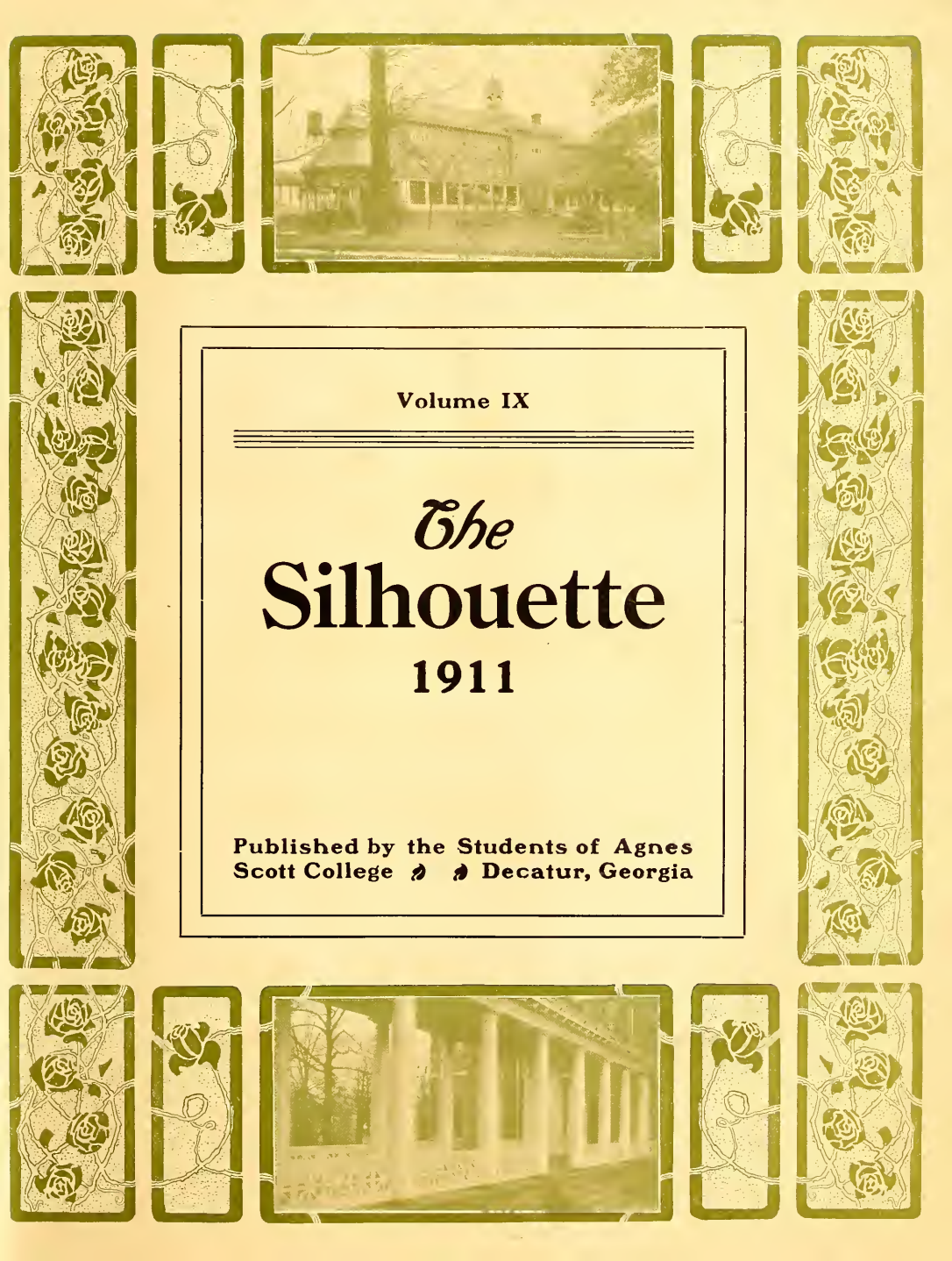


Silhouette

1911





Volume IX

The
Silhouette
1911

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Scott College ♪ ♪ Decatur, Georgia





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Dedicated
to
Dr. J. H. Gaines
in sincere acknowledgement
of what he has done for
Agnes Scott
and the student body





DR. GAINES





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SADIE GOBER



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ART AND ART HISTORY

SHATTEEN MITCHELL
EXPRESSION

MARION BUCHER
LIBRARIAN

MARGARET WOODS
SUPERINTENDENT OF PRACTICE





SENIOR POEM

With apologies to Richard Henry Stoddard.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when college years depart
There's a sadness in each heart,
For they never come again.

We are stronger, we are better,
Under Senior's sterner reign,
Still we feel that something sweet
Now has gone with flying feet,
And will never come again.

But tho' earlier years have vanished,
And we sigh for them in vain,
We press onward and there's gladness
Which is mingled with our sadness,
For we'll live in them again.



SENIOR CLASS

MOTTO: *Fama extendere factis*

FLOWER: Jacqueminot Rose

COLORS: Garnet and Gold

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER	SECOND SEMESTER
President.....LOUISE WELLS	President.....THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
Vice-President.....ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM	Vice-President.....GERALDINE HOOD
Secretary.....ELEANOR COLEMAN	Secretary.....ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM
Treasurer.....MARY WALLACE KIRK	Treasurer.....MARY LIZZIE RADFORD
Poet.....MARY WALLACE KIRK	

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ELEANOR PRESTON COLEMAN	ERMA KITURA MONTGOMERY
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JULIA DUPRE	CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH REYNOLDS
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MARY WALLACE KIRK	LOUISE WELLS
MARY GLADYS LEE	THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS HOPKINS MISS CADY
DR. ARMISTEAD



CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH REYNOLDS
A. B., M. L. S., Σ Δ Ψ

"Come live with me and be my love."

In all of the South none fairer is seen
Than stately Charlotte, her social queen.





JULIA CLAUD THOMPSON

A. B., M. L. S., 2336

"O thou art fairer than the evening air!"

I met an Emery man one day,
His countenance all downcast;
"Covington's bello is a bride," he said,
"And Covington's joy is past."





MARY GLADYS LEE

A. B. M. L. S.

"And those about her, from her shall learn the
perfect ways of honor."

A famous musician our Gladys will be,
Playing soft strains of melody.





MARY LOUISE LEECH
A. B. M. U. S.

"I think so because I think so."

New Mary Leech on the stump we see,
Praising William Sufage in Tenacious.





GERALDINE HOOD
A. B., P., L. S.

"The pen is the tongue of the mind."

Bookings and figures are all her care,
So Jerry becomes a millionaire.





MARY WALLACE KIRK
A. B., M. L. S.

"In every posture dignity and love."

Oh! there lives here a poet,
But the world doesn't know it;
Whenever she looks on the leaves,
With the great beauty of it,
She would fain make a sound,
And this is our own dear Majie.





ADELAIDE LOUISE CUNNINGHAM
A. B., M. L. S.

"A rose is sweeter in the bud than full-blown."

Gentle and sweet and industrious still,
With housewifely cares her days she will fill.

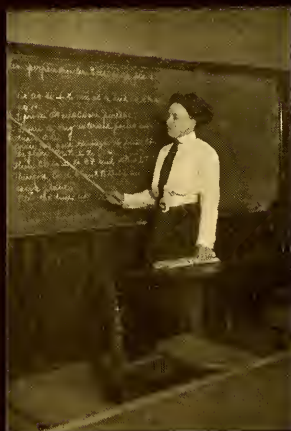




JULIA DUPRE
A. B. P. L. S.

"Gentle of spirit, benignant of mind."

A love to be like Miss Anna she hath,
A longing to follow in her loved path;
So now she's straining,
And happily explaining
The deepest theories of math.





LOUISE WELLS
A. B., M. L. S.

"How did the little busy bee
improve each shining hour!"

A graceful, gay little teacher of gym;
Clubs, ropes and dumb bells she waves with a vim.





THEODOGIA WILLINGDA M
A. B., M. L. S., S. D.

"Marry, marry, shall I be your's?"

There was ever so happy and free,
As now she is playing at golf you see.
Little, quick and nimble,
You could put her in a twinklet!
But Theo, I wisest, will make her T.





ERMA KITTURA MONTGOMERY
A. B., M. L. S.

"I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To the bettering of my mind."

*Far and wide spreads Erma's fame;
As a teacher of Latin they praise her name.*





MARY LIZZIE RADFORD
A. B., M. L. S.

"My library was duked-in large enough."

M. L. Radford, A. B., old maid,
Is pictured here as a spinster staid;
With parrots who Latin and German speak,
And cats who mow in French and Greek.





LUCILE ALEXANDER
A. B., M. L. S.

"They never are alone that are accompanied
With noble thoughts."

She proudly possesses her Ph. D.
Still, a friend of the sick, sweet and good she will be.





ELEANOR PRESTON COLEMAN
A. B., M. L. S.

"They that govern most make the least noise."



Altho' in college she was calm and sedate,
She's a true, gay daughter of the Leno Star state.



SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



FRESHMAN



SOPHOMORE





JUNIOR



SENIOR





SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, the undersigned members of the Class of 1911, having stood the test of years and yet being of sane mind, do hereby bequeath, in the following order, our respective gifts and personal attractions to the members of the Class of 1912, hoping that they may win in the year to come the same glory and renown which has crowned our brilliant career.

Art. I. Mary Louise Leech hereby bequeaths to Susette Reusing Joerg her ability at stump speaking, her suffragette inclinations and her Greek Dictionary.

Art. II. To the honorable Miss Jannette Newton is given by Miss Mary Gladys Lee her success in pawing the ivory, her prerogative to reprove the Dean, and her nervous but groundless fear of examinations.

Art. III. Annie Julia Parazade DuPre wills to Sina White her mathematical turn of mind, her fluency in Spanish, and easily conquered affections.






Art. IV. To Ruth Abigail Slack, Louise Jerusha Wells hands over her lovely alto voice, her "tennis" intimacy with the faculty, and her propensity for "snatching up moments."

Art. V. Julia Claud Thompson bequeaths to Tony Antoinette Milner Blackburn her cheerful matrimonial prospects, her association with the "nobility" and her host of love-lorn crushes.

Art. VI. Theodosia Willingham hands over to Annie Chapin McClane her middy blouses for "Jim," and further endows her with her acrobatic dexterity and her aspirations to become taller by means of the consumption of raw eggs.

Art. VII. Eleanor Preston Coleman leaves to Cornelia Elizabeth Cooper her cowboy ways together with her executive ability and her cannibalistic tendency to eat the last of everybody.

Art. VIII. To Nellie Fargason, Adelaide Louise Cunningham hereby bequeaths her silly giggle, her skill in English composition and her housewifely tendencies.



Art. IX. Mary Wallace Kirk, otherwise known as President of the Agnes Scott Academy, gives to May Joe Lott her license to wave at the gentlemen of the faculty, and her sentimentality, expressed especially in Love Lyrics.



Art. X. Erma Kitura Montgomery hands down to Marie Randolph McIntyre her love of repose, her mania for Latin and her freedom from restrictions.

Art. XI. To Carol Laken Stearns, Mary Elizabeth Radford wills her abundant suit of hair and her decided aversion to man.

Art. XII. Charlotte Elizabeth Reynolds bequeaths to Frances Gertrude Mayson her leisure moments, her high position in the social world and her "bone-head."

Art. XIII. Geraldine Hood (à la Jerry) gives to Mary Jane Sadler Crowell her dramatic ability, her sylph-like form, and her poetic imagination.

Art. XIV. Lucile Alexander wills to Martha Hall her insatiable thirst after French.



