


AURORA

1898





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The AURORA...

Volume Eighteen Hundred
Second and Ninety-Eight

Published by the
Junior and Senior Classes
Agnes Scott Institute
Decatur, Georgia

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Decatur, Georgia

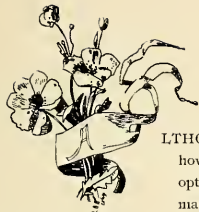


"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face."



TO
OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT,
REV. F. H. GAINES, D. D.,
IN TESTIMONY OF
OUR APPRECIATION OF HIS
VITAL INTEREST IN
STUDENT LIFE,
THIS RECORD OF EVENTS AT AGNES
SCOTT FOR THE SESSION OF
'97-98 IS DEDICATED
BY
THE EDITORS.





By way of Preface

ALTHOUGH the '97 AURORA was published under serious difficulties and with many obstacles,—how difficult and how serious only the editors themselves can bear witness,—yet it was far more successful than even its most optimistic projectors dared hoped for. In a financial way especially was there unlooked-for success, for the business managers found, when their books were audited, a generous sum left in their hands. Encouraged by this, the '98 staff was very enthusiastic, and eager to begin work on Volume II. Then interest flagged, and even as late as the return from the Christmas holidays, the proposition was advanced that the Annual should be dropped, and if two of the staff had not firmly repudiated such an idea, there is a probability that no AURORA would have been issued this year.

Issued it has been, though, and we now lay the result before a generous public, certain that we will receive kind treatment and impartial judgment even from those who were most skeptical as to the ability of the A. S. I. students to succeed in everything they undertake. But this skepticism was almost wholly removed by the appearance of the '97 AURORA, and as to what degree of success has been attained this year let others decide. The book lies open before you.

In the preface to last year's Annual, the statement was made that no Southern school for girls had ever before attempted to send out an annual. This, I believe, was correct then, but about the time the AURORA appeared, Y's and Other Y's, of Converse College, came out. I wish to say that the whole editorial staff of the AURORA gladly welcomed this volume from our sister college, and now hopes that they, too, will continue the good work. Thus, for this year there will be three annuals published by girls in Southern schools, for it is reported that Hollin's Institute intends to join our ranks.

In behalf of the editors, I wish to return thanks to Mrs. Gaines and Miss Nellie Womack for the contribution of several poems, to Miss Anna Parks Hutchinson and Mr. John Schenck for some pen sketches, to the "old girls" who have given assistance whenever asked, and to students who have given their hearty co-operation. Especial thanks, however, are due Miss McKinney, and to Miss Buck and the members of the Crow Quill Club who have earnestly worked to improve the character of the pen sketches.

Thanks are also due the C. P. Byrd Printing Company for their uniform courtesy and assistance.

Sincerely yours,

M. EUGENIA MANDEVILLE.



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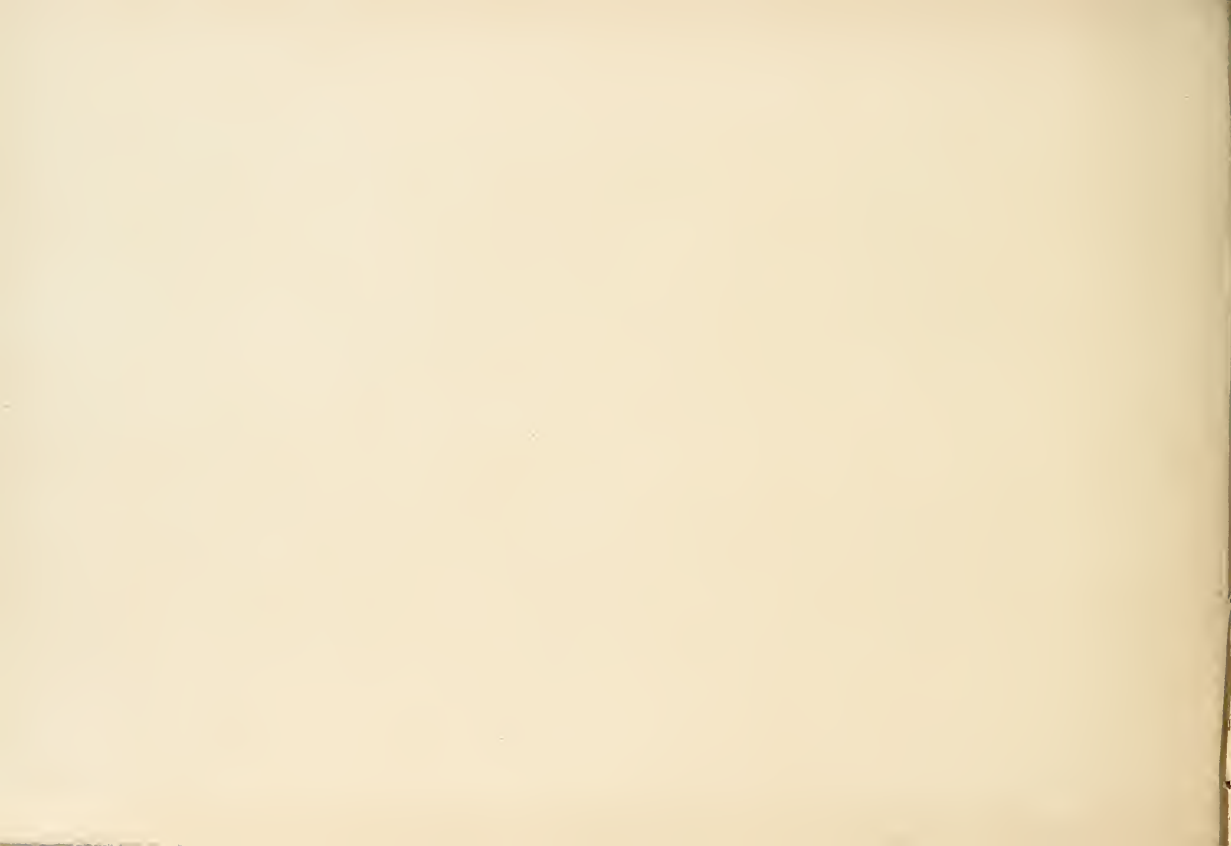
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CALENDAR

1897

Sept. 8 to 10—Registration.

Dec. 2—Polymnia Recital.

Nov. 12—Mnemosynean Reception.

Dec. 23 to 29—Christmas Holidays.

Nov. 30—Thanksgiving Day.

1898

Jan. 19—End of Fall Term.

May 27—June 1—Commencement Week.

Jan. 20—Beginning of Spring Term.

May 27—Mnemosynean and Propy-
lean Reception.

Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday.

March 18—Open Session of P. L. S.
and M. L. S.

May 29—Commencement Sunday.

May 30—Polymnia.

April 26—Memorial Day.

May 31, 10 A. M.—Alumnæ Meeting.

May 18 to 27—Final Examinations.

May 31—Alumnæ Address.

May 23 to 26—Afternoon Musicales.

June 1—Commencement Day.

A Brief Sketch of Decatur



THE WRITER of this article, knowing that no history of Decatur existed except in the memory of old citizens soon to pass away, and in town and county records, meagre at their best, and always out of the reach of the great majority, sought to obtain information enough to write a short sketch of the town such as might possibly be interesting to the students at Agnes Scott, and to the town's people as well. But to her surprise her task was no easy one, being almost as difficult as the traditional search for the needle in the haystack. Not that there is not a large number of gentlemen in Decatur who could have given the information, but that it was almost impossible to see them personally, and they could not be persuaded to put their knowledge on paper. This last fact, though, is perhaps not to be deplored altogether, for we have since learned that if one gentleman, a lawyer, appealed to had consented to write it would have been necessary to seek the aid of the remaining lawyers in Decatur and Atlanta in order to learn what he intended to say. However, some few facts have been obtained which may be of some slight interest.

The Legislative Records of the year 1823 show that at that time two hundred and two (202) acres were laid off and incorporated as Decatur, county seat of DeKalb, then Henry county. At the same time lots were deeded to the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches under the

stipulation that places of worship should be erected. The Baptists did not take advantage of the offer, and did not build until after the War of Secession, but the Methodists and Presbyterians accepted, immediately organized, and prepared for church erection, the Methodists on their present site, the Presbyterians on site now occupied by cemetery; but later they constructed the building now known as Donald Fraser High School. The Presbyterian minister, Dr. John S. Wilson, was largely instrumental in the building of that church, whose pulpit he so long and ably filled. In 1830 the M. E. church was incorporated, Jephtha V. George, Jesse P. Jones and Larkin Carlton being appointed stewards. The site set apart for the school building was also soon occupied by the present picturesque academy; but for a whole year before Alexander Kirkpatrick, an Irishman from the Palmetto State, who afterwards assumed charge of the academy, had taught in a double log-cabin, an architectural type then quite common in Georgia, and not yet entirely obsolete.

The year following the incorporation of Decatur, Mr. Daniel Johnson, whose brother, a minister, now lives in honored retirement in the town, cleared off the public square, and between '24 and '28 was built that typical Southern courthouse, but now doomed to destruction to make way for a larger and more commodious structure. In its early days this courthouse was only one-story high, but after a fire by which the interior was burned out, a second story was added. Within those old walls many eloquent voices have been heard, and before the

door slaves have been put on the auction block. The first Supreme Court in this state met here, the bench at that time consisting of Joseph H. Tompkins, chief justice; Eugenius A. Nesbit and Hiram Warner. The presentments of those early grand juries were peculiar, but they were expressed in very forcible language. The following is a specimen: "The bridge across Corn Creek is in a bad fix, and we recommend that a new bridge be built no matter how much the people paw around." It is said that old Father Knight, of the Camp Creek settlement, was the first one to use the courthouse. He was rather eccentric, and becoming displeased at the criticisms of some one in the congregation, the first meeting was closed with a fight.

At the time of the removal of the Cherokee Indians from the state there was much fear of trouble. All west Georgia was in arms, and Decatur sent troops to Rome and other points to assist, if necessary, in quelling the expected uprising. DeKalb herself had been free of Indians for years. However, there was no disturbance of any kind, and the troops soon returned.

The year 1842 has a strange story to tell of the great commonwealth of Georgia building a state railroad, and ending it right in the middle of swamps and Southern canebrakes. This story should be told, for it is very intimately connected with Decatur history. When the bill authorizing the construction of the road was before the legislature, various points, through their representatives, fought for the privilege of being the terminus of the line. Decatur, too, was in the race, and far from refusing to permit the road to come to her because, as has been said, she feared the train smoke would injure her white mansions, strove fiercely for it. The law-makers could come to no agreement, so it was finally decided that the line should be permitted to come only eight miles east of the Chattahoochee, and there stopped. Decatur

willingly accepted this compromise, reasoning that she would yet obtain her end, as the proposed terminus was in the midst of a swamp. But she found herself grievously disappointed, for, so far from bringing the road to Decatur, Mahomet went to the mountain, and a town was built at the terminus. Thus, on boggy ground, Atlanta came into existence. Decatur lost her chance of being one day the capital of the state, and was left completely in the cold until the Georgia road was carried through the town. Even then the city fathers were not satisfied, for the engineers, instead of bringing the line right by the courthouse as was desired, kept to the ridge on which they were, and so remained on the edge of town. Time, however, has proven this to be the better course.

Now we come to the period of want and grief and war, the time of civil strife. During this period Decatur loyally sent all her able-bodied men to defend with their lives, if necessary, the cause. Only the women and children and a few old men were left, and even this remnant were soon refugeeing, compelled by Federalistic orders to abandon their homes. The town being so near Atlanta, and being so often chosen as a camping-ground, saw a great deal of the Union soldiers; and as Sherman was in personal command here, it is unnecessary to say that she suffered still more. When the war was ended and refugees and wounded soldiers returned, they indeed found their homes unburned, but that was all. Everywhere was desolation and ruin. Every fence rail was burned, and every unoccupied house torn down, while everywhere over vacant fields stretched bunks raised one or two feet from the ground, erected by Northern soldiers who could not sleep on the ground for fear of the great (!) number of snakes. Throughout the whole country the condition of things beggared description. There was no corn, no wheat, no grain of any kind, no cattle, no farming

implements, no vehicles, either wagons or carriages. How the people subsisted that first terrible year is an unsolved mystery. When the writer asked information on that point from one who had lived through it all he replied that neither he nor anyone else could answer the question. They lived, it cannot be said how, but they neither begged nor stole.

After the close of the reconstruction period Decatur became more prosperous, but her proximity to Atlanta prevents her from being much more than a place of residence. A place of business she is not likely to become very soon. The Georgia R. R. and the two electric car lines, the Consolidated and the Traction, give her quick communication with Atlanta; in fact, making the two places almost one in many interests. She has also had a long-distance telephone for some time.

But Decatur's schools and churches form the most important feature of the town now. There are four white churches, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist. The Episcopal chapel is new, the Baptist church has been remodeled recently, and the Methodists are now at work building a handsome edifice of Stone Mountain granite. It was

only 1891 that the Presbyterians moved into their fine brick building. In educational advantages Decatur offers many inducements for a town of its size. There is the Donald Fraser High School for boys, with a boarding department; a public school in the old academy, and the Agnes Scott Institute.

The Institute is of very recent organization, but as early as 1844 and 1845 the idea of a Presbyterian school for girls was discussed in the Synod of Georgia, and Decatur and the present site of the Institute were proposed as the best place for such a school. For some reason Decatur was not selected, but the old proposition was not forgotten, but lay dormant until 1889, when Dr. Gaines, with Col. G. W. Scott, Milton A. Candler, J. W. Kirkpatrick, Hiram Williams, and others, met and took steps for the organization and incorporation of the Decatur Female Seminary. The following year Col. Scott gave to the trustees of the Seminary a large lot of land and a handsome new brick building to be from thenceforth used as a school for girls, which he called Agnes Scott Institute.

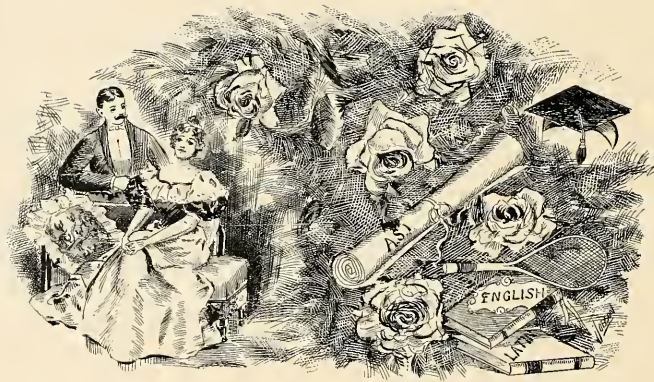


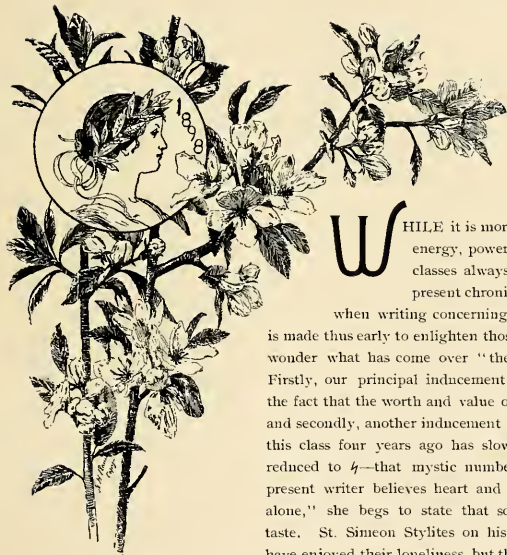
HER face was clothed with blushes ;
She had a note from Jim,
And the contents were *so* foolish—
Could it be from him?
"Dearest Nell—I love you
With all my main and might,
And if you feel the same toward me,
Wear the roses I send to-night ;
I am going to Mrs. Johnson's,
So I will meet you there,
And if you have the flowers on,
We'll come home early, dear."

"Jim, boy," her answer ran,
"How could you make such a mess?
If you'd only come and asked me,
I'd certainly have said 'yes.'
But I just can't wear your roses,
For they are red, you know,
And my dress—oh dear! *it's* lilac—
Isn't it *awful* that it should be so."



The Classes





The Senior Class

WHILE it is more than true that the '98 Senior Class of Agnes Scott is not without energy, power and ability, and so on through the whole category of talents Senior classes always and naturally possess, yet there are circumstances which make this present chronicler more modest and unassuming than is the wont of college historians when writing concerning the deeds and fame of their own classes. (N. B. This statement is made thus early to enlighten those who, seeing how *seldom* our remarks apply to "ourselves," would wonder what has come over "the spirit of our dreams.") But to the reasons for our modesty. Firstly, our principal inducement to refrain from blowing our own horn in the present instance, is the fact that the worth and value of this class is too well known and appreciated to need exploitation; and secondly, another inducement to silence rests in this, that the number which swelled the ranks of this class four years ago has slowly but surely diminished until the numerical strength has been reduced to 4—that mystic number which stands at the beginning of all things. Now, while the present writer believes heart and soul in the trite saying, "Man is never less alone than when he is alone," she begs to state that solitary glory for a period of nine months is not altogether to her taste. St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar, Diogenes in his tub, the early Acetics in the desert, may have enjoyed their loneliness, but this "Senior" would have preferred a companion now and then.

During the past year some trials have come to the Senior Class, the chief one being that it was prevented by the powers that are from working out its own sweet will on the AURORA. From that blow there has been no recovery, nor can there be, and the remainder of a blighted life will be spent murmuring over the unfinished dream of "well-known faces at Agnes Scott." The class has also been accused by

the Juniors of too great a fondness for cemeteries, post-mortem eulogies and grave-stones, a liking to them utterly inexplicable. What of that? Suppose it is true? Do not great minds seek unbroken quiet for their high and holy meditations? And what better place for that than the calm peace of the City of the Dead? Naturally the Juniors can not be expected to appreciate this when Juniors and meditation have about as much affinity as oil and water. It has been hoped, though, that the shining example set before them this year will work a needed reform.

