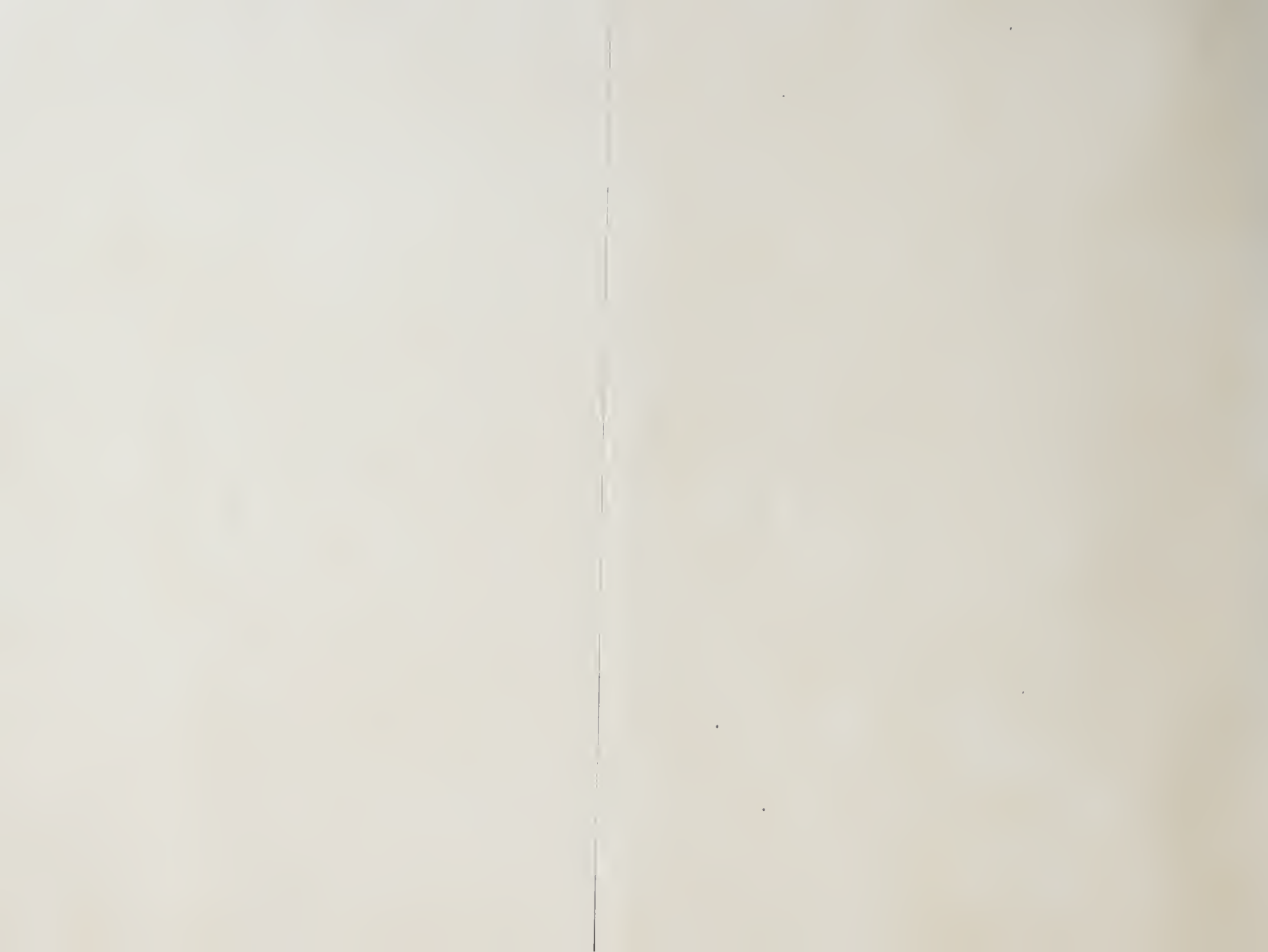


COLLEGE

HOLLIES

WISDOM





Margaret Butler -  
C. F. W.



*College Follies' Wisdom*



## *AN EXCUSE FOR BEING*

**T**HERE'S a deal of delightful philosophy in always wishing for the obtainable. One needs must be something of a philosopher in order to persuade himself that the thing he can have is altogether desirable, and the thing he cannot have is scarcely worth-while.

Now an Annual being among the forbidden fruits and not a product of the Palmetto tree, we have wisely desired a Year Book. So The Palmetto has branched out anew, and you, gentle reader, behold the result.

We offer it to you not as a make-shift Annual, not as an illustrated Palmetto, but as a record of the joys and sorrows, the work and fun of the class of 1914.—*Just College Follies' Wisdom.*





*DEDICATION*



*To her who has ever showed us the things  
worth while, our Patron Saint,  
MISS MILROY*



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PALMETTO STAFF.

## The Lure of the Land of Tomorrow



“WHAT does it all mean, poet?” What, indeed, does it mean—this long, winding Path of Life, stretched out into the Future? Just to the Bend of the Road can be seen and no farther—just to the tantalizing bend, mysterious and inviting. ’Tis wonderful, this Path of the Future and, oh, the Lure of the Land of Tomorrow!

The thoughts of Youth are long, long thoughts, too dreamy, too mystical for words. They hold a wistfulness that is complete because it knows not what it wishes for; they cause a sigh for an emptiness that the material world cannot fill. Is youth truly but a State of Mind? Assuredly, it must be something more, for the Spirit of Youth travels along the Path with the Traveler and turns with her each of the four turns that lead through the college years.

Out from the Land of Friendly Brooks to wade in, of Haystacks high, of Snow-fights, and Candy Pulls, the Path of Life wanders on. When the Traveler must go to the Halls of Learning, the Spirit of Youth who is ever with her enters a mystic Labyrinth, and no one tells her where it will lead. The Traveler walks blindly, sometimes with tear-stained eyes, often with smiling face. From time to time friends join company along the way. She feels a thrill that the Path of Life is the Road of Learning, and finds joy in the Trail. And the Spirit of Youth walks on, and the Road bends again.

This time the Traveler who hopefully turned the Bend, beholds a rocky stretch. No trees are there to shade the road from the cruel glare of the sun. No crystal spring or limpid streams are there to cool her burning thirst. But she is destined to reach a goal some day, for she is brave and she has a firm belief in herself. And the Spirit of Youth knows no defeat, and the possibility of failure is not in her. So she travels on with head held high. Just where the Road bends she can see trees waving in the breeze, and she wonders in her heart what the Turn of the Road may bring to view. The Rocky Path suddenly turns, and with eager face the Traveler sets her weary feet to tread whatever path may stretch before her.

She sees a Hill, steep, yet grassy. And though the Path is hard to climb, and though among the grass there are sundry briars, she yet treads joyfully, gladly because she has somewhat begun to realize that the

Path leads Somewhere, and that some day she will really arrive. And because the Spirit of Youth is with her, she knows that her arrival will be full of Joy, and she knows that the Bend of the Road takes her nearer the Land of Tomorrow.

When the Crest of the Hill is reached, the wonderful Path to the Future bends away into a most lovely Garden. True, along the way there are shrubs that need pruning and flowers that must be given water by those who pass. But they are planted and they are growing. And though the Traveler stroll with serious mien along the quiet, shady paths, she yet in her heart feels joy. And because the Spirit of Youth is with her, she stops to pluck a flower by the way, to listen to the song of the birds, to wonder at the glorious sunset that can be seen out beyond a little Wicket Gate at the far end of the Garden. Then because the Spirit of Youth is still with her, she willingly walks to the Wicket Gate and reaches out her hand to open it, but, fearful of what she sees, she hesitates. But the Spirit of Youth says, "Open"—and she opens it, and shivers as a Cool Breeze blows over her—shivers and would turn back—but the Lure of the Land of Tomorrow is in her heart, and she is young, and she must go.

But she has a steady eye, a courageous heart and a soul of truth—this Traveler—so the Future need not daunt her. Life is immense—living fully—not existing—is joy. And this thing we call Self, that has been given to us—who knows how, who knows why?—may be after all, the only thing on which the stone Elixir may be used, the only thing that may be turned from dross to purest gold.

And the Sunset Castle that lies at the end of the Path that led through a Labyrinth, over a Rocky stretch, up a steep, grassy Hill, and through a cool, shady Garden, may be built of our deeds worth while, and may be adorned with flowers of our own planting.

A. E. K., '14.



## Class Organization

*President*—KATE SUMMER

*Vice President*—AURIE H. LANCASTER

*Secretary*—NANNIE HILL MOORE

*Treasurer*—KATHERINE E. ZEMP

*Historian*—CECILIA HENDERSON

*Prophet*—ANNIE E. KETCHUM

*Testator*—MAGGIE R. ANDERSON

*Poet*—DELLA R. COULTER

*Motto*—"LOYALTY"

*Colors*—BLUE AND GOLD

*Flower*—JONQUIL





RAMATH JEFFERIES ALLEN,  
Greenville, S. C.

*Note Ramath loves money to burn,  
A wage of twelve thousand she'd spurn;  
She thinks in millions,  
Or maybe 'tis trillions,  
And figures give her no concern.*



MAGGIE RAE ANDERSON,  
Easley, S. C.

*This smiling young woman we'll tag  
For being somewhat of a brag,  
But when it comes to work  
She was never known to shirk,  
And she's called Miss Emergency Mag.*



EUNICE BALDWIN,  
Columbia, S. C.

