about her, but now they were very quiet and trooped along in mournful silence. "I know," he said, "some little chap down there has passed from the misery of that life, and she has been there to make the end a little easier; that is why she is so late to-night."



As the silent little band drew nearer the light, he eagerly scanned the face of its leader. It bore traces of sorrow wrought by such tragedies as she had just witnessed; but the observer knew that the tragic lives of the little band around her would be far sadder than the life which their playfellow had endured before the innocent days of childhood were gone. The woman knew enough about those children to make her shudder at the lives they were then living, but the man who had penetrated deeper, knew more of the barren and almost joyless condition of their present life, and the hopelessness of that which was to come. The woman knew of the dark, unpleasant surroundings; but the man, knew that their chances of being honest and upright were almost worthless.

This man and this woman were both interested in the same problem. They had both been trying to decide what course they would follow. The woman had decided. With her, the heart should rule and though she knew the hardness of the life she must live, her mind was made up to follow the rugged path, at whatever cost. For the man, this had not been so easy; for on him had fallen the task of deciding the course of his own life and that of the woman who passed before him. His mind worked in feverish haste, as he watched her being conducted to her own beautiful home by that band of ragged children.

Various thoughts flashed through his mind. "She will come with me, if I but speak the word. She would leave one world to come to another; she would leave a world where everything is pleasant to come to a place where even a child's life has little of pleasure in it. Can I ask this of her? But I need her; she could help me to endure my lot. That won't do; for if this lot is almost unendurable for me, what would it be for her? But she would wish to come. That must not be considered, for she doesn't know the life as I do. With her help, I could soon become respectable again, and no one would ever suspect me of having been a convict. I must not get off there; for the law is apt to lay its hand on me at any time. Oh, but I can't give up."

As he said this, he started up the street reeling like a drunken man. The woman had passed on out of the light into the darkness beyond. The man leaned against the post with head bowed.

How long he stayed there he did not know. The sharp-eyed policeman passing along on his beat tapped him gently on the shoulder and as he looked up gave that order which was to be his future watchword. "Move on," he said, and the man with bowed head moved slowly down that street which seemed to go on and on into unending darkness. Through the dull fabric of his thoughts, flitted visions of far-off lands where men contend in battle and life is held as of little worth.

L. M. S., '14.

## CONFUSION

The sunflower rose in the kindling east  
And the day broke all to smash,  
And the star fish faded before the dawn,  
Where the waves of the see-saw dash.

I saw the butter fly through the air  
And the plank walk across the lawn,  
And I knew the dog wood soon be there  
When the horn snake blew for the dawn.

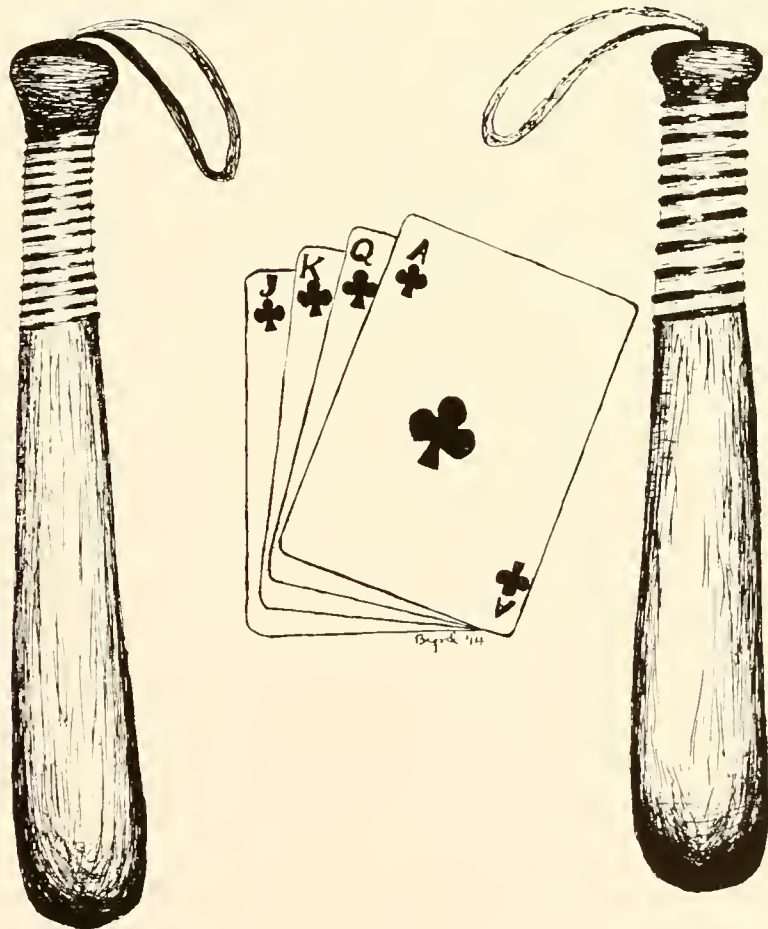
The cat bird's kittens were whining low  
Where the stair steps on the floor,  
And the window sash was tied in a bow  
Round the waist of a bell on the door.

I saw the chimney sweep through the hall  
And the broom stick its nose straight up,  
I heard the corn stalk around the house,  
And the dog fennel whine for its pup.

So I sat with a stove pipe in my mouth,  
On a toad stool close by the fire,  
And smoked till the night fell heels over head,  
And—this tale has a punctured tire!

—SELECTED.

