

## LUCY DURR IS MAY QUEEN

### MAY DAY TRYOUTS ARE COMPLETED

Lucy Durr was almost unanimously elected May Queen at a meeting of the student body on Tuesday morning immediately after chapel. This election had been the subject of much discussion especially after the new rule had been made that only members of the Senior Class might have that honor.

The whole affair began a week before the election, when the May Day committee, represented by Miss Randolph gave several excellent reasons why the Queen should be chosen from the Senior Class. After some spirited talk, in which both views were expressed, the student body voted that henceforth the May Queen must be a member of the outgoing class. The same day ballot boxes were put out for nominations. The girls nominated were Agnes Wiley, Rita Watts, Julia Lake Skinner and Lucy Durr.

Because she has not yet received her Senior standing Lucy Durr withdrew her name, so the ranks were open to the first three.

At the meeting on Tuesday before the election took place, a movement was made that an amendment be added to the action taken before, saying that it would not go into effect until next year. The discussion waxed strong, but the majority voted for the amendment, and it was passed.

Lucy Durr was elected May Queen, and she fulfills all the requirements and traditions which the Queen must represent. The program is so arranged that the Queen shall play an important part in the dancing. Everyone knows how well Lucy took her part last year as Proserpine, and the committee says the part she has this year will be far better.

As a result of the tryouts of Thursday.  
(Continued on page 2)

## WAR ORPHANS TO BE RE-ADOPTED FOR 1919-1920.

### Agnes Scott Will Have Six Orphans Next Year.

"The fact that the war is over does not necessitate that we shall discontinue the support of our adopted war orphans in France," said Miss LeGate at a student meeting of last week. "There are several reasons why the students of Agnes Scott should even increase their support of the orphans. In the first place, there are at present more children who are deprived of parents and homes than there were last year; in the second place, it is absolutely necessary for the morale of France that she not feel a decline in American support and sympathy during the dark days of reconstruction; and, lastly, it is just as great a patriotic duty now as it ever was for each individual at Agnes Scott to express her loyalty for the cause of the Allies by helping to support the orphans in France." Aroused by this stirring appeal, everybody has been trying to find out just as much as possible about these French orphans.

One of the most valuable sources of information has been the Y. W. C. A. bulletin board on which are found pictures of three of our orphans who are just as sweet and attractive as our own wee brothers and sisters. A letter that one of our orphans has written telling of her appreciation for the aid sent from America and of her father's part in the great war is especially interesting.

(Continued on page 3)

## BLACKFRIARS' PLAYS HUGE SUCCESS

### STARS OF THE EVENING, R. RUSHTON AND M. KNIGHT

#### Type of Plays Well Liked

With a most enthusiastic greeting the Agnes Scott community received the Blackfriar plays of March 21 which struck a decidedly new note in the type of plays which have been presented here. They were fanciful in character, and seemed to bring back the days of "Once upon a time" which are fading quickly as we grow older. Just to be taken back for one hour to the land where queens and dreadful headmen walked abroad, or to the time when childhood faith was invincible, seemed to satisfy the audience.

Decidedly the star in "The Narrow Path of Good English" was Mary Knight, who played "The Girl." With her golden curls bobbing around her blue ribbon, and her infectious laughter she seemed to impersonate the spirit of childhood happiness. Her interpretation of this part was well done, and although this was her first appearance in a Blackfriar play, her reputation is made. She was ably supported by Margaret Hix as "The Boy," and even though this boy had attained the glorious age of fourteen, and had come to the running away stage, he acted as though he was scarcely ten. The only other real human character was "The Burglar," played by Llewellyn Wilburn in her usual strong manner. Her make-up was excellent, and the character she put into the burglar's part made a type role individual.

These were supported by three conventional characters, "Memory," Julia Hagood; "The Prologue," Goldie Ham, and "The Device Bearer," Lois Eve. A new feature was the entrance of "Memory" from the rear, and as she walked up to part the curtains, she called her audience to go back with her to childhood days.

The second play, "Would You Break a Promise?" had much more chance for good individual work. No doubt the best work of the evening was done by Rachel Rushton as "The Boy" who cooked the lentils. She was fascinating in a little blue Russian blouse and artistic brown cap. Left to guard the queen while everyone else went to the beheading, the boy had many visitors, who smelled his lentils. Rachel played her part without affectation, entering into the spirit of the little boy very delightfully, and in this role made a name for herself which is very enviable.

The other characters in this play were more or less conventional, but the girls who took the parts, without exception, put life and individuality into them. Marion McCamy played "The Queen," and it was somewhat of a shock to see a queen in a stylish, panel, black satin dress, and ballet slippers. "The Dreadful Headsman," Llewellyn Wilburn, took her part exceptionally well—in fact her strong point seems to be interpreting men's parts. The ax, with which she explained the process of beheading, took on gigantic proportions, seen through the terrified eyes of "The Boy."

"The Mime," Lois McIntyre, and "The Ballad Singer," Charlotte Keesler, brought in the element of frivolity and care-free life. Both were attractively costumed, and had caught the spirit of the play well. Anne Hart, in a pink gingham apron, was the personification of the milkmaid of fairy tales and nursery rhymes. "The Blind Man," Sarah Fulton, called forth some very clever work on the

(Continued on page 2)

## DELEGATES TO HOLLINS ELECTED

### A. S. C. TO HAVE THREE REPRESENTATIVES

Julia Hagood and Beff Allen will represent Agnes Scott at the meeting of Student Government associations of the Southern colleges to be held at Hollins college about the middle of April. Lucy Durr, who is president of the association, will be sent by the association at large.

As Lucy announced, it is best to send girls who are to be in charge of our association next year, and also girls who know something about the intricate workings and traditions of the college association. Julia was the first one elected. Then when choice had to be made between the other three nominees, Beff was chosen. "Oh, me, I can't talk well enough," sighed Beff, "and besides, I won't know how to act. I've never spent a night on the train in my life."

In spite of all they may say we feel quite certain that Julia and Beff will make the others wake up and take notice of Agnes Scott. Then, too, Lucy will be presiding, so everything will just naturally go off beautifully.

## GRAND OPERA LECTURE.

### Mrs. Jackson Talks on Aida.

On Wednesday evening, last, Mrs. Earl Sherwood Jackson and Mrs. Le Bos Muller gave a delightful evening's entertainment and instruction upon the subject of Grand Opera in view of the opera series which will be run in the Auditorium in Atlanta during April.

Mrs. Jackson is a wonderfully gifted reader and possesses a charming personality, both of which faculties, account for her wonderful hold upon the attention of her audiences. She has just come to Atlanta from an attendance upon the opera season in New York City and in the beginning of her evening's reading she expressed some little surprise and gratification over the fact that so many American artists are to be found in the ranks of both Metropolitan and Chicago Opera companies this year. Among these native artists are Rosa Ponnell and Dorothy John, the former of whom has but recently enjoyed a success which has been unequalled for a long time.

Mrs. Jackson continued her entertainment with a very interesting account of the circumstances which occasioned the composition of Aida, the opera which she had planned really to discuss on Wednesday evening. Verdi, the composer, wrote the opera during the later years of his life. It was composed at the request of the Khedive of Egypt to be used at the dedication of a new opera house. Necessarily the theme of the piece was to be altogether patriotic and as Verdi entertained a very unusual amount of love for his fatherland it was not difficult for him to introduce and maintain patriotic feeling throughout the opera. One of the most spectacular presentations of the masterpiece was in 1912 at the foot of the Egyptian pyramids. For this performance Verdi was paid \$20,000 and was offered an exorbitant sum in addition if he should himself direct the presentation. He, however, declined this offer and was content to leave the direction to others of the profession.

The events of the opera take place at Memphis and at Thebes during the reign of the Egyptian Pharaohs. All of the main characters, including Aida, the Egyptian slave, Amneris, daughter of the king of Egypt, Rhadames, captain of the Egyptian guards, Amosno, Aida's father, etc., are introduced.

(Continued on page 2)

## FOLLIES OF '21 "Cutest Thing of the Age"

### NEW TALENT SHOWN BY AGNES SCOTTERS

#### \$50 More For B. E. F.

"Follies, Follies! see the boys come on the run; Follies, Follies! they know how to have some fun!

They can dance and they can sing, They can do most anything: Follies of twenty-one!"

Have you heard it? It's positively contagious. This gay little tune has been rollicking all over the campus ever since last Saturday night when popular Miss Agnes and her numerous dates flocked to the chapel to see and hear the musical hit of the season. Miss Agnes caught it and began humming it on her way home, the dates smiled satisfaction, and the Sophomores beamed with joy over the tremendous success of their production.

"The Follies of '21" was one of the most entertaining and unique shows ever given at Agnes Scott. Its arrival had been proclaimed far and wide by a number of catchy posters so everybody was on the lookout for something unusual and nobody was disappointed. The splendid cast of characters supported by "the gay, giddy girls" of the Follie chorus kept up a regular merry-go-round of songs, jokes and dances.

The comedy was introduced by Miss Center-of-Attraction who ushered in her lovely chorus who made a hit immediately and brought down much applause from orchestra and peanut. The chorus entertained the audience with several catchy, peppy numbers. "Follies," "How You Goin' to Keep Them Down on the Farm," "Sunshine," "Hindustan," and "Little Birch Canoe."

Miss "Center-of-Attraction" dramatically introduced her friend, Miss Boardwalk, a young lady rigged out in the most approved fashion, who evidently blew into Agnes Scott straight from Atlantic City, though she did seem to know a lot of local gossip. She let everybody look at her and get a tip on Atlantic City's new spring styles, then she began to be awfully generous with her news. Did you hear what she told on Miss McKinney? (and by the way, Miss McKinney enjoyed it more than anybody else). Miss McKinney and Miss Alexander went to New York and got an apartment and one morning Miss McKinney heard an awful noise, so she said to Miss Alexander, "Miss Alexander, what on earth is that noise?" Miss Alexander answered her that it was only the dumb waiter; then Miss McKinney got excited and said, "For goodness sake, let him in! Don't you hear him scratching at the door?"

Miss Fluffy Ruffles, Mrs. Votes-for-Women, and Miss Swat-the-Fly were the other able supporters of Miss Center-of-Attraction in the cast. Miss Fluffy Ruffles was such a pretty, smiling little comedienne that one wouldn't have thought she knew so much gossip about the Faculty, too. But she did. The audience was regaled with several choice bits from Miss Fluffy. She told a grand one about Miss Smith; how Miss Smith, when she was coming to college last fall, after the summer vacation, engaged an upper berth in the Pullman, and then unfortunately left her suit-case down on the lower shelf. Miss Smith was just getting ready to call the porter to her assistance when she saw a tall officer bearing in sight. So Miss Smith, in true Smithsonian fashion, modestly blushed and asked of him, hesitatingly: "Suitor, will you please hand me my port case?"

(Continued on page 3)

## How Spring Holidays Came To Be

### THANKS "TO THOSE WHO HAVE GONE ON BEFORE"

#### Radicalism vs. Conservatism Results in Holidays

Just at this particular season, when spring holidays and their joys are the topic of the day, did you ever wonder whether they had always existed in connection with Agnes Scott, or just when did they gain a place on the yearly program? Whether you have thought about it or not, it might interest you to know that this year spring holidays will celebrate just about their ninth or tenth birthday. Moreover, we may add that there are people in these parts "who could a tale unfold," about the circumstances connected with their origin.

