

Silhouette

MCMVIII





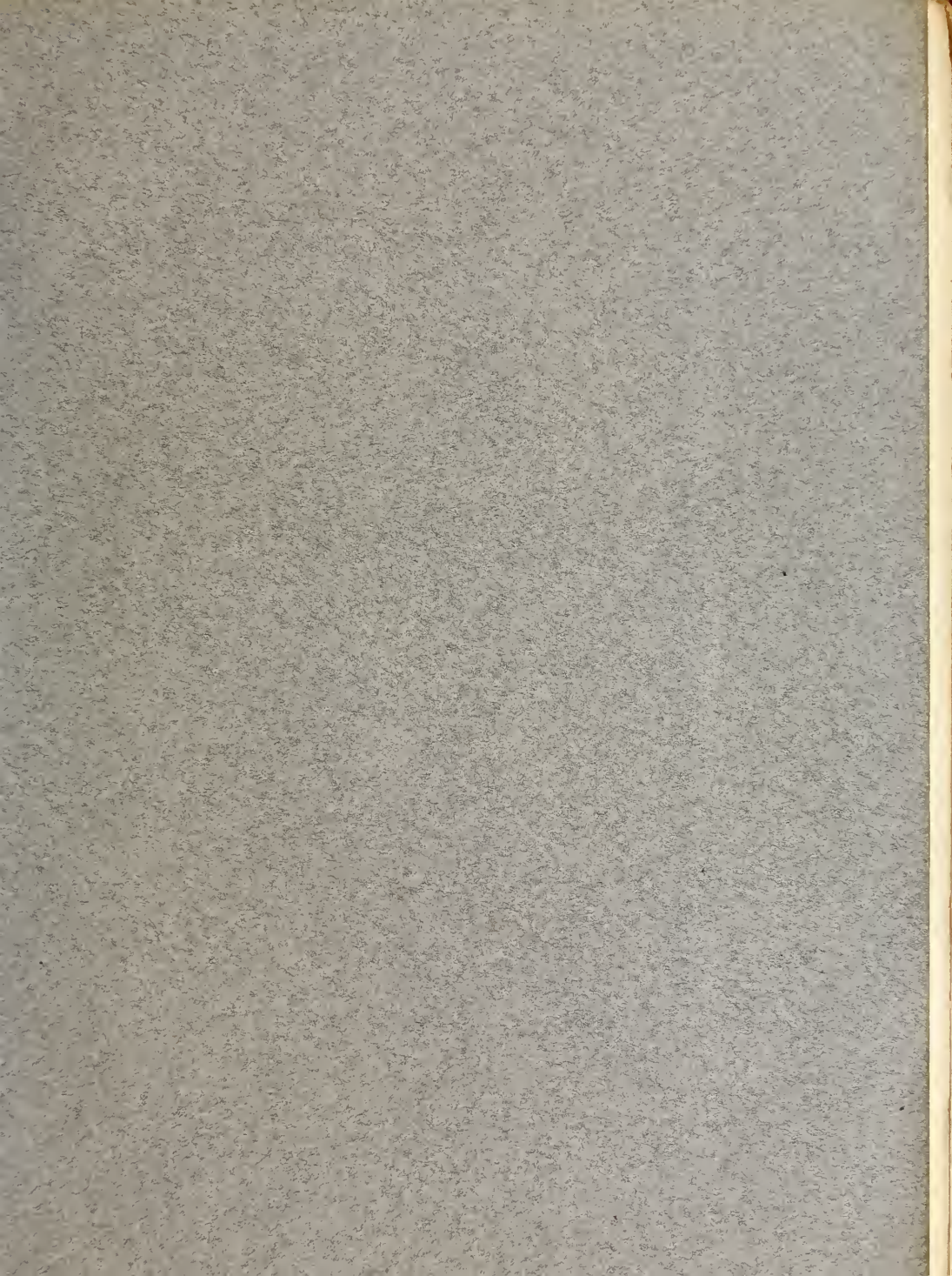
AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE
THE WORLD FOR WOMEN

Gift of

Julia Thompson Gibson

MCCAIN LIBRARY







1908

SILHOUETTE

A.S.C.

VOLUME VI

Published by
The Students of Agnes Scott College
DECATUR, GEORGIA



	PAGE
AURORA STAFF.....	49
GROUP	50
BOARD OF TRUSTEES.....	10
DEDICATION	4
FACULTY	11-13
GREETING	7
SILHOUETTE STAFF.....	8
GROUP	9
SENIOR CLASS.....	15
ROLL	16
HISTORY	17
POEM	19
JUNIOR CLASS.....	23
ROLL	24
HISTORY.....	25
GROUP	26-27
POEM	28
SOPHOMORE CLASS.....	29
ROLL	30
GROUP	31
HISTORY	32
POEM	34
FRESHMAN CLASS.....	35
ROLL	36
GROUP	37
HISTORY	38
POEM	39
AGNES SCOTT ACADEMY.....	46
MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.....	54
GROUP	55

CONTENTS—CONTINUED

	PAGE
PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.....	56
GROUP	57
Y. W. C. A.....	63
GROUP	64
CLUBS	65
BULL DOGS.....	67-69
COMPLICATORS	73
DRAMATIC CLUB.....	80-81
FUDGE MAKERS.....	77
E Δ Σ.....	74-75
Σ Σ GROUP.....	72
Σ Δ Φ.....	70
S. A. R. (?).....	76
SNAP SHOTS.....	20, 21, 40, 58, 83, 109
SOPH. MINUS CLUB.....	82
STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION.....	51
TAR HEELS.....	78
THE TRUMPS.....	71
TOY SYMPHONY.....	79
MISCELLANY:	
A DAY AT AGONY SCOTT.....	88
A DISH OF FUDGE.....	59
ADVERTISEMENTS	113
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.....	92
BASKET BALL.....	96-99
CALENDAR	62
DR. MARTIN.....	48
GRINDS	103-107
GYMNASIUM	93
HARD TIMES— <i>Poem</i>	89
HOCKEY TEAM.....	94
GROUP	95
MAUD MONTGOMERY.....	90
MEMORIAL	110
RUNAWAY GIRL.....	85
SKATING RINK.....	102
TENNIS ASSOCIATION.....	100
THE QUEEN'S CLOAK.....	41
THE WIND— <i>Poem</i>	108
TO THE COLLEGE DEAN— <i>Poem</i>	14
ÜBERALL.....	84
WHERE JOY IS FOUND— <i>Poem</i>	47

Dedicated to

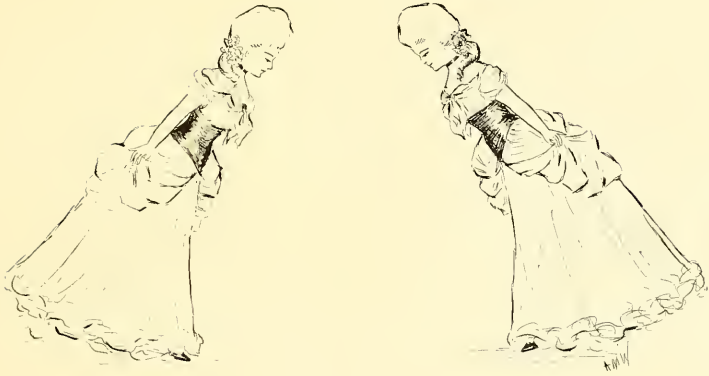
John Irvine Armstrong

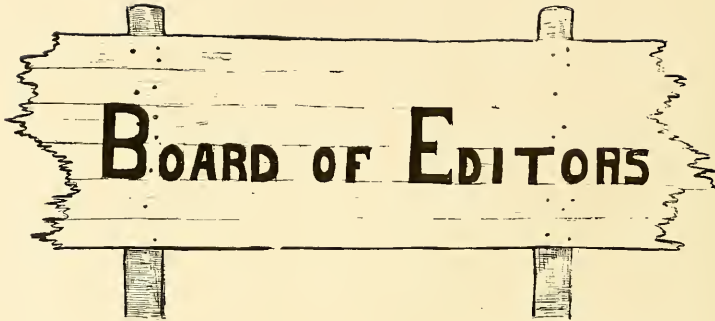
whose kindly sympathy and constant
influence for our happiness and
best interests have endeared
him as friend to the girls
of
Agnes Scott



JOHN I. ARMSTRONG

GREETING.





EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

ELVA DRAKE

MARY DILLARD

BUSINESS MANAGERS

LILLIAN PHILLIPS

LUTIE POWELL

ART EDITORS

ANNE WADDELL

LOUISE DAVIDSON

LOUISE PAYNE

MARGUERITE FITCH

ATHLETIC EDITORS

ADELAIDE NELSON

GAMALIEL DIXON

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MAUDE HILL

RUTH MARION

KATHERINE DEAN

DOROTHEA SNODGRASS

LIZZABEL SAXON

GERALDINE HOOD

JEANNETTE BROWN

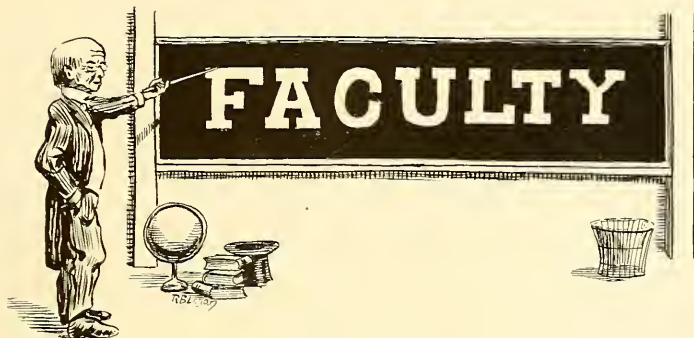
MATTIE HUNTER



MARION	WADSWELL	FITCH	DAVIDSON	NELSON	PAYNE	DEAN	HILL
	DIXON			SINGMASTER	SAXON	BRAWN	HUNTER
				PHILLIPS	DILLARD	BRAKE	
							HOOD

Board of Trustees

S. M. INMAN, Chairman.....	Atlanta
F. H. GAINES, D. D.	Decatur
C. M. CANDLER.....	Decatur
J. G. PATTON, D. D.....	Decatur
THERON H. RICE, D. D.....	Atlanta
GEORGE B. SCOTT.....	Decatur
MILTON A. CANDLER.....	Decatur
W. S. KENDRICK, M. D.....	Atlanta
J. K. ORR.....	Atlanta
JOHN J. EAGAN.....	Atlanta
L. C. MANDEVILLE.....	Carrollton, Ga.
W. L. LINGLE, D. D.....	Atlanta



F. H. GAINES, D. D.
PRESIDENT

XANNETTE HOPKINS
DEAN

M. LOUISE MCKINNEY
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

NANNIE R. MASSIE
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

MARY L. CADY, B. A., M. A.
(Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, University of Berlin)
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR HISTORY AND PROFESSOR OF GREEK

ANNA I. YOUNG
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS AND ASTRONOMY

H. B. ARBUCKLE, M. A., PH. D.
(Hamden-Sidney College, Johns Hopkins University)
PROFESSOR CHEMISTRY, BIOLOGY AND GEOLOGY

J. D. M. ARMISTEAD, B. A., PH. D.
(Washington and Lee University)
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

LILLIAN S. SMITH, B. A., PH. D.
(Syracuse University, Cornell University)
PROFESSOR OF LATIN

JOHN I. ARMSTRONG, M. A., B. D.
(Hampden-Sidney College, Union Theological Seminary, Va.)
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND BIBLE

BERTHA E. TREBEIN, B. A., M. A.
(Wellesley College, Student University of Berlin)
PROFESSOR OF GERMAN

SUSAN A. COLTON
(University of Paris, 1903-05)
PROFESSOR OF FRENCH

MARY T. MARTIN, M. D.
(Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, New England Hospital, Boston)
RESIDENT PHYSICIAN AND PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE

A. MAUD MONTGOMERY
(Graduate Boston Normal School of Gymnastics)
PHYSICAL DIRECTOR

JOSEPH MACLEAN
DIRECTOR PIANO, MUSICAL HISTORY AND HARMONY

C. W. DIECKMANN
PIANO

FELIX HEINK
PIANO

HELEN WATKINS
PIANO AND MUSICAL HISTORY

CLEMENTINE MacGREGOR
PIANO AND THEORY

MARGUERITE BARTHOLOMEW
PIANO

EDITH BARTHOLOMEW
ORGAN

RUTH DARROW
VOICE

LILLIAN MacARTHUR
VOICE

THEODORA MORGAN
VIOLIN

LOUISE G. LEWIS
ART AND ART HISTORY

SHATTEEN MITCHELL
EXPRESSION

W. S. KENDRICK, M. D.
CONSULTANT PHYSICIAN

MARY APPELYARD
GRADUATE NURSE
(Intendant of Infirmary)

MRS. A. R. MAYS
Housekeeper

EDITH P. APPELYARD
MATRON

MINNIE M. DAVIS
SECRETARY

MARION BUCHER
LIBRARIAN

MAUDE HILL
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

EUPHEMIA YOUNG
SUPERINTENDENT OF PRACTICE

LIZZABEL SAXON
ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF PRACTICE

R. M. FARRAR
STEWARD

B. M. BACHMAN
BOOKKEEPER

To the College Dean

Who is the little Freshman's friend?
Who tells her how her time to spend,
To drive away the homesick fears?
Or, failing this, who dries her tears?
Miss Hopkins.

Who takes the bolder Soph in hand,
Restrains the onslaught of her band,
Rebukes her when she grows *too* rank,
And pardons when she climbs the tank?
Miss Hopkins.

Who smiles upon the Junior true,
And helps her with her honors new,
Wherein she's dressed for future strife
In government of college life?
Miss Hopkins.

Who lends her aid to Seniors' fair?
Extends to them example rare
Of womanly devotion sweet,
In duty's path to guide the feet?
Miss Hopkins.

Who is the Faculty's mainstay?
Who helps to drive dull care away?
Makes schedules, sets the laws to work,
And keeps all going without jerk?
Miss Hopkins.

