

Aurora

97



Superintendent
Massachusetts
June 18, 1907



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... The  Aurora


1897

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The Student Body.

Agnes Scott Institute,

Decatur, Georgia.

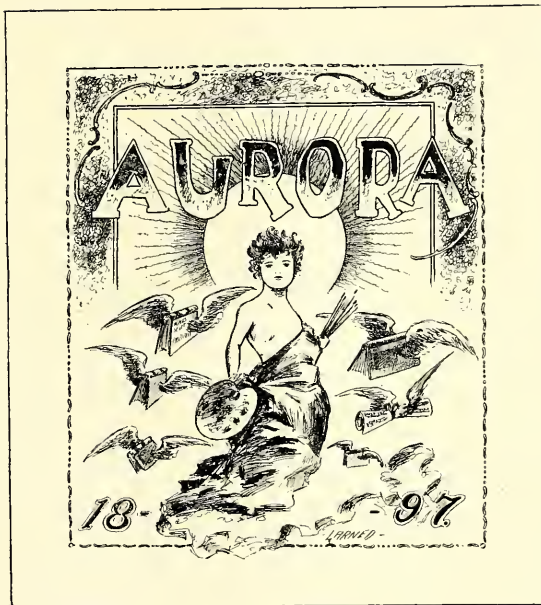


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AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE.





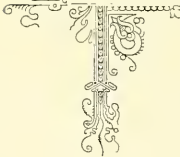
Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which
bars a thousand harms and lengthens life





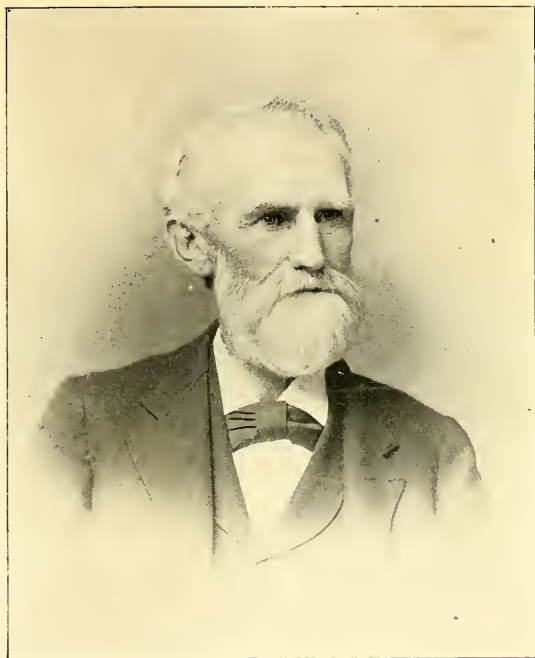
To . . .

Colonel George W. Scott,



In token of our loving gratitude for his noble gift, and our appreciation of his earnest efforts in advancing the higher education and Christian culture of the young womanhood of the South, this volume is respectfully dedicated by

. . . The Editors.



COL. GEO. W. SCOTT

Col. George W. Scott



A HIGH-SOUNDING baptismal name, such as George Washington or Napoleon Buonaparte, is often united in a highly ludicrous way with a trifling character; why, we do not know, unless the weight of the name exerts a crushing force upon babyhood powers. The heroic name and the unheroic life do not always go together, however, as the subject of this little sketch strikingly illustrates.

George Washington Scott was born at Alexandria, Huntingdon County, Penn., on February 22, 1829—just ninety-seven years to the day after the Revolutionary hero, whose name he bears, first saw the light. His boyhood and school-days passed quietly away on the picturesque banks of the blue Juniata; on attaining his majority, however, he set out to seek his fortune elsewhere.

Not to California where the "gold fever" was drawing hundreds and thousands, but to the Land of Flowers did he direct his steps—or, rather, his horse's steps, for all the long irksome journey was made on horseback. His first Southern winter was spent in Quincy, but the remaining nineteen years of his Florida residence were passed in Tallahassee. Here it was that he "set up house-keeping," Miss Bucher, of Carlisle, Penn., becoming his wife in 1853. All the early journeys to and from his native town were made on horseback; and it throws a strong and beautiful light on the character, both of the young man

and of his mother, to learn that, at her wish, he never traveled on Sunday, and always went to Sunday-school if one were accessible.

By and by the civil war broke out, and Mr. Scott, obeying the voice of principle rather than of preference, took the Southern side, becoming first a private and later a colonel in the Confederate army. Directly after the war the white Democrats of Florida showed their confidence in Col. Scott by electing him Governor of the State. Those were the "trying times" of reconstruction, however, and the Republicans counted him out.

From 1870 to 1877 the quaint old city of Savannah was Col. Scott's home. In 1877, at the time of the yellow fever epidemic in Savannah, he came to Decatur; so that for twenty years his presence has been a benediction in this little North Georgia town.

How, in 1889, Col. Scott, in memory of his dear mother, Mrs. Agnes Scott, built the Institute, and what has been his connection with the school since, is told elsewhere. Every Institute girl would like our first Annual to have a more detailed sketch of his life, but we know he would have it as brief as possible. Every girl would like the world to know how constant, how thoughtful and how delicate is Col. Scott's kindness to the Agnes Scott folk, and how rarely beautiful is the life and character we have had glimpses of from time to time. But because it would give him pain to say much, we must content ourselves with the single wish: "Our dear Col. Scott—God bless him!"

Mrs. Agnes Scott



GOD'S most perfect work is a noble woman. Who could help saying and believing this when he stands within the walls of Agnes Scott and remembers that this is a grand monument and tribute to the virtues of one woman who, though dead, yet lives in the grand results which her life and her influence have brought about. Thou, Agnes Irvine Scott, hast left thy impress on many through this school which has been raised to thy memory.

Agnes Irvine Scott was born in Ballykiel, County Down, Ireland, June 13, 1799, and was the youngest of three children. Her father, William Irvine, died in the same year which witnessed the birth of his youngest child, and six years later her mother was married to Edward Stitt, a distant relative. November 29, 1814, Edward Stitt died, and the family then consisted of his widow, Mary Stitt, and her two daughters, Susanna, then married to James Stewart, and Agnes.

After her father's death Agnes Irvine made her home for several years with her uncle, James Irvine, who lived in Newry. James Irvine was very desirous of adopting his niece, but his plans in that respect were against the wishes of Agnes Irvine's mother, who did not wish to be separated from her daughter and who had decided to leave Ireland and come to America where she thought better advantages were offered to her children than at the old home in Ireland. It was on the 29th of March, 1816, that Mary Stitt, her two daughters and son-in-law sailed from Warren's Point, Ireland, for Philadelphia, and thirty-six days after they landed at the latter city. It had been no easy thing for Agnes

Irvine to leave her comfortable home at Newry and take a long voyage in a small sailing vessel such as was then in use, and the trial was made even heavier by the loss of her sister Susanna, who died and was buried before the ship reached its destination.

After landing in Philadelphia the small party traveled through the country by coach, for this was before the days of fast express trains, to their new home at Alexandria, in the interior of Pennsylvania. Here they settled among old friends and relatives, and here it was that Agnes Irvine was married to John Scott on the 29th of October.

The Irvines were of Scotch-Irish stock, and of the true Presbyterian type, so it is not surprising to learn from the records that soon after reaching Alexandria Agnes Irvine and her mother gave their letters of dismissal from the church at Kilkil, Ireland, into the care of the Hartslog Presbyterian congregation. Of this church she was a member until the day of her death.

John Scott died in 1850, but his wife still continued to live in Alexandria. She died October 23, 1877, aged 78 years and was buried in the beautiful cemetery near Alexandria and overlooking the valley of the Juniata river.

These are the simple facts, the outline of the life of one whose name to many women has become inseparably associated with the happiest part of their lives. To these and to all present students of Agnes Scott what has been written is enough, for *they* no not need to be reminded of the life and character of her whose name has become so dear to them. Let the pen then be silent and let not the hand of any, however tender, draw aside the veil, that the staring multitude may look into the inner life of this Christian woman.



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Questioning



LIFE of dreams—how shall it end ?
Will golden fancy with chill fact blend ?
The awakening day—what shall it be ?
Will dreams in dread from real'ty flee ?
Or will the flowers of thoughtful youth
Blossom one day into glorious truth ?
And the dreamland which in the shadow lay
Finally dawn into endless day ?



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ANNUAL STAFF

Preface



ONE afternoon, late in last February, a group of girls was discussing affairs in general, and longing with the rest of the world for something new. "This routine of school life becomes unendurably monotonous," moaned one, "and I would give anything for a little variety." "We need some point of common interest to arouse the girls from this selfish indifference of theirs, and to draw them closer together," said another. "While you are amusing and benefiting us you might be charitable enough to consider the good of the school," chimed in some one else. Whereupon a girl, who always has ideas, electrified her audience by exclaiming: "I have it! Let's get out an annual. We will enjoy doing it; it will call forth an untold amount of latent talent, and it will be to the interest of the school." Of course a chorus of objections was raised. "We are inexperienced," "We are deplorably ignorant," "Southern girls have never done it that I ever heard of," "We will never pay expenses," "We have not time;" these and dozens of other obstacles were all mentioned at once, which is probably the reason they had no weight. The proposer of the annual carried her point, and then and there the board of editors was elected, committees appointed, and earnest work begun.

Such was the origin of the first annual published by the girls of the Agnes Scott Institute.

The "AURORA" for '97 is intended to present life at the A. S. I. from the students' point of view, and is almost entirely the result of efforts on part of the pupils. However, without the co-operation of Dr. Gaines, Miss Field and other members of the Faculty, the enterprise must have been abandoned in the beginning, and for their assistance we return warmest thanks. We are very grateful to the student body and to the alumni for their interest and valuable assistance. We also desire to thank Mr. Will Larned for his kindness in contributing several pen sketches.

The courtesy and efficient aid of our able publishers, The Franklin Publishing Company, puts us under many obligations to them.

We now present the AURORA to you, and trust that you will be indulgent in your criticisms.

THE EDITORS.

J. H. Gaines, D. D.



WAS born at Tillico Plains, Monroe County, Tenn., July 25, 1852, and was graduated from Cumberland University, literary course June, 1870.

After graduation he read a course of medicine and attended lectures, but the study of medicine was soon dropped, and in September, 1873, he entered Union Theological Seminary, Hampden Sidney, Va., from which institution he was graduated May, 1876. In September of the same year he was ordained to the ministry by Ebenezer Presbytery, at Hopewell church, near Paris, Va., and from that time until 1896 he was regularly engaged in active duties of his calling. During this period, from 1876 to 1896, he had five pastorates, one in Kentucky of about eighteen months, and two in the valley of Virginia of about five years each and the fourth at Decatur, Ga. Dr. Gaines took charge of this last church in December, 1888, and continued in the pastorate until June, 1896. These eight years were prosperous ones for the Decatur Presbyterian church and it soon so grew in members that a larger place of worship had to be built.

But while the church itself increased in membership, there quietly grew up under its care, and by the gift of one of its members, an institution which has since become known as Agnes Scott Institute. Dr. Gaines was President of the Board of Trustees of this institution from the very beginning and has ever

since been intimately connected with the school. He was instrumental in gaining the first teachers, these being Miss Hopkins and Miss Cook, of Virginia. He formed the Bible curriculum and held that chair, and has besides had general charge of affairs. In May, 1896, Dr. Gaines's duties in connection with the school, being considered by the Board of Trustees arduous and important enough for him to devote his whole time to them, he was elected to the Presidency of the institution. After due deliberation, he asked for and received his dismissal from active work in the ministry and accepted this position, thus being brought into even closer connection with the school.

In July, 1896, Dr. Gaines received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Davidson College, and in this same year he published the third number of a series of Bible notes, intended for the use of Bible classes in colleges and in the church, but especially for his own classes at Agnes Scott. The first number had appeared the year before, and the second will probably be published in a year, thus completing the series.

To Dr. Gaines, as President and teacher of Agnes Scott, is due a great deal of the school's influence for good and for the advancement of the cause of education, and in every respect has his loyalty, love, and zeal for this institution been unchanging.



REV. F. H. GAINES, D.D.

Miss Nannette Hopkins



“ONCE upon a time,” during the first happy year of the organization of the Agnes Scott Institute, we had with us a poetess whose best productions were dedicated to our dear principal, Miss Hopkins. Would that her muse were mine, now that my pen fails to indite the thoughts of my heart. If it could express my heart’s language this poor tribute of love and reverence would be a glowing eulogy worthy of its subject.

Six years have passed since that “first year,” since those so fortunate as to be “Agnes Scott girls” then, sat under Miss Hopkins’s patient, gentle tuition and her firm, unwavering but tender rule as principal of that beloved institution.

Miss Nannette Hopkins was educated at Hollins Institute, Va., receiving a full diploma from that institution. After graduation she had charge, for one year, of a small school at her home, Warm Springs, Va. After this she was associated as Senior Assistant for five years with Mrs. J. B. Winston, Principal of Valley Seminary, Waynesboro, Va.

In 1889 she came to Georgia to take the position of principal in a school at Decatur, then known as the Decatur Female Seminary, but afterward as the Agnes Scott Institute. This position Miss Hopkins has continued to hold until the present time.