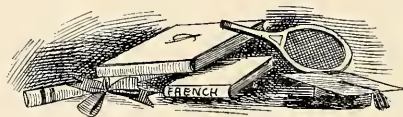
But the Senior Class, although open as the day, has proven to be a mystery in other ways also. It has a talent both for working and for loafing, or rather while it conspicuously excels in the latter, has, at the same time, a genius for seeming to excel in the former. Once, indeed, the class overheard a furious debate on, "Is the Senior Class always loafing or always working?"—The question was left undecided.

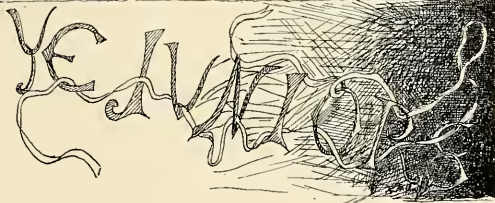
But if this question is undecided, so is also another, namely, "What is the Senior Class going to do after leaving Agnes Scott?" The rumors on that point are many and diverse. The class may go to

Cornell, may study medicine in New York, may spend a year in Europe, may run its town for a year or two, or, the height of impertinence, may be so rash as to embrace matrimony. Sad to relate the number (s) of this renowned body have not yet determined which faction to please. All is indecision except on one point mentioned, viz: the last. There is no division, and the opinion on that is so emphatic that it is a wonder the class has survived it.

The time for decision is drawing nigh, for soon the session will be ended and the Class of '98 will have heard its last lecture, will have recited its last lesson within the dear walls of Agnes Scott. To one student, at least, the thought brings with it much sadness. The connection soon to be almost severed has been long and intimate, and often the desire rises that the pain of parting might be delayed, but the sorrowful realization comes that this cannot be. All has not been joy these last few years, but we must confess that the joy has preponderated over the sorrows and trials. That this may be the experience of all subsequent classes is the wish of—

THE HISTORIAN.





Class of '99

Dotto

To the Victors Belong the Spoils.

Colors

Red and White.

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NANNIE WINN,
BERNICE CHIVERS,
MIDGE MCADEN,
CLYDE WHITE,
ROSA BELLE KNOX,

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Historian

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LOTTIE CALDWELL

RUTH CANDLER

BERNICE CHIVERS

ANNIE GASH

BESSIE JONAS

ROSA BELLE KNOX

MABEL LAWTON

MIDGE MCADEN

NELLIE MANDEVILLE

HELEN RAMSPECK

NELLIE RANKIN

MARTHA SIMPSON

EMMA WESLEV

CLYDE WHITE



History of the Junior Class

AFTER the last year's "finals" had heartlessly and ruthlessly rejected some of our leading spirits, and wounded a good many more, we, the all-important Class of '99, with broken, bleeding, yet determined ranks, entered our Junior year — and, presto! what a change! Can these dignified, studious girls be the gay Sophs. of only a short year before? Yes; great as the miracle seems, it is true. And behold us to-day — feared by the Senior Class, — which, by the way, might be more important if it were more numerous, — honored and respected by all, and humbly adored by the lower classes. And what has effected this great reform? Well, with the dignity and reputation of the school resting upon our shoulders, and the high expectations of all, made it impossible for us to continue our wild career and show ourselves unworthy of such a position; so we live up to it royally. And woe to the unhappy Freshman who dares call us "gay" now. Knowledge of all kinds has come pouring in upon us, and in connection with this intellectual culture we have learned many points of practical wisdom, a few of which I will give you here, as they may prove useful: (1) Men are fickle. (2) "Math" deception. (3) That Mental Science should be pronounced "Mintal Science," and (4) That chocolate candy, made with plenty of butter, will prove a panacea for every woe.

Then we have developed into a class of Poets (spelled with a capital P). The reason for this is generally admitted to be unrequited

affections or disappointment in love. The poor Juniors have had considerable trouble in that line, but only "Sallie" will admit this. She frankly declares —

"He once loved me truly;
I gave him my heart;
But now he loves Kitty,
And so we must part."

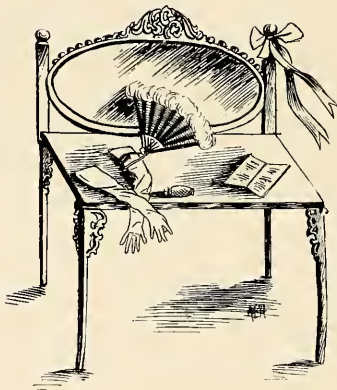
We would stop and drop a sympathetic tear for her sorrows, but it is the unromantic fact that a "V. G. Return" on the above quoted poem so comforted her that she has returned to her old lover, the moon, and is getting fat again. But if the tear would help anyone else, we "shed" it, before we go on to the other members of the class who have not developed any poetic genius. Emma is losing flesh and color in trying to keep up with the "Mistakes of Teachers." Martha, in spite of frequent failures in both lines, is trying to write poetry and tell jokes. Nell is dreaming of how she will manage the Annual next year, and training Syble in the way she should go. Lot has decided that society is not her realm, and devotes all her time to making chocolate candy and recounting past conquests; while the humble scribe is trying to decide whether to succumb to the entreaties of her nose and go up higher, or stay and graduate.

Our most decided feature is our "Glee Club," and we sing "Three Blind Mice" and "I went to the Animal Fair" with such

strength and pathos that Miss Watkins, who is easily overcome by sorrow, had to ask us to stop. Then we possess all the school celebrities, from M. L. S. President down to chief candy-maker and Fool. In other words, we are "hot stuff" (I wish to state here that we don't use slang), and though I know everyone will be greatly grieved to hear it, I must close this statement, and just one more: If we all "happen

to pass," we will be the largest class that ever graduated from Agnes Scott, and as we look back on our well-spent Junior year and wide experience, we cannot but have high hopes for the future. So here's to you, incomparable Juniors! May you all return to gladden the eyes of the Faculty next year, and may you all get first honors.

HISTORIAN.



Class of '00

Motto

"Tout bien on rien."

Colors

Red and Black.

Officers

ETHEL ALEXANDER,	President
MARGIE BOOTH,	Vice-President
COOIE HACKETT,	Secretary
MARY LOU DUNCAN,	Treasurer
MARY PAYNE,	Historian

Sophomore Class

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ADDIE ARNOLD

MAY BARKER

LEOLA BIRDSONG

MARGIE BOOTH

LOUISE CALLOWAY

LUCIE COLE

JEANNETTE CRAG

MARY LOU DUNCAN

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BLANCH HARPER

MATTIE HARRIS

ETHEL LAWTON

MARY PAYNE

LILA RABUN

EVELYN RAMSPECK

NELLIE RAWLS

HILDA SCHAEFER

SUSIE MAY WALLACE

RUSHE WESLEY

BESSIE YOUNG

History of the Sophomore Class



STORIES are usually stupid things to write, but like all other duties, it is much easier to write when one has a good thing to talk about. Surely anyone who is at all familiar with the Sophomore Class of Agnes Scott will agree with me in my statement that I have a very worthy subject for discussion, both collectively and individually. It is always hard to lay aside the

fun and jolly visits of vacation, yet we, on the first of September, '06, left, of our own accord (or some one else's) the trivial amusements of the summer, and presented ourselves with fear and trembling before the instructors with whom we were to work during the year. To say that we started out with fear is indeed true, for who within miles of us has not heard of the "awful" schedules at Agnes Scott? But glad are we to say that, with high ambition and a determination for success coupled strongly with it, in spite of adverse circumstances, we very soon impressed the teachers and people in general that we were Fresh only in name. As it was our first year of regular college work, we very naturally had a pretty good opinion of ourselves. Unfortunately, however, this opinion was not shared by everyone, especially by those who were only a year ahead of us. And perhaps you know how humiliating it might be to have a good opinion of yourself which was not shared by everyone. One fortunate thing for us was that there were so many of us in the class, that we were able the more easily to

cast aside in scorn all the slighting remarks made upon us which we knew and felt to be untrue; for we remember that then the faculty did not appreciate what fine material they had on hand for the coming years, until the brilliant record of final examinations passed proved to them our superiority. Thus, after a whole year of training in this admirable Institution, we were able to enter this our second and Sophomore year, when we began to assert ourselves in a more decided way. It is indeed a delightful sensation to feel that we now have an important place to fill in this school, while it is sometimes rather embarrassing and hard to get out of scrapes without the old plea that we are Freshmen and know no better. We have had a whole year's experience to profit by, and the decided improvement of our girls is a sure proof that they have received much benefit from it. For various reasons, some of health and others of disinclination to study, and a few from the mistaken idea that it was much harder to work originals in Geometry than to be a young lady, we were sorry to note that soon after the beginning of the year our class was somewhat diminished by the departure of several of our members. But the unusual brilliancy of the remainder makes the intellectual loss almost imperceptible, though we miss their bright faces among us. We as honored Sophomores now scorn the present generation of Freshmen. It has been a matter of discussion whether the mothers of Decatur threaten their naughty children with a course of Gaines' Bible Notes. We are sure, should such a threat be given, that order would be again immediately restored,

for everyone notes the look of care and anxiety which usually beclouds the brows of those studying those funereal volumes (twice every week). But thankful are we that report has exaggerated the real state of affairs, and we have bravely recovered from the first shock, finding it not nearly as dreadful as pictured.

But now, laying all prejudice and undue pride aside, let me, in behalf of the class, take the fine reputation that has justly fallen to us, and as the cap fits exactly, let me place it on the brows of the Sophomore Class and justly exclaim—

“Honor them to whom honor is due!”

HISTORIAN.





Freshman Class of '01

Motto

Virtute ac labore.

Officers

BELLE JONES,	President
MAMIE TUGGLE,	Vice-President
EULALIE LAWTON,	Secretary
LILLIAN MCGILLE,	Treasurer
THYRZA ASKEW,	Historian

Freshman Class

SADIE ADAMS

WINIFRED ADDERTON

DONSCHKA ALFORD

THVRZA ASKEW

ROSALIE BENJAMIN

ELLA RAE BOYLAN

MARY BUCHER

DAISY CALDWELL

MARGARET COTTON

WILLIE CROCKETT

CARRIE DENMARK

VIRGINIA EBBERT

ELFREDA EVERHART

LEOMIE GOLDSMITH

MARIAN HALL

GRACE HANNAH

ANNIE HERVEY

IDA HERVEY

MATTIE COBB HOWARD

BELLE JONES

NETTIE JONES

MAUD JOHNSON

SADIE KING

EULALIE LAWTON

RUTH LEWIS

LOULA McCLAIN

LILLIAN MCGILL

KATE MURPHEY

LENA ORR

JEAN RAMSPECK

ALMA STANLEY

ANNIE MAY STEPHENS

EVELYN TATE

EDITH THOMSON

KATHERINE TOLLESON

MYRA TRAWICK

MAMIE TUGGLE

CLARA SMITH

ESTELLE WEBB

History of the Freshman Class

HERE we are, forty-eight strong, bravely taking up "arms against a sea of troubles," and finding that all the trials and troublous problems take instant flight at the sight of our weapons,—a desire and eagerness to learn. The ranks of our class have been somewhat broken into during the year; but others have come in to take the vacant places, so we stand to-day almost as strong as in the beginning. There is no "almost," however, about our brain growth; that has been fully equal to the hopes of both ourselves and others. Many are the intricate problems we have solved, and numberless are the knotty questions over which we have puzzled and pondered.

Scientists tell us the brain is constantly changing, and that every thought leaves its impress in the form of a new convolution. If this is so, no doubt our brains are as wrinkled and ridged as a dried up Egyptian mummy.

To a new-comer we must appear to be a very learned class, especially in languages, and, without doubt, we are. On entering a Fresh-

man's room, one would hear on this side a soft "Comment vous portez-vous?" mingled with a deep "Wie geht es Thinen heute?" from the other, and only an occasional familiar "How do you do?" to prevent the illusion that it is an assembly of foreigners.

But all our attention has not been given to languages. Our studies have been many, and our progress in each one has been, we hope and believe, all that could be wished.

In Moral Geography we have found out that the highest mountain is Success, and that its summit can be reached only by the aid of the Spirit of the Mountain. It is hard to make friends with this sprite, but, if once you win her to your side, she will help you always. She belongs to the family of Opportunities, and her own name is Earnest Effort. With her assistance we have climbed up the Mountain from the Freshman Station, and can now rest upon our laurels for a short time before we begin the Sophomore Journey.

HISTORIAN.

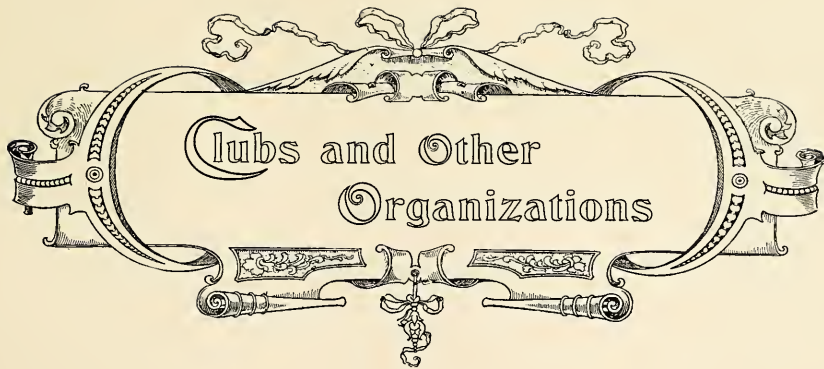


Some Day

SOME day—some day—when the sun is low,
And the lengthening shadows gather slow,
And the bird doth sing
And the breeze doth sigh,
And the perfume of flowers floateth nigh.
Ah, me! Ah, me! But low I'll lay
'Neath the green, green grass and the cold, dark clay.
Will the day e'er seem less bright, less fair,
To the loved ones left in waiting there?

Some day—some day—when the earth is drear,
And the muttering thunder's sound is near,
And the lightnings flash,
And the rain doth pour
Upon this earth I'll see no more.
Ah, me! Ah, me! From the warmth and light
Will their thoughts e'er turn out to the night?
Will a tear be shed for the still, cold form,
Out alone with the night and the storm?

NELLE WOMACK.



Clubs and Other
Organizations



"College girls never know how to cook." "A college graduate's bread is like lead."

Officers

SUSIE MAE WALLACE,	Chief Cook
GERTRUDE AUSLEY,	Taster
KATE WOOTTEN,	Dish Washer
SIBYL BETHEL,	Mixer
EUGENIA MANDEVILLE,	Physician

Members

SUSIE MAE WALLACE	RUTH LEWIS
SIBYL BETHEL	GERTRUDE AUSLEY
EZRA ROBINS	LEOLA BIRDSONG
KATE MURPHEY	ESTELLE ANDERSON
MARGIE BOOTH	RAE BOYLAN



K. MURPHEY

G. AUSLEY

M. BOOTH

R. BOYLAN

S. M. WALLACE

R. LEWIS

E. ANDERSON

S. BETHEL

E. MANDEVILLE

E. ROBINS

L. BIRDSONG

COOKING CLUB

Embroidery Class

MRS. BUCHER, INSTRUCTOR.

Members

MISS HUNT

MARY COOK

KATE WOOTTEN

MISS SMITH

NETTIE JONES

M. EZRA ROBINS

KATHERINE MURPHY

EUGENIA MANDEVILLE

Themstitching Club

By the way,
The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew ; prick our fingers ; dull our sight —
Producing what ?

AMANDA CALDWELL

CHARLOTTE CALDWELL

ROSA BELLE KNOX

PATSY HARRIS

MIDGE MCADEN



M. McADEN

P. HARRIS

R. B. KNOX

C. CALDWELL

A. CALDWELL

HEMSTITCHING CLUB

Spooners Club

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

MARY PAYNE, ROYAL ARCH SPOONER.

First Degree

WILLIE CROCKETT

Second Degree

SUSIE MAE WALLACE

MISS COOPER

HILDA SCHAEFER

Third Degree

RAE BOYLAN

ETHEL LAWTON

LILLIE MCGILL

Anti=Smallpox Club

QUERIES: How is your arm? Did it take?

Principal Sufferer

RAE BOYLAN

Most Boastful Sufferer

LOTTIE CALDWELL

Complaining Members

NELLIE MANDEVILLE

REBA SMITH

MIDGE McADEN

NANNIE SMITH

ROWENA SMITH



Early Risers

"No time is for me too early."

ROSA KINGSBERY

LOUISE CALLOWAY

COOIE HACKETT

EMMA WESLEY

EZRA ROBINS

HILDA SCHAEFFER

BELLE JONES

LOULA McCLAIN

NETTIE JONES

ALICE HAGER

Worshippers of Morpheus

"Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking."

"Blessings light on him who first invented sleep.
And I pray you let none of your people stir me :
I have an exposition of sleep upon me."

Worshippers

MIDGE MCADEN,	Drowsiest Worshiper
NELLIE MANDEVILLE,	Rejoicer of Tardy Marks
ROSA BELLE KNOX,	Non-Hearer of Rising Bells
NELLIE RAWLS,	Lover of Nightfall
PATSY HARRIS,	Ten O'clock Riser
EUGENIA MANDEVILLE,	Chief Worshiper
NELLIE RANKIN	Rival Non-Waker
MISS MELSON, }	Rising-Bell Haters
MISS ORRA HOPKINS, }	
CHARLOTTE CALDWELL,	Chief Snorer



Devotees of Rest

“ This rest is pleasing to mine limbs.”

