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THE SILHOUETTE SHOW

VOLUME VII

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE
DECATUR, GEORGIA



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WENZEL

WORTH

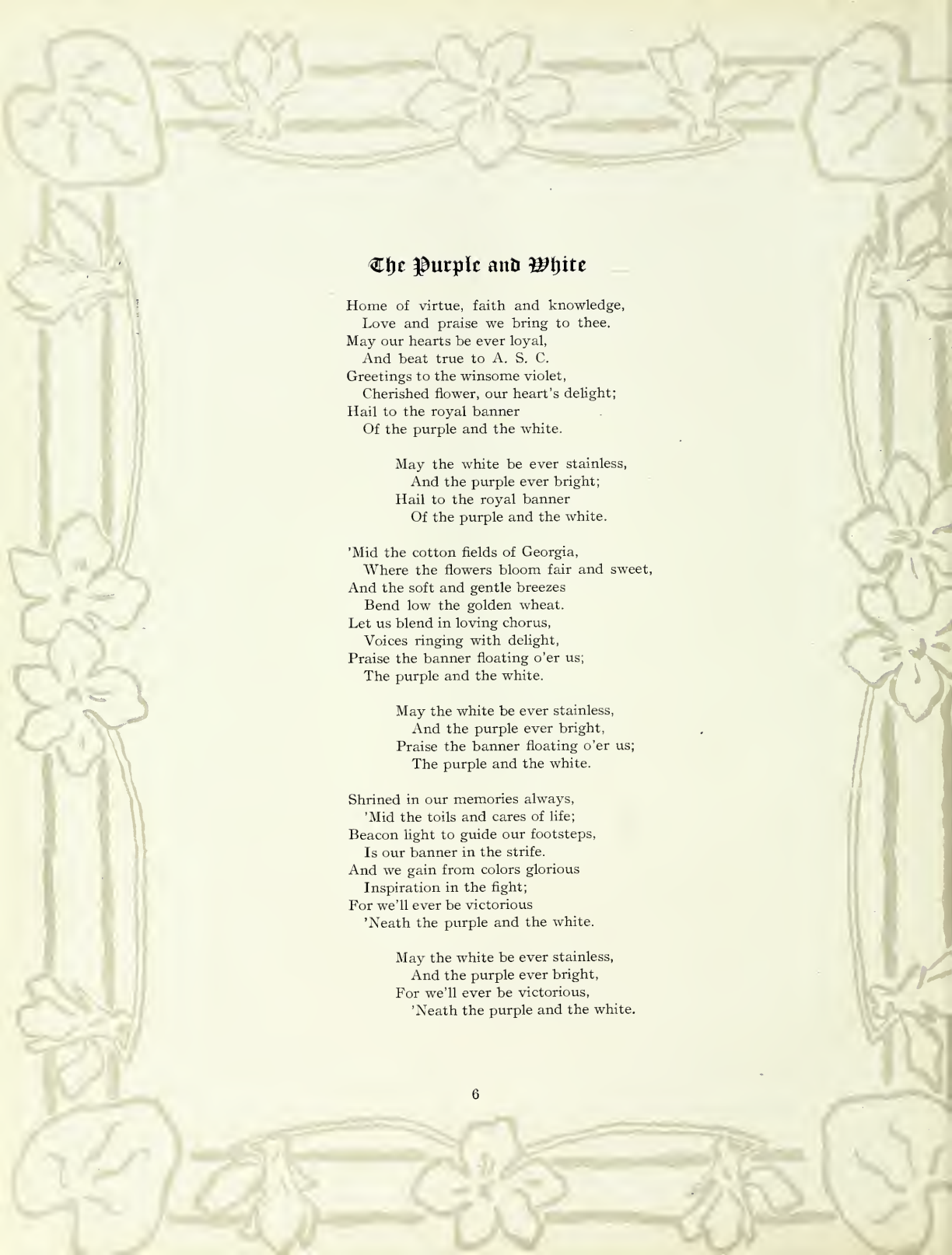
GIRL



Dedicated to

The College Dean





The Purple and White

Home of virtue, faith and knowledge,
Love and praise we bring to thee.
May our hearts be ever loyal,
And beat true to A. S. C.
Greetings to the winsome violet,
Cherished flower, our heart's delight;
Hail to the royal banner
Of the purple and the white.

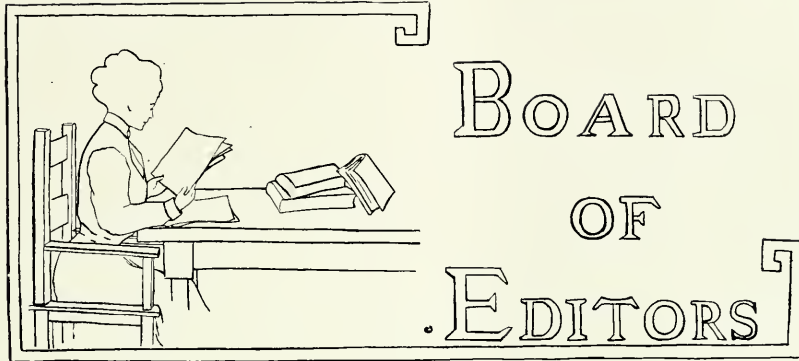
May the white be ever stainless,
And the purple ever bright;
Hail to the royal banner
Of the purple and the white.

'Mid the cotton fields of Georgia,
Where the flowers bloom fair and sweet,
And the soft and gentle breezes
Bend low the golden wheat.
Let us blend in loving chorus,
Voices ringing with delight,
Praise the banner floating o'er us;
The purple and the white.

May the white be ever stainless,
And the purple ever bright,
Praise the banner floating o'er us;
The purple and the white.

Shrined in our memories always,
'Mid the toils and cares of life;
Beacon light to guide our footsteps,
Is our banner in the strife.
And we gain from colors glorious
Inspiration in the fight;
For we'll ever be victorious
'Neath the purple and the white.

May the white be ever stainless,
And the purple ever bright,
For we'll ever be victorious,
'Neath the purple and the white.



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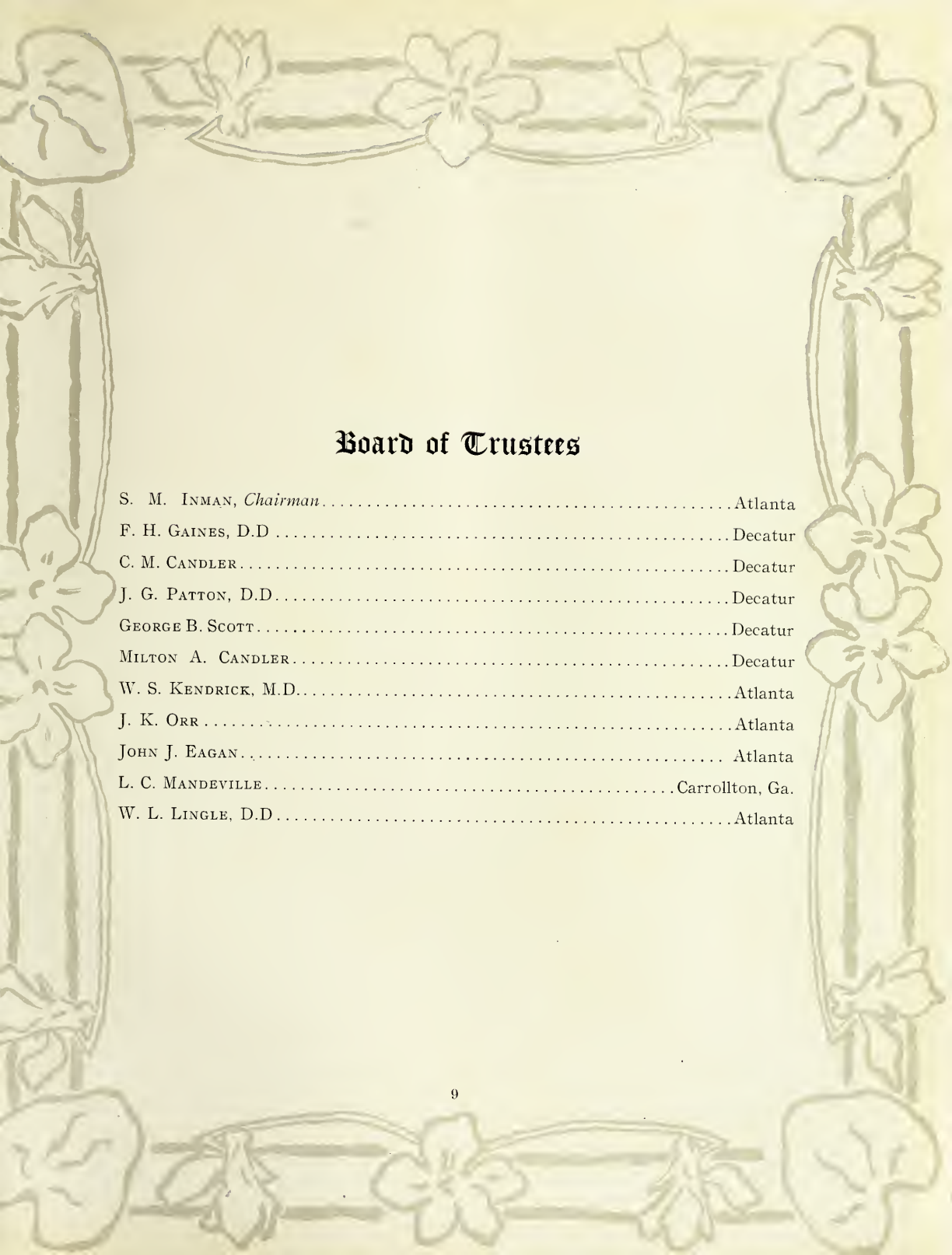
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In Loving Memory

of

Mr. Robert M. Farrar

Agnes Scott College

Died February 15, 1909

Faculty Song

Our fond recollection of past college days,
Viva la memory!
Turn to our teachers and all their queer ways,
Viva la charity!
They taught us aright, though they taught us some wrong;
We wish to embalm them in this little song,
But as we can't take all, we will not take long;
So viva la brevity!

To Dr. Gaines drink we with loud ringing cheers,
Viva la our "D. G.!"
Grape juice is our toast, no intoxicants here—
Viva sobriety!
He won't let us dance, but he wants us to walk,
He won't let us drive,—horse might kick or balk.
Of college ideals he will evermore talk;
Viva propriety!

Dean Hopkins is mistress of one and of all,
Viva authority!
She doesn't wish talking aloud in the hall,
Viva la courtesy!
Uneasy, they say, lies the head with the crown,
But it's we who're uneasy, if ever she frown;
"O girls, do not sit there upon the damp ground;
Get up immediately!"

Miss Mary has on her stern face a dark frown,
Viva infirmary!
Just open your mouth and they'll slip right on down,
Viva la "pillory!"
Viva la powder, and viva la pills,
Viva each dose that would lessen our ills,
Whether it cures you or whether it kills—
Viva la remedy!

Here's to the music that soothes all our fears,
Viva la melody!
It's soft on our souls, but its hard on our ears,
Viva la harmony!
Here's to Dramatics, Miss Cady and all,
Here's to Athletics, Miss Ross, Basketball.
She'll teach us to win, or else gracefully fall,
Viva hilarity!

Miss Anna is standing beside the blackboard,
O, trigonometry!
With all mathematics her head is well stored,
Viva geometry!
A halo should crown her kind patience each day,
Miss Anna has 'most sighed her poor life away—
"O girls, can't you see this? The thing that will pay
Is reason—not memory!"

Now Dr. Arbuckle's tongue always will wag,
Viva geology!
To hear him sometimes you might think of a jag,
Viva la chemistry!
The jokes that he tells are an evermore sight,
And sometimes one really should not listen—quite,
He talks, as we know, with a feverish might,
Viva loquacity!

Miss Smith came a-riding down into the South,
Viva la "Ph.D."
"Bennett" she said, "is the name of my horse,"
Viva la "amo te!"
She paused in dismounting to pick up an arrow,
It lodged in the heart of poor little Miss Darrow,
And there is a crush now, for love didn't spare her,
Viva sentimentality!

Dr. Armistead is very pleasant and gay,
Viva la gallantry!
His intentions are kindly in every way,
Viva la chivalry!
He's nice-looking and has a dramatic pose,
But why will he flirt? Oh, well, nobody knows!
Because he has nothing to do, I suppose,
Viva J. D. M. A.!

Here's to Mrs. Mays and our breakfast each morn,
Viva la hominy!
And dinner is not a thing to put to scorn,
Viva dear old Billy!
To everything placed on the table we sing,
To chicken, its drumsticks, and wishbone and wing,
And when we have ice-cream, our hearts loudly sing,
Viva the dinner Sundee!

We pledge to them all in a full brimming glass,
Viva la faculty!
And wish we had room for them all as we pass,
Viva la company!
Each one did his best to help us do the right
And make our lives worthy the purple and white,
We thank them with love—they're all out of sight,
Vive la A. S. C.!



Senior Class

Motto

Forsan et haec olim meminisse invabit

Colors

White and gold.

Flower: Daisy

Officers

First Term

LOUISE DAVIDSON..... *President*
MATTIE NEWTON..... *Vice-President*
ADELAIDE NELSON..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

Second Term

MARGARET MCCALLIE..... *President*
ADELENE DORTCH..... *Vice-President*
VERA HOLLEY..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

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LOUISE DAVIDSON
ADALENE DORTCH
EUGENIA FULLER
LUTIE HEAD
VERA HOLLEY
IRENE NEWTON

MEC MACINTYRE
RUTH MARION
ANNIE WADDELL
ADELAIDE NELSON
MARGARET MCCALLIE
MATTIE NEWTON

Honorary Members

MISS MCKINNEY

MISS ALEXANDER



MARGARET E. McCALLIE, B.A., P.L.S.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Four years ago there left the town of Chattanooga, one Margaret McCallie by name; not unlike other maidens of her kind, a timid and shrinking Freshman. It is said that she even felt an unholy delight in breaking rules. But presto change! Four years later finds her ruling her abject subjects with the rod of restrictions, showing no mercy to offenders. Dr. Gaines willingly offers recommendations to any one wishing a keeper for a State Penitentiary, Orphan Asylum, or Young Ladies' Seminary.



MES Y. McINTYRE, B.A., B.D., M.L.S
Atlanta, Georgia.



Miss MacIntire, who proudly traces her ancestry through Grandpa Columbus back to Adam, is the Senior who pays to Dame Fashion most devoted homage. So much time is required to train her hair through the stages of pompadour, Psyche knot and bangs, that there is little time to devote to the rest of her course. In her specialty, however she has done nobly, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration.



LOUISE E. DAVIDSON, B.A., C.C., P.L.S.
Jacksonville, Florida.

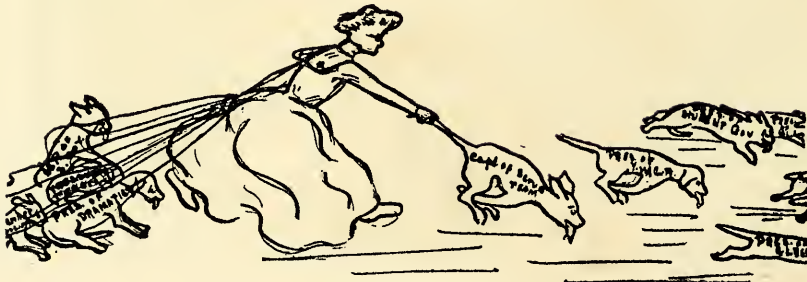
Louise Elizabeth Davidson, familiarly known as "Tom," has devoted the several years of her stay to the pursuit of three things: Academy crushes, athletics, and corpulence. It is not often that those with such varied aims succeed, yet so exceptional is she that she has attained the highest honors in each, and it is not unnatural that we find her—shall we say conceited? Not that, of course, but rather impressed with the importance of the "ego."



GRACE ADELAIDE NELSON, B.A., M.L.S.
Atlanta, Georgia.

But

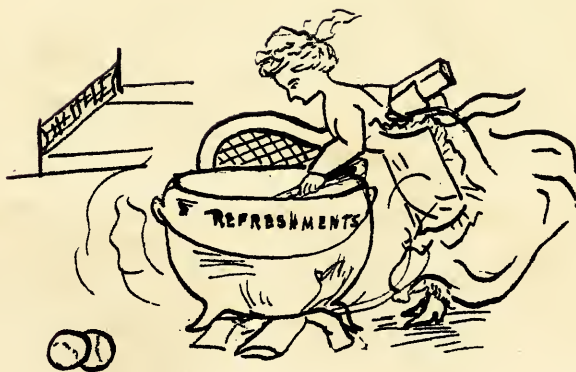
Many years ago—so long ago it was that only tradition tells us when—Adelaide Nelson came to Agnes Scott, fired by a noble aim to get everything that could be gotten out of her college course. Acting on this inspiration, she set out in quest of offices, never ceasing, never tiring, but always aspiring to attain some new office to add to her store. Many is the time when one less zealous would have become weary of the chase, but not our Adelaide. Thus unselfishly placing the public good first and banishing all thoughts of self, she stands, a monument of self-effacement and a martyr to the public good.





