



1912

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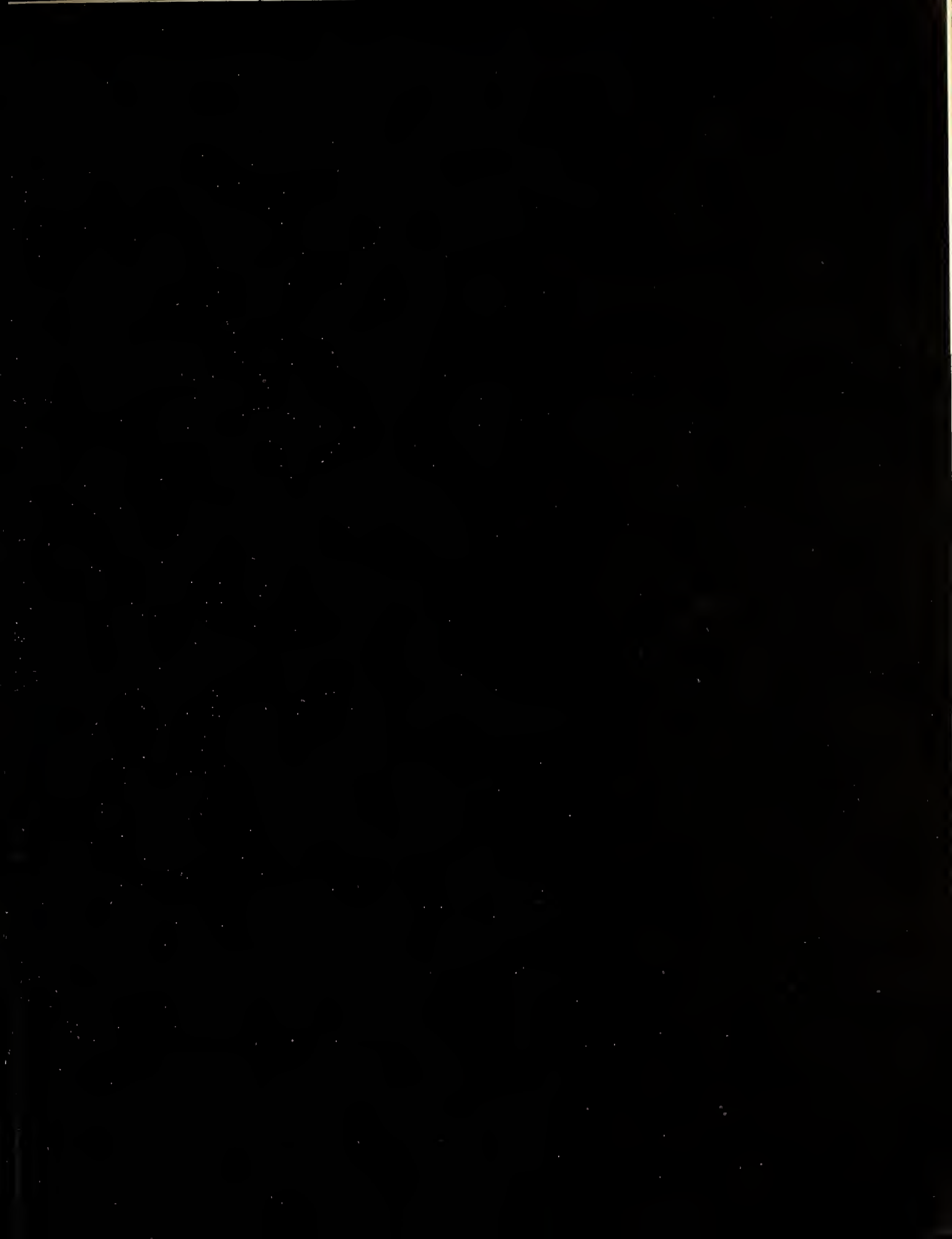
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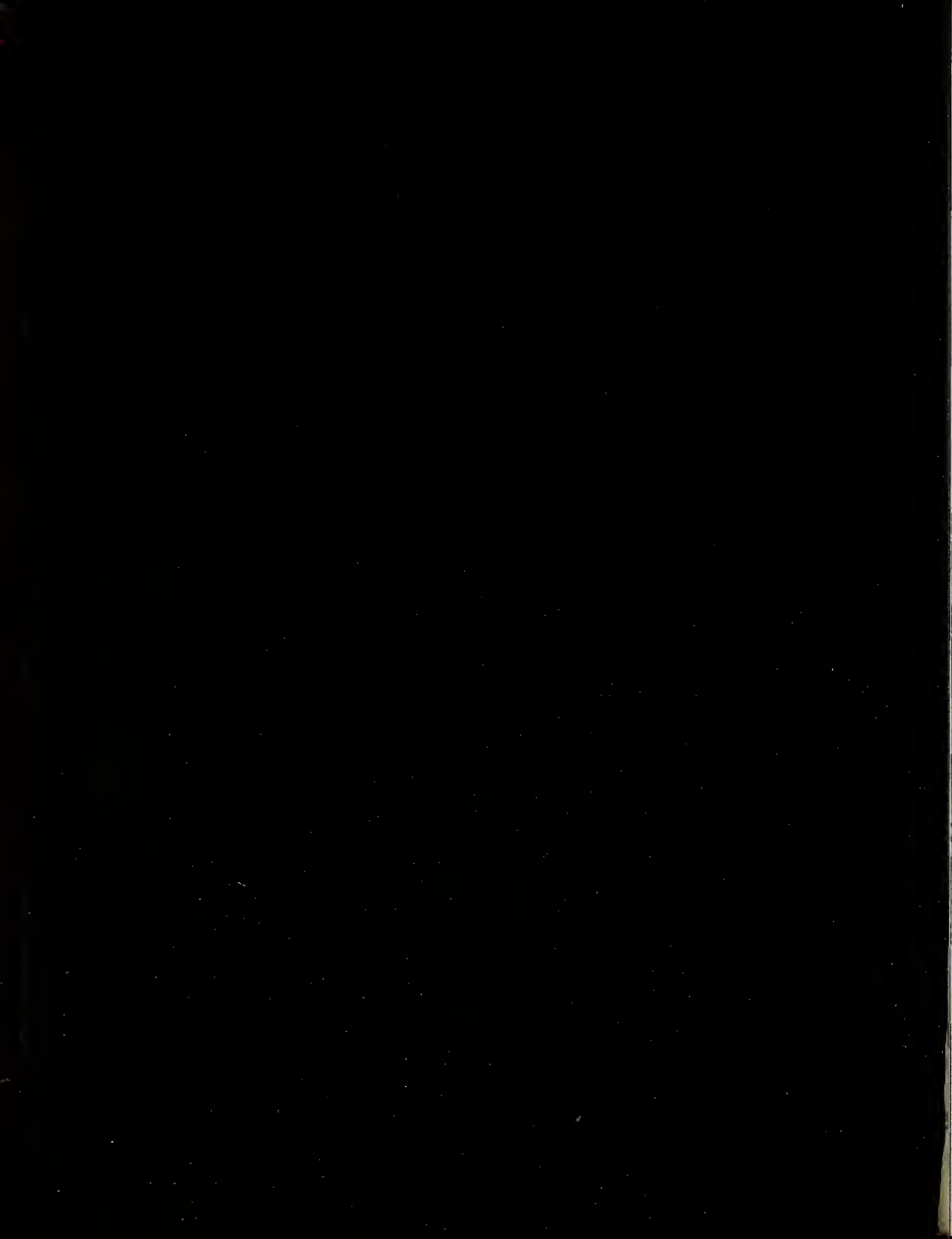
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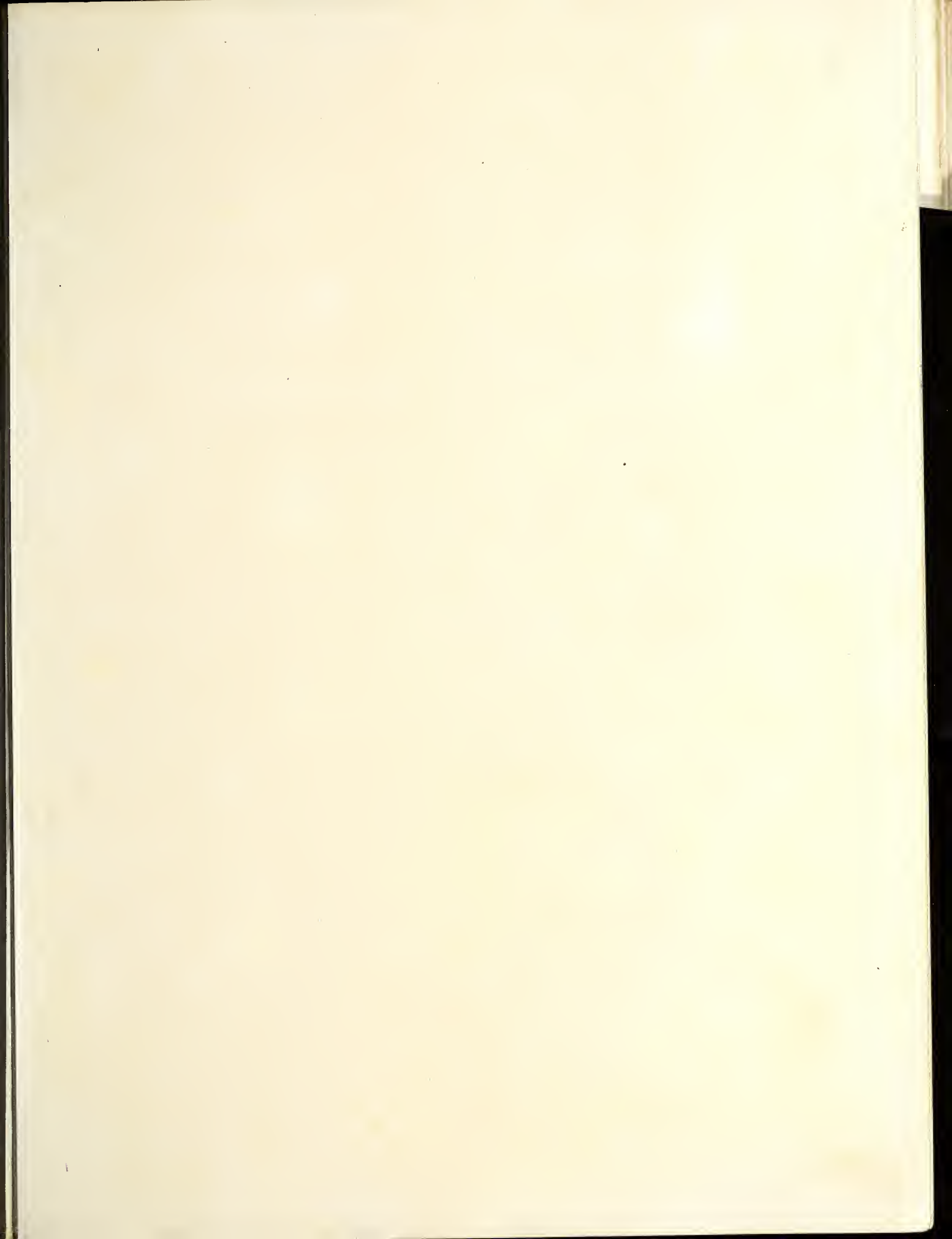
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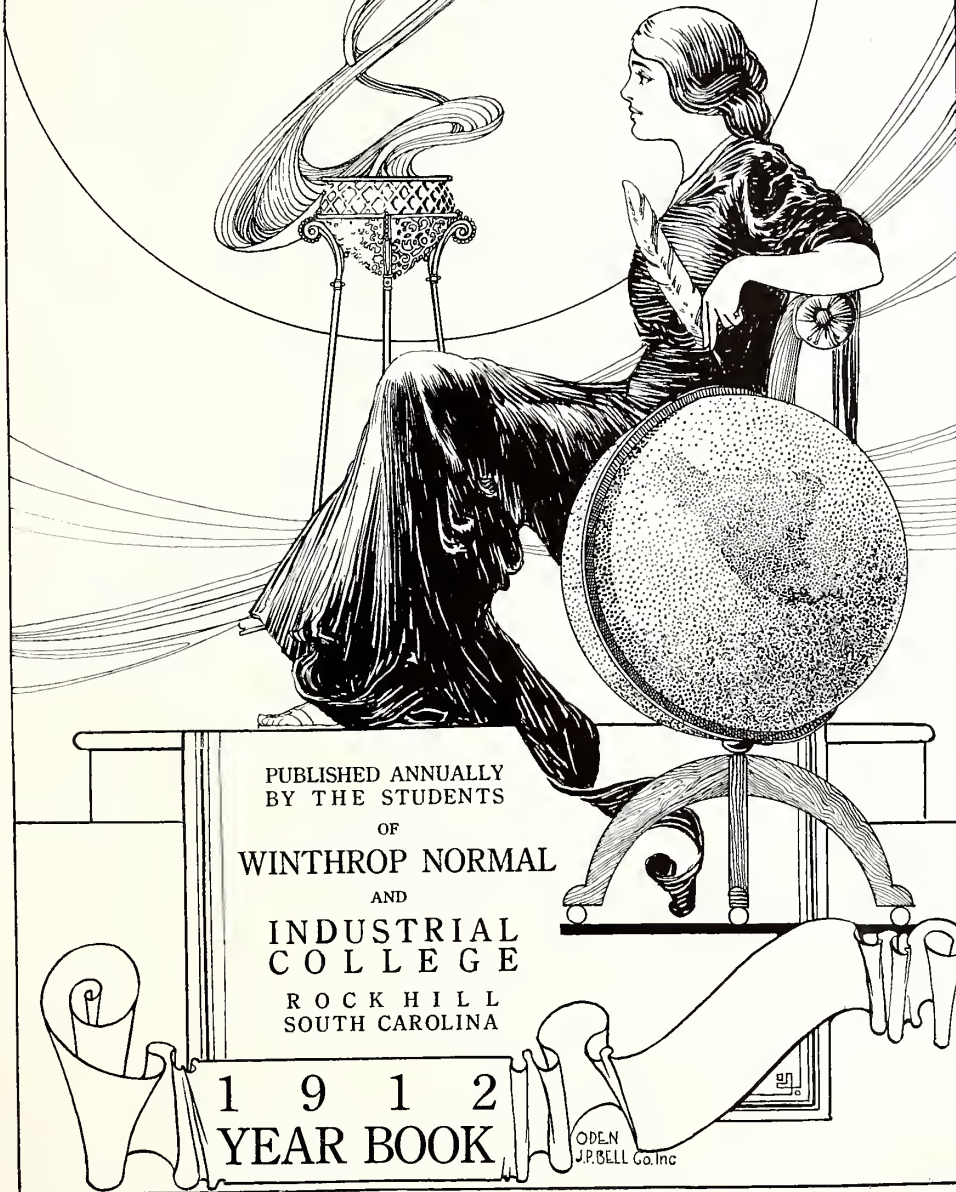








# The TATLER



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY  
BY THE STUDENTS  
OF  
WINTHROP NORMAL  
AND  
INDUSTRIAL  
COLLEGE  
ROCK HILL  
SOUTH CAROLINA

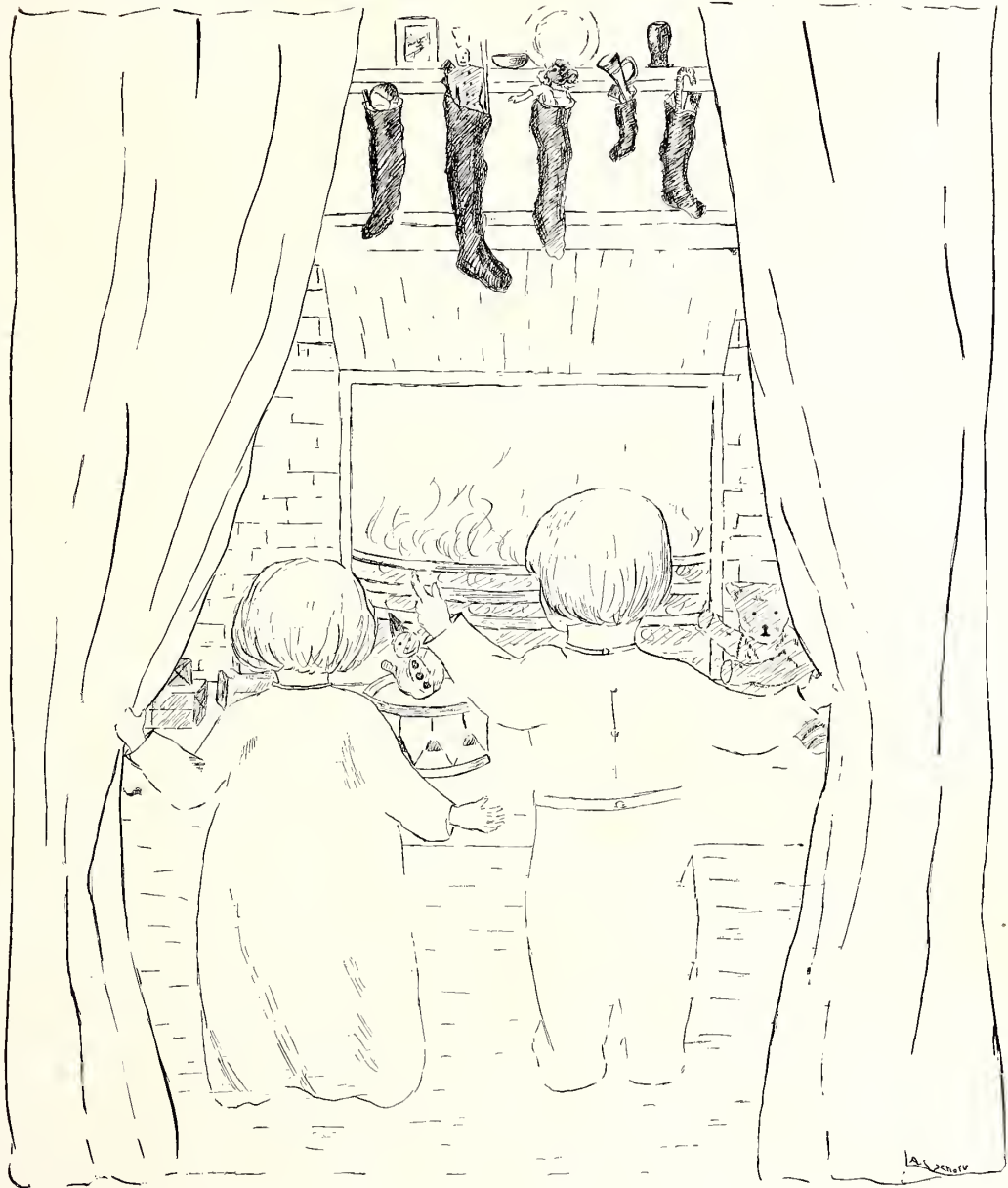
1912  
YEAR BOOK

ODEN  
J.P. BELL Co. Inc





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To  
the mother of our Alma Mater,  
The Winthrop Training School for Teachers  
On this, her Twenty-Fifth Anniversary  
The Class of 1912  
do hereby, with all due reverence,  
dedicate this volume



HOME OF WINTHROP FOR FIRST YEAR, 1886-1887.

Chapel of Columbia Seminary lent for the purpose.

Teachers..... 2      Students.....21



HOME OF WINTHROP FOR SECOND YEAR, 1887-1888, AND UNTIL MOVED TO ROCK HILL, IN 1895.  
State Scholarships provided while here.



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MAIN BUILDING

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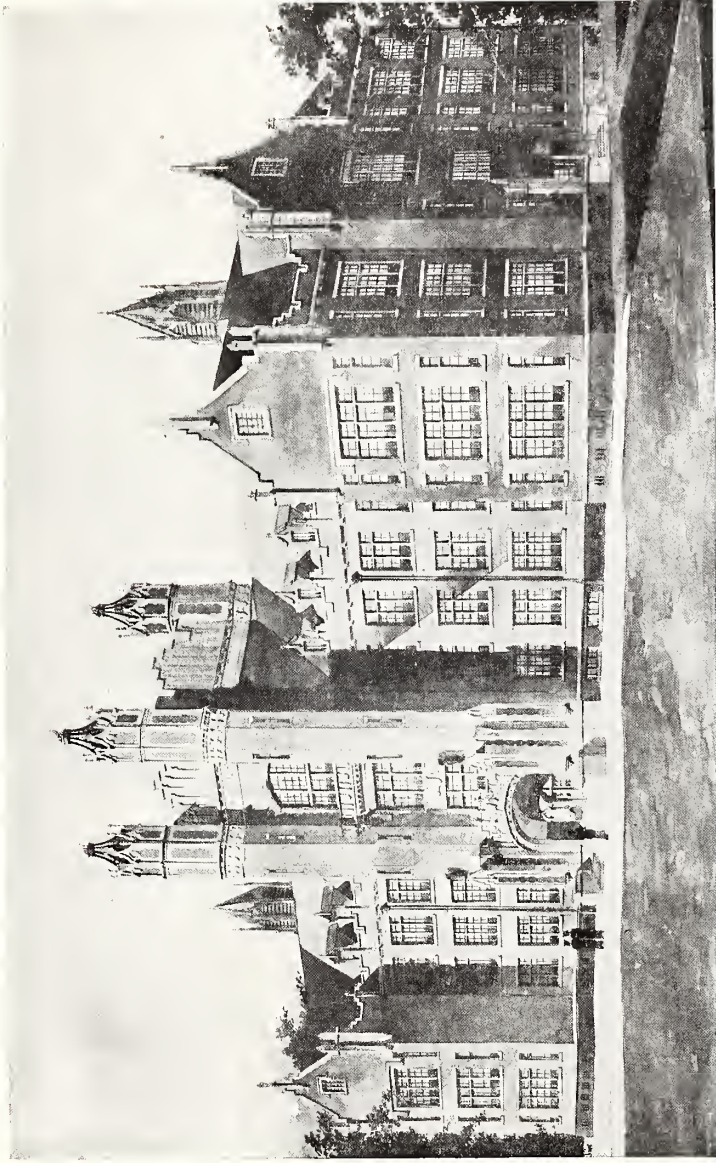




NEW DINING HALL



PRACTICE HOME



NEW TRAINING SCHOOL





DR. D. B. JOHNSON  
Founder and Only President of Winthrop



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 LILLIAN STEM  
 ELIZABETH DU BOSE } .....Literary Editors, '12  
 MAY PYATT.....Junior Class Editor  
 LOIS DUKES.....Sophomore Class Editor  
 RUTH BERRY.....Freshman Class Editor  
 ALICE HILL.....Special Class Editor

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| MAYME COLVIN.....Y. W. C. A. Editor          | ANNA CHERRY SCHORB |                          |
| EDITH FRASER.....U. D. C. Editor             |                    |                          |

## Class Poem

“Work is the door through which love enters in—”  
So runs an ancient proverb. That 'tis true  
These years have proven. We have worked together,  
By work united; now the goal is gained  
We part in seeming, but in truth through all  
The future years a tie shall bind together  
Our scattered ranks; and though by many zones  
We are divided, yet a comradeship,  
Warm and secure, will linger with us still;  
And all our hearts will turn with loving thoughts  
Back to these years; and memories loyal, true,  
Shall hold us, bind us; and our hearts will thrill  
With pleasure sweet at mention of thy name,  
Thy loved name, O class of nineteen-twelve.

POET.



LEONA  
THOMASSON



MAY  
FORD



PRISCILLA  
HART



BERYL  
MARTIN

## Senior Class Organization

MOTTO: "Loyal en tout."

COLORS: Gold and Black.

FLOWER: Marechal Niel Rose.

### OFFICERS

|                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
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| MAY FORD.....        | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| PRISCILLA HART.....  | SECRETARY      |
| BERYL MARTIN.....    | TREASURER      |





TULLEY ATKINS, A. B.  
PENDLETON, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A.; member of Curry Literary Society; Marshal of Curry Society, Third Term, 1910; College Commencement Marshal, 1910; Secretary of Executive Committee of Curry Society, First Term, 1910; College Marshal, 1910-1911; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Convention, in Asheville, 1911; member of T. S. S.; member of Senior Tennis Club; member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-1912; Business Manager *Journal*, 1911-1912; member of Executive Committee of Curry Society, Third Term, 1912.

What may one girl say of another more than this: "She is a woman." What Tulley has been, we need not say. What she is, we have said. What she will be, we can say with surety: she will be a success. Tulley is one of those happy mortals who have been greatly favored by the gods, for she possesses the innate power to succeed. Like many other good people, Tulley shows to the world her sterner side only, yet she is not lacking in those less dominant, but more lovely, qualities of womanhood.

ELIZABETH BAILEY, A. B.  
DARLINGTON, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A.

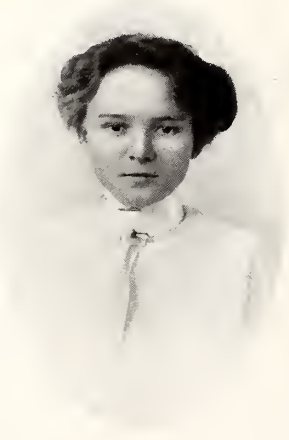
Elizabeth can swim, and the one regret of her Winthrop life is that the Legislature was never generous enough to provide us with a swimming pool. Her one fault is that she can not see the point of a joke when it's on herself, and we are wondering how she will survive the pranks of those mischievous school children "in our neighborhood" next year.



NELL BAKER, A. B.  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A.; member of Curry Literary Society; member of Thalia German Club; member of  $\Phi \Sigma \Delta$ ; Marshal of Curry Society, Second Term, 1909; Left Field of Class Basket-ball Team, 1910-1912; Athletic Editor of *TATLER*, 1912; member of Cecilia Chorus, 1909-1912; Corresponding Secretary of Curry Society, First Term, 1911-1912; Champion Athlete of College, 1911.

Nell can do the most *peculiar* and *unexpected* things, and make you the *maddest*, and then turn right around and make you the *gladdest*. Perhaps the contradictions of her nature are due to the fact that she has "temperament." Naturally, she is interesting, especially to the so-called stronger sex; and, to tell the truth, she is interested, too. But in spite of all this, no one who saw how easily she fell into the role of spinster in Curry play, can doubt that she will eventually become a typical old maid.



GENEVIEVE BECKHAM, A. B.  
Rock Hill, S. C.



Member Class Basket-ball Team, 1909-1912; member of Curry Society; member of Y. W. C. A.; President of F. T. G.; Thalia German Club; member of Executive Committee of C. L. S.

Genevieve, better known as "Gen," is a favorite with all. This is due largely to the fact that one can always be sure to find her in a good humor. She never seems out of sorts, and that grin of hers is "decidedly catching." Genevieve is one of the seven class idols during the basket-ball season, for on the court she is truly a wonder.

EDITH M. BIGBY, A. B.  
WILLIAMSTON, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A.

Although Edith's chief ambition is to be graduated from Winthrop, she does not believe in worrying or in over-studying. She is a great believer in luck and sleep, a fact which probably accounts for her happy, cheerful disposition. Her hobby just now is tennis, but since she is so fickle, it will probably be professors very soon. Edith's being a fair daughter of the gods does not prevent her having a favorite expression, which is somewhat shocking—"blab-take-it." And yet, why should one tell her faults when her virtues outnumber them so far?



ALMA BLACK, A. B.  
BAMBERG, S. C.



Member of Y. W. C. A.; member of Winthrop Literary Society; *Qui Vive* Editor, First Term, 1910-1911; Art Editor of *TATLER*, 1911-1912; Secretary of Executive Committee of Winthrop Society, First Term, 1911; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1911-1912; College Commencement Marshal, 1911.

"Miss Dark" tripped lightly across the Winthrop campus for the first time away back in '08, and soon developed such a liking for the Winthrop life that, when invited to remain for an extra year, she readily accepted. Generally sleepy, and resembling the snail in some of her habits, Alma sometimes startles the natives by sudden bursts of wit that show extreme originality. Among her many virtues, the greatest, perhaps, is that she is one of the most generous, big-hearted girls that ever rolled along the pike, and we consider seriously sending off for some more like her.



CAROLINE ELIZABETH BOSTICK, A. B., B. S.  
BEAUFORT, S. C.

Marshal at Class Day Exercises, 1909; Marshal Daisy Chain, 1910; College Commencement Marshal, 1911; member Winthrop Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A. and Correspondence Club; elected President of R. S. I. A., First Term, 1911-1912; Registrar U. D. C., 1911-1912; Business Manager of TATLER, 1912; member S. J. W.

"Cal'line" is "all de time" managing people. "Eber sence she's been born" she's been bossing the folks around her. Especially is she noted for her tyranny over the other sex. She's "de splendidest girl dey is" to tell your love affairs to. Her one bad habit is that she is "all de time" robbing people of their hearts.

Caroline ran a close race for the office of Chief Rag-chewer, on Rag Alley.

MINNIE BOWMAN, A. B.  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and Cecilia Chorus; member of Hockey Team, 1909-1911; President of Orangeburg County Club, 1911-1912.

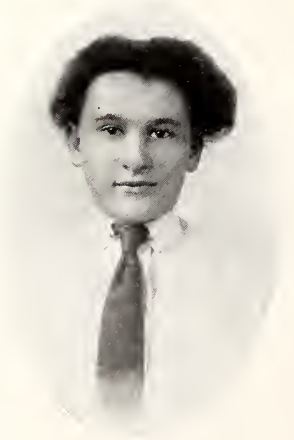
Minnie has the proud distinction of being one of the three question marks of the Senior Class. If there is the least chance for a discussion she jumps at it. Especially does she enjoy arguing with teachers. As a result of this habit she has won the hearts of all those members of her class whose names begin with letters ranging from A to G, and they all vote her a most useful member of society.



ANNIE BROWN, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Member of C. L. S. and R. S. I. A.; Critic of Curry Literary Society, Second Term, 1911-1912; Marshal at Commencement, 1911.

"Annie Brown," as she is always called, is one of Rock Hill's "fifty-seven varieties." She is always ready to help a fellow in any deep trouble, especially in finding unknowns. She is very easy to vex, and you must step lightly around her, although the anger passes away in an instant. She has the peculiar habit of cutting things "half in two," and always wants "under." But she is a much-loved comrade. Her opinions on styles, modes, etc., are always consulted by the amateur dressmaker.





IRENE BROWN, B. S.  
PENDLETON, S. C.

Member of Curry Society; member of Y. W. C. A. and R. S. I. A.

The first law of Heaven is order. This Irene believes in, preaches, and practices. She keeps up with her note books, and can actually find her belongings without having to hunt for them. She has firm convictions, which she does not mind expressing when occasion demands it. She is very quiet and sweet, but how sarcastic! Irene is perfectly happy when she is talking about clothes. Her æsthetic taste is also shown in her fondness for poetry, particularly that of Wordsworth. She is very much interested in Domestic Economy and everything pertaining to the home.

MARY LOUISE BROWN, A. B.  
MARION, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A.; member of Correspondence Club; Reporter in Wade Hampton Literary Society, Third Term, 1909-1910; College Commencement Marshal, 1910; Exchange Editor of *Journal*, 1910-1911; College Marshal, 1910-1911; President of Wade Hampton Society, 1911-1912.

Here comes a "three-in-one." If you are looking for a teacher, a housekeeper, or a social star, you need search no further. Louise's talent shines forth in the school-room, kitchen, or parlor.



MABEL BROWNE, A. B.  
MANNING, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A.; member of R. S. I. A.; Assistant Art Editor of *TATLER*.

Mabel is a quiet, demure girl, and seldom comes out of her shell to communicate with mankind, but we may be sure that she is attending to her own affairs. Beneath the bashful exterior her friends have found a good-natured, sweet-tempered girl, who always looks on the bright side of things.



IRENE BRYAN, A. B.  
SUMTER, S. C.

Marshal of Winthrop Society, Third Term, 1908-1909; Charter Member Wade Hampton Literary Society; Marshal in W. H. S., First Term, 1909-1910; Class Day Marshal, 1910; College Commencement Marshal, 1909-1910, 1910-1911; W. H. S., First Term, 1910-1911; member of Executive Committee of W. H. S., Second Term, 1910-1911; member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-1912; Vice-President of W. H. S., First Term, 1911-1912; President of W. H. S., Third Term, 1911-1912; Class Lawyer, 1912; member of S. J. W.

To those who do not know her well, Irene appears as meek as a lamb, but her intimate friends have come in contact with her when she was in the mood attributed to her birth-month—March. One of Irene's accomplishments is the timely (and untimely) use of sarcasm. That Irene possesses intellect is indicated by her scant amount of hair, for it is a well-known fact that the truly great have little of this crowning glory.

BERTHA ANNA BURRESS, A. B.  
ANDERSON, S. C.

Recording Secretary of Winthrop Literary Society, Third Term, 1911-1912.

At holiday times, Bertha is a charming companion, for she is the happy possessor of the best of gifts—a jolly disposition. But when duty calls the good times are all over, for she throws her whole soul into the pursuit of stars and doubles. She is especially interested in the sciences, and she uses this study as a basis for the explanation of her various dreams.



MERTIE CANNON, A. B.  
SIMPSONVILLE, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A.