“ A lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court ;
Of ever listless loit'ers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.”

REBA SMITH
NANNIE SMITH
ROWENA SMITH
SIBYL BETHEL

ANNIE MEL CRAMER
EUGENIA MANDEVILLE

SUSIE LAMAR
HILDA SCHAEFER
RUTH LEWIS
RAE BOYLAN

Royal Arch Order of Conceit

"I'm not in the roll of common women."

CHARLOTTE CALDWELL,	Grand Master
NELLIE MANDEVILLE,	Councilor
ROSA BELLE KNOX,	Vice-Councilor
SADEE KING,	Recording Secretary
NELLIE RANKIN,	Warden
EUGENIA MANDEVILLE,	Conductor
MABEL LAWTON,	Past Grand Master



Kodak Club

Members

R. B. KNOX
EULALIE LAWTON

WILLIE CROCKETT
M. E. MANDEVILLE



PICTURES BY THE KODAK CLUB

65885

Geometry Original Club

R. B. KNOX,	President
E. LAWTON,	Vice-President
E. RAMSPECK,	Secretary

Motto

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

Maxim

"The Trig. girls work from sun to sun,
But our work is never done."

Members

NANNIE WYNN
Complacent Scholar

BLANCH HARPER
Instructive Student

RUSHA WESLEY
Demoralizing Student

HILDA SCHAEFER
Talkative Student

R. B. KNOX
Reprehensible Student

MARY BARKER
Unprepared Student

JEANNETTE CRAIG
Discussive Student

E. LAWTON
Discouraged Student

MISS WATKINS
Member by Virtue of Office

Le Cercle Français

Mlle. MASSIE

Mlle. CLARK

Mlles.

AMANDA CALDWELL
CHARLOTTE CALDWELL
JEANNETTE CRAIG

ROSA KINGSBERRY
MARGARET BOOTH
ESTELLE PATILLO

CATHERINE TOLLESON
SUSIE MAE WALLACE
MARTHA SIMPSON



MISS CLARK

S. M. WALLACE

E. PATTILLO

M. SIMPSON

MISS MASSIE

C. CALDWELL

M. BOOTH

L. CALLOWAY

A. CALDWELL

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS





Song of the Mist Maiden

A Memory of Roan Mountain

I AM wild and free in my frolicsome glee,
Where the billowy mountains roll,
And the rhythmic beat of my unseen feet
Keeps time with my joyous soul.

In the quiet glens and the darkling fens
I sleep on the winding stream,
And all night long its wooing song
Steals softly into my dream.

When the storm king roars through mountain doors,
I follow the craggy stair;
As the thunder leaps from the rocky steeps,
I laugh in my tangled hair.

Where the sun bends low in his sapphire bow,
And the tempests calmly pause,
I pour with the rills thro' the clefted hills
Like a veil of golden gauze.

When the viewless winds thro' the balsam pines
Drink deep of their fragrance there,
With a kiss more light, in my softer flight
I gather the richness rare.

Come dwell with me, o'er the heights so free,
Ye men of a younger time,
Great Silence fills these solemn hills
With majesty sublime.

And wrinkled Care, with her frowning air,
Comes never brooding here,
But thought serene, with quiet mien,
Fills all the upper sphere,

Through forest aisles and stately piles
Of prehistoric stone,
They clarion call, thro' nature's hall,
These voices of the Roan.

M. L. G.

S. A. E. Sorority

SUSIE MAE WALLACE

ESTELLE PATTILLO

KATIE WOOTTEN

MARY PAYNE

SAIDEE KING

ESTELLE ANDERSON

LOUISE CALLOWAY

RAE BOYLAN

ELIZA HULL

WINIFRED ADDERTON

AMANDA CALDWELL

EDITH THOMPSON

ADDIE BOYD



K. WOOTTEN L. CALLOWAY E. HULL R. BOYLAN S. KING
E. THOMPSON M. PAYNE S. M. WALLACE E. PATTILLO
A. BOYD W. ADDERTON A. CALDWELL E. ANDERSON

S. A. E. SORORITY





Π Δ Κ

WHEN love first dawned within my heart,
I knew not half its meaning deep :
Of life 'twas but a joyous part—
But oh, that part was wondrous sweet !

Since love has dawned within my heart,
And I have felt its powers unfold,
It forms no more a joyous part,
But 'tis of life and joy the whole.

When first my heart was tuned to love,
One earthly friend its centre was ;
But knowing him has led me on,—
Has made me seek a friend above.

ENID.



Lambda Omicron Alpha

Colors

Green and White

Flower

White Carnation

Sorores in Collegio

CHARLOTTE LOWRIE CALDWELL, Charlotte, North Carolina

MARTHA ELIZABETH HARRIS, Sparta, Georgia

MIDGE MCADEN, Charlotte, North Carolina

Sorores Alumnae

LILLIAN MCKINLEY BROWN, Winston, North Carolina

MARGARET LOUISE CANNON, Concord, North Carolina

CORINNE CLUIS DAVIS, Mobile, Alabama

SELENE STEELE HUTCHISON, Charlotte, North Carolina

MAE McCORKLE MURPHY, Morganton, North Carolina

ANNIE SHANNON WILEY, Salisbury, North Carolina

ELIZABETH LANIER, West Point, Georgia

LILY WADE LITTLE, Macon, Georgia

ADA BYRD HOOPER, Selma, Alabama

EMMA JULIA WRIGHT, Thomasville, Georgia

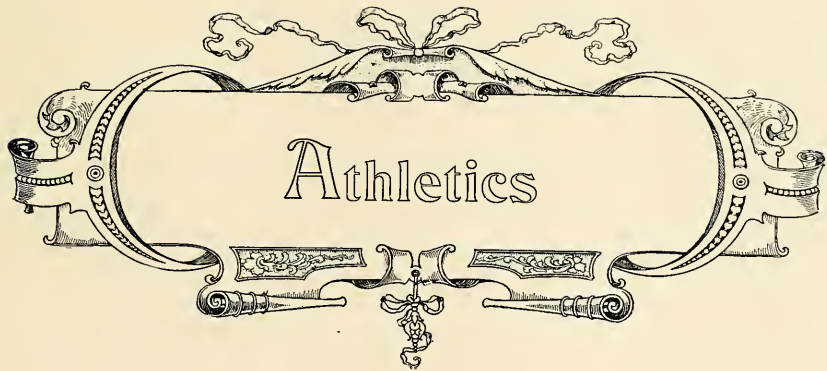


MATTIE HARRIS



MIDGE McADEN





Basket Ball Team

Freshman and Sophomore

SAIDEE KING, CAPTAIN.

EZRA ROBINS,	South Goal Keeper
S. M. WALLACE,	North Goal Keeper
MARY PAYNE,	Center Rush
KATE MURPHY,	South Court
AMANDA CALDWELL,	North Court
MARGIE BOOTH,	West Alley
KATE WOOTTEN,	West Alley
GERTRUDE AUSLEY,	East Alley
RAE BOVLAN,	East Alley



K. MURPHY R. BOYLAN S. M. WALLACE
M. BOOTH E. ROBINS M. PAYNE K. WOOTTEN
G. AUSLEY S. KING A. CALDWELL

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM



That Curl

THESE was a little girl,
Who had a little curl,—
 Always,
 Always ;
And her big brown eyes
Through it looked in sweet surprise,—
 All day,
 All day.
And she tossed her pretty head
Till her beaux were almost dead,—
"I'll choose me one," she said,
 " In May,
 In May."

And still the curl it hung,—
To the zephyrs soft it swung,—
 All day,
 All day ;
And the years have come and gone,
Still the maiden's all forlorn,—
 In May,
 In May.
Oh ! that naughty little curl !
'Twas the worse thing in the world,
For she's now a cross-eyed girl !
 Always !
 Always !

NELLE WOMACK.

Basket Ball Team

Junior and Senior

MIDGE MCADEN,	Captain
NANNIE WINN,	South Goal Keeper
NELLIE RANKIN,	North Goal Keeper
NELLIE MANDEVILLE,	Center Rush
EUGENIA MANDEVILLE,	South Court
MARTHA SIMPSON,	North Court
R. B. KNOX, }	West Alley
CLYDE WHITE, }	West Alley
CHARLOTTE CALDWELL,	East Alley
PATSY HARRIS,	East Alley
MABEL LAWTON,	East Alley



C. WHITE E. MANDEVILLE
N. MANDEVILLE M. SIMPSON M. LAWTON
R. B. KNOX C. CALDWELL M. HARRIS M. McADEN

JUNIOR AND SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM



Horati Carmen, 7; Liber 4

"Tempus Fugit"

FROM on the ground the snow has gone ;
The herbage which, all winter long,
Could not for its white sheet be seen,
Now fills the earth with brightest green.
Upon the bank, where late was seen
The foaming torrent of the stream,
The Nymphs and Graces come to sing
The joys and pleasures of the spring.

We cannot hope to live alway ;
The fleeting year, the passing day,
Remind us that we must prepare
A life of woe or bliss to share.
The winter comes with cold and rain,
And ere it comes 'tis gone again ;
So all the seasons come and go,
With flowers and fruits and ice and snow.
Who knows what time the hour may come
When we shall all be summoned home,
To tell the Judge of all the earth
The deeds we've done since our birth?
And when we've met him face to face
And been appointed to our place,
No power of earth can change our state
And make us favorites of fate.

Bicycle

Club

Officers

MISS CLARK,									President
LOUISE SCOTT,									Vice-President
DORA ANDERSON,									Scorcher
SAIDEE KING,	}								Committee on Runs
MISSEY HULL,									

Members

MISS BIDWELL,	EDITH WEST	ANNIE GASH
MISS CLARK	SAIDEE KING	ANNIE MAY STEPHENS
MISS ORRA HOPKINS	LAURA CALDWELL	DORA ANDERSON
EULALIE LAWTON	MISSEY HULL	LILA RABUN
ETHEL LAWTON	LOUISE SCOTT	GRACE HANNAH
MABEL LAWTON	MAY BARRY	





E. LAWTON A. G. HANNAH M. LAWTON M. BARRY E. HULL S. KING
L. RABUN MISS CLARK C. CROCKETT B. CHIVERS E. WEST

BICYCLE CLUB



Marguerite

'T WAS years ago
On a foreign shore—
Could ever heart love more?
My dainty, witching Marguerite,
Pure and fragile, pale and sweet—
And, oh! I loved her so!

When a thousand stars
Lit up the bars,
And gleamed across the bay;
When she drew the bow across the string,
And the violin sang like a living thing,
She played my heart away!

And then—how sweet,
My weary feet
Shall rest on that sacred sod;
And a touch of the string from that golden bow
Will set my heart aflame, aglow—
And play my soul to God!

But then, my friend,
You'll guess the end—
She left this darkened land,—
Up where the stars together sing
Praises to our Lord and King,
She dwells with an angel band.

My Marguerite—
So fair, so sweet—
Some day our souls shall meet;
For the Angel of Death to me shall say,
"Come, weary mortal, come this way,"
And I'll see you, my own! my sweet!

NELLE WOMACK.



Tennis Club

Members

EUGENIA MANDEVILLE

ROSA BELLE KNOX

LOULA McCLAIN

MIDGE McADEN

PATSY HARRIS

SAIDEE KING

KATE WOOTTEN

MARY PAYNE

SUSIE MAY WALLACE

NELLIE MANDEVILLE

GERTRUDE AUSLEY

WILLIE CROCKETT

LEOLA BIRDSONG

NELLIE RAWLS

SYBIL BETHEL

RAE BOVLAN



R. BOYLAN N. RAWLS E. MANDEVILLE S. BETHEL
S. KING R. B. KNOX M. PAYNE K. WOOTTEN S. M. WALLACE
M. HARRIS M. McADEN L. BRUMBY N. MANDEVILLE L. McCLAIN

TENNIS CLUB



La Bonne Heure



La Bonne Heure

Officers

SUSIE MAE WALLACE,	President
ESTELLE ANDERSON,	Vice-President
EULALIE LAWTON,	Secretary
NETTIE JONES,	Treasurer

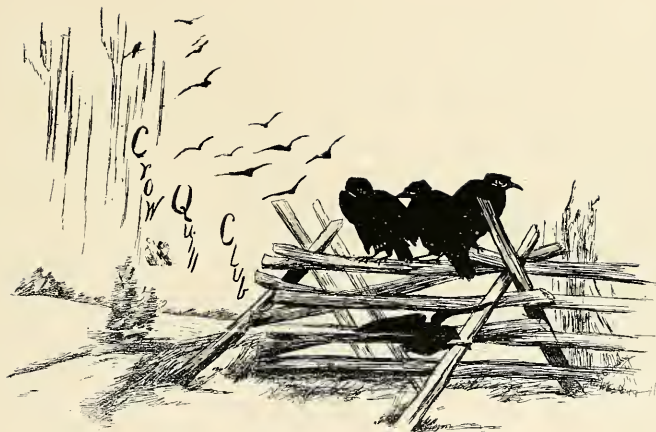
Program Committee.

LOULA MCCLAIN	ELLA SMITH
R. L. COOPER	E. G. BUCK

Members

BELLE JONES	LUCY THOMPSON	E. G. BUCK	EULALIE LAWTON
RUTH LEWIS	EDITH THOMPSON	R. L. COOPER	SUSIE MAE WALLACE
HELEN RAMSPECK	EDITH WEST	ESTELLE ANDERSON	LOULA MCCLAIN
NELLIE RAWLS	CORA WILLIAMS	NETTIE JONES	ELLA SMITH





ELLA SMITH,
E. G. BUCK,

Secretary
Critic

Members

ANNIE GRACE HANNAH
LEOLA BIRDSONG
EULALIE LAWTON
MATTIE HARRIS

LOULA McCLAIN
HELEN RAMSPECK
MIDGE McADEN
RUTH LEWIS

MARTHA SIMPSON
NELLIE RAWLS
EDITH WEST

Crow Quill Club History

THE organization designated by the above name was originally a part of the Art Society (Bonne Heure), its intention being to contribute pen sketches to the AURORA, and, so far as possible, to raise the standard in that line.

However, in time the membership and purpose of the two bands became farther and farther separated, and the workers for the AURORA formed themselves into a new society called the Crow Quill Club. This took place on the third week in November. The present name was soon chosen, and a secretary elected to write the annals of the Club. For two months afterwards work for the Annual went vigorously on,

and, as a result, over thirty-five good illustrations were prepared for contribution. To appreciate fully what this meant, it must be understood that not more than one or two of the Club had ever done any sketching before,—were, in fact, perfectly new to the work. However, there was great interest, and this helped matters wonderfully.

Indeed, such was the interest that after completing the illustrations for the '98 AURORA, the Club continued to exist and to work in order that it might be able to contribute even better sketches in the year '99.

E. SMITH, Secretary.





M. HARRIS MISS BUCK ELLA SMITH MIDGE McADEN E. WEST
L. BIRDSONG A. G. HANNAH H. RAMSPECK RUTH LEWIS NELL RAWLS MARTHA SIMPSON E. LAWTON L. McCLAIN

CROW QUILL CLUB







Martha Simpson, C.P.F.

Unrest

A FEELING of sadness and longing,
A sense of vague unrest,
As myriad moods come thronging
And trouble the quiet breast.
A longing for something sweeter
Than our hearts have ever known ;
But ere we frame the sentence
The sweet, pure thought is flown,
Leaving our hearts so restless,
Altho' they cannot be sad,
For the beauty and love around us
Compels us to be glad.
Who knows but that this longing,
So vague and indistinct,
Draws us nearer unto heaven
Than we would dare to think?
That the nature of God within us,
Finding naught to meet its need,
Seeks a life more pure and holy,
From human failings freed?



Vocal Class

EDITH WILLIAMS
SYBIL BETHEL
ELLA RAE BOYLAN

ETHEL LAWTON
MABEL LAWTON
BELLE CRANE
EMMA KIRKPATRICK

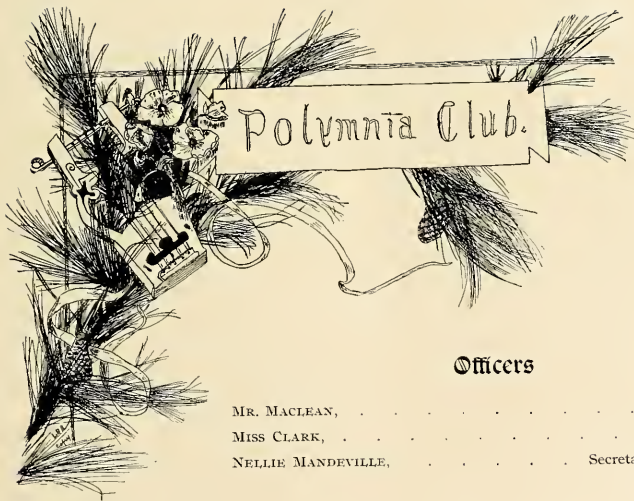
ANNIE HERVEY
IDA HERVEY
MARTHA SIMPSON
MARIAN McCLELLAN

NELLIE RAWLS
MARY PAYNE
SAIDEE KING



M. PAYNE N. RAWLS E. LAWTON N. CONE
R. BOYLAN
S. BETHEL I. HERVEY M. SIMPSON

VOCAL CLASS



Officers

MR. MACLEAN,	President
MISS CLARK,	Vice-President
NELLIE MANDEVILLE,	Secretary and Treasurer

Members

WINIFRED ADDERTON

GERTRUDE AUSLEY

MRS. R. E. BARRY

LEOLA BIRDSONG

MARGIE BOOTH

SYBIL BETHEL

BELLE CRANE

NELLIE CONE

RAE BOYLAN

MAE BARRY

SUE LAMAR

IDA HERVEY

ALICE HAGER

MISS GILMORE

SAIDEE KING

ANNIE HERVEY

GRACE HANNAH

JEANNETTE CRAIG

CARRIE DENMARK

MARY LU DUNCAN

LILA RABUN

RUTH LEWIS

MARY PAYNE

ETHEL MASON

MIDGE MCADEN

LOULA MCCLAIN

FLORENCE MEAD

ESTELLE PATILLO

MARIAN MCCLELLAN

NELLIE MANDEVILLE

MISS MONTGOMERY

EDITH WILLIAMS

HILDA SCHAEFER

MAMIE TILSON

KATE WOOTEN

CLARA SMITH

EZRA ROBINS

CLYDE WHITE

EDITH WEST

EVA TATE



History of the Musical Department

LET any stranger put foot on the fourth floor of the Institute and he will instantly be impressed with the fact that Agnes Scott has a Musical Department, and a very active one. From eight in the morning till ten at night the sound of vocal and piano music is heard throughout the fourth floor, sometimes reaching to the third and second, and, but for the law that during practice hours doors and transoms of the music rooms must be closed, would reach even lower, and be faintly heard on the first. One day it did happen that some careless students, going to the fourth floor, accidentally left the door of their practice room open. Then what pandemonium reigned! Thumpity, thump; rattlety, rattlety, bang! Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn,—all were merged in one perfect bedlam of discords. But still the promoters of these unharmonious sounds played calmly on, utterly

oblivious of the tempest they were raising. Suddenly open flew the door of the musical director's room, out burst the musical director, down the long hall he hurried, closing doors, pulling down transoms, reproving, advising, correcting, till he reached the extreme west, and, when he stood still, his contracted brow smoothed itself and the ghost of a smile flitted over his face as he realized that he had brought order out of chaos. Each of the score of pianos was still in use, but their sound was so muffled that it soothed the ruffled temper of the director, and a wave of peace stole over his troubled spirits. Such events are, however, fortunately rare. Usually a most desirable order exists on the practice floor, and, as a natural consequence, the face of the presiding genius is generally wreathed in smiles.

