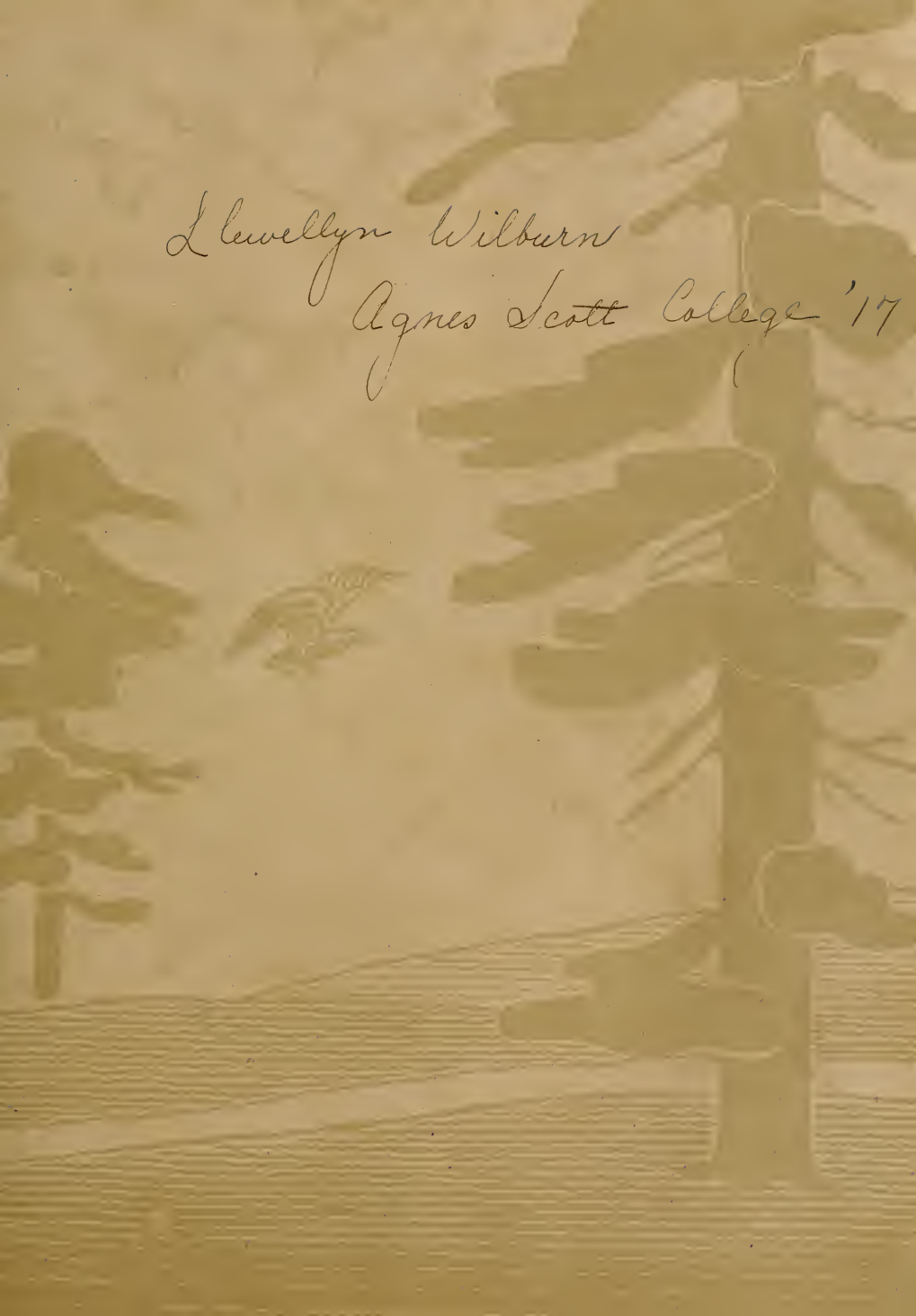







Llewellyn Wilburn  
Agnes Scott College '17











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# THE SILHOUETTE

VOL. XV



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

OF

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

DECATUR, GEORGIA.



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To her, in whom every daughter  
of Agnes Scott finds a wise  
and true friend,  
Mary Louise McKinney





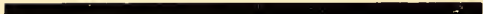


In Memoriam



Arthur William Turner

1886      1917





## Books

*See the rows and rows of books,—  
Battered books!  
What a world of work and wisdom is in  
their learned looks!  
How they bore, bore, bore,  
As to their words we list:  
While their long forgotten lore  
Seems to sink forever more  
In a dim, mysterious mist.  
And we drone, drone, drone.  
With our thoughts forever flown  
From the crowded printed volumes  
filling countless hidden nooks  
From the books, books, books, books,  
Books, books, books,—  
From the time-engrossing torture of  
the books.*

Books, books, books. From the hour of eight a. m., when the heavy doors of the Library swing open, until the sweet tones of the whistle announce a "rest for the weary" at ten p. m., books make up the largest and certainly the heaviest part of our college life. We take notes from books into books, we register in books, we are graded in books, and last and worse our records are kept in books forever-and-a-day.

We present to you this year a whole library. You will find from





our rendition of Pool's index, that each department of college life has been bound into a separate volume and deposited on its proper shelf.

All of the serious, ponderous volumes—with their appendices are here. If you seek Tragedy, you will find it under "Lost Cause" in the index; if you desire legal advice, see "Within the Law." Should you be interested in Sports of any kind or shape, try Shelf IV. Information concerning the fine arts may be gathered from Shelf VI. For Sunday reading, nothing is better than the collection of Y. W. C. A. books found on Shelf III. But if all of these are too nearly classical for your taste, see the last Shelf in the Library devoted to light fiction.

The beauty of this Library is that there are no "quiet signs," no insistence on order, no "shooing." No date for return is stamped in the back if you find the books interesting, the whole Library is yours for ever.





SHELF I.





# INNOCENCE ABROAD



## Freshman Class

COLORS: *Blue and White*

MOTTO: *Progradi non Regrede*

FLOWER: *White Rose*

### OFFICERS

#### First Semester

MARY BURNETT	President
LOIS MACINTYRE	Vice-President
MARGARET HEDRICK	Secretary
ELIZABETH ALLEN	Treasurer

