

YEAR BOOK
OF THE
COLLEGE for WOMEN

1915



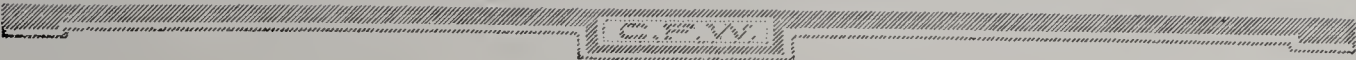
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Dedication

To the Most Original
Solver of Class Difficulties and
The Most Sympathetic of
Saints
Miss Greve.



Editorial

Long, long ago the Lady of Shalott sat a-dreaming and a-weaving, and the woof of the cloth was the web of her dreams and the great mirror reflected the passers-by as long as she sat at her loom. But the spell broke; and so our college life ends. This, then, is our enchanted mirror possessed of so potent a charm that it breaks not in the years that pass—rather calling magically in review before us the wondrous woven pattern and the passers-by. It reflects endlessly though the weaving has ceased; it is the road to Camelot.



Miss Euphemia McClintock

The resignation of Miss McClintock as the President of the College for Women has brought deep sorrow to the hearts of each of us. For twelve years she has served as the President of our beloved college, giving herself whole-heartedly and unselfishly to the high calling of Christian education. To us who have been so fortunate as to have known her in the intimate relations of college life, she has been an honored President, an inspiring teacher, and a beloved friend, and our loss at her departure would be even greater if it were not for the influence of her Christian life, which she has left unconsciously stamped upon the lives of each of us. She has awakened interest, kindled ambitions, and created ideas that will live forever in our hearts and minds. Gifted with the power of calling forth the best in us, she has taught us to respond to the highest, the truest and the noblest things in life. To have lived under her inspiring influence has been an opportunity for which we will always feel deeply grateful. The departure of this noble woman will mean an irreparable loss to the college, to the community and to the State. As she goes to continue her work in other fields of service, she carries with her the love and appreciation of all of those who have known her during her connection with the College for Women. To wish her success in her future work would be useless.

N. McK.

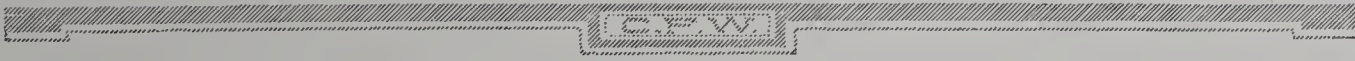


Miss McClintock



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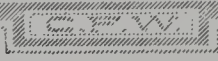
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The Cutting of the Web.

Rugged and grey, a mass of storm hewn rock:
Sparse painted with the scanty lichen's green,
Lined and coiled with reddened sea weed strands,
Touched coldly by the water's opaline.
And on the rocks three women sit and spin
And by the sea three women weave a woof;
And on the sea a waiting ship is still—
Three women stand therein and wait, aloof.

Great Thor, the storm God strikes the pregnant clouds
The waiting women bow their silent heads:
The God-freed storm wind shatters warp and woof
And bears to earth the Norns the Norn spun threads.
And on the rocks three women sit and spin;
And on the rocks the Storm-God stands, aloof
Upon the sea three women sail toward earth—
And weave the Norns again their warp and woof.



Faculty of the College for Women

E. E. McCLINTOCK, President.
LUCILLE deL. JOHNSON, Dean.
FLORENCE E. HARPHAM Secretary of Faculty.

Ina A. Milroy
Fraulein von Griesen
Edith H. Morrill
Anne Doty
Fannie T. Rather

Agnes Reaser
George Sumner Kittredge, Director

Anne B. Green, Registrar
Harold Staly
Katherine Heyward
Bess L. Stody

Amy S. Rhodes
Madam Redman
Margaret Jane Ketchin
Edith Townsend
Madame Walker-Julian
Elizabeth Bauer, Librarian
Olive Rhinehart
Lillian A. Crane
Anna C. Shipley



The Faculty



Graduate Students



Hannah V. Wingard, M. A.,

Columbia, S. C.

Suzanne Hall Crawford, M. A.,

Columbia, S. C.

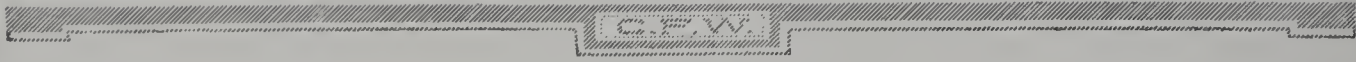




Class Poem - 1915

A shimmering, sun-lit, wondrous-colored thing,
And motley-painted in gay morning light,
Across the garden swept a shining mist—
Touched, banished, all the dull content of night.
The sun played tricks of light within its folds,
As tinkling Jesters' bells have played our dreams:
And, as a Jester's motley shields a soul,
Within our sheltered garden all our dreams
Have swept about us, woven gay—yet vague,
And veiled the world beyond the college wall,
As morning mist shuts out the wide, free sky,
Or cloaks the clearness of a birds free call.
As Spring's light mist shifts in the garden trees,
And rising, leaves the gardens green new life—

As Spring's mist is the breath of garden things,
Partaking of their slumbering, fragrant, life
Ere they themselves awake; our gay dream-mist
Is from our minds and souls unconscious wrought.
If, leaving college walls, the mists disperse
They lay their mouldering touch on soul and thought.
And leaving Alma Mater's walls, there sweeps
Reality before us, bare and free—
Her last class; and strength is ours to hew
Our dreams a part of vast eternity.
Our Jester's coat is stripped; and she
Of many dreams can never dream again.
Yet, with her class' own pure mist-ideals
She lives—she has not dreamed in vain.



Senior Class Organization

NANCY McKAY President
JUNE RAINSFORD Secretary

SARAH PERRIN Vice President
VIVIAN YATES Treasurer

MISS GREVE---Patron Saint

FRANCES SYLVAN Poet
BESSIE MEARES Prophet

ISABEL WATKINS Historian
LILA B. KETCHIN Testator

MOTTO: "Let us live while we live"

COLORS: Green and Gold

CLASS FLOWER: Marshall Neil Rose



Ella Pauline Blanding, B. A., Sumter, S. C.

Y. W. C. A. Editor Palmetto, '14-15; Chairman Social Committee '14-15; Chairman Musical Committee; Class Basket Ball; Member Glee Club, German Club, Dramatic Club.

Polly was voted the prettiest girl in college and she's certainly one of the sweetest. She and Nancy are inseparable and it is obvious they are both from Sumter. Polly is probably the most conscientious girl in school and is a great Y. W. C. A. Worker. But of course there is a frivolous streak to counterbalance her sweet seriousness. During her four years there have been Georgia commencements and Junior speakings very much in evidence. We believe Polly is fondest of Economics, but it is difficult to say. Her quiet abstraction in classes is hard to fathom.

Edna Bremer Cronenberg, B. A., Columbia, S. C.

Representative of General Committee L. C. A. '13-14.

Edna came to us from the Columbia High School as winner of the Sylvan Medal—nor has she once lowered her standard of scholarship. She lives in town and consequently has not taken a very active part in the various college functions; but she is a linguist of some ability and her translations as well as an unexpected originality in all her college papers prove her to possess a sense of humor as well as a studious bent. She keeps her affairs to herself, being a very discreet young person, but we are quite safe in venturing to say that Edna will not teach school—she has other fish to fry.





Mary Tilton Graham, B. A., Columbia, S. C.

President German Club '13; Class Secretary and Treasurer '13-14; Representative General Committee S. C. A. '12-13; Member German Club; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Alumnae House President.

Mary's walk, her demeanor, impress one with her capability and dependableness. She is splendidly practical and loyal and her executive ability is shown in the way she got the German Club into good dancing order—promptly. If she is better in one subject than another, it is probably Economics, for civic questions have a practical appeal to her. The community she lives in will definitely feel her influence—and also her home; for Mary can certainly *cook*, and as to her ability to keep order, ask the High School girls in Alumnae!

Margaret DuBose Green, B. A., Columbia, S. C.

Editor in Chief Palmetto '14-15; Editor in Chief Year Book '15; Delegate S. C. C. P. A.; Member German Club, Dramatic Club.

No, Margaret, thank Heaven, could not write "Heavy" editorials. In fact from her Carolina-Germaned, bluffing, indifferent Freshman year and her appearance as the leading lady in our Soph. Mock Trial, through that memorable Junior year when Miss Boak in English is dubbed Margaret 'artistic' (thereby giving an early puff to what she herself calls her Inflated Egoism) and over the beautiful maze of Economics, we have never found in her a quality so dull as to be called heavy. Either her Palmetto stories or her discipleship of Lewis Carroll, or her growing popularity—or all of them—made us cease to regard her a coy Princess in the Tower. Instead we found her a girl weaving a wonderfully individual thought tapestries and we elected her Editor in Chief of the Palmetto 1914-1915. But we'd like to ask; Does the College Press Association naturally lead to the College of Charleston.





Priscilla Boyd Ketchin, B. A., Winnsboro, S. C.

Chairman Students' Co-operative Association '14-15. Class Testator; Chairman Bible Committee '14-15; Asst. Literary Editor Palmetto '13-14; Class Basket Ball; Tennis; Member Glee Club; German; Dramatic.

Lilla is a young person of many talents and a supreme contempt for unessentials. She was one of the coterie of shining luminaries that graced English B, and the subsequent years have not dimmed her lustre. But, coupled with her vague abstraction, is much executive ability and she has filled the important office of President of the S. C. A. admirably.

Elizabeth Young Meares, B. A., Ridgeway, S. C.

President of Athletic Association '14-15; Exchange Editor Palmetto '14-'15; Class Prophet; Vice President German Club '14-15; Senior Leader German Club; Secretary Athletic Association '12-13; Vice President Class '13-14; Class Basket Ball; Tennis; Vice President Class '11-12; Captain Basket Ball Team '11-12; Member Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Champion Field Day '11-12, '12-13, 13-14.