*To the class Eunice Baldwin's a pearl,  
She lives in somewhat of a whirl;  
She sees every show,  
But she'd rather, we know,  
A Big Sister be to some girl.*

*Our little class poet's so clever  
Her equal you'll hardly see ever.  
Coulter's her name,  
'Twill some day meet fame—  
Forgotten will she be? No, never!*



DELLA RICHARDS COULTER,  
Columbia, S. C.



SUZANNE HALL CRAWFORD.  
Columbia, S. C.

*This thrower of goals called Suzanne,  
Does run by no regular plan;  
But with care-free laugh  
For the team or the staff,  
Does always the best that she can.*

*There is a young woman named Alice,  
Who forever will bear the world malice,  
If He doesn't appear  
With brown eyes and hair,  
And fill to the brim life's chalice.*



ALICE BARKLEY DOTY.  
Windsboro, S. C.



MARY HELEN DUVOYANT,  
Chester, S. C.

*Note Mary's a little bit shy,  
Tho' no one can tell you just why.  
There's a notable thing—  
On her finger a ring,  
Which she says that her father did buy.*

*Lis Finley came dozen to this school  
With no thought of being the Fool  
In the Senior play,  
Chairman of S. C. A.,  
Or in athletics to win as a rule.*



MARY ELIZABETH FINLEY,  
Yorkville, S. C.



BESSIE BELLE HARRISON,  
Columbia, S. C.

*If an earnest young woman you seek,  
One full of sweet graces and meek;  
No truer you'll find,  
So keep Bessie in mind—  
Though your search may last fully a week.*



CLARA CECILIA HENDERSON,  
Lundrum, S. C.

*There's another young woman, Cecille,  
Who each day a few moments will steal  
That letter to scribble,  
Full of love dribble,  
No matter how tired she may feel.*



ANNIE ELDER KETCHIN,  
Winnsboro, S. C.

*Now Ketchin's the magazine Ed.,  
On "puffs" in Exchanges she's fed,  
And though she's not yet  
A real suffragette  
She argues the point, it is said.*

*There is a young woman named Aurie,  
H'ho from le dictionnaire does "borry"  
The words that she uses;  
Thus puzzling the Muses,  
But to part with her we'd be most sorry.*



AURIE HOLLINGSWORTH LANCASTER,  
Columbia, S. C.



SARAH LYNDA MAYES,  
Mayesville, S. C.

*There is a young lady named Mayes,  
Who has most coquettish ways;  
She studies every minute,  
But is somewhat "sot agin it"  
And is making other plans, so she says.*

*This woman is named Nannie Hill,  
She has never a minute to kill,  
But in order to think,  
Carries a bottle of ink  
That we're dreadfully afraid she will spill.*



NANNIE HILL MOORE,  
Lancaster, S. C.



FRANCES GREY NICHOLSON.  
Union, S. C.

*There's a slender young lady named Frances,  
Who attends every one of the dances;  
So well does she dip  
She never does slip  
While sidelong at her partner she glances.*

*Now Rainsford has some will power, we confess;  
Much more than you or I would ever guess;  
She can sing and she can play  
It will be a happy day  
For the man to whom she'll sometime answer yes.*



SARA ELIZABETH RAINSFORD.  
Edgefield, S. C.





KATE SUMMER,  
Newberry, S. C.

*Now this is our President, Kate,  
In planning she never was late;  
Her class always knew  
Just what to do,  
So well she arranged every date.*

*There is a young woman named Sadie,  
Who, we know, is a fine little lady;  
She doesn't like noise,  
But does like the boys,  
And also a lane long and shady.*



SARAH WITHERSPOON WIENGES,  
St. Matthews, S. C.



NANCY REED WITHERSPOON,  
Yorkville, S. C.

*A noticeable feature of Nancy's  
Is her face which captures all glances;  
She's a little bit lazy,  
About books she's not crazy,  
But she's the belle at all of the dances.*

*Now Zemp likes beautiful clothes,  
What she spends for this item, who knows?  
Of the Kaiser she's fond  
And she's crossing the pond  
Just to pluck from his garden a rose.*



KATHERINE ELIZABETH ZEMP,  
Camden, S. C.



MARGARET BURTON,  
Newberry, S. C.  
*(Music)*

*This smiling young slip of a lass  
Is called Burton by most of the class;  
So jolly and gay  
She plays every day  
The piano—and jokes, too—alas!*

*To speak McMillan's afraid,  
When she tries she's always dismayed.  
But just let her play  
And you'll find any day  
That her voice to her fingers has strayed.*



MAUD McMILLAN,  
Georgia,  
*(Music)*



ANNIE LEE HAYNES,  
Columbia, S. C.  
(Art)

*This gifted Annie Lee Haynes  
Moves on quite exalted plains.  
Her work is artistic  
And yet realistic;  
Her genius scorns not to take pains.*



ELIZABETH WHITE,  
Sumter, S. C.  
(Art)

*This talented artist called White  
Is the Bulletin Board's chief delight:  
For it's always arrayed  
In posters she's made;  
In art she's a past master, quite.*

## Class Poem

'Tis said that ghosts departed oft return  
    To haunt a hallowed spot in mem'ry dear,  
And so will those we leave behind soon learn  
    To feel no shock to see us wandering here.

When purple clusters kiss the garden wall,  
    And hang in graceful festoons from the trees;  
When Lady Banksia makes her annual call,  
    We'll drink in pure delight the perfumed breeze.

And in the garden walks where sunbeams play  
    We'll loiter arm in arm, or seek the stage  
Where knights in armor bold have had their day,  
    And mimic lovers 'scaped a tyrant's rage.

But none need fear we'll follow in their train  
As long as in the classrooms they remain.

CLASS POET.

## Class History

**H**ISTORY necessarily deals with the past. The past is dead. In a few more hours the class of '14 will belong to the dead past. As Freshmen, as Sophomores, as Juniors, already we are specters of the past, so in writing our history I am really writing an obituary, and since all obituaries, according to custom, are laudatory, I will in my history strive to be a *little* blind to the faults and *very* kind to the virtues of our soon-to-be-lamented (?) class. What we shall find in the big wide world into which we are soon to pass is for our seer to say. I will deal only with the past.

Ah! here stands one little specter waiting for recognition. Searching through the crowded memories of the last four years, I recognize this as our own class as Freshmen. Young, innocent little beings, thirsting after knowledge we came, following in the footsteps of our mothers and our grandmothers, to drink at the Pierian spring. Four long years ago it was ("ah! was it long ago, or yesterday?") we came, forty and four young maids, from the mountains, the seashore, the country and the city.

From the day we entered the wide gates and had ourselves placed as a definite division of the college body—designated by that lowly yet always appropriate term, "Freshman," our class of '14 has responded bravely and whole-heartedly to the varied calls and activities of college life. The first organized act of our class, as a unit, was to elect its class president, in the person of Suzanne Crawford, and well did we choose, for with that love of athletics in her soul, Suzanne soon had the class of '14, the most feared and hardest-to-be-beaten class in the college. 'Twas not in vain that every class team trembled when a basketball game against the Freshmen was announced, for we simply could not be beaten. One of our most notable events of the year was winning the basketball cup, and once in our hands, we have never yet lost it. Still does it stand there to mark the yearly triumph of our team!

Many were the long, weary hours that our tender, untrained minds strove and labored over Mathematics A, and the time spent in writing themes and paragraphs in English A, might have well sufficed to write several economics papers, *now* that we have learned the lessons of concentration and conservation of energy.

So long ago it was that only vaguely can I recall the image of our class as it was that year, always happy and care free, always busy, always learning, even amidst the many unfortunate and ludicrous blunders of every Freshman class.

But our little specter passed from us for a season, but soon returned again. It is not the same dear little Freshman class which comes flitting back to us. A change has been wrought! Hardly can we recognize this second ghost. The process of evolution has worked marvels during the summer—that transition period of the soul of our little class. Ah! thou all-wise shade—thou ghost of the Sophomore class of 1911-12, whither hast flown that former shyness? Whence comes your pomp, your arrogance? Whence that invincible power?

Though fewer by nine members, our class of thirty-five seemed drawn in a closer bond of love, sympathy and co-operation. We returned to the quiet of our garden walls, with hearts full of determination and loyalty, though with the new and unaccustomed dignity of the Sophomore and an increased feeling of superiority. Yes, no doubt, the newcomers in 1911, on that memorable Saturday night did regret the superiority and power shown them by our class, as we welcomed (?) them into our midst and bequeathed to *them* the name of "Freshman"—that name now spurned and rejected by us. With our new president, Kate Summer, and our patron saint, Miss Lucia Parker, to lead us and inspire us, no obstacle arose too monstrous, too overwhelming, not to be surmounted by us.

Slowly we realized that college life was not all play.

Class and college spirit ran high in that notable year of our student career. Oh! the fun of those feasts on the roof of Alumnae Hall, after we had won a hard-fought game in basketball, and the pride we took in shouting, "No hope, you Juniors," "No hope, you Freshmen!" as they looked with envy at the blue and gold banners of our class flying impudently and flauntingly in the wind from the top of the building.

In the work of THE PALMETTO staff, the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. and the Athletic Association, our class had a full share, and with unexcelled ability, energy and interest, we worked and strove in all the duties that fell to us. With the calm assurance of a master, we wrote sonnets, short stories, and solved by debate, weighty problems of the nation; with unsurpassed nerve we attempted to speak French and German to our teachers and among ourselves; with fear and trembling we religiously and unfailingly attended "lab," always believing that the next moment would find our bodies in another world, blown to

atoms and molecules; with an unscrupulous lack of conscience, we "cut" chapel and study hall and went to the "corner store" for Hershey's. The joys of an irrepressible Sophomore!

