

SILBOVETNE



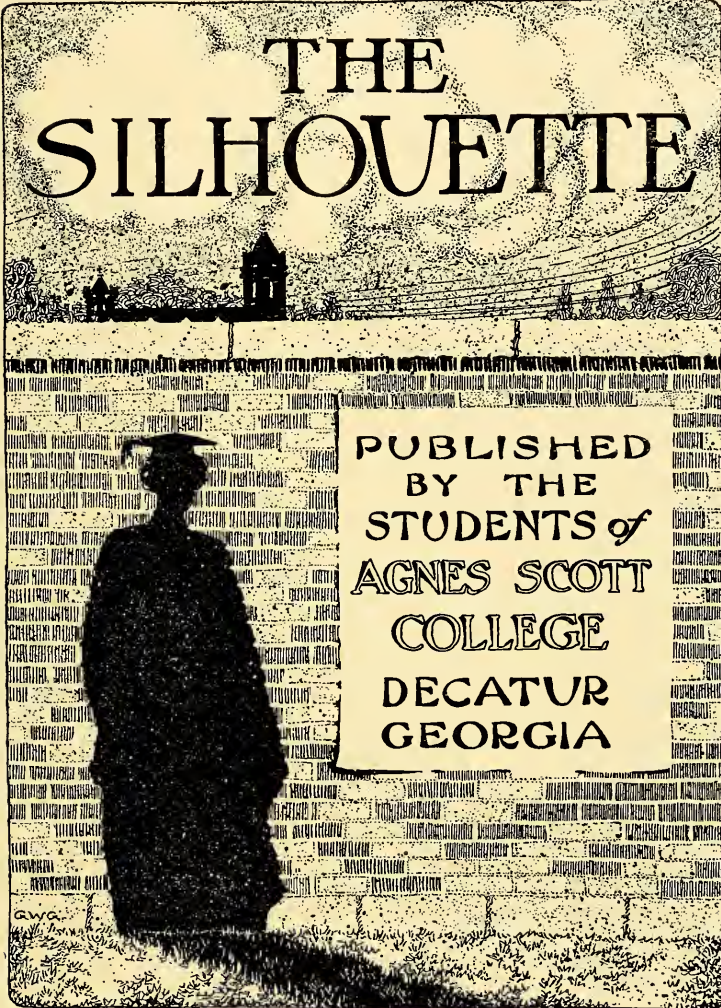
Theodora Cobbs.

R. S. H. 17-



THE LONG WALK

THE SILHOUETTE



PUBLISHED
BY THE
STUDENTS of
AGNES SCOTT
COLLEGE
DECATUR
GEORGIA

G.W.G.



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SENIOR CLASS

EPILOGUE

THE SILHOUETTE

THE Editors do not offer any apology for the rather unusual form in which this volume of THE SILHOUETTE is presented, believing, and at least sincerely trusting, that the change from the conventional and time-honored year-book will meet with approval, and will make amends for all crudities that may be apparent.

However, for the plan of the book let us say that we are, of course, under obligations to "Everywoman," the modern morality play by Walter Browne.



To
express our appreciation for all that he has done,
in loyalty and faithfulness to the
students of
Agnes Scott,
we dedicate this volume to
J. D. M. Armistead

 THE SILHOUETTE 

Everygirl
and
Her Pilgrimage
In Quest of Learning.
Being
a Semi-Dramatic
and Wholly Veracious
Chronicle
In Four Canticles and Divers Scenes.



THE SILHOUETTE



Prologue

Nobody

Lo! I, Nobody, since the fate of Everygirl I know,
Am here to speak this prologue,—tell you how she came to go
To Agnes Scott, where all the scenes in this our drama lie:
When Everygirl did conquer high school and for college sigh,
As then she deeply pondered, standing with reluctant feet
Just where those sharp divisions known as brook and river meet,
Then suddenly stood Rumor, mirrored in the crystal stream,
And spake with words well painted, and with voice as in a dream:
“I, Rumor, sent from Agnes Scott to speak to all the fair
Am come to tell you of all the pleasant things that wait you there.
There Learning, whom you wish to seek, doth hold his councils dread
To which do flock all languages—the living and the dead;
And Science, Art, and Lit'rature, the servants of this king,
Are taught by young professors wise, who know 'most everything.
For her who comes to seek him and her life at college lives
Great Learning has a B. A. which he after four years gives.”
Thus saying, Rumor vanished. Everygirl cried on the spot,—
“Oh, I will seek thee, Learning, and I'll go to Agnes Scott!”



THE SILHOUETTE

CANTICLE I

The Land of Innocence

SCENE I

She Enters the Underpass

Everygirl dismounts from the Decatur car with Nobody.

EVERYGIRL (*looking about in dismay*):

Can this place here be Agnes Scott?

NOBODY:

No, I assure you it is not;
This place is but the underpass.

EVERYGIRL:

I can not go through there, alas!

NOBODY:

Great learning must be reached through here;
Nobody's with you, never fear;
Nobody carries your suit-case;
Nobody sees your frightened face.

Everygirl starts resolutely through. She is met half-way by Homesickness, her little dog.

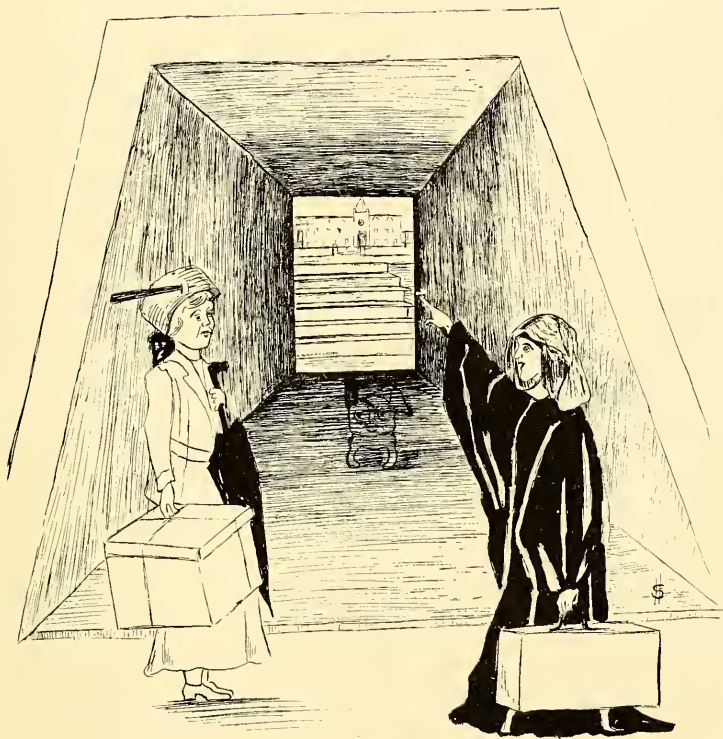
EVERYGIRL (*in great distress*):

Homesickness, doggie, go away!
This is no place for you to stay.

(*aside*):

My first night out of home for years—
I'll let Nobody see my tears.
Homesickness will not dog my steps,
For pleasant comp'ny always helps.

(*Continued on Page 12*)



 THE SILHOUETTE 

SCENE 2

She Joins the Innocents

Hall in Main Building. Crowd of Innocents stand before door of Classification Committee Room and talk in awed whispers.

TIMIDITY FRESHMAN:

They say the Three Fates stay in there,
All fierce and wise beyond compare.
They ask you everything you know,
And scare you till you have no show.

BOASTFULNESS FRESHMAN:

Pshaw! I have here a little note
That dear Miss High School for me wrote
To tell them that I passed with ease,
And they must put me where I please.

Door opens and Everygirl stumbles out.

TIMIDITY:

Poor thing! She does look *awful* blue!

CHORUS:

Oh, tell us quick! What did they do?

EVERYGIRL:

Oh, don't ask me! I'm scared to death;
They talked me till I'm out of breath.
I to the Innocents belong.
(*I should be Sophomore; they are wrong.*)
They gave me sixteen hours, they say.
How *can* I work that much a day?

Homesickness greets her. Minnie Make-Believe Dignity ambles up and addresses the crowd with aristocratic indifference.



THE SILHOUETTE



MINNIE MAKE-BELIEVE DIGNITY:

If Everygirl is standing near,
I have a message for her.

EVERYGIRL (*in excitement*):

Here!

MINNIE MAKE-BELIEVE DIGNITY:

I have just took the message down:—
Sir Georgia Tech has come to town.
He tried to get you yesterday,
And wants to see you right away.

EVERYGIRL:

He wants to take me to the show;
I'll go and phone him that I'll go!

CHORUS OF INNOCENTS:

You can not go to town alone.

MINNIE MAKE-BELIEVE DIGNITY:

The students does not use the phone.

(Continued on Page 20)

THE SILHOUETTE

Freshman Class

MEMBERS

HELEN ALLISON	ANNIE MARY FULLER	DOROTHY MUSTIN
LILLIAN ANDERSON	ELOISE GAY	ALVICE MYATT
LUCILE BOYD	FLORA GAILLARD	LOUISE OBERLEY
MARTHA BRADSHAW	ORA GLENN	MARGARET PHYTHIAN
EMMEE BRANHAM	EVELYN GOODE	EVA POWERS
CLARA BRIENICK	RUBY GRAY	MALINDA ROBERTS
CORINNE BRIGGS	RAY HARVISON	MADGE ROBERTS
ELIZABETH BURKE	CHARIS HOOD	ESTHER ROGERS
PAULINE BYRD	MAHOTA HORN	JANIE ROGERS
ANNIE CAMERON	JOSIE JONES	MARTHA ROSS
LORINE CARTER	LILLIAN JOHNSON	LAVENAH VINSON
SUSIE CHRISTIE	MARY WILL KENNON	MAGARA WALDRON
LAURA COOPER	REBEKAH LACKEY	PEARLE WATERS
LOUISE DUPRÉ	KATHERINE LINDAMOOD	ALICE WEATHERLY
LOUISA FAUCETTE	SUE MCEACHERN	CLARA WEEKS
MARY FERGUSON	JULIE MACINTYRE	CLARA WHIPS
LUCILE FINNEY	GENEVIEVE McMILLAN	ELIZABETH WILLET
MARGARET FIELDS	LULA McMURRAY	LOUISE WILSON





THE SILHOUETTE



Freshman Class

COLORS: Blue and White

FLOWER: White Rose

MOTTO: "*Agis quod agis*"

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

MARGARET PHYTHIAN.....PRESIDENT

JULIE MCINTYRE.....VICE-PRESIDENT

JOSIE JONES.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

SECOND TERM

JULIE MCINTYRE.....PRESIDENT

GENEVIEVE McMILLAN.....VICE-PRESIDENT

ALICE WEATHERLY.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

LILLIAN JOHNSON, CLASS POET

ALVICE MYATT, CLASS HISTORIAN



FRESHMAN CLASS

THE SILHOUETTE

Freshman History

FRESH from the home and its sacred fireside; from the little church where the sunlight came through the old, stained windows; fresh from the graduating class where flowers and frills and furbelows made our new dignity glorious; fresh from the social circle in which we were about to be acknowledged as "ladies"; just fresh,—that's all!

The family circle announced the decision: The graduate could go to college. Wet eyes and good-byes. A seat in the Pullman—loneliness, desolation, and heart-longings. The trip made, and then the crowds of strange faces and unfamiliar scenes and streets. The college reached—up the long, front walk, past the groups of whispering, laughing girls, and into the tall, brick buildings, imposing in their cold newness. Our Freshman history had indeed begun, and the rapid succession of the past few days was left a misty, incoherent dimness in our minds. "Alices in Wonderland," we were soon royally initiated into the unknown mysteries of the "rat's" life by the serious and impressionistic orders of the Sophs. Expected to cringe before their awe-inspiring dignity and imperious demands, our Freshman mind turned to the all-absorbing question of the day—arbitration. Why make a barbarous repetition of the fight of days gone by? Why, just because one cold, bleak morning a troop of white apparitions interrupted our dreams of home and made us a ghostly presentation of a "set of rules," display an ante-bellum spirit? By quiet submission to the letter of the law we triumphantly turned the tables on the Sophs, and, by our action, made an appeal to reason, which suspended the "factious warfare" of the previous ages. The Freshmen, poor, ignorant, untried babies, proved the great pacificators of the day and set a precedent worthy of exemplification by the classes which are yet to come to Agnes Scott. Three cheers for our Freshman Class of 1916 which settled the discordant element toward the Sophs by the heretofore untried plan of arbitration!

THE SILHOUETTE

The year over, the trunk packed, the station reached. Homeward bound.
The Freshman year complete. Good-byes. More wet eyes. The bell rings.
Home again! May every Freshman of the year 1913 carry to the home of
her childhood that freshness of ardor, purity, and purpose that make college
life worth while! And may that home-coming after the first year at college
ever be a fresh, new wreath upon the brow of every true girl who awaits this
blessed time!

A. M., '16.

Freshman Class Poem

Here's to our Freshman year of college life!
Here's to its hope and fear, its toil and strife,
Its brightness and despair, its gloom and fun;
Here's to the things we've learned with bitter tears,
Here's to the things we've tried with foolish fears,
Here's to the things we've planned for future years.—
The things we've done and those we've left undone!

Perhaps we've lost some battles bravely fought,
Perhaps the victories won were dearly bought:
What matters that if ours is not the blame?
Missteps and errors often must creep in:
To err unwittingly is not to sin:
Our best ideals we can never win:—
'Tis only lack of effort calls for shame.

Behind, then, let us leave all vain regret:
Our tears, our cares, our worries let's forget.
And bravely look the future in the face.
Without a pause for shirking or for rest.
On let us march,—on, on, with noble zest,
To turn our "good" to "better" and to "best,"
And win by worthy work an honored place.

L. J., '16.

THE SILHOUETTE

SCENE 3

She Meets Piety

Piety and Everygirl come in arm in arm.

PIETY:

Y. W. sends a bid by me
To ask you for your company.
To help run Homesickness away,
She holds a reception to-day.
If you will wear your calling card,
To meet the girls will not be hard.
They'll entertain you in the shade,
While Charlotte serves you lemonade.

(Continued on Page 26)





Cabinet of Young Women's Christian Association

OFFICERS

President.....	CHARLOTTE JACKSON	Secretary.....	LOTTIE MAY BLAIR
Vice-President.....	MARION BLACK	Treasurer.....	ELIZABETH JOINER
	JACKSON	McCONNELL	BLACK
	BLAIR	ENZOR	HARRIS
	COBBS	TOWERS	HILL

Young Women's Christian Association



WORKING ever toward a more complete fulfillment of the motto, "To bring every girl to Christ, to build her up in Christ, to send her out for Christ," the Young Women's Christian Association of Agnes Scott has come to be one of the most potent factors in the life of the college. With the constant help and sympathy of the Faculty and a spirit of hearty coöperation from the students, it has been an inspiring task to seek a carrying out of the lines of work planned by the various committees; and, to crown the whole, there has been divine blessing greater than could be asked or thought.

A membership of ninety-five per cent. of the student body; nine mission study classes; forty-six girls enrolled in the Bible study classes, besides those who are studying the International Sunday-School Lessons; a budget of six hundred and forty dollars; and a strong spirit of comradeship and mutual interest among the girls,—these are some of the things which have brought about greater usefulness of the Association during the past year.

Among the many sources of inspiration and of spiritual benefit, there stands out preëminently the Young Women's Christian Association Council in November, when Agnes Scott had as guests representatives from various Georgia schools, who were led in a study of more effectual Association methods by Miss Oolooah Burner, Miss Anna D. Casler, Miss Mary Dudley Powell, and Miss Mary Fleming Porter. We also had the privilege of having a series of meetings in February conducted by Miss Bertha Condé of New York, the senior secretary of the National Board.

Thus, as we look back on the work of the past and catch a vision of greater things yet to be accomplished, we feel that "surely goodness and mercy have followed us," and that we can work with deeper interest until the Association shall bring every girl at Agnes Scott to the broadest development,—physically, socially, mentally, spiritually,—to "the fullness of the measure of the stature of Christ."

C. JACKSON, '14.

THE SILHOUETTE

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION
OF THE
GEORGIA STUDENTS' MISSIONARY LEAGUE
ROME, GEORGIA
NOVEMBER 8, 9 and 10, 1912

DELEGATES

LAURA MEL TOWERS
FRANCES DUKES
RUTH BLUE
MARTHA BRENNER

CHARLOTTE JACKSON
SALLIE CARRERE
CHARIS HOOD
MARY KELLY

MISS EDITH APPELYARD, CHAPERON

Always will November the eighth, ninth and tenth, of the year nineteen hundred and twelve, stand out as the happiest and most well-spent days in the lives of nine persons who were so fortunate as to attend the Georgia Students' Missionary League at Rome. So much happened in those few days, each moment being filled with something that we wanted to remember to bring back to our fellow-students. And oh! how we longed for each girl at Agnes Scott to share with us those inspiring gatherings where our souls came in touch with such wonderful and enthusiastic men as Rev. Chas. Hounshell, Dr. F. W. Ayers, and Prof. Chas. R. Foster and others. Never can we tell of the feeling which overcame us when we visited the Berry School. This is such a wonderful place and we, as Agnes Scott girls, feel a keen interest in this school. Girls could not be more enthusiastic than we are.

The atmosphere of the whole Convention was overpowering. The gathering of so many students, all with the same purpose, brought more clearly than ever to each delegate the truth of this purpose and what it really means to us and especially to others.

No college could have been more hospitable than Shorter; none could have been more suited for the Convention; and no days could have been more profitable spent than those memorable days of the 1912 Convention.



DELEGATES TO ROME



THE SILHOUETTE



SCENE 4

She Meets Society

Everygirl passes by on a rush with Society.

Homesickness, deserted, weeps.

HOMESICKNESS (*between sobs*):

Now Everygirl is rushing round so much,
She treats me like a *dog*, I do declare.
She's going out to walks and feasts and such,
And she doesn't see poor Homesickness in there.
She talks with all the other Innocents;
They simply can not tell you what to do,
For they all know "green" stands for "ignorance";
And yet you feel "homesick" if you are "blue."