To think of Bessie apart from her athletic record is impossible. As a winner of cups and President of the Athletic Association she has been the prominent figure on the courts and ball field since her freshman year. But she also attends dances and weddings to an alarming degree and makes a wonderous high record in grades, in spite of a certain passionate admiration for the landscape from sundry class room windows. She has quite salient characteristics, among them unlimited energy and an abrupt, quick way of talking which prove her to be an alert young person of decision and marked individuality.





Janie Amanda Morse, B. A., Abbeville, S. C.

President Y. W. C. A. '14-15; Manager Glee Club '14-15; Class President '13-14; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '13-14; Chairman Devotional Committee '12-13; Member German Club; Dramatic Club; Preston House President '15.

Janie is quietly capable, and being a friend of Mary Graham's, is, of course, practical. She is pleasantly energetic, by no means the "ruffly" sort, and is very much interested in Orphan's Boxes and Belgian Relief. She is president of the Y. W. C. A. and was president of the Junior Class. But Janie has her frivolities also and those who have heard it can vouch for the mirthfulness and infection of her laugh. With Tay as a standby and several others who lingered only a year or so she, is a leader of the Abbeville contingent, famed in Third Floor Preston.

Nancy Witherspoon McKay, B. A., Sumter, S. C.

Class President '14-15; President Student Body '14-15; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '14-15; Class Representative S. C. A. '13-14; Chairman Social Committee '13-14; Class President '12-13; Member Glee Club; Dramatic Club; German Club; Class Basket Ball.

Our Senior President won the vote for the most tactful and most popular girl in college, but that isn't all we have to say for Nancy. She is one of the sunniest, most lovable girls we know—and wholesome. She isn't a specialist in any one study—she's too busy dispensing cheerfulness—and looking after Polly. Perhaps her great faults are a certain—shall we call it hero worship?—and a too great and too scattered fondness for the Northern Universities. Yet she's mighty loyal to Sumter and to the college, and her friends, and she makes an excellent Central Committeeman and Class president. Her high ideals, her sincerity and general winsomeness will always make her a favorite and a force.





Sarah Perrin, B. A., Abbeville, S. C.

Vice President Class '14-15; Asst. Literary Editor Palmetto '14-15; Class Representative Central Committee S. C. A. '14-15; President Glee Club '14-15; Class Cheer Leader; Member German Club; Dramatic Club.

Winsomely gentle, Tay bowls them all over, teachers as well as girls. She is as dainty as she is efficient and as feminine as she is practical—and she's clever. Besides, Tay possesses an unusually sweet voice and was among the first to organize the Glee Club here. She also has literary activities which, though suddenly thrust upon her, have been executed with rather more than usual skill. Her gentle tactfulness has won her a favoritism which is marked.

June Nicholson Rainsford, B. A., Edgefield, S. C.

Secretary Class '14-15; House President '14-15; Member Glee Club; Member German Club; Member Dramatic Club.

June barely missed the vote for being the prettiest girl in college and for further verification of this fact we refer you to a certain enterprising young lawyer in Columbia—or perhaps June can give us other addresses. Anyway, her name seems to suit her and although rather dignified and reserved, she displays quite an untoward devotion to the Young Turk Party. That she countenances such rashness is surprising. Yet, June wrote a Geology paper once, and she did some other things. Ask Miss Milroy.





Elinor Elizabeth Roper, B. A., Columbia, S. C.

Member German Club Member Dramatic Club

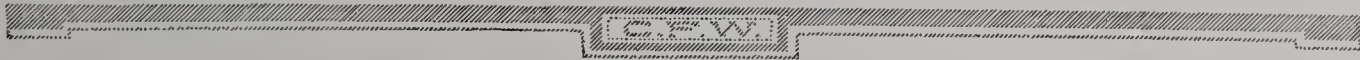
Nell is a splendid type of the New Woman, one who believes that one good deed Nell Brown Vines has written up in her sophomore English class of those who demand better food and better garbage disposal, and a lot more of some reforms. She also has another heading for her minutes and great editorial abilities, that she can get it in Nell. Nell is a person who has after she has accomplished them. We guarantee they will be most well selling efforts against such a person and those connections. But don't think Nell is considerable. There is. She is also and very beautiful and capable of becoming quite a writer, and an excellent one, and she shows power. That's Nell. We believe she likes to write.

Mina Robertson, B. A., Columbia, S. C.

Business Manager Palmetto Year Book '14 '15, Business Manager of Palmetto '14 '15, Editor Advertiser Department of Palmetto '13 '14, Vice President Class '12 '13, Circulating Editor Palmetto '12 '13, Secretary and Treasurer Class '11 '12, Representative on General Committee of Student Government '11 '12, Captain Bookers Ball team '12 '13, '13 '14, '14 '15, Member German Club, Member Dramatic Club.

Mina is one of the most energetic and spirit persons imaginable. For Mina is a person. She has no doubt as to her individuality. She is tremendously efficient and is possessed of an excellent business head and spirit, a marked proficiency for organization. One would think her organized life is possible, everyday matters, but she is the opposite in Mina. She is going a good deal and collaboration with Edith B. in other terms of writing. And as for Bookers Ball and Mina—That was 1914 just like you remember.





Frances Elizabeth Sylvan, B. A., Columbia, S. C..

Literary Editor Palmetto '14-15; Class Poet; Editor Local Department Palmetto '13-14; Delegate to Press Association 1914; President Dramatic Club '14-15; Member German Club.

Talented, original Sylvan! She has shone in Senior plays and amateur theatricals, and the Palmettos have been stocked with her contributions. For behind her fun and indeed a part of the droll originality of her—there will never be but one Sylvan—is quite a serious gift for writing which elevates her above the common clay. And it is this serious part of her which we are apt to miss when she jingles her bells, that we want to stress. She's a girl of rare unselfishness and depth. But there is both cleverness and charm, in just—Sylvan.

Cora Janette Thomas, B. Mus., Wedgefield, S. C.

House President '14-15; Member Glee Club; Member German Club.

Janette is the only girl this year to receive a regular music degree—and that means that Janette can certainly play. She's a girl who is only known to her friends but with them Janette is by no means the quiet person she might otherwise appear. She will probably continue her music at Boston Conservatory. We expect great things of her some day.





Isabel Stanley Watkins, B. A., Columbia, S. C.

Editor Current Events Department Palmetto '14-'15; Class Historian;
Representative on Central Committee of Student Government '14-'15.

Isabel reminds one of an etching, so delicate and exact and finely cut is she. She is one of the best students in college and alarmingly well informed. Her name might be used as a synonym for accuracy and she is good in each and every subject. She has always been frail, so her college activities have been somewhat limited, but she has served on the staff of the Palmetto and is a valuable asset to her class. The only thing we can say against her is that she knows too much—but that is rather a reflection upon us than her, after all.

Irene Lockwood Wingard, Columbia, S. C.

Member Dramatic Club.

Another representative of the Columbia High School is Irene. She is very regular and methodical in her habits and attendance, but we predict for her an unusual future. She's going to break loose and do something awfully rash some of these days. It might be the stage, we remember the Sophomore Trial; but you look out for her. Irene is going to do the unexpected thing.



Vivian Kollock Yates, B. A., Camden, S. C.



Treasurer Class '14-'15; President Class '11-'12; Class Basket Ball; Member Glee Club; Member Dramatic Club; Member German Club.

Vivian was elected president of her class in her Freshman year, and that, and another event, has left her a-smiling, and aware of her own importance. She's quite capable and has a good bit of executive ability and ideas which she is not afraid to express. She has quite a scientific turn and won for herself quite a name in astronomy. She was also brave enough to tackle higher Math. But Viv's college days have been those of preparation. Still, in spite of this slight aloofness, she has many friends and we all wish her the happiness we know will be hers.






Class History

Each class, as it reveals the years that it has passed in college, finds something to claim as individual to it. What shall we count our own? Some have claimed for themselves the college, thinking they made and thereby owned it. Now, we realize that those who have gone before have had some small share in bringing glory to C. F. W., so perhaps our chief attribute is our modesty—the Sophomores' however, considered us most imprudent Freshman. We might claim intellect or beauty, but those are already granted. We might say we were the luckiest class,—but once fortune failed us, for it was an unlucky star that rose with our basket ball team, or perhaps there shown on us only the unfortunate rays of the bright star that hovered over the phenomenal team of 1914's class.

So, we might claim many things, but some have been true of other classes, and some have not always been true of us. Ours has been a very versatile class, a very original class. Even in our Freshman year were accounted great—in numbers, at least—, but our greatest characteristic has been class spirit. In those two words is summed up the story of all our college days. And a lusty class spirit it was, a spirit which broke all precedent and disturbed the calm dignity of the Chapel with yells of triumph when word came that we, as Freshman, had won the Athletic Contest of Field Day. It was the spirit that united us in devotion to our first patron saint, and when she, our song bird, flew north to live among the pines and snows, guided us in choosing the most lovable saint that ever a Junior or Senior class worshipped, a most helpful patron, too, ready to join all our plans and even with most original plans of her own for receptions, bazaars and carnivals. Ours was an ingenious class spirit which hesitated not to enclose “the world” in a corner of the gardens to entertain a former Senior class and brought the antipodes together when Mrs. North and South Pole received their guests in an ice-locked (cotton-wadding) land. (It was a daring class spirit that made even the darkest of the “jolly Juniors” brave the— to them—ghastly effects of yellow and violet shaded lights.) An energetic spirit, it turned the historic old hall of Hampton into a bower of dog-wood, jasmine, and wistaria for that crowning glory of the year - “Junior-Senior”.

Next in individuality and closely allied with class spirit was our loyalty to sister classes. Who can forget that memorable occasion when we rashly, but joyously, brought down on our heads the everlasting wrath of the Sophomores, and aroused the Juniors to say we were the “most enthusiastic sister-class anybody ever had”. We only sang “Where, oh, where”, with variations—but Sophomore smugness was thereafter invisible and we rejoiced in our new found power.



