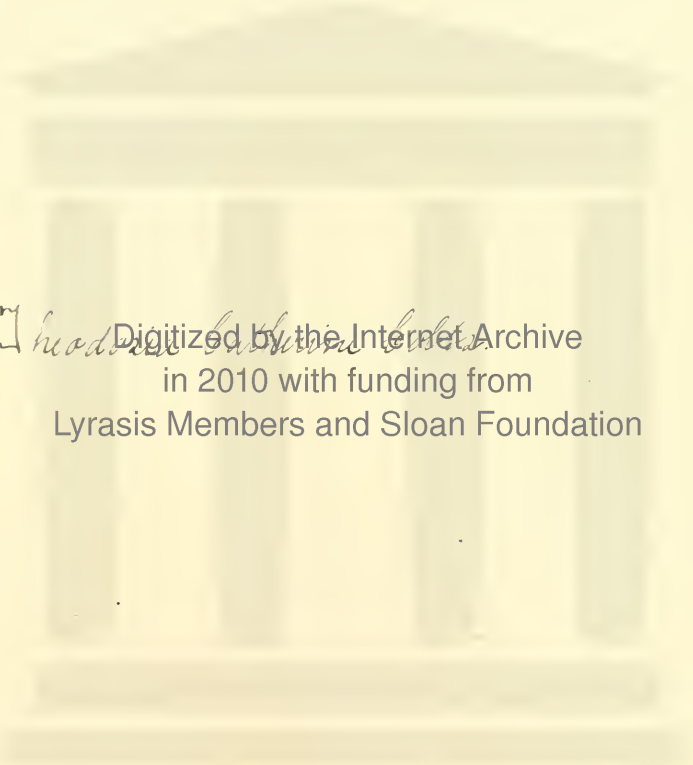


SILHOUETTE

1912







Madame de Sévigné
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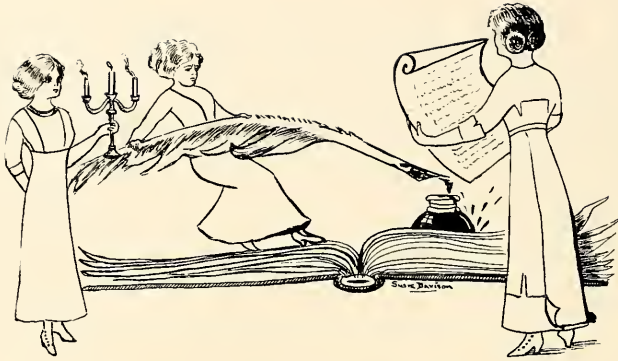


The Silhouette



1912

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The Editors' sincerest thanks are due to Miss Susie Davison, Miss Ruth Shippen, Miss Anne Waddell, Mr. Paul Clark, Mr. Phil Shutze and Miss Fendley Glass.



To
Mary Louise Cady
in sincere acknowledgment of her loyalty
to the students
of
Agnes Scott
this volume is dedicated

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MOTTO: "Age quod agis."

FLOWER: "White Rose."

COLORS: "Blue and White."

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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 our 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.
Wherever 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 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.

ANTOINETTE MILNER BLACKBURN

M. L. S.

Atlanta, Ga.



Tony is a little dear
And there's not a person here
Who would dare deny it.
Of stature small and feature fair,
With bright blue eyes and golden hair—
A charming little soul!
"Aurora" work is all her bent
And many hours at this she's spent,
With much success,
In German too, she's quite a star,
And her fame is spread both near and far
In der Gesellschaft.



CORNELIA ELIZABETH COOPER

M. L. S.

Atlanta, Ga.

Here is a girl of wisdom and knowledge,
Scarce one knows more in the whole of our college,
In all her classes with ease she doth star
Where questions for others hard stumbling blocks are
"Cornelia" with us, is for learning synonymous,
One whom the professors can never non plus,
And yet for all, this brain austere
Shelters a heart both tender and dear.



MARY CROSSWELL

Σ Δ Φ P. L. S.

Greenville, S. C.



And now our Mary Jane we see,
Of tall and "sylph-like" form is she;
To her this was bequeathed last year
And this her legacy she held quite dear;
Of course she hates to pass it on,
But Allie cries it must be done.
We mention, too, her auburn hair
Which is her crowning glory,
And with this parting tribute fair
We'll end the charming story.



NELLIE FARGASON

B. D. M. L. S.

Dawson, Ga.

There is a tall senior called Nell
Whose height is five feet and an ell.
To breakfast she comes in a swish and whirl,
But never forgets her hair for to curl.
For Home Economics she has quite a bent,
And many long hours in lab has she spent;
The object of this is quite easy to see—
For she hopes some day a house wife to be.



MARTHA HALL
B. B. M. L. S.
Adel, Ga.



Martha is our dainty lass,
Fairest and sweetest in all the class;
All her reports with A's are filled,
For in her books she is much skilled.
And yet she has her troubles, too,
Which worry and fret and make her blue,
Until at night when she goes to rest,
Her last words are, "I'm so distressed."



MAY JOE LOTT
M. L. S.
Brunswick, Ga.

Four years ago to Agnes Scott
From Brunswick came Miss May Joe Lott,
And in this quiet and stately lass,
(Who would have dreamed what came to pass).
In two years more, lo! what we see
A clown, a fool, a jester, she!



FANNIE GERTRUDE MAYSON

M. L. S.
Atlanta, Ga.



A wonderful orator here we see,
And 'tis none other than Fannie G.
In College day she won her fame,
And made for herself a name.
As skilled in plays and in debate,
Truly, indeed, a woman of state,
And here let us never forget—
Business manager of the SILHOUETTE!



MARIE RANDOLPH MACINTYRE

B. D. M. L. S.

Atlanta, Ga.

Here's to our fair Marie,
Our maid of gay societee!
Full many a year in truth she's spent,
In the pursuit of knowledge intent;
Yet plenty of time she's easily found
Bliethly to go the world around.
And when at last she gets that dip,
Away from here she'll quickly skip,
And there in gay societee
We'll find again our fair Marie.



ANNIE CHAPIN McLANE

M. L. S.

Pensacola, Fla.



Many are the laurels won by you
In Freshman, Sophomore and Junior, too,
Scholarships I'll pass without comment
For there's the presidency of student government—
But yet a wreath of another kind,
Is waiting now your brow to bind.
Its leaves are those of the tree of fate
That grows in your fair and sunny state,
Where at some fast-approaching hour,
You'll wear this branch,—the orange flower.



JANETTE NEWTON

P. L. S.

Gabbettville, Ga.

Janette is skilled in many an art,
In every thing she has a part;
In P. L. S. she holds full sway,
And at Exec she has her way;
As speaker she is quite the thing,
At all the feasts she's asked to sing.
'Tis said she worships at a fane
And the idol there is H. B. Crane;
But all of her ambitions meet
In imitating Doctor Sweet.
Her college course began at Proctor,
And now we hear she'll end as Doctor.



RUTH SLACK
B. D. P. L. S.
LaGrange, Ga.



There is a young lady named Slack,
Whose deeds of perfection do smack,
Oh, she can make cake, and she can spot stars,
And she can describe the pathway of Mars.
A long time ago these same stars foretold,
That at Agnes Scott, a young lady bold,
Would worry and edit and never forget
The trouble she had with our "SILHOUETTE."



CAROL STEARNS

M. L. S., $\Sigma \Delta \Phi$

Atlanta, Ga.

Carol has such "taking" ways,
A part she "takes" in all our plays,
She "takes" the A's, she "takes" the B's,
She "takes," she "takes" all that she sees,
She "takes" our colds, she "takes" our ills,
Then at the Infirmary she "takes" their pills,
Our money for Annuals she "takes," you bet,
This business manager of the SILHOUETTE.





Senior Class History

"There is a relation between our life and the centuries of time."—EMERSON



HE events of our ancient history we will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that the pleasures of early days ended with the Fall of the Home Empire and the Invasion of the College by the Freshmen. Then began the Dark Ages. These were indeed gloomy. It was a critical period in the history of our civilization when the mind in study and the body in gym were tortured and strained and trained. From the Fresh-Soph fight we emerged triumphant, however, with our name painted high upon the tank. Then life was pleasanter. Father Cady and Mother Ross were good to us, and we were won over to Sweet ways. The last half of the year we had a terrific struggle in an encounter with a Young enemy, who assaulted us fearfully with sines, cosines, and tangents. We came out scarred, but victorious to enter upon the second half of the Middle Ages,—the Sophomore Year.

By this time we were quite civilized, as was soon evidenced by the preaching of Peter the Hermit (alias Ruth), who stirred up the Great Crusade against the Turks (alias the Freshmen). The obstreperous heathen being duly subdued, we ah!—buckled down to work in the lab and beat old Horace out on the anvils under the head 'Smith of the Latin shop. In the gym, too, there was a Merri-man who kept us dancing. We took the Seniors to the Georgia Tech game despite the resistance of the Freshmen. By this time we had the reputation of getting whatever we went after, whether in the athletic, social, or scholarly line.

With so eventful a past, we entered upon the third period,—the Age of Reformation. 'Twas hard to realize we were upper classmen, but we gradually reformed. We threw off Sophomore ways and childish plays to become good Juniors. We now spent four hours of every week downstairs in the Bible room, and found there an Arm-strong to help us. Under the guidance of the Freshmen, we had a pleasant trip to foreign countries on the third floor of Inman Hall. The Junior Banquet loomed next as the event of importance, and despite the fact that our president had measles and our vice-president was enjoying a trip to Europe, it went off without a hitch.

Happily reunited, we began with joy the fourth or Modern Period,—that of Enlightenment. (We got our Senior lamps) and Political Revolution. This last consisted in the fact that the officers of Student Government were now from *our* class,—Annie Chapin, as president, governing Rebekah Scott, and Janette as vice-president ruling in Inman, with Ruth editor of the Annual and Tony heading the Aurora. We still held the scholarship and the basket-ball championship. My, but we felt big! Grander still was the feeling when we were invested in cap and gown. In fact, most of us found our caps a little too small for our heads that day. And now mid-years are past, and graduation is coming soon. The development of our class through all its stages from ancient to modern history has been steady and sure. With such achievement behind us, what may not be the accomplishments of the future?

CORNELIA E. COOPER.





Senior Class Will

We, the undersigned members of the class of 1912, being of sound mind and disposing will, do hereby make our last will and testament to the class of 1913.

ITEM I. We do hereby renounce any and all wills and testaments made heretofore.

ITEM II. Nellie Fargason hereby bequeaths to Lavalette Kennedy Sloan her calm and dignified mien and also her "crushes" on the younger contingent of the Faculty.

ITEM III. Frances Gertrude Mayson wills to Frances Roundtree Dukes her oratorical ability and her love for the classics. To Eleanor Pinkston she hands down her love for domestic science.

ITEM IV. Mary Sadler Crosswell wills to Allie Candler her sylph-like form, and to Margaret Roberts, her "red-headed" temper.

ITEM V. Annie Chapin McLane hereby bequeaths to Emma Pope Moss "Jim's" middy blouse and her athletic tendencies. To Katherine Hutcheson Clark she hands down the right to ring the rising bell and her skill therein.

ITEM VI. Martha Hall gives to Mary Lois Enzor her pleasant (?) facial expression and her tendency to "loaf."

ITEM VII. Carol Laken Stearns wills to Florence Smith her love of French, and to Maude Helen Smith her skillful manipulation of slang as taught at the "Forsyth."

