

320 RD.

S. J. J. J.

EXTRA

SENIOR NUMBER

We Hate to Lose You, We're So Used to You Now.

The Florida Flambeau

The Florida State College for Women

Vol. 5

Tallahassee, Florida, Saturday, May 31, 1919

No. 32

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR 1919

Saturday evening, May 31, 9 o'clock—Annual Junior-Senior Oratorical Contest for Board of Control Medals.

Sunday morning, June 1, 11:30 o'clock—Annual Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. L. E. McNair.

Sunday evening, June 1, 9 o'clock—Annual Public Session Y. W. C. A.

Monday, June 2, Annual Exhibition, School of Art, 10 to 12 A. M. and 3 to 5 P. M. School of Home Economics, 11 o'clock. Department of Industrial Arts, 10 to 12:30 A. M.

Monday evening, June 2, 9 o'clock—Annual Concert, School of Music.

Tuesday morning, June 3, 10 o'clock—Annual Business Meeting, Alumnae Association.

Tuesday afternoon, June 3, 6 o'clock—Annual Alumnae Reunion on the Campus.

Tuesday evening, June 3, 9 o'clock—Annual Class Day Exercises.

Wednesday morning, June 4, 10 o'clock—Annual Graduation Ceremonies. Baccalaureate Address by Dr. Lincoln Hulley.

Why So Pale?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Oh, John, if looking well can't move her,
Can you prevail
Prithee, why so pale?
Stop, stop, goodness, this won't do.
This cannot win her.
If Mary Deery will not come to you
Nothing can win her.
Plague take her!

DIRECTIONS FOR COMMENCEMENT PROCESSIONS

There will be two academic processions, one formed at 11:10 Sunday morning and the other formed at 9:40 Wednesday morning. Remember the minute and be prompt.

The President of the College asks that all members of the faculty and all students, not otherwise on duty, be present and take part in these processions.

Each academic procession will form, facing south, in the long hall of the basement floor of the administration building. The following will be the order of formation for Sunday morning and for Wednesday morning: Beginning at the south end of the procession, facing south; first elementary professional, second elementary professional, freshmen of the Normal School and first sub-collegiate, sophomores of Normal School and second sub-collegiate, freshmen of the College and juniors of the Normal School, sophomores of the College, juniors of the College, special certificate students, seniors of the Normal School, seniors of the College, graduates, alumnae, faculty, State Board of Education, Board of Control, the President of the College with the speaker. The formation will be double column throughout.

Special order for Wednesday morning: The members of the graduation classes and their maids of honor are asked to arrange themselves in line according to the order of names printed in the programs, beginning at the bottom of the list; otherwise the formation will be just as on Sunday morning.

The order of sitting in Chapel for Sunday and Wednesday morning will

SCHOOL IS OVER

Their Senior year is over. The end is near at last. Commencement day is almost here. Exams have all been passed. Praises to the teachers. And to their classmates, too. The Senior class is glad, indeed, their school is almost thru!

be as follows: Middle tier seats, front, student body; south tier of seats, front, faculty; north tier of seats, front, parents and friends of the graduating classes. All other seats are open to visitors except the twenty rear seats of the middle tier, which will be reserved for the maids of honor of the graduating classes, on Wednesday morning.

The Y. W. C. A. on Sunday evening at 8:45 will form in procession next to the library on the main floor of the administration building. Every member of the Y. W. C. A. is urged to be in her place.

Miss Helseth will direct the lining up of the academic procession and will lead the processional lines to their proper places in the auditorium.

Marshals and ushers will wear the college colors. The following will be marshals: Margarita Chillingsworth, chief marshal; Mary Zackary, Marian Shull, Mary Elizabeth Lockhart, Maud Collins, Lena Story, Gladys Davis and Loucine Umstead.

Those who will serve as ushers for the School of Music are: Edythe Dawn, Lelia Boring, Mollie McCaskill, Emma Peacock, Alma Richardson, Dora Shepard, Lillie Schuman, Augusta Winn.

Read the commencement calendar and keep yourself and your friends posted about commencement. The students are asked to retain their copies of the Flambeau as programs.