It happened somewhat upon this wise: There were no spring holidays given and the students felt the need of them. We have it on reliable authority that spring weather was just as lovely then as it is now, so it will be easy to see how books could lose their charm (?) and the out-of-doors call with an irresistible force at the season when the bridal-wreath bush is decked in wedding finery. At any rate, that is how the students of Agnes Scott felt, some nine or ten years ago. They voiced their feeling in a petition addressed to the faculty in which they asked for a spring holiday. The answer was a refusal!

When the news of the failure of their experiment reached the students, their wrath and disappointment was extreme. Very soon the standard of revolt was raised and they decided that if the faculty would not give them a holiday, they would take one, since they felt that they really should have it. This decision having been adopted, they quickly got to work to carry it out. All of them in a body, even (so rumor hath it) the president of Student Government, left the campus to enjoy this self-given holiday. They made their way to Decatur, where they bought all the pickles and crackers and other food of like nature, that the local grocers had in stock, and from there wended their way to the woods. Arrived there, they communed with Nature and the dill pickles until the close of day, when they returned, foot-sore, but happy, to the college.

There they realized that they would have to pay the piper. An angry faculty confronted them and imposed a most awful penalty. From the grade of each and every one of the truants they knocked a certain amount, rather appalling in size. But the students were glad they had had their holiday and never felt that they had been extravagant in purchasing it, even at such a price.

The next year they received interest on the investment. Spring returned to the campus punctually. The bridal wreath bush put on its white clothes and the trees dressed up in their pale green hues. It was inevitable that with each new bird-note the students' fancy should turn in the direction of holiday. This year, however, the Faculty fancy seemed to have the same inclination and they began to see how a few days free from work might be a benefit rather than a distraction. The outcome of it all was that a holiday was granted and so spring holidays began.

Such is the history of this institution of our college and who shall say that it is not one of thrills? However, although thrills are rather attractive things generally, we feel safe in saying that most of us enjoy the ordinary variety of spring holiday, the sort that is found in the catalogue, more than we would the kind that exacted so high a price for its joys.

# The Agonistic

Agnes Scott College Weekly.

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## EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

### IS THIS OUR CHAPEL?

Peanut hulls, paper, and other debris are absolutely inevitable and not at all heinous—in their place. Most emphatically, however, their place is not on the chapel floor. It often furnishes a convenient wastebasket, we admit, but please trot out your pride and remember that the chapel must always be ready for inspection. We shall never impress everyone with our housekeeping ability if we continue to litter the floor with trash. The chapel belongs to each of us, and we most assuredly do not want any disapproving looks cast on it or any one going away convinced that Agnes Scott girls do not take an interest in keeping the chapel as it should be and as we ought to take pride in having it look.

Being good is creditable, but still more creditable is being good for something.

### ARE WE ACQUAINTED?

How little we know those we know best! We know the face, study it long and carefully until every line and feature are deeply impressed upon the memory. We know the carriage and the manner, the gait and external bearing; we know the sudden and delicate changes of expression, know the voice with all its tones and inflections so that we can recognize it instantly among hundreds. But the soul we do not know, even after long acquaintance and careful study—not so that we can count upon its motives or explain its course. With all our watchfulness the thoughts escape us and the inner life is hidden from our minutest and most exact research. We can never securely predict the actions of others, although such prediction is among the most important branches of our practical knowledge.

Do we ever stop to consider how many there are of us here in this little community? How many are there with whom we have only speaking acquaintance, how many we do not even know to speak to? To be sure we know their faces, their names sound familiar, but some how we never have connected the two. Then there are those with whom we chat occasionally, a few we go to see now and then. Yet, how few there are who come under the head "those we know best."

We are always hearing girls say, "Oh, there are so many, many lovely girls here that I just don't know at all, I wish I could have time to really know even my own class-mates better."

It is a wonderful opportunity we have living here together. Let's not allow it to slip by without taking advantage of it. When we all are alumnae and look back on "the bright college scenes of our past" we will sigh at how few faces we can call to mind, how few of our "Agnes Scotters" we have heard from, how lost they all are, and we, too. Let's get acquainted, at least, and if possible, really learn to know each other.

### KEEP AT IT!

Mighty hard to study this wonderful weather! Yes, but let's not forget that a month from now it will be just as beautiful out doors, much hotter, and much harder to do our work if we let it go for the first pretty weeks of spring weather.

"Spring fever" is the most natural and common spell a person can have just now, particularly those who have, of necessity, to be studiously inclined. We feel as never before that life is too short to worry about staying in the library, going to long, tiresome labs, struggling over hard lessons, writing term papers. Here and there on the campus we hear some one whistling "What's the use?"

Right here is where we have to call a halt or we will argue ourselves out of working at all. Then, when those who have kept at it come up on the last lap of the term, they will not have to work as hard as the ones who "played around" the first pretty days.

### IS THIS YOU?

As the breakfast bell rang, Aggie gave one last look in her mirror. She had taken extra care with her hair that morning and had put just the right amount of powder on her face because there had been much talk floating around the campus lately as to a May Queen election. And you never could tell—may be she would be elected, if not as queen, perhaps as one of her attendants. But, though Aggie's face was pretty, she did not have a sense of perspective—she didn't get far enough away from the mirror to see herself as a whole or to see how she looked when she held herself as she did.

As she entered the dining room she slumped in with her shoulders bent and her head protruding just like a turtle's. She sat one-sided in her chair, wrapped her foot around the leg of the chair and let her shoulders continue to sag. She wondered why the girls at her table always looked tired and worn out even at the beginning of the morning. But she was so tired she did not feel like trying to find out. Maybe it was just natural for a young girl to feel tired all the time!

At chapel she found that it was the week for her class to sing in the choir. Since she sang pretty well, she took her place on the front row in the choir, but do you know, gentle reader, that she entirely overlooked the way the chair was made! Instead of sitting with her back flat against its back, she sat right on her backbone so that only the tip of her shoulders touched the back of the chair. And when she stood up to sing, she stood so one-sided that her voice just did not have a chance to do justice to the hymns.

From chapel she went to her Ethics class and took her seat on the front row. Here, again she sat right on her backbone and became so tired that she squirmed, she drew pictures on the arm of the desk and nervously patted her foot. Little did poor Ag-

### THE SUN.

The little clock is counting  
The footsteps of the sun.  
Oh, he will surely find us  
Before our work is done!

Before we're through with planning,  
Before our loves are said,  
He'll come with bolt and banner  
Dressed up in eastern red.

He'll tear the moon from heaven  
And bind the hopeful stars,  
And music will he shatter  
By the thunder of his cars.

And he will surely find us!  
Concerned with things to be,  
He will not heed nor hear us  
Who live so presently.

The little clock is counting:  
He marches on in haste  
Who daily dreams creation  
And lays creation waste.  
—Scudder Middleton.

### EIGHT WEEKS' CLUB.

Miss Randolph, Leader.

The prospects for this year's Eight Weeks' Club are certainly very encouraging. It is hard to think of this form of social work as being anything but interesting. It has always been so in the past, and bids fair to be extremely fascinating this year, under the leadership of Miss Randolph. Miss Randolph has had many interesting experiences in this war work with girls, as she told us Sunday night. She has worked with them in Anniston, and in mill districts of various Northern towns. That she knows exactly what to do, and how to do it one never doubts, after a five minutes' conversation with her. Her experience and her training, along with her own splendid judgment and intelligence have made her, we know, remarkably successful in this work. Her whole heart was, and is, in it. The club is very fortunate to have such a leader, and every girl will be anxious to take advantage of it.

And now, just a word about the club, which you probably know all about already. Its purpose is simple, but great in its simplicity. We of Agnes Scott are to go out and give of the fullness of that which we have received at college to those who have been less fortunate. We are to work with the girls in our home towns, and, while, as Miss Randolph says, we cannot make them over in eight short weeks, we can plant the seeds of a nobler ideal, and a broader vision of work to be done. It is a great work, and one needed essentially in every

girl know that a psychologist can tell just exactly what one is thinking about by the way you sit and by the motion you make with your hands! And so a little black mark went down in the professor's book by her name at the end of the hour.

But what do you 'spose happened to Aggie that afternoon? She got a 'phone message from Him! He had at last arrived in Atlanta and would be out in half an hour. When he came she strolled with him around the campus since it was such lovely weather and, you know, he was mighty good looking with his overseas cap on and with his silver bars on his shoulders. He walked with a spring in his step and with his shoulders held erect. But she had been sitting bent over so much that one shoulder had become really higher than the other and she just couldn't hold her head up straight. Now, he had been where everyone carried themselves just as our bodies are made to be carried and it startled him a little to see how she walked. He knew that she had been abusing her body and he didn't respect her nearly as much as he had a year ago.

Now, this tale about Aggie is very sad, and if Aggie is an Agnes Scott girl, let's make her happier. When we see her on the campus, let's hold our shoulders up real straight and whisper in her ear

S. U. S.!

## Y. W. C. A.

town and city, where every girl is apt to get into such a rut that she is not able to get out of it, or to see any farther than the four walls of her own self. That there is a nobler work to be done, and that the girls of today are to have a large share in doing it is the message we of Agnes Scott are to carry with us to our homes this summer. How this is to be done, can best be found out by those who come to the Propylean hall, Monday night at nine o'clock for eight weeks, and get the training Miss Randolph is to give.

### NEW CABINET GOES TO ATHENS.

To Be Trained at Conference Held at State Normal School.

Being on the Cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. is by no means an easy job, but it has its compensations. One of them is the trip to Athens this week-end for the purpose of being trained for the new work. Most of the colleges of Georgia are to have their Y. W. cabinet there. The work will be interesting, and, of course, extremely profitable. Our cabinet is to leave Friday night and be in Athens until Monday. Each girl is to receive training for her own special department, as well as for the general cabinet work. That there will be pleasure as well as work is assured, but the work will be pleasant also.

### DR. NOBLE TO LECTURE AT AGNES SCOTT.

Lectures to Follow the Same Lines As Last Year's.

Dr. Noble is coming again! To the old girls, this statement sends pleasant thrills down their backs, at the remembrance of many fascinating lectures. To the Freshmen it will soon mean the same thing. Dr. Noble will lecture each night for a week, beginning April the seventh. Her subject last year was social morality. This year, it will follow the same lines. Dr. Noble is a charming woman, of culture and splendid intellect. She tells girls the very things they most need to know in the most interesting and beautiful way possible. Indeed, she has the marvelous gift of so expressing her opinion that, even if it be one contrary to the listener's, she promptly decides that she knows what she is talking about, that her ideas are exactly the sensible ones. She is a woman of the loftiest ideals, and she always impresses her audience with these ideals, in the best possible way. These lectures are required of the Freshman, as part of the hygiene course, but no members of the student body will want to miss them, after she attends the first.

### GRAND OPERA LECTURE.

(Continued from page 1)

duced upon the stage by the medium of a specific and individual theme and it is very wonderful to note how skillful Verdi was in carrying out the belief that "music begins where words end." He reveals character and motives, throughout the play, more clearly through the instrument of harmony than by the use of words.

Mrs. Jackson's next reading will be upon Faust and it promises to be a delightful subject presented in a most interesting and instructive manner by one of America's true operatic authorities.