JUNIOR CLASS

COLORS: Blue and White

FLOWER: White Rose

MOTTO: *Age quod agis*

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER

President.....	ANNIE McLANE
Vice-President.....	MARTHA HALL
Secretary and Treasurer.....	MARIE McINTYRE

SECOND SEMESTER

President.....	MARTHA HALL
Vice-President.....	MARIE McINTYRE
Secretary and Treasurer.....	RUTH SLACK
Poet.....	RUTH SLACK
Historian.....	ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN

MEMBERS

ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN
 CORNELIA COOPER
 MARY CROSSWELL
 MARTHA HALL
 SUSETTE JOERG

MAY JOE LOTT
 FANNY G. MASON
 MARIE MacINTYRE

ANNIE McLANE
 JEANETTE NEWTON
 CAROL STEARNS
 SINA WHITE
 RUTH SLACK

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. GAINES MISS COLTON



ANNIE MSLANE



CAROL STEARNS



JANET NEWTON



RUTH SLACK



ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN



MARTHA HALL





JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Age quod agis! Our motto for life;
Chosen in fulness and power of our youth,
Long ere our strength had been tried,
Long ere the waves and the tide
Mightily rolled o'er us, teaching the truth:
Few conquer, few even survive in the strife.

II

We have excelled in each field we have found:
Scholarship, tennis, and much besides looks.
We are a class dexterously skilled,
We are a class which has filled
Page after page in our annuals and books;
Yet there arises a doubt in our minds.

III

Have we been true to our motto so good?
Gloomily backward we look o'er the years,
Seeing mistakes we have made,
Seeing our motto decayed,
Searching our hearts through the mist of our tears,
Wondering if truly we've done what we could.

IV

Through the dark shadows of doubt there appears
Brightly the hope of the year yet unspent:
Hope in the strength of our wills,
Hope in that faith which fulfils;
Strong in the might of our single intent,
Conquer we shall all the incoming years.

RUTH SLACK.



MAE JOE LOTT



MARY CROSSWELL



CORNELIA COOPER



FANNIE G. MAYSON

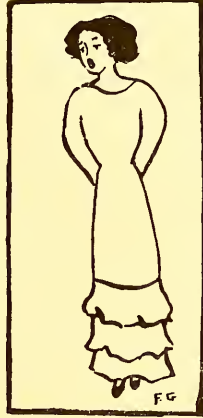
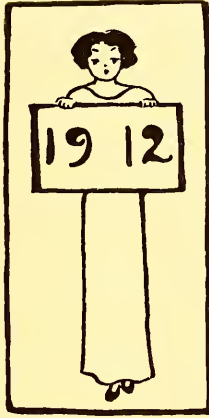
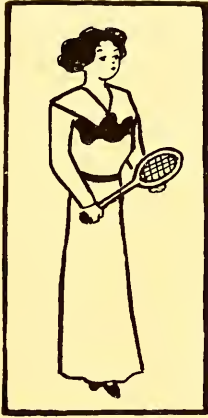


SINA WHITE



MARIE MCINTYRE










JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

TO tell all the glories of our illustrious class (which tradition says is the duty of the Historian) would take up more room in the Annual than its inexorable staff will allow, or would force us to adopt a serial plan and have our history "continued in our next." But to give you, O gentle Reader, a cursory view of our glories, past and present, I will say that they, like Gaul, are divided into three parts. We excel, nay we surpass all, in our studies, in art, and in athletics. Who won the laurel wreath when we were little green Freshmen? Echo answers, "The green little Freshman, Cornelia." To whom did Cornelia yield her palm when we were noisy Sophomores? Echo answers, "To the noisy Sophomore, Annie Chopin." We have the





high average habit now and it would be quite a surprise to see some alien walk off with a scholarship for piano, voice, or art. But I am forgetting the grand third division—athletics. We have not yet yielded our place as basket-ball champions and we star in all other lines as well.

Why, I have stretched this out into a regular Sophomore brag, half forgetting that we are Juniors and must put away childish things. It is hard to realize that three years ago Agnes Scott did not know of our existence, and now her heart is nearly bursting with the pride of ownership of such jolly and withal such brilliant Juniors. But the jolly Juniors will soon be no more and the grandest Seniors of all (present company always excepted for the sake of any feelings that might be hurt) will take their places, and you will see our superlative class—the greenest of green Freshman, the noisiest of noisy Sophomores, the jolliest of jolly Juniors—developing under our caps and gowns into the most dignified of dignified Seniors.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO: Spectemur agendo

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Orange and Blue

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

KATE CLARKPresident.....

LILY JOINERVice-President.....

Secretary-Treasurer.....

SECOND TERM

MARY LAWSON LINK

FRANCES DUKES

LILY JOINER

MEMBERS

GRACE ANDERSON

BERTHA ADAMS

KATE CLARK

ALLIE CANDLER

FRANCES DUKES

MARY ENZOR

NELLIE FARGASON

EDLENA GILLESPIE

REBIE HARWELL

LOUISA HAMILTON

MARY LAWSON LINK

LILY JOINER

JANIE MCGAUGHEY

MARY LOUISE MANESS

MARGARET ROBERTS

LAVALETTE SLOAN

SARAH SKINNER

HELEN SMITH

ELEANOR PINKSTON

LAURA MEL TOWERS

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS LOUISE MCKINNEY

DR. MARY L. SWEET





SOPHOMORE CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

I. A PERIOD OF "FRESH" ACTIVITY (As told by advertisements)



A "fresh" young class we came to school,
The faculty thought us quite hard to rule
But for one night's dose of castor oil
We made these Sophs just have some toil!

In eating, too, we proved our skill;
Waited for blessing, then took our fill.
Growing in grace with the faculty all,
Slim and fat and short and tall.





Lessons over and out to the gym
 With vigor big and "fresh" young vim,
 There with *grace* to far surpass
 The *gracefulest* leader of ev'ry class.

A show at the Grand and at Lab a feast,
 Kept "Freshies" and Juniors till dawn in
 the east.

This year being over, so happy were we
 Our Mammias and Pappas to greet with glee.





II. A PERIOD OF PROUD CONDESCENSION
 (As also told by advertisements)



As Sophs in September quite proud and prim,
 We came back to College with *dignified*
 vim;
 With benevolent purpose and haughty mien,
 To the Freshies quite lordly we surely did
 seem.

Early one morning from A. S. C. tank
 An effigy hung of green-freshman rank;
 Just before breakfast with many a tear
 We burned and buried the Freshmen dear!





'Twas the morning after the day before
 When the French exam had proved such a
 bore,
 Viewing ourselves in the looking-glass—
 The circles! The pimples! The head-
 aches! Alas! !!



The work may be hard and the goal far
 away,
 But with *Soph* perseverance we'll get there
 some day;
 Obeying that impulse, which always is right,
 We'll each be a Senior and be with our
 might! !!





FRESHMAN CLASS

MOTTO: "Why should I study and make myself mad?"

COLORS: Maroon and Gray

FLOWER: Red Carnation

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

HELEN BROWN	President	LOUISE McNULTY
CHARLOTTE JACKSON	Vice-President	MARGUERITE WELLS
MARGARET READ	Secretary-Treasurer	MARY CHAMPE

SECOND TERM

MEMBERS


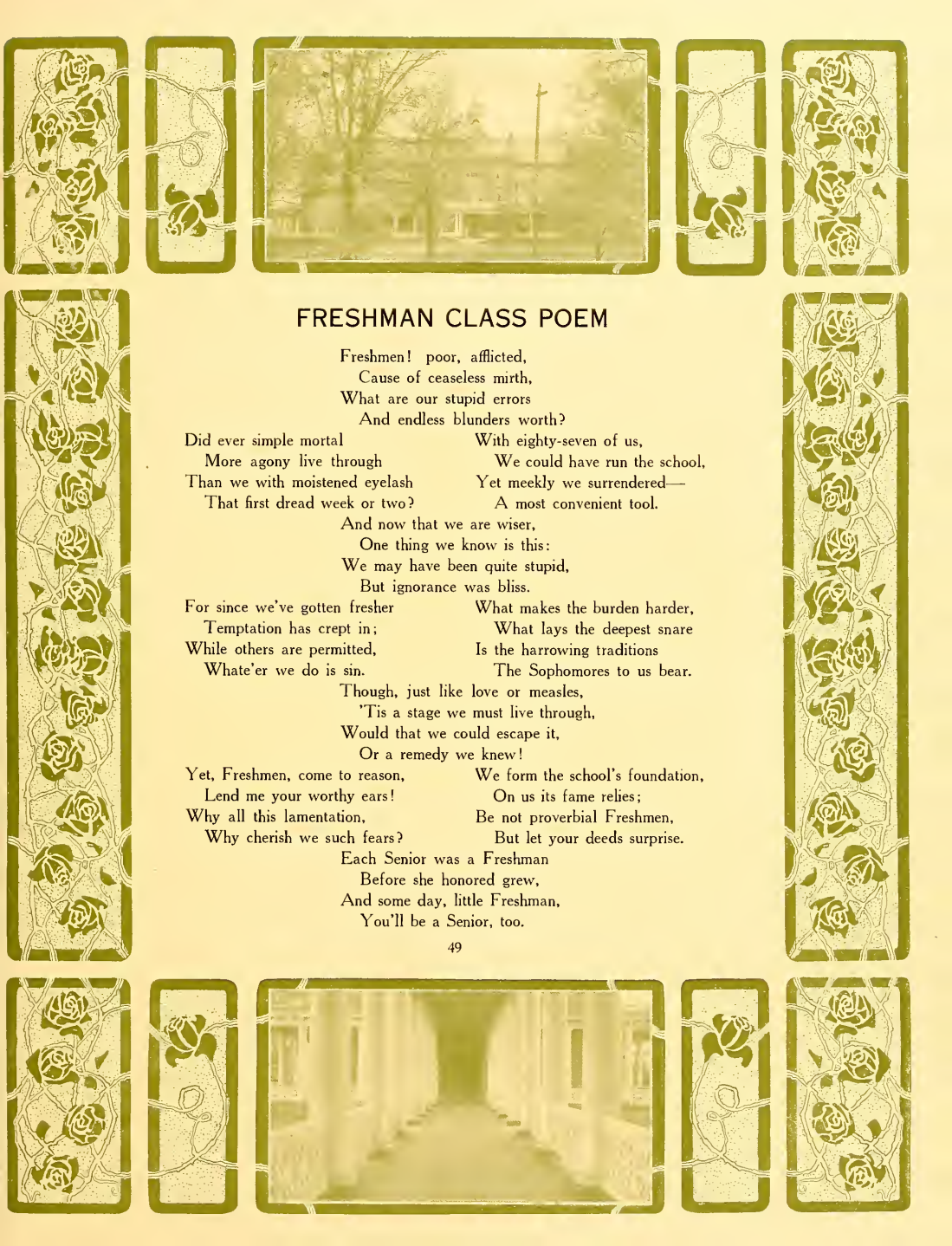
MARGARET ANDERSON	LINDA MILLER
LOTTIE MAY BLAIR	LIDA MINTER
RUTH BLUE	ZOLLIE McARTHUR
LUCY BRYANT	LOUISE McARTHUR
MARY ANNA BROOKS	ETHEL McCONNELL
MARY BRADSHAW	LOUISE McNULTY
MARY BROWN	EMMA POPE MOSS
HELEN BROWN	FLORENCE MUNNERLYN
MARY CHAMPE	KATE O'KELLY
THEODOSIA COBBS	MARY FITTARD
JESSIE DAVIS	MARGARET READ
JULIA EDMONDS	ESSIE ROBERTS
ERMA HARWELL	MARTHA ROGERS
JOYCE HENDERSON	MARY LOUISE SPURLOCK
RUTH HICKS	EDNA TAYLOR
MILDRED HOLMES	ANNA TURNER
CHARLOTTE JACKSON	MARGUERITE WELLS
FRANCES KELL	MADGE WHITE
MARY KELLY	BERTHA WOOD