MISS "DAWTHY" SLEMONS INTERVIEWED

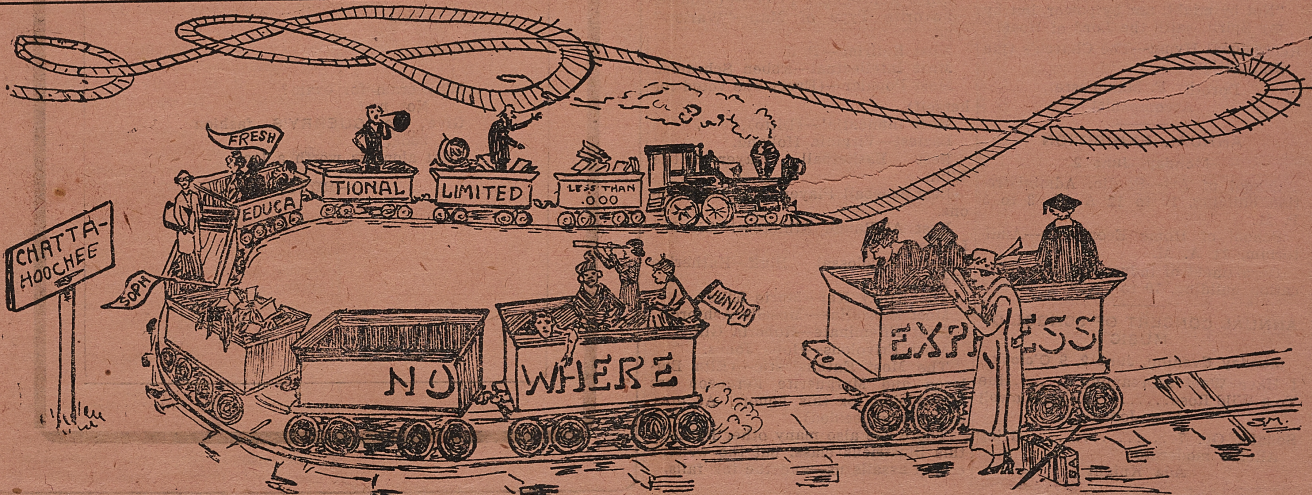
"Oh, rapturous day! Calooh! Calaaay! She chortled in her joy" when reminded of June 4 at one of our recent interviews, which, by the way, occurred just after Miss Slemmons, alias Violet Essau, had finished her hobnob with the spirit of the class of 1950, in which she set forth plans in detail for a gorgeous prom to take place on the new athletic field. The promming to be done in floral airships 'neath the light of a rainbow moon, to the strains of Sousa's Symphony Serenade.

Miss "Dawthy" Slemmons is, indeed, a genius of rare vision. Her career as Violet Essau, wife of the famous "Esau," snake eater and sword swallower in the Johnny Jones Carnival Show, has given her prestige and delightful pomposity not to be excelled on our campus.

Adept at portraying all walks of life, she has been seen the gorgeous and "jooled" Queen of Ireland in a robe "en train" of flowing green middy ties—or, again, the brown-skirted blue tied college woman, out for a jaunt down the Quincy road—said jaunt being termed her "constitutional."

Whenever the hand of a genius is needed, there our heroine is found. House presiding is her specialty. She delights in emergency offices, too, such as the terms served at the Annex '18 and at Broward '19.

After leaving the Florida State Collj, Miss Slemmons may be found anywhere from Orlando, raising tomatoes and Rhode Island Reds, to the tea gardens of the Waldorf. She may decide to resume carnival life—if "Esau is willin'.



Commencement Program

ANNUAL JUNIOR AND SENIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST FOR BOARD OF CONTROL MEDALS

Saturday Evening, May 31, 9 O'clock
The Nightingale and the Rose.....Hawley
Love's Sorrow.....Harry Rowe Shelley
UntilSanderson
Mabel Shelfer

JUNIOR ORATORS

The Call of the Rural Girl.....Ava Lee Edwards
Carry On!.....Florence Wharton
Social Unrest Expressed by Jew.....Grace Winn
Sous Bois.....Staub
Helen Ellis

SENIOR ORATORS

Information and Not Advocacy.....Moselle Ashford
'Twas Not in Vain.....Faye Burrows
Completing the Victory.....Nobie McLendon

ANNUAL BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Sunday Morning, June 1, 11:30 O'clock
Academic Procession of Officials, Faculty, Alumnae and Students
Allegro.....Mendelssohn
Violin Ensemble
Invocation
Love Divine (Daughter of Jairus).....Stainer
Henrietta S. Mastin and Emma E. Boyd
Scripture Reading
Mystica.....Sibelius
Gertrude Isidor
Hymn
Sermon—By Dr. L. E. McNair
Benediction
Ella Scoble Opperman, Accompanist
Violin Ensemble—Gertrude Isidor, Onie Rita Moore, Grace Logan, Dora Shepherd, Bertel Raa.

