

SILHOUETTE

1907



Mildred Thomson

April, nineteen seven



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1909
SILHOVETTE
ASC.

VOLUME IV

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE
DECATUR, GEORGIA

TO

DR. J. D. M. ARMISTEAD

this volume is dedicated
as a token of the affectionate regard
and the sincere esteem of the
Editors of the *Silhouette* of
1907



DR. J. D. M. ARMISTEAD



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Bookkeepers

Circus Maximus

*The street fair's not a circumstance,
Barnum's in the shade,
To the wonders we grow used to:
Our daily street parade.*

*Miss Smith her hobby Bennett rides,
Performs equestrian feats,
The Siamese twins come arm in arm
At school or on the streets.*

*Miss Cook the great musician is
A Paderewski fair,
Her manner's quite refreshing,
Her technique something rare.*

*Arm holds full sway in English B
And reels off jokes quite stale,
He holds the class in agony,
Telling some ancient tale.*

*Miss Anna Young a new art knows,
She is a mighty sisher,
And after each performance
She blows the Trig. Class higher.*

*There are other features no less famed
In the great variety show;
But since we're just allowed a page
We guess they'll have to go.*



Senior Class

Motto

Per aspera ad astra

Flower

Jacqueminot Rose

Colors

Garnet and Gold

First Term

ELIZABETH CURRY.....*President*
CLYDE PETTUS.....*Vice-President*
IRENE FOSCUE.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

Second Term

IRENE FOSCUE.....*President*
ELIZABETH CURRY.....*Vice-President*
CLYDE PETTUS.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
CLYDE PETTUS.....*Poet*
ELIZABETH CURRY.....*Historian*

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Librarian P. L. S. '04-05; Secretary and Treasurer
Class '04-05; Class Historian '04-05; Critic P. L. S.
'05-06; Secretary and Treasurer Class '05-06;
Member of Arbitration Committee '05-06; Class
Historian '06-07; Vice-President Student Govern-
ment Association '06-07; Member of Arbitration
Committee '06-07; President Class '06-07; Mem-
ber Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '06-07; Editor-in-Chief
SILHOUETTE '06-07; President P. L. S. '06-07.





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Propylean Literary Society

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Vice-President P. L. S. '05-06; Member of Arbitration
Committee '05-06; Business Manager
Aurora '05-06; Secretary and Treasurer Class
'05-06; President P. L. S. '06-07; Critic P. L. S.
'06-07; Secretary and Treasurer Class '06-07;
Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '06-07; President Class
'06-07; Member Executive Committee '06-07;
Proctor '06-07; Business Manager **SILHOUETTE**
'06-07.



CLYDE PETTUS, Atlanta, Georgia
Muemosynean Literary Society

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'03-04; Class Poet '04-05; Vice-President Class
'05-06; Class Prophet '06-07; Class Poet '06-07;
Vice-President Class '06-07; Librarian M. L. S.
'06-07; Member Executive Committee of Student
Government Association.



AMELIA MUSTIN GEORGE,
Madison, Georgia
Propylean Literary Society

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President Class '04-05; Censor P. L. S. '04-05
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Vice-President P. L. S. '06-07; Exchange Editor
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'06-07.



SARAH R. BOALS, Coyington, Tennessee
Propylean Literary Society

President of Class '06-04-05; Secretary P. L. S. '04-05; Exchange Editor *Aurora* '04-05; President P. L. S. '05-06; Secretary P. L. S. '05-06; Editor-in-Chief *Aurora* '06-07; Secretary P. L. S. '06-07; President Y. W. C. A. '06-07; President Student Government Association '06-07; Associate Editor *SILHOUETTE* '06-07.

RACHEL A. YOUNG, Quitman, Georgia
Propylean Literary Society

Critic of P. L. S. '03-04; Vice-President Class '04-05; Vice-President P. L. S. '05-06; President P. L. S. '06-07; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '06-07; Alumnae Editor *Aurora* '06-07; Associate Editor *SILHOUETTE* '06-07; Hall-President Student Government Association, '06-07.





Senior Class History

BACK over four years we look. To be poetic, I suppose we ought to say "four long years," but that would hardly be true, for packed as they have been with hard work, pleasures, trials, and frolics, they seem to have fairly flown by. What a long road there seemed to be ahead of us when we started as a strong band of fresh little Freshmen! The year 1907 seemed to be somewhere in the vast, dim ages of eternity. It is hard to realize that now it is here, that we are on the home stretch, and in a short while shall depart these classic halls, diplomas in hand. We started with enthusiasm, and we finish with enthusiasm, but alas! though we started with numbers, it can not be said that we finish with numbers. Our ranks have been sadly, often tragically, decimated, and at the finish we find only a tiny remnant emerging from the fray—battle-scarred veterans they are, too.

But these four years—I wonder if we will ever have any happier ones? Of course, we have thought at times that no class ever had such vexations and tribulations as we, but looking back now, we can well see how these have been overbalanced by the pleasures and joys of our college life. It must end soon, though, and we leave our college friends, the faculty, and this dear old place with all its spots of happy and tender associations, but we all carry with us sweet memories, friendships, and an untold benefit whose influence will last through life.

To Be or Not to Be

THE leaves of my book fluttered in the breeze as I sat by the open window, absently looking out at the waving branches of an old oak in which a colony of sparrows were holding high carnival. The spring weather had made my pupils very restless that day and it was with a feeling of relief that I leaned back in the low arm-chair and gave myself a few moments of rest. I looked down at the book I held. It was an old Annual, published the year I left Agnes Scott and the faces of the girls that looked out upon me were all familiar. Could it have really been five years ago? Why, it seemed only yesterday that I had been one of Class '07 and these girls my schoolmates. And now what changes had been brought about.

Turning over the leaves I came to the Senior Class pictures. The first was a slender girl with dark hair and a disdainful expression. I hadn't seen her once since we left school but the little town where I was teaching was not too isolated to get news now and then from my classmates. Miss George had been to a finishing school in New York, and since then had held the position of leading society belle at her home. Her pictures had appeared numbers of times in the papers when balls and receptions were given in her honor. Remembering her of old, how could I wonder at her popularity?

On the next page was the calm countenance of a second Senior whose career was very unlike Amelia's. It was four years now since Rachel Young had decided to go as a missionary to Africa, and only very meagre news came occasionally to tell us how she was progressing in her work.

Irene Foscue's business ability had led her into a line of work not altogether unexpected. Such talents as hers could not lie dormant and hardly had she been out of school a year when the position of society editor on one of her home newspapers was offered her. The energetic performance of any duty given her would have made her an eminently successful bookkeeper, but of recent years I had not heard of any change in her occupation.

The next picture was that of Sarah Boals. Her career since leaving school was not surprising to me, for her dignity and stateliness graced admirably the lecture platform. Many and various had been her trips through the United States and her speeches had always been received with boundless applause and admiration. She was indeed a "born lawyer," and I should not be astonished at any time to hear of her adopting that branch of labor, though her attention

will be fully occupied, for a while at least, by the series of talks on the child-labor question to be delivered in Chicago.

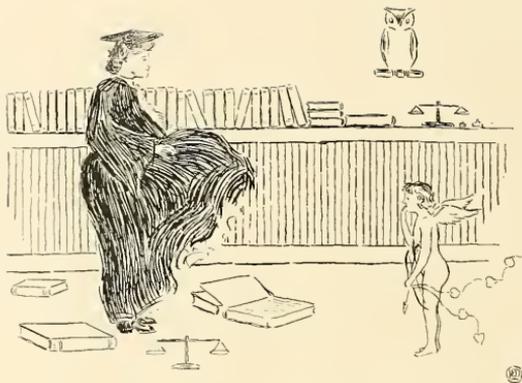
Louise Chick, unwilling to leave her beloved Alma Mater, had decided to remain longer. She went back to Agnes Scott in '07-'08 to get her degree but ill health prevented. She was holding the chair of assistant science teacher at Agnes Scott when last I received news, and expounding with skillful precision the teachings of Physics B.

And now I had come to the last of all. A sweet girlish face looked out at me as I held the book closer to the window to get the benefit of the last rays of dying sunlight. I thought of the visit I had paid to my aunt in Memphis when I had seen the home of this classmate of mine. It was a little vine-covered cottage with roses nodding their heads over the threshold, and as I looked strains of music came to my ears. The quiet peace seemed a fitting surrounding for her and the flowers and music made me sure that there had been little change in the Elizabeth we loved in days gone by.

It was too dark to see any longer and I closed the book with a sigh. Five years had brought many things to pass but who could say what the future might still hold in store for Class '07?

C. E. P. '07.





Class Poem.

FOUR years were gone, of griefs and joys
 Now numbered with the past,
 The Seniors saw '07 come,
 The best year, though the last.
 And of the Class, four Georgia girls
 Were part—the other three,
 An Alabama lassie
 And two from Tennessee.

<p> They thought of all their past years' work, The woes of Freshman days, Then very soon as months advanced They learned the Sophomore ways. As Juniors they had found life hard, But filled with prospects high, Of Senior days ; days beyond which No aspirations lie. </p>	<p> The coming new year seems to tell That spring's not far away, A few short months and then at last, Their own Commencement Day. Then will the Seniors say farewell, School-girls no more to be. The "Seven" from Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee. </p>
---	---

C. E. P. '07.

Junior Class

Flower
Carnation

Color:
Red and White

Motto
Ohne hast, aber ohne rast

First Term

LIZZABEL SAXON.....*President*
KATHARINE DEAN.....*Vice-President*
ELVA DRAKE.....*Secretary*
VERA HOLLEY.....*Treasurer*

Second Term

ELVA DRAKE.....*President*
FARRIS DAVIS.....*Vice-President*
LILLIAN PHILLIPS.....*Secretary*
KATHARINE DEAN.....*Treasurer*
FARRIS DAVIS.....*Poet*
JEANNETTE BROWN.....*Historian*

MEMBERS

VERA HOLLEY
MAUDE HILL
CHARLOTTE RAMSPECK
LILLIAN PHILLIPS
LIZZABEL SAXON
JEANNETTE BROWN
KATHARINE DEAN
ELVA DRAKE
FARRIS DAVIS

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS MACSWAIN
DR. ARMISTEAD



BROWN

L. SAXON

PHILLIPS

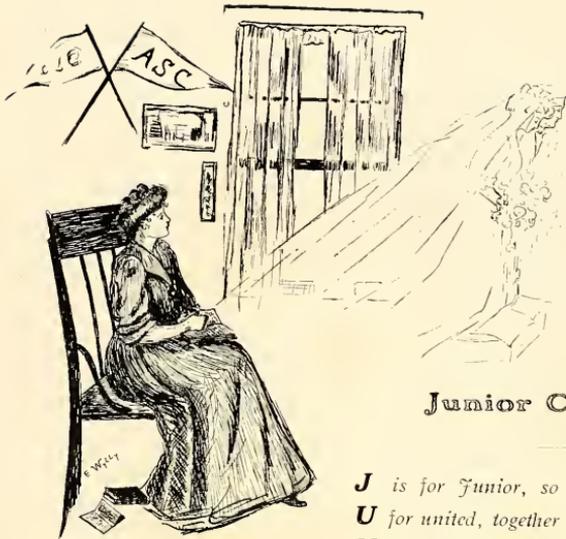
DAVIS

HOLLEY

E. DRAKE

DEAN

JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class Poem

J is for Junior, so wise and so witty
U for united, together we stand
N is for negligence shown, what a pity
In inviting us out, by the green Freshman band
O's for oppressed, by the Faculty's sway
R's the routine that burdens each day.

C is for college we hold very dear
L is for Lab where experiments we do
A is for accidents oft happening there
S is for Senior—will it ever be true
Satisfaction we'll feel if we ever get through.

I united band are we
9 teen years will each have seen
0 is there to dread I ween
8 will receive her B. A. Degree.