ITEM VIII. Jannette Newton wills to Margaret Roberts her bird-like voice (Ruth refuses to part with hers), and to Elizabeth Frances Joiner her protecting and watchful care of Inman Hall.

ITEM IX. To Almira Eleanor Pinkston, Cornelia Elizabeth Cooper hereby bequeaths her love for certain members of the Faculty, and to Mary Louise Maness she wills her tendency to "bite" at everything.

ITEM X. Marie Randolph MacIntyre wills to Grace Anderson her fluency in conversation and her social accomplishments.

ITEM XI. May Joe Lott, leading light on the American comic stage, bequeaths to Janie McGauhey her dramatic powers and her successes in this field.

ITEM XII. Antoinette Milner Blackburn bequeaths to Laura Mel Towers her knowledge of sines and cosines and also her mania for German.

ITEM XIII. Ruth Abigail Slack hereby bequeaths to Katherine Hutcheson Clark her osculatory tendencies.

Junior Class

MOTTO: "*Spectemur Agendo.*"

COLORS: *Orange and Blue*

FLOWER: *Daisy*

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MARY ENZOR
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MARGARET ROBERTS
LAVALETTE SLOAN
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MISS MCKINNEY



PINKSTON



ANDERSON



CLARK



ROBERTS



M'GAUGHEY



MANESS



DUKES



MOSS



JOINED



ENZO



CANDLER



TOWERS



H. SMITH



F. SMITH



SLOAN

Junior Class Roll

- I. *Grace*—She is modest and mild and meek as Moses
And one of the stars of our class,
In Latin she's first, in everything clever,
With all she's a dear, model lass.
- II. *Allie* is fat,
Allie is chubby,
She chatters all the day;
Allie is bright,
Allie is happy,
She giggles life away.
- III. *Kate* is the lady who opens the door
To let in our callers on Saturday nights;
To her 'tis permitted to talk o'er the 'phone,
To do which, you know, would be our delight.
- IV. See our musician "*Fritzie*" nick-named,
Some day with her music she'll make our class famed;
To go with her music is aesthetic "gym,"
Between both of these she hopes to catch "Him."
- V. Though dignity and fatness do not agree,
Just look at *Mary* and both you will see;
She presides o'er the book in our new "libraree."
With a great deal of pomp and true "dignitee."
- VI. Here's "*Tillie*," our clown; a good one is she,
A better, indeed, there never could be;
With antics so funny, she brings in the money,
As clowns ought to be, she's unusually sunny.
- VII. *Louise* is quaint and sweet and shy,
With brown, wavy hair and soft blue eye;
With her antique jewelry and her hair in a curl,
She could pose as a picture of the "old southern" girl.

- VIII. As birds of a feather flock together,
 So *Janie* and Grace together we see;
 Not only in friendship, but also in knowledge,
 Together they're winning their way through the college.
- IX. *Emma* is stately and handsome and tall
 And president of a "Rebekah Scott" hall;
 When it is after ten by the clock,
 If we are not quiet, she'll give us a knock.
- X. "Ellie" studies stars;
 A star herself was she;
 When she played "Puck,"
 We all were struck
 By her ability.
- XI. "Lipthing Margie" lipth tho sweet
 'Tith quite a thurprise to hear her thpeak;
 For see ith tall and dignified,
 Ard carrieth herthelf wiv very great pride.
- XII. *Lavalette* is teacher's pet,
 Favorite of Miss Hopkins, too;
 Strange to say, she stays here yet,
 Though this she *said* she'd never do.
- XIII. *Florence* never has outgrown
 Her Freshman love for "crushes,"
 With a box of fragrant flowers
 Oft to Miss Hopkins rushes.
- XIV. Now *Helen* is quiet, but full of dry wit;
 'Twill almost convulse you, if near her you sit;
 To hear her so calmly in matter-of-fact way
 Some odd funny statement or sentiment say.
- XV. "Lemmie" is a maid demure
 Of mathematic turn of mind (?)
 A member of "Exec" for sure,
 But always very just and kind.

Junior Class History

DEAREST OLD LAWSON:



WHILE Mr. Armstrong gives a most learned dissertation on some vague and psychological phenomenon known as the third dementional element in a consideration of space I'll repose behind Laura Mel's somewhat slender and therefore ineffective back and scribble you a young volume on the news—political, intellectual and social—of the present extraordinary and unsurpassed Junior class.

Oh, girl, we *missed* you when you couldn't come back and we miss you more and more as the days go on and you aren't here to giggle over our triumphs and weep over our defeats. We aren't such a tremendously big class when you set us "alongside" one like Smith, but we *do* stick together and we do plod cheerfully on toward that modern utopia we're to reach next year—the utopia minus everything 'cept caps and gowns, Senior lamps and Senior electives.

Politically speaking, we're strictly on the inside track, and while Tilly Slowboy, Eleanor and Laura Mel hold down exec the rest of us hold down A. S. C.—or try to. There's just one objection we've always had, and that is that our honorable members show such unromantic and materialistic opinions concerning those hefty but adoring Decaturites who infest our front gates that we've never even managed so much as a little tame polite scandal within our maidenly rank—exec just dotes on us.

Fifteen Juniors all in a row,
Never a scandal to make any show;
Wake up, freaks—let's one elope—
Take away fourteen—*let's appoint Pope!*

(Never mind, dear, you needn't rhapsodize—'tis but the budding of Junior genius—may have another attack before I wear out).

In our last class meeting we were voted on unanimously as the brightest Juniors in college, but personal modesty forbade our announcing the news publicly. This, therefore, sets you straight concerning our intellectual state, about which you seemed so needlessly alarmed—

Gee, old girl, with Janie and Grace,
No need to worry—they set the pace!

We've always been sociably inclined—dost remember our Freshmen-Junior, then Soph-Senior blowouts—and we've developed our powers until they're to shine forth in untarnished splendor about Junior banquet time, but—

Every little meeting has a meaning all its own,
Every thought and feeling calls more money to be shown!

Yet who cares when for once in our lives we can be sports—dead-game sports—and parade before the envious eyes of gaping A. S. C.

Now, speaking from the above-mentioned political, intellectual, and social standpoint, I've told about all the news, but you mustn't think, fellow Junior, that just because I quit there that the other side you saw and loved isn't yet alive and flourishing. We may do some tall bragging and cut some tall capers, but deep down in our heart of hearts there's the same old resolve to make good if there's anything in us to make good with, and maybe when we do reach our utopia we sha'n't be altogether unfitted to wear the caps and gowns as we make our last preparation for taking our places in the big old world beyond A. S. C.

Feel one last poetic spark take flame:

The Freshman's nose is out of joint,
The Sophomore's joke has lost its point;
The Senior class is weeping,
For the Junior girl is all the go,
I tell you she is far from slow,
In other classes leaping.

Ha! Ha! Some *clases* to this, n'est-cepas?
Yours till Niagara Falls.

LVALETTE.



Sophomore Class

MOTTO: "Work, Live and Be Happy"

COLORS: Maroon and Gray

FLOWER: Red Carnation

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CHARLOTTE JACKSON	MARGARET WELLS

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS HOPKINS	MISS TREBEIN
MISS YOUNG	MISS LEGATE

Sophomore Poem

"Work, live and be happy, motto ours,
Guide of the Sophomores of this year
To whom we look for strengthening powers
Keep evermore thy presence near
And thru the years be with us yet
Lest we regret—lest we regret.

Temptations and vain promptings die,
And worthless fancies by us go,
Still calls a voice we can not fly
A voice to whom our all we owe.
Motto ours, be with us yet
Lest we regret—lest we regret.

Dispersed; friends will no longer sway,
On their support no longer lean;
So from our strength of yesterday
'Tis hard ourselves at once to wean;
Benefit of mottoes,—guide us yet
Lest we regret—lest we regret.

If blinded by vain tempters sweet
We keep not thy small voice in mind
And, stumbling, follow idle feet
On paths that thru temptations wind;
Motto of ours, be with us yet
Lest we regret—lest we regret.

Oh, erring hearts that will not heed,
The voice of this our Sophomore year
Which followed will to victories lead
And make the future years more clear
If such are found among our valient score
Guide—Motto of each Sophomore.



Sophomore Class History



FROM time immemorial the word Sophomore has been a synonym for boastfulness and we do not pretend that we have not lived up to the name—with a vengeance! Therefore, we feel no compunction whatever in singing our own praises to the world, especially now that the year is drawing to an end when Sophomian claim us no longer. Therefore, we are going to indulge in one big, long, genuine Sophomore brag, that the future ages may not have to look back and mournfully say, "Would that we might know what that wonderful class of 1914 did, that we might profit by its noble example." (The brag has begun).

It's a very commonplace thing to say that we entered college as the largest class on record, so we won't say it—but we did.

However hard it is to do, we must sum up our successes, achievements and victories in a few words, so let it suffice to say that we have taken our share of glory in every phase of college life to say nothing of the spoils of war! Ask the Freshman! She may refuse to answer, not being compelled to intimidate herself, but, anyway, this is what happened:

At two by the clock, on a morn so sold,
A band of Sophs both bad and bold,
A visit paid to the Freshmen sleeping,
All innocent of the Soph'mores creeping.

Right up to Freshie's little bed,
To paint green "F's" upon her head,
We stole with care and wicked stealth—
For this was good for Freshie's health!

Then came word from dear D. G.
"Since Fresh and Soph can not agree,
One day more is given to fight,
But the thing must end that very night."

To help the poor Freshies it was decreed
That they should begin as they saw need;
It took those Freshmen all of a week,
To think up anything even to speak!

But soon through "breaks" of Freshmen green,
And wicked wiles of Soph'mores keen,
Their little plan was opened out
And all their hopes were dashed about!

So now if you should give by chance
To any Soph'more's room a glance,
You there might see those banner's gay
By Sophs from Freshmen stolen away!

A nice green effigy then was made;
(The deed to Soph'mores must be laid),
And you might have seen what Freshie saw,
The burning of that Freshman of straw!

Now, Freshman, dear, just list to this—
To change my theme is not amiss;
When you would stop a Soph'more party
You should have some plans more hearty.

For instance, when you get a thing
Before you can of writing sing,
Remember this—that Sophs are wise,
And always beat you to the skies.

It never pays for you to try
To steal ice cream from Soph'mores shy,
For they will catch you as they did—
You still are just a little kid!

One thing more and my story ends,
We, like Robin, would make amends
For all our faults and all our badness
With one good cheer for Fourteen and Agnes!

LOTTIE MAY BLAIR, *Historian.*

Freshman Class 1911-12

MOTTO: *Let us dare to do our duty, as we understand it*"

COLORS: *Black and Gold*

FLOWER: *Daisy.*

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Freshman Poem

Nineteen-twelve as every one knows
The old tradition of Leap Year goes,
Is woman's opportunity.
And so with great impunity
The Freshmen at Agnes Scott this year
Strive for a record bright and clear
To aid in their future college career.

This Freshman class, tho' loyal and true,
Is separated into divisions, two;
One of these parts consists of the grinds
Who devoutly endeavor to feed their minds
On Greek and Math and Botany too,
Who cram all day 'till their faces are blue,
And in the wee hours of night, are not thro'.

The other part of our greatly loved class
Are the loafers, who freely the hours pass;
The society set, or ladies of leisure,
Who spend all their golden moments in pleasure,
But as all good honest girls must do,
They "bone" enough to get themselves thro'
To obtain their A. B., which they madly pursue.