ANNUAL PUBLIC SESSION Y. W.

Sunday Evening, June 1, 9 O'clock
Helen Chase, President, 1919-1920.
Virginia Holland, President, 1918-1919, Speaker.
Processional Hymn—Lead On, O King Eternal—Y. W. C. A.
Prayer—Hope Jones.
My Task.....Ashford
Isabelle Eaton
Scripture Reading—Willie Igou.
Teach Me to Pray.....Jewitt
Thelma Harris and Mabel Shelfer
Hymn of the Ligats.
Common Sense Religion—Virginia Holland.
Silent Prayer.
Be Thou My Light.....Bilbin
Merle Foster
Installation of Annual Member, 1919-1920.
Hymn—Take My Life and Let It Be.
Benediction:
"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."
Recessional Hymn—The Church's One Foundation.
Dorothy F. Manchester, Accompanist

ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Monday, June 2
School of Art—Studio, Administration building, 10 to 12 A. M., 3 to 5 P. M.
School of Home Economics—Auditorium, 11 A. M.
Department of Industrial Arts—Education building, 10 to 12:30 A. M.

ANNUAL CONCERT OF SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Monday Evening, June 2, 9 O'clock
I Have Wept a-Dreaming.....Hue
To a Wild Rose.....MacDowell
Vve Jones
Sonata, Op. 7.....Grieg
Allegro moderato
Ada Knight

The Wind Song.....James H. Rogers
Prince Charming.....Liza Lehmann
Rosalia Gonzalez
Orientale.....Cui
Obertass Mazurka.....Wieniawski
Onie Rita Moore
The Morning Wind.....Bischoff
A Spirit Flower.....Campbell-Tipton
Katherine Reece
The Willow.....Goring Thomas
Sunlight.....Harriet Ware
Louise Eyles
Fantasie Impromptu, Op. 66, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Alice Carroll
In questa tomba oscura.....Beethoven
The Last Hour.....Kramer
Homing.....Dej Riego
Minnie Leah Nobles
Romanza (Cavalleria Rusticana).....Mascagni
Henry Etta Evens
Waltz-Caprice—"One Lives But Once".....Strauss-Tausig
Gladys Mosley.
Miss Manchester and Miss Stemler, Accompanists.

ANNUAL CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Tuesday Evening, June 3, 9 O'clock
Frontispiece.
Dedication.
Board of Editors.
Foreword.
Patron and Patroness.
Class Officers.
Class Flower, Motto, Colors and Mascot.
Class of 19.
Campus Scenes.
Athletics.
Class Poem.
Class Song.
Giftoarian.
Cuts and Grinds.
Farewell—Adios, Taay Lay way, Lev vel Allalia, Ismarladis, Vaarwel, Proscay, Farewell.
Cap and Gown Ceremony.

ANNUAL GRADUATION CEREMONIES

Wednesday Morning, June 4, 10 O'clock
Academic Procession of Board of Control, State Board of Education, Faculty and Students.
March.....Mendelssohn
Violin Ensemble
The Star-Spangled Banner
Invocation
Gypsy Aairs.....Sarasate
Gertrude Isidor
Baccalaureate Address—Dr. Lincoln Hulley.
Award of Medals
Conferring of Degrees by the President
Benediction
Recessional
Reception to graduates and their friends in the Library.

Senior Statistics

Favorite Professor—Mr. Elliot.
Favorite Study—None.
Chief Amusement—Going to Dr. Belamy's lectures.
Chief Amusement Place—Postoffice.
Favorite Type of Man—"Warlow" type.
Most Retiring—D. J.
Most Intellectual—Ebben Schramm.
Most Popular—(Every one voted for herself).
Most Influential—(Ditto).
Laziest—Virginia Holland.
Best Basketball Player—Nettie Winn.
Best Baseball Player—Dorothy Slemmons.
Best All-Round Athlete—Nobie McLendon.
Most Colossal Bluff—Katherine Wyckoff.
The Crazy Kat—Marie Ellis.
Most Masculine—Moselle Ashford.
Most Effeminate—Roberta Gillis.
Most Frivolous—Hope Jones.
The Most Enthusiastic—(Elta Burleson and Marguerite Ferguson are still vying for this honor. At present, yet undecided).
There are also many other lights in this illustrious class, but the writer's cramp assails us—and the ink falls.