Junior Class History

IT'S rather hard to write a class history of a class that has no history, and that is the trouble with the Class of '08. In fact, we did not become a regularly organized class until Soph. year. Of the eight of us that there now are, only three, Charlotte Ramspeck, Vera Holley and Katherine Dean, remain of the class that entered the College in 1904; three, Lill Phillips, Farris Davis, and Lizzabel Saxon, dropped back from the Class of '07 in order to make their degree, and Elva Drake and Jeanette Brown entered as Sophomores. Others there were at different times who belonged to the Class, but for one reason or another they dropped out, among them our last year's President.

At our first meeting this year there were only seven present, so we made each one an officer and nobody felt left out. Since then, two of the Class of '07 have decided to take their degrees with us, though they have not regularly joined the Class.

Our class pins of Freshman year had been lost and we could get no more, so at a class meeting we all decided on a new pin, which has been pronounced the prettiest in the College (of course).

Otherwise we have had no history to record, but we are making history, and the Class Historian in 1908 will have a far larger job than the present one.

HISTORIAN.



Sophomore Class

Motto

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse invabit

Flower
Daisy

Colors
White and Gold

Yell

S-a, sa, S-i, si, S-o, so
Cyclone,
Sycamore,
Sophomore.
Funny, Foolish, Freshmen,
Get in line
Right dress attention
To the Class of Naughty Nine.

First Term

RUTH MARION.....*President*
JEAN POWEL.....*Vice-President*
ANNIE WADDELL.....*Secretary*
ADELAIDE NELSON.....*Treasurer*

Second Term

EUGENIA FULLER.....*President*
FLORA CROWE.....*Vice-President*
LUTIE HEAD.....*Secretary*
AGNES KIME.....*Treasurer*
JEAN POWEL.....*Poet*
LOUISE DAVIDSON.....*Historian*

MEMBERS

JENNIE ANDERSON	FLORA CROWE	LOUISE DAVIDSON
ADALENE DORTCH	LUTIE HEAD	AGNES KIME
MARIE LEDERLE	FLORENCE LIGHT	ELIZABETH LASSITER
RUTH MARION	JOSIE McADAMS	MARGARET McCALLIE
MEC MACINTYRE	ADELAIDE NELSON	JEAN POWEL
LUCY REAGAN	ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE	ANNIE WADDELL
EUGENIA FULLER	LILA WILLIAMS	MATTIE NEWTON
IRENE NEWTON		

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS MCKINNEY

MISS ALEXANDER



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

REJOICE ye brave in spirit, we are Sophomores! Yes, Sophomores, for with the coming of the glorious month of September, '06, we entered into a new life, a blissful life, full of varied interests—hard work, excitement, and—adventure!

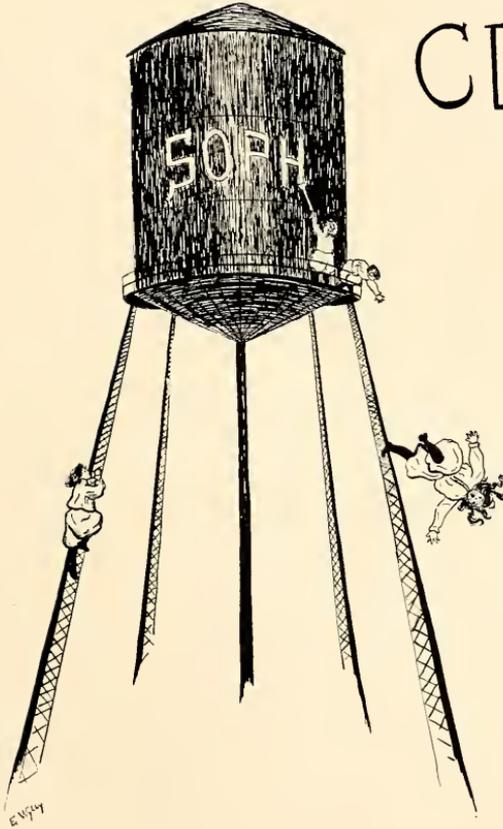
Fun-loving Sophomores, but strenuous workers nevertheless! Nothing daunts their brave and loyal spirits, their Class to them is the best on earth, and to see her head proudly raised above all others is the aim of every one of her twenty-two faithful members. Yes, beware ye Freshmen, the Soph. banner floats gaily from the "top of the mast," and is not to be tampered with. Foolish Freshies! So you thought to catch the Sophs. napping and trample their flag in the dust? Not so! We are never taken unawares, the daring Soph. is ever ready for the fray and victory always lends her steady hand to crown them with success.

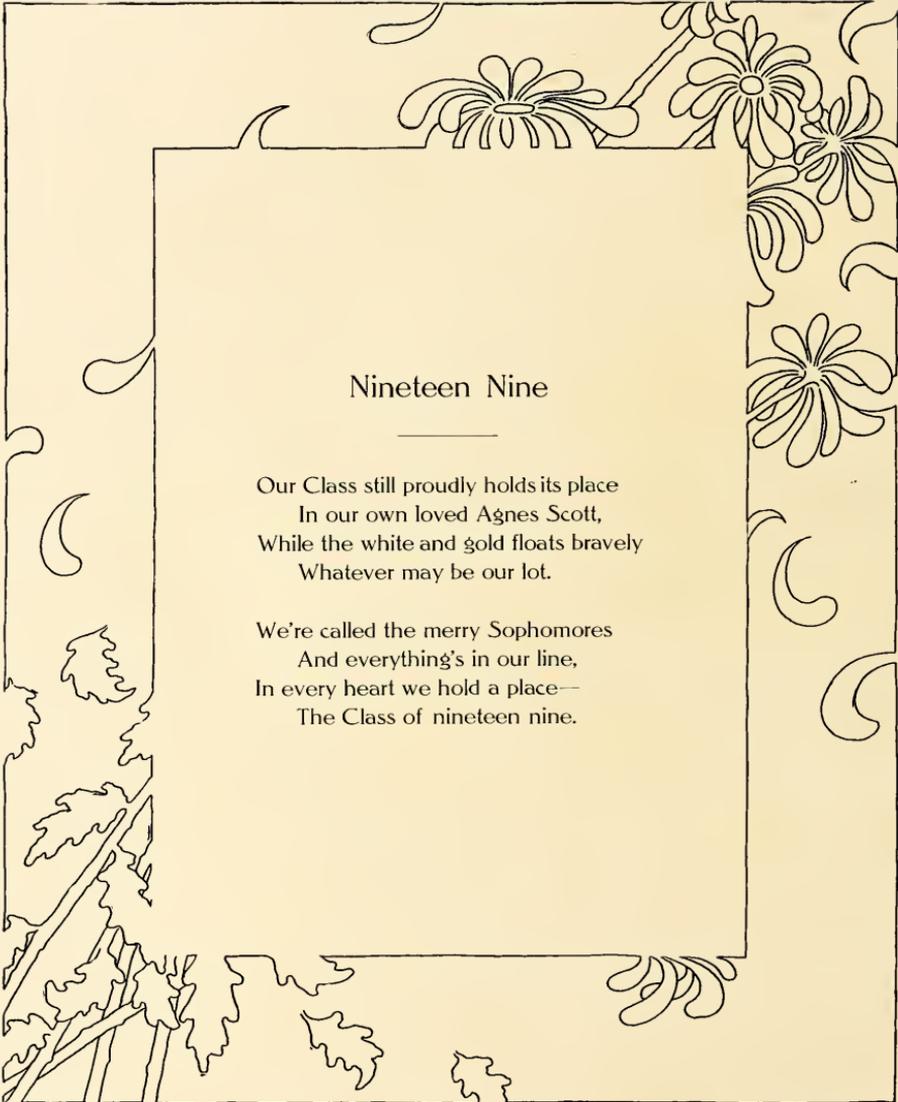
October saw a scene of wild confusion—Sophs. and Freshies in battle array, but alas! our enemies often would fain leave the field and seek refuge from the foe. Doors and windows were locked, large gatherings of the enemy sought the shelter of one room, and as the furious face of a Soph. appeared above the transom, little frightened creatures crawled under the beds. Great way of fighting, that!

"What an original class!" our Seniors all cried, the day after the Hallowe'en party, but that wasn't a circumstance! There were greater things in store for them, likewise for the unthinking Freshmen and easy-going Faculty. What should they see one bright morning but Soph. '09, shining resplendent in large white letters on the new water tank! Even though it had to be painted over afterward, still we gave in graciously enough when we understood that it put the Freshies' lives in danger as they might try climbing, and alas! come to a sad and bitter end!

"Glorious year," we all say! Yes, a year brim full of happenings; and Freshies, do not despair, for your time is coming, but it is with a sad heart that we Sophs. bid farewell to dear old '07.

SOPHOMORE CLASS '09





Nineteen Nine

Our Class still proudly holds its place
In our own loved Agnes Scott,
While the white and gold floats bravely
Whatever may be our lot.

We're called the merry Sophomores
And everything's in our line,
In every heart we hold a place—
The Class of nineteen nine.



Frances Bronniet Husen
'07

Freshman Class

Motto

Esse quam videri

Flower

Lavender Sweet Pea

Colors

Lavender and White

First Term

EM ELDRIDGE.....*President*
 EDITH O'KEEFE.....*Vice-President*
 ALLIE FELKER.....*Secretary*
 VIRGINIA CRANE.....*Treasurer*

Second Term

GERALDINE HOOD.....*President*
 ALLIE FELKER.....*Vice-President*
 EM ELDRIDGE.....*Secretary*
 CORINNE GARDINE.....*Treasurer*
 DOROTHEA SNODGRASS.....*Poet*
 ISABEL STEWART.....*Historian*

MEMBERS

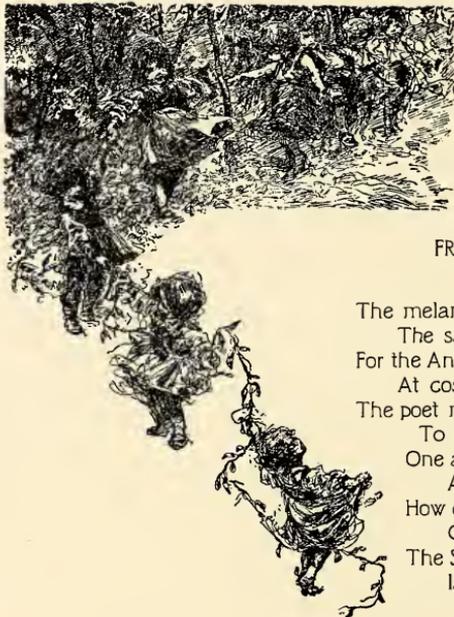
BEULAH ADAMSON	EDITH BROWN	VIRGINIA CRANE
ISABEL STEWART	CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS	GERALDINE HOOD
DOROTHEA SNODGRASS	ISABEL NUNNALLY	ALLIE FELKER
EDITH O'KEEFE	EM ELDRIDGE	CORINNE GARDINE
ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM	CLIFF DAUGHTRY	ANNIE SMITH
LIDA CALDWELL	EMMA BINNS	MATTIE HUNTER
BESSIE POWELL	BLANCHE DeVAULT	MARGARET WOODS
ELEANOR FRIERSON	HATTIE MAY THORNTON	MARY JOHNSTON
GLADYS FARRIOR	MATTIE RYLANDER	ANNA PATTON
	CLYDE McDANIEL	

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS MASSIE HOWARD BELL ARBUCKLE, JR. MISS YOUNG



FRESEMAN CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS POEM.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
For the Annual's pages must be filled
At cost of bitter tear,
The poet needs must take her pen
To eulogize her Class—
One as fresh as morning dewdrops,
And as green as May-time grass.
How can one tint the violet blue,
Or paint the snow-flakes white?
The Senior Class of nineteen ten
Is simply out of sight.

DOROTHEA SNODGRASS.