Now, do you who do not know her, imagine the principal of the Agnes Scott Institute to be an ogress? Never, even in the loneliness, homesickness and gloom of their first experience as boarding-school girls did “Miss Nannette” seem to her pupils other than a guardian angel. Does any “old girl” who may read this remember the comfort Miss Hopkins gave her during her first days at school while wrestling with entrance examinations and dreadful longings for home? Ah! “a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,” and who can say we

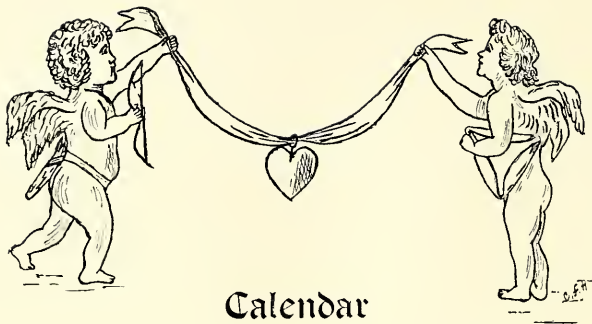
didn’t love Miss Hopkins better because she told us *she* had been homesick on just *such* an occasion. We fortunate “old girls” knew Miss Hopk’ns under favorable circumstances, we were nearer to her and to each other than in those days of the Agnes Scott’s larger growth. How patiently and carefully she drilled us in her beloved mathematics, and how vividly ye historian remembers the scoldings she didn’t get because of her unusual density in that useful but unattractive science. But this long-suffering forbearance, instead of fostering laziness in her pupils, incited them to deeds of study of which they had never before dreamed; and to have her softly utter, “I am *very much* gratified by your improvement,” was equal to laurel wreath and laudatory sonnets to an Olympic victor.

After the Agnes Scott’s first year Miss Hopkins’s duties forbade her doing any class work, so her mantle as a teacher of mathematics fell upon other and worthy shoulders, and while students loved these successors they missed Miss Hopkins’s presence in the class-room.

“A wonderful little woman” a certain admirer said of her not long since, and wonderful she is. In thinking of her personality one who knows Miss Hopkins well is reminded of Mrs. Browning’s lines:

“Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Tho’ the loudest spoke also you heard her alone.”

Gentle as a May morning zephyr, dainty as a violet, yet her influence is all-pervading and powerful as a sovereign’s. Blessings upon the little woman! Her girls will never forget her, and those who have known her longest feel sure of their places in her memory, worthy or unworthy, for they know “she will not let their faults erase their names from off her heart.”



Calendar

1896

SEPTEMBER 2 to 7, Registration.

NOVEMBER 5, Mnemosynean Reception.

NOVEMBER 28, Thanksgiving Day.

DECEMBER 17 to 23, Examinations.

DECEMBER 23 to 30, Christmas Holidays.

1897

JANUARY 12, End of Fall Term.

JANUARY 13, Beginning of Spring Term.

FEBRUARY 22, Washington's Birthday.

MARCH 5, Open Session of M. L. S.

MARCH 17 to 23, Examinations.

APRIL 26, Memorial Day.

MAY 18 to 21, Final Examinations.

MAY 21 to 26, Commencement Week.

MAY 21, Mnemosynean Reception.

MAY 23, Commencement Sunday.

MAY 24, Recital.

MAY 25, Alumni Address.

MAY 26, Commencement Day.

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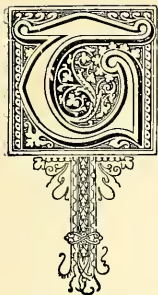
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A Brief History of Agnes Scott Institute



HE absence in this section of a school for young women, of high grade and fine equipment, under the auspices of our church, had frequently led to the remark that Presbyterians were not doing as much as other denominations for the education of their daughters; but such criticisms have at last been silenced by the establishment of an institution which has proved itself the peer of any of its contemporaries in the scope and thoroughness of its work. At the beginning of his pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Decatur, Ga., Dr. F. H. Gaines became impressed with the belief that a school of high

order would be an inestimable blessing to this portion of the country. He first brought the matter to the attention of the session of his church and other prominent citizens; meetings were held for consultation as to the feasibility of the plan, and before many weeks had elapsed the whole community had become interested. A capital stock of \$5,000 had been subscribed, a company formed, a charter for the "Decatur Female Seminary," under the control of the Presbyterian church, secured, and a Board of Trustees elected.

The first term of the new school began September 25, 1889, with sixty-five pupils enrolled. Miss Nannette Hopkins, of Warm Springs, Va., had been elected Principal, with Miss Mattie E. Cook, Assistant. Miss Fannie Pratt, Teacher of Piano, and Miss Valeria Fraser, Teacher of Art and Physical Culture, were residents of Decatur. The large two-story dwelling, erected by Judge Hilliard, ex-minister to Brazil, had been rented by the Trustees for the use of the school, and the boarding department placed under the supervision of Mrs. E. G. Elyea, of Atlanta.

In May of the next year Col. George W. Scott donated to this institution \$40,000 upon the condition that the name of the school should be changed to "Agnes Scott Institute," as he wished his gift to be devoted to the memory of his deceased mother. He then purchased the rented building and lot occupied by the school, together with the vacant lot adjoining, upon which he had decided to erect, at his own expense, a handsome and commodious school building.

By September, 1890, the school was ready to enter upon its second year. The faculty had been increased by the election of three new members: Dr. J. S. Rogers to the chair of Science, and Miss L. A. Field to that of Latin and French. Professor Gustave Meyer came as director of the music department. Growth and prosperity had compelled the Institute to enlarge her borders, and Mrs. Walter's residence, on the opposite side of the railroad from the building already occupied, was rented as a home for the boarding pupils.

The foundations for the new building had been laid during the summer, and its progress from day to day was watched with eager interest. Days and weeks wove themselves into months, and the school term closed; another summer vacation wore away and the beginning of a new school year arrived. This was a new era in the history of Agnes Scott Institute. Those who returned the evening before the opening found the newly completed building brilliant with electric light. The spacious parlors, dining-room, and dormitories were all ready; every room had its dainty, fresh furnishing, homelike and inviting, with comfort and beauty for its occupants. Each recitation, art, and music room was supplied with every appliance for study or work in its department. One piano had been sufficient for the first year, now there were twenty. At this time the faculty numbered fifteen, and the enrollment, composed of representatives from eleven States, had almost reached three hundred.

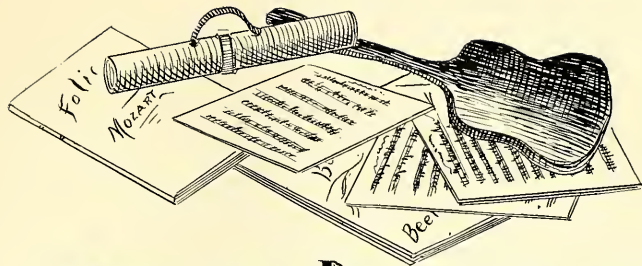
The formal dedication of the building took place in November, while the Synod of Georgia was holding its sessions in Decatur. In response to the invitation of the Board of Trustees, the members of that body were present to witness the dedicatory exercises and to consecrate with their prayers the offering made that day to God and the church. When Col. Scott had delivered to the Trustees the deeds and the statements of expenditure, it was found that his gift amounted to \$112,000. He has since increased it by other additions.

It has been the object in establishing this institution to provide not only for the complete development of the physical and intellectual powers but also for the culture of the heart, and by refining and Christian influences to strengthen and ennoble the character. With a liberal course of study, care-

fully arranged, with a high standard of scholarship, and with the Bible as a text-book, it is hoped that this broad culture and these high aims may be attained.

As from the crest of the watershed upon which its beautiful edifice stands, the waters, dividing, flow to the Gulf and to the Atlantic, so from this school as from a fountain may streams of influence go forth to enrich and beautify the homes of our land by carrying with them lessons of fidelity to duty and devotion to truth and religion. And thus may it become, for her whose name it perpetuates, a memorial living in the hearts and characters of those to whom Agnes Scott shall have been endeared by the tenderest ties and by the sweetest associations.





MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

QUES. Where must we go to study music?

ANS. Go to Europe.

QUES. But suppose one is not able to go to Europe?

ANS. Then by all means go somewhere and study with a German professor or a Polish professor, or anybody with an unpronounceable name, long hair, and who talks rough, one who is so bewitchingly strict, one who tells you you are an idiot, and almost kicks you off the stool in his impatience to show you the only correct way. Oh! he is so charming and eccentric. Study under any one but an American. Americans know how to do nothing but make money and spend it on foreign artists and fakes, and American fakes with foreign names.

A fond mother who was enthusiastic over her daughter's musical education was telling me of "dear Susie's" talent, and how rapidly she had advanced. That she had just learned to play Gustave Lange's "Flower Song," and she thought she was now ready for a German professor. Her dear friend, Mrs. Gold-

bug Ignorance, had said she would not think of letting *her* daughter take under any one but a German; that Herr Doctor Knowallstein was such an excellent teacher, and no one could teach like the Germans. I happened to know that the Herr Doctor's grandfather really did come from Germany, but this distinguished grandson had never seen Germany, but was from Germantown, Penn.

There is a very celebrated teacher and composer now living in New York City. When he was in Europe students, especially Americans, flocked to study with him. *He* moved to New York; *they* still go to Europe. Who do they study with? Just anybody in Europe. The money is theirs, and spend it they must.

I was invited to attend the grand musicale at the Commencement of a large college for women. The directress of music had studied in Germany four, five or six years. She played on and taught piano, violin, violincello, mandolin, guitar, and for a recreation, painted family portraits. There were ten numbers on the program. I will only mention a few: "Old Black Joe,"

with variations, three of Liszt's Rhapsodies, "Alice, where Art Thou," with variations. The college band played a grand march—composer unknown (perhaps he would not tell his name), and when encoired they played a medley of Dixie and Yankee Doodle.

After visiting another school and paying close attention to their manner of practicing, I have thought of writing an article on "How to practice," not giving myself the credit for originating such a splendid system. From close observation and constant listening have concluded it would be well for pupils to have a few rules to follow. I will give you the benefit of a few notes I expect to enlarge on in my article.

1. TO BE A GOOD SIGHT-READER—

Practice difficult overtures, symphonies, *et cetera*, arranged for four, eight or twelve hands. On first reading notice tempo given for metronome; set metronome accordingly. Do not count aloud (I would advise you not to count at all, but some teachers prefer it). Do not notice expression marks, such as *p*, loud; *pp*, louder; *ppp*, similar to a cyclone; *f*, soft; *ff*, softer; *fff*, whisper. Put your foot on loud pedal and retain it, never raising it until the end of piece. Play always with a strong accent. If all do not strike the final cord together, sit perfectly still and wait for the backward ones. All rise from the piano at once and file off the stage two abreast.

2. TO PRACTICE SCALES—

Practice very rapidly both hands at once, so one hand may drown the deficiencies of the other. Holding right foot on loud pedal through all the scales.

3. TO LEARN A NEW PIECE—

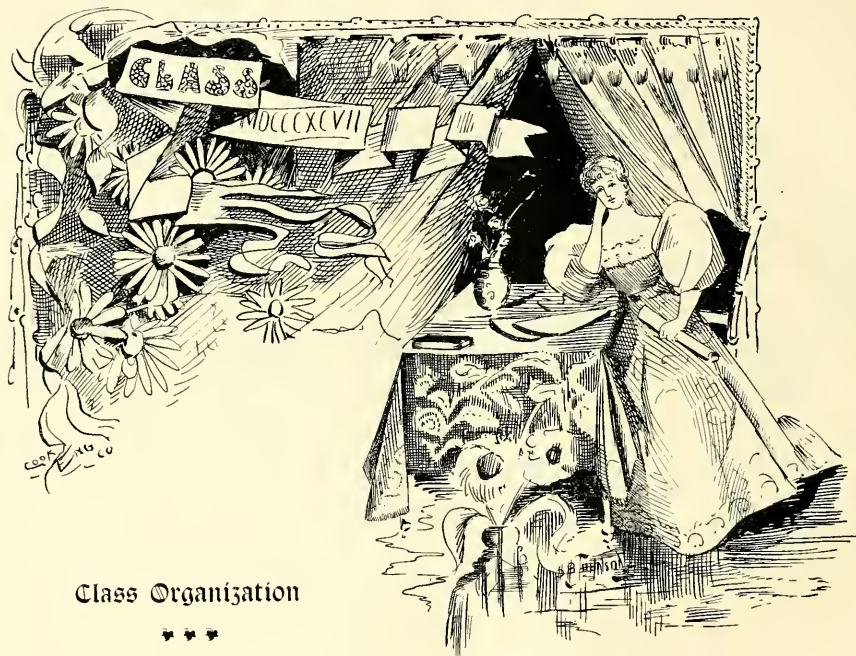
Never take the trouble to look at the composer's name or to learn anything about him, for I assure you it is folly and waste of time. No doubt you are learning to play for "company," and company will not ask you anything about such things. But I am wandering from my subject—Practice straight through the piece, never stop to learn difficult passages, always playing fast with right foot on loud pedal.

Strange to say such good judges and thorough musicians as our present music faculty disagree with me on the above rules. Our Director, Mr. Joseph Macelan (he is neither Doctor, Prof., M.D., LL.D., D.D., or Ph.D.), preaches *slow practice, read slow*, and I am loath to confess he has converted a great many of his pupils to his way of thinking. Oh, 'tis true they may play a few pieces very well, play them more correctly and with more finish, but we want to play a great many. What does it matter if we make mistakes, our friends constantly remind us that they would not recognize the mistakes (neither will they recognize your good playing).

We have at present a very full orchestra in school composed of seventeen pianos, four violins, and thirty-two human voices. Concerts given daily at the following hours: 8 A. M. to 2 P. M., then refreshments; 3 to 5 P. M. rest and refreshments; 7 to 9 P. M. rest. These concerts are free to all visitors but very expensive to the performers. We have enrolled about — pianists but scarcity of instruments prevents all participating at one time.