CLUBS





## The Orchestra

G. H. CARTLEDGE (Director)	Pianist
H. D. SMITH (Manager)	Cornet
W. P. JACOBS, JR.	Violoncello
J. A. NEELY	Violin
HYDER NEELY	Clarinet
HENRY BRIMM	Piccolo
H. A. D. NEELY	Trombone
HUGH McLUCAS	Bass Violin
J. C. BYRD	Drums





## The Quartette

HUGH McLUCAS	First Tenor
C. H. CARTLEDGE (Director)	Second Tenor
W. P. JACCS, JR.	First Bass
H. D. SMITH (Manager)	Second Bass

# GLEE CLUB





## The Jolly Serenaders

H. D. SMITH . . . . .	<i>Supreme Cornetist</i>
W. P. JACOBS, JR. . . . .	<i>Trombone Slidist</i>
HENRY BRIMM . . . . .	<i>Manipulator of the Piccolo</i>
H. A. D. NEELY . . . . .	<i>Red Cornetist</i>
H. K. NEELY . . . . .	<i>Clarionetist</i>
J. A. NEELY . . . . .	<i>Black Cornetist</i>
J. C. BYRD . . . . .	<i>Trap Drums</i>
HUGH MCLUCAS . . . . .	<i>Beater of the Bass Drum</i>



## York County Club

MOTTO: "We Get There"

### OFFICERS

J. S. LAND	President
H. E. HICKLIN	Vice-President
E. S. WATSON	Secretary and Treasurer

### MEMBERS

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G. P. ASHE	J. S. LAND	O. C. PLANICO	F. A. STULTZ
P. H. ASHE	S. A. LESSLIE	P. H. RAWLS	D. D. THOMAS
J. M. BELK	W. W. MOORE, JR.	C. K. SCHWRAR,	E. S. WATSON
H. C. FLANNAGAN	H. A. D. NEELY	S. W. SHERER	H. J. WILLIAMS
J. A. FLANNAGAN	H. K. NEELY	T. G. SLAUGHTER	W. H. YOUNGBLOOD
R. G. HANEY	J. A. NEELY	A. J. SMITH	
	PROF. J. B. KENNEDY, Ph.D.,	<i>Honorary Member</i>	



## Darlington County Club

### OFFICERS

H. M. BYRD	.....	<i>President</i>
J. F. WINTERS	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
G. B. CARRIGAN	.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

H. M. BYRD	W. L. FLOWERS	J. H. LINTON
E. W. CARRIGAN	L. H. FLOWERS	J. F. WINTERS
G. B. CARRIGAN		H. B. SMITH







"RATS"



## Georgia Club

### OFFICERS

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 A. H. MILLER ..... *Vice-President*  
 F. S. CARR ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

W. S. BEAN  
 J. C. BURNS  
 B. D. BURNS

G. H. CARTLEDGE  
 F. S. CARR  
 G. L. DAVIS

R. S. WOODSON  
 I. D. TERRELL  
 A. H. MILLER



"ROOTERS"



## Oconee County Club

### OFFICERS

J. T. BALLENGER	.....	<i>President</i>
R. T. JONES	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. P. ANDERSON, JR.	.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

W. P. ANDERSON, JR.  
H BALLENGER

J. T. BALLENGER  
R. L. COE  
H. FOSTER

T. G. HALL  
R. T. JONES



COACH-BOOE



BELL



BROWN



H. FLOWERS



JACOBS



BALLENGER



MILLER



NICHOLS



ANDERSON



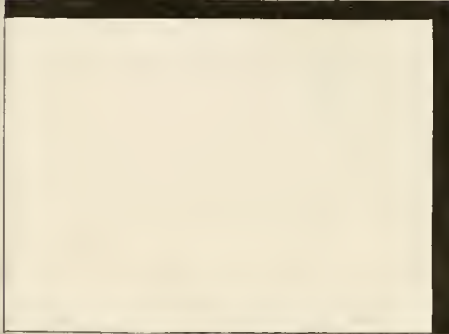
L. FLOWERS



WOODSON



HICKLIN



# WEARERS OF THE P FOOT BALL

J.W.C. BELL — B.T. BROWN  
H.E. HICKLIN — W.P. JACOBS JR.  
A.H. MILLER — R.S. WOODSON

# TRACK

W.P. ANDERSON JR. — O.M. NICHOLS

# BASE BALL

W. L. FLOWERS — J. H. FLOWERS  
J. T. BALLENGER

COACH E. L. BOOE HONORARY MEMBER





COACH BOOE

Coach E. L. Booe, a graduate of Davidson College, came to us with an excellent record. While at Davidson he proved to be one of the best athletes that that institution ever turned out. In football he was one of the best in the South, being an excellent broken field runner and punter. He left Davidson to join the Portsmouth team in the Virginia League, and from there was transferred to the Petersburg team of the same League. After playing there a year and a half, he was drafted by Pittsburgh in the National League and went from there to Wheeling in the Central League. From Wheeling he went to Springfield in the I. I. I. League. He ended up the season with St. Paul in the American Association and was near the top of the League in batting and fielding. While with Pittsburgh, Coach Booe led the league in fielding, playing with the percentage of 1000 in thirty games. He holds the world's record in going from home base to first. From St. Paul he was secured to coach the baseball, football, track and basket-ball team at the Presbyterian College. He is now the property of the Indianapolis team in the Federal League, and great things are expected of him in that League this coming season. He has easily shown his worth as a coach, as an athlete, and as a perfect gentleman. The Presbyterian College was extremely fortunate in securing his services and the best wishes of the entire institution go out to him in his career in the coming season.



## Athletic Review

**A**THLETICS form a part of our college in which every man should take an interest and, if possible, an active part. Athletics make muscle, nerve, and an all-round physical man, which is so essential to proper development of the mind. The Presbyterian College of South Carolina, though having a comparatively small student body, puts out good athletic teams to compete with the other colleges. There is nothing that brings boys into closer relationship than this phase of intercollegiate activity.

We have had athletic games in abundance throughout the entire year. Football was introduced into the athletic department and a team organized to represent the Garnet and Blue for the first time. Under the direction and tutorship of Coach Booe, a very creditable team was rounded up in spite of the fact that serious difficulties had to be faced and overcome. Greater things in football are expected and being planned for by the friends and authorities of the college.

In tennis, our team, as usual made a most creditable showing at the state intercollegiate tournament held in Columbia. Both Adams and Reed won their way into the semi-finals.

The track team this year was more or less of a disappointment, considering the splendid showing that has always been made by our teams of past years. The Garnet and Blue track team held the championship on the track among the state denominational colleges for two consecutive years, and it is hoped that the college will re-establish her prowess in this branch of athletics in the near future.

The showing made in basket-ball was a source of great satisfaction and pride to the students and the friends of the institution. Basket-ball was only recently established at the Presbyterian College, and considering this fact the record made is much better than naturally might have been expected.