Freshman Class History

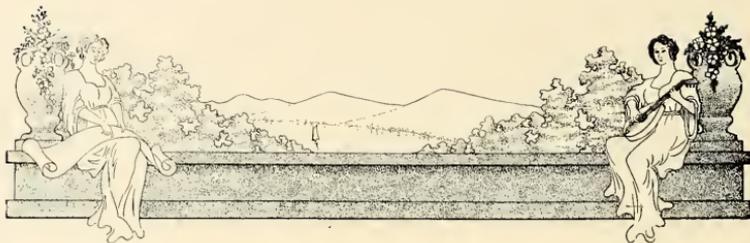
HERE'S to the Class of 1910, which ranks in number above any other class ever known at Agnes Scott. The Freshmen have won the admiration of all (except, of course, that of the Sophomores). And, as for there being some learned ones in "the illustrious Class of 1910," they do not have to say it for themselves.

Upon the subject of class spirit, the Freshmen can give any information desired, and volumes could be filled with incidents proving the ardent energy which the Class as a whole has shown. Only one need be mentioned here.

It was on Hallowe'en.—The Sophs. were giving a grand party to our "Dignified Seniors," not dreaming that anything was brewing against them in the Freshies' minds. Nevertheless, the Freshmen thought it their best chance to get even with them, so they gathered in Rebecca Scott Hall, and took in each room. Snuff, pepper and salt was not spared upon the beds, and the general appearance of the rooms, when they withdrew, was as if a terrible cyclone had swept through, mixing things profusely in the middle of the floor. They all experienced a very unrestful night, for at unexpected times, they were awakened by loud sneezing in the far parts of the building. Just a week before, the Sophs. had attempted to overpower the weak, insignificant Freshmen and give them a hazing, but they, being a little sharp, understood all their flurrying around and kept out of the way, for being "newies," they were not well equipped to meet the armed forces of the Sophs.; but now, with their enlightenment upon the subject, they stand ready and waiting to meet any foe. The Freshmen do not dwell solely, however, on foolishness, but in other ways do they endeavor to gain a name for themselves.

A complete history of the Freshmen would fill much more than the allotted space in the Annual, so their motto, "*Esse quam videri*," must here suffice to set forth the guiding motive of each member of the Class

HISTORIAN.



Department Graduates



ELIZABETH WYLLY
ART



BESSIE SENTELL
MUSIC



MARY ELIZABETH CURRY
MUSIC

Beyond the Line

I MET her at a dance given by the Springfield Country Club, and a few nights later as we strolled together down the broad, cool veranda of the —— Hotel, I had a chance to study her a little.

She had seemed a queer person to me from the first. There was certainly something unusual about her, a something that lurked beneath her very soul, for at times as I looked her earnestly in the face I noticed that the soft bright eyes grew dim, a frightened look overspread the eager, pretty face, and she turned her head away quickly and for some minutes seemed lost in deep reflections. Something was worrying her, I felt certain, but curious though I was, I considered it entirely too inquisitive to question her. She was a young girl, tall and pale, with light brown hair and a soft impetuous voice that mingled pleasantly with the gentle whisperings in the old pines. Her every movement was full of grace, and I watched her entranced as she walked along in the clear moonlight.

Ione Windermere! The very name suggested the breath of quaint romance, the still music of songs unutterable.

"Why so pensive, Mr. Holmes?" she asked, in her wonderful, soft voice.

"O, I was merely thinking, Miss Windermere," I replied, looking full into her large, dark eyes.

"Too much engrossed with your own thoughts to talk to me, I suppose. O well, men are funny creatures, but many of their faults are excusable."

"O, not at all. I was thinking of you this time, you see."

She looked into my eyes, a faint color suffused the pallor of her cheeks. As she looked I saw the same old expression creeping into her face, her eyes grew dim, they seemed in a moment to look past me to a vague something beyond which held her as if she were hypnotized. Then she turned quickly, at the same time swaying so that she would have fallen had I not caught her.

She was herself again in a moment, however, but someone called her just then and we went inside, where a crowd immediately surrounded her and I was left to my own reflections.

I saw her a good deal after this and we grew quite chummy, I might almost say confidential. I liked her and admired her much more than the average summer girl, and she seemed to like me, too, fairly well.

She was "bully" where athletics were concerned, and we rode, drove, and

played tennis together, and had an all-round jolly time of it. I noticed that when her mind was well occupied she seldom took on the old, queer expression; it was only when we strolled meditatively along, or when I happened to see her walking alone that these peculiar sensations took hold of her.

One night we had been sitting out under the trees together for quite a while, talking of commonplace things, when all of a sudden she asked, "Mr. Holmes, would you think it very peculiar of me if I confided to you something that to me is so very serious that it has been worrying me for some time?"

I jumped at the chance of hearing an explanation of what I had been curious to know ever since I met her.

"You won't think me silly? Really, it may sound ridiculous, you know, but then it is not so to me, it is truly terrible!"

I noticed that she shivered a little when she said these last words.

"Well, go ahead, Miss Windermere," I said gently, "you have a very appreciative and sympathetic listener, I assure you."

She caught her breath for a moment as she said, "You see, I have never told anyone this before and it is very hard," I nodded assent and she went on. "The main thing is, Mr. Holmes, that I feel as if something awful is in store for me in the near future. I can not express to you my feelings on the subject, but at times they are so awful that I am almost crazy. When I am with someone, or my mind is pleasantly occupied, I seldom have these sensations, but when I am alone—then it is terrible. A sort of dizziness seems to come over me, and often for minutes I do not know where I am. I feel as if I am going I know not where, as if mind and spirit and body were entirely separate. My body seems to be there, but my spirit is not, and there is absolutely no connection between the two. Something in space holds me as if mesmerized, but I see nothing, I feel nothing, I hear nothing. When I am alone and feel this way it takes all the energy I possess to reach the door and open it if I am in my room, or to get where some one else is if I happen to be out anywhere. It seems that human beings arouse me to a certain extent after one of these attacks, but it is most awful and most unpleasant. I am positive that if anything happened to prevent my reaching some one after an attack like this, that I should die unquestionably, for I came so near it once that it makes me shudder when I think of it. That is my story, Mr. Holmes, foolish if you like, but really now, do you see any cause for such feelings?"

"Why, no, Miss Windermere," I replied, "possibly you are a little nervous, may be a change would do you good, and yet you look perfectly healthy to me."

"I am," she answered, "and that is what worries me, that I should be so well and yet have such horribly morbid emotions."

"Don't think about it," I said, "you'll be all right. We'll have a great old time of it here this summer and see if we can't drive away some of those feelings, and by autumn you'll have forgotten all about it."

I noticed that she seemed very tired, unusually so, and as she looked out over the hills the old expression was creeping over her face.

"Don't," I said gently, "let's go in, I know you are tired, for we took a long walk today and you need rest."

We walked into the lobby together. At the foot of the stairs she extended her small sunburned hand.

"Good night, Mr. Holmes," she said softly, and then I watched her go on up to the next floor. She was very beautiful that night and her story had impressed me greatly. I believed what she said, but was inclined to think it rather exaggerated by worrying over it so much. Still a vague uneasiness haunted me and I wondered if her parents knew of this trouble; I determined to tell them.

The next morning I awoke rather late for I had spent a sleepless night. Ione Windermere would not leave my thoughts, and her peculiar sensations haunted me more and more. I dressed hurriedly and went down in the lobby where a cool breeze was blowing and refreshed me after the warm, sultry room. Nobody seemed to be around, only the clerk at his desk.

I nodded to him and said, "Where's everybody?"

"O, Mr. Holmes," he replied scarcely above a whisper, "haven't you heard about Miss Windermere?"

"No, man," I said. "Tell me quick," and a thousand fears siezed me. I knew it could be nothing less than death.

"She was found dead in her room this morning, close beside the door. Doctors say it was heart failure."

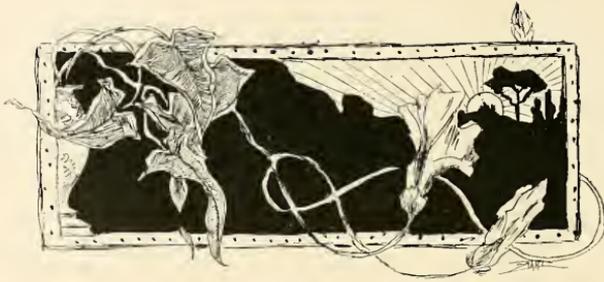
I preserved as calm an appearance as possible, though my feelings were almost more than I could bear.

"Dead," I said in a choked whisper, and then added, "I was very fond of Miss Windermere."

* * * * *

"So she has gone," I mused, as I walked alone on the veranda in the morning sunlight. "Yes, perhaps she could not get out of the room. Poor girl!" I murmured, "this time she is really beyond the line!"

LOUISE DAVIDSON, '09.



Academy Class Organizations

Colors

Red and Black

Fourth Year Officers

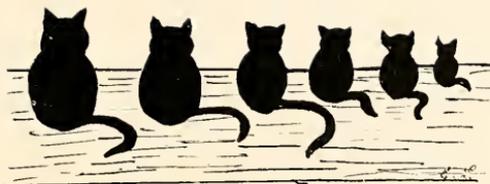
AMELIE ADAMS.....	<i>President</i>
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL CLARK.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE LOUISE HUTCHISON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Colors

Purple and Gold

Third Year Officers

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MARY RICHARDSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARIE JOHNSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
DOROTHY HEBERT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>



Minutes of a Meeting of the Hopkins Literary Society

THE Hopkins Literary Society held a regular meeting on Saturday evening, January the seventeenth. After continued efforts and much rapping the president succeeded in subduing the prevailing chaos and minutes of the preceding meeting were read and objected to.

The followed program was executed with much gusto:

- Piano Solo Peaceful Henry.
- Essay—Preventative Measures and Antidotes for the Assimilation of Too Much Knowledge.
- Debate—Resolved: That the Evil Effects of Flirting Outweigh its Pleasures.
- Vocal Solo Every Little Bit Helps.
- Essay—Results of Psychological Research, as Exemplified by Tasteful Academic Coiffure.

At this point the president, awaking from a slight doze, requested the sergeant-at-arms to arouse several of the sleeping members. She then announced that after such violent mental exertion some relaxation was necessary.

* * * * *

After rules had been resumed, a committee of seven was appointed by the president to investigate current rumors of indefinite restrictions put upon academy girls on account of inordinate purchasing of flowers for college crushes.

The Committee for selection of the Society pin then reported that because of the unique and original tri-cornered shape and unusual red-enamled center, previously decided upon, the pin could not possibly be procured for less than fifty cents. After lively discussion, on account of Society loyalty, it was unanimously decided that all members should make strenuous individual efforts and sacrifices in order to obtain them.

This weighty question having been settled, the Society rushed in a noisy body from the hall and left the dignified president alone, awaiting a motion for adjournment.



The Sophomore Circus

THE whole street fair was a "howling success"—some of us were hoarse for hours afterwards—but the best success of all was undoubtedly the Soph. circus. Being a Soph. affair, we expected it to be somewhat original, but it far surpassed all our expectations.

You bought your peanuts and red lemonade, if you chose, outside, got your ticket, and were shown into the "tent"—the old Propylean Hall—which was arranged in proper circus fashion with a sawdust ring, roped off, with the seats for the spectators behind. The famous ring-master, Tommy Davidson, was master of ceremonies, and in a high hat and swallow-tail coat, assisted by a gorgeous clown in red—Adelaide made a splendid clown—and showed off the world-famous attractions of "his" troupe to perfection. There was a "deaf and dumb old lady from Kalamazoo," who gave us an interesting talk on her fingers, though I couldn't quite catch all that she said; a giantess from somewhere or other who walked rather stiffly, perhaps because her legs were so long—in fact, I might say that she had a "wooden gait,"—and a two-headed lady from the orient, this country must evidently agree with her, for she was quite stout,—her shoulders were exceedingly broad—who played a very interesting duet—I beg pardon,—a solo—the well-known classical piece, "Chopsticks," on the piano.