This series, given under the direction of Mr. Joseph Maclean, Conductor; Miss Margaret Klebs, Prima Donna; Miss Anna Hunt, First Violinist; Miss Helen Clark and Miss Annie Neilson, Assistant Pianists, will close May 26, 1897, to re-sume work September 1, 1897. For price of season tickets, see Dr. F. H. Gaines, President Agnes Scott Institute, Decatur, Ga.





Class Organization



Colors

WHITE AND GOLD



President, CORA STRONG
 Vice-President, LILY WADE LITTLE
 Secretary and Treasurer, LULIA WHITFIELD
 Historian, CAROLINE HAYGOOD

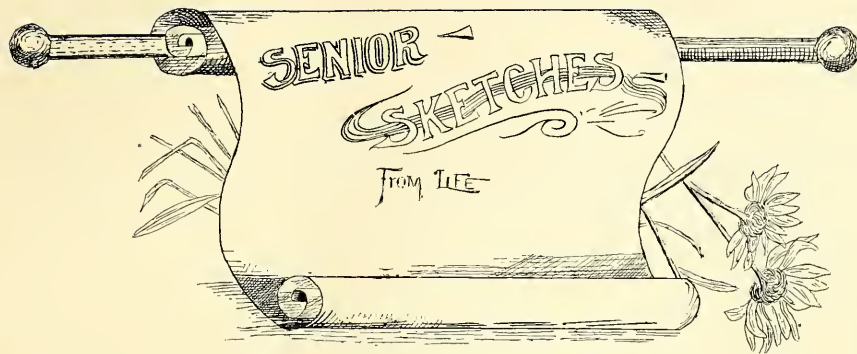


JULIA WHITFIELD

CAROLINE HAYGOOD

CORA STRONG

LILY WADE LITTLE



DETAILED account of the eventful career of the remarkable quartet which composes the present Senior Class would (firstly) tantalize, (secondly) paralyze, and (thirdly and lastly, brethren) annihilate the reader. Having been strictly charged to eliminate (oh, algebra, sacred to thy memory!) *affaires du cœur* from chronicle, we will be compelled to present "Romeo and Juliet" with Romeo left out. It may be assumed that summer

flirtations and "desperate cases" have thus far constituted the chief events in the life of the "Big Four."

Even the most erudite member, "the modest little girl with the downcast eye," supposed by the teachers to have a soul which thrills only in contemplation of "apperceptions" and empirical psychology, and a heart that beats only for

analytics and mental philosophy, several decades ago indulged in "love's young dream." Having seen in her copy of Tennyson the passage—

"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

heavily underscored, the chronicler exclaimed "Eureka!" and following this slender clue set about with the zeal of a Scotland Yard detective to unravel this mystery, believing that her overflowing sentiment must have a source—although, like that of the Nile, up to this time unknown. The curious public will be relieved to hear that once in "auld lang syne" her heart had its mate. Alas! he died—under a dental operation—in infancy! no wonder now that she is wedded to books, conscientiously taking her daily walks that she may the more religiously devour, digest and assimilate the world's most profound thoughts. Since the above discovery we have decided that her conception of

the binomial theorem was, that it is her duty to learn enough for two. Whatever the cause, certain it is that she has made a record as a student unparalleled in the history of this institution, and as yet unapproached by the other three "variables." Miss Strong will probably teach in Walhalla, and we do not doubt that she will most scrupulously conform to the rules of education, mental, moral and physical, as laid down by Herbert Spencer.

Apropos of "Spencer on Education," Miss Little is an enthusiast on the subject of the proper training of children. A treatise on "The Management of Orphan Asylums" is constantly upon her table, much more in evidence than her chemistry or DIVINE COMEDY. This trait of her character has become so widely known, that only a few days since she received a letter from a reverend gentleman, recently bereaved, tendering this "airy fairy Lillian" an opportunity for putting into practice her pet hobby, to wit: The position of step-mother of his eight interesting children. From the serious look that she has worn we feel called upon to congratulate her upon having thus early met her destinies. When one of us remarked, "Lily, how could you undertake it?" her reply was, "Why, girls, he was simply irresistible!" With that smile of hers, "so childlike and so bland," she has impressed our instructors with the guileless innocence of her character. Little have they dreamed that this grave and reverend senior has been the leading spirit in all *sub rosa* frolics. Like "Joey B., devilish sly," is she, and it is known to only a few that even Mr. Davis has so far succumbed to her wiles that he has for years been "*particeps criminis*" in systematically robbing the larder, so that she might have sweetmeats to make glad the hearts(?) of serenaders. For quickness of memory and capacity to meet emergencies she has no equal. The rapidity with which she can get up her lessons or prepare for the next car for Atlanta is only equaled by her faculty for uttering the thoughts that flow so rapidly from her vigorous mind. If "a woman's function is plainly—to talk," then Miss Little is ably fulfilling her mission. She has taken the front rank as an elocutionist and has succeeded as well in interpreting the thoughts of others as in expressing her own. It

needs no prophet to say that one who has so universally won the love of the schoolmates will captivate many hearts in Macon's society circle.

Judging from her diminutive form, Julia Palmer Whitfield came from fairy-land.

"So light her tread
That scarce the hairbell
Droops its tiny head."

It is generally conceded that she was born in the Land of Flowers during the present century. The leading trait of her character seems to be love of fragrance, the laboratory is her arcadia and bicarbonate of sulphur her chief delight. Those who have observed her air of contentment and her general attitude when performing experiments with the above named will always remember it as the ideal picture of supreme satisfaction. It is supposed that her fondness for sulphur prompted her to ask if all "McFadden's Yellow Kids" were yellow. Her preferences are groundpeas, the Mandevilles, lunch at Nonesuch, olives and trigonometry. Her chief occupation is ostensibly soliciting ads for this Annual, but really going on "bums." She finds her diversions in "mental gymnastics," waving at the car on Sunday afternoons and ruling the M. L. S. according to her own sweet will. Like the first Hebrew king, she is head and shoulders above her companions. The lines,

"See the dipper all aglow,
'Twas scoured with Sapolio,"

have hitherto been supposed to be legendary, but Miss Whitfield assures us that they state cold facts, for she herself, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," did the work. The tapering fingers that could light the stars afresh will learn not less heavenly ministry in Johns Hopkins Hospital, and so the hands which might well serve as an artist's model will always be "beautiful hands."

Some six years ago the fourth member of the Senior Class entered these walls. Devotion to study and aversion to men have been her chief characteristics. Being genuinely fond of *cats* she seems predestined to *decline* life in the plural number. The fads of this inexplicable maiden are as many as moods,

varying from chocolate drops and football to surgery. She dotes on sketching and talks learnedly of art, though as ignorant of instruction in that line as Jack the Giant Killer. She leaves her teachers with regret, but fears they cannot share her sentiments; she has given them more trouble than they have given her; they have tried to lead her as good shepherds, but candor compels us to admit that she has not considered Green's Short History, moral science and trig as green pastures or still waters. Last year she expected to study surgery, but is now in doubt, which fact seems to give credence to certain rumors that she is thinking of adopting the theory of dual existence.

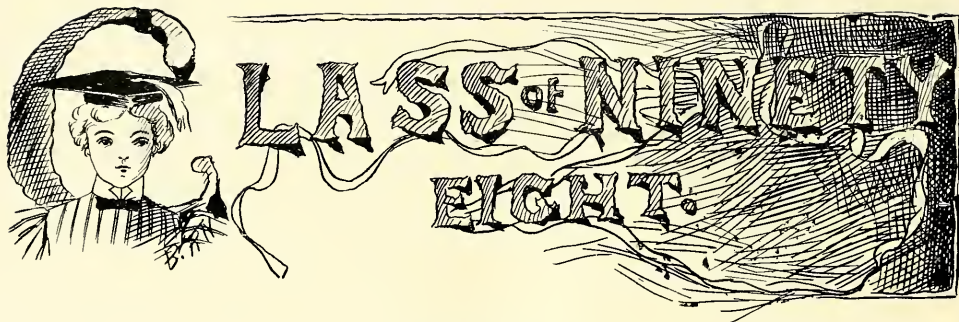
The Class of '97 has been, in the language of our esteemed instructors, a most remarkable one. Severally and jointly it represents brains, sweetness, strength and "general good-for-nothingness." If we forget each other let our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths (if there's any worse punishment for woman, when found make note of).

Immortal four! should you be cremated, here's peace to your ashes, otherwise may violets bloom over your grave.

Eternally yours,

"YE CHRONICLER," '97.





Class Colors

YELLOW AND BLACK



Motto

PERSEVERANTIA OMNIA VINCIT



Class Officers

PRESIDENT, EDNA RUNNETTE.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER, ELIZABETH JONES.

VICE-PRESIDENT, CORINNE COTTEN.

HISTORIAN, EUGENIA MANDEVILLE.

Junior Class



Members

CLAUDE CANDLER

LUCY LORE

CORINNE COTTEN

ESTELLE PATTILLO

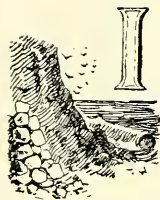
CORINNE DAVIS

MAY CE ROBINSON

ELIZABETH JONES

EUGENIA MANDEVILLE

History of the Junior Class



It was in September, 1894, that the members of the present Junior Class entered the hallowed precincts of Agnes Scott as full-fledged, verdant Freshmen—some of us had been here before, but we have sufficient reasons for not caring to speak of that period in our history. Strange to say, our arrival seemed to create no great interest or excitement; but this was probably due not to our lack of importance (perish the thought), but to lack of numbers—for the class of '98 has never been a very large one. As we now look back over that year from our standpoint as Juniors, we do not remember that anything of especial interest happened, except that a large part of the class became disgusted at the outrageous ignorance of the faculty, and therefore left at the end of the year never to return. But the general monotony is easily accounted for on the score that as a class our conduct has always been above par.

Sophomore year is ever memorable for two things. First, it was at this time that we were introduced to Gaines's Bible Notes. It was with fear and trembling and awe-stricken countenances that we first handled those dark-hued volumes, but we have since bravely recovered from that fright, having found that those notes were not so terrible as report pictured them. This period is also to be remembered, and with much sadness, as it was at this time that our brilliant class regretfully withdrew itself from another one of its members, mathematics having proved a stumbling block and an unconquerable obstacle to the further progress of one more poor mortal.

However, the recollections of these sad events are banished from our minds

when we think of the Cotton States and International Exposition, and the Midway. For once—we say it proudly, boastfully—the girls of '98 distinguished themselves, for did they not resolutely avoid the vain attractions of the Government Building, the Auditorium, the Educational Exhibits, and other such frivolous things, and devote their time to "shooting the chutes" and visiting the Streets of Cairo? Aye, and one ambitious student, aspiring after eternal fame, is even known to have offered herself to the manager of the Beauty Show as one competent to fill the bill for the new woman; but being refused, she solaced herself with the next most desirable thing—rides in the rolling "ship of the desert." "Jim" was entranced with the loud-voiced speilers, and that probably accounts for the fact that she was so often seen gazing at them with envious looks, although some base-minded persons *do* insist that there were other reasons and, as a proof of their statement, bring forward the utterly baseless fabrication that she was seen, once at least, wandering disconsolately about the Exposition grounds with eyes fixed on a wofully thin purse whose contents were just enough to buy a sandwich and to pay return car fare.

The year '96-'97 opened bright and encouraging, and as Juniors we have received our fund of knowledge so fast and to such an alarming extent, that our admiring friends, fearing the outcome, have trembled; but we, conscious of unusual strength of mind, can confidently assure them that we will in no way whatever be injured by our great learning. Sometimes, indeed, the weight of their scholarly attainments has rested so heavily upon a few of our number that they have felt as if they must leave—generally in haste—but the inducements for remaining have always been sufficient to keep these heavily burdened ones among us.

In these nine months of our Junior history we have made the important discovery that an uncorked bottle of CS_2 will bring peace, quiet and loneliness in the library, and is therefore to be recommended to all who desire to keep order in that region; we have found that calls made after 10:30 P.M. are attended with many dangers to the unwary, and are likely to be brought to an abrupt close; we have learned from bitter experience that a course of Egyptian hieroglyphics ought to precede the study of Junior Bible; finally, we have learned that there exists a strong attraction between that species of man known as night watchman and a pitcher of water, and the force of gravity will, under favorable circumstances, cause the contents of said pitcher to be precipitated upon the unsuspecting head of said night watchman.

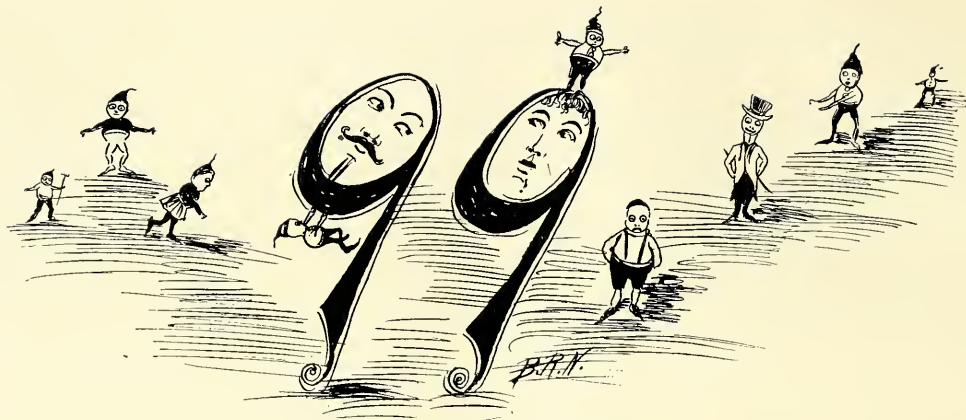
From these few instances it will easily be seen that we have spent our time profitably and have not sought after the idle things of the moment as some misguided members of the highly revered (?) Senior Class have done. But our spirit of inquiry has not been altogether spent on things outside our individual selves—some of it has been expended in the attempt to lay bare the particular foibles of the various members of the class—yet not the foibles alone, for our

searching investigation has at last revealed those particular branches of knowledge which are most dear to those who are the bright and shining lights of the class. "Curly" has such a deep interest in metaphysics that she feels that she cannot exist without the study of that branch of science, while Edna has great hopes of becoming a famous physicist, as her achievements in that line at Agnes Scott have been something wonderful. Two other hard-working students put their best thoughts in a different line, and of these one, Corinne, already bids fair to compete for honors with Euclid, and "Jim" reads Latin as fluently as if it were her native tongue, and composes poetry which excels that of Horace.