Then here's to the College Dean,
We'll give her three times three;
In all the powers that govern us
There's none so true as she.

JUNIOR BANQUET. 1907.



Senior Class

MOTTO: Ohne hast, aber ohne rast

COLORS: Red and White

FLOWER: Camation

FIRST TERM

KATHARINE DEAN	PRESIDENT
CHARLOTTE RAMSPECK	VICE-PRESIDENT
LILLIAN PHILLIPS	SECRETARY
JEANNETTE BROWN	TREASURER

SECOND TERM

CHARLOTTE RAMSPECK	PRESIDENT
LILLIAN PHILLIPS	VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHARINE DEAN	SECRETARY
LIZZABEL SAXON	TREASURER
JEANNETTE BROWN	POET

MEMBERS

JEANNETTE BROWN	LILLIAN PHILLIPS
LOUISE CHICK	LOLAH PARHAM
KATHARINE DEAN	CHARLOTTE RAMSPECK
ELVA DRAKE	LIZZABEL SAXON
MAUD HILL	ROSE WOOD

HONORARY MEMBERS

MR. ARMSTRONG	DR. ARMISTEAD
JOSEPHINE McSWAIN BRASEALE	

Jeannette Hays Brown, B. A., M. L. S.,
Atlanta, Georgia

"She cometh unto you with a tale that withholdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."

Historian Class '06-'07; Shonts' Prize Writer, '06-'07; Treasurer Class '07-'08; Manager Toy Symphony Club, '07-'08; Associate Editor "Silhouette," '07-'08.



Louise Shipp Chick, B. A., P. L. S.,
McRae, Georgia

"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!"

Katharine Dean, M. L. S.,
Opelika, Alabama

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

Secretary Class '04-'05; Treasurer Class '05-'06; Treasurer Class '06-'07; Marshal of Student Government Association, '06-'07; Secretary Class '06-'07; Vice-President Class '06-'07; President of Class '07-'08; Secretary Class '07-'08; Vice-President M. L. S., '06-'07, '07-'08; President of M. L. S., '06-'07; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '07-'08; Associate Editor of "Silhouette," '07-'08; Executive Committee of Student Government Association, '07-'08; Secretary Class '07-'08.



Sophie Elva Drake, B. A., M. L. S.,
Bennettsville, South Carolina

"The best of prophets of the future is the past."

Secretary Class '06-'07, President Class '06-'07; Vice-President M. L. S., '06-'07; President M. L. S., '06-'07; Member Executive Committee, '06-'07; Associate Editor "Silhouette," '06-'07; Basket-Ball Team, '06-'07; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '07-'08; President Student Government Association, '07-'08; Co-Editor-in-Chief "Silhouette," '07-'08; Shonts' Prize Writer, '07-'08.

Maud Barker Hill, B. A., M. L. S.,
Tignall, Georgia

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

Treasurer M. L. S., '05-'06, '06-'07; Secretary Class '05-'06; Vice-President Class '05-'06; President M. L. S., '06-'07, '07-'08; Assistant Business Manager "Silhouette," '07; Secretary M. L. S., '06-'07; Critic M. L. S., '06-'07; Vice-President M. L. S., '06-'07; Vice-President of Student Government Association, '07-'08; President Y. W. C. A., '07-'08 Associate Editor "Silhouette," '08.



Lolah Parham, B. A., M. L. S.,
Atlanta, Georgia

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Lillian Phillips, B. A., M. L. S., "B. D."

Monticello, Arkansas

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute."

Sergeant at Arms M. L. S., '03-'04, '05-'06; President Class '03-'04; Vice-President Class '03-'04, '05-'06; Corresponding Secretary M. L. S., '05; Secretary Class '03-'04, '05-'06, '07-'08; Vice-President M. L. S., '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Association, '06-'07; Basket-Ball Team, '06-'07, '07-'08; Censor M. L. S., '05-'06, '06-'07; Critic M. L. S., '06-'07; President M. L. S., '07-'08; President Athletic Association, '07-'08; Vice-President Dramatic Club, '07-'08; Member Executive Committee, '07-'08; Business Manager "Silhouette," '07-'08; Vice-President Class, '07-'08; Toast Mistress of Junior Banquet, '07.



Charlotte Ramspeck, M. L. S.,
Decatur, Georgia

"A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

President Class '07-'08.



Lizzabel Saxon, B. A., P. L. S.,
Cartersville, Georgia

"Six hours in sleep; in Greek's grave study six;
Four spent in prayer; the rest on Latin fixed."

Secretary Class '04-'05; President Classes
'05-'06, '06-'07; Librarian P. L. S., '04-'05;
Vice-Secretary P. L. S., '07-'08; President
P. L. S., '07-'08; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.,
'07-'08; Associate Editor of "Silhouette,"
'07-'08; Collegiate Scholarship, '04-'05, '05-
'06, '06-'07; Latin Prize, '06-'07; Treasurer
Class '07-'08.



Rose Wood, B. A., M. L. S.,
Atlanta, Georgia
"Forget thyself to marble."



History of Class 1908



In accordance with the adage, "age before beauty," we will begin with Louise Chick. She came to Agnes Scott near the close of the last century. For several years she lay dormant, but awoke to the realities of life in 1904, and to make up for lost time has since then associated herself actively with four classes. Not long ago Chick found English too commonplace to express her mighty thoughts and straightway resorted to German. Close application to the study of this language has in some part taken the place of her affection for "Poppy dear."

'Tis strange but true that one of us has been here longer than Chick. Charlotte Ramspeck learned her A B C's at Agnes Scott Academy. The college has tried to outgrow her, but she has risen with it, and, in spite of the distraction of a day pupil, she has reached her senior year with honors.

Next comes our country lass, Mand Hill. She grew up on a farm and grew and grew and grew and really did no harm. Then she came to Agnes Scott, and since she has been here she has grown in wisdom and stature and in favor with the faculty and students. She has borne with dignity the many responsibilities heaped upon her and has proven faithful to every trust.

When Elva Drake came to us, three years ago, she was put in the room with Louise Chick—the one fatal mistake of Miss Hopkins. The Drake and the Chick soon separated, however, and peace reigned throughout the land. The ease with which Elva has stood her countless examinations has made

her famous in the annals of the college. Her executive ability has guided the Student Government Association safely through the crisis of another year, and to her be the praise for the success of the SILHOUETTE.

La petite Katharine Dean began as a Freshman in 1904 and is the sole survivor of that Freshman class. She has carried a double burden and is one of the three in the history of Agnes Scott who has obtained a certificate in music in addition to her diploma. Katharine has always been the fashion plate for the class.

"When in doubt of what to wear,
All the class to her repair."

For six years the slow train through Arkansas has brought us Lill Phillips. Lill "never troubles trouble, till trouble troubles her," but the Fates have been kind to her, and in her undertakings she has always been successful. Her triumphs on "field day" have brought honor to the class and to sister Anne, her faithful adviser.

Jeanette Brown has been continually the mouthpiece of the class, and, though she somewhat monopolizes the conversation, generally has something good to say. Her forte lies in literature and her contributions to the college magazines have added greatly to their value. Jeanette has frequently proven her ability as a hostess and has done much for the pleasure of the class.

Rose Wood was handed down to us from the class of 1905. Two years of vacation did not quench her thirst for knowledge, and 1908 found her maintaining her old standard of perfection at Agnes Scott.

All praise to Lolah Parham that, in spite of the absence of Miss Massie and Ethel MacDonald, she had the courage to return to Agnes Scott. Her ability to blend domestic with physical science has often been proved, to the great delight of the class in Physics B. Her laces and embroideries have been an effective means of securing the favor of the faculty and of spreading her fame abroad.

Last but not least comes Lizzabel, of small stature but gigantic intellect. No one has ever stood the ghost of a chance for an honor if Lizzabel entered the contest. On every commencement day she has borne the palm of victory. But who could marvel, for she was never known to waste a minute!

Although the history of a class, like that of the world, is made up of individual histories, this record is incomplete without some recognition of the class as a whole. It bears the distinction of having first introduced the custom of wearing the cap and gown at Agnes Scott and will be remembered for that, among other things.

So, here's to the class, the merry old class,
To its days both bright and blue;
Here's to our future, be what it may,
We've had our best days—in you.



Margaret Moore Armstrong

Senior Mascot

When Margaret laughs in her baby glee,
The world seems fairer and smiles on me—
The sunlight is brighter, the world in tune,
No matter the weather, it all is June;
The cobwebs are banished as worthless chaff,
At the silvery peal of her baby laugh.

The rustling of leaves and rippling rills,
The sound of the breeze o'er the summer hills,
The ringing bells in a merry chime,
The singing of birds in the warm spring-time,
All that is joyous and fair and young
Seems mingled to flow from her baby tongue.

Through the years to come, when the days are long,
When the world seems dull and has lost its song,
May her rippling laugh rouse the birds again,
And waken the brooklets like summer rain:
May the cup of life which each one quaffs
Seem sweeter and better when Margaret laughs.



For civic improvements and all such things
Jeannette to the platform her talent brings.

When hair is gray and youth forgot,
Chick will still learn C rman at Agnes Scott.



Who shall reign as Alabama's social queen
Through many years? Why, Katharine Dean.



The Ladies' Home Journal shall add one page more,
Which Lolah will fill with embroidery lore.



With hammer and box and microscope,
Geologist Wood shall scan each slope.





O Civitates! list while I tell
Of Latin, a Doctor, will be Lizzabel.

Our tall and virtuous Maude, so mild'
Is caring for the orphan child.



As a trained nurse will Elva patch up people's ills,
With plasters and bandages, powders and pills.

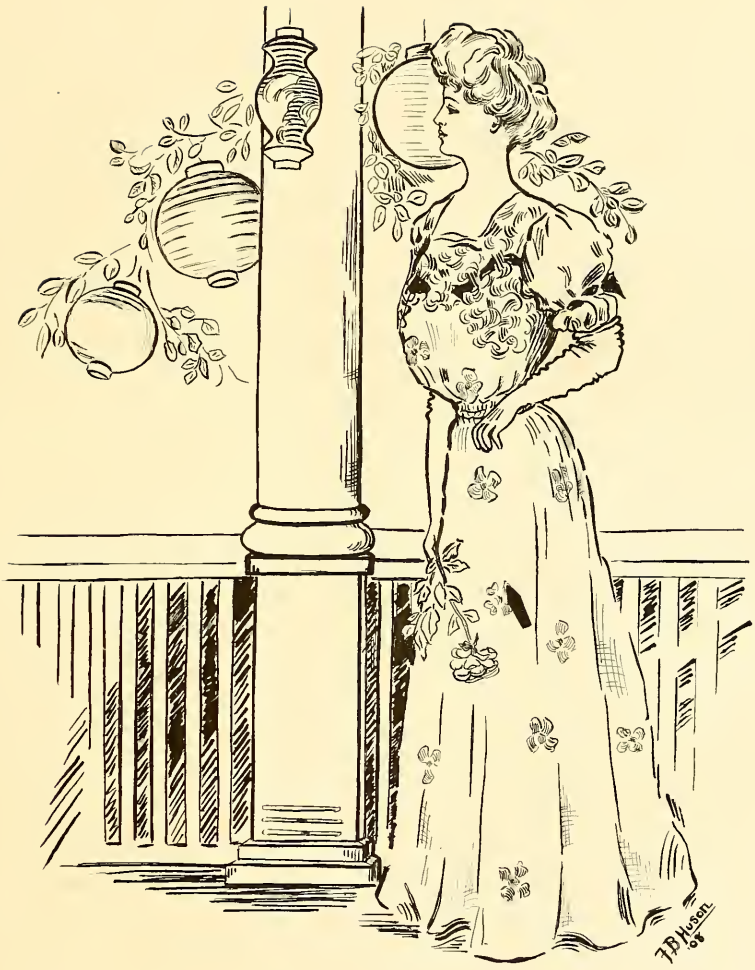


Away with society, books and all;
Lill will be a professional in basket-ball.



When Mary Mannering is no more known,
As an actress will Charlotte hold her own.





Junior Class

MOTTO: *Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit* COLORS: White and Gold

FLOWER: Daisy

FIRST TERM

ADELAIDE NELSON.....PRESIDENT
MEC MacINTYRE.....VICE-PRESIDENT
ADALENE DORTCH.....SECRETARY
MATTIE NEWTON.....TREASURER

SECOND TERM

EDITH SLOAN.....PRESIDENT
LOUISE DAVIDSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT
MEC MacINTYRE.....SECRETARY
ADALENE DORTCH.....TREASURER
LOUISE DAVIDSON.....POET
EUGENIA FULLER.....HISTORIAN

MEMBERS

LOUISE DAVIDSON
ADALENE DORTCH
EUGENIA FULLER
LUTIE HEAD
VERA HOLLEY
AGNES KIME
MEC MacINTYRE

RUTH MARION
MATTIE NEWTON
ADELAIDE NELSON
IRENE NEWTON
EDITH SLOAN
ANNIE WADDELL
JENNIE ANDERSON

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS MCKINNEY

MISS ALEXANDER

Junior Class History



LITTLE excitement has crossed the path of the Juniors this year. With the coming of the year '07-'08, and with dignity daily piling on our shoulders, the pranks and stunts of Sophomore days seemed a little incongruous. So we resolved to put away such things—but not to forget. Could any one forget, while "Soph. '09" is constantly becoming plainer on the tank? Each time we see it we think with warm heart, yet with a pang, of those dear, bygone days. But where is the time for such adventures, such deeds of daring when lab. hours are ever with us, and when Mr. Emerton clamors to be heard?

So we were whirled in a round of strenuous study until Adelaide suddenly thought that the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," might be applied to us. With marvelous energy she worked up the Junior Circus. Shades of Barnum and Bailey! Was there ever quite such a circus! Many an African exploring expedition would have been cut off in its prime had that marvelous array of animals appeared before it. "Hard study hasn't dulled their originality," and "From the beginning those Juniors were wonders" was heard on all sides. "Yes," Dr. Arbuckle said, "theirs is the best organized class in college." Thanks!!