### LUCY DURR IS MAY QUEEN.

(Continued from page 1)

day many girls have been chosen for the various dances. A fine number of girls responded to the call for dancers, and some unexpected talent popped forth. The committee has nearly completed the plans for the big affair, but is not willing to disclose them so far in advance, believing that anticipation is good for the soul. In a future issue of the Agonistic the cast and plans for the celebration will be given in full.

## OPEN FORUM

### ILLUSION AND HOPE.

What is illusion? Illusion is an evergreen fruit; but hope is a fruit subject to maturity.

Evergreen is a perpetual state of being; but to mature is to vary from one state of being.

All lions and tigers are ferocious, but man is the creature that varies in nature. His nature may be docile, harsh and even ferocious; but in the diversity lies the taste.

What would we do without exercising illusions? The soul would be depressed, since some say that they live through illusions.

To exercise is to execute that on which one thinks—but the doleful evil is that many of us allow ourselves to be led by illusions, and we do not stop to meditate.

To live is to exist midst sad teaching from experience and illusions.

Illusions are formed in the human brain—at times on account of the vicissitudes and at times by vivid desires.

Hope is the pilot of one's illusions across life's dark seas.

The human cerebrum is the enclosure capable of forming ideas and illusions.

The lions and tigers being irrational are incapable of reflecting; and, of course, do not form illusions, and are always ferocious. Man is rational; therefore, capable of meditating, and, of course, forms illusions and ideas.

The ideas exalt or lower; but illusions glimmer that which is, generally, in doubt. All that which is incognito to the mind is precarious in cogitation.

As time never recoils, it is a vain illusion to think on what one was yesterday. What one is to-day is a perpetration and, one's deeds of to-day will bring forth the maturity of one's hope in the morrow.

Lastly: Man live in hopes of attaining great fortunes. Woman is born with a fortune, her virtue.

Fortunes are the obstacles to the entrance of heaven; virtue is the key to the gates of heaven.

Man has a lighthouse; conscience. Woman a star; hope.

The lighthouse guides; hope saves.  
—Jose Abelardo de Campoamor.

### PASS THE THERMOMETER!

'22: "Was J. P. cool when she was up before exec. the other day?"  
'Nother '22: "I guess she was—so cool that her teeth chattered."

Whatever happens in Russia there will be a few "I-told-you-so's" and fewer "whoda thotits."

Miss McKinney: "Miss B., is there anything you can do better than anybody else?"

Peg: "Yes, ma'am, read my own writing."

In Biology I: "Yes, there's to be a lecture on feeble-mindedness on Thursday evening, and I advise all of you to go."

Northerner: "Have you ever seen bananas growing?"

Southerner: "Nope, I never had time to stand and watch them."

### BLACKFRIARS' PLAYS HUGE SUCCESS.

(Continued from page 1)

part of "the Boy" and gave good lip philosophy.

Two other features, in addition to "The Prologue" and "The Device Bearer" as before, aided in making the play a decided success. The golden butterfly, which flitted about the kitchen so artistically, was directed from behind scenes by Peanut Rowe, whose contraption of wires, poles and strings, showed her mechanical ability. "You," in the audience, was a great help in understanding the big words, though who would think that Margaret McLaughlin didn't know what elucidate meant?

# SOCIETY CHATTER

BY AGGIE CAMPUS

We all know there was a Hundred Years' War (if we take History I) and a Civil War and a World War, but who ever heard of a Toothbrush War? Nevertheless we had one right here on our campus. Count on Agnes Scott to be original! In one of the smaller dormitories the tooth brushes positively congregated in the bathroom until a zealous member of the Civic Purity League opened hostilities by collecting the implements of dental beauty and triumphantly bearing them off as hostages. The maid received strict orders to promptly confiscate any brush forgotten and left to languish by its owner. Unfortunately the Z. M. (who was faculty by the way) left her cherished Prophylactic the next morning and when she came back fifteen minutes later to get it, it was go-one! She retired, crushed.

That makes me think of the one contagious case in the infirmary. Now mumps is a painful disease. It hurts not only your jaws, but also your feelings, because your neck disappears en-

tirely and you are one width from forehead to shoulders. It's really humiliating—but even the sorrows of mumps may be lessened if one possesses a six-foot devoted at Tech who sends one a perfect sheaf of passionately red roses, to say nothing of two specials in one day.

Inman's shining Senior has again burst into brilliance—all because he who thrills us as the most prominent lover on the campus is in town. Since he's now beginning to be a lawyer in Washington, the fascinating Sam Browne belt has departed but, according to her, he is altogether as wonderful in "cits." Wasn't it delightfully lucky for his firm to just happen to send him on a case to Atlanta of all places?

French in general is a very interesting subject. Ask the girl who was getting French II questions off the board last Thursday if it's not. And, in particular, it must verge on the thrilling when one talks it to a native Frenchman and talks it so fast and so absorbedly that one takes no no-

tice of the afore-mentioned seeker after questions—provided monsieur is no less forgetful of surroundings. At last, at last, are we going to have a real, true romance?

In addition to the nerve-racking Toothbrush War, there was a regular movie acted out on our innocent campus the other night soon after lights. Aggie would like to ask the Student Volunteer who was the "woman in the case" how it feels to tear madly across the campus with two dashing (figuratively and literally) young gentlemen for accompaniment and a villain in the shape of our president of Student Government in pursuit. The pursuer says dark visions of clandestine meetings, elopements, and what not, flitted through her head. What about the pursued? Frankly, Aggie's ears fairly tingled at this episode—it has all the elements of romance, adventure, danger, and novelty. Why, a full moon was shining brilliantly, for the occasion. Now, I ask you, isn't Agnes Scott pepping up?

Freshman class, had made a gift of five hundred dollars to the Endowment Fund in the name of the Freshman class. Then realization of the importance of the meeting came to the dazed girls and excitement upset the meeting. Fifteen "rahs" were lustily given for the "Nichols." Mr. Nichols had not wished the gift made public, but such good news could not be kept. Such generosity should be known by all. Think of the effect of the power of suggestion and example to other parents of Agnes Scott!

## WAR ORPHANS TO BE RE-ADOPTED.

(Continued from page 1)

cially attractive and interesting. Then, too, a circular has been put on the bulletin board that tells all about how French children can be adopted by people in America and how an intimate friendship can be established between American guardians and their adopted orphans "over there."

There are 1,500,000 orphans in France, what shall Agnes Scott's share be? Each girl at Agnes Scott has been asking herself this question and it has been decided that, if each girl gives the small sum of seventy-five cents, we can support five orphans besides the one adopted by the faculty members. This seems such a little bit for us to give, but they say that it will bring worlds of happiness to the little French children who are destitute for help.

It is quite certain that every single person at Agnes Scott will respond to the needs of so many children as they are set before the American public by the Headquarters of Fatherless Children, in Paris. The most popular slogan for the next few days will perhaps be, "Hand your money for the French orphans and smile! smile! smile!"

Mr. Holt: "What is a vacuum?"  
L. T.: "I have it in my head, but I can't express it."

## Compliments of Bookhammer's

SCOFIELD

Everything Good in Eats

PHONE DECATUR 145

A. K. Hawkes Co. OPTICIANS ESTABLISHED 1870 Eastman Kodaks AND FINISHING BELL PHONE 1990-M 14 Whitehall St. ATLANTA, GA.

## FOLIO TRY-OUTS TO BE HELD APRIL 5.

Freshmen, Folio is for you! Your high-school days are over now, and you've every one entered college with a firm determination to get the most out of your work, and to make the folks at home proud of you. In order to accomplish those ends you must start out by taking an interest in college activities, among which, Folio occupies an important place. It's a big step toward B. O. Z., and to be a member of B. O. Z. is an honor which every loyal Agnes Scott girl craves. Girls, don't deceive yourselves into thinking that you haven't ability enough to make the club. Don't say that you'll go out for athletics and Blackfriars, but you "never could write, anyway." Just try it, and you may be so surprised at the ability which has been latent in you that you'll pinch yourself just like the old woman of the nursery rhyme did, and wonderingly say—"Can this be I?" Then, too, girls, we have such lovely informal meetings, and such rare good times. Won't you come and join us? Folio try-outs, in the form of a short-story or poem, must be handed in to Number 3 Inman before April 5. Write yours to-night!

### GOOD ADVICE.

Put your books under your mattress when you go to bed to-night and then tell your instructor next day you spent eight hours on the lesson.

## ELLIS

### Ladies' Hatter

105 Peachtree St.

We Fit Them All

## A ROSENBAUM HAT—

ALWAYS occupies a favorite nook in your wardrobe. Every girl who has owned a Rosenbaum hat from time to time has regretted to lay it aside at the end of the season. It is because it is exceptionally becoming, unusual in its chic style or extremely comfortable.

New ideas in fur hats being shown now— Furs remodelled.

ROSENBAUM'S Successors to Kutz 38 - - - Whitehall

## Agnes Scott College DECATUR, GEORGIA

SPACIOUS and beautiful grounds, elegant buildings with modern conveniences, full and able faculty. Course leading to A. B. degree. Best advantage in music and art.

For Catalogue, Address F. H. GAINES, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT

### BEAUTY SECRETS.

Specially Designed for Seniors.

OTHERS MAY TRY THEM.

Bang! Quite a bomb shell exploded in the chapel the other day, when the Senior class, our pride and joy, was openly accused of "dead beauty," in other words, of having "lost their looks." And by a Senior, too—and Seniors know everything. So the school at large immediately decided to look into the matter and revive the "withered cheeks" and "furrowed brows" of its beloved elders. This is a far more important matter than it appears on the surface. In fact it is essential to the future of the greater Agnes Scott. Many suggestions and helpful hints to the would-be-beautiful poured in from all sides. Plunge, ye wan and weary Seniors, into the Fountain of Youth (whether you are Baptists or not), and be as young and beautiful as you were once at sweet sixteen.

Senior, have you ever heard of B. and P. Wrinkle Eradicators? They aid nature and help smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty—while you sleep! Absolutely harmless and a toilet necessity. Made in two styles: Frowners for between the eyes, Eradicators for lines in the face.

Faces made young. Beauty exercises for the aged. The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any Senior who has facial disfigurement caused by age or overwork. These exercises remove wrinkles, crow's feet, fill up hollows, give roundness to scrawny necks, clear up sallow skins and restore the charm of girlhood beauty. Results guaranteed.

Senior! Is your skin a beauty mantle? Do you yearn for a clear complexion? A "skin you love to touch?" If your skin is not fresh, youthful, and glowing, let Resinol soap do the "dirty" work. Apply with warm water in your Saturday night bath and you will be astonished to see how quickly your complexion becomes positively velvety.

Are you tired and depressed? Can't you sleep or digest your food? It's your nerves, Senior. Read the book "Nerve Force." A valuable 64-page book which explains every possible phase of nerve abuse by the college girl. Hundreds of health hints to the weary. Costs only 25c. Simply regenerates the reader!

Have you inflamed gums? The cause of tooth-base decay. Use Forhan's for the gums. Brush your teeth with it. Just as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so does the strength of a Senior depend upon healthy gums. The Morley Phone for the Deaf.

It is to Seniors what glasses are to the eyes. "Don't Shout. I can hear now as well as anybody." "How?" "Why, with the Morley phone." Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Any one can adjust it.