. . . . Now, at the time of writing, the year is drawing to a close. The memory of this time, with its fun and frolics, and even with its hard study will always find a warm welcome in our hearts; but now we are sad, for we ring the death knell of Junior life and of all unfulfilled aspirations. One more year is almost gone, and only one more lies before us. To the old, "*Requiescat in pace*," to the new a welcome, and may it bring joys and as pleasant associations as the old.

HISTORACUS.





Class of '99



It takes a long time to bring excellence to maturity.—MAXIM.

Colors

RED AND WHITE

Motto

LET KNOWLEDGE GROW FROM MORE TO MORE.—*In Memoriam.*

Class Officers

PRESIDENT, LUCILE ALEXANDER
VICE-PRESIDENT BERNICE CHIVERS

SECRETARY, ROSA BELLE KNOX
TREASURER, MABEL LAWTON

HISTORIAN, NELLIE MANDEVILLE

Sophomore



ALEXANDER, L.	HOOVER, A.	PATILLO, E.
BURRESS, A.	KNOX, R. B.	RAUHM, N.
BROWN, M.	LAWTON, M.	RUNETTE, E.
CALDWELL, C.	McADEN, M.	SIMPSON, M.
CANDLER, R.	MANDEVILLE, N.	THOMAS, I.
CHIVERS, B.	McCORMICK, A.	WESLEY, E.
DAVIS, C.	MOSS, F. K.	WILEY, A.
FLEMING, S.	MURPHY, M.	WHITE, C.
GASH, A.	PRICE, E. D.	WRIGHT, J.



Sophomore History



WE, the Sophomores of Agnes Scott, have every reason to be conceited, for every one thinks all the world of us, but so far our inherent modesty has prevented this, and we trust that it will continue to do so. It is true, in our own estimation, we are as brilliant a class as has ever blessed Agnes Scott, yet we always say this not boastingly but simply in justice to ourselves. Our age, though not as great as the Juniors and Seniors, is yet greater than that of the Freshmen, and we conduct ourselves accordingly. Once or twice we have heard ourselves disdainfully spoken of by the Seniors as "those gay Sophomores," but we think that our dignity is sufficient to relieve us of that imputation. Our career has been as varied as we could wish, perhaps a little too much so, for sometimes we become a trifle bewildered by being summoned before the Principal individually as well as collectively. However, we are well content with our lot. In

September, '95, we as Freshmen entered upon our course with a full sense of our importance. This same importance was evidently not appreciated by that august body, the faculty, since they did not show us the honor we had expected, but, nothing daunted, we went calmly on our way, knowing that actions speak louder than words. Soon after entering our class was somewhat diminished by the departure of several of our members whom various misfortunes—among which were a disinclination to study and a desire of rest, better known as laziness—had driven to take such a step. Later on in the year math proved a serious obstacle to many, and they were forced by "circumstances over which they had no control" to drop out of their beloved class. The others have survived, though they have many scars as testimony of the wounds they received when wrestling with dragons, otherwise "the studies necessary to complete the course." We entered upon our Sophomore year glorying in ourselves and scorning the Freshmen. Our introduction to the Bible course, though a severe

shock and a great mental strain, did not overcome us, for we took it as we did medicine when our mothers said, "It is hard to take, but it will do you good." But we do not study all the time. Oh, no! that would make us dull company indeed, and who on earth wishes to be dull company? We are well informed on all the topics of the day, and it was a base libel cast upon us when it was said that one of our members remarked, "Did you know that Cuba is trying to secede from the Union?"

Once we brought down upon our offending heads the greatest wrath of the Juniors by singing a remarkably poor attempt at a parody—

"Their minds are lame,
Their knowledge the same,
But they are the brightest of all, *they claim.*"

They say they are bright, and they may be, but we doubt it. When, in the course of human events, did the Juniors ever gain an advantage over the Sophomores? Naturally, then, if the Juniors are bright the Sophomores are brighter.

Quod erat demonstrandum. About the middle of the Sophomore year the graveness of certain offenses committed by the majority of the class led to a sudden reform in the manners and morals of the whole body. This state of affairs lasted for about a week, much to the discomfort of the Sophomores and their friends. The class soon relapsed into its old habit of being comfortably bad and all went well again—at least as well as before.

In the two years yet before this class we expect to surpass all records of previous times. The Junior Class does not dare compete with us. Little wonder, when

There was once a proud Junior girl
Whose hair with terror did curl
When we told her a tale
That made her turn pale,
And she's lived ever since in a whirl.

HISTORIAN.





Fresh



Class Organization



PRESIDENT, ALMA ALLBRITTON

VICE-PRESIDENT, JEANNETTE CRAIG

HISTORIAN, MARTHA SIMPSON

SECRETARY, MAY WALDEN

TREASURER, NANNIE WINN

Freshman



ALEXANDER, E.
ARNOLD, A.
ALLBRITTON, A.
ALLBRITTON, W.
BARKER, A.
BARKER, M.
BIRDSONG, L.
BRYAN, M.
BROWN, M.
CALDWELL, D.
CANNON, M.
CAV, ANAIS.
CARTER, E.
COLE, L.
COUNCIL, A.
CROCKETT, M.
CRAIG, J.
DAVIS, M.
DUDLEY, J.
DUNCAN, M. L.

EMORV, J.
EMORV, E. B.
EVERS, H.
FISKE, A.
HALL, L.
HARRIS, M.
HIGHTOWER, V.
HILDRETH, F.
HINELEY, I.
HUTCHISON, S.
KING, L.
LANIER, B.
LAING, L. M.
LATHORP, L.
LAWTON, E.
LOVEJOV, E.
JONES, NETTIE.
JONES, BELLE.
JOVNER, M.

MOORE, MAMIE
MOORE, MAUD.
NASH, BELLE.
PAVNE, M.
PULESTON, S.
RAMSPECK, H.
RAMSPECK, L.
RABUN, LILA.
REDDING, N. M.
SCHAEFER, H.
SHIELDS, A.
SMITH, L.
TURNER, M.
WALDEN, M.
WALLACE, S. M.
WESLEY, R.
WEST, E.
WINN, N.
YOUNG, E.

History of the Freshman Class



It is very true that we are young yet, but we have a history nevertheless. Our history may not have been very remarkable, but it has been at least exciting. The class was organized in September, 1896, and went earnestly to work; so earnestly that there are not a few girls who have succeeded in doing excellent work. The last year has been a very successful one for the Freshman Class in every department of our work, and we have no reason to fear but that we will next year have developed into dignified Sophomores. It is in the Freshman Class of 1896-97 that the familiar memory of Socrates, Aristotle, and Plato is brought so forcibly to the minds of our teachers. It was the teacher of Freshman History, who was heard to sadly murmur the words of Plato when Aristotle was absent from his lectures, "Intellect is not here today," all because she missed one of her pupils from the class. We believe that a feast of reason and flow of soul characterizes the recitations, and what more can the Seniors do?

When the class was formed and a motto was discussed, a worthy Freshman

girl bravely suggested, "Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies"; but the girls in whom the mind of Plato is so well reproduced objected by reminding us that

"Plato's love sublime, and all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind."

After much discussion, "What is it to be wise?" was chosen, with many brave resolves to find out. We are drawing near the close of our Freshman year and only one of us has found an answer to the question. It may have taken her some time to find it, but the answer is found, and by a Freshman. "What is it to be wise?" Alas! it is hard.

The Freshman girl of 1895-97 stands her examinations bravely, and at the end answers to the kind and sympathetic inquiry of the Senior as to how she came out, "Oh! with flying colors." Soon after, she confides to her fellow classmate that the suggested colors were "black and blue." But that does not prevent her promotion; so now, with the hearty approval of everybody who has yet come in contact with a Freshman, I raise a hearty three cheers for the Freshman Class of 1896-97.



Officers



PRESIDENT	MISS HELEN CLARK
VICE-PRESIDENT	FLORENCE HILDRETH
SECRETARY	TH LIE FLEMING
TREASURER	CORINNE DAVIS

Polymnia Club



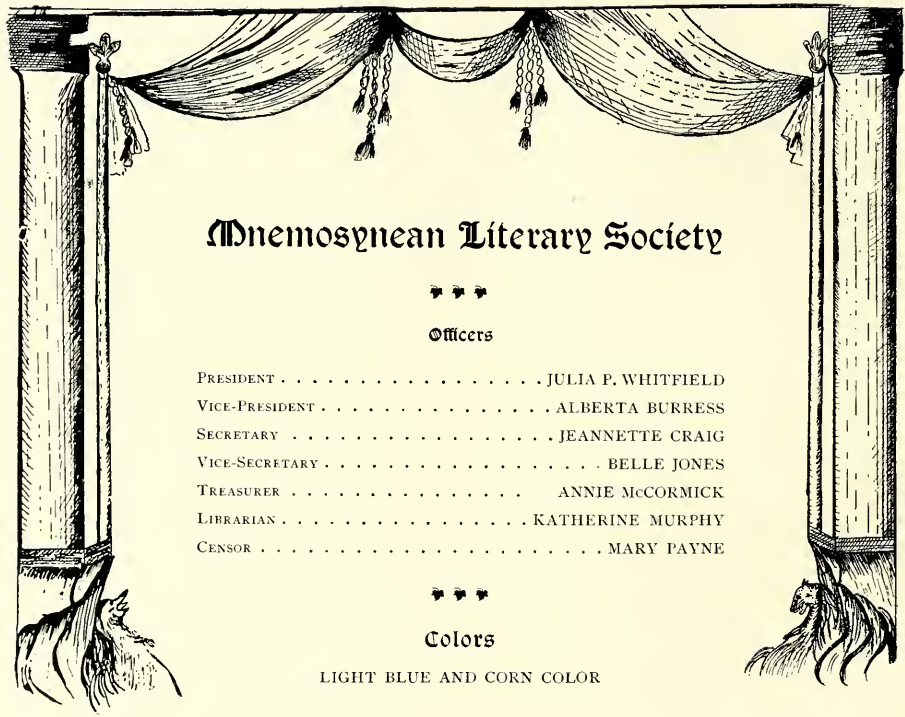
Members

WINIFRED ADDERTON
ALMA ALLBRITTON
WILLIE ALLBRITTON
STELLA AUSTIN
FLORIDA BETHEL
SYBIL BETHEL
ALICE BARKER
LEOLA BIRDSONG
ALBERTA BURRESS
MAY BARRY
ANNE COUNCIL
AMANDA CALDWELL
ELIZA CARTER
MISS ROSA COOPER
BELLE CRANE

CLAUDE CANDLER
JEANNETTE CRAIG
CORINNE DAVIS
JULIA DUDLEY
MARY LOU DUNCAN
ELLA BELLE EMERY
TILLIE FLEMING
MISS FIELD
MISS HUNT
ADA HOOPER
FLORENCE HILDRETH
GRACE HOLLIS
IDA HINELEY
LILLIAN KING

ETHEL LAWTON
LUCY LORE
EDITH LOVEJOY
NELLIE MANDEVILLE
MR. McLEAN
EDITH MASON
LELA MABLE
MIDGE McADEN
FLORENCE MEADE
MISS NEILSON
ESTELLE PATTILLO
STELLA PULESTON
EMMIE D. PRICE
HELEN RAMSPECK

ANNA PEEK ROBERTSON
JEAN RAMSPECK
NELLIE MAY REDDING
MAY Ce ROBINSON
LILA RABUN
MARY SCHORB
MARTHA SIMPSON
HILDA SCHAEFER
WAYNE THORNTON
ISABEL THOMAS
CLYDE WHITE
MRS. WILLIAMSON
MAY WALDEN
AMY WALDEN
ELLA YOUNG



Mnemosynean Literary Society



Officers

- PRESIDENT JULIA P. WHITFIELD
VICE-PRESIDENT ALBERTA BURRESS
SECRETARY JEANNETTE CRAIG
VICE-SECRETARY BELLE JONES
TREASURER ANNIE McCORMICK
LIBRARIAN KATHERINE MURPHY
CENSOR MARY PAYNE



Colors

LIGHT BLUE AND CORN COLOR

Mnemosynean Literary Society

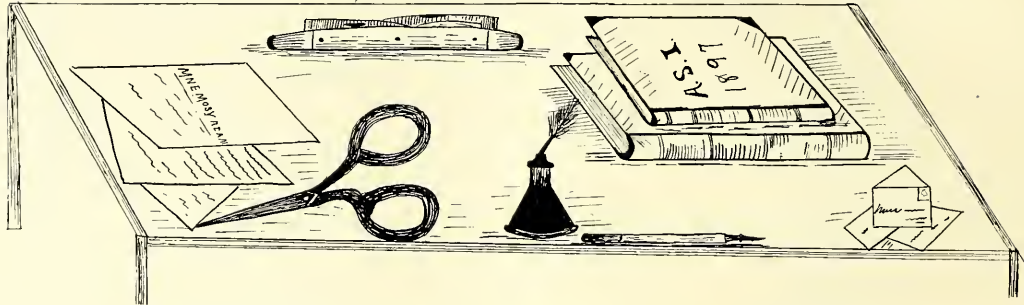


WINIFRED ADDERTON
ESTELLE ANDERSON
FLORIDA BETHEL
SYBIL BETHEL
LEOLA BIRDSONG
LILLIE BROWN
MARIE BROWN
ALBERTA BURKRESS
AMANDA CALDWELL
LOTTIE CALDWELL
MARGARET CANNON
ELIZA CARTER
JEANETTE CRAIG
CORINNE DAVIS

JULIA DUDLEY
ELLA BELLE EMERY
TILLIE FLEMING
MATTIE HARRIS
FLORENCE HILDRETH
ADA HOOPER
SELENE HUTCHISON
BELLE JONES
NETTIE JONES
ROSA BELLE KNOX
LILY WADE LITTLE
LUCY LORE
EUGENIA MANDEVILLE

NELLIE MANDEVILLE
MIDGE McADEN
ANNIE McCORMICK
KATHRINE MURPHY
MARY PAYNE
EMMA D. PRICE
MAY Ce ROBINSON
AMY WALDEN
MAY WALDEN
JULIA WHITFIELD
CLYDE WHITE
SUSIE MAE WALI ACE
AMY WILEY
JULIE WRIGHT

THE MOSYNEAN.