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS TREBEIN	MISS YOUNG
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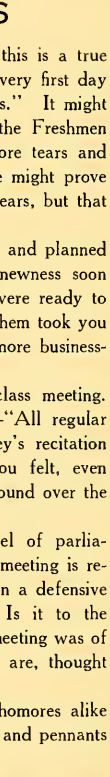
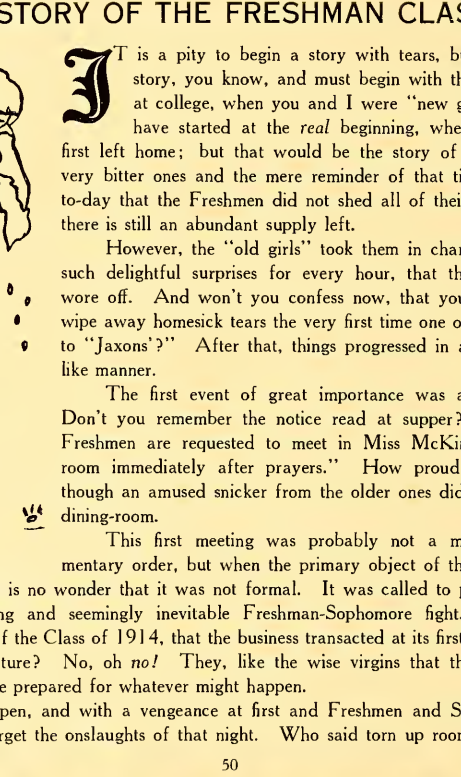




FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

Freshmen! poor, afflicted,
Cause of ceaseless mirth,
What are our stupid errors
And endless blunders worth?
Did ever simple mortal
More agony live through
Than we with moistened eyelash
That first dread week or two?
And now that we are wiser,
One thing we know is this:
We may have been quite stupid,
But ignorance was bliss.
For since we've gotten fresher
Temptation has crept in;
While others are permitted,
Whate'er we do is sin.
What makes the burden harder,
What lays the deepest snare
Is the harrowing traditions
The Sophomores to us bear.
Though, just like love or measles,
'Tis a stage we must live through,
Would that we could escape it,
Or a remedy we knew!
Yet, Freshmen, come to reason,
Lend me your worthy ears!
Why all this lamentation,
Why cherish we such fears?
We form the school's foundation,
On us its fame relies;
Be not proverbial Freshmen,
But let your deeds surprise.
Each Senior was a Freshman
Before she honored grew,
And some day, little Freshman,
You'll be a Senior, too.



HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS



Mr. Brown.

IT is a pity to begin a story with tears, but this is a true story, you know, and must begin with the very first day at college, when you and I were "new girls." It might have started at the *real* beginning, when the Freshmen first left home; but that would be the story of more tears and very bitter ones and the mere reminder of that time might prove to-day that the Freshmen did not shed all of their tears, but that there is still an abundant supply left.

However, the "old girls" took them in charge and planned such delightful surprises for every hour, that the newness soon wore off. And won't you confess now, that you were ready to wipe away homesick tears the very first time one of them took you to "Jaxons'?" After that, things progressed in a more business-like manner.

The first event of great importance was a class meeting. Don't you remember the notice read at supper?—"All regular Freshmen are requested to meet in Miss McKinney's recitation room immediately after prayers." How proud you felt, even though an amused snicker from the older ones did sound over the dining-room.

This first meeting was probably not a model of parliamentary order, but when the primary object of this meeting is remembered, there is no wonder that it was not formal. It was called to plan a defensive for the oncoming and seemingly inevitable Freshman-Sophomore fight. Is it to the discredit, then, of the Class of 1914, that the business transacted at its first meeting was of this frivolous nature? No, oh *no!* They, like the wise virgins that they are, thought it important to be prepared for whatever might happen.

It *did* happen, and with a vengeance at first and Freshmen and Sophomores alike will not soon forget the onslaughts of that night. Who said torn up rooms and pennants








down? Who said funeral pyre and funeral procession? Echo answers, "who?" But they haven't forgotten. A treaty of peace was made, so the fight is now a thing of the remote past. However, someone has hinted that the classes will still bear watching.

There have been other meetings, very important ones, for deciding on colors, flowers, pictures and the class motto. This motto: "Why should I study and make myself mad?"—is surely not entirely typical of the class, but its sentiment does show a certain happy philosophy, characteristic of its girls.

I can't end this story now by saying they "all lived happily ever after," because it is a record and, like other history, is in the making; in fact it is just begun. But they are going to live happily and only the future can tell what success and joy and glory will be theirs.







IRREGULAR STUDENTS

HELEN BUCHER

SADIE GOBER

KATE PERRY

JULIA NUZUM

JULIA PRATT SMITH

LILA SMITH

ANNA COLQUITT

LOUISE VAN DYKE

AGNES JONES

HANNAH FRATER

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MARY HARRIS

GRACE HARRIS

MARY BROWN

RUTH McELMURRY

ANNA SCHROEDER

KATHARINE KENNEDY

KATHLEEN KENNEDY

NELL DUPre

MATHILDE BRENNER

MAUDE McMURRY

MAUDE CHASON

FENDLEY GLASS

ANNIE WEBB

ELLEN ALLEN

GLADYS HUFF

BESSIE THOMAS

LOUISE DELAY

NELL McLEAN

AGNES HOUSEAL





GLADYS LEE



SADIE GOBER



CHARLOTTE JACKSON



GUSSIE O'NEAL



MARGERET WOODS



LIDA CALDWELL

APPLICANTS FOR CERTIFICATES





CALENDAR, 1910-11

SEPTEMBER

- 14 College opens.
- 21 Rushing begins!
- 28 M. L. S., 7; P. L. S., 7—the die is cast!

OCTOBER






- 2 Mr. McLean goes shopping with Miss Porter.
- 5 Miss Gober takes unto herself a wife in the gymnasium.
- 10 Annie McLane buys middy for "gym"!
- 16 Plastering falls.
- 20 Agnes Scott eats in the Lobby.
- 21 P. S. G. slides down the banisters.
- 23 White House becomes the "President's Mansion."
- 25 Mr. Johnson made coach of baseball.

NOVEMBER

- 4 Ceilings braced.
- 10 French C had lesson that could be learned in three hours.
- 12 First cold day Dr. Armistead dons gloves to keep off the "chaps."
- 15 Novel class begins Pickwick.
- 21 Kid party in gymnasium—Faculty off dignity.
- 23 Life-savers needed at A. S. C.—three Seniors fall in creek.
- 24 Dr. Armistead is chaperoned to the circus.
- 30 Pickwick finished.

DECEMBER

- 2 Tea Room opens.
- 6 P. L. S. presents "Cricket on the Hearth."
- 8 Miss Cady refuses to give photograph for annual.
- 10 Agnes Scott College Glee Club concert.

- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 12 Mr. Johnson chaperones to ball game.
 15 Miss Trebein's Christmas tree to the German Club—11 p. m. Serenade with German songs.
 19 Wild rush for home.

JANUARY

- 13 Examinations!
 15 Miss Sturgis arrives—Battercakes!
 17 Spooks appear at A. S. C.—Inman Hall inhabited.
 20 Jesse Rambo partial to gentlemen members of faculty—Battercakes every morning!
 23 Vice-President of student government reproves the Dean.

FEBRUARY

- 2 Miss Porter and Mr. Johnson sing of "love divine" at Y. W. C. A.
 5 Dr. Arbuckle forgets geology class.
 11 Agnes Scott Academy Glee Club concert.
 13 "Kid Valentine Party" at the Atlanta Y. W. C. A. gymnasium.
 18 Lost on the way to Atlanta—Charlotte and Fendley.
 21 Adelaide proves that the "longest way round is the shortest way home."
 25 The Recital that was to be—and was not.

MARCH

- 2 Dr. Armistead's usual Sunday inspection of new buildings.
 3 The Annual goes off to-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow?
 5 Alabama Glee Club gives concert at Agnes Scott—Did it pay?
 10 "Chunkie" acquires habit of referring to "my little home in West Virginia."
 16 8 P. M.—Miss Cady, the second, sews patiently in the sitting room.
 16 11:30 P. M.—Miss Cady still serving.
 20 A rainy Monday—House-cleaning in R. S. H.
 21 Miss Edith leaves no notes in R. S. H.
 31 Every one present at Y. W. Choir Rehearsal.








APRIL

- 1 All is quiet—A few visits paid to the woods known as "Fool's Paradise."
- 6 Adelaide and Louise use their Senior lamp.
- 15 Mnemosynean Literary Society presents "As You Like It."
- 24 Grand Opera begins in Atlanta.

MAY

- 3 Senior Exams!
- 10 This pleasure shared by all.
- 15 Senior Week with its train of parties and good times.
- 21 Baccalaureate Sermon.
- 22 Commencement Day.
- 24 Graduation—Diplomas, flowers, tears, trunks.
- 26 A. S. C. is desolate and lonesome.





AT THE GERMAN TABLE

TALK about being a foreigner in a foreign land! It cannot be one-half so bad as to be a foreigner in your own land. To be in the midst of plenty and yet want—that is an exact expression of what it means to sit at the German table. All around at other tables sit gay, unconcerned people talking English with never a thought for that desert spot where “nur Deutsch, bitte,” is the rule. The dining-room seems a paradise and this place so far removed that tears involuntarily start to the eyes of the lonely one, who, far from her own table and friends, is as a stranger in a strange land.

Now and then the lonely one essays a few words, only to be met with the information that she has gotten her participle wrong, or that her adjectives have no case endings. Savagely she shuts her mouth, and inwardly vows (in English) that so long as she lives she will never utter another word of German. Once upon a time she liked this language, now—yet perhaps it is best not to speak of it.

The lonely one silently applies herself to a bad dinner, and feels within her heart of hearts that Fate is against her. Behold! Not even the consolation of silence is afforded her. From the head of the table comes the call,

“Fräulein! Fräulein!” spoken in a commanding voice, and Fräulein obediently turns her attention to the head of the table.

“Sprechen sie auf Deutsch, Fräulein. Sprechen sie viel, viel!”






“Yes’m,” Fräulein mutters.

“Ach, aber Deutsch!” comes to her ears.

“Yes’m,” she answers and relapses into silence.

On the other side of Fräulein the girl who has had so many years of German and who speaks it with such lightning-like rapidity, turns to her and begins an animated discourse on something. Fräulein can’t make out just what she is saying. She ends it by asking a question, the substance of which the lonely one has not the slightest comprehension. What should she answer? Mentally designating her fork as “nein” and her spoon as “ja” she counts, “My mamma told me to take this one.” The spoon gets it.

“Ja,” she answers to the girl, praying that she has not said anything very terrible.



“Hören sie wie gut dieses Fräulein versteht!” the girl says to the head of the table, and together they beam on the lonely one. A glow comes around her heart, and she feels pleased with the world again. Secretly, she pats the spoon that was “ja.” After all, she concluded, German isn’t so bad as long as you have a spoon and fork to count on.

S. B. GOBER, '11.





ALMA MATER SONG

When far from the reach of thy sheltering arms,
The band of thy daughters shall roam,
Still their hearts shall enshrine thee, thou crown of the South,
With the memory of youth that has flown.
Dear guide of our youth,
Whose spirit is truth,
The love of our girlhood is thine,
Alma Mater, whose name we revere and adore,
May thy strength and thy power ne'er decline.