"The Windows of Your Soul" would be unattractive if not adorned with long, luxuriant eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows. They give the eyes a deep, soulful expression, with everlasting charm. Adds beauty to the eyes as does a beautiful frame to a picture. If nature has denied you this priceless heritage, try Lash-Brow-Ine. Lashes become tangled and require a comb after one application. Can be tied with gay ribbons to match one's costume, within a week. What cow-catchers are to street-cars, that will your eyelashes be to you. Men can be hooked up by them with the greatest ease and grace. Become a cow-catching vampire in your leisure hours. Try Lash-Brow-Ine. Results guaranteed. Seniors, give it a chance.

### FOLLIES OF '21 "CUTEST THING OF THE AGE."

(Continued from page 1)

Miss Fluffy knew all about Dr. Arm, too. She knew even about that Freshman who said, "Well, anyway, Dr. Arm surely did recommend himself highly."

But Mrs. Votes-for-Women! She was a regular militant, but she had a wonderful talent of ventriloquism, too. In a deep staccato voice, she demanded: "When is a class-room not a class-room?" And the answer came from a different part of the room: "When it's a spoonholder!" And at that Miss Agnes was tickled nearly to death.

A unique person appeared on the scene who was introduced as Miss Swat-the-Fly. True to her name, this lady was adorned with fly swatters which were as numerous about her as a porcupine's quills, with much the same effect. Miss Swat-the-Fly recited a touching poem (home grown) on her profession, which gained converts to the cause.

The second act of the musical comedy was as effective and full of punch as the first, but more picturesque. Miss Center-of-Attraction appeared again in a beautifully executed dance. This was one of the delightful features of the program. The gay and giddy "follies" re-appeared also in several singing and dancing numbers. The moonlight scene was a triumph of amateur art, and "Chasing Rainbows" and "Till We Meet Again" fitted in well with the dreamy scene upon which the curtain fell.

Following is the cast of characters: Miss Center-of-Attraction—Anne Hart Miss Fluffy Ruffles...Louise Fluker Miss Boardwalk.....Gladys Brown Mrs. Votes-for-Women..... Margaret Hedrick .....Margaret Hedrick Miss Swat-the-Fly...Frances Markley Follie Chorus.

### HOOSIT?

Last Hoosit: L. Wilburn.

She has a good nose for news, An awful good cure for the blues, A whole lot of literary fame, Now, I'm sure you can guess her name.

### THE SING AND THE SINGERS.

Particularly the Sing Leader.

Oh, here's to Rachael Rushton, We all say this very day She's a jolly good sport, And to sing is her forte,

So here's to Rachael Rushton. As Rachael, on account of the heaviness of her work, gives up the office of song leader, we all wish to join in thanking her for the enthusiasm she has dedicated to the sings. When every one else has been "peppless," Rachael has always magically retained her freshness and vigor.

We are quite sure that Charlotte will be a worthy successor, and that each girl will rally around her in the best Agnes Scott fashion. In beginning this new "sing year," let us each determine to make it the jolliest, liveliest one of all.

Rachael hints of delightful new spring styles. We are going to have real song books, she promises, which will permit us to sing all of Madelon with the same volume. And still more delightful, we are soon going on the campus to sing—Rachael did not explain how we are going to use the song books in the dark. Nevertheless, with the moon and the stars and the swelling buds to furnish inspiration, we shall show Charlotte Keesler just how we can sing.

### FRESHMAN CLASS HAS \$500 FOR B. E. F.

Mr. Nichols, of Griffin, Ga., Makes Gift in Name of Class.

There are ways and ways to invest money and, of course, some ways are better than others. Some of the kind parents have come to the conclusion that money invested in the growing Endowment of Agnes Scott was in just about the best and safest place for it, for once so invested it never gives the owner any further trouble for re-investment.

All this burst of enthusiasm was inspired by the news of a gift to the Endowment, which, like wild fire, has spread over the campus. Last week a meeting of the Freshman class was held after dinner, and it was announced as being "very important." All class meetings are so announced, however, and nothing wonderful was anticipated. The meeting proceeded as usual until it was felt that adjournment was almost in order when the president rose. With a beaming face she told the class the wonderful news. Mr. Nichols, the father of Rhoda and Elizabeth Nichols of the

# ATHLETICS

Dear Elise:

The reason the gym meet was such a success was that every one—nearly—was personally interested. And then, too, we had the novel experience of having gym when we were all dressed up. Of course, we didn't wear our new spring suits or anything like that, but we just "spruced" up our gym clothes until you would hardly recognize them. And it was worth while, for it certainly makes a drill look like something, when the participants are immaculately and uniformly dressed. But I shall not copy Dr. Armistead. I know you want to tell you immediately, if not sooner. The Freshmen were first, the Juniors second, and the Sophomores third.

When it was all over, I was talking to one of the judges, Miss Parsons, of A. S. and Columbia. She told me quite frankly, all our bad and good points. She said—and here we agree perfectly—that the reason the Freshmen won was because of their spirit. They certainly have plenty of it. The Seniors, she said, exhibited their characteristic gravity, and covered their mistakes with dignity. She said that in several instances a class, as a whole, was slow to respond to commands. However, all the judges were very favorably impressed by our captain ball. They almost unanimously said that they have never seen a more spirited game of it. Spirit! That's us all over, Elise.

Must stop writing so I can practise for track.—Blake.

There are the wearers of numerals; Happy and mighty are they.

They have practiced hard, they have played right well;

They have conquered by dint of fray.

Even if basket-ball is over, its traces will remain with us always—that is until felt wears out. The Athletic Association had little difficulty in deciding upon the winners of numerals in basket-ball, as it is an understood fact that any girl playing in at least one half of four games will be decorated. We offer hearty congratulations to the following girls:

Seniors—Elizabeth Richardson, Mary Katherine Parks, Rita Watts, Lulu Smith, Elizabeth Watkins, Llewellyn Wilburn.

Juniors—Julia Hagood, Margaret Bland, Marion McCamy, Julia Reasoner, Lois McIntyre, Juliet Foster.

Sophomores—Fannie McCaa, Dot Allen, Jean McAllister, Gladys Plaster, Margaret McLaughlin, Helen Wayt.

Freshmen—Althea Stevens, Lucy Wooten, Frances White, Ruth Moriarty, Caroline Farquhar, Frances Harper.

## WHEN THE CHICKENS CROWED.

Tennis, always a popular sport at Agnes Scott, has been given a grand rush this past week. So great is the popularity of the courts that the occupants of the infirmary say that the cocks have changed their crowing into something that sounds more like "Ready?" "Serve!" than the customary "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" But these cocks crow longer than usual and the poor, sick girl thinks the chickens must be having a fight. Finally, she gives up in despair, for the noise is so persistent that going back to sleep is out of the question. She looks out the window and finds that it is daylight, and if she has a front room, she discovers that two lusty tennis champions are calling "Ready?" "Serve!" instead of the valiant roosters.

It is probably this popularity of the courts that has kept the preliminaries from being finished, but now that court four has been reserved for tournaments, may be the class champions will be selected by elimination. The results thus far are in singles: Llewellyn Wilburn to play Elizabeth of the Senior class; Frances Simpson and Dorothy Allen from the Sophomores; Marion McCamy, winner from the Junior class. In doubles the winners, Elizabeth Brown and Elizabeth

Nisbet, are to play Helen Burkhalter and Althea Stevens.

Why flunk? You can keep from it these days when the sun is warming the earth and spring is in the air. This weather is excellent for hikes, not too hot or too cold, and mud is no longer knee deep in the woods. And what can be more refreshing than a brisk walk, an evening stroll, or long tramp when the earth smells so good and freshly turned. Saturday afternoon hikes would give us an appetite for supper, a night's sound sleep and a good rest from books. Come on, everybody, let's go to the woods and see if we can't bring some of the freshness of spring into the class rooms and see if something nice doesn't happen.

## THE TWO WEEKS OF SUSPENSE END.

Senior Privilege Extended—With Limitations.

## DETAILS OF CHANGE IN RULE OUTLINED.

Tell three hundred and fifty men who have a common interest that something is going to happen to increase their ease and prosperity, and just watch them keep their eyes and ears open and hazard three times three hundred and fifty guesses as to what that something is going to be. Tell three hundred and fifty college girls that something is going to happen in which they will be greatly interested and you'll see them put the crowd of men with their meager curiosity completely in the shade.

When that "something" comes from no less a mighty source than the College Council and the governing Executive Committee, then interest is doubled. And when two weeks pass and nothing further is said, excitement will soar to a zenith tripled in height.

That is just what has been happening "in our midst." And now that that "something" has been told, the excitement has subsided and we are all wending our way as usual; except, it is a puzzle to understand all the minor—mercy, forgive me!—the major rules applying to the larger one.

So here they are, plenty of them, too, and if you are going to make use of the change offered by the College Council and Executive Committee you had best read them carefully; for you know what Lucy is so fond of saying,—ignorance of the rule is no excuse for you breaking it.

In the first place, you must have permission from home to leave the campus with your men friends, and the names of your friends must be given in the letter. If you have this permission, at any time you may fill out one of the printed slips, the supply of which may be found in either Dr. Gaines' or in Miss Hopkins' office, and take it to Miss Hopkins, who will sign it. These slips are as follows:

"To.....  
.....  
"I have given.....  
permission to visit you from.....  
to....., and wish to inform you that until her return to us the college turns over to you the responsibility for her safety and conduct. We do not wish her to attend any entertainments of which you do not thoroughly approve, and we leave to your judgment the question of proper chaperonage.

"Thanking you in advance for your co-operation in safeguarding our students,

"Yours very truly,

".....  
"Dean."

These slips must be given to Miss Hopkins twenty-four hours previous to your engagement. Always take with you an envelope addressed and stamped, for the slip is to be mailed to your hostess.

In case an engagement is not made until too late for the slip to be mailed then Miss Hopkins will sign it, give it to you to take to your hostess, and

you must ask her to sign it, for the slip is to be shown again to Miss Hopkins upon your return to the college.

This change in rule does not mean that you can meet men in town. They must come to the college for you. Neither will Miss Hopkins receive telephone messages if you happen to be in town. The "three-minute" rule still holds.

Also, the rule does not apply to leaving the campus to walk in Decatur. It refers to engagements in town only.

The rule for Seniors still, of course, remains the same.

## THE MOST CONTAGIOUS THING PREVALENT.

No Cure Known—Time Only Will Efface.

The Spring Fever! The fateful thing. The debutante has it; the Kress girl has it; Agnes has it. Isn't there a vaccination other than iron tonic, or more gym, or yet more regular hours? Agnes is thoroughly feverish. At times she cries out loud that she hasn't a thought in the world. Which is nothing new, of course, just more hopeless. Sometimes she poses by the bridal wreath bush for a snap shot. This is a sure sign. Sometimes she plays a lulling guitar accompaniment to "Hindustan" on the campus at nine p.m. Every now and then she tries to study. And all the time she is thinking of spring vacation.

There's no moral to my tale. It is just simple facts of spring fever signs. To tell the truth, I couldn't draw a moral if I had to, for it gives me the spring fever to try to get up a few paragraphs on the subject. It is the only beautifully lazy disease in existence. The tenseness of the winter is gone and a few days of relaxation have come that push worry and exam thoughts into the background. For which let us be thankful! Until after spring holidays at least!

## WHERE DO WE COME IN ON THIS?

Things Are Happening About Us But Are We Keeping Up With Them?