A few more weeks of work, and then the Freshman party. We could but be pleased to notice the adaptability of the 1910 Class. For had they not most valiently tried to follow the example of last year's Sophs when they stole away in the night with the ice cream?

The Seniors have been so busy preparing surprises for the rest of the world, that they have been content to leave the Juniors at the head of things, as usual, to let the gold and white float from the mast, unchallenged, unfaded, and in glory all undimmed.



DORTCH
FULLER

SLOAN
MAC INTYRE

NELSON
DAVIDSON



HEAD
ANDERSON

MARIÓN

WADDELL
KIME

Junior Class Poem

As I stood and looked o'er the fields one day,
The faint sound of singing was whispered to me;
It seemed to come from a time far away,
The time of the days of memory.

The voices grew closer, I could plainly hear
The songs that I loved in the days gone by;
I am only dreaming those dear girls are near,
I said, as I turned away with a sigh.

Then something moved on the ground at my feet.
"We are the memory that cannot pass."
A soft voice said; and a pale face, sweet,
Of a daisy, looked into mine from the grass.

And now a score of daisies were there,
Singing the praise of the gold and white;
Junior days are gone, we are Seniors fair,
"Oh, yes," they sang, "we are daisies all right."



F.D. Hussey
'08

Sophomore Class

MOTTO: Esse quam videri

COLORS: Lavender and White

FLOWER: Lavender Sweet Pea

FIRST TERM

MATTIE HUNTER.....	PRESIDENT
ANNIE SMITH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
GERALDINE HOOD.....	SECRETARY
ELEANOR FRIERSON.....	TREASURER

SECOND TERM

ELEANOR FRIERSON.....	PRESIDENT
LILA WILLIAMS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
GLADYS FARRIOR.....	SECRETARY
ANNIE SMITH.....	TREASURER
FLORA CROWE.....	POET
GERALDINE HOOD.....	HISTORIAN

MEMBERS

ELEANOR FRIERSON	GERALDINE HOOD
GLADYS FARRIOR	ANNIE SMITH
MATTIE HUNTER	LUCY REAGAN
FLORA CROWE	CLYDE McDANIEL
LILA WILLIAMS	

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS YOUNG	MISS SMITH
HOWARD BELL ARBUCKLE, JR.	



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

Extract from the Society Column of the Olympus Evening News



NE of the most thoroughly enjoyable social functions of the season was the violet tea which Lady Minerva gave in her charming suite of rooms yesterday afternoon. The drawing rooms were decorated with quantities of ambrosian violets, while the hostess herself was appropriately gowned in a soft robe of royal purple.

Their Majesties, Jupiter and Juno, were present, and among the other distinguished guests were her royal highness, the princess Venus, whose hair was fetchingly adorned with a small golden apple; Count Apollo, and his sister, the countess Diana; Lord Bacchus; Sir Cupid, and General Mars.

The conversation turned upon the decline in college spirit which has recently been so evident in educational institutions, especially those of America, but General Mars maintained that the Crew of a class in a certain Southern college in America showed a spirit of enthusiasm equal to that of Achilles.

"Oh, yes," cried Lady Minerva, "you are speaking of the Sophomore Class of Agnes Scott! Truly a wonderful band of mortals that!"

At that juncture the countess Diana remarked that she had been hunting on another planet for the past season and was, therefore, unfamiliar with the exploits of the class in question; whereupon, the other gods hastened to inform her that the present Sophomore Class had been organized at Agnes Scott as the Freshman Class in 1906, and had suffered various provoking annoyances from the exceedingly imprudent class of 1909 during this first period of its existence; but when September of this year came, the Sophomore Class displayed itself in its true colors, a mighty band of mortal theme-writers and Trig-grinders, strong in the power of youth and energy.

"The first occasion on which these youthful prodigies proved their great sagacity," remarked the hostess, "was early in October. At 3 o'clock in the morning, with one accord, they rose from their couches of slumber and very deftly removed from the chambers of the Freshmen quantities of false hair and every shoe the children possessed!"

"Thanks be to Jupiter, my father," Princess Venus murmured, "I was not a Freshman at Agnes Scott."

"Wise mortals, they," remarked King Jupiter, "to instruct the Freshmen in the ways of discipline and energy."

"But, oh," cried Countess Diana, "that is nothing compared to what I have seen them do. Why, on the night of the 31st of October, when I was just beginning my nightly journey, I saw three Sophomores stealthily rolling a large ice cream freezer before them across the campus, out past the gymnasium to the large oak tree beside the power house. At the same time the Freshmen, dreaming of no harm, were making merry with their guests, the Juniors, in the Prop. hall. Swiftly I saw the dark forms of the wily Sophomores, one by one, creeping to the trysting place, bringing the Seniors with them. Ah, but those clever mortals made merry as they ate the ice cream that night."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed gay Lord Bacchus. "And the poor little Freshmen danced in their helpless rage like chickens, whose corn had been taken away."

"Indeed," cried General Mars, "it seems to me that those events are unimportant compared to the tremendous fighting power which those mortal students showed when the presumptuous Juniors thought to black their faces three nights later. Oh, it was rare, the vision of the blackened Juniors after the fight! Ha, ha, ha! They reminded me of the Trojans ready to set sail from Troy!"

And the gods all joined in a hearty laugh over the appearance of the discomfited Juniors and the trembling Freshmen.

"Yes," remarked the hostess in conclusion, "they always excel as individuals or in a body. When several of their officers were compelled to resign, they elected a new president and secretary with undaunted spirit, and soon they had gained three new members from the class above and were known as the best students in the college. I think it is safe to predict that in after years their Alma Mater will rejoice in the memory of their deeds."

At this point King Jupiter rose and took his leave after expressing his pride in the achievements of his favorite class, and as they departed the various guests were each expressing their pleasure in the knowledge that there were such mortals as the Sophomores of Agnes Scott.

Sophomore Class Horn

S is for Sophs and something fine,
O's for others just one year behind;
P is for Preps or Academies until May,
How they will make it then I can not yet say.
Others we leave scattered all along,
Make music or mirth, poetry and song.
Of all these classes no one can but say,
Right at the top are the Sophomores to-day.
Ever ready for hard work, mischief and play.

1 degree will be given to
9 girls then.
In pomp and splendor,
Our class of 1910.

FLORA CROWE, '10.



Freshman Class

MOTTO: Famam extendere factis

COLORS: Garnet and Gold

FLOWER: Jacqueminot Rose

YELL: Hoop-la rah! Hoop-la ree!
Walk up, chalk up, up te dee!
Razzle, dazzle, sis, boom, bah!
Freshman! Freshman!
Rah, Rah, Rah!

FIRST TERM

MATTIE RYLANDER.....	PRESIDENT
MARIE MACINTYRE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHERINE BUNN.....	SECRETARY
GLADYS LEE.....	TREASURER

SECOND TERM

MATTIE RYLANDER.....	PRESIDENT
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELEANOR COLEMAN.....	SECRETARY
GLADYS LEE.....	TREASURER
MARY W. KIRK.....	POET
KATHERINE BUNN.....	HISTORIAN

MEMBERS

KATHERINE BUNN
LOUISE WELLS
WINIFRED HUSON
GLADYS LEE
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
MARIE MACINTYRE
ELEANOR COLEMAN
EUGENIA DEARING
NELLIE FARGASON
NINA ANDERSON
MARY L. RADFORD

FANNIE ANDERSON
ERMA MONTGOMERY
JULIA THOMPSON
MARY LEECH
HELEN HILLIKER
CLYDE CRANFORD
EDITH WADDILL
JULIA DU PREE
ANNIE CAMPBELL
MARY BROWN
RUTH REILLY

NEALIE BELK



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

Lor', honey, don't come axin' me 'bout which is de bes' class whint has eber bin here at Aguis Scott. Dat Freshman Class uv '08 jes' clean takes de shine off uv emy udder class whint has eber bin here at dis place, en Mary Cox oughter know, eaze she's bin here since dis here school wuz fust started. Jes' lemme set dis here baskit uv cloes offen mer haid, en I'll tell yer all erbout hit.

Wal, honey, dis is how hit wuz. One nite twoards de fust uv de year, dem Sophomoes went 'round 'bout twelve er'clock, fer ter steal dem Freshmans' shoes. But lor', chile, yer might jes' ez wal try ter ketch greezed lightnin' ez ter try ter ketch dem serumbunctious Freshmans nappin'. Caze, honey, dey riz up en fought dem Sophomoes, en beat em too. Den dey 'companyed dem back to dey rooms en took ev'ry blessing thing dey had, skuts, shutwaists, en jes' ev'rything. Den, when dem Sophomoes freten' lak dey done learned dey lesson, de Freshmans acted magnificocios en gib 'em dey tings back.

But, chile, dem Sophomoes wuz jes' natteral bawn hippercrits, dey wuz, eaze de nite when de Freshmans wuz er fixin' fer ter entertain de Juniors, why dem Sophomoes, jes' lak low down, sneakin' folks, wint down ter de Servants' Hall, en stole de whole freezer uv cream whint de Freshman had. Now dem Freshmans coulder gone down dere en tooken dat cream back by foe, but dey say dey wuzn't gwiner let no little thing lak dem Sophomoes spile dey party, so dey jes' wint on en had er good time wid de chieken salad en Punch en Judy, en udder good tings whint dey had, en bided dey time.

'Bout er week atter dat, one nite I hweerd er terrible rackit up at Rebekker Scott's Hall. I grabbd mer shawl en rim up dere, eaze I felt en mer bones dat hit wuz de Freshmans er gittin' dey revenge. En, chile, whint do yer tink I saw whin I got up dere? Wal, honey, hit wuz dem pesky little Sophomoes runin' roun' wid dey faces done shoe-polished, honey, en dey sho' wuz er heap sight blacker den me. I jes' mos' split mer sides er laughin' at 'em.

But der nex' mornin' at breakfus I jes' mos' killed merself er laughin' at em. Dey come inter de dinin' room wid dey faces lookin' jes' lak peeled unions. Dey had scrubbed so hard ter git de polish off, dat dey had mos' taken de skin too. Dey wuz skeered ter laugh, fer fear uv crackin' dey skiny faces.

But gwan' way frum here, chile, en lemme take dese here cloes eround. When I gits ter talkin' 'bout de Freshman Class uv '08, I jes' clean furgits whint I'm doin'.



HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class Poem

Ah! how well do I remember, it was in the bright September,

We, a crowd of homesick "Freshies," came in search of college lore;

Sophomores never caught us napping, rather we did the entrapping,

And we had the "Proets" all rapping, rapping on our chamber door.

We were naughty, I confess it, but forgive us, I implore,

We are Freshmen—nothing more.

Through nine long months we have grown stronger—"Freshies" make mistakes no longer.

And of various kinds of knowledge we have laid up quite a store.

In writing themes we're so proficient, that of English we've sufficient

To last us through our college year, not to speak of others here.

Such as "Math" and French and Latin over which we nightly pore,

For we are Freshmen—nothing more.

Deep into the future peering, long I stand here, wondering, fearing,

At the many paths of learning which we must yet explore;

But I see from out this future come a class as full of virtue,

As ever left the college halls in any days of yore.

So, there is this high ambition, we must work and reach fruition.

And so be Freshmen—never more.



The Queen's Cloak



ONCE, long ago, when magic was not despised and folk still believed in the power of the fairies, a little maid sat in a cottage door spinning, while around her the birds sang and the pink petals of the apple blossoms lay scattered on the grass, for it was May and everything in Nature was filled with the joyousness of spring. And happiest of all was the little maid, for though the cottage was an humble one, and the yarn she spun but the coarse, gray wool of the country peasants, yet was she at heart a princess, and all the world is bright when one is only twelve.

Presently, as she spun, down the path by the brook came an old woman, bent with age, and travel-worn, as if she had journeyed far. Bending over her stick, she approached the house and asked for a cup of water.

"Indeed, you shall have it, grandame," the child was quick to say, with her loving sympathy. "Rest here a little, while I bring thee a fresh drink from the spring."

She pushed forward her own stool for the old woman and entered the cottage, returning soon with a cup of sparkling water, which her visitor drank as though she had not tasted such water for many a day, as indeed she had not, for the Spring at the Great Oak was famed far over the country.

"Thank thee, my child," she said as she drained the last drop, "may blessings come upon thee for a loving smile and a kind heart. But how is it thou art not playing in the meadows this May weather? Dost love thy spinning more than play?"

"Nay," replied the little maid, "but I must earn money for my father and myself, for he is blind and cannot work. It is not the spinning that I mind so much, but I grow tired of the coarse, gray yarn. Oh, if I could but spin bright-colored silks, I would weave—I would weave a cloak that any prince might wish to wear. I would weave it like the sunset, red and gold, or like the blue sky with fleecy clouds, or, perhaps, like yon apple tree, all pink and green."

"And if thou hadst the silk," asked the old woman, smiling at her eagerness, "wouldst thou spin faithfully, or wouldst thou stop to chat with every passer-by?"

"Oh, indeed," the little maid replied, "I would work at it whenever I might. As soon as I had finished the gray I would spin the other and not cease till 'twas too dark to see the shuttle. And who knows but what a prince might wear it?"

"Thou art a good child," said the old dame, laying her hand on the golden curls as she rose to continue her way, "and worthy, indeed, to weave a cloak for a prince."

Then from under her mantle she drew a piece of dirty, gray floss and handed it to the girl.

"Take this," she said, "and spin the thread for thy rainbow cloak. Spin faithfully and well, and it will be truly a prince's cloak. But, remember, as thou livest so will thy thread be."

Then slowly she walked down the path to the willows by the brook and seemed to melt into their soft green shade while the maiden stood for a time with the bit of floss in her hand and a look of disappointment on her face. What cloak could be woven from such material! Ah, well, doubtless the old woman was in her dotage, perhaps there was enough silk to make a doll's cap for the miller's little daughter. So with a sigh for her broken hopes she took up her work again and endeavored to think no more of gay-colored silks.