Do You Know How to Drive Freckles Away?

Well, Miss Mary Margaret Monroe has kindly consented to give us for publication the formula by which she has maintained her complexion free from freckles.

But first I must tell you something about Miss Monroe herself and her apartment in order that you may more fully appreciate her remarks. On the day when I called on her, she herself met me at the door. She had just returned from one of her usually busy trips about the campus and was attired, as is her custom, in a white middy and dark skirt. On the couch under the window lay her famous straw hat, that hat which is the secret of her success, so Miss Monroe declares.

After a few remarks about the weather and other trivial things, I told Miss Monroe that I had been sent by the Flambeau to obtain, from her, instructions which would aid our readers very greatly. Miss Monroe looked thoughtful for several moments, but she smiled, with that quick friendliness all her own, and I knew that the day was won.

Getting up, she moved across to the couch, and, tenderly picking up her hat, she came back and placed it in my hand. "There, Mr. Z—," she said, "is the way that I keep freckles away. All my life, until just recently, I have had the greatest trouble, but after a great deal of study it dawned upon me that I must shade my face completely from the sun. Up and down the country I hunted and I was unable to find a suitable hat. On my last trip to Paris, chancing into a quaint, hidden shop, I found this treasure for which I had been searching so long. Since then, by diligently wearing it night and day, I have been able to eliminate those obnoxious freckles with which I struggled so long."

I had hung breathless on Miss Monroe's word and so absorbed was I that I scarcely noticed that she had ceased speaking.

"But, Miss Monroe," I asked, "how can the girls of America benefit by this? They cannot each and every one go to France and seek out unfrequented shops."

Miss Monroe smiled again—ah, she had solved that question of a nationwide interest.

"Since you are a representative of the Flambeau, Mr. Z—, and since I

know that if I tell you this confidentially you will print it, I will say to you only that there has been such a great demand for these hats by my friends that Kress' has decided to 'be the exclusive handler of them.'

I arose. "Miss Monroe, you have indeed rendered a great service to the civilization, I think, of America. Henceforth she will be thought of as the home of freckless women."

How to Succeed

By the Flambeau Detective

Were you afraid that you would fail or did you fail in your examinations this past week? Never need you ever have a thought on that score again, for a wonderful discovery has been made. Wonderful, you say? Wonderful is no word for it. The result of this discovery will revolutionize the world and students will attain such marks as only, in their wildest moments, had they dreamed of before.

A Senior, after much labor and experiments in the laboratory classes for four years, has derived a formula by means of which any one—any one, mind you—can obtain high marks. But will this Senior give points on how her method is carried on? Not she! Only by great sleuthing qualities on the part of the Flambeau staff has information been disclosed to the public in general. Here it is:

A smile plus a laugh at stale jokes—5 points extra.

A request for a dance—7 points.

A bouquet given frequently—4 points.

A call once a month at the teacher's home—8 points.

A handkerchief as a farewell gift—10 points extra.

But hush! Not one word to the Seniors. Let them go forth into life's struggle, little realizing that they have rendered themselves dear to successive classes by these equations for success.

Baltimore

Oh, lovely town of vaudeville shows, Baltimore, dear Baltimore, There is one Senior girl who knows About thy ways, O Baltimore!

Of all the places filled with joys, The best, she says, is Baltimore;

And for a bunch of all-round boys, You've got the goods, O Baltimore!

Why cram for exam?
Not me!
Give me **GUERRY'S** fashion book,
That alone is worth a look.

—RUTH HIRSCH.

Miss Byrne Declares That a Career Should be Secondary to Matrimony

"By all means," declared Miss Mary Deery Byrne, when questioned by our reporter. "What! A career chosen, even considered, when love knocks at the door of the heart?"

"Well, Miss Byrne," continued our representative, "may we ask you a few more questions concerning this engrossing subject? You, who are so shortly to embark on the troubled sea, will surely be able to satisfy some of the doubts that arise in our mind."

"To be sure," graciously assented Miss Byrne. "It would be a great pleasure to me to think that anything which I might say could be of assistance to others less experienced than I, who are contemplating the same step."

So, laying aside our hat, we settled ourselves comfortably and extracted our note-book.

"Oh, by the way, that is—would it be too much to ask you if a cigar would bother you?"

"No, indeed," smiled Miss Byrne, with a dreamy look in her eyes. "It reminds me in a way of John. He is so fond of a good cigar. He always said that he could think more clearly when smoking."