#### Second Semester

LOUISE SLACK
JULIET FOSTER
SARAH DAVIS
CLIFFORD HOLTZCLAW

### MEMBERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MARY BURNETT	MARION MCCAMY
--------------	---------------

### MEMBERS

ROSE ABERCROMBIE	SARAH DAVIS	ELIZABETH LAWRENCE	*AGNES RANDOLPH
*BEVERLINE ADAMS	ELIZABETH DIMMOCK	LOIS LEAVITT	*CAROLINE RANDOLPH
HUGH BARRET ADAMS	CLAUDE DUNSON	EUNICE LEGG	JULIA REASONER
NELLIE ALFORD	REVA DUPREE	MARIAN LINDSAY	SARA REESE
ELIZABETH ALLEN	MARGARET EDMISTON	*FRANCES MCCAM	*ELIZABETH RICHARDSON
NELL AYCOCK	HARIETTE ELLIS	MARIAN MCCAMY	OLIVIA RUSSELL
JANE BERNHARDT	*MARGARET FAIN	*ELIZABETH MCCONNELL	ANNIE SILVERMAN
MARGARET BERRYHILL	LILLIAN FARGASON	MARGARET MCCONNELL	*FRANCES SIMPSON
LOUISE BRAND	HATTIE MAY FINNEY	MARGARET MCINTOSH	LOUISE SLACK
*MARTHA BRANTLEY	JULIET FOSTER	*LOIS MACINTYRE	PAULINE SMATHERS
*DOROTHY BULLOCK	MAY FREEMAN	JULIA MCKAY	SARAH STANSELL
MARY BURNETT	DELIA GARDNER	*MARY McLANE	MILDRED STEELE
EMITON BURNS	*ANNIE MAE GLENN	VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN	FRANCES THOMAS
ELOISE BUSTON	*MILDRED GOODRICH	MARGARET McLEMORE	*RUTH TINNEY
*ESSIE CARMICAL	ELEANOR JORDON	*RACHEL McREE	LURLINE TORBERT
ISABEL CARR	*FRANCES HALE	GERTRUDE MANLY	MAGGIE TRAWICK
ASHLEY CAWTHORN	*FRANCES HAMILTON	ELIZABETH MARSH	PAULINE VAN PELT
MARION CAWTHORN	MARIAN HARPER	ELEANOR MITCHELL	*GLADYS VEAL
JULIA COHEN	ANNA HARRELL	LAURA MALLOY	*DOROTHY WALKER
CLARA COLE	ESTHER HAVIS	MARY MONTGOMERY	VELMA WALKER
*ELLEN COLEMAN	MARGARET HEDRICK	*DOROTHY MOORE	CHLOIE WALLING
LYNDA MAE COMPTON	CLIFFORD HOLTZCLAW	*MARGERY MOORE	*GLADYS WATSON
MARION CONKLIN	*MARY HUDSON	MARGARET MORTON	MARY BEALL WEEKES
ALICE COOPER	CORNELIA HUTTON	ELIZABETH MOSS	CLAUZELLE WHALEY
SARAH COSTON	LILLIE JENKINS	VIENNA MAE MURPHY	IDA WHITE
MARGUERITE DAVIS	LOUISE JOHNSON	*CYNTHIA PACE	*HELEN WILLIAMSON
ROMOLA DAVIS	*EUGENIA JOHNSTON	LILLIAN PATTON	MARGARET WINSLETT
	MARY JONES	EUGENIA PEED	MARGARET WOODS
	*MARY LOUISE JONES	WILHELMINA RABUN	HORTENSE ZACHARIAS

\*Not in picture.























## History of the Freshman Class

WE came into existence a perfectly huge class, but for awhile we ourselves were far from knowing it—in fact, each thought she must be the only lonely Freshman in the great Agnes Scott world. If the Sophomores had not been so kind as to label us, I fear we would never have recognized on all sides friends in misery. At length, but too late to prevent castor oil and other terrible calamities, we united into a machine of war,—formidable enough to give even an impudent Sophomore night-mares! But alas, the age for brutal strength has passed, and there was no time left for us to collect our wits and win the black cat.

Even this blow, however, could not mar our beaming smiles and by the end of the basket-ball season the Freshmen had manufactured a new philosophy: “It is funnier to be laughed at than to laugh at; it is more fun to be beat than to beat!” Moreover, sad adversity has united us more than perfect success ever could.

Forever and ever, next to dear old Agnes Scott, we shall love our class. We have just begun our quest for precious knowledge, so by the time we're all-mighty Seniors our grandmothers and sister Juniors shall be glad of their kindness, Sophomores repent of their cruelty; and the Seniors pride themselves that they were models for such perfection!

—ELIZABETH ALLEN, '20.





## The Memory Book of a Freshman

'Tis neatly bound, and gay,  
With edge of shining gold;  
And it holds the sign of many a day,  
The memories that never grow old.  
A Freshman's heart it reveals—  
The joys and sorrows together—  
The bonds that hold her loyal—  
The ties that naught can sever.

Time-table, and ticket, and check  
For baggage, and maybe receipt—  
These now the first pages deck.  
'Twas the first time her trembling feet  
From the much-loved home did go  
Far away without guide or companion  
In body and mind for to grow.

There are cards and favors of "proms;"  
Souvenirs of the first happy week;  
There are tickets of "Movies" and lecture programs  
Where this Freshman did joyfully seek  
To beguile and distract her much troubled mind  
From lessons and duties oppressing  
That pleasure would fain leave behind.

Perhaps there's a summons recorded  
To meet with the Justice—"Exer"  
Perhaps there are failures—so hopelessly worded  
That all her high hopes seem to wreck.  
Oh! many and varied, the contents of a Freshman's Memory Book  
That record joy and fear of that first college year  
As on toward the next one we look.

MARION STEWART HARPER, '20.





## Irregular Officers

<i>First Semester</i>		<i>Second Semester</i>
SARAH PATTON . . . . .	<i>President</i> . . . . .	ADELE BIZE
ADELE BIZE . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	PRISCILLA NELSON
RUBY STANLEY . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> . . . . .	RUBY STANLEY

### MEMBER EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

ANABEL EWING

### Appendix

#### FIRST YEAR IRREGULAR

- |                     |                     |                   |
|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| HARRIET BEACH       | MARION HART         | *SARAH SIMPSON    |
| LUCY BEMAN          | EDWINA HOLT         | *ARVILLA SMITH    |
| *MRS. DOROTHY BOYD  | *ODELLE HUNT        | *DOROTHY SMITH    |
| MARJORY BUCHA       | *JOSEPHINE KERR     | *KATHLEEN SPARKS  |
| FRANCES BYRD        | *MILDRED KIZER      | CAROLINE SPROULL  |
| NELL CALDWELL       | FRANCES LONG        | RUBY STANLEY      |
| ALICE SLATER CANNON | MARGARET LYLE       | *EMILY WALKER     |
| *MRS. RUBY CARROLL  | NELL McCANTS        | JANE WALKER       |
| ELIZABETH CASS      | *SARAH PEARL MARTIN | MARTHA WEBB       |
| FRANCES COOPER      | LOUISE MAY          | MARY PAINE WENDEL |
| ELISE CURRELL       | MELITA MILLER       | REBECCA WHALEY    |
| MIRIAM DEAN         | *PAULINE MILLER     | TYLER WILBY       |
| MARY DUDLEY         | *VICTORIA MILLER    | HELEN WILLIAMS    |
| MARGARET ELLETT     | MARGARET MORRISON   | *LOUISE WILLIAMS  |
| FRANCES ERVIN       | KATHERINE MORTON    | ELMA WIMBERLEY    |
| ANABEL EWING        | SYBIL NUNNELEE      | HATTIE MAE WOOD   |
| PAULINE GARDNER     | *DOROTHY PAINE      | *MILDRED WOODWARD |
| *ISABEL GUINN       | CATHERINE REED      | *ROSALIND WURM    |
|                     | ALBERTA RUSSELL     |                   |

\*Not in picture.











# TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST



## Sophomore Class

### OFFICERS

#### First Semester

CLAIRE ELLIOTT . . . . .  
GOLDIE HAM . . . . .  
LULIE HARRIS . . . . .

*President* . . . . .  
*Vice-President* . . . . .  
*Secretary and Treasurer* . . . . .