(Continued on Page 49)





THE SILHOUETTE



Propylean Literary Society

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

LAVALETTE SLOAN.....	PRESIDENT
FRANCES DUKES.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
HELEN SMITH.....	SECRETARY
MARY HYER.....	TREASURER
ZOLLIE McARTHUR.....	CENSOR
MARION BLACK.....	CRITIC
ROBERTA MORGAN.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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MARY ENZOR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY BROWN.....	SECRETARY
CHERRY BOMER.....	TREASURER
HELEN BROWN.....	CENSOR
MARY BRYAN.....	CRITIC
ANNE MONTGOMERY.....	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS



NORWOOD

DAV
BROWN

PITTARD
MCGUIRE

WATERS
REID

HICKS
BULGIN

JONES



SCOFIELD	GRAY	WADDELL	MINTER	HARRIS
	MEEK		MORGAN	
MILLER		DUNLAP		HAMILTON



M. BROWN	SCHOEN	H. BROWN
	MARY BROWN	DU PRÉ
	FARLEY	SLOAN
GLENN	DUNCAN	WILLETT



BRYAN	ENZOR	BRUNER	MYATT
	SPENCE		MCEACHERN
FISHER		L. ANDERSON	BRADSHAW
			M. ANDERSON



McARTHUR
McCLURE
JOINER
DUKES

SMITH
POPE
TOWERS
MOSS

ROGERS
BLACK
CANDLER
McGUIRE



THE SILHOUETTE



Mnemosynean Literary Society

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

ELEANOR PINKSTON.....PRESIDENT
 THEODOSIA COBBS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 CHARLOTTE JACKSON.....SECRETARY
 KATHERINE KENNEDY.....TREASURER
 SARAH HANSELL.....CRITIC
 MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER.....CENSOR
 LOTTIE MAY BLAIR.....LIBRARIAN

SECOND TERM

JANIE MacGAUGHEY.....PRESIDENT
 GRACE HARRIS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 DAISY KING.....SECRETARY
 MARTHA ROGERS.....TREASURER
 CHARLOTTE JACKSON.....CRITIC
 ROSA HILL.....CENSOR
 FRANCES KELL.....LIBRARIAN



ASHCRAFT	CAMERON	J. JONES	BRIGGS
GUTHMAN	OBERLEY	WALDRON	
	FIELDS		
	BOGLE	BRINKLEY	
WELLS	M. ROBERTS	POWERS	FAUCETTE



MUSTIN	TAYLOR	M. BLUE	R. BLUE
	KENNEDY	McKAY	NAIVE
		BRENNER	
	CLARK	WEST	MACINTYRE
MCDOWELL	KENNEDY	G. BRIESENICK	JENKINS



BURKE	CAMP	JACKSON	MACGAUGHEY	BOGACKI
	SMITH	C. BRIESENICK	WEATHERLY	
		CARTER	HOUSER	
YEOMANS	HART	CLARK	C. JACKSON	HILL



LAMBDA	ROSS	B. ANDERSON	ROBERTSON
KELL		FERGUSON	WALKER
		SADLER	
TAYLOR		WHIPS	FULLER
GEOHEGAN	KENNON	LOTT	ADAMS



SCHNEIDER	HANSELL	WILKINSON	RICHARDSON
MADDOX	CHRISTIE	M. ROGERS	
	E. ROBERTS		
GOODE	KELLY	GAY	
BLAIR	M. WEST	HARRIS	WILSON

THE SILHOUETTE

SCENE 5

She Meets Torture

Scene: The Executive Room. "Exec" on the platform holds court. Everygirl kneels before her. Torture stands over her with a stick.

EXEC:

Miss Everygirl, some tales have reached my ear,
The which I am most sorely grieved to hear.
How can it be that you did break our law
And flirt with that Decatur boy you saw?
At "Brown and Allen's," Georgia Tech you meet
And go to moving-pictures up the street.
And after lights you make such awful noise
That that is even worse than flirting with the boys.
Now is this so?

EVERYGIRL:

I'll not prevaricate—
I did it, and repentance comes too late.

EXEC:

Well, Everygirl for this shall "campussed" be,
And not for three long weeks shall she be free.

(Continued on Page 44)





Officers of Student Government

ELIZABETH JOINER.....	PRESIDENT
ELEANOR PINKSTON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY BROWN.....	SECRETARY
MARTHA ROGERS.....	MARSHAL

THE SILHOUETTE

SCENE 6

She Considers the Faculty

Everygirl sits in her room with Nobody.

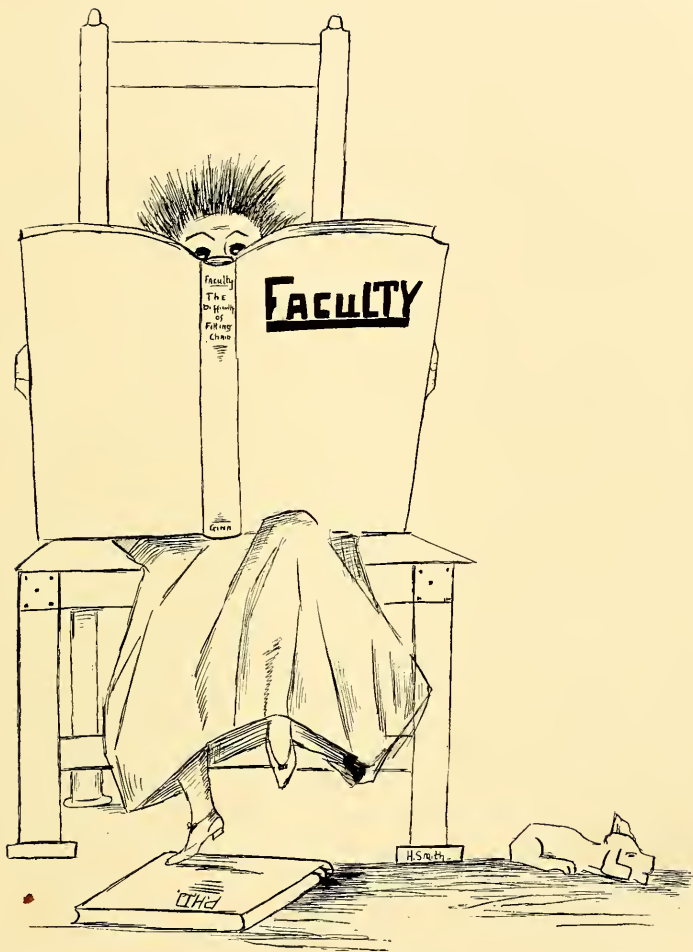
EVERYGIRL:

I've looked about for Learning far and near;
For Rumor told me that he'd meet me here.
But all I find is that fierce Faculty
That does so hate all Innocents like me!
They smile so sweetly on you when they pass;
Then use their sword "Exams" on you in class.

NOBODY:

Nobody warned you that they'd act that way,
And all that you could do was to obey.
Nobody knows the virtues of this clan
Or Learning, if it woman be or man.
For "Arm," Arbuckle, and Miss Smith, you see,
All three can sport with pride a Ph. D.
And many others do an A. M. claim.
But they are not Great Learning, just the same.
So you must keep on searching and be gay,
For where there is a will there is a way:
And if they give more work than you can do
Nobody knows how on earth you'll get through.

(Continued on Page 48)



THE SILHOUETTE



“Arm” and Miss Lillian here we see,
Not doing a blessed thing
But jogging along quite merrily,
Discussing the styles for spring.

“Your hat’s so becoming, Miss Smith,” said “Arm,”
As downward she cast her looks.
“Ah, sir, indeed, it does no harm
To study more than books.”

“I love to hear you play,” said she,
And raised her pretty head.
“Der style iss goot. You surprise me,”
As his reply, he said.

“Now let us to the church,” said she,
“Where I, with great delight,
May listen as you play to me
From morning until night.”



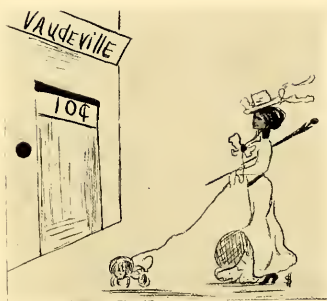
There was a woman, as I’ve heard tell,
Who came to Decatur, her
knowledge to sell;
But, “absolutely,” they acted
so queer,
She sailed back to Germany
inside of a year.

THE SILHOUETTE



"Oh, where art thou going, my pretty maid?"
"To milk Bettina, sir," she said.
"I'll escort you, if you're afraid."
"Mind your own business, sir," she said.

We think of Miss Young as teaching
Math,
But really you should know
She follows quite a different path
And loves the 10-cent show.



"Now, Joseph, don't you think I'm Sweet?"
This maid remarked one day.
He hung his head, gazed at his feet,
And didn't know what to say.

SCENE 7

She Meets the War-Spirit

Everygirl, walking on the campus, is confronted by the Indian—War-Spirit.

WAR-SPIRIT:

Heap much War-Spirit am I—
Everygirl can't pass me by.
Sophomores summon you to fray;
Great big battle here to-day.
Call your troops to victory;
You shall lead the "Infantry."

EVERYGIRL (*crying in alarm*):

Freshmen! Freshmen! rally here!
Sophomore force is coming near!
Bring our banner made of "sheet";
With that flag we can't get "beat."

Freshmen appear from all sides cheering.

FRESHMEN:

Freshmen! Freshmen! is our cry:
V-i-c-t-o-r-y!

Sophomores come flying in.

SOPHOMORE CAPTAIN:

Hurry, girls! they're over here.
One—two—three! Now give the cheer.

SOPHS:

Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah Rah Rah!
Freshie wants her mah, mah, mah!

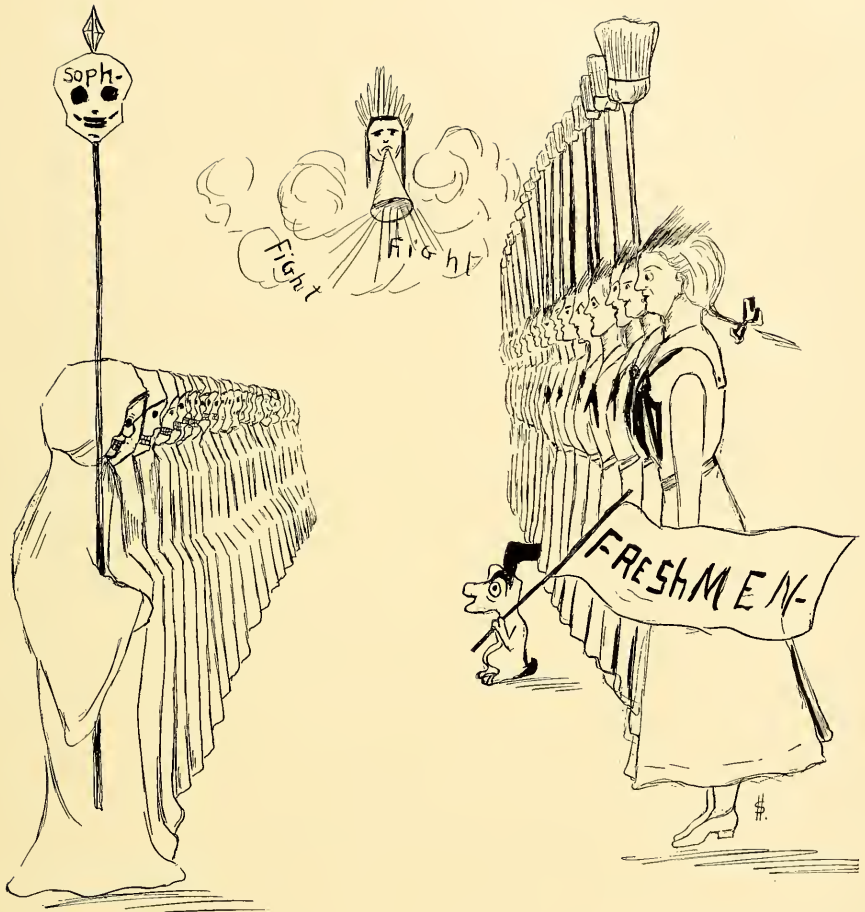
EVERYGIRL:

Let's pin our banner on the wall
Over at the Science Hall.

SOPHOMORES (*singing*):

Oh, you can not pass the Sophomore Class.
When we go on a spree
We're rough and tough, and hard to bluff—
We're used to it, you see.
The Freshies think they're it, but wait till they get hit!
Oh, you can not pass the Sophomore Class
When we go on a spree.

(Continued on Page 50)



THE SILHOUETTE

CANTICLE II

In the Land of Little Learning

SCENE I

She Joins the Band of the Little Learned

Scene: The front of the Main Building. Groups of girls stand in front.

SOPHOMORE I:

Oh, girls, look yonder! Everygirl has come.

SOPHOMORE II:

Thank goodness! for I know she'll make things hum.

Everygirl rushes up the walk with Frivolity and Nobody.

EVERYGIRL:

Oh, gee! but I am glad to be back here!
You bet we're going to have good times this year.
And say, I had the *best* time on the train!
I wouldn't mind to take that trip again.

SOPHOMORE I:

Great goodness! Did you get to come alone?

EVERYGIRL:

Nobody was along to chaperon.
And say! I brought the cutest girl with me;
I want you all to meet Frivolity.
We both will join the Little Learned class,
And she'll be sure to make things "come to pass."
We two will room up on the second floor—
Come on with us and we will tell you more.

*Exit Everygirl and Frivolity, followed by the band of the Little Learned.
Nobody gazes after them with admiration.*

(Continued on Page 56)





THE SILHOUETTE



Sophomore Class Poem

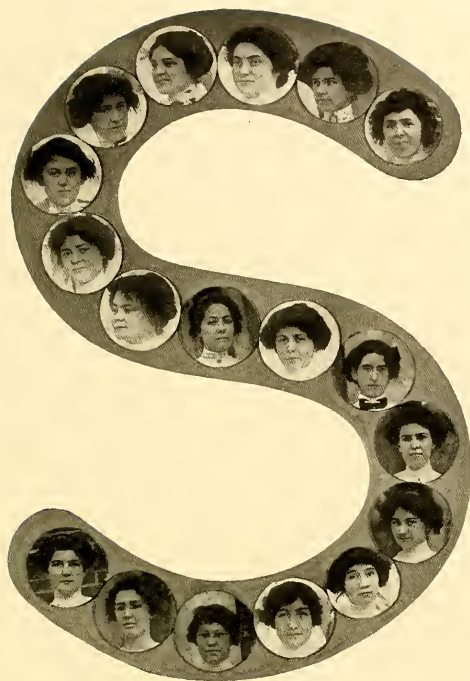
With many a gift has fortune fairly graced
Our class wherein her utmost trust is placed:
To art of daring still is granted beauty
In that we ever "dare to do our duty."

Now, who would leave her errand unfulfilled,
Or else, like Dam Arachne, be too skilled
In vain conceit to heed the truth before her,
And having viewed a goddess to ignore her?

Midst divers paths the one we would have trod
Is Duty, "Daughter of the voice of God."
Stern fate relents when courage holds full sway,
Sweet sympathy is comrade on the way.

Our motto be the watchword with us all;
Our hearts in unison await the call
That summons each to laurels justly won,
And crowns each righteous act we may have done.

NINUZZA SEYMOUR, '15.



Sophomore Class

COLORS: Black and Gold

FLOWER: Daisy

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

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER

MARION BLACK.....	PRESIDENT
MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
SALLIE MAE KING.....	SECRETARY

SECOND SEMESTER

BEVERLEY ANDERSON.....	PRESIDENT	MARY KELLY.....	SECRETARY
HENRIETTA LAMB DIN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT	XINUZZA SEYMOUR.....	POET
KATE RICHARDSON.....			HISTORIAN


EXECUTIVE MEMBERS

MARTHA BRENNER

GRACE GEOHEGAN

THE SILHOUETTE

Sophomore Class History

 On the day of September the nineteenth, 1911, we, the illustrious Class of 1915, first opened our eyes on college life. No, we disclaim the honor of being green on that first day. We were all-wise, all-knowing, and had the world in a swing. True, we were from Hillsborough, Pikesville, and even from Griffin, but we had won our little high-school diplomas, and had been envied by the first-graders. And now we were entering college, and all around us shone the light of self-satisfaction. Oh, but that we could have seen ourselves as others saw us! How many heartaches and useless little fits of temper and indignation we would have been spared. They told us we were green, and our minds needed training; and therefore we must take Latin and even cut up frogs to develop these small spots of intellect. This was, indeed, a heart-rending blow to our conceited opinions of ourselves, but we stood it all and determined to "Do our duty, as we understood it."

But why dwell longer on this unfortunate period? For we can see now that we were green—green as those little frogs. But were we not all green at some time of our lives? And so, we look back on those days with only the most pleasant memories.

Now the Freshman green changes to the Sophomore purple,—the royal purple,—and we lay aside our humble, babyish demeanors and take on the look that for years past has characterized all Sophomores. We would have nothing so undignified as the roly-poly Freshman-Sophomore fight of previous years. This was our first resolution. Therefore, in its place is recorded, for the first time in the history of Agnes Scott, the firm and "must-be-obeyed" rules by Sophomores for the governing and directing of all Freshmen. They wore their hair in pigtails and gave to us most reverential bows as they passed; and so we ruled them with a rod of iron and started them out just right in their college lives.

But this history would not be complete without including our famous political speeches delivered in the recent United States Presidential election held at Agnes Scott. Thus we see our class conquering all obstacles and winning new laurels in every field; and, with firm steps and steadfast purposes, wending our way toward the coveted goal in the year of 1915.

KATE L. RICHARDSON.

THE SILHOUETTE

Sophomore Class

MEMBERS

BEVERLEY ANDERSON

MARION BLACK

CHERRY BOMER

MARTHA BRENNER

GERTRUDE BRIESENICK

ANNIE POPE BRYAN

SALLIE CARRERE

RUTH COFER

WILLIE MAE ELKINS

GRACE GEOHEGAN

JESSIE HAM

MARY HAMILTON

MARY HYER

ANNIS KELLY

MARY WEST

SALLIE MAE KING

HENRIETTA LAMBDIN

MAUDE LOTT

LULA MADDOX

ROBERTA MORGAN

MILDRED MCGUIRE

CATHERINE PARKER

GRACE REID

NINUZZA SEYMOUR

MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER

KATE RICHARDSON

MARY WADE

FRANCES WEST

LUCY NAIVE

EDNA TAYLOR

THE SILHOUETTE

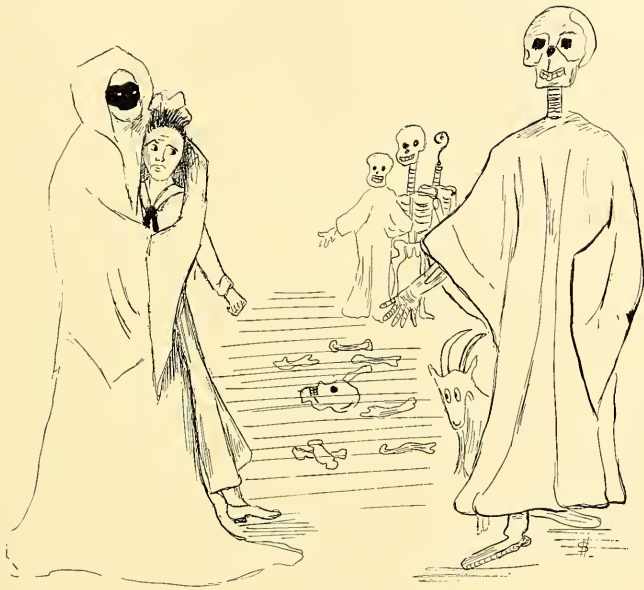
SCENE 2

She Hears of Secreey

NOBODY:

Nobody comes to warn you, Everygirl, of something new:
That you must very thoughtful be and careful what you do.
For Secreey, in white robes, is a-stalking round about,
And Secreey will get you "if you don't watch out."