"What's the matter with the grand old Seniors?
 They never even tried to climb the Palmetto tree.
 They have lost all their class spirit; Too dignified
 To climb the Palmetto tree.
 Where, oh, where are the jolly Juniors?
 Safe in the top of the Palmetto tree.
 What, oh, what are the Juniors doing?
 Plucking the laurels from the Palmetto tree.
 Where, oh, where are the invincible Sophomores?
 They have fallen out of the Palmetto tree.
 Are they not invisible now?
 Covered deep in their own made grave.
 Where oh, where are the verdant Freshmen?
 They're also fallen from the Palmetto tree.
 What, oh, what is the Freshmen's consolation?
 Safe beneath the Junior Palmetto tree."

we sang. There was more impertinence than music in the song, but the Sophomore's **hadn't** won the Palmetto prize and the Freshmen **almost** had.

A class of versatile interests and accomplishments we have contributed to the college firmament stars in basket ball, tennis and acting. Our litterateurs have run the whole gamut of literary expression; we have had story-tellers, critics, editors, dramatic's, poets and punsters. We may even claim a few artists, perhaps a **few** students. On the whole, it is a most musical class; in fact musical talents are so universal among us that our most original, most individualistic class mate, never loses an opportunity to express her entire ignorance of the subject, and (with a shrug) her utter indifference, thereby showing her originality. Though our number has dwindled from the greatness of Freshman days to only fifteen, we have exemplified the survival of the fittest theory, and can still count as ours the champion all-around athlete of four years.

It is our class spirit that is a little selfish in its gladness that through all four years we have had the guidance and inspiration of our loved President, a privilege that we appreciate the more that we are the last class to enjoy it. We as a class selfishly rejoice that we are not Juniors nor Sophomores or Freshmen to be turned adrift at the close of this year; but when our class spirit changes its aspect, as in this last year it has so rapidly done, and grows into true college spirit, there is only a sense of loss and deep regret that with our Head we shall lose our college, that this should be the last chapter in the history of our Alma Mater. I. S. W.



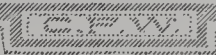
Prophecy

I am the greatest inventor of the age. Now, this statement may seem shockingly strange; but, nevertheless, such is the case. After countless days and sleepless nights I have constructed an instrument which will enable one to pierce that dark mysterious veil of the future. I won't describe this invention to you—the technical details would only bore you to death; and besides, I have not yet taken out a patent on it and so am afraid that if I explain it too minutely some one may frustrate my designs by surreptitious methods, or, in other words, beat me to it. I have neglected to mention the most important consideration of all in connection with this wonderful instrument and that is the necessity for concentration. This is the most difficult part of all—it took me weeks to learn how to concentrate. In memory of, and in apology to, a well known and much read friend of our senior year, Looking Backward, I have named my instrument Risking-one-eye-forward. Unfortunately, owing to lack of time, I have been able to perfect it only in so far as it will prophesy eight years into the future, but what it does reveal during that period of time is absolutely correct. I decided that the class of 1915 would be excellent material upon which to experiment, so I want you to concentrate with me, and by projecting yourselves eight years into the future learn what fate awaits its members. Not knowing exactly where to begin, I solved the difficulty simply by saying "Ene, mene, mine mo"; and it came out on Nancy McKay.

After leaving school Nancy's tact and diplomacy increased to such a prodigious extent—can you imagine it growing any greater?—that it soon attracted the notice of the U. S. government and she was finally prevailed upon to accept the appointment as American Ambassador, or rather Ambassadors, to Mexico, where she immediately succeeded in putting that country in such an amicable frame of mind that never even a rumble have we heard from them since.

Speaking of Nancy reminds me—I have no idea why—of missionaries; and so I must tell you about Vivian Yates. Now everybody thought that Viv's future was pretty well assured, but they were sadly mistaken. People will have a change of heart occasionally, you know, and Viv—this is going to give you a great shock, but I am trying to break it to you as gently as I can—Viv is now in South Africa teaching the natives. Besides this, (it's strange how one's former occupations and habits will have their effect sooner or later, and you all remember Viv's chief occupation during her senior year) she is teaching the Africans to embroider the French bow knot and the back stitch, and is also giving them a series of lectures, entitled, "How to Live on \$79.53 a Year".

You all remember how energetic Polly Blanding was, and how she simply adored all forms of exercise



especially walking. Well, Polly began mountain climbing as a sort of outlet to her superfluous energy and the last news we received from her was a wireless from the tip top of some mountain in Asia Minor. As soon as she comes down off the mountain top she is planning to take a six week's walking trip beginning in Northern Maine and ending in Southern California. Even at the rate that Polly can cover ground this will certainly be, in the words of that famous novelist, Rex Beach, "going some". I do not think that she intends to make mountain climbing a life calling—she has even higher aims than that.

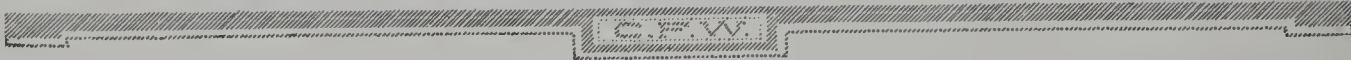
Her Highness, El Akaba Aga. That doesn't sound much like Irene Wingard, does it? But that is what she is now. While serving as a red cross nurse on the European Continent, Irene had intrusted to her care a wounded Turkish soldier, a nobleman of the highest rank. She fell in love with him—at first sight, so they say—and after nursing him back to health and happiness married him exactly one month from the day that she first saw him. She is now living in Babaeskid, Turkey.

After receiving her B. M. U. S., Jeannette Thomas returned to her home in Wedgefield, made her debut there the following fall, and simply entranced the entire population by her liquid voice and her remarkable rendering of Chopin. When she went on quite an extended visit last year to Coney Island, Niagara Falls and other points of interest, it is reported that she left behind her seven broken hearts—think of it, seven! When she returns let us hope that there is some chance, at least, of one heart being mended.

In her determined pursuit of that elusive will-o-the-wisp called by mortals knowledge, Edna Cronenburg departs, from our classic walls only to enter into those of Wellesly College; from there to Columbia University, then to the University of Chicago, then to the University of Wisconsin, then to Paris, and finally landed in the University of Berlin. She considers her quest only half begun, but it is rumored that the professors in these various institutions of learning were so frequently embarrassed by the minuteness of their knowledge in comparison with hers that every school in the U. S., and all over Europe has agreed not to allow her to enter within their walls. So Edna is now teaching fourth, fifth and sixth grades in the public school at Simpson's Turnout, S. C.

Edna hasn't made herself a bit more famous than Isabel Watkins though, for Isabel has just completed an encyclopædia infinitely more extensive than the Britannica, which she herself is going to translate into French, German, Latin and Greek—the last serving primarily as a sort of diversion for her mind. Judging from Isabel's extensive knowledge of absolutely every subject under the sun, we can safely say that her encyclopædia will be a world-wide success and of enormous value to mankind.

Speaking of Isabel Watkins reminds me of Lilla Ketchin, because Lilla has distinguished herself along much the same lines. Year before last Lilla edited an enormous volume of over twelve hundred pages on "Parliamen-



tary Law," which has now become the guide and standby of almost all the governments of the world. Last year a revolution in Brazil was avoided simply by means of a timely reference to her marvelous work.

Judging from these last three examples, it would seem that our class was overburdened with "literariness." But, though the class of 1915 was certainly renowned for that characteristic, it was also all-sided. After having grown tired of teaching kindergarten, Nell Roper decided to go on the stage, and is now making a wonderful success as a chorus girl in "High Jinks", which is still playing to crowded houses, after a run of more than eight years.

Out of the whole class of 1915, Tay Perrin lived up most to our expectations. After leaving school Sarah **speedily** became convinced of that well worn but entirely truthful statement which people of recent years, and probably even as far back as the rough stone age, were so fond of using on all occasions—namely, that "home is the proper place for women". Somehow we always thought Sarah would be unusually lucky. Though I haven't seen her for sometime they say that she is as happy as—as—well just plain happy.

Now, whoever would have dreamed this? When Janie Morse finished her course in History D. at College For Women, she found that she had collected such a vast number of notes that she immediately got to work, and without any further research work, whatsoever, compiled a History of America in ten volumes. In the course of her work she became particularly interested in early colonization, and in order to study her subject first hand has moved—to Georgia, of course.

Talking about surprises, have you heard what June Rainsford did? She posed as an advertisement for the Herpicide Hair Tonic—shocking!—and her picture has taken the place of "Old Dutch Cleanser" on the back of a certain widely read magazine commonly known as the L. H. J. In this way, June acquired an enormous fortune as well as a reputation for being the only genuine picture advertisement of any kind whatsoever. The reputation she has kept, but she has spent every penny of her entire fortune on a home for retired ministers—trust June to always have an eye for the future!

You remember how in Economics Mary Graham always kept up with, and knew all about the doings of the Legislature?—which is more than most of us could do! Well, when South Carolina passed the equal suffrage law in 1917 she was elected a member of the House of Representatives. And the reforms that she did carry out! She is the only woman in the legislature at present, but she uses such persuasive powers over the men that she has never introduced a single bill which has failed to pass. She is now Madame Speaker of the House.

'Guard your man'! Doesn't that have a familiar ring? I knew that you all would recognize Minna Robertson. Minna used to work off her superfluous energy by being everywhere at once on the basket-ball field, and by persuading the business men of Columbia to advertise in the "Palmetto". But after she finished school, time hung so heavy on

her hands that in self defense she was obliged to organize and manage, entirely by herself, a home for the feeble-minded, an asylum for stray cats and dogs, and a daily newspaper entitled "The Latest Doings of Roosevelt". In addition to this she finds enough spare time to manage very efficiently a home—and a husband.