But as a whole, our class is all right,
And each little "Freshie" with all her might,
Clings to the hope, the years rolling 'round,
That she may grace a senior's gown;
And this is her soul-inspiring aim,
That in the history of Agnes Scott's fame
She may win for herself an honored name.

LOUISE WARREN.



Freshman Class History



EAR READER:—You say that you've studied Latin, Greek, music, science, geometry, astronomy, calculus, and all the liberal arts? Well, then, do you know of anything smaller, more insignificant, a more infinitesimal nothing, than a Freshman's reputation? Really, "Babies, we are considered; awful, we are thought to be;" and I fear even that does not express the depths of the Sophomore's feelings about us.

Well do we remember that never-to-be-forgotten day, the 20th of September, 1911, when we crossed the threshold of the famous and long-awaited Agnes Scott, really expecting to see all that stored up knowledge unfold to us in one miraculous panorama, while our ears still rang with those halloos of "Be careful! Write soon! Study hard! Don't forget this and don't forget that," and a thousand other things that father's old phonograph, set to order, couldn't keep. No wonder the most-learned Sophs—for they are all learning girls—stared, laughing lightly, wondering how such kids ever reached here without their "mamas."

Days followed, when names, books, meetings, were so rapidly packed into our little heads that the ding-dong of the rising bell could not have been distinguished from the evening chimes; when Miss McKinney's recitation room was thought to be the center of the universe; when such names as Sweets, some kind of 'Buckles, Smiths, etc., were so emphasized that we began to wonder if this were a blacksmith's shop where mince-pies were made, or a place where names were manufactured. But when first an "old girl" made a date for the M. L. S. or P. L. S. Prom., all doubts and perplexities fled.

One morning at breakfast, as a fit compliment of our name "Babe," we were presented with the merrily jingling, tingling rattler by our older and more dignified Sophomore college-mates. (Could self-conceit add days to their years, oh, the grey-haired Sophs we'd have!) A few nights later as a relief for our dazzling brilliancy, they daubed our faces with an abundance of green paint. So, the well-known Soph-Freshman fight followed as the inevitable result of the growing animosity. Then believe that science, music, geometry, calculus, all, have failed to find anything smaller, a more infinitesimal nothing than the dignity of those Sophs, when we got through with 'em!

This success seemed only to foreshadow greater ones to follow. So in the first of the series of basket-ball games between the Sophomores and Freshmen, we again bore off the laurels of victory. And I do not hesitate to say that no one of us will ever forget the celebration that night, when we Freshmen, ghost-like in our long, white robes, flitted over the campus 'mid the blowing of horns, ringing of bells, beating of pans, and shouts of victory.

As the miner discerns gold within the rugged and unattractive mass of ore, so others have recognized the latent talent and ability in our so-called "green" Freshman class and doubt not to predict for it greater historical annals in the years to come. Lifting the future's misty veil, they see before us a bright and prosperous career only typified by our college success. Sic fata dicant.



Irregular Students

MARY ANDERSON

JEAN ASHCRAFT

CHERRY BOMER

EDITH BROWN

ELIZABETH BROWN

ELIZABETH BULGIN

MAUDE CHASON

NELL DUPRE

EVERETT FRIERSON

GRACE GOEHEGAN

MIGNON HARLAN

LILLIAN HARPER

LUCILE HARRIS

SAMMIE HERRON

MARGARET HOWSER

MARY HYER

VIRGINIA LEE

FANNIE MARCUS

ANNE MONTGOMERY

LOUISE McARTHUR

MILDRED McGUIRE

ISABEL NORWOOD

JULIA NUZUM

MARY RAWLINGS

MARY GLENN ROBERTS

HAZEL ROGERS

JANIE ROGERS

PEARL RUDISH

KATHERINE SUMMERS

EVELYN WALKER

JEAN WALLACE

BEVERLY ANDERSON

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FLCRENCE MONTGOMERY

ETHEL McKAY

HAZEL PETTINGELL

MARY E. POWERS

ALMEDIA SADLER

NINUZZA SEYMOUR

MARY SLADE

LUCY VICK

LGUISE WARREN

ANNIE WEBB



In Memoriam

Hannah Frater
Mary Stackhouse
Margaret Woods

" On earth the broken arcs;
In Heaven the perfect round."

Day Dreams



DOWN in the garden perched high in the old pear tree sat the child, hidden by the screen of white blossoms and held bound in that first of all enchantments—a fairy-tale. She was bareheaded and barefooted and as she leaned over the book the wind tossed her short-bobbed hair into her eyes. A soft breeze rippled the leaves and sent a shower of white petals down upon the brown head. On the lowest limb of the pear tree it discovered a little white sun-bonnet and set it swinging gently to and fro.

"And the prince and the princess were married and lived happily ever afterward." The child closed the book and leaned back with a contented sigh.

"I wonder if I'll marry a prince?" she said, half aloud, and then startled by her own voice in the stillness, she smiled, wrinkling her small freckled nose.

"Maybe I will," she dreamed. "Maybe I'll be lost in a big, dark wood—dark and gloomy and dreadful—and there'll be wild beasts and dragons," she shivered at the awfulness of the thought, "and I'll be so lonesome and scared and then a beautiful prince will come riding by on a 'snow-white charger' and he'll stop all his knights and ladies and come over to me and take me up on his horse and carry me to his palace all made of gold and beautiful stones—diamonds and rubies and emeralds—and we'll be married and live happily ever afterward." The child wriggled her white toes blissfully along the limb of the pear tree.

"Oh, yes, and on the way we'll stop at a house and we won't know it, but the old woman that lives there will be a witch and she'll steal me and hide me 'way up in a high, high tower and the prince won't be able to find me and he'll send out his courtiers and heralds and they'll look and look for me. After a long, long time one day the prince will be wandering by in the deepest despair and he'll hear me singing and call me and I'll answer and let down my beautiful golden locks to him." She looked wistfully at her short brown hair, "and he'll climb up and find me. Then he'll take me in his arms and climb down the great vine which grew up the tower and we'll run away and I'll be a queen," the small head was raised with a sudden assumption of dignity, "and I'll wear beautiful, beautiful dresses. Oh, yes, and I forgot, while he can't find me he'll dress in deep black and he'll 'refuse to eat or drink' until——"

A queer sort of a screech, the sound of hurrying steps and a small freckled-faced boy appeared under the pear tree.

"I knew I'd find you here," he said triumphantly. "Hurry up and come on down. There's a circus unloading in the lot just back of our house and we can sit up on top of our chicken-coop and watch them."

There was a long-drawn "Oh-h-h-h" from the top of the pear tree and a small figure came scrambling down, swinging lightly from limb to limb. In her haste she dropped the Fairy Tale Book and it fell face downward upon the grass. Wheeling, the child slipped to the ground and began hurriedly putting on shoes and stockings.

"What are you doing barefooted?" the boy asked, for the first time discovering the fact. There was reproof in his tone.

The child looked up guiltily. "I—I—just slipped them off for a minute to see—to see how I would feel."

"Well, hurry up!" the boy said impatiently.

The child sprang up quickly, anxious to make him forget past sins.

"I'll beat you to my gate," she challenged.

"Bet you won't," he retorted.

"One, two, three," she counted, and they were gone.

Under the pear tree, face downward, the Fairy Tale Book lay forgotten.

II

The tiny new leaves on the pear-tree rustled softly, the sunshine flickered through them upon the grass, the white blossoms shook down their soft petals like snowflakes, and the girl in the hammock swung gently to and fro.

Intent upon her book, she had forgotten the sunshiny spring afternoon and was lost in a world of romance—that old, old world where men have wooed and maids been won since the beginning of things.

Time passed. The leaves rustled, the sunshine played upon the grass, and the soft petals drifted down, but the girl went on reading, unmindful of it all.

One she stirred and again she adjusted her pillows and leaning upon her elbow, her chin in her hand, bent further over her book. She had reached the last page. Her lips were parted, the color came and went in her cheeks, and her dark eyes shone like stars. The thrilling moment came, the maid said "Yes," and, "held close in her lover's arms she felt his kiss of undying love upon her lips. In that kiss their souls met never to be parted."

The novel was ended.

The girl sank back upon her pillows with a sigh of perfect content. "If only some one would propose to me like that," she whispered under her breath. "I hope the man I marry will look just like Lord Windergrath in the book. He'll be very, very striking-looking and so stern and indifferent, that is, with everybody but me, and he'll fall in love with me at first sight and he'll lead me out on a balcony in the moonlight and talk to me of books and music and poetry. We'll understand each other so beautifully, and he'll quote long passages to me on love and say all sorts of beautiful things. Whenever I come into the room where he is, he'll always turn to me with one of his 'rare smiles,' and there'll be 'worlds of meaning in his dark eyes,' and he'll be very, very rich and have lots of automobiles and—and when he proposes to me he'll kneel before me and say he knows he isn't worthy of me and I'll——"

But the dream was interrupted just then by a shrill whistle. The girl puckered her lips and tried to answer, but the sound that came from them was so faint that she laughed at her own attempt.

"Is that the best you can do?" called a teasing voice, and a youth came striding down the garden path.

"You didn't give me time," she defended, "I always have to try two or three times before I can whistle."

"A poor excuse is better than none," he teased.

"I don't care," she retorted. "You know I never could whistle. Won't you sit down and make yourself at home?"

"Humph! You're polite, I must say. Where do you expect me to sit, on the ground? I don't see any signs of your giving me the hammock."

He had reached her by now and picked up the novel before she could stop him. "Say, what's this you've been reading?"

She reached for it, but he was too quick for her. "It's only a book Sue lent me," she said. "Give it back—please."

"Well, I guess I might as well sit down and take a look at it. I don't know any place to sit, though."

"Sit down over there by the tree," she suggested, seeing it was hopeless to try to get back her book. "You needn't put on airs, you know you've sat on the ground before."

He dropped down in front of the tree and leaned back against it.

"I reckon I'll have to, since I haven't anything else to sit on. Now if I were only Jim I might——"

A pillow came flying through the air aimed at his head. He dodged adroitly and caught it.

"Thank you so much," he said with an air of the greatest politeness. "This will make me much more comfortable."

"I wish you'd hush!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I can't stand Jim Monroe and you know it."

He regarded her with the most innocent expression upon his face. Perhaps in reality he was thinking how pretty she looked with her flushed cheeks and dark eyes and hair, but if so his next remark gave no hint of it.

"The Lovers of Lucinda" he read aloud. "Sentimental trash, I'll bet you a dollar."

"It isn't," she declared. "It's perfectly grand."

"Is the hero named Jim?" he inquired with a shy glance in the direction of the hammock.

Another pillow came flying through the air.

"So much obliged. Please send me just one more to lean my weak little arm upon."

"Wretch!" was the only reply.

"Shall I read you the end of the book?" he inquired politely. "It is so dramatic."

"No, I've read it," she replied shortly.

"Then I'm sure you'll enjoy hearing it again, especially this beautiful passage. Just listen," in mock admiration, "She rushed toward him and clasped in each other's arms they fell senseless at each other's feet. The——"

"Robert Winthrop, you're making it every bit up. If you don't hush I'll——"

He looked at her with such a droll expression on his face that she burst out laughing.

So the afternoon passed. The sun was sinking, the sky was filled with a golden light. The air began to grow chill. It was time to go in. Together they walked up the path, he still teasing her and she retorting, sometimes in pretended indignation, sometimes with laughter.