Agnes Scott, when thy campus and halls rise to mind,
With the bright college scenes from our past,
Our regret is that those years can ne'er return more,
And we sigh that such joys could not last.
Where ever they are,
Thy daughters afar
Shall bow at the sound of thy name,
And with reverence give thanks for the standard that's thine,
And the noble ideal that's thy aim.

And when others besides us thy portals shall throng,
Think of us who have gone on before,
And the lesson that's graven deep into our hearts
Thou shalt 'grave on ten thousand and more.
Fair symbol of night,
The purple and white,
Which is purity without a stain,
Knowledge, shall be thy shield and thy fair coat of arms,
A record without blot or shame.



STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION OFFICERS



ELEANOR COLEMAN, *President*



GLADYS LEE, *Vice-President*



ANNIE McLANE, *Secretary*



RUTH SLACK, *Marshal*







STUDENT GOVERNMENT

THE Student Government Association at Agnes Scott was organized in the Spring of 1906, and so successful was its experimental year that not the slightest question of its fitness and ability to perform the work of governing the college students has ever been raised. Its organ is the executive committee, consisting of a president and vice-president, elected from the Senior Class; a secretary and marshall, elected from the Junior Class; and eight representatives elected from the four college classes.

This organization is of inestimable value in molding the thoughts and habits of the girls who come here to college. It places a girl on her own responsibility, just as the citizen of a state is placed. Each student has a voice in the election of those who are to make and enforce the laws by which she shall be governed. Furthermore, the foundation of the whole system is personal honor, and its tendency is to make this element a very definite one in the life of its members.





THE HEATHER CHILD

Out on the wind-swept heath she stands,
A child of the earth and skies,
And the sunshine and light
With the dark, starry night
Are hid in the depths of her eyes.

All day she plays with the warm south wind,
And sleeps on the sands at night,
While the warm blood flows
'Neath her cheek's red rose,
This child of the day and night.

And long ago, so the legend runs,
As she played there alone one day,
In a fateful hour
She was made a flower
To grow on the heath alway.

JEAN POWEL.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
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RUTH SLACK, *Vice-President*



ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM, *Secretary*



ELEANDR COLEMAN, *Treasurer*



CABINET





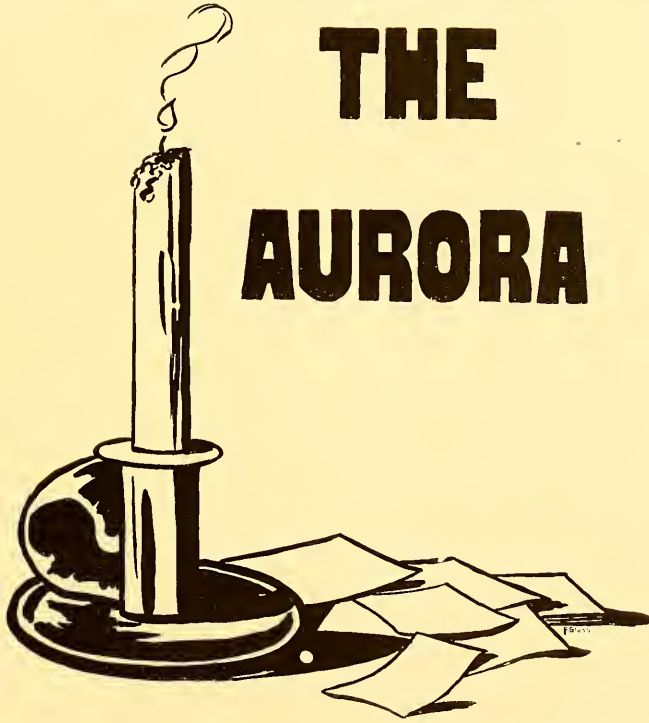
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

THE Young Women's Christian Association was organized in 1906, and since that time has steadily grown in strength and influence with the student body. Its successive presidents have been: Miss Sara Boals, Miss Maud Hill, Miss Margaret McCallie, Miss Irene Newton, and Miss Mary Wallace Kirk. In 1908 the association assumed half the support of an Agnes Scott alumna who is a missionary in China, and still continues this noble work. The quick and enthusiastic response with which the appeal for this undertaking was met revealed a genuine and widespread interest in missionary work.

The influence of the Y. W. C. A. in upholding the standard of Christian life is very great. Under its auspices four Bible Study Classes and four Mission Study Classes are conducted; and its varied committee work draws a large number of students into active Christian service. The influence of such an organization, however, should not be judged by tangible results only; much of the help it gives to the college life is unconsciously received and does its work silently but none the less powerfully.



THE AURORA





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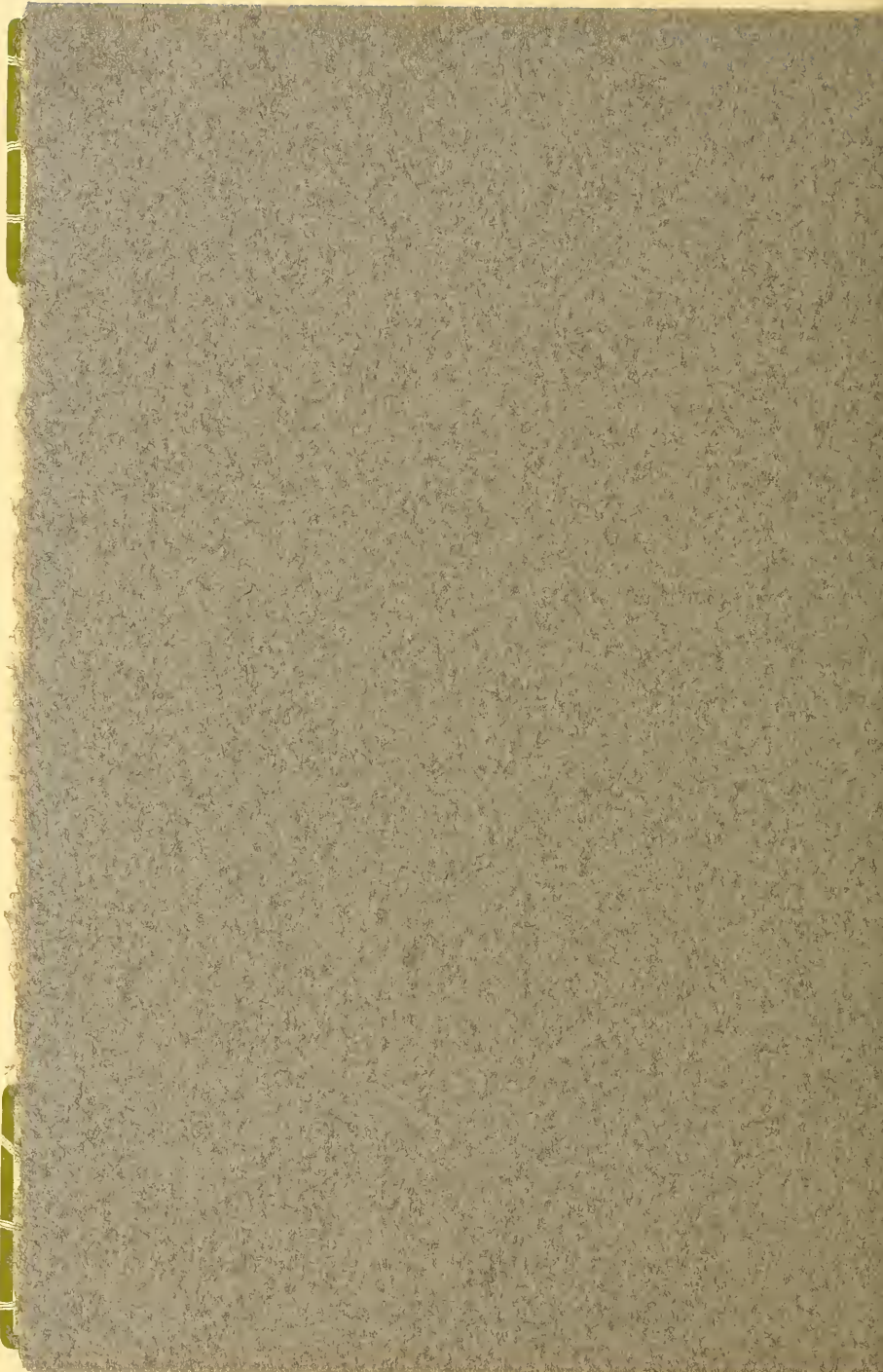
The Aurora






APRIL, 1911



Agnes Scott College :: Decatur, Georgia







“THE DOORS’ CLOSING!”

IN the realm of Agnes Scott there is a certain law in force that sounds something like this: “Whosoever shall be too lazy, too forgetful, or merely too unfortunate to reach the ‘happy feeding ground’ before the doors leading thereinto are closed, that unfortunate one shall enter only at the peril of losing her fair name and having her honor smirched.”

If one be guilty of such an offence, she is summoned before the Dean, and woe unto any self-respecting citizen that is summoned before the Dean. All vestige of self-respect is lost in that interview! The offending one comes forth with the firm conviction that she is not fit to associate with the worms of the field, and in her heart there is the strong determination that, since she has been fortunate enough to obtain forgiveness this time, never again will she be guilty of such an offence.

Therefore, the idea of going in after once these massive portals have been closed, being eliminated, thus the proposition is narrowed to “Beat the doors or no breakfast!” The word breakfast is used in preference to dinner or supper, first because it has the particular merit of batter-cakes and the pain of missing it is therefore greatly increased; and secondly because breakfast is the only meal for which so many difficulties have to be overcome. From sleep, sweet sleep, the fair one is rudely awakened by the ringing of a bell, sometimes the first breakfast bell, but more often the last. A blessing it is, that the last bell rings for five minutes. At the end of that five minutes, the alarm is started by some one who has been stationed to watch, and the cry goes up from all sides, “The doors’ closing!”

“The doors’ closing!” Oh, the magic power in that sentence! In the language of to-day, the word “Sesame” is not in it when it comes to the cry of the “doors’ closing.” On all sides doors fly open and girls clad in various and sundry articles and various and sundry degrees come flying or stumbling out as the case may be, making a mad rush to get down stairs before George—the “Dragon of the gate”—finishes closing the dining-room doors.



Look at that girl, carrying her dress in her hand! Can she get there? Just watch and see. She puts her dress over her head going down the steps, slaps at the top and bottom hooks, slips into a sweater and—strolls in as if she had been dressed for a half hour.

Another girl is frantically buttoning every other button on her shoes, while another is tying a ribbon around her streaming hair. One and all, however impossible it may seem, after the desperate effort under the rallying force of "the doors' closing" walk serenely into the dining-room, with the joyous feeling of a conqueror; and as they sit down the thought of batter cakes recurs to their minds with a blissful feeling of satisfaction.





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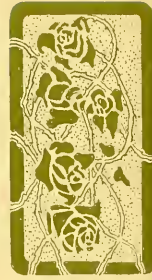


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HANNA FRATER



ELLENA GILLESPIE








ETHEL McCONNELL





MARY PITTARD





THE SOPHISTICATING OF NAN

I



NAN, half sitting, half lying in the Morris chair, nibbled her chocolates contentedly. She looked with half-open eyes at Marjory, writing letters at the little desk in the corner. "It is fortunate for poor mother that she has you, Marjory," she remarked. "You are so good about being piloted along through a social career. Don and I are very nice in our way, I suppose, but our way isn't as you and mother would have it. Oh, well, I shall lay every bit of the blame on Don; he is older than I am anyway, and he led me from the social path that mother and you had planned for me."