ADALENE DORTCH, B.A., P.L.S.
Gadsden, Alabama.

Every class must have a night owl and Adelene Dortch creditably fills this office in the Class of 1909. Her regular hour for retiring is 2:30 a.m., and of rising 4 a.m. Having thus beautifully arranged her hours of labor, from 10 p.m. to 2.30 a.m. and from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m., her days are entirely full for basketball, tennis, Jaxon's and the other necessities of college life. She has a lofty altitude of five feet and enjoys the distinction of being the smallest wearer of the cap and gown. Her chief claim to fame is her good nature, for she holds the remarkable record of having served on refreshment committees nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine times and of having never killed anyone.



IRENE NEWTON, B.A. P.L.S.
Gabbettville, Georgia.

In a class where studiosity is the rule and frivolity the exception, Irene Newton stands as the representative of the superlative degree. From the beginning, she has counted learning the aim of life and right nobly has she striven to attain. She accounted the day lost that had not at least fifteen hours devoted to study, and as a reward for such zeal we find her marks ranging from A + to A + + +.





MATTIE NEWTON, B.A., P.L.S.
Gabbettville, Georgia.

Sweet Mattie, thou art such a pensive, unassuming maid. I fear thou dreamest of love—dost thou? Beware, my child, thou art a Senior and shouldst by now have filled thy brain with stabler things—physics and such like. Put from thee all foolish thought of love, now thou art young; time will come soon enough when thou canst think of these.



ANNIE WADDELL, B.A., C.C., P.L.S.
Marietta, Georgia.

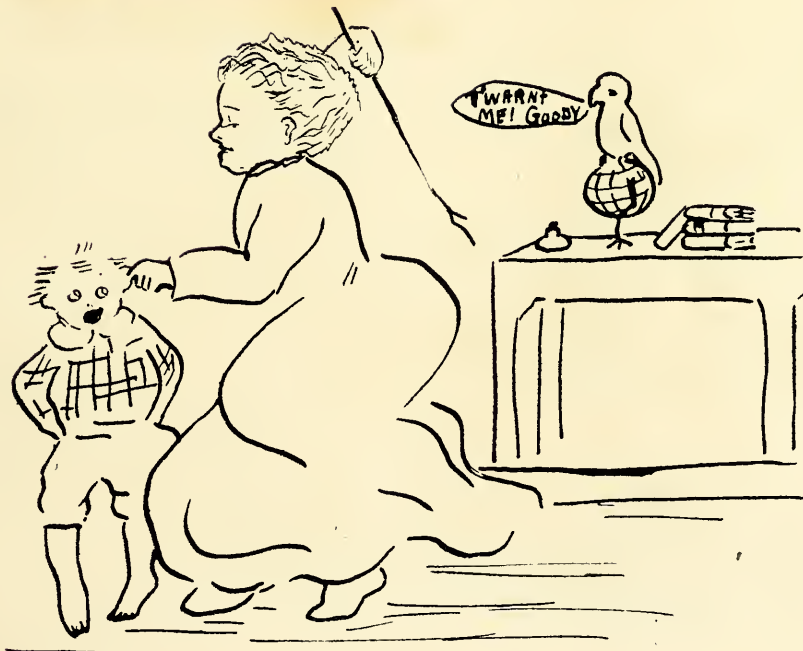


Now, how can I knock on Anne?
"She ain't never done nothing to nobody." She learns all her lessons, she eats all her meals. She comes to chapel, she says her prayers—she sleeps when it's proper, she studies when it's time. She ain't never done nothing. Now, how can I knock on Anne?



RUTH MARION, B.A., C.C., P.L.S.
Cornelia, Georgia.

The least fault about this young damsel is her brilliancy—or was a little learning ever considered a fault? Dear friend, do not be deceived by her sweet glance and shy look—she's no lamb. Her tongue is the sharpest in the class—even Eugenia cannot compare with her—and she is sure to use it on you if you offend. I advise you not to meet her.



EUGENIA FULLER, B.A., B.D., M.L.S.
Ocala, Florida.



None would think to look upon the angelic countenance of Miss "Pessie" Fuller, that she were capable of hurling the poisoned darts of sarcasm, and yet such is the sad case. Woe unto you, ye Freshmen, and woe unto you, ye Acad's, if in an unguarded moment ye incur the wrath of this maiden; for she will give you a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in keeping your place. This faculty of using words as weapons is probably due to her musical tendencies. Our prophetic soul descries her in the dim distant future, dispensing music and sarcasm impartially to a helpless audience.

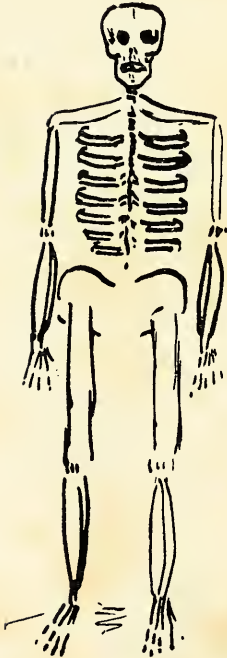


LUTIE POPE HEAD, B.A., B.D., M.L.S.
Macon, Georgia.

There was a young senior named Lute,
Who thought she was exceedingly cute,
She delighted to wiggle,
To laugh and to giggle
Till people all wished she was mute.



VERA HOLLEY, B.A., P.L.S.
Fort Gaines, Georgia.



There is a young lady named Holley,
Who is exceedingly fat and jolly;
As she goes down the hall
She resembles a ball,
Or perhaps a big rag dolly.

Senior Class History

Long, long ago, in the Prehistoric Ages of our beloved Alma Mater, so long that even Miss Cook can scarcely remember, there came to Agnes Scott, in pigtailed and short dresses, a maid named Adelaide Nelson. Boldly she started out on her journey, through the intricate windings of a school career; spurred on by the faculty, she toiled faithfully. Next year, others set out on this perilous journey, beset with many pitfalls and snares, hand in hand, treading bravely the false path of teachers' favor. One by one numbers were added to these toiling travelers until in the year 1904-1905, we had so far advanced both in numbers and intelligence that, as Freshmen, with indomitable courage and daring we set out on our glorious career, amazing and charming the faculty, bringing glory to ourselves, and edification to the whole college world. A glorious career, indeed! Where in all the annals of Agnes Scott history can you find one so great? Though, from the very beginning, we were a class of unusual force and ability, still our Freshman year was mainly one of toil and struggle. Wearily but with undaunted hearts we crossed the slough of Freshman English under Miss McKinney, and climbed the Hill of Geometry urged on by Miss Young. Only a few wandering from the straight way into the treacherous by-paths, whose signposts were marked with a red "F." Through suffering and knowledge, a wiser and sadder class, we rose to the height of Sophomore superiority. Here our innate originality burst forth to dazzle the faculty and to shame the Freshmen. Their defeat was overwhelming, as our victory was triumphant. A year long to be remembered for its fun, excitement and last, but not least, its hard work. For did not the faculty seek to place a stumbling block in our victorious paths by the snares of Trigonometry? But we were not caught therein and still victoriously we pursued our onward journey.

So serenely smiling we reached the third stage, namely our Junior year, where, our journey half-way over, we hopefully gazed into the future. But our serenity was rudely shaken by the shocks of Chemistry explosions and the discovery of a subconscious mind. But nothing daunted our stalwart hearts, and even through such perils as these we boldly marched. Suddenly a gleam of inspiration came to us. Result the Junior Circus, the like of which Agnes Scott had never seen before.

And now at last, we are Seniors, the desire of our hearts has been reached and the ever longed for Senior year has come. Here acquiring some of the dignity reputed to all who have climbed to the heights of Seniority, shaking off the pranks of bygone days and taking on qualities worthy of the faculty themselves, we leave indeed the model class of A. S. C.

A decorative border with floral and leaf motifs surrounds the text.

Senior Class Poem

(With apologies to Browning)

O, to be a Freshman, now that Senior's here,
For whoever sees a Freshman, sees a being unaware;
That never has a thing to do;
That never thought of being blue;
Scarce study, books, and never frown,
Only town!
And after Fresh., when Soph'more follows,
Its good to feel just like the swallows!
Hush, we climbed the tank, and had a circus
And all know how we beat the '10's in hazing.
They didn't stand a chance in any fracas,
We beat them fair and sent them out a-grazing.
As Juniors, too, we led a merry time,
But nothing like the Fresh and Soph'more years,
And now '09 is here, a sad old rhyme
Of study, "dig," exams, and briny tears;
Alas! All fun is gone, and in its place,
Is dignity, a long black gown and longer face.

A Called Meeting of Faculty in 1915

Faculty in session. Dr. Gaines, from his throne, raps attention. Professor Smith, after much fidgeting, settles down, and all are silent, except Dr. Arbuckle, who continues to converse with himself. Dr. Gaines, glowering over his spectacles, addresses the dear company at hand:

Dear Faculty of Agnes Scott College, in Decatur, Georgia (all the "Fac." look *much* flattered), we have an extremely interesting and important meeting awaiting our attention. I have summoned you to convene with me at this unusual time to bring before your notice, first, certain important data concerning the class of 1909; secondly, to invite and ascertain your comments thereupon. Doubtless, all of you remember that noble Class of 1909, that class which has so indelibly impressed itself upon your memories and hearts. Seldom has it been my pleasure and privilege, so long as I have been President of this great and noble institution of learning, to come in close and intimate contact with young women of such originality and strength of character. Sweet Faculty ("Fac." unanimously blush. Miss Cady does her best.), these thirteen young ladies, joys of their parents, sunbeams to their friends, have embarked upon the sea of life and are directing their voyages in many a varied channel. (Miss McKinney mumbles "mixed metaphor.") One of this illustrious class, with great diligence and care, has collected all newspaper and magazine articles that in anyway touch upon her fellow classmates. You will be interested to hear the results of her labors. I myself as yet am ignorant of the contents. With you I look forward to reading them. The first clipping I have here is from the Literary Digest:

Miss Irene Newton, of Gabbettville, Georgia, is engaged in a most scholarly work and one that will be of greatest service to future generations—that of committing to memory the Encyclopedia Britannica. This unique specimen of mentality is contemplating beginning on the Century Dictionary by next June.

Dr. Gaines (beaming on the assembly)—Here is one who is a credit to her class.

Miss. Young (sighs sweetly)—She *almost* reminds me of Sir Isaac.

Dr. Gaines—Oh, here is one from whom we have every right to expect great things.

"Miss Margaret McCallie," so says the London Times, "has quite stirred London on account of her wonderful ability as a mimic. Not since the good old days of King Arthur have we enjoyed such innocent and delightful amusement as is afforded by her great talent. Already Miss McCallie has spoken several times before His Majesty, and it is rumored that she is to be retained at the Court."

"Ha, she shall never speak in *my* Chapel," roars Dr. Gaines.

Miss Trebein (timidly)—I am disappointed in Margaret.

Miss Smith—Not I, why I have heard that while at school she even mocked the teachers. (General chorus from the "Fac."—"Let us hear from Eugenia—she will not disappoint us.")

Dr. Gaines—This is no lengthy article, a mere statement of the fact that Miss Eugenia Fuller is a Christian Science Reader in Boston—She is even said to be a reincarnation of Mary Baker Eddy.

Miss Hopkins (hands up in horror)—Is it possible!

Mr. Armstrong—And that young lady five years in a *Presbyterian* Institution!

Dr. Gaines—Quite a notice here of Miss Adelene Dortch.

The medical journals of the day are filled with talk of Miss Dortch's wonderful discovery "Sleep-no-talli." This medicine is a very simple compound, and when taken, secures one against the necessity of any sleep whatever—weariness becomes an unknown quantity, and one is constantly spurred to the highest forms of energy and activity. Unlike most prominent discoverers, Miss Dortch is not above peddling her own medicine, and on account of her wonderfully fluent speech, she seldom fails to sell great quantities of it.

Dr. Gaines—I must investigate this—no beds at Agnes Scott would be a great saving of expense.

Dr. Arbuckle—I always said—

Dr. Gaines (interrupting)—We will take Miss Adelaide next.

Great consternation in Rome. The Pope, it is reported, is nigh unto death, and the College of Cardinals fear that Miss Adelaide Nelson, Grand High Retainer of the Purse Strings, will dare to usurp even the Papal Throne. Since her conversion, she has been a most zealous Catholic. The Pope has bestowed on her all surplus offices, and it is authoritatively asserted that she is high in his favor.

Chorus—As we all thought!

Dr. Gaines—What is this, an advertisement?

WANTED—Position as sign painter and designer of theatrical bill boards. References furnished. Signed, A. Waddell.

Miss Lewis—I suppose she will ask *me* for a recommendation. Outrageous! She will not get it.

Dr. Gaines—Listen, Beloved Faculty, Mattie Newton died of a broken heart, caused by unrequited affection.

With one accord the "Fac." express regrets. (Miss Young thinks it was a noble cause.)

Dr. Gaines—Here is a more fortunate case:

Miss Mec McIntyre, now the Countess Povertini, has recently built a beautiful villa in northern Italy. The Countess is very fond of society, and the winter is sure to be a gay one.

Miss Colton (to herself)—O, would that I were Mec!

Dr. Gaines—I find here no public mention of Miss Vera, but I have heard that she is most happily married, and has a charming mountain home.

Dr. Armistead—Now I am fond of a home, but how can I marry on such a small salary?

Miss McKinney—Hush, you get more than I do now!

Dr. Gaines—Truly a sad case, a sad case!

The many friends of Miss Ruth Marion will be grieved to learn that she has entirely lost her mind. Her father thinks it due to the fact that she got an A.B. at Agnes Scott. Much learning drove her mad.

Classification Committee—It can not be that we require too much of students.

Dr. Gaines—By the way, someone told me that Miss Louise Davidson had married a trifling fellow. They even say she smokes cigarettes and is addicted to slang.

Miss McKinney—What! after all my work on Louise?

Dr. Gaines—Ah! here is the last—let us hope it is better than the others:

“Miss Lutie Head,” according to the Chicago Herald, “for some time has been quite an attraction at White City. Her high diving is the marvel of the age. She dives from a height of 200 feet into only 3 feet of water. Several times she has marvelously escaped death, but she continues in her chosen career with undaunted bravery.”

Miss Cady—Lutie is a true sport, a corker!

Dr. Gaines—What do you mean? I am disgusted with this entire class—the whole thirteen. We have never turned out a worse set, they are a disgrace to Agnes Scott. I never thought there was much to any of them, and I could never understand why you, Miss McKinney, became a member of that class. I wish we might take away their A.B. Is there any way to do it by law, Dr. Arbuckle? They are a worthless set, I shall see that not one of them ever gets a position in Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia. ❧

Miss Hopkins—Exactly! Exactly!

Faculty adjourn.





Junior Class

Motto

Esse quam videri

Colors

Lavendar and white

Flower

Lavendar Sweet Pea

Officers

First Term

LILA WILLIAMS.....	<i>President</i>
MATTIE HUNTER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORA CROWE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
LUCY RAEGAN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MILDRED THOMSON.....	<i>President</i>

Second Term

AGNES NICOLASSEN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LILA WILLIAMS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ELEANOR FRIERSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ANNIE SMITH.....	<i>Poet</i>
MILDRED THOMSON.....	<i>Historian</i>

Members

FLORA CROWE
FAY DILLARD
EM ELDRIDGE
GLADYS FARRIOR
ELEANOR FRIERSON
MATTIE HUNTER

CLYDE MCDANIEL
AGNES NICOLASSEN
LUCY RAEGAN
ANNIE SMITH
MILDRED THOMSON
LILA WILLIAMS

Honorary Members

MISS YOUNG

MISS SMITH

MR. ARMSTRONG

Mascot

HOWARD BELL ARBUCKLE, JR.



SMITH
MCDANIEL

THOMSON
FARRIOR

FRIERSON
REAGAN



ELDRIDGE

NICHOLASSEN

WILLIAMS

DILLARD

CROWE

HUNTER



Junior Class History

In undertaking to write the history of the Junior Class of 1908-09, the historian feels to some extent incapacitated, for she has only entered the class this year. But then, is not one who has watched any growth simply as an outsider really more fitted to write an unbiased history, than one who has helped to make that history? And the position of an interested bystander has been that of the historian from the entrance of this class into college.

These girls came here at a rather unpropitious time, for the curriculum was in a process of development and many were those whose hopes to enter college were crushed. Still they were a large class as Freshmen, and set an example that all future Freshmen would do well to follow; it was in that year that great class spirit was first shown in the college, and, in spite of the Sophomores' advantage of having been here a year, be assured that they were not superior to the Freshmen.