At the gate they paused to say good-bye. The light of the late afternoon sunshine fell upon the girl as she stood there and touched her dark hair with streaks of gold. Her eyes were dreamy and dark and full of merriment. Once more he thought how pretty she looked, but this time he leaned forward and spoke.

"Say," he said awkwardly, "You look mighty good this afternoon."

She raised her eyes to his, with a look of wonder, surprised at this from Rob. The color deepened in her cheeks.

"Thank you," she said.

And "The Lovers of Lady Lucinda" lay forgotten under the pear tree.

III.

It seemed an ideal spring afternoon. The person under the pear tree evidently thought so, for her eyes kept straying out across the waving expanse of green and her thoughts wandered far from the book she was reading. She was no longer a "mere slip of a girl," but "a woman grown" now, with a new sweetness in her face and a certain charm that she had never possessed before.

As usual she was reading, but this time it was only an attempt for her thoughts journeyed far from her book. She was thinking of the things she had imagined as a child and the fancies she had had as a girl.

"I hope," she murmured softly to herself, "that I have learned to be sensible a little bit, but," she added, and a smile crept about the corners of her mouth, "I still have my dreams—only they're different."

She was dreaming again. She laid her book down in the swing and leaned back. It was useless to try to read when one had such pleasant things to think about.

"And the little house will be white with roses running over it because he said I could have it that way and there'll be a lawn and perhaps a pear tree somewhere, maybe in the garden. I'd rather have a dear little one-story cottage because it will be so much less expensive and more convenient and," she added as a sudden thought struck her, "I used to want a palace and lots of money." She smiled at what she called her own ignorance. There was more dreaming about "the little house," but it soon became a dream about something—or rather somebody—more important. "He's so tall and broad-shouldered and nice-looking and—and so—so nice." She laughed a little at her own self, but the dreams went on.

A tall figure had come down the path, but she did not see him until he stood before her.

"Why, Rob!" she exclaimed.

"Sweetheart," he said.

As they sat together in the swing he reached for the book, but she caught his hand.

"You can't have it," she said.

"Please," he urged.

She shook her head.

"Why?" he persisted.

"Because——"

Again he reached for the book, but this time also she was ahead of him.

"Please let me just see the title," he begged.

"No," she said positively, and put the book behind her.

He made another attempt, but this time he tried "moral 'suation."

"Dear," he said, tilting her chin and looking down into her eyes, "Please let me see it, won't you, sweetheart?"

"Moral 'suation" conquered.

"Will you be real good?" she asked.

"I'll try to," he promised.

"And not laugh?"

"I promise solemnly on my word of honor."

She watched him shyly, but with laughter in her dark eyes as she pulled it out and held it up before him.

He leaned forward and read the title aloud:

"Mrs. Hill's New Cook-Book."

SARAH G. HANSELL.

Exec.



Whoop la! whoo!
Exec's got you.
Tho' you're scared a sickly tan
Why weep and wail?
Tears won't avail.
Stand and take it like a man.



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THE Young Women's Christian Association was organized at Agnes Scott in 1906 to fill a need in student life which study and athletics can not satisfy. It was organized with the aim of "bringing every girl to Christ, building them up in Christ and sending them out for Christ." Springing from a small Christian band, the Association has grown with the college, the different phases of the work being carried on by some committees in active work throughout the year. Those who have held the position of president during its short history are Misses Sarah Boals, Maude Hill, Margaret McCallie, Irene Newton, Mary Wallace Kirk and Mary Enzor.

In 1908, the Association undertook half the support of Miss Mary Thompson, an Agnes Scott alumna, in her missionary work in China, and each year the amount is loyally raised by student and faculty through systematic giving. Interest in missions is further shown by a large enrollment in the eight mission study courses offered by the Association.

A new phase has been introduced in the Bible study work this year. Six courses of study are given during the Sunday school hour, and the choice between these and classes in International Sunday School Lessons is offered. Practically every student in college is enrolled in one of these classes.

The enthusiastic interest of the students in the Y. W. C. A. work has recently been manifested by the building of a cottage on the Blue Ridge Conference grounds at Black Mountain, N. C., and a larger delegation than ever before will attend the next summer conference.

The work of the Association this year has been very successful in nearly every way. Over ninety per cent. of the students are enrolled as members, but that can not be taken as a very reliable test of success in itself. The influence of the Association is felt by the entire student body in every phase of college life. Very quietly, but very surely, it is doing the work for which it was organized.

M. L. E.



PETTINGELL



McLANE



COBUS



ANDERSON



JOINER



HARRIS



BLAIR



NEWTON



ENZOR



WELLS



TOWERS

THE MILLEDGEVILLE CONVENTION
OF THE
Georgia Students' Missionary League
MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA
November 12-15, 1911

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RUTH HICKS

MILDRED HOLMES

LILY JOINER

ETHEL McCONNELL

CHARLOTTE JACKSON

MARY PITTARD

HAZEL PETTINGELL

MISS McCRCRY, *Chaperone*

Milledgeville! The word is inspiration! All the delightful fun, the interesting people, the congeniality of fellow delegates, the enthusiasm of kindred minds and the helpfulness of a conference are wrapped up in the name. The nine A. S. C. girls who attended the Georgia Students' Missionary League in the historic old town of Milledgeville will not soon forget those three days when even nature put out her finest welcome to the delegates. They will not soon forget the hospitality of the beautiful old homes for which the town is famous. Nor will they lose the inspiration from such men and women as Doctors Foster, Forsythe, Hounsell, Miss Helen Crane, and others. And what shall we say of the inspiration from the fellow students and especially those student volunteers on the platform, and we believe that Milledgeville will not soon forget the enthusiastic and congenial delegation that never failed to occupy the second row front at every meeting; and the delegation that boasted as honorary members such dignitaries as Miss Helen Bond Crane and Doctor Forsythe.

Agnes Scott herself must ever look back upon the night the delegation made its report as one of the best of the Sunday evening services. The best because the girls who took part had found a new and enthusiastic meaning to life, because of a new and vital purpose.

H. PETTINGELL.

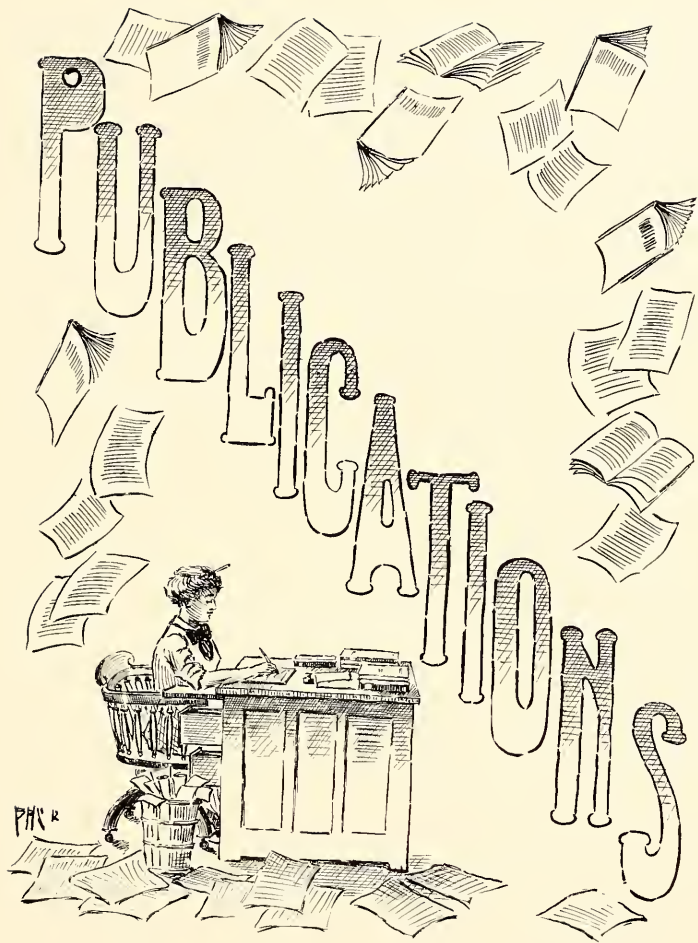


Little Blue Flower,
Where art thou now
How shall I win thee,
How? Tell me how!

For a moment I hold thee
And then thou art gone
O tell me, thou wanton,
Where hast thou flown?

I crawl for thee, leap for thee,
Climb for thee, cling;
But only to catch
Just the wind of thy wing.

But little Blue Flower,
I shall still follow thee;
And life shall lovely
And Wonderful be.





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Springtime and You

When all along the avenue,
As far as eye can see,
There hangs a cloud of Emerald line
O'er every maple tree.
When robins sing their mating songs
And all the sky is blue,
'Tis then my heart is prone to sing
Of Springtime and of you.

When violets cast their purple shade
Beside the singing brook,
And nature tells a lovelier tale
Than any story book;
When every breeze is fragrant
And the rose is kissed with dew;
'Tis then my heart is want to sing
Of Springtime and of you.

But now the skies are turned to grey,
And violets are dead;
And merry birds have flown away
And blithesome songs have fled.
But still there creeps into my heart
A longing deep and true,
And I am prone to sing, dear heart,
Of Springtime and of you.

HAZEL PETTINGILL, '14.

The Song

The bird first sang to the Jasmine flower,
Sang the song of life for an hour;
Told of dreams that haunt and linger,
Told of thoughts so brave and tender.

The sun came out from 'neath its bower,
Heard the song of life for an hour;
The trees then bent near to listen,
Each floweret pure began to glisten.

The bird now hushed the song of an hour,
The sun crept back to its lonesome bower;
But the song left the world all brighter,
Left the Jasmine flowers much whiter.

LIDIE TORREY MINTER.



Paul Reubens.

Mnemosynean Literary Society

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MAYSON



HARRIS



ANDERSON



KENNEDY



PINKSTON



JACKSON



KELL



COMBS



JOERG



PARKER



MANSSELL



IRWIN



HENDERSON



CLARK



KELLY



WELLS



KELLY



WHITE



HARRIS



HOFF



MONTGOMERY



M. LOTT



BRENNER



KENNEDY



SUMMER



L. E. E.



M. LOTT



BLACKBURN



WEST



CLARK

Propylean Literary Society

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

President	RUTH SLACK
Vice-President	LAURA MEL TOWERS
Secretary	JANETTE NEWTON
Vice-Secretary	MARGARET ANDERSON
Censor	EMMA POPE MOSS
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NUZUM



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MANESS



SMITH



BLACK



RAWLINGS



WAGE



DUPRELL



BOMER



ELMS



HICK



FLEGEL



HARDER



BRYAN



M'ENTIRE



DUKES



HOUSER



RUDICH



SLOAN



CUNNINGHAM



MONTGOMERY



MORGAN



HARRIS



HAMILTON



PITTARD



CROSWELL



STAPLES



MEEK



MILLER



WALLACE



TOWERS



M. BROWN



SEYMOUR



MINTER



MARCUS



E. BROWN



BROWN



JOINER



REID



H. BROWN



GARY



E. BROWN



VICK

The Snow Angel



T was early in February. The shadows of night had already enveloped the city, and the streets were thronged with the usual crowds at the end of the day. From a grayish sky, a soft, warm snow fell steadily, covering every pavement and walk with its crystal whiteness and throwing its mystic spell over every passer-by, until an atmosphere of good nature shone on each face and a note of merriness might be detected in every city sound. Under their increasing weight of whiteness, the street lamps began to sway and sputter, and the lights in the display windows glowed warmly into the outer darkness.