(Continued on Page 70)





THE SILHOUETTE



MARGARET ANDERSON. '15
MARION BLACK, '15
MARTHA BRADSHAW. '16
ALLIE CANDLER. '13
FRANCES DUKES. '13
MARY HAMILTON, '15
VIVIEN HART. '16
LUCILE HARRIS. '15
ROSA HILL. '15
JOSIE JONES. '16
ALVICE MYATT. '16
ISABEL NORWOOD. '15
MARGARET ROBERTS. '13
JANIE ROGERS. '15
ALMEDIA SADLER. '15
MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER. '15
LAURA MEL TOWERS. '13
JEAN WALLACE. '15
ALICE WEATHERLY. '16
MARY WEST. '15









THE SILHOUETTE

Sigma Delta Phi

SORES IN COLLEGIO

MYNELLE BLUE, '16.....	Union Springs, Ala.
RUTH BLUE, '14.....	Union Springs, Ala.
OLIVIA BOGACKI, '13.....	Montgomery, Ala.
GLADYS CAMP, '16.....	Lynchburg, Va.
KATE CLARK, '13.....	Montgomery, Ala.
HENRIETTA LAMBDIN, '15.....	Barnesville, Ga.
ROBERTA MORGAN, '15.....	Hellin, Ala.
DOROTHY MUSTIN, '16.....	Augusta, Ga.
HELEN SMITH, '13.....	Wauchula, Fla.
ELIZABETH WILLETT, '16.....	Anniston, Ala.

SORES IN URBE

MRS. HAROLD WEY (CAROL STEARNS)
MRS. GEORGE LOWNES (INEZ WILKERSON)

IN COLLEGIO AETERNO

MRS. GORDON BAKER (MARY HOOPER)
Died March, 1913.



THE SILHOUETTE



ETHEL MCKAY

NINUZZA SEYMOUR

ESSIE ROBERTS

KATE RICHARDSON

ELIZABETH BURKE

EVELYN GOODE

BEVERLEY ANDERSON

WILLIE BELLE JACKSON

LOUISE OBERLEY

LOUISE MCNULTY

EDNA TAYLOR

JULIE MCINTYRE

SARAH HANSELL

ELOISE GAY

ELIZABETH WALKER

LOUISE WILSON

AGNES ROBERTSON

ZOLLIE MCARTHUR



 THE SILHOUETTE 

SCENE 3

She finds Other Clubs

NOBODY :

“Vat a t’ing iss lofe of ‘country,’” praised in every man!

Everygirl is also praised for loyalty to clan.

State clubs, music clubs, and such; society and Frat—

These shall Everygirl now join, and loyal be at that.

(Continued on Page 90)



Arkansas Travelers

On a slow train, but not in Arkansas

LUCILE HARRIS, *President*

ALMA BUCHANAN
OMAH BUCHANAN
ELIZABETH BROWN
MARY BROWN

VIVIEN HART
RAY HARRISON
MABLE MEER
DEVANEY POPE



North Carolina Club

OFFICERS

L. M. BLAIR.....	<i>Governor</i>	O. GLENN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
J. ASHCRAFT.....	<i>Lieutenant-Governor</i>	E. TAYLOR.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
M. ANDERSON.....	<i>Auditor</i>	H. SMITH.....	<i>Attorney-General</i>
M. McGUIRE.....	<i>Supt. Public Instruction</i>		

STATE LEGISLATORS

L. McGUIRE	M. HORN	V. LEE	G. MACMILLAN	E. ROGERS	E. BULGIN
M. ROSS					

THE SILHOUETTE



Alabama Club

MEMBERS

ALMEDIA SADLER
LUCILE SCARBOROUGH
NINUZZA SEYMOUR
BERTHA ADAMS
MARION BLACK
MYNELLE BLUE
RUTH BLUE
OLIVIA BOGACKI
LUCILE BOYD
MARTHA BRADSHAW
MARY BRYAN
PAULINE BYRD
KATE CLARK

MARY SPENCE
LAURA MEL TOWERS
PEARLE WATERS
THEODOSIA COBBS
LOUISE DUPRÉ
MARY ENZOR
LORINDA FARLEY
EVERETTE FRIERSON
FLORA GAILLARD
GRACE GEOHEGAN
RUBY GRAY
JESSIE HAM
GRACE HARRIS

ALICE WEATHERLY
CLARA WHIPS
ELIZABETH WILLET
MARGARET HOUSER
CHARLOTTE JACKSON
LULA MADDOX
LIDIE MINTER
BERT MORGAN
ALVICE MYATT
SUE McEACHERN
ISABEL NORWOOD
HAZEL ROGERS
JANIE ROGERS

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss LEWIS

THE SILHOUETTE



The Inhabitants of the Piney Woods

EMBLEM: The Pine Tree

CORINNE BRIGGS
GERTRUDE BRIESENICK
FRANCES DUKES
ELOISE GAY
JOSIE JONES

SARAH HANSELL
ELIZABETH BURKE
MARY FERGUSON
JULIE MACINTYRE
LOUISE McNULTY

LOUISE OBERLEY
MARGARET ROBERTS
EDNA TAYLOR
ETHEL MCKAY
MAUD LOTT



THE SILHOUETTE



MEMBERS

HELEN ALLISON
ELIZABETH BOGLE
PAULINE BRUNER
HELEN BROWN
MARGARET BROWN
AILEEN FISHER
LOUISA FAUCETTE
ELIZABETH GREGORY
EMMA JONES
KATHLEEN KENNEDY

SALLIE MAE KING
DAISY KING
HATTIE McCALLIE
LUCY NAIVE
MARY POPE
LAVALETTE SLOAN
MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER
MADGE RODGERS
MARY WADE
BESSIE CARR WILKERSON

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS HASSLOCK
MISS McCALLIE
MR. BACHMAN

MISS JENNIE SMITH
MISS McCORD
DR. GAINES

THE SILHOUETTE



Mary Club

The Marys had a little dog,
His coat was gold and white;
He loved the little Marys
With all his little might.
Until one day by some mischance
He met our cruel President,
And then the Marys never knew
Just where that doggie went.

MEMBERS

MARY BRYAN
MARY KELLY
MARY BROWN
MARY FERGUSON
MARY HAMILTON
MARY WADE

MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER
MARY HEDDLESTON SPENCE
MARY WILL KENNON
MARY GLENN ROBERTS
MARY ANNIE FULLER

MARY RAWLINGS
MARY HYER
MARY YEOMANS
MARY PITTARD
MARY ENZOR
MARY POPE

THE SILHOUETTE



The Middy Club

ADMIRAL

MARY HAMILTON

MIDSHIPMEN

EDNA TAYLOR

EVELYN GOODE

JOSIE JONES

DOROTHY MUSTIN

GLADYS CAMP

MARGARET ROBERTS

MARION BLACK

MARGARET ANDERSON

EVA POWERS

LOUISE WILSON

LUCILE HARRIS

JULIE MCINTYRE

THE SILHOUETTE



Glee Club

MISS HEPP *Director*
CHARLOTTE JACKSON *Accompanist*

FIRST SOPRANOS

ROSA HILL
ISABEL NORWOOD
VIRGINIA LEE
GRACE HARRIS
ESSIE ROBERTS

FIRST ALTOS

PAULINE BRUNER
CHARIS HOOD
CHERRY BOMER
RUTH BLUE
ALMEDIA SADLER

SECOND SOPRANOS

HAZEL ROGERS
FLORENCE DAY
SARAH MCCORD
EVERETTE FRIERSON
LUCILE BOYD

SECOND ALTOS

ORA GLENN
JEAN ASHCRAFT
MARGUERITE WELLS
EMMA JONES
LILY JOINER

THE SILHOUETTE



Terchi Tillion Club

TERCHI GOBLERS

AILEENE FISHER

JULIE MCINTYRE

EVELYN GOODE

ALMEDIA SADLER

LUCILE HARRIS

MARY WADE

MARGARET HOUSER

ALICE WEATHERLY

TERCHI HENS

MARTHA BRADSHAW

DOBOTHY MUSTIN

ELIZABETH BROWN

ISABEL NORWOOD

CORINNE BRIGGS

MARY RAWLINGS

VIVIEN HART

MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER

THE SILHOUETTE



Decatur Day Students

LUCILE FINNEY

SUSIE CHRISTY

GRACE ANDERSON

MARY WEST

EMMA JONES

LOUISE HUTCHINSON

ANNIE POPE BRYAN

LAVENAH VINSON

RUTH WADDELL

CLARA WEEKES

THE SILHOUETTE



Atlanta Day Students' Club

OFFICERS

ALLIE CANDLER	PRESIDENT
LILLIAN JOHNSON	VICE-PRESIDENT
CATHERINE PARKER	SECRETARY-TREASURER

MEMBERS

FLORENCE SMITH	ETHEL HAM
MAGARA WALDRON	IRMA SCHOEN
ANNIE CAMERON	MAGGIE FIELDS
ANNIE MAYSON	LULA McMURRAY
LAURA COOPER	EMMEE BRANHAM
MARY BEDINGER	

THE SILHOUETTE



R. S. H. Fire Department

L. M. BLAIR.....CAPTAIN
 B. ANDERSON.....FIRST LIEUTENANT

CORRIDOR LIEUTENANTS

E. ROBERTS
 F. KELL
 F. DUKES
 H. SMITH
 S. HANSELL
 M. H. SCHNEIDER

BRIGADE

G. HARRIS.....CHIEF OF BRIGADE
 R. MORGAN.....G. REID
 M. BRENNER.....DEV. POPE
 F. WEST.....M. HYER
 M. PITTARD.....M. BRYAN
 Z. MCARTHUR.....R. HILL
 H. BROWN.....K. KENNEDY



Kappa Sigma

MOTTO	Keep Steady
AMBITION	Know Something
STRONG POINTS	Keeping Secrets
DISPOSITION	Kind Saints
COMMON TRAIT.....	Kindred Souls
FAVORITE MUSIC.....	Kalm Symphony
SPECIAL DISH.....	Kabbage Soup
MOST POPULAR POETRY.....	Keat's Sonnets
MAJN OCCUPATION.....	Koncocting Scandal
REQUIREMENT FOR ADMISSION.....	Komplete Surrender

MEMBERS

ANNIE TAIT JENKINS, S. P. U. KATHERINE KENNEDY, S. P. U.
 BESSIE CARR WILKINSON, S. P. U. KATHLEEN KENNEDY, U. of T.
 LAVALETTE K. SLOAN, Vanderbilt University

THE SILHOUETTE



Public Nuisances

TIME: Any old time
 PLACE: Where it will sound loudest
 AIM: To liven up things
 MOTTO: "Give the devil his due"

FACULTY'S OPINION: "They are very nice girls, but, oh! such a nuisance!"

MARTHA BRADSHAW	Mandolin
JULIE MCINTYRE.....	Violin
EVA POWERS.....	Cornet
BEVERLEY ANDERSON	Cornet
CORINNE BRIGGS.....	Mandolin
DEVANEY POPE.....	Violin
KATE RICHARDSON.....	Violin

THE SILHOUETTE



ΑΤΩ

COLORS: Red and Gray

FLOWER: Four-o'clocks

MOTTO: "Us four and no more"

MEMBERS

"HAP" WADE

"TRIX" BROWN

"CHIC" RAWLINGS

"TINCE" HOUSER

THE SILHOUETTE



Tennis Club

MEMBERS

RUTH BLUE
AILEEN FISHER
GRACE HARRIS
ROSA HILL
MYNELLE BLUE
LULA WHITE
PAULINE BRUNER
LORINDA FARLEY
ELIZABETH BOGLE
HELEN BROWN
MARGARET BROWN
ZOLLIE McARTHUR

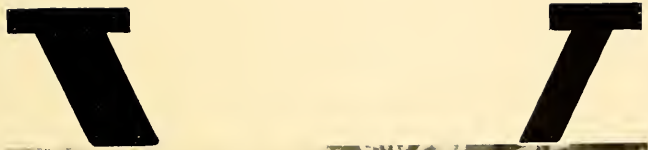
MARION BLACK
JANIE ROGERS
ALMEDIA SADLER
MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER
MARY SPENCE
ELIZABETH WILLETT
MARY YEOMANS
LOUISA FAUCETTE
OLIVIA BOGACKI
MARGUERITE WELLS
JEAN ASHCRAFT
MARY PITTARD

THE SILHOUETTE



BEAMTINNEN

ELEANOR PINKSTON.....	PRASIDENTIN
JANIE MacGAUGHEY.....	VIZE-PRASIDENTIN
KATE CLARK.....	SEKRETARIN
GERTRUDE BRIESENICK.....	SCHATZMEISTERIN
CHARLOTTE JACKSON.....	MUSIKDIREKTORIN
GRACE HARRIS.....	BEGLEITERIN



Virginia Club

OFFICERS

BEVERLEY ANDERSON.....PRESIDENT
 MARY HAMILTON.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

LOUISE WILSON
 GLADYS CAMP
 EVELYN GOODE

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS HOPKINS
 MISS MCKINNEY
 DR. OLIVIER
 DR. ARMSTRONG
 DR. ARMISTEAD

THE SILHOUETTE

SCENE 4

She Sees Dramatics

Scene: The stage in the Auditorium. Dramatics, a "bold, bad pirate king," stalks out upon the stage.

DRAMATICS:

I am the villain, bold and bad,
The sight of pain doth make me glad.
That's why I take charge of the play
And make the girls work night and day.

CHORUS:

Sing hey, sing ho, fill up the tank;
We'll make the pris'ners walk the plank.

DRAMATICS:

Miss Cady doth assign the part.
I make them learn it all by heart.
And now, to show what they can do,
I'll trot them out and put them through.

CHORUS:

Sing hey, sing ho, fill up the tank;
We'll make the pris'ners walk the plank.

Enter Eleanor Pinkston, out of breath.

ELEANOR:

Dramatics works me most to death;
I can't say much, I'm out of breath.
But, please you all, just listen here,
I'm *it* when I play Shakespeare.

Enter girl, tall and dignified; speaks:

Now, Everygirl doth know my name,
For Everygirl hath heard my fame.
I take the part of heroes well;
You see my name is Laura Mel.

THE SILHOUETTE

Enter Mr. Dieckmann and Mr. Johnson.

In unison (*bowing*):

Tho actors we of great repute;
Nobody will our fame dispute.
The girls act well; yes, that is true.
But without us, what *would* they do!

Enter Lavalette.

LAVALETTE:

Now, girls, my name is Lavalette;
I am *some* actress, yes, you bet!
The way I roll my hands and eyes
Is great, considering my size.

Enter Country Bumpkin.

COUNTRY BUMPKIN:

Now who be I? Kain't you all guess?
You've seed me often in this dress.
I hopes you don't think cloggin's silly,
'Cause when I clogs, you'll know I'm "Tilly."

(Continued on Page 98)



 THE SILHOUETTE 

Propylean Literary Society

PRESENTS

“CRYSTELLA”

LVALETTE SLOAN, *Author*

SATURDAY, MAY, 4, 1912

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Hebron.....	EVELYN WALKER
Lord Delmar.....	LAURA MEL TOWERS
Jake Justin.....	LILY JOINER
Crystella.....	LVALETTE K. SLOAN
Queen of Fairies.....	MARY CHAMPE

FAIRIES

ISABEL NORWOOD	EMMA JONES
LILLIAN HARPER	CHERRY BOMER
MARGARET BROWN	LOUISE MANESS
JULIA NUZUM	ANNIE P. BRYAN
MARY BRYAN	MAUDE CHASON



SCENE FROM THE PROPYLEAN PLAY

 THE SILHOUETTE 

Faculty-Student Play

DEUS EX MACHINA

WINIFRED HAWKBRIDGE, *Author*

JANUARY 25, 1913

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Prof. Grossenkopt, an inventor.....L. H. JOHNSON
Mrs. Hill, a widow.....EMMA JONES
Clarissa, her daughter.....LAVALETTE SLOAN
Malcolm Smith, in love with Clarissa.....C. P. OLIVIER
The Count Von Schauf, of Zweiterzollern.....C. W. DIECKMANN



Mnemosynean Literary Society
PRESENTS
"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1913

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Benedick	ELEANOR PINKSTON	Don Pedro.....	LULA WHITE
Beatrice.....	HENRIETTA LAMBDIN	Count Claudio.....	MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER
Dogberry.....	BEVERLEY ANDERSON	Don Johu.....	SARAH HANSELL
Leonato.....	ALMEDIA SADLER	Borachio.....	RUTH BLUE
Huro.....	VIVIEN HART	Conrad.....	JULIE MCINTYRE
Ursula.....	CORINNE BRIGGS	The Friar.....	MYNELLE BLUE
Margaret.....	ESSIE ROBERTS	Balthasar.....	THEODOSIA COBBS
Verges	} ELOISE GAY	Seacoal.....	GRACE HARRIS
Messenger		Watchmen.....	

Scene: Court Before Duke's House, Messina

THE SILHOUETTE

SCENE 5

She Meets Valiant

Valiant, dressed in Gym suit, accosts Everygirl.