#### Second Semester

GOLDIE HAM  
MARGARET ROWE  
MARGUERITE WATTS

### MEMBERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MARY BROCK MALLARD . . . . . FRANCES GLASGOW

### MEMBERS

\*LOUISE ABNEY  
MINNIE CLAIRE BOYD  
BLANCHE COPELAND  
LUCY DURR  
CLAIRE ELLIOTT  
SHIRLEY FAIRLEY  
LOUISE FELKER  
MARY FORD  
MARY C. FREEMAN  
FRANCES GLASGOW  
KATHERINE GODBEE  
LENORA GRAY  
BESS HAM  
GOLDIE HAM  
OLIVE HARDWICK  
LULIE SPEER HARRIS  
ALMEDA HUTCHESON  
\*EMMA JONES

\*EMILIE KEYES  
VIRGINIA LANCASTER  
\*MARGARET LEACH  
\*RUTH LOWE  
MARY BROCK MALLARD  
LOUISE MARSHBURN  
EMILY MILLER  
MARGARET MILLER  
DOROTHY MITCHELL  
\*VIRGINIA NEWTON  
TRUEHEART NICOLASSEN  
ALICE NORMAN  
MARY KATHERINE PARKS  
KATHRINA PENN  
ELIZABETH PRUDEN  
ETHEL REA

\*ELIZABETH REID  
\*ELIZABETH RILEY  
MARGARET ROWE  
\*MYRA CLARK SCOTT  
\*MARGARET SHIVE  
JULIA LAKE SKINNER  
\*FRANCES SLEDD  
LULU SMITH  
\*MARIE STONE  
DOROTHY THIGPEN  
\*ORA MELL TRIBBLE  
ELIZABETH WATKINS  
MARGUERITE WATTS  
LEWELLYN WILBURN  
AGNES WILEY  
\*EVA MAE WILLINGHAM  
ELIZABETH WITHERSPOON  
\*CLEMA WOOTTEN

### HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. SWEET

DR. ARMISTEAD

MISS CADY

\*Not in picture.













## Sophomore Class History

THE fall of 1915 was a noteworthy one, in the fact that it saw a certain crowd of homesick Freshmen plodding their weary way through a tunnel and a huge gate. We had come to conquer the unconquerable and to attain the unattainable,—so we thought, especially after we caught the first glimpse of that unrelenting Admission Committee.

No, this was not our only obstacle, for the Sophomores did not spare us. They took our room-numbers as we crouched in corners and caused us to sleep a dozen deep in crowded rooms. After a week or two we felt like lost souls in an endless labyrinth. Fortunately for the less courageous of us, we were not destined to endure this seemingly endless agony. We were "rushed," we were entertained, and, most glorious of all, we distinguished ourselves in athletics. Then we showed we were no "bone-heads," for we almost made those naughty Sophomores tremble in that mighty contest of wits.

Although it was not all unpleasant, we thought it would never end—that Freshman year. Those examinations inspired nothing but awe, and those Sophomores just could not help but be heartless.

The struggle was long and bitter, but most of us managed to grit our teeth and stand it, for it was a true "survival of the fittest." Then one bright and happy morning, we awakened to find ourselves *Sophomores*. Of course, we had to pinch ourselves to see if it were really so. We turned the tables this year and played the part of the "naughty Sophs," and tortured the timid Freshmen. We settled our antagonism by the contest of wits in which we came out with the "witty kitty." We are still clinging to that spirit and pluck which helped us in our Freshman struggle. By means of it we have succeeded in athletics as well as in other endeavors. It is our desire to crown this Sophomore year with success. Although the slope is steep and the path rugged, we are still climbing upward. Now, you can guess our greatest ambition—to become full-fledged Juniors.

LOUISE MARSHBURN, '19.



## Sophomore Class Hoem

*We've all been new together,  
Worn straight pigtails down each back.  
We've fought and lost together;  
College life looked pretty black.  
We've taken trig together,  
(Witness flunk slips in the box.)  
We've been home-sick together,  
And conscious-stricken over knocks,  
But our Freshman year is past!*

*We've been old girls together  
While forlorn the Freshmen sat.  
We've fought and won together,  
(Witness that much-envied cat.)  
We've had French I together,  
Passed that re-exam in trig,  
Beaten Seniors in the gym,  
And we think we're rather big!  
These Soph days are going fast.*

*When caps and gowns together  
We acquire in two more years,  
We'll be wise owls together,  
Blinking scorn at Freshmen tears.  
We'll pass exams together;  
They'll have to let a Senior thru.  
We'll be Hoacs together  
With dignity in all we do,  
When we're Senior girls at last.*

—MARGARET ROWE, '19.



# SECOND YEAR IRREGULAR

## Appendix

CLIFFORD ALMAND  
ADELE BIZE

EVELYN BRAZELLE

HELEN EWING

EUGENIA GUINN

RUTH LAMBDIN

MARY MAY

MIRIAM MORRIS

NELLIE STEPHENSON





# GREAT EXPECTATIONS



## Junior Class

### OFFICERS

#### First Semester

- JULIA ABBOTT . . . . . *President*
- CAROLINE LARENDON . . . . . *Vice-President*
- JULIA WALKER . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*
- HALLIE ALEXANDER . . . . . *Poet*
- LORINE PRUETTE . . . . . *Historian*

#### Second Semester

- ROSE HARWOOD
- ELLA CAPERS WESTON
- LOIS GRIER

### MEMBERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

- LOIS GRIER . . . . . KATHERINE HOLTZCLAW

### MEMBERS

- |                  |                     |                      |
|------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| JULIA ABBOTT     | LOIS GRIER          | MARY ROGERS LYLE     |
| HALLIE ALEXANDER | ROSE HARWOOD        | *ANNA LEIGH McCORKLE |
| RUTH ANDERSON    | *IRENE HAVIS        | ANNIE WHITE MARSHALL |
| ELVA BREHM       | *SUSIE HECKER       | FANNIE OLIVER        |
| MYRTIS BURNETT   | EDITH HIGHTOWER     | PORTER POPE          |
| *MARTHA COMER    | KATHERINE HOLTZCLAW | LORINE PRUETTE       |
| *BELLE COOPER    | HELEN HOOD          | KATHERINE SEAY       |
| ELIZABETH DENHAM | CAROLINE LARENDON   | *ISA BEALL TALMADGE  |
| RUBY LEE ESTES   | MARGARET LEYBURN    | JULIA WALKER         |
| LOIS EVE         | SAMILLE LOWE        | ELLA CAPERS WESTON   |

### HONORARY MEMBERS

- MISS HOPKINS
- MISS HARRISON
- MR. GRAHAM

\*Not in picture.









Dear Susan:

Well, I Reckon you Know,  
By Now I am a Junior,  
And next year I will Be A Senior,  
Maybe.  
Do you remember, Susan, when  
I started College Here,  
Three Years Ago,  
The biggest thing that Ever  
Happened—happened Then.  
This Class came to Agnes Scott,  
And We had a fight.  
You see, the Sophs thought they had us Scared.  
But we knew we could Get Them  
And we Fought So Hard they  
Wanted To stop.  
And So we smoked the Pipe  
Of Peace, and Ever Since  
We have had a Contest of Wits  
Instead of Muscle and the class  
That is the Witiest Gets a cat  
Instead Of a black eye,  
Which Is better, don't you Think?  
But we Can fight Still  
You bet, for We have won  
The Basket-Ball Championship  
Every year since we Have Been here.  
You know, they called Us War Babies  
Because we came In that year  
The war Started and We are so Few.  
But we Are there with The Goods.  
Just the Same when it comes  
To Spirit. And what we Lack in size  
We Try to make up For In Quality.  
And when it comes to Loving this Old Place  
And working For It,  
We are Right There.  
And when it comes To Singing  
The Juniors  
Will Sing as loud as Any Class.  
"Agnes Scott, My Agnes Scott!"