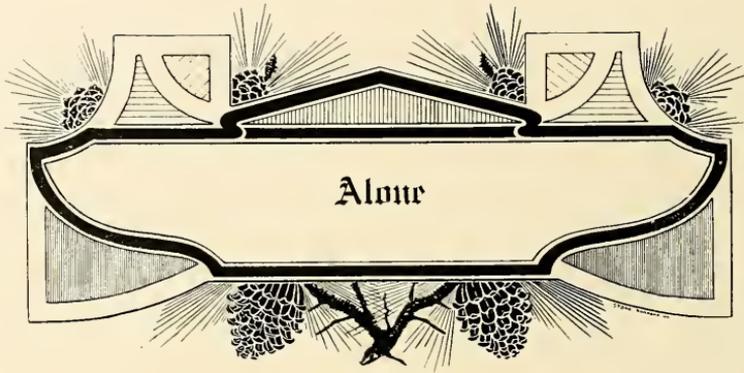
After these "human freaks," came the animals, who went through their tricks with really an unusual degree of intelligence. There was "D. G."—short for "dignified giraffe," as the ring-master explained—and another creature, both of whom must have come from some other world, for they certainly did not

belong to this, but who behaved in a most exemplary manner. When asked if he liked Agnes Scott, "D. G." nodded affirmatively, but when asked if he liked Freshmen, he shook his head with great violence—a strange answer, but due probably to his early training. When these had been driven from the ring, the third and last great feature of the show appeared—the famous trained bears, "You" and "I," in charge of the clown. They were both brown and rather undersized, perhaps because they had been kept so busy learning that they had not had a chance to grow—it must have taken a great deal of time and patience to teach them their tricks—or perhaps they did not have enough to eat. However, they went through their performance excellently, though clumsily, as all bears do, and ended up the exhibition with a touching little pantomime illustrating the popular song, "Speak to Me, Darling," that was almost human in its action.

Of course, as a circus, there had to be a side show, an excellent representation of a "wild and woolly Freshman," in an abbreviated green frock, who, with her doll under her arm, vainly endeavored to solve the mysteries of A, B, C, and $3 + 3 = 6$. The Sophomores, being such a short time removed from Freshmanhood themselves, were able to get up this exhibit admirably from memory.

A JUNIOR.





The pines are moaning a low, soft song
And darkness covers all,
While twilight fades and dismal the shades
Of the old trees grim and tall.

Alone I sit in the darkening night
And wish for days gone by,
And the old pine's groans are answered with moans
Of the wild wind's mournful cry.

That face so dear in the happy days,
That now are long since gone,
No more is near, and all is drear
To the lonely forgotten one.

O why must it be that we should part?
I ask the shadows tall,
And I can not tell that word farewell,
For I love you—that is all!

LOUISE DAVIDSON, '60

SOCIETIES



Propylean Literary Society

AMELIE ADAMS—"What a fine man hath your tailor made you!"

SALLIE LEROY BETTS—"It matters not how forced or false, so the best things be
said o' the worst."

SARAH BOALS—"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

EDITH BROWN—"I profess not talking."

MARION BRUMBY—

"Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains the past."

MABEL CROCHERON—"She would turn over half a library to write one paper."

CORNELIA CROSS—"The soul of this girl is in her clothes."

ELIZABETH CURRY—"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

ADA DARBY—"Her voice was ever gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

CLIFF DAUGHTRY—"Hence loathed melancholy."

LOUISE DAVIDSON—"The pen is the tongue of the mind."

ADALENE DORTCH—"My book and my heart must never part."

CORNELIA FIELD—"I am not in the roll of common men."

IRENE FOSCUE—"Principle, not expediency, is my motto."

AMELIA GEORGE—"Is she not passing fair?"



A. ADAMS



BROWN



BOALS



BETTS



BRUMBY



CHERON



CROSS



DARBY



DAUGHTRY



DAVIDSON



FOSCUE



DORTCH



FIELD



GEORGE

PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

VERA HOLLEY—"At my fingers' ends."

GERALDINE HOOD—"Superior wisdom is superior bliss."

MATTIE HUNTER—"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

EVA BELLE JOHNSTON—"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

FLORENCE LIGHT—"Loud roared the dreadful thunder."

MARY JOHNSTON—"The mirror of all courtesy."

RUTH MARION—

 "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all she knew."

EMMIE McCALL—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

MARGARET McCALLIE—"Of soul sincere; in action faithful, in honor clear."

CORINNE McCOMBS—"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

CHRISTINE McCORMICK—"In her first passion, woman loves her lover."

IRENE NEWTON—"True as a needle to the pole, or as a dial to the sun."

MATTIE NEWTON—"Night after night she sat, and bleared her eyes with books."

EDITH O'KEEFE—"Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky."

JEAN POWEL—"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

LUTIE POWELL—"A youth to fortune, and to fame unknown."



E. JOHNSTON



MARION



LIGHT



McCALL



HOLLEY



M. NEWTON



HUNTER



O'KEEFE



POWEL



HOOD



McCORMICK



McCOMBS



McCALLIE



L. POWELL



JOHNSON

PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

LIZZABEL SAXON—"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

GRACE SMITH—"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

ROSALIE SMITH—"Of gentle manners, of affections mild."

DOROTHEA SNODGRASS—"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

HATTIE MAY THORNTON—"She is young and of a modest nature."

ANNIE WADDELL—"Truth is truth, to the end of reckoning."

ELIZABETH WYLLY—"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

RACHEL YOUNG—"O coward conscience! how thou dost afflict me."

MAMIE COUNTS—"Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven."

LOUISE CHICK—"I must become a borrower of the night, for a dark hour or twain."

ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE—"Not stepping o'er the bonds of modesty."

WILLIE CLEMENTS—"Zealous, but modest."

BLANCHIE DEVAULT—"Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired."

BESSIE SENTELL—"She was as good as she was fair."

NELL COATES—"Light she was and like a fairy."

ROSA MALLEGE—"Laughter holding both his sides."



SAXON



G. SMITH



SNODGRASS



R. SMITH



THORNTON



WADDELL



WALLY



YOUNG



MILLEDDGE



COUNTS



CHICK



E. SUMMERVILLE



DE VAULT



SENTELL



COATES

PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Allegorical Literary Society

BEULAH ADAMSON—"I am resolved to grow fat and look young at forty."

LILLIAN AKIN—"I never saw so young a body with so old a head."

LOUISE AYERS—

"Come what, come may,

Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

MARY ANDERSON—"When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' th' sea, that you might do nothing but that."

RUTH ABBOTT—"A babe in the house is a wellspring of joy."

SARAH BAKER—"Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall."

HELEN BEAMAN—"There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

EMMA BINNS—"Talkers are never doers."

SARA BROCKENBROUGH—"Variety's the spice of life, that gives it all its flavor."

LEAH BROWN—"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould breathe such divine, enchanting ravishments?"

ANNIE MAE BOYD—"Not lost, but gone."

JESSIE KATE BRANTLEY—"Infinite riches in a little room."

GWENDOLYN BAILEY—"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

INA BACON—

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know),

Virtue alone is happiness below."

CAROLINE CALDWELL—"A mighty huntress, and her prey was man."

LIDA CALDWELL—"Not yet mature, but matchless; what her heart thinks, her tongue speaks."

ANNIE CAMPBELL—"Barkis is willin'."

LULU CROSLAND—"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM—"There buds the promise of celestial worth."

JULIA CHRISTIAN—"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."



ADAMSON



AIKIN



BROWN



BRANTLEY



BROCKENBOROUGH



BINNS



BEAMAN



BAILEY



BACON



L. CALDWELL



C. CALDWELL



CUNNINGHAM



CROSLAND



M. ANDERSON

MUEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

FLORA CROWE—"I'll make assurance doubly sure."

FARRIS DAVIS—"O would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise
in me."

KATHARINE DEAN—

"O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook."

MARY DILLARD—

"You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's very hard reading."

MILDRED DICKSON—"Choice words and measured phrase, above the reach of
ordinary men."

ELVA DRAKE—"Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep."

EM ELDRIDGE—"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

FRANKIE ENZOR—"Think of me as you please."

ELEANOR FRIERSON—"Truth is the highest thing that man may keep."

EUGENIA FULLER—"A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns."

SUSIE FERGUSON—"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self."

ALLIE FELKER—"If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now."

MARGUÉRITE FITCH—"I love victory, but I love not triumph."

EDITH FARLINGER—"For courage mounteth with occasion."

GLADYS FARRIOR—"O would that the gods had made thee poetical."

REBEKAH HARRISON—"Everything comes, if you will only wait."

ELIZABETH HARRIS—"Secmed washing her hands with invisible soap."

LUTIE HEAD—"Eternal sunshine settles round her head."

MAUD HILL—"What! will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?"

ALMON HOOPER—"Charm ache with air, and agony with words."



DRAKE



HOOPER



DEAN



FITCH



CROWE



DAVIS



DILLARD



FARRIOR



HILL



HARRIS



FRIERSON



CURDELL



DICKSON



FARLINGER



FULLER



ENZOR



FERGUSSON



FELKER



HEAD

MUEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

JOYCE JONES—"Answer me in one word."

AGNES KIME—"Patience and gentleness is power."

MARIE LEDERLE—"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

MARGUERITE LUDLOW—

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung."

EDITH LOTT—"Principle is ever my motto."

ELIZABETH LASSITER—"No legacy is so rich as honesty."

EDITH LOCKHART—"With bag and baggage."

CAMILLA MANDEVILLE—"The woman that deliberates is lost."

SADIE MAGILL—"A lion among ladies."

ANNETTE McDONALD—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

HATTIE LOU MILLER—"I love not the world."

MEC MACINTYRE—"But thy eternal summer shall not fade."

ANNETTE MOORE—"We meet like a pleasant thought when such are wanted."

ADELAIDE NELSON—

"The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."

ISABEL NUNNALLY—"She hath a lean and hungry look."

LIZZIE MAE OLIVER—"What's gone and what's past help, should be past grief."

LOLAH PARHAM—"A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear eternal friendship."

CLYDE PETTUS—"Rather than be less, cared not to be at all."

MARY PHARR—"Sunshine and rain at once."

BESSIE POWELL—"Never less alone, than when alone."

SADIE POPE—"As sober as a judge."



KIME



JONES



LUDLOW



MACINTYRE



OLIVER



NUNALLY



NELSON



LABBITER



LOTT



PETTUS



MILLER



MANDEVILLE



PHARR



MOORE



POWELL

MEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

LILLIE PHILLIPS—"As merry as the day is long."

CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS—"Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

LUCY REAGAN—"He is well paid, that is well satisfied."

MATTIE RYLANDER—

"Happy I am, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me?"

MARGARET SIENKNECHT—"And thereby hangs a tale."

EDITH SLOAN—"True love's the gift which God has given."

ANNIE SMITH—"A moral, sensible, and a well-bred girl."

ISABEL STEWAR—"Young in limbs, in judgment old."

MILDRED THOMSON—"There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face."

EVA TOWERS—"Oh! Fie upon this single life."

LILA WILLIAMS—

"Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers, that our merits know."

MAUD WILLIAMS—"And keeps the palace of the soul serene."

ADA WILLIAMS—

"I oft have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended."

JULIA WARREN—"In joyous youth."

MARGARET WOODS—"Red as a rose is she."

LILLIE BELLE BACHMANN—"And those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

MARY ROOF—"Naught venture, naught have."

JEANNETTE BROWN—"Earth sounds thy wisdom and high heaven thy fame."

ROSSIE BELLE NEWTON—"Up, up, my friend, and quit your book."

MARIE HOUSTON—"The very pink of courtesy."



PHILLIPS

REAGAN

STEWART

REYNOLDS

RYLANDER

SMITH

SIENKNECHT

WILLIAMS

THOMPSON

SLOAN

M. WILLIAMS

BACHMAN

ROOF

HOUSTON

A. WILLIAMS

WOODS

TOWERS

MUEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Gods' Liberation of the Mortals

(Commemorating the Beginning of Student Government)

WHO, then, among the powers thundered forth and made his speech unto the assembly? Even the great king, Zeus, for he was filled with wrath. "Ye members of faculty and all ye wise teachers, now give ye that advice most meet in this dire stringency. Even now are our subjects breathing revolt and would our power overthrow. Yea, I will tell thee that I deem shall even come to pass; in their own haughtiness shall they soon establish a government of their own. Consider, then, what must needs be done to stop this even now."