Have any of you read Margaret Green's latest book called "Dissertation Concerning the Salient Characteristics of Pangnosticism"? I tried to, but I soon found that I understood the meaning of only four words on the entire first page. Never in my life has my head felt so absolutely like a vacuum—I did have sense enough left, however, not to attempt to read the second page. This book was written in her leisure moments while she was professor of Modern Poetry at Columbia University. She has resigned this chair, however, in order to accept the position as editor of the Atlantic Monthly. The training which she received along these lines during her senior year will stand her in good stead, we trust. We also extend to her our best wishes that the financial difficulties which she and her co-workers experience during the same year, will not pursue her in her new work.

And what has become of Frances Sylvan, the last member of our class? On account of the excellent results which she obtained from her study of Shakespeare's works in English, she decided to become a Shakespearean actress. She has played successfully in various roles, but the role in which she excels is that of the fool in "As You Like It." I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing her act, but I have heard that she plays the fool better than anyone who has ever attempted this role. As a critic, also, of Shakespeare's works, she is considered the greatest authority in America.

And, now, each one of you has at last "met your fate"—for the next eight years at least. And though I can fortell your destinies no further, with my whole heart I say to you all:

"Whenever you wish may you have it,
Wherever you are may you be it,
Whatever you do may you enjoy it"—

And remember to always keep on the good side of Dame Fortune.


Bessie Meares, Prophet.

The peculiar thing about this new invention is that it can not and will not reveal one's own fortune. So, being very desirous to know what was in store for my friend Bessie, I slipped in the laboratory one day and "risked one eye forward" until it spied the name, Elizabeth Meares.

Now you will remember how we all had our hearts set on Bessie's being a suffragette? Well, we were doomed to disappointment, for very soon after she left college, she met a man who upset all of our carefully made plans. This man was good-looking, attractive, interesting, broad minded progressive in his ideas, and people said he had plenty of money. Anyway he could sing, dance, play tennis, swim, hunt, fish, ride horseback, play golf, and any of the social games. This man also believed in pure democracy, government ownership, socialism and woman suffrage.

After much consideration, Bessie decided that this individual must be the only specimen in captivity, so she—well what she did, I'll leave that to you to guess.

N. W. M.



Class Will

We, the Senior Class of the College for Women, The County of Richland, State of South Carolina, being of supposedly sound 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, **June Rainsford**, do with deepest sorrow, will my interest in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary individually to Nancy Orfutt, collectively to Kathleen Hancock.

I, **Irene Wingard**, do, in a very lively and hilarious manner, will my devotion to and dexterity, in, all forms of athletics to Lila Hall Crawford.

I, **Nancy McKay**, being in a generous frame of mind, do hereby bequeath all my Davidson pins, rings, pennants, etc., to Claire Elliott, believing that things so dear to my heart should be kept in the family.

I, **Minna Robertson**, do will all of my surplus energy to Ethel Yates.

I, **Janie Morse**, do, in a most hysterical manner, will my favorite song: "I'm a rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech, a Hell of an Engineer" to the C. F. W. Glee Club with the one request that the Club will appreciate the true sentiment contained therein.

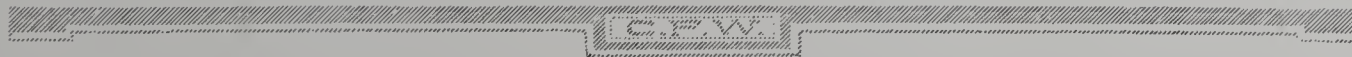
I, **Janette Thomas**, do relinquish all claims, both Major and Minor, to George Sumner Kittridge, in favor of Mary Francis Williford.

I, **Isabel Stanley Watkins**, do hereby bequeath my talkativeness to Louise Sally and Dorothy Hickman, said gift to be divided equally between the two.

I, **Frances Sylvan**, being in a manly frame of mind, do will and bequeath all my interest in the "Fair Sex" to Marguerite Patterson, I having no further use for above mentioned interest since joining the militant suffragettes,

I, **Nell Roper**, do sympathetically bequeath my favorite hair tonic, "Nervine" to Majorie Goodwyn.

I, **Pauline Blanding**, with the utmost sorrow, do will my love for scandal, and my ability to repeat the same with feeling and rapidity, to Marion Jones, as an aid in Marion's contemplated plan of opening a "School for Scandal".



I, **Bessie Meares**, do unreservedly will my favorite expression "Hull-a-bo-loo" to Miss Lucille Johnson, who having been educated up to such, will appreciate the true value of said expression, and use it with discretion.

I, **Tay Perrin**, do bequeath all my former love for Citadel Cadets to Franklin Harvey, owing to the fact that this love has been supplanted by a love for all Medical Schools.

I, **Mary Graham**, do bequeath my love for dark hair, eyes, etc., to Miss Agnes Lois Reaser, hoping hereby to convert Miss Reaser to my way of thinking.

I, **Vivian Yates**, do hereby will and bequeath all my interest in "Hope Chests," Trousseaux, wedding rings, invitations, etc., to Ame Copeland and Norwood Mullins.

I, **Edna Cronenberg**, do bequeath my ability to "Parlez Vous Francais" to Flossie Patterson with the hope that in the future Flossie will learn the meaning of "Adieux," and act accordingly.

I, **Margaret Green**, do will and bequeath my literary ambitions and my editorial page in Palmetto to Lois McDonald, as during the coming year my study of the "City Beautiful" in Greenville, South Carolina, will prevent my taking any active interest in such work.

We, the Senior Class, do will and bequeath one can of machine oil to the back door of the Chapel; a water cooler to the back porch of Hampton; also our share in the peacocks to the Seminary across the way; and best of all, to our beloved President, Miss McClintock, and our Patron Saint, Miss Greve, we hereby bequeath our undying love and our deep appreciation of all their efforts in our behalf.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testator, the Senior Class at its request, as and for its last Will and Testament in the presence of each other, having hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses this 3rd day of June, 1915.

Witnesses:

E. E. McClintock
Harriett Greve
George Sumner Kittredge.

Codicil.

I, Lilla Boyd Ketchin, assuming my most serious frame of mind, do, hereby will and bequeath all my wonderful public dignity and executive ability to one Marguerite Patterson, hoping that the said qualities may perhaps aid in the off-setting of some of the latter's frivolity.



Home Economics

Miss Bess L. Stody

Elizabeth Cheatham
Margaret Melver

Norwood Mullins
Laura Norwood



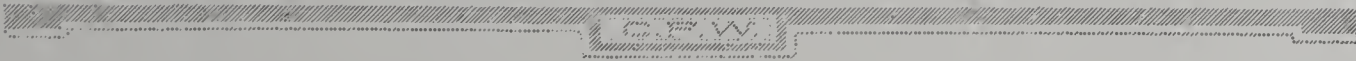
Certificate in Piano.
Ame Copeland Lillian Glen



Certificates.

Normal Training.

Ame Copeland, Elizabeth La Motte, Elizabeth Rivers, Thelma Rowe.



The Economical Library; or Dr. Ely's Ten-Foot Shelf of Books.

1. Yates, V. After College What?
2. Offutt, N. How the Other Eye Winks (Seventeenth Edition)
3. Wingard, I. Looking Sideways.
4. Roper, N. Rumbings from the Back Row.
5. McLaine, M. Tarheels and French, or: Social Evolution.
6. Nichols, M. A Day at the Phone and other Days.
7. Watkins, I. and Cronenberg, E. Women in Industry.
8. McIver, M. In Darkest Lab.

Miscellaneous.

1. Rainsford, J. A life-long Devotion to Herpicide.
2. Sylvan and Green Don'ts for teachers---A Dainty Collection of Essays for Working Hours.
3. Ketchin, L. Hints for Parliamentary Conversation.
5. Cronenberg, E. Latest Manual on Hairdressing du Pin.

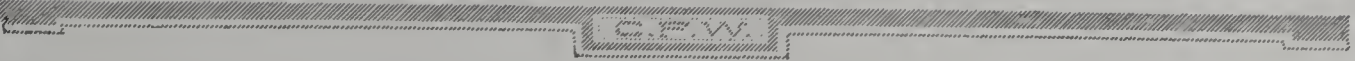
Seven Best Sellers

1. Wingard, I. Frivolle---A novel of the Four Hundred.
2. Robertson, M. Gets it, or: "Pouncing Private".
3. Green and Sylvan, The Bluff Rebuffed, or: The Bluffer's Revenge.
4. Rainsford, J. Pat the Prize, or: Puffed with Pride.
5. Perrin, S. Speedily Mackinawed.
6. Crawford, S. Tangone. A Romance of the Ghetto.



ALICE MAUDE HUESTIS,

FEB. 15, 1915.



A Tribute of Respect

Whereas, on February 15th, 1915, it pleased Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom to call our beloved Friend and Teacher from her labors of love to His Home of Rest, therefore let it be resolved :

First: That in the death of Alice Maude Huestis, the Student Body of The College for Women has lost a loyal friend and a sympathetic adviser;

Second: That by her unselfish service and lovable personality she has endeared herself to the hearts of all and that in her death each girl has sustained a deep and personal loss;

Third: That while we mourn the loss of her, whose Christian example is worthy of our imitation, we humbly submit to the will of God, knowing that He doeth all things well;

Fourth: That we extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family and all the loved ones in their sorrow;

Fifth: That a page in our Year Book be inscribed to the memory of our devoted friend;

Sixth: That a copy of this Tribute of Respect be sent to the bereaved family.

LILLA B. KETCHIN,

LIZZIE DOTY,

ETHEL YATES,

DOROTHY HICKMAN,

Committee.



Tone Color in People

In these days when every note in music has to have a color, every word a shade, and every figure a line, it seems odd that so few people think of the many varied personalities which are suggestive of color. One thing which prevents us from seeing people as colors is that we are "side-tracked" by the color some one wears and so forget the color they are. For instance, a woman whom we would instinctively think of as suggesting shell pink, will persist in adorning her poor perishable body in black velvet. That is the way with women--the majority do not study themselves enough to know what color they mean, and, instead of wearing the stamp of their personality--they wear the color of their eyes.