A honey-moon aeroplane! With white enameled fixings, rug on the floor, a vanity dressing table; and just big enough for two to fly comfortably away in. That is what Curtiss Brothers have turned out.

An aeroplane rigged up with a card table in order that the passengers can have a game while traveling through the sky!

The fastest plane in the world, which is a U. S. Government plane, travels 160 miles an hour and ascends to the height of 12,500 feet in ten minutes.

The fastest dirigible in the world, which is also owned by Uncle Sam, carried six men from Camp Rockaway to Key West about two months ago.

There are planes making passenger trips from Calais to Dover carrying twelve passengers at once. True jitney bus spirit!

There are ambulance airplanes. Painted a beautiful white and flying their hospital insignia!

All of which simple facts are but a prelude to the question—are we keeping up with what is going on about us, not in the world of air-

planes particularly, but in anything that makes for our own progress or for the progress of our community at large?

One day last week there were some skillful flyers out in their planes making us and all Atlanta, too, hold our chins higher than usual, and they drew several startled shrieks from us when they would execute a straight headlong drop of one hundred feet or more. One aviator, more skillful—or perhaps more reckless—than the rest "looped the loop" several times during the afternoon and left us idle gazers breathless with awe.

Then they flew away and we went on about our play, or our work, thinking very little more than idly of those aviators, of their machines, or of the marvelous human minds that had perfected the art.

Of course, we are not to race to a

technical magazine and gather a dozen conversational facts about flying, but if we let ourselves become accustomed to being only entertained by the progress of things about us then we are letting ourselves remain at a standstill and are holding our own individual part of the college community back.

Agnes Scott girls are working for the gym meet; they are working to make May Day a success; some are writing for the Aurora; some are working to hold the Agonistic up to its standard; others have shown themselves capable of being elected to next year offices, or to be put on working committees for next year. There are a number of ways in which the progressive girls are pushing the college forward. Are you one of the progressive girls?

## Aggie's Jollier

### IN MATH.

Prof.: "Hurry up, Pudkins."  
Pudkins (working at board): "Aw, Rome wasn't built in a day."  
Prof.: "I know that, but I wasn't foreman of that job."—Exchange.

Registration fees due April 1.

### SHE SWEARS IT'S TRUE!

From the Tombstone, Arizona, newspaper, "The Daily Epitaph": "Mr. Graves and his bride, formerly Miss Coffin, will start housekeeping in Paradise. They will leave Tombstone this week."

### ANOTHER PRICE OUTRAGE.

No need to enquire what has become of the old-fashioned dime novel. It has gone to \$1.50.—Exchange.

### THEIR FAVORITE PLAYS.

Woodrow Wilson: "Patience."  
Col. House: "Diplomacy."  
Commissioner Garfield: "A Winter's Tale."  
Herbert C. Hoover: "Measure for Measure."  
George Creel: "The Comedy of Errors."  
Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm: "A Mid-summer Night's Dream."  
The Sultan of Turkey: "Kismet."  
Marshal Foch: "Justice."—Cartoons Magazine.

Are you through budging the Budget?

### SOMETHING MUSICAL.

Sweet Emalina and Huckleberry Finn stepped off the piano and embraced, while they ragged off a few kisses.

"My Sweetie!" he crooned, striking the note of love.

"Over There, Over There, Over There," she whispered, pointing to the sofa.

"You Said Something," he admitted, as they sat down and kissed each other in staccato accents.

"Fancy You Fancying Me," she murmured, during a pause.

"Oh, It's a Grand and a Glorious Feeling," he cried, kissing her in perfect six-eight time.

Lovingly she bit him.  
"You Little Bit of Heaven!" he exclaimed ardently, embracing her again.

"I Know I've Had More Than My Share," she protested, eluding him, and ran up a scale.

"It Wasn't My Fault," he laughed, scaling up after her.

"Smile! Smile! Smile! If you want to!" she screamed, taking off the soft pedal, "but you aren't so darned Humoresque!"—Orange Peel.

Is your fee registered?

## Make It Two!

Coca-Cola is always a mighty welcome suggestion, whether the crowd's hot and "dry" or just wanting a glass of delicious refreshment. It's the favorite call of millions daily.

Demand the genuine by full name—  
nicknames encourage substitution  
THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.



## "Correct Dress for Women"

Perfectly fitted, and moderately priced, are the assurance of every Frohsin patron

# FROHSIN'S

"Correct Dress for Women"

The New Spring Suits, Capes, Frocks, Sport Skirts and Blouses are now here for your inspection

50 WHITEHALL

# FOOTE & DAVIES CO.

The College Publication House  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

## First Installment of Mutual Admiration

To the Seniors, With Due Respect

**ODE TO JANE BERNHARDT.**  
There is a young lady who's rather minute,  
With the face of a cherub, so tiny and cute,  
That one look at our Jane  
Will rifle all pain,  
And all other ailments will scoot.  
—Margaret McLaughlin.

**MINNIE CLARE BOYD.**  
She lived in a room by the foot of the stairs,  
And I love her, I love her sae dear;  
She's a sweet little lass wi' her delicate airs,  
And her manner o' sunshine an' cheer;  
And now as she leaves, I'll wish her a boon,  
That she'll keep her sweet, delicate air,  
And when we gang meet, be it lang, or right soon,  
She'll be just the same Minnie Clare.  
—Edyth Clarke.

**BLANCHE COPELAND.**  
One that you will always find smiling but yet ready to cry with you in all your troubles. Studious when at work, and out for fun when playing is her motto.  
—Gladys Plaster.

**CLAIRE ELLIOTT.**  
Only a wee bit of description will be needed to tell you who my representative Senior sister is: She possesses a bright smile, a friendly eye, and best of all the ability to win the love of all who know her. Her name you ask? Why Claire, of course!  
—Lucia Murchison.

**LUCY DURR.**  
Beauty, dignity, and grace;  
Character written in her face—  
President Hoasc, Blackfriar star,  
Psyche, famous near and far.  
Sweetest girl I ever knew,  
Loved of all; I love her, too.  
—E. Somerville.

**LOIS EVE.**  
There's really not much of her,  
She's so very awful thin,  
But if you want fun and humor,  
Just let old Lois in,  
For with her "Little Willie"  
She could make a preacher grin.  
—Helen Wayt.

**SHIRLEY FAIRLY.**  
You live in a world of joyous things,  
Rollicking, laughing, free;  
You seem a part of a glad world,  
From whence the shadows flee.  
Forever you frighten away dull cares  
Your laughter is filling the day;  
You carry us on a shining path  
To where the sunbeams play.  
—Aimee D. Glover.

**LOUISE FELKER.**  
Winning ways and dark-brown eyes,  
Dramatic, attractive and sweet;  
She's clever, true and wondrous wise,  
She's A-No. 1 and darn hard to beat.  
—Gladys Brown.

**FRANCES GLASGOW.**  
It's entirely out of my reach  
To try to describe such a peach,  
For there are outer and inner attractions  
Which mark all her ideals and actions.  
She's fascinating, brilliant and above all, a friend,  
True, loyal and ready  
Her talents to lend.  
—Jean McAllister.

**KATHERINE GODBEE.**  
With lofty thoughts my soul would ever rest,  
My heart reach out fore'er to what is best,

And on this earth those lofty thoughts interpret.  
—S. Stansell.

**BESS HAM.**  
Dignified, intellectual, loved and admired, Bess Ham has made a place among us, but we know greater success is waiting for her.  
—M. Anderson.

**GOLDIE HAM.**  
Goldie Ham, the girl what am,  
A peach of a girl is she,  
She calls for her cabinet, athletics, etc.,  
Her president offices three.  
She's good and true to me and you.  
—Sarah Hall.

**"PETE" HUTCHISON.**  
Do you know a girl by the name of Pete?  
She's a perfectly wonderful athlete,  
And a girl just full of college pep,  
Who doesn't live on an empty rep,  
But earns her salt  
With chapel talks  
On the subject  
Of the budget!  
—Marguerite Cousins.

**JULIA INGRAM.**  
When as to lab my Julia goes,  
With rubber apron o'er her clothes,  
Then, then, methinks, how much she knows.  
Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
Her versatile capacity  
Then, then, methinks, what fun she be.  
—Charlotte Newton.

**MARGARET LEECH.**  
I'll not speak of her brightness, for she made Gamma Tau—nuf sed!  
Leech loses almost all her worldly possessions, but never the love of her friends.  
—E. B. Young.

**MARY BROCK MALLARD.**  
When you leave these halls you will be missed by all, but especially your Sophomore sister. You will take our deepest admiration for never shirking responsibility, and our love for having met duty in the face of criticism.  
—Jeanette Archer.

**VIRGINIA NEWTON.**  
With her poetical imagination, calm, unprejudiced judgment, undaunted perseverance, in all circumstances, unswerving loyalty, rare sense of humor, and habit of thoroughness and efficiency, Virginia is sure to succeed in any undertaking.  
—Peggy Bell.

**TRUEHEART NICOLASSEN.**  
As full of fun as she is brilliant. As lovable as she is dignified. There's nobody quite like True. And who wouldn't know better than a Sophomore sister—a room-mate of two years' standing?  
—Fanny McCaa.

### MAY DAY COSTUMES WANTED.

Wait a minute! Don't pack that May Day Costume in the bottom of your trunk. Leave it here with your name on it, so it can be nicely hung up in a special costume room. Whenever you want it for a dress ball, or anything of that sort, you can write for it and it will be mailed to you, with the request that you return it when you are through. Then next year, when May Day comes, we'll have these costumes as a nucleus, so as they won't cost so much for the girls in the cast.  
Some one will be around to see if you want to leave yours here. Have it ready.

## Sophomore Poem To The Seniors

Sometimes, when at the turning in life's lane,  
We, looking backwards, watch the daylight fade,  
Far, far behind is thought of loss or gain—  
We only know the souls of friends we've made.  
Dear Senior Sisters, best and dearest friends,  
You've helped us pass two milestones, two short years,  
And when at last your lane of school days ends,  
It fades into a mist of smiles and tears.  
You've helped us, taught us, played with us,  
We've had good times together.  
We've loved each other through it all—  
Through rain and sunny weather,  
And even though you leave us now,  
Your clarion voice still rings  
To lead your sister Sophomore class  
To great and better things.  
We'll miss you, and we wish for you  
The very best on earth,  
Because you see we know how much  
Our Senior class is worth.  
And though we see with misty eyes  
This turning of the lane,  
It's not good-bye, but au revoir  
"Until we meet again."

### PROGRAM FOR SENIOR WEEK.

#### Interesting Entertainments Planned.

Every Senior is now making out lists, addressing envelopes and licking stamps, for the commencement invitations have come. They are absolutely the last word in correctness from the kind of paper to the lettering. In beautiful black letters, the heavy paper is engraved with these words, "The Faculty and Graduating Class of Agnes Scott College request the honor of your presence at the Commencement Exercises, May twenty-fourth to twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred and nineteen, Decatur, Georgia." Inclosed with the invitation is the program for Senior Week (the "Commencement Exercises" mentioned in the invitation), which promises delightful and interesting events to make the last days of the year pass all too quickly.  
The week is opened on the night of Saturday, May 24th, by a concert by our Glee Club in the chapel at 8:30. We know from past experience what kind of concerts the Glee Club always gives, so the chapel will without doubt be crowded. Judging from the strenuous practicing that's going on now, the outsiders who come for commencement will also be impressed by the singing and may even consider us as good as we consider ourselves.  
The next morning will find us all in white, walking two by two to church to hear the baccalaureate sermon, which will be preached this year by Rev. W. T. Thompson, Jr., D.D., of Knoxville, Tennessee. This is one of the most impressive commencement events and one which always holds a warm place in the hearts of those "who have gone on before."