Although Mertie shows up quite favorably on first acquaintance, the better you know her, the better you like her. She is an expert at "creating the home atmosphere," and to this accomplishment her double stars on Model Home are probably due.

VIRGINIA CARROLL, L. I.

CHESTER, S. C.



Member of Y. W. C. A. and Curry Literary Society; Marshal in Curry Society, Second Term, 1908-1909; Charter Member of Wade Hampton Literary Society; Joint Celebration Marshal from Wade Hampton Society, 1909-1910; College Marshal, 1909-1910; Member of Executive Committee of Wade Hampton Society, First Term, 1910-1911; President of Wade Hampton Society, First Term, 1911-1912; Recording Secretary of Society, Third Term, 1911-1912; member of College Glee Club; Basket-ball Manager, 1908-1912; member of Singing Club; member Class Tennis Club; member S. J. W.

Virginia first attracted the attention of the Winthrop world by her dignity—a rather unusual trait in a Freshman. She does not differ from the red-haired type (Virginia's hair is red) in its chief characteristic—she has a temper. This, however, is only moved by a just cause; and, though it flares up suddenly, it disappears as suddenly. That she is attractive is proved by her many conquests. It takes her room-mate to tell of her numerous "rushes," who are so eager that they put in their appearance immediately after breakfast. She is loyal to all whom she loves. This is why so many trusts have been committed to her keeping.

LOUISE CARSON, A. B.

SUMTER, S. C.

Member Winthrop Literary Society, Cecilia Chorus, and Y. W. C. A.; member of Special Class, 1908; member of Executive Committee of Winthrop Society, Third Term, 1911-1912; member S. J. W.; President  $\Pi \Sigma \Phi$ .

"Sticks" is the Rag-chewer of Rag-time Alley, and although she is a very industrious member of the organization known as the Senior Jaw Workers, she has never been known to exert herself in any other capacity. She is a living example of "Higher Womanhood" (height, 5 feet  $11\frac{1}{8}$  inches). Notwithstanding her great talent for both music and millinery, Gym is her favorite study, and she has accepted a position to teach that subject at Winthrop next year.



MARY CATHERINE CARTWRIGHT, A. B.

YORKVILLE, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., W. L. S., Terpsichorean German Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Terpsichorean German Club, 1911-1912; *Qui Vive* Editor, 1908; Historian in W. L. S., Third Term, 1909-1910; Manager of Basket-ball Team, 1908-1909; Right Guard Basket-ball Team, 1909-1910; Marshal at Commencement, 1909-1910; member of  $\Phi \Sigma \Delta$ ; member of T T T.

When one acknowledges that "there's not another loose" like her, what description is possible? Mary Cartwright is a combination of contrasts of indifference, friendliness, good nature, wit, thick-headedness, activity, and laziness. She has the bad habit of yodeling, and neither the threats of a professor to report her for disturbing the peace, nor the attempts of many admirers to acquire that accomplishment, have induced her to lay it aside. Since her debut at the dance hall, she has held unchallenged the honor of being the best dancer at Winthrop. She has many friends termed "Aztec," who have all agreed that that name properly belongs to her alone. Since she has gone through college without a nickname, they wish to present it to her as a parting gift.





KATHARINE YATES CHAPPELL, B. S.  
LYKESLAND, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A. and R. S. I. A.

"Kattie," as she is known to us, has a merry, happy disposition. Free from all worry, she looks on life with such a hopeful view that the saying, "You old pessimist," has become quite characteristic of her. She is very sympathetic—a few minutes' talk with her serves as a cure for a severe case of "blues." Katharine is always prepared to argue, and usually comes out ahead. Perhaps from her ability to argue has developed her chief fault—sarcasm. Her hobby is fresh air. One of our recent discoveries about "Kattie," and perhaps the most important fact concerning her, is that she has lately become deeply interested in all phases of Domestic Science—even M. D.'s come in for a share of her attention.

MARGARET COKER, A. B.  
SOCIETY HILL, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Winthrop Literary Society, College Choir, Cecilia Chorus, Glee Club, and Senior Singing Club; Marshal of Winthrop Society, First Term, 1910-1911; elected *Qui Vive* Editor, First Term, 1909-1910; Joint Celebration Marshal, First Term, 1910-1911; Class Day Marshal, 1910; Vice-President W. L. S., Second Term, 1911-1912; member of Hockey Team, 1910-1911; member Class Tennis Club, 1909-1912; member  $\Pi \Sigma \Phi$ ; member S. J. W.

Margaret, better known as "Coke," "Gosh," or any other endearing term which borders upon the foolish, is the adorable cousin of the pet of the Senior Class, Professor Coker. She fools the public, making them think that she is a demure, sober maid, while she is, in reality, one of the gayest birds on Rag-time Alley. Her one redemption is that she has a voice, and when it is used properly it 'pears to great advantage.



ETHEL CORBETT, A. B.  
PAXVILLE, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Winthrop Literary Society and Rural School Improvement Association.

Ethel possesses an immense intellectual capacity, quite at variance with her diminutive frame. This is shown by the demand at examination time for her clear, concise explanation of astronomical, geological and pedagogical problems. Her aim in life is to draw fine distinctions, and to find a psychological reason for everything. As to her future, she says that she is to be an "old-maid author." May she win fame for the Class of 1912!



FRANCES IGOE DEAL, A. B.  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Member of Wade Hampton Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., U. D. C. and R. S. I. A.; College Commencement Marshal, 1910-1911; Marshal in W. H. S., Second Term, 1910-1911; Corresponding Secretary of W. H. S., First Term, 1911-1912; member of T T T.

Yes, we have a "misdeal" in our class, and by no means a "fair deal." To look at Frances, one would think that she was a most demure and innocent little brown-eyed girl, but beneath this innocent expression there lies a mischievous nature, which delights in practical jokes. Though her appearance is deceitful, her brogue is unmistakable—she is from Charleston. In spite of the aforesaid peculiarities, Frances has a sweet, affectionate disposition, which has gained for her many friends.

GERTRUDE DICK, A. B.  
OSWEGO, S. C.

Member of Cecilia Chorus, 1908-1909; Secretary of Class, 1909-1911; Secretary of Executive Committee of Winthrop Literary Society, Second Term, 1911; Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester, N. Y., 1910; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1910-1911; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Convention, at Asheville, 1911; College Commencement Marshal, 1910; Chairman of Student Building Fund Committee, 1911-1912; President of Y. W. C. A., 1911-1912; member of S. J. W.

Gertrude won the name of "Squab" from the Model Home cook, but though small of stature she is not to be rated as insignificant. When once the initiative step is taken, her great executive force is put behind the lever, and the result is splendid work. Throughout her college course she has been a source of great helpfulness to her fellow-students, and, as a result, she has won many friends.



AMELIA DU BOSE, A. B.  
DARLINGTON, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society and Y. W. C. A.

'Melia wears her Senior cap with all the dignity and grace becoming to the Senior. She is very domestic, having acquired her great love for home affairs during her two weeks' stay in the Model Home (?). 'Melia appears to be rather quiet and serious-minded; however, those who know her well can testify that the reverse is true.





ELIZABETH DU BOSE, A. B.  
CAMDEN, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Winthrop Literary Society, and U. D. C.; Reporter of W. L. S., First Term, 1910-1911; member of Executive Committee of W. L. S., Third Term, 1910-1911; member Class Tennis Club, 1908-1909; member Hockey Team, 1910-1911; elected Recording Secretary of U. D. C., 1911-1912; President of U. D. C., 1911-1912; Delegate to State Convention of U. D. C., in Greenwood, 1911-1912; Literary Editor of TATLER, 1912; member of Kappa Epsilon and S. J. W.

Lize was a tiny specimen of a girl when she came to Winthrop, and although she has blossomed forth into womanhood since she has been with us, she is still an abbreviation for—Laze. In her Senior year she lived on Rag-time Alley, and her neighbors gave her the name of "Psalm Singer." Some day Lize will display this wonderful talent of hers and will find a home on "Easy Street."

AUGUSTA DU PRE, L. I.  
WALHALLA, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A.

Gussie thinks that she has changed very much in the last four years, though she still spends a great deal of time in deciding whether or not she should worry over her small troubles. Her chief delight lies in the analysis of her dreams, which analysis usually takes place after the ringing of the warning bell—that unwelcome sound which she never makes haste to heed.



IVA EADDY, A. B.  
RHEMS, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society; member of Cecilia Chorus; member of Y. W. C. A. and R. S. I. A.

Iva is a girl of unquestionable ability. Having the most scrupulous respect for the laws of duty, she makes her decisions conscientiously and abides by them at all times. Her creed, "I believe in working ahead," is so well followed that her work is always up-to-date. Iva is strong in Wesleyanism, and her faithfulness in church-going is a good example to set before a congregation.



KATHERINE SANDERS EARLY, A. B.  
GREENWOOD, S. C.



Member of Y. W. C. A. and Curry Literary Society; Marshal in Curry Society, Second Term, 1908-1909; Recording Secretary of Curry Society, First Term, 1909-1910; member of Executive Committee of Curry Society, First Term, 1911-1912.

Short, fat and good-natured, our Katrina cheers all who come to her with their woes, and unravels their tangles for them. Her willingness to help others when her own duties are numerous is another testimony of her unselfish nature. Kate has one little peculiarity which causes her much sorrow—a trouble that is very real, in spite of the fact that she indignantly affirms, "I do not lisph." She also believes that the Episcopal service is the shortest and most restful of all forms of worship, and on this and any other subject she is always ready to discourse at length.

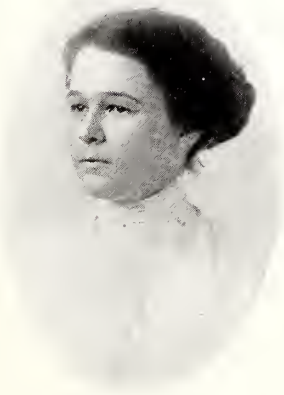
ELEANOR HARTWELL EDWARDS, A. B.  
NORTH, S. C.



Member of Winthrop Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A.

Some one has very truly said that Eleanor would be contented anywhere. She is a quiet, peaceable, little body, and walks strictly in the path of duty. During her college course she has acquired one thing truly worth while, namely, the power of concentration.

MADGE EDWARDS, A. B.  
RIDGE SPRING, S. C.



Secretary of Class of 1911, 1907-1908; President of Class of 1911, 1908; Marshal in Curry Society, First Term, 1907; College Commencement Marshal, 1910; College Marshal, 1910-1911; member Class Tennis Club, 1910-1912; Corresponding Secretary of Curry Society, Second Term, 1911-1912; President of Curry Society, Third Term, 1911-1912; member of Correspondence Club, Y. W. C. A., and S. J. W.

On first acquaintance Madge seems coldly indifferent, but it takes only a short while to discover that her indifference is mere reserve, for Madge is as interested in this old world as the world is in her. This is saying a great deal, too. Modesty is Madge's crowning virtue. To hear her appraise herself one would think her absolutely ordinary and unattractive, but her many honors, all of which are posts of trust, show that others have a very different opinion.



LOIS COGGESHALL ERVIN, A. B.  
LANDRUM, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., R. S. I. A., Winthrop Choral Society, and Correspondence Club.

"Sirs, here is a woman that would speak to you." She will tell you that she intends to be an old-maid school-teacher, and in the next breath tell of some "kiddish" scrape from which she has just emerged. At times she is subject to fits of abstraction, a thing sad and strange in one so young. Her friends especially dread these seizures, for when her mind is exalted far above mundane things they never know what she will or will not do. These fits of abstraction are to be regarded as mere eccentricities of genius, however, for her mind is really teeming with bright thoughts.

ULMER S. FISHBURNE, A. B.  
WALTERBORO, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Winthrop Literary Society; Charter Member of Wade Hampton Literary Society; elected Marshal in W. H. S., First Term, 1909; member of Executive Committee of W. H. S., Third Term, 1910; Literary Editor of *Journal*, 1910-1911; Corresponding Secretary of U. D. C., 1911-1912; member Correspondence Club, 1911-1912; Recording Secretary W. H. S., Second Term, 1911-1912; member of K E and S. J. W.

Of all examples of perfect calmness, Ulmer furnishes the most perfect. None of her friends have ever seen her moved by any extreme feeling. She is a firm believer in Aristotle's theory of the mean, and has proved the value of that great man's principle to wildly excited friends on more than one occasion.

Ulmer is conscientious and hard working. As any one can imagine, this combination of qualities makes a "mighty good sort" of a girl.



ANNIE FOLK, A. B.  
POMARIA, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.

Annie has brought disgrace upon her table in the dining-room, for her wit always keeps everybody laughing, much to the consternation of the Dining-room Committee. Although she has no conscience in this, she has in other matters. It is against her principles to study after four-forty-five in the afternoon, as it is the height of her ambition to be able to report on her full amount of exercise in Gym.



MAY FORD, A. B.  
McCOLL, S. C.



Member of S. J. W.; member of Y. W. C. A.; member of 1912 Tennis Club; Marshal in Curry Literary Society, Second Term, 1908-1909; and First Term, 1909-1910; Right Field on Basket-ball Team, 1908-1910; Captain of Team, 1908-1910; Vice-President of Curry Society, Second Term, 1911-1912; Chairman of Building Fund Committee for Curry, 1911-1912; member of Executive Committee of Curry, Third Term, 1911-1912; Vice-President of Class, 1911, 1911-1912.

*Widowers, bachelors, and young men galore,  
Winthrop has for you a great treasure in store;  
A bundle of neatness in every respect,  
And a Model House keeper, as you must surely suspect.*

*But one simple warning to you must be given,  
Lest "unto drink" you may one day be driven,  
The man who wins May must be very neat,  
And repair to the back door to wipe off his feet.*

*She has many good qualities besides being neat,  
And to all of her friends she's a regular treat;  
An ideal room-mate in every way:  
The kind of a friend that's not found every day.*

ANNE G. FOSTER, A. B.  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Anne comes from the "land of Piedmont." She is very fond of athletics, and her greatest ambition is to be a "Gym" teacher. She is very conscientious, and applies this conscientiousness to all her studies. Perhaps her greatest trait of character is her great unselfishness, and her regard for the needs and feelings of others. Anne is "light o' foot" and delights in "tripping the light fantastic toe." She is a member of the Y. W. C. A., S. I. A., Wade Hampton Literary Society, and U. D. C.



DAISY FOSTER  
WESTMINSTER, S. C.

Member of C. L. S., Y. W. C. A., R. S. I. A., Correspondence Club.

*"Morning, noon, night,  
Her tongue was going incessantly."*

Daisy is, indeed, fond of talking. She has even been known to rise in the middle of the night to carry on a conversation. Her chief topic is her aches and her pains. Daisy is a great believer in Presbyterianism, a great lover of Dickens and an accomplished singer. Her favorite expression is "I jokey."

It has been said that the soil at Winthrop is not suitable for "daisies," so this one will soon be transplanted to the more fertile farming lands in Oconee county. But we know this modest flower will carry with it the good cheer and hopefulness it has ever shed at Winthrop.





EVELYN FREW, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society; member of F. T. G.

Evelyn is, as one of her friends has remarked: "A right nice sort of a girl." She's attractive-looking, too; anybody with brown eyes and hair such as she is blessed with would have to be. "Ev," as she is called by friends, is loved for the very gentleness and sweetness of her disposition. She has one very enviable trait, that of being able to remain calm and unruffled under any circumstances, no matter how disturbing they may be.

MAY GANDY, A. B.  
SOCIETY HILL, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A. and Winthrop Literary Society; Captain of Junior Freshman Hockey Team, 1911-1912; Center on Class Basket-ball Team, 1908-1912; Editor of *Qui Vive* of Winthrop Literary Society, 1909-1910; Treasurer of Winthrop Society, 1911-1912; College Marshal, 1910-1911; Chief Marshal, 1911-1912; member of 1912 Tennis Club.

*"Miss May Gandy;  
Ain't she dandy?"*

May has played an important part in athletics, and has kept up her class spirit by playing in all the match games since her entrance. Some of this characteristic spirit she has also been forced to use in commanding order on public occasions in the auditorium. Besides knowing her as a girl of great energy and executive ability, we know her as a young woman of great merit and of high standing.



BESSIE GARRISON, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Bessie is reserved and unassuming in disposition, but very well-known to her classmates. Her voice is "ever soft, gentle and low," and she shows a spirit of calmness and friendliness even when things go wrong. She is an earnest student, with a strong character and a worthy ambition.



NINA GIBSON, A. B.  
NEWBERRY, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.; Treasurer of Winthrop Society, 1910-1911; elected Vice-President of R. S. I. A., 1911-1912; President of Rural School Improvement Association, 1911-1912.

Nina is a soul overflowing with laughter, lovable and impulsive—one of those genial beings who refresh the earth. She delights in geology, and astronomy is her pastime. She has opinions of her own, and generally states them. She hates bells, and dreams of a place where no bells will ring, where sleep will be enjoyed, and early waking will not be required.

GRETA IDELLE HALL, A. B.  
IVA, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.

Greta's most prominent quality is dignity, while her constant occupation is worrying about her work. Her chief hobby is to lecture some of her friends, who tease by studying on Sunday and other sins of like nature, which Greta considers "great crimes." She is very quiet, modest, unassuming and kind.

She professes to be a man-hater, but only those believe it who have not formed the habit of "questioning appearances."



PRISCILLA HART, A. B.  
ESTILL, S. C.



Member of Y. W. C. A.; member of Correspondence Club; Critic of W. L. S., Second Term, 1910-1911; member of Executive Committee of W. L. S., First Term, 1911-1912; Recording Secretary of W. L. S., Third Term, 1911-1912; Chairman of W. L. S. Play Committee, 1912; member of R. S. I. A.; Literary Editor of *Winthrop College Journal*, 1911-1912; member of Thalia German Club; Secretary of the Class, 1910-1912; member of 1912 Tennis Club; College Marshal, 1910-1911; member of S. J. W.

In violation of the time-worn maxim about little girls, Pris can often be heard when not seen—a thing caused by the possession of a voice peculiarly her own. She is very impulsive and deeply religious, both of which facts she proved at a certain basket-ball game in 1910, when, overpowered with emotion (her team seemed to be losing), she ran away to pray. She is strong in her opinions, and in her feeling for her friends. Pris is ambitious, and she is planning to go some day to Columbia University and take a special course in pedagogy, which study seems to be her favorite at Winthrop.



CORRIE LEILA HAVIRD, A. B.  
NEWBERRY, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.

Corrie Lei is a quiet, studious girl. She may be found at any time during the day in her room poring over her books, bothering none—except those around her, as she has a habit of studying aloud. She is neither industrious, nor what you would call lazy. Her greatest fault is complaining about what she has to do. She is very religious (?) and extremely punctual. One of her chief desires is to preside with dignity over her table, and to have her table girls abide by the dining-room rules.

KATHARINE HENDERSON, A. B.  
AIKEN, S. C.



Member of Y. W. C. A. and Winthrop Literary Society; Warden in W. L. S., Second Term, 1908-1909; *Qui Vive* Editor, Second Term, 1909-1910; Vice-President of W. L. S., Third Term, 1911-1912; Assistant Manager of Class Basket-ball Team, 1909-1911; Class Historian, 1912; President T Σ Σ, 1910-1912; member College Glee Club and Cecilia Chorus, 1909-1912; President of College Glee Club, 1912; member Senior Tennis Club, 1912; member Senior Singing Club, 1912; member K E.

From the maid on the floor, who dotingly calls her "Baby," to the tall and dignified matron, to whom she is "Wretch," "Cricket," "Wee Willie" and "Honey" by turns, Kate has coaxed her way into the hearts of folks. In the irresistible manner that makes one want to call her "Honey" and "Wretch" at once, she wins every one, and then—laughs. But have a care, Kate; those same little ways may put you "at sea" yet.

SARAH J. HERIOT, A. B.  
PROVIDENCE, S. C.



Member of Cecilia Chorus, 1908-1910; Secretary of the Executive Committee of Winthrop Literary Society, Third Term, 1910-1911; College Marshal, 1910-1911; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference, at Asheville, N. C., 1911; elected Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1911-1912; Vice-President of Correspondence Club, 1910-1912; member of Π Σ Φ; Commencement Marshal from W. L. S., 1912; President of Student Government Association.

As for Sarah's "rep.:"  
The teachers all say:  
"She is a good student in every way."  
Her friends all say:  
"Aunt Sarah is sweet, and pretty, and jolly,  
And knows how to laugh at any one's folly."  
The girls all say:  
"President Sarah is very prim,  
And when you don't act in just the right way,  
The look she can give o'er her eyeglass rim  
Makes you feel, 'For me 'tis a sad, sad day.'"

NAN HOUGH, A. B.  
CAMDEN, S. C.



Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.; Reporter of Winthrop Society, Second Term, 1911; Art Editor of TATLER, 1912.

Don't let Nan fool you! Her serious expression is the one she wears only on the solemn occasions—when she receives lectures from the uniform committee, arrives late from down town, or has her picture made. At other times she can be vivacious enough. Her crowning glory is her artistic talent, and there is small wonder that with such genius as she possesses, and such inspiration as the Faculty affords, she fails entirely to hear the Scripture-reading in chapel. Nan says, however, that she intends to stop drawing cartoons and go in for a higher class of art.

BETTIE CAMILLE HOWZE, L. I.  
BASCOMVILLE, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.

Bettie, sometimes called "Chut," is a very modest lassie. She is also a very sympathetic one, even if she does refuse to talk after ten o'clock at night. Model School work is her delight, and she is planning to apply to teach an extra week during the holidays preceding Commencement. When the subject of evolution is mentioned, Bettie is most interested. She delights in discussing the probability of man's descent from the monkey, and the evolution of a soul. Her ideals are high, as is shown by the fact that she wishes to teach in the mountains.



ELLEN HUGGIN, A. B.  
GAFFNEY, S. C.



Ellen is very ambitious and industrious. She is outspoken, independent, and usually jolly, but occasionally she has a severe case of "blues," which she invariably explains by saying, "The trouble is all my own." Her favorite study is history, and she is "magnetic" in that department. She is always willing to do favors, but never willing to accept any. Altogether, she must be a lovable girl, as her name, "Huggin, Ellen," indicates.





EUNICE HUGGINS, A. B.  
VONTERS, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., R. S. I. A., and Cecilia Chorus.

Eunice is small, but so is a diamond. She is a jolly, clever girl with high ideals, especially in regard to teaching, but, alas! she does not intend to follow this profession long. She is very impulsive, and believes that to live is to love. Her mental ability is great, but her habit of day-dreaming often makes her seem dull. She never fails to do her work well. What a pity we could find in her no peculiarities.

ANNIE HUGHES, A. B.  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A. and Curry Literary Society; Critic in C. L. S., First Term, 1909-1910; member Executive Committee of C. L. S., First Term, 1911-1912; Corresponding Secretary of C. L. S., Third Term, 1911-1912; College Marshal, 1910-1911; Literary Editor of *Journal*, 1910-1911; member Class Tennis Club, 1908-1912; Literary Editor TATLER, 1908-1911; Editor-in-Chief of TATLER, 1912; Charter Member of T T T.

Annie came to Winthrop "trailing clouds of glory in her wake," which she had won in her graded school career. The same glory has attended her in college life, for her report has always rivaled the starry firmament in splendor. She is what you call "an all-round girl." Every phase of life gives her enjoyment, and she never allows mere studies to interfere with the "more important activities" of college fun. Her chief occupation is recreation. By this, she declares that she is preparing herself for the wear and tear of her future life when she will wield a ruler in the kingdom of the schoolroom.



MYRTLE E. HUTTO, A. B.  
SPRINGFIELD, S. C.

Member of C. L. S. and Y. W. C. A.; Marshal of C. L. S., Third Term, 1908-1909; Critic of C. L. S., First Term, 1911-1912, and Recording Secretary, Second Term, 1911-1912.

Myrtle is the youngest member of the "Family of Four," and, much to the sorrowing indignation of her elder sisters, she is a sad coquette. And yet these sisters are prone to excuse her follies, for they realize that with those dimples of hers she could scarcely be staid and sensible. Although coquettish, she is far from empty headed, as her record at Winthrop proves.





MARY INABINET, A. B.  
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A. and W. L. S.  
Although Mary has all of the alphabet for her name, we call her "Pet" for short. She is very intellectual, as was testified by the number of stars that always shone on her reports. "Pet's" disposition is very lovable and it always takes a great deal to make her angry. She is very considerate of other people's feelings. Whenever one of the "Family of Four" hears some one say, "Do Bones," she knows that "our little girl" is near. Her favorite pastimes are embroidering and telling jokes.

MIRIAM JENNINGS, A. B.  
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A. and of Wade Hampton Literary Society; Censor W. H. S., Third Term, 1911; Treasurer W. H. S., 1911-1912; Vice-President W. H. S., Third Term, 1912; College Marshal, 1911-1912; member  $T \Sigma \Sigma$ , and  $\Pi \Sigma \Phi$ .

Miriam, being such a "little" girl when she came to Winthrop and entered the Junior Class, excited the admiration of us all; and she is continually surprising us, for we hardly expect such a little person to be possessed of so much capability. Whatever Miriam does she does it well, and her accomplishments are many and varied. From the very nature of things we predict that she will not share the fate of many of her classmates, for she would fit much better into a model home than into the schoolroom; and we can picture her wielding the housewife's broom rather than the old-maid school-teacher's ferule.



BESSIE OPHELIA JONES, A. B.  
GREENWOOD, S. C.

Member of Wade Hampton Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.; member of Executive Committee of W. H. S., Second Term, 1911-1912.

Bessie Ophelia is possessed of poetic genius, and, under the influence of her Muse, has written several poems which have appeared on the pages of the *Journal*. Her record in scholarship has been splendid since she entered Winthrop, and for one of her very unusual surname, she has won many laurels.



ETHEL JONES, A. B.  
NORTH, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society; member Y. W. C. A.

Ethel comes from the "North," but has no freezing quality in her warm-hearted nature. She is very humorous, and believes in having a good time on all occasions. "I'll just be jumped up" is a "pet" expression of Ethel's, and embodies in it a great deal of determination. She is the embroidery fiend of the little "Family of Four." Ethel's ambition is to be teacher and "boss" of the largest kindergarten in North America, where she can tell sure 'nough stories to the "little dears."

CLAUDIA CONNOR JORDAN  
WINNSBORO, S. C.

Member of the Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.

Is there a *Day* in the week that has prefixed to it an A? To hear Claudia talk, it seems as if there is. She signs "A. D." to everything, and we have been wondering if it means "Anno Domini." Claudia is especially fond of astronomy, for she even sees "Canopus," which is in the Southern Hemisphere and never visible here. Perhaps her love (?) for astronomy has caused her eyes to take on the aspect of stars to "some one." Claudia's heart, is, at present, pointing in three directions—an eminent physician, a literary genius and a merchant of note.



LUDIE JORDAN, A. B.  
UNION, S. C.

Member of C. L. S. and Y. W. C. A.; Marshal in C. L. S., Third Term, 1909; Marshal at Commencement, 1910-1911; member T Σ Σ; Recording Secretary of C. L. S., First Term, 1910-1911; member of Building Fund Committee of C. L. S., 1910-1911; member of Executive Committee of C. L. S., Second Term, 1911-1912; member of Thalia German Club, 1910-1911; President of T. G. C., 1911-1912; Literary Editor of *Winthrop College Journal*, 1911-1912; President of C. L. S., First Term, 1911-1912.



Ludie Jordan came to us just four years ago, "about the timidest girl what is." She is over all that now, though, and is noted for having her own opinions and sticking to them. It is possible that she does not deserve all the credit, however, for this change. "Spratt" was the main force that brought her out. That's where being "borned" with sense helps a person. Once she was shoved by "Spratt," she rose nobly to every occasion. "Lute" has great literary ability; she's athletic, a good dancer, and good looking.



LOLA KAUFMAN, A. B.  
WALHALLA, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.

Lola is a shy, modest girl with quiet, unassuming manners. She is very precise and exact in all things. Her hobby is the keeping of neat notebooks, which, by the way, are always in demand just before examination. She is noted for witty remarks, and delights in psychological questions. Lola is a true disciple of the Stoics in that she eliminates all emotional ideas from her life, and heartily agrees with their belief that "emotion is a disease not to be tolerated."

MARY E. KIRVEN, A. B.  
DARLINGTON, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A. and Winthrop Literary Society; Marshal of W. L. S., First Term, 1908-1909; elected Corresponding Secretary of W. L. S., First Term, 1910-1911; Vice-President of W. L. S., First Term, 1911-1912; member of College Glee Club and Singing Society; member of Executive Committee of Choral Society.

There are three things we may surely expect of Mary—first, that one of these days we'll hear her golden voice much praised; second, that she'll never undertake the instruction of the young of our State; and, last, the success or failure of others will always call forth from her prophetic lips this grave sentence, "I told you so."



EULA LAWTON, A. B.  
GARNETT, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Winthrop Literary Society, and R. S. I. A.; Secretary of Executive Committee of R. S. I. A., 1909-1910; member of S. J. W.

Here is our jewel girl, as you will understand when you hear that she is from Garnett. Eula is like Socrates in that she possesses the art of asking rather than of answering questions, and thus leaves a favorable impression with her teachers. Her chief characteristic is her sunny disposition. The high office of Peacemaker that she holds on Rag Alley will testify to this.





SUE ANNIE LELAND, A. B.  
STEEDLEY, VA.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society and Y. W. C. A.;  
Reporter for W. L. S., Third Term, 1910-1911.

"The girl from old Virginia," with her characteristic laugh and bright eyes, is known by us all for her good humor. She is both studious and practical. Although a Senior cap now adorns this tall and outwardly dignified Senior, yet she is the same mischievous "Sam" she is called by all her friends.

FRANKE LESESNE, A. B.  
SUMTER, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, 1908-1909; Charter Member Wade Hampton Society; Corresponding Secretary of W. H. S., Second Term, 1909-1910; member of Executive Committee of W. H. S., 1910-1911; Class Treasurer, 1909-1911; elected Class Treasurer, 1911-1912; Commencement Marshal from W. H. S., 1912; elected member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-1912; Annual Editor from U. D. C., 1910-1911; elected Vice-President of U. D. C., 1911-1912; Secretary of R. S. I. A., 1910-1911; House President of North Dormitory, 1911-1912; College Marshal, 1910-1912.

Franke is one of the girls from the Game Cock City, and she is ever crowing over this fact. Judging by her appearance, one would think her a very good, meek little girl; but those who know her well can testify that underneath it all there is a thing which some would express mildly by merely saying, "A temper." She is very well named, for nothing else could so well express her nature as her name—Frank(e).



JESSIE MAY MARSHAL, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Member of C. L. S., the Singing Society, and Glee Club.

"Jess" was born near the little town of Richburg. In 1902, she came to Rock Hill. Her early education was received at the Rock Hill Graded School. After her graduation there in 1908, she entered the Freshman Class at Winthrop. "Jess" is a great songster, and whenever there is any singing to be done she is usually called upon.



BERYL MARTIN, A. B.  
EASLEY, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A.; Warden of Winthrop Literary Society, Third Term, 1908-1909; Reporter W. L. S., Second Term, 1910-1911; Corresponding Secretary of W. L. S., Second Term, 1911-1912; elected Assistant Basket-ball Manager of Class of 1912, 1911-1912; Class Treasurer, 1911-1912; College Marshal, 1910-1911; member of Correspondence Club, K E, and Senior Club.

Like all great people, Beryl was born in a small city, and so made the town of Easley famous. She became a strict adherent to the old saying, "Silence is golden—" through no fault of hers, but through the one family weakness—loquacity. Keep your "weather eye" on this pretty little blonde, for she will talk yet, or her "Hart" will for her.

ESTHER ANNE MURRAY, A. B.  
SUMTER, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Winthrop Literary Society, and Terpsichorean German Club; Treasurer of Special Class, 1908-1909; member of Special Class Basket-ball Team, 1908-1909; President of Class of 1913, 1909-1911; Daisy Chain Marshal, 1911; Critic of W. L. S., First Term, 1911; Corresponding Secretary of Winthrop Society, Third Term, 1912; member of Executive Board of Student Government Association, 1911-1912.

"Ess" is a "gym" dandy girl. Her hobby is doing "stunts" in the gymnasium. Her winning ways captivate the hearts of all, even to the "Coal" man and the "Dregs" of the school.



EMMA LOUISE NETTLES, A. B.  
HARTSVILLE, S. C.

Vice-President Class of 1911, 1907-1908; President Class of 1911, 1908-1910; member Class Tennis Club, 1909-1910; Marshal Winthrop Society, First Term, 1908-1909; Critic of Wade Hampton Society, First Term, 1910-1911; Corresponding Secretary of W. H. S., First Term, 1911-1912; member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1908-1911; Y. W. C. A. Editor of TATLER, 1910-1911; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference, Asheville, N. C., 1909-1910; member of Executive Committee of U. D. C., 1910-1911; Delegate to U. D. C. Convention, Georgetown, S. C., 1910-1911; elected President of U. D. C., 1911-1912; member of TATLER Staff, 1910-1911; member of R. S. I. A.; Chief Marshal of College, 1910-1911.

The fact that Emma is a fresh-air fiend has always been a joke among her friends at College. This being true, there was no surprise felt when she was asked to take charge of the open-air school. Emma's landmarks at College were "the playground movement," "the tent," Miss Withers, 407 and 404 I Johnson Hall, a certain "red head," and, incidentally, "Mip."