—LORINE PRUETT, '18.





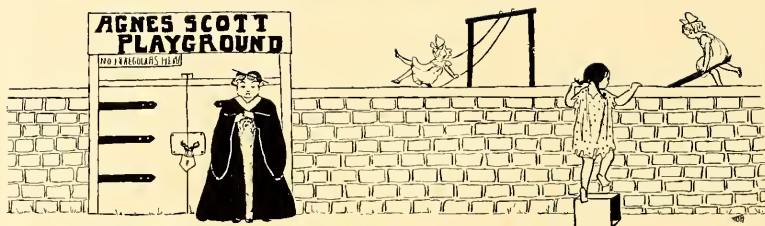
## Junior Class Poem

*Far, far behind, our childhood days from sight  
Are growing dimmer as they flow along.  
Each year and day is like a fading light,  
The farthest off can hardly now be seen.  
The nearer ones are clearer, and the day  
In which we now live so stands out  
That all the other, earlier ones seem play  
And only this is Life, without a doubt.*

*And so, as Juniors now, we tolerate  
The years in which we childishly have trifled—  
As High School Seniors, when we sat in state;  
As Freshmen, with our ignorance revealed;  
And then, as Sophomores, when we tried to be  
So supercilious and so dignified,—  
But now's to-day, and now it seems that we  
Are living, when before we only tried.*

*Far, far ahead we see our life expand,  
We think not of the unimportant past—  
Our life begins to-day, and with our hand  
Outstretched, to take whate'er may cross our path,  
We go ahead rejoicing that we may  
At Agnes Scott, as Juniors, live and learn  
To meet Life's All, or be it work or play;  
With courage stout, toward joy or sorrow, turn.*





## THIRD YEAR IRREGULARS

AILSIE MAYO CROSS

PRISCILLA NELSON

SARAH PATTON

ANNIE SAXON

ELIZABETH WEST

### Specials

MARGARET BURGE

JULIA INGRAM

ROSA LEE MONROE

MARTHA WINSBOROUGH



# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL



## Senior Class

COLORS: *White and Gold*

FLOWER: *Daisy*

MOTTO: *Optima Petamus*

### OFFICERS

*First Semester*

KATHERINE LINDAMOOD  
MILDRED HALL  
MARY EAKES  
INDIA HUNT  
FRANCES THATCHER

*President*

*Vice-President*

*Secretary-Treasurer*

*Second Semester*

MARY EAKES  
FRANCES THATCHER  
MARTHA DENNISON  
*Poet*  
*Historian*

### MEMBERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN

MARY NEFF

### MEMBERS

AMELIA ALEXANDER  
GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN  
LOUISE ASH  
LAURIE CALDWELL  
LORINE CARTER  
AGNES SCOTT DONALDSON  
MARTHA DENNISON  
ISABEL DEW  
MARY EAKES  
ELIZABETH GAMMON  
GLADYS GAINES  
MILDRED HALL  
CHARLOTTE HAMMOND  
JANE HARWELL

INDIA HUNT  
WILLIE BELLE JACKSON  
ANNE KYLE  
ANNIE LEE  
KATHERINE LINDAMOOD  
MARY McIVER  
ELIZABETH MILLER  
MARY NEFF  
JANET NEWTON  
RUTH NISBET  
MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE  
REGINA PINKSTON  
MARGARET PRUDEN

ELLEN RAMSEY  
LOUISE ROACH  
RITA SCHWARTZ  
VIRGINIA SCOTT  
KATHERINE SIMPSON  
AUGUSTA SKEEN  
MAY SMITH  
MARGUERITE STEVENS  
FRANCES THATCHER  
LOUISE WARE  
SARAH WEBSTER  
GEORGIANA WHITE  
VALLIE YOUNG WHITE  
MARY VIRGINIA YANCEY

### HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. PARRY

MISS MCKINNEY

MISS REICHENBACH

DR. MCCAIN



# SOPHOMORE

1917



1914

# SISTERS

AMELIA ALEXANDER  
 GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN  
 LOUISE ASH  
 LAURIE CALDWELL  
 LORINE CARTER  
 AGNES SCOTT DONALDSON  
 MARTHA DENNISON  
 ISABEL DEW  
 MARY EAKES  
 ELIZABETH GAMMON  
 GLADYS GAINES  
 MILDRED HALL  
 CHARLOTTE HAMMOND  
 JANE HARWELL  
 INDIA HUNT  
 WILLIE BELLE JACKSON  
 ANNE KYLE  
 ANNIE LEE  
 KATHERINE LINDAMOOD  
 MARY McIVER  
 ELIZABETH MILLER  
 MARY NEFF  
 JANET NEWTON  
 RUTH NISBET  
 MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE  
 REGINA PARK PINKSTON  
 MARGARET PRUDEN  
 ELLEN RAMSEY  
 LOUISE ROACH  
 RITA SCHWARTZ  
 VIRGINIA SCOTT  
 KATHERINE SIMPSON  
 AUGUSTA SKEEN  
 MAY SMITH  
 MARGUERITE STEVENS  
 FRANCES THATCHER  
 LOUISE WARE  
 SARAH WEBSTER  
 GEORGIANA WHITE  
 VALLIE YOUNG WHITE  
 MARY VIRGINIA YANCEY

LOUISE MARSHBURN  
 MARGARET ROWE  
 VIRGINIA NEWTON  
 ELIZABETH PRUDEN  
 EMILIE KEYES  
 BESS HAM  
 BLANCH COPELAND  
 ELIZABETH WATKINS  
 LLEWELLYN WILBURN  
 KATHERINE GODBEE  
 ETHEL REA  
 ELIZABETH REID  
 LENORA GRAY  
 FRANCES GLASGOW  
 MARGUERITE WATTS  
 MARY KATHARINE PARKS  
 RUTH LOWE  
 LULIE HARRIS  
 DOROTHY THIGPEN  
 MARY FORD  
 MARY BEALL WEEKES  
 MARGARET LEACH  
 CLAIRE ELLIOTT  
 DOROTHY MITCHELL  
 MARY BROCK MALLARD  
 ALICE NORMAN  
 AGNES WILEY  
 JULIA LAKE SKINNER  
 LOUISE FELKER  
 SHIRLEY FAIRLY  
 FRANCES SLEDD  
 TRUEHEART NICOLASSEN  
 EMILY MILLER  
 OLIVE HARDWICK  
 ALMEDA HUTCHESON  
 LUCY DURR  
 HATTIE MAE FINNEY  
 VIRGINIA LANCASTER  
 GOLDIE HAM  
 MARY FREEMAN  
 KATHARINA PENN





AMELIA ALEXANDER  
P. D. S.  
Decatur, Ga.

*A pair of the most unusual eyes in the world look you straight in the face. You are held spell-bound, not knowing just exactly what to say or do. Those eyes fascinate you—of course they do—with that strange expression peculiar to them. You do not shift under that stare until those eyes begin to smile,—then you forget there are any eyes at all, for you see the most wonderful dimples in the world. Isn't it queer what a charm two small indentations in the face can lend?*

*Louise Marshburn*



GJERTRUD JOSEPHINE AMUNDSEN  
Hoasc—M. D. S.  
Mobile, Ala.