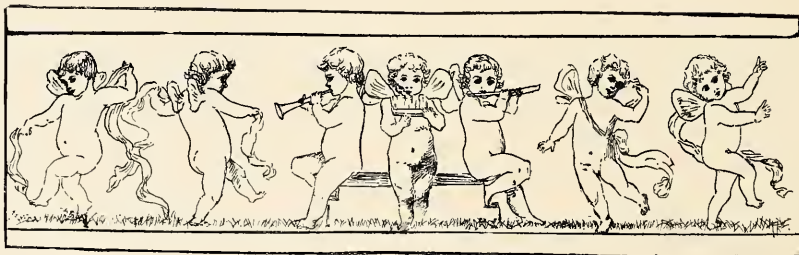
One very interesting feature of the Musical Department is the weekly popular concerts given every Monday afternoon by the music

students. These concerts,—better known as “Monday pops,”—are enjoyable and furnish an admirable opportunity for the performers to overcome their stage fright. Every Monday afternoon at three o'clock a group of perhaps half a dozen girls may be seen coming down the steps to the chapel, clutching each other wildly and endeavoring to rid themselves of their fright ere they take their places before the audience. On Friday afternoons the Sight-Reading and Chorus Class meets. The members of this class take an important part in the entertainments given by the Musical Department, and in the programmes prepared by the Polymnia Club.

The Polymnia Club was organized in the fall of '95, and has had a flourishing existence ever since. Its membership is large, and much interest is taken in it. A musical library has been established by the Club, a scholarship is given every year, and the regular monthly meetings are a source of profitable pleasure to all who attend them. The last Friday night of each month is devoted to the Polymnia recitals, and on those nights, when the friends and patrons of the Institute are gathered in the halls and chapel, true music lovers may find real pleasure in listening to the carefully prepared programme. At commencement, the Monday night before the close of school is given to Polymnia, and usually some rare musical treats are prepared for that time. In speaking of the Polymnia Club, one who is acquainted with it could hardly help thinking of Miss Bessie Service, a former

member of our faculty, and one to whom the Polymnia owes its organization and very existence. She was the life of the Club in its first days, the prime mover in all that was undertaken in connection with it, and by her words of encouragement and ambition the other members were inspired to set their aims higher and hope for higher things in musical culture than they had hoped for before. In her death the Polymnia lost one of its dearest friends and most helpful advisers, one whose place can never be filled.

In such ways is the Musical Department at Agnes Scott represented. Those who have studied music here will not soon forget how they were continually inspired and aided to do their best in regard to the training of the musical part of their natures,—how every means was taken to place before them only what is best and highest in music, and how both the technical and æsthetic parts of music were equally placed before them. The members of the Harmony Class can testify to the fact that their ideas of music, its relation and what it is, have been wonderfully developed by the training they have received. The concerts in town, which the music students are at liberty to attend, afford a charming opportunity for developing to a wider extent the taste and knowledge which all should be desirous to cultivate. So it may be seen that life in the Musical Department is a busy one,—the very spirit of music hovers in the air, and many beneficial influences are continually felt.



Comme a l'Ordinaire

I KNEW it all the time, dear one,
That it could not, could not last,
I knew the summer would soon be done,
That the joy would soon be past ;
But I did not dream, oh ! dearest one,
That the fault would all be mine.
I thought you imagined 'twas only "fun,"
That rather the fault would be thine.

It seems that I was too hasty, dear,
In throwing your love away ;
If I'd only kept my brain more clear
And waited even a day,—
But "such is life," say those who know,
Many explanations come "too late."

The bad things come, the good things go ;
We've no time to rail at fate.
So on the grave of the love starved out
I'll drop the woman's tear,
And trust that you will never know
The parting cost me so dear.

Violin, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs

Members

Violin

WINIFRED ADDERTON
IDA HERVEY MAMIE TILLSON
AMANDA CALDWELL

Mandolin

ANNIE HERVEY
EZRA ROBINS MISS COOPER
SUE LAMAR

Guitar

WILLIE CROCKETT
LAURA CALDWELL



I. HERVEY

E. ROBINS
W. ADDERTON

MISS COOPER

L. LAMAR

M. TILLSON

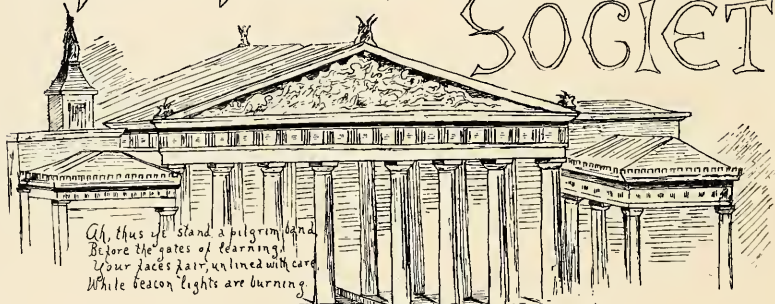
A. HERVEY

VIOLIN AND MANDOLIN CLUBS





THE PROPYLAEAN SOCIETY



Oh, thus we stand a pilgrim band,
Before the gates of learning,
Your faces fair, unlined with care,
While beacon lights are burning.

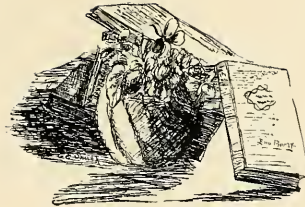
With armed hearts 'gainst Cupid's dart
Ye press with purpose truest,
Your pennons fly, your motto cry
"As 'virtus in arduis.'"

With lifted hand, this pilgrim band
Explore the great Athena,
Command the fates thy temple gates
May rise to us supremely

We fain would share the treasures rare
The gods impart to mortals,
This knowledge deep, no more may sleep
Within thy sacred portals.

The goddess spoke, thro' altar smoke,
"Know ye this truth eternal!
Mid toiling brains and endless pains
Ye pass these gates supernal"

J. P. G.



Propylæan Literary Society

Motto

"Virtus in Arduis."

Colors

Light green and white.

Officers for '97-98

	FIRST QUARTER	SECOND QUARTER	THIRD QUARTER	FOURTH QUARTER
President	MABEL LAWTON	NELLIE RANKIN	NANNIE WINN	LILA RABUN
Vice-President	CARRIE DENMARK	MARTHA SIMPSON	KATE TOLLESON	IDA HERVEY
Secretary	NANNIE WINN	MARGIE BOOTH	MARTHA SIMPSON	NELLIE RANKIN
Vice-Secretary	LILA RABUN	LILLIAN MCGILL	ANNIE HERVEY	BLANCH HARPER
Treasurer	EDITH WEST	CARRIE DENMARK	ETHEL LAWTON	KATE TOLLESON
Censor	ETHEL LAWTON	MABEL LAWTON	LOULA McCLAIN	NANNIE WINN

Members of P. L. S.

MARGIE BOOTH

LOUISE CALLAWAY

ANNIE MEL CRAMER

IDA HERVEY

EULALIE LAWTON

LILLIAN MCGILL

LILA MAY RABUN

HILDA SCHAEFER

KATHERINE TOLLESON

NANNIE WINN

BLANCH HARPER

MARY COOK

CARRIE DENMARK

ANNIE HERVEY

ETHEL LAWTON

MABEL LAWTON

LOULA MCCLAIN

NELLIE RANKIN

MAMIE TILLSON

EDITH WEST

MARTHA SIMPSON

BESSIE YOUNG

Propylæan Literary Society



IT WAS March, 1897, and the conduct of the girls seemed uniformly good; yet one day to my astonishment one of the teachers requested me to meet her and Miss Hopkins in one of the class rooms immediately after dinner. I grew pale and stretched out my hands in mute appeal to the teacher, but she had passed on to another girl, and I knew by the expression of her face that someone shared my discomfort. That was a relief anyway, but not enough to keep me from being nervous and shaky. I longed for dinner to end, and yet I dreaded it. At last it did end, and I went rather reluctantly to the appointed class room, and there, much to my relief, I found at least a dozen other girls. We eyed each other suspiciously, and racked our brains for some possible reason for this cruelty.

At last Miss Hopkins and the teacher, Miss McKinney, came in and solemnly closed the door. Our faces were pictures of despair, as Miss Hopkins said gravely, "Girls, you might as well confess; we know it all." But some of the girls who had had more experience in private interviews than I had, knew that this was not seriously meant, and, led by them, we all began to laugh.

The spell was broken, and we asked what this all meant, what was wanted of us. Then we were told that they simply wished to suggest that there was plenty of good material in the room for the organization of a new literary society, and they would like to know what we thought

of it. As soon as the reality of the idea dawned upon us, someone made a motion that we start a new society. The motion was carried, temporary officers elected, a few committees appointed, and, lo! a new society was formed.

A few days after, an excellent constitution was drawn up by Miss Sheppard, and Mrs. Gaines suggested the very appropriate name of Propylæan for the new literary society. The name Propylæan was given to the gates of the Temple of Wisdom, one of the most beautiful structures known in Athens at the time when she had reached the height of her glory.

The only meetings held that year were business meetings, and the close of the term found us firmly on our feet with Mabel Lawton, President; Grace Hollis, Vice-President; Edith West, Treasurer; Nannie Winn, Secretary; Willie Allbritton, Vice-Secretary; Ethel Lawton, Censor. The Mnemosynean Society invited the Propylæan to join with them in the publication of the college paper, "The Mnemosynean," and the staff for '97 and '98 was selected from the two societies.

The beginning of the year '97 and '98 was probably the most critical time in the history of the society. It had to contend with the difficulties that meet every new society, and we wondered whether it would succeed or not. But these difficulties were soon overcome, and we had as good a membership as we could wish, and what was better, it was made up of girls who would be likely to make excellent mem-

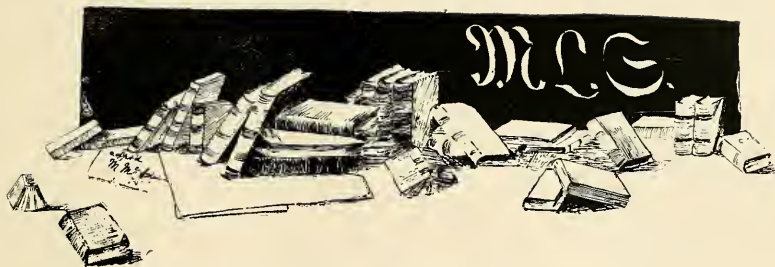
bers of a literary society. The place that the society now holds is recognized and its influence felt in the whole school.

The meetings are held every Saturday night after tea, and the programs are carefully prepared and enthusiastically carried out. The Mnemosynean and Propylean societies received together at open

session, and a perfectly friendly relation always exists between them. Everyone acknowledges the advantage of having two literary societies in the school, and I am sure that the faculty, Mnemosyneans, Propyleans, and all the friends of the Agnes Scott, will join in good wishes for the future success of the Propylean Literary Society, with the

HISTORIAN.





Mnemosynean Literary Society

Officers

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM
President	CHARLOTTE CALDWELL	MIDGE McADEN	LEOLA BIRDSONG
Vice-President	BELLE JONES	JEANNETTE CRAIG	NETTIE JONES
Secretary	MARY PAYNE	SUSIE MAE WALLACE	CHARLOTTE CALDWELL
Vice-Secretary	NETTIE JONES	NELLIE RAWLS	KATE WOOTEN
Treasurer	KATE MURPHY	MATTIE HARRIS	CLYDE WHITE
Librarian	AMANDA CALDWELL	ELIZA HULL	WINIFRED ADDERTON
Censor	EUGENIA MANDEVILLE	KATE WOOTEN	ROSA BELLE KNOX

Members for 1897-98

	RAE BOYLAN	SAIDRE KING	
	SYBIL BETHEL	KATE MURPHY	
	LEOLA BIRDSONG	MIDGE McADEN	
	ESTELLE ANDERSON	ROSA KINGSBERRY	
	WINIFRED ADDERTON	ROSA BELLE KNOX	
	CHARLOTTE CALDWELL	NELLIE MANDEVILLE	
AMANDA CALDWELL		EUGENIA MANDEVILLE	
JEANNETTE CRAIG		SARAH LILLIE WOLFE	
KATE WOOTEN		SUSIE MAE WALLACE	
MATTIE HARRIS		NELLIE RAWLS	
ANNIE COUNCIL		AMY WALDEN	
NETTIE JONES		CLYDE WHITE	
BELLE JONES		MARY PAYNE	
ELIZA HULL	EZRA ROBINS		

Miss McBryde, Founder M. L. S.



THE existence of the Mnemosynean Literary Society is well known to all the friends of the Institute, but all do not know, as do the members of the Society, that its very origin is largely due to the efforts of one person, Miss McBryde, the vocal teacher in the early days

of the school. She, knowing that it was a custom of several of "the old girls," meaning by that those who had been at A. S. I. a year before, to assemble in the room of one of their number every evening just before tea to read and discuss some standard work, proposed that they should all unite to form a literary society by which all the boarding students might be benefited. Thus, through her influence and example the Mnemosynean came into being, and, it is needless to say, Miss McBryde herself was one of the most active of the active members, laboring always for the onward growth and extension of the work she had begun. It was true that she had no connection at all with the literary department, but she had the welfare of the school and girls so much at heart that she willingly gave up her leisure time to inspire and help them in their new venture.

Every Saturday night, instead of the customary feasts, these girls filled their minds with the lives and works of masters in literature, music and art. Miss McBryde was always present at these meetings and the girls who took part in them put forth their best efforts, not willing that she, whom they loved so much, should by a look show that she knew they had not done their best. In everything that the Society

did, Miss McBryde's advice was asked and always taken, so much confidence had they in her. But not only in society affairs did the girls seek her advice, but in all their trials did they consult her, and she was always ready with her good counsel. Each girl's future was near to her heart, and her work among them was not only to encourage them in their school life, but to fit them to be useful, noble women. And so long as these girls live they will have a tender spot in their hearts for the little woman who took so much interest in them at school, and who aroused in them noble aspirations, love of truth and honor. To one of the girls she writes: "I did not know my name and memory had any place at the Agnes Scott these days. But if there was anything I ever did for the girls, it was because each and every one was very dear to me, and I know they were the sweetest set of girls I ever expect to be associated with." Each and every one of these girls can say of her: "We knew her but to love her, we name her but to praise her."

Since leaving the A. S. I., Miss McBryde has made her home mostly in Boston, but she expects soon to return to North Carolina, her former home. So long as the Mnemosynean Society exists, it will look on Miss McBryde as its founder, and her name will be loved. Her picture should be in the Society Hall, so that those who do not know her personally should become familiar with the features of the mater of the M. L. S.

A CHARTER MEMBER OF THE M. L. S.