"What excellent taste John has," we commented inwardly.

"Oh, thank you"—this outwardly.

"Now, Miss Byrne, on this subject of matrimony, at what age do you recommend that girls marry?"

"As to that," responded Miss Byrne, "circumstances govern each case, I am sure. One of the most important things is the age at which they meet their affinity. That is usually the event which precipitates matrimony in most instances."

"Well," we perused, "there is another subject of grave import and worthy of deep consideration. Do you think that the wedding should occur at home or at the church?"

"Oh, that is easy," lightly replied she. "The more people you invite the better start you get in housekeeping. Have a church wedding, by all means."

"Ah, brilliant and far-seeing one," we exclaimed in rapture.

"Well," again we resumed. "Do you really approve of this custom which is rapidly becoming the vogue, that is, of the bride buying her own wedding ring?"

"That," replied Miss Byrne, with a trifle of hauteur, "is entirely a matter of individual taste. For my part, I wouldn't have much use for a man who let his wife buy her own ring."

We hastened to change the subject. "Miss Byrne, this is a question that so many are unable to answer; yet it seems so absurdly simple. Surely, you can give us some satisfactory reply: "How do you tell the right man when he comes?"

"Oh," softly smiled Miss Byrne with a look at the brilliant solitaire which sparkled on her finger, "that I cannot tell you. One must just know. You simply feel it."

Alas! The same inevitable answer! But there was one more question, yet we hesitated. How put it and not offend the feelings of our gracious hostess?

"Miss Byrne, there is one more thing. It is a rather personal question, but there are so many whom you might assist and enlighten by divulging the answer. Would it be too much to ask of you to tell us how "he" put the fateful question?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "That is rather personal, but as I said before, if I may render assistance to others by my remarks, I consider it my duty to express myself. It was with these words that he spoke. Ah, me! how well I recall them:

"Mary Deery, I hesitate to speak for fear of annoying you, but the time has come when I must ask you a very serious question, the contemplation of which has caused me many nights of restlessness and corresponding days of anxiety. You will understand my

reluctance in regarding a matter of such importance, when still your happiness has been wrecked by a similar trouble. Still, I thought that you should know the worst, for it may be best for both of us.

"I have communicated this state of my trouble to my most intimate friends, but they are false and untrustworthy. So in my distress, I appeal to you. I know that I ask a great deal of you, but will you put aside all social joy and devote all your spare time to careful consideration of the question that I ask? Hardly knowing whether to broach the subject or not, yet once more from the fullness of my heart, I ask you to decide the question: 'Do you think Jeff will ever be as tall as Mutt?'"



Read the Red Hot Edition

Will Be Back Next Fall

The Florida Flambeau



The Hirshberg Co.

Atlanta, Ga.



MANUFACTURERS
WHOLESALEERS
STATIONERS

We control the entire output of the

GLENDALE LINE

When you are engaged to your sister's brother-in-law, We have the nicest announcements you ever saw,

—STELLA FREEMAN.

At APPELYARD'S

Corinne Barker, they say, has been hurried away To CAMP MINNIE-HA-HA, so grand. Besides its attractions, there's another great faction— There's a large boys' camp near at hand.

If snappy stories you would choose, Get them from us—they cure the blues.

—ALBERTA DAVIS.

HILL'S BOOK STORE

When Broward Hall Victrolas disappear, If you want another one, come get it here.

—GEORGIA PELHAM.

E. G. CHESLEY, Jr.

When embarking on a theatrical career, Be sure and have your beauty struck here.

—EFFIE ROLFS.

E. BIEN, PHOTOGRAPHER

Near Capitol

KODAK FINISHING—
Quickest and best service in Florida. Special care given to mail orders. Any size roll of films developed for 10c, and prints from 3c up, according to size.
McDaniel Art Shop
Jacksonville, Fla.

Cotrell & Leonard
ALBANY, N. Y.
Makers and Renters of
CAPS
GOWNS
HOODS
Class Contracts a Specialty

If you want a new hat, come look at our line. We have them for every place, occasion, and time.

—MIDDIE TRAMMELL.

THE BAND BOX

Special Prices to Starving College Girls!
Beans! Beans! Beans!

—RUTH HOLMER.

YATES GROCERY COMPANY

SENIOR NORMALS!

Teach writing to the rhythm of a Ukelele. This is Helseth's greatest contribution to modern Pedagogy.