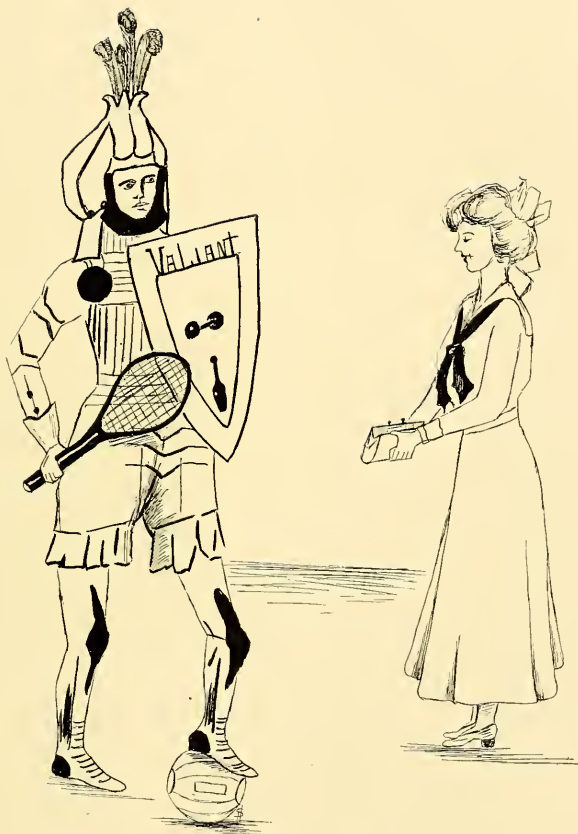
VALIANT:

Poor Everygirl, you're looking *mighty* bad;
To see how pale you are just makes me sad.
You study much too hard, and that's not wise.
I think that you should take more exercise:
Learn to play basket-ball and baseball, too,
And see how fine you feel when you get through.
It costs you fifty cents to use the Gym;
Five dollars only if you learn to swim;
Give me one dollar and your shoes I'll buy;
Three and a-half will get your suit and tie;
Then, if you have more money to invest,
I'll come around sometime and get the rest.

EVERYGIRL (*in horror*):

Good heavens! She has taken all my wealth;
It costs an awful lot to be in health!

(Continued on Page 106)



Athletic Association



OFFICERS

ROSA HILL
VICE-PRESIDENT

FRANCES DUKES
PRESIDENT

HELEN BROWN
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

JANIE MCGAUGHEY
SENIOR CAPTAIN

MARY PITTARD
JUNIOR CAPTAIN

MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER
SOPHOMORE CAPTAIN

JULIE MCINTYRE
FRESHMAN CAPTAIN



THE SILHOUETTE



Baseball Team

LINE-UP

CHERRY BOMER.....	Pitcher
ZOLLIE McARTHUR.....	Catcher
ELIZABETH GREGORY.....	First Base
KATHLEEN KENNEDY.....	Second Base
KATHERINE KENNEDY.....	Third Base
MAGGIE FIELDS.....	Shortstop
FRANCES KELL.....	Right Field
DEVANEE POPE.....	Left Field
MARY HAMILTON.....	Center
Mr. JOHNSON }	Coaches
Mr. OLIVIER }	

THE SILHOUETTE



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

LINE-UP

JULIE McINTYRE, Captain

MARGARET PHYTHIAN }Forwards
KATHERINE LINDAMOOD }

ORA GLENN }Centers
AGNES ROBERTSON }

EVELYN GOODE }Guards
JULIE McINTYRE }

THE SILHOUETTE



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

LINE-UP

MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER, *Captain*

BEVERLEY ANDERSON	}Forwards
BERT MORGAN		
CATHERINE PARKER	}Centers
MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER		
ETHEL MCKAY	}Guards
MAUDE LOTT		

THE SILHOUETTE



Junior Basket-Ball Team

LINE-UP

MARY PITTARD, *Captain*

MARY PITTARD	}Guards
RUTH BLUE		
ZOLLIE MCARTHUR	}Centers
HELEN BROWN		
ESSIE ROBERTS	}Forwards
MARGUERITE WELLS		

THE SILHOUETTE



Senior Basket-Ball Team

LINE-UP

JANIE MACGAUGHEY, *Captain*

FLORENCE SMITH	}	Forwards
KATE CLARK			
FRANCES DUKES	}	Centers
JANIE MACGAUGHEY			
MARY ENZOR	}	Guards
ELEANOR PINKSTON			
LILY JOINER	}	Substitutes
MARGARET ROBERTS			

THE SILHOUETTE

CANTICLE III

The Land of Hope

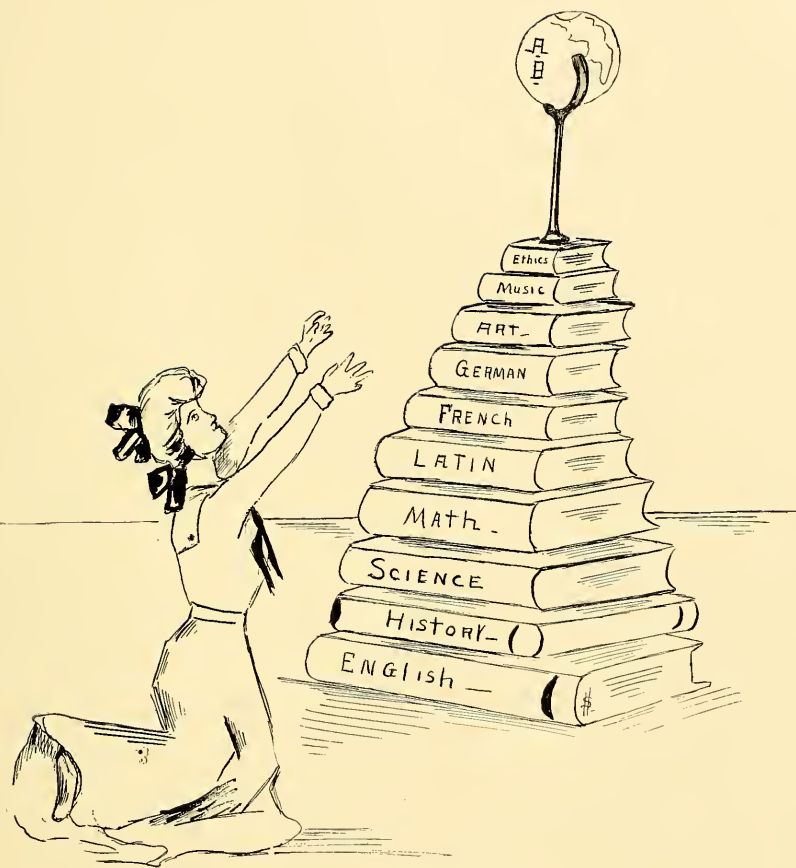
SCENE I

Before the throne of Learning bows Everygirl. Nobody listens to her confession.

EVERYGIRL:

Now let Nobody listen to my vow:
Before the throne of Learning do I bow
And ask forgiveness for Frivolity;
The folly of my ways I plainly see.
And now I pledge myself to really work,
And not a single lesson will I shirk;
At all the fields of work I'll enter in,—
Great Learning's favor thus to try to win.
And then, with my B. A. before my eyes,
I'll join the band that hopes to win the prize.

(Continued on Page 114)



THE SILHOUETTE

Junior Class

COLORS: Maroon and White

FLOWER: Red Carnation

MOTTO: "Work, live, and be happy"

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER

MILDRED HOLMES.....	PRESIDENT
ANNIE TAIT JENKINS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
NELL CLARK.....	SECRETARY
BERTHA ADAMS.....	TREASURER

SECOND SEMESTER

ESSIE ROBERTS.....	PRESIDENT
CHARLOTTE JACKSON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ZOLLIE McARTHUR.....	SECRETARY
NELL CLARK.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

BERTHA ADAMS
 LOTTIE MAY BLAIR
 RUTH BLUE
 HELEN BROWN
 MARY BROWN
 NELL CLARK
 THEODOSIA COBBS
 SARAH HANSELL
 RUTH G. HICKS
 MILDRED HOLMES
 CHARLOTTE JACKSON
 ANNIE TAIT JENKINS
 KATHLEEN KENNEDY
 LINDA MILLER
 ZOLLIE McARTHUR
 ETHEL McCONNELL

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS HOPKINS
 MISS YOUNG
 MISS LEGATE

MARGUERITE WELLS
 MARTHA ROGERS
 ESSIE ROBERTS

LOUISE McNULTY
 ANNIE McLARTY
 MARY PITTARD



HICKS
WELLS
McARTHUR

JENKINS
PITTARD
MILLER



BLAIR

CLARK

BROWN

ADAMS

ROBERTS

HANSELL

ROGERS



COBBS
BROWN
JACKSON

KENNEDY
R. BLUE
McNULTY

THE SILHOUETTE

The Ship of 1914

IT was a sunshiny day in September when, on the Ship of 1914, we sailed from the port of School-land into the great College Ocean for a four-year voyage. There were sad farewells at parting. Copious tears were mingled with the salt seas of the ocean, but the fascinations of a first voyage upon an unknown sea gradually dried our tears. An attack from a pirate ship in the early part of our sailing in the Freshman Gulf made us gather our forces, and brought us to know each other. Gloriously we sustained the attack and hurled the pirates themselves into the green waves.

All before us we read our future in the red and gray of the clouds. We saw the gray days to come, but we saw, too, the many to be marked with red letters when, in future times, we should tell tales of our travels. So it was that we chose for our colors the garnet and the gray.

It was May when we left the Freshman Gulf behind us and sailed through the narrow Strait of Summer. It was a dangerous voyage, the most dangerous, we had been told, of all our voyage. The ship roeked perilously, and when it came through, safely at last, into the Sea of Soph some were gone.

But it was no time for tears. Forward we went into the Sea of Soph. The horizon broadened before us. As old sailors, we felt our importance.

We touched at a port called Vacationdais. Here we all went ashore, but when the ship sailed out again and when the roll was called one or two had failed to return.

The rest of us went on again and, as we saw the quiet waters of Junior Life before us all, our old enthusiasm came back. Ever and anon we caught glimpses of a beautiful sea beyond. Rumors came back to us of the delight of the sea, and we lived in our dreams of what was to come. "Never mind!" we told each other, "we'll reach it by and by."

We sighted the Island of Christmas, but, as we looked out upon it and past, it seemed but a dream-fancy after all. And then there loomed up large before us the Rocks of Exams. We passed them, also. The Senior Sea seems to draw nearer. The Junior Sea is almost past. The waves dance so in the sunlight we can not see what is ahead. So now we have chosen to sail down the Chamel of Great Expectations.

SARAH G. HANSELL.

 THE SILHOUETTE 

Junior Poem

Sometimes when in the busy days
There comes a time for thought,
We wonder if we have always
Our battles strongly fought:
And if the motto of our class—
"Be happy, work, and live"—
Has guided us each day we pass:
Did we our best work give?

With Agnes Scott before us, new,
Her portals open wide,
We planned and dreamed of things we'd do
To win our college pride.
But sometimes in the years ago
Our dreams have seemed forgot,
And then with tears o'er things undone
We've wept our motto's blot.

Yet failures few we've met in life,
For glorious things we've done.
In class, athletics, Fresh-Soph strife,
An envied fame we've won.
And in the year that's still ahead,
As Seniors (honored lot),
We'll make a record to be read
Befitting Agnes Scott.

THE SILHOUETTE

SCENE 2

She is Tortured by the Scribe

Everygirl, seated on an ink-bottle and frantically clutching its sides, sails on a sea of ink. The Scribe, standing to one side, explains the tableau.

THE SCRIBE:

This scene from the life of our young heroine
Is likely to make under-classmen all grin.
If known were her feelings, Nobody would laugh,—
The poor thing belongs to the Annual staff.
And if you should want her, and she can't be seen,
She's out getting ads for that *dear magazine*.
And of the *Aurora* she's editor, too,
And she can't find stories enough that will do.
Now isn't it pitiful? Just stop and think,—
I've set her to sail in a vast sea of ink.

(Continued on Page 170)



THE SILHOUETTE

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THE SILHOUETTE



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The Aurora

MARCH, 1913



SOPHOMORE NUMBER

Agnes Scott College
Decatur, Georgia

THE AURORA

APRIL, 1913

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE :::: DECATUR, GEORGIA

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The Aurora

DECATUR, GEORGIA, APRIL, 1913

"And All Mankind"

I

The pastor concluded his simple sermon of "Peace, Good-will," and bowed his head, uttering a short prayer that the joy over the birth of the Messiah might fill the hearts of his people. The congregation was deeply touched and reverent, and John Thornton, sitting in his accustomed place, was impatient that he could not enter into the Christmas spirit that seemed to hover over the people that morning. He was young, a Christian, and highly held in the congregation of the large city church, but somehow he couldn't realize the joy of Christmas.

The organ pealed forth the strains of an old Christmas carol, and the choir and the whole congregation arose:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

Another figure in the back of the church was drinking in the song to which the man paid so little attention. Never before had she heard the Christmas carol, and she was thrilled with its sweetness. She was only a little cash girl who worked in a big department store and lived in a "poor-house" in the slums. She had stolen away to-day to see if

she could find out what Christmas really is, having seen it on the big signs and heard people crying it—

“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds.
‘Good tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.’”

The last phase of this verse caught the man’s attention. The angel brought great joy to all mankind, and yet *he* felt no joy. He tried to think of something he needed to make him happy, but he had all he wanted. It was true he needed new stationery for his polite correspondence. “I’ll go tomorrow and get it, and perhaps mixing with the crowd will do me good,” he concluded.

The pinched form in the rear of the church was listening eagerly to the choir as it told of the birth of a Baby who was given to the world to be a blessing and a joy.

“I never did know what it was fer before,” she thought, half satisfied; “but I reckon ‘good tidin’s fer all mankind’ don’t mean no sech es me. I ain’t goin’ to get no joy, and, besides, I ain’t never seen no baby.”

Still her little heart was happy to know that Christmas was more than a day that you don’t have to work, or a sign, or something to buy. Softly she slipped out of the church when the white-haired pastor had pronounced the benediction, and her eager little face wore a glad light upon it. The pastor had noticed her in the back of the church; had tried to reach her, but she was gone.

“There’s one soul that has caught a real gleam of Christmas glory,” he remarked to John Thornton, pointing out the little gown that was disappearing in the crowd.

The man caught one glimpse of her bright little face as she turned to dodge a car.

“I envy her,” he said, rather sadly, as he turned to go.

II

The big department store was jammed with "last-minute" customers on the day before Christmas. The air was close and stifling. The clerks, wilted and worn out, tried to keep their tempers, but the strain on them was terrible and had been for two weeks. There were flushed cheeks and aching throats, tired eyes and feet.

"Cash girl!" called one poor, tired thing as she sold the irritable old lady the paper of black pins she had been fussing over for fully five minutes.

"Gee, but I'm tired!" she sighed, rubbing her hand wearily across her forehead. "Something for you, ma'am? Cash girl! Where do you suppose Jenny is? Poor thing! she's nearly worked to death."

The calm, unruffled individual at the next counter was about the only self-possessed human in the store.

"Oh, there's no use to get so excited over it," she said disdainfully, tapping the counter with well-polished finger nails, carefully adjusting her puffs, and smiling sweetly at the floor-walker.

"Something for you, sir?" she inquired indifferently of the tall young man who stood waiting, evidently bored by this contact with the crowd.

"I want stationery—monogram stationery—like that up there." He pointed high up on the shelf with a gold-headed cane.

The girl adjusted her puffs and proceeded leisurely to take down the desired box.

"Nothing else?—Cash girl!" she called.

"Jenny's doing something for me now," said the tired girl at the next counter.

"Well, I'm going to have her now; she's done nothing all day but bring you water. Come here, Jenny."

Jenny hesitated, glad of a chance to rest for a moment, for her poor little body was aching from the strain.

"I'm faint, and Jenny's going for me," ventured the tired girl.

"This gentleman wants his package,"—adjusting the puffs,—“come on, Jenny, hurry!”

John Thornton, counting out his change, smiled at the dissension. As he laid the money on the counter, a quarter rolled off on the floor, unnoticed by him.

"Change a quarter short," announced the Miss Indifference, as she counted it.

Jenny, wavering between two decisions, had seen it fall. Quickly she darted through the crowd to where it lay.

"Here's your quarter, sir," she said, plucking the great John Thornton by the sleeve.

He looked down quickly at the frail little figure and started. Here was the very same face he had seen at the church the day before—the same face and the same enviable expression.

"Hey, what?" he exploded in his astonishment.

"Here's yer quarter ye dropped," she explained, smiling up at him.

The words of the pastor came back to him:—"There's one soul that has caught a real gleam of Christmas glory."

"Just keep the quarter, won't you?" he managed to say briefly.

A wonderful expression of joy flooded the face of the cash girl. "Me?—you—mean *me*?" she faltered.

"Yes," he smiled; "buy something for your Christmas that will make you happy.

"Oh!" she gasped. "How lov-ee-ly; thank you! oh, thank you! I'll buy me some good tidin's like they sing about," and, squeezing his hand thankfully, she darted away with the package.

"Poor little thing," he thought, as he made his way out of the store, "she doesn't even know what good tidings are."

The expression recalled to him the words of the song he had heard on Sunday morning:—

"Good tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

He wondered as he entered his car if he himself knew what the good tidings really meant—they had meant nothing much until he had seen the little girl's happy face. Somehow he felt in his heart more of the glow of excitement than ever before, and he wondered why. The "good tidings of great joy" were beginning to be to him as he had wished.

"To you and all mankind"—

It sang itself over and over, and his brain was just beginning to comprehend what it *all* meant. "And all mankind" didn't mean him, it meant every one,—the little cash girl, the people that thronged the street, especially Jenny, since she didn't even know what they were. And how would she ever know unless someone told her, taught her—himself, for instance? He must make her happy—that was it! That was why he hadn't felt the Christmas spirit: it was that he had kept the "good tidings" and "great joy" bottled up within him. It was himself he had tried to make happy, and not "all mankind."

With a sudden impulse he leaned forward and ordered his car back to the store. The way was blocked in so many places that it was almost impossible to get there, and he found himself growing impatient until he could reach it again. He pushed his way finally through the throng and made his way this time to the tired girl.

"Where's that little cash girl who was here a half-hour ago?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Which one?"

"The little one," he exclaimed, rather confused. "I don't know her name—she had such a bright, 'Christmas' face—"

"Oh, Jenny!" exclaimed the girl, and her voice grew grave. "She fell on the steps a few minutes ago and cut her head. They have taken her home."

"Can you tell me where she lives?" He could hardly wait until he found her.

"At some poor house—I don't know just where—they can tell you at the office."

"Thank you."

He reached the office, his face troubled and anxious.

"Jenny?" asked the man. "Yes, wait a moment and I'll find her address for you."

"The Billing Poorhouse, 387 Billing Street—in the slums I think," he announced finally. "She's just been sent home hurt, I think."

"Thank you," said the man, his face clearing up with relief as he turned to go.

"Did you want to see her?" ventured the other man.

"Yes," answered John Thornton, his voice strangely soft. "I want to take her 'good tidings' and 'great joy.'"

III

The faded, washed-out little woman who answered the knock at the "poorhouse" door stared in amazement at the sight of the "elegant gentleman" who stood there.

"Yis, this here's the poerhouse," she managed to stammer in answer to his question. "Git away, Sammy," in an undertone to the dirty brat hanging to her skirts.