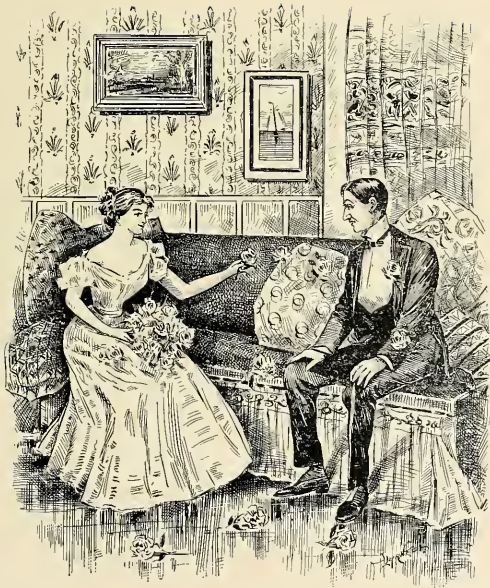




SNAP SHOTS AT M. L. S. RECEPTIONS



SNAP SHOTS AT M. I. S. RECEPTIONS



SNAP SHOTS AT M. I. S. RECEPTIONS



SNAP SHOTS AT M. L. S. RECEPTIONS

Mnemosynean Literary Society



THE title of this article will attract many readers,—among those who have been members of the Mnemosynean Literary Society, at any rate,—and the author hopes that those who read will not be too much disappointed in the work of her pen. No history of the Society is attempted, for that is well known to all members. To outsider friends, we would say that the M. L. S. had its origin in very much the same way that all literary societies have, and has had an eventful life of seven years. The story of the M. L. S. during the year '97-98, the last of these seven years of life, is told in this article, and to begin at the beginning, we start with September of '97. The graduating class of '97 took from the Mnemosynean two of its most faithful workers, Julia Whitfield and Lily Little, whose absence has been sadly regretted ever since, and besides these, many who were not studying for graduation failed to return, so that at the first regular meeting held at the beginning of the fall term of this school year only sixteen members responded to the roll call. As the Secretary went down the long roll and only here and there was heard a "Present," the hearts of the members who had returned grew sad, like soldiers whose comrades had fallen in battle. Not fallen in battle were our comrades, however, only gone out into the world into higher spheres of usefulness, and we, who still remain, remember with sincerest pleasure the "old girls" with whom we worked side by side for the M. L. S. and the literary life of Agnes Scott. Though the girls scatter to the four

corners of the earth after they leave Agnes Scott, they never forget the M. L. S., and occasionally we receive a letter from some long, long ago member, recalling the happy hours she had spent in the Mnemosynean Hall.

But I have wandered sadly from my subject, and, though I have written many words, am still at the beginning of my story. You M. L. S. girls, at least, will pardon the digression, for you can never find fault with me for attempting to give our long absent members a sign of our remembrance. Well, as I said in the beginning, the Society began this year with but sixteen members, but it is hardly necessary to say that the number did not long remain so small. All during the year the membership has increased, and at the time of this writing is so large that the hall is filled at every meeting. The regular meetings are held on Saturday nights at seven o'clock, and are frequently so interesting as to form the chief topic of conversation the next morning at the breakfast table. Impromptu debates play a most important part in the weekly programmes, and their animated discussion furnishes a need of sharpening wits and brightening rusty bits of knowledge. Once a month this year one entire evening has been devoted to a debate, whose subject and debaters are chosen a month beforehand, and so every opportunity given the contestants for preparing for their supreme effort before the members of the Society and the visitors. The winning side of the debate is decided upon by judges selected by the president, and as the year draws near its close

it is found that the judges have an increasingly harder task in making their decision, so it would seem that this method of mind training has proved exceedingly beneficial. Once this year the programme committee decided to vary the usual order of affairs and disturb the dignity of the Society by having a geography match,—recall memories of childhood. With no warning the announcement was suddenly made, and immediately the usually orderly body of young ladies was turned into a crowd of laughing school-girls, for neighbor turned to neighbor, each expressing doubts as to her ability to remember facts which she had learned when she was—well, younger. One rap of the hammer quickly restored order, however; sides were chosen, the questions delivered, and here and there a contestant would drop out. The Senior Class stood its ground manfully, and also certain members of the Freshman, while the next day the Juniors and Sophomores suffered bitter reproaches on account of their early retirement from the race. Can I, being a Junior, divulge a secret? I will. For exactly one month after their experiment the Juniors, living in daily expectation of a repetition of the dose, with locked doors and drawn shades, poured over geographies borrowed from primary students. The extent to which their knowledge was refreshed no one knows, as they have never been put to test again.

The Mnemosynean Society is enterprising in a financial as well as in a literary way, as every one who is acquainted with it knows,—to her sorrow, perhaps. Every year before the three regular receptions the M. L. S. girls, to prevent their treasury from being too deeply drained by the expenses to be undergone, present to the boarders in the Institute an entertainment of their own getting-up, charging a small admittance fee. Sometimes these entertainments consist of amateur theatricals, sometimes tableaux, sometimes musicales;

but this year talent and inclination have seemed to lie in other directions. The first entertainment of this kind was given in October, and was unusually surprising in its nature. The performers prepared for the occasion with the utmost secrecy, and when the spectators had assembled the curtain was drawn back, disclosing to view unrecognized countenances,—unrecognized with good reason, for they were all as black as night, and only by an unintentional turn of the neck, or an arm suddenly revealed above the wrist, could the casual observer detect the fact that these strange visitors were members of the Caucasian race. A liberal application of burnt cork had wrought the miracle, however, and the finest, whitest skin became the color of soot. The spectators applauded the scene loudly, and before they had finished the minstrel show was in full progress. The flashes of wit were truly remarkable. The Institute and the entire Faculty were regarded as fair game for sport, and really the Faculty enjoyed it as much as anyone. Not a performer lost his (?) head, but displayed the greatest readiness and quickness of reply, and the whole affair was conducted without a break, and so successfully that the actors were advised to make such entertainments their life work. Not any the less enjoyable was the cake-walk, carried out by the same performers, and equally as successfully, though, perhaps, with more animation, as the cake was put out in full view of all. Strange to say, immediately after the close of the programme this same cake was suddenly spirited away, and no one but those who took part ever saw it again. Besides bringing in a general supply of money, these performances cause an unlimited amount of fun, both for those who take part and those who do not; and who knows but that undreamed-of talent may be developed here. Such are some of the informal,—very informal,—affairs gotten up by the M. L. S. girls during this year, but

they also busied themselves with functions of a much more formal nature.

In November occurred the first annual reception of this year. This was given by the Mnemosynean Society alone, and proved to be as generally enjoyable as the receptions of by-gone days have been. On March 25th the two societies of Agnes Scott united for the first time in an open session, and this year Open Session proved even more delightful than ever before. Our old girls need only remember what Open Session was, and they will know what it is and how we enjoyed ourselves. On the last Friday night of this school year the third regular reception will be given, and it is hoped that we shall be able to have with us at that time a certain distinguished speaker with whose name and fame we are all familiar. So will close the life of M. L. S. during '97 and '98, and with its close will pass from these walls many who will never enter them again. Out of our school life they will go, out of the circle of those with whom we have daily

intercourse, out of our sight, for, perhaps, forever; yet never can they go out of our remembrance, out of our hearts, out of the Mnemosynean, and that last tie will bind us all together and to Agnes Scott. And perhaps in the near, or even the distant future, some one of our girls to whom by chance or design a copy of the '98 AURORA has come, will, in looking over these words, recall the more vividly her own stay at Agnes Scott and work in the M. L. S., and, if she does the author the honor to read this entire article, will surely be gratified to know that during this year the Mnemosynean made progress more marked than in several years before. Others things may happen, too; the reader may be made to feel sure of cordial welcome and so be inspired to write a few pages to the Society in general, telling what she is doing and has done, and sending hearty greetings to all who have become members since her own time. If such events do come about, this article will not have been written in vain.

HISTORIAN.



Alumnæ Association

Officers

MARY BARNETT, PRESIDENT, Atlanta, Georgia

ANNA YOUNG, First Vice-President, Kirkwood, Georgia

MARY STRICKLER, Second Vice-President, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia

ALLIE WATLINGTON, Third Vice-President, Dayton, Alabama

MARTHA CARDOZO, Fourth Vice-President, Lunenburg, Virginia

MARY NEAL, Secretary

ETHEL DAVIS, Treasurer, Decatur, Georgia

Financial Committee

MISS SHEPPARD

MISS MAGEE

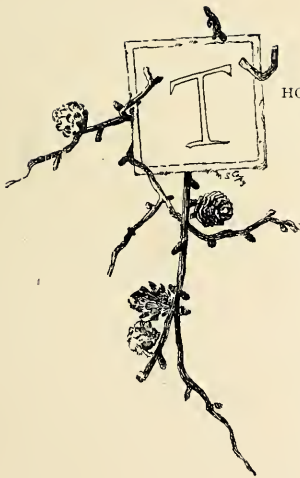
LOULIE HANSELL

MINNIE MCINTIRE

Reading Circle

BESSIE SCOTT, Secretary, Decatur, Georgia

ORRA HOPKINS, Treasurer, Warm Springs, Virginia



Triple A—S. II.

HOUGH well out of its swaddling bands, this society has by no means reached the point of independent maturity, and is yet calling for support. It began life with a cry for the shining metal, and is still eager for new gifts. Let no one suppose, however, that it has abandoned itself to the mad rush after wealth. Its aim has never been money for money's sake. There has never been a miserly hoarding of funds in its treasury. Its dollars and its cents are immediately cast into the mysterious alembic whence character issues; where they are transmuted into pure thought, noble action, true life. Appeal is made not only to every member of the circle, but to every present and past member of the school, to hold this work in honor, to add to its effectiveness by interest, to strengthen its influence by cheer, to enrich its capabilities by prayer and sympathy.

From matter previously printed, it is known that the object of the Society is to pay the tuition each year of as many pupils as its funds will permit; that in the reading work planned by it, it hopes to give direction to the literary effort of any who will avail themselves of its aid; that it desires to maintain itself as a nucleus of union and energy for all interested in the school of which it is a part. No organization can exist and thrive without activity and earnestness among its members, or without confidence and appreciation from those who maintain it. Therefore, appeal is made to all who have enrolled their names on its list of membership, to all in any way connected with the school, to all Presbyterians, to all interested in the cause of education, to aid in making a live, influential, prosperous organization of the Alumnae Association of the Agnes Scott Institute.

In Memoriam

Died
at

Urbana, Ohio, February 4th, 1898

Miss Bessie Service

Formerly Vocal
Teacher at

Agnes Scott Institute



MISS BESSIE SERVICE





Miscellaneous

Editors of Mnemosynean from Its Inception

1891='2

Editor-in-Chief

KATE LOGAN

Business Managers

GLEN ELYEA MARY BARNETT

1892='3

Editor-in-Chief

ELOISE MARTIN

Business Manager

LEONA WRIGHT

1893='4

Editor-in-Chief

MARY BARNETT

Associate Editor

BESSIE SCOTT

Business Manager

ORRA HOPKINS

1894='5

Editor-in-Chief

ESTHER BOYLE

Associate Editor—1894='5

EDITH HOOPER

Local Editor

LILY LITTLE

Exchange Editor

EDITH BIRKHAMER

Business Manager

MARY M. WELLS

1895='6

Editor-in-Chief

CAROLINE HAYGOOD

Associate Editor

EDITH HOOPER

Local Editor

ELLERBEF HOLT,
succeeds MARIE WILKINS

Exchange Editor

ANNIE EMERY

Business Managers

MINNIE MCINTIRE

GUSSIE EDGE

1896='7

Editors-in-Chief

CORA STRONG

M. EUGENIA MANDEVILLE

Exchange Department

LILY WADE LITTLE

Local Department

CHARLOTTE CALDWELL

Business Managers

ADA HOOPER

CAROLINE HAYGOOD

1897='8

Editors-in-Chief

LUCILE ALEXANDER

NELLIE MANDEVILLE

Exchange Department

ROSA BELLE KNOX

Local Editor

MARTHA SIMPSON

Business Managers

NANNIE WINN

LILA RABUN



M. SIMPSON N. WINN L. RABUN
L. ALEXANDER R. B. KNOX N. MANDEVILLE

MNEMOSYNEAN STAFF

Agnes Scott Publications

Mnemosynean

Published Monthly by the Student Body

Aurora

Published Annually by the Junior and Senior Classes

Grammar School History of the United States

By MISS L. A. FIELD

Bible Outlines and Notes

VOL. I, II, III

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



Class of '95

WEDNESDAY morning, May 29th, the Class of '95 stepped forth from the threshold of those "halls of learning" which for four years, in the case of all but one of the number, had sheltered them and took their places in the ranks of the busy, outside world. Could we have read the minds of those six girls on that eventful morning, we doubtless would have discovered that the first emotion was one of joy at the thought of being free from the restrictions and duties of school life, and yet mingled with that thought we would have discovered

many a high and noble aspiration to accomplish something of good in the world. Now, after three years, let us look back and see what have been the lives of the six.

The majority of girls have found it impossible to tear themselves away from school and study, and so have at one time or another, having themselves been taught, endeavored to teach others. Orra Hopkins, always the methodical and business-like member, has made for herself a career different from that of any of the others. During '95-'96 she pursued a business course at Stanton, in her beloved Vir-

ginia, and also learned to ride the wheel. For two years now she has been back at the A. S. I., in the capacity of Secretary and Book-keeper, and the sight of Orra scurrying through the streets of Decatur on her wheel, or hurrying along the streets of Atlanta to the bank and Lester's, is a very familiar one.

Margaret Laing has spent most of the three years in teaching, and the rest of the time as a student in the Normal School at Athens, Ga. May you be very successful, Margaret, in your chosen profession.

Florence McCormick spent the first year at home in much needed rest, rest after the worry (?) and hard work in Mathematics, especially Senior Review in Solid Geometry. Last year she taught in an Alabama college, and she is at present teaching in the public schools of her own town, Bessemer.

Winnifred Quarterman, our own dignified Winnie, has also turned professor, and we hear is very successful in her work. For the past two years she has been teaching in McRae, Georgia.

Allie Watlington, our Texas-Alabama girl, is the only one of the six who has confined herself strictly to the home. Whether she will ever teach we know not. Atlanta has never lost its attractions for

Allie, as is evidenced by the fact that she has made two visits to that city since '95, evidently in search of health. Atlanta always has been noted for its salubrious climate, and it is especially beneficial to the slender, delicate member of our class. She is now in Clearwater, Florida, visiting Bessie Scott.

Anna Irwin Young, the last of the six, has been for the greater part of the time a home-body, though her profession, if profession she has, might be termed Supernumerary at A. S. I., as she has several times filled vacancies which have occurred through absence of teachers.

The "six" are firmly convinced that no class ever has or ever will study as hard as did that of '95. Oh, those early morning hours under the lamp on the third floor hall; shall we ever forget them? Never mind. Those are things of the past, and not one regrets what was done, but only what was left undone.

The past shows nothing wonderful accomplished. What the future has in store we know not. If it brings to each one the happy and contented mind that comes from a conviction of duty well done, the historian at least will be satisfied.





History of the Class of '96

HISTORY is a narrative of past events. A historian, therefore, is one who narrates said events, care being taken that the statements be true. Otherwise, from the honored part he is to play, a part so honored by the ancient Greeks that it was presided over by one of the muses, he will descend to

that of a writer of "romance," a modern term for that which results when truth has been trifled with.

This and other reasons render our task a dangerous one, for sometimes truth hurts, while its opposite pleases.

To be strictly truthful, the class of '96 was not a nine days' wonder when they stood before that vast (?) audience, on May the 27th, and heard the honored President pronounce them graduates. The class was neither wonderful for quantity nor quality, only five being left to tell the tale of their former greatness.

First, was the peace-loving member, "Olive," who now enjoys a respite from her labors. We conclude that she still enjoys peace, since she is yet Mademoiselle, fearing, doubtless, that "two hearts may not always beat as one."

Does Martha still fail (?) on every examination she stands? What in the world does she do now that she can't ask "Annt Patty"?

From the stander to the giver of examinations she has changed.

Is a school ma'am, presiding over a school preparatory to her Alma Mater; for doubtless, in after years, when the weaker overpower the stronger and the gentlemen will be petitioning the Georgia legislature for admission to the walls of Agnes Scott, there will come some of her former pupils to receive instruction in Mental and Moral Philosophy, those branches oftenest mentioned by her who first aroused their ambition. Rumor says that a certain clergyman is endeavoring to persuade her to change her name and colors, insinuating very broadly that the blue of Presbyterianism is less becoming to her than his colors will be. May she still journey in the way in which she has been brought up, and "in no wise depart from it."

There was an "Edge" to the class, and, true to the nature of things, a bright, sharp one, too. "What's in a name?" A great deal, this maiden thinks; for she has assumed another, fearing lest the world may stand in awe of her; for never is contact with an edge pleasant, be it the ragged one of life, or any other. We will say in passing that, whatever her name, contact with her was by no means unpleasant.

Ethel never was known to be prepared (?) when a class was called. Livy and Tacitus, Hopkins, Emery, Wentworth, Myers, Gage—all, according to her statement, were persons with whom she had no acquaintance. If this be true, she must have been *very* fond of horseback riding, and most often, while the remainder of the class were with greatest difficulty climbing the Alps with Monsieur Hannibal, has

been enjoying a pleasant gallop over the plains with her benefactors, "Heines and White." She, too, teaches, and if her pupils follow the path she trod, and recite her lessons as well as she did those of which she knew, there will be hope for the future.

Many slanderous tales have been circulated detrimental to the name of the writer. These will not be denied, for time and *man* proveth all things.

Now, the task is completed. The reader has heard something of the class of '96, their past and present occupation. 'Tis not within our power to foretell the future; but our wish is that, where'er they be, whate'er they do, may they ever reflect credit upon Agnes Scott, their "fester mother," remembering that by her children will she be known, and that in striving toward the high aim she has set, they will best render honor unto her to whom honor is due.



Fake Sketches of the Class of '97

WHEN I was informed that the Herculean task of rendering an account of the deeds of the Class of '97 devolved upon me, I was perfectly astounded. The consummate impertinence of your editor in suggesting that a recapitulation of the great achievements of the Immortal Four could be chronicled within a few columns is an insult to the erudition of that body of collége-bred women. So many and so varied have been the experiences of the Class of '97 that even I, one of the number, cannot presume to undertake making them known to the public. A resume of our achievements would fill volumes, and I must confine my narrative to a few columns. In my vain endeavor to compress the past year's history of the Four it chanced that I found the following clipping, which tells better than I could the fate of our Lily :

[From the *Macon Telegraph*.]

RUNAWAY MATCH.

The Bride a Popular Macon Belle, the Groom a Venerable Elder.