RONNIE CECILE ODOM, A. B.  
BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, 1908-1909; Charter Member Wade Hampton Society; member of Y. W. C. A. and R. S. I. A.

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich." Ronnie is a hard student. She especially likes mathematics and Latin. She is rather distinguished as being the great-grand-niece of Sir Isaac Newton, which fact asserts itself in her in that she is one of the six who are fond of that branch of mathematics known as "Cokernometry." She is called the grandchild of a certain Latin teacher in this institution, and because of this fact, she has been forced to go not one mile but two in that ancient language. Ronnie's chief instinct is worshipping her loved ones from afar.

MARGARET ELIZABETH OLIVER, A. B.  
SWANSEA, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Curry Literary Society, and R. S. I. A.

If you see a quiet, unassuming, yet ever-faithful girl, going about her business (and doing it well, too), with an air of calm contentment, you may know that she is Margaret Oliver. Seldom does one meet with such an imperturbable disposition. Through her make-up there runs a most refreshing vein of delicate humor. Margaret cast her lot with the Kindergartners when she came to Winthrop, and she expects to continue the practice of assisting the young idea in its struggle upward.



BESSIE PEGRAM, A. B.  
YORKVILLE, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society and of Y. W. C. A.; Corresponding Secretary of W. L. S., First Term, 1911-1912; Assistant Basket-ball Manager, 1911-1912; Assistant Marshal at Commencement, 1908; member of S. J. W.

Bess enlisted with the Class of 1910, but after a two years' march with them decided that the twelvers were a more worthy company, so took a furlough of two years' duration. She re-enlisted in the fall of 1910, becoming a wearer of the Gold and Black. Needless to say, this was a great addition to the class, for "B. F. B.," as she is known to her intimates, is all to the good. In short, she is "all wool and a yard wide."





DAISY ELIZABETH PHILLIPS, A. B.  
FOUNTAIN INN, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Curry Literary Society, and R. S. I. A.; member of Correspondence Club, 1910-1912; Recording Secretary of R. S. I. A., First Term, 1911-1912; Vice-President of R. S. I. A., Second Term, 1911-1912; Winner of R. S. I. A. Medal, 1910-1911.

Daisy is one of those lucky people who always look upon the world and its woes with a cheerful smile. Nothing ever seems to disturb the calm of her existence. She claims that she is going to be an old-maid school-teacher, yet who can tell? She is constantly discussing home conveniences, and may there not be some reason for all this worry? If this "external force" succeeds, then all powers will be forced to work for him; and happy will he be.

JULIA PLEXICO, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society.

Julia is one of those rare individuals who think more than they talk. Naturally, she is a good student. Her answers in class are always short and to the point. Her favorite subject is Latin, and she hopes that by the study of such models as the *Orations of Cicero*, and the *Odes of Horace*, she will in time acquire true culture.



HARRIET ELIZABETH PLOWDEN, A. B.  
MANNING, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.; Treasurer of R. S. I. A., First Term, 1911-1912; Delegate to Asheville Conference, 1910.

There is a certain indescribable quaintness about Harriet that is unusual in the girl of to-day. With her big wistful eyes, and her long braids, she looks as if she had just stepped out of a story book. Her appearance belies her, however, for "Hattie" takes as great an interest in things, and lives as much in the present, as any of us.





ESSIE MAY POAG, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society.

"Ess" was born in the far-distant city of Warsaw, Ala. When very young she came to Rock Hill. There she received her early education in the public schools, and entered Winthrop in September, 1908. "Ess" was a "Kindergarten girl," and her experiences with the little folks are many and varied. She is a great talker and can entertain you by the hour telling of "Burge," the favorite of all the Kindergarten Seniors. "Ess" is a decided pessimist. She never sees the bright side of anything. Let us hope, however, that she will some day be able to say, "All's well that ends well."



ROBBIE B. PORTER, A. B.  
LANCASTER, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society, 1908-1909; Charter Member Wade Hampton Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A. and Cecilia Chorus; Music Critic in W. H. S., Third Term, 1909-1910; member of Executive Committee of W. H. S., Third Term, 1910-1911; elected Business Manager of TATLER, 1912; elected House President of North Dormitory, 1911-1912; Chairman of Campus Committee, 1911-1912; Commencement Speaker of W. H. S., 1912.

"Rob," although a South Carolinian, has a very great interest in the mountainous regions of a sister state. None of her friends suspected a romance, however, until one night, by chance, they overheard her talking to a Ouija board. Robbie's good qualities are too many to enumerate. She has made a good record in her literary course, but with her double stars in Housekeeping and Practice Home, we agree with him that her duty is elsewhere.



GENEVIEVE RANDLE, A. B.  
SUMTER, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.; member of 1911 Tennis Club, 1908-1910; Center Field on 1911 Basbet-ball Team, 1907-1910; Right Field on 1912 Basket-ball Team, 1911-1912; Commencement Marshal, 1910; member of Thalia German Club; Delegate to State Fair, 1909; Assistant Business Manager of TATLER, 1912; Critic in Winthrop Literary Society, Second Term, 1910; President of the W. L. S., Third Term, 1912; Commencement Speaker from W. L. S., 1911; member of the S. J. W.; Vice-President of  $\Pi \Sigma \Phi$ ; member of T T T.

"Vee" was originally a member of the Class of 1911, but, desiring to acquire more "culture" than a four years' course affords, she cast her lot with the Class of 1912. She possesses the happy faculty of guessing and she exerts this faculty to such an extent that she appears to know her lessons perfectly when she really hasn't opened the book. During her stay at Winthrop her stage career has been most brilliant. She has always been a star actor in her society plays, and even her every-day manner is very dramatic. "Vee" is one of the gamebirds on Rag-time Alley.





ESTELLE RAWL, A. B.  
PLAINS, GA.

Member of Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., R. S. I. A.,  
Correspondence Club, and Cecilia Chorus.

Estelle is a carefree spirit, who worries over nothing, and lets to-morrow take care of itself. She invariably uses her bell-clapper; and especially did she delight in using it while in the Practice Home, when "big sister Carrie" wished to sleep, and Ethel wanted to study. Estelle is a girl of some originality; her ideas are her own, and she generally expresses them in her own fashion. Her faults, if she has any, are not seen behind her wise looks. On the whole, Estelle has proved herself a good, all-round student, with enough good nature and vim to make her school days easy ones.

ANNIE RAY, A. B.  
NEWBERRY, S. C.

If I tell you something about Annie in pure, real, true confidence, you'll never repeat it? Don't even think about it out loud for the very walls have ears, and Annie feels so sensitive about having her private affairs generally known that it would never do for the secret to get out. By the way, do you know Annie Ray real well? You don't? Well, you ought to. She's a dandy girl, so refined and ladylike, and do you know, she has a—I forgot—I promised not to tell.



NELLIE REBECCA RAY, A. B.  
BLACKVILLE, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and Correspondence Club.

Nellie is a member of the "Family of Four," and her wit and originality have added greatly to the good times the "Four" have had together. Her crowning virtue is her practicalness. "Sarah" is a very good actress, but during the practice for Curry play she declared that never would she make acting her lifework.





CARRIE D. REAVES, A. B.  
ALCOLU, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society, U. D. C., R. S. I. A., Y. W. C. A., Volunteer Band, and Correspondence Club; Delegate to Asheville Conference, Greenville Convention, and Due West Convention; member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-1912; Leader of Volunteer Band, 1910-1912; Corresponding Secretary of R. S. I. A., Second Term, 1912; Vice-President of State Volunteer Union, 1911-1912.

"The Right Honorable Carrie D. Reaves" is very proud of the D., which stands for Durant, in her name. Her roommate wonders why. In this piece of humanity we find two sterling qualities—independence and an innate satisfaction with the correctness of her views. Even the members of the Faculty never question her whims (?). Her ambition is to get her "Dip," and to find the preacher whom she believes is waiting to go with her to China. Her plans for the future are great. May they all be fulfilled.

FLORENCE MILLS REID, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Vice-President of Curry Literary Society, First Term, 1911-1912; President of C. L. S., Second Term, 1911-1912.

When a girl is witty, is a good dancer, has the power to keep up an animated conversation, has bewitching brown eyes, and is pretty good looking in every respect; when a girl is studious, but not so much so as to be a bore, and when she takes an active interest in everything that is going on, she is termed an attractive girl—and so is Florence.



HELEN REID, A. B.  
RICHBURG, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.

Helen, better known to her friends as "Jezzie," is always happiness personified. We may liken her to the "busy little bee," who uses every hour, for she is a very industrious little body. There is some rumor of her trying to fit herself for a busy Western life. This may have a good deal to do with it, but, aside from this, Helen seems to be endowed by Nature with an unusual supply of domestic ability and energy.





LAURA RIGDON, A. B.  
EASLEY, S. C.

Member of Wade Hampton Literary Society, R. S. I. A., and Y. W. C. A.; Corresponding Secretary of R. S. I. A.; Treasurer W. H. S.

*"Nature made her and then broke the mould."*

Laura came from some unpronounceable place in the upper part of Pickens County. She is cool and dignified, and never lets her temper get the better of herself, though it may get the better of her friends. She is one of the six students who are very fond of that branch of mathematics known as "Coker-nometry." She loves science so well that she would like to be a doctor, but we fear that some external force may hinder her, for she is very much interested in love stories and "Model Homes."

RUTH RILEY, A. B.  
BAMBERG, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Winthrop Literary Society, and U. D. C.; Warden of W. L. S., Second Term, 1910-1911; member of Executive Committee of W. L. S., Second Term, 1911-1912; Vice-President of U. D. C.; member of Correspondence Club, and of College Glee Club, 1909-1912; Vice-President of Glee Club; member of Senior Singing Society and Cecilia Chorus; member of  $\tau \Sigma \Sigma$ .

If you have ever seen a little black-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a laugh which is happiness itself, then you have seen our "Bobbie." Her bright "ha ha" has many a time called forth the rebuke of teacher or proctor, who did not stop to consider what a tonic it was to the girls to hear Ruth laugh. Since coming to Winthrop, Ruth has become quite renowned for her singing. How her society, the Y. W. C. A., the Choir, and the Glee Club are to do without her voice we do not see.



ANNIE ROSE RISER, A. B.  
LEESVILLE, S. C.

Member Curry Literary Society; Class Treasurer, 1909-1910; College Marshal, 1910-1911; Treasurer Curry Society, 1911-1912.

Annie Rose has one faculty which will carry her safely through all the trials of life—she always sees the funny side, if there is one to be found. Although the points of her jokes are sharp ones, she manages to rest easy on them, and never exerts herself to strive for marks higher than II's.

LEORA RIVERS, A. B.  
EASTOVER, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society and R. S. I. A.

Leora is a very quiet and reserved girl. Whatever troubles she has she keeps to herself, and presents always the same expression of calm cheerfulness to the world. She is fond of study, especially along classical lines. Perhaps the culture obtained by pursuing this work is responsible for her seeming lack of sentiment.



IDA ROBERTSON, A. B.  
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Secretary of Class, 1908-1909; Charter Member Wade Hampton Literary Society; member of Y. W. C. A.; Reporter of W. H. S., First Term, 1909-1910; member of Executive Committee, First Term, 1910-1911; elected Recording Secretary of W. H. S., Third Term, 1912; College Marshal, 1909-1910; Literary Editor of *Journal*, 1911-1912.

When Ida draws herself up to her full five feet four inches, and says in a determined: "Hear me, for I will speak," every tongue is silenced. Her independence is appalling, and woe to the one who opposes her in a discussion on woman's suffrage. Her dignity, however, is sometimes deceptive, for there lies a deal of impulsiveness beneath her calm exterior.



KATHERINE E. ROBINSON, A. B.  
EASLEY, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Literary Society and Y. W. C. A.; Marshal of W. L. S., First Term, 1909-1910; Delegate to Asheville Conference, 1910; member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-1912; member Class Basket-ball Team, 1908-1910; College Marshal, 1910-1911; Assistant Business Manager of *Journal*, 1911-1912; member of Singing Society and Cecilia Chorus; member of T Σ Σ and K E.

Kate is a very sentimental piece of humanity, and you'd better beware, else she'll make you sentimental, too. She's very attractive, likes to have people like her, and doesn't fail to use those brown eyes of hers to advantage. She says that her chief ambition is to have a "Rip—ping" time, but, strange to relate, she has an "Aiken" (aching) heart.



CAMMIE LOUISE RODDEY, A. B.  
RODDEY, S. C.



Member of the Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.; President of R. S. I. A., Second Term, 1911-1912.

Cammie Louise is "fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair." Most of this beauty was obtained by sleeping until 7:20, and eating syrup. She is an ardent student of Latin, but the little phrase, "Ego amo te," gives her a great deal of trouble. During the evening study period, when she has nothing else to do, she gazes out of the window and makes faces at Orion, a constellation which causes her many sleepless nights. Her virtues are too numerous to mention, but may they never grow less.

CARRIE CALDWELL RODDEY, A. B.  
RODDEY, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.

Carrie, better known as "Keit," came to Winthrop from Roddey, a little town very similar to Irving's "Sleepy Hollow." From such an environment, one would think that she could not generate energy enough to carry her through life, but her lively step and ringing laugh prove this supposition wrong. Carrie was always conscientious in her work, and easily developed a taste for Manual Training, Gymnastics, Latin, and English. If ever asked how she would cope with any new problem, she would invariably answer, "Like Cam." Her chief ambition is to get her diploma from Winthrop, then to find the man that she believes is made for her.



ANNIE ROGERS, A. B.  
SOCIETY HILL, S. C.



Annie is the baby of her family, and her word has always been law at home. When she came to Winthrop, she thought the same rule would hold good, but she soon became acquainted with "Dick," who immediately began her reformation. It was a long, slow task, but it was somewhat successful, for Annie has developed into a dignified Senior. She still loves fun, however, and she is noted for her dry wit. Her ambition is to get through studying and travel. She expects to sail to Europe with Miss Wysor in June.



MARGARIE ROGERS, A. B.  
MULLINS, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society and Y. W. C. A.; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., 1911-1912.

Margarie is noted for her dignity and piety. Her hobby is star gazing; her favorite constellation being the "Hunter." She is extremely conscientious and given to much detail; rather reticent regarding her personal affairs; has skill in "math," which her friends and acquaintances draw on, especially when in the "Practice School"; shows no partiality among her friends; is regarded by some of the subcollegiate as a superior being, because of her "teachship." She is determined, ambitious, studious, hard to convince, has many friends.

ESTHER ROYALL, A. B.  
MOUNT PLEASANT, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A. and Winthrop Literary Society, Forward on Class Basket-ball Team; member Class Hockey Team and Tennis Club; member Thalia German Club; *Qui Vive* Editor, Third Term, 1910-1911; President Winthrop Society, Second Term, 1911-1912; Charter Member of S. J. W. and H H; Class Prophet; Assistant Marshal, 1911.

"Essie," coming to Winthrop from Memminger School, joined our class in the fall of 1910. Since that time she has been a "jollification" to her classmates, as well as the pet of the underclassmen. Her popularity is due to various causes; in match games she is expert in putting the ball in the goal; she always takes a near-star part in the various dramatics; but the biggest cause of all—one that is all sufficient—is just that she is "Essie." We are wondering how a certain little Freshman is to exist without her next year.



MINNIE OWEN RUSSELL, A. B.  
ANDERSON, S. C.

Member Y. W. C. A. and C. L. S.; Tennis Club, 1908-1909; Assistant Commencement Marshal, 1910-1911; Hockey Team, 1910-1911; Basket-ball Team, 1908-1912; Vice-President Curry Society, Third Term, 1912; member T Σ Σ.

Minnie has won a sure place in the hearts of her classmates by her swell playing on the basket-ball team. When we see that red head and those infinite arms waving in front of the opponents' goal thrower, we feel no further alarm as to the score. Minnie is very fond of philosophizing and giving motherly advice, in which she is very accomplished on account of her experience with her "little" sister Nina. Minnie realizes that "not failure but low aim is crime," and fondly "hitches her wagon to a star." Best of all, when she falls, she gets up, rubs the bruises, smiles serenely, and harnesses up again.





NELLIE RUSSELL, A. B.  
YORKVILLE, S. C.

Nellie is generous and kind-hearted, though she sometimes seems to try to make people think otherwise. Her temper is rather of the explosive type, but is not very dangerous. She is very extreme in her likes and dislikes, and yet is not very emotional. Also, she is firm in her convictions, and sticks to her opinion to the end, be it right or be it wrong. She is somewhat religiously inclined, but it is not safe to ask her to "grace" the table, because she occasionally forgets what she ought to say. She says she is somewhat of a "conglomerate"; and, as may be seen by the above, we think so, too.

NINA EVANS RUSSELL, A. B.  
ANDERSON, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., C. L. S., and T  $\Sigma$   $\Sigma$ ; Tennis Club, 1908-1909; Cecilia Chorus, Singing Club, and R. S. I. A.

"Ninsook" was caught up in the current of this life about nineteen years ago in the eclectic city of the Palmetto State—her first fame achieved by diving in at such a world-renowned place! She tried to paddle her own canoe too soon and lost her sole tooth in the attempt. Through many whirling eddies and rapids of school life, she finally came to the inevitable fall—this, she at length got over finally with a broken heart, from the worthiness of "Bunches of Conceit in Masculine Hides!!" From there she drifted to the safe and protecting shore of normal and industrious (?) life, where she first learned to manage her bark. From there her destination is the "Elite Mess," at Ancon, C. Z., through the Panama Canal Route, to realize her one ambition—to keep men from having all the glory of doing the biggest thing, ever, for "Uncle Samuel."



GRETCHEN SALLEY, A. B.  
SALLEY, S. C.

Member of W. L. S.; Marshal of W. L. S., 1909-1910; member of T  $\Sigma$   $\Sigma$ ; member of Senior Tennis Club; member of K E.

Gretchen's a graceful, pretty little trick, but, gracious, how absent-minded! She trots that little schedule around with her every day, and then selects the very period in which she should report to classes for her reading in the Library. There's one thing, however, she never forgets—the charm of those flirtatious brown eyes. She shines them on cruel old pedagogs who call on her, when perchance she hasn't scanned the lesson, and thereby wins stars. Only to her most intimate friends has Gretchen confided her secret dreams. She hopes to become not a missionary exactly, but a buoy on these dark waters of life, and has selected as a good moving-place the coast of Florida.







HELEN CHARLOTTE SALTER, A. B.  
TRENTON, S. C.

Member of W. L. S., R. S. I. A., and Y. W. C. A.

Helen is of the type that the poets write about—willowy and slender. She has a very sweet disposition, and "To know her is to love her." Helen's favorite sport is horseback riding, and all of her romances are clustered around it. Helen is very fond of mathematics, and found the working of "literal equations" no trouble whatever. And, too, astronomy has assumed a very star-like aspect, recently.

ETTA SUE SELLERS, A. B.  
LATTA, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Wade Hampton Literary Society, and R. S. I. A.; member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1911-1912; Corresponding Secretary of W. H. S., Third Term, 1911-1912; Secretary of Executive Committee of W. H. S., First Term, 1910-1911; member of Executive Committee of R. S. I. A., Second Term, 1911-1912; Vice-President of R. S. I. A., First Term, 1911-1912.

Etta, better known to the Faculty as "Etta Sue," after having acquired all the knowledge that the rising city of Latta could afford, launched out on her career at Winthrop in 1908. In her Freshman year she was even too meek to shed tears of relief; but by the time she became a Senior, she felt important enough to reprove three members of the Faculty, during study period on Senior Hall. Etta came to Winthrop for the sole purpose of mastering the subject of mathematics, and by her earnest, conscientious work, has accomplished her purpose. Her present ambition is to preside, for one year at least, over the sixth and seventh grades of the Winthrop Training School.



FANNIE LEE SETZER, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Curry Literary Society, and R. S. I. A.; Associate Art Editor of TATLER, 1909-1910; Art Editor of TATLER, 1911-1912; Delegate to Due West Convention, 1912.

Fannie Lee is commonly known as "Debe," because her "moon-face" resembles that of our beloved President. She entered Winthrop in her early youth, for she was eager to avail herself of all of the advantages that the institution afforded. As there was no Kindergarten Department at that time, she began her work in the lowest grade, the first primary of the Model School. Each year she climbed until she reached the Junior Class in College. Then she decided that her early education had been neglected because it had lacked the joys and experience of the Kindergarten. She, therefore, entered this department and found it anything but a dream. Now, her chief aim is to excel Raphael; her minor ambitions are too numerous to mention.





KATE SIMPSON, A. B.  
BLANEY, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., W. H. L. S., and R. S. I. A..  
Literary Critic of W. H. L. S., Third Term, 1910-1911; Treasurer of R. S. I. A., Second Term, 1911-1912.

Kate, sometimes known as "Kit," was the belle of the little town of Blaney, before she began her career at Winthrop. Though loath to give up the pleasures that Blaney afforded, she felt it her duty to widen her experiences; hence, her presence at Winthrop. Her coming has not been in vain, for she has wisely used each opportunity as it presented itself. Her sunny disposition has won for her many friends, and her heart now cherishes two great loves: Spanish and Kindergarten Theory. Her ambition is to become the head of the Kindergarten Department of Winthrop.

MAY SMITH  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

May, better known as Miss Isles' assistant, spends most of her time with her paint brushes and the seven hand tools. She vows that getting to chapel on time is an impossibility, but we still have hopes of her doing so. Notwithstanding her love of arguing, and her other eccentricities, she is a jolly good companion, and will be sadly missed when she leaves.



SEPTIMA CHAPPELL SMITH, A. B.  
HOPKINS, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Winthrop Literary Society, and R. S. I. A.

"Seppie" is an earnest student, but worries too much over her work. She is always ready to help others, explaining work, or lending notebooks. The latter are always written up in a very neat and attractive style. She is fond of a good story, and always ready to laugh at a good joke. She loves to tease, and knows how to take a joke without getting angry. Her determination is like the Laws of the Medes and Persians. She likes to play with children, and her blue eyes give her youthful expression an infantile appearance, which seems to suit her ways. But let her temper be aroused, and those same blue eyes can make the enemy quake. She can be very dignified when she chooses, but is seldom so unless there is need. She has many friends; and all who know her usually speak of her as "that sweet child."





MAUDE SNIPES, A. B.  
MARION, S. C.

Member of C. L. S., Y. W. C. A., R. S. I. A., and Cecilia Chorus.

Maude is a sweet-tempered, lovable girl. She always carries a pleasant smile and a sympathetic word for those in trouble. Her favorite pastime is dancing. She has cultivated the art of posing effectively, and has also become skilled in placing her brown eyes at coquettish angles. Her tongue will never get her in trouble, for she has great ability in keeping her own secrets as well as those of other people.

JESSIE STEM, A. B.  
DARLINGTON, S. C.

Member of W. L. S.; Historian of W. L. S., First Term, 1911; Secretary and Treasurer of P. S. D. Club, 1911.

Jess, Lil's younger sister, hails from the "Darling-town," and is really and truly what you might call a fair representative of the so-called city.

She ends her career at Winthrop in the kindergarten. In order to appear attractive to the children she arrays herself in the seven colors of the rainbow, carrying out a different color scheme each day. Jess, "really and truly," doesn't care for dancing (?).



LILLIAN STEM, A. B.  
DARLINGTON, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., R. S. I. A.; Critic of W. L. S., First Term, 1910-1911; member of College Choir; member of Executive Committee of W. L. S., First Term, 1909-1910; Chairman of W. L. S. Play Committee, 1911; Literary Editor of Annual, 1911-1912; President of W. L. S., First Term, 1911-1912; President of Correspondence Club, 1910-1911, 1911-1912; President of Terpsichorean German Club, 1911-1912; College Marshal, 1909-1910; Commencement Speaker of W. L. S., 1911-1912.

Lillian, being the elder of the two flowers that bloom on the same stem, would naturally be expected to take care of her younger sister. This was the case for three years, but during her Senior year there came a change. "Love is blind," they say, and besides being thus afflicted, Lil has become mentally irresponsible, and now the "little sister" has become the guardian of the family honor. Stem twice took the hero part in her society play, but she says she thinks being the heroine of a romance all her own is loads nicer.





SADELLE STEWART, A. B.  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society and the Fifteen Club.

*"Happy am I, from care I am free;  
Why aren't they all contented like me."*

Sadelle, popularly known as "Delle," was born in the city of Rock Hill, and there received her early education. When quite a "wee lassie" she first entered Winthrop's doors and became one of her most brilliant daughters. For nine long years she toiled in the Training School, and in the fall of 1908 she entered the college proper with a band of Freshmen, two hundred strong. Her friends are numbered by the scores, and she is loved, especially by the "town girls" of Winthrop.

MARY ELIZABETH STOKES, A. B.  
CHESTER, S. C.

Member of Wade Hampton Society and Y. W. C. A.

Mary is conscientious and faithful at her work, but is generally content to cease her efforts before the best results are obtained. Some people call her timid; others say that she is bold. It all depends upon how well you know her. She is very emotional, loving strongly, and disliking in the same way. Her greatest enemy is a peppery temper, but fortunately, though it blazes up quickly, it does not burn very long. While it is warm, however, she expresses her opinion very freely. She is very modest about her "young man" affairs, but, believe us, she's no man-hater—"Still water runs deep."



TECOA E. STONE, A. B.  
WILLIAMSTON, S. C.

Member of W. L. S. and Y. W. C. A.

Tecoa does not believe in worrying about college duties. She says worry makes her grow thin. She delights in working hard mathematical problems, and in reading *non-sentimental* books. Sketching scenes is her favorite hobby. Her art capacity is called for in aiding girls in the Model School and in making posters. She does not care much about model housekeeping. Her ambition, at present, is to teach in Tennessee.





ESTHER SURASKY, A. B.  
AIKEN, S. C.

Member of W. L. S.; Charter Member of W. H. L. S.; member of R. S. I. A.; Music Critic of W. H. L. S., First Term, 1910-1911; Corresponding Secretary of W. H. L. S., Second Term, 1911-1912.

To those who do not know her well, Esther seems the embodiment of cold intellect. She lives on heights far above ordinary mortals, for, at examination time when the rest of us are stiff from pure fright, she preserves her usual unruffled calm, and then comes out with stars and double stars. Then, too, have we not heard the rumor that Professor Bauer says that she is a true musical genius? Is it any wonder that we stand in awe? And yet those of us who know her have learned that this is not all, for she has a gentler side as well. Truly, to know her is to know sunshine.

MARY SWANN, A. B.  
BENNETTSTVILLE, S. C.

Member of W. H. L. S., Y. W. C. A. and R. S. I. A.

Mary came to Winthrop from a college in Hartsville, and has thus been called a "Coker Nut." She has traversed all the dangerous paths that lead to a "sheep skin," and now she finds herself a dignified Senior. Most of her spare moments are spent in punch work, for she likes to keep up with the styles. Mary's sense of humor is keen, and she has always plenty to say. Generally speaking—she is generally speaking.



MARY SYFAN, A. B.  
ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Member of Curry Society and Y. W. C. A.

Quiet? Indifferent? Don't you believe it! Mary has a way of fooling people and making them think that she is a veritable saint. She never seems to depart from the even tenor of her way; she never appears angry, and she never seems to be hurried, not even in going to breakfast on Sunday morning. But back of all this—



LEONA THOMASSON, A. B.  
OLD POINT, S. C.

President of Class, 1908-1912; member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-1912; Annual Editor of Y. W. C. A., 1909-1910; Y. W. C. A. delegate to National Student Volunteer Convention, at Rochester, N. Y., 1910; member of C. L. S., 1908-1909; Charter Member of W. H. L. S.; on Executive Committee, First Term, 1910; Vice-President of W. H. L. S., Second Term, 1911-1912; Commencement Marshal from W. H. L. S., 1910; Assistant Marshal at Commencement, 1909; Chairman of Dining-room Committee of Student Government Association, 1911-1912; member of R. S. I. A.

"A friend in need is a friend, indeed." If this be true, then "Nona" is, indeed, a friend, and a friend to every one. The dearest, sweetest, truest girl is she; always bright and happy, always busy helping somebody else. Self has been ruled out of her vocabulary. Everybody comes to her for advice, and there is no girl in our class that will be missed as much as she.

GRACE TITMAN, A. B.  
LOWRYVILLE, S. C.

Member of C. L. S. and Y. W. C. A.

As a rule Grace, known to her friends as "Gracious," is independent of both people and circumstances, but at present she is in a dilemma. Before going to Model Home she had bright plans for the future, but as she came away she remarked that she was thankful for two things—one, that she had no home of her own, and the other that she had no prospect of one. After trying Model School, however, she declared that teaching was worse than housekeeping.



NAN TRANTHAM, A. B.  
CAMDEN, S. C.

Member Y. W. C. A., U. D. C., and W. L. S.; Charter Member of W. H. L. S.; Secretary of Executive Committee of W. H. L. S., 1910-1911; Critic W. H. L. S., 1909-1910; Assistant Commencement Marshal, 1909-1910; Secretary of Executive Committee of U. D. C., 1910-1911; Registrar U. D. C., 1910-1911; U. D. C. Editor on TATLER Staff, 1909-1910; Vice-President of Class, 1910-1911; member of *Journal* Staff, 1910-1911; Delegate to U. D. C. Convention, in Georgetown, 1910; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference, at Asheville, 1910; Delegate to College Press Association Convention, at Clemson College, 1911; Delegate to U. D. C. Conference, in Rock Hill, 1910; Delegate to State College Press Association Convention, at Spartanburg, 1911-1912; member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1910-1912; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1911-1912; Editor-in-Chief *Journal*, 1911-1912; Chairman Wade Hampton Play Committee, 1911-1912; winner of President's Medal, 1910-1911; member S. J. W.



Nan's is not one of those even and unvarying characters which you can catch at the first meeting and transfer to paper, changeless as a photograph. She is a person of moods and hobbies, and life with her can never settle down into a fixed rut, for within herself she has variety and wit enough to lend interest to the routine of daily things. Her favorite hobbies are two—which, by some people, have been considered closely related—namely, literature and insanity. We know not whether she is destined to enlighten the world upon the subject of mental abnormalities or to delight it with the creations of her pen, but in whatever line of work she chooses she is certain to excel.



ELIZABETH ESTELLE TURNER, A. B.  
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Member of the Curry Literary Society and R. S. I. A.

Estelle is a true disciple of Miss Evans, and, like her, is a small edition of an historical encyclopædia. She is also the saving grace of Section B, Child Study, for she has the art of throwing Dr. Hodge off the track, to the intense delight of the other members of the class.

SALLIE RICH VARN, A. B.  
ISLANDTOWN, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society, Y. W. C. A. and R. S. I. A.

Sallie is not very talkative; usually her eyes do the talking, especially when she is angry. She has great persuasive power, and uses it freely. She is very original. She is also very strong in likes and dislikes. Sallie is an "unknown" to most of her classmates.



PAULINE WHITE, A. B.  
GREENWOOD, S. C.

Member of Y. W. C. A., Wade Hampton Literary Society, and R. S. I. A.

When Polly's numerous friends are in need of anything from a one-cent stamp to a red ribbon, they know where to go for it. An appealing "Now, Polly, please," always produces the desired effect. Polly is a deep thinker in spite of her smiling face. She is very fond of discoursing upon profound subjects, such as "Life," "Death" and "The Beyond," especially after ten at night, much to the proctor's indignation.

ELIZABETH WIGGINS, A. B.

College Marshal, 1910-1911; House President of South Dormitory, 1911-1912; member of Curry Literary Society and Y. W. C. A.

"Lizzie" is a native of the historical and thriving little town of Eutawville. Coming from such a quiet place, she has been, throughout her college course, one of the quiet, easy-going members of her class. In her Senior year she sprang into prominence as a member of the Executive Board. As a member of this Board she has followed the policy of giving each of the unfortunates who appear before it a fair trial as far as she is concerned. Lizzie's present ambition is to get out and make money, for she longs for Parisian gowns. She hopes later to have a nice, shady country home where she can listen contentedly to the rustle of the leaves.



LENA WILLIAMS, A. B.  
NORTH AUGUSTA, S. C.

Member of Winthrop Society, 1908-1909; Charter Member of W. H. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; member of Correspondence Club; Literary Editor of the *Journal*, 1910-1911 and 1911-1912; winner of S. C. College Press Association Story Medal, 1911; Class Poet, 1912; member of Executive Board of Intercollegiate Press Association, 1912; Charter Member of T T T.

All of us know Lena, the poet and genius, but very few know Lena, the girl. Those who have penetrated beyond her exterior of reserve and of dreams have found that she is just as nice as a girl as she is as a genius. During her four years at Winthrop Lena has taken an active part in the literary affairs of the college, and we all feel like extending heartfelt sympathy to the Annual and *Journal* Staffs of 1913, for how they are to exist without her is a matter for speculation. Her successes at Winthrop are but an earnest of the greater successes that will come to her, for a person of Lena's talent is bound to succeed.