Marjory, rather pretty, and rather plump, altogether correct in every detail, stared with open disapproval at her sister.

"Well, Nan, I think you are very foolish. When you came home from college last spring, we were going to give you a beautiful *début* party in the fall. You are the prettiest one in the family, and we had planned it and taken so much interest in what we would do for you, when here you flew off at this tangent and refused to go out at all, except with a very few of Don's special friends, and some of these infants you have picked up around here who play golf and tennis, and skate well. Don is a man, and if he chooses to give society the cut direct it is his own affair, but it is too silly for you to undertake to do everything he does. I call it pure ingratitude for you to behave this way."

"I know, Marjory, dear, I have heard all of that before, but I've had a dandy time here at home all winter, just doing exactly as I please. I've had a much better time than you have." Nan threw her arms over her head and yawned. "Anyway, I'm glad I don't have to go to that dinner at the Marches' this evening; it would bore me to death."

The telephone at Marjory's elbow rang. She took down the receiver.



"Hello."

"Oh, Mrs. March."

"You're in a scrape about this evening?"

"Who?"

"Oh, yes, my little sister."



There was a long speech at the other end of the line during which time Marjory speculatively surveyed her "little sister." She was lying back in the Morris chair, slim, lithe, with an almost boyish figure, staring in front of her from under straight, dark brows. "Why she isn't at home right now, Mrs. March, but I know she will be delighted to go."

Nan sat up with a jerk.

"Look here, Marjory, am I the subject of all that?"

"Hush, Nan, I can't hear. Yes, indeed, I'll just accept it for her. Who did you say you had put her with?"

"Oh, yes. I know she will be delighted. Good-bye."

Nan was leaning on the desk, indignation in every feature.

"Call Mrs. March up right this minute, Marjory, and tell her I am not going."

"Now, Nan, be reasonable," Marjory laughed nervously. "You see, Mrs. March is in a hole about this; there is an extra man coming that she had not counted on, and she must have another girl."

"Well, I am not here to pull her out of holes. What is Mrs. March to me?"






"How selfish of you!"

"I didn't think you would tell a story about it, either; I'm not going to that party, Marjory."

"Nan, it was a case of necessity. I am very anxious for you to go, and I knew you wouldn't want to if you talked to her yourself. She said Mr. Havisham was going to take you in to dinner. It is too cruel for you to speak that way about Mrs. March, when she is a special friend of mine, and she said so many lovely things about you to me over the 'phone. She said you were so pretty and attractive that you would be an ornament to the occasion—but you don't deserve for me to tell you any more."

"Well, it was very nice for her to say that—but I'm not going."

Marjory resumed her letter-writing at the desk, but she kept one eye on her sister. Nan stared gloomily out of the window for several minutes, then she tried to read a magazine which was lying on the table. At last she threw it down and bit viciously into a chocolate.



“Marjory, I think you are the meanest thing I ever saw to get me into this. Who did you say was going to take me in?”

“Mr. Havisham—Cyril Havisham.”

“I’ve never even met him. Does he ever come here?”

“Yes. You have never met more than about six of my friends, you know. Whenever any one is here, you and Don always retire to the upper part of the house. He is as nice as he can be, Nan; has the reputation of being a lady-killer. He is so different from the boys you have been used to going with, that I know you will like him, if only for the change.”

“But what will I talk to him about? I will be frightened to death. Does he play golf?”

“No, he never touches golf or tennis, and he doesn’t skate or do any of those things. He says he would have to be over his ears in love with a girl before he could get up enough energy to play with her. But we could plan what to talk about beforehand.”

“All right, then, you pretend like you’re the lady-killing Cyril, and I’ll be Miss Nan Holmes.”

“Well, let’s see, what will he be likely to say? Oh, yes, he’ll say, ‘How do you like being out of school, Miss Holmes?’ ”

“I don’t like it at all. It is so much more fun to be there with all of the girls—”

“How perfectly horrid! For the reputation of the family, Nan, say something better than that.”

“Oh, it is perfectly charming to be at home. I never felt like I really knew mother and dear Marjory before this year.”

“That’s splendid. ‘I believe your sister told me that you would make your *début* this winter?’ ”

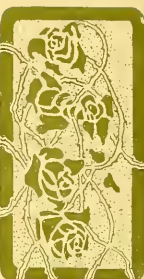



“No, I’m not going—”

“Can’t you be a little more mild?”

“Certainly, I can be anything. ‘I really don’t know, I haven’t decided yet.’ If I say that, I’ll have to cross my fingers.”

“It’s a perfectly inane remark anyway, I hope you won’t say it.”





“What if he doesn’t say any of these things? Wouldn’t it be perfectly horrible if he shouldn’t?”

“He will, though; at least, he will be likely to. I don’t know what else he might start. Oh, of course he will speak of the weather; how could I have forgotten that?”

“Yes, I think I could intelligently discuss the weather in all its different phases without a rehearsal. But, Marjory, if there is an awful break in this unusually interesting stream of talk what under the sun am I to say? So far I have only answered his questions, you know.”

“Why,” Marjory looked about vaguely, as if seeking inspiration, until her glance rested on the bookcase. “Why—er—talk about books.”

Nan stood up.

“Thank you,” she said, “you have certainly helped me. I shall ask him, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, if he has read George Eliot’s latest.”

She looked out of the window, her back toward Marjory. She was laughing.

“Marjory, I haven’t said I would go to your old party yet, but I will, on one condition. That is if you will let me wear that string of pearls mother gave you the other day.”

Marjory gasped. “O Nan! I have never worn them myself yet.”

“I know it. But I adore those pearls.”

“Well, take them then,” she sighed.






Nan smiled—like a cherub, and nibbled a chocolate.

II

Nan stood by the window with Marjory for a moment before dinner.

“I’ll be even with you yet for getting me into this. I can’t for the life of me remember one syllable of the conversation we rehearsed, and I memorized it word for word too. I hope the great Cyril isn’t a very vicious-looking creature; if he will only start me off right, maybe I can go on like a graphophone and remember.”

“O Nan, dear, you look too lovely in that dress, it suits you exactly. I thought at first that you needed more of an evening dress, but this is informal—and you’re so young.



Don't be afraid; if you forget what we decided would be the proper things to say just talk about anything in that line, you know. I don't suppose you will say anything very dreadful. Here is Mr. Havisham, now, coming across the room with Mrs. March.

He stood before them, tall, with fair hair and blue eyes—wide-open blue eyes—and was presented.

When he had spoken the usual commonplaces to Nan, he turned to Marjory with a smile.

"And how are you to-night? I want to talk to you after dinner, if those other people will not monopolize you too much. I never can get a word with you."

At that moment dinner was announced. He led Nan in, and sat beside her, his head towering above hers. Nan looked doubtfully at his clearly defined profile out of the corner of her eye. He was so much taller, so much broader, so much larger in every way than she had expected, that he made her feel small. She had never felt small before, and she did not like the sensation—it took away her self-confidence, even the little that had remained.

She tasted her oysters. How she would have enjoyed them last winter, during her boarding-school days! It was so different now.

Something must be said. The fatal moment had come, she was alone with this man, this strange man who would not speak—alone in a crowd. If she had really been alone with him she thought she might have found something to say, but she had a queer feeling that every one was watching her. She knew that Marjory and Mrs. March were.






At last he turned toward her, and smiled. He had a nice smile, but Nan hated him for it.

"He thinks I'm nothing but an infant without an idea in my head," she said to herself. "It is true, too, I haven't an idea."

"How do you like being out of school, Miss Holmes? Have you had a nice time this winter?"

Nan heaved a sigh of relief. At last, and it was exactly the right thing! She met Marjory's eyes and smiled contentedly.

"Yes, I have had a lovely time here at home, doing as I please, and Marjory and mother have been so good to me. But I do miss every one at school."



"You graduated last year?"

"Yes. Oh, I would go back if I could."

"I thought your sister told me you would make your *début* this winter."

"No." Nan felt that it was wiser to be silent about that, even at the risk of stopping the conversation, since Marjory had expressed herself so strongly on that point.

The conversation lagged.

"Isn't this weather splendid?"

"Yes." Nan stifled a hysterical giggle. It had rained the day before.

There was a pause; it lengthened into a silence. The soup plates were taken away and the fish was brought in. Then came the horrible break in the conversation which Nan had feared.

She glanced around wildly. Marjory was talking gaily to two men. Well, she was not like Marjory; she would not have wanted to talk to the man on her left even if she could. She looked at him; he was bald and wore glasses, and talked spasmodically to the lady beside him. She glanced at Mr. Havisham. He looked politely bored. Nan made a desperate plunge.

"Have you—er—" she remembered what she had said about George Eliot's book, and smiled at him. He liked the smile; there was something so frank, almost childlike, about it.

"Have you golfed much, or skated, lately?" She was on her own ground now, anyway.

"No, I have never taken much interest in those things, though I think they are fine for one. I suppose it is because I am too lazy. Horrible fault, isn't it? Your sister tells me that you devote most of your time to out-door sport."

"Yes, I like it so much better than anything else I could do."






He leaned toward her. "Miss Holmes, why don't you go out with your sister more? We are not such a stupid lot as you think. You could stop it afterwards, if you wanted to, but I think you might give us a trial; you are hardly fair, you know."

Nan looked at him with terrified eyes.

"Oh, you mustn't say that."

"What?"





He would think she was an idiot. She laughed. "We didn't know you were going to say that."

"What do you mean? Who?"

"Well, you see—I ought not to tell you, it is too absurd—I didn't want to come at all to-night, but Marjory had accepted the invitation for me. And I had no idea what you were like, or what to say to you, so Marjory and I made up what I should talk to you about, and we never thought of your saying that. You had done beautifully up to that last question," she smiled at him again.

Cyril Havisham looked first utterly astonished, then he laughed. He laughed so long and so loud that some one across the table wanted to hear the joke. At last he turned again to Nan.

"But you can answer that without your sister, can't you?"

"Certainly I can. But they would think it horrid for me to say it."

"I won't think it is horrid."

"Well, then, it is simply because I don't want to. I think it is dreadfully stupid to do nothing but play bridge, and go to dinners and dances, and make calls. I had rather be perfectly free to go only with the people I really like, even if some of them are 'infants,' as Marjory calls them. If I led the life Marjory leads I would not have time for the things I like now."

Marjory looked across at Nan several times; they were talking all the time. Cyril Havisham looked anything but bored; indeed, he looked vastly more entertained than she had ever seen him look before.

As the women rose to leave the table, Havisham detained Nan.

"And you will really let me go skating with you in the morning?"

"Of course."

"What time shall I come over?"

Nan considered a moment.

"I may as well 'do it up brown,'" she thought, "and it will be such fun to tell Marjory." Then aloud, "At half-past six o'clock. I always skate before breakfast."

He watched her as she left the room.

"I'll be there—Circe."

E. TOWERS.





Very wise and learned folks this maxim
 I've heard speak—
 "School days are the happiest"—their
 Brains must have a leak—
 Trying strenuous college life for
 Quite a lonesome while,
 Makes you really wonder if there's
 Anything worth while.
 Working fifteen hours a day, and
 Living on hard tack,
 Hearing dry statistics all about
 The Nation's lack,
 Makes the crying need of all the
 Ages seem to be
 Ought to be some mighty changes
 Out at A. S. C.

WHAT'S THE USE ?