Up the street came a shrill, clear voice:

"Paper, mister. Last edition. All about the murder."

He was a little fellow to have such a penetrating voice, and he wandered along, seemingly unconscious of the fact that papers were not selling and that the snow was beginning to sift down his unprotected throat. In front of Browning's Art store he stopped, shifted his papers, wiped the ragged coat sleeve across his wet face and stood motionless looking at a large copy of the *Sir Galahad*. Half aloud, he muttered to himself:

"That's the guy teacher told us about. He's a queer sort. Think I'll get a book and read about him."

The next day the Librarian in the Juvenile Department of the Public Library bent at her task of helping little hands of all varieties to reach the gay colored volumes along its many shelves.

"Hello, Jimmie," she smiled, as a towseled-headed little fellow appeared. "You haven't come back for more Pirate stories?"

"Say," he answered, "I'm after something different. You know that fellow what looks like a girl standing by the head of a circus horse in a park?"

The Librarian looked in dismay.

"I seen him in the picture store. Teacher told us all about him once a long time ago."

"Was it *Sir Galahad*?"

"You bet," answered the boy, yet not impolitely.

"There's a shelf of books about him over there," pointed the Librarian. "Just help yourself."

When the lad returned, some five minutes later, he found the Librarian chatting gaily with a young girl. She was a slender mite of a girl with rosy cheeks and a sparkle of winter freshness in them.

"What books do the boys read," she asked as she looked at the little fellow, waiting to get "The Knights of King Arthur" checked off.

"That's a good tale," she smilingly assured the boy. "It's good reading. You will like it."

There was something in the girl's smile that clung to the boy all afternoon. Whenever he looked at the book, he thought of the girl. Day after day, he found himself weaving strange and new thoughts around her, until she came to stand for him ideal and he called her his Snow Angel.

It was the week before Easter that young Doctor Allen stopped his car before a country home in the suburbs of the city, and, with a light, boyish step, ran up the long walk and pounded the brass knocker on the door. Beneath his grey overcoat, his own heart was pounding a boisterous tattoo. Where is there any young man whose heart would not pound when calling on the girl of his choice a week before his wedding day? He was sure the girl would answer his knock, herself, and he was right. In a moment the door was flung wide and a warmth of light streamed out to welcome him. In the middle of it stood a girl of perhaps twenty, though so slight a thing that she looked much younger. She wore a soft dress of creamy wool, and around her shoulders was thrown a scarf of warmest crimson.

Their greeting over, she led him to a *great chair* before the fireplace and they talked together of the happy week before them and then of the greater future.

"My dress is lovely," she smiled, as she looked up into his fine, strong face. "Every thing is so lovely. Why don't more girls choose Easter for their wedding day? I saw the first robin this morning and a crocus is in blossom. They will be radiant by next week." And thus they talked till the fire burned low and he lifted her small hand to his lips in a fervent caress.

The telephone bell rang loud and steadily. He arose to answer it.

"I think it's for me, as usual," he laughed.

In a moment he returned.

"I'm sorry, little girl, I have to go. There's a boy down on Water street dying with pneumonia. The old doctor asked me to go. It's bad weather for the poor in a city like this."

She looked up into his deep eyes and reached her hands up to his square shoulders. "It's bad weather," she said, "for any one. Be careful, Mr. Doctor, lest the blind lead the blind."

The door closed behind him and he ran down the walk toward his machine. Half way to the city it stopped. He tried to start it again, but failed. And then he remembered. He had forgotten gasoline, in his haste to get to the girl—and the tank was empty. It was a full two miles to the electric line and not a house in sight. It was a beastly night under foot. The melted snows, a foot deep, spread out over the country road. In his doctor's heart he knew the long, wet walk would be perilous; yet there was but one thing to do. He drew out his watch. It was early. If he could make it, there was still time to catch the last city-bound car.

Two hours later, Dr. Allen bent over a tossing lad on a tenement bed. In his fever the boy was wildly delirious and kept begging in disconnected sentences for a vision he could not see.

"I ain't found her yet. Oh, Lord, I ain't seen her. I looked everywhere—but she's gone. Please, angel, come to me—please come."

At four o'clock in the morning the doctor, in his own apartment, pulled off his damp clothes and sank wearily for a few hours' of rest.

"Dear Lord," he prayed; "help the boy to find his angel—and keep mine through all the days to come."

As he sank into sweet unconsciousness, it occurred to him that he might share his angel with the boy.

The next morning, Dr. Allen telephoned the girl.

"Mary," he said, "I'll stop for you at ten o'clock. I want you to make a call with me."

As they left the house the girl snatched a handful of roses from a jardiniere and pinned them to her coat. The boy was still tossing in delirium when they reached the tenement. Dr. Allen stepped to the hall and motioned to the girl. She came on tip-toe and bent over the sick child's bed, stripping the roses of their thorns, meanwhile, and laid them beside the lad's feverish face. At the touch of their cool fragrance, he reached for them and a dawn of consciousness crept into his eyes. A smile broke over his flushed face, and he reached out his arms.

"Oh, Angel," he cried. "My Angel, you have come." And then the little, sleepy eyes, toward which the world had not held many angels, slept.

It was a beautiful Easter. The sun had kept under a cloud for a week awaiting the day, and seemingly had stored up warmth and gladness. The spring flowers had budded a week before, then waited, and on this morning had burst into freshest beauty. Even the birds had arrived just in time for the Easter carol. All nature was glorious with life.

But, in the hospital across the city, there were none of these. Only fear and waiting and watching. The greatest doctors of the state held consultation and waited.

"Dr. Brown has little hope," said one. "The fever takes 'em so fast."

At last the old doctor entered the room. The men sprang up tense with waiting. "For God's sake——"

"Boys," he sobbed, "sit down, every man of you. It's Easter, men. He gave his life for the sake of a lad a week ago. There is a smile on his lips. Life is riches for him—there is no death there. But for her! Oh, Lord, for her—the girl! It will kill her."

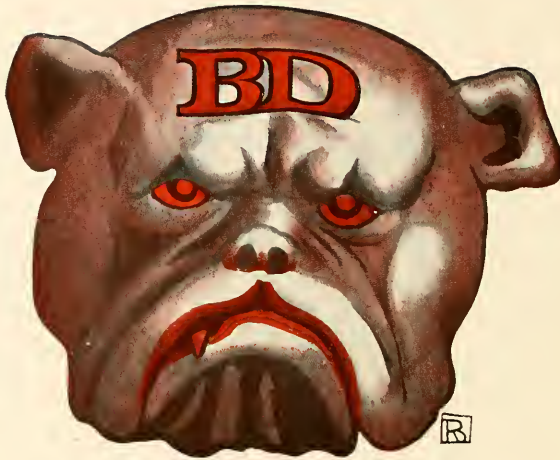
There were long, long days for thought that followed. Spring was kind in her sympathy. There were hours when the old doctor and the girl walked together beneath the lilacs, and when they parted, there was a glory in her face that was not born of earthly joy.

When she entered the University, they said she was too frail for the severity of medical training. But when she stood before the entrance committee, she won her way.

"It is not in my power to stop her," said the head examiner. "There is something unusual about the girl. They say she was to have married young Allen last Easter. I think she intends taking up his work. Did you watch her face? Men, to most of us, medicine is a profession. To that little girl, it is a High Calling. Let us pray God, we may catch her spirit."

HAZEL PETTINGILL, '14.





Bull Dog Club

MEMBERS

NELLIE FARGASON
MARTHA HALL
MARIE MACINTYRE
RUTH SLACK
SUSETTE JOERG
GUSSIE O'NEAL
MARY CHAMPE
ESSIE ROBERTS
EDNA TAYLOR

ANNA COLQUITT
LOUISE McNULTY
BEVERLEY ANDERSON
MINNIE HALL
LOIS CUNNINGHAM
ETHEL McKAY
SARAH HANSELL
KATE RICHARDSON
EVELYN WALKER

NINUZZA SEYMOUR



CUNNINGHAM



ROBERTS



HALL



RICHARDSON



COLCHITT



HANSELL



MC NULTY



JOERG



FERGUSON



MAC INTYRE



MC KAY



O'NEAL



HALL



TAYLOR



SLACK



WALKER

COMPLICATORS



SORORES IN FACULTATE

RUTH MARION

ANNE WADDELL



DUKES



MILL



HARPER



MONTGOMERY



CANDLEE



BLACK



TOWERS



CONVERSE



NUZUM



ROBERTS



NORWOOD



WEST



VICK



ANDERSON



SADLER



LOUISE WARREN	Louisville, Ga
MARY SLADE	Columbus, Ga
LOUISE McMATH	Columbus, Ga.
RUTH BENE	Union Springs, Ala.
OLIVIA BCGACKI	Montgomery, Ala.
MARY CROSSWELL	Greenville, S. C.
RUTH McELMURRAY	Waynesboro, Ga.
CAROL STEARNS	Atlanta, Ga



BLUE



SLADE



CROSWELL



McELMURRY



STEARNS



WARREN



Mc MATH



BOGACKI



P. B. CLUB

MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING

MASCOT: *Vixen*

FAVORITE COLORS: *Green*

"Je" HALL

"ICH" ANDERSON

"SAL" CONVERSE

FAVORITE FLOWER: *Canker-Blossom*

FAVORITE ANIMAL: "*Varmint*"

"KATZE" McELMURRAY

"CHID" WARREN

"Mac" McMATH



Wild Westerners

LILLIAN HARPER	Arkansas .
LCIS CUNNINGHAM	Texas
LUCILE HARRIS	Arkansas
LUCY VICK	Arkansas
MARY BROWN	Arkansas
ELIZABETH BROWN	Arkansas
MARY POWERS	Arkansas
MABEL MEEK	Arkansas



Virginia Club

FAVORITE SONG: *"Carry me back to old Virginia"*

FAVORITE DRINK: *Old Dominion Beer*

FAVORITE DRESS: *Hoffin Middy Suits*

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: *Showing Verbal Loyalty to our State*

ACTIVE MEMBERS

BEVERLY D. ANDERSON

KATHERINE D. BAKER

MARY E. CHAMPE

MARY E. HAMILTON

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS NANNETTE HOPKINS

MISS M. L. MCKINNEY

DR. J. D. M. ARMISTEAD

MR. J. I. ARMSTRONG

DR. C. P. OLIVIER



Sandlapper-Tar Heel Club

MARGARET ANDERSON	North Carolina
JEAN ASHCRAFT	North Carolina
LOTTIE MAY BLAIR	North Carolina
MARY CROSSWELL	South Carolina
ELIZABETH BULGIN	North Carolina
ROSA HILL	South Carolina
VIRGINIA LEE	North Carolina
MILDRED MCGUIRE	North Carolina
MISS CALHOUN	South Carolina
MISS RICHARDSON	South Carolina
MR. MACLEAN	South Carolina