"Gone, but not forgotten."  
Entered this life Sept. 20, 1913. Departed this life May 30, 1917.

*Beloved by the Seniors, honored by the Juniors, respected by the Sophs and revered by the Freshmen. A girl much given to all good works, a basket-ball champion and Blackfriar of high renown.*

*This space is dedicated to her memory by her devoted sister.*

*Margaret Row*

E. R. LAMBOIN



MARY LOUISE ASH  
M. D. S.  
Athens, Ga.

*She's a worthwhile girl, this Senior Sister of mine. It takes a fine head for business to be Student Treasurer and plan programs for unenthusiastic societies. Did you ever get a hint of how much gossip that head can carry? Secrets galore are stored away in her brain. My! but she can tease you about your ignorance! (Senior dignity, forsooth!) And yet there's not a truer friend to be found than my sister of the cap and gown.*

*Virginia Newton*



LAURIE LEGARE CALDWELL  
M. D. S.—Hoase—Σ Δ Φ  
Greensboro, Ga.

*Behold the Business Manager of the Silhouette, the President of the Junior Class of 1917, Toastmistress of the Banquet last year, and the Chemical Expert!*

*Take a 50 per cent. solution of sugar, add brilliant color, two sparkling eyes, a mass of curly black hair, pearly teeth, four grams of vivacity. Pour in some tincture of laughter, season to taste with essence of whistling, stir well and magnify to the nth power and the result will be a weak synthetic imitation of Laurie Caldwell.*

*Elizabeth Pruden*



LORINE EPSY CARTER  
M. D. S.  
Richland, Ga.

*Though she couldn't be said to be much of a  
grind  
No one can surpass her in quickness of mind.  
Good-natured and generous; jolly, clever,  
Her tongue like the brook goes onward forever,  
Her two greatest hobbies are—fondness for  
yellow  
And love for a date with a good-looking  
fellow.*

*Emile Keizer*



AGNES SCOTT DONALDSON  
M. D. S.—Hoasc  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

*She's gay, she's good, she's true,  
She's sad, and bad, like me and you,  
But, good or bad, gay or sad —  
She's—just Agnes.*

*Bess Ham.*





MARTHA PRINCE DENNISON  
M. D. S.  
Atlanta, Ga.

*She is always joyous, happy and gay,  
Spreading sunshine the live-long day.  
With a ready smile to greet you  
Whenever she chances to meet you.*



ISABEL DEW  
P. D. S.  
Atlanta, Ga.

*When everybody loves you and nobody hates  
you, why do you go in the lab. and cut up  
worms? When all the teachers pass you and  
nobody beats you, don't you ever get tired of  
playing tennis?*

*Blanche Copeland*

*Elizabeth Walkers*

ER LAMBOIN



MARY ALICE EAKES

P. D. S.

Decatur, Ga.

*In order to make a "Mary Eakes," mix about the usual height and width of a college girl with a pair of twinkling blue eyes and some light fluffy hair. Add a red sweater and a blue skirt. When these have been thoroughly mixed, stir in a hearty laugh, a perpetual grin, and plenty of things to say. Serve on rainy days or when you have the blues.*

*Llewellyn Wilburn*



MARY ELIZABETH GAMMON

P. D. S.

Rural Retreat, Va.

*A halo of wisdom surrounds her head and the freshmen stand in awe, amazed that such wonders exist. However woman was never wholly devoted to the Muses. Hark! did any one say "Man"?*

*Katherine Bodbee*



GLADYS LECOMPTE GAINES  
M. D. S.  
Mobile, Ala.

*Gladys's countenance pervades everyone with its smiles and characteristic expression prompted by a perpetual good humour and inherent cheerfulness.*

*Her light-heartedness, dependableness and willingness to do anything in her power for her friends, the courage of her convictions and a dark-brown taste for History, characterize Gladys. We part with you knowing that we will miss you more and more; miss your helping hand and most of all your good old self.*

*Ethel Rea*



MILDRED HALL  
M. D. S.—B. D.  
Greenwood, Miss.

*"Mid" is destined for the "Hall" of Fame. It will not be a far step from the second-floor lodging in "Rebekah Scott". Although hailing from the "Greenwood" of Mississippi, she can not be considered "verdant timber." In "exchange" terms, she is long on brain and short on idleness; stocked upon cleverness, and unsupplied in mediocrity. And if she were quite as good as she is good-looking, no restraint of nature could prevent the sprouting of wings.*

*Elizabeth Reid*





CHARLOTTE HAMMOND

M. D. S.

Kosciusko, Miss.

*Charlotte is one of the best all round girls in the world. She has the high intellectual qualities that make her scholarship excellent; and those traits of character and charms of personality which make her a true, sincere friend and a delightful companion.*

*Senora Gray*



JANE HARWELL

M. D. S.—B. D.

La Grange, Ga.

*Three in one, the saying runs,  
But I would make it four.  
For dignity, dependance, brains and fun  
Compel us this Jane to adore.*

*Frances Glasgow*



INDIA HUNT

P. D. S.—Hoasc—Γ T A  
Bristol, Va.

*India's chief distinction is her ability to fill the rather difficult position of Queen of the Chemical Lab., and for three years she was hot in pursuit of the King—but in vain. However, in spite of this strenuous life she has managed to annex more than the average number of college honors. In fact, India is one of the best we have. And now, "we are weedy and waiting" for "Fweddy" to make her mark in the world.*

*Marguerite Wells*



WILLIE BELLE JACKSON

M. D. S.—B. D.  
Gainesville, Ga.

*To know is to love "Uncle Billy"  
As her rejected suitors avow.  
Many have known the poise of the lady  
And all love her winsomeness now;  
For only is dignity charming  
When one knows how to unbend,  
And only is hauteur attractive  
When Willie Belle Jackson's your friend.*

*Many Katherine Parke*



ANNE GRAHAM KYLE,  
M. D. S.—Hoac  
Lynchburg, Va.

*Anne hasn't what you might call quantity or height but she's right there when it comes to quality. Nothing hoighty-toighty about Anne—she's plain, but she's just glowing with public-spirit. You want to know what I think of her? She's a sweet, true, old girl, and if she weren't so averse to kissing I'd show her substantially how proud I am to be Her Sophomore Sister.*

*Ruth Lowe*



ANNIE LEE  
M. D. S.—Σ Δ Φ  
Birmingham, Ala.

*Who said Athletic Store? Sure it is a success; it couldn't be any thing else with Annie Lee at the head of it. She has the true sporting spirit in every thing she goes into. The Senior basket-ball would not be what it is without her. You would never know it from her, she does not boast of her successes, but all who know her can tell you about it.*

*Julie Harris*





KATHARINE LINDAMOOD

M. D. S.—Γ T A

Columbus, Miss.

*Dear Senior Sister—Writing you in eighty words reminds me of an epitaph on a tomb. "Di meliora," that I associate with tombs anyone so thoroughly alive. I see you in many places; at the front of the Senior line, in the library, on the tennis courts. Your friendship has meant much to me, as your interest and enthusiasm has meant much to Agnes Scott. I can only wish that you may continue to give always, for you will be rich in receiving the most which life has to give.*

*Sincerely your friend,*

*Dorothy Thigpen*



MARY ELIZABETH McIVER

P. D. S.

Atlanta, Ga.