And now that our goal is almost gained, our work almost completed, and as Seniors we see the end of our first great struggle all but reached, we look back over that long way and consider our past, and it is this year that marks our point of greatest achievement. It is you, Spirit of our Sophomore class, you, whom we most often call back to life and commune with in our reveries. It is you, shade of our past glory, to whom we *most* often call for inspiration and encouragement!

Summer comes and goes, another cycle in the life of our class rolls around, another shade of bygone days flits out from the Elysian fields. With what happy recollections does it return to us.

In this, our Junior year of 1912-13, only thirty girls return to the class. A few have fallen by the wayside or listening to some *more* alluring calls, have left us. But with renewed energy and zeal we enter upon the third period of our life.

Slowly we left behind us our girlhood. All the unsophistication and shyness of the Freshman, all the superiority and ungovernableness of the Sophomore had passed. There emerged a girl a little more quiet, a little more dignified, her skirts a little longer, her hair a little higher, her ribbons a little fewer. Gradually she acquired a little womanly grace and dignity, but not one whit of her love of fun did she lose. Let come what may, the jolly Junior laughs and sings and plays the whole day through. Rollicking, self-confident, care free; not a lesson ever ruffled her joyous nature; time never hung heavy on her hands; life was full of merriment and she found it everywhere. A third time does the election for class president come around. This time Katherine Zemp is the one on whom Fate casts the honor and well did she uphold this honor, or rather sustain the burden of the guidance of our class. When our patron saint did not return and left us with no guardian spirit we turned to one who had indeed been a true guardian spirit to us, for she had safely lead us through that year of vicissitude, that year of struggle with chemistry, and was during this, our Junior year, mustering all her latent powers to teach us the laws of the universe and the composition thereof. So now for advice and encouragement during the rest of our life as students, we turned to Miss Ina Milroy for our patron saint.

In spite of our jolly times we had our troubles, when we felt a little less self-confident; when burdens rested heavily upon us. Who can forget the perversity of those pulleys in physics? Who does not remember the long Saturday afternoons when the geology class patiently paced off the number of feet in the maze



of the gardens, or the Wednesday nights, when the astronomy class gazed with focused interest and affection upon the inspiring face of the moon and other solar bodies? Who said that "some books are to be tasted, others to be chewed and still others to be swallowed and digested?" In English C. we followed his advice very strictly as to books being only tasted, for 'tis a tale best left untold, as to the number of pages in that parallel reading, which were never even tasted!

Our Junior year was not marked by brilliant successes and wonderful achievements, but by *diligent* study—*when* our grades fell low; by duty faithfully done—*when* we could not shirk it; and by *always* coming in for the lion's share of fun. Now, as always, after a game, the "blue and gold" came off victorious. In basketball we were indeed the "Invincibles" and proud we were and proud we still are of that name.

The pride of our class as Juniors reached its height when we first made our *début* into college social life as hostesses to the Seniors at the annual reception. That was the evening where, amidst the soft lights of beautifully decorated parlors, filled with the fresh odor of flowers and to the strain of low, sweet music, we tried to give the Seniors the best time they had ever had.

'Twas all too soon, dear Junior class, class of our happiest memories, class of our jolliest days, class of our most enjoyed work; 'twas all too soon, that you slipped away from us, and with aching hearts we laid aside in our relic box—box of our dearest, most cherished remembrances, our little horns, harps and bells—symbols and memories of you!

The last turn of the crystal ball has been made, the last cycle of our course reached. We are no longer jolly, jubilant Juniors. We are become grave, quiet, dignified and learned Seniors, still happy and buoyant, full of hopes and aspirations. Wise, too, have we become through the follies and mistakes of our first three years. The duty of life weighs heavily upon us, and as Seniors we feel strongly our power of youth, and are conscious of the vast stores of knowledge hidden away in the recesses of our brains. A whole year have we delved into the problems of life and of the world; we have sought to learn the intricate workings of our brain—nay, of all our functions; we have gone back to far distant ages and with the old philosophers have attempted to solve the riddle of the universe and of our being; we have been bold enough to attempt to reform economic conditions, to smooth out many grievances and to uplift conditions in social life.

So excellently and with such zeal and ability did Kate Summer work at the head of our class, as Sophomores, that it was she, again, whom we chose to lead us on to the end of our career as Seniors.

As little children we came into the precincts of these old, grey, vine-covered walls, filling us with its pure, high ideals and lifting high its noble, lofty standards. Here we tarried awhile and then—as grown women—we go out into the vastness of the world, the mysterious, untrod future before us—bearing within our souls the essence of those pure ideals and lofty standards. Four years of study and labor, four years of close companionship with girls and teachers, four years of duties and pleasures, disappointments and successes, four years of such life has taught us many lessons, and has wrought in us many changes, but better than all our lessons of patience, diligence, perseverance, better than all our work; better than all our fun—that four years of life has done one great thing—it has welded our souls together into a deep, pure, never-changing love for our alma mater, *our* College for Women.

And now, phantom of our Senior class, last fading shadow of our life, a deep sadness fills our souls, a mist blinds our eyes, words falter on our lips, as the moment for farewell approaches. We are loath, shade of our aspirations, we are loath to have you pass from us. We would keep you always, not as a dead fancy—a memory—but as a living, throbbing soul of the future. We would have you go with us into that great, wonderful unknown which faces us. We are made sorrowful, departing spirit; we are made sad that in a few more hours you, too, will go out to that realm where now awaits the departed souls of our Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years; that you too will become a part of the dead past, the past of long ago. But no! departing soul, it is *not* the past of long ago—for “It was not long ago—but yesterday.”

CLASS HISTORIAN.

## Class Prophecy

**T**HOUGH the days that elapse between the shedding of the first Freshman tear and the final donning of the Senior cap and gown seem but a tiny swath cut by the scythe of Time, yet in those four years the Fates find opportunity to conspire together and to determine destinies good or bad—one apiece.

Now you may not suspect that prophesying, like greatness, may be thrust upon one, yet I can testify that such is the case. And with the office of prophet the gift of prophecy was also conferred upon me. How? Well, that's another story. At any rate while I was privileged to gaze into the Crystal Ball that held the mysteries of the future ten years from today, I saw many, many fates, and—I have brought back one for each Senior.

The future I found for Elizabeth Finley, one of the Literary Editors of *THE PALMETTO*, was interesting and I will tell it first—Liz was always impatient, you know, and never liked to wait.

Several years after she left college she went on the stage (so much for having important parts in the Senior plays) to revolutionize it, she said. But she soon got discouraged (over costumes, I heard) and changed her interests. She got over being tired of “getting educated,” and after working for her Master's degree, has been in politics ever since women got the vote. And it's rumored that she has opinions—a serious malady!

And that reminds me of Aurie Lancaster. Everybody expected great things of Aurie. Her vocabulary grew steadily with the years until even the dictionary offered her hearers small solace. Her Sociology pamphlets are now being read—by those who can understand them—and they say that she is going to “breeze down” upon the unsuspecting public before long with a brand new philosophy concerning aerial contemplation. She is still in the clouds.

And speaking of preachers—or did I speak of preachers?—I tried hard to avoid it,—a thought strikes me. Would any one ever have guessed that Nancy Witherspoon's and Frances Nicholson's fates would have been entirely different? Well, Nancy surprised us all—she married a preacher, and is much interested in missionary societies and church fairs. And Frances? After several successful seasons in society, she

decided to go on the stage. The splendid dramatic training she received at C. F. W. has been so helpful that her fame as a Shakespearean actress is assured.

There have been quite a few surprises no less startling than these two. Eunice Baldwin, for instance, involved the United States in some international difficulty with Canada. She became so discouraged over the masculine method of untying red tape that she spent several years proclaiming Woman's Rights—to run the government—and is a prominent political leader today—though they say that somebody's big brother is trying to convince her "that home is the place for woman."

Could any one guess the fate of Kate Summer, our jolly, good-natured president, Kate? She got tired after a while of always hunting a cinch. And not having any letters from Everett Waddy Engraving Company to distract her mind, gave herself nervous prostration trying to avoid work. At last she went to take a rest cure—in Georgia—and that's the last thing I could find out about Kate.

And speaking of er—er—a slight indisposition to exert oneself, I am reminded of Nannie Hill Moore. She never took herself or anything else seriously, and in her Senior year never had time to study because she went to classes all the time. What has become of her? Her extravagance determined her fate as—a poor man's wife, and she is now trying to make hash out of sawdust and lace dresses out of old window curtains—a certain popular magazine serving as her guide.

The word magazine reminds me of Elizabeth Rainsford. "Nigger" spent her youthful days in persuading men that "it pays to advertise," and so well did she do it that she has become head of an advertising firm. I discovered that she works awfully hard—her only recreation being that which she finds as chairman of Refreshment Committees at various church "sociables."

And what of Sadie Mayes? Sadie has become famous because of the biography she has recently written of ex-President Wilson. Every one in economics class remembers how she used to keep up with this prominent citizen, so this may not come as a surprise. At present she is contemplating writing a "History of the White House." Good luck to her!

There are always so many girls planning to teach school; I wish all of them could be as successful as Bessie Harrison has been. Bessie taught here for several years, and made a splendid teacher, but you all remember how opposed she was to Woman Suffrage. Well, when women got the vote she fled the country and has been teaching in Constantinople ever since. And her letters bring good news of her.

Letters—Celia—Celia—letters. Strange how those words seem connected! Cecilia Henderson is psychologically connected with letters—daily letters, or rather nightly letters. “Sure as fate” was a poor simile compared with as “sure as Celia’s letter.” Well, one cannot expect to write—and receive—a letter every day and escape the consequences. It really can’t be done.

I was told that her wedding was a lovely affair, and that she is as happy as any royalty.