"Well, I want to see Jenny, a little cash girl, er—I want to know if she's here—they said she was hurt," he said in confusion.

"Yis, they tuk her up stairs and laid her down, but I ain't had time to see about her yit; I guess she ain't much hurt."

"May I see her?" he asked.

She led him rather reluctantly down the dirty, dim hall and up the shaky stairs. From behind creaky doors wondering faces peeped out, and cracked voices from the “old-women’s” ward made remarks on his appearance.

“That air hat ain’t the very latest thing,” criticised Granny Mahler in a stage whisper. “Yesterday’s paper says the new English shape is all the go.”

“But look at that fur coat! ain’t it swell?” from another tousled head.

John Thornton’s cheeks burned with embarrassment, and he hurried after the woman as she opened the door at the end of the hall. The room into which he stepped was lighted by a single small skylight, and through the dimness he could barely distinguish a little bed.

“Jenny, how air ye?” asked the woman, going over and shaking roughly the little form that lay on the bed.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed the high and mighty Mr. Thornton, clutching desperately at the woman’s arm. “Don’t shake the child like that! don’t you see she’s hurt? Why, she’s fainted. Bring me some water quick! See, her head is all bloody. Good Lord! What did you mean by leaving her like this? Confound it! Haven’t you——” his anger almost choked him, and he leaned down and picked her little form up in his arms.

The woman, frightened, hurried back with a tin-cup of water, and he bathed the child’s face with his handkerchief. She stirred, and opened her eyes with a pitiful little groan. For a moment she looked up at the face of the man bending over her, then smiled feebly.

“You’re come fer yaire quarter, ain’t yew?” she asked. “I ain’t spent it yit; it’s——” she tried to lift herself, failed, and fainted again.

The man looked about in consternation for somewhere to lay her. He *couldn’t* lay her in that dirty bed again.

Never before had he felt so helpless. With a sudden resolution he rose with her in his arms and started toward the door.

"Open the door," he demanded of the woman. "I can't leave this child here; I'm going to take her to the hospital. You can tell her parents——"

"Huh! she ain't got no parents," laughed the woman scornfully.

"Well, then, you needn't expect ever to see her back here again," he snapped angrily, and carried her swiftly down the steps into the street.

He flushed at the chauffeur's glance of amazement, but vouchsafed no explanation.

"Drive to the Southern Hospital," he commanded.

Never before had he been so near a child—never had held one in his arms; and his arms grew tired and ached with the burden of this twelve-year-old child, slight and wasted though her little frame was. He smiled to think of the amazement of some of his friends, could they see him now, but his heart was strangely light with a joy he had never known before.

The child stirred again. "Good tidin's," she murmured.

The song finished itself in his brain—"to you and all mankind." "Please God, I'll make it to all mankind," he vowed to himself.

He entered the hospital unnoticed, and, being familiar with it, he made his way to the children's ward.

"Is your child hurt?" suddenly asked a sweet voice at his side.

Turning, he faced her. It was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, and hers was the sweetest face he had ever beheld: soft, grey eyes and a mass of soft, brown hair topped with the usual nurse's cap. The heart of John Thornton fell at her feet with a thud.

"Is she hurt?" she asked again.

"Yes," he answered, coming to his senses suddenly, "and I want her in a private ward."

Together they walked silently down the hall and laid her in the clean, white bed. The ward physician hurried up.

"I don't think she's seriously hurt," he said. "But Miss Mary will see in a moment. Do you wish a special nurse?"

"Can *she* take her?" asked John Thornton, nodding toward the nurse who was examining the child.

"Poor little thing!" whispered the nurse with tears in her eyes. Then, realizing the approving gaze of John Thornton, she resumed the business-like tone: "Your daughter isn't seriously hurt," she announced. "A pretty bad cut, that's all. If you care to, you may wait in the parlor for an hour until I can make her comfortable and then you may speak to her."

"She isn't my daughter," he stammered hastily. "She's only a little cash girl I'm fond—got—am interested in. I'm not even married; I am just John Thornton, confirmed bachelor——" realizing what a fool he was making of himself he turned and fled to the parlor.

As he paced back and forth during the hour he waited, the feeling of joy and security he had been experiencing caused him to think hard. He understood now how his own selfishness had cut off from him the Christmas joy that was "to all mankind." But he would not waste his time in regrets, he determined. He had yet the whole of Christmas-Eve in which to prepare to take great joy. He was, somehow, depending on the nurse to help him bring joy to Jennie, and expecting Jennie to tell him how he might take joy "to all mankind."

IV

"The little girl is comfortable now," the voice of the nurse broke in upon his reverie, "and if you wish to talk to her, you may do so."

"If she's very much hurt perhaps——"

"Oh, she isn't badly hurt—a little weak from loss of blood now, but she won't go to sleep until she sees you," she laughed.

It was an entirely different Jenny who greeted him from the cot. Under the skilful hands of the nurse her face had emerged into cleanliness, and she hailed the advent of the man with her old cheerful expression.

"Ain't this here the grandest place you ever seen?" she asked in an excited whisper, as he took his seat beside the bed. "I feel so clean and good, an' don't you jes *love* Miss Mary?"

He turned and smiled at the nurse as she was leaving the room.

"Don't go," he begged.

She returned slowly and took a seat on the other side of the cot.

"Jenny," said the man, lifting the child's small hand in his, "what is your whole name, child?"

"Genevieve Gwendolyn," answered Jenny promptly.

"Genevieve Gwendolyn?" he asked in astonishment, while Miss Mary coughed politely to hide her smile. "Where on earth did you get that name?"

"Named myself," she grinned. "I never had no maw to name me, an' I thought that was a *awful* pretty name; I ain't got no last name."

"Well, we'll see if we can't find you one," he answered promptly, smiling down at her. "Perhaps we can get you one for a Christmas present."

"Aw, I don't ever git no Christmas presents," she informed him. "What are they fur, anyway, when you do git 'em?"

"Why, I think Santa Claus brings them, doesn't he, Miss Mary," he appealed.

"Yes, indeed," she smiled. "You know who he is, don't you, Jenny?"

“Well, I—I ain’t never had nobody to tell me jest ez-actly,” she apologized in an embarrassed voice.

John Thornton shot an imploring look at the nurse, and she answered understandingly.

“He’s a jolly little man who comes to see little folks on Christmas-Eve and brings them all sorts of presents because he loves them,” she explained simply.

“And now what do you want him to bring you to-night?” put in the man eagerly.

“What kind of things does he bring?” inquired the child rather dazed.

“Just what you want. What would you rather have than anything on earth?”

“A tooth-brush, a big doll, some blue slippers, an’—”, she cast a rather dubious look at him for a second, then—“An’ a diamond ring,” she finished.

John Thornton and Miss Mary looked at each other in amazement a moment, then leaned back and laughed until they were weak. Miss Mary recovered first, and she patted the bewildered child’s hand softly as she explained to her.

“We’re laughing because you asked for a diamond, dear,” she said. “You see diamonds are only for people that are engaged—that mean to get married.”

“Oh, yes, I know!” exclaimed the child in relief. “Well, at the store Nell has got one, only she can’t get married now ’cause her man’s been sick an’ can’t git no job. Does Santa Claus ever bring jobs?” she inquired.

John Thornton took out his memorandum book and wrote down “slippers, doll, and job for Nell’s man.”

“What else do you want?” he asked.

“Well, I do need a new apron,” she admitted. But I can do without that, an’ that’s all I want for myself.”

“Well, then, tell me something you’d like to give; some people give other folks Christmas presents, and I’ll buy whatever you want.”

"It costs a *heap*, what I want to give," she objected shyly.

"That's all right," he encouraged, "I can pay for anything you'll suggest."

"I *wish* the folks at the house could have a turkey tomorrow for dinner," she began, looking wistfully at him, "an' a table-cloth to eat on."

Miss Mary smiled again at John Thornton as he put down the requests.

"They shall have the best dinner they ever had," he promised gayly. "What else?"

"Granny Mahler needs a new shawl, an' ole Miss Coles has wanted some specs fer four years," she announced. "Then Jimmy wants a candy cane an'—is it too much?" she demanded.

He shook his head. There were so many other things she wanted that, by the time she had finished, he had promised such a stupendous amount that he trembled to think of it.

"Now, I'm going out to tell Santa about all this," he announced as he rose to go. But first you must promise to be good and go right to sleep."

"I will," she cried, her eyes shining with excitement. "And say!" she caught his hand and laid it against her cheek; "you're the dandiest thing in the world—'cept her," pointing to the nurse.

Laughing, but with a queer, suspicious moisture in his eyes, he left the room, and, at his whispered request, Miss Mary followed him. Out in the hall he turned and addressed her abruptly: "You know I can't do all this," he said. "I don't know how or where to buy them, and I haven't time to do it by myself. Now I want you to come and help me. Please don't object," as she started to interrupt him. "I know it isn't usual for the nurses to leave, but I can see that someone takes your place. You'll be on your patient's business, you see, and my car is out there and—oh, *please!*"

For fully fifteen seconds she regarded him calmly, weighing him in an embarrassingly disinterested manner, then—"Are you *sure* you need me, really *need* me?"

"I am sure I really need you."

"Then I'll go," and she turned and left him.

V

Never so long as he lived did John Thornton forget that night. Together he and the sweet-faced nurse rode down through the crowded streets and visited each store. They both entered into it like children; he so eager to buy that she was sometimes obliged to reprove him. Not content with Jenny's request, he bought not only the slippers and doll, but clothing of all kinds, toys, and toilet articles—including the tooth-brush. Last of all he drove to the florist's, where he came forth literally loaded with violets for Miss Mary. All her protestations were in vain.

"Won't you let Jenny and me express our gratitude for your help in this *little* way?" he reasoned, and she let him have his way.

At the hospital they arranged together Jenny's Christmas with great glee and stealth, and he left with a whispered "good-night" and a grateful hand pressure.

Christmas morning when he came in he was hailed rapturously by Jenny. She was sitting in state in her room, wrapped in a marvelous blue bath-robe, her feet incased in the blue slippers, the doll clasped close. All morning he had worked, delivering the presents she had wished, and after the excited child had displayed her things he told her and the nurse of the pleasure the gifts had given. His own heart was warm with the gratitude they had called forth.

"An' that's what you have Christmas fer?" asked the child at last.

"No, Christmas is to celebrate the birth of Jesus, dear," said Miss Mary.

"Why?" asked the child.

Then in solemn, simple words the sweet-faced nurse told her the story of the Babe of Bethlehem who came into the world on Christmas-Eve and gave Himself for us. The child listened eagerly till the end.

"An' that's 'the good tidings?'" whispered the child. "Oh, I wisht we could all thank somebody for Christmas!"

Miss Mary looked imploringly at John Thornton. So there in the room with the Christmas sun shining upon them, he and the sweet-faced nurse and the little cash girl bowed their heads. And he prayed the most fervent prayer he had ever prayed, thanking God for the gift of His Son, and that his own eyes had been opened to the joy of giving "to all mankind."

And as they lifted their heads the sweetness of "The Presence" filled the room,

"And glory shone around."

EMMA JONES.

A Love Story

(TOLD BY ROMANCE POETS.)

“Under these fruit-tree boughs”
(Wordsworth.)

“She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.”
(Wordsworth.)

“It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,”
(Coleridge.)

“A soft yet lively air she rung.”
(Scott.)

“And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.”
(Coleridge.)

“One voice
Alone inspired its echoes.”
(Shelley.)

“And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wondrous thing
That breathes about us in the vacant air—”
(Keats.)

“She gazed into the fresh-thrown mold as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell.”
(Keats.)

“And when the trance was o’er the maid
Paused awhile——”

(Coleridge.)

“Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet,”

(Shelley.)

“Thus sang my soul . . .
. . . She loves me so!”

(Browning.)

“The wilderness has a mysterious tongue,”

(Shelley.)

“And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that time can bring;
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood.”

(Tennyson.)

“How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!”

(Browning.)

“Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,”

“So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.”

(Scott.)

(The knight speaks to her.)

“When I arose and saw the dawn
I sighed for thee.”

(Shelley.)

“He kissed her forehead as he spoke.”

(Coleridge.)

“And she forgot the stars, the moon, the sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees.”

(Keats.)

“And on her lover’s arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.”

(Tennyson.)

“And oh
The difference to *me!*”

(Wordsworth.)

“I hold it true, what’er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

(Tennyson.)

“Well, I forget the rest.”

(Browning.)

LIDIE TORREY MINTER, '14.

The Heritage

"Men say the sullen instrument
That from the master's bow
With pangs of joy or woe
Feels music's soul through every fiber sent
Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant.
Old summers in its memory glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings;
It hears the April-loosened springs,
And mixes with its mood
All it dreamed when it stood
In the murmurous pine wood
Long ago."

It was in the month of May, in the time of long ago, that Arthur Beverly first led his young wife into the forest—the "forest of Arden," they called it. They came there as pioneers. No one had lived there before except the wild creatures of the woods and the very fact held for them a charm. For they were filled with the very joy of life and to their young eyes all things were beautiful. The very streams seemed to whisper their secrets and the winds bent low to murmur to them as they passed.

They built but a rude hut in the wood and had little need of that, for their time was spent out of doors. At a distance he began to clear away some of the tall trees and to plant for the winter that was coming. She, too, was busy during the day at the thousand little things that a woman finds to do.

It was the evening time that they loved. Whistling he came from the fields, and she came through the woods to meet him.

The sunshine fell through the trees upon her slight form as she stood waiting—so slight that it seemed the very wind would blow her away.

She was English and fair, with eyes like the blue of the sky above her, and sunny hair waving about her face with the touch of the wind. Her delicately white skin and small, shapely hands told of a life of leisure beyond the sea. Yet, in the love-light of her eyes you found the reason why her lips were ever laughing and her cheeks were all aglow. Truly for her the forest seemed to be a veritable "forest of Arden."

The man who came to meet her down the wood-path was tall and broad of shoulder. His long, easy stride and the hard muscles of his hands gave proof of the sturdy folk from whom he came. But in his dark eyes lay the passion that had come down to him from some far-away French ancestor.

And as he held her close he bent to whisper the old question he had asked so many times: "How much do you love me?"

And each time she had a new answer. "I love you as much," she would say, "as the sky is blue"; and then again, "As much as there are trees in the forest." And then, shyly looking up into his eyes, she questioned, "How much?"

And bending low he whispered simply, "With all my heart, Lætitia."

The trees repeated it softly to each other above their heads, but they did not hear.

In the twilight hour they sat together in the woods; he with his violin—the violin that he loved. And she sat spell-bound while he played, for into his playing there crept the murmurs of the forest, the tinkling of the streams, the whispering of the leaves, and then the soft, far-away sounds of the twilight hour and the great love of a man's heart.

It was a beautiful summer of golden days, when the wild-flowers nodded and beckoned wherever you turned. Hand-in-hand they wandered hither and yon, always beckoned on-

ward by the charm of a distant flower. Always he carried his violin. "What would a daisy be like in music?" she would stop to ask.

With his eyes on the far-away hills he would play softly, while she sank on the grass at his feet to listen.

The summer passed—the first summer of their life together—and fall came with all its glorious coloring of red and gold.

"Come out into the moonlight, Lætitia," he called, "and let me play you the witchery of the fall."

And she stood in the chill air and listened. "It is beautiful," she said, "oh, so beautiful—but sad! Why do you make it sad?"

"The most beautiful things in the world are made beautiful by sorrow," he said, in the wisdom of youth.

But she caught his hand. "No," she said passionately, "don't say it. The world can be just as beautiful without sorrow." There was questioning, pleading in her voice as she spoke, and she looked up to him for an answer.

"Yes, dear," he said, stooping to kiss away the wistfulness, "life could not be more beautiful than with you."

The soft pink color came back into her cheeks and she smiled again.

With the coming of spring there came a son to share their happiness.

"Isn't he the most beautiful thing in the world?" she asked.

It was late one summer afternoon that he found her standing upon a high rock. It was just at sunset, and the glory of the sky was all about her.

"Play," she commanded, "play the sunset."

As he played, his eyes rested upon the woman and the child, and into his playing there crept a note of sadness. His eyes had noted how frail her form looked with the golden glow all about her.

After that she seemed to grow frailer each day. With the passing of the leaves she left him.

In his dumb grief he gathered the child into his arms and collected a few things to take with him.

At the door he paused. His violin hung on the wall over in one corner.

He hesitated for an instant. Should he take it with him? It held in it the memories of summer evenings together, of twilights, and murmurous woods. With the thought, he turned away suddenly. Those things were past.

He went out and shut the door behind him.

.
"You can't play," the little man said bluntly, waving his hands with an exasperated gesture. "Why do you try? Give it up and get a job. There are too many people in this world that think they can play. The world would be better off if they'd all try making an honest living instead. There is only one in a million that has any soul to his playing. That's what you lack. There's no soul to it. There's nothing you feel that you want to tell the world about. When you have anything the world really wants to hear about, it will listen to you."

There was a silence. The wiry little man had had his say and poured out his torrent of words and was breathless. It took some time for the young man in front of him to realize the full import of what he had said.

"You mean," he said finally, "that I can't play, that there is no use trying?"

"That's what I said."

All the light had faded out of the younger man's face, and he stood with his shoulders drooped as though having received a blow. His dejected attitude moved the other.

"My boy," he said, laying his hand on his shoulder, "I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but it is best for you to know

it. You have technique, but you lack soul. For your father's sake, as well as yours, I wish it were otherwise."

"Yes," the boy said, "My father told me long ago in his last months that I was to study and work and learn to play, and then I was to come to you and you would tell me whether or not it was worth while."

"Oh!" the man said. He was small and dark, but with eyes that were eloquent of his feelings. "Your father was a wonderful man. He could make a violin speak in the old days when I first knew him. There is nothing else he loved better in the world."

"Yes," the boy contradicted, "there was one thing he loved even better—my mother."

The man nodded.

"I never heard him play after her death," he said. "Do you know what became of his violin?"

The other shook his head.

"It was a wonderful violin—wonderful!" the small man gave vent to his feelings, gazing at the youth before him without even seeing him. What he saw instead was a man very like him with passionate, dark eyes where the boy's were blue. He was hearing again the notes of the violin as he played, and again he sat entranced.

"I see her," he was saying, "I see her. She is beautiful, oh, so beautiful—but how frail! like a slender flower. And her eyes are blue—dear blue bits of the sky."

"I have seen her," he was saying again reverently to those dark, passionate eyes, "I have seen her—the woman you love—in your violin."

"I must go," the boy said at last. "I thank you for doing me the favor of hearing me play."

The man put out his hand.

"Be brave, my son," he said, "it was for the best that I should tell you."