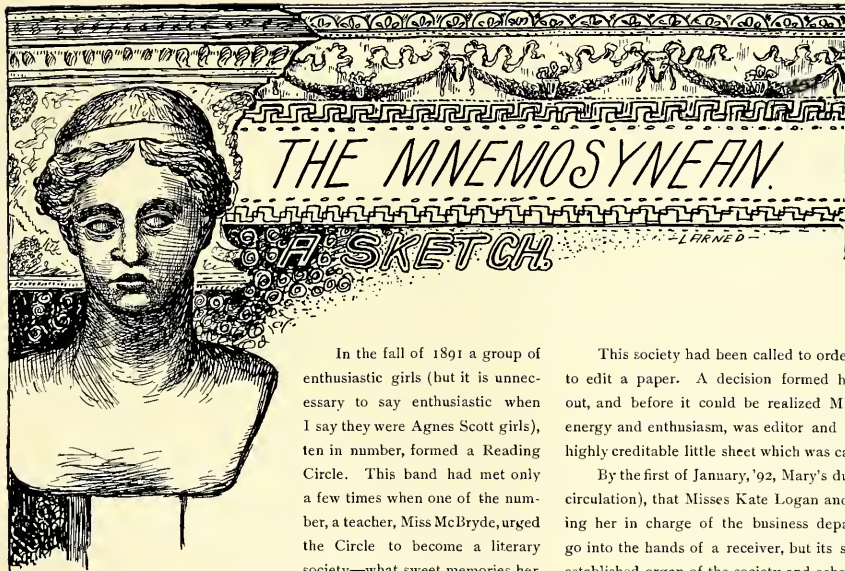


CORA STRONG, SOUTH CAROLINA EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
EUGENIA MANDEVILLE, GEORGIA ASSOCIATE EDITOR
LILY WADE LITTLE, GEORGIA EXCHANGE EDITOR
LOTTIE CALDWELL, NORTH CAROLINA LOCAL EDITOR
ADA HOOPER, ALABAMA }
CAROLINE HAYGOOD, GEORGIA } BUSINESS MANAGERS



ADA HOOPER LOTTIE CALDWEL CAROLINE HAYGOOD
EUGENIA MANDEVILLE LILY LITTLE CORA STRONG

MNEMOSYNEAN STAFF



name recalls! She was the inspiration of many benefits, the friend and companion of the girls in their pleasures and triumphs, and the comforter of all who came to her with their little trials.

The Reading Circle became a literary society—the Mnemosynean—(called after Mnemosyne, the mother of the Muses), with Miss McBryde as the leading spirit.

In the fall of 1891 a group of enthusiastic girls (but it is unnecessary to say enthusiastic when I say they were Agnes Scott girls), ten in number, formed a Reading Circle. This band had met only a few times when one of the number, a teacher, Miss McBryde, urged the Circle to become a literary society—what sweet memories her

This society had been called to order only a few times when it was decided to edit a paper. A decision formed by Agnes Scott girls is usually carried out, and before it could be realized Miss Mary Barnett, with her unbounded energy and enthusiasm, was editor and business manager of a delightful and highly creditable little sheet which was called after the society, “Mnemosynean.”

By the first of January, '92, Mary's duties had become so arduous (increased circulation), that Misses Kate Logan and Glenn Elyea were made editors, leaving her in charge of the business department. The paper not only did not go into the hands of a receiver, but its success was assured, and it became the established organ of the society and school.

The next year, '92 and '93, Miss Eloise Martin, our dear old “Crank,” was editor-in-chief, with Miss Lena Wright as assistant. We don't know whether Eloise was harassed by cares of the paper or studying, but she was always the busiest girl in school. Under her direction the paper took the form of a magazine with a conspicuous black flourish on its cover. Eloise's eyes failed, and

she was forced to give up the toils of school and journalism, much to the regret of all her friends.



It is '93 and '94 now, the black flourish gives way to the gold on a white cover, and Miss Mary Neel is chosen editor, with Miss Bessie Scott as assistant.

It is almost impossible here to refrain from digressing into a moan on the trials of the editor. They are innumerable, but I suppose the only sympathizers are the fellow-sufferers, and they don't need to be told. Under the above régime, with Miss Orra Hopkins as business manager, business flourished, and our coffers were not left empty.

From its incipency, advertisers have dealt liberally with the paper, and assured its financial success. Some say it is because a man is defenceless that we never fail to get an "ad.," and I daresay that those who are not armed with coldness and indifference to feminine entreaties sometimes have been forced to surrender to our advertising solicitors.

Perhaps some may not be acquainted with the wiles resorted to and the subtle method of surrounding a proprietor, so I give them a faint idea in the accompanying illustration, and imagination can picture the rest.

Possibly four girls—sometimes more, sometimes less—dressed in their "best," with some fascinating ribbon peeping out from among the laces, enter a store, and modestly and brightly inquire if the proprietor may be interviewed.

Fortunate it is for the MNEMOSYNEAN bank book that he has had no premonition of such an approaching visit, or he would be "out of town."

How can he help smiling and looking pleased when four bright faces are smiling at once, and four tongues are working at both ends.

How does he refuse to advertise? Why, he just doesn't refuse, and he is not sorry he didn't, till after the smiles are all gone. Possibly he considers it too much expense when he can think a moment.

Our paper's history must proceed, for it has been moving on, and it has been the aim to have it move upward always.

In 1894 Miss Esther Boyle was chosen editor, and not before has greater improvement been made. The MNEMOSYNEAN is now comparable to any of its contemporaries.

When Miss Carrie Haygood took the editor's chair in '95, every one predicted success, and no one was disappointed.

The MNEMOSYNEAN, always on a high plane, only published articles of worth. Only editors know the difficulty of getting these articles. Not that there is any scarcity of material, but the girls are so averse to making the extra exertion.

You approach one with a pleading face and expression of anxious uncertainty. She usually laughs at you, and taunts you with "O, I can't write anything!"

Your pleading then gives way to reasoning, and you explain to her that if she did not write well she would never have been asked.

Then another course of pleading; in desperation you almost resort to a kneeling posture, and with tearful eyes entreat for an article.

Finally, with a consent, you trip out gleefully. But does she bring her production to you at the stated time? Oh my, no! There must follow days of urging until the article is safely in the editor's drawer.

During the present year, '96 and '97, the paper, with Miss Cora Strong as editor, has continued to improve and reflect great credit upon Agnes Scott, and may it always have as efficient and able a corps of directors as now.

During the five years of its existence the MNEMOSYNEAN has never been subjected to harsh criticism, but has received commendation from its friends and contemporaries.

We have always aimed high. The standard has never, since its first issue, been lowered.

Many times, doubtless, have mistakes been made, but we have labored for the advancement of school interest, cultivation of composition and the pleasure that it might afford.

We are not disappointed at the success, still we hope to continue to improve and increase the influence of the MNEMOSYNEAN, which has reflected some

brightness upon a wide circle of friends and has now come forth in the form of an Annual, and if it has a warm reception from our friends, we are satisfied.

MARY MEL NEEL.



Do.



SIT out on the grass so green
To learn my lessons few (?)
But something ever comes between—
I wonder if it's you.


I open now my Algebra,
With its problems hard to do,
'Tween every line I see some one—
I wonder if it's you.

I start to read of a man so great,
Whom everybody knows—
In place of his I see a name—
I wonder if 'tis yours.

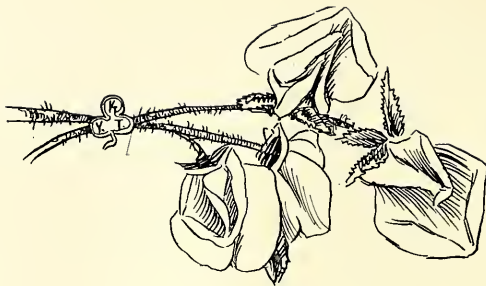
I conjugate my Latin verbs,
My French ones just the same—
'Amo is very nice indeed,
But I like il m'aime.

Notes

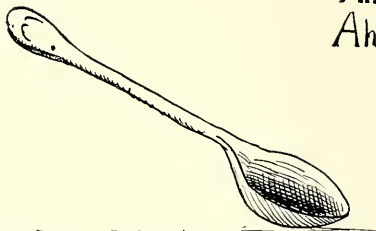


 HE sat like one transfixed with rapture, her eyes fixed on his face, her fingers vainly endeavoring to reproduce the notes he uttered. On and on he went, pausing for nothing, perhaps inspired by the steady attention of his auditor, forgetting time, oblivious of all sordid cares, pouring out the grandest notes that ever man uttered. His utterances were inaudible to me, for I was not within hearing distance, but, thinking that melodious notes issued from his lips, I was surprised at the pained, grieved look upon the young girl's face. When he had concluded I drew near and looked over her shoulder. Then in the place of surprise and doubt came pity and sorrow, for written at the top of her paper were the words,

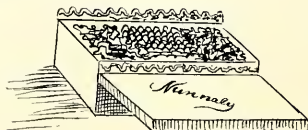
“GAINES' BIBLE NOTES.”



Alice Barker.
Anais Gay.



Amy Walden.
Eliza Carter.



Belle Nash.
Marie Davis.



ELIZA CARTER

ANNIS CHY



ALICE BARKEN



BELLE JOHNSON NASH



AMY WALDEN

Y.K.T.

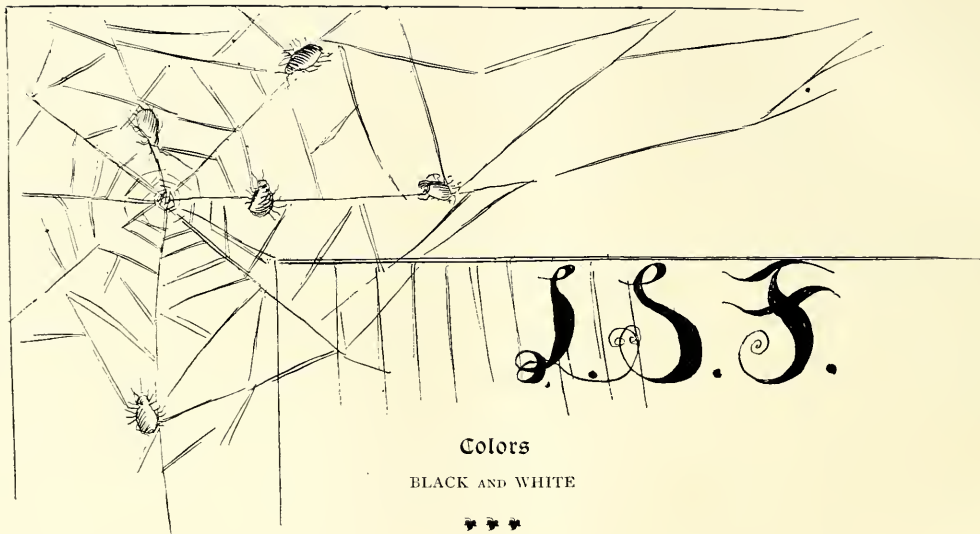
LACKEN & CO



A Picture.



A LITTLE room, a great big chair,
Soft cushions for her feet—
A little lass with gold-brown hair
And mouth so dimpled sweet.
The sparkling dew no brighter is
Than her love-lit, soft blue eyes—
An artless sweetness in her mien
And look of sweet surprise
As tho' some day by us unseen
Did make her wondrous wise.