When the evening was come and the sun was sinking behind the distant hills, she laid aside the gray yarn and put on the distaff the bit of floss. But, to her surprise, the thread that she spun was not of dull brown, but of a beautiful rainbow hue that gleamed and sparkled in the sunset light,—the thread of her childish dreams. Nor did the floss grow less, but remained always the same, no matter how much she spun. And thus she began her magic cloak.

The years passed, but she spun on, true to her promise, while the golden years slipped by. Often her companions urged her to join them in their sports, but she remembered the old woman's words and smilingly shook her head. The thread was not always rainbow in hue; sometimes it grew a dull gray when she was discouraged or discontented with her humble life, but these dark places grew fewer and fewer as she grew older and learned to hope in the future, and to see through all her trials the guidance of a far wiser Hand than hers. Then, too, there were other colors in the magic thread, the soft yellow of her girlish friendships, the pure white of her confirmation vows, and the true blue of loyalty to her aged father. As the seasons passed there were bits of delicate pink, her first thoughts of love and of lovers.

Then, one eventful day, a royal hunting party paused at the cottage door, and the prince of the realm drank the sparkling water of the famous spring from the cup that the maiden filled for him. Oh, how she wished the cloak were finished that she might offer it to him and receive a smile of gratitude from his lips! And when the royal party passed on she felt as if somehow the day was darker and the birds sang less sweetly.

But the prince, having once found his way to the humble cottage, came again to taste the waters of the spring and to gaze upon the fair young maid who filled his cup. Soon he came to see the maid alone, and the delicate pink of the thread she spun deepened to rose color. At last one day he asked her hand in marriage, and the pink of her maiden affections changed, like her heart, to the deep red of a woman's love.

On the eve of her marriage, as she sat spinning the crimson thread, the old woman again appeared before her. She was older and more bent than before, but her face was so lighted with a radiant smile that she was almost beautiful.

"Thou hast spun well," she said, as she laid her hand on the wheel, "and nobly hast thou lived thy maidenhood. Now thou art no longer a maid but a woman, and 'tis time to cease thy spinning. Thou hast enough for the warp of a royal cloak."

As she spoke, she touched the distaff, and lo! the floss was finished. The maiden looked up at her with rather startled eyes, for the thread had indeed grown to be her very life, and she wondered what would happen now. But the old woman saw the look and smiled more gently than before.

"Nay," she said, "thou hast not yet finished thy work. The thread is spun, now thou must weave the cloak."

She drew from under her mantle, not a handful of floss, but a bit of common thread.

"When thou art queen, have built in some secluded part of the castle a golden loom, and when thou hast leisure take this thread, and through the warp of thy maidenhood weave the woof of thy true womanhood. So shalt thou in time weave such a cloak that there shall not be in the whole world its equal in beauty of color or fineness of texture. Thou wilt have many interruptions and many things to call thee away, for a queen's life is not an idle one. But forget not the cloak, nor the old woman who gave it to thee." She laid the bit of thread on the ledge of the spinning wheel and then vanished, or so it seemed, into the gray shadows of the gathering dusk.

When she was gone the maiden took up the bit of thread. But this time she did not doubt. Tenderly she laid it away among the leaves of her Prayer Book, and when the brilliant wedding was over, when the court had again settled down to its usual life, and the golden loom had been built in a tiny room of a tower overlooking the river and the mountains, she stole away from her maidens and began to weave.

Years came and went, but still the queen wove on at the golden loom, mingling the rainbow tints of her maidenhood with the deeper, richer hues of her true woman's life. And the cloak grew apace, for the thread, like the floss, remained ever the same no matter how much she wove, but the colors

varied as her life. There was the deep red of her perfect love, tender yellow—the love of a little child,—and the royal purple of her queenly rule. There was, too, the long thread of black when the king was brought home dead from the wars and she sought comfort in her widowhood in the silence of her lonely chamber. And the comfort came in the end, for the black was mingled with silver as she watched her stalwart sons grow to manhood about her and saw how her daughters blossomed into womanly beauty. Often when the young folks were filling the palace with their merry din she would watch them smilingly for a while, and then would steal away to weave some new tint into the magic cloak. She loved the quiet room with its view of the river and the distant mountains; and as she gazed out over the sunlit peaks she thought of those other days when she had come over them for the first time as a simple village maiden, and the thread in her hands was the tender gray of memory.

Then as the gray came into her hair and her hands grew soft and wrinkled with the coming years, there shone through the thread a tiny gleam of gold, the hope of another life that comes when this grows old,—a gleam that deepened as it grew till it overshadowed all the gray, and it seemed as if the thread she wove were pure gold. She was old, now, and as she sat by the window one evening, with the sunlight falling softly on the golden threads, she sighed as she thought how near the cloak was to completion,—her life's work,—and yet she smiled, too, as she thought of what it would be when at last the thread should cease and her life, like the cloak, should be finished.

She wondered if the old woman had forgotten her, or if she would come again as she had come before, only this time there would be no need of another gift. And as she thought she glanced up, and there in the slanting sunlight stood the old woman,—or was it an angel? For her face was filled with a light as if from Heaven, and her voice when she spoke had a more than earthly sweetness. Softly she laid her hand on the bowed head.

"It is finished," she said, and, stooping, cut the golden thread. "Well hast thou woven, as thou hast spun well, and precious shall be thy reward. See," she held up the cloak, and its rainbow colors seemed to live in the soft light, "it is indeed fit for a prince to wear, fit for the Prince of Peace."

The queen's face seemed to catch some hint of hidden light and to grow like the face of the angel. "I am glad," she said simply.

When the sunlight had gone and when the darkness had settled down, they found her sitting by the loom, the still hands yet clasping the folds of the cloak.

"She has died as she lived," they said. "Ah, what a happy death it must have been!"

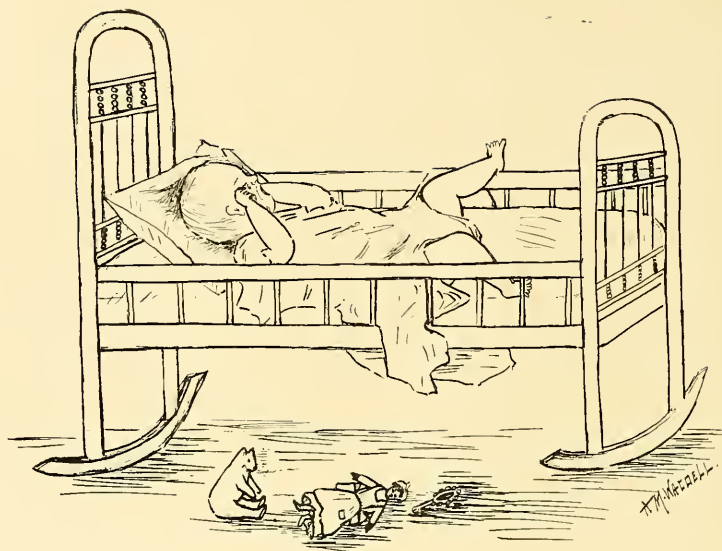
Then tenderly they carried her away, but the cloak was left lying still on the edge of the loom. A little page, lingering after the others, picked it up and threw it around his shoulders.

"How beautiful it is," he said. And then he thought of the beautiful queen who had made it, and how she had been as good as she was beautiful, and of all the noble deeds that she had done. She had ruled her people so wisely and so well, he was sure that in all the world there was none like her, and deep in his heart he resolved, as he touched the soft folds, that he, too, would grow wise and good, and would try to help others to be as pure and as noble as his queen had been. It was a true resolve and years after people listened to the great preacher who taught them so tenderly, and who lived so well the truths he taught.

But the little page was called to his duties and left the cloak lying in the moonlight, till the new king found it, and as he carried it away he prayed that he might rule his people as well as had his mother.

When the queen was buried some said that the cloak should be buried with her, but the king shook his head. "I am sure she would not wish it," he said, so it was hung on the wall of the great anteroom, where every subject, prince or beggar, might look upon it. And it seemed as if the good queen's influence still lived in it, for it was like some holy picture, that whosoever might look upon it should be cheered. The widow, bowed with her recent grief, saw the band of black and was comforted as she thought how the queen, too, had suffered, for it seemed as if she would sorrow with her; the little child, fevered and fretful, forgot his pain and smiled at the bright colors; and the old man, despondent over the lost hopes of his youth, awoke to see the golden threads in his own gray cloak of life. Thousands passed through the old hall as the years went by, and few there were whose lives were not changed in some degree by that sight of the "Magic Cloak"—for so they called it—though the king knew, and the great teacher, that its only magic was that of a life well lived and a task ungrudgingly performed. And to this day they tell, in that land, of the peasant maid who became a queen, and of the beautiful cloak she wove, whose warp was her pure maidenhood, and whose woof was her womanhood without a stain, the "cloak of a blameless life."

JEANNETTE BROWN.



Agnes Scott Academy

MISS ELLA YOUNG, *Principal*

FOURTH YEAR CLASS ORGANIZATION

COLORS: Red and Gold

KATHERINE MERRILL	PRESIDENT
ALLIE CANDLER	VICE-PRESIDENT
SARAH SKINNER	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

FOURTH YEAR BASKET BALL TEAM

GEORGIA CRANE, CAPTAIN

LINE UP

EDDIE HUNTER
KATHERINE MERRILL
GEORGIA CRANE

FORWARDS
CENTERS
GUARDS

SARAH SKINNER
VALENTINE RAFFERTY
LILIAN STEWART

Ludlow Found Guilty Great Excitement in Court

Verdict Rendered After Jury Had Been Out Only Three Minutes

PRISONER HYSTERICAL

The crowded court room of Agnes Scott Commonwealth suddenly became silent, as the sheriff pounded on the floor, and then entered, crying loudly, "Oh, yes; oh, yes! Court is now open! Court is now open!"

Following the sheriff came the clerk of the court, and then the two lawyers, all with stern countenances, and with their black robes producing an effect of extreme solemnity. The clerk took his seat at his desk, piled high with the codes, legal documents, etc.; the lawyers had their places on opposite sides of the judge's bench. As the sheriff re-entered, escorting Judge J. D. M. Armistead, the attorneys and clerk rose, standing until he reached his bench, when he announced, "Court is convened," and all were seated.

On the order of the Judge, the sheriff now brought in the prisoner, handcuffed, and fastened her securely in the box.

The docket was read by the clerk, "The case of Agnes Scott Commonwealth versus Ludlow."

The two lawyers announced "Ready," and with greatunction the clerk read the charge. "The Commonwealth of Agnes Scott does hereby charge one Louise Hunt Ludlow, spinster, of said Commonwealth, with having fraudulently, maliciously, and with intent to deceive, attempted to impose upon the good citizens of the Commonwealth, by assuming the dignity and perquisites of a college student."

"Prisoner at the bar, stand," said the Judge. "You have heard the charge as read. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your Honor."

"Prisoner at the bar, be seated. The clerk will now read the panel of the jury."

After reading the entire panel, the clerk called forward the first person. She came, and after answering questions of the Judge, the oath was administered to her by the clerk. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "Do you solemnly and in the presence of this honorable company swear that you will give a true verdict according to the testimony of the witnesses?"

"I do," answered the juror, and was shown to her seat in the jury-box.

Questioned by the Judge, the occupations of the jurors varied from that of a washerwoman and seller of false puffs, up to a reader of Dickens and Thackeray.

When one E. Fuller was brought forward, and the Judge asked if the attorneys had any objections to her as a juror, the attorney for the Commonwealth answered, "None, your Honor;" but the counsel for the defendant, "I have, your Honor."

"State your objections."

"The prisoner once laughed in this juror's ear, thereby causing deafness. She is prejudiced."

"Is this true?" the Judge said to the juror. "It is, your Honor."

"Stand aside."

Another juror, M. Hill, came to be sworn in, but the counsel for the defendant again objected. "Your Honor, she is too tall."

"Stand aside," said the Judge.

When the twelve jurors had taken the oath, the Commonwealth's attorney stated that he would prove the prisoner guilty of the crime alleged, and in doing so called forward, as first witness, Dr. H. B. Arbuckle, chairman of the college classification committee. After answering questions as to his occupation, and knowledge of the prisoner, he was administered the oath by the clerk. "Do you solemnly swear, in giving evidence for or against this prisoner, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I do." He then took his seat on the witness stand.

Leading questions asked by the Commonwealth's attorney revealed the facts that the prisoner had applied for college entrance, offering Greek, Latin, English and Trigonometry, but was unconditionally refused because of lack of preparation.

On cross-examination, the counsel for the defense asked, "You are sure you have not forgotten this matter?" The witness was certain.

"Did you not forget to come to your Geology class on the fifteenth of November?"

"I can never remember dates."

Other witnesses were called, telling of deeds that showed the prisoner's attempt to usurp dignity, and of her general bad character. One revealed that she had had a "crush," a thing of too high a character for academy girls to know of.

"I would like to ask a question," said the Judge. "For the enlightenment of myself and the jury, I will ask the witness to define 'crush'."

"Certainly, your Honor. In my readings of Dickens and Thackeray, I have deduced this definition: 'A crush' is at first a psychological insight into the character of a new-found individual, an insight gained by means of a philosophical research, published forth to the world by scientific methods and indications, and proved to be everlasting by intuition and the help of a subconscious current of dreams and intellectual probing of grey matter."

"Yes, yes! I am sure we all understand perfectly. Proceed."

The counsel for the defense rose and stated that she was going to prove that the prisoner was not guilty of the crime alleged. In doing this, she first called forward the principal of the academy, whose testimony revealed that the prisoner had never studied the subject named by Dr. Arbuckle. Upon cross-examination, she could not state that the prisoner

had not attempted their study, outside of the academy. The attorney then called others to prove the prisoner's upright character, and lack of attempting any assumption of college dignity.

When the last witness had been called for the defense, the prosecuting attorney rose to make her speech. After addressing herself to the Judge and the jury, she attempted to show the superiority of her witnesses, because of their more advanced and honorable positions. She then summed up her testimony, ending thus: "I think I have proved conclusively that this prisoner is guilty of the crime alleged. What, now, will be done? If she is allowed to go unpunished, others, hearing of her success will attempt the same deed. Gentlemen of the jury, you now have it in your power to uphold or trample under foot the dignity of this college. Which will you do? It must be upheld, and I am sure that each of you, being of such high character and intellectual ability, realize the fact, and so I have no fear in committing the case to you."