Alabama Club

BERTHA M. ADAMS	Pineapple
MARION BLACK	Montgomery
RUTH BLUE	Union Springs
OLIVIA BCGACKI	Montgomery
EDYTHE BROWN	Dothan
MARY BRYAN	Birmingham
KATE CLARKE	Montgomery
THEODOSIA COBBS	Mobile
EDNA DUKES	Heflin
MARY ENZCR	Troy
JANIE FARMER	Dothan
EVERETT FRIERSON	Audalusia
GRACE GOHEGAN	Birmingham
JESSIE HAM	Elba
GRACE HARRIS	Mobile
MARY HARRIS	Mobile
MARGARET HOUSER	Anniston
CHARLOTTE JACKSON	Tuscumbia
LULA MADDOX	Birmingham
LIDA MINTER	Tyler
HATTIE MONTGOMERY	Birmingham
ROBERTA MORGAN	Heflin
ISABELLE NORWOOD	Montgomery
JULIA NUZUM	Tuscaloosa
HAZEL RCGERS	Panola
JANIE RCGERS	Gaithersville
ALMEDIA SADLER	Sheffield
LUCILE SCARBOROUGH	Choccolocco
NINUZZA SEYMOUR	Montgomery
LAURA MEL TOWERS	Birmingham

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS LOUISE G. LEWIS	Tuscaloosa
MISS PEARL MCCRORY	Prairieville





Glee Club

MARGARET BROWN

MARY BRYANT

ANNA COLQUITT

HARRIET CONVERSE

NELL CLARK

ROSA HILL

LILY JOINER

MARIE MACINTYRE

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY

ISABEL NORWOOD

JULIA NUZUM

GUSSIE O'NEAL

HAZEL ROGERS

ALMEDIA SADLER

EVELYN WALKER

MARGUERITE WELLS



South Georgia Club

MAE CURRY

HARRIET CONVERSE

MARGARET ROBERTS

LOUISE OBERLY

MARTHA HALL

MAUDE LOTT

ETHEL MCKAY

SARAH HANSELL

FANNIE MARCUS

LOUISE MCARTHUR

MILDRED HCLMES

ANNIS KELLY

FRANCES DUKES

LOUISE McNULTY

ANNA COLQUITT

MAY JOE LOTT

GERTRUDE BRIESENICK

EDNA TAYLOR

PEARL RUDICK

MAUDE CHASON

NELL DUPREE

RUTH HICKS

LILY JOINER



Beamtinnen

Präsidentin	ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN
Vice-Präsidentin	ELEANOR PINKSTON
Sekretarin	KATE CLARKE
Zensorin	MARY CROSSWELL
Schatzmeisterin	HELEN BROWN
Musikdirektorin	RUTH BROWN
Begleiterin	CHARLOTTE JACKSON

PROGRAMM KOMITEE

ELEANOR PINKSTON	Vorsitzenderin
LAVALETTE SLOAN	Fraulein Trebein
RUTH BROWN	Fraulein Almon
ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN	Fraulein Meinhardt



PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

PRESENTS

The Cricket on the Hearth

BY

CHARLES DICKENS

Dramatized by Albert Smith

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ

John Perrybingle (a carrier)	Laura Mel Towers
Mr. Tackleton (a toy maker)	Frances Dukes
Caleb Plummer (his man)	Julia Pratt Smith
Old Gentleman	Helen Brown
Dot (Perrybingle's Wife)	Lavalette Sloan
Bertha (a blind girl)	Geraldine Hood
Mrs. Fielding	Nell McLean
May Fielding	Mary Champe
Tilly Slowboy	Lilly Joiner

ACT I. Interior of John Perrybingle's Cot.age.

ACT II. The abode of Caleb Plummer.

ACT III. Same as Act I.



THE MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

PRESENTS

A Mid-Summer Night's Dream

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Saturday, Dec. 16, 1911

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ

Theseus, Duke of Athens	ANNIE C. McLANE
Lysander } in love with Hermia	{ MARIE MACINTYRE
Demetrius }	{ LULA WHITE
Quince, the Presenter	FRANCES WEST
Lung, the Lion	BEVERLY ANDERSON
Bottom, Pyramus	MAY JOE LOTT
Flute, Thisbe	LOTTIE MAY BLAIR
Snout, Moon	AMEDIA SADLER
Starveling, Wall	KATHERINE KENNEDY
Hippolyta, Queen of Amazons	ALICE BEACH
Hermia, in love with Lysander	CAROL STEARNS
Helena, in love with Demetrius	MARTHA BRENNER
Oberon, King of Fairies	FANNIE G. MAYSON
Titania, Queen of Fairies	ANNA COLQUITT
Puck, a Fairy	ELEANOR PINKSTON

SCENE: *A Wood Near Athens.*

MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

PRESENTING

“As You Like It.”

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

April Seventeenth, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Duke	MATHILDE BRENNER
Amiens	THEODOSIA COBBS
Jaques	ELEANOR PINKSTON
Oliver	FANNIE G. MAYSON
Orlando	CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS
Adam	LOTTIE MAY BLAIR
William	MAY JOE LOTT
Touchstone	LOUISE WELLS
Sylvius	LOIS PATILLO
Corin	ANNIE CHAPIN MCLANE
Rosalind	ANNA COLQUITT
Celia	CAROL STEARNS
Phoebe	THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM
Audrey	MARY LOUISE SPURLOCK

A Box of Monkeys

A Farce

COLLEGE CHAPEL

February 3, 1912

CAST OF CHARACTERS

EDWARD RALSTON	L. H. JOHNSON
A promising young American, half owner of the Surra Gold Mine	
CHAUNCEY OGLETHORPE	C. W. DIECKMANN
His Partner, Second Son of Lord Doncaster	
MRS. ONDEGO-JHONES	LAURA MEL TOWERS
An Admirer of Rank	
SIERRA-BENGALINE	LAVALETTE K. SLOAN
Her Niece, a Prairie Rose	
LADY GUINEVERE LLANDPOGRE	LESLIE SAWTELLE
An English Primrose, daughter of the Earl of Paynaught	



Sessie Harrison

FIRE BRIGADE



R. S. H. Fire Department

LILY JOINER Chief
 LOTTIE MAY BLAIR First Lieutenant

CORRIDOR LIEUTENANTS

ANNA COLQUITT KATHLEEN KENNEDY
 LOUISE McNULTY HELEN SMITH
 EMMA PCPE MOSS HAZEL PETTINGELL

BRIGADE

LAVALETTE SLOAN Leader of Brigade
 ETHEL McCONNELL ROBERTA MORGAN
 ANNIE WEBB FRANCES DUKES
 MAUDE GARY FRANCES WEST
 HATTIE MONTGOMERY SARAH HANSELL
 MARIE McINTYRE IRENE FLEGAL
 GRACE HARRIS MARY HARRIS



Inman Hall Fire Brigade

Eleanor Pinkston, Chief

- FIREMEN

JANETTE NEWTON

MARY BROWN

JULIA NUZUM

FANNIE G. MAYSON

ANTCINETTE BLACKBURN

HAZEL ROGERS

MARGARET HOUSER

RUTH HICKS

LIEUTENANTS

NELL CLARKE

CAROL STEARNS

NELL DUPREE

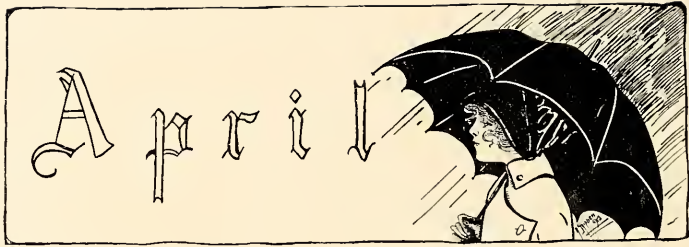
THE FIRE BRIGADE

(In Standard Literature.)

- "'Twas at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet."
(Hamilton and Mallett).
- "And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
(Thomson).
- "And on a sudden, lo!
Rose an arm clothed in white
And brandished him three times—"
(Tennyson).
- "— A midnight bell —"
(Fletcher).
- "With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang!"
(Milton).
- The voice is on the rolling air—"
(Tennyson).
- "Wake thou!"
(Shelley).
- "Turn thee, turn thee, on thy pillow!"
(Tennyson).
- "Rise and put on your foliage . . .
Take no care for jewels and for hair!"
(Herrick).
- "Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."
(Milton).
- "And from them 'rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation."
(Tennyson).
- "With stammering voice and insufficient sound."
(Elizabeth Browning).
- "But she that rose the tallest of them all . . .
Howled aloud, 'I am on fire!'"
(Tennyson).
- "'Stretch forth thy hand,' thus ended she
'And help a wretched maid to flee!'"
(Coleridge).
- "More she had spake but yawned,"
(Pope).
- "Methought I heard a voice cry,
Sleep no more!"
(Shakespeare).
- "She rose, and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be and were not fast,"
(Coleridge).
- "And all the girls were out."
(Meredith).
- "In marching order as spread of long-necked cranes."
(Arnold).
- "But such a tide as moving seems asleep."
(Tennyson).



1911 CALENDAR 1912



1. Saturday—No picnic in "Fool's Paradise" this year, but something which surprised all parties concerned—a HOLIDAY!
2. Sunday—Result of the dissipation of a holiday: too few at Sunday School to have classes.
3. Monday—Freshmen entertain Juniors in Ireland, Japan, Spain, Holland, France and the United States. Sophs jealous, but nothing to be done.
4. Tuesday—Some of the Juniors fail to show up at classes.
6. Thursday—Academy plays, "To Meet Mr. Thompson" and "The Bull Terrier and the Baby."
9. Sunday—Miss Sturgess' canary bird is indisposed.
10. Monday—Yearly performance of alumnae, "Living Pictures."
12. Wednesday—Rejoicing in psychology, ethics and Bible. Mr. Armstrong has gone to Presbytery.
14. Friday—All hands to work, clothes baskets, wheelbarrows and aprons—we moved into the new library.
16. Sunday—Early morning serenade by the white winged Easter angels (?)
17. Monday—Allie Candler entertained the Propylean Literary Society at a beautiful reception. Excellent presentation of "As You Like It" by the Mnemosynean Literary Society.
21. Friday—New student government officers elected.
26. Wednesday—Freshmen go to see the wonderful parade of old Confederate Soldiers, feeling it their duty on account of a holiday.
27. Thursday—The Georgia Electric Railway Co. send the first car on their private line between Agnes Scott and the Auditorium, for Grand Opera has begun.
28. Friday—Dr. Arbuckle forgets his geology class.
29. Saturday—The long expected educational inspector arrived today. Consternation among faculty and students.
30. Sunday—Dr. Sweet's office crowded with excuse-seekers. Marvelous tales of Africa from an old Agnes Scott girl, Bessie Sentelle Martin.

May



1. Monday—May day—but no may-pole dances in the rain.
2. Tuesday—Hot discussion in arbitrary committee of the two societies. Miss Louise Wells insisted that debators shall stand with right foot advanced four and three-fourths inches, left hand held firmly, palm inward, at left side and eyes fixed steadily on Dr. Armistead, who shall stand in the rear of the chapel.
3. Wednesday—Startling case of measles developed in Junior class. Tennis tournament progresses.
6. Saturday—Invitations out for the Junior banquet.
8. Monday—Moonlight nights enjoyed by all. Excellent opportunities for "crushes."
10. Wednesday—Last day of classes for the semester.
11. Thursday—Lamentations! Exams! "Woe is we."
13. Saturday—Geology chase bugs and rocks through unheard-of stages.
17. Wednesday—And again I say recitals!
Eleanor P.: "Colie, you know anybody who's going to that musical?"
Eleanor C.: "No, but I heard the organ going."
18. Thursday—Academy cantata for the fortunate ones.
19. Friday—Junior banquet—event of the year.
20. Saturday—Class day. Sprig of ivy planted by the new library.
21. Sunday—Stately procession headed by the black-robed Seniors marches to church in Decatur. P. M.—Seniors hold forth at Y. W. C. A.
- 22.—Monday—The cats are turned loose—Glee Club!
23. Tuesday—Eventful day. The common herd feasted on chicken salad at twelve. The quaking Seniors enter the dining hall on the arms of their predecessors at two o'clock and feasting and drinking lasts till five-thirty. Word fight, commonly called "Debate," ensues between the two societies, under the valiant leadership of Miss L. K. Sloan, the "Props" come out on top. Pellissier, ethics, trig, and a few other beloved books are fondly cast into the seething flames by the Seniors.
24. Wednesday—All-day speaking and dinner on the grounds. All the Seniors get their tassels twisted. Eight speeches from the four corners of the earth. Dr. Gaines gets the keys and now all the new buildings can be locked.
Fare thee well! Fare thee well!
Tears, idle tears!