Colors

BLACK AND WHITE



Members

ANNE COUNCIL

ELLA BELLE EMERY

FLORENCE HILDRETH

JULIA DUDLEY

EMMA WALLACE

SUSIE MAY WALLACE

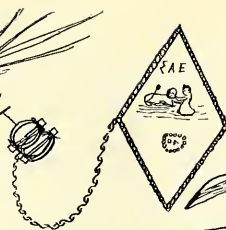


EMMA WALLACE
ANNIE COUNCIL

FLORENCE HILDRETH
JULIA DUDLEY

SUSIE MAE WALLACE
ELLA BELLE EMERY

L. S. F.



S A E Sorority



Established March 15, 1894



Colors

ROYAL PURPLE AND OLD GOLD



flower

VIOLET



Sorores in Collegio

ALICE BARKER	ELIZA CARTER	LILLIAN KING
MARIE BROWN	ANNE COUNCIL	ESTELLE PATTILLO
ANAIS CAY		CAROLINE HAYGOOD
MARY PAYNE	ISABEL N. THOMAS	







L. KING
E. CARTER

M. PAYNE

A. COUNCIL

A. BARKER

C. HAYGOOD

M. BROWN

E. PATTILLO

T. THOMAS

S. A. E. SORORITY



Lambda Omicron Alpha



Colors

GREEN AND WHITE



flower

WHITE CARNATION



Sorores in Collegio

LILLIE BROWN

CORINNE DAVIS

SELENE HUTCHISON

LOTTIE CALDWELL

MATTIE HARRIS

LILY WADE LITTLE

MARGARET CANNON

ADA HOOPER

BESSIE LANIER

MAE MURPHY

MIDGE McADEN

ANNIE WILEY

JULIE WRIGHT



A. HOOPER
L. CALDWELL

S. HUTCHISON

L. BROWN

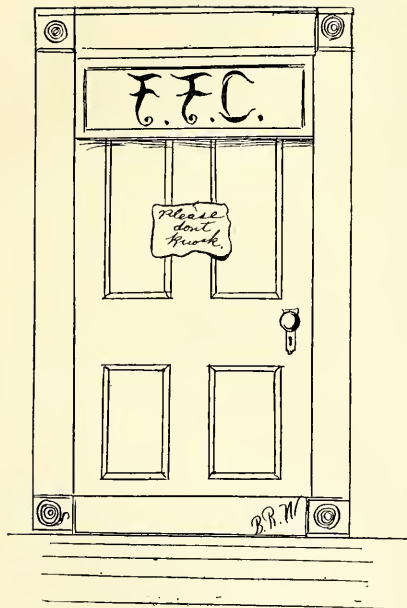
M. HARRIS
L. LITTLE

A. WILEY

C. DAVIS

J. WRIGHT
M. CANNON

L. O. A.



Members



ALMA ALLBRITTON

WILLIE ALLBRITTON

EULALIE LAWTON

MABEL LAWTON

ETHEL LAWTON

LILA RABUN

EDITH WEST

NELLIE RANKIN

A Valentine.



CUPID went a-wandering
Thro' the meadow's maize,
Basking in the sunshine
Of summer's 'ong, sweet days.
He met a little maiden
Who was so wrapt in thought
That she did not see the little elf
Till her heart he'd fairly caught.

With subtle skill and magic art,
Which only cupid knows,
He planted in that maiden's heart
A little seed that grows—
Nay, which has grown from hour to hour
Till now at last, in maiden's heart,
Has bloomed a perfect flower.



ALMA ALLBRITTON MABEL LAWTON NELLIE RANKIN
WILLIE ALLBRITTON EDITH WEST ETHEL LAWTON EULALIE LAWTON

F. F. C.

Es ipsa tua summa



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 Isabel Thomas
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ALBERTA BURRESS

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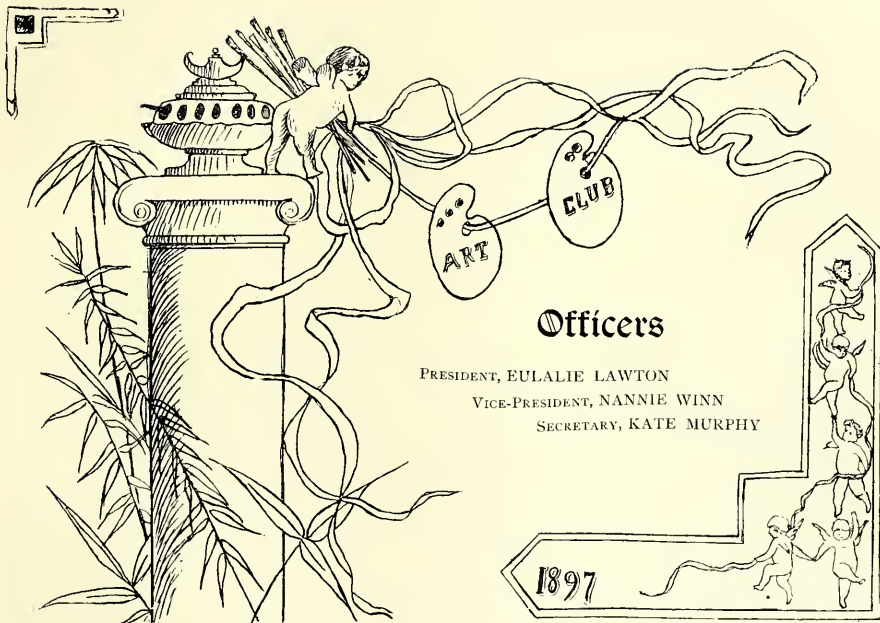
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CHAFING-DISH CLUB



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1897

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ELLA BELLE EMERY

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NANNIE WINN

BELLE NASH

HELEN RAMSPECK

ALICE SPRINGS

LOUISE SCOTT

EDITH WEST



B. NASH

E. LAWTON

MISS SPRINGS

E. WEST

K. MURPHY

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R. BARRY

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H. RAMSPECK

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SELENE HUTCHISON

MARGARET CANNON
ADA HOOPER
JULIA WRIGHT

UNTER den MAGNOLIA

DAS
DEUTCHES KLUB.

TO BE, VAS BESSER FAR,
DAN NOT TO BE,



HOW LONG YE LIVE, NOT YEARS
BUT ACTIONS, TELL



EET MEBBE ALL MANS LIFE
MIGHT SEEM A TRAGEDY.



DOT MAN LIVES TWICE WHO LIVES
DOSE FIRST LIFE YELL.



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S. HUTCHISON

O. DAVIS

J. WRIGHT

L. BROWN

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DEUTSCH CLUB

The Deutsche Gesellschaft



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MATILDA FLEMING

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CRITIC, MISS MASSIE

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E. LAWTON
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L. CALDWELL
C. WHITE

T. FLEMING
W. THORNTON W. ADDERTON A. HOOPER

GLEE CLUB



DIRECTOR, ADA HOOPER

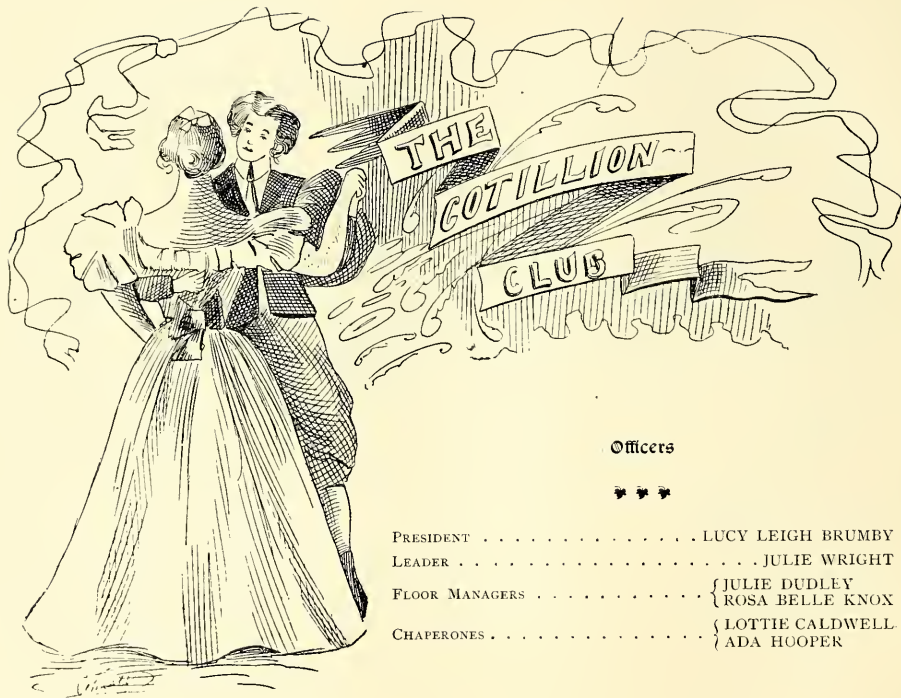
VIOLINS
WINIFRED ADDERTON
AMANDA CALDWELL

GUITAR
LOTTIE CALDWELL

PIANO
MABEL LAWTON
CLYDE WHITE

SOPRANO
WAYNE THORNTON CORINNE DAVIS
MARTHA SIMPSON ETHEL LAWTON
TILLIE FLEMING

ALTO
MAY WALDEN
LILLIE BROWN



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L. CALDWELL
A. McCORMICK
B. NASH

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M. CANNON
M. BROWN

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A. BARKER
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E. CARTER

COTILLION CLUB

Cotillion Club



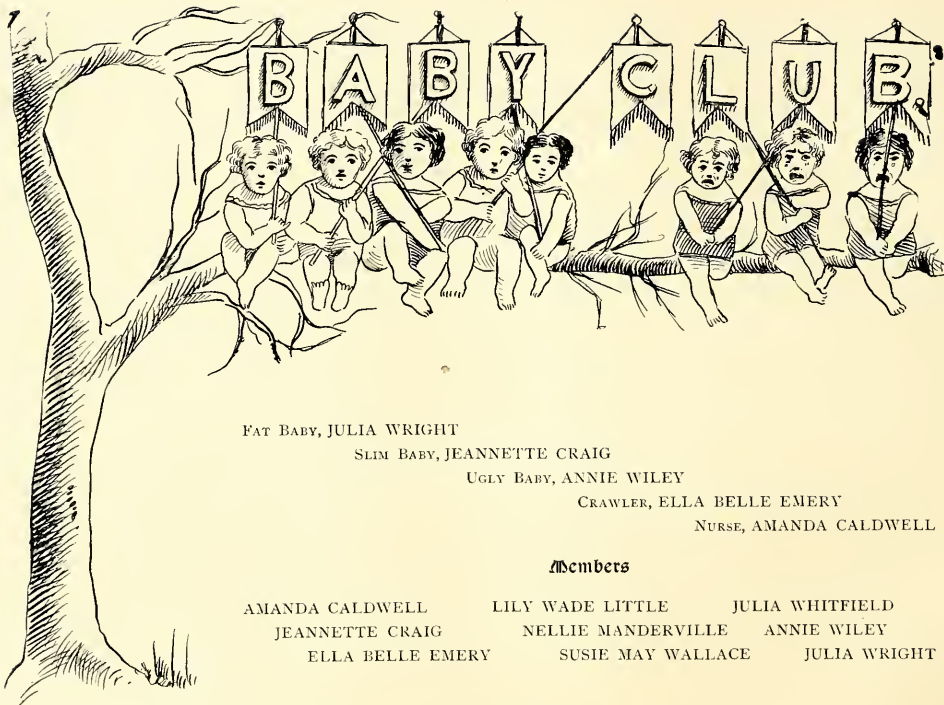
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LILLIE BROWN
MARIE BROWN
MARGARET CANNON
ELIZA CARTER
CORINNE DAVIS
ELLA BELLE EMERY
MATTIE HARRIS
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UGLY BABY, ANNIE WILEY

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A WILEY

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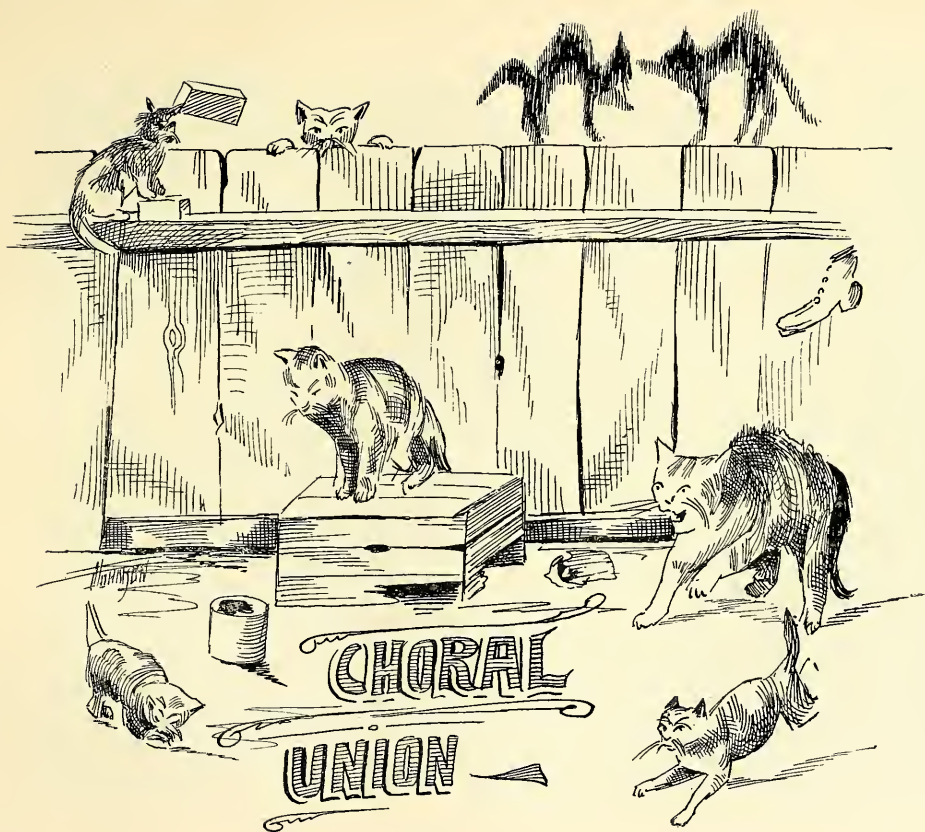
J. CRAIG