Baseball is, and has always been, the principal athletic sport at the Presbyterian College. Our team has not won the championship in several years, but its prowess is known and feared throughout the State every season. Coach Booe selected and started the team going at the beginning of the season, and just before the opening game he was relieved by player Vandagriff, of the Indianapolis Federal league club, who has made good with a vim. Coach Vandagriff has coached several of the leading college teams of the country, and has played with numerous professional clubs. He is eminently qualified for the position he now holds, and it is hoped and expected that he will be with us again next year.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

# FOOT BALL



## OFFICERS

W. P. JACOBS, JR. . . . . *Manager*  
 D. D. THOMAS . . . . . *Captain*  
 E. L. BCOE . . . . . *Coach*

## TEAM

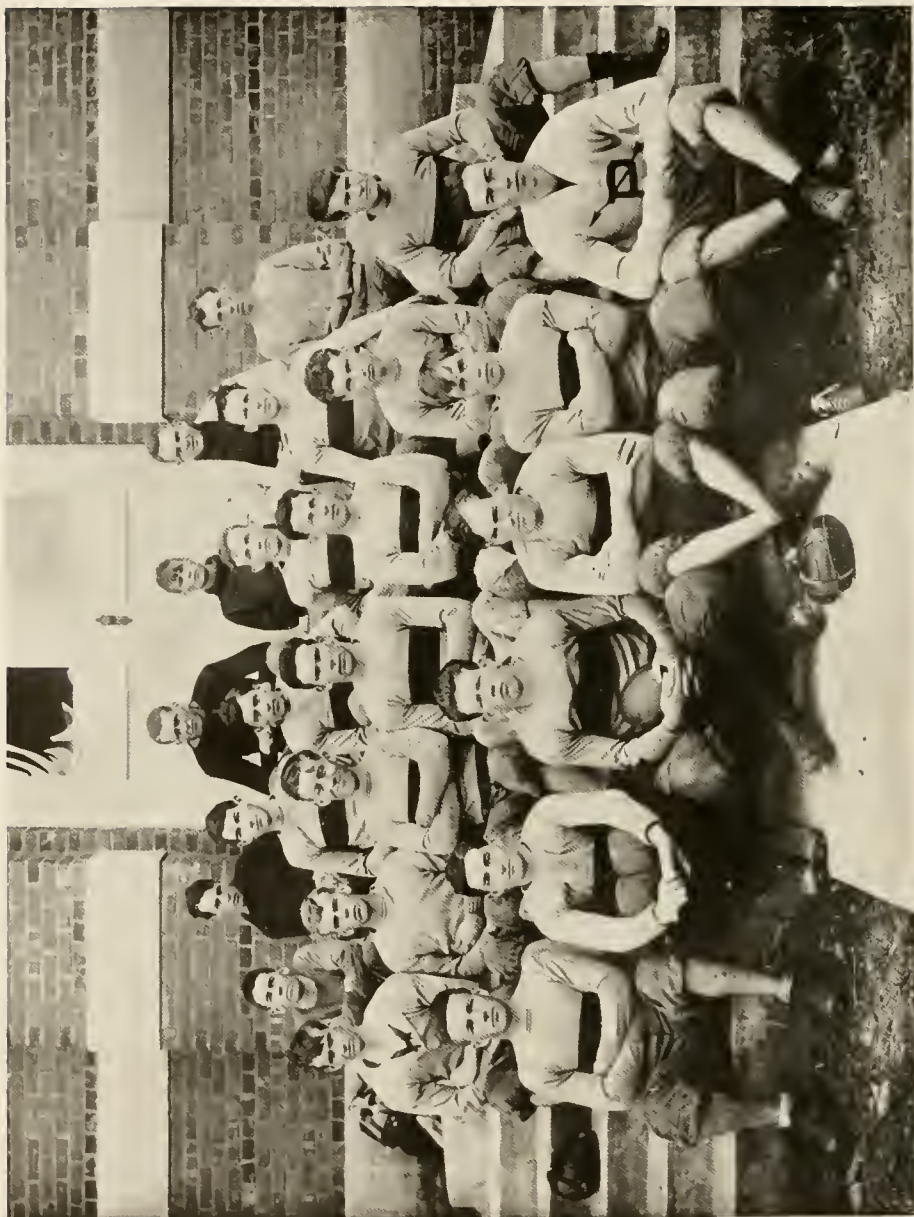
J. H. LINTON . . . . . *Center*  
 J. M. THOMPSON . . . . . *Right Guard*  
 L. NORTON . . . . . *Left Guard*  
 J. W. C. BELL . . . . . *Right Tackle*  
 H. E. HICKLIN . . . . . *Left Tackle*  
 D. G. CARMICHAEL . . . . . *Right End*  
 STEPHENSON . . . . . *Left End*  
 W. P. JACOBS . . . . . *Quarter Back*  
 A. H. MILLER . . . . . *Left Half*  
 J. M. BELK . . . . . *Right Half*  
 D. D. THOMAS . . . . . *Full Back*

## SUBS

P. H. ASHE  
 G. D. CARMICHAEL  
 J. F. JACOBS  
 A. W. BRICE



MISS SHOCKLEY, Sponsor



FOOTBALL SQUAD



THOMPSON - L.G.

LINTON - CENTER

HORTON - R.G.

BELL - L.H.

WILCOBS - Q.B. - MGR.

MACK - L.H.

CARMICHAEL - L.H.

THOMAS - F.C. - CAPT.

COACH - BOOE

STEPHENSON

BEAR MICHAEL - SUB.

JACOBSON - SUB.

MILLER - L.H.

BEAR - R.H.

BRICE - SUB.

ASHE - SUB.

MAK

## COURTSHIP OF A SON OF A SWAT.

They were seated in the parlor and the lights were burning dim  
He was a diamond hero—she, a fan quite fair and trim.  
But they knew not, as he opened up the game of murmuring “love”,  
That father was the umpire on the stairway just above.

“I like your form”—he led off first—“with me you’ve made a hit—  
You’ve got the curves—you’ve got the speed, and you are looking fit—  
Now, if with you, my turtle dove, I make a hit likewise,  
Won’t you improve my single state and make a sacrifice?”