*This fair one with her auburn tresses and sunny smile was a worthy contribution to the class of '17, entering in her Sophomore year from Lindenwood College, Missouri. "Soch" stars in the sciences, and also made quite a "rep." in Sociology—hence her appellation. With her cheerful disposition and ready wit, Mary has won her place in the "Memory Hall" of Agnes Scott.*

*Mary Ford*

ERL



CLARA ELIZABETH MILLER  
M. D. S.

Salisbury, N. C.

*She is indeed a charming girl  
This Senior Sister mine,  
With eyes of blue, and teeth like pearl,  
And a heart that's big and kind.  
She has a very brilliant mind,  
An incessant talker she,  
The "Tech" boys say they ne'er will find  
Another girl like "E".  
In June she'll leave old A. S. C.  
Ah me, how we will miss her!  
And may the future ever be  
Bright for dear E. Miller.*

*W. B. Weeber -*



MARY PORTERFIELD NEFF  
P. D. S.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Here she is with her whole long name,  
Mary Porterfield Neff. Freshmen, from the  
start say, "Mary Neff is the sweetest little  
thing". When they learn that she has been on  
the Executive Committee all four years, they  
admire her even more. Besides all this, she has  
finished German courses up to the "57th  
variety". Not "Miss Dignity" nor the "mad-  
cap Mary," but just the happy mixture, in-  
terested in Y. M. C. A., Exec., Propyleans,  
East Lawn, and Agnes Scott first of all—that's  
what you find her.*

*Margaret Leech*



JANET NEWTON  
M. D. S.—Hoasc— F T A  
Athens, Ga.

*"When the stream runneth smoothest, the water is deepest."*

Jan—just Jan—that means everything to us at Agnes Scott. There isn't a girl among us who has not learned to love, admire and yearn to be more like her. She has not only lived up to the highest ideals of a true Agnes Scott girl—she has helped raise those ideals by the nobleness of heart that is hers. Wherever you go, Jan, our love will be with you.

Claire Elliott



RUTH NISBET  
P. D. S.—Hoasc  
Savannah, Ga.

*There is a young lady named Ruth,  
Who's the personification of youth.  
Except when Trig. holds the day  
She's so blithe, sweet and gay  
That none can from her stand aloof.*

*This same lady, forsooth,  
Goes in for all things, of a truth,  
Y. W., dramatics,  
Debating, athletics,  
'Til none can compare to my Ruth.*

Dorothy Mitchell



MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE  
 M. D. S.—Hoasc—Σ Δ Φ  
 Lynchburg, Va.

*Spot chose me as her Sophomore Sister not knowing that I would write her up in the Annual—but secretly I think she is fine. She is the absolutely round Spot—into every thing, and there with a vim. There's the Spot at Blue ridge; the Y. W. C. A. Spot; Spot the Editor of the Silhouette, and the energetic Hoasc member. There's Spot the dignified Senior, and the frivolous Spot,—and—many more Spots—but best of all is just to know Spot.*

*Mary Brock Mallard*



REGINA PARK PINKSTON  
 M. D. S.—Hoasc  
 Greenville, Ga.

*Having finished the duties of being a student at Agnes Scott and President of the Y. W. C. A. there, diminutive Regina, of the steady gray eyes, and the understanding heart of a friend, is now leaving us. Who can describe her? Of course it is easy to tell how many feet and inches, and pounds, but—"To know her is to love her" was written expressly for Regina.*

*Alice Norman*





MARGARET BERRY PRUDEN  
M. D. S.—Σ Δ Φ—Γ Τ Α  
Rome, Ga.

*Ssh! Here's "Pruden," hailing from ancient Rome! Some may say "what's in a name?" I say—much in this one. Add "s"—Prudens. In the Latin dictionary this means "wise," "discreet," "prudent," "sensible," "intelligent," "judicious." Hence, her name portrays non modo her "rep" as a Latin shark, sed etiam her wisdom and that quality which has made her such an efficient member of the Executive Committee. I could say more but Ssh! there she goes again and she's Ssh—ed the paper from under my pen.*

*Agnes Miley*



ELLEN PRATT RAMSEY  
P. D. S.  
Laredo, Texas.

*Why the glittering jewel upon the third finger of the left hand, and why the receipt of four letters at one time, addressed in the same handwriting? Methinks these mysteries have caused much discussion behind German 11 books in the library. Little Ellen is beloved not only by a certain individual, but by all who know her. After her brilliant marks in Home Ec. she will make someone a fine cook. Her smiling face and willingness to help everybody will cause her to be greatly missed by her friends at A. S. C.*

*Julia Lake Skinner*





LOUISE ROACH  
M. D. S.  
Oliver, Ga.

*We introduce the efficient president of the Mnemosynean Debating Society. Besides this she is very fond of Latin, and thinks nothing of reading four hundred lines a day. If you want to know how good and true a friend this same Louise can make, ask Mary Eakes. They have been inseparable since their freshman year. Add to this sincerity of action, the knowledge of when to keep quiet—what is more desirable?*

Louise Felker



RITA SCHWARTZ  
M. D. S.  
Sumter, S. C.

*"The apparel oft proclaims the man," I've heard that it has been said. That Rita was voted the best dressed girl from the bulletin-board I read. But of clothes that are pretty, and neat and fine, is not all that I have to tell, for when you know Rita you can't help liking her well.*

*In here I'm packing good wishes for true, enough to last you your whole life thru.*

Shirley Fairly.



VIRGINIA THOMSON SCOTT  
P. D. S.  
Decatur, Ga.

*A lively good-humored disposition and an excellent heart. She is a loving daughter, a faithful and earnest student, and a friend gentle and kind, warm-hearted and true. She sees the bright and sunny side of every thing, even being a day-pupil, and of having a Sophomore Sister.*

*Frances Sledge.*



KATHERINE BAKER SIMPSON  
P. D. S.  
Decatur, Ga.

*A loyal supporter of her class and one who may be counted on to do her part in any undertaking.*

*Trueheart Nicolassen.*



AUGUSTA SKEEN  
M. D. S.—[ ]  
Decatur, Ga.

*On the campus, in the class room, we have  
cherished your sweet smile; and oh! it seems  
you're laughed for us a very little while. Have  
four years really passed since first we learned  
to love the sweetness of your nature which  
ever rose above little angers, petty quarrels that  
too often us assail; and so for these noble  
virtues your name we gladly hail. May you  
'void the conflicts drear of the world's great  
strife; may you know the brightness, dear,  
of a happy life.*

*Emily Miller.*



ALICE MAY SMITH  
M. D. S.—F T A  
Atlanta, Ga.

*In the bug-haunted building of Science,  
In some obscure lab on third floor,  
With her microscope fixed on some "pore"  
Little bug that will breathe never more.—  
She revels in Niduofluence,  
Zoology, Botany IV  
Medusa Gonionemuse's  
And Fucas Versiculoremuse's  
Pyramidal tracts to explore.*

*Olive Hardwick.*



MARGUERITE STEVENS  
P. D. S.  
Decatur, Ga.