So spake he and sat him down and his dark heart within him was greatly filled with anger and his eyes were like flashing fire. And there stood up before them that liberal, theme-reading god, sore displeased. To Zeus first spake he:

"Neither by just reason art thou displeased, nor is there ought to anger thee. Even as thou hast said shall it be, and even so *should* it be. Nay, and who are we, that we should hold these mighty ones in thralldom? To them, I deem, has freedom been decreed by a fate stronger than we, and verily this will be a sorry matter, neither any more endurable, if we shall dare oppose."

He said, and the sweet-voiced goddess was afraid and sat in silence, curbing her heart; but throughout all the company the members of faculty were troubled.

And that god most great of speech made answer and said unto him: "Thou weak of heart, far better booteth it, forsooth, to hold the power unchanged and quench with mighty hand this small uprising, than to yield because thy craven tongue doth say a stronger power demands it. Yea, I never beheld a stronger power than ours. Harken to *my* counsel, all ye powers of government and ye wise-thinking faculty. To the subjects, powerless and unprevailing, we, in generous bounty, should concede a part of government. We should even withhold that which is meet and ever show that not their strength, but our favor secures to them this boon."

Now, when the twain had thus finished the battle of violent words, Zeus, the king, bowed his dark brow and the ambrosial locks waved from his immortal head; and he made the great hall to quake. Now, for many days ranged the argument through all the company, for this last one who spake was ever there to prolong the debate; but at last it was decreed that it should be even as he had said.

Then came the sweet-voiced goddess, and summoned all the subjects to assembly, for in her mind did she have it to bear to them the mandate of the powers. She spake and all the subjects cried assent. Then one from out their number brought they and set her up for to be their leader, bright-eyed Sarah, daughter of Boals. Then all the subjects hastened to gather themselves closely together. John of the loud cry raised the shout and stirred the spirits in the breasts of all throughout the multitude and the assembly swayed like high sea waves that east wind and south wind raise, rushing upon them from the clouds: so was all the assembly stirred, and they with shouting raised the cry of everlasting freedom and liberty.





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MARGARET McCALLIE

Companion Piece to the Witch Scene of Macbeth

(With all due apologies to the immortal Shakespeare)

SCENE—*The Lab. reeking in smoke and fumes of unearthly odor. Thunder of falling and crashing apparatus. Enter three Lab-haunting spirits.*

First Spirit: Thrice the old Lab. cat hath mewed.

Second Spirit: Thrice and once the old gong rung.

Third Spirit: Arbuckle cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Spirit: Round about the retort go,
In the potassium chlorate throw.
Let the flame be bright and hot
That the oxygen may be got.
Sulphuric acid mixed with zinc
To get some hydrogen in a wink.
In, let the fiery flame tongues sweep—
Then bury the hapless victim deep.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn, and chemics, bubble.

Second Spirit: Let sodium and potassium be
Put in unstinted quantity
Into the becker of H_2O ,
Then bring a flame of gentle glow,
That the roof may then be raised
And all mankind around be dazed.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn, and chemics, bubble.

Third Spirit: Saltpeter and charcoal mixed
With sulphur in a vessel fixed,

Heat with all power, force and main,
Until the mass a glow doth gain,
Then listen for the grand uproar
That'll land someone on the far shore.

All: Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn, and chemics, bubble.

(Scatteration—Combustification!!!)

Second Spirit: By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.

All: 'Tis Arbuckle! 'Tis even he!
O flee we all quickly! Flee! O flee!





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By the Sea

Just to be by the sea
When the great billows flee
 From the lash of the deep ocean-scourge ;
There to stand on the strand
As the foam=crests expand
 Where the vast waters measureless merge.

The roar on the shore,
As they dash more and more,
 Seems a chorus to make of the tone ;
Filled with pain the refrain
As they plunge on again
 And through caverns unnumbered make moan.

From the wall comes the call
As the gray shadows fall
 Of the seagull whose mate is afar ;
When is seen silver shewn
On the dark waves between
 By the light of the first evening star.

O'er the swell sounds the knell
Of the grim lighthouse bell
 To give warning of danger at sea,
But although tempests blow
On the great depths below
 Still the life by the ocean for me.

CLYDE PETTUS, '07



MAIN ENTRANCE



CLUBS

COMPLICATORS.

Purpose

Mystification of the public
and complication of
private affairs

Colors

Black and White

Yell

C-O-M—P-L-I

Kismet, category, kilo-
meter, ki,
Bones and joints, nothing
less

C-A-T—O-R-S



Motto "?"

Mascot
Skeleton

COUNCILORS OF FATE

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|----------------------------|
| LUTIE HEAD | | <i>Chief Executioner</i> |
| JEAN POWEL..... | | <i>Compiler of Records</i> |
| LOUISE DAVIDSON | | <i>Skeleton Holder</i> |
| RUTH MARION | ANNIE WADDELL | MARGUERITE FITCH |



Georgia Railroad Club

Signal

The Whistle

Songs

Home Sweet Home
Good-bye My Lover, Good-bye

Object

To see the trains go 'round the curve

MEMBERS

ALLIE FELKER

MARY DILLARD

MAUD HILL

ELIZABETH HARRIS

ISABEL NUNNALLY

Yankee Club

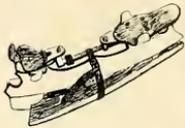


Song

I reckon y'all know that once,
 "Yankee Doodle" came down South,
 But found that as a rule
 The most conspicuous sight he saw
 Was a nigger and a mule.

Favorite Drink
 Ice Water

Favorite Dish
 Yankee Beans



Flower
 Snow Ball

Color
 Navy Blue

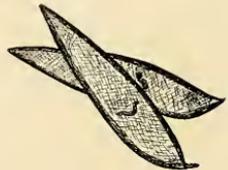
Chief Object
 "To sit on all who sit on us"

THORNTON

NELSON

FITCH

BURCH





Sigma Delta Phi

Motto

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not again"

Flower

Daisy

Favorite Question

"What's she going to do about it?"

Colors

Gold and White

Call Whistle

"That's what the Daisy says"

Favorite Expression

"'Tis, too"

Chosen Place of Meeting

On the Fire Escape

Time of Meeting

Twelve o'clock, Tuesday night

MEMBERS

	EDITH O'KEEFE	CORNELIA FIELD	
ALLIE FELKER	ISABEL NUNNALLY		EM ELDRIDGE
	MARY ANDERSON	CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS	

HONORARY MEMBERS

"EM" "FELLERS" "LOU" "MIKE" "JIM" "CHAP" "MAC"

THE BULL DOGS



Colors

Crimson and Gold

Motto

Bull dogs delight to bark and bite
For 'tis their nature to

Kennel

R. S. H. 23



EUGENIA FULLER.....*Grand Barker*
AMELIA GEORGE.....*Collector of Bones*

LILLIAN AKIN
SARAH BROCKENBROUGH
LILL PHILLIPS

CORINNE MCCOMBS
MILDRED DICKSON SADIE MAGILL
JULIA CHRISTIAN



Skid-doo

Password

S-cat

Song

“Skiddoo”—Tune: “Why don’t You Try”

Qualifications for Membership

- 1st. Age must be “23.” 2d. Skiddoo caps must be becoming.

Rule

Meet when you please but “23” when the lights go out.



The Goblin Goblins

Flower

Night Blooming Cactus

Chief Characteristic

Saying things at night

Motto

"The Proctor 'll get you if you don't watch out"

MEMBERS

KATHERINE DEAN MAUDE HILL
ELIZABETH LASSITER
LUCY REAGAN

EDITH SLOAN LILLIE BELLE BACHMANN
FLORA CROWE
ANNETTE McDONALD

Song

Once there were some Goblins
Who wouldn't go to bed,
And when they got to gabbin'
They simply lost their head.

They searched them in the closet,
They searched them in the bed,
But all they ever found of them
Was turkey bones and bread.

The Proctor heard them holler,
The neighbors heard them squall;
But when the door flew open
They were not there at all.

You'd better shut the transom,
And you'd better look about,
Or the Proctor 'll surely get you,
If you don't watch out!



Der Deutsche Koch Klubb

Motto

Essen bis alle ist gone

Incantation

Doppelt, doppelt
Netz und trouble
Feuer breunt
Und Kessel bubble

Die Köchinnen

Mary Dillard

Em Eldridge

Mattie Rylander

Louise Davidson

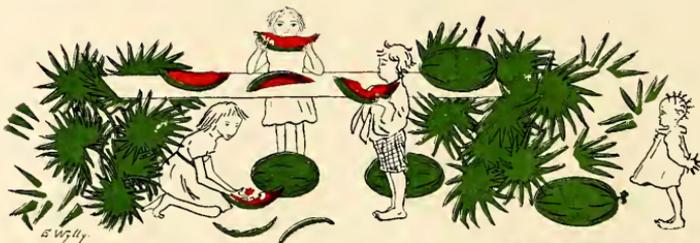
Jean Dowel

Elizabeth Harris

Marguerite Fitch

Edith O'Keefe

SOUTH GEORGIA



Motto

"Never Kick 'till you're spurred"

Colors

Red and Green

Emblem

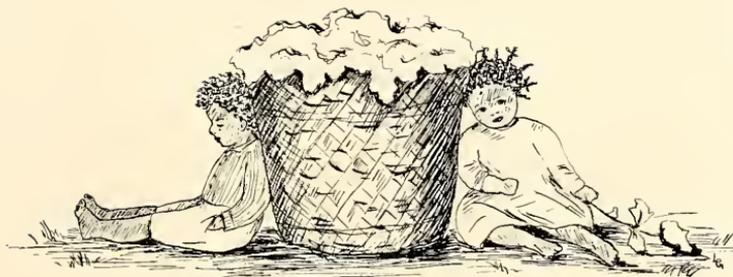
Wire grass

Meeting Place

Under the pines among the palmettoes

MEMBERS

RACHEL YOUNG	<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH WYLLY	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNETTE McDONALD	<i>Secretary</i>		
MATTIE HUNTER	EDITH LOTT	LILA WILLIAMS	
ADA WILLIAMS	EM ELDRIDGE	VERA HOLLEY	
LIZZIE MAE OLIVER	MATTIE HUNTER	MAUDE WILLIAMS	
LEAH BROWN	JESSIE KATE BRANTLEY	EMMIE McCALL	
GWEN BAILEY			



"HERE WE'RE'S"

Alabama Club

OFFICERS

I. FOSCUE	<i>President</i>
K. DEAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
E. LASSITER	<i>Secretary</i>
S. BETTS	<i>Treasurer</i>

Yell

Piccaninnies, Piccaninnies
 Sis Boom Bah,
 Alabama, Alabama,
 Alabam - a - a

Motto

There's no place like home

Song

Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow

Color

Coal Black

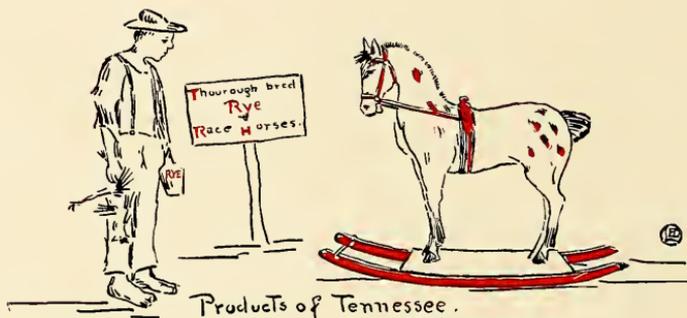
Beverage

Scuppernong wine

MEMBERS

SALLIE LeROY BETTS	MABEL CROCHERON
KATHERINE DEAN	
ADELENE DORTCH	FRANKIE ENZOR
IRENE FOSCUE	ALMON HOOPER
	JOYCE JONES
ELIZABETH LASSITER	ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE

TENNESSEE CLUB.