Every person must, of course, have his own color scale of people--with tone variations and intensities--for it is manifestly impossible that every one should think alike on this subject. A personality one would consider well represented by flame color, might spell to another "old rose".

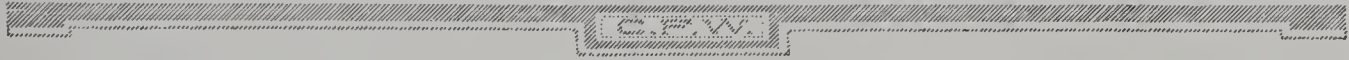
Every person you know cannot, of course, have a color to themselves; in the first place the colors wouldn't last, and secondly anybody and everybody does not deserve to have a color. Many men and women mean absolutely nothing, say fifty cents a week to their wash woman--and surely such people can't hope to have a radiant, live color, all their own. You must have a very decided personality before you can earn an individual color; you must be absolutely steeped in all the color suggests.

For instance, think of Mytyle's character as shown in Mæterlinck's play "The Blue Bird". This child, and he is a representative of all children of that age and happy disposition--means a bright cherry red. His whole being seems to overflow with expectations, optimism and love--cherry red is the one color which to me most nearly represents these happy qualities of childhood.

It might be interesting to find the color which is Maud Adams. This actress plays many, many parts, but just as the **real** woman breaks through every part she plays, so that must be one color, which fits her equally well in every one of her roles. I think this color is deep, quiet green--the color of water far out on the ocean where the sky is cloudy. It is not a repulsive, sinister color, but it suggests mysteries and depths which ordinary people cannot fathom.

The most prominent man in the United States to-day--Woodrow Wilson,--what color is he? Slate color. As you may know, this color is made by the mixture of cold grey and a very little bit of beautiful vivid blue. To me, the gray represents his wonderful constructive mind--his almost Puritan ideas on personal and national honor, while the blue is suggestive of his imagination, that intuition which shows him how to mold men and circumstances to suit his will. America is not engaged in the great world war to-day--and I wonder do we owe the fact more to the blue or to the grey in Mr. Wilson's character.

M. Goodwyn '19.



CLASSIC





Junior Class

President, Margaret White.

Vice-President, Mary Perrin.

Sec. and Treas., Marjorie McAlpine.

Motto: "Never Backwards."

Colors: Gold and Black.

Flower: Black-eyed Susan.

Patron Saint: Miss Harpham.

Amon, Pearl.

Jones, Marion.

Barron, Jane.

Kohn, Helen.

Campbell, Lucy.

McAlpine, Marjorie.

Copeland, Ame.

McFaddin, Marion.

Dent, Consuelo.

McIver, Margaret.

Doty, Lizzie.

Norwood, Laura.

Glen, Lillian.

Perrin, Mary.

deGraffenried, Elmira.

Rowe, Thelma.

Henderson, Meta.

White, Margaret.



Junior Class.



Sophomore Class.

President: Mary Frances Williford. Vice-President: Kathleen Hancock. Sec. and Treas: Margaret Davis

MOTTO:

The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

Colors: Green and White.

Flower: Cherokee Rose.

Patron Saint: Miss McClintock.

Sara All.

Lucy Doty.

Frances Haynes.

Ferbe Babcock.

Jane Tucker Fisher.

Elizabeth LaMotte.

Catherine Bryan.

Virginia Green.

Marjorie Luther.

Catherine Capers.

Marion Fripp.

Blanche Matthews.

Elizabeth Cheatham.

Ruth Graham.

Cornelia Meyer.

Lucy Childress.

Mildred Gunter.

Jean McLucas.

Elise Currell.

Kathleen Hancock.

Eula May Turbeville.

Lily Currell.

Franklin Harvey.

Mary Frances Williford

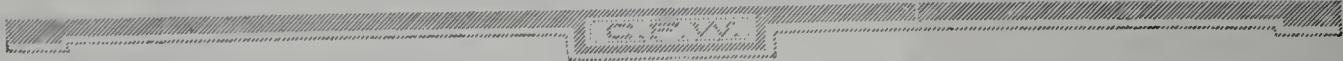
Margaret Davis.

Annie Lee Haynes

Ethel Yates.



Sophomore Class.



Freshman Class

Blair Woodrow, President. Lois McDonald, Vice President. Lila Hall Crawford, Secty. and Treas.
Class Colors, Garnet and Gold. Class Flower, Yellow Jasmine
Patron Saint, Dr. Shipley Motto, B².

Barr, Carrie
Bethea, Sarah
Bradley, Caroline
Boozer, Martha
Craig, Mary
Coker, Erline
Darlington, Lucy Vance
Fripp, Ida
Goodwyn, Marjory
Gramling, Katie
Gaffney, Ethelyn
Gilmore, Cecil

Green, Jessie
Hampton, Lucy
Hampton, Gertrude
Hand, Ida
Hickman, Marie
Hickman, Dorothy
Hook, Annie
Knight, Mildred
Lancaster, Virginia
Maxwell, Elinor
McGee, Catharine
McDonald, Lois

McIntosh, Margaret
Melton, Caroline
Moore, Dorothy
Reid, Emma
Richards, Mary
Patterson, Flossie
Patterson, Margurite
Pender, Frances
Scott, Ruth
Salley, Louise
Spivey, Edna Earl
Thornton, Roxy



Freshman Class.



Rexla and the Great Adventure.

"Why, there he is again!" announced Rexla, suddenly.

"Who?" I asked, indifferently.

"That funny man," she said, "whom we have met nearly every afternoon for a week, sitting on that same bench. Wonder who he is? He looks so interesting. See the funny cut of his coat, Henry. I bet he's a foreigner!" She pronounced the last word with a little shiver.

"I am sure foreigners are very nice," I remarked, primly. You see Rexla was tired of men she knew. Therefore I was trying to be "different" by invariably performing the opposite of my impulse. So far it had succeeded admirably. Occasionally I forgot, but Rexla wasn't particularly observant, so it didn't matter. "Perhaps your aversion to foreigners is not without reason," I began again, but Rexla interrupted.

"What are you talking about, Henry?" she asked, impatiently. "See! he's going. Let's follow him."

Much has been written on the subject of the "Seizure of the Great Adventure," therefore I need not add my humble quota. I felt, dimly perhaps, that something might come of following this strange creature, but as he appeared for the most part utterly harmless, rather prosaic if anything, the clutches of this mighty factor left me only slightly perturbed for fear we would not be able to return before dark. In fact, I consulted my watch anxiously. But Rexla was too engrossed in the old gentleman to observe me.

He was a small, stooped old fellow and he did have a decidedly foreign aspect; but I couldn't see a thing unusual about him except that he was reading from a ponderous volume which he closed as we approached and keeping his thumb between the pages held behind his back. As we neared him we could hear him muttering to himself.

"What's he saying?" whispered Rexla hoarsely. She seemed almost frightened.

"Listen closely and you will be able to understand," was my matter of fact rejoinder. "You know I am slightly deaf——"

She cared nothing for my infirmity. "It's about Spencer and something about Natural Selection," she discovered finally. We had moderated our pace so that the old gentleman was just ahead of us, and we were frankly eavesdropping. "What **can** he be talking about?"

"Pens," I replied, witheringly. In pursuing a "different" as well as any other sort of masculine lead it is well to impress women with one's knowledge. "You've heard of the Spencerian, I suppose," I continued pity-



ingly.

“But why?—” began Rexla, and then suddenly fell a-thinking. I believe she even forgot the mysterious gentleman and his writing proclivities for full two seconds. But maybe that’s conceit.

We had left the park in our absurd pursuit and were going far out of our way down some dark street. Nothing interesting had developed; the old man’s mutterings had become inarticulate and I saw no reason why we should track him to some probably spotless yet eminently mediocre second floor back-hall bed room, where he doubtless kept a canary and maybe millions and millions of pen points in boxes, or littering the floor. He was very likely some unsuccessful inventor. Besides, it was getting late.

“My dear Rexla,” I began, somewhat pompously. Observe the “difference.” She had ignored me utterly ever since my last remark; besides there was no reason for her to be so uncannily attracted. “The hour is growing late, and if we are ever going to get to the theatre on time tonight we had better go home now.”

“He must be almost home, Henry. Let’s go a little farther—” She was all interest now. “What! you don’t mind these smells—this neighborhood!” I appeared horrified, for I was firm. Sometimes, though, it is hard to be different.

And this was our first encounter. But it’s a funny thing. If your attention is particularly called to a color or a word, or if you become interested in a certain advertisement, no matter where you go or what you do that word or that color or that slogan will appear before you in the most unheard-of places and also in the most commonplace manner. Quite as if it had the impudence to assert it had been there all along and that you were the stupid one. I have observed this tendency in people as well and it is proverbial with pennies. And so it happened that I chanced, after that, to see “The Old Man of the Pens,” as Rexla dubbed him, quite often—so regularly indeed that I began to be a bit uncomfortable. No matter where I went I would almost always be sure to find him somewhere during the day.

He was a magnet to Rexla. Only by sheer force could I keep her from following him whenever we chanced to see him. “Pied Piper affect,” I told her, but his attraction was so irresistible she did not even resent the insulting comparison. But there is no telling, you know, what lengths a woman’s curiosity will drive her to. The thing began to get on my nerves. Perhaps it was because the clutches of the Great Adventure were tighter than I knew. I have since made a vow to scoff at nothing. But that was afterwards.

I stopped taking our regular walk in the park; diplomatically, of course. It doesn’t do to frighten women unnecessarily. I merely suggested a the dansant the first afternoon, the second I took her motoring, the third I planned something else. You know. Such things can be done very easily. But Rexla is very astute, and fem-

inine to a marked degree. She broached the subject the fourth afternoon. Of late our relations had been somewhat strained. One's usually are when there is a subject of great interest which by tacit consent is never discussed.