Monday night brings the Blackfriar play, presented under the big oaks on Dr. Gaines' lawn. It is to be "Twelfth Night," in which our very best talent will be seen. Tuesday night is going to have two events—a song recital from 8 to 9; and a reception to the graduating class from 9 to 11,—which makes quite a full program for one evening. In case of rain on Monday night, the program will be interchanged and we will have the play Tuesday night with the reception and recital Monday.  
Then the next day is the Day. The Seniors, sad with the thought of leaving, yet eager to meet the world, will  
(Continued on page 3)

## Second Installment of Mutual Admiration

To the Sophomores, With Much Feeling

**DOROTHY ALLEN.**  
Little old red-headed thing,  
Knee-high to a duck,  
The girl who got you for a sister  
Had a heap o' luck.  
You've got a heart of sympathy  
And a mighty willing hand.  
What we'd do without you  
I just can't understand.  
—Margaret Rowe.

**MARGARET ANDERSON.**  
Speaking from experience, third time's charm. You'll admit two sisters are experience enough, and as for the third time being a charm, I'll just tell you my Soph sister is the best of all.  
—Bess Ham.

**JEANETTE ARCHER.**  
This is to wish my Sophomore sister health, happiness and a world of success as she travels along the path to Seniorhood. May she bring the same joy to her Sophomore sister that she has brought me—her Senior sister.  
—Mary Brock Mallard.

**GLADYS BROWN.**  
"Brownie," my dear, is handsome and tall,  
She's stunning looking, but that's not all—  
Her voice is fine,  
Her dancing divine,  
And she's a good sport, which is best of all.  
—Louise Felker.

**MARGARET BELL.**  
Everybody envies me, because of my sweet Peggy.  
A fascinating child is she;  
When in the blues, or full of glee,  
No other Sophomore suited me,  
Except my own sweet Peggy.  
—Virginia Newton.

**RUTH CROWELL.**  
Ruth May Crowell,  
Just give her half a chance;  
She'll make you think her tongue  
Has St. Vitus' dance.  
Never still a minute,  
Always on the go,  
But I—I can't describe her—  
I "luff my Wuffie" so!  
—Elizabeth Pruden.

**MARGUERITE COUSINS.**  
A poet would compare her  
To a rose or something rare.  
My words are mighty hazy,  
And half cannot be told,  
Marguerite's a daisy,  
With a heart of gold.  
—"Pete."

**AIMEE D. GLOVER.**  
Little Aimee D. Glover,  
Oh! why do we love her?  
The answer you surely can guess.  
So winsome and true,  
'Tis all we can do.  
Signed: Her Senior, with much heartiness  
—Shirley Fairly.

**SARAH HALL.**  
A friend  
As loyal and true  
As I ever knew,  
Different from most, you'll agree.  
A leader she'll make,  
And that's no mistake—  
Sarah Hall, that Soph sister to me.  
—Goldie Ham.

**PEARL LOWE HAMNER.**  
Paint, paint, paint early and late,  
Pearl Lowe is doomed some day to be great.  
She's pretty, she's sweet,  
She's well-dressed and neat,  
And makes high marks  
At a very great rate.  
—Mary Katherine Parks.

**ANNE HART.**  
Here's to Ann,  
Best sister of them all,  
Little or big,  
Short or tall.  
Graceful, attractive,  
Loved by all about her,  
Suffice it to say  
I could ne'er have done without her.  
—Agnes Wiley.

**JEAN McALLISTER.**  
We know that Jean is simply fine,  
We also know she's ne'er on time.  
Sincere and loyal, the best sport yet,  
She's the dearest kind of a friend,  
you bet.  
—Frances Glasgow.

**FANNY McCAA.**  
Fame will surely be her part,  
As biology lab. doth delight her heart.  
Never sad, never blue,  
Never far when there's something to do,  
Yet best of all as a friend most true.  
—"True."

**MARGARET McLAUGHLIN.**  
Her voice is deep and sweet,  
Her playing swift and neat;  
Tho' with her "shoos" she'll probably greet you,  
It's a pleasure just to meet you,  
Margaret.  
—Jane Bernhardt.

**FRANCES CHARLOTTE MARKLEY.**  
She makes us posters every day,  
She writes up every single play.  
None more skillful in dramatics,  
Started in May Day with rheumatics.  
At A. S. C. there'll ever be  
A place for enthusiastic Frances C.  
—Llewellyn Wilburn.

**LUCIA MURCHISON.**  
Of course every family thinks its baby is the most wonderful in the world, but we of Agnes Scott know that none of them can equal our "Baby." She always has a happy little smile for everybody and brings sunshine and joy into the lives of all about her.  
—Claire Elliott.

**VIENNA MAE MURPHY.**  
Oh! Vienna Mae's my sister sweet,  
She always dresses fresh and neat.  
Though she doth horrid math adore,  
Music she loveth even more.

**CHARLOTTE NEWTON.**  
Steady! steady! Charlotte's here!  
And she is the girl for me!  
Ability and charm are hers  
And worth and dignity.  
—Julia Ingram.

**JANEF PRESTON.**  
Do you know a modest little maiden  
Whose eyes are blue and hair with gold is laden?  
She writes for B. O. Z., her pen is always deft—  
Of course you know her, for her name is Janef.  
—Ethel Rea.

**EDITH ROARK.**  
Edith is graceful, rich and rare,  
Tall and slender, with golden hair.  
With her complexion very pink,  
She's the very best of all, I think.  
—Alice Norman.

**RACHEL RUSHTON.**  
Dear Sophomore sister, who are mine,  
To tell all you have takes a poet's line:  
"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."  
—Dorothy Thigpen.  
(Continued on page 2)

The Agonistic

Agnes Scott College Weekly.

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS!

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

WHAT COLLEGE MEANS TO A SENIOR.

What has college meant to a Senior? It has meant so many different things to so many different girls. It has not been all joy; it has been true hard work, at times, to all of us.

But even now, when term paper notes are still scattered over our rooms, and exams are not quite ended, the hard work seems to begin to fade away from our consciousness, and we think of the good times we have had, and our happiness, and our friendships.

And in those reminiscences we laugh at what seemed so hard a long time ago—the class work and all that. We recall the time when we were in deathly fear of Miss Hopkins, and held Dr. Arm. in awful reverence.

It must have been a Senior who wrote Alma Mater. That expresses so much better than just prose words what college means to a Senior.

WHAT COLLEGE MEANS TO A SOPHOMORE.

A Freshman might tell you that to a Sophomore college means an opportunity of gratifying her passion for dictating; a Senior, if approached on the subject, probably would smile with the knowing and slightly pitying smile of one who has gone on to the bigger things.

Then there is that word "ideals" that was such a puzzle to her last year. It dazed her with its frequency, but the older girls said the word in such a reverential sort of way that she thought there must be something to it.

Somehow, we believe that the meaning of college to us will broaden and grow, in the two years that we expect to be here and even after that each succeeding year will find us glad, for the impress that Agnes Scott has made in our lives.

ARMS AND THE GIRL.

Two dear things were sitting on the porch of the country club. Said one of them: "I see Betty has decorated her room with pistols, swords and rifles."

"Yes, Betty's a great girl for having arms around her," replied her chum.—Exchange.

"EXCLAMATORY" WAS RIGHT.

Mrs. Mason's colored washer-woman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's ve'y po'ly, ma'am, ve'y po'ly," answered the woman, "He's got the exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the matron, "Exclamatory means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction: "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."—Exchange.

Husband: "Now, madam, shall we talk alimony?"

Wife (seeking divorce): "Why not? It will be the first interesting thing you have launched since we were married."—Life.

Y. W. C. A.

LOCAL MONEY GOES TO SECRETARY IN JAPAN.

"I believe there must be some mistake in the records which have been handed down to you, for the money which you have been sending us to help on a foreign secretaryship is at present being used by Miss Topping, in Japan," writes Miss Heller to the treasurer of our association.

"If anyone begins to ask 'After the war, what is to be expected in the way of new development in the Y. W. C. A.?' Will there be anything for it to do when the war becomes no longer necessary?" the answer will be 'great advance along every line,' but especially let this stranger turn his questioning eyes upon the foreign department, and particularly upon the Kobe Association.

"It all began in less than a week after the news of the armistice had been flashed round the world. The Christian women of Japan were thrilled through and through by the news of peace. They were saying: 'The responsibility of Christians will be much greater immediately. Both democracy and Christianity, having won in the world, will be trusted in Japan. The woman's cause, too, will come into its own. This will be a woman's age after the war. . . . The best way to help Japan spiritually, socially, and politically, is for the women to rise and make their contribution to the community life.' . . ."

"Kobe is like an American city in its delightfully optimistic spirit and rapid growth. Thirty years ago it was a small place with perhaps 20,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. Now it claims 630,000 and is the most important seaport in Japan. Ships are constantly sailing from it to all parts of the world. During the war it has had a tremendous boon because of its shipping; and while these interests may decline from now on, its export and import trade in ordinary commodities will develop to more than make up for the loss. . . ."

"Even before its beginning, the Kobe Association was committed to a strongly evangelistic purpose. Just before leaving America last April, I was approached by one of the members of the San Francisco Y. W. C. A. board, who said to me, 'You are going to Kobe to start work there for Japanese women emigrating to America. You will teach them English and American customs and that is all very necessary. But what they need most, I have been in America many years and I know, is the pure Gospel. Be sure and give them that!' This she repeated with tears in her eyes, taking my hand in hers. I promised with a deep sense of commission, to do as she asked. The word 'Kobe' itself

means 'Door of God,' and that is what the Association must mean to all who come into it.

"A girl employed as maid in a wealthy family in one of the suburbs of Kobe saw in the newspaper the announcement of the beginning of the association work, and wrote, saying she was very glad to hear this; that she had had many personal sorrows and wanted to learn more of Christianity. Mrs. Jo, the chairman of the religious department, was given her letter and replied immediately with words of comfort and teaching: 'Loud rings on sea and land to-day The challenge of a work to do, As in the furnaces of Time God molds this worn-out world anew. O strip us of our love of ease, Send full on us Thy challenge clear, And let us catch the far-off glow Of thy great walls, then let us go And build their splendor here!'"

MISS YOUNG CHOSEN TO ADVISORY BOARD.

At a recent meeting of the Advisory Board, Miss Young was elected to its membership as one of the three representatives from the faculty. The Advisory Board may well be called the power behind our Y. W. C. A. Association, for it is from this body that we get support for carrying out new ideas, advice in financial affairs, and co-operation in all the work of the Association. This board is composed of our two honorary members, Dr. Gaines and Miss Hopkins, and three faculty who hold terms for three years each. At the first of this year, the faculty members on the Advisory Board were Miss Markley, Dr. McCain, and Miss Bourquin. Since Miss Markley did not return, Miss Young was elected to take her place during the one remaining year of her term.