"I thank you," the younger man said again, and passed out the door and down the long stairs into the street.

About him once more was the rush and din of the great city. People in the crowd jarred against him in their hurry.

"What's the use of it all?" he asked himself now. For him all the purpose seemed suddenly to have dropped out of life. Even as a child he had had his dreams of the day when he should stand before a great audience and make them listen by the magic of his music.

And now—a great desire came to him to be alone, to fight it out by himself. Then, in an effort to put it from him, he tried to make plans. The best way to win his battle was to do something, and at once—but what?

The thought of his music came again. His whole life had been a learning to play and he had failed to learn. He must make his plans over again. The small amount left by his father had nearly all gone for his education. The old lawyer had warned him that there was little left.

With the thought came a resolve. He would go to the old lawyer at once to find out exactly what was left. Perhaps he could show him his way out.

As he climbed the long, dusty stairs the sound of a piano in the music store came to him faintly, yet the sound jarred on him. The music was merely mechanical. It was an old song, and a woman's high voice was singing:

"Oh, Marguerite, of long ago!
Oh, Marguerite, I loved you so!"

The voice was harsh, yet even that could not take the pathos from the old song.

The words seemed almost a stab. They brought the thought of Margaret again. He had thought of her first of all when the musician had told him.

Resolutely he knocked at the nearest door.

"Come in," said a hearty voice, and he found himself in Judge Clairborne's office. A prosperous-looking old gentleman, of about sixty, rose to greet him, a smile on his kindly face.

"Well, I'm glad to see you, Beverly," he said. I haven't seen you for some time." Then, "Is anything the matter?" he asked, as his keen eyes noted the expression on the younger man's face.

"I came to see just how I stood," the latter explained. "I've had to give up the idea of doing anything with my music."

"What!" Judge Clairborne said, turning suddenly in his chair. "You mean to say you didn't get the position you were going to get just as soon as you had a recommendation from that musician friend of yours? He didn't give you one?"

"He told me I couldn't play—to give it up. He ought to know. So I've come to you to get advice as to what to do next."

The Judge was just about to go further into the case, but he read in the younger man's face the desire not to discuss the subject. It was his ready understanding of human nature that had made him the great lawyer he was.

"I'm sorry to tell you," he said, "that there are only a few hundred dollars left, so much was necessary for your education. You will hardly be able to live on that.

"There is a small place somewhere out in Ohio, I don't remember exactly where. I investigated it a few years ago. There is only a rude hut on the place. It has just occurred to me that, perhaps, the best plan for you would be to go out there and see what you can do. According to your father's will it can not be sold. There is quite a large tract of uncleared forest. If you lived there, you might be able to make something from it. At any rate, that seems the best

plan at present. As I said before, I am not very well up on the facts concerning it. I will look them up and write you in a day or so. There were a great many restrictions in your father's will about any changes being made. I believe your father and mother lived there when they were first married."

Beverly nodded.

"You have given your time to your music so much that you are not prepared for anything else in the way of making a living. This seems the best opening. What do you think of it?"

"I think it is the only thing left me to do," the younger man said quietly.

"It will mean hard work," the other warned. "You will find it lonely, but it is the best opening I see at present."

There was a knock at the door and a moment later a scholarly looking old gentleman entered.

"In just a minute, Judge Marsh," Judge Clairborne explained.

Then he turned to Richard Beverly.

"Think about it and let me know what you decide."

But he had already decided.

"I'm going," he said quietly.

On his way down the stairs he heard the voice again and again the words floated up to him:

"Oh, Marguerite, of long ago!
Oh, Marguerite, I loved you so!"

He shut his eyes tight and made his way resolutely through the crowd. He tried to put it from his mind, but over and over the refrain kept repeating itself:

"Oh, Marguerite, of long ago!
Oh, Marguerite, I loved you so!"

Even when he sat by the fire in his own room in the boarding-house, where he had lived since he could first remember, the words kept ringing in his ears.

Thoughts of Margaret came surging upon him. It seemed to him now that he had always loved her. She had lived in the house next-door, and they had played together as children in the old garden just back of the house.

In the firelight he saw her again as she had looked when he went over to see her the afternoon before they had moved away to the other side of the town. It had seemed to him as though he were really telling her good-bye. Somehow the other side of town had seemed a long way off.

She had been dressed all in white, with her dark hair in one long curl down her back. They had gone together down to the swing under the big oak. Neither one of them, for the first time in their lives, had very much to say. It was a sign that they were growing up.

"It isn't so far, after all," she had said. "Why, it's only just the other side of town."

"I know," he had said, "but,—" with boyish embarrassment, he had hesitated, the subject being very near his heart, "you'll forget me."

She answered his question only indirectly,—after the way of a woman.

"It's you who'll be forgetting me," she had said. "You'll be a great violinist one of these days, and everybody will be talking of you and of your playing, and you'll forget you ever knew me long before you become famous."

His eyes were full of the dreamy light she had seen in them when he played.

"If only I can learn to play," he had said, "to make people listen, to tell them all the beautiful things in music, then I will come back to you and we will share it all together, and I will have enough, and will give you everything you

can want." His blue eyes were filled now with a passion she had never seen in them before, and her own eyes dropped.

"You won't forget?" he asked, bending toward her.

"I won't forget," she repeated after him.

And then he was only a boy again after all,—“Cross your heart?” he asked.

“Cross my heart,” she repeated.

He had not seen her as often since, but always they had remembered that promise; always he had felt that she had not forgotten.

And now—it was all over. She had everything, and he had nothing to offer. True his mother had gone with his father out into the wilderness, but that was in the old days. Times were changed now.

For the first time he gave way and bowed his head upon his hands.

“Oh, Marguerite!” He murmured the name he had called her long ago. “Oh, Marguerite, I loved you so!”

A week later Richard Beverly stood again at the door of the old musician's small studio.

“I have come to tell you good-bye,” he announced quietly.

The little musician greeted him most effusively. Deep down in his heart he had a great love for the son of his old friend, although he had thought it best to tell him just what he thought of his playing.

Now, as he looked into the face before him, he realized vaguely that the boy had grown up. He was not a boy but a man. The old boyishness had, somehow, dropped from him and a look of determination had taken its place.

“I am going out to Ohio,” Richard Beverly went on, “to a little place where my father and mother lived long ago.”

“You might give me the address,” the musician suggested. “Perhaps if I found anything I thought in your line I might be able to give you some help in getting a place.”

The man hastily scribbled an address on a card. The musician took it.

As he did so, Richard Beverly rose to go. "I'll say good-bye," he said. "I want to thank you for telling me exactly what you think about my playing and for all your help," and he was gone.

The musician for the first time looked down at the address and a surprised look came over his face.

"Well of all things!" he ejaculated.

And then an idea suddenly struck him: "I'll do it," he said, "it won't hurt and it may do some good."

The man was making his way rapidly down the street. As he turned a corner he almost ran into someone coming from the opposite direction.

"Why, Dick Beverly!" exclaimed a laughing voice. "Haven't you learned yet to look where you are going?"

"Well, of all things!" the man gasped. "You?"

She was a trim figure as she stood before him that cold spring afternoon, her cheeks all pink, her brown eyes laughing, and a dimple at one corner of her small mouth.

"So you were going to pass me by, were you?" she asked.

"You were the last person in the world I expected to see," he said.

"And I'm sure you were the last I expected to see when you haven't let us see you for weeks. Have you been so terribly busy with your music?" she asked. She had noticed his tired look and her voice grew suddenly sympathetic.

"I have given up my music," he declared simply, looking straight down into her eyes.

He had turned and was walking on down the street with her. As he spoke, he saw the look of utter surprise, dismay, and then they were all blotted out by instant sympathy for him. With her ready tact she did not exclaim over it; she only looked up at him and asked, "Why?"

All the laughter had left her. The brown eyes were serious.

"I had to," he said. "Mr. La Rue said it was no use. He said I would never play. I didn't have the heart in it."

"How does he know?" the girl asked impulsively. "You do play. You play wonderfully. Do you remember the night I moved away from the old house?" The words brought back memories, and the hot color flamed up in her cheeks at the thought that she should have mentioned it, but she went on quickly. "You played out under the old oak and—and it was wonderful. It made me see things—beautiful things; oh, I can't tell you——" She realized suddenly that she was telling him more than she had ever meant to.

Her eyes were straight ahead, and she did not see the look that leaped into his. He bent toward her. Words were on his lips—and he turned away. What right had he to say them? What had he to offer?

"Mr. La Rue ought to know," he said. "My father said he would."

"What are you going to do?" the girl asked, reaching out quickly for another subject. Her cheeks were still hot because she had mentioned that night. What right had he to know that she still remembered?

"I am going away," he said, and he did not look at her.

"Going away?" she repeated.

"Yes," he told her. "There is a place out in Ohio where my father and mother lived and where I was born. All that's left me to do is to go out there and cultivate it and see if I can make a living out of it."

"I am going to-morrow," he said.

She was on the top step, and turned suddenly. The vine clambering over the porch made a halo about her with its delicate green.

"To-morrow?" she said; and "To-morrow?" she said again, and there was a queer tremble in her voice that he did not hear.

"But you are coming back?" she questioned.

He shook his head. "I was coming back," he said, and his eyes sought hers for an instant, "but that was in the long ago when I thought that some day I would be famous and could come back here—but now that can never be."

There was silence. If he had looked up he would have seen the great wistfulness in the girl's face. The whole heart of her was crying out to comfort him.

"Good-bye," he said quickly, and turned and went down the steps.

"And you weren't even coming to tell me good-bye?" she said slowly.

"I couldn't," he said brokenly, and went on down the walk.

He dared not even look back.

In the small room above his studio the old musician was writing.

"He told me to-day his address, and, to my surprise, I realized that it must be somewhere in your neighborhood. I thought of you at once, but I didn't mention the fact to him. Look him up, but don't mention me. If there is music in him it is bound to come out, and there's a mere possibility there may be some there. Goodness knows, there ought to be! His father had enough of it in him. For his father's sake I'll do all in my power for him. He helped me out once—you remember. You are musician enough yourself to know music when you hear it. Anyway, do all you can for him.

Yours, as ever,

HENRY LARUE.

The old musician folded the letter and put it in an envelope. "He's queer," he said, half-aloud, "but he'll do it."

It was a late summer afternoon, and, as the one traveler on the road turned from the dust to the cool shade of the wood-path, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Just like Henry," he muttered, "to make me go wandering 'round the country on a wild-goose chase like this. How does he expect me to know where to find this young scapegoat? He might be in any of these places for miles around here. As if I didn't have anything to do but go gadding around the country to find this young protégé of his."

He was a queer-looking figure, as he made his way through the woods, tall and gaunt as he was, with a face tanned by the sun and a dilapidated old farmer's hat drawn down over his eyes. The people around the country called him "The Hermit."

Now as he made his way along the narrow path, the keen eyes under the heavy eyebrows noted each object. At the sound of someone chopping wood, he stopped. Then he followed in the direction of the sound.

A man strong and broad of shoulder was hewing down a tree. The "Hermit" stood still and studied him, his gaze lingering long on the face. Evidently his survey was satisfactory, for he nodded.

"That's he," he told himself.

Leaning against a tree he addressed him. His language was that of the farmers about him. He had found it brought less notice to himself.

"When did *you* come?" he asked, as though continuing a conversation.

The young man started at the unexpected sound.

"Hello!" he said, raising his head and thus giving the other a good look at his face.

It was a strong face, the "Hermit" noted, with a firm chin; the skin was clear, but browned by the sun—a face full of determination. The eyes were blue and looked

squarely at him, but there was a sadness in the lines about his mouth.

The "Hermit" repeated his question.

"Since early spring," the man answered.

"And you have done all this by yourself since spring?"

The "Hermit's" gaze wandered over the place about him and took in every change.

"When I was here last spring it looked like a wilderness."

The man nodded.

The "Hermit" took a pipe from his pocket, lighted it and smoked leisurely.

"What's your name?" he asked at last.

"Richard Beverly."

The old man nodded to him. "I thought so," he said.

"What did you say?"

"I said I had heard so."

He drew several puffs from his pipe.

The man went on with his work.

"Get lonely?" the "Hermit" inquired carelessly.

"At times," the man answered him.

"Better come over and be sociable then," and the "Hermit" was gone.

The man laid down his ax to watch him disappearing through the woods. "He's a queer old fellow," he said.

The "Hermit" walked slowly, stopped, considered, then made a short cut down to a small stream.

"I guess the only thing to do is to wait," he said, and settled himself against a tree.

Slowly the afternoon drew to a close. The sky was a glory of golden light. The very forest trees seemed to reflect it. Then he turned slowly and made his way noiselessly back.

"If there's any music in him," he muttered, "it will come out now."

The faint sound of a violin came to him. He went nearer, then stood still and listened.

It was more than an hour before he turned and went back along the path-way, and as he brushed something suspiciously like tears from his eyes.

He came again the next day, and the next—always alone and at the same hour. The man who played never knew he was there.

Over a week later he brought someone else with him. It was the little musician.

“You are sure it is he?” the musician questioned eagerly.

The “Hermit” nodded. Together they stood silent in the dusk of the trees and waited. Then the man began to play. The musician leaned forward, listening intently. Then he caught the “Hermit” by the arm. “It is his father’s violin,” he whispered excitedly. “He has found it.”

Neither spoke after that. The musician stood entranced, listening.

As Henry La Rue listened he saw again his friend, the father of the boy, and the slight woman beside him—beautiful as of old. The music held in it life and joy and love, and into it there crept the murmurs of the forest, the tinklings of the streams, the whisperings of the leaves, and then the soft, far-away sounds of the twilight hour and the great love of a man’s heart—was it the father’s or the son’s? In the playing he saw all over again the joy of living that those two had found who had once come to live in the forest.

And then there crept a note of sadness into the music. He saw the slight form of the woman grow frail. The sadness deepened. The music seemed full of a sorrow too deep for words. The woman had left him with the falling of the leaves. But was that all? Was it only a past sorrow he was playing?

On and on the man played. It was the sorrow of a man’s heart. The musician, standing tense, wondered. Was it the violin or was it the lonely months in the forest that had

taught the man this great sorrow, or was it something beyond all this that had come into the life of the one who played?

The music grew low, trembled, and died away. Neither man moved. Then, suddenly, the musician sprang forward and stood in front of the player. "Wonderful, man, wonderful!" he said, seizing him by the arm.

Richard Beverly stood perfectly still, as though struck dumb by the sudden apparition before him.

"You must come with me for the winter. The place you wanted is yours. Will you come?" he asked eagerly.

A vision of all it meant to him to go back came to Richard Beverly for an instant. "Will I come?" he repeated. "Do you need to ask?"

It was in the month of May that Richard Beverly led his young wife into the forest. She was tall, with a rich mass of brown hair above the laughing brown eyes, and had a small dimple at the corner of her mouth.

How unlike she was to the woman who had first come in the long ago, yet, as Richard Beverly looked down into her eyes, it seemed to him that there was nothing more beautiful in the whole world.

SARAH HANSELL, '14.

Alabama

Some people think Virginia is the only place to live—
That home of presidents and statesmen great;
That there's nowhere such prosperity, such wealth and beauty, too,
And they glory in the "Old Dominion State."
But they haven't seen the moonlight stealing over Mobile Bay
With a silent charm you never can forget.
And there's something still to live for, still to think of, and to hope,
For they haven't been to Alabama yet!

Then some others love old Georgia as the "garden spot of all,"
And say that nothing can with it compare;
That no other state such cities and such wondrous sights can boast;
That no other land could ever be as fair.
But they haven't seen the prairies and the fields of cotton white;
For the sun can nowhere else so grandly set
That in awe and admiration you in silent rapture stand,
For they haven't been to Alabama yet!

Be their home in Carolina, in Kentucky, Tennessee—
Though it seem to them of all the states the best;
Be their mottoes great and glorious, they can never equal ours
In its simple homeliness, for "Here we rest."
And until they see the beauty of the lordly Tennessee
They may know the sight of all they've ever met
And that earth has some things waiting for the sad and weary heart,
If they haven't been to Alabama yet!

CHARLOTTE JACKSON, '14

Locals

MORNING AT A. S. C.

(APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON.)

The sunshine falls on college walls,
 Our Agnes Scott of song and story:
 But no one sees the flowers and trees,
 The campus in its morning glory.
 Rest, students, rest; moments are surely creeping.
 Rest, students, weary students; sleeping, sleeping, sleeping!

O hark, O hear! how loud and clear,
 And louder, clearer, ever sounding!
 With death-like knell, the rising-bell
 The silent halls are now resounding!
 Rouse, students, rouse! See the new day now breaking.
 Rouse, students, sleepy students! waking, waking, waking.

The moments fly, the hours go by,
 And breakfast-bells are loudly ringing;
 Then chapel comes, the college hums,
 While each new hour its task is bringing.
 Rush, students, rush! This is no time for shirking.
 Rush, students, busy students! working, working, working.

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AUX HOMMES

At a college we know,—A. S. C.,
 Where maidens can get their A. B.,
 Five bachelors are.
 Each one is a "star";
 On this, everyone will agree.

The first one is J. D. M. A.,
 The freshman's delight, so they say.
 Though of themes every week
 They most feelingly speak,
 Yet he says he can't keep them away.

Of course, C. P. O. must come next,
 Whose life by fair women is vexed.
 Though a tin sword he need
 He'll not have it, indeed!
 But he really is greatly perplexed.

A celebrity, C. W. D.—
 The wonder of all A. S. C.
 Be it ballads or waltzes,
 Fugues, preludes, or vales,
 He's skillful in equal degree.

Regard B. M. B. number four.
 Of patience possessing such store
That, though girls do annoy,
 He them doth enjoy;
 And will never admit they're a bore.

Here comes our old friend L. H. J.,
 From a state that is far, far away;
 But since one girl is pretty
 And charming and witty,
 He's delighted in Georgia to stay.

C. JACKSON, '14.

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THE A. S. C. "DIET BUNCH"

Among the fair maidens of Agnes Scott who, because of their ill health and poor digestion, are forced to eat at the Diet Table, we can not fail to notice:—First, poor little Margaret Roberts who has been in ill health for quite a long while and has been at the Diet Table almost constantly. She now weighs only about one hundred and fifty pounds and is very frail and weak-eyed. On her right sits another pale maiden—Ruth Blue by name—who has been suffering years with "Gallopings Thinness," but Ruth is building up nicely on eggs and toast. Dr. Sweet thinks that she will soon be able to eat more.

Ethel McConnell is another very delicate girl, and is a victim of the incurable disease of "Final-come-and-get-us." Poor Ethel! It seems that she will never be well again unless there is a "*Mark*"-ed change soon.