J. WRIGHT

A. CALDWELL

J. WHITFIELD

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AUNT TABBY, CORINNÉ DAVIS

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E. D. PRIDE
O. HAYGOOD

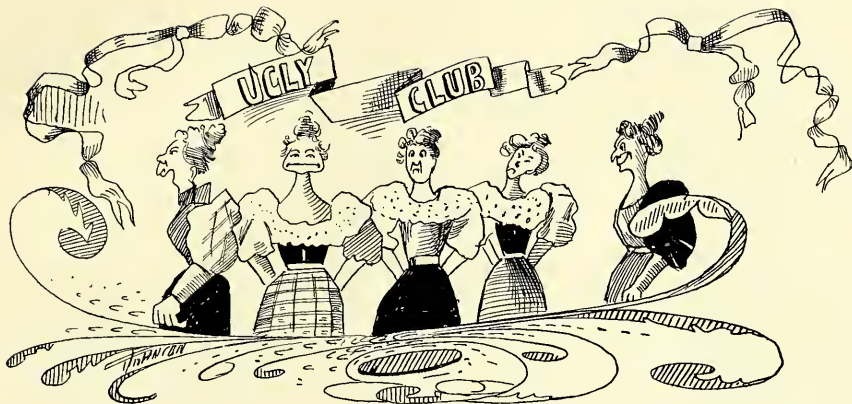
E. PATTILLO
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L. BROWN
E. CARTER

E. WALLACE

OLD MAID'S CLUB



HER SUPREME UGLINESS, ADA HOOPER
HER RIVAL FOR ABOVE OFFICE, LOTTIE CALDWELL

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Bicycle Club



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CLAUDE CANDLER

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MISS CLARK

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CORINNE DAVIS

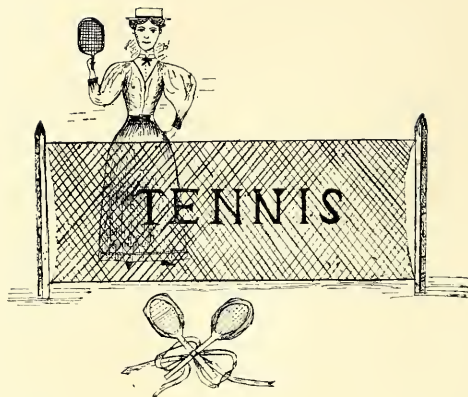
BELLE NASH

ANNIE MAY STEVENS

MARY LOVEJOY

NELLIE RANKIN

EDITH WEST



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M. BROWN

L. HILDRETH
N. MANDEVILLE
MISS CLARK

J. DUDLEY
E. D. PRICE
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A. COUNCIL
A. HOOPER

TENNIS CLUB



Members

CAROLINE HAYGOOD

ANNA PEEK ROBERTSON

ANNIE WILEY

LILY WADE LITTLE

CORA STRONG

JULIA WHITFIELD





CORA STRONG LILY LITTLE ANNIE WILEY
CAROLINE HAYGOOD JULIA WHITFIELD ANNA P. ROBERTSON

SENIOR WALKING CLUB

The Agnes Scott Alumni



OME one has said, "The most prosperous nation is that which has no history." A nation being simply a collection of individuals, granted this premise, must we not conclude that the Alumnae Association, undoubtedly a collection of individuals, even though a *small* one, is indeed prosperous? Ours has been, on the whole, an eventful life. We are young in years and small in numbers, but give us *time*, and we assure you that these faults, if not all with which we may be justly charged, will be remedied.

Our Association came into existence Commencement night of 1895, May 24th, with Mary Barnett, '93, as President; Mary Mel Neel, '94, Secretary and Treasurer, and Anna Irwin Young, '95, Vice-President. So we are barely two years old, but, as many will tell you, precocious for our years. It was found necessary to hold two extra meetings during our first year in order that our affairs might be gotten into proper working order, for we had large ideas with small means of carrying them out. In the beginning I am afraid we were regarded by our friends simply as a set of visionary young enthusiasts. However, we have succeeded in convincing them of our earnestness by what we have accomplished. In order to raise the necessary funds, the members voluntarily agreed to double their dues the first year, and in addition a musical was given which netted sixty (\$60.00). As a result of these efforts we found ourselves in a position to undertake a scholarship for the scholastic year of '96-97.

It having been decided by the Faculty and Association that Tuesday of Commencement week should henceforth be known as Alumnae Day, the annual meeting was held on the morning of that day, and in the evening the Alumnae entertained their friends with an address by the brilliant orator Lucian L. Knight. This was followed by an elegant reception, when the "old girls" revelled in the enjoyment of being schoolgirls once more, of being children again just for the night.

Vacation, with *Georgia summer weather*, followed (do you know what that means, O my friend?), but the alumnae were not idle. By their efforts they enriched the treasury to the extent of one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$125.00)

Does this sound like vain boasting? We hope not. We have simply stated facts, which we feel sure will interest those of "our girls" who are far, far away, and which we trust will awaken an in those who have hitherto felt none in our beloved Alma Mater.

Another feature of our work, by no means the least important, has been the establishment of reading circles under the direction of the Alumnae, and for the purpose of cultivating a taste for good literature. To those who have pursued the course mapped out for the past year, this work has proved most delightful. It is the intention to have a new course each year, taking up different phases of the literary movement.

It is the aim of this Association to make of all its member truer, nobler women, and to advance in ever way possible the interests of dear old "Agnes Scott." So much for what has been done.

What will be done in the future we know not. Right here, perhaps, it would not be amiss to let you into a little secret of our own, a dream which is as yet far from being realized; a dream in stone, we might call it, for one day we hope to see on the old tennis court a stately building containing library, reading-rooms, gymna-

sium and chapel, over whose portals will be inscribed the words, "Alumnæ Hall." The day that sees this a fact instead of a dream will be a happy one for

ONE OF THE "OLD GIRLS."



The Graduating Classes



FOR several years no graduates went out from the Agnes Scott Institute. From the first the object of the school was to have a high standard, and to make a diploma gained at that institution a proof of faithful study and high attainment, and not mere waste paper. Even now the graduates have been comparatively few in number; up to the present time there have been only fourteen, which is a very small per cent. of the hundreds of pupils who have attended the school. At first it seemed that, besides the many other things necessary for graduation, the name Mary was also requisite, for the first two graduating classes were composed entirely of Marys.

In June, 1893, the first graduates received their diplomas. This class consisted of Misses Mary Mack of Fort Mill, S. C., and Mary Barnett of Atlanta, Ga. Fortunately for this class there was no first honor awarded, and the faculty was kind enough to keep secret who received the highest marks, for otherwise it might have broken up a close and intimate school friendship, which, as it is, has only strengthened as the years have gone by.

In 1894 the second class graduated. There was but one member of this class, Miss Mary Neel of Edgewood, Ga., so that the difficulty of the year before, concerning first honor, did not

arise, and all were glad to know that Miss Neel received this well-deserved distinction, and she is the only first-honor graduate of this institution, for no other class knows which of the girls stood highest.

The third class, containing six girls—Misses Allie Watlington of Dayton, Ala.; Anna Young of Atlanta, Ga.; Orra Hopkins of Warm Springs, Va.; Winnie Quarterman of Waycross, Ga.; Maggie Laing of Atlanta, Ga., and Florence McCormick of Bessemer, Ala.—graduated in 1895. This was the largest Senior Class that has ever left the Agnes Scott, and its members are scattered from Texas to Virginia. It is rumored that Cupid's arrow has pierced the heart of one of these fair maidens, and that she is contemplating changing her "name and home."

In May, 1896, the fourth and last graduating class left the halls of beloved Agnes Scott, where they had passed so many happy days and had attained that high degree of excellence with which they will prove to the world the superiority of the teachings and influences of their Alma Mater. There were five members of this class—Misses Mary Strickler of Atlanta, Ga.; Ethel Davis of Decatur, Ga.; Olive Laing of Atlanta, Ga.; Augusta Edge of Buena Vista, Ga., and Martha Cardoza of Lunenburg, Va.

It is a much disputed question which class was the brightest,

and on this subject the historian has very decided views, but having been a member of one of these classes her opinion might be considered prejudiced, so she thinks it wise to let "silence reign supreme" on this point.

Although few in number, these fourteen girls combine with their scholarship many Christian graces and womanly traits, and

it is hoped and believed that they have gone forth prepared to make the world better, wiser and happier for their acquirements, and to show what a blessing this institution, with its beautiful building and fine equipments, so generously donated, its wise and faithful teachings and its Christian influence, is to our dear Southland.



Social Life



THE happiness of both teachers and pupils is influenced by nothing more than by the social life; and in this, as in all other respects, Agnes Scott is the equal, if not the superior, of any school in the South. Teachers and pupils are more sociable and intimate than is usual,

but there is no lack of deep respect and reverence for the Faculty. Each teacher has her coterie of ardent admirers who will declare that she has no equal in charms and attractions, and will do anything to win her smiling approval.

Besides the pleasant relations existing between teachers and girls, there is the more intimate and none the less charming intercourse between the girls. Everywhere are found enthusiastic groups relating their wild and exciting experiences. Then for the greater part of the year the weather permits tennis and bicycling. In addition to the pleasures of every day life, there are the delightful recitals given by the teachers and pupils. After the programs the girls receive their friends, but the time always seems too short, and there are many sighs when the bell taps, meaning "Good-night." Besides these little receptions, there are several elegant affairs given by the Mnemosynean Literary Society. These great events are the topic of conversation and the center of interest for weeks before and afterwards. And indeed the Institute makes a charming picture on these occasions, for the halls and parlors are always beautifully decorated, and of course the young ladies are looking their best.

Among the other elegant affairs, none are more enjoyed than the A O A banquets, attended only by the members of the A O A. Now, everybody knowing anything at all about a schoolgirl, knows that few things appeal more to her than an elegantly arranged table laden with delicious dainties. The conversation are interspersed with music, not an orchestra, but just a guitar and a few good voices. At the A O A banquets every sense is appealed to in the most artistic manner.

Of course these are by no means the only "feasts," but the others are much more informal. When a girl is so fortunate as to receive a box, a stranger might think it peculiar that a sign "Busy," or "Please don't knock," should invariably appear on her door, but everybody at the Agnes Scott understands. If one should happen to get a glimpse within the room, she would see an exceedingly happy crowd of the young lady's friends very busy indeed, only making the occasional remark. "Please excuse me for making a pig of myself." Their farewells are sure to include enthusiastic compliments for the cook.

Some one may imagine that the belief in ghosts is an old exploded theory, but it needs only a glance up and down the A. S. I. halls in the "wee sma'" hours to dispel this delusion, for behold! spirits are silently gliding from room to room. These phantoms are truly godlike in their fondness for nectar; but perhaps it will be something of a shock to learn that up-to-date ghosts partake of nectar from chafing dishes, tin pans, and even paper bags.

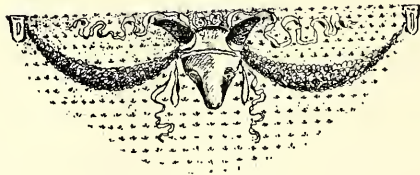
The event of the week is the Saturday night German in the gym-

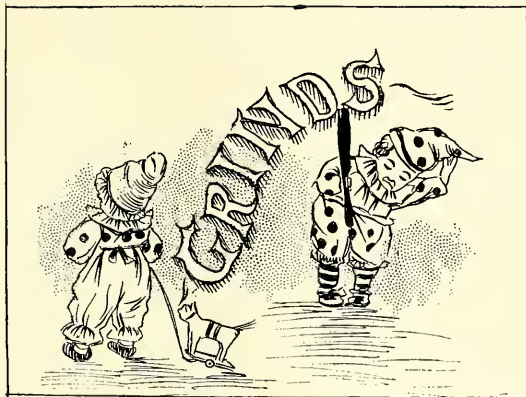
nasium. The young ladies always make elaborate evening toilets, and the gentlemen, too, appear in full dress, consisting of blazer suits, stiff linen collars, and all the essentials of conventional evening dress.

The Institute girls deem frequent trips to Atlanta not the least among their privileges; and, indeed, if rightly managed, a vast

amount of pleasure can be gotten out of shopping expeditions, concerts and good lectures.

Add to all this the many indescribable "good times" only school-girls know how to have, and no one will wonder that several girls have returned merely to enjoy social life at the Agnes Scott Institute.





Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young and so Fair.—Anna Peek.
 A tongue that ruleth the hour.—Lots'.
 The Glass of Fashion, the mould of Form,
 Observed of all Observers.—Ella Belle.
 I have a kind of alacrity for sinking—"Mid."
 Some by sin and some by virtue fall.—Emmie D.
 What, my dear Lady Disdain!
 Are you yet living?—Ada.
 A wretched soul, bruised by adversity.—Sybil.
 Eliza . . . was not born under a rhyming planet.
 I am slow of study.—Margaret.

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.—Clyde.
 The course of true love never did run smooth.—Corinne.
 I have never known so young a body with so old a head.
 —Amanda.
 The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.—Lil.
 Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have
 greatness thrust upon them.—Nellie Mand.
 I know a trick worth two of that—Ada.
 No more of that, Hal, and thou lovest me!—Lottie C.
 I can call spirits from the vasty deep.—Bess.
 For my voice I have lost it, with halloaing and singing of
 Athems—Lillie L.