26. Friday—Home! All sleep late and have breakfast in bed, a college girl's ideal.
June—Agnes Scott delegation sails for parts unknown. Agnes Scott represented at various University commencements. She also does not fail to have a fair representation at the Asheville Summer Conference.
24. July—Agnes Scott foreign delegation hold quite a reunion in Germany.
August—Usual summer flirtation at the seaside and in the mountains (no visible results, however).
- 12-15. September—Dressmakers and dentists patronized. Supplies of soap, tooth paste, powder and writing material. Fathers wonder if such things can not be bought in the great Atlanta.
15. Friday—(At A. S. C.) Brushes and sapolio appear.
16. Saturday—Little purple and white badges sent out to be pinned on the left shoulder to catch Mr. Bachman.
17. Sunday—(At Home). "Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae fond kiss, alas! forever!"
19. Tuesday—Vacation ended.
- Farewell, vain world, with all thy joys!
Farewell to home, farewell to boys!
Decreed it is that we must part,
(Ah, hush thee now, thou tell-tale heart)
Asundered ways from this loved spot.
You to Georgia, I to Agnes Scott.
Farewell vain world with all thy joys!
Farewell to home, farewell to boys!



19. Tuesday—Julia Pratt Smith and Ruth Slack arrive on the scene to help Dr. Gaines open college.
20. Wednesday—Under the “protecting arm,” the Virginia delegation arrive on the early morning train.
21. Thursday—More new girls! Formal opening of the session. Freshmen are requested to bring handkerchiefs when they appear before the classification.
22. Friday—Entrance exams begin.
23. Saturday—Several girls move into the main building. Regular classes meet. Y. W. C. A. reception. Mr. Olivier makes his debut in Agnes Scott society.
24. Sunday—The Decatur boys begin attending church again.
25. Monday—Astronomy class begins with a comet—fatal sign!
26. Tuesday—The pens of German 2 are dumb before Miss Trebein’s fluency. Y. W. C. A. lawn party.
27. Wednesday—“Y. W.” rushing waxes exciting.
28. Thursday—Onslaught begins in dead earnest. “Newies” fed by the M. L. S.
29. Friday—Further feeding for the “newies” by P. L. S.
30. Saturday—No rest for the “newies,” M. L. S. “prom.”

'Tis certainly true
'Tis lonely to be new,
But—
There's entrance exams
For which one crams;
And—
Rushing's quite a bore,

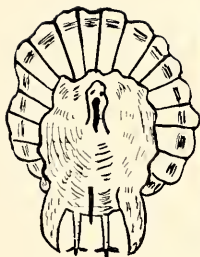
To walk up the floor
And
Right down again,
Walk, walk, without end.
Then—
Sunday thoughts of ma,
And we away so far!



1. Sunday—Rushing transferred to church and Y. W. meeting.
2. Monday—Again the “rushees” are rushed. They make their last appearance at the P. L. S. prom.
3. Tuesday—Mr. Maclean requests Miss Hopkins to forbid screaming in the society halls.
4. Wednesday—Final decision! M. L. S.? P. L. S.?
6. Friday—Biology class begins their grasshopper chase.
7. Saturday—The new girls make their formal introduction into society.
9. Monday—Why is a Freshman like a watermelon? Soph: Because she’s green outside and fresh inside. Evidently the Sophs didn’t consider her green enough for they painted the Freshmen green in the wee small hours—but forgot the turpentine.

Little drops of turpentine,
Little drops of paint,
Make a cunning Freshmen
Out of one that ain’t.

10. Tuesday—Freshmen have rattlers and bibs for breakfast. Twenty-four Freshmen spent the night in Room 39.
11. Wednesday—Cautious Sophs arise at four to be on the watch. Innocent Freshmen sleep on.
12. Thursday—Astronomy class ascend the ladder to the “observatory” on Science Hall roof.
14. Saturday—Miss Colton makes her farewell address to the girls before her departure to Korea.
16. Monday—Propyleans delightfully entertained by Allie Candler. Freshmen have a white-robed parade and dance around a witch’s fire. Dr. Patton calls up to know if there’s anything the matter.
18. Wednesday—Fresh vs. Soph in baseball. Sophs beat 11 to 10.
19. Thursday—What’ll happen next? Agnes Scott girls go to see “Madame Sherry.”
20. Friday—Senior class wax enthusiastic among their pots and pans.
23. Monday—Miss Berry talks of the mountain school.
24. Tuesday—Younger members of faculty substitute theatre for faculty meeting.
26. Thursday—Anne McLane and May Joe Lott wish to drop astronomy. Mr. Olivier objects.
28. Saturday—Alabama football boys take possession of A. S. C. parlors.

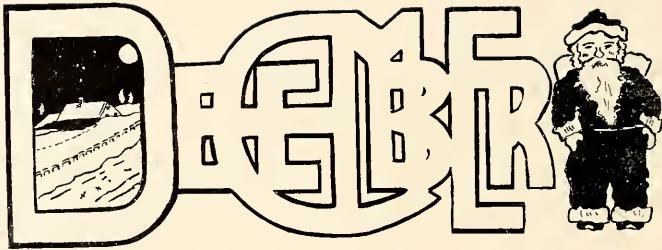


NOVEMBER

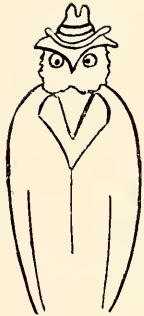
1. Wednesday—The astronomy class again make a graceful ascent to gaze at the heavenly bodies.
3. Friday—Cornelia Cooper cut her English 6 class.
5. Sunday—L. S. "crushed to the earth;" here's hoping she'll "rise again."
7. Tuesday—Inman Hall converted into a manse.
8. Wednesday—Preachers take the place. Agnes opens her arms by a reception.
11. Saturday—Ninuzza calls on Miss Markley.
13. Monday—Miss Hopkins announces in dining hall that if any one has any old clothes to please take them to Miss Anna Colquitt.
14. Tuesday—Miss Hopkins lectures to college girls according to Robert Herrick's theme, "There's not a budding boy or girl this day but is got up."
20. Monday—Miss Sawtelle and Mr. Olivier chaperone a party of teachers and girls to Stone Mountain.
21. Tuesday—First meeting of "Deutsche Gesellschaft." Nellie Fargason escapes through the window.
22. Wednesday—Annual staff threatened with popularity.
27. Monday dinner.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

28. Tuesday—Aesthetic gymnastics begin. Guaranteed to make a stick graceful.
30. Thursday—Turkey day. Miss Sturgess arises to the occasion and general rejoicing ensues. Centerpieces of fruit borne away to the orphans.
A box from home,
Some cake and meat;
A sigh, a groan—
Then Doctor Sweet!



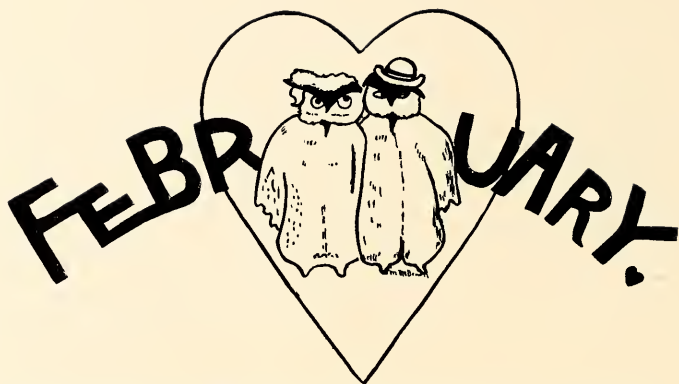
1. Friday—The Senior class, they made some cake,
 All on a winter's day,
 And put it in the stove to bake,
 And there they let it stay.
 But when the cake was broken
 Miss Richardson did cry:
 “ 'Tis tougher than whit-leather;
 Eat it and you will die!”
4. Monday—“Deutsche Gesellschaft” again holds a convocation.
5. Mr. Olivier's numerous questions startle his students.
9. Saturday—Match basket ball game of season. Score: Seniors 36 vs. Juniors
 10. Sophs 11 vs. Freshs, 14. Miss Sawtelle entertains teams afterward.
 In the hours of night,
 Freshmen dressed in white;
 Shouting o'er the game
 Danced around the flame
 Until Miss Hopkins came,
 Then the Freshmen all in white
 Betook themselves to flight.
13. Wednesday—Arrival of an Agnes Scott granddaughter—Marie Randolph Mc-
 Afee.
15. Friday—Seniors don their caps and gowns under the auspices of Dr. Gaines and
 Miss Richardson.
16. Saturday—Christmas shopping begins. Kresses' popular. Mnemosynean Society
 present “Mid Summer Night's Dream.”
18. Monday—Faculty delightfully entertained by home economics class. German Club
 Christmas tree.
19. Tuesday—Packing in full sway.
20. Wednesday—All off for the holidays.



JANUARY



3. Wednesday—Sad return to prison walls. Girls talk all night relating Christmas conquests.
4. Thursday—Classes begin.
Backward, turn backward! O time on your way,
Make it Christmas again just for to-day!
7. Sunday—Ground all covered with snow. Girls going to church have to have protection from Decatur boys. Snow men spring up like mushrooms.
8. Monday—"Fire! Fire! Pour on water!" Excitement when the brigade was called out; but they went back to bed—and the house burned down.
13. Saturday—Another beautiful world of snow. Maud Gary in her glory again.
16. Tuesday—Last classes for the first semester.
17. Wednesday—Exams! Exams!
- 17-27. No news in Agnes Scott world save news of private interest—failure or flunk.
25. Thursday—Can't get ahead of Inman. They had to have a fire, too, even if it was the White House.
27. Saturday—Steam let off by means of the Y. W. kid party.
Little Freshie gladly sings,
Exec's untied its apron strings!
She can go to town alone,
Go without a chaperon!



2. Friday—(Mr. Dieckmann coming in for rehearsal plays softly on the organ) :

“What ails this sound?
It dances, jumps around
As if some spirit fell
Had on it cast enchanted spell!”

Then to the organ door he hied
And the organ lock he tried;
“What! Locked?” cried he,
“Into it surely then I’ll see.”

With efforts sure, he ope’d the door,
And mounted to the second floor;
Aghast he stood. “Well, I do tell!
Live spirits in the swell!”