The society circles of the Central City forgot pink teas and poster parties for a moment in the surprise occasioned by the unexpected elopement of one of Macon's fairest society belles with a Mormon Elder. It is reliably stated that this particular elder is a many-

timed widower, having buried eight wives, each of whom left children, aggregately amounting to the number of thirty-two orphans, the eldest of whom is under sixteen. Elder Muchlove, in company with a number of Mormon brethren, has been, for the past few months, traveling through the South holding meetings in the larger cities. On arriving in Macon he found difficulty in procuring a hall. Miss Lily Little, who is noted for her liberality of thought, interceded with the authorities and, by her irresistible smiles and convincing arguments, secured for him the Academy of Music. Having championed his cause she concluded to hear what he had to say. She was not particularly interested in the exposition of his faith, but when he spoke pathetically of the thirty-two orphans her madonna face assumed a tenderer sweetness, and her mother heart yearned to comfort the little ones. Although Miss Little is modestly personified, when conscience speaks to her, to think is to act. Immediately after the services she sought an interview with Elder Muchlove, and offered to be the guide and guardian of his thirty-two orphans. The light rarely ever seen on land or sea came into his face, and the offer was accepted. This action of Miss Little will not seem so

strange when it is known that when at the Agnes Scott Institute she often expressed a desire for a ready-made family, that she might pursue, to advantage, Paidology, or child study.

Miss Little preferred that the ceremony be performed by Dr. Gaines, president of her Alma Mater, but, as some of the young men of Macon suggested it would be better for the Elder's health to go further South, they were married immediately by Mayor Price in the waiting room of the depot. The newly married couple left on the south-bound train for Dry Tortugas.

Since I had heard nothing for many months of Cora Strong, I had begun to wonder if her vast learning had been hidden under a bushel. My veil of ignorance was lifted by the following extract from the *Literary Digest*:

"Three of the most successful of the recent books is a beautifully bound volume of poems published by Brain, Culture & Co. The work is a scholarly resume of the abstruse philosophies of Mother Goose and her school of writers. The author seems to have realized that the language used by this class of writers was so severely simple as to be scarcely intelligible to the cultivated classes, and appears to have been ambitious to preserve the many gems of thought therein contained, which might otherwise have been lost to the most appreciative set of readers. Some of the poems have become so popular that they have been translated into Sanskrit and Hebrew. The college president and his students, lawyers and physicians, club women and Christian Scientists; in fact, all making any pretenses to culture, pore over its

pages with keenest delight." How well Miss Strong succeeded in her noble endeavor can be best illustrated by a few selections from some of her finest poems. Note her exquisite rendering of the opening lines of *Mother Hubbard*:

"The antiquated matriarch, Hubbard yclept,
Went to the place where cold victuals are kept,
To get for her dog a souvenir bovine.
For eatables her search was strictly *au fait*,
But the larder was empty, sic the buffet,
And *nit* was the menu for the potted canine."

The author reveals her sex as well as her wonderful knowledge of human nature by bodily plagiarizing the following tender couplet from Baker's *Language of Love*:

"'Oo's 'ittle white lammy is 'oo?" breathed he.
"'Oor's." "'Oo's lovey-dovey is 'oo?"
"'Oor's! 'Oor's! Would 'oo ky if dovey should die?"
"'No'p!—'tause 'ittle lammy die, too."

"PHILOSOPHICAL EXCERPTS."—C. Strong, Fellowess of Royal Society and Graduate of Agnes Scott; autographic copies, \$10 only; for sale by Miss Orra Hopkins, at the Institute Depository.

Though Julia Whitfield entered into a compact with "ye chronicler" to embark as soon as possible upon the sea of matrimony, in order to save our Alma Mater from being eternally branded with the name of graduating only unmarried girls, the following clipping from the *New York Herald* will show that she has achieved even greater things:

Special Correspondence, Jacksonville, Fla.: "There goes the most remarkable woman in Florida," said one of the prominent citizens of Jacksonville to me as we were standing on the steps of the St. James Hotel. This was spoken of a tall, handsome young woman who passed us into the hotel. In answer to my inquiries, I was told the following remarkable story:

"Less than a year ago a young woman, evidently just out of school, with an air of refinement and culture, yet with a decided business manner, stepped up to the register of the St. James and signed in a firm, bold hand, 'J. P. Whitfield, Georgia.' After a light breakfast she went down to the First National Bank and opened an account, depositing certified checks on New York to the amount of \$100,000. By noon she was comfortably settled in a cozy office over the bank with the simple inscription, 'J. P. Whitfield, Capitalist,' on the door. She immediately commanded the respect of the moneyed men of the town by the size of her bank account, while curiosity brought many callers to her office daily. It was amusing to watch speculators trying to press upon her their exploded booms, and witness their crestfallen air when they found she wouldn't bite.

"It soon leaked out that she was a woman of enormous wealth, with an almost inexhaustible New York bank account. Miss Whitfield was constantly absent for two or three days at a time. She was supposed to be prospecting, and in fact bought several valuable orange groves in South Florida. She seems to be very much interested in modern machinery and improved tools. Large boxes marked 'Farming Implements' are constantly passing through Jacksonville, en route to her large grove at Key West, to which place she makes frequent visits. Sometimes she is gone as long as a week or ten days, and upon one occasion her office was closed for a month.

"Soon after the above conversation I was ordered to Havana. Amid the exciting scenes there I forgot the existence of this remarkable woman, until an unexpected adventure brought her to mind again. There had been much stir among the Spanish, caused by another successful *filibustering* expedition. I say successful, for the entire cargo was landed at night and safely delivered into the hands of General Gomez's lieutenants; but just as the last four of the filibustering party were leaving shore in a row boat for the brig, anchored a mile out, a bomb was fired by the Spanish, which upset the boat. Three of the party escaped; one, however, was captured.

"As I stood on the steps listening to a recital of the above incident a Spanish orderly, with his accompanying guard, passed, escorting a prisoner—an American—rather slight but well built, with a boyish face. I followed, hoping to get an interview with the prisoner, who, seeing I was an American, looked toward me, and I immediately recognized, despite the sailor dress and crop of short curls, Miss Whitfield. I hurried at once to the Consulate, and obtaining a speedy interview with Gen. Lee, told him that a young American had just been brought in captive, and would probably be shot before morning unless he interceded in his behalf. Gen. Lee instantly communicated with the Palace, and then secured the promise of Gen. Blanco that nothing would be done in that particular case until the Consul had an opportunity for investigation.

"It was now evident that the farming implements were nothing less than guns and ammunition for the Cuban patriots, and that her prospecting tours extended beyond the borders of Florida.

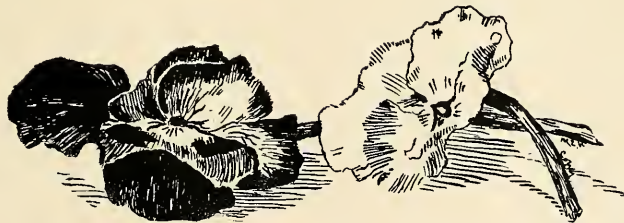
"The civil trial secured by Gen. Lee took place immediately. Miss Whitfield had the good sense to do what would have been impossible to other women—she kept silent. Consequently the Spanish could

prove nothing, and she left to-day on the Olivette, bound for Port Tampa."

It is well known at the Institute that the remaining member of the Class of '97 had two hobbies and one practice, the hobbies being journalism and surgery, and the practice the art of engaging and disengaging. She soon found that publishers are unreasonable enough to demand grey matter mixed with romance and sentiment, and that surgery requires too much hand holding to suit her orthodox

views. As to the fidelity with which she continues her practice, the postmaster at Kirkwood could tell a tale of daily letters for the nonce, invariably followed by a large package and cessation. The following extract from a letter from her young brother at college is suggestive of the old adage, "Boys and drunk men tell the truth." "Sister, whom are you engaged to now? How many imitation diamonds have you won recently for working out newspaper puzzles? J— said he saw you with a handsome new solitaire!"

C. H., HISTORIAN, '97.





BETRAYED BY THE MOON

Betrayed by the Moon

TIME—10:30 A. M.

PLACE—A Rural Lane

THE Moon was aglow,
And her soft sheeny flow
Through the ether so cloudless and fair,
Touched softly the face
Of a lady of grace,—
She was happy, her lover was there.

On a seat in the rear
Sat these lovers so dear,
Of a coach with seats numbering two;
And thus hid from sight
Save the moon on their right,—
Who could see what these lovers would do?

The moon shone askance,
And by sidewise glance,
The couple in front soon found
The movements of the two
Were plainly in view
By the shadows of both on the ground!

'Twas really amusing
And rather confusing,
I cannot tell how it was done;
Suffice it that shadow
Seemed merged into shadow,
And the two silhouettes were one!

P. R.

Agnes Scott Standard Dictionary

TEACHER — A person who persecutes innocent girls with hard lessons. Usually found where there is any misconduct; habits stealthy, cross or not cross, according to circumstances.

"SIT ON" — A very active verb, always takes an object (privately if possible). The verb in common use.

RECITATIONS — Conspicuous chiefly by their absence. Something made by a girl in order to prove to a teacher that she has some knowledge of an assigned lesson. Rarely known in some girls, but in others very remarkable.

RULES — Something pasted on wardrobe doors to amuse us in lonely hours. Frequently suggested, referred to, repeated and emphasized by teachers.

"DISORDERLY MARK" — An invention to ease the conscience of a guilty girl.

"PROMPT AND PERFECT" — Obsolete terms which once referred to angels.

"PLEASE DON'T KNOCK; BUSY STUDYING" — A sign which usually appears on a girl's door after she has received a box from home.

SATURDAY — A day of strict recreation devoted to sweeping, dusting, studying, writing essays, etc.

MEN — Fearful animals rarely seen, but said to be horrible in every respect.

BEEF — The most durable substance known, except chewing-gum.

EXAMINATIONS — Trying ordeals occurring twice a year; object, to find out how much the girls don't know.

MEDITATION HOUR — An hour devoted every Sabbath afternoon to the serious and earnest contemplation of the street cars.

INFIRMARY, PROPERLY INFERNALRY — A quiet place where girls are administered the most delightful beverages, and where they always "feel better."

FEASTS — The only meals served at twelve o'clock at night. The menu often consists of sardines and crackers, canned salmon and peanut candy.

THE AGNES SCOTT YELL —

Rah! rah! rah! Rip! rip! rip!

Vive-la! vive-la! A—S—I!

Questions

The Degree of **A. G.** will be conferred upon all who answer the following questions:

1. (a) What is the ratio between the size of the Senior Class in reality and in its own estimation? (b) When Eugenia fell off the radiator in Society Hall, which suffered the most, her body or the dignity of the Senior Class? (c) Why is Eugenia called "Tombstone"? Explain fully. (d) If Eugenia plus the other members of the Senior Class equals one, how many members in the Senior Class? (e) Solve the following proposition: Eugenia visits: Miss Hopkins' office :: x : number of times. Rosa Belle wishes to go to town on AURORA business.

2. (a) What feature in Rosa Belle's face best expresses a marked trait in her character? (b) If Lot and Rosa Belle wear each other's clothes indiscriminately, what per cent. of the other's belongings will each take off at the end of the year? (c) Why is it best for Rosa Belle and Nellie M. not to associate with each other?

3. (a) State the exact proportion between the time Eliza spends making candy and that which she devotes to her studies? (b) State the weight of Saidee's voice. (c) How are Manfred and Awinda like the Siamese twins?

4. (a) If x equals Lot, y equals Dick, and z equals Dr. Gaines, how long will it take z to unite to x and y ? (b) When Lot puts "Don't Knock" on her door, how long, in all probability, will it be before she takes the sign down? (c) What proportion of her time

does "The Lord High Chancellor" spend talking about herself? (d) Does room 93 belong to Lot or to Rosa Belle?

5. (a) How did Nellie M. feel when, after waiting a most unreasonable time for an answer to a letter she had written a certain gentleman, she telegraphed requiring an immediate answer, and received in reply the telegram, "Have written letter"? (b) What famous general does Nellie most admire? (c) In what fact do Nellie and Rosa Belle take most satisfaction, that they will receive their diplomas next year, or that they will be allowed to have lamps and go walking in Decatur alone?

6. What kind of a day will it be when Louise and Mable will be able to exist without being together?

7. (a) Are Midge and Nellie called "Pretty" and "Beautiful" out of sarcasm or from a true appreciation of their merits? (b) Will Midge and Mattie ever be able to get downstairs in time for the eight-thirty Saturday morning breakfast? (c) If "Sally" writes poetry and "Patsy" reads it, how long will they be able to room together?

8. If Nell Rawls follows her nose, will she ever reach the earth again?

9. (a) What rank would Dr. Gaines' sketches for illustrations in his Bible classes take at an art exhibition? (b) Would Dr. Gaines be benefitted most by a course in penmanship or in free hand drawing?

10. Why does Belle Jones have so many photographs taken? Give full explanation.

11. Why is the Junior Class the most important at Agnes Scott? [Hint: Nellie and Rosa Belle are in it.]

12. Why is the '98 AURORA the best that will ever be published? [Hint: The entire Senior Class is editor-in-chief.]

13. If Sybil continues at her present rate of speed, how long will

it be before she has read all the standard works of literature in the English language?

14. When Ezra talks to Eugenia, does her voice go round the corner or through the cracks in the door?

15. (a) What is Martha's most well-known poem? (b) Deduce a conclusion from the following premises: The Cottage is the Old Main Retreat. Martha lives in the Cottage. What is Martha?



Over the Telephone

Dramatis Personæ

MISS HOPKINS
UNKNOWN

A Very Defective 'Phone
Girls in Library

'Phone rings loudly four times in quick succession —

Miss H. (meekly) "Hello!"

"_____"

(Louder) "Hello!!"

"_____"

(Very loud) "HELLO!!!"

"_____"

"Yes, this is Agnes Scott Inst!"

"_____"

(Loud) "I say — this — is — *Agnes Scott Inst!*"

"_____"

"Er — yes — ye-s — Decatur, Georgia!"

"_____"

"And who is that?"

"_____"

"What name, please?"

"_____"

"Speak a little louder!"

"_____"

"I said, just speak a little louder, please! Oh! Mr. M. did you say!"

"_____"

(Hesitatingly) "Y-e-s — y-e-s."

"_____"

"You wish to speak with one of the young ladies."

"_____"

"SIR, this is Miss H!"

"_____"

(Dignifiedly) "This is Miss H!!!"

"_____"

(Fairly screaming) "Miss N. H., Principal!!!!!"

"_____"

"Well, you see the young ladies are not allowed to speak with young men, but if you will give me the message I can deliver it."

"_____"

(Same repeated—much louder.)

"_____"

"Tell Miss Jenkins—"

"_____"

"Miss Johnson, did you say?"

"_____"

"Speak more distinctly, please. Miss—Who?"

"_____"

"Once more, please—Miss Jatson?"

"_____"

"Will you kindly spell it?"

"_____"

"J-a-c-k-s-o-n! Is that right?"

"We have no young lady here by that name."

"_____"

"I say we have no pupil here by that name!"

"_____"

(Stiffly) "Indeed, but I beg your pardon!"

"_____"

(Very loud) "But I am certain. There *is* no Miss Jackson here—"

"_____"

(Sternly) "What do you mean, *sir*. I am Miss H. I know what I am talking about."

"_____"

"Since you are so sure that Miss Jackson is here, will you give me the message!"

"_____"

"WHAT!!!!!"

"_____"

(Overcome) "Can *you* take *her* to an ICE CREAM SUPPER!!!!"

"_____"

"Is it *possible* that I understand you!?"

"_____"

"Indeed, *sir*. Our young ladies are not allowed to attend entertainments with young men! and besides (angrily) there is no Miss Jackson here!! If there was she could not go with you."

"_____"

"But there *is* a Miss J., and you are *sure* she will go with you (sarcastically). Then suppose you tell me her first name—Really, *sir*, your conduct is—"

"_____"

"What! W-h-a-t!!! W-h-a-t!!!!"

"_____"

(Meekly) "Cornelia, did you say—er—er—the maid—oh—er— (Giggles from the library.)

And it's useless to add that Cornelia went to the Ice Cream Supper.

My Mother

WILL her face grow old and wrinkled,
Her dark hair thin and gray ;
Will her dear eyes lose their brightness,
Her roses fade away ?

Will my mother e'er be feeble,
Her step less quiet and firm,
Her voice less filled with gladness,
Her joy to sorrow turn ?

These questions ever from a child
Did fill my heart with pain,—
Amidst the thoughts that thronged my mind
In busy, endless train.

But as daily I have watched her,
And have known her loving care,
My eyes, oft turned upon her face,
Have seen no changes there.

END.



Very Palpable Bits

THE HERVEY TWINS—As like as one pea is to another.
SAIDEE—Her wit values itself so highly that to her all matter else seems weak.
LOT AND ROSA BELLE—What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.
AMANDA—Young in limbs, in judgment old.
MARTHA—I would the gods had made thee poetical.
GERTRUDE AUSLEY—She hath eaten me out of house and home.
NELLIE RANKIN—As cold as any stone.
THE GERMAN CLUB—Dogs, ye have had your day,

LULA McCLAIN—Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
WINIFRED—She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed.
L. O. A.'S—We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
JEANETTE C.—Enough, with over-measure.
LOT—I am resolved to grow fat and look young until forty.
NELL RAWLS—The sight of you is good for sore eyes.
ROSA BELL—"I don't see it." The joke in question.
NELLIE MANDEVILLE—That is as well as if I had said it myself.
CLYDE—The woman that deliberates is lost.
DORA A.—Who says in verse what others say in prose.