In the Sophomore year, this class was greatly thinned, for alas, the steady development of the curriculum was a thing which only a few could meet without being defeated and made to fall back. However, several members of the Class of '09 decided to forsake it and join the one of '10, raising its numbers from six to nine. A small class, you say! Certainly, but that it was because of the great attainments necessary to be a member, was shown by the marvelous strength exhibited by this small band. Sore over the defeat of the previous year, the Juniors went in heart and soul to help the Freshmen, but again they were disappointed, especially when they heard of how good was the cream of which they were to partake at the Freshmen party, but which the Sophomores enjoyed instead.

But those days are gone! The class no longer has the time to join in those pleasures to any great extent, but this year only advised and aided the Freshmen, making it possible for them to win their great victory. There is one thing, however, which we did do independently, and that was to take the Senior caps and gowns before they had even worn them. My! weren't they a worried crowd as they rushed around for several hours trying to unlock the closets and trunks of the Juniors, and all to no purpose? To her great sorrow one of the housemaids finally told them of the hiding place, and naturally, it was quite easy to get them then while all the Juniors were at class.

Of the nine members of last year, only one has failed to continue with us, but four have taken her place, an almost unheard of occurrence for a Junior class. Two of these have been in the college before, and the high standing of this class has inspired them to ask the privilege of working with it for their degrees. Two others are new, but in spite of objections raised by some, trying to keep them for the Sophomores, they were firm, refusing to allow themselves to be cheated of this privilege. Thus has the class risen above all difficulties, and now stands in the last half of the college course determined to keep up its high standing until the end when the result of all four years will prove that they not only worked but to a purpose, that of bringing forth the praise of all in enthusiastic shouts of "Here's to the Class of 1910."

Junior Class Poem

Just a bunch of Jolly Juniors,
Drifting onward to the sea,
Where the Seniors float in triumph
Midst the waves of Physics B;
Where the breezes of the present,
Now so charged with chlorine gas
Will be purified by Reason
In the coming Ethics' class.

Trusty "*Esse Quam Videre*,"
Pilot of our little crew,
Guides us safely past Ports English,
Psych; and History, *in et tous*;
Even now, from B.A's Harbor
Can be seen faint streams of light,
So we're steering toward it, under
Sails of lavender and white.

When we've bravely faced all dangers,
Angry waves no longer fret,
And the winds, their wild mirth ceasing,
All their cunning do forget;
When again both hope and fancy
Rise within us, to compare
The present with the past, spent by us
Building castles in the air.

Then that bunch of Jolly Juniors,
Fortunes all together cast,
Will, in triumph, find their efforts
Ripened into truths, at last;
Then, will visions of the future
Blossom into longed-for days,
And success, perchance, will crown us
With a wreath of lasting praise.



Faithless B. Bennett & Co. 1897

Sophomore Class

Motto

Famam extendere factis

Colors

Garnet and gold

Flower

Jacqueminot rose

Officers

First Term

CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS.....	<i>President</i>
MARY WALLACE KIRK.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
GERALDINE HOOD	<i>Secretary</i>
MATTIE RYLANDER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Second Term

MARY WALLACE KIRK.....	<i>President</i>
THEODOSIA WELLINGHAM.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
JULIA DUPRE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY LIZZIE RADFORD.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
GERALDINE HOOD.....	<i>Poet</i>
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS.....	<i>Historian</i>

Members

LOUISE WELLS
GLAYDS LEE
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
MARY WALLACE KIRK
ELEANOR COLEMAN
MARY LIZZIE RADFORD
JULIA THOMPSON

JULIA DUPRE
GERALDINE HOOD
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS
MATTIE RYLANDER
LIDA CALDWELL
ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM
ERMA MONTGOMERY

Honorary Members

MISS CADY

MISS HOPKINS

DR. ARMISTEAD



Sophomore Class History

How can I be expected to write a history of even this, the Sophomore Class, when in the Freshie's room across the hall Bedlam reigns supreme? If you could only hear the stamping, the screaming and yelling going on in there!—the cause of this unseemly conduct being, as I've gathered by the process of extraction from my Freshman roommate, the composition of a history by the class. And yet this is the very last night of grace, tomorrow everything must be passed in to that inexorable Annual Staff so I must compose myself and concentrate my faculties upon this task of supreme importance.

But there goes "Bunnie" again! Book hurled upon the floor, she dashes with radiant face across the hall, where she is received with open arms by the perspiring throng of Freshman composers, who welcome her as the bearer of an idea. Shrill cries are now distinguished of "Put that down, Clyde!" "That's great!" and so on.

The poor dears! We cannot blame them, as they confront so serious an occurrence as this, for tearing their hair and distorting their baby faces—upon which in shadowy outline are still visible faint signs of the F traced there by Sophomore hands when first they toddled into these sacred halls. The unoffending innocents were sore distressed and filled with consternation over this last named deed, you know. But you recall how wonderfully they were cheered and pleased when the Sophomore "mammies" carried to each her little bottle of milk—(Freshmen are extremely voracious). And yet their woe-filled souls were not entirely eased until we descended from our dignity dressed up like Indians and played at burying the hatchet and smoking the pipe of peace for their amusement. Then and not until then did they lay their weary heads with a feeling of comfort and security upon the downy pillows cautious mothers had sent along with their darlings leaving home for the first time.

But here I've run along with my reminiscences until I've used up all my time and, I fear me, more than my allotted space in the Annual's pages. You'll pardon me, gentle reader, I pray, and join with me in giving three ringing cheers for the class of 1911.

Sophomore Class Poem

(With due apologies to Burns.)

O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To be seen as we see our sells!
We toil a'night i' the storm o' winter,
An' work all day i' the braw springtime
An' in the chilly, fearsome night,
While ghosts an' howlets roun' us cry.
We make our e'en red wi' our toil,
An' grow fu' weary studying,
An' yet the teachers dinna care;
They flunk us a' right merrily.
Yet dinna weep, dear winsome frien's,
We're not so bad, whate'er they say.
When we ha' lef' this Agnes Scott,
An in our ain haimes mind the fire,
They'll wish fu' well they had us back,
An' shed fu' many a briny tear.
We are na like the lairned Seniors
An' we care not for the mirthful Juniors,
Wi a' their winsome smile an' nowlie,
We know we ha' the power within us
To make us great, could they but see it.
We canna rhyme, but we can cook, an'
Gar auld class cooks weel's the new.
An' when, some time in after years,
Miss Hopkins, Dr. Gaines, an' a'
These winsome teachers come to sit
Wi' us aroun' the cheerfu' fire
O' our ain sweet an' lovin' haimie,
An' we, in complimentary mood,
To please our guests, spread a'the board
Wi' many a sweet, gude thing to eat,
Their well-pleased e'en they'll open wide,
An' of each ither, wonderin', ask.
"Who would a' thought these winsome lassies
We could a' flunked at Agnes Scott?"



Freshman Class

Motto

Age quod agis

Colors

Blue and White

Flower

White Rose

Officers

First Term

KATHERINE BUNN.....	<i>President</i>
CLYDE CRANFORD.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
EDITH BAIN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH SLACK.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Second Term

RUTH SLACK.....	<i>President</i>
ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNIE McLANE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARTHA HALL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

EDITH BAIN
ENICE BRIENICK
CORNELIA COOPER
NELLIE FARGASON
JANET LITTLE
ANNIE McLANE
CAROL STEARNS
ANNA LOU WOOD
FLORA BOWDEN
MARY BROWN
LOULA DAVIS
JANIE HUNTER
MARY LEECH
LOUISE MANESE
MAZIE WHITFIELD

ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN
MARY CROSSWELL
ALMA DOWNING
MARTHA HALL
MARIE MacINTYRE
JANETTE NEWTON
MARTHA WILLIS
SINA WHITE
KATHERINE BUNN
CLYDE CRANFORD
FRANCES DILLARD
MAY JOE LOTT
FANNIE G. MAYSON
RUTH SLACK
CORDELIA DOWDELL



LOTT WOOD HALL JACKSON MAYSON BROWN BLACKBURN WHITE
 CRANFORD BAIN WILLIS DILLARD DOWDELL BUNN MACLANE NEWTON

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Freshman Class History

Well, here I am about to speak my piece and publish to the world the doings of the wonderful Class of 1912.

I sit in the midst of Annuals and within easy reach of my hand is a tremendous book bearing this title: "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." Impressed as I am by the magnitude and solemnity of the task before me, and inspired by the eulogies heaped upon their classes by former historians, I can scarcely refrain from launching forth into extravagant and enthusiastic praise of my own class. But somewhere within me I find awakened a spark of honesty and I must confess (though I fain would have it otherwise) we are just the commonplace, not overly brilliant bunch that is usually found among the verdant Freshmen.


But though we cannot startle the world with a remarkable display of knowledge, we can at least show it that we are learning some things. No longer do we tremble with fear when we are addressed by teachers; no longer do we start up at the sound of every bell, and hurry off to we don't know where, always filled with that terrible fear of being tardy. Yes, we have at least overcome that awful sense of newness which the Sophomores call "green."

And as for our physical strength and athletic skill—well, if you could have seen the Sophomore and Freshmen basket-ball game, all that would have needed no efforts of mine to convince you of its truth.

They hoot at us, here, calling us "babies," "Freshies," and tease us about leaving home for the first time. But I believe if they themselves had been just fresh from scraps with their little brothers at home, then maybe our basketball game might not have been such a victory for us of the "pigtails and abbreviated skirts."

I tell you *no* class surpasses us in physical prowess and we have shown that fact so clearly, that the "Sophs" are becoming a little afraid of us, and things have certainly calmed down since they realize that *we* won't be meddled with.

Why, I believe any little old Freshman could whip two of those measly Sophomores, With the greatest of ease, I myself have —Oh, thunder! Yonder comes a Sophomore and I must take to my heels for she might get this away from me and read it and, maybe, l-a-u-g-h!

A decorative border with floral and leaf motifs surrounds the text. The border consists of a central horizontal band with a large flower in the middle, flanked by smaller flowers and leaves. This band is connected to vertical bands on the left and right sides, which also feature floral designs. The entire border is rendered in a light, sketchy style.

Freshman Poem

They tell me I'm a poet,
And a poem I must write;
I've torn my hair in anguish—
I must hand it in to-night.

They tell me I must write about
The Freshman-Sophomore fight;
It really was a thrilling thing,
It happened in the night.

They tell me I must write about
The effigy burned, so bright;
We took it from the Sophomores,
'Twas a dark and rainy night.

They tell me I must write about
A thing now out o' sight;
'Twas the hatchet that we buried,
That we buried in the night.

They tell me I must write about
What we've been told was right,
That we must take a regular course—
D. G. said so one night.

They tell me I must write about—
And write with all my might,
About the glories of our class;—
It's simply out of sight!

Applicants for Certificates



A. McDONALD—*Organ and English*



J. POWELL—*English*



M. THOMSON—*English*



L. DAVIDSON—*Art*



E. FULLER—*German*



M. WOODS—*Piano*



E. BROWN—*Piano*

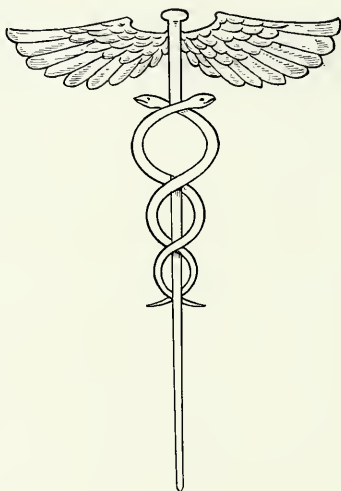


I. STEWART—*Piano*

Calendar

- September 14. Dust pans and mops given a rest.
15. Adelaide comes out to prepare for Annette.
16. College opens. Annual discourse upon pins in wall.
- October 7. First Faculty tea. Hard tack, hot water, and heloquent converse served up.
10. Miss Smith announced that Dorothea has consented to let Sadie Gober put her to bed.
15. Miss Edith addresses students in chapel.
18. Seniors don caps and gowns.
20. Annual tank and tower episode.
23. Fresh's and Soph's bury hatchet.
29. Halloween Phantom Party.
- November 3. Miss Colton flunks entire French B.
4. Taft elected. Proctors unable to quell disturbance.
9. College Co-op-Co. present Seniors with candy.
14. Mnemosyneans entertain Faculty, Propyleans, and Hopkins Literary Society.
15. Antoinette Blackburn "knocks" Miss Cady.
17. Tech. invites Agnes Scott to game. "Merry Widow" in town. Miss Hopkins guards front gate.
24. Nightly raids on the water cooler prohibited.
29. "Elopement of Ellen" presented by the Dramatic Club.
30. The family established.
- December 5. "The Land of Heart's Desire" presented by Propylean Society.
7. German C class rises at 6 a.m. Miss Trebein sleeps peacefully.
11. German C presents Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm."
12. College Glee Club concert.
18. General exodus.
- January 5. Ants banished from R. S. Hall.
6. Miss Ross announces college teams.
7. Old English Class lose books.
9. Ants return with reinforcements.
18. Exams. begin.
23. Tech. Glee Club labor under the delusion that they can sing.
25. Louise Davidson fails to wear black striped shirt.

- February 3. Geology class goes on expedition.
9. Irene Newton misses one-tenth of a question.
17. Dr. Gaines stars as Ophelia to James Young's Hamlet.
- March 12. Miss Cady begins to diet.
27. English J. Class given three days grace for theses.
- April 1. Geology class class refuses to go on another expedition.
12. Miss Cady tips the scales at 200 lbs.
20. Dr. Gaines entertains students with a whistling concert.
25. Auroras arrive on time.
- May 3. Dr. Arbuckle fails to give chemistry written lesson.
15. Beginning of Senior week holiday.
27. Home.



The Renunciation

It was spring—beautiful, joyous, when the old earth, stripped of its beauty during the winter, appeals anew to the senses of us all by its fresh, delicate colors. The birds were singing as if their little throats would burst, the early flowers were blooming with all the newness that the spring gives them, and the sunshine flooded the earth as if trying to make up for the gloomy winter days that were over. In fact, the whole world seemed to be showering all her stored-up splendor upon her children.

Two of them were walking up and down the gravel paths of the lawn at the old Moore place, Byfield, lying just outside the town of Hampden.

Lilia Moore's clear hazel eyes gazed straight into those of Garner. "I am so glad for you, Howard, because it is exactly what you have wanted, and I know it will be splendid for you. And yet, I don't know how we will get along without you."

"What do you mean by we?"

"Oh, Mother and Father and all of us. You seem just like one of us, you know, and now when you are going so far away—clear to the Philippines—and for such a long time, it will be like losing a member of the family. What day will you leave here?"

"Thursday."

"And this is Tuesday. Why didn't you tell me sooner? You knew I would be interested in it, especially such a great opportunity as this."

"I did not know it myself until a few days ago—and I dreaded to tell you."

"You dreaded telling me? Why?"

"You know—it means goodbye."

The boy looked directly before him, his lips drawn together into a thin, straight line. He looked rather young for his age, and was usually gay and smiling, but now his eyes were somber. He squared his shoulders with a jerk, as if he were throwing a load from them.

"That is, it means goodbye, more or less, for the present, but afterwards,—after five years, when I come home, then you know—"

"Look, Howard, here is the first white narcissus." She stooped and broke it from its slender green stem—"and oh, doesn't it smell sweet?"

"Do you know, I always think of these snow white narcissus in connection with you? Do you remember the morning of your tenth birthday, when you had that little party over here, and you caught me kissing Ethel Amos behind the lilac bush? I remember how you cried and declared you would never speak to me again. And as I was going home, thoroughly repentant, before I reached the gate, you came running

up behind me, your hands full of these flowers, and said that you would forgive me if I never would do it again. And I never have, dear; you know it; there has never been anyone but you—you are not listening.”

She turned toward him, torture in her eyes. “So much may happen in five years. So much may change.”

“Yes, a great deal may happen and some things will change—but never my love for you. That is changeless, Lilia. You were proud of me when I graduated at West Point last year, and now that I have been ordered to the Philippines for five years, I shall make you more proud of me than you’ve ever been. I am going to make a reputation, a name, for myself—to share with y—”

“Don’t say it, Howard. You know we have settled that; there must be no promises—now. We are both too young. You must go, perfectly free. But—oh, you’ll be good, won’t you?” Her hand touched his, and it was instantly caught and held.

They were nearing the big gate down by the road.

The boy stood at his full height, his head held high. “Trust me, Lilia. With the thought of you, pure, spotless as that flower in your hand, to carry with me everywhere, I can’t go very far wrong. I will not be changed when you see me again. I must go now. Will you come down to the train Thursday with the other girls and boys?”

She nodded.

“I’ll see you then—and this is goodbye—really goodbye” He pressed her hand, looked deep into her eyes for one long moment, and was gone.

Clarke stood at the door of the tent in his shirt sleeves. He looked behind him at Burke, big and Irish, who lay on his pallet, fanning.