Exceedingly well read.—Alice B.
Men of few words are the best men —May W.
I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels.—Rosa Belle.
I thank you for your voices ; thank you :
Your most sweet voices.—The Choral Union.
For you and I are past our dancing days.—Lillie and Annie.
The courageous captain of compliments.—Belle T.
I am the very pink of courtesy.—Winifred.
Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.
—Florida B.
Famine is in thy cheeks.—Jeanette.
We have seen better days.—M. L. S.
Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment?—Julia Whit.
Like Niobe, all tears.— Nettie J.

They have a plentiful lack of wit.—Y. K. T's.
Man delights not me : no, nor woman either.—Nannie Winn.
For I am nothing if not critical.—Eugenia M.
Full many a glorious morning have I seen.—Leola.
Birds of a feather will flock together.—L. O. A.
Her bark is worse than her bite.—Midge.
An unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.
—Les Sœurs Fideles.
Two friends, two bodies, with one soul inspired.
—Annie and Florence.
Her wit invites you by her look to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.—Martha S.
A progeny of learning.—Belle Nash.
The very pink of perfection —“ Son ” H.
As merry as the day is long.—Mat. H.



Prophecy



NE day as I was sitting in my room wondering what would be the futures of the girls of the Mnemosynean Literary Society, I heard a most terrific noise. The house shook, the beams popped, my chair fell over—after I had sprung to my feet—and with every hair standing on end, I started to fall out of the window. I turned, when my name was spoken, and my alarm was increased when I saw standing before me a tall, hideous man whom, from his resemblance to the pictures in the Arabian Nights, I knew to be a genii. He bowed low before me and spoke, “O thou most powerful being, permit the meanest of the creatures to aid thee in thy grand work of exploring the future. Thou, who art so great, will yet not disdain the magic gifts of Arabia. On this carpet thou mayest go to the uttermost parts of the earth, and with this apple restore the sick to health, no matter how near to death they may be. By the beard of the prophet, they are wonderful gifts!” When he had said these things he bowed low before me three times and vanished. I looked around me full of amazement, but saw nothing unusual except the gay-colored carpet on the floor and the apple in my hand. Having recovered from my alarm I lost no time in seating myself on the carpet, and putting on the spectacles which floated down to me. When I shot through the air I was dizzy at first, but soon became all right again. As Lottie Caldwell’s name flitted through my mind, I saw far beneath me on the earth in a town, which, from the numerous sign posts standing around, I

found to be Tombstone, Arizona. As the objects became more distinct I saw a newspaper office; over the door this sign, “Office of the Tombstone Bugle. Editor, Charlotte Caldwell.” To my delight, I realized that I could hear and understand what they were saying, and in a few moments I heard stern tones, which yet had enough of the old time ring in them to make me recognize them as Lottie’s, asking if May Walden had brought in the report of that prize fight between Marie Brown and Alberta Burress, in Carson City. Something directed my thoughts to Eliza Carter just then, and a neat little sign arose before my eyes, “Dr. Eliza Carter, Physician. Hearts a Specialty. Address Kirkwood, Georgia.”

Kirkwood is so near Agnes Scott that I thought I would see how the old Institute was getting along. Under Annie McCormick, as principal, and Kate Murphy and Belle Jones as assistants, the school had flourished wonderfully, and now enrolled something over five thousand students. Selene Hutchinson next appeared to me, and I saw that she was in trouble. She had become a conductor on the Consolidated street car line between Atlanta and Decatur, but on account of her propensity for stopping at Nunnally’s the directors of the road had decided to withdraw her from her position. “What has become of Julia Whitfield?” I said, half aloud, and at the words I saw the interior of a large opera house and on the stage a handsome, stately woman pouring forth her whole soul in notes of divine sweetness. I could hardly realize that this was Julia, but as my eyes roved over the elegantly dressed occupants of the boxes, I had no difficulty in recognizing Emmie

D. Price. Her wink was still the same. She had become the wife of a wealthy New York man, and employed herself in giving whist parties and distributing tracts. Lily Little and Annie Wiley, formerly bosom friends, became the worst of enemies while running for President of the United States, both on the Republican ticket, but both were defeated by Ada Hooper, who ran as a Democrat, and bribed every one by her smiles. As soon as I thought of Mae Murphy I hunted around the earth for Davidson College, and there found Mae occupying the chair of French, and aweing every one by her severity. After leaving Agnes Scott, Midge McAden became an astronomer, but was soon persuaded by a certain young man to abandon her studies of the moon and help him along in life. I rejoiced over Mae's success and Midge's happiness, but my joy was turned to sadness when I saw a little grass-grown grave, and on the plain white headstone the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Corinne Davis, who was killed by the sight of a man." With a saddened heart I turned away, and as I thought of Nell Mandeville, I found myself in New York city, and saw Nellie in a court room addressing a mighty audience and quickly winning them to her side of the case. After leaving school she had studied for the law, and her impetuous ways and Ananias like tongue soon placed her at the top of the ladder.

Estelle Anderson and Nettie Jones, excited by the lectures they had heard, decided to go to Africa as missionaries, but when they reached the Congo Free State, they heard that Anna Peek Robertson, Lucy Lore and Belle Thomas, who had arrived there some time before, were being fattened for the chief's Thanksgiving dinner, so they left very hurriedly. I did not feel at all grieved about the fate of these three girls, for I felt sure that several Thanksgivings would pass over their heads before the chief's purpose could be fulfilled, and in the meantime they could contrive means of escape. "La

belle Paris" was my next stopping place, and I found that Winnifred Adderton and Amanda Caldwell had become great violinists, and all Paris flocked to hear them. With Ella Belle Emery, of course I thought of Susie May and Emma Wallace, Julia Dudley, Annie Council, and Florence Hildreth. What was my astonishment when I discovered that they had founded a "woman's town" in New Mexico, where they lived in peace and happiness until Julia, who could never find a man of good enough family to suit her, eloped with an Italian peddler, who had managed to make his way within their town walls. Ella Belle engaged herself in flying kites, but the other girls became more sedate. Belle Nash, whose aim in life was to get married, was not disappointed, for she became the wife of a Methodist minister, and was idolized by her husband's many congregations, until her death was caused by influenza, brought on by sitting in chilly churches. Mary Payne, after a thorough course in Bible at Agnes Scott, set for herself the task of instructing a young theologian, but her many friends suppose that he instructed her in the arts of love. At any rate when I saw her she evidently thought more of the theologian than she did of theology. "Mattie Harris, where is she?" I wondered, and at once I saw poor Mat lying on the floor almost dead, her grief at discovering that Amy Wallen, a great society belle, would rather receive visitors on Sunday night than go to church, yes, Mat's grief was so great that it almost overcame her. I quickly passed my apple of health beneath her nose and soon saw with gratification that the color was returning to her cheeks. When she saw me she stretched out her arms to me, but I shook my head and departed to seek Eugenia Mandeville. I saw a wedding party coming down the aisle of a handsome church. In the bride, arrayed in white satin and smiling beneath her veil, I recognized Eugenia, who had found "happiness on earth" in a marriage with a — "teeth extracted without pain."

May Ce Robinson, who was one of Eugenia's bridesmaids, had evidently found the truth of the saying, "One wedding makes many," for, by the way a certain young "Raphael" regarded her, I knew that she would soon be crowned with orange blossoms. Weddings seemed to be the order of the day, so I was not surprised when I found Clyde White and Leola Birdsong dwelling in "wedded bliss," but I was surprised to hear them pleading earnestly with Judge Jeanette Craig not to grant the divorces which their husbands so diligently sought. Our only wit I found to be Cora Strong, who had become the humorist on the Atlanta *Constitution*, but I sorrowed much to learn that she was dismissed for flirting with the young reporters. Florida Bethel's name I found engraved on a monument higher than that of Bunker Hill, and read the pathetic yet pride-inspiring news that, disappointed in love, she had become an engineer and had lost her life in a terrible wreck after having saved many of her passengers. Rosa Belle Knox, the famous book agent, was on the train, and during the wreck sold a great number of books, since her flow of words was so alarming that her victims, with fear and trembling, bought all she had. Margaret Cannon became a New England schoolma'am, but when one of her pupils handed in a blank mathematics paper she gave up the business and went to Texas to live with Julie Wright, who had become a cow-puncher, and roamed the prairies free as air, happy in the idea that she need no longer conform to rules. In my search for Lillie Brown I quickly passed over the United States,

through Canada, across the Artic Ocean to the very North pole itself. I was kept warm by magic means, but I could not repress a shiver, as looking down from my position in the air, I saw Lillie in a white organdie, and a boat steadily making her way through the icebergs. She had left her many loving friends behind her and was searching for a cooler climate. With a sigh of relief I left the artic regions and hurried to Key West, where I found Sybil Bethel living in a rose covered cottage, and enjoying herself to the utmost in her domestic duties, for she was wooed and won by her handsome lover before she was twenty. In Florida I found Tillie Fleming engaged in active work for Cuba, and wearing many medals for her brave deeds done in behalf of her native State. But I found Alice Barker in the strangest place of all. When I spoke her name my magic carpet acted most queerly, and I would have died of fright if I had not had the apple of health in my hand. Finally I landed in Utopia, and was utterly surprised when I found Alice presiding over the town as mayoress. Not only that, she had also issued a proclamation that if any person was found giggling within the city limits, he should be executed at once. I was much surprised at this and floated slowly away toward home. Becoming hungry on the way I returned to my old school-girl habits of eating everything I could find, and ate my apple. Soon I reached my own room again and sat down to marvel at the varied fortunes of our Mnemosynean girls.

Answer to Correspondents



E. B. E.—We are sorry not to be able to inform you where you can dispose of your elegant suit of hair. Apply to the Mnemosynean for advice.

LILY W. L.—(1) The proverb to which you refer is, "Haste makes waste." (2) Goldust is said to be a labor-saver. Try it on Trig.

MIDGE.—(1) You can get your voice repaired at any blacksmith shop. (2) Consult Greer's Almanac for the date of moon's phases

ANNIE W.—Harvard is in Cambridge, Mass. Write for catalogue and further information.

EUGENIA.—Am sorry not to answer your questions, but was unable to decipher your writing.

A. P. R.—There is no necessity of being a burden to yourself. We advise the use of some flesh reducer.

E. D. P.—Use Pears' Soap

NELL.—Consult an oculist at once about the nervous affection of your eye. Its results might prove dangerous.

CORINNE.—(1) You can dispose of your Junior English books at "Ye Olde Booke Shoppe." (2) Your "experiences" would be of value to any great novelist—say Laura Jean Libbey.

JEANNETTE.—You can increase your weight by using Anti-Lean. It may be procured at any first-class drug store.

JULIA P. WHIT—We do not know who first gave expression to the highly original idea that we admire our opposites, but we feel sure that it was done before your time, although you did not give us the date of your birth.

MAE CE.—Raphael was a great Florentine painter who lived during the latter part of the 15th and the first part of the 16th centuries. For further information consult "Florentine Painters." (Nit!)

ROSA BELLE.—A guava is not an animal, neither is it a peach nor a pear.



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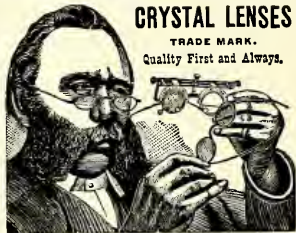
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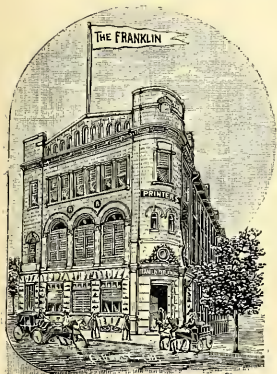
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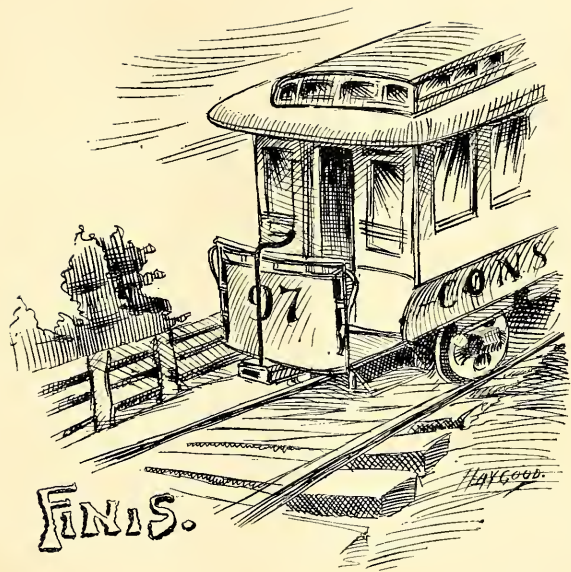
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Close Atmosphere	Miss Sheppard
Sunshine	Miss Klebbs
Threatening	Miss Magee
Sudden change and local showers	Miss Massie
Local thunder showers	Miss McKinney
Generally fair, but expect cold wave	Miss Hopkins
Mild and pleasant	Miss Melson
Cloudy	Miss Neilson
Variable	Miss Clark
Cold weather	Miss Hunt
Windy	Miss Springs
Moderately cold wave	Miss Bidwell
Pleasant weather	Miss Cook
Prepare for usual vernal equinox storm	Miss Watkins
Sultry	Miss Field
Fair weather	Mrs. Neal
Thunder and lightning	Miss Cooper



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