The counsel for the defense now rose and addressed the Judge and the gentlemen of the jury. She then proceeded, one by one, to show the incapacity of the witnesses of the Commonwealth to give testimony, and the superiority of those for the defense. After summing up her testimony, she made an impassioned appeal to the jury: "Just look, O jurors, at our prisoner; you can see the very innocue written upon her countenance. How can you, men of feeling, look into her innocent face, and then pronounce her guilty? Think of her after life if she should be called guilty of such a base and infamous crime! Think of her parents at home, on hearing of such an outrage! Have you not sympathy and compassion for her and her family? And how can you with your full understanding, and appreciation of the whole affair punish this innocent victim of the fair land of Agnes Scott?"

Judge Armistead then made his charge to the jury. He admonished them to consider well the evidence given, and to give a true verdict as to the culpability of the prisoner, according to the testimony of highest character.

The sheriff conducted the jury to the jury-room, and court was adjourned for three minutes. At the end of that time they returned, and the foreman gave in a verdict of "guilty." The prisoner began to weep.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up," said the Judge.

She rose, her sobb still violent.

"You have heard the verdict. I now order that the sheriff take up to your cell, where you shall remain for two days, living only on bread and water." The sobs were now so loud that the counsel for the defendant had to speak to her before she was quiet enough for Judge Armistead to proceed. He then continued: "After this you are to report to Miss Young, the principal of the academy, and for four months shall work hard on such tasks as she sets. During this time, you shall wear your hair in two plats, commonly called, pigtails, as a sign that you have become a humble academy student, with no designs to enter the college."

The sheriff led the prisoner out still sobbing wildly, and the Judge and lawyers retired amidst a babel of voices.



DR. MARTIN

The chronicles of Agnes Scott for 1908 would be perhaps incomplete without some allusion to what has been one of the best things of the year, Dr. Mary T. Martin's presence among us as resident physician. Those of us who never knew before that doctors are good for some other things besides pills and plasters, realize that fact now, for though one of Dr. Martin's long suits is pills, she is the jolliest of chaperones and the most sympathetic of advisers. With the disposition to smile, and incidentally make the rest of us smile "when everything goes dead wrong," naturally her influence has been felt for happiness and sunshine everywhere. There are few students whom she has not known and fewer still whom she has not benefited; among other excellent amendments to A. S. C.'s constitution, the five-hour exercise law and the wet weather regulations are things for which our mothers may thank her. With a splendid mind and a big heart, Dr. Martin has done for us, as was said of another woman, "what she could," and it only remains to be said that there are few things she could not do. Winning the admiration of Agnes Scott at her entrance, Dr. Martin leaves with the love of many and the friendship of all. May she be to others what she has been to us, and may her lines be cast in pleasant places.

AURORA STAFF



MARY DILLARD, M. L. S., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHEA SNODGRASS, P. L. S.
ANNETTE McDONALD, M. L. S.
LOUISE DAVIDSON, P. L. S.
MARGUERITE FITCH, M. L. S.

MILDRED THOMSON, M. L. S.
GERALDINE HOOD, P. L. S.
EDITH SLOAN, M. L. S.
ANNIE WADDELL, P. L. S.

RUTH MARION, P. L. S., BUSINESS MANAGER
HAZEL BRAND, P. L. S., ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER



WADDELL BRAND MARION SLOAN DEVLARD FITCH SNODGRASS MC DONALD HOOD DAVIDSON



ELVA DRAKE
PRESIDENT



MAUDE HILL
VICE-PRESIDENT

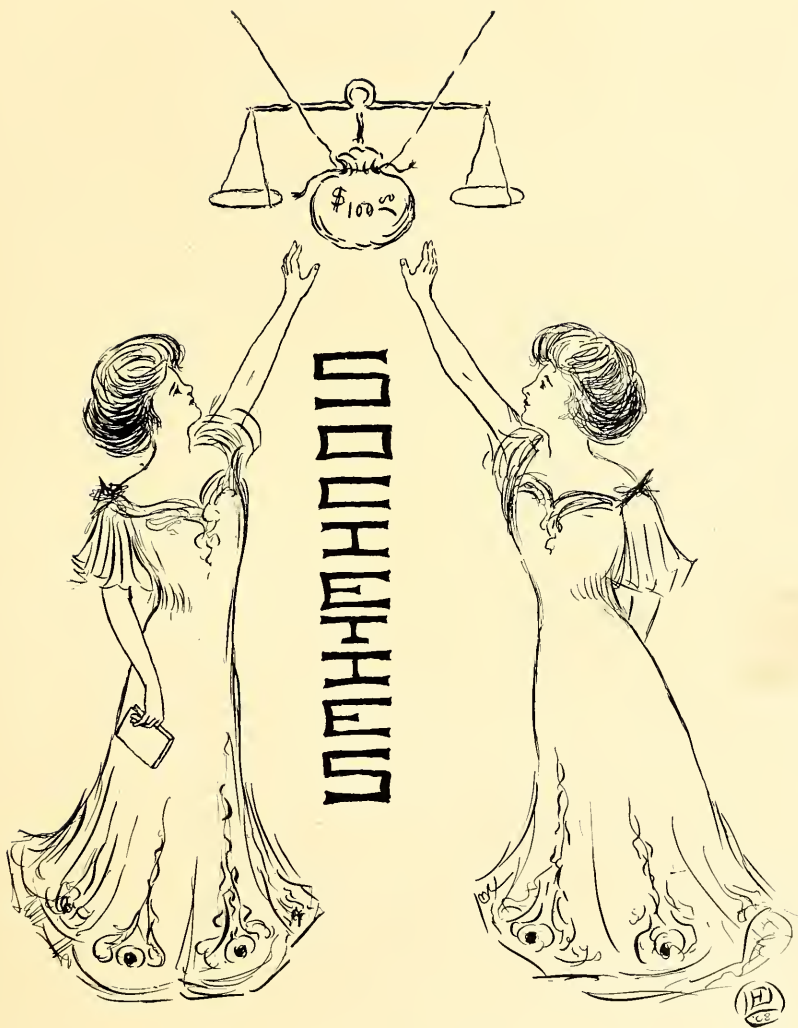
Student Government Association



AGNES KIME
SECRETARY



ADELAIDE NELSON
MARSHAL



SOUND



Almosenyean Literary Society

ALLAN, VIVIAN
ANDERSON, FANNIE
ANDERSON, NINA
BACHMAN, FANNIE RHEA
BARDWELL, HATTIE
BELK, NEALIE
BARKER, DORA
BEMAN, HELEN
BINNS, EMMA
BLAU, MATTIE LOVE
BOOTHE, KATHARINE
BRISCOE, MARGARET
BRANTLEY, JESSIE KATE
BROWN, JEANNETTE
BUXX, KATHARINE
BURFORD, DOROTHY
CANDLER, ELIZA
CALDWELL, CAROLINE
CAMPBELL, ANNIE
CUNNINGHAM, ADELAIDE
COLEMAN, ELEANOR
CRANFORD, CLYDE
CROWE, FLORA
CURRY, MARION
DAVIS, IRENE
DEAN, KATHARINE
DEARING, EUGENIA
DILLARD, MARY
DRAKE, ELA
ELDRIDGE, EM
FARGASON, NELLIE
FERGUSON, SUSIE
FELKER, ALLIE
FARRIOR, GLADYS
FITCH, MARGUERITE
FRIERSON, ELEANOR
FULLER, EUGENIA
GANX, MOSELLE
HEAD, LUTIE
HILL, MAUDE
HOOPER, MARY
HUSON, WINIFRED
JONES, INEZ
KIME, AGNES
KIRK, MARY WALLACE
LEE, GLADYS
LEECH, MARY
LOTT, EDITH
LUDLOW, MARGUERITE
LUDLOW, LOUISE
MATHER, LILLIAN
MCINTYRE, MEC
MCINTYRE, MARIE
MCGARITY, ETHILEEN
MCDONALD, ANNETTE
MAKINSON, MARY LOUISE
MCCRORY, FRANKIE
NELSON, ADELAIDE
NORWOOD, EVELYN
NORWOOD, MARY
NUNNALLY, ISABEL
O'NEIL, GUSSIE
POWELL, BESSIE
PARHAM, LOLA
PERSONS, WILLIE
PHARIG, MARY
PHILLIPS, LILL
PUND, RHETTA
RADFORD, MARY LIZZIE
RANKIN, MARY
REAGAN, LUCY
REDLEY, RUTH
REYNOLDS, CHARLOTTE
RAMSPECK, CHARLOTTE
ROBINSON, MARY
RYLANDER, MATTIE
SMITH, ANNIE
SMITH, LILA
STURDIVANT, KATIE
STURDIVANT, LILLIAN
TOWERS, EVA
THOMAS, RUTH
THOMPSON, JULIA
THOMSON, MILDRED
WARREN, JULIA
WELLS, LOUISE
WHEATLEY, KATE
WILKINSON, INEZ
WILLIAMS, LILA
WILLINGHAM, THEODOSIA
WHITE, SINIA
WISE, LOUISE
WOODS, MARGARET



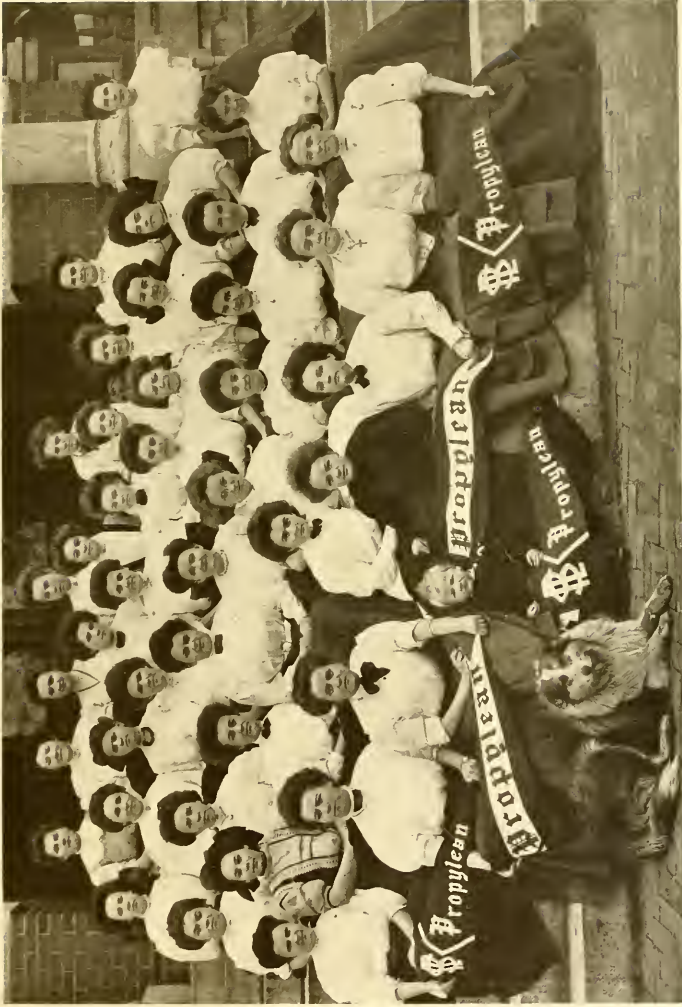
MINEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Propylean Literary Society

AYRES, ELLIE
BRAND, HAZEL
BROWN, MARY
BROWN, EDITH
BROWN, KATHARINE
CLEMENS, WILLIE
COLLINS, BLANCHE
DARBY, SUSIE
DAVIDSON, LOUISE
DIXON, GAMALIEL
DONNELLY, MARY
DORTCH, ADALENE
DUPRE, JULIA
FIELD, CORNELIA
FIELDS, ANNIE
GOBER, SADIE
HILLIKER, HELEN
HOOD, GERALDINE
HOLLEY, VERA
HUNTER, MATTIE
JERVIS, BONNIE
JOHNS, WILLIE LEE
KING, IDA

LAMAR, RENA
MCCALL, PORTER
MCCALLIE, MARGARET
MCCORMICK, MOLLIE
MCDUGALD, KATE
MCKOWEN, SARAH
MARION, RUTH
MOORE, IRENE
MABBITT, MAMIE
NEWTON, IRENE
NEWTON, MATTIE
PAYNE, LOUISE
POWELL, LUTIE
SAXON, LIZZABEL
STANDIFER, REBA
STRINGFELLOW, MARGUERITE
TENNEY, MARY
THOMAS, MARGUERITE
THORNTON, HATTIE MAY
VERREEN, PEARL
WADDELL, ANNIE
WEATHERS, ALICE
WHITE, KETURAH

YOUNG, KATE



PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



A Dish of Fudge

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MAY AND LAURA—*roommates.*

RUTH—*school friend.*

MADGE—*new girl.*

MISS STEWART—*young teacher. New to the place and unversed in the ways of school.*

TIME—*First week of term. At night, ten-thirty o'clock.*

SCENE—*Girls' bedroom. Lights out. Two candles burning. Low table in center back. Laura sitting on floor. May stirring contents of chafing dish. Door at right. Window at left. Screen on front side of window.*

ACT I.

May—Sh! Laura, do be quiet! Why won't this old stuff boil!

Laura—Because you stir it so much; no place can get hot enough. Hush! What's that?

(A step is heard outside. Both girls rush behind screen. Enter Ruth.)

Ruth—Gee! I thought I smelt it! May!

(May and Laura come out.)

Laura—Great grief, Ruthie, why can't you give us some warning? I thought—

May—We surely thought we were gone!

Ruth—If that new teacher could smell, you would be. Happy, she's got a cold. This stuff smells "like a house afire." Glad I found it though. Say'd you hear about that new girl? Awful kee!

Laura—When'd she come?

Ruth—Yesterday, and a most curious creature! Goes rushing round by her lonesome; independent as you please.

May—Newies are the limit.

Laura—I loathe 'em. Wish everybody was just made here.