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**In Memoriam**

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**MARY ARETUS PITTS**

**DIED**

**APRIL 10, 1910**

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**HARRIET ANDERSON**

**DIED**

**NOVEMBER 3, 1911**

**MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1912**

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# Senior Class History

## REMARKABLE BASEBALL GAME!

### CLASS LEAGUE OF 1912 VS. WINTHROP COLLEGE FACULTY

**A**FTER four years of hard struggle, much disappointment, and partial disablement of some few members, the Class League of 1912 won over the State-renowned Winthrop Faculty, June 5, 1912. The faculty team is a crack-a-jack, due partly to the fact that they have, with an occasional change here and there, kept in practice for the past fifteen years. Their motto, when translated, is "Put 'em out," and it may be said that they have carried this out faithfully, even unto the end. The league motto is, and will always be, "Loyal en Tout."

The faculty line-up is as follows:

#### (1912 AT THE BAT.)

|                                    |                      |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1st base.....                      | MISS "LATIN" JONES   |
| 2d base.....                       | MISS POPE            |
| Shortstop.....                     | MISS MARY DICKSON    |
| Right field.....                   | "CUTEY" HODGE        |
| Center field.....                  | "C. EDDARD" JOHNSON  |
| Left field.....                    | "T. O." MABRY        |
| 3d base.....                       | "TOMMY" THOMSON      |
| Pitcher.....                       | "JIMMY" KINARD       |
| Catcher.....                       | "EDDIE" COKER        |
| Umpire.....                        | "D. B."              |
| Rooter.....                        | HERR BAUER           |
| General Manager of both teams..... | MRS. "DICK" RICHARDS |

According to the first base, who is nothing short of a wonder in the putting-out line, very few players deserve to pass. When they do slide in, it is only under very trying conditions. In most cases, all efforts count a zero.

The second base gives quite a mathematical turn to her balls. She is perfectly *plane* with a player about outs, so it is best to go into second with a *solid* slide.

The shortstop simply has no equal. She figures prominently in the first and second innings.

The left, right and center fields were rather kind and sympathetic in their attitude toward 1912, and they thereby won much applause.

The third base is held down in finished style by Tommy. He comes out strong in the third inning, and if a player gets a pass by him, the score is pretty sure.

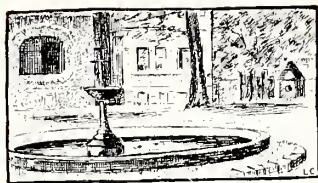
The pitcher is a general favorite, and with a few more years of practice we are sure that he will be able to Ty Cobb.

The catcher plays most prominently in the last inning, just before the score.

The success of both teams is due to the wise and loving care of the umpire. The roter is always on hand. And as for the general manager, she always has both eyes open, and sees that nothing goes wrong with either team.

NOTE: The remarkable feature of this extraordinary game is that on Wednesday, June 5, 1912, every member of the Class League made a Home Run.





## Class Prophecy

ONE afternoon in the early autumn of 1911 I started out on the back campus, equipped with an armful of sofa pillows, some paper and a pencil—in search of an inspiration. This had come to be a part of my daily routine now; and each afternoon found me ambling about out there, only to return a little more desperate each time. You see, it had fallen to my lot to plan for each of my classmates a future which should be both glorious and appropriate. So how could I expect to fulfill their hopes with anything short of an inspiration?

On this particular afternoon I had selected an inviting-looking spot under an old oak tree, and had just settled myself comfortably with the cushions, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the sight of a queer-looking old man coming across the bridge. His appearance was enough to make one look at him twice; but it was neither his peculiar garb nor his small bent figure which interested me so. It was the way he was looking at me. While still some distance away, I could see that he was gazing intently in my direction; and, as he came nearer, his face brightened and he quickened his pace—two actions which said as plainly as words, “Yes, she’s the one I’m looking for.” My first impulse was to run; but something in his expression stopped me, and I waited for him to speak. With a deep bow he addressed me, and asked if I were the young lady who was so ardently seeking that most elusive of articles—an inspiration. Without waiting for my reply—in fact, he seemed not to want one, so sure was he—he continued. He told me that from his home on Mars (my expression of surprise at this casual mention made him smile) he had been watching me for some time through his telescope. It seemed that his wife had spied me first, and, with a woman’s intuition, had divined the cause of my perturbed state of mind. She had prevailed on him to jump in his aeroplane, come down to the earth, and see if I wouldn’t come up and let her help me out of my trouble. She said that she would be sure to get me back in time for supper. Would I go? Why, the idea of refusing such an invitation never entered my head. So we went over to where his machine was floating about, tied up to one of the aeroplane hitching-posts, climbed into it, and were off.

When we reached Mars, there was his little old wife, standing beside a huge telescope, waiting for me. She welcomed me heartily, and drew me over to where the great

instrument stood. I examined it closely. It looked just like the telescopes I had seen on the earth, only very much larger; and there was a long row of numbers, 1913, 1914, 1915, and so on, along the rod on which the focusing screw turned. She explained that the numbers stood for the years of the future, and that you could arrange it so that you would be able to see into any year you wished by just turning the pointer opposite the date desired.

I decided that the year 1915 would be just about the one I would wish, so I adjusted the instrument and looked. My! but everything looked queer. It was a long time before I could distinguish the earth at all, because of the vast number of the huge bird-like machines flying to and fro, and almost obscuring it from my sight. Finally I became used to the confusion, and was able to see between them and down to the world beneath.

My attention was first attracted by the glaring lines of a bill-board, projecting out from a city which I took to be New York. They announced that the latest attraction and the hit of the season was to be found at the Metropolitan Opera House—the celebrated Southern Quartette, composed of Misses Henderson, Riley, Baker and Kirven, with Margaret Coker as accompanist. A special feature of the program would be a rendition of a song of Miss Coker's own composition, entitled "The Rosemary."

But what is the cause of this crowd on the corner? A woman, standing on a platform, is holding the mob spellbound with the great truths she seems to be expounding. All around her are such placards, as "Bertha Burris, the World's Greatest Advocate of Equal Suffrage," "I Am the Mouthpiece of Woman, the Oppressed." A carriage drives up, and out of it step Edith Bigby, Ethel Corbett, Nellie Russel and Daisy Philips, her co-workers. They sweep her away, leaving the crowd still gaping at the marvellous talent of the woman.

My attention is next drawn to the window of a book store, which seems to be attracting the attention of passers-by. In it are a number of copies of the same book and a notice proclaims that the author of the novel, over which the public has been raving, has at last disclosed her identity. Her name is Lena Williams.

As my gaze wanders down this street, it is arrested many times by signs bearing names which are familiar to me, and, therefore, interesting. The first one I see runs thus: "Law Firm—Rigon and Turner. We Guarantee to Win Every Case. Eighteenth Floor, No. 2003."

Just below this sign is another, giving directions as to where you can find the offices of America's most successful detective agency, with May Gandy as chief, and her most capable sleuths, Louise Carson, Eula Lawton, Irene Bryan and Annie Brown.

About a block away from this, I see an imposing-looking building, which proves to be a millinery establishment. The windows are gay with wonderful creations of every size, shape and color, designed and trimmed by Amelia DuBose, Nellie Ray and Annie Rose Riser.

Something tells me to direct my search now to another and entirely different section of the city. And, ever in the hope of finding material, I gladly turn there. Columbia

University proves to be the magnet which has been attracting me, and I am surprised beyond expression to find four of my classmates occupying places of distinction in that renowned center of education. Genevieve Randle and Annie Hughes are instructors in the department of Latin; Priscilla Hart, of Pedagogy, and Caroline Bostick, of Domestic Science.

I think perhaps that Boston may hold something of interest for me, and am not disappointed; for there, in the Conservatory of Music, I find Helen Salter, Esther Surasky and Gertrude Dick carrying on their study of piano, and Nina Russel, of voice.

I peep into several of the Northern cities, but find none of the girls for whom I am looking until I come to Washington. There, Nan Trantham is assistant librarian in the Congressional Library. She spends most of her time at the home of Bess Pegram, now a Congressman's wife.

While scanning the crowded streets, I am delighted to behold four girls whose faces are familiar to me, speeding towards the suburbs of the city in a touring car. It doesn't take me long to discover that they are Jessie Stem, Genevieve Beckham, Sadelle Stewart and May Ford. They stop before a neat little cottage and go in through the gate, over which is an arch bearing this inscription: "Home for Maimed and Superannuated Cats, Conducted by Misses Stem, Beckham, Stewart and Ford."

Somehow my gaze shifts here and falls on the open sea. There a huge ocean liner is plowing its way, bound for Liverpool. A group of young girls is aboard, all excitement over their first trip abroad, and the wonderful things they are to accomplish there. For these are the young artists of our class—Nannie Hough, Fannie Lee Setzer, Alma Black and Mabel Browne, going to make names for themselves in the great field of art.

But two people at the bow of the steamer had almost escaped my notice. They appear to be a couple on their honeymoon, and there is something very familiar about the figure of the girl. She turns her face towards me and I see—Lillian Stem.

I didn't expect to find many of our girls beyond the limits of our own country; least of all, did I think I'd find any of them in Africa. But there it was, in the darkest part of "Darkest Africa," that Leona Thomasson and Sarah Heriot were engaged in the almost hopeless task of converting those heathen.

Not long after this, I came across Carrie Reaves, Harriet Plowden and Pauline White undertaking a similar work in the southern part of China.

Before passing from these foreign countries I found one more item of interest to us. In a beautiful Italian villa, situated near Venice, the Countess Giavozzi better known to us as Minnie Russel, was entertaining a house party in honor of her American guests, Beryl Martin, Gretchen Salley and Mrs. —, formerly Kate Robinson.

Skimming back to America, I strike the Western states first. As the wife of an army officer, I find Mary Louise Brown, at Fort Worth, Texas.

In Denver, Colorado, a large new kindergarten has just been started, under the direction of Emma Nettles. Emma has direct supervision of the outdoor portion, while the indoor is under the control of her able assistants, Kate Simpson, Corrie Lee Havird, Estelle Rawl and Ethel Jones.



For some time I had been noticing large advertisements painted in bright letters on trees, houses, signboards and every other available space, but hadn't taken time to inspect them closely. A familiar name on one of them made me pause and read. It told of the most marvellous discovery of modern times—a pill, which, if taken according to directions, would, without fail, cure any and every new-found disease. The discoverer is already famous—Dr. Lois Ervin.

As proprietors of a prosperous ranch in Arizona, Annie Rogers and Annie Ray are living, keeping "bachelors' quarters," and enjoying the life of the "wild and woolly" West.

Quite by accident, I catch a glimpse of Frances Deal and Kate Early, just entering the city of St. Louis. They are passing through on their renowned cross-continent motorcycle trip.

In a hospital in Nashville, I discover Katharine Chappell and Septima Smith, clad in the blue dresses and white aprons of the trained nurses.

In this city, also, Myrtle Hutto and Claudia Jordan have started their work among the poor. A new roofgarden and a playground for the children of the slums are two of the many results to be seen of their work.

At the Mardi Gras in New Orleans an aviation meet is in full sway. Mary Cartwright has just captured a \$5,000 prize for breaking the world's record for high flying in a two-passenger machine. In this flight she took with her Ludie Jordan, another daring young aviator.

The National Federation of Women's Clubs is holding its annual convention at Birmingham. When the president arises to call the meeting to order, what is my surprise to find that she is none other than "Lize" DuBose. Among those seated on the platform are Iva Eaddy, president of the King's Daughters of South Carolina, and Ulmer Fishburne, delegate from the South Carolina U. D. C.

A train has just come into the depot at Jacksonville. The last coach is a private car, occupied only by ten young girls and a chaperone. The girls are Lizzie Wiggins, Sallie Varn, Grace Titman, Mary Syfan, Etta Sellers, Mary Stokes, May Smith, Helen Reid, Essie Poag and Carrie Roddey. The chaperone is Cammie Roddey, now Mrs. —, of Rock Hill, S. C. This gay young crowd, being loyal Americans, have started out in earnest to "see America first."

In a college town of Georgia there is a house full of Winthrop girls. Even the head of the house, a professor's wife, is one of our classmates—Bessie Jones. The other girls are boarding with her, and engaging in their various pursuits. Maud Snipes is stenographer for a prominent lawyer; Margarie Rogers is filling the chair of Math. in the college; Mary Swann is teaching History there; Tecoa Stone is secretary to the president of the college, and Irene Brown, the instructor of Cooking.

I feel that I'm coming nearer home now, as the city of Savannah looms up before me. In that city I find Florence Reid holding the enviable position of president of the People's Bank, with Tulley Atkins as cashier. Ida Robertson is living a life of ease as the wife of the proprietor of the Savannah Hotel.

Coming into South Carolina I don't pause until my eyes rest on Winthrop; for I know that there abundant material awaits me. Sure enough, there's Essie Murray, head of the physical training department, with Virginia Carrol as her first assistant. Virginia has especial charge of the swimming pool, and her pupils are progressing rapidly under her instruction. Madge Edwards has succeeded Dr. Fertig as head of the Training School, which is now in its new building, across the street from Winthrop. Betty Howze has entire charge of the Students' Building, in which she takes the greatest pride.

Elizabeth Bailey has just come to assume control of the brand-new Model Home. It really deserves this name now, since it is "Model" in every respect. Miriam Jennings is one of the instructors in sewing, Franke Lesesne is general secretary of the Y. W. C. A., Jessie Marshall is head of the sight-singing department, and Ronnie Odom, of manual training.

Nina Gibson has Miss Russell's place as supervisor of the rural schools, and in her visits over the State has met the following girls teaching in the various country schools: Mertie Cannon, Eleanor Edwards, Annie Folk, Daisy Foster, Bessie Garrison, Ellen Huggin, Mary Inabinet, Lola Kaufman, Greta Hall and August DuPré.

Down in Charleston I see a new sanitarium that has just been completed, near the Colonial Lake, and it is under the supervision of Dr. Robbie Porter. Sue Annie Leland and Evelyn Frew are two of the competent force of nurses in charge.

There seems to be much disturbance along the waterfront of this city. Crowds of people have flocked to the wharves and are waving good-byes to those on board a peculiar-looking ship, just pulling out from the dock. This is a ship bound on a voyage of scientific investigation around the South Pole. It is under the management of Leora Rivers, and among her crew there are Annie Foster, Eunice Huggins, Margaret Oliver, Julia Plexico and Minnie Bowman.

Here I turned to the old man standing beside me and said: "I have seen each of my classmates through your wonderful instrument, but never have I seen anything concerning myself. Is it not permitted that a prophet see her own future?"

"Why, certainly," said he, "you shall see that next. Just look through——"

"Clang! Clang!"

I jumped up from my comfortable resting place and rubbed my eyes in confusion. Could that be the supper bell, and had I been sleeping out there under the trees for *ten* minutes? That certainly seemed to have been the case. But my mission was accomplished—my inspiration had been found!



## Last Will and Testament

**W**E, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve, in the College of Winthrop, in the City of Rock Hill, in the State of South Carolina, being about to leave the calm and sacred walls of our Alma Mater for unknown toils and perils, do make this our last will and testament, leaving therein to the most esteemed and worthy Faculty certain valuable suggestions, kindly and inoffensive criticisms, and other miscellaneous dots, for the improvement of their conditions, characters, or conscience (as it may be) with the hope that they will receive these in the same grateful and gracious manner in which we have ever taken any similar censure, kindly given in past days, for our improvement and correction, by them.

ITEM I.—To the Faculty in general, we, the Class of 1912, do will and bequeath our sympathy and consideration for the over-taxed and hard-worked under-classmen.

ITEM II.—To our President, Dr. Johnson, we bequeath nothing, on the principle that

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.”

ITEM III.—To Mr. Thomson, for his State Geography, we leave our lesson-plans on South Carolina (“original material” for the most part), with the hope that he will have as much trouble in using as we had in preparing the same.

ITEM IV.—To Mr. Mabry, Ethel Corbett, Burtha Burrell, Iva Eaddy, and Mary Inabinet leave a Book of Jokes just from the publishers, as his present supply somewhat resembles, chronologically, the geological strata of rocks “down in mother’s farm.”

ITEM V.—To Dr. Kinard, those who have tried him most, will the Virtue of Patience, feeling that with this slight addition, he will be the embodiment of the Twelve Prime Virtues, and a fit rival of the Red Cross Knight.

ITEM VI.—To Mr. Coker, is bequeathed by our budding literary geniuses, Elizabeth DuBose, Nan Trantham, Lena Williams, and Tullie Atkins (having heard that there are six young and tender plants in process of growth in his home), their first publication, entitled “Rules On How To Raise Cocoa-(Coker)-nuts.

ITEM VII.—To Dr. Hodge, Minnie Bowman, Lois Irvin, Betty Howze, and Nina Russell leave a supply of questions to scatter along his "course" (as did Hop-O-My-Thumb the pebbles, in the story), lest in his "Wanderings" he may some time completely lose himself and his class.

ITEM VIII.—To Mr. Johnson is bequeathed, by the class, time enough to teach his pupils *all* he knows about History (which required space will, undoubtedly, be no less than nine periods per day, and five days per week.

ITEM IX.—To Mr. Bauer, Sarah Heriot, Franke Lesesne, Essie Murray, and other authorities on the matter of Student Government, do will and bequeath their right to control *any action* of the students, individual or collective, of which he disapproves; and helpful points on how this may best be done.

ITEM X.—To Dr. Fertig, by Ronnie Odom, Ellen Huggin, Laura Rigdon, and other of his student teachers, is left a classroom, the dimensions of which shall considerably exceed those of his present "packing-box."

ITEM XI.—To our Juvenile Professor, Mr. Wearne, Virginia Carroll, Annie Ray, Louise Carson, Jessie Stem, Genevieve Randle, Eula Lawton, Mable Brown, and Irene Bryan (a certain model-home crowd), bequeath their acquaintance with the Juniors and an unlimited amount of boldness, so that in the future he will not feel the necessity of "turning down" any invitations to the said Model Home, on the ground that he "would have to know the girls better before entering into such a thing."

ITEM XII.—To Mr. Wylie, we leave the *generosity* of Ellen Terry and any other famous personages who may visit the College hereafter.

ITEM XIII.—To Mrs. Richards, we leave our belief (arrived at through proof-positive) that while she is *nominally* a Presbyterian, she is, *in truth*, a zealous "Shaker."

ITEM XIV.—To Mrs. Shumate, Ulmer Fishburne, Caroline Bostick, and Bessie Jones bequeath a Bottle of Ammonia and "The Old-Time Religion," both tested and guaranteed remedies for *nervousness and all worrying* situations caused by them.

ITEM XV.—To Mrs. Norwood, we leave all tacks, pins, nails, chewing-gum and soap, which may have remained, undiscovered, on our walls in spite of her minute, laborious, and repeated scrutiny of the same.

ITEM XVI.—To Mrs. Cobb, we leave an unabridged cook-book, with the request that she follow the directions therein minutely and carefully.

ITEM XVII.—To Dr. Boyd, Margaret Coker, Gertrude Dick, and Priscilla Hart, leave the information that liniment is a quicker and surer remedy for stiff necks, rheumatism and sprained ankles, than tablets and pills, whether green, red, white, pink, black, blue, or brown.

ITEM XVIII.—To our College's busiest occupant, Mrs. Simms, is bequeathed by her closest Senior associates, Robbie Porter, Ludie Jordan (and other mail-carriers) time—a little leisure time—"a space to breath awhile."

ITEM XIX.—To Miss Hyde, several members of the class (who shall be nameless) will a number of books on etiquette and manners, to be placed around, with open leaves and marked passages, for the perusal of all the girls, so that the duty (so painful to her) of correcting young ladies on these matters, will be obviated.

ITEM XX.—To Misses Marcum and Means, we leave the information that this is a Leap Year—and that, accordingly, there were twenty-nine days in February.

ITEM XXI.—To Mrs. Birdsall, we bequeath our conviction that while the motto (originated in our class) that

"Whatsoever a Freshman seweth  
That shall she also rip"

may hold true for the first year, yet, under her skillful and able guidance, the Sophomores all blossom out into seamstresses of the highest order.

ITEM XXII.—To Miss Alice Jones, the Latin students leave the "blessed assurance" that in any unexpected crisis they will "catch on their feet" (whereas, less perfectly trained mental acrobats will be "on their heads" as to what to do). Also they leave with her their "Annie Laurie" voices, so that there can be no temptation to use the same upon their exit into the wide, wide world.

ITEM XXIII.—To Miss Moudy, Lillian Stem, Helen Reid, Nina Gibson, and Fannie Lee Setzer (who should be competent and well equipped tutors), do will instruction in the "Language of the Heart;" this being the only language in which she could be called in the least deficient.

ITEM XXIV.—To Miss Hughes, the stenography graduates leave a more optimistic view of all "classes" and "conditions," so that in the future her pupils will not become prematurely old and gray with anxious expectations and harrassing fears of failing.

ITEM XXV.—To Miss Morrison, the students of science (now Seniors) would will and bequeath (if it were possible) all the frogs, grasshoppers, germs, and other biological creatures in the universe, so that they might never have one of the detested animals come into their range of vision or horrify their tactile sense again.

ITEM XXVI.—To Miss Wycliffe, Miriam Jennings, Alma Black, Florence Reid and Ruth Riley will a rug of a modest “pea-green” and “sky-blue” color, recommended by Dr. G. Stanley Hall and Dr. John Dewey as restful to the eye, and guaranteed by the donors not to “slap her in the face.”

ITEM XXVII.—To Miss Dacus, we leave the books in the library, from which she seemed able to obtain a superabundance of material and copious references with which to keep her classes employed.

ITEM XXVIII.—To Miss Coleman, the Class of 1912 wills and bequeaths all future disputes and disturbances on the basket-ball court, being convinced (from past experiences) of her ability to settle the same, justly, rightly and satisfactorily.

ITEM XXIX.—To Miss Legette, we regretfully leave all the dainty dishes prescribed in the cooking course.

ITEM XXX.—To Miss Spencer, Annie Hughes, Essie Royall, Nell Baker, Nellie Ray, Emma Nettles, and other “Dramatis Personae” will any scars, bruises, or hurts (whether mental, emotional or physical) acquired during their practices for the plays by skillfully directed flying missiles and other well-aimed articles.

ITEM XXXI.—To Miss Isles, last but not least, the athletes of our class leave the game of tennis, a wonderful “reducing agent.”

I. A. BRYAN, Lawyer.

T. A. CRAWFORD, }  
W. J. RODDEY. } Executors.

# Junior Class

MOTTO: "Facere aut mori."

COLORS: Crimson and Black.

FLOWER: American Beauty Rose.

## OFFICERS

|                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
| LUCILE MELTON.....   | PRESIDENT      |
| ELIZABETH McNAB..... | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| MARGARET EVANS.....  | SECRETARY      |
| DORA DICK.....       | TREASURER      |

## CLASS ROLL

|                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| ABLE, GWENDOLYN      | DORRILL, RUTH        |
| ADAMS, BENNIE        | DOWLING, FANNYE      |
| ALLGOOD, VIVIAN      | DUNN, MARGUERITE     |
| ANDERSON, GRACE      | DUNOVANT, MAMIE      |
| ANDERSON, INA        | DURANT, RUBY         |
| AUSTIN, EDITH        | EADY, RUTH           |
| AVERY, MAY BELLE     | EDWARDS, LUCIE O.    |
| BARRATT, MARY        | EDWARDS, MARGARET    |
| BARROW, ANNIS        | EDWARDS, MARY        |
| BARTON, BERTHA       | EVANS, AGNES         |
| BEAN, MARY           | EVANS, MARGARET      |
| BEST, LILA           | FANT, WILHELMINA     |
| BLACK, SARAH         | FERGUSON, VIOLA      |
| BLACKMON, JESSIE LEE | FITTS, EUNICE E.     |
| BROCKINGTON, ADA     | FRASER, EDITH L.     |
| BROWN, NAN CLARK     | FREW, CATHERINE      |
| BROYLES, MARY E.     | FURSE, MARGUERITE    |
| BRUNSON, HATTIE      | GANDY, ORA E.        |
| BUCKNER, MERCEDES    | GASSAWAY, EMMA E.    |
| BURDINE, ROSAMOND    | GORDON, MARY H.      |
| CALHOUN, GUSSIE      | GORE, ANNIE JANETTE  |
| CALVERT, SARAH       | GRAHAM, SARA MAE     |
| CARRAWAY, RUTH       | HARRIS, FLORIDE      |
| CAUSEY, SALLIE       | HEAPE, LIZZIE        |
| CLARDY, PEARL        | HERBERT, HARRIET B.  |
| CLARKE, PEARL        | HIERS, BEULAH        |
| COLEMAN, CARRIE      | HUEY, MARY           |
| COLEMAN, ISABEL      | HUGHES, MARY A.      |
| COLEMAN, LOUISE      | HUGHSON, ELEANOR     |
| COLLIER, PEARL       | HUNTER, MAY BELLE    |
| COLVIN, MAYME        | JEFFORDS, LUCILE     |
| CONNOR, KATHRYNE     | JOHNSON, META A.     |
| COX, ECCIE           | JONES, CALLIE E.     |
| CREIGHTON, ALMA      | JONES, EMILY E.      |
| CREIGHTON, MARTHA    | JONES, EVA           |
| CULP, LORETTO        | JONES, G. ALICE      |
| CUMMINGS, ELLA MAY   | JORDAN, ORA          |
| CUTTINO, CAROLINE    | KENDRICK, ANNIE BUDD |
| DANIELS, ERNESTINE   | KIBLER, LILLIAN      |
| DICK, DORA           | KIRK, EUDORA         |
| DOMINICK, JULIA      | KITTLES, STELLA      |

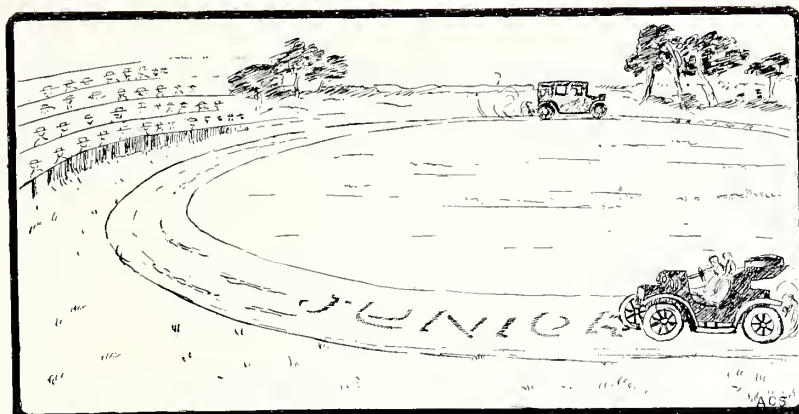
JUNIOR CLASS ROLL—CONTINUED

|                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| KNIGHT, OLIVE B.     | RICHARDS, SADIE     |
| LANGSTON, FLORRIE    | RILEY, MARION       |
| LAY, SALLIE          | RIVERS, JANIE       |
| LEMMON, LUCILE       | ROBBINS, MARGARET   |
| LEWIS, ALMA          | ROBERTSON, MYRTLE   |
| LINDSAY, SUSIE       | ROGERS, EDITH       |
| LUPO, ALMA           | RUDD, SARAH R.      |
| MACAULEY, CATHERINE  | SAMS, EMMIE C.      |
| MACFARLAN, ELIZA     | SAMS, EMMIE R.      |
| MCCOWN, SALLIE BELLE | SALTERS, LILLIAN    |
| MCCOWN, WALLIE       | SCHORB, ANNA CHERRY |
| MCCRACKEN, MATTIE    | SHEALY, NELLE       |
| MCCULLOUGH, JESSIE   | SHIRLEY, ANNIE      |
| MCCULLOUGH, VIVIAN   | SHIRLEY, LILLIAN    |
| MCDERMON, ROWENA     | SIMPSON, MAURICE    |
| MCMANUS, KATE        | SKELTON, CLAUDINE   |
| McMURRY, HATTIE      | SKINNER, GLADYS     |
| McNAB, ELIZABETH     | SMITH, BERTHA       |
| MAJOR, PATTI         | SMITH, CORA         |
| MARTIN, ELIZABETH    | SNELGROVE, LILLIAN  |
| MARTIN, KATHERINE    | SOWELL, BESSIE      |
| MARTIN, LILY         | STANLEY, MINNIE     |
| MAYFIELD, VIRGIE     | STEWART, WILLIE     |
| MELTON, LUCILE       | STICKNEY, FRANCES   |
| MILLER, ANNIE B.     | TOLBERT, ALICE      |
| MURRY, GENEVA        | TURNER, ONEIDA      |
| MYERS, SADIE E.      | VAN WYCH, ELIZABETH |
| NEAL, GEORGIA        | VARN, DAISY B.      |
| NEWTON, NELLIE       | VAUGHN, BESSIE H.   |
| NICHOLS, ROSE        | WANNAMAKER, RUTH    |
| NAIL, JESSIE         | WATKINS, RUTH       |
| OLIVER, EUNICE       | WESTON, BLYTHE      |
| PALMER, HARRIET A.   | WHITLOCK, RUTH      |
| PATRICK, GRACIE      | WICKER, ERNESTINE   |
| PEARCY, MAUDE        | WICKER, REBECCA     |
| PEGUES, NELL         | WILKES, IMOGEN      |
| PHELPS, HELEN        | WILLIAMS, EVA MAE   |
| PINSON, RUTH         | WILLIFORD, RUBY     |
| PLATT, DOROTHY       | WILSON, ANNIE A.    |
| PLUNKETT, LUCY       | WILSON, ANNIE C.    |
| PORTER, CONSTANCE    | WILSON, EUZELIA     |
| PYATT, MAY           | WOODRUFF, EMMA      |
| RABB, SUSIE B.       | WOODS, HELEN        |
| RAMBO, NELLIE        | YARBOROUGH, DORIAN  |
| RAMBO, VIRGINIA      | YARBOROUGH, JOANNA  |
| RANKIN, ANNA         | YARBOROUGH, KATIE   |
| RAVENEL, ELIZABETH   | YOUNG, EILENE       |
| REMBERT, ESTHER      |                     |





JUNIOR CLASS



## Junior Class History

IT was in the fall of 1909 that a large black automobile, with the crimson 1913 blazing on its nose, began its run around the Winthrop race course. It passed the *Freshmen Year-Post* with little damage, except a general shaking up, received from a collision with the 1912 car on *Basket-Ball Plain*. The damage was but slight, and after a hasty repair, old 1913, with a satisfied chug-chug-chug, settled down to work again. When the *Year-Post* was passed the chauffeur and mechanic decided that a stop was necessary, and the car was placed for three months in a garage, to undergo complete repair and renewal of worn-out parts. We, its occupants, in the meantime betook ourselves to the different parts of the State to learn all the new "wrinkles" in automobiling.

In September, 1910, there was a grand muster, and the old auto was run out again to begin another *Year-Post*. It was not so large a party as before, it is true, for some of the members did not respond to the call.

The course was lengthened by the addition of an *Agricultural Field*, through which we must run. Through regions of plowed fields we jogged, slowly but surely, determined to make up our lost speed on the *Field Day Stretch*. Great was our disappointment, however, when we failed to carry off first honors, but, with the usual fortitude so characteristic of our party, we bore up bravely, determined, if possible, to win other laurels in future fields.

After passing *Sophomore Year-Post*, our chauffeur adopted the same system as formerly, and now, in 1911, the old car is nosing contentedly on towards *Junior Year-Post*. Behind us are all the trials and tribulations; in front are only smooth roads and pleasant skies, and one lap farther on is *The Senior Goal*, the thing that to our eyes, on starting out, seemed the *Unattainable*.

## Sophomore Class

MOTTO: "It is not wise to be wiser than necessary."

COLORS: Blue and Gold.

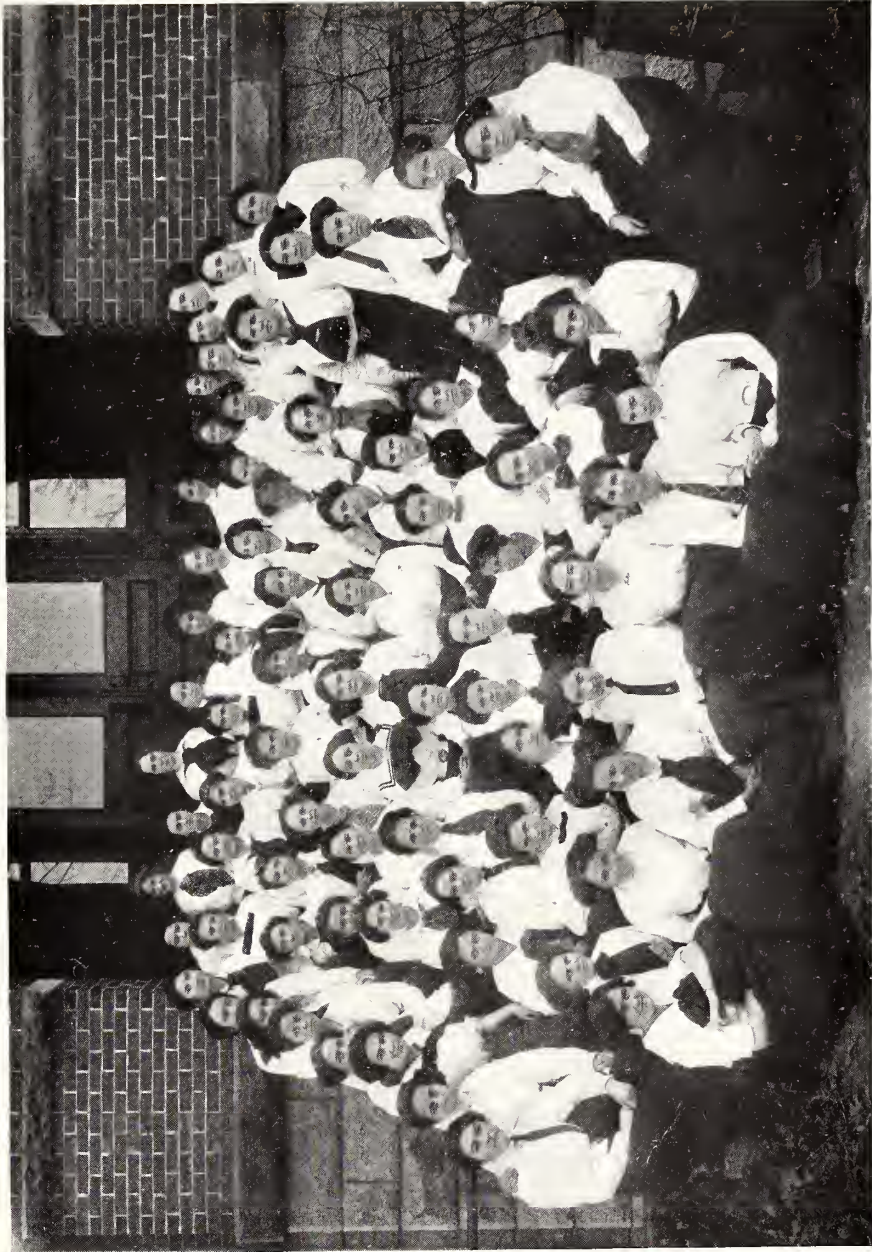
FLOWER: Yellow Jessamine.