“I’ll never play too far off base,” he whispered in her ear—  
“My salary whip has got the stuff to put ‘em over, dear;  
Just give the signal for a ‘steal’ and I’ll no longer roam,  
And when I slide into the plate, please call me safe at home”.

“I’ve got to have the dope complete,” the maiden softly sighed;  
“Show me your batting average in Mr. Bradstreet’s guide;  
It takes a lot of speed these days, with cunning and intrigue,  
To win a battle now and then within the Grocer’s League.”

“But give me errorless support”—his heart here took a bound—  
“And let me live in big league style, and I may come around;  
Unwarp the tangle from the dope, and you can cop the bet,  
We’ll play a double-header pal, on any date you set.”

He began at once to warming up, and with a happy sigh  
He whipped one fast around her neck—the other was waist high.  
But here the umpire butted in. She said, “Oh! father, please  
Don’t call him out; he’s showing me just how they work the squeeze.”

The old man gave an irate snort and said, “I’ll help the fun  
By showing him another play that’s called the ‘hit and run’.”  
He swung like Baker at his best—a soul-inspiring clout—  
The Son of Swat slid down the steps, the umpire yelled, “you’re out.”

# BASE BALL





BASEBALL TEAM, 1913



# Baseball Squad 1913

## OFFICERS

W. P. JACOBS, JR. . . . . *Manager*  
S. L. LEAMAN . . . . . *Captain*  
E. E. DOAK . . . . . *Coach*

## TEAM

S. L. LEAMAN . . . . . *Shortstop*  
O. E. WHITE . . . . . *Second Base*  
C. H. GARRISON . . . . . *First Base*  
J. S. SIMPSON . . . . . *Left Field*  
W. L. FLOWERS . . . . . *Left Field*  
O. C. PLAXICO . . . . . *Center Field*  
F. A. FULLER . . . . . *Right Field*  
J. T. BALLENGER . . . . . *Third Base*  
W. G. ANDERSON . . . . . *Pitcher*  
J. H. FLOWERS . . . . . *Pitcher*  
L. W. PERRIN . . . . . *Pitcher*  
J. F. JACOBS . . . . . *Catcher*  
R. C. MCCUTCHEON . . . . . *Catcher*



MISS ROBERTSON, *Sponsor*

## Baseball Squad 1914

MISS ROBERTSON, *Sponsor*

### OFFICERS

W. P. JACOBS, JR.	<i>Manager</i>
J. BALLENGER	<i>Captain</i>
C. W. VANDARGIFT	<i>Coach</i>
EDWIN MARTIN	<i>Mascot</i>

### TEAM

A. W. BRICE	<i>Catcher</i>
W. G. ANDERSON	<i>Pitcher</i>
J. H. FLOWERS	<i>Pitcher</i>
T. G. SLAUGHTER	<i>Pitcher</i>
A. H. MILLER	<i>First Base</i>
W. L. FLOWERS	<i>Second Base</i>
P. B. JOHNSON	<i>Shortstop</i>
J. T. BALLENGER	<i>Third Base</i>
A. M. BUCKNER	<i>Left Field</i>
G. P. ASHE	<i>Center Field</i>
W. E. SMITH	<i>Right Field</i>
R. S. WOODSON	<i>Utility</i>

# BASKET BALL



## Basket-Ball Team

### OFFICERS

A. H. MILLER . . . . .	Manager
R. S. WOODSON . . . . .	Captain
E. L. BOCE . . . . .	Coach

### TEAM

A. H. MILLER . . . . .	Center
W. P. JACOBS, JR. . . . .	Right Forward
R. S. WOODSON . . . . .	Left Forward
C. H. BENNETT . . . . .	Right Guard
W. E. DICK . . . . .	Left Guard

### SUBS.

J. M. THOMPSON . . . . .	J. P. JONES
--------------------------	-------------



Miss ASBURY, Sponsor



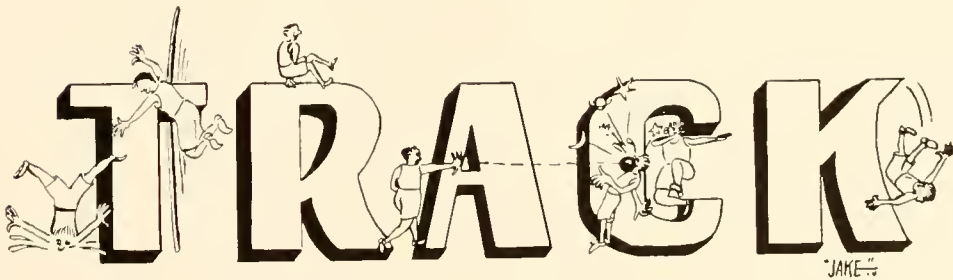
## Basket-Ball Score '13-'14

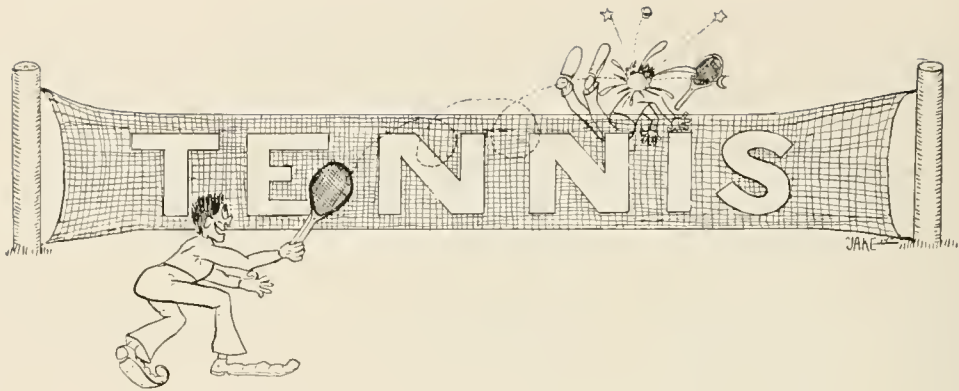
P. C.....19	Newberry.....21
P. C..... 9	Furman.....36
P. C.....10	B. M. I..... 7
P. C.....10	Erskine.....38
P. C.....10	Newberry.....51