Ruth (sweetly)—You weren't yourself, you know, dear. Hi, there! What's the matter with that stuff?

May—Oh, dear! It won't boil!

Laura—Come on. This is tame. Let's slip up and call on newie. That old candy won't burn.

Ruth—Turn the flame down. Laura, take off those French heels. Stew's smell-less, but she hears like a cat.

(*Exeunt, door at right. Enter Madge, at window.*)

Madge—Mercy, that fire escape's a dandy. I wish Tom were here. That slip walk was lonely but—(*horrified*) Moses! I'm in the wrong room! (*Sniffing.*) What a funny smell! Fudge! Grand! (*Goes to table and peers into chafing dish.*) Must be a teacher rooming here. That list of rules on my door says, "No cooking allowed"; and candles! Woman, you'd better make yourself scarce! Surely does smell good, but not invited. I suppose I can't stay to the finish.

(*Starts toward window. Enter Miss Stewart at door.*)

Stewart—Girls, what does this mean! Cooking! And candles burning, too! Give me your names!

Madge—I haven't but one, ma'am. (*Aside*) Gee! what a rumpus. I'll have to play innocent.

Stewart—But why are you cooking at this time? It is forbidden emphatically.

Madge—Why, I'm not cooking, I'm—

Stewart—Do not try to deceive me. Can I not see that flame?

Madge—Yes, but—

Stewart—Give me your name.

Madge—Madge Rodney, but I don't room here. The hostess seems to be out.

Stewart—But what are you doing here?

Madge—Well,—Gee! how that fudge is boiling! Wait I *must* stir it down.

Stewart (*impatiently*)—Go on!

Madge (*aside*)—May the fib be forgiven! (*Stirring and dropping fudge from spoon.*) Well, I smelt something burning, and came in to put out the fire. That teacher surely was reckless to leave it, boiling here this way.

Stewart (*startled*)—Teacher! Is this not a girl's room? (*Aside*) Oh, yes! I see it now. (*To Madge*) Of course. I'm a new teacher and don't know about people here. This is where Miss Denham rooms, I suppose. She asked me to come in to-night for refreshments, but I had to decline. I'm afraid—

Madge (hastily)—Yes'm, but don't say it until I can pour this up. It's such lovely fudge to let burn! Doesn't it smell good?

Stewart (interestedly)—It certainly does. I wonder where Miss Denham is? I think we'd better go.

Madge (wistfully)—Yes'm, but—

Stewart (laughing)—But you want some candy? Yes, and I do too. I believe I'll accept Miss Denham's invitation.

(*Both sit down, enjoying the fudge.*)

(*Enter May, Laura and Ruth hastily.*)

Laura—Gee! I hope that candy's done.

All—Oh! (*Fall back.*)

Stewart—Why, girls, did Miss Denham invite you?

May—Miss Denham? Why, this is our own—

Madge—Holy smoke! (*Aside*) If I haven't stepped in a rat hole! (*To May*) Do you room here?

Stewart—You, and not Miss Denham?

Laura—Yes'm; but sit down, Miss Stewart. (*Aside*) Ye gods! what does it mean?

Stewart—But girls—

Madge (hastily)—Miss Stewart, this is all my muddle. Don't you see, I'm new here, too?

Stewart—Yes, but—

Laura—Well, anyway we're glad to have you. Have some fudge!

May (beseechingly)—The new feeling is so exciting, and school hasn't begun good yet,—

Laura—And I know you won't report us—

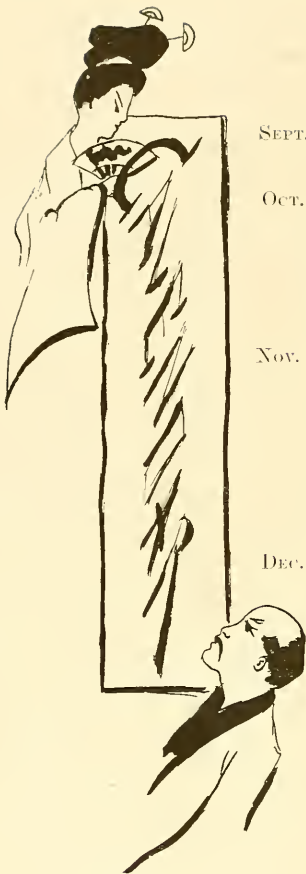
Madge (slyly)—For you were in it, too.

Stewart—Well, I suppose it is funny. I feel helpless, here, myself. But girls, do try to be quiet. That fudge was fine. Good-night. (*Exit right.*)

TABLEAU

May and Laura hugging. Ruth shaking Madge's hand.

CURTAIN.



- SEPT. 19—Rachel becomes "Miss Young."
 20—Dr. Martin begins her career.
- OCT. 1—Mr. Dickmann purchases "The Red Devil."
 12—Miss Cook returns from Europe.
 15—Miss Colton waxos sarcastic.
 18—Sophomore and Seniors enjoy the Freshman-Junior cream.
 30—The dog comes to prayer meeting.
- NOV. 4.—Office closed. Mr. Bachmann gone to Sparta.
 10—Mr. Dickmann and Miss Watkins emerge from the organ.
 15—The Sophomore officers find out what they are not.
 19—Miss Cady serves tea.
 21—Louise Davidson bathes her hair in concentrated H_2SO_4 .
- DEC. 1—Mr. Armstrong fails to note something "curious."
 10—Dr. Gaines and Miss Hopkins smile in chapel.
 15—Exercise deficient— young ladies restricted.
 16—A general "going to walk."
- JAN. 1—"Spike" eliminated from the menu.
 15—Dr. Martin interviews "Mr." Gaines.
 18—Toothache gags Jeannette Brown for one day.
 31—Miss Hopkins makes announcement for Miss Darrow.
- FEB. 4—Drs. Arbuckle and Armistead dispute loudly in the hall.
 15—Miss Bucher locks up Hardy's novels.
 19—Midnight serenade from Dorothea Snodgrass.
- MARCH 5—*The Seniors appear in caps and gowns.*
 18—The "Complicators" extract K. A. banner from a male visitor.
- APRIL 1—Mr. Bachmann goes to Sparta.
 10—Charlotte Ramspeck agrees with Mr. Armstrong.
 17—Eleanor Coleman rises to sit on the "Hill."
 24—Miss Euphemia smiles.
- MAY 3—Adalene Dortch studies "Psych." for half an hour.
 26—Seniors decide to reform and put out lights on time.
 27—Wild rush for home.

Y.W.C.A.



Organization

MAUDE B. HILL PRESIDENT
LIZZABEL SAXON VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHARINE DEAN SECRETARY
ELVA DRAKE TREASURER

CABINET

LOUISE DAVIDSON
MARY DILLARD
ANNETTE McDONALD

MARGARET McCALLIE
IRENE NEWTON
EUPHEMIA YOUNG

CLUBS



SALV

RBLogan



COLORS: Crimson and Gold

KENNEL: R. S. H. 23

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

MEMBERS

Class of 1908

LILL PHILLIPS

Class of 1909

LUTIE HEAD

MEC MACINTYRE

EUGENIA FULLER

Class of 1911

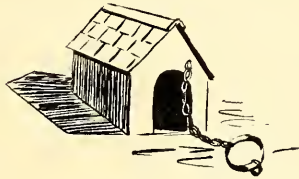
MOSELLE GANN
SYDNEY GABBETT
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM

MATTIE RYLANDER
REBEKAH CANDLER
MARIE MACINTYRE

THE BULL DOGS



ROGER



Σ Λ γ μα Δ ε λ τ α Φ ε λ



A. FELKER



K. BUNN



C. CALDWELL



K. WHEATLEY



I. NUNNALLY



L. PAYNE



I. ELDRIDGE



C. REYNOLDS



I. WILKINSON



C. CRANFORD



The Trumps

FLOWER: Heart's-ease

HEART'S DESIRE: Many hearts

The helping Heart—ALLIE FELKER.

The obeying Heart—CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS.

The spinster Heart—ISABEL NUNNALLY.

The youthful Heart—CLYDE CRANFORD.



COLORS: Black and White

FLOWER: White Rose

MASCOT: Skull

PURPOSE: Mystification of public and complication of private affairs

YELL: C-O-M-P-L-I,
Kismet heategory,
Kilometer, Ki!
Bones and joints,
Nothing less,
C-A-T-O-R-S.

HAZEL BRAND
LIDA CALDWELL
FLORA CROWE
GAMALIEL DIXON
LOUISE DAVIDSON

MARGUERITE FITCH
SADIE GOBER
INEZ JONES
RUTH MARION
ANNE WADDELL

JEAN POWELL

ΕΔΣ



Ἐπιλον Δέλτα Σίγμα



COLORS: Crimson, Blue and Gold

FLOWER: English Violet

MEMBERS

SUSIE E. DARBY
VERA E. HOLLEY
GERALDINE HOOD

LUTIE N. POWELL
HATTIE MAY THORNTON
EVA L. TOWERS



S. A. R. (?)

COLORS: Black and Gold

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

SYMBOLS: Bow and arrow

MEMBERS

ELIZA CANDLER

CAROLINE CALDWELL

CLYDE CRANFORD

KATHARINE BUNN, SPECIAL MESSENGER

RUTH REILLEY, CHIEF ARCHER



The Fudge Makers

LILA WILLIAMS
MARY WALLACE KIRK

LUCY REAGAN
EDITH SLOAN

HATTIE BARDWELL

The Tar Heels in Georgia

COLOR: Black

SONG: "The Old North State, Forever"

POEM: The stickiest stick that used to stick
Was the stick of a slave to his master.
The stickiest stick that now can stick,—
Is Martin's surgeon's plaster.
But the stickiest stick that will ever stick
In time of peace or war,
Is that old stick that will always stick,—
"North Carolina tar."

YELL: Little, but loud!
Haughty and proud,
Completely cowed,
Nit!

MEMBERS

RUTH REILLEY

EDITH SLOAN

DR. MARTIN

NEALIE BELK



TOY SYMPHONY CLUB.

MISS THEODORA MORGAN DIRECTOR
 JEANNETTE BROWN MANAGER
 EDITH LOTT TREASURER

COLLEGE MEMBERS

MARGUERITE THOMAS, VIOLIN	ADELAIDE NELSON, CASTAGNETTE
VERA HOLLEY, PIANO	LILA WILLIAMS, TRIANGLE
MARY DILLARD, PIANO	KATHERINE BUNN, "DEVIL"
EDITH LOTT, CUCKOO	INEZ WILKINSON, COMB
JEANNETTE BROWN, NIGHTINGALE	SINA WHITE, CLAPPERS
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM, MIMIC	

OUTSIDE MEMBERS

MRS. ERWIN MUELLER, VIOLIN	VERA WATERS, CASTAGNETTE
EDNA BEHRE, VIOLIN	ELLIOT JOHNSON, VIOLIN
NELLIE MUNGER, VIOLIN	NELLIE JOHNSON, VIOLIN



The Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

ADELAIDE NELSON, PRESIDENT
LILL PHILLIPS, VICE-PRESIDENT
MARGARET McCALLIE, SECRETARY
MARGUERITE FITCH, TREASURER

MANAGERS

MARY L. CADY
MAUDE MONTGOMERY

MUSICAL MANAGER

INEZ WILKINSON

It is felt, and certainly ardently hoped, that the organization of a Dramatic Club this year at Agnes Scott will mark a permanent movement forward in the development of the college, in fields hitherto but little explored. Although scarcely a year has gone by without one play or more being presented, the matter has never before been under definite management, or been an assured feature of the year. Whereas the club is young and more or less on probation, hopes for its future success and growth are flourishing. And quite a bit of encouragement was indeed afforded when the club actually obtained consent from Dr. Gaines, to allow a select number of young gentlemen to be





present at the first play; and more than that, when after personal inspection it was deemed that the wearing of bloomers might be suitably permitted. The first play having come off with much success, the club feels reasonably hopeful that something decidedly worth while will eventually be accomplished, and it is even holding quite practical visions of soon starting its own "greenroom." Miss



Cady and Miss Montgomery have proved of invaluable assistance in its organization, both sparing neither time nor trouble in the rehearsals and in helping with the general management. The entire student body, both of the college and academy, have taken great interest in the first play, and with their continued support, we need not limit the goal to be reached by the club.



Soph Minus Club

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'it might have been;'"
But even when things seem their worst, still worse may befall,
And 'tis better to have lived and lost than never to have lived at all.

MEMBERS

ALLIE FELKER
DOROTHEA SNODGRASS
EMMA BINNS
SUE ELDRIDGE
ISABELLE NUNNALLY
EVA TOWERS
KATHARINE BOOTHE
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS



“Überall”

Out there is a place where the mountains stand,
And the banks their great trees raise;
And the dark water winds throughout the land,
With its silvery, misty haze.

And here is the shore with its rolling slopes,
And its banks of deep red sand;
Just out there the light of the house of hope,
The rock of the fisher's band.

And again the moor with its brown green grass,
Its stretches lonely and bare;
While there come the cries of the birds who pass,
And not one to see nor care.

Then somewhere there winds a peaceful lake,
With its shadowy border trees;
And the faint, sweet stir the heather bells make
Is carried soft with the breeze.

And the drifting sky with its depths of blue,
Where the shades of fancy fall,
Is always the same to the old, the new;
The guardian of them all.

MARY DILLARD.

“The Runaway Girl”



“T, Floyd,” she said, with tear-stained face, yet not forgetting to hold her pink muslin ruffles away from the tomato vines, “you might as well stop talking about that, stop thinking about it! I’ve told you Aunt Mary would as soon think of letting me enter the Salvation Army as marry you! You needn’t think it’s just my imagination! She’s been watching me suspiciously with that Gorgon eye of hers for a week, now, and making all sorts of excuses to talk to your father—about business, she says! About you and me, is the truth of the matter! Why, just last night he talked to her out on the front porch till after twelve o’clock, and then when she came in the house and found me in the hall, she—she looked like she wanted to m—murder me!