H. R. KAUFMAN

Handles the Best Instruments

Flambeau Flickers



You can tell a freshman by the way she bones.

You can tell a sophomore by the lordly air assumed.

You can tell a junior by the way the faculty imposes upon her.

You can tell a senior—but you can't tell her much.

Dr. Hayden: "What is a vacuum, Miss Schramm?"

E. S.: "I have it in my head, but I don't exactly know."

Nobie read this joke and thought it was quite funny:

Astronomer: "I spend my nights gazing at heavenly bodies."

Artist: "So do I."

Then Nobie retold same joke, and this is the way she told it, and wondered why Marie didn't laugh:

Astronomer: "I spend my nights gazing at the stars."

Artist: "So do I."

"The Kappa Deltas say their furniture is wearing out."

M. D. Burns: "I didn't do it."

Recently some young men from Gainesville came up to Tallahassee. They were invited out to college, and one said he prepared two speeches—one to deliver in the dining room, and one to deliver out on the campus by moonlight. How about it, Effie?

"A lovin' man is hard to find."

But Seniors seem to find that kind! They had a party to tell us about it, even!

It has been decided that some of the Senior Normals should not graduate, since, in having their pictures taken, they wore tassels on the wrong side of the cap.

One of the Seniors was so distracted over examinations that she stopped at the fountain on the arcade to sharpen her pencil.

LOST—One blue and white dotted dress. Finder please return to Dorothy Francis.

LOST—One blue sweater. Finder please return to Berdie MacAlester and receive reward.

LOST—15 hours of gym. Finder please return to Miss Hooker and receive reward.

Dean Salley: "Miss Foster, I may be mistaken, but I thought I heard you talking during my lecture."

Miss Foster: "You must be mistaken. I never talk in my sleep."

Oh, Seniors, we love you!
Oh, Seniors, so dear.
If you think we don't love you,
What a foolish idea!

A year later. Meroba Hooker writing a check, taking the last cent she has. She addresses it with a sigh to Dorothy Richey, for the instruction she has receive for extra lessons in gym.

Echoes From the Past

Birdie McAllister is an ardent admirer of Dean Salley. We can imagine her at any time in the future conducting her class in the following manner:

"Listen to me, my children," "I don't want to be dogmatic," but "the point I'm making is just this," "I believe in supervised study-period." "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid that that will make you think," but "a course of study is to go

by and depart from," "is that as clear as mud?" You know "I want to make it so clear that I'll understand it myself." Now "I want to give you a little assignment for tomorrow" because always remember—"put together what you want together."

A Dream

One night recently a Senior Normal had a dream. It seemed to her that she hear a voice ceaselessly reiterating this rhyme:

"I am surely smart;
I've certainly done my part
To put this class on the map.
The rest of you've had a snap.
Study? Why I don't have it to do,
And I make 96 on Psy, too."

The aforesaid Senior pulled the cover tight over her head. She realized that it was just the echo of Vivienne Allen's conversation.

Tennis Finals

The tennis finals were played off last week, the deciding game being between Jo Ballard and Elizabeth Robinson. Miss Ballard won the racquet and also a letter. This is the third successive year she has held the racquet, and in all probability she will win it next year also. It is hoped that more interest will be taken in tennis next year. The slack in enthusiasm was due to the intense heat in the afternoons.

The officers for the Athletic Association will be chosen at the first of next year.

The time has now come for your trousseau to make—
A visit to **WILSON'S** will be profitable to take.

—V. HOLLAND.

THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

GAINESVILLE

If ever you have any sons, my dears,
And you're wishing to send them to college,
The very best place we can recommend, dears,
Is **U. OF F.**—There they gain knowledge.

REGISTRAR, UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

GAINESVILLE

When locked out of breakfast
On account of a three-story flight.

THE ROYAL CAFE

Will suit your appetite.

—DOROTHY SLEMONS

If ever you see him coming to take Beulah,
Send him to **WILLIAMS**, the Tallahassee Jeweler.

Sweets will make you fat, they say;
Visit the Kandy Kitchen each day.

—TINA FRALEIGH.

TALLAHASSEE,
CANDY KITCHEN

When your tooth aches
"In the neck,"
Remember that **Dr. VAN BRUNT**
Lives with Peck.

—MARTHA LIVINGSTON

Now never get angry and give up in despair,
For **E. H. HOPKINS** your electrical tongs will repair.

—LILLIE SHUMANN.