“And still the sun shines, and still we swelter in this hole, and still you fan. I wish to goodness, Burke, that you would lose that fan, it makes the heat worse for you, if you only knew it. Lord, if it would only rain! There’s not a cloud in the sky. Do you remember that guy somewhere in the Bible, who saw a cloud the size of his hand, and prayed for rain?”

“Never heard of it. Why, do you think a prayer from you will bring rain?”

“No, but if I did, I would compose one in double-quick time. I might even press you into service.”

“Not on your life. I wish I had my nickel back.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, nothing. I just had my usual luck last night—lost to Garner, and he so drunk he could hardly play, too.”

Clarke groaned. “What! Howard Garner again? He’s a shark at the little game, all right. If I had that man’s luck I’d say a fond farewell to all kinds of work, and go into it for good and all. Lord, but the way that man has changed. Do you remember him when he first came over here to the Philippines?”

“He was his Mamma’s pretty boy then.”

“He was somebody’s pretty boy certainly—innocence and big eyes and all that.

I remember you said you were going to tie a blue bow on his hat to match his eyes and his temperament—that sounds like you, Burke. He doesn't need that now, though; he would match his Satanic Majesty himself. And yet, in the name of Heaven, why is he so popular? Every man in the country is his best friend, and he winds the last one of them around his finger."

"It's because he is always in such an infernal good humor."

"Yes, you never see him the least bit cross; even when he swears there is something funny about it that makes one laugh. Why, even you, Burke, as fat and lazy as you are, grin like a Chestershire cat whenever he is in hearing distance."

"Yes, especially when he's winning all my money at one swoop."

"The ladies like him too. And why? It's because he likes the ladies. You mark my words, Clarke, Garner is going to get one of these Filipino knives stuck into him some day, if he doesn't watch out."

"And every woman on the Island will wear black for him. I wonder where he is now. I believe I'll go find him."

"I wish you would and let me go to sleep. By the way, Clarke, I heard he was going home next month." But Clarke had gone, so Burke turned over with a sigh, and settled himself comfortably for a nap.

When Howard Garner stepped from the train at Hampden on that bitter cold day, he found his father's trap there waiting for him. He greeted the old coachman warmly, and sank back into his seat with a sense of relief that none of the family had come to meet him.

Five years! Think of it! And it all seemed absurdly natural, driving up the well known streets, with the same old driver, and behind the same old horse. It almost seemed as if he had never been away at all, or as if he had come home for a Christmas holiday. Of course there were some changes, there were some new buildings, some new people, and then he thought with a shudder, that nothing had altered as much as he himself. An icy feeling of strangeness, of aloofness, clutched him and he almost wished himself back in the Philippines.

Why was he not happier at the thought of being here? He had dreamed and planned about this homecoming for five years, and now, now that he at last realized his dream, and was in this land of peace and plenty, there was a strange uneasiness, almost a dread of seeing the old familiar faces.

When he reached his home he saw that his father and mother were frailer, feebler, than when he left, but their love for him, their only son—their "soldier boy"—was undimmed by absence. One of his sisters, too, was married now, and the other, whom he had left a happy, romping child, had grown into a slim girl verging upon young womanhood.

The first evening he spent at home, but the second found him with Lilia—the same Lilia whom he had loved as a little boy, and whom he intended to carry away with him when he left.

"Oh, it's good to see you again," she said to him. "I want to look at you until I

stare you out of countenance. You have changed, too, Howard; you look so much more than five years older, there is something about your eyes—”

“Don’t say that word ‘change,’ Lilia. I hate the sound of it. It has been ringing over and over in my ears ever since I came home.”

“I expect it has. But begin now at the beginning, and tell me all about yourself, what you have been doing, who you have been with, and everything. You know I am interested in the smallest thing.”

So Garner told her of the life, the customs, and the people, very much as he had told his father and mother and some of his friends. And as they talked together he watched her. She was different, some way, but how? Her appearance was the same, and her manner. He shuddered. Could it be that the change was entirely in him? Of course he loved her, he had always loved her, but was it the same kind of love? The conversation was purely mechanical on his part; Lilia was keeping it up almost entirely.

“Yes,” he thought, “it is the same kind of love, only intensified a thousand times.” But was he as free to love her as he had been five years ago? Every fiber of his manhood answered “No.” He knew that he loved her with the best that was in him—and yet he realized, too, that he was bound—irrevocably bound—to that in which his love for Lilia had no share.

“Are there many women where you were?” she asked.

“Yes. But it’s a hard life—hard in every way.”

“I know. But a woman—the right kind of woman—wouldn’t mind that.”

He looked at her admiringly. “How you could help a man!”

And almost before he realized his own words, he heard her answer.

“How I would try!”

He arose and stood by the window pressing his forehead against the cool glass. At last he turned his head.

“Play something, L’lia.”

She sat at the big piano in the center of the room, and played for him, softly, with the sweet delicate touch he had never forgotten. And he leaned on the piano and looked at her. She wore a soft, filmy dress of pale blue, with her light hair piled high on her head.

“She looks like an angel,” he thought, “who has caught some of heaven’s own color.” And he recalled the lines of the poet who said,

“No angel, but a dearer being, all
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise.”

“Yes, she is like that, she breathes another atmosphere than this. She treads the heights of this world on tiptoe—and touches paradise. While I—I am made of more common clay—I cannot follow her there—and I will not drag her down to my level. But what will become of me, without her as my inspiration—my guiding star? And yet—what does it matter? I may be weak, without much strength of character, but

this time I will do what I know to be right, and not count the cost." He watched her a few moments without speaking.

"Lilia, I must go; it is late—and I must tell you—I am leaving tomorrow for San Francisco, and from there—to the Philippines."

She looked at him, astounded. He was white to the lips.

"Howard! Going again? For how long?"

"I don't know—forever. Goodby, Lilia—goodby."

He wrung her hand, and left her standing before the blazing fire, white, silent. The front door closed behind him, and he went out into the pitchy darkness—alone.



Faculty Tea

Scene 4 p. m.—Faculty Parlor—Howard at small table in rear, both fists plunged in sugar bowl—Several ladies in foreground, speaking dramatically and copiously but not without a certain picturesqueness—Two girls are crouched timidly behind screen.

Dr. Armistead (with that same sidewise turn of mouth mentioned in *SILHOUTTE* for 1907) "Am I the only gentleman present?—Where is Dickman? Ah, here is Dr. Gaines!"

(Dr. and Mrs. Gaines enter, the former visibly embarrassed, as the handshaking, health-inquiring process proceeds.)

Mrs. Gaines—"Glad to see you girls, very glad. These little informal afternoon affairs are lovely for the promotion of our social instinct. How are you, Dr. Arbuckle? You are late."

Dr. Arbuckle—"I've been talking to Miss Em and she seems dissatisfied with having to keep the Sunday school library. I can't understand it."

Miss Smith—"Nor I. I do not see how it is she seems to object to looking after Dorothea on the evenings that social engagements prevent my remaining with her. I like for someone to stay by her while she sleeps and to hear her say her prayers. I think I shall ask Dr. Gaines to have faculty meetings in the afternoons, anyhow, so I shall be away less."

Dr. Arbuckle—"Chunky says his prayers and, don't you know, the day when I called him he answered "Here am I, Lord."

Miss Ross (to Miss Cady)—"Speaking of families, Father, I'm having a good deal of trouble with Thomas. He is very unruly, and Jeanie is harder still to manage."

Miss Cady (surprised).—"Mother!"

Miss Ross—"Indeed, yes! Ah dear, when one is the mother of sixteen one must suffer some trials."

Miss McKinney—"Bettie is such a dear child—and Tom! This afternoon Tom said "Auntie, looks at my ball," and when I asked him what it was for he said 'knock kicke down'"

Mrs. Arbuckle—(aside) "So glad Howard isn't spoiled."

First girl (behind screen)—"Yes, isn't it a blessing?"

Second girl—"Yes."

First girl—"Sh-h-h!"

(Miss Mary Appleyard enters, plus Dr. Sweet)

Miss Appleyard—"Sister isn't well—(sympathetic chorus of "Ohs!")—There have been so many tacks in the wall, so many orange peels on the roof, the maids have been so careless, that I'm surprised at her holding up so long. It came when she saw that kissing picture on the walls of a refined girl today."

(Howard sees Miss Appleyard—cries “Mamie” and drops sugar bowl with ecstatic crash. Dr. Armistead purses lips and glances at Miss Colton who raises brows and shoulders in most approved French fashion—Howard rushes to Miss Appleyard.)

First and Second girls (simultaneously)—“So glad Howard isn’t spoiled!”

First and Second girl (simultaneously again)—“Sh-h-h.”

Miss Colton (To Dr. Armistead)—“Is there nothing to talk of but families?”

Dr. Armistead—“Suggest a topic, fair lady.”

Miss Colton—“I don’t approve of the way the girls dress.”

Dr. Armistead—“That’s not quite my province.”

Dr. Arbuckle (joining them)—“I don’t approve of crushes.”

Miss McKinney—“I most emphatically do not.

Miss Alexander—“Nor I!”

Miss Hopkins (joining coterie)—“What is this?”

Dr. Arbuckle—“I was saying that I emphatically disapprove of spooning and all its attendant phases.”

Miss Hopkins—Yes, yes. I am heartily in sympathy with any movement to overcome it. I thought there would be less trouble after Sadie and Marguerite String-fellow left, but I am not yet quite satisfied with conditions. We want a sane, healthy atmosphere and—”

Dr. Gaines (breaking in with first words he had uttered during the evening)—“The ideals of our institution must be upheld.”

First girl (behind screen)—“Whew! I don’t approve of kleps, do you?”

Second girl (behind screen)—No, nor the fare, do you?”

First girl—“No, nor the laundry, do you?”

Second girl—“No, nor the lessons, do you?”

First girl—“Sh-h-h-h!”

(On the other side of the room there is a faction of the younger, more frivolous and human of the fac., headed by Miss Rachel Young, discoursing on “current events.” clothes and gentlemen. Every now and then there is a smile, nay, even a laugh, which counterbalances the weighty atmosphere in foreground. Miss Spangler rises to pass cups; all receive them gratefully.)

Dr. Gaines—“Let us have grace.”

(No sound now save the steady munching of cakes in background where Howard is vigorously applying them. At last the supper bell.)

Mrs. Mayes—“As I think we usually have enough at these teas I cut supper down on Wednesdays.”

Dr. Gaines—“A good idea.”

Miss McKinney—“I’m glad we have them. They are such a rest from the everlasting discussion of school problems.”

First girl (behind screen)—“Remind me of ‘Fac.’ meetings myself.”

Second girl (behind screen)—“Well, they aren’t exactly conducted in the same spirit as our feasts.”

First girl—“Sh-h-h-h!”

Curtain

Student Government Association



MARGARET MCCALLIE
President



ADELAIDE NELSON
Vice-President



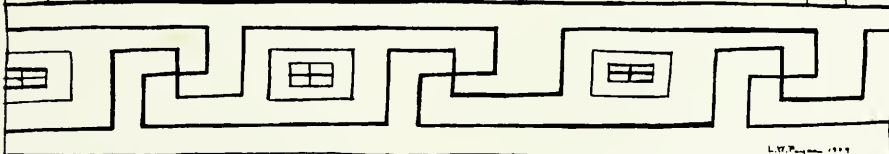
EM ELDRIDGE
Secretary




MATTIE HUNTER
Marshal



**YOUNG WOMAN'S
CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION.**





D. W. C. A.

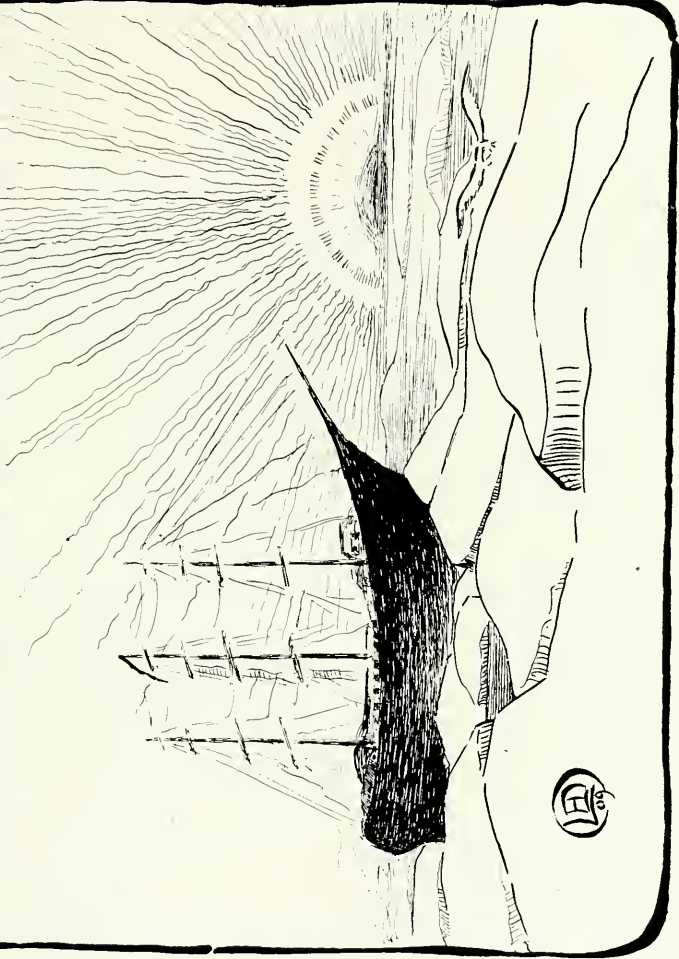
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THE AURORA



A decorative border with floral motifs, including large flowers and leaves, framing the page.

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“Then of the Thee in Me who Works Behind the Veil”—*The Rubaiyat.*

That Miss Gray, the art teacher at St. A—’s, had said that Veronica Bertrand possessed more than talent and that her work showed a streak of genius, was not the only reason for making her especially interesting to Pleasance Meredith, her best friend, a blonde, splendidly built Junior, whose two absorbing college passions were athletics and psychology. Pleasance was wholesomely interested in everything and wholesomely attractive to everyone, and she declared that a “subtle mystery” clung to her friend and that it was that which made her fascinating. Whether or not others felt the “subtle mystery” they found Miss Bertrand charming as well as the stories she told in her drawling purr and with such a dramatic manner. To Pleasance, Veronica was franker than to the others and told her more of herself than interesting traveling adventures. Nevertheless Pleasance felt that there was something intangible about this slim, lithe creature whose lids had a queer trick of drooping over her dark eyes, and whose beauty lay in those same eyes, a splendid red mouth, hair, and slender, clever hands. And it was for just this that she found the girl interesting, and for many other things she sincerely loved her.

It was one winter evening after the two had returned from a *matinée* and were sitting in Pleasance’s room where they had been drinking hot chocolate. Veronica was leaning back in a steamer chair and Pleasance was noting with satisfied eyes her friend’s indolent, graceful slenderness, her handsome suit and furs, and the great plume on her hat, a plume that swept to her shoulders. Everything about Veronica always suggested richness, almost sumptuousness, and somehow seemed a part of the girl herself.

“Veronica,” said Pleasance, putting down the cup she had been holding, “where did you get that ring?”

“When I was with my father in Egypt two years ago. It is said to possess some sort of charm, I believe, and, so the legend runs, belonged to a beautiful Egyptian queen who was interestingly wicked,” and the girl rose and walked to the window, where she drew aside the curtains and stood staring at the snow-blotted campus.

“You love your father immensely, don’t you?” went on Pleasance.

“Oh, yes, I’m enormously fond of him. He’s adorable, and so charmingly nice looking. I’m going to Russia with him next; my mother was Russian, you know. She died before I was a year old.”

“So that’s why you remind one of Nazimova,” said the other as Veronica turned, smiling, towards her.

"I'm going to my room, Pleasance. What are you going to study?"

"Greek and 'Psyc,'" replied Pleasance. "Why? Veronica, there are circles under your eyes. You've been working too hard. No doubt it's a masterpiece that will bring you fame, but I wish you'd rest."

Veronica started around impulsively. "Pleasance, dear, don't study to-night. I'm coming back after awhile. I want to tell you something queer. It may interest that psychic imagination of yours, and anyhow you might help me."

Pleasance was surprised at the earnest tone and intense look on Veronica's face. "Of course I won't study if you need me. Come back when you wish."

"You seem so broad-shouldered and capable, you player of basket-ball," laughed Veronica from the door. "Thank you, my friend."

Pleasance prepared to study Greek till Veronica's return, but she felt puzzled and also rather excited. Veronica had hinted at something mysterious and her face had been so earnest in spite of her light laugh at leaving. When at last she slipped back in her kimono, her glorious hair in a plait, Pleasance got up ready for her story and anticipating interest.

"Lie down, Pleasance," said Veronica coaxingly, "I'll turn out the lights and rub your forehead and eyes."

Pleasance lay on the bed readily enough, and in the darkness Veronica began to run her fingers lightly through her hair.