“Floyd, I *know* she’s going to send me back to that boarding school, and you will have to go to Mexico, and oh, oh, oh,” she ended in a despairing wail, while the hopeful youth of twenty-one did his best to comfort her, as far as the garden wall and wet tomato vines allowed.

“Florence,” he said, “you may just count upon it, you’re not going back to school, and I’m not going to Mexico, unless you go with me. I’m twenty-one, and you are eighteen, both of us old enough to take matters in our own hands, I guess!”

“But, Floyd, she’ll n-e-e-ver forgive me, I say, and, oh, I’ll just die if she looks at me any more the way she did last night!”

But it is a fact of not infrequent occurrence in the world, that a girl of eighteen years allows her inclinations and her delight in feeling herself the victim of a great and all-absorbing passion to overcome her fear of a cruel aunt’s uncompromising will, and a youth of twenty-one seldom fails to have sufficient confidence in his independent judgment. That is why it was arranged that promptly at five o’clock on the following afternoon, Florence should appear at the same garden wall, suit-case in hand, prepared for a journey of indefinite length.

The next day passed in a flutter of hasty packing and avoiding Aunt Mary’s all-seeing eye. Fortunately, for the inexperience of a mind entirely unaccustomed to such romantic adventures, and for the irrepressible excitement that made her cheeks burn and took away all reasonable knowledge of where to find things and how to pack them, Aunt Mary herself seemed pre-occupied, and not particularly desirous of her niece’s companionship.

At five o'clock, with unaccustomed promptness, a thoroughly excited young lady, with a large and heavy suit-case was seen to run swiftly down the length of a rain-drenched vegetable garden, never forgetting to hold her smart, green skirts away from the cabbages and butterbean vines. At the garden gate, a young man with red hair, and an air of great importance, caused by the marriage license in his pocket, was pacing swiftly and impatiently up and down, and turned with a sigh of relief, when the rustle of the green dress met his ear.

That was no time for affectionate greetings, when a cruel aunt might easily be watching from the window above, so taking the suit-case from her hand, Mr. Floyd Sanders, Jr., led the way to a side street, safe from Aunt Mary's watchful eyes; but, once out of danger, the anxious lines in Florence's face relaxed, and, hand in hand, the two ran down the street, laughing like two truant school children, for eloping is no very serious matter to eighteen and twenty-one, and the thought of the surprised and sad bewilderment their elders would experience when it was all too late increased the light-hearted happiness which the sunshine of an afternoon in May brings to a sentimental two. The bishop's home was just three blocks away, and with excitement that grew more intense every minute the two young runaways walked boldly up the steps and rang the bell.

"Safe at last," said Floyd, and they stood laughing foolishly, until the maid appeared and ushered them into the presence of the Reverend Bishop Reed.

"We—want you to marry us, sir!" blurted Mr. Sanders, Jr., an uncomfortable warmth coming over his face.

"Marry you! Don't you think you'd better go back to school and think over the matter a few years longer, first?"

This disconcerting reply served only to increase the embarrassment of the young people, which had naturally been sufficiently great before, but at last the young man succeeded in convincing the bishop that he wanted to be married right then, on the spot, and the pleading of the bishop's pretty wife helped the cause; and, so, with Mrs. Reed and the cook for witnesses, the service began. With a sense of the solemnity of their wildly-begun adventure just beginning to dawn upon them, the youthful couple listened to the service, until the bishop turned to Floyd.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy—?"

"Oh, Floyd, look, look, quick!" screamed Florence, grasping the arm of that young gentleman, and pulling him forcibly away from the window, while the bishop dropped his prayer book, and through the window, Mrs. Reed and Floyd saw Aunt Mary and Mr. Sanders, the elder, coming up the steps.

"Right in here, come quickly, and do be quiet," said the kind-hearted little Mrs. Reed, almost pushing the thoroughly frightened young people into the next room, and returning to the library just in time to greet the older couple.

In the bishop's study, next door, Florence and Floyd clung to each other and listened fearfully and tremblingly for the word which was to be their doom: but apparently Mr. Sanders was in no great haste to speak it. After a few dry remarks about the weather and the condition of the cotton market, an embarrassed silence followed. Then finally the voice of Mr. Sanders appeared to speak with great difficulty, to the bishop.

"As no doubt you are aware, sir, I—have a son, who is now twenty-one years of age, and very much inclined to have opinions of his own, and Miss Roberts, also, has been entrusted with the care of an excellent niece, who— is somewhat hard to please! Of late, we have noticed these two young people very much in each other's company, and have come to the conclusion—ahem!— that they have noticed, and object to, the growing intimacy which they have observed between Miss Roberts and—myself. Therefore, with a view to avoiding their certain displeasure, we have concluded to come quietly, without their knowledge, to your house, and ask you to solemnize our marriage—"

Florence and Floyd were gazing at each other with utter bewilderment in their eyes, till, all at once, a burst of comprehension coming to them both, the door flew open, and two excited children rushed upon the astonished couple.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, Aunt Mary, who would have thought it of you! You, to run away like this, when I thought all the time—Oh! Oh! You nearly se-seared me to death!"

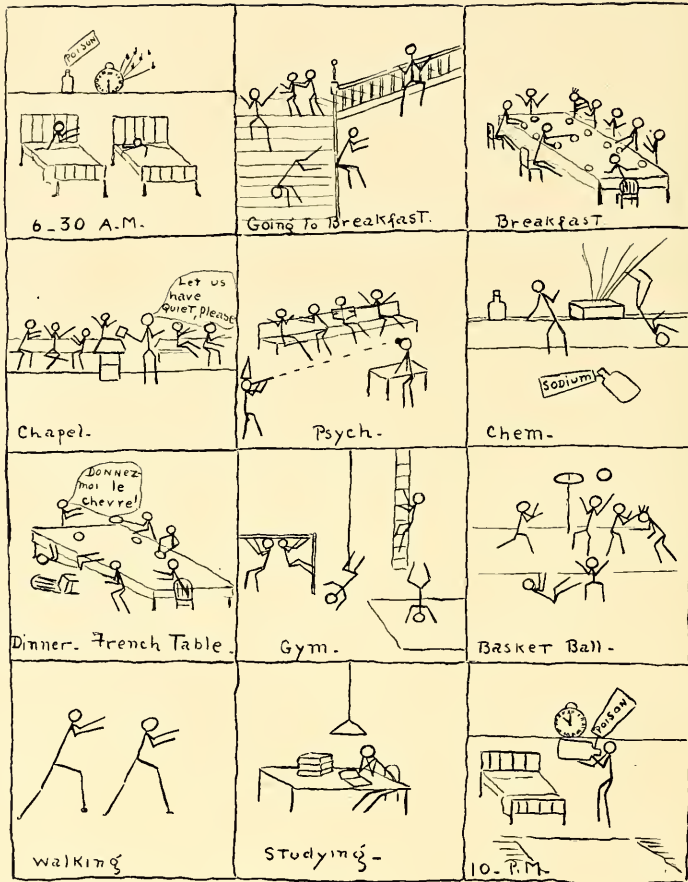
But Mr. Sanders, the younger, was plainly master of the situation.

"Seeing that all parties are present, and no objections on either side, I can find no reason why a double marriage should not take place immediately," said the young gentleman, calmly.

"You—you two!" Aunt Mary and Mr. Sanders stared at each other in complete astonishment. The old gentleman rose to his feet.

"How," he said, and drew his handkerchief across his brow, "how did you ever manage to keep it such a secret?"

GERALDINE HOOD, '10.



A DAY AT AGONY SCOTT.

Hard Times

You ask why so thin I have recently grown,
And so silent—indeed there's a reason.
At Agnes Scott now, they're so wise, be it known,
That English is quite out of season.

If by chance you are slated for Miss Treben's *Tische*,
Con your *Wörterbuch* well is my sermon;
For if bread or potatoes or aught else you wish,
You must know how to ask it in German.

And when you have eaten, not perhaps all you want,
But all that to ask for you're able,
Entschuldigen Sie mich or *Mahlzeit* you must say,
Ere you thankfully rise from the table.

Do you think in your native tongue then to converse,
And feel thankful your troubles are mending?
Nay, Miss Colton awaits, a French play to rehearse,
With French conversation unending.

For *Parlez-vous français?* and *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*
You have somebody ask you each minute;
And if nothing but English you know how to speak,
You feel woefully lost and not in it.

JEANNETTE BROWN.

Maudie Montgomery



Though Miss Montgomery came to Agnes Scott only this year, it has taken but a very short part of that time to win for her the admiration, as well as hearty support of all. In the very beginning we found her capable, competent, amid all the newness of her surroundings, and we are still striving to attain that perfection in gymnastics, which her example has constantly kept before us. Although too much can scarcely be said for the remarkable efficiency that Miss Montgomery displays in her department, it is for something outside of the gymnasium itself that we will remember her. This is the addition of a new sport to the athletic life of the college. It is owing to her efforts and influence that we have obtained a hockey field, and her interest and enthusiasm

have been a splendid stimulus. She has introduced several new indoor games, and proved an excellent coach and umpire in the old realm of basketball, to say nothing of the aid she has given in a quite different direction, that in connection with the Dramatic Club, where she has shown the fine versatility of genuine ability. But the position of physical director, here, seems fated to be short, for Miss Montgomery's memory with all it conveys and embodies, is all that she will leave to Agnes Scott for another year. However, we feel that 'tis better to have had and lost, than never to have had at all.



Athletic Association



MARGUERITE FITCH
VICE PRESIDENT



LILL PHILLIPS
PRESIDENT



LOUISE DAVIDSON
SECRETARY AND TREASURER



GYMNASIUM



Hockey Team

LINE UP

MARGUERITE FITCH, c. f. (CAPTAIN)
MAUDE SWARTWOOD, r. w.
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM, l. w.
KATHERINE BUNN, r. i. f.
ELEANOR FRIERSON, l. i. f.
GAMALIEL DIXON, c. m. (MANAGER)
ADELAIDE NELSON, r. h.
LILA WILLIAMS, l. h.
FLORA CROWE, r. f.
LUTIE POWELL, l. f.
ELIZA CANDLER, g.



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM



MARY KNIGHT
MASCOT



MCDOXALD
MANAGER

Basket Ball

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



NELSON
CAPTAIN

LINE UP

FORWARDS

M. FITCH
L. DAVIDSON

GUARDS

A. NELSON
V. CRANE

CENTERS

L. PHILLIPS
E. FRIERSON



NELSON

DAVIDSON

FITCH

FRIERSON

GRACE

PHILLIPS

College Scrub Team

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



RYLANDER
CAPTAIN



McKINNEY GASH
MASCOT



DIXON
MANAGER

FORWARDS
E. COLEMAN
M. HUNTER

LINE UP
CENTERS
A. DORTCH
R. CANDLER

GUARDS
E. DRAKE
M. RYLANDER



CANDLER

HUNTER

RYLANDER

COLEMAN

BRACE

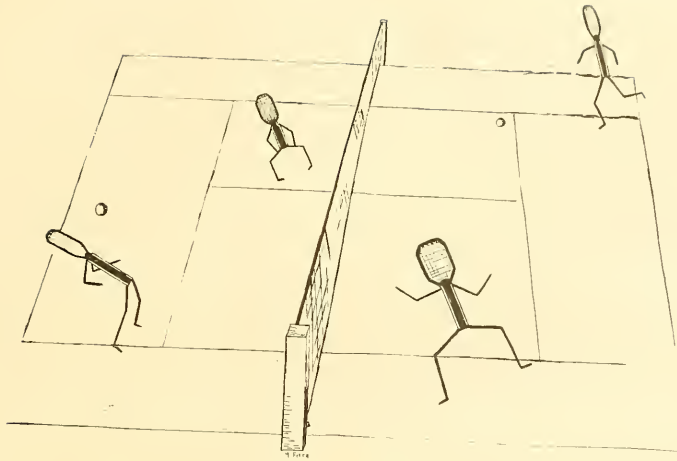
DORTCH



Tennis Association

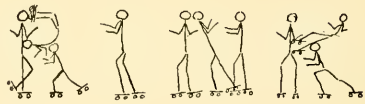
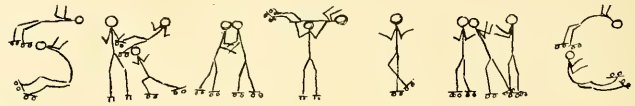
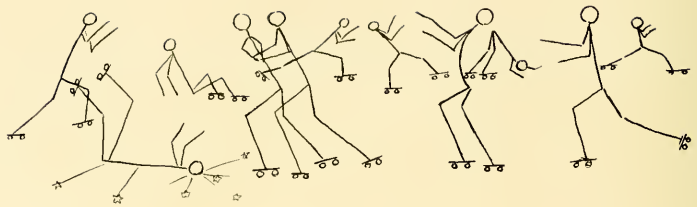
OFFICERS

MARGUERITE FITCH.....PRESIDENT
ELEANOR COLEMAN.....VICE-PRESIDENT
MATTIE RYLANDER.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER



MEMBERS

- DR. ARBUCKLE
 DR. ARMISTEAD
 MARGUERITE BRISCOE
 KATHERINE BOOTHE
 EDITH BROWN
 KATHERINE BROWN
 MARY BROWN
 DOROTHY BURFORD
 HATTIE BARDWELL
 ANNIE CAMPBELL
 BLANCHE COLLINS
 IRENE DAVIS
 MISS DARROW
 ADELENE DORTCH
 LOUISE DAVIDSON
 GAMALIEL DIXON
 ELVA DRAKE
 MARGUERITE FITCH
 ELEANOR FRIERSON
 NELLIE FARGASON
 WINIFRED HUSON
 MATTIE HUNTER
 VERA HOLLEY
 AGNES KIME
 IDA KING
 MARY WALLACE KIRK
 RUTH MARION
 MEC MACINTYRE
 MARIE MACINTYRE
 ETHELLEN MCGARITY
 ERMA MONTGOMERY
 GUSSIE O'NEAL
 BESSIE POWEL
 LILA SMITH
 RHETTA PUND
 ANNIE SUE PATILLO
 LILL PHILLIPS
 LUTIE POWELL
 MAUD SWARTWOOD
 JULIA THOMPSON
 MARGUERITE THOMAS
 MISS TREBEIN
 MILDRED THOMSON
 ANNIE WADDELL
 ALICE WEATHERS
 THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
 LOUISE WISE
 LOUISE WELLS
 LILA WILLIAMS



GRINDS



And now we come to quips and grinds --

A bitter job all 'round;
For if one did not grind out grinds,
They never would be ground.