What's the use of grinding knowledge
 No-one ever sees?
 If we ever graduate, we do it by
 "Degrees."
 What's the use of going to breakfast
 When you're always late?
 What's the use of boys hanging round
 The campus gate?
 What's the use of doing all these mighty
 Stunts in crams
 If you use a pony, he will throw
 You on exams.
 Biggest freaks are always those
 Who think they know a lot
 So what's the use of wasting time
 Out here at Agnes Scott?

CHORUS—

For What's the
 Use in learning forty-'leven lessons
 If to-morrow brings still more?
 Oh what's the use in people's using
 Concentration when study's such a bore?
 Oh what's the use in always turning
 In at 'leven, if alarm clock rings at four?
 With higher education
 And ten hour recitation
 As a pleasant recreation.
 What's the use?





What's the use of going to Wiley's
When you've got no dough?
Or being asked to parties, where
They know you have no beau?
What's the use of going to town?
Restrictions follow fast!
What's the use of being good? Exec.
Gets you at last!
What's the use of breathing, when this
Life is such a strain?
What's the use of always singing
With the same refrain?
What's the use of coming here and
Trying to make hits?
When we wake to-morrow, for our
Breakfast ther'll be grits?

CHORUS—





CLUBS.





OLIVIA R. BOGACKI, Alabama

LUCY L. BRYANT, Georgia

LIDA R. CALDWELL, Arkansas

MARY S. CROSWELL, South Carolina

ROBINA GALLACHER, Alabama

RUTH McELMURRAY, Georgia

CHARLOTTE E. REYNOLDS, Georgia

CAROL L. STEARNS, Georgia

HELEN L. SPEER, Virginia

JULIA C. THOMPSON, Georgia

WYNELLE VARNEDOE, Georgia







ALLIE CANDLER



JULIA NUZUM



HAZEL MURPHY



FRANCES DUKES



JULIA PRATT SMITH



SADIE GOBER



ALMA ROBERTS



LILA SMITH



LAURA MEL TOWERS



MARGERET ROBERTS

COMPLICATOR CLUB





BULL DOG CLUB

MEMBERS

THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM, '11
MARIE MACINTYRE, '12
SUSETTE JOERG, '12
NELLIE FERGASON, '12
SINA WHITE, '12
RUTH SLACK, '12

MARTHA HALL, '12
LOUISE VAN DYKE, '14
ESSIE ROBERTS, '14
MARY CHAMPE, '14
MARGARET READ, '14

HANNAH FRATER, '14
MARY LOUISE SPURLOCK, '14
AGNES JONES, '14
ANNA COLQUITT, '14
GUSSIE O'NEAL, Special
EDNA TAYLOR, '14





ALABAMA CLUB

President..... LILA SMITH
 Treasurer..... CHARLOTTE JACKSON

MEMBERS

BERTHA ADAMS.....	Pineapple
RUTH BLUE.....	Union Springs
OLIVIA BOGACKI.....	Montgomery
MARY BRADSHAW.....	Birmingham
KATE CLARK.....	Montgomery
THEODDIA COBBS.....	Mobile
JULIA DUPRE.....	Attalla
MARY ENZDR.....	Troy
LORENDA FARLEY.....	Tuscumbia
ROBINA GALLACHER.....	Birmingham
EDLENA GILLESPIE.....	Madison
FENDLEY GLASS.....	Mobile
MARY HARRIS.....	Mobile
GRACE HARRIS.....	Mobile
ERMA HARWELL.....	Opelika
CHARLOTTE JACKSON.....	Tuscumbia
HELEN KEISER.....	Birmingham
MARY WALLACE KIRK.....	Tuscumbia
LIDIE MINTER.....	Tyler
JULIA NUZUM.....	Tuscaloosa
KATE PERRY.....	Birmingham
HAZEL ROGERS.....	Panola
LILA SMITH.....	Prattville
JULIA PRATT SMITH.....	Prattville
MARY SPENCE.....	Gadsden
LAURA MEL TOWERS.....	Birmingham
EFFIE JEAN VARNER.....	Opelika
BERTHA WOOD.....	Montgomery







ATLANTA CLUB

ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN
FANNIE G. MAYSON
SARAH SKINNER

REBIE HARWELL
FLORENCE SMITH

ALLIE CANDLER
MARY HARLEE

EVELYN HUBERT

JULIA EDMUNDS
CAROL STEARNS
MAGGIE MOORE

ELIZABETH DUNWOODY
EVA WURM

KATIE CALHOUN
BERNICE STONE





THE SAND LAPPER—TAR HEEL CLUB

MOTTO: I would rather laugh and grow fat than
look solemn and rust

COLORS: Light Blue and White
FLOWER: Forget-me-not

PLACE OF MEETING: Anywhere

FAVORITE SONG:

TIME OF MEETING: Whenever Louise can be
found

"I'm going crazy,
Don't you want to go too?"

MEMBERS

MARGARET N. ANDERSON, N. C.
LOUISE SLOAN, S. C.

NELL McLEON, N. C.
LOTTIE MAY BLAIR, N. C.

MARY LAWSON LINK, S. C.



BANG-YU.

MOTTO: Don't take yourself so seriously
COLORS: Chocolate and Cream
MEETING TIME: When nobody's busy
MEETING PLACE: No. 16 R. S. H.

THEODOSIA COBBS
CHARLOTTE JACKSON

MARY HARRIS
MARGUERITE WELLS

MARGARET BROWN
GRACE HARRIS

FRANCES KELL
GERTRUDE McDOWELL



CHATTANOOGA CLUB

FLOWER: Dog Fennel.

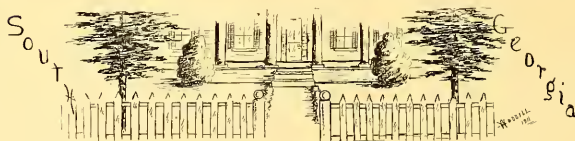
COLORS: Old Rose Velvet and Pink Calico.

MOTTO: Love me, love my dog-fennel.

MEMBERS

MARGARET BROWN	MARGARET READ
HELEN BROWN	LOUISE VAN DYKE
LVALETTE SLOAN	MARY LOUISE SPURLOCK
HANNAH FRATER	





MEETING PLACE: Under the pines among the palmettoes

COLORS: Red and Green

EMBLEM: Wiregrass

MOTTO: "Don't kick until you are spurred"

MEMBERS

MARTHA HALL

MAY JOE LOTT

RUTH HICKS

NELL DUPRE

FLORENCE MUNNERLYN

LOUISE McNULTY

LOUISE McARTHUR

WYNELLE VARNEDOE

NELLIE FARGASON

BESSIE STANDIFER

MARGARET ROBERTS

ANNIE SCHROEDER

ANNA COLQUITT

AGNES JONES

ALMA ROBERTS

GLADYS HUFF



PILOT CLUB

- LUCY BRYANT
 LOUISE VAN DYKE
 KATE PERRY
 JULIA PRATT SMITH
 LIDA CALDWELL
 MARIE MACINTYRE
 SUSETTE JOERG
 GUSSIE O'NEAL
 ALMA ROBERTS
 CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS
 AGNES JONES
 ANNA COLQUITT



WEEK-END CLUB

SADIE GOBER

MARIE MACINTYRE

LINDA MILLER

HAZEL ROGERS

LOIS PATILLO

MÆ HARTSOCK

AGNES JONES

THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM

ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM

SINA WHITE

ANNA COLQUITT



GLEE CLUB

CHARLOTTE JACKSON.....	Accompanist
GUSSIE O'NEAL.....	Leader
LOUISE WELLS.....	Treasurer
MISS PORTER.....	Director

FIRST SOPRANOS

ESTHER JORDAN
 ZELMA ALLEN
 ANNA COLQUITT
 THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
 LILA SMITH
 ETHEL MCCONNELL

SECOND SOPRANOS

MARTHA WILLIS
 ALMA ROBERTS
 HAZEL ROGERS
 FLORENCE MONTGOMERY
 LUCY BRYANT
 ELEANOR PINKSTON
 JULIA NUZUM
 SADIE GOEER

FIRST ALTOS

GUSSIE O'NEAL
 JULIA PRATT SMITH
 MARGARET BROWN

SECOND ALTOS

LOUISE WELLS
 MISS ELDRIDGE
 LIDA CALDWELL



FIRE BRICADE





FIRE BRIGADE

RUTH SLACK.....Captain LILY JOINER.....First Lieutenant
 SUSETTE JOERG.....Lieutenant Chief of Brigade

BRIGADE

SECOND FLOOR, SOUTH WING

MARY LEECH.....Lieutenant MARTHA HALL AND ETHEL McCONNELL...Firemen
 WEST WING

MARY ENZOR.....Lieutenant
 MARIE MacINTYRE AND THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM.....Firemen

WEST WING

SADIE GOBER.....Lieutenant HELEN BROWN AND LAVALETTE SLOAN...Firemen
 THIRD FLOOR, SOUTH WING

LOUISE McNULTY.....Lieutenant HANNAH FRATER AND ANNA TURNER...Firemen
 EAST WING

LILA SMITH.....Lieutenant JULIA PRATT SMITH AND KATE CLARKE...Firemen
 WEST WING

ESSIE ROBERTS.....Lieutenant GRACE HARRIS AND THEODOSIA COBBS...Firemen





A FIRE ALARM

Scene: A long hall poorly illuminated by one dim electric light. Rows of trunks may be seen lining either wall of the three corridors which meet at the light. Outside a north wind is blowing; inside all is still except for an occasional faint whisper. The city clock in the distance strikes eleven.

Slowly a figure appears from the black shadows of the corridor on the left. It is a young girl wrapped in a long coat. Quietly she walks under the light and goes to a flight of stairs which lead to an upper story. She stops at the foot and reaches out for a wire hidden in the dark shadows. She pulls this vigorously several times. The loud clang of an alarm breaks the night silence, and reluctantly a motley throng of kimono'd figures assembles under the light.—A throng whose variegated raiment would rival Joseph's coat, and who have no equal in the hair-dressing line. The captain orders the lieutenants to march their men down the stairs, and as they pass by she can hear murmurs of "I'm so cold!" or "I'll get even with you for making me come out this cold night!"

She then turns to the fire brigade, who are slinging extinguishers and other implements of war in all directions: "The fire is in No. 17!" And away the chief rushes with her men. Extinguishers are flourished and buckets jostled up and down.

"Say, I think your men need a little cold water on their eyes more than the fire does!" A laugh ensues and the brigade runs down the hall to put their apparatus away, while the rescued throngs come up the steps angrily murmuring. Their receding footsteps are followed by the imperative "Sh-sh-sh" of the hall president.

So drops the curtain on the fire brigade.

RUTH SLACK.





THE GREATER AGNES SCOTT

TO the Class of 1910 fell the honor of announcing through the SILHOUETTE of that year the successful outcome of the famous campaign of November, 1909, carried through so triumphantly by the citizens of Atlanta and Decatur, for the development and endowment of the "Greater Agnes Scott." If we of 1911 envied them their opportunity then, we all the more appreciate our privilege now of putting on record the first tangible results of that great movement,—a movement in which we like to feel that we had a real, if not a financially great, part. We count ourselves peculiarly fortunate to have been here during this period of unprecedented growth; to have seen the beginning and the completion of the three splendid new buildings opened in 1911; and to have welcomed with eager interest the increase of the faculty and the broadening of the curriculum; to have seen, in short, what we earnestly believe to be but the commencement of the great era of expansion upon which our Alma Mater is now entering.

We wish, therefore, to claim and set apart a few pages of the SILHOUETTE of 1911 in honor of "The Greater Agnes Scott." And first, we will record in brief descriptions our impressions of the new buildings.