And oh! Mary Dunovant’s fate was interesting and unusual. When women were granted the franchise Mary applied for position of Clerk of the House of Representatives. And on account of the very intelligible way in which she articulates (which doubtless all of you remember) was given the office unanimously.

All of us have wondered what Mrs. Coulter would be—Mrs. Coulter, our class poet, whose poetical effusions in the form of sonnets have filled many an otherwise blank page in THE PALMETTO—and the hearts of the Literary Editors with undying gratitude. While studying at Johns Hopkins she developed poetically to such an extent that she wrote all her scientific theses in verse. But in spite of this er—handicap she completed her course with honors, and fame awaits her as her due desert.

And Ramath Allen? Ramath was a society success for several seasons. At last—well, we all remember how she spent her million dollars, and it seems she got the habit, for at any rate she married a handsome millionaire—a rare streak of luck!

The fate of Alice Doty was an interesting one. Alice has been teaching hygiene in a college, but they say the strain of seeing so many of her pet rules and theories disregarded told on her nerves, so she resigned. And it seems to me that a middle-aged widower was said to have something to do with it, but I’m not sure about that, but I do know that there is a middle-aged widower in the case, and this is a secret—he is a drummer.

And what of Katherine Zemp—studious, conscientious little Zemp? You always could depend on her, and she had minding her own business down to a science. But who would have dreamed that she would marry a navy officer? They say she flirts outrageously with the other officers—but who ever knew little Zemp to flirt? Frankly, we doubted this.

Then there was Sadie Wienges, quiet, loyal little Sadie, who thought and worked, and rarely said a word. Were the fates kind to her? She achieved fame by a wonderful invention to facilitate telepathy. By its use one is saved the trouble of talking, and a quiet, peaceful community springs up wherever it is used.

And by the law of opposites, this reminds me of Maggie Anderson. Everybody knew Maggie—accommodating Maggie—would be a success. I believe she even suspected it herself. But a book agent? Well, it's true. She is a very prosperous book agent, on account of her ability to paralyze one's vocal chords while she stimulates his oral nerves, and to persuade one that black is white, or that a history of the world in two volumes is entire and complete, though it may not suit his *taste*.

And lastly comes Suzanne Crawford—Suzanne, whose class spirit and grit have saved many a day, and who was always the first to tackle and the last to leave a hard piece of work for the class—what did the Fates plan for her? Well, our athletic Suzanne, who never looked at a man, was caught unawares in the silken mesh of a happy marriage and has gone down to oblivion dead to fame and the world.

And so for each Senior some fate was found. And when I took off my cloak of prophecy and hid away my crystal ball, I saw twenty girls starting hopefully, joyfully upon the Road of Life. And with a full heart I say, "Good luck and happiness to you, my class. Good luck, and plenty of it!"

CLASS PROPHEET.

P. S.—But there is one fate that has not yet been told, and we wish to add it to "our" prophecy. Of those who are not only ready but *able* to help people out, there never was any girl who had this gift and virtue to a greater extent than our Editor-in-Chief, Annie Ketchin. She was interested in and took a prominent part in all college affairs, whether pertaining to THE PALMETTO, class entertainments, Senior play, or rooting for basketball games. Everybody remembers what a great success THE PALMETTO was under her editorship and so you will not be surprised to learn that she is continuing her work as an editor-in-chief, and now holds the very prominent and responsible position of editor of the *New York Times*. Continued success to her!

S. H. C.

M. E. F.



## Class Will



WE, the Senior class of the College for Women, the County of Richland, State of South Carolina, being of supposedly sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare the following as and for our last will and testament; that is to say:

Item 1. I, Eunice Baldwin, with sorrow, grief, yea, even with tears, do will my long-used and constant friend—my own psyche—to Janette Thomas, upon feeling Janette's need of more hair, due, of course, to the changing fashions.

I, Aurie Hollingsworth Lancaster, feeling deeply the sentiment of bookmarks, do will and bequeath all the shrubs, vines and branches I have ever worn in my hair, the same having been duly pressed, to be equally distributed among the members of the sociological class of the University and among the students of the Theological Seminary, to be used as said bookmarks.

I, Mary Helen Dunovant, do give, devise and bequeath my favorite expression, "That's bad, sho," to Miss Laura Craue, hoping that in the near, very near future she will become interested in that art of all arts, slang.

I, Sadie Wienges, do, in a most violent and turbulent manner, will my loud and boisterous voice to one Frances Sylvan with the one stipulation that it be used out on the corridor after light bell.

I, Sadie Mayes, do bequeath and devise my art of bluffing—brazen bluffing—to Margaret Green, hoping that Margaret will use it to such advantage that she will soon become a past master in this subtle art.

I, Della Richards Coulter, from the depths of my experience, do give and bequeath my idea of getting married and then finishing school to Vivian Yates, with the assurance that such a course of action will please all parties concerned.

I, Ramath Allen, having heard that Mary Frances Williford is to take chemistry next year, and knowing well the difficulties of said class, do will my tears and readiness to weep to Mary Frances.

I, Mary Elizabeth Finley, being in the words of our college wit, "Poole," "a politician old duck," do give and devise all my policy to Nancy Witherspoon McKay, having long been oppressed by her lack of tact.

I, Nancy Witherspoon, do unhesitatingly will and bequeath my favorite song, "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly," to Mr. Sackett, Kit and all the other "guys" around here.

I, Frances Grey Nicholson, do will my love for and interest in Margaret Davis' eyes, having seen a striking resemblance in said eyes to (but this does not concern the will)—to Sara Weatherly McLaurin.

I, Elizabeth Rainsford, known to all as "Nigger," do will and bequeath my 'bossiness' to one Minna Robertson, with the earnest hope that in the course of time she will develop opinions.

I, Bessie Harrison, do give my love for and proficiency in Greek to Mildred Gunter, in the hope that its influence will keep her music up to its present classical standard.

I, Kate Summer, though with many pangs of regret, do give and devise my weakness for all "Allens" to Catherine Bryan; as Catherine also, as I have heard, is interested in "Allens."

I, Cecelia Henderson, do will and bequeath my black and white checked coat to Ame Copeland, the same coat having assumed the form of Ame, due to constant wear by her. This bequest is made on condition that the military buttons on said coat be cut off and retained by me, for it is utterly impossible for me to part with anything military.

I, Suzanne Crawford, do give and devise my share in the "College Beau" to Margaret McIver, thereby giving Margaret a double share.

I, Annie Ketchin, do will my decided opinions and powers of argument to Henrietta Covington, feeling Henrietta's lack along this line, and knowing full well from my experience with THE PALMETTO that she will need the same.

I, Katherine Zemp, do give, devise, and bequeath my interest in men and boys, not their interest in myself, to Anne Jackson.

I, Alice Doty, do will and bequeath my love for all things hygienic to second floor Preston, thereby making the inspection of said floor less burdensome to Miss Johnson.

I, Nannie Hill Moore, do joyfully give my aggressive methods of fulfilling all my duties, my worry about all things to be done, to Polly Blanding.

We, the Normal girls, do will and bequeath what little endurance, patience and long-suffering we have left after Normal Piano to Kit, to be used in training Melapoiia next year.



We, the Senior class, do will and bequeath our discretion in using Senior cuts to the incoming Senior class, so that the said cuts may still be in existence; also our "May Day" and our class spirit and our devotion to our alma mater to the new Senior class. And last of all, do we give and devise the sympathetic, advising, loving and devoted spirit of our own patron saint to the patron saints of all future classes

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testator, the Senior class, as its request, as and for its last will and testament in the presence of each other, having hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses this 3d day of June, 1914.

Witnesses:

E. E. McCLINTOCK,  
I. A. MILROY,  
ANNA C. SHIPLEY, M. D.

CODICIL:

I, Margaret Rae Anderson, being sane and in my right mind, do will and bequeath my mastery of all situations and ability to get out of difficulties—and to pull others out—as well as my deep devotion for teachers, to Alice Babcock.

## Normal Training Class

MARGARET BURTON

MARIE FOXWORTH

SADIE HEWITT

ELIZABETH KELLY

JANETTE THOMAS

LOUISE THOMPSON

ISABEL WEEKS

MATILDA WITMER



NORMAL TRAINING CLASS.

## Junior Class

*President*—JANIE MORSE

*Vice President*—BESSIE MEARES

*Secretary and Treasurer*—MARY GRAHAM

*Motto*—"LET US LIVE WHILE WE LIVE."

*Colors*—GOLD AND GREEN

*Flower*—MARECHAL NIEL ROSE

*Patron Saint*—MISS GREVE

MABEL BELK

LILLA B. KETCHIN

ANNIE LEE SIMMS

PAULINE BLANDING

MARIAN McFADDEN

RUTH STACKHOUSE

MARGARET BURTON

NANCY McKAY

FRANCES SYLVAN

HENRIETTA COVINGTON

MARGARET McIVER

JANETTE THOMAS

EDNA CRONENBERG

BESSIE MEARES

LOUISE THOMPSON

SUE DUFFIE

JANIE MORSE

ISABELLE WATKINS

MARIE FOXWORTH

LAURA NORWOOD

ISABEL WEEKS

MARY GRAHAM

SARAH FERRIN

ELIZABETH WHITE

MARGARET GREEN

JUNE RAINSFORD

IRENE WINGARD

ESSIE HAGOOD

MINNA ROBERTSON

VIVIAN YATES

SADIE HEWITT

NELL ROPER





JUNIOR CLASS.