*If a Senior you should meet  
Who is—well,—short, but sweet,  
With a twinkle in her eye, and a twinkle in her  
feet  
Why, that's just my Marguerite.*

*She once adored a chemical combination,  
But now her interest is higher education.  
Flippant as O. Henry, wise as Carrie Nation—  
Who won't agree that she's an odd creation?*

*Almeda Hitcheson*



MARY FRANCES THATCHER  
M. D. S.—[ [—F T A  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

*Just eighty words in which to relate the  
virtues and achievements of one, Frances  
Thatcher!*

*It's difficult, but I'll make an attempt.—  
As a debator she rivals Daniel Webster; as a  
singer she bids fair to be a second Farrar; as a  
physicist she competes with Faraday; as an  
author she will undoubtedly succeed—but there  
my words are almost up! Then it is best to  
sum everything up in the term conferred upon  
her by the student body—the most brilliant  
girl at Agnes Scott!*

*Lucy Durr*





EMMA LOUISE WARE  
M. D. S.—Hoase  
Kirkwood, Ga.

*There's just one thing I'd like to say about "Emma." She's "all right." Miss Bucher can testify of the attraction she has for the inmates of the Library, "Aggie Campus" speaks of her wit, and certain A's in the record-books tell of her brains. Apparently her only care on earth is geometry, and that's passed now!*

*Here's to you, my Senior Sister, when you leave us you will take with you the respect, confidence, and love of everyone who has known you here at Agnes Scott.*

*Attie May Finney*



SARAH CAROLINE WEBSTER  
P. D. S.  
Norcross, Ga.

*Sarah is a quiet, reserved girl but to know her is to love her. If she is your friend you have a good one—if not you are missing the pleasure of knowing one of the dearest, most loyal girls on the campus. With a bright word and smile for everybody Sarah has made her place, and her Sophomore Sister, for one, wishes this were not her last year at Agnes Scott.*

*Virginia Fawcett*





GEORGIANA WHITE  
M. D. S.—Hoasc  
Griffin, Ga.

*Irresistible, different, true to the core, a  
mood or two thrown in for good measure,  
makes the best kind of a Senior Sister.  
The best of luck for you always.*

*Goldie Ham*



VALLIE YOUNG WHITE  
M. D. S.—Hoasc  
Birmingham, Ala.

*Variety is the spice of life, they say.  
Yearly she stars at basket-ball,  
While dancing she surpasses all,  
Her college spirit starts Freshmen the right  
way,  
In fire drills as chief she can't be beat.  
There's one thing she needs to be complete  
Every one knows 'tis the "dip" she'll get in  
May.*

*Mary Freeman*



MARY VIRGINIA YANCEY  
P. D. S.  
Tuskegee, Ala.

*As versatile a girl as Mary Virginia is seldom seen, for whether it is sketching a landscape, or playing the guitar, she can hold her own with the best. Perhaps these and other attractions account for that letter "tous les jours" and the significant "frat" pins. But don't draw the conclusion that she is merely ornamental, for she has a record of which to be proud. In the last analysis, we find her able to be that rarest of mortals—a true friend.*

*Kathrina Penn*




EDWARD CUNNINGHAM  
"Co-Ed"  
Mascot 1917.  
Decatur, Ga.

*Here's to the mascot of 1917. Did you know you were something of a marvel? The only Decatur youth who has right of way on this campus and the only "man" of our class of over forty.*

*The Annual Staff gives to You the best of wishes that all good things may come to you in the future—and they will, if you stay the same old "Ed."*

*Mary Spellerswood Payne*



## The History of the Class of 1917

WHAT queer things histories are, anyway, aren't they? How little they really tell about a people, or a country, or an institution! Only the things that *happen* ever get into the pages of history. It is never the secret hopes, the aims, the loves, the noble but unrealized ambitions, the ideals; or perhaps if they do, they are such fragile, ethereal things they are crushed amid the masses of cold, hard facts. The other day I picked up an old book, and from between its yellowed leaves, fell a faded and crumpled flower. It was lifeless, its perfume and beauty crushed and concealed by those confining walls, and yet its sweetness had permeated the old volume so that an elusive fragrance scented the air as the pages fluttered through my fingers. Oh, if it were possible to press between the pages of what we have done some of the sweetness and loveliness of what we have wished to achieve!

Just like all other students, though how "different" we felt, one-hundred-and-twenty-five strong, we thronged through the gates of college land in the fall of 1913. We were verdant just as Freshmen from time immemorial. We fought the hated Sophomores, we studied, we passed most of our courses—and flunked a few just as ordinary Freshmen. But how uncommonly original we *intended* to be, what big things we *wanted* to do!

As Sophomores, our band grown somewhat smaller but even more united, we snubbed the Freshmen with a will, as high and mighty Sophomores have traditionally done. We took English XI, or as some would wisely modify, we were exposed to it. We joined the Alliance and the Verein as societies worthy of our intellectual support. We adored our Senior sisters, and looked forward to the day when we would be the admired, the honored, the elect. We were just pretty good Sophomores, "only that and nothing more." But the secret flame of our desire to do and to be something of credit to Agnes Scott, leaped high in our hearts.



Quite a goodly company of us came, in the course of time—and a college course—to be Juniors. We were only a step removed from the Senior throne and we shone a little in the reflected glory. We befriended the infant and then nameless Agonistic; we captured the athletic cup; we banqueted the Seniors and did the other usual Junior things with loyal and enthusiastic hearts. "A pretty good average Junior class" we were, and still our desire for broader fields and greater deeds was only a partially realized one.

The work and pleasure of three long years at last brought us to the threshold of the throne-room. With the sweet solemnity of the Investiture Service, we caught something of the joy and the responsibility of Seniorhood. Before, we had always seen shrouded in the dim mists of uncertainty, this golden fulfillment. It was ours, now, to keep untarnished, gold and shining, to lead others on. We are *strong* in numbers, in loyalty, in enthusiasm. We wish more than ever to go on, and on, doing bigger and better things. When we have passed out of college-land, will our *deeds* cause others to say, "Well, that was an all-round nice Senior Class?" Or, shall our hopes and aims have crystallized into achievements which will make them exclaim, "That was an ideal Agnes Scott Senior Class!"

—FRANCES THATCHER.





'17

*Three years for you, with each recurring spring  
We've sung our song; joyous laid bare our past  
And visioned mighty deeds before us still. This final time  
We can not sing for you. Silent we stand  
Upon the outward threshold, looking back  
Along the shining pathway of the years.*

*We must step out and on. To you we leave  
The glory of the college that was ours—the many things  
That crowding in on every hour, filled to the brim  
Our days with useful labor and our hearts with joy.  
The dear and homely duties of the day,  
The hours kaleidoscope, each with its part to add  
To a rich store of labor, joy and comradeship—  
The group of friendly hands and voices live with laughter.  
And the warm comfort of the hearts we love.  
All this is yours; and infinite the vision  
Gained for a life of service, and a soul at peace.  
So we pass out and on  
With hearts too full of memories for regrets  
And faith triumphant in the world outside.*

INDIA HUNT.





## "Prospects and Retrospects"

THERE was a party in the White House. Miss Lucie Reichenbach, Mrs. Parry and Dr. Sweet were drinking coffee.

"Where do you suppose Miss McKinney is?"

"She went for her mail. Since she has become so famous she's always receiving some advertisement or periodical, and it takes all her time. Even Dr. Sweet sees little of her," responds Mrs. Parry.

An abrupt knock on the door. Enter Miss McKinney.

"Hello, people! Excuse me for being late but I just opened up this little book and I became so interested in it. It seems to be a valuable piece of literature for a love story."

"Who published it?" queries the Doctor.