Motto

"Not that we love Tennessee more, but Georgia less"

Favorite Song

"Why Don't You Write When You Don't Need Money"

Colors

Freshmen Green and Senior Blue

Favorite Drink

Tate Springs Water

Patron Saint

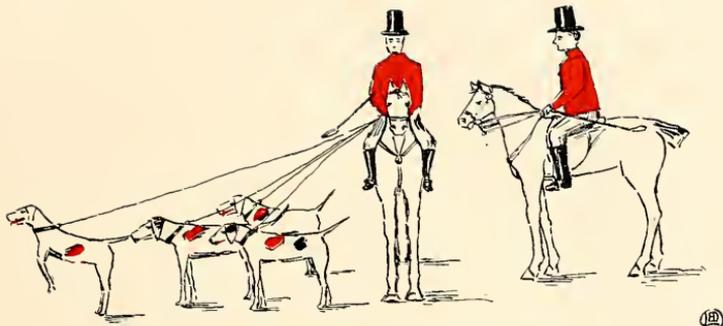
DR. GAINES

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH CURRY *President*
 SARAH BOALS *Vice-President*
 LILLIE BELLE BACHMANN *Secretary*

MEMBERS

SARAH BOALS		SADIE MAGILL
LILLIE BELLE BACHMANN		JEAN POWEL
EDITH BROWN		MARGARET McCALLIE
ELIZABETH CURRY	MARGARET WOODS	EDITH O'KEEFE
SUSIE FERGUSON		GRACE SMITH
ELEANOR FRIERSON		MARGARET SIENKNECHT
EVA BELLE JOHNSTON		DOROTHEA SNODGRASS



CAROLINA CLUB

Song

Ho! for Carolina

MEMBERS

North Carolina

LULU CROSLAND

MAMIE COUNTS

ELVA DRAKE

South Carolina

SARAH BROCKENBROUGH

EDITH SLOAN

In Union there is Strength

Extracts From Letters of a Freshman

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE,

The Land of the Brave and the Home of the Free.

February 15, 1907.

Most Adored Georgie:

I believe you asked for our customs? And so I, at least intending to do as I would be done by, shall bore—detestable word!—you with a detailed description of my “college life.” College life! Worthy of publication, isn’t it? “Life of a Freshman, by a Freshman, for Freshmen,” a guide and warning to all youthful students. Or mayhap, I should use “experience” instead of “life?” *Bien!* It is the same. Experience makes up life.

I believe, in correct order, one’s rising comes first, *n’est-ce-pas?* Well, I rise blithely anywhere between the two breakfast bells, and *possibly* I strike the dining-room before the doors are shut, infinitely more *probably*, not. If not, then I hang amiably over the banisters in forlorn hope of catching some friendly, wandering eye through the transom and when one (or two, rather) lights in kindly recognition, I put in my order. My frugal repast thus usually consists of rolls, of which I partake informally on the stairs or in the lobby.

After breakfast comes chapel, and then “torture hours.” My recitation periods are always filled with keenest anxiety and the hope of not being called upon. No, I take that back! I have become so hardened that I can go to class, my mind a perfect blank, without a tremor.

Oh, if you could have been here last night! There was a spot on the sun yesterday, and it was rumored that an earthquake would disturb the peaceful hamlet of Decatur during the night watches.—Well, I was lying awake thinking of a new dress I want next summer—and mean to get—when a clear report rang out on the night air, then another and another, as a car passed. And now I heard the mingling of voices up and down the corridors, the hurried swishing of kimonas, symptoms of hysterics along the hall, running feet, etc. Georgie, I wouldn’t have missed it for ten dollars and all my society dues paid. Speaking of society though—but that’s another story, as our darling Kipling would say.

Of course, it was me for the hall, and mingling with the motley throng, I added my voice to the clamor, heard one girl declare it the earthquake, while

another was volubly expressing her sentiments as to its being Judgment Day. Finally, they were driven back into their rooms like frightened rabbits (the girls, you understand, not the rooms), and at length morning dawned, cold and dull, to another bitter day. The problem has now been solved. Some kid from Donald Fraser, a neighboring Prep. for the training of masculine intellects as yet "in the bud," had intelligently placed some torpedoes on the track in front of the campus. Bright lad! I owe him thanks. As I said, I wouldn't have missed aforesaid scene for—was it ten dollars?

My dear Georgie, I want to tell you about "crushes," quite an important factor here. When a girl so far loses her self-respect as to cheerfully make a fool of herself over some fascinating "phantom of delight," you may safely infer she's afflicted. Georgie, they send 'em flowers (if their fathers let them run up bills), and candy, only asking in return a fleeting smile. Of course, you may develop a crush on a member of the "Fac." if you feel so disposed, it's all a matter of taste. Agnes Scott atmosphere reeks with this sentimental languishing. As I told a Tech. boy the other day, they'd better send something masculine our direction, a lot of good affection is going to waste.

I could devote a volume or so to Self (the irony of the term!) Government and the "Procs." that persistently haunt and bound our lagging footsteps. But no!

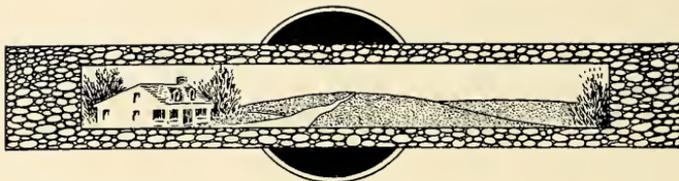
Mis' Harris, I am always your faithful

SAIRY GAMP.

* * * * *

P. S. Today is the 15th of February and I shall unearth my buried New Year's resolutions. By May I shall be pale as a forepined ghost "from excessive application."

The Proctor complains that my voice is loud. O, a most excellent thing is a gentle voice in woman!



Hamilton, U. of P. '06

DAN HAMILTON, Pennsylvania '06, walked slowly along the shaded path; out there the afternoon sun shone warmly on the dusty road. He had missed the Orland back, and the Scribore break left two long miles from the "cross roads" to the little station. It was not far now, he could see the little store, where he was going to do the household commissions, with the sign, "Rabbit Box" painted over it in glaring white letters. Suddenly his glance fell on something bright on the side of the road; he stooped over and picked up a little gold pin, diamond shaped with A. S. C. across the purple and white enamel; he turned it over, on the back were the initials E. D. T. Slipping it into his pocket he made his way peacefully on, a trifle more alert than before, perhaps.

He sauntered into the little Rabbit Box, through the side door, flung his gray coat on the "desk," and lighting his pipe settled himself comfortably on the step. The clerk, a moderately green and half grown country boy, eyed him with something of admiration, he could listen by the hour to the University ball tales; the last customer had gone, and "old man Evans" had left him in charge; he walked back to the door, grinned pleasantly, and stood in silent anticipation of the usual lore.

Not so with Hamilton, U. of P. '06, he paid small heed to the green and grinning individual, but smoking energetically, sat reflecting on the supreme idiocy of coming to this unpretentious mountain "hole" to waste away the months in idleness and door sills, door sills were his long suit down here. In the course of his meditations he presently recollected the little pin, and, holding it up for the clerk's inspection, inquired, "What does that stand for?"

That individual fingered it gingerly. "Don't know," he responded briefly. "Find it somewhere?"

"Down the road," the sitter on the steps answered lazily, as he stretched his long arms, then added, "A tiresome place this, wish I had my horse, and the dogs, and the teams, my, it would be bully—" but just as the clerk's face brightened a little boy rode up on his pony.

"Mr. Evans here?" he asked, then seeing only the green individual, he said indifferently, "but I guess you'll do. Sis lost a pin on the way up here this morning, it's a little one she had at school; it doesn't make much difference, just save it for me if you hear anything of it. I come up every day."

He was about to ride off but Dan stopped him. "May be this is the one," he said as he held it out. "I found it down there a few minutes ago."

"Yes, that's it," the youngster commented as he took it in his hand. "I'll take it back to Elisabeth, much obliged," and he started off.

"Know them?" Dan inquired, but the clerk shook his head.

"They're them Thorne folks, Judge Thorne, I guess," he answered.

"E. D. T.," Dan repeated to himself, "Elisabeth Thorne, nice name," then to the clerk as he rose to hail the hack, "Hand me my coat, will you, and you'll send those things out on the first wagon in the morning?"

He seated himself by the garrulous old driver going out. "Do you know where the Thornes are out here?" he inquired, as he gave him a cigar.

"We pass ther house," the old fellow answered. "I'll show yer when we git ter it."

It was a big place with a beautiful avenue of fine old trees; Dan could just see the big white house and he pictured to himself the girl of the pin.

And his mother noticed that he grew more interested in the neighborhood, and that he remarked to his father three times that he heard there were "some Thornes not far up there."

* * * * *

Several days later, arming himself with some magazines and plenty of tobacco, Dan wended his way to the little hill up the road where there was plenty of shade and a spring, and the grass was soft—oh my! He had read one or two things, smoked three pipes, and reflected that somehow a fellow's chances were always better in stories, when he heard steps on the other side of the rocks. Then he got up quickly, the little boy who had come to the store was saying as he pointed him out to a charming creature in a pink dress, "That's that fellow, Sis."

The charming creature, who was nothing more formidable than a very pretty girl with laughing eyes, smiled.

"You found my pin," she said, "I was very glad to get it, it was one I had at school last year." Her manner was very sweet, "I am Elisabeth Thorne, Mr. Hamilton, you see I know your name, I've met your mother."

The little boy had seen a rabbit and scampered off down the hill after him. Dan walked on down with the girl, and he forgot there was any other direction to the road until they were in front of the house; he met the big Judge, and he asked him to come back. And it suddenly occurred to Hamilton, U. of P. '06, that this place was "all to the mustard" at last.

* * * * *

And in the fall when they had gone back, there was something else engraved with E. D. T.—only there was something more.

MARY MORTISED DILLARD.







RUTH CUSHING POPE

EVERY one at Agnes Scott, not only the old girls but also the Faculty, has noticed with pride the growth, this year, of spirit between the College and the Academy. The complete separation of the Academy from the College at the beginning of the session gave rise to this spirit in the first place, but the force that brought it to its height has been athletics, and more especially basket-ball. And in basket-ball we must always think of Miss Pope as the very heart and soul of it, and we all realize that the most of the spirit is after all due to her. Not only for basket-ball, but for tennis and athletics in every form we have to thank her for her tireless energy and interest. And yet although we can not at all see how we are going to manage it, we will have to plan for next year without her. But we girls who have seen the ball started, and rolled a good way, too, will always remember the one who started it, and under this influence we hope to help keep up the work as well as it has been begun.