"Most comfortable," sighed Pleasance, settling down. "Do you know those lines of Riley's—

The touches of her hands are like the fall of velvet snowflakes?

"Well, that's what your fingers remind me of—so cool, slight, and soft, that I'm always fearing they'll melt away."

For a moment neither spoke. Then Veronica began:

"You know the picture I'm painting now, the 'Spirit of Egypt'? It is the figure of a dim, misty, lovely woman, whose presence hints mystery and beauty. I suppose this ring," twisting the big, quaint thing about her finger, "inspired me with the idea. I'm doing my work quite alone and Miss Gray is not to see it until it is complete. Ah, Pleasance, you don't know how intensely the thing has fascinated me—how I have dreamed the woman's eyes, mouth, hands! Yesterday morning," the girl's voice had sunk to a whisper and Pleasance listened, tense, "when I drew the covering aside the eyes had been painted just as I had dreamed them the night before, great living eyes, sultry as the eyes of a Cleopatra should be. And I had not done them at all; the work was better than I can do."

During the breathless silence that followed her fingers lingered across the other's lids. Then she went on:

"This morning it was the mouth, a cruel, mocking but scarlet, kissing mouth, and one lotus hand at her side that I had left crude to be finished later."

"Well, what does it mean?" asked Pleasance excitedly.

"Mean? That someone has been tampering with my work!" half-sobbed back the girl. In a moment she spoke more quietly. "Of course I'm not stupid enough to think one moment of anything occult." Then her voice trembled again. "But I tell you it's uncanny. O Pleasance, I know there is no one but a master who could do such work. I tell you, it's perfect."

Pleasance was startled. Her quick mind began to work furiously, but the only thing she managed to say was an abrupt, "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Veronica was clasping and unclasping her hands. "I don't know, I don't know. It seemed incredible and you were so busy too. What shall I do? There is but the drapery left."

"Do? Will you go to bed?" begged Pleasance. "You're unstrung, tired. I'll think it out. Go!"

She started up. "How worried I've been, Pleasance, you can't know. It was to be all my work and it isn't. I tell you," she was whispering, "it is hardly human; it is too marvelous."

"Go to bed and don't think. Oh, I'm excited! I'll unravel this or die. Leave me to think, won't you?"

"Thank you; I am tired. Good night, and thank you."

Pleasance saw the strained look in her eyes as she went out the room. Then she began to think. She thought till her mind that was so sane began to grow dizzy. Over and over the facts she went, nervous and strained with excitement. That last whisper, "I tell you, it's hardly human," haunted her. No clue.

Finally after two or three hours she gave an excited exclamation, rose, slipped on her kimona and started for the art room. It was dark and frightfully late. The basketball player became absurdly timorous as she crept along the silent corridors, so wide and empty at this hour. They were not quite silent either, for each board seemed to creak and a thousand night-sounds made her start. At last she entered the art room. How gloomy it seemed! White busts gleamed from shadowy corners, bits of canvas and pieces of pottery cast ghastly silhouettes.

Pleasance pressed her hand against her mad, beating heart, but that hand, so sure and firm with the ball, could not stifle its throbs as she slipped to the corner where Veronica's easel stood. Frightened, she waited a moment to draw aside the veil; then started back. Her lips formed the word "stunning!" A woman with the slender oval face of an enchantress looked mockingly from the canvas. Ah, those superb eyes that sent a thrill through the girl! The mouth, too; that was wonderful.

For a long time Pleasance stood before the easel, fascinated by those eyes in the depths of which lurked the spell of Egypt. They held her hypnotized till the girl forgot her mission, lost in a dream of the mystery of those far sands and the sphinx that brooded over them. Suddenly her overstrained ears caught a soft pat, pat down the hall and her heart gave such a violent stop that she wondered in a terror whether it would ever go on beating. The panic that came over her rooted her to the spot. Nearer and nearer! Should she never be able to tear herself away? Wildly, with frantic abandon, she hurled herself into the corner where she sat with that pounding heart lashing so loud

as to almost blot out the sound of the footsteps so inevitably approaching the studio door. Then—the door swung open and a slender figure stood on the threshold, where it paused before coming to that easel—a woman's, whose nervous fingers sought eagerly for the brush. Those words from the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth flashed through the dazed mind of the girl shrinking back in a fascination:

You see, her eyes are open.

And the answer:

Ay, but their sense is shut.

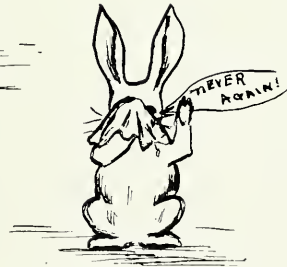
Mechanically the palette was prepared. The brush made a silvery white fold in the woman's drapery. Yes, it would be completed that night.

It was Veronica.

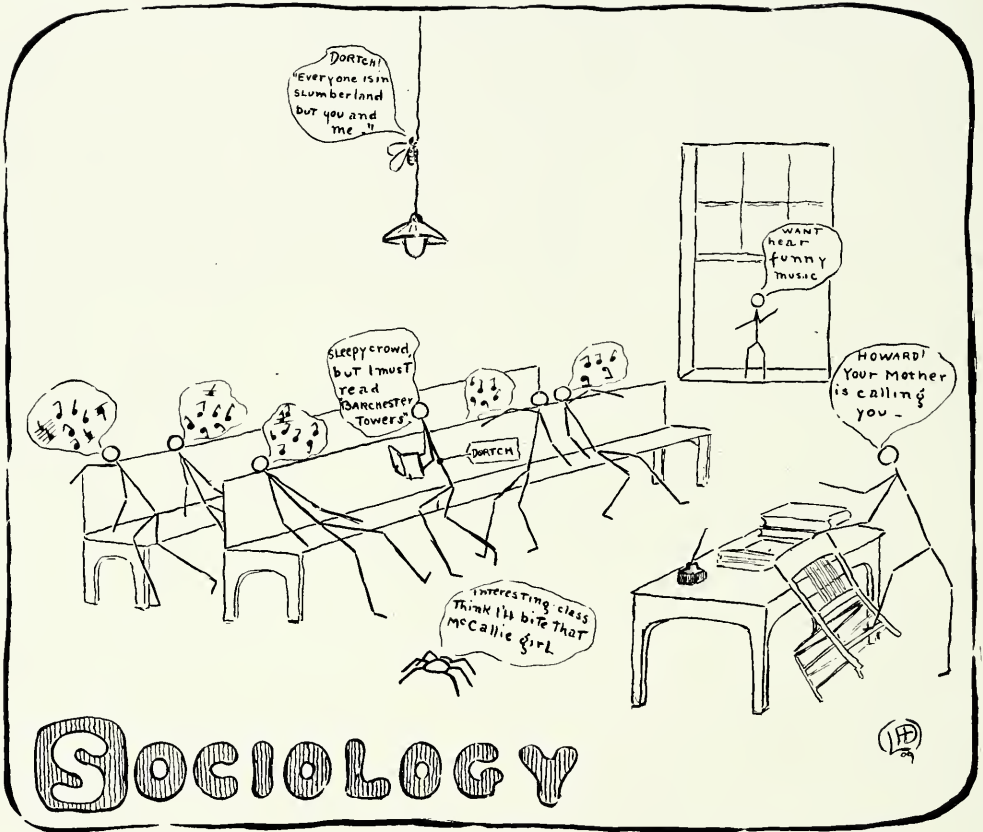
D. SNODGRASS.

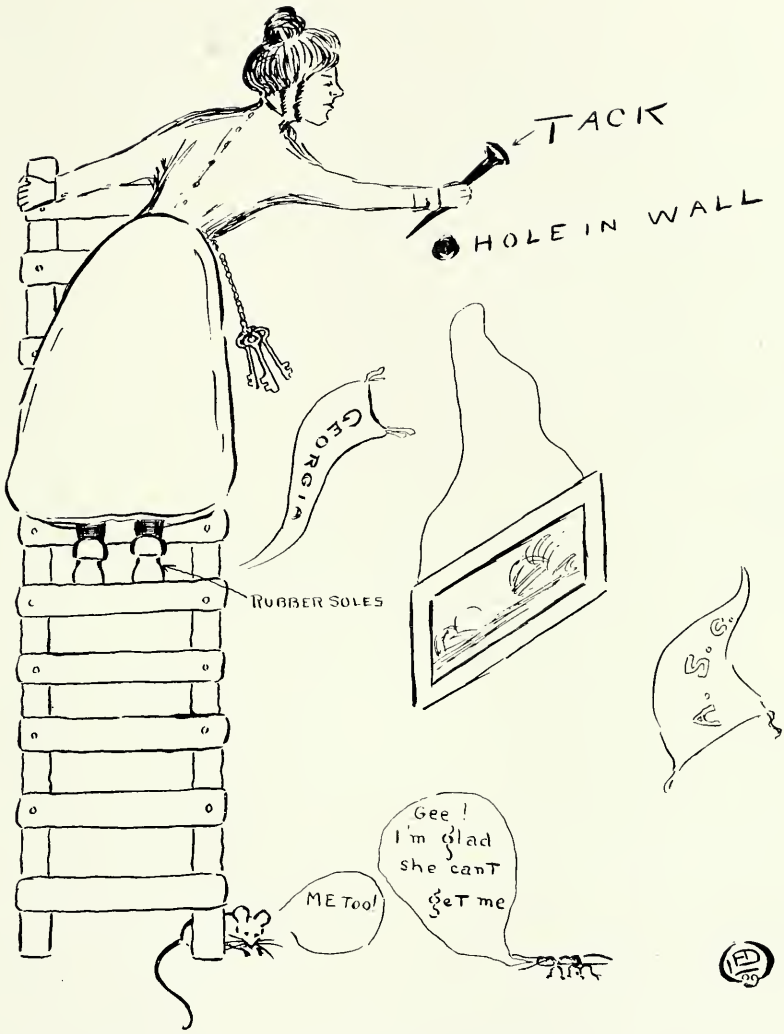


STUDENT GOV.

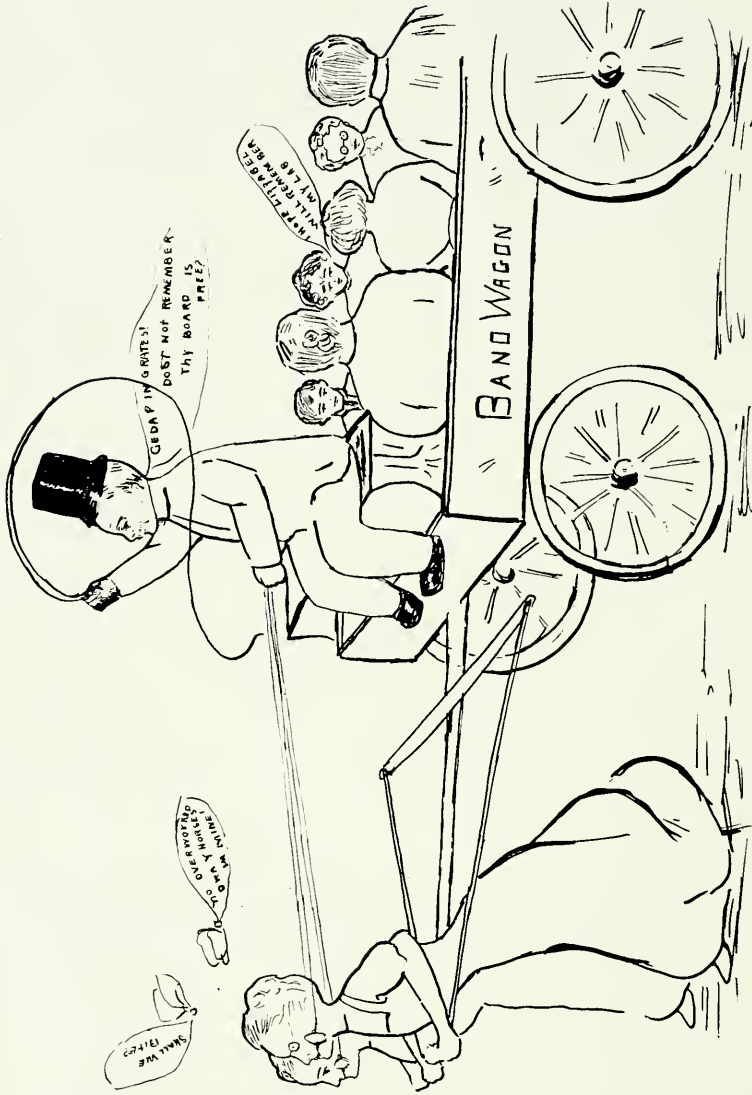


WHEN "AGNES" MISBEHAVES.





INSPECTION!



FELLOWS.

SHIRAZI






PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Propylean Literary Society

- HAZEL BRAND—Live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
EDITH BAIN—Song forbids victorious deeds to die.
BERTHA BENNETT—She is of a kind and helpful disposition.
BERNICE BENSON—It is good to live and learn.
DURALDE BORDEN—It seems to me that you are in some brown study.
FLORA BOWDOIN—A proper maid as one shall see in a summer's day.
MARY BROWN—And keeps the palace of the soul serene.
EDITH BROWN—Still fit for use and ready for command.
BERTHA CHASON—She is not yet so old but she may learn.
WILLIE CLEMENTS—The deep are dumb.
ELIZABETH CRAIG—Truth hath a quiet breast.
MARY CROSSWELL—In books, in work, in healthful play.
LOUISE DAVIDSON—She has many strings to her bow.
LOUISE DARNEAL—The body sprang at once to the height and stayed.
CLIFF DAUGHTRY—A sunbeam on a winter's day.
MARY DILLARD—Hide me from day's garish light.
FAY DILLARD—You have waked me too soon. I must slumber again.
GAMALIEL DIXON—Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
RUTH DODD—A cast of thought upon her face.
ADELENE DORTCH—I must become a borrower of the night for a dark hour or twain.
CORDELIA DOWDELL—Without unspotted, innocent within.
JULIA DU PRE—Remember that time is money.
MARY BACON DUNCAN—Servile to all the skyey influences.
MARY ENZOR—Studious to please.
ANNE FIELDS—A daring pilot in extremity.
LUCY FITZHUGH—A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch.
SADIE GOBER—I have resolved to grow fat and look young till forty.
VERA HOLLEY—Constant as the Northern Star.
GERALDINE HOOD—Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.
MATTIE HUNTER—Shalt show us how divine a thing a woman can be made.
ALICE HOUSTON—There buds the promise of celestial worth.
MABEL HYLAND—That trembling vassal.
JANIE HUNTER—The innocent are gay.



EDDIE HUNTER—There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

WILLIE LEE JOHNS—Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

LILLIE JOINER—Contented wi' little.

MARY LINK—Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

MARY L. MANUS—A little learning is a dangerous thing.

MARGARET MCCALLIE—The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to excute.

RUTH MARION—Knowledge is power.

KATHERINE MCKOY—Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit.

NELL MCMAHON—I'll live in the crowd of jollity.

HAZEL MURPHY—I cannot eat but little meat, my stomach is not good.

JEANETTE NEWTON—True as the dial to the sun.

IRENE NEWTON—The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.

MATTIE NEWTON—Where the stream runneth smoothest, the water is deepest.

LOUISE PAYNE—In making an artist, art hath thus decreed
To make some good, but others to exceed.

JEAN POWELL—Who says in verse what others say in prose.

LUTIE POWEL—Let us embrace.

KATE RHEA—Thou art the Mars of malcontents.

LIZZABEL SAXON—Prayer ardent opens heaven.

RUTH SLACK—Cleanliness is next to godliness.

JULIA PRATT SMITH—Heaven bless thee! Thou hath the sweetest face I ever
looked on.

MINNIE SMITH—I profess not talking.

ARCHIE SPEIR—Careering around.

DOROTHEA SNODGRASS—Mad as a March hare.

PEARL VEREEN—Genteel in personage, conduct and equipage.

KATURAH WHITE—The windy satisfaction of the tongue.

JESS WILLIAMS—Hail fellow well met.

ANNE WADDELL—Her sunny locks hang on the temples, like a golden fleece.

EFFIE YEAGER—Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air.



MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Anemosynean Literary Society

- FANNIE ANDERSON—With the smile that was childlike and bland.
NINA ANDERSON—Merrily, merrily shall I live now.
ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN—They that govern most make the least noise.
HORTENSE BOYLE—Silence gives consent.
JESSIE KATE BRANTLY—Lowliness is young ambition's ladder.
JEANNETTE BROWN—My library was dukedom large enough.
KATHERINE BUNN—What! My Lady Disdain, are you still living?
DOROTHY BURFORD—The rude sea grew civil at her song.
LIDA CALDWELL—I have touched the highest point of all my greatness.
ELIZA CANDLER—And true she is as she has proved herself.
ELEANOR COLEMAN—Virtue is bold, and goodness never-failing.
CORNELIA COOPER—I have immortal longings within me.
CLYDE CRANFORD—They always talk who never think.
FLORA CROWE—May you live all the days of your life.
ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM—Plough deep, while sluggards sleep.
LULA DAVIS—The closed mouth catches no flies.
FRANCIS DILLARD—I am nothing if not critical.
ALMA DOWNING—Looks commencing with the skies.
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes.
NELL DUNNAWAY—My heart is true as steel.
EM ELDRIDGE—In every gesture dignity and love.
NELLIE FARGASON—No sun upon an Easter day is half so fine a sight.
GLADYS FARRIOR—Above the vulgar flights of common souls.
ALLIE FELKER—The big round tears coursed one another down her innocent nose.
ELEANOR FRIERSON—Let us do, or die!
EUGENIA FULLER—But ne'er the rose without the thorn.
FENDLEY GLASS—As chaste as unshined snow.
MABEL GREGG—Neat, not gaudy.
SUSIE GUNN—Good to be merry and wise.
MARTHA HALL—A rose is sweeter in the bud than full blown.
LUTIE HEAD—Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth.
MARY HOOPER—True as the needle to the pole.
MARGARET HOYT—Pleasant and capable of sober thought.
CHARLOTTE JACKSON—A moral, sensible, wellbred maid.
SUSETTE JOERG—This is the very ecstasy of love.
MARY WALLACE KIRK—He never is alone that is accompanied with noble thoughts.

GLADYS LEE—Music is God's best gift to man.
 MARY LEECH—Of manners gentle, of affection mild.
 JANET LITTLE—I hate nobody, I'm in charity with the world.
 MAY JOE LOTT—I smell a rat.
 FANNIE G. MAYSON—I see the truth and I approve it, too.
 HELEN MACLAUGHRY—'Tis good will makes intelligence.
 KATHERINE MERRILL—Young in limbs, in judgment old.
 ANNETTE McDONALD—Infinite riches in a little room.
 MARIE McINTYRE—In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare.
 MEC McINTYRE—She's a winsome, wee thing.
 ANNIE McLANE—The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.
 ERMA MONTGOMERY—The mildest manner with the bravest mind.
 ADELAIDE NELSON—Let the world slide, I'll not budge an inch.
 AGNES NICHOLASSEN—She was ever precise in promise-keeping.
 GUSSIE O'NEAL—The daintiest last, to the end most sweet.
 WILLIE PERSONS—Her modest look, sweet as the primrose 'neath the thorn.
 ELEANOR PINKSTON—High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.
 BESSIE POWELL—Is she not passing fair?
 MARY LIZZIE RADFORD—A quiet conscience makes one so serene.
 LUCY REAGAN—Hospitality sitting with gladness.
 CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS—Like some fair flower, the early spring supplies.
 MATTIE RYLANDER—Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!
 ANNIE SMITH—A living spring to mix with the stagnant waters.
 FLORENCE SMITH—Whence this learning? Hast thy toil
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
 LILA SMITH—The very pink of perfection.
 CARYLL STEARNS—Age can not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.
 ISABELLE STEWART—And mistress of herself though China fall.
 MARGARET TISSINGTON—Happy am I; from care I'm free.
 MILDRED THOMSON—I think it so, because I think it so.
 RUTH THOMAS—Give thy thoughts no tongue.
 MARGUERITE THOMAS—A golden mesh, to entrap the hearts of men.
 JULIA THOMPSON—I am all the daughters of my father's house, and all the brothers
 too.
 LOUISE WELLS—Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
 SINA WHITE—I learned to love despair.
 LILA WILLIAMS—A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.
 THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM—Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, as maids of thirteen
 do of puppy-dogs.
 MARTHA WILLIS—Laugh and grow fat.
 ANNA LOU WOOD—Of linked sweetness, long drawn out.
 MARGARET WOODS—As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute strung with
 his hair.

HAND-BOOK
OF
CHOICE COLLEGE TERMS
OF PRACTICAL USE TO STUDENTS

A complete list of terms and their modern meanings, of vital importance in a course
tending toward a finished education in College Customs and Manners

FREE TO ALL PURCHASERS OF THE SILHOUETTE

PUBLISHED BY THE ANNUAL STAFF

1909

Hand-Book of Choice College Terms

A

- A—Ambition's height.
ACADEMY—Agnes Scott kindergarten.
ANNUAL—A strained effort after cuteness.
ANTS—Only guests entertained free of charge.
ATHLETICS—Stunts performed behind closed doors. No gentlemen admitted.
ATLANTA—The star to which the Freshmen's wagons are hitched.
AURORA—A pamphlet issued spasmodically, publishing various masterpieces, and sold at \$1.00 per head (old copies half price).

B

- BASKET-BALL—Hairpulling and an occasional goal.
BISCUIT—A combination of adamant and shoe leather.
BORROWING—A very present help in time of trouble.
BROKE—See *Jaxon's*.
BUSY—An overworked word in home letters. Agnes Scott door plate.

C

- CHAPERONE—An "ayry" old maid or young "fellow" converted into a 30-cent slot machine.
COLLEGE—A dispensary of knowledge.
CONCEITED—An adjective applied to one who looks upon himself with rose-colored glasses.
CRAM—Process by which abnormal knowledge is acquired in an infinitesimal length of time.
CRANIUM—A perfect vacuum discovered by Freshmen.
CRUSH—A word used in both passive and active sense, denoting a disease of the heart most often cured by Affection Tonic.
CURLS—Superinduced superficiality.
CUT—A quantity characterized by "cut it out."

D

- DANCING—A wicked form of exercise in which the feet are alternately solemnly wagged.
- DEBT—Godmother of the Aurora, ghost of the ANNUAL, grave digger of the Business Manager.
- DINING-ROOM—The scene of blighted hopes.
- DRAMATIC-CLUB—A escape valve for surplus funds.
- DUES—Sorrows shared by the wicked and righteous alike.

E

- E—See *Flunk*.
- ECONOMY—A practice advocated in circular letters, but elsewhere discouraged.
- ELOCUTION—A study guaranteed by constant shrugging to give grace to the most awkward shoulders. Money cheerfully refunded if method fails.
- EMPTINESS—The invariable result of Monday dinner.
- ETHICS—Practice hall for checker-players.
- EXAMS—A classical method of torture.
- EXERCISE-CARDS—Approved method of promoting the honor system.
- EXEC-COMMITTEE—A body of proud, haughty hard-hearted beings, whose chief pleasure is to inflict penalties and restrict the liberty of students.

F

- FACULTY—An extract of concentrated perfection: Shake well before using—Poison! Dangerous.
- FELLOW—See *Packhorse*.
- FLATTERY—A sure road to the heart of "Arm."
- FLUNK—Faculty retaliation without apparent cause.
- FRESHMAN—Big College, little me.
- GRADUATION—Final leavetaking of Agnes Scott under the auspices of Trustees, D. G. and the preacher populace.

G

- GRIND—One who indulges in intellectual gymnastics without fresh air, thus developing tuberculosis of the brain.
- GRITS—Cultivator of true "grit."
- GYMNASIUM—The Agnes Scott battleground.

H

- HATS—Joys renewed twice a year.
- HASH—Dumping ground for surplus trash.
- HOMINY—[Lat. Homo- (man) + Sansk. omon-is (last resort).] Last resort of starving man.

I

IDEALS—Dr. Gaines' faithful steed.

INFIRMARY—A first class hospital—10 cents a day.

J

JAXON'S—A life-saving station.

JUNIORS—A class deriving their name from insect June-bug. Family characterized by their buzzing qualities.

K

KICK—[Lat. kicko, kickere, muli-fussum] Either a pedal or a lingual phenomenon.

KLEP—One who carries the borrowing mania to an intensified degree.

KNOCK—Subs.—Proctor's P. G. V. T.—To give vent to one's personal spite.

L

LAUNDRY—An establishment newly instituted at A. S. C., guaranteed, after 10 days time, to turn out perfectly good, strong, healthy clothes, suffering from the incurable disease of acid holes, scorches, tears and burns.

LEND—The complement of borrowing.

LESSONS—Superhuman tasks daily imposed.

LIBRARY—The land of books and Bucher.

LIE—The easiest way out.

LITERARY SOCIETIES—Grab-bag for new girls.

M

MAN—An animal plentiful in some zones. Only a few fossils are found in scholastic haunts.

MEDICINE—Infirmity bill of fare.

MENU—A seven days' repetition.

MISERY—The "Merry Widow" at the Grand.

MONEY—A much desired substance termed by the envious, "filthy lucre." That of which either the possession or the lack causes great mental anxiety.

N

NAP—Sunday afternoon devotional exercise.

NEIGHBOR—A very noisy animal dwelling in the cage next door.

NEWIE—A mortal for two weeks feasted, for two weeks flattered, for nine months left alone.

NUISANCE—The collector of dues.

O

- OFFICE—[Lat. officium., Sansk. off-fishin'em., O. E., off-wit-em, out-wit-em.]
The fruit of an ability to hoodwink your neighbors.
- OLIVES—An article of diet much favored by college girls. Prepared from green plums and palmetto berries soaked in the sad sea waves.
- ORACLE—Thought of D. G. Utterance of Miss Hopkins. Decree of Exec-Committee.
- OVERWORKED—A term applicable to students in general, the ANNUAL Staff in particular.

P

- P. G.—A method much employed by crushes to retain the favor of their divinities.
- PACKHORSE—See Webster.
- PENNANT—College wallpaper.
- PILL—[Lat. Pillo, pillere, pizeni-killum.] A medicinal sphere slightly smaller than a door knob. Often mistaken for Easter eggs.
- PRACTICE HALL—The place where musical hash is impartially distributed.
- PROCTORS—Agnes Scott policemen, whose duty it is to hand lemons and give knocks.

Q

- QUAIL—Food we read about.
- QUIZ—A keen analysis of knowledge crammed.

R

- REPORTS—Encouraging documents sent at intervals to parents, containing detailed statements of chapel attendance and class failures.
- RESTRICTION—Obstacles that bar the way to Nunnally's and cheat the opera house.
- RUSHING—The quintessence of insincerity. Most approved way of ruining the digestions of "newies."

S

- SCHOLARSHIP—A literary jag.
- SLANG—A mint for expressive words of doubtful origin operated by the United College Company, Ltd. Sadie Ellis and Louise Davidson, local agents.
- SLEEP—[Anglo-Saxon, sleepan, sleep-un, wet-her, get-up.] A delicious sensation subject to chemical dissolution by alarm clock.
- SOUP—Sunday gravy diluted, thickened with unknown elements of questionable age and served as a first course for Monday dinner.
- STUDY—"Latest Fad" the week preceding examinations.
- STUPIDITY—Nothing doing above the ears.

T

TALENT—Fictitious faculty possessed by a bobtailed genius.

TEARS—Human dew.

TEST—A torture invented by the Hottentots and adopted by up-to-date colleges.

TIGHT-WAD—One who wears padlocks on her pockets.

TRIG—The alarm clock Miss Young invented for the Freshmen.

V

VACUUM—The interior of a Freshman cranium.

VOICE—Big at the bottom and little at the top. Something in the middle goes flippity flop.

W

WEEP—A high bid for a society rush.

WORK—See *Grind*

X

XMAS—General exodus.

Y

YELLS—Spontaneous combustion.

Z

ZERO—Lemons growing on the Faculty tree.



ATHLETICS

Athletic Song

I'm a Hottentot from Agnes Scott,
A player of basket ball;
I jump so high I scrape the sky,
And I never, never fall.
When once I get the ball,
I toss it above them all;
I'll get it in, my side shall win,
Our foes shan't score at all.

One day I went on fun intent
A-prancing to the gym.
If not too late, I'd learn to skate
Then I'd be in the swim;
Instead I hit the floor,
I'll never walk any more.
I broke my skate, and split my pate,
I tell you I was sore.

Another day, I went to play
Upon the hockey field;
I thought it fine, oh, most divine,
A hockey stick to wield.
Twinkle, twinkle star,
I wonder what you are;
I cracked my shin, and tore my skin
And had to come home in a car.

Then in the gym, with greatest vim,
Those long ropes I did climb,
And on the bar, I was a star.
Oh, my! It was sublime.
I tried to ride the horse,
But, dear me, what remorse,
He gave a bound, I struck the ground;
No safety in a horse.

And so you see, at A. S. C.
There's something every minute,
You surely have to hustle here,
Or else you'll not be in it.
We're crazy 'bout the gym,
The hockey and the swim,
So now three cheers, and each who hears
Will raise it with a vim.

Athletic Association



ADELAIDE NELSON
President



ADELENE DORTCH
Vice-President



LOUISE DAVIDSON
Secretary and Treasurer



GYMNASIUM



HOOD HUNTER NELSON WILLIAMS POWELL WADDELL MARION REAGAN DORTCH

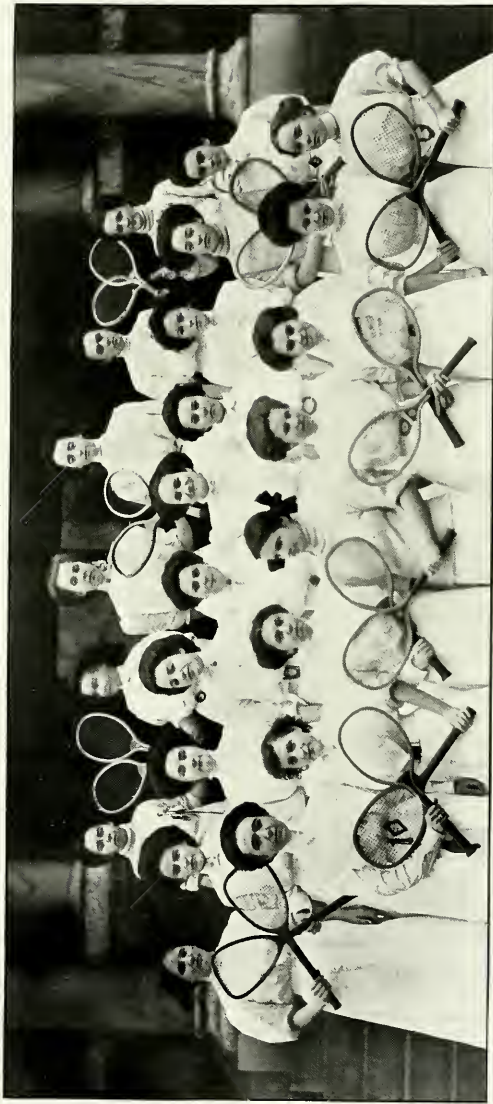


Tennis Association

MATTIE HUNTER..... *President*
ELEANOR COLEMAN..... *Vice-President*
LOUISE WELLS..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

BLACKBURN, ANTONETTE	GLASS, FENDLEY	PINKSTON, ELEANOR
BORDEN, DURALDE	GUNN, SUSIE	POWELL, LUTIE
BURFORD, DOROTHY	HOYT, MARGARET	RADFORD, MARY L.
CRAIG, ELIZABETH	HUNTER, MATTIE	REA, KATE
CRANFORD, CLYDE	JACKSON, CHARLOTTE	REAGAN, LUCY
CROWE, FLORA	JOERG, SUSETTE	SLACK, RUTH
DARNEAL, LOUISE	JOHNS, WILLIE L.	TISSINGTON, MARGARET
DILLARD, FAY	KIRK, MARY WALLACE	THOMSON, MILDRED
DILLARD, MARY	LEE, GLADYS	WELLS, LOUISE
DORTCH, ADELENE	LINK, MARY	YEAGER, EFFIE
DOWDELL, CORDELIA	LOTT, MARY JOE	POWELL, JEAN
DUNCAN, MARY B	MERRILL, KATHERINE	MISS APPELYARD
DU PREE, JULIA	MAYSON, FANNIE G.	MISS CADY
ENZOR, MARY	NELSON, ADELAIDE	MISS ROSS
FARRIOR, GLADYS	NICHOLASSEN, AGNES	MISS SPANGLER
FIELDS, ANNIE	MONTGOMERY, IRMA	DR. SWEET



Varsity Team



DAVIDSON
Captain



JOERG
Manager



CAROLINE MCKINNEY
Mascot

Dell

Rickerchocker, Roekerchocker
Rah! Rah! Rie!
Concentrated hot stuff,
A. S. C.!!!

Line Up

Forwards.....	}	LOUISE DAVIDSON
		MATTIE HUNTER
Centers.....		ELEANOR FRIERSON
		ADELENE DORTCH
Guards.....		MATTIE RYLANDER
	ANNIE FIELDS	



DAVIDSON

HUNTER

RYLANDER

FRIERSON

FIELDS

DORTCH

College Scrub Team

Bell

Teeker, Toker, Tiah
 Hannibal, Goliah
 Fricaseed Calibub
 Who's It? College Scrub!