### OFFICERS

|                             |                |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| ELLA WILKES.....            | PRESIDENT      |
| VIRGINIA TAYLOR.....        | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| FRANCES MARSHALL.....       | SECRETARY      |
| MARY HESTER MENDENHALL..... | TREASURER      |

### CLASS ROLL

|                     |                       |                        |
|---------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| ALVERSON, A. LUCILE | FICKLING, TWEEDIE     | MARION, MARGARET       |
| ANDERSON, RUTH      | FORD, MARY H.         | MARSHALL, FRANCES      |
| ANTLEY, L. MAY      | FUNCHESS, ALMA        | MARTIN, ELLA M.        |
| ASHE, MABEL R.      | FUNCHESS, D. BELLE    | MASSEY, MARY C.        |
| BOLAND, GERTRUDE    | GAILLARD, JULIA       | MATHENY, MATTIE        |
| BOURNE, SADIE       | GANDY, ERNESTINE      | MENDENHALL, MARY       |
| BOWERS, ESTELLE     | GANTT, ANNIE          | MOORE, CATHERINE       |
| BOWMAN, MARY        | GARRETT, EDMONIA      | PALMER, ETHA           |
| BRADHAM, MAUDE      | GASSAWAY, ANNIE E. C. | POAG, ELFREIDA         |
| BRADLEY, ANNA       | GASSAWAY, EMMA H.     | POLIER, S. BELLE       |
| BRIDGERS, GLADYS    | GLAZE, EMILY          | POLK, MATTIE           |
| BROWN, E. RUTH      | GREGG, ALICE          | ROGERS, KATIE          |
| BRYANT, LEILA       | HAND, LILLIAN         | SANDIFER, TATTIE       |
| BUSH, NANNA         | HANKS, HATTIE         | SHAW, LUCILE           |
| BYERS, OLLIE        | HARLEY, SARAH         | SMITH, M. INEZ         |
| BYRUM, JOSEPHINE    | HARMS, ANNA           | SMITH, NANNIE          |
| CHILDS, CLARA       | HARRISON, HANNAH      | SMOAK, CARRIE          |
| CLARKE, ISABEL      | HICKS, FRANCES        | SPEIGHTS, AGNES        |
| CLARKE, J. RUTH     | HOLTZCLAW, LILLIAN    | STEVENSON, ANNIE       |
| COCHRAN, ELMYRA     | HOPE, CORNELIA        | SULLIVAN, ELIZA        |
| COOPER, M. EMMA     | HOWARD, MARY          | TAYLOR, GRACE VIRGINIA |
| COURTENAY, ELLA M.  | HUGHEY, MARY          | TILLMAN, SALLIE MAY    |
| CROSS, M. ELLA      | INABINET, LOUISE      | THOMAS, ANNIE          |
| CROUCH, LOIS        | JAMES, SARAH          | TOLBERT, MARGUERITE    |
| DIXON, OLIVE        | JUSTUS, MINNIE        | TROTT, MARY            |
| DOAR, LULA M.       | KNIGHT, ALMA          | WALLACE, MARY          |
| DUKES, LOIS         | LEWIS, S. NINA        | WEINBERG, HELENA       |
| DULIN, GEORGIA      | LONG, EUNICE          | WHITE, FLORA           |
| DUNN, BERTHA        | MCALISTER, IDA        | WILKES, ELLA           |
| EASTERLING, JULIEN  | MCCOLLOUGH, EDWINA    | WILLIAMS, ANNIE        |
| EDWARDS, KATHERINE  | MCCOWN, LERA          | WOODS, CLARA           |
| ERVIN, ELIZA        | McNAB, AMELIA         | WOODS, LULA            |
| FEWELL, ISABELLE    | McNAIR, MARIE         | YOUNG, GERTRUDE        |



SOPHOMORE CLASS



## Diary of Class of '14

(ENTRIES MADE DURING THE CHILD'S SECOND YEAR.)

September 19, 1911—Arrived at the home of its parent for its annual visit of nine months.

September 21—Homesick!!

October 1—Beginning to do stunts and play jokes upon its baby sister, Class of 1915.

October 15—Becoming quite an adept at the art of athletics, especially in basketball; "*sawing and plowing!*"

November 1—Getting to be remarkably wise!

November 17—Is acknowledged (by itself, at least,) to be the best daughter Winthrop possesses. "Conceit," did you say? Oh, dear, no! Only a downright statement of facts.

November 29—Got tired of work, and determined to take the next day off, namely, Thanksgiving.

December 1—Full, h'm! Well, a little!

December 21—Because of good behavior and "emaciated" physical appearance, the daughter is allowed to leave for a short rest.

December 22—Child's gone with its sisters. Poor old Winthrop! How desolate and dreary you must be!

January 2, 1912—Class of 1914 feels “kinder” blue, but looks much better.

January 6—It’s Leap Year, but what good does it do one at Winthrop.

January 10—Cheer up, vacation is *only* four and a half months off!

January 19—Holiday!!

January 24—Examinations of the daughter’s mental capacity!

February 1—Somewhat worn, haggard, and otherwise fatigued, since strenuous week.

February 7—Great excitement in athletic world. Class of 1914 honors itself, as usual.

February 14—Strains of “Chicka-garunk-garunk-garoo. Razzo, razzo, Gold and Blue!” heard and respected on basket-ball and tennis courts.

March 2—Last year the wind nearly blew the *baby* away, but this year the *laughter* (please note the distinction) is able to keep its footing.

April 1—Of course, did not play pranks; too dignified—April fool!!

April 10—Oh, that day of display—Field Day.

May 12—Had holiday in honor of ancestor’s birthday.

May 24—Reviews, more reviews, and then some more!

May 29—The midst of examinations.

June 5—Class of 1914 experiences oft-heard-of feeling of joy, mingled with sadness—sadness at bidding farewell to that dearest of sisters, Class of 1912.



# Freshman Class

MOTTO:

COLORS: Garnet and Gray.

FLOWER: Red Carnation.

## OFFICERS

|                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| RUTH THOMASSON..... | PRESIDENT      |
| EVELYN FRASER.....  | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| ALTA ANDERSON.....  | SECRETARY      |
| VIRGINIA OWENS..... | TREASURER      |

## CLASS ROLL

|  |  |
|--|--|
| ADAIR, LENA B.<br>ANDERSON, L. ALTA<br>ANDERSON, CHRISTINE<br>ANDERSON, MARIE<br>ARMSTRONG, JESSIE<br>ATTAWAY, MARY<br>BAILEY, LAURA<br>BARR, LILLIE<br>BARR, MARJORIE<br>BARRATT, CLIFFORD<br>BARTON, BLONDE<br>BEATY, EMMA<br>BECKER, DORIS<br>BELL, SADIE<br>BENNETT, WILHELMINA<br>BERRY, RUTH<br>BLACK, GRACE<br>BOINEAU, ERNESTINE<br>BOINEAU, GRACE<br>BOWERS, LUCY<br>BOYD, CORINNE<br>BRADHAM, PAMELA<br>BRAMLETT, CORA<br>BROWN, ANNA<br>BROWN, CLAUDIA<br>BRYAN, AGNES<br>BUTLER, MARY L.<br>CHAPMAN, ALMA<br>CHEYNE, MARGARET<br>CHEYNE, ROSA<br>CLARKE, SAIDEE<br>CLAYTON, EDITH<br>COKER, HELEN<br>COLE, EDITH<br>COLEMAN, EULALIE<br>CONNELLY, ELIZABETH<br>COOK, EULALIE<br>COOPER, EMMA L.<br>CRAIG, MARY<br>CROUCH, RUTH | CULP, JENNIE<br>CUNNINGHAM, M. AURELIA<br>CURLEE, AGNES<br>CUTTINO, INNIS<br>CUTTINO, JULIA<br>DIBBLE, MARY L.<br>DILL, JENNIE M.<br>DRAKE, MINNIE<br>DUBLIN, B. ELOISE<br>DU BOSE, RUTH<br>EADDY, ANNIE L.<br>EASTERLIN, EDITH<br>EDWARDS, GRACE<br>EDWARDS, MADGE<br>EDWARDS, SARA<br>EDWARDS, SUSIE<br>EDWINS, BLANCHE<br>EDWINS, O. PANSEY<br>ELMORE, M. LENA<br>EMERSON, LOUISE<br>ERGLE, ESSIE<br>ETHEREDGE, EDNA<br>EVANS, MABEL<br>FLETCHER, MARY<br>FORSYTHE, NATALIE<br>FRASER, EVELYN<br>GANDY, OLIVE<br>GARISON, TINNIE<br>GARNER, MAY<br>GENTRY, ANNIE MAY<br>GOODWIN, MARGUERITE<br>GOOGE, HATTIE<br>GREEN, FRANCES<br>GREGORY, MARIE<br>GRIFFIN, A. LOUISE<br>GUNTER, LUCILE<br>GUNTER, OLA<br>HALLMAN, ELIZABETH<br>HARRALL, CHARLOTTE<br>HARRELSON, MAY |
|--|--|

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL—CONTINUED

|                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| HAY, NELLEEN          | PLEXICO, BLANCHE     |
| HEMINGWAY, FLORENCE   | FLOWDEN, HANNAH      |
| HIERS, E. RUTH        | POOLE, LOTTIE        |
| HINES, KATE           | PORTER, JULIA        |
| HUNTER, ELLA          | POWELL, SUSIE        |
| HUNTER, LOLA          | PYATT, CHARLOTTE     |
| HUTCHINSON, KATIE     | QUINN, ELLIOTT       |
| JACOBS, M. ELLA       | RAST, M. RUTH        |
| JAMES, REBECCA        | REAGIN, GRACE        |
| JEANS, WINNIE         | REED, EMMIE          |
| JENKINSON, MARTHA     | REEVES, MINNIE       |
| JENNINGS, VIRGINIA    | RICHARDSON, MARTHA   |
| JOHNSON, JEROME       | RIDDLE, FLOWE        |
| JOHNSON, M. CHLOE     | RIGGS, PEARL         |
| JOHNSON, SUSIE        | RILEY, FRANCES       |
| JONES, DAISY          | RIVERS, ALICE        |
| JOSEY, KATHRYN        | RIVERS, M. LOVE      |
| KEEL, EUNICE          | ROBERTS, EMMIE       |
| LANGFORD, ANNIE       | ROGERS, META         |
| LIDE, C. LOUISE       | ROGERS, NORA         |
| LINDSAY, A. KATHERINE | SHANDS, EVIE         |
| LOMBERG, INEZ         | SHEALEY, EUNICE      |
| LOWMAN, CLARE         | SHEALEY, L. FLOY     |
| MCDILL, HELEN         | SMITH, LILA          |
| MACDOWELL, GRACE      | SMITH, MYRTLE        |
| MCELRATH, ELIZABETH   | SOWELL, LOUISE       |
| MACFARLAN, LOUISE     | STEWART, A. BLANCHE  |
| MCHUGH, FAY           | STILL, VALERIA       |
| MCINTOSH, FLORENCE    | STRIBLING, ALICE     |
| MCKENZIE, BESSIE      | STRIBLING, ELIZABETH |
| MCLAURIN, A. INEZ     | STRIBLING, GRACE     |
| MCLENDON, ANNIE MAE   | SULLIVAN, KATHLEEN   |
| MARSHALL, ANNIE       | SWETENBERG, LILLIAN  |
| MARTIN, FANNIE B.     | THERRILL, LULA       |
| MARTIN, M. HELEN      | THOMAS, CORNELIA     |
| MAYES, KATHRYN        | THOMASSON, RUTH      |
| MELETTE, FRANCES      | TIMMONS, FLORA       |
| MELETTE, MARY         | TOLBERT, HELEN       |
| MILHOUS, S. GLADYS    | TOWNSEND, ELLA       |
| MILLER, ANNIE         | TRUESDALE, MADELINE  |
| MILLING, FRANCES      | WALDREP, SAMMIE      |
| MOORE, BENNIE         | WALKER, ALICE        |
| MOORE, NORMA          | WALKER, RUTH         |
| MULLER, HATTIE        | WALLACE, CLARA       |
| NICHOLS, ANNIE        | WATSON, S. MCKELLA   |
| OWENS, VIRGINIA       | WILLIAMS, RUBY       |
| PARKER, LUCY          | WILSON, MARY         |
| PARKS, CLARA          | WINN, ETHEL          |
| PARROTT, LENA         | WISE, E. CHRISTINE   |
| PHILPOT, MARIE        | WOFFORD, AZILE       |
| PITTS, ADELE          | WOFFORD, KATE        |





FRESHMAN CLASS



## History of the Freshman Class

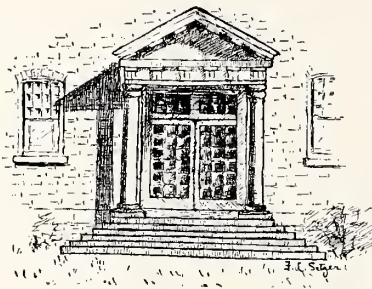
**I**N the annals of Winthrop College there are many dates which stand out prominently, but to at least one hundred and eighty of the Winthrop students the twenty-second day of September, 1911, stands pre-eminent. On that day the Freshmen of 1911-12 entered for the first time the big gate on the back campus. At noon-tide on that memorable day the sun shone bright, especially in the city of Rock Hill; but as evening drew near dark gloomy clouds began to gather, and before the College bell had tolled the midnight hour tears began to fall in torrents. All night long they fell, without ceasing.

During the months which followed the twenty-second of September, the Freshmen learned many things which were not put down in the curriculum of Winthrop Normal and Industrial College, but, nevertheless, these experiences proved beneficial to them. Among other things, they learned that the harrowing traditions which the Sophomores related to them were not to be taken too literally. They also learned a lesson, which is the most difficult of all lessons—they learned to study.

However, the Class of 1915 is not a one-sided class—all the time is not devoted to unmitigated study. It is creating, upon its own miniature scale, another golden Elizabethan era, in which every person strives to become rich in the divers experiences of the various phases of college life. The gay social life of the Freshmen arouses the envy of the sedate Seniors. Their store of general information regarding their College astonishes even the Juniors. And, as for their athletic life, the very way in which a Freshman handles a basket-ball makes the Sophomores quake and tremble; but they are probably still a little nervous over an overwhelming defeat which a certain basket-ball team—and that not a Junior—inflicted upon them one fine day.

But, notwithstanding this good beginning, the dark and heavy veil of the future is impenetrable, and we know not what the morrow may bring. However, "the chief interest in history lies in the fact that it is not yet completed." To-day the Class of 1915 is the foundation of the College; to-morrow it may be its—but let us wait and see.

RUTH E. BERRY.





## Sub-Collegiate Class

### ROLL

ALLEN, PEARL  
 BAKER, RUBY  
 BARNHILL, LOUISE  
 BARRON, MAUDE  
 BLACK, SOPHIE  
 BROWN, FLORENCE  
 BYERS, JOSAYE  
 CAROTHERS, EVA  
 CLOUD, MARY  
 COLEMAN, MARGARET  
 COLEMAN, MARY  
 CORNWELL, ALLIENE  
 CRAWFORD, MARY  
 DAVIS, LUCILE  
 DOUGLASS, AMELIA  
 DUCKWORTH, LUCILE  
 DUKES, OLIVE  
 DUNLAP, CARA  
 ELLERBE, MARY  
 ELLIS, LILLIE  
 FEWELL, F. RAY  
 FEWELL, LULA  
 FOLK, JULIA  
 GALPHIN, A. LOUISE  
 GASSAWAY, LOLA

GRAY, CLIFTON  
 HARRIS, BESSIE  
 HARRISON, JANIE  
 HARTZELL, DORIS  
 HESTER, LOIS  
 HILL, BESSIE  
 HILL, MARY  
 HOLLINGSWORTH, IDALIA  
 KEITH, INEZ  
 KERR, JENNIE  
 LEAMAN, GERTRUDE  
 LEWIS, ALMA  
 LOFTON, FRANCIS  
 LONG, KATHERINE  
 LOWRY, SARAH  
 MCLAURIN, MAYBELLE  
 MCLURKIN, RUTH  
 McMURRAY, ESTHER  
 MARTIN, ALICE  
 MARTIN, NANNIE  
 MARTIN, RUBY  
 MITCHELL, L. MARIE  
 MOORE, BEULAH  
 MOORE, HATTIE  
 MURRAY, IDA

MURRAY, OZELLA  
 NEELY, ANNIE  
 ODOM, ALICE  
 PENNELL, NANNIE  
 RABB, ANNIE  
 RABB, KATHRYN  
 RATTEREE, WILLIE MAE  
 SHULER, RUTH  
 SMARR, ANNIE  
 SMITH, CLYDE  
 SMITH, ETHEL  
 SMITH, NELL  
 SOMPAYRAC, MARGARET  
 STEVENSON, ESTHER  
 STEVENSON, GERTRUDE  
 STRAIT, ISABEL  
 VROMAN, NORA  
 WALSH, MARY  
 WATKINS, LOIS  
 WHETSELL, SARAH  
 WHITNER, ANNA  
 WILLIAMS, LILLIAN  
 WILLIFORD, LEATHOLYN  
 YOUNG, MARGARET



SUB-COLLEGIATE CLASS



S  
P  
E  
C  
I  
A  
L



# Special Class

MOTTO: "Ad perfectiora."

COLORS: Heliotrope and Cream.

FLOWER: Heliotrope.

## OFFICERS

|                         |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| DESIR GILMORE.....      | PRESIDENT      |
| ANNIE LAURIE SUBER..... | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| THEO YOUNG.....         | SECRETARY      |
| MARY CROUCH.....        | TREASURER      |

## CLASS ROLL

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| BEST, SADIE           | McCANTS, MATTIE       |
| BOYD, JULIA           | MASSEY, FRANCES       |
| BRADFORD, MARY        | MURR, MARGERY         |
| BROWN, ELIZABETH      | OWENS, SUSIE          |
| BROWN, HARRIET        | PADGET, RUTH E.       |
| BURTON, EPPIE         | PEARSON, ANNIE        |
| CALHOUN, OLIVE        | RANDLE, CARITA        |
| CAROTHERS, ANNIE      | SADLER, CARRIE        |
| CARPENTER, LOUISE     | SEALE, MAGGIE MAY     |
| CHANDLER, THERESA     | SIMRILL, MARY         |
| CROUCH, THERESA       | SMITH, ISABEL         |
| DICK, SUSIE           | SMYER, LOIS           |
| EVANS, NAN            | SPENCER, GENEVA       |
| FENNELL, ALMA         | STILL, EDNA           |
| FREW, MARGARET        | SUBER, ANNIE          |
| FREW, MARY            | SWANN, BESSIE         |
| FRIP, FLOSSIE         | TAYLOR, VIRGINIA DARE |
| GARLINGTON, CATHERINE | TENNENT, ELLEN        |
| GILMORE, DESIR        | THOMPSON, LILA        |
| GOGGANS, RUBY         | TOWNES, ELIZABETH     |
| HEATH, NANCEY         | WILLIAMSON, SADA      |
| HILL, ALICE           | WILSON, JANIE         |
| HOFFMAN, ETHEL        | YOUNG, M. THEODORA    |

## POST-GRADUATE SPECIALS

|                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| SADIE DES PORTES | GERTRUDE STROTHER |
| MILDRED WESTON   | MAE COLTHARP      |
| JULIA CORK       |                   |



SPECIAL CLASS



## Special Class History

The Special Class is an example of that very old but true saying, "Not quantity, but quality," for, although this class is composed of only fifty girls, they represent the talent of Winthrop. We can not boast of a long history, so proudly claimed by the other classes, for each year witnesses a new organization of our members; but we can feel pride at our reputation—musicians, artists, readers, stenographers—all come from among us.

Up to this time we have not made athletics one of our specialties, for to our mind contests where "might makes right" are far beneath our notice. Should we turn our attention to this, however, we are confident that in this field, too, we should be stars.



## Graduates in Special Music



MARGARET FREW  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society; member of Music Committee of Y. W. C. A., 1909-1910; member of Choral Society

ELIZABETH TOWNES  
CLEMSON, S. C.

Member of C. L. S., Y. W. C. A., and R. S. I. A.; Recording Secretary of C. L. S., Third Term, 1911; Recording Secretary of C. L. S., Third Term, 1912.

Can't you tell that she is a musician by looking at her? Yes, Elizabeth is preëminently the college musician. Indeed, we have great hopes that she will some day become as famous a composer of music as she is now a performer. Her talent in that direction is already showing itself in the skill with which she works "harmony" exercises.

Elizabeth also busies herself with other compositions which, though emotional, are not along the musical line. These, though in safe keeping, have not yet been given to the public, though we are sure these compositions are equally as expressive of her emotions as is her music.



THEO YOUNG  
UNION, S. C.

Recording Secretary of the W. L. S., First Term, 1910-1911; Secretary of the Special Class, 1911-1912; member of the Cecilian Chorus; Treasurer of the Pi Sigma Phi.

*There was a young lady named Ted,  
Who with music filled up her sweet head;  
Her smiles were many; could be bought for a penny,  
This accomplished young lady named Ted.*



## Post Graduate in Science



GERTRUDE BLAIR STROTHER, M. A.  
JOHNSTON, S. C.

Member of Curry Literary Society.





## STUDENT GOVERNMENT

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### Our Petition

The students of Winthrop College, believing that there is dignity and honor in student government, desire individual and community responsibility for the conduct of the students in matters not strictly academic.

We, therefore, petition the President for legislative and executive control in certain matters. We ask—

#### I.

Right to control quiet and promptness in all places about the buildings and campus that are not under the immediate control of the College authorities.

#### II.

Right to require compliance with College regulations.

#### III.

Right to demand honesty in class-room, in examination, and between student and student.

#### IV.

Permission, with advice and approval of the President, to extend our responsibility as occasion arises and as we prove ourselves worthy.



KATHRYN CONNOR  
VICE-PRESIDENT



SARAH HERIOT  
PRESIDENT



LOIS DUKES  
SECRETARY-TREASURER

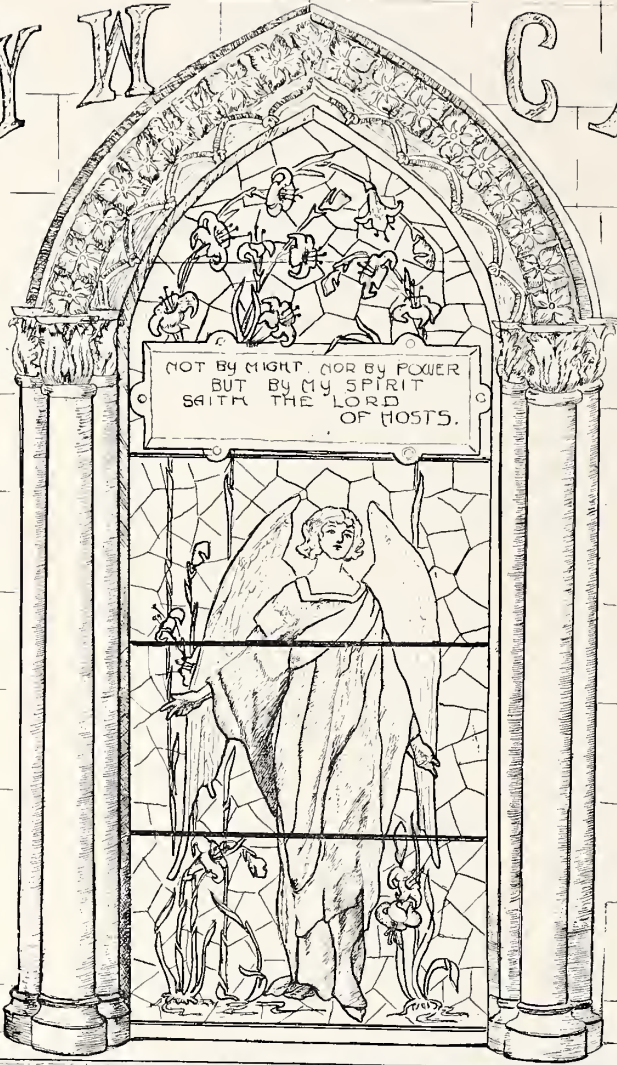
## Executive Board of the Student Government Association

|                      |                                     |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| SARAH J. HERIOT..... | PRESIDENT                           |
| KATHRYN CONNOR.....  | VICE-PRESIDENT                      |
| LOIS DUKES.....      | SECRETARY                           |
| MAYME COLVIN.....    | HOUSE PRESIDENT OF JOHNSON HALL     |
| FRANKE LESESNE.....  | HOUSE PRESIDENT OF NORTH DORMITORY  |
| LIZZIE WIGGINS.....  | HOUSE PRESIDENT OF SOUTH DORMITORY  |
| ESSIE MURRAY.....    | REPRESENTATIVE FROM SENIOR CLASS    |
| RUTH WATKINS.....    | REPRESENTATIVE FROM JUNIOR CLASS    |
| ERNEST GANDY.....    | REPRESENTATIVE FROM SOPHOMORE CLASS |



EXECUTIVE BOARD

Y W C A



PRESIDENT-GERTRUDE DICK.      SECRETARY-MARGARIE ROGERS.  
VICE PRESIDENT-NAN TRANTHAM.      TREASURER-ALMA BLACK.



## Y. W. C. A. Officers and Cabinet

CABINET MOTTO: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

|                          |                                    |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| GERTRUDE DICK.....       | PRESIDENT                          |
| NAN TRANTHAM.....        | VICE-PRESIDENT                     |
| MARGARIE ROGERS.....     | SECRETARY                          |
| ALMA BLACK.....          | TREASURER                          |
| MAYME COLVIN.....        | ANNUAL EDITOR                      |
| KATHRYN CONNOR.....      | JOURNAL EDITOR                     |
| ETTA SELLERS.....        | CHAIRMAN BIBLE STUDY COMMITTEE     |
| TULLEY ATKINS.....       | CHAIRMAN MISSION STUDY COMMITTEE   |
| LEONA THOMASSON.....     | CHAIRMAN DEVOTIONAL COMMITTEE      |
| IRENE BRYAN.....         | CHAIRMAN INTERCOLLEGIATE COMMITTEE |
| CONSTANCE PORTER.....    | CHAIRMAN MEMBERSHIP DUES COMMITTEE |
| KATHERINE ROBINSON.....  | CHAIRMAN BUILDING FUND COMMITTEE   |
| MAY BELLE AVERY.....     | CHAIRMAN EXTENSION COMMITTEE       |
| MISS FANNIE WATKINS..... | CHAIRMAN SOCIAL COMMITTEE          |
| CARRIE REAVES.....       | LEADER OF STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND   |
| MISS MARTHA DOWNEY.....  | GENERAL SECRETARY                  |



# The Young Women's Christian Association

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE Y. W. C. A. is the organization which, more than any other at Winthrop, tends to the upbuilding of the character and general moral tone of the student body, and its good effects are to be found in the lives of all who come within the range of its influence.

The fact that more than ninety per cent. of the student body are members of the association is evidence of its wide-spread influence. So large is the association and so varied are its activities that its work must needs be carried on through committees. It is, therefore, only through a brief survey of the work of the several committees that any idea of what our association is doing can be gained.

The membership committee has succeeded in enrolling five hundred and seventy-five students as members of the association. Besides this work the membership committee has organized a flourishing Alumnae Auxiliary, which is kept in touch with the work at Winthrop by a monthly news letter.

The Membership Dues Committee, together with the U. D. C. and the literary societies, has instituted a "Pay-Day" on which all College debts shall be paid. On the pay-day for 1911-12 a very large number of the Y. W. C. A. dues were collected, thus lightening the otherwise arduous task of collecting.

For several years our association has supported a missionary in Ceylon, the salary paid her being six hundred dollars a year. As usual, this amount was raised. A somewhat different method of raising this contribution to foreign missions was adopted. It was calculated that the support of our missionary for one day cost one dollar and seventy-five cents, and the plan adopted by the Finance Committee, which has this work in charge, was to get three hundred and sixty-five students to assume her support for one day each, thus raising the total amount.

The Devotional Committee has given us a year of faithful service. The morning watch and the Wednesday evening prayer meetings have been both interesting and helpful. We feel that much has come from the week of prayer so faithfully observed by the students. Special meetings were planned for Thanksgiving, Easter and the Universal day of prayer. Many outside speakers have been with us during the year, each of whom has brought an inspiration, as well as some valuable and interesting information.

The Bible Study and Missionary committees, together, have conducted thirty well-organized classes, which have met once a week to study under the guidance of a leader. Shorter courses have also been offered, including one designed for Sunday-school teachers. Seven hundred girls have been enrolled in these classes during the year. Supplementary to this, Miss Ethel Cutler gave a series of public lectures on the "Life of Saint Paul." These were most inspiring and helpful.

To the annual convention of the student Volunteer Union of South Carolina, which was held in March, at Due West, S. C., two delegates were sent, one by the association and one by the Winthrop Volunteer Band. Ten others went as self-supporting delegates.

Daily lunches have again been served at cost prices, by the Extension Committee, to the students not residing in the College.

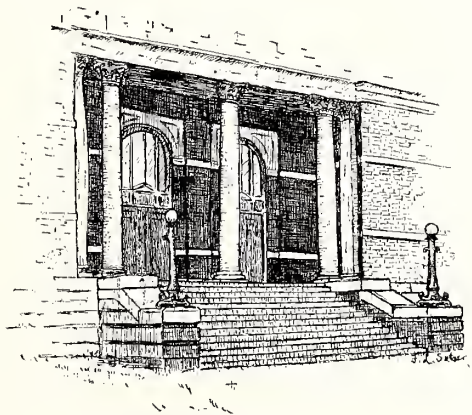
The Building Fund, which now amounts to about fifteen hundred dollars, has been increased by the proceeds from the Y. W. C. A. store, and from the annual entertainment, this year "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works."

Since the Social Committee realized that that which makes Jack a dull boy makes Jill a dull girl, it provided a chain of social gatherings to continue throughout the session. These have been greatly enjoyed by all. In the fall a reception of welcome was given to the entire College in honor of the new comers, and later the students were entertained in groups at the monthly birthday parties. The Sunday night song services have also added much pleasure to our College life.