## Track Team 1913

O. M. NICHOLS	.....	Manager
W. P. ANDERSON	.....	Captain
ARTHUR N. YOUNG	.....	Coach



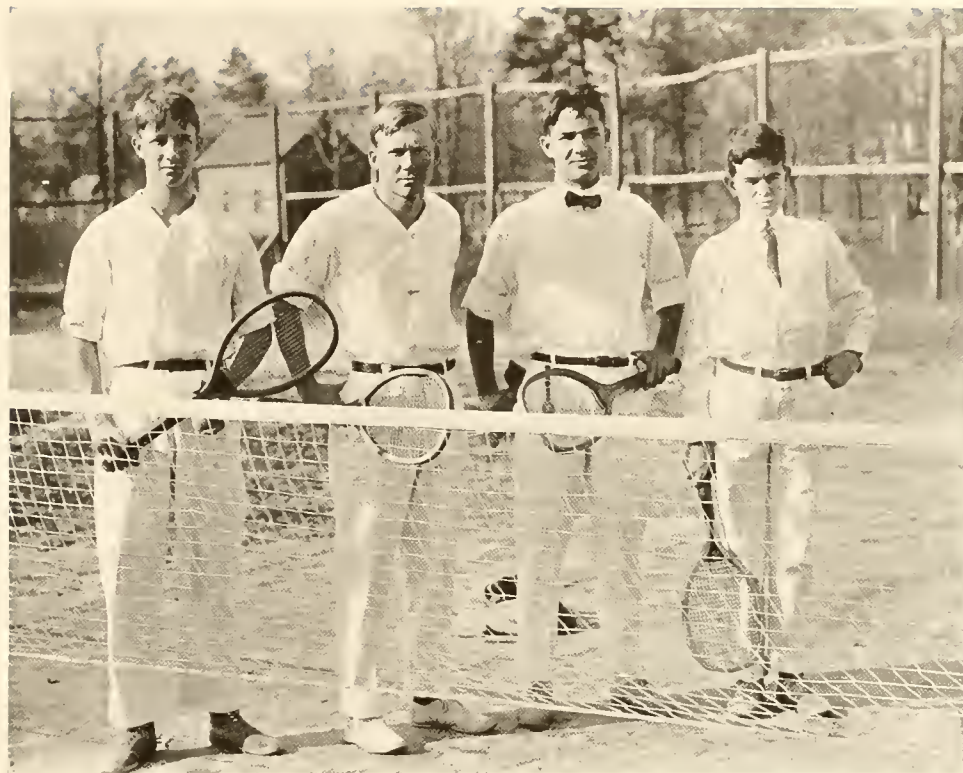


## Tennis Team

L. H. ADAMS	.....	Captain
J. F. JACOBS, JR.	.....	Manager
G. P. ASHE		R. G. REED



Miss OWENS, Sponsor



## Scores of Presbyterian College Team at State Inter-Collegiate Tournament, Columbia, S. C.

### SINGLES

Reed (P. C.) defeated Galloway (Erskine), 8-6; 6-4.  
Shell (Wofford) defeated Jacobs (P. C.), 6-3; 6-2.  
Adams (P. C.) defeated Ashe (P. C.), 4-6; 6-4; 6-2.  
Reed (P. C.) defeated Thornton (Clemson), 6-4; 6-2.  
Adams (P. C.) defeated Spencer (Erskine), 6-4; 6-2.  
Erwin (Clemson) defeated Reed (P. C.), 6-4; 3-6; 6-3.

### SEMI-FINALS

Brooks (Carolina) defeated Adams (P. C.), 4-6; 6-4; 6-2.

### DOUBLES

Brooks and Crawford (Carolina), defeated Adams and Ashe (P. C.),  
9-7, 6-4.  
Erwin and Thornton (Clemson), defeated Jacobs and Reed (P. C.),  
11-9; 6-1.

### THE GIRL OF THE GAME

She has the "curves"—she has the "speed,"  
She also has "control" to dangle;  
If it should please she'll try the "squeeze",  
Provided it's the proper angle.

She likes a "fast one round the waist",  
A "salary whip" that's trained and steady,  
A "home-run guy" whose batting eye  
Is "on the plate" when meals are ready.

"The diamond?" Yes, it goes with her,  
A "good catch" finds her mitts extended;  
But through the fight this "bleacherite"  
Calls for a "tie game" when it's ended.

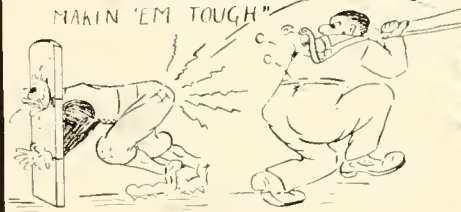


# BUILDING A P.C. FOOT BALL PLAYER

"MAKIN 'EM SPEEDY"



"MAKIN 'EM TOUGH"



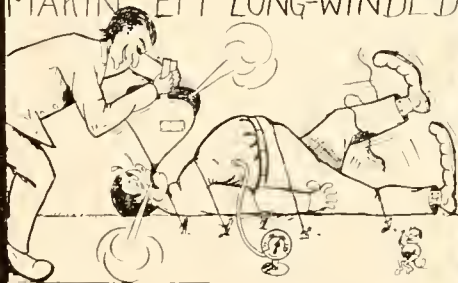
"MAKIN 'EM FIERY"



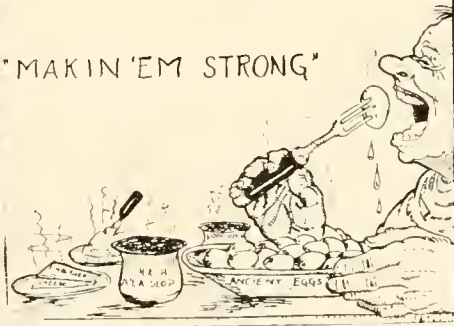
"MAKIN 'EM ALERT"



"MAKIN 'EM LONG-WINDED"



"MAKIN 'EM STRONG"



"JAKE"



REV. FREDERICK GILES, D.B., P.P., M.L.D.D.