At the head of the Diet Table sits Kate Richardson, of low stature and very thinly built, but it seems that Kate enjoys the eggs and toast, for she is always served three or four times. But we must not overlook so conspicuous a figure as Lottie May Blair. No one can understand why Dr. Sweet ever sent Lottie May to the Diet Table, for there is not a healthier, stronger-looking girl at Agnes Scott. Her ninety pounds are really something awful. Jean Ashcraft and Martha Rogers must certainly be weary of their "Diet" ere this, for they have been at that table long enough. Jean suffers with "Social Neuralgia," which, they say, is incurable. But as for Martha, she is afflicted with nothing except an enormous appetite.

Louise Du Pré's health gave way her first week in college, and even now she has no color in her cheeks at all. The milk she drinks must be marvelous. *Marvelous???* Well, anyhow, she says it is good for the complexion, and to gain such a blessing as that she would do anything. Last, but not least, we must mention Frances Dukes, for she is not least by any means. Indeed, she is the ring-leader in "all the misconduct at the Diet Table, which would not be tolerated in the youngest member of the Academy." She is never satisfied with anything at the Diet Table, and often wonders when there'll be a change of menu.

Since these delicate maidens are not allowed to eat between meals the dainties and delicacies which so appeal to the college girl's heart, they are often heard to wail:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'We're hungry again!'"

MENU FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK:

BREAKFAST

EGGS
TOAST
MILK

DINNER

SPINACH
ASPARAGUS FERNS
PURITY OF THOUGHT
EGGS

SUPPER

TIN CANS
CANNED GOSSIP
TOAST

◊ ◊ ◊

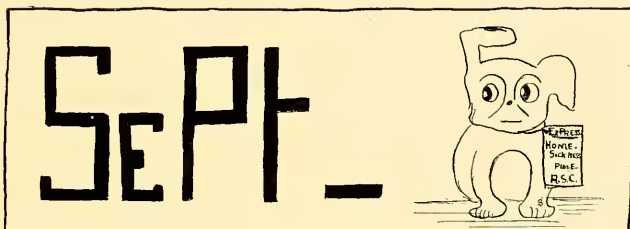
Markley, McKinney, and Young, they say,
Make Freshies think it's surely doomsday.

"Tell me, my child," the trio once said,
"Tell me, in truth, *what* have you read?"

An inward quake had this poor girl;
Her youthful head began to whirl.

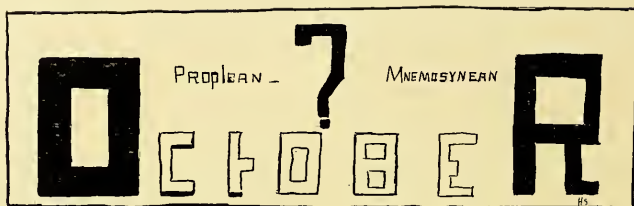
"Speak, Genevieve," McKinney said,
"Speak, Genevieve, what have you *read*?"
Then answered Freshie, with frozen stare,
"Nothing, I guess, unless it's my hair!"

THE SILHOUETTE



18. Early birds arrive and perch on gate-posts, that they might swoop down on any chance Freshie and bear her and her suit-case up the steps, chirping, meanwhile, about the superiority of "the" Society Hall.
19. "Oh, my dear (kiss-kiss)! Am so enthused over seeing you (kiss-kiss)! Where are you rooming? Any cute "Newies" (kiss-kiss)? etc."
20. Blockheads pay up for last year's folly in the form of flunked exams. Usual enthusiasm among the Freshmen over Miss McKinney.
21. In case the new girls should take life at A. S. C. in too frivolous a vein, Dr. Gaines proceeds to weigh down their soaring spirits with his new address on opportunity and coöperation.
22. Freshies search in vain for those kind friends who wrote to them during the summer.
23. Y. W. rushing begins in earnest. Great anxiety as to whether the new girls will join it or the Sunday Night Chafing Dish Club.
24. Y. W. C. A. lawn party. Pink lemonade and cakes; sandwiches in between Mnemosynean and Propylean remarks.
26. Saturday afternoon: Freshmen introduced to Montgomery and to Brown-Allen. Annual Y. W. reception. Faculty dress-suits return.
27. Rainy Sunday afternoon. Flood feared on account of Freshmen's tears.
29. Blue and yellow, green and white, rushing begins with all its might.
30. New kimonos appear in public at Mnemosynean Japanese Party.

THE SILHOUETTE



1. Profs take their turn at "Newies" with a circus. Johnson-Jeffries fight realistically rendered.
3. Propylean Prom. Much walking. Enthusiasm grows with each step.
4. Mnemosyncan Prom. Rushing waxes more and more exciting.
5. Tears of joy and kisses versus wailing and gnashing of teeth! Accepts! Regrets! M. L. S.? P. L. S.?
7. Rumbblings of war in the distance. Freshmen sit up and take notice.
8. War cloud breaks. Midnight march of white-clad Sophomores! Rules and Regulations! Fly-paper does not always catch expected victim.
9. Green ribbons appear. Oh, what pretty hair those Freshmen have!
11. Sophomores live up to their motto, "Topknot, come down."
12. Peace fires; Freshmen and Juniors in front of Inman Hall; Sophomores and Seniors on top of Science Hall. All enmity goes up in smoke.
14. College crushes come into prominence. Freshmen write a book: "How to Run a College," by Me.
18. Wails and complaints on all sides about Freshmen courses.
21. Lavalette's increasing popularity necessitates resignation from *Aurora* staff.
28. Oh, how we hate this six-day schedule!
31. Hallowe'en Party in attic of Inman Hall. Such representative ghosts as "The little dog that came on Agnes Scott campus and changed to hash."

THE SILHOUETTE



1. First chilly day heralded by Arm's mittens.
4. A. S. C. Suffragettes revel in stump-speaking and decide the future of the United States by electing Woodrow Wilson President.
5. Charmed to see that the United States agrees with our decision. Various parties visit Five Points, one chaperoned [?!?] by Mr. Bachman.
8. Seniors take advantage of new privilege and appear late to breakfast, marching in what would have been a stately line if E. P. M. had not stumped her toe as she passed Miss Hopkins' table.
14. Reception for delegates of Y. W. C. A. Council. Miss Hopkins a tight-wad!
16. Holiday from two-hour classes to attend five-hour convention.
19. Seniors clothed in their outward and visible signs of dignity.
20. New President of Student Government elected.
23. A. S. C. attends "Peter Pan." Greatly appreciated. Rear end of car reserved for weepers.
24. "Arm" unable to conduct prayers. Lost—one prayer-book.
25. Juniors begin strenuous training for basket-ball.
28. Everybody thankful for turkey. At least three-sixteenths of an inch of snow on ground.
29. Dr. Sweet works overtime.
30. Allie entertains Seniors with a luncheon.

THE SILHOUETTE



1. Just eighteen more days!
2. Uncle Sam mail-boxes installed at A. S. C.
3. Miss Rivers on time at book-closet.
6. Great sorrow at Miss Edith's departure, and speculation as to whether Miss Miller has keen enough insight to see under beds.
7. Freshmen and Seniors gain laurels in first game of year.
- 9-14. Faculty Xmas presents take the form of tests.
11. Alumnae Bazaar. "Arm's" doll has two sets of clothes this year.
14. Der Deutsche Verein. Most appropriate presents. "Arm" draws a trunk of doll-clothes, and Miss Meinhardt a Roosevelt jumping-jack.
15. Everybody ents church to pack.
16. Props' Xmas party. Give many helpful suggestions to Faculty.
17. Rebekah Scott Faculty blow themselves for the prettiest party of the season. Music while we eat.
18. Everybody calm and collected! Not even a trunk-strap lost!!
19. There's no place like Home, Sweet Home.



3. Back for eight-o'clock classes. Everybody smiles in spite of, not because of, circumstances.
4. Miss Smith late to class and forgets to apologize.
5. Martha Bremner cuts church.
6. Senior lamps give place to electric lights. No more hair-curling and toast-making.
7. C. P. O. sleeps through astronomy class.
8. M. C. prefers wedding bells to school bells. Great relief to see that A. S. C. does not always produce old maids.
10. Annual talk on dancing by Miss Hopkins. Turkey trot and bunny hug forbidden. Virginia reel and minnet approved.
11. One night when our rest was not disturbed by fire drill.
12. Margaret Houser attends Sunday school!
13. Y. W. Backwards Party.
14. Kate Clark, a member of the novel course, looks Atlanta over for Scott's "Pendennis"!
15. Exams begin! General opinion that whoever said ignorance is bliss is a _____
17. Miss Shepherd gives concert after prayers.
- 20-27. Dr. Gaines spends a week at home.
21. D. M. tells a new joke: "It's all off! What? The hair off Sylvester's head!"
23. Exams continue. Alarming increase in death rate.
25. G. P. S. Senior Class arrives to spend week-end. Faculty-Student play. Percy displays suspected ability for making love.
27. Beverley and Olivia chaperon every irregular Freshman in college.
30. Miss Hopkins attends vaudeville for first time and watched whole performance from between her fingers.
31. No one yawns in "Pol. Econ."

THE SILHOUETTE



1. Rebekah Scott girls have their path through college made much smoother by the linoleum on second and third floors.
2. Mr. Bachman washes his spees in soup.
3. Variation in regular Monday dinner.
4. Will wonders never cease? Exee makes presents of all restrictions.
5. As the weather is cold, everybody appears in thin dresses for Annual pictures.
6. A show comes to town and J. D. M. A. doesn't go!
7. Dr. Sweet forgets to kiss Miss McKinney good-night, so they say.
8. Mnemosynean Society gives "Much Ado About Nothing."
9. Dr. Campbell White speaks in college chapel.
10. Emma Pope and Lavalette on time for one meal.
11. Olivia makes last plea for material for Annual.
15. Margaret Roberts missed from Atlanta peanunt.
17. Helen Smith weeps all day. Why? J. I. A. has gone to conference.
18. Annual goes to press.
19. Annual staff resume their studies.



SNOW SCENES

THE SILHOUETTE

CANTICLE IV

The Promised Land

SCENE 1

She Finds Learning

Before Great Learning bows Everygirl, receiving his blessing.

LEARNING :

I, Learning, have watched o'er you, Everygirl, through all the years;
Invisible, I've followed you along through joys and tears
Seen by Nobody. You yourself least conscious of them all
That I was present.

Treading paths of duty all alone
You've come, until you have achieved success—a woman grown,
Go, now, into the world, and happy be though not renowned;
Through thorns to stars you've come, and enter life with wisdom
crowned.





THE SILHOUETTE



'13

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

EMMA POPE MOSS.....PRESIDENT
 LAURA MEL TOWERS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 MARY ENZOR.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

SECOND TERM

LAURA MEL TOWERS.....PRESIDENT
 ALLIE CANDLER.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 HELEN SMITH.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

GRACE ANDERSON
 OLIVIA BOGACKI
 ALLIE CANDLER
 KATE CLARK
 FRANCES DUKES
 MARY ENZOR
 ELIZABETH JOINER
 LOUISE MANESS

EMMA POPE MOSS
 JANIE MCGAUGHEY
 ELEANOR PINKSTON
 MARGARET ROBERTS
 LAVALETTE SLOAN
 FLORENCE SMITH
 HELEN SMITH
 LAURA MEL TOWERS



LAURA MEL TOWERS, B. A., P. L. S., □ □

*"I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character."*

"Put down six and carry two
(Gee! but that is hard to do!)"
Watch her figures go to smash,
Theorems fail and cosines clash!

Trig she took at A. S. C.
Forced by Faculty's decree;
Midnight oil and "morning watches"
Led to nothing more than botches.

But she passed it (so they say),
Now let's yell hurrah! hurrah!
Yet our hearts, in sore distress,
Bid us fear her *Math's* success!
(L. K. Sloan—companion in misery.)



ALLIE CANDLER, B. A., P. L. S., □ □

*"It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."*

"Dad" couldn't do without her,
 "Dad" his girl must see;
 And so a modern Portia
 We'll let our Allie be.

In matters of law and knowledge,
 "A partner 'right'!" "Dad" said,
 And some day not far distant,
 A statesman will she be.



GRACE ANDERSON, B. A., M. L. S.

*"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."*

In "Household Ec.," at A. S. C.
A sure 'nough cook she learned to be;
Then hear her lecture in the town,
For in this work she'll gain renown.



MARY ENZOR, B. A., P. L. S.

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Within our midst this steady maid
Her pilgrimage did make;
And who'd have thought that she'd elope
With patent med'cine fake!



ELIZABETH JOINER, B. A., P. L. S.

*"Those about her
From her shall learn perfect ways of honor."*

"Schmile und de world schmiles mit you,
Laugh und de world vill roar,"
Weep and "Tilly" will cheer you
And you'll have to roar some more.

Far back in good old school days
She ruled, with wisdom, *all*,
Y. W. funds collected
Just see how far she'll fall!

She'll enter a traveling circus.
The queen of clowns is she;
She'll marry the gay ringmaster,
A funny pair 't will be!



HELEN SMITH, B. A., P. L. S., $\Sigma \Delta \Phi$

*"We grant, altho' she has much wit,
She was very shy of using it."*

As prima donna she will sing,
And sing and sing and *sing*;
The neighbors move with shattered nerves,
But still her Kate will cling.



KATE CLARK, B. A., M. L. S., $\Sigma \Delta \Phi$

*"Whatever chance shall bring,
We will bear with equanimity."*

The will is good but flesh is weak,
Yet faithful to the last:
As audience, booster, friend, and chum,
She always sticketh fast!



FRANCES DUKES. B. A., P. L. S., □ □

*"Give me some music; music, moody food
Of those that trade in love."*

Perpetual motion was her state.
When here at Agnes Scott.
Her summers fishing she will spend
In Southern Georgia, hot.



OLIVIA BOGACKI, B. A., M. L. S., $\Sigma \Delta \Phi$

*O lady, nobility is thine,
And thy form is the reflection of thy nature.*

A debutante of note and fame,
A butterfly most gay,
Bogacki tried to change her name.
"A count she'd like," they say.

But days glide on and chances pass,
Old-maid-hood looms ahead;
She takes a preacher mighty quick,
"He'll have to do," she said.



EMMA POPE MOSS, B. A., P. L. S.

*"The spirit of youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes."*

Strict and stern, a spinster she,
A "school-marm," by her own decree;
Though to her students kind she'll be,
Yet, in "mere man," no good she'll see.



LVALETTE SLOAN, B. A., P. L. S.

*"O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world."*

On Lookout Mountain in Tennessee
She used to spend summers, you see;
But now in "fine feathers" from "gay Parree."
In Newport, a widow, she.

A merry widow with eyes and smile.
And she uses them, too, they say;
She likes the men, yes, every one.
And with all she has her way.

She talks *slang* and "*gush*" to the college boy,
And "*tramps*" with the athlete tall;
And with widowers, bachelors, equally coy,
She really does like them all.



JANIE MACGAUGHEY, B. A., M. L. S.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

A "jack-of-all-trades" she's bound to be,
We've seen it here at A. S. C.;
With A's in Chem. and Lit. and Math.,
The praise of all the Fac. she hath.

A question mark ahead has she
For what on earth is best to be?
When good at *all*, how can she choose,
The *others* then she'll have to lose!



ELEANOR PINKSTON, B. A., M. L. S.

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end."

A Quaker maid in dress and look,
Ne'er love to us expressed:
A dog-asylum fad then took,
From which she'll have no rest!
(Who'd have thought it!)



MARGARET ROBERTS, B. A., M. L. S., □ □

"Describe me, who can."

"A look, a smile, a dimple,"
Equals a flirt, you know.
She'll use her art at charming
And "catch" full many a beau.



FLORENCE SMITH, B. A., M. L. S.

"For who does nothing with a better grace?"

"F. X. Smith for Woman's Rights!"
Her banner heads parades;
The suffragettes all follow her
On window-smashing raids.



LOUISE MANESS, B. A., P. L. S.

"A quiet conscience makes one so serene."

Though disappointed in the past
In trips abroad, Louise,
In "self-conducted tours" at last
You'll often cross the seas.

THE SILHOUETTE

The Garden of 1913

SEVERAL years ago—four I believe it has been—I made the acquaintance of a kind old gardener, the pride of whose heart was a flower-garden he was planting at Agnes Scott. I became very much interested in his work, and used to watch him often as he carefully made his plan, sparing neither time nor care in working among the young plants and setting each aright. And now at last, even as I am writing, I view the result of his four years' labor—his garden in full bloom.

One of the dearest and quaintest flowers in this garden is the old-fashioned Pink—Louise Maness—who, though one of the smallest, is one of the most important little flowers in the whole garden. Here she has been quietly growing for the past four years, being one of the first flowers planted, and she has always proved herself a welcome neighbor to all the other flowers.

Near her grows a tiny blue Forget-me-not—Grace Anderson—who, in her quiet and simple way, has also for four years done her part in completing the plan of the garden.

Not far away grows a Pansy,—Allie Candler,—giving a happy touch of brightness to all the neighboring plants. Although she has been growing in the same spot during the whole time the gardener has been working with his flowers, making changes here and there, never once has she failed to show her sunny face and brighten rainy days, and to shed many rays of brightness upon the flowers all about her.

Over in one corner, growing side by side, are two rather tall flowers, the one a dark red Dahlia—Kate Clark; and the other a Black-eyed Susan—Helen Smith. Dahlias love Black-eyed Susans, and so for four years these two flowers have grown together, sufficient unto themselves.

In another corner grows a Tiger-Lily,—Florence Smith,—a tall and slender plant that has always done its best with its varied shades to fulfil its duty toward that part of the garden.

On the side of the garden opposite where the Tiger-Lily grows, another corner is filled by Marigold and Petunia,—Janie MacGanghey and Mary Enzor,—two of the hardiest plants in the garden and two that have always grown steadily, maintaining their positions as two of the strongest and most important plants.

THE SILHOUETTE

In the center of the garden a bright and glowing Nasturtium—Lily Joiner—attracts the observer's attention. The gardener says that no flower has grown more than this one. The other flowers all like the bright Nasturtium, even when she raises her head and commands order among them, and all agree that none has done more to brighten the days of others and to add fun and frolic to playtime hours than the Nasturtium.

Not far from the Nasturtium grows a taller flower, a Narcissus—Laura Mel Towers—who, although she has been growing in the garden only three years, has made herself essential to the flowers' happiness. She was transplanted from the Alabama garden, and, in her growth at Agnes Scott, has endeared herself to every heart by her kind words and gentle manner. In truth, the garden would not be complete without her.