To the officers of the Y. W. C. A., Commencement means beginning at the end, for, though they have been working out numerous plans for the new association year, they just have to wait until September for an opportunity to execute these plans. So in the various committee meetings the plans have been finished and at the last cabinet meeting the work was left in such a well-organized condition that it can be easily taken up again next year.

BLACKFRIAR PRACTICES QUESTION OF THE MINUTE.

Morris Dancers to be Added Attraction.

Have you chanced of late to be sitting calmly in a secluded spot studying Math or French or something else from the long list of things in the catalogue, with a harmless member of Blackfriars? Have you suddenly found an ink bottle precipitated into your lap and all the papers on the table flying wildly about, and as you looked up did you see said Blackfriar arise in haste, brush aside all obstructions, and rush wildly off with a little yellow book in her hand? If you have passed through such experiences and had presence of mind enough to look at your watch when the young whirlwind was gone, you must have seen that the hands pointed to five o'clock. For five o'clock on every afternoon in the week is the hour set for play practice and sooner would one lose her last hopes of happiness in this world and the next than miss one of those practices.

guidance of Miss Gooch, has always made Agnes Scott's annual commencement play such a success. Everybody pulls together and pulls hard, from the man who plants and cuts the grass on Dr. Gaines' lawn, so the stage will look well, to the chief character in the cast. And speaking of cast, of course we all know that it will be exceptionally good in every way, but perhaps we are not all aware of the fact that it includes two of Agnes Scott's graduates, Blackfriars whose fame still lingers in the memory of most of us. One of them, Hallie Alexander, of Decatur, is to play the role of Duke Orsino, and anyone who has ever seen Hallie in a masculine role will realize at once that the duke will be a charming gentleman. The other, Mrs. Ward Morehouse, better known here as Ruth Nisbit, is to be one of a troop of Morris dancers. Mrs. Morehouse entered upon the dramatic phase of her Agnes Scott career rather late in the day, but her acting more than made up in quality for what it lacked in quantity. The Morris dancers in this play will add a very attractive element, and surely in a very large part, because this "old Blackfriar" will be among them.

SECOND INSTALLMENT OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

(Continued from page 1)

SARAH STANSELL.

She came to me when I was weary and distraught with the troubles of a Senior. I leaned upon her so that I went forth again to conquer. —Katherine Godbee.

ELIZABETH SOMERVILLE.

Only about two years ago To the college of A. S. C. This maiden came, whose mind we know Of a wondrous sort to be; And her As and frat pins my E. S. makes, Are a source of pride to me. —"Little Country."

AMY TWITTY.

Amy Twitty, hear a ditty: How do you dance so well? With grace and poise, though not much noise, You're a charming little belle. —Marguerite Watts.

NELL UPSHAW.

Our Nell is a very dear friend, On her we can always depend. She writes stories galore, And her mind it does soar To a height that we cannot ascend. —Mary Ford.

HELEN WAYT.

In memoriam To my Sophomore Sister Helen Wayt A tribute to her good friendship Erected by Lois Eve—Senior.

MARY WHARTON.

"The opposite sex" are not the only ones that bear witness of Mary's charms, for all of us who know her realize just how attractive and lovable she is. She's lots of fun, a good sport and a loyal friend. —Elizabeth Witherspoon.

FRANCES WHITFIELD.

My Frances is a lovely lass, Her nature's sweet and clever, And every faithful looking-glass Delights to view her ever. —Lulu Smith.

ELLEN WILSON.

Ever a darling, Loyal and true, Loud in her praises— Ellen's true blue Now and forever, Willing and clever, Is this Soph sister o' mine. Laughing is this dame. Sunshine is her name. Of girls at A. S. C. None like her there be. —J. L. Skinner.

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**THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF SOPHOMORES.**

From Original Sources.

Not in trailing clouds of glory did we come, but rather 1921 straggled through the whitewashed underpass in the regulation Freshman style. Some of us were very much grown up, talked about dates, or in a very blase style flourished diamonds on left hands. The remainder, younger perhaps, and not quite so much sophisticated, didn't talk so much then—but we've made up for it since.) They say we were as green as usual, however 'tis certain that no Sophomores rented us chapel seats, or sold us the radiator in our own room!

Sophomore week—there shall be a time when even these things are pleasant to remember—brought the usual pig-tails, placards, and green ribbon. But as green is a sign of life and growing things, even so we, under the guidance of the Juniors budded forth. Even the Sophs, loath to give an ounce of praise, had to admit they never saw so much talent as Sophomore committee night displayed. The originality and genius displayed under such harrowing circumstances proved that at last the class had won its right to respect.

But the Sophomores wouldn't confess it until that wonderful night when the Black Cat purred its way right to the Freshmen. Yes, when one looks back the Freshmen were rather excited, for weren't they the very first class who had ever won the cat the first year! The bonfire and yelling thereafter surely convinced everyone that at last the Freshmen were Agnes Scotters, members of the community, not ingenues.

Looking back things don't seem so far away, especially the nice ones! But then other people besides those of 1921 can remember the most pleasant things first. The athletic cup looms up in all its shiny glory, and is inscribed 1921—the first time in history that a little green Freshman class grew up enough in one year to capture that prize.

The parties we gave are almost gone from our memory, but there was the kid party which we gave for the Juniors. Sister classes are a great comfort, but usually they're rather above us, so to meet on a common footing everyone dressed as mother's pet, or father's little man. Rain is a quantity much to be reckoned with, and due to that most unruly element the Freshmen gave a most unique party—an Easter-egg hunt in the rain.

We helped knit sweaters, and like all proper Freshmen, we helped fill out the necessary niches while finding our place. So the first year passed out joyously.

With the second epoch-making journey through the underpass our Sophomore year began. But alas! the long-hoped-for and much-loved Sophomore week was ruined by a too liberal use of soap (see Freshmen statistics). Thus the Freshman class missed the most edifying and educational advantages of Sophomore committee night. (They have shown the lack of above-mentioned advantages.) With a sigh hasten over the bitter experience of Black Cat episode number 2.

The Follies showed Sophomores in their very gayest mood, and charmed B. E. F. who is one of our most delightful friends. The coming out dance of Miss Gay Young Sophomore made quite a stir in society channels.

Our sister class seemed closer this year, for we could appreciate them more. May baskets take on an added charm when one sends them to Senior sisters. And now graduation time is coming when the joys begin.

So we ramble on to the end of this year, which is almost in sight, and soon we'll be having the third epoch-making journey through the underpass.

**SOPHOMORE SONG.**

Sophomore team comes on the floor,  
Good-bye, Freshmen, good-bye.  
We'll beat you now forevermore,  
Good-bye, Freshmen, good-bye.  
Bye, Freshmen, bye-o!  
We'll beat you high-o!  
Why do you sigh so?  
Good-bye, Freshmen, good-bye.

**STATISTICS OF SENIORS VERY EDIFYING TO COMMUNITY.**

Interesting Secrets Disclosed.

After lofty interviews, private conferences, deep secrets, May Day try-outs and otherwise, the Senior class has the honor of presenting the following enlightening statistics for the edification of the college community:

1. Thirty-eight honored with the name of Senior.
2. Prospective alumnae, May 28, 1919, 37.
3. Average waist measurement, 27 9-10 inches.
4. Shoe worn, 5 1-2 AA.
5. Number in May Day, 11.
6. Number with musical aspirations, 3.
7. Number with literary aspirations, judging from B. O. Z., 3.
8. Number on verge of nervous breakdown from undue academic effort and from expended energy on student activities, 37.
9. Number who is unable to support student activities, 1.
10. Number who has not paid budget, 1.  
(Note: 9 and 10 are different.)
11. Number who are engaged and say they are, 4.
12. Number who are engaged and won't admit it, 3.
13. Number who eat raw eggs, milk, cod liver oil, tonics and otherwise for the state of their health, 5.
14. Owners of men who make socks, 1.
15. Probable number of those keeping Memory Books, 25.
16. Probable number of those having a superfluity of men, 3.
17. Prospective May Queens besides the one we had, 0.
18. Numbers going to Foreign Field, 2.  
a. China.  
b. Africa.
19. Prospective faculty members, judging from extensive boot-licking, 5.
20. Number with whom faculty have dates, 2.
21. Number suffering from chronic sleepiness, 1.
22. Number suffering from rheumatism, 1.
23. Number of those expecting to take a long and protracted rest cure upon becoming B. A.s, 37.
24. Number of stoics, 18.
25. Number of epicureans, 20.
26. Probable number which marriage will turn into Bolsheviks, 13.
27. Number of Gamma Taus who are interested in men, or a man, 5.
28. Total number of Gamma Tau, 6.
29. Probable number who wish they could begin and do it all over again, 38.
30. Sure number who swear that 1919 is the class, 38.

**REVELATIONS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.**

Subjected to Hard Tests Before Compilation.

After great thought these are found to be the statistics of ye Sophomore class:

1. Seventy-two honored with the name of Sophomore.
2. Average size of head, 18 inches (abnormal).
3. Average size of shoe, 6.
4. Members professing to dance, 71.
5. Grace discovered so far in two members.
6. Those requiring nourishment between meals, 70.
7. Prospective presidents, 0.
8. Members desiring to be elected president, 3.
9. Members possessing gold mines, 1.
10. Members unaffected by moonlight, 6.
11. Probably 6 marriages.
12. Sophomores resembling animals:  
a. One hyena.  
b. One possum.  
c. One sheep.  
d. Two hippopotami.
13. Members constitutionally broke, 65.
14. Average number of dues collected, 16.
15. Owners of spidery Ford runabouts, 1.
16. Photo-fends, 1.

17. Members liable to be kidnapped in underpass, 4.
18. Future Gamma Taus, 3.
19. Favorite pastime, getting squelched by Miss Hopkins.
20. Favorite amusement: Discussing relative value of Senior sisters.
21. Members returning next year, 40.
22. 72 think the Sophomore class the best in school.

**INTERESTING INFORMATION ALL ABOUT THE IRREGULARS.**

They have a hard time getting together. They have pep, but somehow the school won't let them show it. They give the recitals; they shine in dramatics; they never loaf. If you think the Irregulars are out of place, well, just talk a bit with Mr. Dieckmann, Miss Gooch, Mr. Johnson and Miss Lewis, then you'll find out some of the things they are doing.

There are 78 of them; 4 are third year, 18 second year, and 48 first year; 8 are Specials, which totals up 18 per cent. of the 388.

Ten are vocal students.  
Two read.  
Two are artists.  
Eighteen study music.  
Two play the organ.  
Fourteen trip it on the light fantastic toe.

Eleven states are represented and two nations.

Seventy-six are not engaged, but one of these is about to be.

One has reached the highest ranks that a woman can reach in the navy.  
One is a librarian.  
Two are married.

Three have never had dates. (Sad birds.)

Phone monopolists, 16.  
Tea-room trotters, 69.

Dope drinkers, Jeannette Parkman, Sarah Kinman and Ruth Perkle.

Thirteen tip the scales beyond normal desires.

Fifteen are past twenty.  
Sixty-five per cent. of the Regulars prefer to be Irregulars.

Six do not use powder.  
Fifteen do not use rouge.

Powders used: Djer Kiss, Azurea, Freeman's, Nadine, Roger and Gallet.

Twenty-seven are brunettes.  
Thirty-two are blondes.

One is red-haired.  
Eighteen are non-definite.

100 per cent. think the work accomplished by the Irregulars show that they deserve equal rights with the other classes.