"Henry," she told me, "you needn't go with me to look for the Old-Man-of-the-Pens. And you needn't make the ghastly pun that I have been pensive of late, either." She interrupted herself to look at me severely. I was too nonplussed to reply. I had absolutely never thought of such a pun, but perhaps that was why—
"But," she resumed, before I could speak, "I am going. If you don't want to go maybe I can get somebody else. Or maybe," she finished darkly, "I can go alone. But I have a conviction," here she looked adorably important, "that there is something more than pens back of that man's actions."

"Actions!" I had found my tongue. "There never was a more harmless creature. Why, Rexla, he hasn't done a thing—"

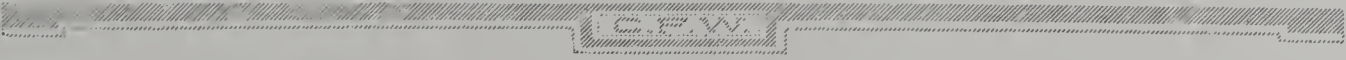
"For the last time, Henry, I am resolved. Will you or will you not, accompany me?"

"Of course," I answered. "I would go to Siberia to hunt flamingoes with you, if I thought—" but I caught myself in time. I realized I had been most asininely carried away. If she noticed my change of policy she did not remark. There was, as you see, an issue at stake.

When we came down to it, it wasn't so difficult to locate him. We saw him stop at a little shop and make some trifling purchase and then we traced him to his lodgings. A room as I had anticipated. At least the house was. A big, rambling, three storied structure badly in need of repair, semi-genteel, of course. One of those houses which had outlived its neighbors and had been left when the fashionable tide moved northward. There were one or two dirty Dago children swarming around the basement. Of course Rexla was delighted with this alien element. They might yet prove her theory. But they didn't.

We did not follow him upstairs then for we could think of no pretext. But Rexla has abundant ingenuity. "Let's be book agents, Henry," she suggested triumphantly. "They're admitted anywhere!" So all breathless with the Spirit of the Great Adventure which thoroughly obsessed Rexla and me in spite of an incessant wriggling on my part to escape it, we rushed off to purchase a sample copy of an encyclopedia. The clerk when confronted by Rexla breathless and excited could only look bewildered until I frigidly stated our want with some sarcasm concerning the delay. Then we rushed back with the enthusiasm of school children.

We got around the difficulty of not knowing his name by announcing to the landlady, a prim, persimmonish maiden lady of somewhat truculent aspect, that we were selling encyclopedias and had an order from the little old gentleman who lived above. Her air of resignation as she led the way upstairs was supreme, although



I am sure we had left no mud on her stairs. She looked as if she would object to mud, somehow. When she left us at the door, however, Rexla quailed. "Maybe we oughtn't to go in, Henry," she said. "I feel like I might be going to burn a church——"

"Or push the little ducks into the pond!" I finished frivolously. I was more en caste now, so to speak.

Rexla cleared her throat and adjusted her belt—a woman's preparation for action.

Being literally on the threshold, as it were, I saw an excellent opportunity for a homily, so I proceeded to deliver a dissertation on the Clutches of the Great Adventure and the futility of following up vague trails. Rexla interrupted me rudely by knocking and the door was opened almost instantly.


As I told her afterwards, it was just what we might have expected. The old man looked at us a bit suspiciously, but Rexla was voluble while I took in the minute details of the room. I saw quite conspicuously the volume of Spencer alluded to. Only it was called "Data of Ethics" or "Synthetic Philosophy" or something of the sort. The pens, too, were conspicuously lacking. A dim foreboding came over me that perhaps, after all, I had misinterpreted his cryptic remarks. I looked apprehensively at Rexla. But, as usual, she wasn't noticing me. Her conversation with the old man had become very absorbing. They seemed to have forgotten encyclopedias and with unusual naivete Rexla was mentioning having seen him in the park. The old man rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Sit down! Sit down! both of you," he urged, hospitably, "and never mind the encyclopedias. You are typical, wholesome young people and I want to talk to you."

I thought of Grape Nuts for some unaccountable reason and grinned, a bit sheepishly, I suppose. The old man in the dimming light (I seem always fatally pressed for time) looked uncanny as he paced the little room. He was a foreigner, though I could not decide his nationality, and educated for all that. You see I still regarded the Spencerian volume with awe. Rexla was staring at him, fascinated.

"You young people are, probably, very much interested in the war," he began, a bit nervously, I thought. "Youth loves valor," and he smiled on me benignly. I got the smile, but slumped inwardly. Ever since August this dod-gasted, blooming—, but I returned it, sweetly. Rexla was looking. Besides, one can never tell what side a fellow's on, anyway.

"Perhaps," he paused, "perhaps you do not realize, however, its true significance. Ever since the beginning of time—" I groaned inwardly and had a hunch we were going to hear all about the grandeur of ancient Rome. It was inevitable in this sort of talk. "The world has become over populated and the economic pressure has been such that more than two-thirds of the people in the world are starving or led into vice for want of



bread. The work shops are teeming and yet the army of the unemployed increases daily. The cry is for 'Bread! Bread! More Room! More Room!'" Humanity is staggering, pushing, suffocating—" He paused dramatically. He had been transformed during his speech. Clearly he was a fanatic and suffering humanity his hobby. Yet there was magnetism in the man. One could not help but listen.

"And there is no room," he concluded, as simply as he had been bombastic. "And so," but he stopped again and chuckled. "What's your solution my dear, conventional, wholesome young people?"

The man was clearly no fool, but as clearly was I uncomfortably aware of my own limitations. I began to be insanely furious with Rexla. I never cared a hang for society at large. **She** got me into it.

"Solution?" Rexla gasped. "Why I haven't any."

"That's the Lord's business," I remarked, gruffly, thanking my stars devoutly He hadn't appointed me His deputy.

The old man laughed delightedly. "Exactly! Precisely so," he declared, quickly. "But how does he go about it? Just this way." His whole manner changed and he seemed rapt as before. "War!" he ejaculated, sharply, and made a sweeping gesture. "War! Famine, fires, accidents—on land and sea—railroads! The Titanic! They're all dispensations of Providence. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

Our incredulous looks seemed to delight him. He went on excitedly:

"You do not believe it my dear young people? You do not think so? Ach! you are blind! Blind as moles—as badgers! And you think," with a shrug, "ah, I know your sublime conceit; you think because maybe Germany perhaps has too many people and that European society is rotten to the core, you think, with a shrug like I said, that the great free, moderately populated America should be exempt. But ach no! you are wrong. In the tenements in the big cities everywhere. Ach! that is why I come—" He paused as if fearful of having said too much.

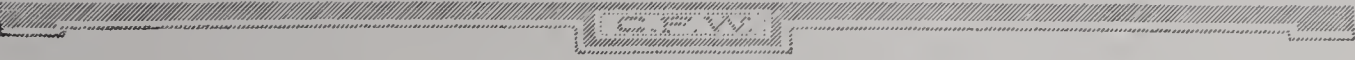
"Oh!" said Rexla breathlessly. "Don't stop! Tell me more! I—I want to—"

The old man smiled down on her queerly. "Ach, little disciple," he said softly. "So! Come!"

She rose as one in a daze. I jumped up angrily. "Here, lets be going", I told her almost roughly. "We've had enough of this!"

The old man turned and actually chuckled. "The young America", he said. For the first time he looked full at me and I noticed how wonderfully compelling were his eyes. He made a sweeping bow.

"I could not separate you from the young Madchen, no. I bid you, also". He turned abruptly and consulted his watch, "Ach!" he said "come. We must hasten".



“But where”, I began, “are you going?” He had picked up his battered hat and was standing aside for Rexla to pass. “Come”, he said simply.

I followed them despairingly down the mudless stairs, out by the swarms of dirty children, down through the narrow street. We were walking briskly. I was insanely furious with Rexla and with myself. We passed one or two unkept fellows who saluted us reverently. The old man beckoned to them and they followed at a respectful distance. Then we turned a sharp corner and almost before I realized it entered a large, plain, ill-lighted room. There were chairs and benches and the air was heavy with cheap tobacco. Three or four evil looking men were lounging about and they stared curiously at Rexla. My hands clutched unconsciously and I longed to punch their heads, but the old man nodded to them brightly. He led us to a bench near the front, for the room was filling rapidly. Dark swarthy women with shawls about their heads; pale tired looking men; desperate, bearded creatures. The room was close and stuffy. The oil lamp flickered and gave a weird light to the pinched, uncouth faces.

I settled myself resignedly. Rexla clutched my hand. “Henry”, she whispered, “Isn’t it wonderful? Its a real adventure I knew”.

But the old man had begun to speak, softly, almost purringly at first. I listened in spite of myself. This theory and talk were but the ordinary propaganda yet he fascinated and completely swayed his audience. I tried to watch them, a motley crowd—one or two tense, educated faces gleamed among the uglier ones, but the old man was the dominant figure. You couldn’t seem to get away from him.

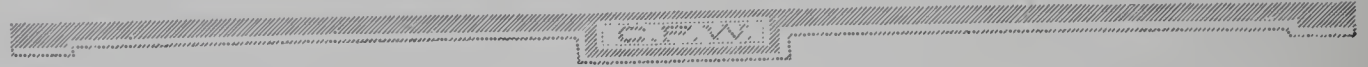
There was no drawing of lots in secret signs. The service or lecture, if such it could be called, ended as simply as it had begun. There was awe on one’s faces as he ceased speaking. His speech had been comprehensive but singularly indefinite. There was nothing I could take away with me, nothing tangible. Yet the others seemed to understand.

“Now so, children, little ones”, he finished calmly. “There is nothing for you to do. I have seen a vision. Ach; it is I will care for you all, I tell you. Wait—und see!”

He smiled brightly at them and while the crowd surged forward to press his hand Rexla and I slipped away.