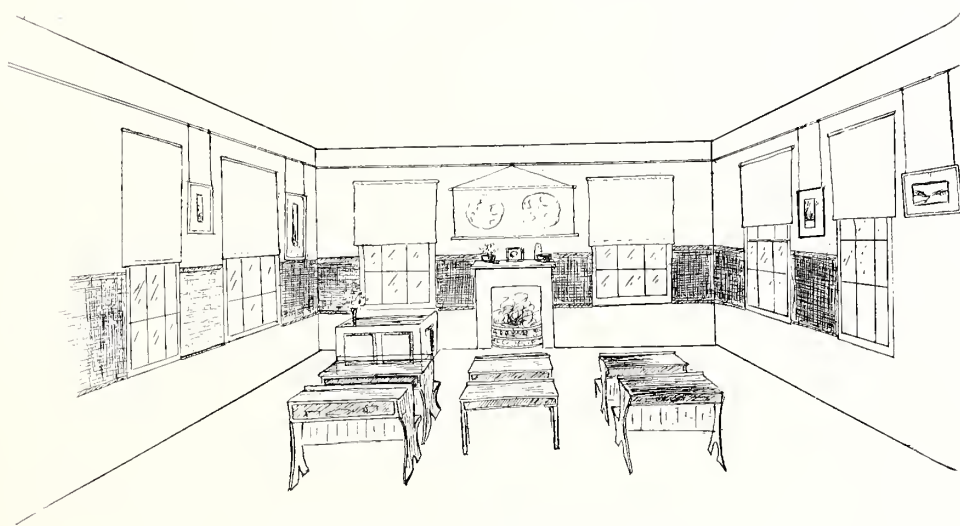
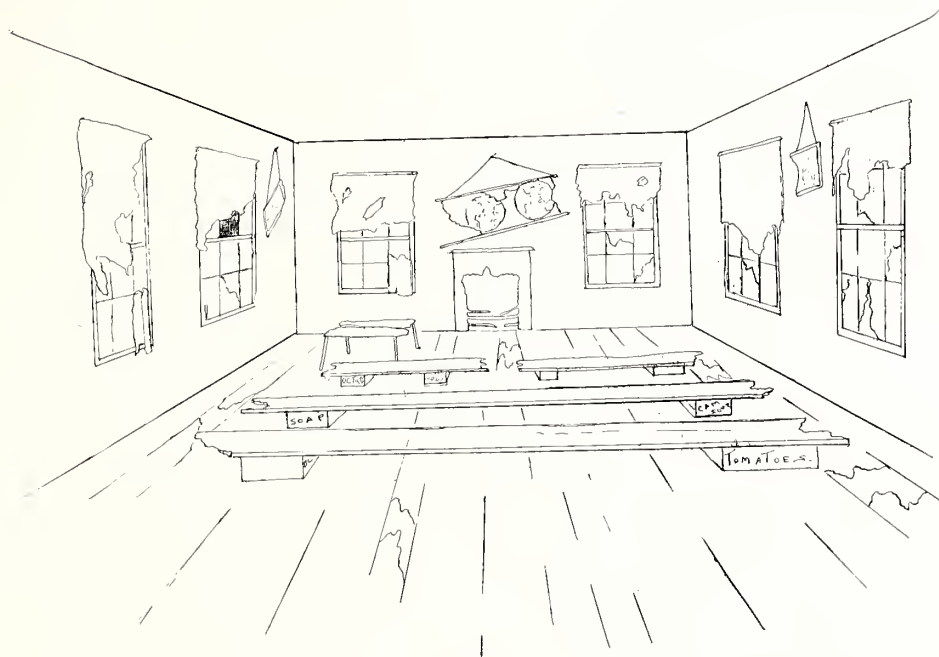
The Intercollegiate Committee has kept our association in close touch with other associations, not only by correspondence but also by the sending of delegates to the various Y. W. C. A. conferences at the student council of South Carolina, held at Lander College in February, Winthrop being represented by two delegates. The proceeds from the Christmas bazaar, an annual entertainment, and the selling of class colors and ice cream, have made it possible for us to be well represented at the summer conference in North Carolina. This committee has also added sixteen books to the association library.

The Advisory Committee, composed of nine faculty members and the officers and general secretary of the association, has wisely helped in the general plans for the session.

Viewed as a whole, the work of the Young Women's Christian Association for this year has been a decided success. And as long as the motto, "Not by might, not by power, but by my spirit" saith the Lord of Hosts," remains the motto of our association, surely its efforts will continue to be crowned with success.







RURAL SCHOOL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

# The D. B. Johnson Rural School Association

## FIRST TERM

NINA GIBSON.....PRESIDENT  
ETTA SELLERS.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
DAISY PHILLIPS.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
LAURA RIGDON.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
HATTIE PLOWDEN.....TREASURER

## SECOND TERM

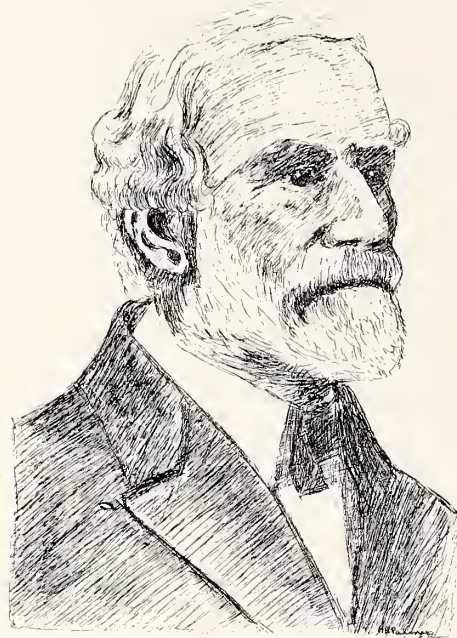
CAMMIE RODDEY.....PRESIDENT  
DAISY PHILLIPS.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
LILLIAN KIBLER.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
CARRIE REAVES.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
KATE SIMPSON.....TREASURER



FIRST TERM OFFICERS



SECOND TERM OFFICERS



## The Winthrop Chapter of the U. D. C.

**T**HE Winthrop College Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in 1899. Although there were but few enrolled at first in our chapter, they were loyal in the spirit to commemorate the noble deeds of our fathers of the Confederacy.

Our Chapter has prospered greatly since its organization. Each year we have sent delegates to the annual United Daughters of the Confederacy convention. At the convention which was held at Greenwood, in November, our President, Miss Elizabeth DuBose, and Miss Mary Howard were our representatives. Our Chapter was inspired and greatly benefited by the reports which our delegates brought back to us concerning the work of our sister Chapters in the State. Each year two public meetings of the Chapter are held. We had our first public meeting in December. At this meeting we were fortunate in having for the speaker of the evening, Mr. Ball, one of the editors of *The State*. His lecture afforded us much information and pleasure. Mr. Johnson, of our faculty, spoke to us at our second public meeting, and we enjoyed his lecture greatly.

We who are yet in school can not well give our time in proportion to our love of this cause. Class work, and the work of other College organizations keep us very busy; consequently, we can not hope to do so much financially as the other State chapters. We can not erect monuments or endow scholarships in memory of our Southern heroes. Yet, we know that we have not labored in vain, in the maintenance of our College Chapter, for through our efforts we are enabled to interest many in the perpetuation of that heritage which is nobler than victory, and richer than wealth—that loyalty, and love of justice which signalized the service of the men in grey.

EDITH L. FRASER.





## Winthrop College Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy

### OFFICERS

|                        |                         |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| ELIZABETH DU BOSE..... | PRESIDENT               |
| RUTH RILEY.....        | VICE-PRESIDENT          |
| ULMER FISHBURNE.....   | CORRESPONDING SECRETARY |
| EUDORA KIRK.....       | RECORDING SECRETARY     |
| JANIE RIVERS.....      | TREASURER               |
| CAROLINE BOSTICK.....  | REGISTRAR               |
| EDITH FRASER.....      | ANNUAL EDITOR           |



LITERARY SOCIETIES

# Winthrop Literary Society

## OFFICERS

### FIRST TERM

LILLIAN STEM.....PRESIDENT  
MARY KIRVEN.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
BESSIE PEGRAM.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
THEO YOUNG.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
MAY GANDY.....TREASURER

### SECOND TERM

ESTHER ROYALL.....PRESIDENT  
MARGARET COKER.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
BERYL MARTIN.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
BERTHA BURRESS.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
MAY GANDY.....TREASURER

### THIRD TERM

GENEVIEVE RANDLE.....PRESIDENT  
KATE HENDERSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
ESTHER MURRAY.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
PRISCILLA HART.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
MAY GANDY.....TREASURER



LILLIAN STEM



ESTHER ROYALL



GENEVIEVE RANDLE

PRESIDENTS WINTHROP LITERARY SOCIETY

# Curry Literary Society

## OFFICERS

### FIRST TERM

LUDIE JORDAN.....PRESIDENT  
FLORENCE REID.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
NELL BAKER.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
GUSSIE CALHOUN.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
ANNIE ROSE RISER.....TREASURER

### SECOND TERM

FLORENCE REID.....PRESIDENT  
MAY FORD.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
MADGE EDWARDS.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
MYRTLE HUTTO.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
ANNIE ROSE RISER.....TREASURER

### THIRD TERM

MADGE EDWARDS.....PRESIDENT  
MINNIE RUSSELL.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
ANNIE HUGHES.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
ELIZABETH TOWNES.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
ANNIE ROSE RISER.....TREASURER



LUDIE JORDAN



FLORENCE REID



MADGE EDWARDS

PRESIDENTS CURRY LITERARY SOCIETY

# Wade Hampton Literary Society

## OFFICERS

### FIRST TERM

VIRGINIA CARROLL.....PRESIDENT  
IRENE BRYAN.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
EMMA NETTLES.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
FRANCES DEAL.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
MIRIAM JENNINGS.....TREASURER

### SECOND TERM

MARY LOUISE BROWN.....PRESIDENT  
LEONA THOMASSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
ULMER FISHBURNE.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
ESTHER SURASKY.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
MIRIAM JENNINGS.....TREASURER

### THIRD TERM

IRENE BRYAN.....PRESIDENT  
MIRIAM JENNINGS.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
VIRGINIA CARROLL.....RECORDING SECRETARY  
ETTA SELLERS.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
LAURA RIGDON.....TREASURER



VIRGINIA CARROLL



MARY LOUISE BROWN



IRENE BRYAN

PRESIDENTS WADE HAMPTON LITERARY SOCIETY



## Commencement Speakers



LILLIAN STEM  
WINTHROP



GRACE ANDERSON  
CURRY



ROBBIE PORTER  
WADE HAMPTON



## College Marshals

### THE WINTHROP SOCIETY

May Gandy, Chief

LOUISE COLEMAN  
ELLA MAY CUMMINGS

RUTH WATKINS  
ROSAMOND BURDINE

### THE WADE HAMPTON SOCIETY

FRANKE LESENE  
SADIE RICHARDS

LUCIE EDWARDS  
MIRIAM JENNINGS

DORIAN YARBOROUGH

### THE CURRY SOCIETY

MARY HUGHEY  
CONNIE PORTER

KATE MARTIN  
CATHERINE McCAULEY

MAYME COLVIN



## Winthrop College Journal Staff

### THE WADE HAMPTON SOCIETY

NAN TRANTHAM.....Editor-in-Chief  
 SADIE MYERS.....Assistant Business Manager  
 LENA WILLIAMS } .....Literary Editors  
 IDA ROBERTSON }

### THE CURRY SOCIETY

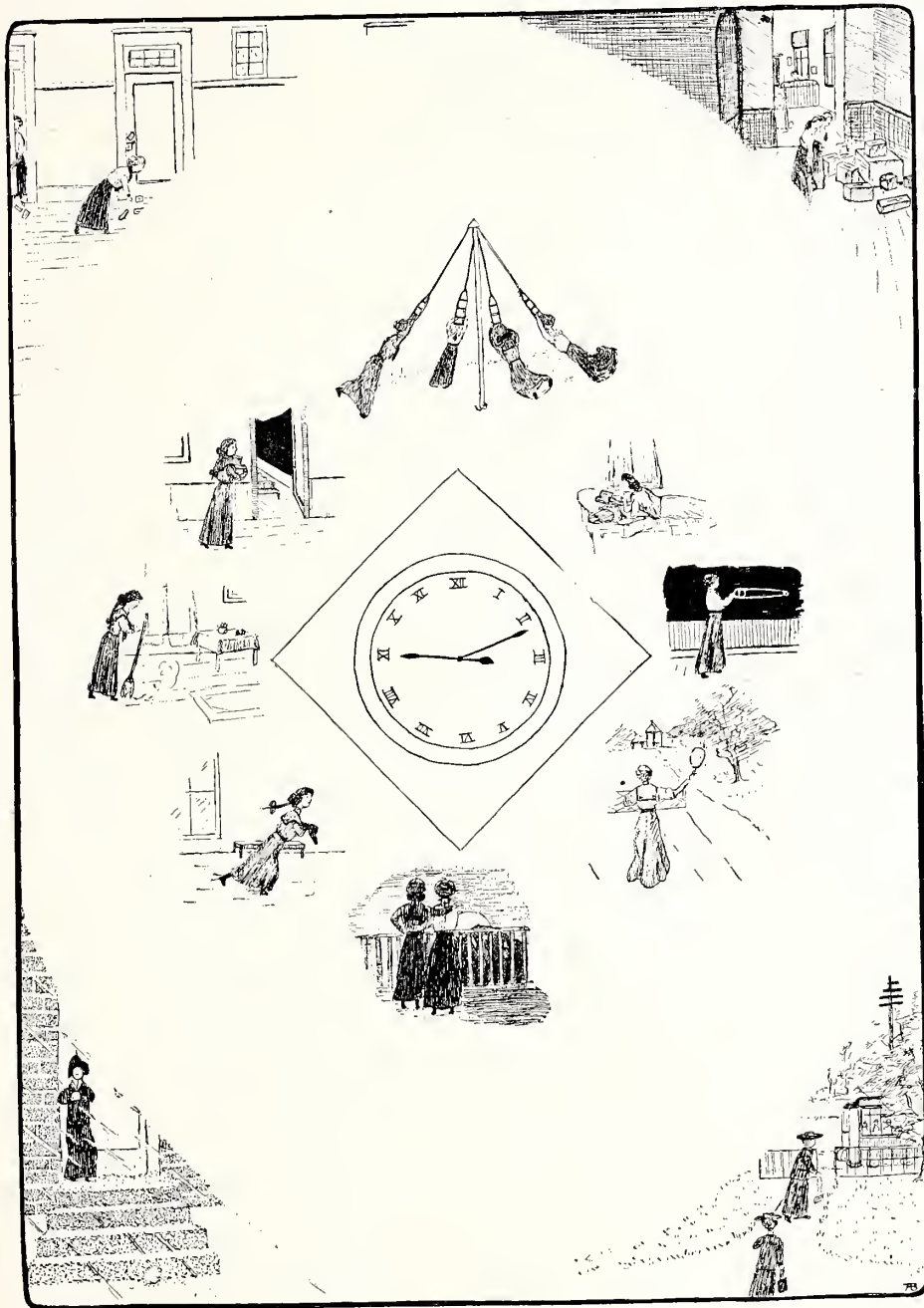
TULLEY ATKINS.....Business Manager  
 EDITH FRASER } .....Literary Editors  
 LUDIE JORDAN }

### THE WINTHROP SOCIETY

KATE ROBINSON.....Assistant Business Manager  
 LUCILE MELTON.....Exchange Editor  
 PRISCILLA HART } .....Literary Editors  
 MAY PYATT }

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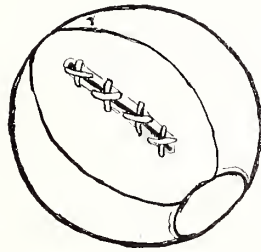
KATHRYN CONNOR.....Y. W. C. A. Editor



TIME OF DAY



# ATHLETICS





## Athletics

"Razzle dazzle, never frazzle,  
Not a thread but wool!  
All together, all together,  
That's the way we pull."

This is the key to the great success of the Class of 1912. In all our four years at Winthrop we have stood as one man in everything that we have undertaken. In nothing is this truer than in athletics, and in nothing have we taken a higher stand than in this branch of college activity.

Although in our Freshman year we won neither cup nor banner, we did win that reputation for good clean teamwork which has clung to us the whole way through. In this first year we were being trained in loyalty to our class and to our sisters of the "even numbers" and in that stern virtue of self-control under pressure of great excitement.

Our Sophomore year saw us half way on our journey toward success, and in our Junior year we triumphantly completed the journey—for to the strain of "Junior team, dey don't take no foolin'," we hilariously "trotted the banner down our line"; and to the inspiring sound of—

"Gold and Black! Gold and Black!  
What in the world do you reckon we lack?"

we won the cup, a trophy given to the class which proves itself the champion in general athletics.

Our outlook for this year is as bright as hearts could wish. Success seems surely ours; but if luck should turn against us—well, if luck *should* turn against us, the adherents of the "Gold and Black", one and all, would, nevertheless, say with all the love and loyalty of their souls:

"Here's to the Class of 1912,  
Who dig and delve for knowledge!  
Here's to the Class of 1912,  
The best at Winthrop College!"





## Senior Basket-Ball Team

GENEVIEVE BECKHAM, CAPTAIN  
VIRGINIA CARROLL, MANAGER

### MEMBERS

|                        |               |
|------------------------|---------------|
| MAY GANDY.....         | Center        |
| NELL BAKER.....        | Left Field    |
| VEE RANDLE.....        | Right Field   |
| ESSIE ROYALL.....      | Left Forward  |
| GENEVIEVE BECKHAM..... | Right Forward |
| MINNIE RUSSELL.....    | Left Guard    |
| MARY CARTWRIGHT.....   | Right Guard   |

### SONG

(TUNE: "Casey Jones")

|  |  |
|--|--|
| I know somethin' and I'll tell it to you,    | Now, we hate to put it to you so terribly bad,   |
| About that Senior Team so tried and true.    | But you know that banner's just got to be had.   |
| They're goin' to get the banner left by Gold | Now, we're givin' you warnin' in plenty of time, |
| and Blue,                                    | 'Cause we're goin' to trot the banner right      |
| Now dat am exactly what they're goin' to do. | down our line.                                   |

### CHORUS

Senior Team, finest in the College;  
Senior Team, classy is no name.  
Senior Team, they don't take no foolin',  
And they're goin' to prove it to you by a  
classy game.

### YELL

Here's to the Class of 1912,  
Who dig and delve for knowledge;  
Here's to the Class of 1912,  
The best in Winthrop College!



## Junior Basket-Ball Team

GENEVA MURRAY, MANAGER  
 CATHERINE MACAULEY, CAPTAIN

### MEMBERS

|                         |             |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| LUCILE JEFFORDS.....    | Forward     |
| HATTIE PALMER.....      | Forward     |
| LUCY PLUNKET.....       | Center      |
| CATHERINE MACAULEY..... | Guard       |
| LOUISE COLEMAN.....     | Guard       |
| FLORRIE LANGSTON.....   | Left Field  |
| FRANCES STICKNEY.....   | Right Field |

### YELL

Largest of any, ever the best;  
 Finest of many, in every test;  
 Lucky, plucky, dandy, keen,  
 Is our Class of old Thirteen.

### SONG

(TUNE: "Campbells are Coming")  
 The Juniors are coming, ho, ho, ho-ho!  
 The Juniors are coming, ho, ho, ho-ho!  
 The Juniors are coming to play the Seniors,  
 And fight their best for the Crimson and Black.  
 For though they've had the toughest luck  
 You'll see they have not lost their pluck,  
 And to our colors we'll ere be true,  
 And give them a tough fight all the way through.  
 The Juniors are coming, ho, ho, ho-ho!  
 The Juniors are coming, ho, ho, ho-ho!



## Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

MARY TROTT, MANAGER  
RUTH BROWN, CAPTAIN

### MEMBERS

|                             |             |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| MARY HESTER MENDENHALL..... | Goal        |
| RUTH BROWN.....             | Goal        |
| LULA DOAR.....              | Center      |
| ANNIE STEVENSON.....        | Right Guard |
| MABEL ASHE.....             | Left Guard  |
| MARIE McNAIR.....           | Right Field |
| GLADYS BRIDGES.....         | Left Field  |

### YELL

Chica-garunk-garunk-garoo!  
Razoo, razoo, Gold and Blue!  
Rizzle, razzle, kizzle, kazzle!  
Sis! Boom! Bah!  
1914!  
Rah, rah, rah!

### CLASS SONG

We're the Soph-more Class,  
With our Gold and Blue, which is always true,  
We will strive until the end,  
For we have such might and main.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Soph-mores, shout for joy,  
Freshmen are just like a toy;  
We came here to-day,  
To beat them in the fray,  
Because we are the Soph-more Class.

We're the Soph-more Team  
We're going to play and our grit display,  
We go in to win.  
For we have just lots of vim,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
We will beat this day,  
For we know just how to play;  
Though you think you are a match,  
Oh, you Freshmen, what a catch!  
Because we are the Soph-more Team.



## Freshman Basket-Ball Team

### MOTTO

"We'll find a way or make one!"

LENA PARROTT, MANAGER

MYRTLE SMITH, CAPTAIN

### MEMBERS

|                         |             |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| TINNIE GARRISON.....    | Forward     |
| ELIZABETH CONNELLY..... | Forward     |
| MYRTLE SMITH.....       | Guard       |
| EDITH CLAYTON.....      | Guard       |
| AGNES BRYAN.....        | Left Field  |
| FRANCES MILLETTE.....   | Right Field |
| NATHALIE FORSYTHE.....  | Center      |

### YELL

1-9-1-5  
 That's the grandest class alive;  
 Who's so fine or who's so gay  
 As the grand old class of Garnet and Gray!

### SONG

We'd like to win, and you'd like to win;  
 We'd both like to win the same.  
 I'd like to say, this very day,  
 That '15 wins this game.  
 We've done it before, we could do it some more;  
 We think we can trim you, 'deed we do,  
 Your flag we'll lower on field and floor  
 Under our colors true.

### CHORUS

You said you'd win, and we said you wouldn't;  
 There's where we both fell out.  
 I'd like, to say, this very day,  
 To beat us you'll have to do about.  
 In practice you've failed, in practice we've won;  
 We know we can win to-day as we've always done,  
 So the Freshmen will beat, just as we say,  
 Under the Garnet and Gray.



## Sub-Freshman Basket-Ball Team

### MEMBERS

|                         |         |
|-------------------------|---------|
| MARIE MITCHELL.....     | Center  |
| MABELLE McLAURIN.....   | Forward |
| ANNA WHITNER.....       | Forward |
| ALICE MARTIN.....       | Field   |
| INEZ KEITH.....         | Field   |
| LOIS WATKINS.....       | Field   |
| GERTRUDE STEVENSON..... | Guard   |
| DORIS HARTZELL.....     | Guard   |



## Special Basket-Ball Team

HARRIET BROWN, CAPTAIN  
 TERESA CHANDLER, MANAGER

### MEMBERS

|                           |         |
|---------------------------|---------|
| JULIA BOYD.....           | Forward |
| MARY CROUCH.....          | Forward |
| KATHERINE GARLINGTON..... | Guard   |
| SUSIE DICK.....           | Guard   |
| DESIR GILMORE.....        | Field   |
| LOUISE CARPENTER.....     | Field   |
| HARRIET BROWN.....        | Center  |

### YELL

We are Special born,  
 And we are Special bred;  
 And when we die  
 We'll be Special dead.

Then it's—

Rah, Rah, the Specials, Specials!  
 Rah, Rah, the Specials, Specials!  
 Rah, Rah, the Specials! Rah! Rah! Rah!



## Senior Tennis Club

MADGE EDWARDS, CAPTAIN

### MEMBERS

IRENE BRYAN

PRISCILLA HART

MAY GANDY

VIRGINIA CARROLL

BERYL MARTIN

TULLEY ATKINS

MAY FORD

GRETCHEN SALLEY

ANNIE HUGHES

ESTHER ROYALL

KATE HENDERSON

MARGARET COKER



## Junior Tennis Club

### MEMBERS

IDA ROBERTSON

ESTHER REMBERT

LUCIE EDWARDS

MAMIE DONOVANT

LUCILE MELTON

RUTH WATKINS

RUBY DURANT

WILHELMINA FANT

LOUISE COLEMAN

MARGARET EVANS

FLORIDE HARRIS

LIZZIE HEAPE





## Sophomore Tennis Club

### MEMBERS

MARGUERITE TOLBERT

ANNIE GANT

ELLA CROSS

LUCILE SHAW

SALLIE MAY TILLMAN

MARIE McNAIR



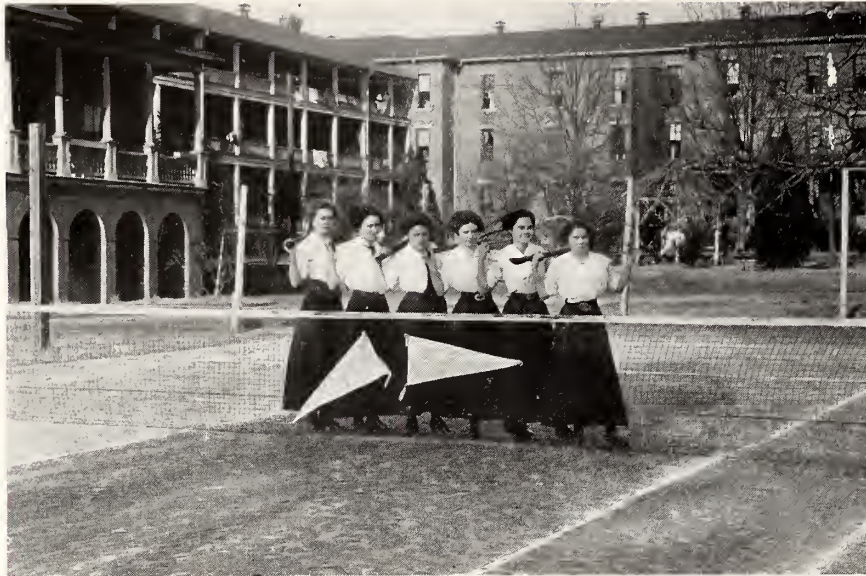
## The Jolly Fifteeners

HELEN COKER, PRESIDENT

### MEMBERS

MARJORIE BARR  
AGNES BYRAN  
EDITH CLAYTON  
AGNES CURLEE  
NATHALIE FORSYTHE  
CHARLOTTE HARRALL  
VIRGINIA JENNINGS

ANNIE LEE LANGFORD  
KITTIE MAYES  
VIRGINIA OWENS  
HANNA PLOWDEN  
MARTHA RICHARDSON  
FRANCES RILEY  
HELEN TOLBERT



## The Special Tennis Club

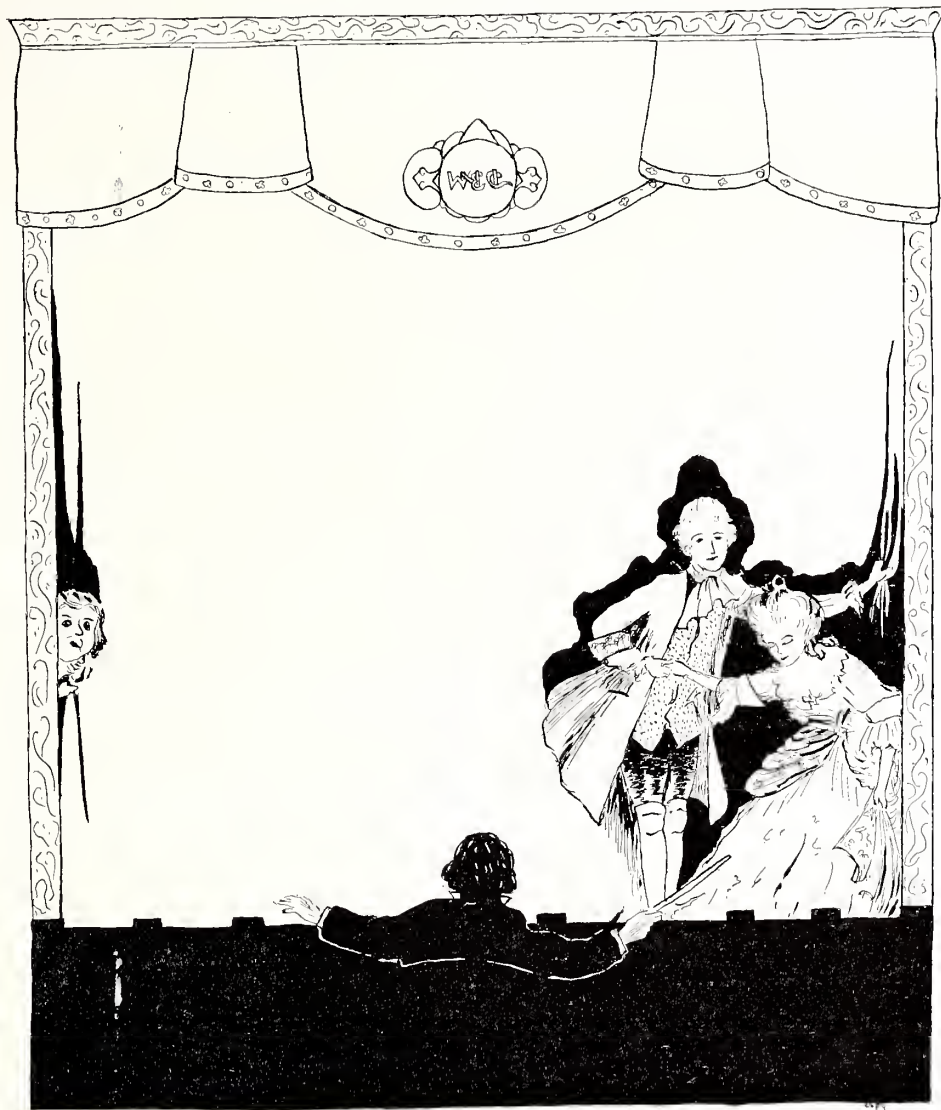
SPECIALTY: To win all Love Games.

### OFFICERS

MAGGIE MAY SEALE.....PRESIDENT  
 ALICE HILL.....VICE-PRESIDENT

### MEMBERS

|               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| HARRIET BROWN | CARITA RANDLE    |
| SUSIE DICK    | MAGGIE MAY SEALE |
| ALICE HILL    | THEO YOUNG       |



DRAMATICS

J. S. Scherer '92

# The Romancers

BY EDMOND ROSTAND

BENEFIT OF TATLER

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

|                                    |                             |                               |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Percinet }<br>Sylvette }           | ..... a pair of love's..... | { L. MELTON<br>GRACE ANDERSON |
| Bergamin, father of Percinet.....  |                             | R. PORTER                     |
| Pasquinot, father of Sylvette..... |                             | E. KIRK                       |
| Straforel, a bravo.....            |                             | E. ROYALL                     |
| Blaise, a gardner.....             |                             | G. RANDLE                     |

Swordsmen, Musicians, Negroes, Torch-bearers, a Notary, Witness, and Guests.

## SYNOPSIS OF PLAY

TIME—The Eighteenth Century.

PLACE—France.

SCENE—A Corner of Bergamin's Park and a Corner of Pasquinot's Park.

ACT I.—Poetic Dreams.

ACT II.—One Month Later—Prosaic Awakenings.

ACT III.—One Month Later—Second Thoughts.

## MUSIC

Vocal Solos.....Selected

Mrs. BARRON STEELE

Instrumental Selections

MISSSES TOWNES AND SURASKY

STAGED BY MISS SARA SPENSER

# Phoebe's Romance

BY JAMES L. BARRIE

PRESENTED BY

CURRY LITERARY SOCIETY

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Dr. Granville Howard.....   | A. HUGHES      |
| Lieutenant Wright.....  | L. JORDAN      |
| Lieutenant Small.....   | A. R. RISER    |
| Captain Winchester.....   | C. PORTER      |
| Major Pepper.....   | M. RUSSELL     |
| Sergeant Hubbard.....   | N. FORSYTHE    |
| Albert Sydney Wallace, Jr.....  | E. CROSS       |
| Miss Sarah Sparrow.....   | NELLIE RAY     |
| Miss Phoebe Sparrow.....  | NELL SMITH     |
| Miss Matilda Langweed.....  | MYRTLE HUTTO   |
| Miss Julie Langweed.....  | KATHRYN CONNOR |
| Miss Isabel Appleton.....   | NELL BAKER     |
| Ellen.....  | ESTELLE RAWL   |
| School Children—MARY BEAN, MARY CRAIG, RUTH EDDY, ALICE JONES, VIRGINIA OWEN, RUTH CROUCH, CHLOE JOHNSON, ALMA KNIGHT, KATE EARLY, GLADYS BRIDGES, ESSIE ERGLE. |                |
| Young Ladies—MAY FORD, ANNIE BROWN, MARY HUGHEY, MAUDE PEARCY.  |                |

## SYNOPSIS OF PLAY

PLACE—A Country Town in England.

TIME—The Period of the Wars of Napoleon.

---

ACT I.—A Dream and an Awakening. Scene—Sitting-room at Miss Sparrow's.

ACT II.—Nine Years Later. Home from the Wars. Scene—The Same as Act I.

ACT III.—A Week Later. A Proposal by Proxy. Scene—Same as Act I.

# Mice and Men

BY MADELINE LUCETTE RYLEY

PRESENTED BY THE

WINTHROP LITERARY SOCIETY

## DRAMATIC PERSONAE

|  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| Mark Embury, a scholar, scientist, and philosopher.....  | L. STEM            |
| Roger Goodlake, his friend and neighbor.....             | G. RANDLE          |
| Captain George Lovell, his nephew.....                   | R. BURDINE         |
| Sir Harry Trimblestone.....                              | E. ROYALL          |
| Kit Barniger, a fiddler and professor of deportment..... | W. FANT            |
| Peter, Mr. Embury's servant.....                         | J. GAILLARD        |
| Joanna Goodlake, wife of Goodlake.....                   | ELIZABETH VAN WYCK |
| Mrs. Deborah, Embury's housekeeper.....                  | STELLA KITTLES     |
| Peggy, "Little Britain,".....                            | LUCILE MELTON      |
| Matron of the Foundling Hospital.....                    | KATE ROBINSON      |
| Beadle, of the Foundling Hospital.....                   | ALMA LUPO          |
| Molly, a kitchen maid.....                               | MARY CARTWRIGHT    |

PLACE—Hampstead, England.