Athletic Association



SADIE MAGILL
President



LOUISE DAVIDSON
Vice-President



LILL PHILLIPS
Secretary and Treasurer

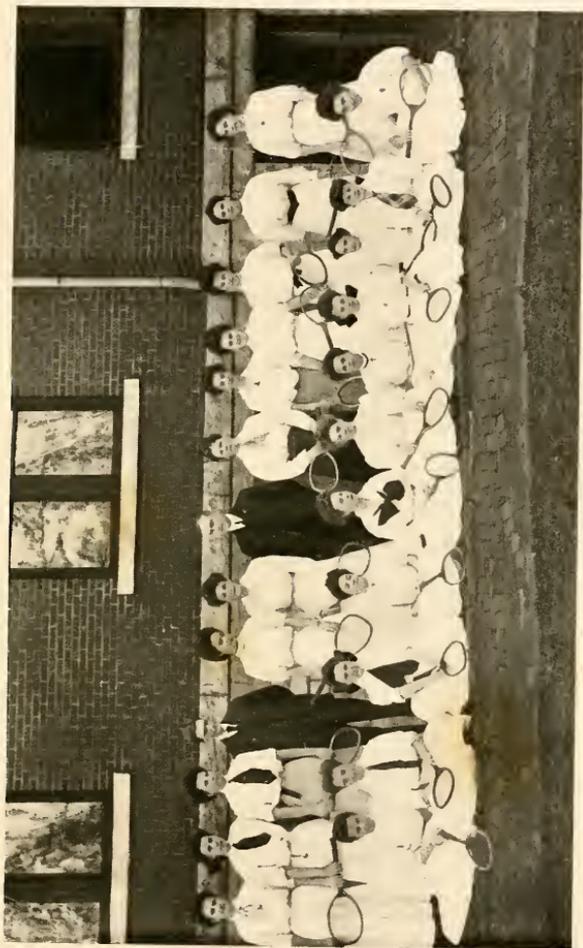
Tennis Association



SADIE MAGILL *President*
 FLORENCE LIGHT *Vice-President*
 LILL PHILLIPS *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

CORNELIA FIELD
 LOUISE DAVIDSON
 EDITH O'KEEFE
 FRANKIE ENZOR
 AGNES KIME
 ADELAIDE NELSON
 MARGUERITE FITCH
 EDITH BROWN
 LILA WILLIAMS
 ELVA DRAKE LULU CROSLAND
 LUTIE POWELL
 FLORENCE LIGHT
 DR. ARMISTEAD
 ELIZABETH CURRY
 LILLIE BELLE BACHMANN
 DR. ARBUCKLE
 HELEN BEMAN
 SADIE MAGILL
 MR. BACHMANN LILL PHILLIPS
 MR. DIECKMAN
 MATTIE HUNTER
 EDITH LOTT
 SARA BOCKENBROUGH
 BESSIE SENTELL
 LIDA CALDWELL
 GWENDOLYN BAILEY
 ADELINE DORTCH
 MARION BRUMBY



TENNIS ASSOCIATION



Golf Club

Color

Macduff Plaid

Motto

"Many a slip between the ball and the club"

SADIE MAGILL.....*President*
 ALLIE FELKER.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

DR. ARBUCKLE

I. NUNNALLY

L. PHILLIPS

S. MAGILL

A. NELSON

A. FELKER



NELSON



PHILLIPS



MUNALLY



FELKER



ARBUCKLE



MAGILL

BASKET BALL



E. W. L. Y.

Yell

Ya, ya, yee, double dum dee,
Dicky dack, hicky pack
Hi go ree,
College, College—A. S. C. !



M. FITCH
Captain



MARY KNIGHT
Mascot



G. BAILEY
Manager

M. FITCH
A. NELSON
L. PHILLIPS

LINE-UP

Forwards
Guards
Centers

S. MAGILL
E. DRAKE
A. MOORE



COLLEGE BASKET BALL TEAM

Phillips

Nelson

Drake

Moore

Fitch

Knight

Magill

College Scrub Team

Yell

Teeker, toeker, tiah!
 Hannibal! Goliah!
 Friccased! calibub!
 We're it—College Scrub!



DAVIDSON, *Captain*



Mascot
 MCKINNEY GASH

Barker
 "TEDDY"



POWELL, *Manager*

LINE-UP

C. STUART	<i>Forwards</i>	L. S. DAVIDSON
A. DORTCH	<i>Centers</i>	E. FRIERSON
V. CRANE	<i>Guards</i>	M. RYLANDER



COLLEGE SCRUB TEAM

Dortch

Crane
Davidson

Stewart
Rylander

Frierson

Irregular Soliloquy of the Irregulars

(With all due apologies to Shakespeare.)

Farewell! a long farewell to Senior greatness!
This is the state of us: one day we put forth
The hope our "sheep-skin" to achieve; the morrow came to A. S. C.
And visions of great honor rose before us;
The next day came the Fac., the cruel Fac.,
And when we thought, poor erring ones,
Our Course to end like lightning, they said "NO,"
And killed our hopes as dead as Dido. We had ventured,
Like little fledgling birds that leave their nests
And think to soar at once into the clouds,
But far beyond our strength—our high-blown pride
At length broke under us, and now has left us
Out of a Regular Class, to the rude mercy
Of the Regulars, who must forever chide us.
Sad fate and fortune of our lot, we hate ye:
We find our hopes entombed. O, how wretched
Are we poor ones who thought to win the favor of the Fac.!
There is betwixt the "new girl," and the Course she would aspire to
A dread number from their midst that doth examine her:
And should she fail to pass, she fails as we did,
Never to hope again. B. L. S.



GRINDS

Calendar 1906-07



September 20—Louise Chick arrives.
October 1—Red ties appear.
October 13—Irene Foscue receives her trunk.
November 15—Caroline Caldwell demands Senior privileges.
November 26—Mr. Bachmann arrives.
November 30—Faculty entertains Students.
December 1—Miss Phillips loses Miss Smith's original notes on Bennett (?).
December 3—Miss Denny attends Vanderbilt ball game.

December 5—English D girls hand themes in on time.
December 7—Howard Arbuckle cuts a tooth.
December 12—Lizabel Saxon missed half a question.
December 14—Freshmen paint the "disinsecting house".
December 16—Miss Denny leaves dining-room without visiting different tables.
January 5—Miss Appleyard loses her medicine case.
January 6—One Southern train on time.
January 12—Miss Darrow introduces a new song in Chapel.
January 25—Adelaide Nelson rides the bear.
January 30—Sophs. paint the tank.
February 4—Street Fair.
February 27—Miss Massie admits the possibility of one defect in Roosevelt.
March 3—Miss Young not heard to sigh.
March 15—Miss Cook fails to give table instructions.
March 24—Miss MacSwain goes to prayer meeting.
April 5—Mr. Armstrong agrees with "the author."
April 7—"Mac" speaks in language intelligible to the common herd.
May 29—Dr. Gaines forgets to mention Agnes Scott Ideals.



A Joint Faculty Meeting

SCENE—*Sitting-room. Teachers seated about talking, doors securely closed but transoms open.*

TIME—*Early candle-light.*

Dr. Gaines, rising slowly drags his foot out of the waste-paper basket and pounds vociferously on the table with a book and roars in thundering tones:

"Let us have quiet!"—*A sickening silence.*

Dr. Armistead rises, nervously fingering his record book:

"Is it time to call the roll and read the minutes?"

Dr. Gaines nods assent.

Dr. Armistead: "Miss Alexander."

Miss McKinney: "We are here."

Dr. Armistead: "Miss Denny."

Miss Darrow: "She has not returned from the Vanderbilt ball game."

Dr. Armistead: "Miss Cook."

Miss Cook: "I am here as I have been for eighteen years."

Dr. Armistead: "Mr. Dieckman."

Silence. Whisper heard through transom.

Dr. Gaines (with lowering brow): "Mr. Thompson, will you tell Mr. Dieckman and Miss Phillips that faculty meeting is convened?"

Exit Mr. Thompson.

Miss Young sighs.

Roll call proceeds to the finish.

Dr. Arbuckle rises suddenly: "I would like to suggest—"

Dr. Armistead (with a sideways turn of the mouth): "Just a minute, please—the minutes."

Minutes are read.

Dr. Arbuckle rises again: "Well, as I was going to suggest—"

Miss McKinney: "Wait a minute, Dr. Arbuckle, but I must bring up this matter about Caroline Caldwell's work. The girls have reported to me that she has entirely too much to do."

Miss MacSvain: "She does have a hard time with her French."

Dr. Arbuckle: "Well, I should say about that—"

Miss McKinney: "And then, too, I do want to tell you all about this Freshman Class. They are the most absolutely frivolous and uninteresting class that has ever been here. Every one of them ought to be compelled to go to study-hall and I doubt seriously if a single one can pass. If this thing keeps up I shall be compelled to take some step in regard to student government."

Dr. Armistead (striving towards witticism): "Well, they're pretty.

'Where youth and beauty meet,

Wisdom is but rare!"

you know." *The faculty kindly laugh.*

Dr. Gaines: "Let us have quiet. We have some weighty questions to discuss. Now this thing of letting the girls attend any church and asking Methodist women preachers out here to talk to them."

Dr. Arbuckle: "Well, as I have been trying to tell you for the last half hour, Mrs. Sienknecht has written here that that child of hers doesn't get enough to eat."—(*Audible titter.*)

Miss Hopkins: "Er—yes, yes, I will report that to Miss MacKenzie."

Miss Smith: "I thought possibly it might be in order to ask how I can get the girls to bring their Professor Bennett grammars to class."

Miss Cook: "Yes, the girls have very little respect for gov-ern-ment."

Dr. Arbuckle: "In connection with dining-room affairs, I'd like to say that that rule about the doors closing twelve minutes after the bell has to be stopped. It doesn't give time for all my family to get in."

Mr. Armstrong: "Well, I have a complaint, too. I do certainly wish that some plan could be found whereby a class could be so conducted as to do away with this difficulty of the girls' trying to discuss whole topics and not giving the teacher a chance to talk."

(*Miss Armstrong smiles significantly.*)

Dr. Arbuckle begins a wrangling with Miss McKinney on student government. Rest of the faculty settle for a long nap. Whistle blows.

Dr. Gaines grumbles ominously: "And to think I haven't gotten in about the Sophomores' painting that tank yet!" (*Loudly*) "Dr. Arbuckle, the whistle has blown, I believe."

(*All start up suddenly and rush out.*)

Dr. Gaines (as the last vanishes): "The meeting is adjourned."

Limericks

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Maid one,
Maid won,
Made one.

Several girls are contemplating a *Track Club*. Only girls with a *broad understanding* eligible.

To hear "Ain't it funny?" fifty times a day finally becomes pathetic. See M. S.

X.: "Now a crush on the V. Glee Club would not be as silly as some "

Y.: "You *are* right."

A.: "Why is it a rule not to use a pony in class?"

B.: "It will throw you on exams."

John Magill,
Attentive rush,
Stricken girl,
Awful crush.

Once a Senior of wisdom profound,
Sat sternly on all around,
Till one frosty morning,
Without any warning,
Sarah even sat on the ground!

Song of the "Trigites"

Nobody works but the Newtons,
The rest don't try at all;
Always going to parties,
And running 'round the hall.

A few get up pretty early,
But not quite soon enough,
Nobody works but the Newtons,
And they're the real stuff.

When the bell at six does clang,
Calmly notes of slumber twang,
And the music of my snore
Continues rumbling as before.

Has Miss Watkins addressed another letter to—"Dear Mama?"

Every morning bright and early,
Sometimes cheery, sometimes surly,
Miss Edith with her eagle eye,
Sets out each speck of dust to spy.

In the gentle game of basket-ball,
The vigorous contact with the wall
Has caused a resolution,
That next year's team long gloves shall wear,
And instead of our skins the scraping bear
In willing substitution.



The A. S. C. Poultry Yard

Guide (conducting strangers through the domains of Agnes Scott): "And now, friends, if you will just turn this way for a moment, you will see one of the most unique features of this great institution. Here is our A. S. C. poultry yard, unequalled for the rare superiority of its specimens.

"In the first division we see that splendid and noble bird, the Crane. I beg only to call your attention to its lustrous dark eyes, its stately tread as it prances back and forth, and its splendid and lordly manner of devouring food.

"Next to it we see that bird of midnight, the Crow, the finest specimen this side of the Atlantic. This bird is of a remarkably amicable disposition, but I should warn the children in the party not to disturb it in any way, lest it emit those harsh and grating cries that cause those who attend it to flee in terror and bitter agony.

"The next compartment holds the beautiful and gentle Drake. Watch it as it waddles to and fro. Its mild blue eyes bespeak its sweet temperament. It will never utter anything worse than gentle and ladylike quacks. But do not for one moment presume that the germs of ire are entirely lost in this fowl. If enraged, it will endeavor fiercely to hurt the offender, yes, it will even peck him.

"The last of this rare collection is the superb little specimen of a Chick. Only Miss Cook can remember when it came here—a mere little slip of a pullet—and it has developed under careful training into this magnificent fowl—not large, it is true, but peerless in its form. Only see how it runs about scratching nervously here and there and snapping viciously at particles of food matter. Probably the most interesting fact about the Chick is that it is in a peculiar sense a sacred fowl, dedicated to the use of her Holiness the Pope; and, strange as it may seem, it appears to cherish in its chicken way a most ardent and frantic affection for its right reverend possessor.

"The peace in the poultry yard is exceptional. Once, indeed, when we attempted to keep the Drake and the Chick together, there was a struggle whose horror is nowhere rivalled on the page of history, and a speedy separation was effected. Since then the animosity seems to have abated entirely and we have no trouble in their management."