“Oh, Henry,” she gasped, “Isn’t he wonderful?” She shook herself and rubbed her hand across her eyes. “Has it all been a dream? the flickering lights—the old man? We seemed disembodied—some cosmic force to impel me—I wonder”—

I hurried her into a taxi. It was frightfully late and she was over excited. I felt a bit queer myself. The vision of the old fellow standing there, his hands raised as if in benediction, an unearthly light on his face—the



car gave a sudden jolt, caused no doubt by those deuced kerosene lamps (the crisp night air was having its effect). It was all nonsense anyway, but Rexla would not be convinced.

"I don't care what you say, Henry", she declared stoutly, "Yet I—I'm afraid. He frightened me with all his suavity. He's going to **do** something. You just wait. And—I don't know what it is—maybe—"

She has a way of trailing into silence. We didn't talk much. I was uncertain and quite agitated myself.

So, you see, we were neither of us surprised when we heard of it nearly a week later. The flaring headlines in the papers and the hideous total of the lives lost would have impressed us anyway.

"But why," Rexla asked shudderingly, "Did he choose to set fire to a motion picture theatre? I thought they were fireproof. Just think of the people he killed—from every station in life. And he looked so harmless," she wailed.

But strangest of all was how they caught him. He was seen literally gloating over the charred and trampled bodies after the flames had been extinguished. And he was muttering all the time that it was best, and something concerning Divine agency. They decided almost without trial that he was insane. There was nothing else to be done but to confine him. Rexla and I went to see him once but he didn't recognize us. They had given him a warren of rabbits and he was busily occupied in exterminating them; some by wholesale and others by the process of natural selection. But that was years afterwards.

During the first shock I had taken Rexla into my arms quite simply, thus entering upon what I explained to her was peculiarly my own Great Adventure.

Later, I told her the cause of my unusual behavior, particularly, although of course she didn't realize it then, in following up her whims.

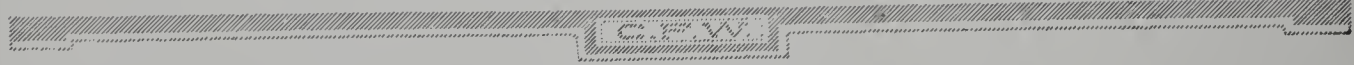
"I have ceased being 'different', Rexla", I announced calmly. "I will now be as other men."

Thank Heavens! "She sighed fervently. Otherwise—"

But it wasn't otherwise.

M. Green.

CFW
PREPARATION!



The Palmetto Staff

Margaret D. Green, Editor in Chief.

Minna Robertson, Business Manager.

Frances Sylvan, Sarah Perrin, Literary Editors.

Franklyn Harvey, Asst. Literary Editor.

Ame Copeland, Helen Kohn, Asst. Business Managers.

Bessie Meares, Exchange Editor.

Meta Henderson, Local Editor.

Jane Barron, Asst. Exchange Editor.

Lois McDonald, Asst. Local Editor.

Pauline Blanding, Y. W. C. A. Editor.

Marjorie McAlpine, Athletics Editor.

Isabell Watkins, Current Events Editor.

Annie Lee Haynes, Art Editor.

Frances Haynes, Circulating Editor.

Class Representatives to the Palmetto Staff.

Lizzie Doty, Junior.

Ethel Yates, Sophomore.

Lois McDonald, Freshman.



Palmetto Staff.



South Carolina College Press Association

On December, second and third, the S. C. C. P. A. convened in Columbia. This is an organization composed of various colleges within the State and has for its purpose the discussion of journalistic problems and the encouragement and furtherance of literary activity and publications within the State. These meetings were attended with much enthusiasm and the addresses and discussions proved inspiring and helpful. There were many pleasant social features which added much to the enjoyment of some fifty delegates present. The officers for 1914 of the Association were:

Haddon Johnson, U. S. C., President.
Alex. C. Dick, College of Charleston, Vice Pres.
Miss Marguerite Simpson, Chicora, Recording Secty.
Miss Agnes Bryan, Winthrop, Treasurer.
Miss Florence Glass, Converse, Corresponding Secty.
Mr. W. J. Hunter, Clemson, Chairman Ex. Committee.
Robert W. Coleman, Charleston College, Toast Master.



Delegates to S. C. C. P. A.

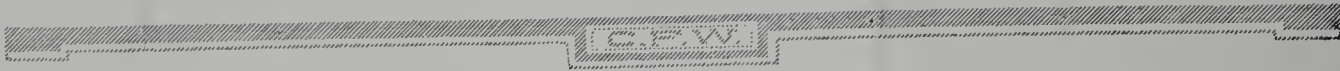


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Central Committee.

| | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|-----------------------------------|
| Lilla B. Ketchin | - | - | - | Chairman |
| Sarah Perrin | - | - | - | Senior Representative |
| Marion W. Jones | - | - | - | Junior Representative (Secretary) |
| Lucy Doty | - | - | - | Sophomore Representative |
| Dorothy Hickman | - | - | - | Freshman Representative |
| Miss Rhodes | } | - | - | Faculty Representatives |
| Miss Johnson | | | | |
| Miss McClintock | | | | |



Students' Co-operative Association.



Y. W. C. A.

| | | | | | | |
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| Mary Perrin | - | - | - | - | - | Vice President |
| Nancy McKay | - | - | - | - | - | Secretary |
| Meta Henderson | - | - | - | - | - | Treasurer |

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| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Blanding, Pauline | Jones, Marion |
| Copeland, Ame | Ketchin, Lilla B. |
| Goodwyn, Marjorie | White, Margaret |
| Harvey, Franklin | Yates, Ethel |



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Athletic Association.

| | | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|----------------|
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| Vice President | - | - | - | - | - | Meta Henderson |
| Secretary | - | - | - | - | - | Ferebe Babcock |
| Treasurer | - | - | - | - | - | Ame Copeland |

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|-----------------|----------------|------------------|---------------|------------------|
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| Babcock, A. | Gilmore, C. | Klapman, P. | McFadden, M. | Robertson, M. |
| Babcock, F. | Glen, L. | Lancaster, V. | McGee, K. | Rowe, T. |
| Blanding, P. | Goodwyn, M. | Mathews, B. | McIver, M. | Saunders, M. |
| Boozar, M. | Greve, Miss | Mayer, C. | McKay, N. | Scott, P. |
| Bryan, C. | Hancock, K. | Yates, E. | McLain, M. | Stanskey, H. |
| Capers, K. | Hand, J. | Yates, V. | Nichols, M. | Summer, R. |
| Ceatham, E. | Haynes, A. L. | Meares, B. | Norwood, L. | Sylvan, F. |
| Copeland, A. | Haynes, F. | Melton, C. | Offutt, N. | Taylor, B. |
| Craig, M. | Hampton, G. | Melton, G. | Patterson, F. | Turberville, E. |
| Crane, Miss L. | Hampton, L. | Moore, D. | Patterson, M. | Warren, I. |
| Crawford, L. H. | Harvey, F. | Morse, J. | Perrin, M. | Weston, A. |
| Davis, M. | Henderson, M. | Morrill, Miss | Rainsford, G. | White, M. |
| Doty, L. | Harpham, Miss | Mullins, M. | Riley, E. | Woodrow, B. |
| Doty, L. | Hickman, D. | McAlpine, M. | Reaser, Miss | Williford, M. F. |
| Elliot, C. | Hickman, M. | McClintock, Miss | Reid, E. | Wilson, E. |
| Elliot, M. | Jones, M. | | | |



Athletic Association.



Basket Ball
Senior Team.

Blanding, P.
Meares, B.

Yates, V.
Ketchin, L.

Robertson, M., (Capt.)



Basket Ball
Junior Team.

Perrin, M.
Copeland, A.

McAlpine, N.
White, M.

Rowe, I., (Capt.)



Basket Ball
Sophomore Team.

Currell, L., (Capt.)
Babcock, F.

Fisher, J.
Cheatham, E.

Mullins, N.

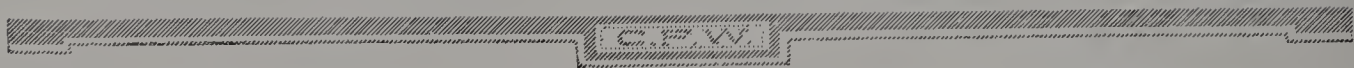


Basket Ball
Freshman Team.

Crawford, L. H.
Woodrow, B.

Hampton, G.
McDonald, L.

Fitzsimons (Capt.)



Members of the Tennis Teams.

Senior Team:

Ketchin, L., Meares, B.

Junior Team:

Copeland, A., McAlpine, M.

Sophomore Team:

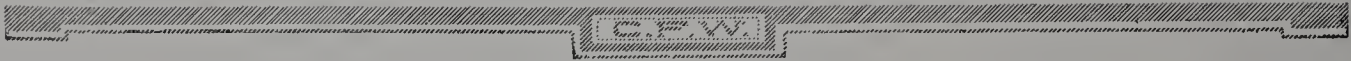
Doty, L., Graham, R.

Freshman Team:

Crawford, L. H., Elliot, C.

CLUBS





Sketch Club

Lillian S. Crane
Marjorie Goodwyn
Gertrude Hampton
Lucy Hampton
Annie Lee Haynes
Katherine Heyward

Marie Hickman
Nancy Mckay
Meta Nichols
Norwood Mullins
Nancy Offutt
Mrs. Weston



Sketch Club.

German Club.