NELSON
Captain



DILLARD
Manager

Line Up

<i>Forwards</i>	}	ELEANOR COLEMAN
		FAY DILLARD
<i>Centers</i>	}	KATHERINE MERRILL
		MARIE MACINTYRE
<i>Guards</i>	}	PEARL VEREEN
		ADELAIDE NELSON



DILLARD

McINTYRE

MERRILL

NELSON

COLEMAN

VEREEN



NELSON

MCINTYRE

DAVIDSON

MCCALLIE

FOWEL

DORTCH



DILLARD
FRIERSON

HUNTER
SMITH

WILLIAMS
POWELL



WILLINGHAM

WELLS

RYLANDER

COLEMAN

ANDERSON

ANDERSON



MCINTYRE

FIELDS

MERRILL

HUNTER

JOERG

VEREEN

Extracts Selected at Random from the Diary of D. G.

- September 23. Was unusually pleasant—spoke to two girls in the halls.
25. Chapel entirely too noisy. Had to rap three times for silence. Rather short service, so had time for a short talk on College Ideals. New girls never pay any attention to this, but the old students expect it. Spoke with Miss Hopkins before dinner about the advisability of uniforms. I have noticed that the girls dress extravagantly.
- October 15. Had secretary write circular letters to parents about curtailing girl's allowances. Spent afternoon looking over letters from parents. Great bore, this answering so many questions. Got Miss Davis to make a type answer. Told them all that daughters are excellent students and that the health record is unusual.
19. Gave Frau money for new clothes. Thought she had new suit last year, but found it was year *before* last. Spent morning in town; was late to lunch. Good thing I gave Frau money before I went to town. Had to show visitors over grounds until prayer meeting. Was much embarrassed there—only eight girls present and no teachers.
29. Gave teachers a lecture in chapel. I'll show them I'm running things. At prayers I told the student body of my trip North. Did my best. Told one or two jokes which were fairly well received.
- January 11. Interviewed by Miss Appleyard. She had the usual tales of pins and tacks in the wall. Told her to send the offenders to me. That will scare them into obeying rules. I have never known it to fail. Got letter from *Christian Observer* saying that dancing must be stopped in Agnes Scott, or all advertising in its columns discontinued. Special meeting of Trustees to pass the law. Girls indignant, but of no use.
30. Have entertained several ex-Deans at the college. It looks well to have them here. My own opinion of them is that they are all conceited (I can not tolerate conceit or extravagance). Rather expensive guests. Have to get up good dinners at Miss Hopkin's




table. It would never do to let them see the regular fare. Have been having a great deal of trouble with clubs. Deans all agree with me that clubs should be abolished. Tonight the regular time for Faculty meeting. Had several good points from the Deans, but Dr. Arbuckle got the floor and I didn't have a chance to tell them.

February 7. Interviewed publishers of my Bible notes. Renewed contract, though there is not much profit in it. Son Lewis did not arrive today. I don't know the reason of his delay. Got mixed up in another Taft and Bryan discussion with Arbuckle. Argument grew so heated that I got Chunky a new toy to make peace.


April 16. Dictated letters all the morning. I am greatly worried about the erection of the new building. This money panic came at a most inopportune time.

Had a pleasant talk with Dr. Sweet. She is utterly different from Dr. Martin—not so aggressive and doesn't complain of the meat and the lights. Much better health this term.

Was pleased to see the Faculty conspicuous at prayer meeting. They are more easily managed than the girls. A very busy day.

April 26. The Donald Fraser boys serenaded the college about midnight last night. I hate to have the night watchman so very strict, for I remember when I was young, in springtime. But I can not have my rest so disturbed.

May 1. Called Mrs. Mays in my office to tell her that no more sherry could be used in desserts; this is a church school, besides vanilla and lemon are cheaper flavorings. Also told her that the bills were more than they should have been, and that ham could be used occasionally instead of chicken, for Sunday dinner.



The North Country

I

Have you ever heard of the "great alone,"
Of that country where fear is dead?
Of the land that breeds men big, brawny and rough,
But the place where the blood is red?
It is far from here, and a place pretty drear
For those who have lived in peace,
But it can't be beat, if it is a dead heat,
With strife that will never cease.

II

It's the call of the North in my heart I feel,
The call of the rocks and the wild;
The lone star points to my hut up there,
Not the home I knew as a child.
But the home I sought and for which I fought
In the days of the silver game,
When all that told was hearts that were bold,
And not a hang for a name.

III

O it's good, that country of rough and wild,
Not the good that the parson knows,
For the gambling dens are thick up there,
And a sight of drink that flows;
But for those who can it makes the man—
The iron that not one can bend;
The kind of stuff that is not a bluff;
And it's scars that will count in the end.

IV

Not the face of a saint, unscathed and clean,
With the soul of the viper inside;
But the face that is marred with the battle of life
Is the one that deserves the pride.
O! the call of the North, and the seething froth
Of the rapids around your canoe;
The song in your ears that all through the years
Will call with a faint halloo!

V

Yes, it's good to be in the "great alone,"
In that land where fear is dead,
To wander all day with shovel and pick
And then,—only rocks for a bed.
Many such night has the Northern Light
In that land of the midnight sun.
But the North Countree is the place for me
'Til this game of chance is done.

CLUBS.



THE BULL DOGS



Members

REBEKAH CANDLER
NELLIE FARAGSON
EUGENIA FULLER
MOSELLE GANN
MARTHA HALL
LUTIE HEAD

MEC MACINTYRE
KATHERINE MERRILL
MARIE MACINTYRE
MATTIE RYLANDER
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
SUSETTE JOERG

GUSSIE O'NEAL





KATHERINE BUNN, Georgia
CLYDE CRANFORD, Florida
ELIZA CANDLER, Georgia
LIDA CALDWELL, Arkansas
EM ELDRIDGE, Georgia
ALLIE FELKER, Georgia
MARY HOOPER, Georgia
LOUISE PAYNE, Virginia
WILLIE PERSON, Florida
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS, Georgia
PEARL VEREEN, Georgia
KATE WHEATLEY, Georgia



Colors

Black and White

Flower

White Rose

Insignia

Skull and Cross Bones

Members

HAZEL BRAND
FLORA CROWE
GAMALIEL DIXON
LOUISE DAVIDSON
SADIE GOBER
ANNIE WADDELL
EDDIE HUNTER
MATTIE HUNTER
RUTH MARION
HAZEL MURPHY
JEAN POWEL
EFFIE YEAGER



DRAMATICS



The Dramatic Club



The Dramatic Club started this year with as much enthusiasm as formerly. The effort is to have everyone interested in the club and not only those who have a talent along this line. Consequently all are invited to join, and there are few who do not take advantage of this invitation, thus helping to make it a success even though unable to take part.

Not only are the plays enjoyed because of the splendid acting displayed, but also because of the social feature combined with them. The friends of the girls are always invited to be present, and then after the play there is time to be with them for a while, thus making the evening even more delightful.

As formerly, Miss Cady, assisted this year by Miss Ross, has directed the plays, so that we have to extend to them, as well as to the participants, the great praise due to their success.

CLUB



College Glee Club

First Sopranos

DOROTHY BURFORD
ELIZA CANDLER
LOUISE DARNEAL
CORDELIA DOWDELL
ANNETTE McDONALD

HAZEL MURPHY
GUSSIE O'NEAL
LILA SMITH
ISABELLE STEWART
DOROTHEA SNODGRASS

Second Sopranos

LOUISE DAVIDSON
LUCY FITZHUGH
LILA WILLIAMS

JULIA PRATT SMITH
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
EFFIE YEAGER

First Altos

EDITH BAIN

MARTHA WILLIS

LIDA CALDWELL

Second Altos

NINA ANDERSON
EDITH BROWN

FANNIE ANDERSON

LOUISE WELLS
KATHERINE MERRILL

Accompanist MARGARET WOODS
Leader ANNETTE McDONALD
Treasurer MARGARET WOODS
Director MISS SPANGLER



COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

The Strikers

Colors

Navy blue and gold

Flower

Ragged-Robin

Purpose

To strike our match and light out



EDITH BROWN
GLADYS FARRIOR
HORTENSE BOYLE

ANNE McLEAN
GLADYS LEE
BESSIE POWELL

The Menagerie



Don't Be Frightened, Perfectly Harmless

L. SMITH
L. DARNEAL
J. P. SMITH

M. B. DUNCAN
E. BAIN
R. SLACK

Tennessee Club

Motto

Not that we love Tennessee more, but Georgia less.

Favorite Song

Why Don't you Write when you Don't Need Money.

Colors

Freshman Green and Senior Blue

Favorite Drink

"Moonshine."

Patron Saint

DR. GAINES

Officers

JEAN POWEL	<i>President</i>
ELEANOR FRIERSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET MCCALLIE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

EDITH BROWN, Chattanooga	AGNES NICOLASSEN, Clarksville
MARY BROWN, Morristown	JEAN POWELL, Sweetwater
ELEANOR FRIERSON, Columbia	DOROTHEA SNODGRASS, Chattanooga
MARY LEECH, Clarksville.	MARGARET WOODS, Lewisburg
MARGARET MCCALLIE, Chattanooga	EFFIE YEAGER, Knoxville

Honorary Members

DR. F. H. GAINES, Sweetwater	B. M. BACHMAN, Sweetwater
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EDITH BAIN

CORDELIA DOWDELL

JULIA PRATT SMITH

MARY ENZOR

CHARLOTTE JACKSON

FANNIE ANDERSON

MARY BACON DUNCAN

LILA SMITH

NINA ANDERSON

JULIA DUPRÉ

NELL McMAHON

ADELINE DORTCH

MARY WALLACE KIRK

Alabama Club

"Meet to Eat"

Honorary Members

Misses LEWIS and LOVELACE

The German Club

Advisory Committee { MISS TREBEIN
MISS ALMON
Treasurer ELEANOR FRIERSON

Honorary Members

MISS CADY

DR. ARMISTEAD

MISS SPANGLER

The first announcement of a German Club at Agnes Scott called forth occasional smiles of amusement, due to the fact that the organization had chosen for itself quite naturally an ill-fated and somewhat ambiguous name. In whatever way the uninitiated interpreted us, it soon became clear to our own college world that we were not banded together to trip the light fantastic, but in the more serious purpose of promoting interest in the German language and of introducing into the German department the elements of German farce, German customs and German song.

The Club organized last year has a membership of the German teachers and students of both College and Academy, with several honorary members from the Faculty who have kindly given us their interest and assistance.

At its meetings, held at intervals of three or four weeks, an hour is usually devoted to the singing of German songs and to German games, which, be it admitted, do not tax very severely the linguistic powers of even beginners. Farces were presented the first year by members of the first and second year college classes. Not until this year has a German classic been attempted. The success with which the third year German students of the college gave Lessing's ever fresh and mirthful comedy, "Minna von Barnhelm," leads us to cherish the hope that the club may be able to put at least one German classic "on the boards" each year.

The unpremeditated speed with which the Christmas recess descended upon Agnes Scott this year, made it impossible for the German Club to carry out its plan for a program of German songs and carols. Something of the naive charm of the real German Christmas was, however, caught and held for an hour among those who, at the invitation of the advisory committee, gathered about the *Tannenbaum* for Christmas cheer. The German songs are never so lovely as when sung in the half-light of the Christmas candles. In this light "Stille nacht, heilige nacht" gained new solemnity, and new ardor was poured quite unconsciously into the strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein."

That the purposes of the Club may be realized, we wish it long life and prosperity. Hoch dem deutschen Klub!

GRINDS



Pretty Girl Papers

L. E. D.—We sympathize with you in the trouble you mention. We know from experience the trials of popularity. We would advise you to pursue the even tenor of your way, but to be very careful to do nothing that would endanger the substantial benefits to be obtained from crushes.

Clyde C.—As you say, it is very difficult to arrange so abundant a suit of hair. To lessen the trouble, we would recommend wearing your switches only on Sunday. We would also say most emphatically that we do not consider it necessary to comb your hair every day.

M. E. McC.—Do you consider it proper for a girl to offer her affections to the man of her choice at any other time than leap year?

If all indirect methods of eliciting a declaration from the man fail, we then think it perfectly proper for the girl to exercise the rights of the emancipated woman of the twentieth century, and propose without timidity or constraint.

M. Y. McL.—I am greatly worried over losing flesh; my usual weight is 225 and I now weigh only 200. What do you recommend?

Your loss of flesh is undoubtedly caused from overwork. We would advise you to drop everything and take a campus course.

Anxious.—My appearance distresses me greatly. How can I get rid of a countenance that is neither pleasing nor attractive?

Infuriate your roommate and she will probably slap it off.

Francis D.—We think that you may overcome your natural timidity and lack of self-assertion by persistent treatment. It is very important to try to rid yourself of your shrinking and retiring habits, as you are apt to be imposed upon.

A. N.—I would like to complain through your columns of the embarrassment that is caused me by having so many offices thrust upon me. Is there any way by which I may escape such popularity?


The embarrassment you mention is natural, but we can conceive no way out of the difficulty except to sacrifice your modesty to the public good.

K. C. B.—I find that I am unable to run Agnes Scott. This troubles me greatly, as I feel the faculty and students do not properly appreciate my capabilities. I think it your duty to try to remedy this through your columns.

Majestically yours,
K. C. BUNN.

Mattie Rylander (coming from bathroom)—“Who has Jusserand engaged from 5 to 6?”

Margaret Tissington—“What’s that—German for bath tub?”


A decorative border with floral and leaf motifs surrounds the text.

With Apologies to Wordsworth

Strange fits of passion have I known
And I will dare to tell
How in the dining-room one day,
This once to me befell.

Upon the girl I fixed my eye,
Who sat across from me,
And on the bread she camly ate
A red ant I did see.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a student's head,
"O mercy," to myself I cried,
"If that ant should be dead."

A decorative border with a repeating floral pattern of leaves and flowers, framing the text.

Everybody Works but the Faculty

Everybody works but the Faculty
They sit 'round all day.
Put all the work on the fellows,
While the Faculty get gay.
Lizzabel's in the laboratory,
Jeannette is hearing a class,
Everybody works but the Faculty
And they just rest—alas!

Miss Trebein's playing tennis,
She don't work no more;
Jeannette will correct her papers,
German's such a bore.
Miss Smith amuses Dorothy,
Miss Anna goes to town;
Nobody works in the Faculty
But Miss Saxon and Miss Brown.

In Psychology

If I and me are all the same,
And went for a pail of water,
And I fell down and broke my crown,
Would me come tumbling after?

Little Miss Ross
Sat on the moss
Counting her crushes o'er;
Up came Miss Cady
Said, "You're no lady
The Sophomores alone I adore."

The English class
Their books, alas,
They lost and could not find them.
But, as advised,
They advertised,
And now again they grind them!

Little drinks of water
Taken after lights,
Make restrictions heavy,
And our future blights.


Lines to a College Crush

There's not a pennant on the wall,
There's not a bait worm in the sea;
There's not a mushroom on the mall
But bids me dream, dear love, of thee.

When Aurora gilds the western sky,
When Eolus moans upon the sea,
When the rising bell rings bye and bye;
Then turn my wandering thoughts to thee.

I do not love thee, English J,
The reason why I cannot say;
But this I know from day to day,
I do not love thee, English J.

A little Acad
Appeared so sad,
I asked what the matter could be.
"Our team," she said
"Which one time led
Has yielded to A. S. C."

A decorative border with floral and leaf motifs surrounds the text. The top border features a central flower flanked by leaves. The left and right sides have vertical columns of leaves and flowers. The bottom border is similar to the top one.

Melancholia

I am a peevish student, I,
My reason I will tell you why:
The crush on whom my thoughts all turned,
My heart she's gone and went and spurned.

They say that ignorance is bliss
And 'tis folly to be wise;
But when on some exam I miss,
Proverbs, I fear, are lies.

Em—"What's the Sunday School lesson? I've got to study it."

Paymie—"Oh, never mind, you know it; it's about Ruth gleaning in the fields of Beelzebub."