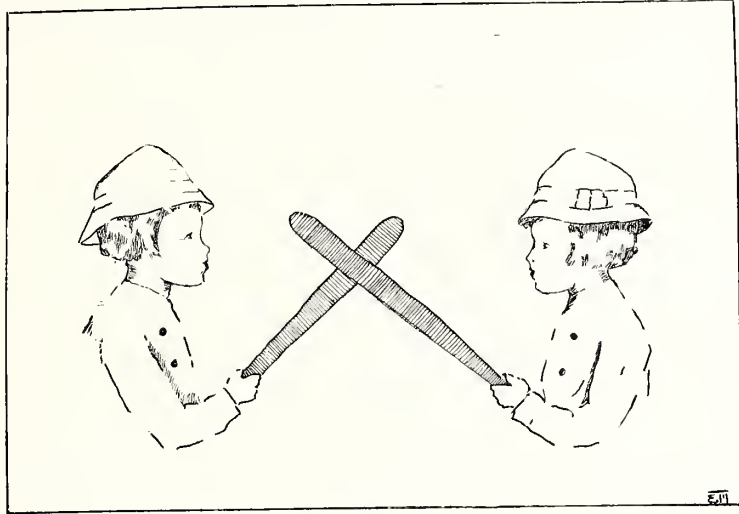
TIME—About 1786.

ACT I.—Mark Embury's Study.

ACT II.—Nearly Two Years Later. The Living-room at Mr. Embury's.

ACT III.—The same evening. The Masquerade Ball at Belsize House. The Ante-room.

ACT IV.—Six Weeks Later. The Garden of South Cottage.



CLUBS





## Thalia German Club

MOTTO: "Come and trip it as ye go  
On the light, fantastic toe."

COLORS: Green and White.

### OFFICERS

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| I. JORDAN..... | PRESIDENT      |
| H. WOODS.....  | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| D. CAUSEY..... | SECRETARY      |

### MEMBERS

N. BAKER  
V. McCULLOUGH  
E. ROYALL  
F. MARSHALL

P. HART

L. MELTON  
F. LANGSTON  
G. RANDLE  
G. BECKMAN





## Terpsichorean German Club

MOTTO: "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

COLORS: Crimson and Cream.

FLOWER: The Red, Red Rose.

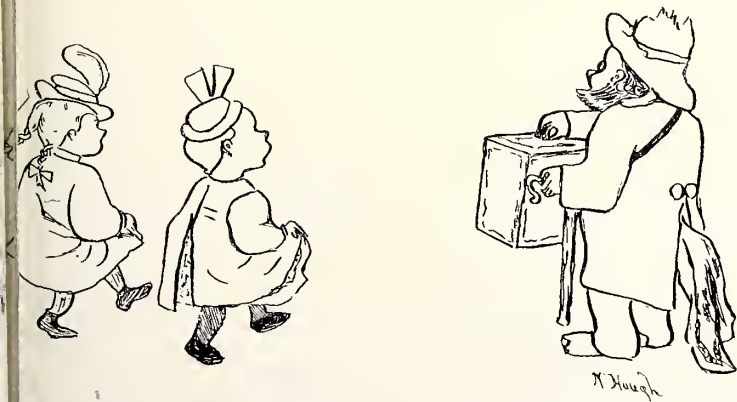
### OFFICERS

L. STEM.....PRESIDENT  
 M. CARTWRIGHT.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

### MEMBERS

H. BROWN  
 E. MURRAY  
 E. MACFARLAN  
 A. SPEIGHTS  
 J. STEM

E. BROWN  
 L. MACFARLAN  
 E. REMBERT  
 R. DURANT  
 V. TAYLOR



# KAPPA EPSILON

COLORS: Champagne and Violet.

KATHERINE ROBINSON.....MOST SUPERB CASSIOPEIA  
 ELIZABETH Du BOSE.....ALL-VIGILANT ANDROMEDA  
 ULMER FISHBURNE.....MOST AUSTERE SCRIBE  
 BERYL MARTIN.....WORTHY CRÆSUS  
 ROSAMOND BURDINE.....WINGED HERMES



PLEIADS

KATE HENDERSON  
 GRETCHEN SALLEY  
 ELLA MAY CUMMINGS

GRACE McDOWELL  
 RUTH RILEY  
 GENEVA MURRAY



## The Peaceful Pipers

EMBLEM: The Calumet, the Peacepipe.

COLOR: Red.

|                    |               |
|--------------------|---------------|
| C. E. BOSTICK..... | CHIEF         |
| E. RAVENEL.....    | MEDICINE-MAN  |
| J. RIVERS.....     | WAMPUM-KEEPER |

### SQUAWS AND PAPOUSES

EULA LAWTON  
 MARY HOWARD  
 EUDORA KIRK  
 FRANKE LESESNE  
 NAN TRANTHAM

RUTH WANNAMAKER  
 MARY ELLIS  
 ULMER FISHBURNE  
 ANNIE GANTT  
 ELIZABETH DU BOSE

ESTHER ROYALL



## The Game Cocks

COLORS: Purple and White.  
 PLACE OF MEETING: Sumter, S. C.

ALICE HILL.....CHIEF COCK  
 LOUISE CARSON.....ASSISTANT COCK  
 FRANKE LESESNE.....TREASURER

### OTHER COCKS

GENEVIEVE RANDLE  
 ADELE PITTS  
 ROSE CHEYNE  
 AGNES BRYAN

TERESA CHANDLER

SUSIE DICK  
 MAGGIE MAY SEALE  
 CARITA RANDLE  
 MARGARET CHEYNE



## Eta Pi Club

PASSWORD: Marcum! By all Means!

AIM: To Eta Pi (eat a pie).

|                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| "NIBS" TROTT.....    | CHIEF PI ETA           |
| "FAT" RANDLE.....    | ASSISTANT CHIEF PI ETA |
| "MOTT" CHANDLER..... | ETA PI SCRIBE          |
| "LU" SEALE.....      | DOUGH PI               |

### THE OTHER PIETA (S)

"Ess" ROYALL  
 "SOOT" ASHE  
 "JIGGER" JAEGER  
 "DAGO" WILLIAMSON

"JEFF" MACDOWELL  
 "LEAN" RANDLE  
 "RUSH" LEE  
 "HEL" WOODS

### MOST HONORED PIETA (S)

MISS SARA MARCUM

MISS CAROLINE MEANS



## Πi Sigma Phi

COLORS: Garnet and Olive Green.

### OFFICERS

|                       |                |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| LOUISE CARSON.....    | PRESIDENT      |
| GENEVIEVE RANDLE..... | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| FRANCES MARSHAL.....  | SECRETARY      |
| THEO YOUNG.....       | TREASURER      |
| ALICE HILL.....       | MONITOR        |

### MEMBERS

MARGARET COKER  
 LUCILE BENTZ  
 ADELE PITTS  
 MIRIAM JENNINGS

AGNES SPEIGHTS  
 SARAH HERIOT  
 HELEN COKER  
 ALICE PEGUES



## The Starvation Bunch

Here comes the Starvation Bunch,  
 Caring for nothing but lunch,  
 Served from tin cans,  
 Or any one's hands,  
 Our one hope, our aim, is lunch.

AIM: To get enough for once.

PLACE: Where we will not be disturbed.

SONG: Hard Times.

TIME: After the "lights out" bell.

PASSWORD: Give me something to eat.

### OFFICERS

|                        |           |
|------------------------|-----------|
| JULIAN EASTERLING..... | PRESIDENT |
| MERLE ELMORE.....      | SECRETARY |

### MEMBERS

LILA BEST  
 OLIVE CALHOUN  
 EMILY GLAZE  
 EULALIE COLEMAN  
 BLONDE BARTON

JULIAN EASTERLING

LUCILE DAVIS  
 KATE LINDSEY  
 MERLE ELMORE  
 GLADYS MILHOUS  
 MAY GARNER





## M. D.

COLORS: Billious Yellow and Sickly Green.

PURPOSE: To kill or cure.

MOTTO: To live up to our oaths.

PASSWORDS FOR 1911-1912: Ghosts, devils, and goblins.

PLACE OF MEETING: Private Ward No. 56.

|                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| ELSIE MARTIN.....    | BIG CHIEF M. D        |
| GLADYS BRIDGES.....  | BIG CHIEF'S ASSISTANT |
| ELIZA MACFARLAN..... | CHIEF M. D.           |
| LULA DOAR.....       | CHIEF-ASSISTANT       |

### FAITHFUL IMPS

HATTIE HANKS  
 LUCIE EDWARDS  
 MAY PYATT  
 EDWINA McCOLLOUGH  
 MARY FORD

SADIE BOURNE  
 BENNIE MOORE  
 CHALLIE PYATT  
 ERNEST GANDY  
 LOUISE MACFARLAN



## The Gibble Gabble Gobble Girls

FLOWER: Cauliflower.

COLORS: Orange and Olive Green.

AIM: Not to let our studies interfere with our regular club meetings.

MOTTO: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die."

TIME OF MEETING: When we have the dough.

PLACE OF MEETING: Behind "Keep Out" signs.

CHIEF OCCUPATION: Eating.

FAVORITE HANG-OUT: Y. W. C. A. Store.

FAVORITE SONG: Come on Little Girlie, if You Want Some "Grub."

PASSWORD: U-need-a biscuit.

### MEMBERS

|                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| GRACE EDWARDS..... | PRESIDENT       |
| PEARL RIGGS.....   | VICE-PRESIDENT  |
| MAY HARRELSON..... | SECRETARY       |
| JULIA CUTTINO..... | TREASURER       |
| NORA ROGERS.....   | HEAD COOK       |
| LOUISE LIDE.....   | WAITRESS        |
| CLAUDIA BROWN..... | BOTTLE WASHER   |
| KELLA WATSON.....  | BIGGEST GIBBLER |
| MARY HILL.....     | BIGGEST GABBLER |
| MADGE EDWARDS..... | BIGGEST GOBBLER |



## Orangeburg County Club

OBJECT: To bring the Orangeburg girls closer together.

### OFFICERS

MINNIE BOWMAN.....PRESIDENT  
 MARY INABINET.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
 EMILY GLAZE.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

### MEMBERS

GWENDOLYN ABLE  
 SUSIE ALBERGOTTI  
 BERTIE BARTON  
 MAY BOWMAN  
 HATTIE BRUNSON  
 LEILA BRYANT  
 MARY LOU DIBBLE  
 OLIVE DUKES  
 LOIS DUKES  
 ELEANOR EDWARDS  
 BLANCHE EDWIN  
 PANSY EDWIN  
 EDNA ETHERIDGE

TWEEDIE FICKLING  
 ALMA FUNCHESS  
 BELLE FUNCHESS  
 MARGARET FURSE  
 LOUISE GOLPHIN  
 EMILY GLAZE  
 DESIR GILMORE  
 BETTY HOLLMAN  
 LOUISE INABINET  
 MARY INABINET  
 ETHEL JONES  
 KATHRYN JOSEY  
 CLARE LAWMAN

MATTIE MATHENY  
 LUCILE MELTON  
 GRACE PATRICK  
 ANNIE PEARSON  
 GEORGIA PERRYCLEAR  
 JULIA PORTER  
 REBA SANDERS  
 LILA SMITH  
 SUSIE SOUTHERLAND  
 LIZZIE WIGGINS  
 ELLA WILKES  
 LUCILE DAVIS  
 ERNESTINE BOINEAU



J—Is for Jabbers, what we long to be.  
 F—Is for Feasting, "the place" don't you see.  
 F—Is for Friday night, when we are free.

**JOKERS**

ANNA BRADLEY  
 OLIVE DIXON  
 MAUD BRADHAM  
 LENA PARROTT  
 LUCILE DAVIS

PAMELA BRADHAM

JANIE WILSON  
 ETHA PALMER  
 EMMA BEATY  
 FANNLE DOWLING  
 MAY BOWMAN



## ΦΣΔ

NELL BAKER  
MARY BEAN  
ELIZABETH BROWN  
HARRIETT BROWN  
DEE CAUSEY  
MARY CARTWRIGHT  
RUBY DURANT

SALLIE MAY TILLMAN

VIVIAN McCOLLOUGH  
ESTHER MURRAY  
VIRGINIA OWENS  
ESTHER REMBERT  
JESSIE STEM  
LILLIAN STEM  
VIRGINIA TAYLOR



## The Merry Ten

TIME OF MEETING: Saturday nights.

MOTTO: Laugh and the world laughs with you.

PLACE OF MEETINGS Anywhere.

COLORS: Light Blue and Gold.

BERTHA BURRESS, PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB

### MEMBERS

ANNA RANKIN  
 CLAUDINE SKELTON  
 RUBY WILLIFORD  
 LERA McCOWN

EDITH BIGBY

LEATH WILLIFORD  
 LILLIAN SHIRLEY  
 WALLIE McCOWN  
 ANNIE SHIRLEY



## The Senior Sisterhood

### OFFICERS

KATE HENDERSON.....PRESIDENT  
 BERYL MARTIN.....SECRETARY

### MEMBERS

KATE ROBINSON  
 GRETCHEN SALLEY  
 MIRIAM JENNINGS  
 RUTH RILEY

LUDIE JORDAN  
 TULLEY ATKINS  
 NINA RUSSELL  
 MINNIE RUSSELL



## Hampton County Club

PRISCILLA HART

LILY ELLIS

CAROLINE CUTTING

STELLA KITTLES

CLIFTON GRAY

BEULAH HIERS

MARGUERITE FURSE

JULIA FOLK

ENICE FITTS

ALMA FENNELL

FLOSSIE FRIPP





## The F. T. G. Club

MOTTO: Rock Hill is a good town.  
 PURPOSE: To boost Rock Hill.

FLOWER: American Beauty Rose.  
 COLORS: Gold and Black.

### OFFICERS

|                        |                |
|------------------------|----------------|
| GENEVIEVE BECKHAM..... | PRESIDENT      |
| FLORENCE REID.....     | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| CARRIE SADLER.....     | SECRETARY      |
| SADALLE STEWART.....   | TREASURER      |

### MEMBERS

SADALLE STEWART  
 FLORENCE REID  
 ISABELLE FEWELL  
 ANNIE LYNN CAROTHERS  
 MARY CRAIG  
 LORETTA CULP  
 ANNA RODDEY MILLER

NELLINE HAYE  
 JOSEPHINE HEATH  
 JEROME JOHNSON  
 CARRIE SADLER  
 EVELYN FREW  
 MARY FREW  
 CATHERINE FREW

GENEVIEVE BECKHAM



## Ouija Club

TIME OF MEETING: At witches' hour.

PLACE OF MEETING: Where the spirits dwell.

PURPOSE OF MEETING: To pierce into the future.

### MEMBERS

AGNES EVANS  
ERNESTINE DANIELS  
FANNIE DOWLING  
LILLIAN KIBLER  
ELIZABETH TOWNES

LOIS BURLEY  
NAN HOUGH  
MAY GARNER  
MARY SYFAN  
CHARLOTTE HARRELL

SUSIE LINDSEY



## AAA

1. Between the morn and the midnight,  
While the moon is behind the tower,  
Comes a time after people are sleeping,  
That is known as the witches' hour.
2. You can hear in the air above you  
The fluttering of drapery coarse;  
The sound of broomsticks flourished,  
And voices low and hoarse.
3. A sudden rush from nowhere,  
A sudden flight thro' space,  
On broomsticks swiftly riding,  
They come to their meeting place.
4. And then they hold their revel,  
Until the peep of day,  
When astride of black cats you can see them  
Quickly speeding away.

### WITCHES

EDITH AUSTIN  
ALMA CHAPMAN  
EMMA COOPER  
PEARLE CLARDY  
RUTH EADY  
EDMONIA GARRETT

CHLOE JOHNSON  
LUCILE SHAW  
EVIE SHANDS  
MARGUERITE TOLBERT  
IMOGEN WILKES  
CLARA WOODS



## Sophomore Farmers

AIM: To worm (Wearne) out of all the work that we can.  
MOTTO: "Make hay while the sun shines."

MARGARET MARION  
CORNELIA HOPE  
EMILY GLAZE  
LOIS DUKES  
JULIA FOLK  
ELLA CROSS  
EDMONIA GARRETT

EDWINA MCCOLLOUGH  
LULA WOODS  
CLARA WOODS  
LUCILE SHAW  
SALLIE MAE TILLMAN  
ANNIE GANTT  
ESTHER REMBERT

MARGUERITE TOLBERT

MR. WYLIE, the farmers' friend



## Fugitives

MOTTO: Forward, the light brigade!  
Charge from this place! Ahead!

OBJECT: To flee from worry.

TIME OF MEETING: When those are not about who would detain us.

PLACE OF MEETING: The Fountain of Forgetfulness.

DESTINATION: Somewhere in silent, wind-swept space—in bookless land—in no man's place.

RUTH RILEY, LEADER

### FOLLOWERS

LEONA THOMASSON  
OLIVE KNIGHT  
ANNIE BUDD KENDRICK  
JULIAN EASTERLING  
GLADYS MILHOUS  
ALMA BLACK

MIRIAM JENNINGS  
MARION RILEY  
MAYME COLVIN  
ELLA WILKES  
BLONDE BARTON  
RUTH THOMASSON



## Senior Jaw Workers

FLOWER: Tea Olive.

TIME OF MEETING: 8:30 P. M.

COLORS: Salmon Pink and Bottle Green.

PLACE OF MEETING: Senior Hall.

### MEMBERS

CAROLINE BOSTICK  
 PRISCILLA HART  
 EULA LAWTON  
 MADGE EDWARDS  
 IRENE BRYAN  
 ULMER FISHBURNE  
 BESSIE PEGRAM  
 ESSIE ROYALL

MARY V. LEE  
 ELIZABETH DU BOSE  
 VIRGINIA CARROLL  
 MARGARET COKER  
 MAY FORD  
 VEVA RANDLE  
 LOUISE CARSON  
 NAN TRANTHAM

GERTRUDE DICK



## Bridge Club

TIME OF MEETING: When hearts are trumps.

OBJECT: To play the deuce.

|                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| RUTH WATKINS.....       | ACE OF HEARTS     |
| LUCILE MELTON.....      | KING OF HEARTS    |
| ROSAMOND BURDINE.....   | QUEEN OF HEARTS   |
| GUSSIE CALHOUN.....     | JACK OF HEARTS    |
| FLORIDE HARRIS.....     | QUEEN OF DIAMONDS |
| ELIZABETH VAN WYCK..... | DEUCE             |
| GENEVA MURRAY.....      | JOKER             |

### TRUMPS

LOUISE COLEMAN  
 KATHRYN CORNOR  
 ELLA MAY CUMMINGS

MAMIE DONOVANT  
 WILHELMINA FANT  
 CATHERINE MACAULEY



## Correspondence Club

### OFFICERS

|                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
| LILLIAN STEM.....    | PRESIDENT      |
| SARA HERIOT.....     | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| SADIE RICHARDS.....  | SECRETARY      |
| RUTH WANNAMAKER..... | TREASURER      |

### MEMBERS

CAROLINE BOSTICK  
 CORA BRAMLETT  
 LOUISE BROWN  
 ISABEL COLEMAN  
 LOIS DUKES  
 RUTH EADY  
 MADGE EDWARDS  
 LOIS ERWIN  
 MABEL EVANS  
 MARGARET EVANS  
 DAISY FOSTER  
 ULMER FISHBURNE  
 ANNA HARMS  
 PRISCILLA HART  
 SARAH HERIOT  
 ELLEN HUGGIN  
 EUNICE HUGGINS

MARY HUGHEY  
 ALICE JONES  
 MARY LEE  
 NINA LEWIS  
 SUSIE LINDSEY  
 BERYL MARTIN  
 NELL PEGUES  
 DAISY PHILLIPS  
 CONNIE PORTER  
 MAY PYATT  
 ESTELLE RAWL  
 NELLIE RAY  
 ELIZABETH RAVENEL  
 RUTH RILEY  
 CARRIE REAVES  
 GERTRUDE STROTHER  
 RUTH WATKINS

LENA WILLIAMS





## Glee Club

### OFFICERS

|                         |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| KATE HENDERSON.....     | PRESIDENT      |
| RUTH RILEY.....         | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| RUTH WATKINS.....       | SECRETARY      |
| MISS ELSA JENNINGS..... | DIRECTOR       |

### MEMBERS

FIRST SOPRANOS  
 MARGARET COKER  
 SALLIE MAY TILLMAN  
 HELEN WOODS

SECOND SOPRANOS  
 RUTH WATKINS  
 MARIE McNAIR  
 EMMA WOODRUFF

FIRST ALTOS  
 RUTH RILEY  
 VIRGINIA CARROLL  
 KATE HENDERSON

SECOND ALTOS  
 JESSIE MARSHALL  
 MARY KIRVEN  
 HARRIET PALMER

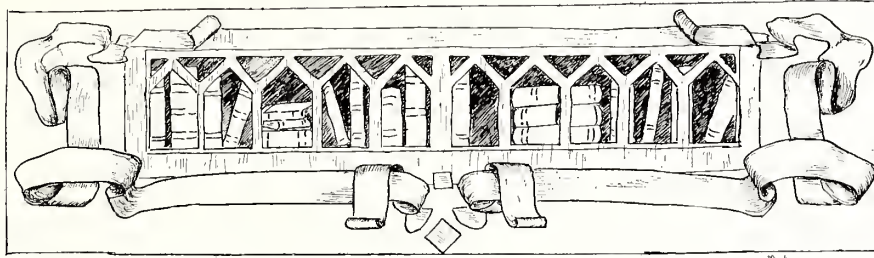


## Winthrop Choral Society

### OFFICERS

|                     |                         |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| MARGARET COKER..... | PRESIDENT               |
| EMMA WOODRUFF.....  | VICE-PRESIDENT          |
| HARRIET PALMER..... | SECRETARY AND TREASURER |
| NELL BAKER.....     | LIBRARIAN               |
| MISS SIDDALL.....   | DIRECTRESS              |
| MISS WARD.....      | ACCOMPANIST             |





## Miss Afraid

PRIZE STORY FOR 1911.

**K**AWAI SAN, MISS AFRAID, was sitting alone under the cherry trees, which were now in full bloom in the garden of the mission school. The bees droned lazily among the blossoms overhead, and the birds were chirping a happy spring song all around her. From across the high stone fence she could hear the shouts of the boys in the mission school next door as they became absorbed with that queer new American game of baseball, which Sensei Thomas, their teacher, was trying to play with them. But Kawai San was thinking. She had queer thoughts, for they were a mixture of Japanese and American. During the two years which she had spent as a student at the mission school her ideas of propriety and of life in general had become almost hopelessly mixed. For instance, she had always *known* that one was disgraced if she should engage in conversation with a man before she was married to him, and yet she had on many occasions seen her teacher, Miss Morris, talking to the Sensei from next door; nay, more, she had even seen them walking together in the public streets. And yet Sensei Morris was to Kawai San the very embodiment of all that was beautiful and admirable and perfect in the world. It was very different. Maybe it was just different where Sensei came from way over in the big America. She wondered what it was like over there, and if everybody had hair like gold, like Sensei's, and if all the eyes were blue like hers. And so her thoughts were wandering far, far away from the mission school and her surroundings when suddenly she awoke with a start from her reverie, for something happened.

That something was a baseball from over the fence. She picked up the ball and was wondering what she should do with it, when a head popped over the fence and two little black eyes were peering eagerly around for the missing ball. And then he saw Kawai San.

"Did you see our ball?" he asked shyly. He was half afraid to make such a breach of etiquette as to address the young lady. She was Miss Afraid, you know, and she dared not speak, so for answer she held up the ball, peeping shyly up at him all the while.

Still she thought she would throw the ball to him since the fence was so high, and, anyway, he must not come over into her side of the garden. But try as she might her weak little arms could not send the ball over the fence. Several times, with all her little might, she tried and was in despair at not being able to return it. Truly the situation was tragic. He *must* not come over for the ball, and she *could* not throw it over the fence. Just as Kawai San was on the verge of tears, Mr. Thomas' voice was heard from the other side.

"Go over, Ono San and get it! Hurry! Play ball!"

And so Ono San bounded over the fence and stood before the little girl.

"Will the honorable young lady kindly return to me the insignificant ball? We need it to play with."

And she handed it to him timidly, holding her head down and not daring to look at him. It was so very wrong, she knew.

He was evidently thinking the same thing, but his eyes lingered on the charming picture before him, and he became emboldened to say, not without great hesitancy and a great display of bashfulness, it is true: "What is the name of the most honorable one whom I now humbly address?"

And she answered simply, "Kawai San. Morris teacher calls me little Miss 'Fraid."

Then he bounded over the fence and was gone. Somehow, after he was gone, there seemed a big loneliness in her heart and Kawai San began almost to wish he had not come. And then she began to realize how wicked it was to talk with Ono San. She remembered that Miss Morris, her Sensei, had told her always to come to her when things went wrong, and so she pattered up to the house and out into the little garden at the side, where she found her Sensei sewing.

"Oh, Sensei, it is bad and wicked I is. I made talk with a man. It is wicked to talk with a man. And I can not be sorrowful. It was gladness. It is wicked to make talk with a man, but how it is nice!" and she tucked her head in Sensei's lap with very shame.

"Yes, I quite agree with you, Miss 'Fraid. It is nice to talk to a man, but I don't think it's wicked. But tell me all about it." Miss Morris was pretty and fair and very young.

And then followed a minute account of the adventure and a detailed description of Ono San's charms and appearance. And the little girl, forgetting herself in her excitement at the recital of her story, went into perfect little Japanese rhapsodies over this first real experience in her perfectly conventional and well-ordered little life.

"Oh, Sensei, he was beautiful, beautiful. He was beautiful, even as you, dear Sensei, was Ono San."

"Why, Miss Afraid, you talk like one in love," laughed Miss Morris.

"What is that, to be in love, as you say? I can not know for what that may mean."

And then Sensei explained to her as best she could what the expression meant, and when Kawai San understood, she asked with the utmost innocence, "Is Sensei too in love?"

The little Japanese girl did not see the crimson blush which suffused her teacher's face, or if she did she did not understand. But Kawai San continued:

"Is you, Sensei, is you what you call in love? Is you, Sensei?"

And Sensei could not lie to her little charge, so she said very quietly, "Yes, Kawai."

"And what then, when one be in love?" persisted the child.

"Sometimes the two people marry, and sometimes——"

"Sometimes what, Sensei?"

"Sometimes they don't," was the simple reply.

"Is you going to make marry with some one, Sensei?" asked Kawai San, guilelessly.

"I—I don't know. But run now and get your sewing. You must not ask me that kind of questions. Run on now."

And then it dawned on Kawai San that Sensei Morris was in love with Mr. Thomas, the Sensei from next door, Ono San's Sensei.

After this, Kawai San did not avoid the boy from next door, but on several occasions she and Ono San held short but blissful conversations through an opening in the wall between the two mission schools. In one of these interviews Kawai San quite guilelessly confided to him that Morris Sensei said she was in love with him, and she also added that she thought her Sensei was herself in love with Thomas Sensei. And then she had to explain to him what being in love meant, and she resorted to broken English, since her own tongue could not convey the idea as Miss Morris had conveyed it to her.

"I know what it means to be in love," Ono San had said, proud of his knowledge. "Thomas Sensei told me, and he say people must make marry when they be, as he call, in love. I think my Sensei be make marry with Morris Sensei. Maybe some day I make marry with you."

"But, no, Ono San, I must be make marry with a other man. I be make marry when the chrysanthemums bloom again, with the man my parents say I make marry with. I not come back by school any more. I must be make marry with big, ugly man, maybe."

And at that moment all the lightness died from their hearts, for in their new-found happiness they had forgotten that in Japan one must marry as one's parents decree, regardless of the dictates of one's own heart. It was all a business arrangement, arranged and settled by the parents and a marriage contractor.

And so the year's work at school was closed and both of these little Japanese children returned to their homes, not for the summer months only, but never to return again to the schools where they had known so much happiness. Little Kawai San had grown thin and pale and no longer did she laugh and play as of old. She had prayed to the Great Buddha in the temple among the hills, that he might deliver her and save her for Ono San. But even as she prayed she remembered that Buddha taught that all her sorrow comes through desire, and that it was wrong to desire anything. And as she could not help but have this desire, she knew even the great Buddha would not hear her.

All through the summer months after Kawai San had returned to her home, when the world was beautiful and peaceful, when the whole earth was full of blossom and bloom, and every heart was light with laughter and song, the poor little girl grew sadder and stiller. She had tried once to talk to her mother about it, but she had gained no comfort or sympathy from her. Instead, she had been soundly berated, she was a wicked, ungrateful and undutiful daughter! That mission school was all to blame, putting queer, shameful notions into her head.

And so Kawai San grew more and more despondent. She would go off alone to nurse her little grief and talk about it all to herself. Once when she was all alone she said, "Sensei said when one is in love sometimes they make marry, and sometimes they don't. I will, I think, be one that will don't."

But at last the day arrived when the prospective bridegroom, accompanied by his parents, should make his first formal call on Kawai San's parents. In spite of the fact that she dreaded the day, she was all in a flutter of excitement over the event, but more especially over the wonderful costume which for weeks had been in the process of being made for her to wear on this occasion. And as she was being arrayed in all her glory by almost a host of aunts and mothers and sisters, she could not help going into perfect little thrills of rapture over her own beauty and over the very gorgeousness of it all.

But when the excitement of being dressed was all over, and the time had come for her to enter the room where the bridegroom, with her parents, was waiting, her little heart failed her; she was afraid. And because all other help had failed her, she prayed to Sensei Morris' God. "Dear Sensei's God," she prayed in faltering English. Silly child, she thought; Sensei's God could hear only those prayers uttered in Sensei's tongue. "Sensei's God, if you do love Kawai San as Sensei say you do, if you do be see and know ev'things as she say, do not make Kawai San make marry with a big ugly man when her heart beat all, only for Ono San. Hear Kawai San pray. Oh, I is so 'fraid!"

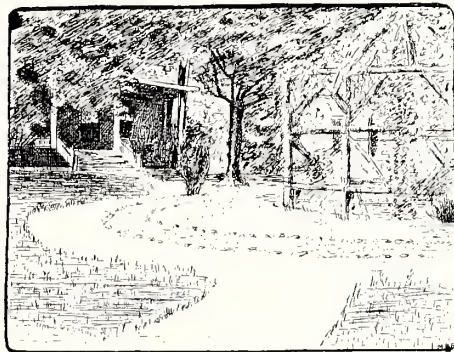
And then she went in to be inspected by her future husband. She dared not lift her eyes; this would be the height of immodesty on the part of a maid of Japan, but she advanced, bowing humbly with her eyes turned floorward. All at once she heard the bridegroom catch his breath and half utter an exclamation of surprise. And then it was that Kawai San forgot her home training, her maidenly reserve, everything save that she was dying of curiosity, and so she peeped shyly, slyly, up into the face of the man before her. And the eyes of Kawai San looked for a single instant into the eyes of Ono San. But there was no expression of surprise on the part of either; no betrayal of the fact that they had ever seen each other before. After greetings were over, Kawai San, though her heart was nearly bursting with joy, very calmly served tea, while her mother and father conversed with the young man and his parents. Nor could one have told from his outward reserve and dignity that Ono San too was filled with joy. For he had not known before, either, that his parents had selected Kawai San for his bride.

They were married soon and a few weeks later they went up to the mission school to tell the Sensei about it. Instead of his walking indifferently along while she trotted at his heels, after the manner of the Japanese, they quite scandalized the proprietors by skipping hand in hand up the long walk which led to the mission school. They saw Miss Morris and Mr. Thomas standing at the head of the step, and they noticed that they, too, were holding hands, and that that light which never was on sea or land shone on their faces. The eyes of the two little Japanese children had been sufficiently opened by this strange new experience of theirs to recognize the fact that it was not the reflection of the autumn sunset which caused it.

"Why, it's Miss Afraid and Ono San!" exclaimed Miss Morris, delightedly, as they came up the steps.

"No, Sensei," said Kawai San, "I is not afraid now any longer when I have Ono San. He call me now not Kawai San, but Kiku San, his chrysanthemum."

NAN TRANTHAM.





## The Overworked Junior

### I.

I had to write a poem for the *Journal*,  
I had to write a lesson-plan in Ped;  
I had to write a theme on "Who I Am,"  
And my thoughts were playing leap-frog in my head.

### II.

I had to write a letter home for money,  
I had to study Psy and History, too;  
I had to make a box in Manual Training  
And I didn't know which was the first to do.

### III.

I thought and thought, and finally fell a-dreaming,  
And dreamed I saw Columbus studying Psy.  
My lesson-plan contained no presentation,  
And my theme, all mixed with money, turned to pi.

### IV.

My box became a man who offered succor.  
He said he'd write my poem at a stroke,  
But he assumed a look so threatening and angry,  
I awoke and found it nothing but a joke.

MAY BELL AVERY, '13.

## Leap Year in the Cotton Patch

When de sun is jist a-peepin' 'round de gray an' dusky hill,  
An' de roosters all a crowin' jist to hurry up de dawn,  
Dere comes a line of stragglers up de slack an' lonely rill,  
Dey've come to pick de cotton in de morn.

Dey sling de worn-out crocus bags, an' each un takes a row.  
Sakes! How de snowy cotton's stowed away,  
You can hear dose darkies singin'; dis un loud an' dat un low,  
An' dey keeps it steady up de blessed day.