*"Lud"*

An old negro who comprehends his humble mission and keeps well his simple trusts. His sterling Christian character, and his faithful devotion to the "boys", have endeared this old darkey to all of us. He welcomed us when we entered college. He will mourn over our departure. And as we go out from the walls of our Alma Mater, where this old janitor has plied his broom and hummed his quaint old songs so many years, may we not forget him who does what little he can to make the world a better place in which to live.

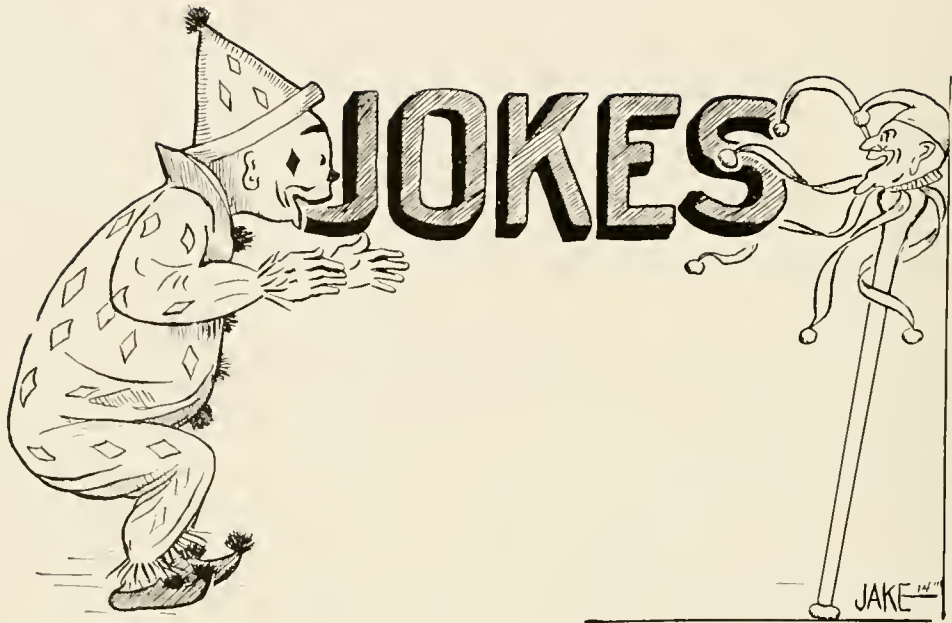
## Calendar

- SEPTEMBER 17—Professional flunkers mice, rats, students, and a few things not easily classified, arrive and stumble over the scene, to fall victims of circumstances.
- SEPTEMBER 18—College formally opens, after all the host of ignoramuses had signed away their medium of exchange to the Lord High Bursar, and had suffered the humiliation of the third degree (matriculation).
- SEPTEMBER 19—Several rats are converted at Chapel. Others show signs of starting a stampede when the piano begins to play.
- SEPTEMBER 20—Rat Norton innocently becomes guilty of murder, and when would-be lynchers get on his trail, he gives a momentary exhibition of trash moving across the moon-lit campus in his night-shirt.
- SEPTEMBER 21—New men initiated into Sunday School.
- SEPTEMBER 22—Rat reception. New men butt into society, and after the social festivities are over, they sprout wings and fly.
- SEPTEMBER 25—Football practice begins.
- SEPTEMBER 27—Freshman masquerade. McInnes smokes a five-cent cigar and goes crazy.
- SEPTEMBER 28—Y. M. C. A. holds first active service.
- OCTOBER 1—Dick Cousar and Leslie try to matriculate at Thornwell Orphanage, but are repulsed with great discomfiture.
- OCTOBER 3—Alcohol being consumed in great quantities—to heal bruises of football aspirants, and to quench thirst of a few undesirable characters who are eventually carried away by the bull of excommunication.
- OCTOBER 9—Terrell has his trousers pressed and gets a shave. Much comment and excitement.
- OCTOBER 15—First P. C. football game. B. M. I. beaten 21-0. General jubilee.
- OCTOBER 27—Rawls eats 21 biscuits for dinner, and the cooks strike for higher wages.
- OCTOBER 29—P. C.-Newberry football game at State fair. Nuff ced.
- NOVEMBER 7—P. C.-Newberry football game at Newberry. No remarks.
- NOVEMBER 8—Faculty cuts up considerably over class cuttings. "Spenc" suggests an increase in salary for excuse committee.
- NOVEMBER 13—McIntyre caught flirting with Orphanage girl during prayer services and made pop a cap.
- NOVEMBER 17—P. C. eleven beats B. M. I. bunch 21 -0. Hicklin shows off his new seven-league boots after the game.
- NOVEMBER 19—McLucas and Buckner sing duet under window of their bonnie belles at the Home of Peace, and are severely cleansed with a deluge of hot water. Girls thought was a cat fight.