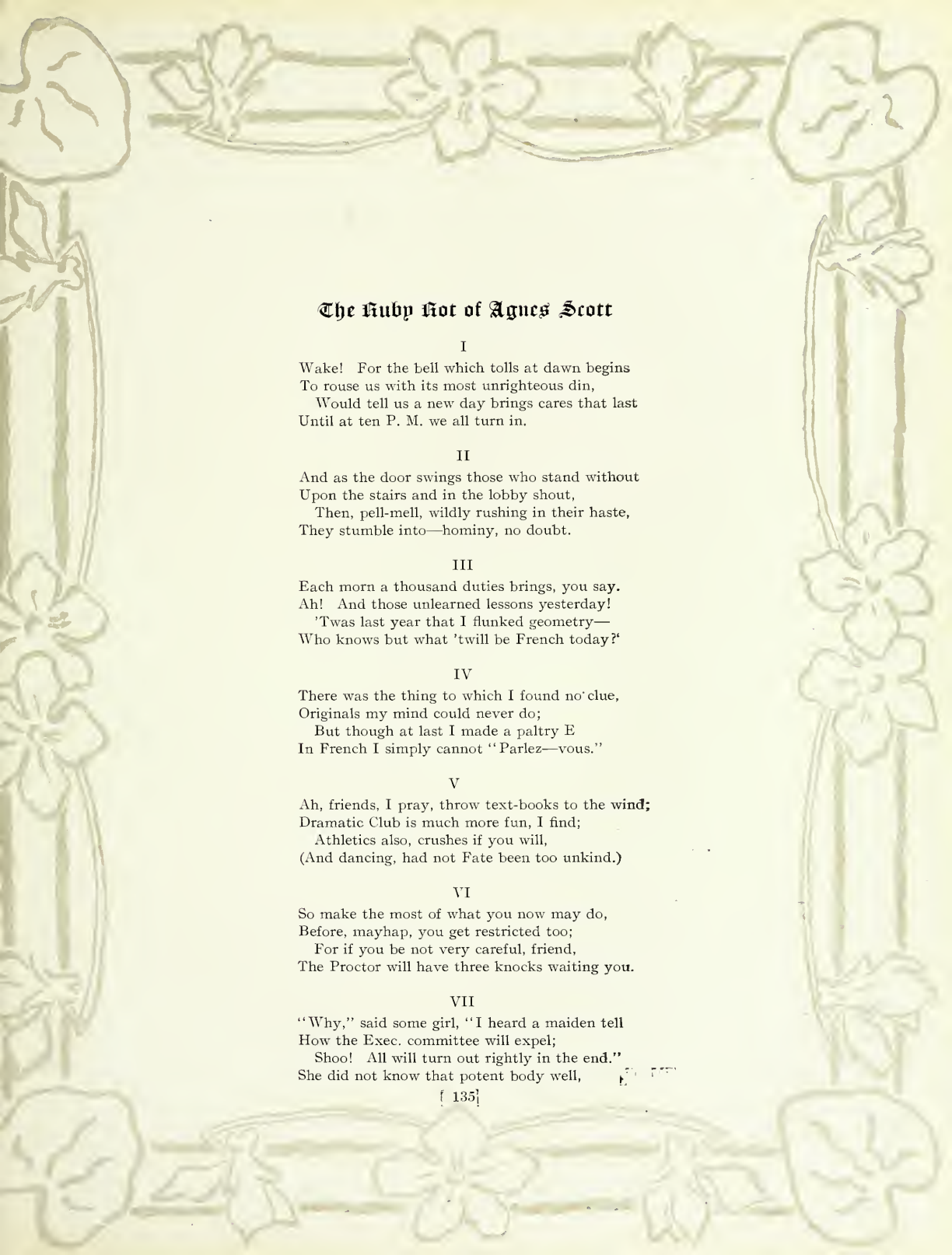
As to the saddest words of tongue or pen
There's much that's been written, again and again;
But of all the sad words that have ever been spoke,
The saddest are these, "I'm stranded and broke."

To have to write in flowing rhyme,
When your thoughts all run to prose,
May scarcely well be called a crime,
But it's one of the greatest woes.

Sonnet found in a Mad-House

I dreamed a dream next Tuesday week
Beneath the spreading ash;
I thought my eyes were dried peach pies
And my nose was brown baked hash.
And as I sit, there came a grit,
And thusly spoke to me:
"Of peaches, goat or hominy,
Which would you rather be?"

A maid on knowledge whose mind was intent,
To add to her store, to the "lab" she went.
A chemical mixture she thought she'd essay,
To a cup of water she added Na;
A crash, a bang, you know the rest—
She went above to end her quest.



The Ruby Riot of Agnes Scott

I

Wake! For the bell which tolls at dawn begins
To rouse us with its most unrighteous din,
Would tell us a new day brings cares that last
Until at ten P. M. we all turn in.

II

And as the door swings those who stand without
Upon the stairs and in the lobby shout,
Then, pell-mell, wildly rushing in their haste,
They stumble into—hominy, no doubt.

III

Each morn a thousand duties brings, you say.
Ah! And those unlearned lessons yesterday!
'Twas last year that I flunked geometry—
Who knows but what 'twill be French today?

IV

There was the thing to which I found no' clue,
Originals my mind could never do;
But though at last I made a paltry E
In French I simply cannot "Parlez—vous."

V

Ah, friends, I pray, throw text-books to the wind;
Dramatic Club is much more fun, I find;
Athletics also, crushes if you will,
(And dancing, had not Fate been too unkind.)

VI

So make the most of what you now may do,
Before, mayhap, you get restricted too;
For if you be not very careful, friend,
The Proctor will have three knocks waiting you.

VII

"Why," said some girl, "I heard a maiden tell
How the Exec. committee will expel;
Shoo! All will turn out rightly in the end."
She did not know that potent body well,

VIII

All those who did with stony hearts compile
The rules by which we rise or fall the while;
To keep them all intact we'd better move
At once to some far-off deserted isle.

IX

Ay, you indeed had better be afraid,
For Margaret is a most determined maid,
And if you brook her will—well, I don't know,
Methinks she's better far than Adelaide.

X

Alas! could you and I with dear D. G.
Arrange a set of rules for A. S. C.
I'm sure they'd suit us better than they do
And we would burst our bonds and be quite free.

XI

Well, this I know; whether or not my joy
Is shattered when they say "Accost no boy;"
Better a spree in dear Atlanta town
Than in Decatur acting rather coy.

XII

Indeed the many things I love outside
Have caused the Faculty to much deride
My brain's capacity, which leaves me sore;
And often o'er my "rep" I've thought and sighed.

XIII

Indeed, indeed, to cram, with frantic flash
Of energy I've started. But I blush
To add that each time I'd resolved
My plans were shattered by another crush.

XIV

And when I leave to ne'er return, before
You send me from your minds forever more,
Think of me as one who meant quite well
But always found that study was a bore.

Miss McKinney (after reading Annual manuscript)—"Well, one certain thing,
no Fellow works for me.

A Limerick in Blank Verse

There was a young lady from Lynne,
Who was so excessively slender
That when she essayed
To drink lemon lime,
She slipped in a straw and fell through.

The ANNUAL staff is always in quest
Of something that's novel and new,
But if the old is always the best,
Isn't that a quandry for true?

When we began the ANNUAL grinds to make,
In flowing rhyme and stately verse we spake.
But when we found we had ten pages to compose
We

spread
 them
 out
 somewhat
 like
 those.


"Owed" to the Wall

Freshman, spare that wall,
Put not a single tack,
D. G. has said "It shall not be,"
And he'll not take it back.

The trustees did the money give
To build these stately halls,
And will not have them now defaced
Nor tacks put in the walls.

Two poor fellows came to Agnes Scott to stay,
To keep the "Lab." 'n Libr'y up 'n let the Faculty play—
'N answer the door bell 'n work 'n never sleep,
'N do th' things th' teachers shirk 'n 'ern their board 'n keep.
'N if some day they come 'n say a fellow we'll make of you.
You'd better be careful what you say 'n 'bout the things you do,
'N don't you learn your lessons
Fer there simply ain't a doubt
That the Faculty 'll git you

Ef
 You
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized flowers and leaves, framing the text.

To D. S.

Your hair is most like wire grass, dear,
Your eyes like cow peas shine,
Your mouth an alligator's is,
But would that thou wert mine!
Your nose is like a mushroom, dear,
Your feet, flat boats, float on.
But even with these defects, dear,
Your snake-slim self I dote on.

Grind! Grind! Grind!
Till the day the ANNUAL leaves,
If only we had a thought to utter
In rhyme, 'twould probably please;
But when the grind begins, alas!
All inspiration goes,
And our days are full of weeping
And our nights are full of woes.
The Glee Club wants a new song,
The 'Varsity team a yell,
And classes galore want more and more,
Till our groans we cannot quell.
And day after day the grind goes on,
For the rhymes must come by the ream,
For in the Sophomore year, a rep we got
Of an automatic rhyming machine.

THE GRIND EDITORS.

Jean fell in the burning oil,
You should have seen the poor child boil.
Her body lies beneath the sod,
She's burst the pea and left the pod.

A Meeting of the Silhouette Staff

Scene—Miss McKinney's class room. *Time*—Anywhere between three and four in the afternoon, the meeting having been called for one forty-five. A tumult of confused voices is heard, each striving to speak louder than the others:

Eugenia—"The meeting will please come to order."

Annette—"That's right, Pessy, make 'em behave."

Dorothea—"And, oh, he's the *grandest* man, Marg! Oh, my heart, he is just perfectly lovely!"

Margaret—"Who is?"

Dorothea—"Oh, Mr. McClean—I mean Dr. Armistead—or Dr. Arbuckle—why, of course, it's Mr. Bachmann I'm talking about! All of 'em are, Marg. Why, don't you know how nice they always are when—" (Here a tennis ball strikes her upon the nose, making a painful impression.) "My stars! What have I done to deserve this—" (and she rattles on oblivious of the fact that Tom is standing upon the top of Miss McKinney's desk, energetically bouncing a tennis ball back and forth from her hand to the mantel).

Eugenia—"The meeting will please come to order."

Annette—"That's right, Pessy, get down after 'em."

Louise W—"What *are* the duties of a social editor?"

All—"A social editor!"

Dorothea (giggling)—"Don't tell her she means an associate editor."

Geraldine (seriously)—"Why, Louise, you mean an associ—"

Dorothea—"Sh-sh-sh."

Tom (virgorously)—"A-s as—s-o so (look it up in the dictionary), "that's right! It means make a fuss! Make a fuss! That's what your duty is! Get wise, kid!"

Eugenia—"The meeting will please come to order."

Annette—"That's right, Pessy! Make 'em behave."

Margaret—"Oh, I have the grandest idea for the Fellows' picture! Have 'em hitched to a wagon, and Dr. Gaines driving it and whipping—"

Tom—"Whoop-ee-ee! That's a good 'un, Marg, old girl!"

Dorothea—"Tom, if you don't stop playing catch ball in here I shall die. I'm so nervous now, I—"

Tom—"Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Ella Roller Pillbox! Wasn't that a fine ball, though!"

Dorothea—"Tom, for goodness' sake—"

Tom—"Whoop-ee-ee! One! Two! Three!—"

Dorothea—"Tom, I shall have a *spasm* if you don't stop!"

Tom—"Beat it, kids, beat it! Ain't it—" (Here the ball strikes an ink bottle on the mantel, scattering ink and broken glass in all directions. Tom, in surprise, loses her balance and falls to the floor, dragging the desk and its contents upon her. "Good old egg bread, beat it." she cries, weakly, as she feels the soft form of Louise Payne crushed beneath her.

Eugenia—"The meeting will please come to order."

Annetta—"That's right, Pessy."

Ruth—"The SILHOUETTE is going to be a perfect mess, anyway. Every body at Agnes Scott is infinitely stupid."

Annie—"Shut up, Ruthie."

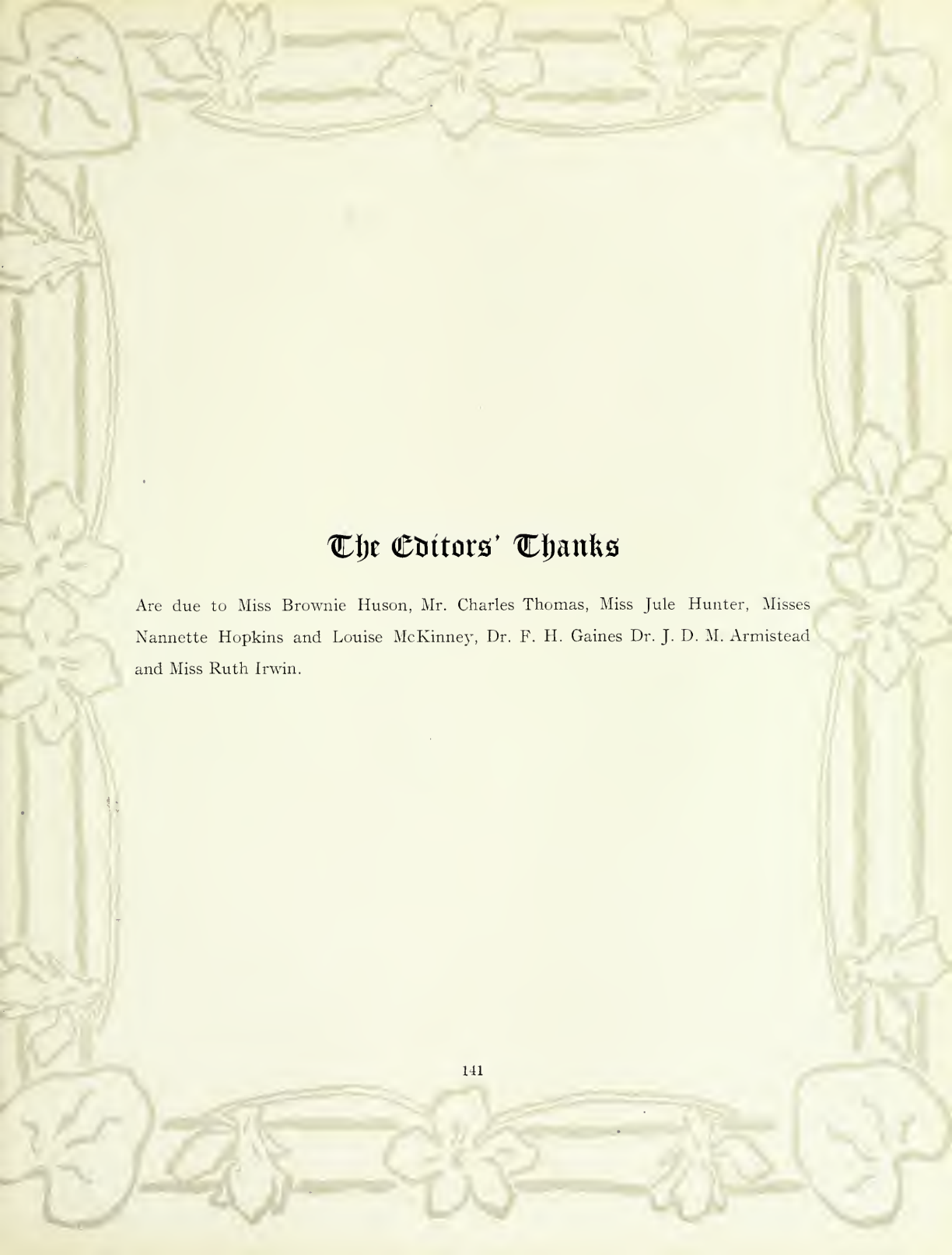
Geraldine—"It will not be a mess! I'm going to write three short stories and a glorious continued story about colonial days and an essay on The Poetry of the Moon and—"

Jean (rushing in breathlessly)—"Come on, people! There's a hand organ and a monkey in front of the main buil—"

All—"Come on!"

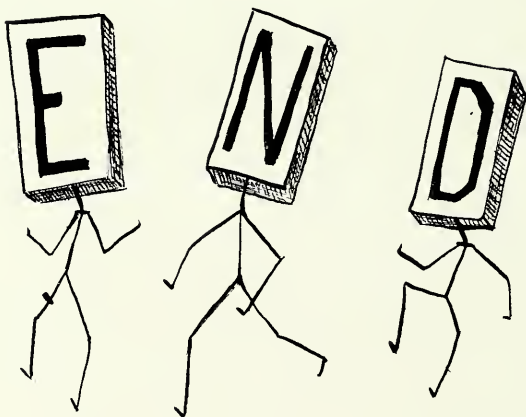
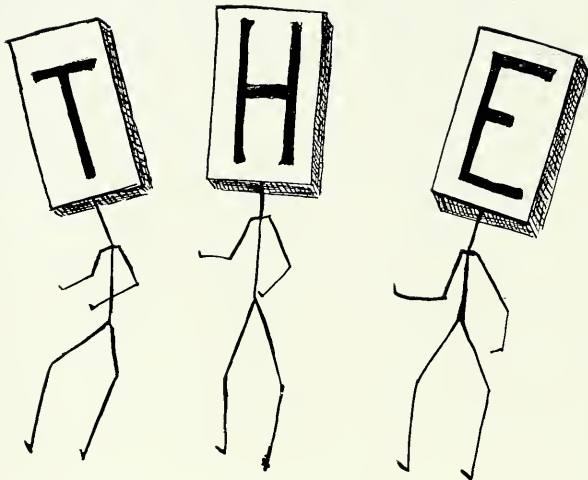
(The room is empty.)

Eugenia (weakly)—"The meeting will please come to order."

A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized flowers and leaves, framing the central text.

The Editors' Thanks

Are due to Miss Brownie Huson, Mr. Charles Thomas, Miss Jule Hunter, Misses Nannette Hopkins and Louise McKinney, Dr. F. H. Gaines Dr. J. D. M. Armistead and Miss Ruth Irwin.





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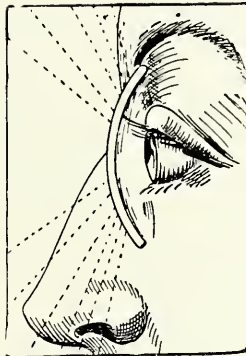
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