3. Saturday—“The Box of Monkeys” is opened and proves the greatest success yet achieved on the Agnes Scot stage. Mr. Dieckmann is the graceful recipient of a beautiful bouquet. Emma Pope Moss and Ruth Slack get in free.
4. Sunday—Suspicious smoke discovered in several Rebekah Scott rooms.
6. Tuesday—Delegation off to Chattanooga. Marion Black, Lily Joiner and Hazel Pettingell manifest the true convention habit.
8. Thursday—Home economics class visits Nunnally’s and the superintendent rashly said, “Help yourself to candy.”
14. Wednesday—Valentine parties abound.
15. Annual Staff grows gray headed in a day.
22. Thursday—George Washington Scott’s birthday—a holiday for his granddaughter, Agnes. Sophomores entertain the Seniors.





JOERG
PRESIDENT

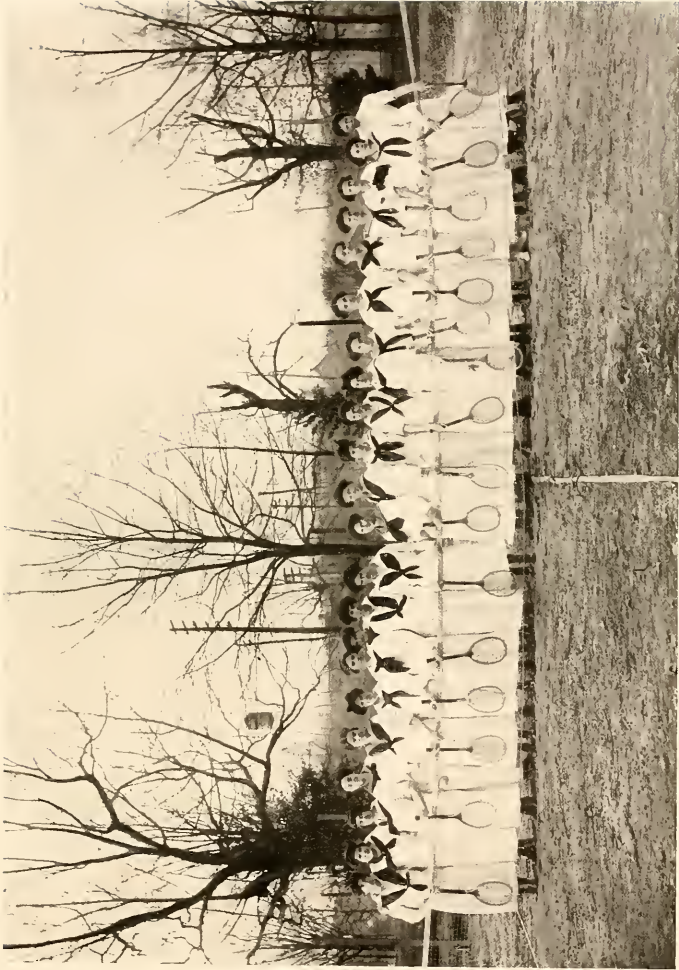


WEBB
VICE PRES.



DUKES
SECY. & TREAS.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



TENNIS CLUB



Base Ball Team

LINE UP

Catcher	NELL CLARK
First Base	ANNA COLQUITT
Second Base.	MARY CHAMPE
Short Stop	ZOLLIE McARTHUR
Third base	CHARLOTTE JACKSON
Right Field	KATHERINE KENNEDY
Left Field	KATHLEEN KENNEDY
Pitcher	GRACE HARRIS
Coach	MR. JOHNSON



Senior Basket Ball Team

LINE UP

SUSETTE JOERG	}	Forwards
RUTH SLACK			
ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN	}	Centers
MAY JOE LOTT			
MARIE MACINTYRE	}	Guards
FANNIE G. MAYSON			

(Champions for four years)



Junior Basket Ball Team

LINE UP

ELEANOR PINKSTON	}	Guards
MARY ENZCR			
FLCRENCE SMITH	}	Forwards
ANNIE WEBB			
MARY LOUISE MANESS	}	Centers
LILY JOINER			



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

LINE UP

ANNA COLQUITT	}	Forwards
GRACE HARRIS			
HELEN BROWN	}	Centers
MARY CHAMPE			
MARGARET BROWN (Sub)			
KATHERINE KENNEDY	}	Guards
MARY PITTARD			
CHARLOTTE JACKSON (Sub)			



Freshman Basket Ball Team

LINE UP

LOIS CUNNINGHAM	}	Forwards
MAUD GARY			
MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER	}	Centers
KATHERINE PARKER			
RUTH COFER	}	Guards
ANNIE IRWIN			

JOKES



The Point of View.

J. H. S. P. C. H. '92

Two Visits

Little Miss Freshie (may her sins decrease)!
Awoke one night from a dream of peace
And saw within the candle-light of her room
Making it sad like a day of gloom,
"Chape" writing in the book of doom.
Exceeding fear had made Miss Freshie bold,
And to the presence in the room she said,
"What writest thou?" Now "Chape" then raised her head,
And with a look of "restrictions" accord,
Answered, "The names of those who offend the law."
"And is mine one?" said Freshie. "Yea, 'tis so,"
Replied the "Pres." Fresh spoke more low
But cherrily still, "I pray you then,
Write me as one who in the least offends."
Then Chape wrote and vanished. The next night
She came again with great awakening light
And showed the names of those with restrictions blessed,
And lo! Maid Freshman's name led all the rest.

LIDIE TORREY MINTER.

In Ethics Class: Why is Nellie Fargason so fond of repeating the word obligate? Can you guess?

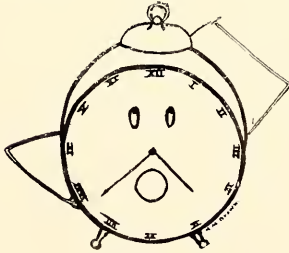
To My Alarm Clock

Upon the chair beside my bed
The faithful alarm clock stands.
My clock, a trusty friend to be,
With steady, out-stretched hands,
And the tie that binds us each to each
Is strong as iron bands.

Week in, week out, e'er morning light
You can hear his jolly ring,
You can hear him sing his shrilly song
The length of every wing.
At half-past four, from my deep sleep
I am startled by his ding.

Chilling, thrilling, stilling
'Round and around he goes,
He wakes me to another task;
To-day it's Latin prose.
It must be done e'er breakfast
At the expense of a night's repose.

I reckon thanks is due to thee
For the lessons thou hast made;
Thus do we toil at A. S. C.
With the faithful alarm clock's aid;
Thus do we burn the mid-night oil
And rise e'er the night stars fade.



From the Glee Club

Model Girls of A. S. C.

We are heroines of this story true
Girls of A. S. C. Girls of A. S. C.
Models of decorum, examples to you
Oh the model girls of A. S. C.
We never broke a rule or regulation
Don't know what it is to flunk examination
All of our virtues defy tabulation
Oh, the model girls of A. S. C.

We are so industrious—we love to work
Girls of A. S. C. Girls of A. S. C.
None of our duties do we ever shirk
Oh! the model girls of A. S. C.
Studying is always our chief occupation
Not enough to do is our worst tribulation
We've no time for men in our calculation
Oh, the model girls of the A. S. C.

We never eat indigestible messes
Girls of A. S. C. Girls of A. S. C.
We never wear those horrid hobble dresses
Oh the model girls of A. S. C.
After lights we never, never get a knock
We are the joy and comfort of the Proc
Our dear Miss Hopkins we never shock
Oh the model girls of A. S. C.

This of our story is the short and long
Girls of A. S. C. Girls of A. S. C.
This is the end of our little song
Oh the model girls of A. S. C.
We always act just as we're besought to
And if you doubt this, well then you ought to
Because we are model girls of A. S. C.

The Freshman and the Yeast

Along came a Freshman to Agnes Scott
Sing-song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o
Of knowledge and power she sought not
Sing-Song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o

The first assignment was a regular course
Sing-song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o
At first she tried then cried herself hoarse
Sing-song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o

She went to Lab. in Domestic Science
Sing-song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o
To try her hand at "food appliance"
Sing-song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o

One cup of flour, a pinch of salt
Of yeast four cakes (or so she thought)
Then knead all day and leave to rise
The next day came nib with a good surprise.

The rolls looked great and Freshie did eat
Sing-song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o
But oh those four big cakes of yeast
(Spoken)

Given four cakes of yeast to one girl to prove:
The result, (sack is blown up).

They buried poor Freshie up in a tree
Sing-song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o
That others passing, the martyr might see,
Sing-song, Kitty-hitchy-ki-me-o



And Their Names were Maude

Once on a time at Agnes Scott
Freshie Maude Gary and Freshie Maude Lott,
Who'd never seen snow until that day,
Went out together to romp and play.
On Rebekah Scott porch they made a snow man
And dressed him all up so spick and so span
In full evening dress (except his red hat.)
And there on the porch many a day he sat;
Till out at last came the cruel sun
And spoiled what these Freshies had done.



A Parody

A fool there was and she did not think
 (Even as you and I.)
Of the toil and the oil and the pots of ink,
Of marks and how they needs must sink,
And she took Arm's Comp. as quick as a wink
 (Even as you and I.)

Oh, the hours we waste and the tears we waste,
 And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the course we can not do,
(Which now we know we never can do)
 And never can understand.

Of the toil we lost, mid-night oil we lost,
 And the excellent things we planned;
Arm says, "do you think they are really worth while?"
And now we know they are not worth while,
 And we wonder where we'll land.

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
 That stings like a white-hot brand.
It's coming to know that we've got to hop
And write for that course we can not drop,
 Why?—we can not understand.

Azella



HE lives in the storm, in the very stormiest part of it. She is the only whiteness to be found in all the deep darkness, but Azella controls it as she does everything and in her power lies its deep mightiness. To find her all other things must be put aside; you must think of her only and then sometimes she comes.

Often and when I need her most she will come and whisper that she, and she only, loves me truly. And I—well, always I have loved her and revered the very fierceness that brings her, that talks of her, that soothes me. I whisper her name; she is near me and I am strong.

Last night I needed her. I wanted her terribly. The thunder pealed, the lightning flashed, but there was no Azella. Somehow I could not get my mind off of other things enough to think of her only. I was disappointed and discouraged, for the storm was nearly over and I had not found her. But I did not give up—Azella despises that. "Ah, Azella, if I could tell you. If you could only know."

Then suddenly I saw her—not as she usually was, but somehow I knew her; it was my Azella. She was all red and dazzling and flashed into my dream, even more real to me than ever before.

"Now, I'm going to show you my real self; it is not white, but red, true red."

Then she came closer and I could see into the truest part of her—it was all as real and vivid and decided as the scarlet of her. And I knew as I had never known before that I loved her far above anything or any one. Then I saw that she was more to me than a childish fancy, more than favorite fairness—more even than the mere spirit that lived in the storm. She saw that I knew; it was what she had waited for.

"I'm going out of your sight. But not from your mind; not from your life. I'll come, and I am yours, only yours. And you are mine."

But Azella waited not for an answer. She, too, had looked deep down into my soul, as I into hers. She fled on the wheels of the storm. But as she went a great breath of perfume came back to me—it was real, enchanting, strong, even; yes, it was the scarlet fragrance the storm breathed back for me, for Azella.

LIDIE TORREY MINTER, '14.

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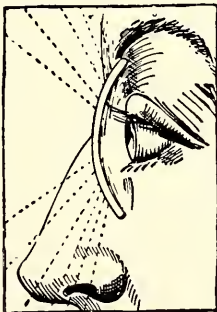
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