All nature wears a universal grin, and so does—EDITH WEST.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.
Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide and fight.—THE "KIDS" IN "72."

MARY P.—Sweet as English air could make her.

EZRA enjoys to the fullest extent the windless satisfaction of the tongue.

MISSEY—In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare.

MISS SHEPPARD—The glory of a firm, capacious mind.

ANNIE GASH—Wise to resolve and patient to perform.

SYBIL—I'll write to Nina and tell her all my woes.

LILA R.—And still the wonder grows
How one small head can carry all that nose.

AUNT PATTY—And what she greatly thought she nobly dared.

WINFRED—The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.

MIDGE—I have immortal longings.

HILDA'S WAIL, EVERY MORNING—"I have not slept one wink."

TO LOT—Naught so sweet as melancholy.

BLANCH HARPER—I would help others out of a fellow-feeling.

RUTH LEWIS—Going as if she trod upon eggs.

MISS COOPER—The lion is not so fierce as painted.

"THE SENIOR CLASS"—At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads.

ETHEL L. AND LILLIE M.—Imparadis'd in one another's arms.

AMANDA—The gadding vine.

AMANDA AND MISSEY—There's a skirmish of wit between them.

EUGENIA—Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

BELLE JONES—Those about her,
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor.

PATSY—Shut up in measureless content.

SAIDEE ON S. A. E.—Still harping on my daughter.

NELLIE MANDEVILLE—Age cannot wither nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

DORA—She wears the roses of youth upon her.

ESTELLE ANDERSON—As chaste as unsunn'd snow.

LUCILE A.—She's pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with,
and pleasant, too, to think on.

SUE L.—Here will be an old abusing of the King's English.

SUSIE MAE.—Fickle as the winds.

ALICE H.—"Possible!"

PATSY—She that was ever fair and never proud.

MABEL L.—"You're not the only pebble."

MIDGE—I have no other than a woman's reason.

LEOLA B.—Her yesterdays look backward with a smile.

NANNIE W.—Ah, why should life all labor be?

MISS COOPER—Sharp's the word with her.

MISS MCKINNEY—Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

RAE—One kiss—and then another—and another.

DR. GAINES—I do disdain me of this fresh air.

MISS HOPKINS—To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee well, know all words are faint.

The Meetin'

I TELL you what, you orter been around the other day
To our cluh an' heard jes' what we women had ter say,
Fer we hav' 'bout decided that fer eighteen hundred years
The men has been a-hossin' things in this here "vale o' tears!"
An' now the time has cum ter stop—we've started on the wing—
An' you jes' give us half a chance, an' won't we make things
sing!
Fer we've organized a club, an' it's political at that,
An' we talk o' things more saner than the latest style o' hat.

The widow Simpkins, she was there, an' in her best silk gown ;
I'll tell you (though in confidence) she's too smart fer this
town!

An' little Mrs. Pritchett, an' Dr. Grayson's wife,
The Skinner girls (they've seen at least some *forty* years o' life).
But, oh! we had a rousin' time and voted all we 'us able,
And if the motions didn't suit, we laid 'em on the table,
And there some of 'em's a-lyin' 'yet, and as to *why* and *how*,
Well—we all talked out in meetin' an' we broke up in a row!

Oh, well! you couldn't jes' expect a woman not to talk,
It seems ter cum so nat'ral like, an' then fer us ter walk
Ter that 'ere meetin' onct a week, an' not ter hav' our say!
Why, we'd ruther keep it organized an' break up every day!
Fer if the men keep bossin' an' a-making uv the laws,
Why, all we can do is ter talk an' plead the woman's cause,
Though maybe 'twould be best ter stop, but then, you must
allow,
That it's jes' lots o' solid fun ter break up in a row!

NELLIE WOMACK.

How the Culinary Department of Agnes Scott Is Conducted

A Play in Two Acts

Dramatis Personæ

AMANDA	LOT	MISSEY	MIDGE	PATSY
	ROSA BELLE		SAIDEE	WINIFRED

ACT I.

SCENE I.

In the Hall. Time, 2:10 P. M.

ROSA BELLE—"Girls, be sure to bring up from dinner all the butter and sugar you can possibly hook. I know you're all simply wild for some chocolate candy."

WINIFRED—"Have we any alcohol?"

ROSA BELLE—"Sure, Mike; plenty. All I ask of you is to bring up the ingredients. Lot and the alcohol will do the cooking—and we'll do the rest."

GIRLS—"There goes the dinner-bell now. Oh, no, we won't forget."

SCENE II.

MIDGE—(kicking Lot under the table, making faces and conversing with her eyes)—"Give me a whole heap of butter, and I'll attract Miss Cooper's attention while you empty the sugar bowl in your lap."

LOT—"All right. Have you observed Patsy's attempts to relieve

the dish at her table? And motion to Saidee and Missey or they'll forget. I would, but I can't see them."

All this in a whisper, while Miss Cooper is interviewing Sylvester on the subject of the veal.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

In No. 93. Time, 3 P. M. All eight girls safely up-stairs with a pound or two of butter and as much sugar as is needed.

EVERYBODY TALKING AT ONCE—"Have you put a 'Please, don't knock on the door'?" "Oh, dear, the plates will have to be washed!" "Patsy, you wash 'em this time and I'll do it next." "All there is about it, someone's got to go to Eugenia's room and get me some matches." "Missey, you butter the plates."

AMANDA—"Good gracious, Lot, there's not a thing here to open the condensed milk with."

LOT (with a groan)—"Take my silver letter-opener." "Rosa Belle, fill up the stove quick. I've got everything ready for the cooking to begin."

Rosa Belle brings forth the alcohol from its hiding-place and begins to pour; Saidee knocks her arm and of course the former spills the alcohol all over the oil-cloth.

ROSA BELLE—(giving Saidee a diabolical leer)—“Oh, the mischief and Tom Walker!”

MID—“Why, that’ll be all right. It won’t hurt anything. Just make the flame better. Winifred, you put the match to it.”

Thereupon, it seems to the girls, the whole side of the room blazes up. Missey, in her frantic attempts to blow out the flame, spreads it and makes things worse than ever. Patsy at last smothers it out with Bright’s Anglo-Saxon Grammar, and in a few moments all is well and the candy is boiling merrily.

SCENE II.

Same place. Ten minutes later.

ROSA BELLE—“You’re stirring it too much—it’ll all turn back to sugar.”

LOT—“None of your suggestions, please. I’d like to know who’s making this candy!”

ROSA BELLE—“Oh, I beg the Lord High Chancellor’s pardon. I won’t fuss back at you this time, however, since you’ve asked me to go to Chapel Hill with you.”

WINIFRED—“Do give me just one taste; it looks perfectly elegant. It’s most done, isn’t it?—let’s take it off.”

PATSY—“No, don’t, either; you’ll have to beat it a thousand years if you do.”

MID—“And you’re not ‘She,’ are you, Lot? You might get tired in that length of time.”

LOT—“Now just listen to ‘Sallie!’”

MID—“Oh-h-h! L-o-t-t-i-e! You’re *so* mean!”

AMANDA—“Girls, this is the best we’ve EVER made.”

MISSEY (nearly killing herself laughing)—“Amanda, you say that every time we make candy.”

AMANDA (shaking that head and assuming her usual belligerent attitude)—“Well, I don’t care if I do. I reckon I know this *is* the best.”

LOT—“Just listen to the kid snappers.”

WINIFRED (aside)—“They’ll be fighting in two seconds. Do give ‘em something to eat to keep ‘em quiet.”

PATSY—“Oh, I just can’t wait any longer. *Donnez, moi une taste.*”

SAIDEE—“Gimme some, too.”

TASTERS (in chorus)—“It’s done. Take it off. We’ll all take time about beating it.”

MISSEY—“Mercy sakes! There’s not near plates enough. Somebody wash out the soap-dish—quick!”

WINIFRED—“Why don’t you do it yourself?”

AMANDA—“Can I eat with the shoe-horn?”

ROSA BELLE—“You always do. What you getting so polite for this late in the day, asking permission?”

MID—“Do let me scrape the pot. You promised me.”

SAIDEE—“Oh, dear! I can’t find a thing to eat with.”

LOT—“Try your mouth. I’ve heard they were good for such things. However, there are some half dozen nail-files, scissors, etc., on the bureau.”

ALL—“Gee whiz! Ain’t it good?”

MIDGE (with her mouth full)—“Girls, you are so impatient. Why don’t you wait until it gets cool?”

AMANDA—“We are all following your example, Midgelet.”

ROSA BELLE—"There's just one plate more, and we had seven plates, the soap-dish, Missey's cake box-top and the pin-tray, full."

Silence for about two seconds. Rapid disappearance of candy.

Downcast faces.

"It's all gone."

WINIFRED—"Yes, it takes us one hour to make it, and just one minute to eat it all up."

GIRLS—"Let's skip prayers and make some more after study-hall!"

MIDDIE (hesitatingly)—"W-e-ll, it's not exactly right, but I guess the majority will have to rule again."

Exit all to their respective rooms.

LOT (to Rosa Belle, with innumerable sighs)—"Just look what a mess we've got to clean up. I'll vow they shan't make candy in here another time!"

ROSA BELLE—"You mean till tomorrow afternoon."

LOT—"R. B., you're a bright child. Where'd you get that long head?"



Statistics

NAME	AGE	FAVORITE BOOK	USUAL OCCUPATION	CHIEF AIM IN LIFE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	NICKNAME
Wimfred Adderton	Sweet sixteen	First Violin	Going to the cottage	To be a minister's wife	Unknown	"Winsome"
Dora Anderson...	Infancy	Quo Vadis (?)	Writing poetry	To graduate	Love of Languages	"Nero," "Dodie"
Estelle Anderson...	Her own	Westlake's Speller	Looking pretty	Unknown	Sweetness	"Stelle"
Gertrude Ausley...	Forage	Dixie Cook Book	Making candy	To be a good cook	Eating	"Central"
Lucile Alexander...	Of literary ideas	Emery's Notes	Studying	To be literary	General perfection	Hasn't any
Sybil Bethel.....	Dark	Description of Key West	Obedying Nellie	General opposition	Fondness for her brown shirt waist	"Sybilla"
Leola Birdsong....	We won't say	Life of Haydn	Studying harmony	To elevate the M. L. S.	Industry	"Ola"
Margie Booth.....	Of Acrogeus	L'ami Fritz	Reading French	To go to Mt. Holyoke	Good nature
Rae Boylan.....	Archaean	The '97 Zodiac	Practising	To appear young	Crying "Heyo!"	"Archæopteryx"
Amanda Caldwell..	150	Side Talks with Girls	Admonishing the young	To wear long dresses	Propriety, Decisiveness	"Manifred" "Ruth Ashmore"
Lot Caldwell.....	Of man	History of North Carolina	"Blowing up" other people	To be a Gibson girl	Bossiness	"Lord High Chancellor" "Fat lady from the country"
Louise Calloway..	Under fifty	Lincoln's Horace	Reading Latin	To room with Mabel	Quietness	"Lize"
Nellie Cone.....	Engaged	He Fell in Love with His Wife	Playing with her bracelet	To get married	?
Mary Cook.....	Tonnage	Pilgrim's Progress	Minding "Aunt Mattie"	To be in bed by nine o'clock	Obedience	"Mary Ellen"
Jeannette Craig...	Fat, fair and forty	Century Dictionary	Lecturing on indigestion	To graduate in '00	Looking dignified	"Judge"
Carrie Denmark..	Of invertebrates	Unwritten	Sweeping her room	Never to get a "neatness" mark	Love of her room-mates	"Car line"
Annie Gash.....	Johnsonian	DeFoe's History of the Great Plague	Working "Trig."	To get the mathematics medal	Good opinion of herself	"Cosine"

Statistics

NAME	AGE	FAVORITE BOOK	USUAL OCCUPATION	CHIEF AIM IN LIFE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	NICKNAME
Alice Hager	{ She won't tell	The Luck of Roaring Camp	Talking Dakota	To have the Delsarte walk	Her carriage
Grace Hannah	{ Enquire at the AURORA office	The Secret of Beauty	Reading Latin with the Senior Class	Trying to get her hair straight	Curly hair	"Scapegrace"
Patsy Harris	{ X = Unknown quantity	Stepping Heavenward	Doing nothing	To fight another battle with rose buds	Her rubber neck	"Lady Clara Vere de Vere"
Blanche Harper	{ 75—	Sunday-school Quarterly	Teaching R. B. K. Geometry	To be modest	Smiling
Eliza Hull	{ Too young to know	Mother Goose	Arguing	To be a society girl	Curling upper lip	"Missey"
Belle Jones	{ Will write and ask her mother	Almost a Nun	Blushing	To run away and get married	Affection for the English teacher	"Innocens"
Nettie Jones	{ Cabbage	Innocents' Abroad	Writing to Cora	To visit after the lights are out	Steadiness	"Nett"
Saidee King	{ Fresh	Record of Sigma Alpha Epsilon	Talking about "the Sorority"	To have an $\Sigma A E$ pin	Singing	Your sister in $\Sigma A E$
Rosa Belle Knox	{ Of amphibians	Selections from Burke	Working originals	To be a Senior	Turned up nose	She won't let us tell
Sue Lamar	{ She won't let us tell	Ivanhoe (why?)	Taking early morning walks	To be like "Ola."	Graduating backward	"Sweet"
Ruth Lewis	{ Undiscovered	Little Leafy	Dancing	To go to town oftener	Her golden hair	"The fair one with golden locks"
E. Mandeville	{ Seigniorage	Alexander's Evidences of Christianity Dabney's Practical Philosophy	Walking in the graveyard Working on the AURORA	To beat the '97 AURORA To increase her weight	Breaking lamp chimneys and bragging about it	"Senior Class" "Tombstone" "Our only Senior"
N. Mandeville	{ End of the century	Life of Stonewall Jackson The '97-98 Mnemosynean	Avoiding the "oracle" carrying twenty-four hours a week	To be at A. S. I. without Eugenia To be like Stonewall Jackson	Being contemporary and "cherubiphic"	"Stonewall" "Beautiful"

Statistics

NAME	AGE	FAVORITE BOOK	USUAL OCCUPATION	CHIEF AIM IN LIFE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	NICKNAME
Midge McAden . . .	} Romantic	Molly Bawn	Reading the	To prove that she is not in love	Losing her looks	"Sally," "Pretty" and "Goody"
Loula McClain . . .		Browning's Poems	Charlotte Observer			
Jennie B. McPhaul	} Only a few know	Propylean	Putting on airs	To be well read	Love for the P. L. S.	"Mac"
Letty McMillan . . .		Minute Book	Moving	To make her home the capital of state	Fondness for her native town	"Jinnie Bill"
Kate Murphy	} "She's a young thing"	Recorder of the	Moving	To be a poet	Sighs	"Litty"
Estelle Patillo		We can't guess	Decatur Presbyterian Church	Embroidering	To be six feet tall	Friday aft. disagreement with Ezra
Mary Payne	} Same as Belle's	Phi Alpha	Soliciting "ads"	To run the AURORA	Her stilted English	"Pat"
Helen Ramspeck . .		Practical	Her Photo Album	Kissing	Not to marry a drunkard	Sweetness
Lila Rabun	} Seventeen?	Gaines' Bible Notes	Attending Agnes Scott	To graduate in '99	Her devotion during Chapel exercises	Hasn't any
Nellie Rankin . . .		Antediluvian	Advs. in the Mnemosynean	Avoiding the chocolate borrowers	To be like O—	Her nose
Nell Rawls	} Prehistoric	Spanhoff's German Grammar	Rocking	To get out of her normal examination	Her good opinion of herself	"Nelsie"
Clara Smith		Marriageable	The Honorable Peter Stirling	Pen sketching for AURORA	To teach A. S. I. girls how to dance her way	Walking over other people's signs
Mamie Tilson	} Seems to be young	Her own diary	Romancing	To learn to dance	Her boxes	"John"
Kate Tolleson		Oh, she's a daughter of the Regiment	Flute and Violin	Hugging everybody she meets in the halls	To be a great violinist	Wriggling
Eva Tate	} Older than she says she is	All standard works	Writing Propylean debates	To be literary	Color of her hair
		Ask Carrie and Nettie	She cannot decide	Working arithmetic	To keep house for her brothers	Don't know

Statistics

NAME	AGE	FAVORITE BOOK	USUAL OCCUPATION	CHIEF AIM IN LIFE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	NICKNAME
Jennie Vereen	Five, plus	One she is writing	Calling on her best friends	To be an author	Reading a line behind everybody else in Chapel	Wish we knew
Jessie Vereen		Jennie's	Same as above	To finish her reading course by the end of the year	Sisterly solicitude	Same as her sister's
Kate Wooten	Younger than she wants to be	The last one she's read	Making burean covers	To be the A. S. I. champion tennis player	Her purple dress	"Wootsie"
Edith West	Up in the millions	Love Affairs of an Old Maid	Making things tidy	To have everything in its place	Correctness in everything	"Editha"
Estelle Webb	Mistake in the date	Anything her S. S. recommends	Keeping out of sight	To efface herself	Modesty	Never heard she had any
Susie May Wallace	Receptive	Vicar of Wakefield	Writing minutes	To get out of work	Pickleness	"S. M."
Nannie Winn	Ask the oldest inhabitant	Guizot's History of Civilization	Reading in the dark	To be principal of Agnes Scott	Inscrutability	"Nancy Hanks"
Clyde White	Politic	How to Read Music	Working out harmony	To be a good music teacher	Propriety	Does not approve of them
Bernice Chivers . . .	Even the oldest inhabitant does not remember	Anything on Hypnotism	Registering at Agnes Scott	To come to Agnes Scott as long as it (and she) exists	Inviting people to spend the day with her, and then forgetting about it	Hasn't any
Annie Hervey	Same as Ida's	Home letters	Persuading her room mates to keep the room straight	Not to return to A. S. I. next year	Making peace between the room-mates	"Snooks"
Ida Hervey		Same as Annie's	The life of her music teacher	Pleasing everyone, for she is a dear girl	To return to A. S. I. next year	Quarrelling with Sybil and trying to win a pound of candy from Nellie
Ruth Candler	Middle	Sartor Resartus	Spending afternoons at the Institute	To get married	Her coquettish ways	"Boody"

Statistics

NAME	AGE	FAVORITE BOOK	USUAL OCCUPATION	CHIEF AIM IN LIFE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	NICKNAME
Martha Simpson . . .	Boring	Her future poems	Collecting locals	To be president of the Propylæan	Her decided freshness	Not permitted to say
Willie Crockett . . .	Fascinating	Don't know	Writing love notes	To be like "Sister"	Spooning	"Billy" "The Belle"
Ezra Robins	Savage	Familiar Quotations	Tracing her genealogy through Dr. Gaines to William the Conqueror	To please Belle To buy her clothes in Atlanta	Telling yarns on —	"Rabbi Ben Ezra"
Myra Trawick	Innocent	"Spinser" on Education	Explaining to Miss "Shippard" why she does not know her "Mintal" Science	To be Miss "Shippard's" assistant	Her pronunciation and grammar	"Shikils"

What They Are Doing at Agnes Scott

EUGENIA—Upholding the dignity of the Senior Class.