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|----------------|
| President | - | - | - | - | - | Mary Graham |
| Vice President | - | - | - | - | - | Bessie Meares |
| Secretary and Treasurer | - | - | - | - | - | Blair Woodrow |
| Senior Leader | - | - | - | - | - | Bessie Meares |
| Junior Leader | - | - | - | - | - | Meta Henderson |

Blanding, Polly
 Boozer, Martha
 Bethea, Sarah
 Bryan, Ruby
 Bryan, Catherine
 Bradley, Caroline
 Capers, Catherine
 Crawford, Suzanne
 Crawford, Lilla Hall
 Copeland, Ame
 Cheatham, Elizabeth
 Dent, Consuelo
 deGraffenried, Elmira

Darlington, Lucy Vance
 Darlington, Claudia
 Doty, Lucy
 Elliot, Claire
 Elliot, Mary
 Fisher, Jane Tucker
 Fripp, Ida
 Fripp, Marion
 Graham, Ruth
 Giles, Dorothy
 Goodwyn, Majorie
 Glen, Lillian
 Green, Margaret

Green, Jessie
 Hampton, Lucy
 Hampton, Gertrude
 Hickman, Dorothy
 Hickman, Marie
 Hook, Annie
 Harvey, Franklin
 Jones, Marion
 Kohn, Helen
 Ketchin, Lilla
 Luther, Marjorie
 Mullins, Norwood
 McAlpine, Marjorie

McIver, Margaret
 Meares, Bessie
 McKay, Nancy
 McIntosh, Margaret
 McDonald, Lois
 McFadden, Marion
 Morse, Janie
 Myer, Comelia
 Norwood, Laura
 Nichols, Meta
 Offutt, Nancy
 Perrin, Mary
 Perrin, Sarah

Patterson, Flossie
 Patterson, Marguerite
 Riley, Emily
 Rowe, Thelma
 Rainsford, June
 Roper, Nell
 Robertson, Minna
 Spivey, Edna Earl
 Sylvan, Frances
 White, Margaret
 Williford, Mary Frances
 Willison, Isabel
 Yates, Ethel
 Yates, Vivian



German Club.



Dramatic Club

Flower: Nightshade

Motto: Who goes there?

Caste for "A Midsummer's Nightmare".

| | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|---|------------------------------------|
| Bottom | - | - | - | F. Sylvan, President |
| Demetrius | - | - | - | A. Copeland, Vice President |
| Court Lady | - | - | - | M. Perrin, Secretary and Treasurer |
| Theseus | - | - | - | Blair Woodrow |
| Peter Quince | - | - | - | Meta Henderson |
| Ye Walle | - | - | - | Mary Graham |
| Ye Lionne | - | - | - | Marjorie McAlpine |
| Ye Moonie | - | - | - | Minna Robertson |
| Thisbe | - | - | - | Meta Henderson |
| Titania | - | - | - | Franklin Harvey |
| Oberon | - | - | - | Suzanne Crawford |
| Puck | - | - | - | Lilla Hal Crawford |
| Hippolyta | - | - | - | June Rainsford |
| Lysander | - | - | - | Bessie Meares |
| Helema | - | - | - | Sarah Perrin |
| Hermia | - | - | - | Mary Frances Williford |

Lords and Ladies

Margaret Davis,
Nancy McKay,

Dorothy Hickman,
Lilla Ketchin,

Vivian Yates,
Lucy Doty,

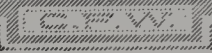
Lois McDonald
Marie Hickman

Fairies

Lillian Glen, Gertrude Hampton, Lucy Hampton, Lucy Doty, Ruby Bryan, Mary Richards, Erline Coker, Irene Wingard, Margaret Green, Virginia Green, Margaret White, Cornelia Mayer, Laura Norwood, Margaret Jones, Blondell Heron, Carolina Melton, Louise Sally, Catherine Capers, Rosalie Summer, Ruth Graham, Ethel Yates, Flossie Patterson, Emily Riley, Marguerite Patterson, Helen Stanskey, Annie Lee Haynes, Martha Boozer, Edna Earl Spivey, Marjorie Luther, Marion Jones, Isabel Watkins, Caroline Bradley, Janette Thomas, Marjorie Goodwyn, P. Arman, Marion Fripp.



Dramatic Club.



Glee Club.

| | | | | | | |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|-------------|
| President | - | - | - | - | - | Tay Perrin |
| Manager | - | - | - | - | - | Janie Morse |
| Directress | - | - | - | - | - | Miss Reaser |
| Mascot | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Staley |

Flower: Sweet Thyme.

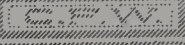
Motto: "When we open our mouths let no dog bark."

Members.

- | | | | | |
|---------------------|------------------|-----------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Polly Blandin | Marjorie Goodwin | Bessie Meares | Tay Perrin | Janette Thomas |
| Ame Copelan | Franklin Harvey | Janie Morse | Flossie Patterson | Margaret White |
| Lilla Hall Crawford | Mary Graham | Nancy McKay | Marguerite Patterson | Blair Woodrow |
| Suzanne Crawford | Meta Henderson | Margaret McIver | June Rainsford | Ethel Yates |
| Margaret Davis | Lilla Ketchin | Meta Nichols | Emily Riley | Vivian Yates |



Glee Club.



Statistics.

| | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Prettiest Girl - - - - | Polly Blanding | Most Frivolous - - - | Marguerite Patterson |
| Most Attractive - - - | Meta Nichols | Best Dancer - - - - | Blair Woodrow |
| Best Athlete - - - - | Bessie Meares | Most Tactful - - - - | Nancy McKay |
| Most Executive Ability - - | Lilla Ketchin | Wittiest - - - - | Frances Sylvan |
| Most Popular - - - - | Nancy McKay | Best Disposition - - - | Pauline Blanding |
| Most Literary - - - - | Margaret Green | Most Sarcastic - - - - | Margaret Green |
| Most Original - - - - | Frances Sylvan | Most Dignified - - - - | June Rainsford |
| Most Talented - - - - | Annie Lee Haynes | Most Stylish - - - - | Nancy Offutt |
| Best All-round - - - - | Ame Copeland | Most Conscientious - - - | Lizzie Doty |
| Most College Spirited - - | Minna Robertson | Most Practical - - - - | Vivian Yates |
| Dantiest - - - - | Sarah Perrin | Jolliest - - - - | Meta Nichols |
| Best Student - - - - | Eula May Turbeville | Most Serious - - - - | June Rainsford |
| | | Best Class - - - - | Seniors (Seniors' Vote) |



Miss McClintock's Birthday Banquet.



ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
L. W. N. B. C. O. P. T. S.
661

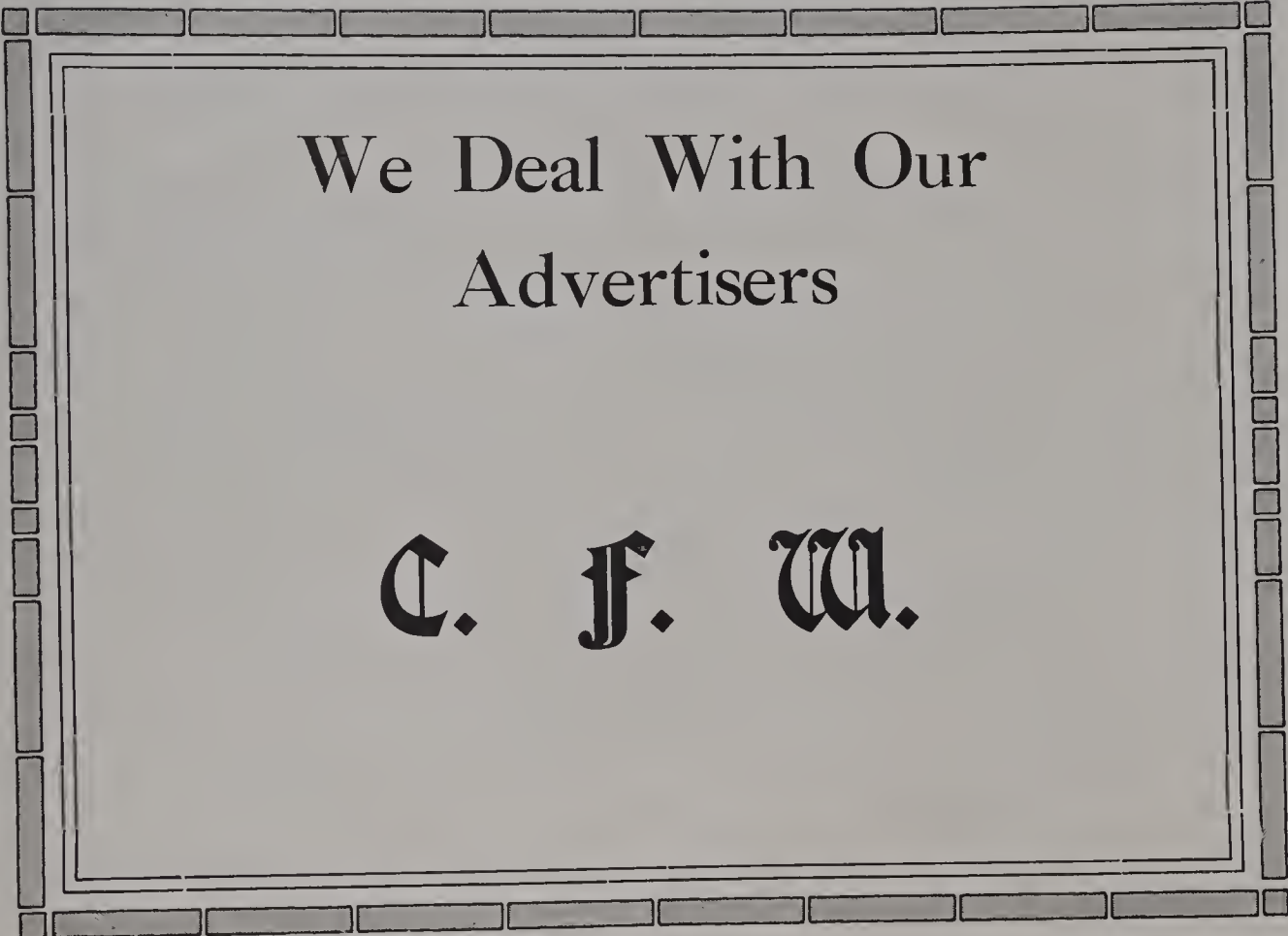
Campus View.



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