Oh, hie thee to Miss Appleyard
If thou hast any ill;
She'll fetch a glass of water quick
And poke down thee a pill.

That pill is of a coal black hue,
Its size does all defy;
But 'tis not thine to murmur now,
'Tis but to take—and die.



Does all the Bible Class know the meaning of "diatheca?" Say "No" on peril of another explanation.

Yet after this I. F. was heard to ask in the last frantic instant before the beginning of class, "*Who* was Diatheca?"

Facetious friend: "Why, don't you know? He was the man that translated the Bible into Sanskrit."

I. F. (in superior manner): "Oh, no! that was Dionysius Exiguus."

Miss Smith upon her hobby, Bennett,
Could ride at such a pace,
The girls upon their trusted ponies
Could scarcely stand the race.

Edith O'Keefe (after first lesson in French): "*Je ne sais pas? Je ne sais pas?*" (With an indignant look) "Why don't you answer my question?"

College girl (after the Academy had won the basket-ball game): "We are right proud of our Academy."

Academy girl: "Huh! Wish we could say the same of the College."

Dorothea: "Studying is the *biggest* bore."

Went to Agnes,
Joined the Six,
Played one game
And crossed the Styx.

The Automatic Rhyming Machine

Almost any day or night may be seen
Rhyming Ruthie and flowering Jean,
 Tearing their hair,
 And filling the air
With cries that make one purple and green
(They're the Automatic Rhyming Machine.)

Full sixteen wigs they use a week,
They pull their noses, their ears they tweak,
 For Sophomore rhymes
 And basket-ball hymns
They bite their thumbs and loudly shriek
(And act, on the whole, like a well-bred freak.)

The rhymes then come in a steady stream,
The Sophs. are contented, the girls serene;
 But they litter the ground
 With their locks of brown,
And rend the air with their agonized scream
(But the rhymes roll out by the quire and the ream.)



There was a little girl
 Who was working in the Lab :
 There was a great combustion.
 Now there's a marble slab.

Dining-Room Scene.

The Complicators.

Hey diddle-de-diddle
 The cat and the fiddle,
 Twelve minutes allowed to get in !
 The girls all laugh
 At the Faculty's craft,
 And the rush for the seats begin.

Hey diddle-de-diddle
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The dining-room doors close now.
 Outside, too late,
 The teachers all wait :
 Alike to their fate
 They must bow.

In order to make some alteration
 In affairs that needed amelioration,
 We formed a club
 And all the hub-bub
 Was the result of much "complication."

Oh! a new crush
 An awful rush
 For candy, flowers, and things.
 The girl? A pearl.
 Her name? the same
 Whose praise the very air rings.
 She's athletic,
 And magnetic,
 She's well known in our school.
 Sad heart, keep still
 'Tis John Magill—
 Oh well—one more poor fool.

Ode to that Far-Renowned Animal, the Eight-legged Centipede of A. S. C.

Oh, here's to the Sophomoric Centipede
 That nightly careens through the halls.
 It's noted well for its wonderful speed
 And the tone of its howl when it bawls.
 Its tail resembles a bath towel white,
 And is tied with a ribbon red ;
 Its ears are long and " something tight,"
 And on peanuts and olives it's fed.
 It ambles along with its keeper small,
 The president of class naught nine,
 While the girls all follow it up the hall
 In a most excited line.

In Topsy Turvy Land

G IRL (running out of Miss Hopkins's office with one hand raised. To teachers congregated about register): "Aw, teachers, I just must have quiet here, I am surprised. I can not understand this at all. Do you know there are classes going on in these recitation rooms? I shall have to deprive you of your privileges if this loud talking in the hall continues. You had better not stay out here if you can't keep quiet." Teachers slink limply away.

In the Lab. Dr. Arbuckle, weary with many hours of fruitless toil, vainly struggling with complicated apparatus. Girl enters; looks critically at him; doubles over in convulsive laughter: "Now will you please tell me what this thing is for? Can't you see that this will never work in the world? Why, you could have done this experiment in half an hour if you had only fixed this thing right."

Dr. Arbuckle: "Oh-h-h! I burnt my *hand*!"

Girl (in great amusement): "What? Well, that doesn't matter if you didn't break the test-tube."

At the table. Stella Julian (heaping a plate to overflowing): "I know Miss Cook." A little later. Stella (sternly): "Miss Cook, will you please help yourself and pass things on?"

Special Composition Class. Girl (reading aloud before all the teachers Dr. Armistead's theme which is his pet production and greatest pride): "Dr. Armistead, this writing is worse than ever." (Assumes dramatic attitude. Places finger at side of nose). "It is utterly beyond me to decipher such hieroglyphics. The expression is pret-ty good, but the material—Why, Dr. Armistead, it is really Sophomoric. I hope you will have something better for me next time." Dr. Armistead chokes back the bitter, briny tears, and looks away.

Girl (in earnest conversation with Miss Massie): "Miss Massie, let me advise you urgently to marry. Don't be a school teacher. Get married, get married."

Breakfast table. Girl (looking excitedly down the table): "I simply can not see why Miss McKinney can't get to breakfast. It is out of the question to overlook this. She knows very well that she ought, under no circumstances to miss

her breakfast and why she persists in doing it, I can not understand. I shall certainly see her about this." Miss McKinney hears of it later and is there before the doors open the next morning.

In Math. Class. Girl (heaving a heart-rending, soul-blasting sigh): "Oh, Miss Young, I *did* think you would see that. I did *hope* that this time you wouldn't take the longest way you could possibly find. Why *will* you *always* do that?" (Gazes at her with a grief and despair beyond expression.)

Killed by Annual Staff as a regular State Club because of several Academic members

Good friend, for Louisiano's sake we bear
To have our nomes engraven here. --
Distressed we be, we make our moons,
But the Annual Staff are firm as stones.

Not dead nor yet sleeping

LOUISIANA CLUB

Bessie Sentell, Pres.	Cornelia Cross
Mildred Dickson, Sec. Treas	Eulolie Sentell
Evelyn Norwood	Maccie Hoos
Mary Norwood	Agusta Sherord



The Freshmen had a little class
It took its little pen
And on the "Disinsecting house,"
It painted 1910.

The letters P. H. O. !
When morning came, the Sophomores saw
How it would look below,
The night was dark, they could not tell.

And now to all the Freshies young
This kind advice we slip,—
Before they try to paint again
They should take penmanship.

A SOPH.

There is a girl whose love of noise
By far outweighs her love of boys,
She'll ride the bear,
Climb tanks in air,
And roll huge trunks like childish toys.

There is a girl at A. S. C.
Who can not tell an A from a B,
But if you asked her what she said
After she had gone to bed,
She would answer with a blush,
"Nothing, nothing, but my crush."

History teacher: "Lillian, what was the date of the Norman Conquest?"
Lillian, absently, with a far-away look: "1575 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida."

The rats and mice were having a feast
Of peanuts and of candle-grease,
When the occupants of number one
Hurled a shoe like the shot of a gun,
 But missed the mark,
 And Oh, just hark!
How the Japanese lady slid down the wall,
And everything crashed in an awful fall.

J. J.

At Agnes Scott there lived a maid,
A studious girl, supremely staid.
Self-government got a-hold of her
And made a Proc. so bold of her
She's now of none afraid
 Even at close range.
Each night she ventures bravely out,
And like a never-shirking scout
She hies girls to their downy couch,
And for their staying there she'll vouch,
She makes a useful Proc. no doubt,
 But what a change!

In the Dining-Room

Listen to these warning words
Which sadly I relate:
Better never come at all
 Than come twelve minutes late!

Agnes Scott has enjoyed a special privilege this year in having the famous Snodgrass Dramaticles running through the entire season. The star and manager, Snodgrass, is a rare genius and can carry into the most every-day affairs of life the shrieking, blood-curdling, tragedy-queen act.

The SILHOUETTE would tender its sympathy to H. M. T., the unoffending but hapless victim of the Snodgrass Dramaticles.

There was a young lady named Allie,
In the realms of hysterics she'd sally,
Until the girls all
In Rebekah Scott Hall,
Together to bump her did rally.

There was a crush epidemic,
Both college and academic,
Which threatened the lot of Agnes Scott
To turn to something—we dare not think what!

At the art exhibit.—Mary (second year Art girl): "Elizabeth, where are some of Chase's pictures?"

E.: "You are looking at one right now."

Mary, (after gazing at it attentively some seconds): "Well, why do they call it 'Chase's picture'?"

There was a professor called "Arm,"
Who wished the opossums to charm.
He came to a creek
Across tried to leap!!!—
The splash did the fishes great harm.

Agnes Kime on a Friday night
Did her roommate wish to fight,
But turning the corner she fell on her nose,
And there the next morning a bump did repose,
Securely and surely on that very same nose!

The Freshmen at Agnes Scott
Once thought they would do a lot,
They kicked up a row,
And now they know how
To appreciate what they are not.

At the Street Fair

Said the lady from Kalamazoo
To the two-headed lady in blue,
 "I sure beg your pardon,
 But I'll speak to the warden,
If you step any more on my shoe."

Romeo and Juliet (A Bear Tale)

Dear little Juliet, don't be so frantic,
For when I embrace you, 'tis only an antic.
 I know I'm a bear,
 But I'm sure you don't care,
Besides that, the Sophomores are always romantic.

Be wise—you'll not regret
That you did get "THE SILHOUETTE."

E.: "What would you rather have than anything in the world?"

D.: "A check from home—no—a cut on Math."

Apologies to Shakespeare

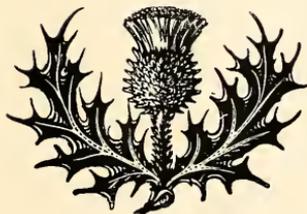
A desire above all earthly dignities—
 To pass exams.

What horrors these tests be!

 Dire thou art and dreadful
And shalt be what art reputed.
Yet do I fear the outcome.
Thou art too full of the dire impossible
To give success: thou wouldst not flunk us;
Art not too difficult
We should have, O exam., that which
Cries, "Thus must thou do if thou pass
Than rather desire thy work be undone."
Hie thee hence that I may rest in peace
Or conquer with the wealth of my energy
All that impedes me from the coveted mark.

The Fall of the Sophomoric Centipede

At the Street Fair, the Centipede
Was surely "just the thing."
The Freshmen and the Juniors,
He had them on his string,
But now, alas! that time has passed,
He crawls where once he soared—
Miss Young is using him to point
Out figures on the board!



Are You Hungry?

*You want Tuesday's menu for your perusal?
Why, we have just about the same as usual.
Wednesday's dinner, I hear you ask,
O, nothing different—no very hard task.
Thursday's fare, if you implore,
Is about the same as the day before.
Friday? Alas, the old refrain,
Dear friends, it is still the same, same, same.
I do not know how you will feel,
But Saturday duplicates Friday's meal.
Sunday mid-meal is very good fare,
Week day food with a touch here and there.
But—Monday dinner for you rehearse?
A change? Yes, a slight change for the worse!*

[Edited by D. Snodgrass out of the fulness thereof of a year's experience.]

THANKS

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the following persons :: ::

Miss Brownie Huson
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Miss Mabel McKowen
Miss Lucile Goodloe
Mr. Heron Sloan
Miss Louise Lewis
Rev. John I. Armstrong





THE END





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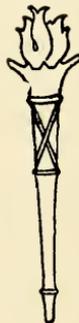
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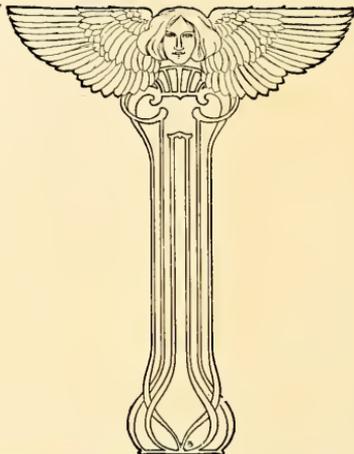
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