THE JENNIE D. INMAN HALL

This building is the gift of our beloved friend, "Atlanta's First Citizen," Mr. Samuel M. Inman, being a memorial to his deceased wife. It is impressive in its architecture, and is especially harmonious as a companion dormitory hall to our old favorite abode, Rebekah Scott Hall. Those of us who love "R. S. H." (and who does not?) are glad to note the same beautiful mission oak panelling in the new lobby, hallways, reception rooms, and stairways; and we feel that Inman Hall is to prove a formidable future rival of Rebekah Scott in popularity. Its commanding presence on the east side of the campus has completely changed old familiar scenes; and we sometimes wonder if we are dreaming, or if the "Arbuckle House" and the tennis courts have really been swept out of knowledge and so replaced.



THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY

Standing on the south side of the Quadrangle, upon the former site of "West Lawn," is the new Library, beautiful without and within,—“a joy forever.” When we were first allowed to step under the massive stone archway and pass through the marble-tiled vestibule into the main reading-room, we realized the substantial meaning of “Greater Agnes Scott” more forcefully than ever before. The graceful columns, supporting the gothic arches of the lofty oak-beamed ceiling; the long mullioned windows, almost ecclesiastical in effect; the exquisite panelling; the great fireplaces and mantles; all unite to produce an atmosphere typically scholastic and wonderfully satisfying. Nor has beauty alone been studied in the construction of the building; everything speaks of utility as well. There is an alluring magazine room, and there are delightful little private studies whose low ceilings and leaded windows combine to spell “coziness” in every detail; while the abundant wall shelves of the main hall, and the gallery stack space for over twenty thousand books, remind us that this is a *Carnegie* library, having its own special endow-



ment, and therefore ordained to add to the number of its volumes rapidly from year to year.

THE LOWRY HALL

Few colleges for women have the sciences better provided for than has Agnes Scott in the new Lowry Science Hall. In its four-square architectural solidity it stands as verily for the practical culture of Science as does the more graceful Library Hall for the aesthetic culture of Letters. It is a splendid workshop, destined, under the newly reorganized curriculum, to swarm with activity in all the departments which it is to house. Lecture-rooms and laboratories for Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Geology occupy its four stories. There are store-rooms galore, photographic dark-rooms, a beautiful vivarium, a sky-lit geological museum, besides many other details beyond the comprehension of those of us who have labored through our scientific courses in the old Science Hall, whose appointments seem now so meager by comparison. This building is named in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Robert J. Lowry, of Atlanta, who have perpetually endowed it in memory of their son, Edwin Markham Lowry.





But these material additions to our plant are by no means all that we of 1911 have the honor of recording. True to its policy of constant advance in educational lines, Agnes Scott has moved forward within the year proportionately in the reorganizing and broadening of the curriculum. Two professors have been added to the Departments of Physics and Biology respectively, and one to the Department of History and Sociology; the Department of Bible and Philosophy has been placed upon a separate endowment basis, "The George W. Scott Memorial Foundation;" two entirely new Departments have been created, Theoretical Music and Home Economics; while new instructors have been added to various departments. Probably no other Southern college can show so great progress within so short a period.

The recounting of these improvements makes our hearts burn with pride and with regret: pride in an Alma Mater so glorious, and regret that we must pass out from her halls just at the dawn of her greater era. But we shall watch her progress with joy; and as the years go by, we know that we shall see her ideals of life and her standards of scholarship dominant throughout our beloved Southland.



THE TACKY WEDDING

"Are you going to the wedding?"
 "No."
 "Why not?"
 "Haven't anything to wear."

Have you ever heard the foregoing answer to the foregoing question? Maybe so and maybe not. At any rate, it had no place in the conversation prevalent before the wedding which took place Saturday night, November twenty-first, nineteen hundred and ten, in the Agnes Scott Gymnasium.

This conversation sounded more like this:
 "Going to the wedding?"
 "Yeah."

"What you going to wear?"
 "Haven't decided yet, but do you think a coffee-colored lace waist with a blue linen skirt, tan stockings and black shoes would do, with a red bandanna around my waist and a pink bow at my neck?" and so an interesting discussion would ensue, a discussion of colors and contrasts and combinations.

As you may have already guessed, the eventful and much discussed wedding was a tacky wedding, with tacky observers, tacky decorations, tacky pianist, tacky soloist, tacky participants and—far be it from me to ever say such a thing, but—a tacky bride!

The soloist gowned charmingly in Paris' best purple and red lace, with a coiffeur wonderfully original and—startling—rendered most touchingly that tenderness of songs, "I Love You Truly."

And then followed those lovely, but nerve-racking, strains of Mendelssohn, and following the strains of Mendelssohn, the bridal party! Maybe the preacher was impressive; the bride, happy; the groom, proud; the bridesmaids, beautiful; the grooms-men, handsome, and the flower girls cute—"maybe they were, but I doubt it."

After the s-w-e-e-t ceremony, in which the groom was betrothed to the bride as "crush" for life, and rash promises about darning and getting up laundry and "Jaxon treats" were taken and given, the wedding ended in a grand march—a grand finale if you prefer the word—in which the tacky observers joined.





ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC OFFICERS



THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM, *President*



SADIE GOBER, *Vice-President*



HANNAH FRATER, *Secretary-Treasurer*



HOCKEY CLUB

LOUISE WELLS, PRESIDENT

ELLEN ALLEN

MARGARET ANDERSON

MARY BRADSHAW

MATHILDE BRENNER

MARY CHAMPE

ELEANOR COLEMAN

ANNA COLQUITT

SADIE GOBER

CHARLOTTE JACKSON

SUSETTE JOERG

AGNES JONES

MARY LEECH

MARIE MACINTYRE

GERTRUDE McDOWELL

LIDIE MINTER

JEANETTE NEWTON

LOIS PATILLO

MARY POWERS

JULIA PRATT SMITH

MARY SPENCE

LOUISE WELLS

THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM





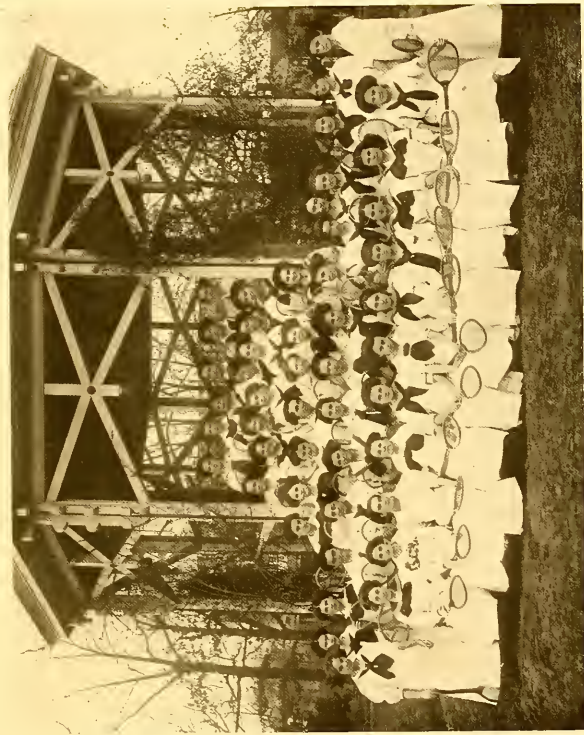
TENNIS CLUB

LOUISE VAN DYKE, PRESIDENT

MEMBERS

HAZEL ROGERS	MAY JOE LOTT	NELLIE FARGASON	ESTHER JORDAN
BESSIE THOMAS	ANNIE McCLAIN	ESSIE ROBERTS	LINDA MILLER
MADGE WHITE	AGNES HONSEAL	EONA TAYLOR	NELL McCLAN
JULIA PRATT SMITH	FLORENCE MUNNERLYN	SINA WHITE	LOUISE DeLAY
ELEANOR COLEMAN	MARY WALLACE KIRK	MARIE MacINTYRE	LORINDA FARLEY
ERMA MONTGEMERY	LOUISE McNULTY	MARTHA HALL	FENDLEY GLASS
ZELMA ALLEN	NELL CLARK	MARY CHAMPE	BERTHA WOOD
GRACE HARRIS	NELL DuPRE	MARGARET READ	FLORENCE MONTGOMERY
RUTH HICKS	ANNA TURNER	HANNAH FRATER	MARY KELLEY
MARY PITTARD	THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM	MARY LOUISE SPURLOCK	MARTHA ROGERS
ALLA B. CARMICHAEL	ANNA COLQUITT	SUSETTE JOERG	ZOLLIE McARTHUR
LOUISE McARTHUR	GUSSIE O'NEAL	LOUISE VAN DYKE	MARGARET BAUMGARTNER
LOUISE McMILLAN	AGNES JONES	MARY LIZZIE RADFORD	MILDRED HOLMES
ANNIE WEBB	RUTH SLACK	BEATRICE McALLISTER	





TENNIS CLUB





BASEBALL CLUB

Catcher.....	LOUISE WELLS
First Base.....	ANNA H. COLQUITT
Second Base.....	AGNES JONES
Short Stop.....	THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
Third Base.....	GUSSIE O'NEAL
Right Field.....	ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM
Left Field.....	SADIE GOBER
Pitcher.....	LOUISE VAN DYKE
(At Bat.....)	ELEANOR COLEMAN)





SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM

Captain, LOUISE WELLS

ELEANOR COLEMAN }Forwards
LOUISE WELLS }

THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM }Centers
GLADYS LEE }

ERMA MONTGOMERY }Guards
MARY WALLACE KIRK }





JUNIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM

SUSETTE JOERG, Captain and Manager

- | | | |
|--|-------|----------|
| SUSETTE JOERG }
RUTH SLACK } | | Forwards |
| MARIE MACINTYRE }
MAY JOE LOTT } | | Guards |
| ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN }
SINA WHITE } | | Centers |



SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM

Captain, SARAH HATCHER

MATHILDE BRENNER }
SARAH HATCHER } Forwards

BEATRICE McALLISTER }
ELIZABETH DUNWOODY } Centers

ANNIE WEBB }
LILY JOINER } Guards





FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM

COLORS: Maroon and Gray

YELL

Rickety Boom, Rickety Boom!
 Rickety Hilo, Rickety Boom!
 Siz boom bah!
 Siz boom bah!
 1914 Rah, Rah, Rah!

LINE-UP

MARGARET READ.....	Center	GRACE HARRIS.....	Forward
HELEN BROWN.....	Center	MARY LOUISE SPURLOCK.....	Guard
ANNA COLQUITT.....	Forward	LOUISE VAN DYKE (Captain).....	Guard



ATHLETICS

THE saying, "All the world loves a lover," can be changed, without losing any of its force, into, "All the college world loves athletics."

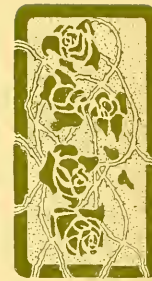
Athletics holds a very important place in every college and this year there has been more interest demonstrated at Agnes Scott than ever before. The athletic department has been organized with a president and secretary and treasurer. This department includes basket-ball, as well as the three clubs of tennis, hockey and baseball. A silver cup is to be presented to the class team that proves itself to be champion in the hotly-contested games of basket-ball. Besides this, the tennis tournament to be held here in the spring is looked forward to with great interest. Baseball, with Mr. Johnson as coach, is an innovation at Agnes Scott, but the girls have entered this new field of athletics with their usual zest.

Next year we intend to add to our list that of fencing. Thus, year by year, at Agnes Scott we intend to make more of that important factor of all college life, athletics!



GRINDS.





GRINDS

A little lass from Michigan,
 Whose initials were H. B.,
 In the year of 1911
 Came down to A. S. C.
 And every night, the story goes,
 To R. S. H. she went;
 In room 17 she found her queen,
 Ah! then she was content.