- NOVEMBER 21—P. C.-Furman football game at Greenville. Tough luck.
- NOVEMBER 25—Hicklin says grace in the mess hall and all hands faint.
- NOVEMBER 27—P. C.-Charleston football game at Charleston. WE WON, 12-7.  
Norton, Rawls, Gresham, and the Burns Bros. play the Dickens at dinner, demonstrating in noble style that there is infinite space in a little room—for turkey. Smith goes to Chester and gracefully sacrifices three nights sleep. Everybody seems to have thankful spirit except the cooks.
- DECEMBER 5—P. C.-Furman basket-ball game at Greenville. \* \* \* \*!
- DECEMBER 12—Memorable “bohner’s” night. Seniors revise Tennyson’s works, while “Woody” reposes in infinite bliss.
- DECEMBER 13—Examinations begin. Peace ends. Chaos and confusion reign supreme.
- DECEMBER 20—’Board for home. A perfectly satisfactory occasion.
- JANUARY 2—College re-opens, and the mischief is to pay. Much swearing over the poor, helpless, innocent things we have to eat.
- JANUARY 5—Greater P. C. Association organized.
- JANUARY 12—Preliminary orator’s contest for Rock Hill.
- JANUARY 14—P. C.-Newberry basket-ball game at Newberry. If——!
- JANUARY 14—Fire in Laurens hall. Originated from a blaze, and went up in smoke. “Doug” danced a tango in his excitement, and “Woody” excused senior English class. “Mac” and Wm. Anderson transferred all their earthly possessions to terra firma in just three minutes. It took them a whole day to re-instate their belongings and regain their senses.
- JANUARY 30—P. C.-B. M. I. basket-ball game at Greenwood. Our bacon, 10-7.
- JANUARY 31—P. C.-Erskine basket-ball game at Due West. Good-night.
- FEBRUARY 3—P. C.-Newberry basket-ball game at Clinton. We had ’em out-classed a mile, but the bloomin’ referee was crooked and we lost, 19-21.
- FEBRUARY 5—Wearers of “P” announced.
- FEBRUARY 14—Geo. Kennedy makes a motion in Society—the first move he was ever known to make voluntarily.
- FEBRUARY 11—Douglas goes North; discipline goes South.
- FEBRUARY 20—Chicora Glee Club concert. Chicora reception. Chicora smiles. Chicora wiles. Chicora everything, everywhere, everyday.
- FEBRUARY 23—Annual inter-Society debate. McLucas presides and has a fit of eloquence just before delivering the trophy cup.
- FEBRUARY 26—Dr. and Mrs. Douglas entertain the student body. Petty falls in love. Prof. Martin wears a dress suit and doesn’t smoke but six cigarettes during the evening. Land learns how to play the Victrola and breaks all records. “Stick” Davis gets stuck in the mud while trying to keep “Her” on dry land.
- MARCH 2—Land “lies.” “Byrd” flies to vindicate him. “Plumer” picks “Byrd” with a “Shell” which goes “Ping”, and then they all get “Ernest”.
- MARCH 7—Second term examinations begin. The flunkers show great form.

- MARCH 20—"Doug" contracts with the mumps to become a swell guy. Some swell times, believe us.
- MARCH 23—P. C.-B. M. I. baseball game at Clinton. Nothing to it but us.
- MARCH 25—Hursey and Smith visit the Orphanage museum and scare the stuffin' out of all the animal specimens.
- MARCH 26—McIlwaine has a thought—and forgets it.
- MARCH 27—P. C.-Citadel baseball game at Charleston. US, of course, 4-2.
- MARCH 28—Citadel baseball game at Charleston. Let the past be forgotten.
- MARCH 30—Bennett cracks a real joke, but loses the crack. Davis finds the crack but can't see the joke. Help! Senior Class entertained by Mrs. A. V. Martin. Much swell doings and smart sayings and cute capers. Prof. Martin tells jokes and is immensely tickled over the applause occasioned thereby. Several of the fair sex get stuck, but it is their fault. The knockout punch was served at the psychological moment, but it wasn't spiked so the temperate Seniors bore it manfully.
- MARCH 31—McLucas loses his appetite, and the high cost of living suffers a severe shock.
- APRIL 1—All Fool's day celebrated in honor of the Faculty. Hicklin at his best. Annual goes to press. Smith goes to bed and tries to emulate the great stunt of Rip Van Winkle. Simpson smiles. Petty goes to picture show. Land becomes rich and produces coin enough to set Staff up to peanuts. And the half has never yet been told.





Petty had just been made assistant professor of Chemistry, but he appreciated fully the respect due his rank.

"Adams", he said sternly, "I'll have nothing out of you but silence—and mighty blamed little of that".

"They say its electricity," said Norton, as he gazed wonderingly at the incandescent street lamp; "but I'll be hanged if I kin see how they make the hair-pin burn in the bottle."

"And now, Mr. Nichols," said the president, "will you tell the Faculty whether the Sophomores have been in the habit of hazing you with impunity?"

"With what, doctor?"

"With impunity."

"They have, sir, now and then; but it is mostly with a strap."

Buckner and McIntyre agreed to settle their dispute by a fight and it was understood that whoever wanted to quit would say "enough". Buckner got "Mac" down and was making him see stars ordinarily invisible to the naked eye, when "Mac" began to sputter "enough! enough!" As Buckner paid no attention, but kept on hammering his opponent, Schwrar said, "Why don't you let him up? Don't you hear him say he has enough?" "I do," says "Buck", but he's such a liar you can't believe him".

Dr. Nelson, speaking to King of the excellence of a telescope, said:

"Yes, and do you see that small speck in Professor Martin's garden? That is my pig, though it can hardly be seen; but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so close that I can plainly hear him grunt".

McLucas to Byrd: "What kind of cake was that we had for dinner to-day, old fellow?"

Byrd: "Pound cake, you dunce".

Mac: "Pound cake, was it? Gannies! By the way it felt all the afternoon I thought it was a ton".

Norton and McInnes had ducked under the bedclothes trying to find refuge from the mosquitoes. Norton, sticking his head out to get a whiff of fresh air, saw a lightning-bug in the room and said to his companion:

"Mac, its no use—here's one of the bloomin' critters huntin' us with a lantern."

Dr. N.—"Mr. Lucas, what can you give me as a definition for a spinal column?"

McLucas—"It is a wavy line, doctor. My head sits on one end and I sit on the other."

Prof. W.—"Some adjectives are derived from nouns, such as dangerous, full of danger, and hazardous, full of hazard. Can any one give another example?"

Rat Bennett (promptly)—"Yes, sir. Pios, full of pie."

Perplexed Student—"If they call the people from Poland, Poles, why don't they call those from Holland, Holes?"

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze;

The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked;

Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees:—

What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?—*Ex.*

"Andy" (to a bow-legged student)—"Say, you look as though you had been riding a barrell".

Student (jabbing his finger into "Andy's" stomach)—"And you look as though you had swallowed one."

Land, (in Senior Logic)—"Dr. Brim, doesn't a cat have nine tails?"

"Mr. Land, you astonish me. Why do you ask such a question?"

"But, Doctor, you'll admit that one cat has one tail, won't you?"

"Yes, if it hasn't been cut off."

"Well, no cat has eight tails, has it?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Land."