Dey talks of craps an' 'possums; an' of watermillions ripe;  
Dey talks o' niggers wrastlin' for a fall.  
De sun, hit's a-brilin' an' dere dusky heads dey wipe,  
But jist de same dey 'scuss de 'proachin' ball.

De gals dey talks of dresses, of dere pinks an' reds galore,  
An' all de pigeon-wings dey'll cut dat night.  
De men, dey talks of liquer—hit's good an' fine for shore,  
An' of dere bosom shirts so stiff an' white.

Now dere's jist one pickaninny what's not j'inin' in de fuss,  
She's a sittin' on a crocus on de ground,  
An' dere's jist one other nigger who t'inks o' course he mus'  
Be talking to his angel what he's found.

Dis angel wants to quit de fields; she wants to grace de home,  
An' she say she'll not pick cotton any mo'.  
"If you want me standing by you, never, never mo' to roam,  
You got to marry me—now tell me so."

Now, Zeekel he was han'some, an' he cared for all de gals,  
An' do he loved his Sally sump'n mo',  
He had no thought o' leaving all his true and trusty pals,  
An' he, smarty, up an' told his Sally so.

Now de noon bell am a-ringin' an' de hands are off at last,  
But Sal and Zeekel takes a different road.  
Sally weeps dat all de lovin' is over—yes, is past,  
And on her heart dere lies a heavy load.

For Zeekel has refused her! Alas, what mus' she do?  
'Twas de only nigger dat she cared to wed,  
An' when Zeekel comes repentant for to see his Sally true,  
Alas! He found his angel child was dead.

In de corner 'mong de cotton dey has buried dusky Sal,  
An' a cotton stalk grew dere so straight an' tall.  
Zeekel weeps dere often for his broken-hearted gal,  
But de farmer gets de biggest bolls of all.

L. FRANCES STICKNEY.

## Discovery of Eggs

**A**T the sound of this plebeian word the Supercilious One turned up his aristocratic nose. But eggs are historic, and things historic have long pedigrees, and are thus aristocratic—"Therefore, O Supercilious One, turn down thy nose and hear me." Thus spoke the Sage.

"The discovery of eggs," quoth the Sage, "came about in a very rare and wondrous fashion. Thus it was, O Supercilious One:"

Once upon a time (at least I think that time had commenced at that point) our great ancestor, the prehistoric man, striding forth in anger from his cave (his wife had let the biscuits burn) tripped upon a treacherous root and fell. Falling thus, his nose came into painful contact with the beak of an ireful bird, and forcibly ejected the creature from its domiciliary nest. The prehistoric man's nose was large, and contact with the beak was not severe enough withal to stop his mad course downward. Therefore, crash! Splutter! the prehistoric man's nose entered the first-known egg and remained there.

"Our erstwhile angry ancestor raised his head, and, incidentally, with it, the egg. Sitting up, amazed, as a sticky fluid commenced to run down his august nose, he opened his mouth to show his surprise, and lo! the sticky fluid flowed, flowed straight into his open mouth.

"Snap! went the prehistoric man's jaws. Smack! went his prehistoric lips. He had tasted the fluid and found it good.

"Crash! went the ancestor's head into the nest again, and again he experienced the delicious, trickling thrill. Thus he continued until the ireful bird's domicile was a wreck.

"Next, my ancestor sat him down contentedly and licked his chops reflectively. He was no longer hungry, and wished that he had not quarreled with his wife. By Jove! he must make up, for that prehistoric woman had an abnormal sense of smell, and would be able to smell out for him nests like this from afar. He must make up; so he did. And thus," concluded the Sage, "was the first egg discovered. Now, O Supercilious One, use thy nose to such good purpose and thou mayst then be allowed to turn it skyward, as thou wilt."

MARY V. LEE, '12.



## Juan

IT was the full of the moon, and the bright light lit up the place almost as if it were day. But there was a charm that the day could not give, a softness in the atmosphere, a picturesqueness in the scene, which fades with the sunrise. The little group of huts looked beautiful in the moonlight. Peace reigned there. The little village seemed asleep. The silence was broken by a voice singing:

“Underneath the starry flag  
We’ll civilize them with a Krag,  
And return us to our own beloved homes.”

The voice came from the largest of the huts. None of the buildings could be called pretentious. All were made of bamboo, the roofs of which were thatched with reeds and coarse grass.

“That sounds good, Kent,” someone said, “but I’m about convinced it’s all theory. It doesn’t work right. I will tell you now, it will take more than mere shot and powder to convince these heathen that they belong to Uncle Sam.”

“Captain, I’ve been thinking about that myself. These people have no reason. They can’t see that they are struggling against a power that has their own good at heart, that they will be helped if they stop resisting Uncle Sam’s authority. Poor devils! All they know is that something, represented by a few hundred soldiers in khaki uniforms, has come to take their homes away from them, shoot them if it can, and burn their houses on the least provocation. It is an instinct for them to protect themselves, their homes, and their rights, and it is not their fault if the Lord didn’t give them sense enough to know that only when they stop whacking us in the back with bolos, and throwing those nasty spears at our heads, will we stop. But what’s to be done? Things are getting worse every day. When they do quiet down for a day or so, those scoundrelish priests of theirs go to work, and we have another big bololing. It’s beyond me.”

Both became silent. For some minutes the two men sat watching a group of dark objects in the street in front of them. Suddenly the group separated; angry voices reached the men’s ears; shrill yells and curses broke upon the air.

“It’s nothing but that trifling bunch of little gamblers! They’re in a dispute over a worthless piece of copper, I’ll warrant, and ready to take each other’s scalps. Let’s go settle it!” said the Captain, and he and Lieutenant Kent dashed into the midst of the fray.

“Here, Juan! I might have known you were in the mix-up!” said the Captain in the native tongue. “Go into the house! All you others go! Vamoose! I’ll have no gambling rascals yelling around my house in the middle of the night. Go! And don’t you come sticking a bolo in my back tonight, either.”

The half-naked Filipinos sneaked away, and were soon lost to sight behind the huts.

The officers strode back to the quarters. “And, now, Juan, what’s the row about? I thought you promised me you’d never be caught with those rascals again! How can I depend on a guide that won’t keep his word?”

The boy looked appealingly at his master. "Captain, you no sabe. You see, I no play. I listen. I see what they talk. I tell you! Mericano good! They do right. They know. Filipino no sabe. He all time fight—that all he know. He kill—Juan Mericano's boy. Captain and all good to Juan. He no forget. They say, 'Captain no good—he lie—he devil—he'—and I say 'no, he my friend.' That the row, Captain. I no play."

"Juan, you're a good boy. You see right, and don't ever let any of those fellows make you believe that you are not right. The Mericanos will take up for you. Your people like you, though you work for us. Try not to get into any more rows on my account. They may turn against you. Sleep here tonight. There's a 'hike' tomorrow. I'll need you early."

Once again the little village slept in peace. Occasionally a dark face could be seen peering into the open quarters, or a hissing sound could be heard as some old house snake, chasing an unfortunate rat, swished up a wall.

It was very dark when the troops assembled next morning to prepare for the "hike." During the night, a heavy rain, a thing which can always be depended on in summer in the Islands, had fallen. The men were depressed and ill-humored at having to start out under such circumstances. There were no horses to ride, and no roads to follow. It would be a fight on foot through a dense and treacherous jungle. And there was no one to lead them but Juan, and Juan was a native. What could be expected of him! The commander, however, had ordered the "hike." They must obey.

As the sun rose, headed by little Juan, the soldiers filed out of the village in a single line. Noiselessly they threaded their way in and out of the nipa huts, out of the flat country and into the hills. The mountain paths were so narrow, the underbrush so dense in places, and the way so steep and slippery that it was impossible to march soldier-fashion. Consequently, they went single-file, each man picking his way, and following the example of the savage against whom he was fighting.

Juan insisted on staying at the head.

"You trust me, Captain. Always you trust me. I know what Filipino do—I know his way. He fight from the tree. I see in time maybe. He no kill me. No, I one of them. And then—if I go behind, I run away, maybe," he threatened, with a bit of humor.

"No, Juan, I don't think you will run away. You've been faithful. I'm sure I can trust you. Stay here, if you will."

So on they went for mile after mile, crossing the hills, fording swollen streams with water up to their waists, wading through marshes with mud to their boot-tops, cutting their way through a net-work of vines and briars. It was slow traveling, but persistence is a thing for which the soldier is noted. The protestations and ill-humor of the men had been exhausted before they left the village, and now no word of complaint was heard from a single lip. They went as silently as possible. The savage has keen ears, and the least sound makes him alert and ready to attack an enemy.

Occasionally a rifle-shot rang out, and a boa constrictor fell to the ground from the limb where it had poised to drop upon its prey in a death-grasp. Sometimes a man would

stop to catch a butterfly, larger than his hand, that had ventured out in search of sunshine. Again a murmur of admiration passed over the company as a gay-colored bird rose out of the bushes and flew shrieking to its mates. A look of indignation and surprise passed over many a face, as the victim found himself facing a mischievous monkey that had taken his head as the target for a well-aimed cocoanut.

All laughed at the pranks of the monkeys, admired the beautiful creatures of the jungle, and grew serious at the approach of peril.

For many hours they had been walking, and all were beginning to feel utterly exhausted, when the line unexpectedly came to a halt. There was a commotion at the front. Quickly the word was passed back, "Juan has attacked the Captain."

Immediately the excitement grew intense. What could it mean? One boy against these men? It was impossible!

They crowded up toward the Captain, but were pushed back, and his voice was heard in command: "Get to your places! There has been a mistake. Instead of attacking me, Juan has saved my life. You could not see what I saw. There was a spear aimed at my head. Quick as a flash Juan saw it, and sprang toward me. The only way to keep it from killing me was to knock me down. Thank you, Juan! And now, all of you, look sharp! That fellow is too much of a coward to come out again soon, but there may be others."

The march was continued. The density of the undergrowth increased. It became more and more difficult to find a place where one could step with safety. For a long time they continued in a slow and laborious fashion. Again the line came to a halt. Again there was a stir at the head of the line. A common thought sprang into each man's mind. Could the Captain be killed? But the word passed back, "It is Juan. One of those devilish traps."

Yes, it was Juan, the brave little Juan, caught in a trap set by his own people. The men crowded forward, this time without repulse. Silently and softly the Captain and Lieutenant Kent lifted him from where he had fallen.

It was a deep hole in the middle of the narrow trail. It had been cunningly covered with a net-work of vines, woven so skillfully that no eye could detect the deception. Underneath this covering were concealed numbers of poisoned bamboo spikes. Into this Juan had fallen.

The Captain's voice had grown husky. "Twice today he has saved my life, men. This last time, I fear, he has given his life for mine. I must go back with him. Perhaps I can save him yet. Kent, you may come, too, if you will. Jackson, I leave you in command of the company. You will see that the expedition succeeds."

Then the Captain arose, and, aided by the men he had chosen, turned with Juan toward the boy's native village, while the soldiers stood motionless, their hands raised in a salute.

The journey back was long and tiresome. As they went on the village seemed to get farther away. Every man felt a great tenderness for the little Filipino boy. Every man knew that had it not been for him they would have been without a commander. Every man hoped with all his heart that the boy might reach the quarters in time for the effects of the terrible poison to be counteracted by a powerful medicine.

At last the end of the journey came. The boy was laid on a soft, white bed, and his friends began to work for his life. The medicine was administered, and for a time there seemed to be hope. The boy regained consciousness long enough to understand the situation.

"I see," he gasped, "I die. But, Captain,—you—trust—me. I tell you. I know Filipino. I die. Bury—me—in—the flag, Captain—I'm a Mericano."

It was not long before the news of Juan's death and the cause of it became known among the natives. They gathered from all the hills, and as the troop of American soldiers assembled to lay little Juan to rest, a queer lot of curious natives hovered around.

There by the side of the Americans who had given their lives for their country, Juan was laid to rest. Wrapped in the flag which he had learned to love, and lowered to the sweet strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," the song which he had come to know, he received a soldier's funeral.

The natives looked on in awe at the simple services. When the funeral rites were ended, a great emotion surged over the spectators. As the soldiers started back to the quarters, the presidente of the village stepped toward the Captain.

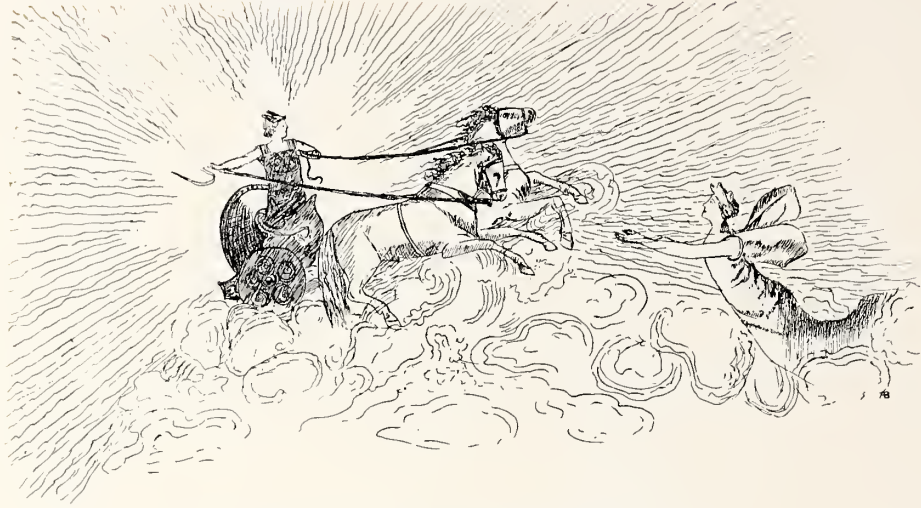
"I wish to say," he began in the native tongue, "that we will fight no longer. You need no longer fear the bolo, the spear, and the poisoned bamboo. You need no longer waste your shot and powder on the Filipino. We have killed one of our own. It is a sign that we are no longer to resist."

After a little treaty had been made, the Captain and Lieutenant Kent returned to the quarters. Then the Captain turned toward his companion. "Kent," he said, "the Filipino may not have reason, but like all human beings, he has a heart."

L. J., '12.







## An Astronomical Romance

In the dawn of the first creation,  
In the infinitely early beginning,  
Dame Nature, the mighty world-maker,  
The mother of skies and of waters,  
With wonderful figures did fashion,  
Among infinite numbers of creatures,  
One which she called Earth, a daughter  
Of all the fairest, most loving.  
Oh, she was a wonderful creature,  
A laughing, exuberant maiden,  
Who frisked like a lamb in the springtime,  
Who laughed with the laughter of brooklets,  
Who danced like the sunlight and shadows.  
Whose breath was the sweetness of perfume,  
Whose face had the whiteness of lilies.  
And this maiden was quite contented,  
Quite happy in placid obeying  
Of all that her mother commanded,  
Of all that she wished and directed.  
Quite happy, I say, till the time came  
When youthful fancies are ruffled,  
When maiden longings go straying  
Into places more strange and more distant.  
Well, to the Earth so it happened,

Her fancy, as others', went straying,  
And soon her fancies she followed.  
Far from her mother's dominion  
She fled through the air with gay freedom.  
She sang as a lark sings in summer,  
She danced in the air in sheer gladness,  
She rejoiced in triumphant young beauty.  
Ah, sad that such pretty, gay folly  
So soon should be lost! For the maiden  
One day as she strayed through the heavens  
Saw a sight of great beauty and strangeness.  
Straight before her there was a creature,  
A glowing, a dazzling bright creature,  
A form of most marvellous beauty.  
His head was crowned with bright glory,  
It was the sun in his splendor.  
And the maiden then felt his power.  
Her heart burned and fluttered within her,  
Her whole form quivered and trembled.  
Her eyes drooped, nor could she raise them,  
Her breath came sharply and quickly,  
Like one who pants with swift running.  
Trembling she was, and hot blushes  
Chased o'er her cheek's ivory whiteness.  
She quivered and struggled, but strongly.  
Oh, strongly his sweet power drew her.  
Her fair feet faltered, but slowly,  
More slowly drew nearer and nearer.  
She was there! His breath was upon her,  
Her eyes were closed and her blushes—  
Modesty's veil—burned crimson.  
His arms were about her, embraced her,  
And nearer they drew her, and nearer.  
Then she raised all faltering, but bravely,  
Her lips more red than two roses.  
So the young Earth found her lover,  
And now they are wedded, and never,  
Oh, never! Oh, never! Oh, never!  
While time doth last shall she wander  
Away through the space of the heavens,  
Away from the zones of his power,  
For he hath caught her and held her,  
His lovely fondness impelled her,  
And she's his forever, forever.

LENA WILLIAMS, '12.



## The Moving of "Jeems"

### I.

They have moved him away from room fourteen,  
And put him in number eight;  
Away from the room we know so well,  
As the room of Jeems, the Great.

### II.

The walls will echo no more the names  
Of Shakespeare, Bacon and Burn (s),  
Or other men that are known to fame,  
Whose works we have tried to learn.

### III.

The Queen of Faerie will feel dismayed  
When she finds he has moved away;  
Mine Host of the Tabard, too, will grieve,  
And the Knight, and Squire Gay.

### IV.

And so it is down to number eight,  
They have moved "our darling Jim";  
But if it were to the ends of the earth,  
We'd "sure" go after him.

M. W.

## As It Seemed to the Mass

One of the Winthrop officials went to Charlotte to attend a play. The train on which she returned was delayed by a wreck, and she was behind time in reporting for duty.

## As It Seemed to a Lover of Chaucer

### WINTHROP COLLEGE TALES

FROM THE PROLOGUE

(With apologies to Chaucer.)

#### PART I.

A mayde ther was, and that a worthy one,  
That from the tymè that she first begun  
To be had lovèd mirth and pleasantrie,  
And eke as well freedom and courtesie.  
Ever to wenden, on a pilgrimáge,  
To some fair town with full, devout coráge  
Redy was she; and it bifel one day  
That sondry players were to play a play  
Most merye in a town y-clept Charlotte;  
And in hot haste the mayde permission got  
From him who for the nonce her lord was and her sire,  
Him of great reverence, the knight of the shire.  
To horse then gat she, a most fiery steed  
That brought her on her pilgrimage with speed.  
Most wondrous swift he was, and gret of strengthe;  
Y-built was he likewise of noble lengthe.  
And as he plungèd thro' the starry night  
Her eyen twynkled in her hed aright  
To think upon the play of revelrye,  
And eke upon herself so deere to see.

#### PART II.

The play was played, and home the mayde was wending,  
When lo! the steed that all his strengthe was lending  
Unto her wish, did stop and would not go.  
Fortune who first was friend became a fo.

“Mischief on thee!” quod she, “I must get on  
And meet my noble governour anon,  
Who would not esily forgive my gilte  
If that I of the day one minute spilt.  
Oh, bring me out of my adversitee  
That am y-fallen from my high degree.”  
But stone-still stood the steed. The mayde in dole  
Hour after hour her lord’s time stole,  
And was in such dire desperatiòn  
That steed, play, mayde—she wished all in perditìon.

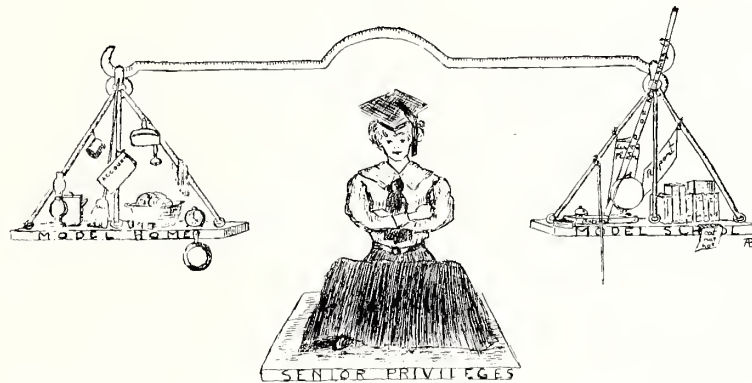
### PART III.

Arrivèd late, the Shire’s knight to meet  
The mayde, alas, went with unwilling feet.  
“To tell my fault,” quod she, “I will not spare,  
’Twas all for revelrie I forth did fare.”  
“Pees,” said the knight; “no more of this! ’Tis right  
To be in all thy revelrie bedight.”  
Thus, like a frere, he heard confession,  
And pleasant was his absoluciòn;  
So that the mayde her stars above did bless,  
And cleped him fáder for his gentilness.

---

### TOAST

Here’s a toast to the Toast Man,  
As welcome is he as the Postman.  
While Winthrop thrives,  
And one teacher survives.  
May he never turn to a Ghostman.



## Senior Privileges

I. On reaching Seniorhood, each fair damsel is allowed to adorn herself most becomingly in the long-wished-for (?) Senior cap.

II. In the Model Home, she is allowed to partake of such rare privileges as totin' coal, making fires, sweeping and dusting, cleaning lamps, and hearing beneficial talks on etiquette.

III. She is given two periods a week for her constitutional nap. These are known, however, as Child Study periods.

IV. She is kindly asked by Tommy to write lesson plans on Bible character and

geographic topics; and she is also introduced by him to the celebrated Mr. Mace, and allowed to become intimately acquainted with him.

V. Twice a year—on rare occasions oftener—she is *Grant-ed*, by *Dr. Fertig*, the kind gatekeeper, a week's sojourn in the *Parks* of the Model School. At times she strolls leisurely along the smooth pathways, but she stumbles at other times over rough *Cobb-lestones* and then her hope *Withers*. But she looks up, sees her *Dip* beckoning her onward, takes heart and wins the goal.



## The Story of the Stone

The time was the noon hour, and pleasant the weather;  
The Geology students were drowsing together;  
"Unknowns" was the subject. Each girl racked her brain,  
How, leaving her's unknown, her diploma she'd gain.  
I held mine upward. "A mere bit of stone,"  
I said; "yet consider how strange, how unknown"—  
And then to my wonder, my utter dismay,  
The little stone stirred, and thus spoke up straightway:  
"I grew in a forest, a fern maiden fair,  
Beloved by many a brave fern knight there,  
I was most happy till one day befell  
The dreadful misfortune of which I shall tell:  
One day I heard noises most awful and dread;  
A terrible dizziness shot through my head.  
The earth was a tremble—a horrible sight!  
I clung to my mother in excess of fright.  
Down, down we went—downward! All chaos the world;  
The hills and the valleys together were whirled—  
The daylight, the sun were hidden from sight.  
It seemed we were wrapped in the darkness of night,  
For buried were we 'neath the depths of the sea.  
The queer ocean creatures danced 'round us in glee,  
And leered at us strangely. They stared in my face  
In a way so ill-mannered it was a disgrace.  
An echinodermata, while passing us by,  
Gave me hysterics by a look from his eye.  
A great monster sturgeon with mouth set a-grin  
I feared was just ready to gobble me in.  
I struggled to move, to shrink from his sight,  
For great was my horror and dire was my plight,  
Not a step could I stir, not a move could I make.  
"Oh, mother dear, save me, and help me escape!  
Let us hide from these monsters so bad and so bold!  
My mother turned toward me both frightened and cold.  
"Oh, child," she cried, "in this terrible night  
Those creatures have changed you to stone with pure fright."

L. W., '12.





# L I F E

AT WINTHROP



## Suppose



Suppose the world should have a fit,  
And everything should change—  
And men and girls, and good and bad,  
Something should disarrange.

Suppose the Sophs were not so wise,  
And Freshmen had good sense,  
That Juniors were not dignified,  
And Seniors all were dense.

Suppose our teachers did not give  
A single III or IV;  
Suppose we had no rules at all—  
No teachers on our floor.

S'pose we'd chicken every day,  
And fruit, dessert, and pie;  
And had the right all breakfast time  
Snug in our beds to lie.

Suppose we did not have to go  
To classes every day,  
And teachers had to jig around,  
And do just what we'd say.

And it would be a funny sight  
If all the men in town  
Should part their hair from ear to ear,  
Instead of up and down.

Suppose—well, no, let's don't suppose  
Another single bit.  
For what good will supposin' do?  
We might as well just quit.

## Jokes

ELIZABETH DUBOSE: "Gee, my head is about to burst!"

MARGARET COKER: "Don't let the sawdust fly my way, please."

MR. WEARNE: "Some of my Sophomores are very impertinent sometimes. Miss Burress, what would you do in such a case?"

ANNIE BURRESS: "Sit on them, of course."

MR. WEARNE (a look of alarm and fright on his face): "Oh! I couldn't do that."

MARY KIRVEN: "To-night Helen Woods is going to sing 'O God, Be Merciful.'"

LENA WILLIAMS (in the Model Home): "Oh, what a cute little sifter this is! I've never seen one like it before."

BELLE (the cook): "Lawd, honey, what you doin'? Tryin' to sift flour through dat fly-trap?"

VIRGINIA CARROLL (excitedly): "May, did you know that that girl has the awful disease called kleptomania?"

MAY FORD: "No! Is she trying to cure it?"

VIRGINIA: "Well, she's always taking things."

LOUISE CARSON: "That girl must be crazy about me. Every time she looks at me she smiles."

VEVA: "No; she merely has a sense of humor."

MRS. NORWOOD (telling a visitor about the catastrophe on the ice): "Yes, and one of the girls fell down and broke her wrist on her elbow."

FRESHMAN (trying to put books in the radiator): "What a complicated bookcase! I just can't make these books stay in."

## Rime of the South D. Matron

It is our South D. matron,  
And she stoppeth one of three,  
"With thy boisterous tongue and thy noisy laugh,  
Now wherefore vex'st thou me?"

"The class-room doors will soon be closed,  
The second bell has rung;  
The girls have now already met,"  
The poor little Freshman sung.

But she holds her with her long, slim hand:  
"There is a Rule," quoth she,  
"I know, but I am already late"—  
And then her hand dropped she.

But she holds her with her glittering eye!  
The poor little Fresh stood still,  
And listened like a three-year-old—  
The matron had her will.

She crouched up close against the wall,  
She can not choose but hear,  
"To Dr. Johnson you'll be sent—  
There's no use for that tear—

And now, begone, but this I tell  
To thee—while in this school,  
When through these halls thou dar'st to walk,  
Remember thou that rule."

She went like one that had been stunned,  
Through the silent hall alone,  
And a wiser and a sadder girl  
She waked the morrow morn.

## Jokes

She went out on the ice to skate,  
And came down with an "Ouf!"  
And suddenly the ground came up  
And hit her in the "mouf."

PRISCILLA HART: "You know, Lil, I know a married couple whose birthday and university come on the same day."

ELLA MAE CUMMINGS (running into Ruth Watkins' room just after finishing her theme on "Who I Am") exclaimed: "Oh, Ruth, I have ended my life."

"Why are Winthrop teachers like thermometers?"  
"Because they register so many zeros."

MISS SPENSER to Ludie Jordan, chairman of scenery committee for Curry Play):  
"Now, Ludie, we'll have to get a spinnet."

LUDIE (with a bright look on her face): "There's one up in the Manual Training room, Miss Spenser. Miss Wycliffe showed it to us when we were studying spinning. It's big, but I believe it will do."



Dr. Hodge, judging from the following answers received by him from Seniors, has decided that the Class of 1912 is the most original that ever came to Winthrop.

MR. HODGE: "Miss Muir, you can tell us about the origin of instincts."

MARJORIE M.: "Er—er—they're—er—instinctive, aren't they?"

MR. HODGE: "How did the children of Israel get into Canaan?"

CARRIE REAVES: "Why, their leaders led them."

MR. HODGE: "Miss Early, how did the children of Israel come from Egypt?"

KATE: "Er—I don't know what you mean, Mr. Hodge."

MR. HODGE: "How did they come; by rail, or boat, or what?"

KATE (after minutes of deep thought): "Well, they didn't have trains in those days; I guess they must have come by boat."

## The German

The german's the nicest of all the affairs  
That we have from September till June.  
Then some girls can be boys,  
And the rest have those joys  
That come with a stroll 'neath the moon.

The german's the place for the queerest of talk  
That ever was heard upon earth.  
There the girls on great larks,  
Hear the boys' sweet remarks,  
And receive with joy and much mirth.

The german's the time for the brightest of chat  
That ever went on at a soireé.  
Then the "boys" all get bright,  
And the girls show no fright,  
As they help on the tender love-story.

Then give us a german at least once a week,  
Where we can forget all our sorrow.  
With a glass of fruit punch  
We will join all "the bunch,"  
And drink to the "boys"—of To-morrow!

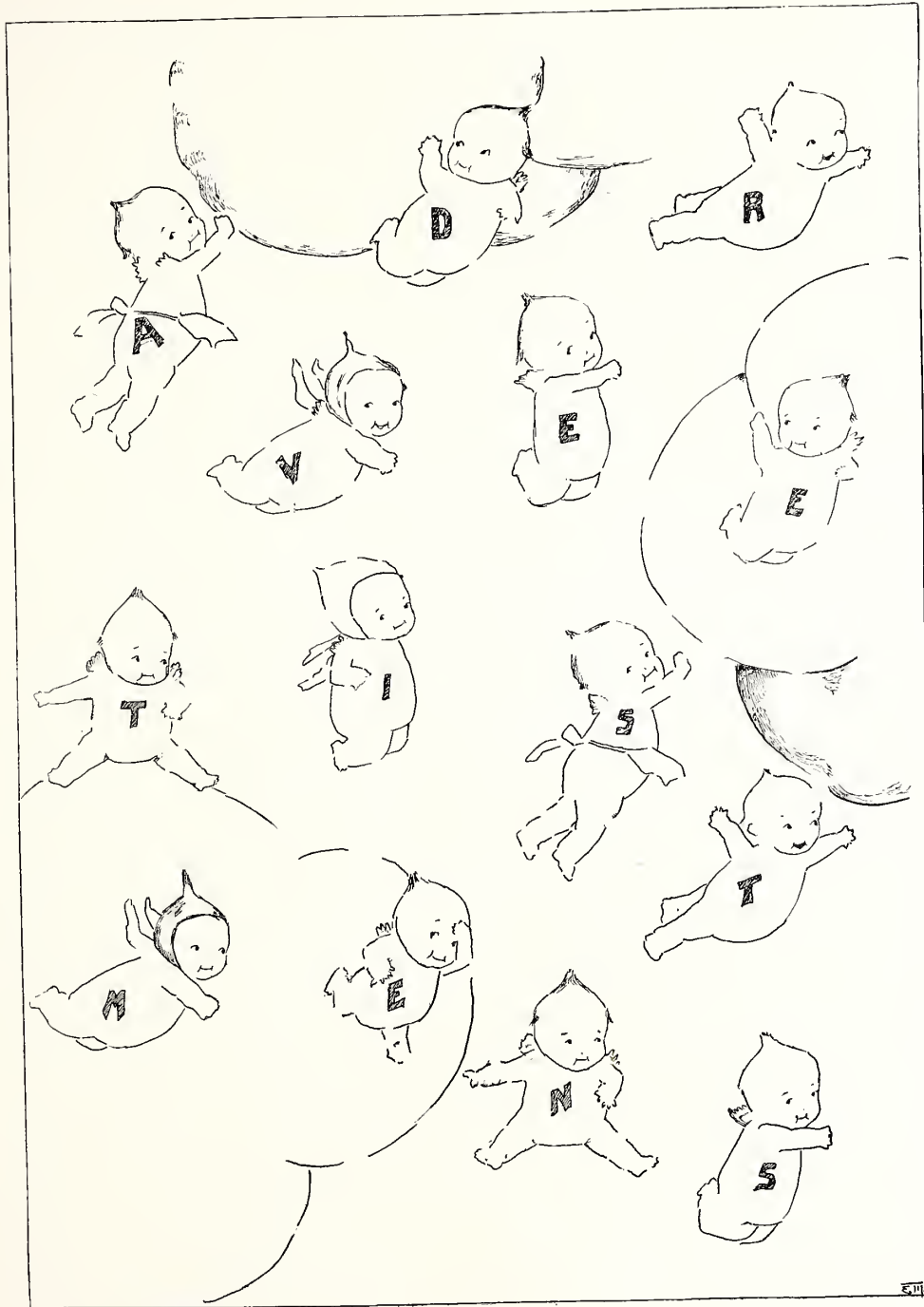
L. J., '12.





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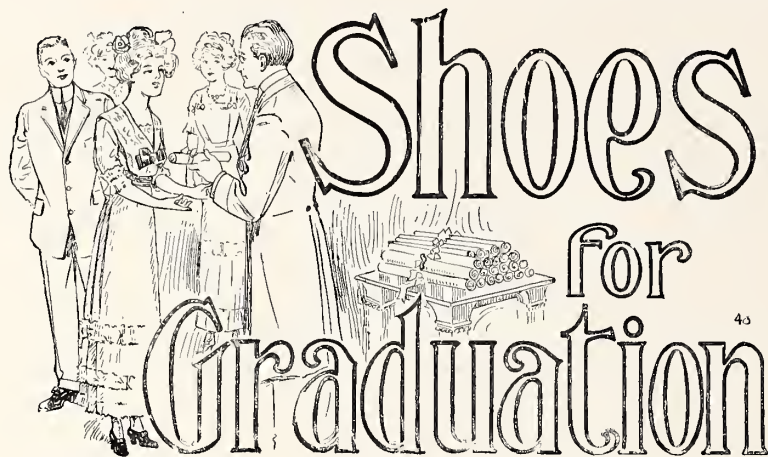
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