LOT—Enjoying life.

MIDGE AND MARGIE—Trying to get their picture in the AURORA.

PATSY—Trying to be a shirt waist girl.

SAIDEE—Living for the S. A. E.

NELLIE MANDEVILLE—Admiring her own wit.

EZRA—Telling yarns.

LEOLA—Running the M. I. S.

MARTHA—Engaged in the making and telling of yarns.

MISS ORRA—Successfully keeping Agnes Scott finances straight.

MISS MCKENNY—Acting as censor (willingly or unwillingly we do not know.)

HILDA—Discussing rheumatism.

NELLIE RANKIN—Talking.

DODIE—Writing poetry.



Grand Minstrel Show and Cake Walk

"Sa-a-ay, Mistah Johnsing!"

"Well, coon, what you tryin' to say?"

"Mistah Johnsing, I wants to ax you why de Agnes Scott Institute reminds you of a favorite slang expression?"

"Dat's easy. Kase it's hot stuff."

"Nope. Yer wrong."

"Den 'case it's so 'contemporary.'"

"Nope."

"Den I knows. It's 'case it's dat great Scott school. Uh, huh! huh! huh!"

"But say, Mistah Johnsing, does yer know dey ain't got no chairs at dat same school?"

"Why, Sam, you don't say! Is dat so?"

"Well, I reckon hit's so, fer dey say de teachers sit on the girls."

"Hit sholy must be so, den. But, Sam, does you know what was de most remarkable ting dat happened at Agnes Scott dis year?"

"Yep. Lot passed on Anglo-Saxon."

"Dat's a good guess, but it's wrong, you see."

"Well, it wuz Doctor Gaines talkin' one whole day 'thout sayin' 'eminently'."

"Nope! Nope!"

"Den it wuz Sallie McAdden reformin' de entire third flo'."

"Nope! Try ergin."

"Well, lemme see. Wuz it de way de Juniors cultivated their dignity?"

"Try once mo'."

"I'se got it sho'. It wuz Tombstone keepin' DE AURORA out o' de hands of de Faculty."

"Kin you tell me how many stars dere is in de sky?"

"I can cattelate um exactly. Dey is jest as many dere as dere is times de 'Morpheus Club' wuz late to breakfast."

"Dat's good, dat is. An' now kin any one tell me why de teachers wouldn't let de 'Faculty Meetin'' go in de Annual?"

"Huh! dey didn't want to see demselves as odders see dem."



What We Would Like to See

PATSY get troubled.

The SMITH's be all well at one time.

LOT blow her own horn a little less frequently.

GERTRUDE and SAIDEE care less about feasts.

NELLE MAND. come to breakfast on time.

MR. McCLAIN remain silent for space of ten minutes.

MISS MCKINNEY be still the same length of time.

MISS MAGEE at variance with the Standard Dictionary.

The Anti-Smallpox Club stop discussing vaccination.

A new Chapel, Library, and Gymnasium on the campus.

A reception at Agnes Scott and fair weather at the same time.

DR. GAINES find some fault with Dr. Dabney's Practical Philosophy.

JENNIE BELLE McPHAUL discover that Poland (Georgia) is not yet the equal of New York or Chicago.



2.30 A. M. at Agnes Scott

THE Decatur clock slowly tolled the mysterious hour of twelve—the answering buzz of alarm clocks in various parts of the great silent building sounded in more subdued but in distinct accents and then—all was quiet again—apparently. Three minutes later, and from what had been a few moments previous closed doors, appear white ghostly figures that glide, some with much uncertainty, some with never wavering footsteps, in a certain direction towards which they seemed drawn by a mysterious unseen power. The spectator, if a stranger, might well have been frightened. Were these creatures the spirits of old girls, upon some such revel as they had long ago enjoyed in the flesh? Alas, no. Alas, for the poor misguided faculty when they thought all such midnight frolics had been forever put down; for had the watchful eye of Uncle Moses been on the alert, he could have told at a glance that these were no spirits but real flesh and blood, girls and girls who should have been sound asleep in their downy (?) beds. But fortunately, or unfortunately, as you may think, no watchful guardian of the night saw the gliding figures, and after a short time we see them again—all in one room—a ghostly but happy crowd, ready for their mischievous orgies. Here if we had ever thought them to be anything but girls—and boarding school girls at that—the illusion would have been at once dispelled, for no spirits could have given voice to those hushed giggles and agonized whispers.

“O my goodness, I am scared to death!” “I saw a light in

Aunt Patty's room, and I just know she'll get us!” “Suppose she does!” “It will be your fault, Bess, if you don't shut up!” “Are we all here?” etc., etc., strikes the listening ear with abject confusion.

Truly, it is a scene worthy of a painter—the solitary candle almost gone, shedding its flickering rays over the piles of dainties, and the half-frightened, half-delighted faces. The fair hostess alone is calm and collected. “Nan,” she says abruptly to her badly scared roommate, who has been telling thrilling tales all the afternoon about what dreadful things they did last year at Miss B—'s, but whose teeth are now chattering—with cold, she says—though it's a warm night in October, and who retires to bed precipitately every time she hears herself breathe, “I think you are the biggest goose I ever saw; shut up yourself, we are not making any fuss at all. Amy has not come yet. Go wake her and tell her to hurry up. We are all here.” Nan departs to do her bidding and moaning, “They will all be caught”—she knows it. It is *Mademoiselle* Amy's first attempt at anything of this kind, and though for the past week she has been informing all her friends she is going to be a perfect little Satan yet, to-night finds her shivering with cold (?), as was Nan, and in response to the latter's feeble attempts to rouse her, says she's too sleepy and doesn't want anything to eat. But the hoots and taunts of the other girls at last force her out, and in her blind attempts to secure a wrapper from the washstand has a collision with the water pitcher, in which the latter comes out victorious—that is to say on top, as both roll to the floor.

Such a crash! Nan wrings her hands and vows Miss H. is coming. Nell stamps her foot angrily, and only the very old girls see anything funny about the whole performance. At last the unfortunate Amy is dragged from the pitcher's embrace, and as no one comes they proceed to the next room, where a sumptuous repast is spread out.

Yes, there are a few drawbacks, it being so dark that you can't tell olives from oranges, or crackers from the ink bottle, and the beds being used for the table is somewhat inconvenient, owing to Nan's violent and frequent headings thereinto, but on the whole it was a—I almost said howling success—but guess a most enjoyable morning will be most suitable. And yet, how it makes me sigh to think of that eventful night. "Sad?" you say. "Yes, very sad." The abundant goodies so loosened the five spirits' tongues, that oh, woe,

they forgot themselves, their precarious situation, and worst of all, the time! Even Nan's courage had increased, and just at the moment when every one is talking, a gentle tap on the door and in comes another spirit, but one, who like the bad fairy, is unbidden—a lamp in her hand. Over the terror-stricken faces it sheds a cheerful but recognizing glow. "Why, girls! I am shocked, grieved, etc., etc.," issues from this evil spirit's lips, and we mercifully draw a veil on the rest.

As the rising-bell rings loudly later in the morning, and sleepy eyes and tired brains remind their owners that an interview with Miss H. is the order of the day, Nell turns over and says wearily to Nan, "I wouldn't mind it so much—only she got the chicken."

And Amy has decided she won't be a "perfect little Satan any more."



Our Senior

This ode is affectionately dedicated to the Senior Class, collectively and individually:

OUR charming Senior Class
(That is, if it happens to pass)
Is one of which we are proud,
For it knows no contentious cloud ;
 'Tis Eugenia, Eugenia,
 Our only Senior.

First honor she'll doubtless get,
For she's the Senior pet,
And goes to her recitations
Without any hesitation—
 This Eugenia,
 Our only Senior,

To the graveyard she often walks,
And to the lonely tombstone talks ;
That there is some secret in it,
We don't doubt a minute.
 O ! Eugenia,
 Our only Senior.

We expect great things of this class,
The student body *en masse*,
And greater things should she graduate
In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.
 Oh ! Eugenia, Eugenia,
 Our only Senior.

Editorial Sketches

TO PUT in the few lines allotted to her biography, the life of our great and *only* Senior is more than this humble scribe feels like undertaking. It is true that *she*—the "Senior Class"—is not so great in her own estimation since Miss Hopkins "sat on" her so because she wanted to put some "Well Known Faces at A. S. I." in the Annual, or in that of others since some of Ezra's arguments in the famous debate, "Resolved, That the Seniors should hold themselves aloof from the lower class men," were given to the world; nevertheless she is still an awe-inspiring personage, and we wonder not that the poor "freshies" should cast down their eyes and hold their breath as "the unexpressive she" passes by.

M. Eugenia Mandeville was born (for her sake we won't give the exact date) some time during the latter half of the nineteenth century. In due time she entered the Agnes Scott, and will be graduated from that institution in 1898—if she passes her final exams, a point upon which no one but the author of a few celebrated lines beginning, "Our charming Senior Class," seems to have any fears. During the time that the aforesaid Senior Class has been with us, she has held many positions of honor, chief among them, Associate Editor of *Mnemopsynean*, '96-'97; Associate Editor *AURORA*, '97; Editor-in-Chief of *AURORA*, '98; Censor of *Mnemopsynean Literary Society*, '97, and President of Christian Band, '95! At this point the scribe will leave her,—it is a GOOD point (ahem!)—but not without wishing to her the same measure of success in after life as that which has followed her during her school life. Here's to you

"Eugenia, Eugenia,
Our only Senior!"

May you live long and prosper!

And now for our poet. As is sometimes the case, the fame of a man—or woman as it may be—rests on the merits of one piece. It is true in this instance. In November, '97, the *Mnemopsynean* came out. That is not very wonderful, you say. No, but turn its pages and within it you will find there came a little poem—and Martha Simpson walked down to the supper table one Saturday night, noticed the unusual noise in the dining-room, inquired the reason—and found herself famous! The metre may not be so correct, the rhyme may not be so accurate, but it is the *sentiment* of the poem that makes it so beautiful. The soul of the author speaks through it—it is, indeed, superb. It is reproduced on the opposite page or I would give it to my readers in full. Its name I will not mention, for there is no need—you will know it as soon as you read two lines (anyway, *I think* it has her name signed). After expatiating upon IT, it seems a shame to descend to other things, but I must call your attention to the fact that Miss Simpson has been a useful and active member of the Propylaean Society, Local Editor of the *Mnemopsynean*, '97-'98, and Associate Editor of the *AURORA*, '98, and I wish her the good things of life.

Charlotte Lowrie Caldwell, "Battle-scarred Lot," entered the Agnes Scott in the fall of 1895, and in some mysterious way has managed to stay there until the summer of 1898. During these three eventful years she has been President of *Mnemopsynean Literary Society*, '98; Editor-in-Chief of '97 *AURORA*, Local Editor of the *Mnemopsynean*, '96-'97; Associate Editor '98 *AURORA*, Secretary of M. L. S., '98, and "High Muck-a-Muck" of Lambda Omicron Alpha twice. Besides these, Miss Charlotte is quite a poet, a german leader, a champion chocolate candy cook, and decidedly "bossy." She might have been worth something—"if she'd just study"—but,

unfortunately, she just hasn't. Tolerably good at a number of things, she is not *really* good at anything,—in fact, just about as generally as good-for-nothing as it is often our Lot to find mortal.

Four years ago a timid child gathered with many others around the Agnes Scott fireside (by the way, we have steam heat). Little thought her confederates that that child would ever become what Nellie Mandeville, alias "Stonewall," is to-day. But time has passed since then,—and time for her well-spent. Truly one can say of her that her "yesterdays look backward with a smile." No pupil who has ever been here has done so prodigious an amount of work, and done it so well. She has taken more studies than any other, but because she has had much she has neglected nothing; besides that, she has done more outside work than any other student. If extra work is needed, "Go to Nellie Mandeville," is the cry; "she can do anything." We verily believe she can, and, sad to say, so does Nellie. But how on earth could she help it if she didn't? She has been President of Christian Board, '96; Editor-in-Chief of Mnemosynean, '97-98; President of M. L. S., '97; Business Manager of AURORA, '97; Associate Editor of AURORA, '98, and will be the first President of M. L. S. the fall of '98. Looking back over her college career, and reasoning from what has been to what will be, we predict that there will be no more honored name to be handed down to those who come after us than that of Nellie Mandeville.

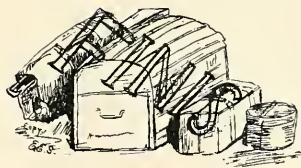
"She, with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped *vice-versa*."

Reader, I see you smile. You know who's coming next, and you're right. It's Rosa Belle Knox, who, if she'd always follow her nose, would not be with us now. Yes, it's Rosa Belle,—our champion

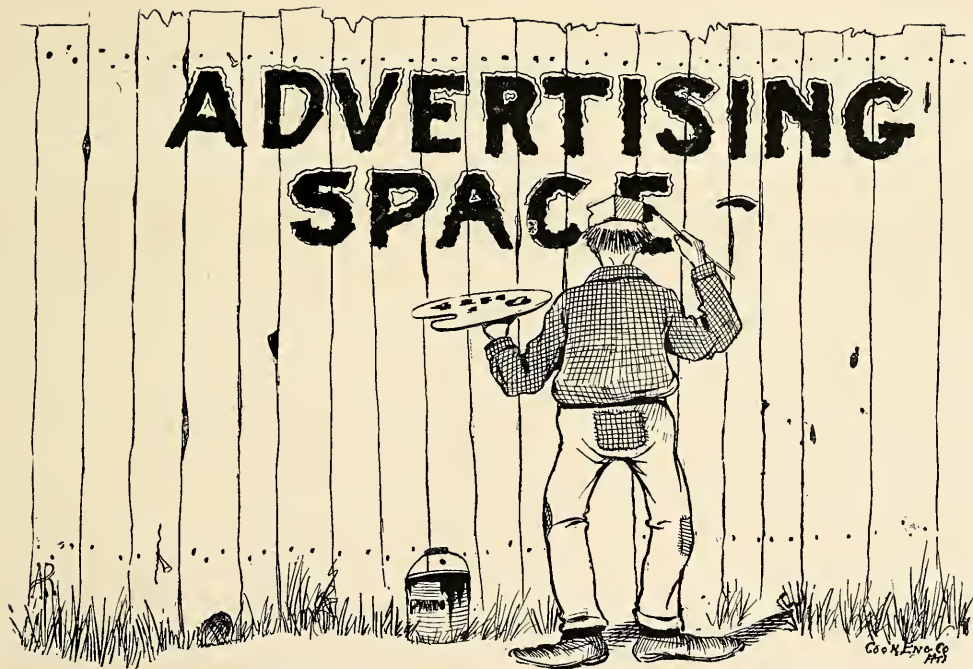
dancer,—who can certainly shake her pedal extremities to any time, and what is more, shake them to the edification of her partner, the lookers-on and herself—which combination implies a large-sized compliment. The chronicler is too polite to come right out and say what she means; anyway, she's always been taught that the secret of good writing is to say just enough to guide the imagination of the reader (so, reader, consider this a good time to cultivate the above mentioned product of the intellect). But to return to Miss Knox. It is my pleasant duty to enumerate for the public benefit the number of that lady's achievements during her abode at A. S. I. She has been censor of the M. L. S., '98, and during the '97-98 school session made almost as great a success of the exchange department of the Mnemosynean as she has made of the business work of the '98 AURORA. The best thing we can possibly wish for that publication is that it will be able to retain Rosa Belle Knox on its staff next year.

Marie Estelle Patillo, the "brag" French scholar of the school, a M. L. S. girl and a member of the Σ A E Sorority, has done such good work as the business manager of the '98 AURORA—and no wonder, with her charming face and charming manners. Usually the editorial and business departments of both the magazine and the Annual have been conducted by the boarding pupils, but after the efficient work Miss Patillo has done for us this year, we are certain that her services will hereafter be considered indispensable.

It is rather a joke that the AURORA staff has never been elected by the student body—as is supposed to be done. The girls who were willing volunteered their aid to the AURORA, and they have done their best to deserve the name some one has bestowed upon them—"the girls who *can*."







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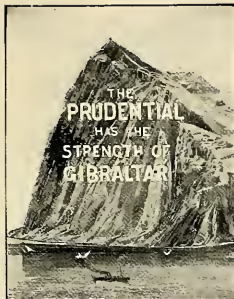


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