Fifty-one are coming back next year.

**SOPHOMORE YELL.**

Freshmen in the high chair  
Who put 'em up there?  
Ma, Pa, Sis Boom Be!  
Sophomores, Sophomores,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
1, 2, 3, 4 3, 2, 1, 4, who for when for  
Who you going to root for?  
Sophomores! Sophomores!

Slum Child: "She died through eating a tupenny ice on top of hot pudding."

The Other Slum Child: "Lor! Wot a jolly death."

**MUSIC NOTES.**

Tune:

"Keep the Home Fires Burning."  
Over Inman comes a wailing,  
From the students in distress,  
For we've studied e'er since supper,  
And our French is in a mess!  
Miss Legate has given a lesson  
That would more than kill a oow,  
And Miss Smith has shown no mercy,  
And the whistle's blowing now!

Chorus:

Keep the light on, Peanut,  
Till I look "kepi" up,  
Though the 'larm clock's set for six,  
I can't get up;  
I'm just so sleepy,  
I hardly know what I'm 'bout,  
And while I do compose these songs,  
The lights go out.

Tune:

"There's a Long, Long Trail."  
There is a loud, loud bell a-ringing,  
At seven o'clock in the morn,  
And every sleeping maiden  
From peaceful slumbers is torn.  
There is a long, long porch a-stretching,  
To that White House door,  
And we fear that John will stop his  
bell  
E'er we take one step more.

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**Henry Muench**  
JEWELER  
Peachtree St. Bell Phone

**SCOFIELD**  
Everything Good  
in Eats  
PHONE DECATUR 145

**PROGRAM FOR SENIOR WEEK.**

(Continued from page 1)

then be formally graduated. The Rev. Andrew Sledd, D.D., of Emory University, will give the commencement address, after which the long-sought sheepskins will be conferred on those fortunate ones who have worked hard for them and who deserve to go out from our Agnes Scott to represent us in the world.

Corà had seen her first green worm. Rushing into the house she said: "Oh, mamma, mamma, come see the dill pickel that is walking around out in the yard."—Ladies' Home Journal.

They were not exactly the friendliest of neighbors and one day the following note came from Jones to Smith:

"Mr. Jones presents his compliments to Mr. Smith and asks that he kindly shoot his dog as he keeps Mr. Jones and his family awake."

Whereupon Smith returned the following note:

"Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Jones and begs to inform the latter that he will be glad to shoot his dog if Mr. Jones will poison his daughter and burn her piano."

**Commencement Cards and Gifts of all kinds at The Smart Shop 125 Arcade**

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# ATHLETICS

## MANAGERS APPOINTED.

The next year's president of the Athletic Association has already begun her plans for next year by appointing the following sport managers:

Basket-ball, Jean McAllister.  
Hockey, Dot Allen.  
Track, Susan Malone.  
Hike, Fanny McCaa.  
Tennis, Marian McCamy.

The first four were chosen by appointment and the vice-president is always tennis manager.

## NEAR ENDINGS AT TENNIS.

At last the weather is becoming propitious for tennis, with the result that the tournament is almost ended. Only the championship game between the Seniors (Llewellyn Wilburn and Elizabeth Watkins), and the Freshmen (Elizabeth Brown and Elizabeth Nesbitt), remain to be played. The following were the class champions and winners of numerals:

### Seniors.

Singles—L. Wilburn.  
Doubles—L. Wilburn, E. Watkins.

### Juniors.

Singles—M. McCamy.  
Doubles—M. McCamy, V. McLaughlin.

### Sophomores.

Singles—D. Allen.  
Doubles—D. Allen, M. McLaughlin.

### Freshmen.

Singles—Georgia Weaver.  
Doubles—Elizabeth Brown, Elizabeth Nesbitt.

## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER UNION.

### Conference Held Here Two Weeks Ago.

We, the committee appointed to draft resolutions of appreciation to Agnes Scott College for the hospitality accorded the Georgia State Student Volunteer Union, recently convened in annual session, in placing at its disposal the accommodations of the College for holding the session, and for the hospitality shown to the visiting delegates in furnishing to them free entertainment, wish to most heartily express our appreciation:

First. To the President, Doctor Gaines, and to the Dean, Miss Hopkins, whose hearty co-operation contributed much to the success of the Conference.

Second. To the Student Volunteer Band of Agnes Scott College, under whose auspices the Conference was held.

Third. To the students and faculty members of the College who, by their presence at the Conference, and by the kindness which they showed the delegates, helped to make the Conference a success.

Be it resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given the President and Dean, to the Student Volunteer Band of the College, and to the Agonistic, for publication.

Signed:

Alvade Gunn,  
Weeta Watts,  
R. T. Ross,  
Committee.

## VIOLIN RECITAL BY M. ROLLIN.

### Delightful Program Presented.

Last Friday night in the chapel, Aggie was charmed with a violin recital by Monsieur Rollin, of the French department. An unusually large crowd appeared for a performance given on a week night but we all came away well repaid for the little pause in our studying. The numbers were well selected and the execution was wonderful. The first number, Asa's Death, was followed by a rollicking Hungarian Dance by Brahms, a favorite with most music students. Then came Nevin's immortal Rosary, which everyone is familiar with, and next Souvenir, which called forth loud applause, in acknowledgment of which Monsieur Rollin gave us an encore Berceuse from Jocelyn. We all

wanted to jump up, grab a feather duster and execute a war dance right there in the chapel when he played the Indian Cautionette, which also called forth loud and long applause. The climax came, however, in the last piece, L'Etincelle, which showed marvelous skill in technique. We really don't know which was the best, for we enjoyed it all and appreciate very much the treat we had. We hope to have a similar opportunity again some time of hearing Monsieur Rollin, for this recital came to an end all too soon.

## MAY DAY ON THE SLATON LAWN.

### Ideal Natural Stage.

Those Atlanta people who wanted to see our own May Day, and didn't get to, had an opportunity to see it last Saturday, when it was presented on Mrs. John M. Slaton's lawn for the benefit of the D. A. R. Last year, after seeing our festival, the Joseph Habersham Chapter asked us to repeat the performance there, but Senior exams, rain, and the fullness of the A. S. C. calendar generally prevented. This year they came earlier—when the first preparations were being made for the dances,—and the cast gladly consented.

We couldn't help feeling a little important at the idea, and we donned the strangely-colored ballet slippers carefully, anxious to make a good impression. When everybody was finally gathered in Main Hall, answering P-nut's roll-call, it was a weird-looking crowd. Anyone who didn't know A. S. C. girls would have said they had ostrich natures. The tops of us were absolutely correct,—perfectly good spring hats, albeit over somewhat blousy coiffures. But our feet produced a decided anticlimax in flimsy slippers or none at all, fringed with uncertain skirts. Once we were on the cars, though, no one could have seen anything unusual about us, unless it was the fact that we were all of the peculiar A. S. C. type of beauty.

The special cars that the D. A. R. had provided took us to the Slaton's front gate. By that time we had thrown convention and hair to the winds, so it didn't take long to primp, whether we went to the house to get at a mirror, or used our knitting-bag outfits in front of the garage.

It was a wonderful natural stage. Everybody was thrilled at the real living shrubbery we could creep through without fear of knocking it down, and at the grass that was so pretty, although slippery. The mystery was to find the center of the stage; each set of dancers wandered about and found it just when it was about time for them to disappear in the bushes. And then, when they staggered out, breathless, on the driveway back of the stage, there was the table out on the grass, and some D. A. R. ladies with the most delicious punch waiting for them. It was fun, and rather exciting, trying to cavort around in the same old way with a new temple, a new audience, and new everything. It was fun some more on the way back to the car, seeing the people stare at us, and answering the questions as to who the old man was, and where he got his costume. Everyone was lovely about doing everything they could to make us feel welcome, and we were so glad that the weather was pretty enough to let us go.

The street-cars brought us back,—then supper in the tea-room for all who had energy enough to get it. Then we went down and took off our costumes; most of them went into very bottom of our trunks, if not into the waste-paper basket.

## FIRST INSTALLMENT OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

(Continued from page 1)

### ALICE NORMAN.

At nine a. m. and p. m., too,  
You will find her ever smiling;  
But of the boys she never speaks,  
Nor wastes her time in them beguiling.

—Edith Roark.

### MARY KATHERINE PARKS.

Oh, if I had the genius of many scribes,  
On Mary Kate's charms I'd expound,  
Such eyes and such pep,  
Good looks and good rep,  
I am sure cannot elsewhere be found.

—Pearl Lowe Hamner.

\*\*\*

### ELIZABETH PRUDEN.

Just a little Senior,  
Not bigger than a minute;  
If there's any fun abroad,  
You'll surely find her in it;  
Senior member of Exec—  
Watch her bustling about;  
You can see importance  
Just a-sticking out.

—Ruth Crowell.

\*\*\*

### ETHEL REA.

Ethel, with calmness and a generous smile,  
Her Senior pathway goes;  
Of cheerfulness she keeps a supply  
For folks who need it passing by,  
And this one Sophomore knows.

—Janef Preston.

\*\*\*

### MARGARET ROWE.

Peanut's vice-president on my hall,  
And she never stops shooing at all,  
And she is editor of the Silhouette,  
And she's the whole school's popular pet,  
But it don't worry her at all,  
hardly.

—Dot Allen.

\*\*\*

### JULIA LAKE SKINNER.

Julia Lake—just her name brings with it a thought, a feeling that words can't seem to express. A friend, truth, capability, unselfishness, joy in a glorious life's purpose—these are the things she means to us.

—Ellen Wilson.

\*\*\*

### LULU SMITH.

If Lulu Smith could leave to me  
Her knowledge "n everything,"  
I'd so surpass the rest of the class  
That fifty fits they'd fling;  
I'd be on Exec and Hoase, too,  
And could in "Car men" sing;  
There's something else you bet I'd have—

That marvelous diamond ring.  
—Frances Whitfield.

\*\*\*

### DOROTHY THIGPEN.

One scholarship, two scholarships,  
Who in creation wants more!  
Aurora, Y. W., Hoase, Gamma Tau,  
Things we'd all admire.  
Beloved, honored, renowned, admired  
Even by Faculty.  
Her radiant eyes,  
Sparkling and wise,  
Are mysteries to you and me.

—R. Rushton.

\*\*\*

### FRANCES THOMAS.

Deep flows the quiet channel of her soul,  
Steadily moving to its goal,  
To burst one day into the ocean of accomplishment.

\*\*\*

### MARGUERITE WATTS.

Good-looking, attractive and very sweet,  
Witty and smart—that's Marguerite.  
In sports she has pep,  
In Gamma Tau rep;  
If there's one thing that can beat her,  
Well, girls, I'd like to meet her.

—Amy Twitty.

### LLEWELLYN WILBURN.

She's won letters in athletics,  
Laurels in Blackfriars, too,  
She's a Hoase and librarian,  
A lovely Aphrodite, too.

—F. C. Markley.

\*\*\*

### AGNES WILEY.

Now, "Ag," who is president of her class,  
Is a charming, attractive young lass;  
She's smart in her books,

And blessed with good looks—  
Oh, step aside, girls, and let her pass.  
—Anne Hart.

\*\*\*

### ELIZABETH WITHERSPOON.

She has the genius to be loved,  
This can well be said of Sleep,  
For she's a girl of high ideal,  
And a charming personality.

—Mary Wharton.

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