## Sophomore Class

*President*—META HENDERSON

*Vice President*—MARJORIE McALPINE

*Secretary and Treasurer*—MARION JONES

*Motto*—"NEVER BACKWARD"

*Colors*—GOLD AND BLACK

*Flozcer*—DAISY

*Patron Saint*—MISS HARPILAM

JANET BARRON

GENEVA EDWARDS

FLORENCE McNIEL

MARION BONNOITT

MARY ELLIOTT

MARJORIE McALPINE

LUCY CAMPBELL

DOROTHY GILES

MARY PERRIN

AME COPELAND

LILLIAN GLEN

THELMA ROWE

CONSUELLO DENT

META HENDERSON

ANTOINETTE THOMPSON

CHAPPELLA DUNLAP

MARION JONES

MARGARET WHITE

ELMIRA DE GRAFFENRIED

HELEN KOHN



SOPHOMORE CLASS.



# Freshman Class

*President*—FRANKLIN HARVEY

*Vice President*—JEAN LINDSAY

*Secretary and Treasurer*—SARA McLAURIN

*Motto*—"THE LEAST FLOWER, WITH A BRIMMING CUP MAY STAND,  
AND SHARE ITS DEW-DROP WITH ANOTHER NEAR."

*Colors*—GREEN AND WHITE

*Flower*—CHEROKEE ROSE

*Patron Saint*—MISS McCLINTOCK

FEREBE BABCOCK

CATHERINE BRYAN

CATHERINE CAPERS

ELIZABETH CHEATHAM

LUCY CHILDRESS

MARGARET DAVIS

LIZZIE DOTY

LUCY DOTY

SARAH FELLOWS

JANE TUCKER FISHER

MARIAN FRIPP

RUTH GRAHAM

MILDRED GUNTER

KATHLEEN HANCOCK

FRANKLIN HARVEY

RUTH HARVEY

ANNIE LEE HAYNES

FRANCES HAYNES

HILDA HENNIG

ANNIE HOOK

MARIE INMAN

JULIA KEENAN

JEAN LINDSAY

MARJORIE LUTHER

BLANCHE MATTHEWS

CORNELIA MAYER

LILA MAY MIMNAUGH

SARA McLAURIN

JEAN McLUCAS

ELIZABETH RIVERS

MARY FRANCES WILLIFORD

ETHEL YATES





FRESHMAN CLASS.

## Cabinet of Young Women's Christian Association

*President*—MARGARET ANDERSON      *Secretary*—NANNIE HILL MOORE      *Treasurer*—JANIE MORSE

*Chairman Devotional Committee*—ESSIE HAGOOD

*Chairman Home Mission Committee*—CECILIA HENDERSON

*Chairman Foreign Mission Committee*—KATHERINE ZEMP

*Chairman Bible Committee*—ANNIE KETCHIN

*Chairman Intercollegiate Committee*—KATE SUMMER

*Chairman Social Committee*—NANCY MCKAY

*Chairman Music Committee*—PAULINE BLANDING

*Chairman Poster Committee*—ELIZABETH WHITE



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

# The Students' Co-operative Association



ELIZABETH FINLEY

*Chairman*—ELIZABETH FINLEY, 1914

*Secretary*—NANCY MCKAY, 1915

*Central Committee*

ELIZABETH FINLEY, 1914

NANCY MCKAY, 1915

JEANNE HYDE, 1914

MARY PERRIN, 1916

ETHEL YATES, 1917

*Representatives From Faculty*

MISS MCCLINTOCK

MISS JOHNSON

MISS RHODES

## Athletic Association



*President*—JEANNE HYDE

*Vice President*—SUZANNE CRAWFORD

*Secretary*—META HENDERSON

*Treasurer*—MARGARET BURTON



## Wizards of the Net

Senior Slingers . . . . . { SUZANNE CRAWFORD  
  { CECILIA HENDERSON

Junior Cutters . . . . . { LILLA KETCHIN  
  { BESSIE MEARES

Sophomore Servers . . . . . { MARJORIE MCALPINE  
  { ANNIE COPELAND

Freshman Strivers . . . . . { RUTH GRAHAM  
  { LUCY CHILDRESS

### YELL

Rickety, rackety ret,  
We play behind the net,  
Oh, what's the use  
To try for deuce?  
*He* shoot 'em above  
And play for love,  
And so we win the set!



TENNIS CLUB.

## Senior Basketball Team

SUZANNE CRAWFORD, Forward

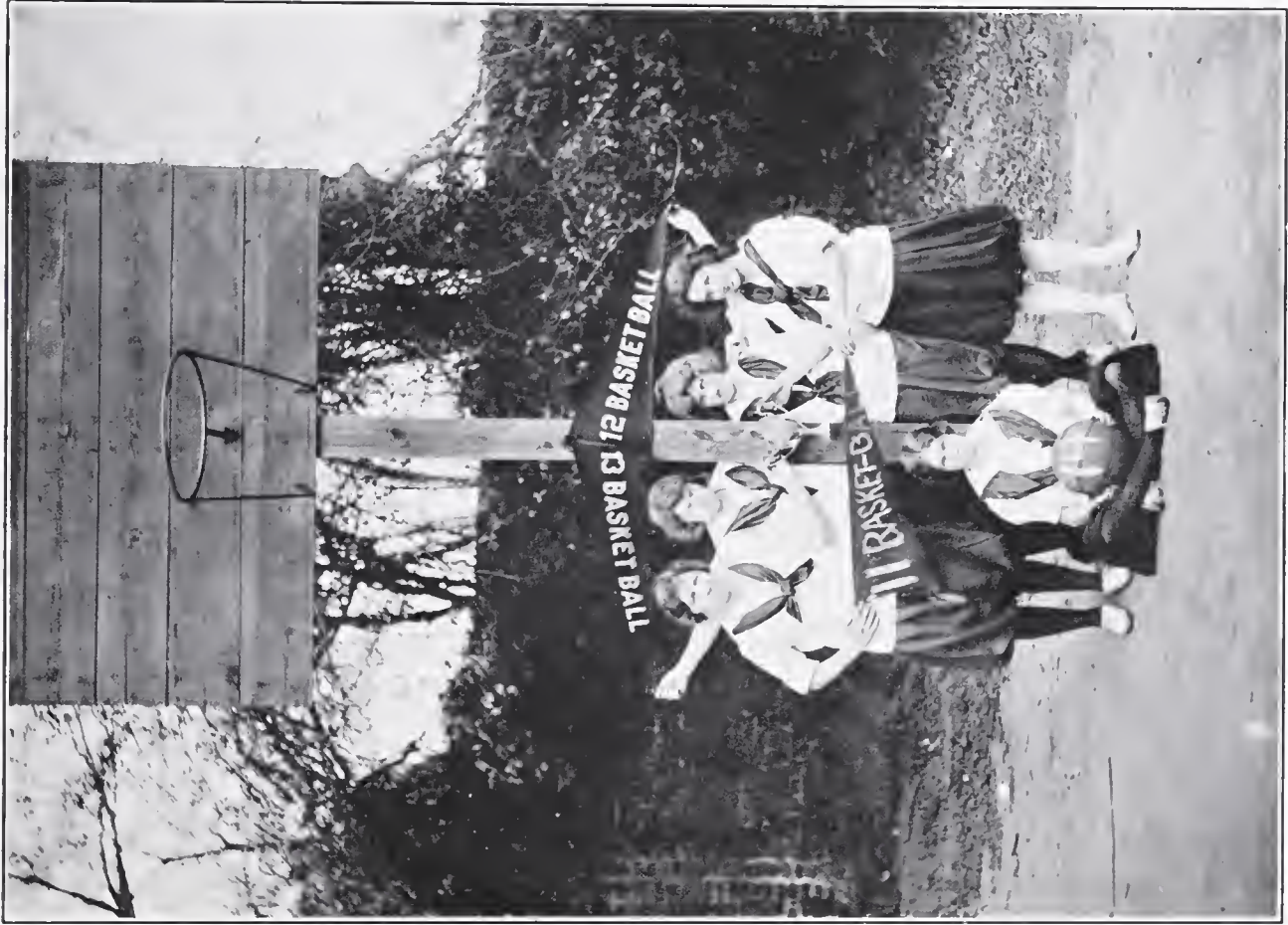
ELIZABETH KELLY, Forward

JEANNE HYDE, Center

NANCY WITHERSPOON, Guard

ELIZABETH FINLEY (Captain), Guard.





SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM.