Across from the Narcissus grows a Daffodil,—Eleanor Pinkston,—an independent, sturdy, fresh, little flower that has always, in many phases of garden life, shown herself necessary to the business affairs and general well-being of the other flowers. The Daffodil often helps the Nasturtium in both work and play, and these two flowers, though not the largest, keep order in the garden.

At some little distance from the Daffodil grows a white Rose, tinted with pink,—Olivia Bogacki. The Rose did not grow well for awhile, and the gardener was once afraid it would not bloom with the other flowers, but last summer she made up for lost time, and now ranks among the strongest. The Rose loves for the rain to come and make little puddles on the ground, for then she can bow her pretty head and watch its reflection in the rain-drop mirror.

Another flower that has not grown as long in the garden as the others is the Chrysanthemum—Emma Pope Moss. Tall and strong, this flower has tried to fulfil its duties, and is truly one of the very happiest in the garden.

Not very far away from this tall flower grows a bright, active, little Daisy—Lavalette Sloan—that is continually talking and bobbing its head. This little Daisy has done much in creating life and spirit for the garden, and, as we look at her now, every petal seems to say that the Daisy is ready to be transplanted to some other garden to grow beside some Sweet William.

On the other side of the Daisy grows another lively flower, a Johnny-jump-up—Frances Dukes. She has often helped the Daisy liven up the garden life, adding zeal and active sport on many occasions.

THE SILHOUETTE

Beside this sprightly little flower grows a straight and hardy Aster—Margaret Roberts—who, in her quiet and steady way, has helped the tall flowers uphold the dignity of the garden.

Only one flower that ever grew in this garden has disappeared. The timid Violet,—Mary Lawson Link,—who is still dear to the hearts of all the flowers, could not stand the garden soil, and so returned to her early home whence she had come to the gardener's keeping. And now she grows with other flowers in a garden of South Carolina, still remembered by her Georgia neighbors.

And now I see the gardener himself approaching to take a last look at his flowers, and, as he draws near, he says in saddened tones: "The time has come to gather them and to send them forth to bless others."

EMMA POPE MOSS, *Historian.*

 THE SILHOUETTE 

Senior Class Poem

Now, life is waiting for your feet,
Her many trials you must meet;
May each one prove a blessing sweet,
Nineteen-thirteen!

In every path of life you go
You *will* meet joy and maybe woe,
Sometimes a friend, sometimes a foe,
Nineteen-thirteen.

To each dear girl we thus address
We every one wish happiness.
May she her home and loved ones bless!
Nineteen-thirteen!

And now good-bye to A. S. C.
Our school work soon will finished be;
Our college life will end with thee,
Nineteen-thirteen.

Forever may each girl be known
As well befits herself, and own
She trusted thee, and thee alone,
Nineteen-thirteen.

As we grow older day by day,
As homeward each girl wends her way,
Let each one love, as well she may,
Nineteen-thirteen!

THE SILHOUETTE

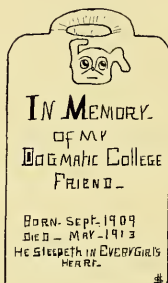
Senior Will

We, the undersigned members of the Class of 1913, being still of sound mind and body, despite our four years of strenuous labor, do hereby make our last will and testament to the Class of 1914.

- ITEM 1. We do hereby declare all past documents null and void.
- ITEM 2. Mary Enzor bequeaths her library hours to Annie McLarty and her superfluous flesh to Lottie May Blair.
- ITEM 3. Frances Dukes wills her love for musical comedies to Charlotte Jackson and her untiring energy to Ruth Blue.
- ITEM 4. Elizabeth Joiner wills her ability to act the "fool" to Theodosia Cobbs and her executive powers to Mildred Holmes.
- ITEM 5. Laura Mel Towers bequeaths her magic curlers to Sarah Hansell and her trig knowledge to Bertha Adams.
- ITEM 6. Eleanor Pinkston wills her French-heeled slippers to Kathleen Kennedy and her blue bow to Zollie McArthur.
- ITEM 7. Helen Smith bequeaths her love for Bible courses to Martha Rogers.
- ITEM 8. Olivia Bogacki bequeaths to Ethel McConnell her privileges of chaperonage to matinées and her skill in the "Turkey Trot."
- ITEM 9. Florence Smith wills her love for Miss Young to Mary Brown.
- ITEM 10. Grace Anderson wills to Linda Miller her keen delight in athletic stunts.
- ITEM 11. Louise Maness bequeaths her boisterousness to Annie Tait Jenkins.
- ITEM 12. Janie MacGaughey wills her flunks and frequent cuts to Marguerite Wells.
- ITEM 13. Emma Moss bequeaths to Ruth Hicks her stumpy stature, and to Louise McNulty her curly locks.

THE SILHOUETTE

- ITEM 14. Lavalette Sloan wills her tramps through the woods, her trips to Aunt Roxie's, and her Faculty secrets to Nell Clark.
- ITEM 15. Kate Clark wills her new black switch to Essie Roberts.
- ITEM 16. Allie Candler bequeathes her serious manner and quiet demeanor to Helen Brown.
- ITEM 17. Margaret Roberts wills her graceful carriage and slim waist to Mary Pittard.



THE SILHOUETTE

Epilogue

The play is ended. This the cue,
For NOBODY to say adieu.
But first he asks you, in NOBODY'S NAME,
Be just, be merciful, be fair,
To "EVERYGIRL," our effort, everywhere.
The faults are many. NOBODY'S the blame.

THE SILHOUETTE

Directory

ADAMS, BERTHA.....	Pine Apple, Ala.
ALLISON, HELEN.....	Madisonville, Tenn.
ANDERSON, BEVERLEY.....	209 Madison St., Lynchburg, Va.
ANDERSON, GRACE.....	Decatur, Ga.
ANDERSON, LILLIAN.....	Danburg, Ga.
ANDERSON, MARGARET.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.
ASHCRAFT, JEAN.....	Monroe, N. C.
BEDINGER, MARY.....	51 Waddell St., Atlanta, Ga.
BLACK, MARION.....	441 S. Hull St., Montgomery, Ala.
BLAIR, LOTTIE MAY.....	Monroe, N. C.
BLUE, MYNELLE.....	Union Springs, Ala.
BLUE, RUTH.....	Union Springs, Ala.
BOGACKI, OLIVIA.....	129 Park Place, Montgomery, Ala.
BOGLE, ELIZABETH.....	Lenoir City, Tenn.
BOMER, CHERRY.....	Vicksburg, Miss.
BOYD, LUCILE.....	Hartford, Ala.
BRADSHAW, MARTHA.....	2160 Highland Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
BRANHAM, EMMEE.....	Bolton, Ga.
BRENNER, MARTHA.....	1363 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.
BRIESENICK, CLARA.....	Brunswick, Ga.
BRIESENICK, GERTRUDE.....	Brunswick, Ga.
BRIGGS, CORINNE.....	Valdosta, Ga.
BRINKLEY, FLORENCE.....	Decatur, Ga.
BRINKLEY, RCSA.....	358 Peachtree, Atlanta, Ga.
BROWN, ELIZABETH.....	Paragould, Ark.
BROWN, HELEN.....	535 Vine St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
BROWN, MARGARET.....	535 Vine St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
BROWN, MARY.....	Stamps, Ark.
BROWN, HELEN.....	442 W. Peachtree, Atlanta, Ga.
BRUNER, PAULINE.....	Morristown, Tenn.
BRYAN, ANNIE POPE.....	Decatur, Ga.
BRYAN, MARY.....	623 22d St., Birmingham, Ala.
BUCHANAN, ALMA.....	Stamps, Ark.
BUCHANAN, OMAH.....	Stamps, Ark.
BULGIN, ELIZABETH.....	Franklin, N. C.
BURKE, ELIZABETH.....	508 Cherry St., Macon, Ga.
BYRD, PAULINE.....	Enterprise, Ala.



THE SILHOUETTE



CAMERON, ANNIE.....	288 Ponce de Leon, Atlanta, Ga.
CAMP, GLADYS.....	1700 Grace St., Lynchburg, Va.
CANDLER, ALLIE.....	Druid Hills, Atlanta, Ga.
CARRERE, SALLIE.....	Dublin, Ga.
CARTER, LORINE.....	Richland, Ga.
CHRISTIE, SUSIE.....	Adams St., Decatur, Ga.
CLARK, KATE.....	418 Alabama St., Montgomery, Ala.
CLARKE, NELL.....	219 Ellis St., Augusta, Ga.
COBBS, THEODOSIA.....	16 Iberville St., Mobile, Ala.
COFER, RUTH.....	61 Oak St., Atlanta, Ga.
COOPER, LAURA.....	155 Peoples St., Atlanta, Ga.
CUMMING, MARIE.....	Rome, Ga.
DAY, FLORENCE.....	Monroe, Ga.
DOE, MILDRED.....	Griffin, Ga.
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DUNCAN, BETH.....	Elberton, Ga.
DUKES, FRANCES.....	Quitman, Ga.
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DUPRE, LOUISE.....	Attalla, Ala.
ELKINS, WILLIE MAE.....	Fitzgerald, Ga.
ENZOR, MARY.....	Troy, Ala.
FARLEY, LORINDA.....	Madison, Ala.
FAUCETTE, LOUISA.....	Bristol, Tenn.
FERGUSON, MARY.....	Thomasville, Ga.
FIELDS, MARGARET.....	100 Lucile Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
FINNEY, LUCILE.....	Decatur, Ga.
FISHER, AILEEN.....	Morristown, Tenn.
FRIERSON, EVERETTE.....	Andalusia, Ala.
FULLER, ANNIE MARY.....	64 E. 17th St., Atlanta, Ga.
GAILLIARD, FLORA.....	66 St. Francis St., Mobile, Ala.
GAY, ELOISE.....	395 Capitol Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
GEOHEGAN, GRACE.....	1428 N. 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.
GLENN, ORA.....	Zionville, N. C.
GOODE, EVELYN.....	1105 Wise St., Lynchburg, Va.
GRAY, RUBY.....	Butler, Ala.
GREGORY, ELIZABETH.....	Cornersville, Tenn.
GRIFFIN, FLORINE.....	Dade City, Fla.
GUTHMAN, ALLENE.....	860 Mulberry St., Macon, Ga.

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HAMILTON, MARY.....	Lexington, Va.
HANSELL, SARAH.....	Thomasville, Ga.
HARRIS, GRACE.....	912 Government St., Mobile, Ala.
HARRIS, LUCILE.....	101 N. 19th St., Fort Smith, Ark.
HARRISON, LUCILE.....	Arlington, Ga.
HART, VIVIAN.....	Hudspeth, Ark.
HARVISON, RAY.....	Junction City, Ark.
HICKS, RUTH.....	Dublin, Ga.
HILL, ROSA.....	616 Washington St., Greenville, S. C.
HOLMES, MILDRED.....	Sylvester, Ga.
HOOD, CHARIS.....	Seminary Heights, Atlanta, Ga.
HOOPER, CHRISTINE.....	779 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
HORN, MAHOTA.....	Franklin, N. C.
HOUSER, MARGARET.....	Anniston, Ala.
HUTCHESON, LOUISE.....	Decatur, Ga.
HYER, MARY.....	Orlando, Fla.
JACKSON, CHARLOTTE.....	Tuscumbia, Ala.
JACKSON, WILLIE BELLE.....	Velasco, Texas.
JENKINS, ANNIE TAIT.....	Crystal Springs, Miss.
JOHNSON, LILLIAN.....	127 Nelson St., Atlanta, Ga.
JOINER, LILY.....	Hawkinsville, Ga.
JONES, EMMA.....	Decatur, Ga.
JONES, JOSIE.....	Valdosta, Ga.
KELL, FRANCES.....	Pascagoula, Miss.
KELLY, ANNIS.....	Vienna, Ga.
KELLY, MARY.....	Monticello, Ga.
KENNEDY, KATHERINE.....	Brick Church, Tenn.
KENNEDY, KATHLEEN.....	Pulaski, Tenn.
KENNON, MARY WILL.....	MeRae, Ga.
KING, DAISY.....	Sewanee, Tenn.
KING, SALLIE MAI.....	Elkton, Tenn.
LAMEDIN, HENRIETTA.....	Barnesville, Ga.
LACKEY, REBEKAH.....	Louisa, Ky.
LEE, VIRGINIA.....	Monroe, N. C.
LINDAMOOD, KATHERINE.....	Columbia, Miss.
LOTT, MAUDE.....	Bruswick, Ga.
LOWENHEIM, CLAUDIA.....	34½ Whitehall, Atlanta, Ga.

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MONTGOMERY, ANNIE.....	Yazoo City, Miss.
MORGAN, ROBERTA.....	Heflin, Ala.
MORRIS, FANNIE MAE.....	Thomson, Ga.
MOSS, EMMA POPE.....	Marietta, Ga.
MUSTIN, DOBOTHY.....	Augusta, Ga.
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MC CONNELL, ETHEL.....	Commerce, Ga.
MCCLURE, ANNIE.....	Xorcross, Ga.
MCDOWELL, ELIZABETH.....	Griffin, Ga.
MCEACHERN, SUE.....	Brundidge, Ala.
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MCGUIRE, MILDRED.....	Franklin, N. C.
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NAIVE, LUCY.....	219 Marion St., Clarksville, Tenn.
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PITTARD, MARY.....	Winterville, Ga.
POPE, DeVANEY.....	Monticello, Ark.
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POWERS, EVA.....	Rome, Ga.
PRESTON, MARY FLORENCE.....	Church St., Decatur, Ga.

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REID, GRACE.....	Palmetto, Ga.
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ROSS, MARTHA.....	Morganton, N. C.
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SAYE, ROSEBUD.....	382 Spring St., Atlanta, Ga.
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SCHOEN, IRMA.....	306 Washington St., Atlanta, Ga.
SCHOEFIELD, FRED.....	101 Vineville Ave., Macon, Ga.
SEYMOUR, NINUZZA.....	435 S. Court St., Montgomery Ala.
SLOAN, LAVALETTE.....	246 McCallie Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.
SMITH, FLORENCE.....	238 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
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SMITH, HELEN.....	Wauchula, Fla.
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SUMMER, KATHERINE.....	Barnesville, Ga.
STRICKLAND, MARY.....	47 Cleburne Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
SYKES, ANNA.....	37 Columbia Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
TAYLOR, EDNA.....	Cochran, Ga.
TAYLOR, ELIZABETH.....	320 Montford Ave., Asheville, N. C.
TOWERS, LAURA MEL.....	2019 Thirteenth Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
TYDINGS, ELLIE B.....	Ocala, Fla.
VINSON, LOVERAHL.....	16 Kings Highway, Decatur, Ga.
WADDELL, RUTH.....	Decatur, Ga.
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WATERS, PEARLE.....	Brundidge, Ala.
WEATHERLEY, ALICE.....	Anniston, Ala.
WEEKES, CLARA.....	Decatur, Ga.
WEIL, EDITH.....	325 Washington St., Atlanta, Ga.
WELLS, MARGUERITE.....	724 Greene St., Augusta, Ga.
WEST, FRANCES.....	36 Avalon Apartments, Atlanta, Ga.
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WHITE, LULA.....	32 Howard Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
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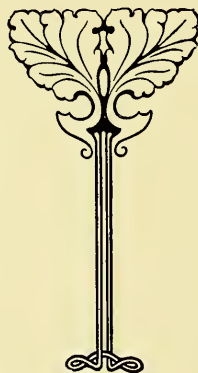
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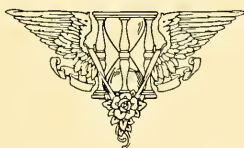


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Perhaps you haven't given it a thought beyond its perfect deliciousness. That is the attitude of nine-tenths of us.

But there are some people who have been misinformed (from various sources of ignorance or maliciousness) and who, therefore, question vaguely the perfect wholesomeness of the beverage. Usually it is the threadbare falsehood of "Cocaine." This is an untruth made up out of whole cloth and so we stamp it indelibly.

Read What These Scientists Have Said—Recently

The matter of Coca-Cola was recently discussed at the convention of the Association of State and National Food Dep't held at Duluth. Note what men said who had investigated in the interest of the public health.

Dr. S. J. Crumline, Secretary of the State Board of Health of Kansas, As to stated that he knew nothing personally about there being cocaine in Coca-Cola, Cocaine Cola, having tested for cocaine and not finding it; but had so often heard that it contained cocaine and had been told so often that its users became addicted to it that he thought it worthy of discussion.

Mr. J. W. Bailey, Dairy and Food Commissioner of Oregon, stated that following criticisms from several ladies he had it tested by his chemist but no cocaine was found.

Prof. Edwin De Barr, State Chemist of Oklahoma, had never found cocaine in Coca-Cola but had found that drug (traces or in quantities) in 69 out of 72 substitutes (or imitations) of Coca-Cola on the market. Note that.

Dr. B. B. Ross, State Chemist of Alabama, had had Coca-Cola examined by his Dep't and no cocaine was found. They did find a small amount of caffeine about equal to what would be found in a cup of coffee.

The following testimony was brought out at the trial in Chattanooga—U. S. Gov't vs. The Coca-Cola Co.—at which trial the Government lost. We give but these extracts from a famous pharmacologist's deposition—Dr. Schmeideberg:

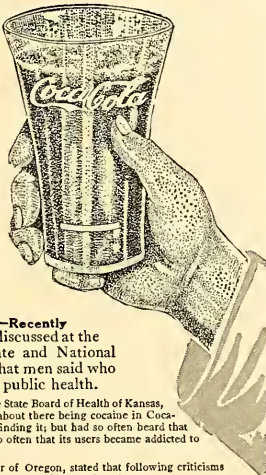
According to the communications which have reached me, about thirty grm. (one ounce) of Coca-Cola syrup is used to a glass of about 210 ccm. of the beverage. the Caffeine There might, therefore, be taken daily of this beverage 1,400 to 2,800 ccm. without which is in any fear of injury to health from the quantity of caffeine contained therein. Rather Coca-Cola might the amount of liquid and of sugar taken at the same time prove injurious by impairment of the digestive activity of the stomach. As a matter of fact, such large quantities of the beverage will but rarely, if ever, be taken. Most consumers will undoubtedly limit themselves to less. In such cases injury is entirely out of the question. Indeed, the misuse of Coca-Cola by taking it in excess, as so happens with alcoholic drinks, is in general not to be found. Not only can no well-founded objection be urged against the manufacture of food products containing caffeine by the introduction of this in any form, but rather should the extension of such manufacture be regarded with favor in the interests of the public welfare.

On the basis of the preceding explanation, I sum up my opinion thus: That Coca-Cola syrup represents a food product containing caffeine, and that, even in the maximum quantity which may be generally taken daily, it cannot, because of its caffeine content, be accounted injurious to health.

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