Three cheers for dear old basket-ball,
Whose field is in the gym!
And, as it's near the swimming pool,
Of course it's in the swim.

You may burn down the kitchen,
May do what you will;
There'll be tongue, *goat* and
Peaches and hominy still.

Now as "crush"
Is pure slush,
We take time
In this rhyme,
To say "nein,"
None in mine.

An Academy girl's opinion on the subject is printed below:

A CRUSH

You, my young readers,
You've probably heard
The beautiful meaning
Of such a rare word.
So beware, dear young friends,
Of such a disease;
For it's almost incurable,
And it sometimes takes weeks.
I know from experience,
Especially at school,
That any girl that gets it
Is considered a fool.
You can't even look
At a girl and blush,
But what somebody hollers,
"That is her crush!"
So don't look at a girl,
Except in disgust,
Because if you smile at her,
She'd be your crush.
True friendship is beautiful,
Especially at school;
But it's sure to be analyzed
By some little fool.

JEANNETTE FRANCES CLARK.

"What shall I put in of A. S. A.?"
Said I to a maid one night;
And quick spoke this little Academy girl,
"Just that it is all right!"

Grind, grind, grind. There is no rest for me,
And that no real jokes have transpired is not sufficient plea;
I tell of the august "fac" who lectures the girls at will,
But, oh, the dread of their mighty ire my poor trembling heart doth fill.
Grind, grind, grind. It's an everyday job, you see,
And until the Annual goes to press it will continue to be.

Dr. Armistead says, "I love to eat;
Feeding is my greatest treat,
Promptly at table I take my seat,
And leave it with reluctant feet."

There was a plump maiden named Gam,
Whose slender T. L. was named Sam,
Together the pair
Are rich, racy and rare,
And this is the truth and no slam.

L. LUDLOW

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That she could even hold what she could chew."

H. BRAND, AT SPASMODIC INTERVALS

"A low and gentle voice is an excellent thing in woman."

MIDNIGHT, ROOM 16, R. S. H., ENTER LOUISE

MARGARET (sleepily)—"Where on earth have you been?"

LOUISE (proudly)—"Spraying Mary Dillard's throat."

MARGARET—"You've been gone two hours. She must have a neck like a giraffe!"

Louise Chick on an autumn day,
Came to Agnes Scott to stay;
In her face there glowed the look,
Of one who loves the pen and book;
And now because she loves them so
She simply won't consent to go.

MAUDE H. AND K. DEAN

A very taking pair indeed,
And now we are not faking;
To show you 'tis the double truth,
They're both "before and after taking."

L. E. D.

"A fool and his money soon part," they say,
Whether hundreds or millions he start with;
But it's worth while being a fool to-day,
Just to have some good hoodle to part with."

Complicator room, a smoldering fire,
A melody, Miss Hopkins' ire.

PROBLEM

M. E. M. + D. S. = Pair
∴ Peach + Lemon = Pear (A. X. I.)
Where's Burbank?

When Miss Smith came to Agnes Scott
She rode a hobby-horse,
And vowed she'd cling to Bennett, for
The better or for worse.

Is it that she's forgot him now?
She's pierced by Cupid's arrow;
And we watch a violent mutual crush
T'ween her and Miss Ruth Darrow.

There was a young maiden named Dick,
To her text-books she just would not stick.
What was her bent?
Why was she here sent?
For a special degree in sentiment.

Little Howard grabbed Louise's hair with all his might.
"Stop it, Chunky," said his father. "Don't you know that rat will bite?"

Miss Trebein spricht a "Howdy do?"
"Oh, little schon, the same to you."
Miss Cady sagt a "Parlez-vous—"
But nihil spake Bartholomew.
Dixit Almon "Immer mehr,
Meum cor, what bully fare!"

There was a little girl
That had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad—she was Howard.

Pills and pills and pills we have,
And pills we give to thee;
All pilgrims in this pilgrimage
Must enter this pillory.

There's Higher Education
For girls of every nation
To be had at Agnes Scott.
Shut up in a nunnery,
Without any funnery,
And never a man on the spot.
No fascinating cases
Of Cupid's darts—no traces—
'Tis only an old maid's lot.
But—there's Higher Education
For girls of every nation
To be had at Agnes Scott.



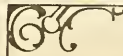
The Wind

When the first May breeze with its soft touch wakes
The sweet wood flowers,
Or sings to itself the low song it makes
In drowsy hours;
When it lends new life to the coming spring
Till the harebell pauses listening,
I love it then.

When November wind with its deep, drear tone
Sobs low, so low,
For forgotten griefs of the lost and alone
In the long ago;
Or cries like a child for a woe that is past
As spent with its struggle; breathes quiet at last,
I love it more.

Sometimes there's a wind like a demon in pain
Shrieks shrill,
And raves like a lost thing in torture again
O'er rock, crags and hill;
In agony writhes, mad, crazed, just as when
A furious beast wildly rages. And then
I love it best.

—Clyde Pettus.



In Memory of

EUGENIA M. DEARING

COVINGTON, GEORGIA

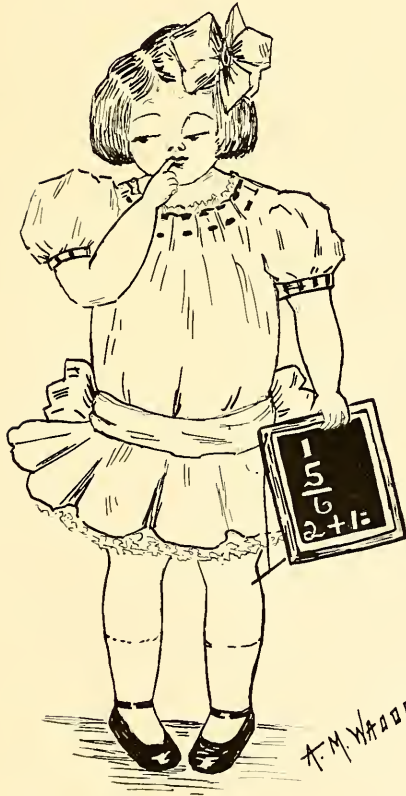
CLASS OF 1911, M. L. S.

DIED FEBRUARY 24, 1908



THE Editors' thanks are due to
Miss Brownie Huson, Mr. R.
B. Logan, Miss Jule Hunter,
Miss Mary L. Cady, and Dr. J. D.
M. Armistead.

ADS.



FULL AND ABLE FACULTY

Agnes Scott College

SPACIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS
ELEGANT BUILDING WITH MODERN
CONVENIENCES. COURSE LEAD-
ING TO THE A. B. DEGREE
BEST ADVANTAGES IN
MUSIC AND ART



FOR CATALOGUE, ADDRESS

F. H. Gaines, D. D., President
DECATUR, GEORGIA

ESTABLISHED 1859

J. P. BELL CO.

PRINTERS AND BINDERS

EQUIPMENT

AND QUALITY



COLLEGE
ANNUALS
CATALOGS
BROCHURES

THIS Book was Designed, Printed and Bound in our plant. The engravings were also furnished by us. 〰〰〰



MADISON HALL, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA



A VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE GROUP, BLACKSBURG, VA.

SAMPLE OF OUR FOUR-COLOR PROCESS.
WE MAKE SOUVENIR POST CARDS STYLE OF ABOVE
FROM LOCAL VIEWS.
ASK FOR SAMPLES AND QUOTATIONS

J. P. BELL COMPANY
LYNCHBURG, VA.

COLLEGE
LASS AND
LUB

Pictures and
Frames

Pennants

Banners

AND FELT GOODS
DESIGNED and manu-
factured TO ORDER

Class Pins and Col-
lege Stationery and
Post Cards, Basket-
ball and Sporting Goods

Agt. A. G. Spalding & Bros., N. Y.

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

The College
"Co-Op." Co. *No. 97 Peachtree Street*
ATLANTA, GA.
SHELLEY IVEY, Manager



King Hardware Company

PRACTICALLY
EVERYTHING



and the

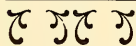
Largest Store in The South

EVERYTHING IN

Books

AND

Pictures



framing
A
Specialty

Cole Book & Art Co.

69 Whitehall St.

A. S. C. Students

ARE CORDIALLY INVITED
TO OUR STORE



We have a com-
plete line OLIVE
OIL, OLIVES, Pimen-
toes, Sweet or Sour
Pickles, DILL Pickles,

Candies, Crackers, Nut Meals
Soft Drinks and Cream; also Fruits

VENABLE & WEEKES

Both Phones, 430 Decatur

NOT
"HOW MUCH?"
BUT
"How Good?"

IS THE QUESTION
EVERYONE SHOULD ASK IN
BUYING CANDY

¶ The old saying that "a man is judged by the candy he gives" holds good today same as always. Buy the best --- don't take the "just as good" kind.

Nothing Quite Equals

Beyler's

FAMOUS BON-BONS
AND
CHOCOLATES

*They are in a distinctly exclusive
class to themselves*

¶ Orders receive prompt and careful attention. Just give us the name and address and Uncle Sam does the rest.



Brown & Allen

Reliable Druggists

24 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

The
Eugene H. Haynes
Company

HAVE DECIDEDLY THE
HANDSOMEST
STOCK
OF

ARTISTIC
GOLD

Jewelry

TO BE FOUND IN
ATLANTA

Always Something New
A. S. C. Class Pins Just Received

Eugene H. Haynes Co.

Jewelers and Importers

ATLANTA

Adaptability constitutes half the attraction in anything. It is a great part of all ability.

—The Muse Idea.

...MUSE'S...

Nothing that's not good; everything that is good for men and boys to wear

Suits and Overcoats, Top-Coats and Raincoats, Shoes, Slippers, Hats, Golf and Auto Caps, Fancy Hat Bands, Canes and Umbrellas, Furnishing Goods.

Agent for *KNOX HATS*

3-5-7 WHITEHALL STREET
ATLANTA, GA.

Steinway

Knabe

Fischer

Everett

Pianos...

ON EASY TERMS

Phillips & Crew Co.

ATLANTA, GA.

Sole Agents in this Section.

CALL AT...

The LENNEY

STUDIO OF

Photography



FOR THE BETTER GRADE OF

...Photographs ...

The Greatest Thing in Life

Being prejudicial in our own favor, of course we think it is

MUSIC



Why not get yours at 43 PEACHTREE Street? — The home of the

Arno Music Co.

Donald Fraser School
FOR BOYS

DECATUR, GEORGIA

College Preparatory
Military Features
Limited Number

Special Attention Given to
English and Mathematics

For Catalogue Write
G. HOLMAN GARDNER
PRINCIPAL

The Tripod Paint Co.

Manufacturers, Importers
and Dealers

Wall Paper, Painters' and
Artists' Supplies

Write for Color Cards and Catalogue of
Artists' Materials

STORE AND OFFICE
41-43 E. Alabama St.

FACTORY
77-79 Madison Ave.

Davison-Paxon-Stokes Co.

STORE OF

Many Departments

57-61 Whitehall St.

Atlanta, Ga.

John Aldredge
President

O. L. Jernigan
Sec.-Treas.

Lester
Book & Stationery Co.
Commercial Stationers
and Printers

60 Peachtree and 57 N. Broad Streets
ATLANTA, GA.

S. A. Woodbury

J. H. Estey

Estey
Piano & Organ Co.

*High Grade Music
Fine Piano Tuning*

99 Peachtree Street
ATLANTA, GA.

AN
Eastman Kodak
is a pleasure the year round

Glenn Photo Stock Co.

72 Whitehall Street
ATLANTA, GA.

MAX KUTZ

Millinery

38 WHITEHALL STREET
ATLANTA, GA.

We make a specialty of Handsome and Stylish

Footwear

for *YOUNG LADIES*

at Popular Prices

CARLTON SHOE COMPANY

36 WHITEHALL STREET

\$3.50 Agnes Scott

Wear *RED SEAL Shoes*

Sold Everywhere

MADE ONLY by

J. K. Orr Shoe Company

ATLANTA

Atlanta Floral Co.

(INCORPORATED)

The *LARGEST CUT FLOWER GROWERS* in the *SOUTH*

We Fill Mail Orders for Cut Flowers to go Anywhere

Both Phones
No. 4

41 Peachtree
Street

THE MOST FASHIONABLE

Spring Footwear

....FOR YOUNG LADIES....

IS **"The Josephine"** AT

BYCK BROS. & CO.

Mme. Robinaire's Face Powder

All ladies who desire an irreproachable complexion will find a pure rice powder an indispensable toilet requisite, for it imparts to the skin a delicate and velvety appearance which greatly enhances its natural beauty. Mme. Robinaire's Face Powder is an absolutely pure and extremely fine rice powder. It is free from bismuth and arsenic, and offers no impediment to the natural excretions of the skin. It imparts to the complexion a delicate softness and beauty, and is invisible on application. This powder is most refreshing and delightful in use. Prevents sunburn, roughness and other distressing blemishes from heat of summer or winds of winter. It will stay on the face, and will not make the face shine. Comes in three tints to match the complexion, white, pink, brunette; is delicately perfumed with violet. Price 25c and 50c. JACOB'S PHARMACY, Agts., Atlanta, Ga.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK

OF ATLANTA

Capital and Surplus, \$1,000,000

Frank Hawkins, Pres.

Jas. A. McCord, Vice-Pres. Thos. C. Erwin, Cashier
H. M. Atkinson, Vice-Pres. R. W. Byers, Asst. Cash.

Many years of experience in banking convince us that conservative methods are best — best for the bank and best for the people. In all essential details of its business, this Bank seeks out and follows the safest and most approved methods. Having gained a reputation for careful, conservative management, we shall endeavor to maintain it.