## Junior Basketball Team

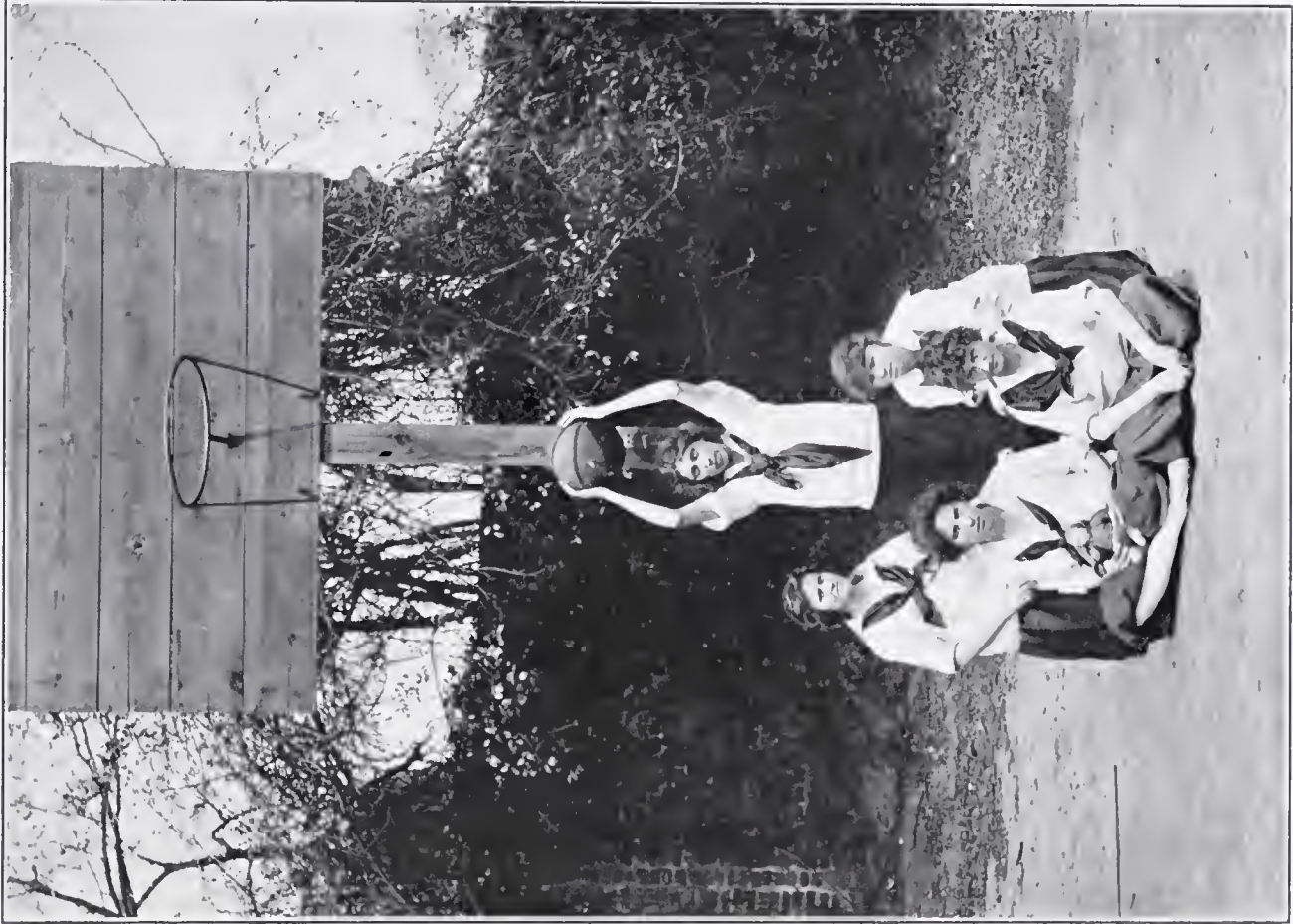
BESSIE MEARES, Forward

PAULINE BLANDING, Forward

VIVIAN YATES, Center

LILLA B. KETCHIN, Guard

MINNA ROBERTSON (Captain), Guard



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM.

## Sophomore Basketball Team

MARJORIE McALPINE, Forward

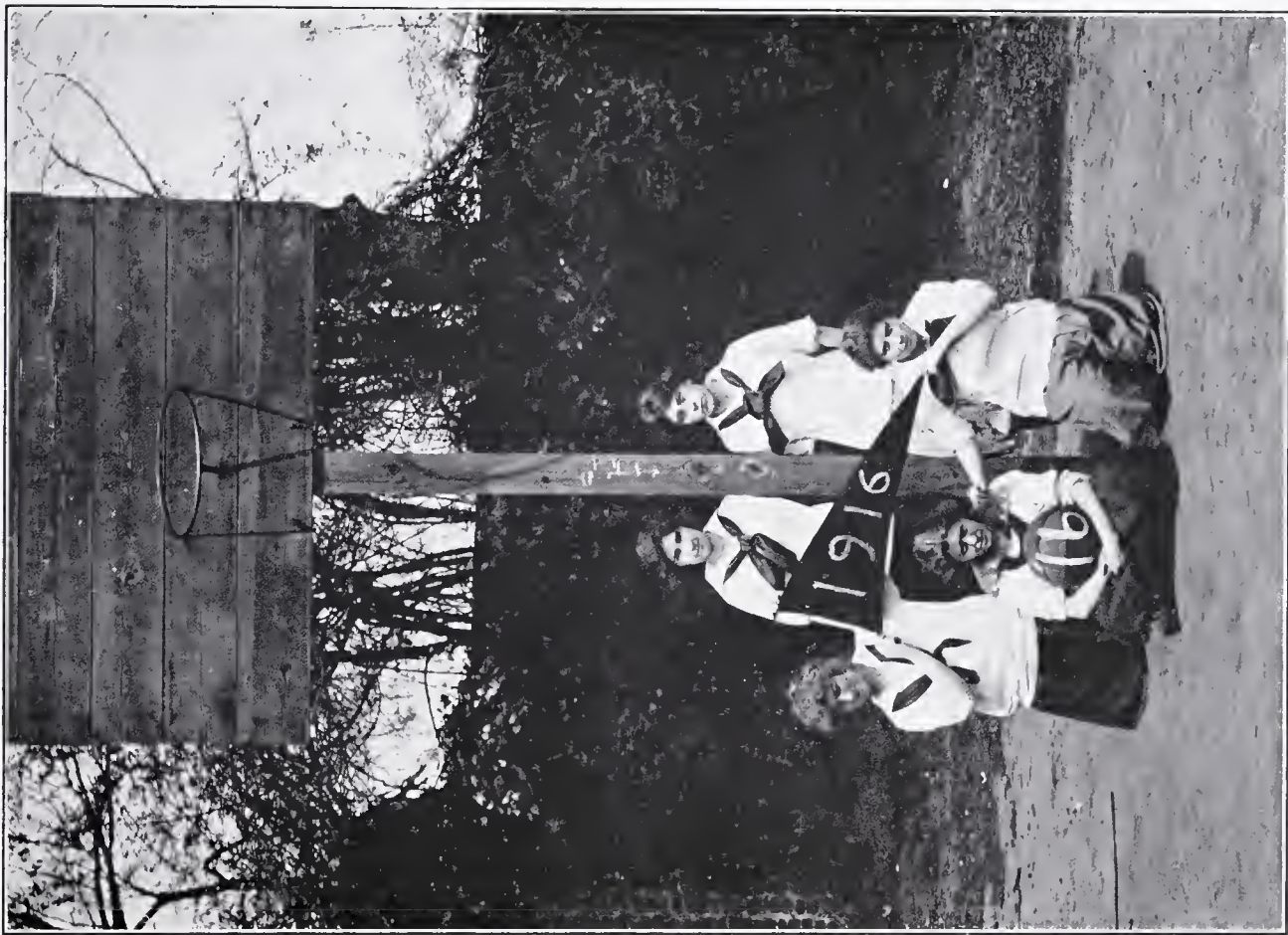
MARY PERRIN, Forward

AME COPELAND (Captain), Center

MARGARET WHITE, Guard

THELMA ROWE, Guard





SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM.

## Freshman Basketball Team

RUTH HARVEY, Forward

LUCY CHILDRRESS, Forward

FEREBE BABCOCK, Center

ELIZABETH CHEATHAM, Guard

CATHERINE BRYAN (Captain), Guard



FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM.

## Short Cuts to Characterization

RAMATH ALLEN—*Rash Ramath*

MAGGIE ANDERSON—*Emergency Maggie*

EUNICE BALDWIN—*Enterprising Eunice*

DELLA COULTER—*Clever Coulter*

SUZANNE CRAWFORD—*Spirited Suzanne*

ALICE DOTY—*Accommodating Alice*

MARY DUNOVANT—*Merry Mary*

ELIZABETH FINLEY—*Law-giving Lis*

BESSIE HARRISON—*Busy Bessie*

CECILIA HENDERSON—*Love Sick Celia*

ANNIE KETCHIN—*Capable "Ketch"*

AURIE LANCASTER—*Aspiring Aurie*

SADIE MAYES—*Sunny Sadie*

NANNIE HILL MOORE—*Non-hasty Nannie Hill*

FRANCES NICHOLSON—*Fragile Frances*

ELIZABETH RAINSFORD—*Efficient Elizabeth*

KATE SUMMER—*Care Free Kate*

SADIE WIENCES—*Silent Sadie*

NANCY WITHERSPOON—*Naughty Nancy*

KATHERINE ZEMP—*Conscientious Katherine*



## Love in a Teapot

**C**LOTHERS! Rot!" and Dan slammed the door and was gone. Kitty wiped her eyes, stamped her foot, said she did not care, and taking a novel, settled herself in a chair before the fire, with a package of "Hershey's" and a determination to enjoy life—if she could. After a little a tear trickled down, followed by another, then another, until finding it impossible to read, she threw down the book, choked on a piece of "Hershey's," and said over to herself all she had said to Dan before he left.

"I t-told h-him I d-did I-love him a whole l-lot—better t-than anybody in t-the whole world b-but I j-just couldn't be m-married without a t-trousseau, and f-flowers and t-things—n-no r-respectable girl c-could; w-why I'd f-feel I-like a g-grass widow or something. If he h-had r-really c-cared he w-wouldn't have g-gotten mad and g-gone away like t-that—just b-because I laughed when he s-started f-fussing."

It had all happened in this way. Dan was an army man, and he and Kitty were to have been married the following summer; but on the previous day Dan had received notice that he was to be stationed at a lonely post in the Philippines. At once he had rushed to Kitty with the glorious news of his appointment, and the news that they must be married immediately that day or the next—only to be greeted with the dampening information that "n-no r-respectable g-girl could be m-married without a t-trousseau." Now Dan was very much in love, and Kitty was undeniably pretty with her big, hazel eyes and black hair, and strange to say she was prettiest when she cried. The temptation to give in to her was very great, and Dan was beginning to waver, when suddenly Kitty laughed, just at the wrong moment. Immediately Dan got mad—"if she thought it was a joke he certainly didn't, and he wouldn't stand for any such foolishness," so slamming the door, he had left her. Now Kitty did love Dan in her own way. She loved him best next to Kitty Carlyle, but all her life, even since she was a wee little girl with curls and short dresses, she had planned her wedding in a church with flowers, pretty clothes, a whole lot of bridesmaids and "things." And to be married like this, at a moment's notice! In old clothes! Why, Kitty's whole philosophy of life was upset at the very idea.