"Then, sir, if no cat has eight tails and one cat has one tail more than no cat, doesn't *that* cat have nine tails?"

"The class will take the 23rd chapter for the next assignment."

Smith (eloquently debating in Society in behalf of the immigrant)—“Honorable judges, I would like to ask my opponents one thing: Who dug the canals of the country but foreigners? Who built the railroads of the country but foreigners? Who works the mines of the country but foreigners? Who are our ancestors but foreigners? And (loudly) who discovered the country but foreigners?”

If a burglar gets into the cellar will the coal chute? No, the kindling wood.

Prof. Woodworth in trying to impress upon his class the use of the hyphen in the compound word “bird-cage”, noticed “Shorty” Long dozing in his seat. True to his custom, he immediately asked “Shorty” a question.

Now, MR. LONG, why do we put the hyphen in ‘bird-cage’?”

“Shorty” (yawning and rubbing his eyes)—“Er-r-r- for the bird to sit on, Professor.”

Watson—“Did you take a bath this afternoon?”

Rat Wilson—“No, sir. Is there one missing?”

McIlwaine—“Wow! I’ve run a piece of wood under my finger nail.”

Brice—“You must have been scratching your head.”

Gresham in company with two Chicora girls entered an ice-cream parlor. Being asked by the clerk what flavor they would like, one lady said lemon, and the other strawberry. Gresham said: “You all can have lemons and strawberries if you like, but I want ice-cream.”

Freshman to Terrell—“Do you know McIntyre.”

Terrell—“Certainly, I know him.”

Fresh—“Well, can a fellow believe what he says?”

Terrell—“I’ll tell you this much, sonny. When he tells you the truth you can believe every word he says, but when he lies to you, you’d better have mighty little confidence in him.”

“Yes, but no—that may be true, but it is not so.”

“When I was at Johns Hopkins University,” etc., etc.

“H’m, do you \* \* \* \*catch the drift, Mister-r-r McLucas?”

Rat Linton, having gone out in his night-gown on a bitter cold night to stop the howling of a dog beneath his window, was found by his room mate, almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. “Great stars!” What are you doing, Lint?”

“Aw! beat it,” said the shivering Freshie, “don’t you see I’m trying to freeze the beast?”

Powell, for some mysterious reason was in the Thornwell museum late one afternoon, when the door opened and the aged Dr. ——, president of the institution, entered



to look at some new specimens that had lately arrived. Powell was standing rigidly in a dim corner of the room, hoping and trusting that he would not be observed. The venerable doctor approached him, and, after scrutinizing him very closely through his spectacles, poked him gently with his cane about the middle portion of his anatomy, and remarked aloud: "A wonderful animal! A truly *marvelous* animal! And such a perfect, well-stuffed specimen. What wonderful beasts are to be found in the jungles of Africa!" But that was the last time the doctor ever saw his precious specimen.

#### A SENIOR POEM

If "Simp" is a wise guy,  
And "Petty" isn't low;  
If "Ping" declines to eat,  
And "Brown" is white as snow;  
If "Plumer" catches "Byrd"  
And makes his feathers fly;  
If the members don't get "Ernest"  
When sparkling "Brooks" get dry;  
If "Land" is on the boom  
And "Shell" won't break the news,  
Then "King" will order "Smith"  
To "Stick" 'em full of screws.

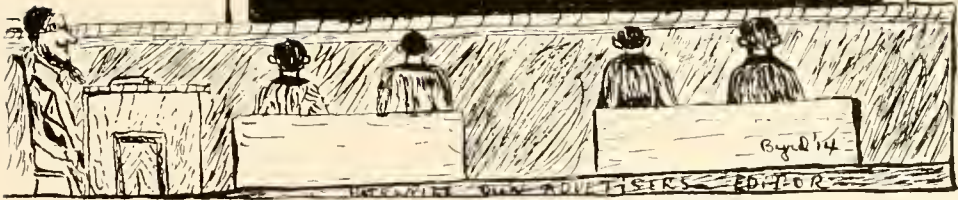
—*Screwsticker.*

THE END

*Passed By*  
*the*  
National Board  
*of*  
Censorship

1935

Adds

$$\begin{array}{r} 1910 \\ 4 \\ \hline 1914 \end{array}$$


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*The South Carolina*

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2. *We never misrepresent goods.*
3. *We emphasize quality and not "Cut Prices."*
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*Clinton, South Carolina*

**What Do**

**P. S. JEANS**

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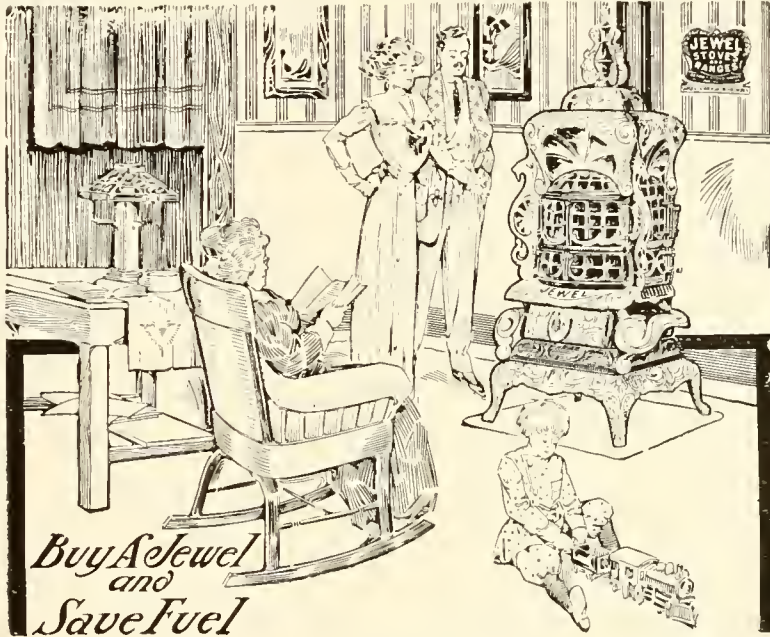
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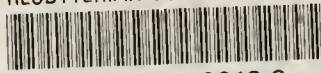
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