A bonny lad with spirits gay,
 Out of the West came he,
 With khaki suit, sombrero hat
 To teach at A. S. C.
 Voice, it was his specialty,
 But his talent stopped not there—
 On horseback he was superfine,
 At tennis pretty fair;
 And he could play at basket-ball,
 As baseball coach was rare.
 Alas! these now are least of all—
 He loves a lady fair!

There was a young man named "Arm,"	But bravely his pen did he take,
Who was smitten with wild alarm	And great were the thoughts he did shape,
When the editor-in-chief	As "Arm," his mind
To him did speak	To the task did bind
Of writing for the SILHOUETTE.	Of writing for the SILHOUETTE.

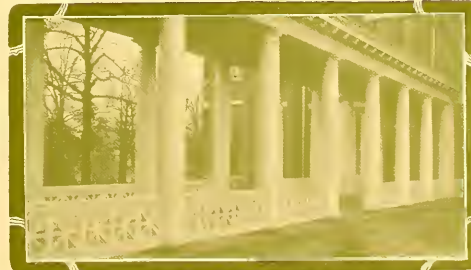




TO BATTERCAKES

The cooks of Georgia bake you well,
Battercakes, O Battercakes!
The people of your praises tell,
Battercakes, O Battercakes!
But of the many Georgia cakes
The best are those that Joe Brooks makes.
He stirs and bakes those Battercakes
At Agnes Scott, at Agnes Scott.

We'll ne'er forget thee nor forsake,
Battercakes, O Battercakes!
And always two or three we'll take,
Battercakes, O Battercakes!
We love those cakes so good and brown,
Which we could never buy in town,
And so we sing thy great renown,
Battercakes! O Battercakes!





EXEC






Every Monday there's a meeting,
They say it's called "exec,"
Their chief object seems the seeking
Culprits numbered by the peck,
Down the stairs the marshal treading,
The victims hither lead,
Where, before the tyrants dreading,
The captive does not dare to plead.

Down in the lobby
Hear that moaning wail;
"Exec" has had a little meeting—
Restriction is the same old tale.

Our poor Freshie went a-shopping,
Alas, she went alone;
"Exec" informed her she was shocking—
She failed to take a chaperone.
Two long weeks she now is spending
Out at Agnes Scott,
While with shame her head is bending
All because she just forgot.

Out on the campus
Hear that awful groan,
Little Freshie is a-weeping—
She didn't have a chaperone.





LOVE AS IT IS IN THIS DAY OF CRUSHES

(With apologies to our honorable friend Mr. Wm. Shakespear)

Scene: Agnes Scott Summer House.

Enter Lida Caldwell and Margaret Woods.

LIDA—The moon shines bright

In such a night as this,

When the sweet winds did kiss the trees,

And they did make no noise, in such a night.

Elma, methinks, did climb the Main Building steps,

And sigh her soul toward No. 50,

Where Miss Sandys lay that night.

MARGARET—In such a night

Did Mary Pittard fearfully o'er trip the dew,

And saw the shadow of Gladys ere herself,

And ran dismayed away.

LIDA—In such a night

Stood Gertrude with a willow in her hand,

Upon the campus brink and wav'd Annie, her love,

To come again unto Decatur.

MARGARET—In such a night

Elizabeth gathered the roses red,

That did renew the love of Julia.

LIDA—In such a night

Did fair Louise steal from her weary work,

And with an unthrift love did run from R. S. H.,

As far as the Summer House.

MARGARET—In such a night

Did Helen swear she lov'd her well—

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith—

And ne'er a truer one.

LIDA—In such a night






Did pretty Louise, like a little shrew,





Slander her love, and she forgave it her.

MARGARET—I would out-night you, did no thing disturb,

But, hark, I hear the blowing of a whistle.

(Exit L. and M.)





EVERYBODY WORKS BUT THE FACULTY

Everybody works but the faculty,
And they sit around all day,
Making the poor girls labor,
And all they do is play.
The teachers take life easy,
As every one can see;
Everybody works in this school
But the fac—ul—ty.

Everybody else gets restricted,
While they go free as day;
Laugh at the poor girls' trials,
And all they do is say,
Why you will get restricted
We never can see.
Everybody works at our school
But the fac—ul—ty.



ENGLISH C

There were once three men of antiquity
Who wrote on dramatic history.

They all three did write
With great main and might,
Yet the reason remains a mystery.

The drama's lots harder than spelling,
Like children the Seniors are yelling.

'Tis no use to plead
Those books they must read
By Messrs. Ward, Symonds and Schelling.





WAY DOWN AT AGNES SCOTT

Some folks say that slang is "passé"
Way down, way down here at Agnes,
But, really, here 'tis quite "classé"
Way down, way down here at Agnes.

Now, first, we start by "catching" a meal
Early, early in the morning,
Then we "hike it" at the bells loud peal
To eight A. M. classes going.

To flunk here is our daily fate,
What oh, what can be the reason,
Because we "boned" six hours too late,
Awfully, awfully out of season.

To the gym, we go with pesky tread,
Croaking, croaking for its duty,
But there we hobble with measured tread,
Developing physical beauty.

Best of all we chase to the store—
Just over the way to Jaxon's—
'Tis there we relieve our sense of bore,
That's all—we do at Jaxon's.

We pump our friends, we shoot the "Prof"—
Way down, way down here at Agnes—
But the killing part comes when we get shot,
Way down, way down here at Agnes.





We're not allowed to ever talk
Over the telephone;
We can not see professional ball
Without a chaperone.

The matinee forbidden is,
With all its jests and song,
For what's the use of going there,
With "Teacher" tagging 'long?

On outside games and sports and plays
We need not now depend,
But look right out our windows here
And never a penny spend.

For there upon the tennis courts
With racket, ball and love,"
The faculty do chase and play,
Unconscious of eyes above.





TO _____

The maid was in the parlor,
Sweet, demure and trim;
Her face was all alight with love,
As she awaited him.

“Your brother coming to-night,
It’s cold and dark, alas?”
The maid looked up with a tender smile
And her only reply was “Chas.”





And—has anybody here heard the rising-bell,
 B E double L, bell;
And has anybody here heard the rising bell
Ringing down the hall?
It rings very loud
And it rings very long,
And it rings and sings the same old song,
“Get up, get up, get up, get up,” says the bell.

I dream't that I dwell in marble halls
With vassals and serfs at my side.
“Your time to sweep!” a loud voice calls—
“That's the eight-twenty bell,” she cried.

And has anybody here heard the rising bell,
 B E double L, bell,
And has anybody here heard the rising bell,
Ringing down the hall?
If you only sleep
You'll wake to weep
For you must always ever *sweep*.
And has anybody here heard the rising-bell,
That early morning call?





Margaret Brown has learned a new and very becoming way to arrange her hair. Evidently Dr. Hammond didn't think so, for when he looked at the wide white ribbon which covered the front of her hair, he asked,
 "Are you one of the sick ones?"
 "No," answered Margaret, "I'm a Freshman."

J. D.: "Say, Colie, did any one go to that recital?"
 E. C.: "Think I heard the organ going."
 H. B.: "Come, Lidie, let's go to the Co'ed."

First girl to second, who had just made some brilliant remarks,
 "Oh, that ought to go in the *Angora!*"

Y. M.: "Helen, what are you doing?"
 H. B.: "Standing on the car waiting for Nunnally's corner to go by."

Miss Young: "A zone in geometry is similar to a zone of the earth, what zone do we live in?"
 M. A.: "Anartic zone."

Miss Smith: "Oh, girls, I certainly beg your pardon! And I've a confession to make—I'm two minutes late to class!"

Irregular: "Miss McKinney, why can't I be regular? I'll make up Math next summer or take it next fall."

Miss McKinney: "We don't deal in futures."

Dr. Sweet: "This walk leading from Inman Hall is certainly a straight and narrow way; but it is paved with cinders!"





THE END







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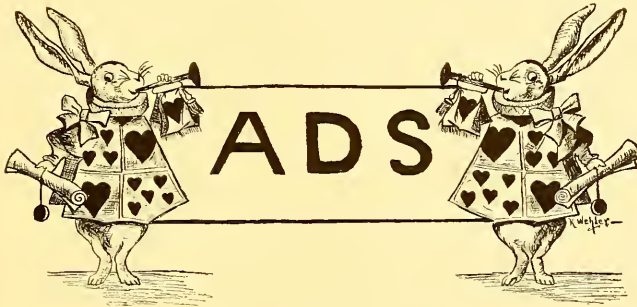
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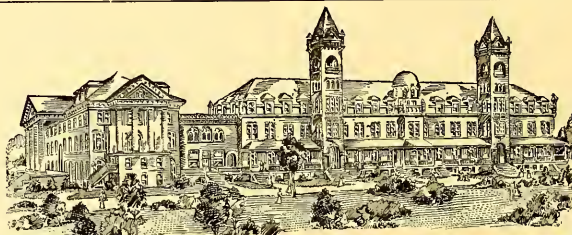
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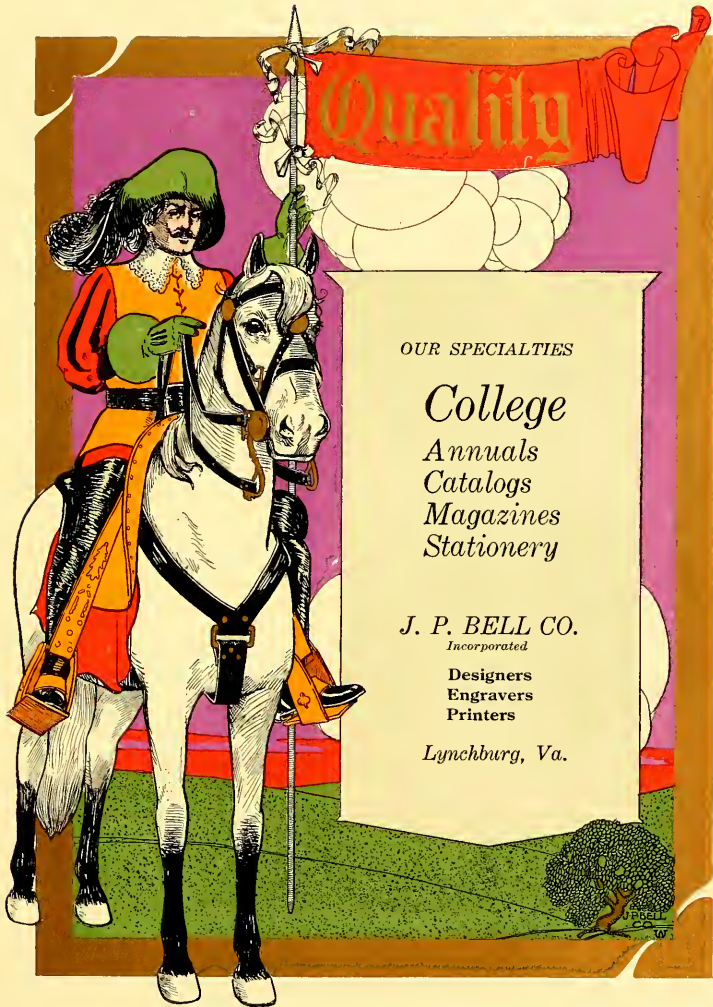
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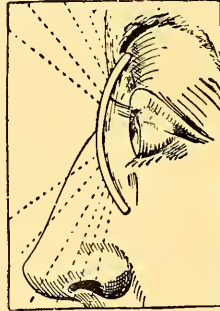
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