Kitty tried to amuse herself during the months after Dan's departure, but she lived in a little town away down in South Carolina where the girls greatly outnumbered the men and in Kitty's good

time men were almost "the whole show,"—where the bowling alley was the only excitement—and Kitty was far too nice for that. Down in her heart Kitty was sorry and watched every day for a letter, but days merged into weeks and weeks into months, and still she had not heard. For lack of amusement, she declared she was fading away, and looked with a sinking heart nightly for the appearance of gray hairs, and crow's feet, as the first signs of old maidism.

One day when Kitty was so desperate for something to do that she had almost decided to elope with the groceryman, she got a letter—not *the* letter, of course, but *a* letter, nevertheless, and a very interesting one at that. It was written by Jean Holloway, a former college mate, who was teaching in a small town in Georgia. Among the many interesting things in the letter there was one paragraph that was truly exciting.

"And, Kitty, the other day I met just the man for you. Well, he's not good-looking, exactly, but you wouldn't mind that, for he's wild about the same thing you are—old china. He truly has some lovely china, and when I told him about all the pieces you have his face simply glowed with delight. He wanted to know all about you, and wants to know if you will write a description for him of that old teapot that belonged to your Great-aunt Stone."

If there as one thing in the world that Kitty was crazy about it was old china. Old pitchers, cups, plates, anything with a history appealed to her, and so after various and sundry trips into dark little shops, and after much bargaining with various types of humanity, she had succeeded in obtaining quite a beautiful collection. She was delighted to find some one interested in the same thing that she was, and sat down at once to write the description of the teapot. A few days later she received a note of thanks from Mr. Reese (that was the china lover's name). It could hardly be called a note, either, for he wrote pages and pages, mostly about china. In it he asked her if she would write to him about china. Of course, coming at a time when Kitty was dying for excitement, she consented, and so lengthly epistles were exchanged frequently—still about china. Mr. Reese really wrote very clever letters, and showed that he was quite a connoisseur in the china line.

During the entire winter they continued to write—not always about china now. Gradually the letters changed. His contained such phrases now as, "between us such perfect congeniality—same interests, forming of friendships," etc. Accordingly Kitty's letters became nicer, too—"Congenial friends were *such* a pleasure—"

One day Mr. Reese inclosed a kodak picture in one of his letters, writing that he was one of the group in the picture, but not telling which was he, asking Kitty if she couldn't pick him out. Yes, Kitty was sure she could. "Something just told her," she said, which it was. There was one man in the group, tall, with large, dreamy eyes—"that was the one." "Yes," Kitty decided, "I'm r-really in l-love at last. *This* is t-true love. Why, D-Dan is only interested in guns, wars and things, while Mr. Reese and I-I l-love just the s-same t-thing. I j-just t-thought I w-was in l-love with D-Dan."

Things progressed beautifully, and Kitty found herself in a very unsettled state of mind. Which did she love? It is true, that as she said, there was perfect congeniality between her and Mr. Reese; but, just as soon as she would decide in favor of him a picture of Dan's big, broad shoulders and laughing eyes would appear before her eyes, and she would fall back into the same state of uncertainty.

"B-but s-still I think if D-Dan really l-loved me he would have w-written b-before now. Why he may be m-married for all I k-know."

By spring Kitty had convinced herself that she really loved Mr. Reese, and so, one day when she received a letter from him asking if he might come to see her, she was delighted, and wrote him such a sweet, "Kitty-like" note in reply that he was almost overcome.

The day before Mr. Reese's arrival, Kitty was extremely busy. She must look pretty, she thought, "f-for I wouldn't h-have him disappointed for w-worlds, for I j-just k-know J-Jean has told him all a-about m-me." So Kitty kept her hair up on curlers all day, and tried on every dress she possessed before she was able to decide which was the most becoming. As the critical time drew near, Kitty became extremely nervous. "S-Suppose he p-proposes, w-what will I d-do? I c-can't s-say y-yes when I haven't e-even m-met him, y-yet I k-know I'm g-going to w-want to. I wonder if h-he will g-get down on his k-knees—that would be so c-cute. D-Dan n-never would, though, 'c-cause he said it was s-slushy—w-what made me t-think of D-D—goodness! there's the doorbell. Ugh I'm s-scared, but I-I k-know I'll j-just l-love him.

Kitty reached the parlor door; her heart was beating wildly. With eyes tightly closed she opened the door, then as she entered the room, "W-why, this is M-Mr. Reese, I k-know." Heavens! what was this thing that made its way ponderously across the room to meet her? Where, oh where, was the tall man with the dreamy eyes? He had evaporated, and in his place stood this mountain of flesh ("three hundred pounds, if one," thought Kitty) with small, blue, squinting eyes—*this* was Mr. Reese. Kitty looked at the door, then at the window, but, seeing no means of escape, she swallowed very hard, counted three, and said,

"M-My d-dear M-Mr. R-Reese, I'm delighted to s-see you; y-you look j-just l-like I thought y-you would. You s-see, I d-did p-pick you out in the picture." Kitty thought he would never speak, but when he did she prayed for him to stop, for worst of all, he *lished*.

"My deah Mith Carlyle, ith a gw—" Kitty heard no more—she was suffocating.

Hurriedly she gasped, "Oh, it was so l-lovely of y-you to c-come to see the t-teapot, and to w-write me all t-those l-lovely letters about c-china." Look! What was he doing? His elephantine knees were bending—he was going to propose—and on his knees. "Y-y-yes, of c-course," stuttered Kitty, "I c-can s-see you are impatient to see t-the teapot, so come r-right into the d-dining room."

And there she kept him all afternoon. Keeping the conversation on such a china-like basis, he did not even have a chance to propose. When every phase of the china question had been exhausted, Kitty lassoed different members of the family, and kept them in the room until time for Mr. Reese's train.

As he was leaving, he took one of Kitty's small hands in his big, flabby ones and murmured lispingly, "Mith Kitty, I haft thomethin to ath you—"

"Oh, y-yes, about t-that plate; I will l-let you know at o-once. I h-hate to h-hurry you, but y-your train," and almost pushing him out the door, Kitty turned and ran upstairs. First she laughed, then she cried, then both; but not for long, for every minute was precious. Sitting down she hurriedly wrote a special delivery letter. It was this:

"Dear Dan, meet me in New York Friday night; I'm coming—without a trousseau. KITTY."

LILLA KETCHIN, '15.

## Waiting

The breeze came out from the wide, blue sky,  
The brown grass shook its gold;  
Twinkled the red leaves joyously,  
To the nun the song they told  
Came from the world and the love outside.  
The restless heart of the nun  
Enviéd the cool, free autumn wind  
That tossed in the gilding sun.

The breeze came out from the purple sky  
And chilled the color to sleep;  
The fall leaves tinkled a melody  
In the dark, a watch to keep.  
Listening, the girl-nun felt the peace  
Of the night—then came the knowing  
Love, like the color may also wait  
Till the true light sets it glowing.

E. S., '15.

## A Carolina Serenade

**T**HERE are C. F. W. girls who are so lacking in proper imagination that a mouse is only a mouse to them—and not the personification of untold terrors. There are C. F. W. girls who are so lacking in spirit that they continue their way undisturbed and tranquil while ball games, both here and at the University are being played. But there is not a girl who is so lacking in enthusiasm that she does not thrill at a Carolina Serenade.

Quiet holds sway in the garden and reigns over the buildings. Suddenly a far-away jumble of rah-rahs is heard! Down goes every book: as if by magic every door opens, and a patter of feet is heard in the corridors. Muffled shrieks—suppressed laughter, a hurry, a tumble—and C. F. W. is on the porch—thrilled from sparkling hairpins to tips of tango shoes. On and on come the boys of U. S. C.; cheers ring louder and clearer. Up the front steps they run, a megaphone—and a certain young man—leading the way. A shower of hand-clappings greets them. A Carolina Serenade is on!

“A-all right, now, boys, one-two, one-two—fifteen rahs for C. F. W.” Shouts of joy greet this cheer. “Now fifteen for Carolina, one-two, one-two”—and thrills grow more and more ecstatic. “Now, count the score.” Joy! “All together now, sing “We hail thee, Carolina.” Every masculine hat, every feminine handkerchief waves in the air. “Hush-ssh—the ladies are going to sing for us—hush—hush—“Carolina Boy.” (Great embarrassment from the porch.) But in spite of this the song is sung, and great politeness decrees immense approval.

At last the energy is spent—the joy of the victory is shared. And so “Good-night, Ladies,” rings out melodiously, and the boys march away—even the straggler, whose presence is betokened by the gleam of his cigarette,—and the serenade is over.

Once more quiet reigns over all, and within the rooms at C. F. W. hair goes up in curlers, downy (?) couches receive their happy though weary burdens. And the breezes from the trees on “the campus” tell secrets to the trees in the gardens and—perhaps it is just as well that we are dreaming then.

K., '14.

## The Gentian Flowers

Down in the marsh the grasses are sear,  
    With summer's rich fruitage their heads bend down;  
But here and there like a sapphire set,  
    A mass of gentians gleams blue 'mid the brown.

So in this world there are many men,  
    Who work with their might at things worth while;  
But then there are others like the gentian flow'rs  
    Whose God-given mission is just to smile.

A. H. L., '14.

## Cynthia—The Irrelevant

**W**HEW!" declared the Reformed Flirt, holding her muff close against her cheek, "it's cold!" The wind swept 'round a skyscraperless corner with as much velocity as if there had been a skyscraper to funnel it, and caused her to shrink against her companion. She paused a moment to readjust her violets. "These," she remarked serenely, "were sent by the 'Reserve.'"

"'The Reserve?'" queried the Cynic. "In all your talks and letters, my dear, you have never mentioned the 'Reserve' before. It or he (as is most likely) interests me exceedingly."

"For a Man-of-the-World your curiosity is flattering and your interest most stimulating," returned the Reformed Flirt, saucily. "But I *know* I've mentioned the 'Reserve' before."

"You are perfectly aware that you are tantalizing"—he caught his breath as he looked down at her radiant, with wind-blown hair—"Oh, hang it all, Cynthia, who is this Reserve? Some young upstart, I'll wager. The Soulful Richard, perhaps, or that young worthy, Charles-Never-Cholly. And why the title?"

"Oh, haven't I told you about a Reserve either? A Reserve is to be distinguished from *the* Reserve, you know. And *a* Reserve is essential to any girl's happiness, peace of mind, and social success. Oh! look at the view!"

They were walking briskly, and from the high bluff the river could be seen with its shining curves and tree-shaded bank.

"Cynthia!" weariedly admonished the Cynic, "how many times have I told you not to interrupt yourself so?"

She laughed joyously. "Admit it's beautiful or I'll not continue," she threatened.

"It is," the Cynic calmly stated. "Proceed, my dear young woman. You were saying—"

"Oh, yes—about a Reserve. You see, O, Worldly-Wise, even Reformed Flirts still have a latent desire for social prestige, and to gratify it a man is essential. And since I've reformed"—she looked very innocent—"I realize that discretion is by far the better part of indifference and independence, so I cling to a Reserve Corps. These, you know, must not be ruthlessly cast aside—like the others."

"Why?" chuckled the Cynic.



"Oh, partly," she airily resumed, "because they stick like leeches, and again, as their name implies they are kept for future reference."

"Like the model child—to be seen and not heard," he suggested. "But for yourself, Cynthia, and as a Reformed Flirt most of all, you are most inconsistent. I thought you had decided to abstain from the society of all worthy (and eligible) young men, and were to listen only to the few words of wisdom that a crotchety old bachelor should occasionally vouchsafe. And here you are! With a Reserve force of guileless youths awaiting your ladyship's pleasure. Cynthia, Cynthia!" he fairly groaned. "You are a most charming example of your sex, my dear. But who sent the violets?"

"Rave on, Macduff," she retorted. "You are not but twelve years older than I, in spite of your wisdom! And I shan't tell you who the Reserve is. Yes, there is a special Reserve, and he's not the guileless youth from Your Town, either. And, by the way, I read those books you sent me. He reminds me of Septimus. You see, I always did adore Locke. And do you know, in spite of your name, Mr. Cynic, you yourself are not unlike Simon, the Jester? I shall write a book about you some day, I think. I am collecting your aphorisms for that purpose."

The Cynic looked uncomfortable. He hastened to change the subject whenever his personal exploits were praised.

"Did you know I was going away tomorrow?" he asked abruptly.

"I had hoped you were going to stay until Friday at least. You said you would," she pouted. "What's taking you back so soon?"

"The sordidness of this world, my dear. If I had my way I'd be a Satyr and you a Nymph and we could revel from sunrise—I believe dawn is more poetical—from dawn until dusk. So much for my desire. My occupation and reason for departure is the pursuit of the filthy lucre."

"You wouldn't go unless you wanted to," she teased. "Men can govern circumstances. Their will is omnipotent."

"If you don't take care you will become aphoristic yourself, Reformed Flirt," laughed the Cynic. "We strive to make women believe our omnipotence and become miserable and poverty-stricken in our efforts to so delude ourselves. But really, I have to go."

"Well," sighed the Reformed Flirt, looking at him luminously, "you know I'm sorry." There was a little catch in her voice. "But," she brightened, "your visit has had a double purpose. It has delighted

me beyond measure, and acted like a spur to the Reserve Corps. They have redoubled their efforts and are charging in a body. I shall have my hands full when you are gone. And," with a shrug, "they bore me so! If there was only no such thing as expediency and ambitious mammas! It's a shame for you to desert me now!"

"If such were not Life, why should I be a Cynic?" quoth the Wise One. "I must go."

And he did leave the next day.

As Cynthia had predicted, the Reserve Corps proved troublesome; but she had not predicted the pang *his* parting caused her, which proved even more so.

But as for the Reserve, Charles-Never-Cholly presented himself first. It was after the theatre the next night Cynthia dropped into a big chair and gazed at the fire most pensively. As a Flirt-that-used-to-be she knew what was coming. But because she was a Reformed Flirt she frowned slightly.

Charles-Never-Cholly, as the Cynic had dubbed him, cleared his throat nervously. He was always ill at ease around Cynthia, and grave and shy. Alert and keen among his fellows, he never did himself justice when he was with her.

"Cynthia," he began hoarsely, "you know I care. Will you—?"

And because she had reformed she turned a sweetly serious face to him and admitted it frankly. "Yes, Charles, I know," she told him softly. "But you must not, you know. There isn't any chance—"

"*Never*, Cynthia?" his face worked.

"No-o, dear. I'm sorry. *Never!*" And the Raw Recruit of the Reserve Corps was no longer considered.

And there came the remainder of the Corps in turn—each in his blundering, masculine fashion. She reported it all to the Cynic with a sweetly virtuous air, particularly her gentle handling of the Raw Recruit, and the Cynic, when he got her letter, pondered over it long and deeply in his cheerless lodging. There had been a girl nice like Cynthia, and she had so cast them all side. It was true she had finally married—a devilish sort of a fellow in poor health. Madge! He wondered what had become of her. Still Cynthia, bless her, mustn't. He took life seriously sometimes, did the Cynic, who was really not a Cynic at all, and his next letter was different.

Cynthia enjoyed that winter. Her sagacity had made dances and theatres possible and an occasional rebellion in the ranks served to stimulate her. And long, fat letters continued to come from the Cynic,

full of advice and her affairs, but even more reticent than usual as to himself. By spring it caused her serious alarm.

She thought of it one afternoon coming from a club meeting where she had read a very instructive paper. Cynthia, one must know, was a modern young woman. She prided herself on being intellectual and had since her graduation continued her studies—at least so she informed the minister when he called, and so she wrote the idolized teacher who had been the lodestar and ideal of her college course. She didn't have to tell the Cynic—he knew, and she didn't tell the Reserve—purposely. They only knew in a vague sort of way that she believed in the Feminist Movement (and they never thought of her or the movement in relation to suffragettes), and that she adored Browning and Ibsen. Cynthia had told them that much. They had blinked a bit, settled their collars and left with the emphasized expression that she was an uncommon girl—plenty of sense and all that, you know. But as she could talk intelligently about baseball and polo and was really an excellent dancer, they forgot such disconcerting facts.

Her paper had been good, she knew, but she wanted the Cynic's appreciation to settle it completely. It really irritated her exceedingly that he was never with her when she needed him, and it seemed as if she was always needing the Cynic. His letters had piqued her, too. They were too impersonal. And so, because she was an imperious young woman and a bit spoiled, maybe, she resolved to tell him so. For Cynthia realized with a force that was almost overwhelming how much she did mind this impersonal, grandfatherly attitude. And then, too, there was the widow.

Her hands clinched unconsciously. For one wild moment she would have given her all to have been a widow. She loathed her youthful roundness and the minimum of her twenty years. Why hadn't she known the Cynic in his youth, and why wasn't she thirty-two?

She had reached home and had absent-mindedly removed her hat and gloves. Whimsically she approached the mirror and because what she saw was good to look upon, she laughed. But it was shame-faced laughter, after all. Still that night when she wrote to the Cynic she didn't upbraid him for his reserve; nor were her letters as frequent after that.

And yet, such was Cynthia—her own situation while increasing her understanding and sympathy, had no softening influence. She flirted outrageously and did not care.

There were veterans in the Reserve Corps now; some had reinlisted, and one or two basely deserted. But all through that spring and summer her colors still waved and the campaign continued. So when the

blow fell in the fall by means of one of the Cynic's own inimitable letters, and the last vague lingering hope of its uncertainty had been dispelled, she was not utterly alone.

Still, though miserable, she was quite determined. So that night when the caller, who happened by chance to be the Raw Recruit of the past season, Charles-Never-Cholly (who, by the way, had not become a veteran. He had been in foreign fields and while home on a furlough had decided to reconnoiter), found himself suddenly elevated to the position of Commander-in-Chief, his intense surprise was mitigated only by his intense delight. The surprise (not the delight) vanished altogether, however, when the male ego recovered from the short breathing space the shock had given him. And perhaps, after all, he made as good Commander-in-Chief as could be found. It even surprised Cynthia, at times, what a very efficient general he did make. But that was years after.

It was a long, long time, however, before Cynthia heard from the Cynic again. And then it was on her birthday (it was like the Cynic to remember) when he sent her a book. He had always a fondness for Locke, she recollected, so she was not surprised when it proved to be the "Belovéd Vagabond." Its significance, however, escaped her at first. But, because she was a woman she was glad, when, after she had read it twice, she knew.

'15.

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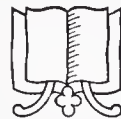
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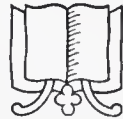
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