"Neff and Simpson—they're pretty good publishers, too—just been in the business since 1925, but their literature is always good. Here's a queer thing, too,—the illustrations are by Donaldson—could that be that famous Agnes Scott Donaldson whom everybody said a while back was an understudy to,—what was that cartoonist's name on the Agonistic last year?"

"There is something strangely familiar about these names," ruminates Miss Lucie, who has been teaching French of late years. "Miss McKinney, suppose you tell us the plot of this book while we play the new records of Anne Kyle on the Victrola. By the way, I bought her latest this afternoon, and it is 'A Kiss.'"

"Play it softly then," acquiesced Miss McKinney.

"It seems that India Hunt, a brilliant young writer and editor of college magazines wanted to go to New York. She thought that if she once got there the *Cosmopolitan* or the *Atlantic Monthly* would certainly recognize her merit. After she gained her parents' consent she left for the metropolis. As the train rolled with a thud into Gainesville, Georgia, the Hunt girl leaned her head out the window of the day coach and was agreeably surprised to see her old school friend, Willie Belle Jackson, selling tickets. Willie Belle said that she had spent so much of her time riding between Atlanta and Gainesville during their college days she just had to get her a railroad job. The train rolled on. Our heroine picked up a magazine and looked at the contents—Miss McKinney paused to take a sip of coffee—a story, 'Little Men of Emory,' by Mary Eakes fascinated her and she read on, not heeding the stealthy glances that were being sent her way from across the aisle;—a hand touched her on the shoulder, and she jumped.



“As I live, Gjertrud Amundsen! What are you doing here?’ It didn’t take long to find out that Gert was selling hair-tonic and a magic face-reddener ‘guaranteed to turn the whitest face red in one minute.’”

“This is wrong,” interrupts Miss McKinney, “for the action of such a lotion would require more time.”

“All this time the train was nearing Ducktown, Virginia. At that station India sees a bevy of school girls waving a pennant on which was emblazoned the words ‘The Frances Thatcher-Margaret Pruden School;—our heroine decided to investigate the curriculum of that school at once, for she had an idea that Psychology and Education were important features. Several of the boarding-school misses got on the train and with them a chaperone, Isabel Dew, who said that she was teaching music and dancing. India is encouraged by the success of her former friend. This ends Part One.”

“I admire her spirit” a chorus chimes in.

“In the next part the heroine arrives in New York. Nobody meets her and she inquires the way to the hotel where she is to reside for the present. The boarding house keeper being in an arguing frame of mind, insisted that she knew India personally.

“Don’t you remember? I’m Mae Smith. Elizabeth Gammon and I were married the same day—she married a Brazilian nobleman and is now living in Sioux City, Arkansas. Lizzie bought a pig farm and Regina Pinkston is managing it. Regina says she gave up her active part in Y. W. C. A. work because pigs do take up so much time.’

“India was greatly interested in hearing from her old friends, but she knew that if she were to do her best work the next day, she must retire. She was given a room next to that of Laurie Caldwell and Annie Lee. The former, a deserving lady, supported herself by selling a new kind of comfort shoe to the Old Ladies’ Home—the latter was a stockholder in the ‘Mildred Hall-Marguerite Stevens Matrimonial Agency.’

“Our heroine arose at dawn. She hadn’t been able to sleep on account of that Caldwell woman’s talking. So she donned her best suit and hat (she had bought the latter from Madame Rita Schwartz’s establishment the year before and it was chic even if a season out of date). By the way, the author makes a clever little scene in introducing Madame Schwartz’s saleslady while India is down town seeking her position. This saleslady (the author calls her Louise Roach) has a slight lisp and the customers think it quite delicious and Frenchy when she lisps out the costs of Rita’s creations.

“The heroine, arriving at the Cosmopolitan office, waits with another struggling young poet, Gladys Gaines, four hours to see the editor, Amelia



Alexander, who, after reading one of India's witty home-town editorials, says her magazine is a high-class one, and that she can not appreciate country talent."

The Doctor breaks in—

"That's just the way it always is—a genius is never appreciated."

"Sounds like that socialistic lecture I heard Lorene Carter give last week. You remember the part where she got so emotional and talked so fast? This is a repetition of that. Well, to resume our story, the heroine, being of a very hopeful nature, goes from the magazine office and sits down on the park bench. She has nothing to do—why shouldn't she sit there? She looks dreamily at her slender white fingers. (Mrs. Parry: "She must have neglected her gymnasium.") 'You frail things,' India says, 'I wonder what you're good for anyway?' (Miss Lucie, sotto voce, "Bet she's going to find the morning paper in a minute.") Her idle eyes wander to the ground—she bends over and picks up—not a diamond—but the New York Daily Gazump, and she quickly turns to the advertisements."

Miss McKinney: "I love the realism in this scene—reminds me of what one of our old girls used to say—Jane Harwell it was—'Life is real, Life is earnest'—by the way, did you know that she and Vallie Young White are getting good salaries at Kress'? They always seem to be so influential with younger girls that the manager of their store keeps them to inspire the other clerks."

The Doctor: "Our poor heroine will either die of old age or find an advertisement before we get back to her."

"We left her reading the classified advertisements and her face lights up as she reads,

"'WANTED: A middle-aged lady to teach crocheting to the inmates of the Pleasant View Insane Asylum. Commission on work done. None but swift workers need apply.'

"'Well, Sarah Webster and I used to crochet a mile-a-minute-design and Sarah is now smiling her way to a snug fortune by knitting. I reckon I can make a right smart one,' says India pensively. 'Since Ruth Nisbet, dear old girl, is teaching Latin in Bogart, Georgia, and is engaged to be married this month and Janet Newton is so famous in a social way, I don't reckon there is any danger of competition. Besides, they might give recommendations on the way I used to "tat" on the back row in Math I.'"

Miss McKinney: "This monologue reminds me of one of the Old English Tragedies."

"The rest of this part is taken up with how our heroine gets her position. She learns to enjoy her work, for the inmates are not violent;



Augusta Skeen, a sweet deficient, is most pathetic as she talks incessantly of winning contests and getting votes for Victrolas. Mary Virginia Yancey went crazy on account of her hair and she plays every night on her guitar, moaning plaintively. Specialists think they can cure her. The saddest case of all is that old lady, Louise Ash; she had been Treasurer of the Anti-Suffrage League; but her clients failed to pay promptly, and she became ill-balanced. She talked and even raved at times, and succeeded in casting off the legarthy of Ellen Ramsey, a middle-aged woman who sat every day looking toward Maine, where she said they were expecting a Mexican attack every minute."

"It seems to me," interrupts Mrs. Parry, "this digression on the inmates is unnecessary to the plot."

"Well," defends Miss McKinney, "this is like one of those futurist pictures and the plot is daubed on with the other coloring. I think the local color adds interest—and pathos, too."

She resumes: "Every day India would sit on the porch crocheting with her pupils. One morning she heard there was to be a Chautauqua that week in Pleasant View. She determined to go. The president of the Asylum, who had become very fond of the brilliant young lady, said he would take her. They entered the crowded district where a man and his wife were giving a street performance in some foreign dialect. A closer range proved conclusively that it was Mary McIver. She cast her literary ability to the winds and was making money—lucre—off her voice. India had to speak to her and she said they had performed farther North the year before and she had seen Georgiana White, of Griffin, Georgia, and Elizabeth Miller who were getting their Ph.D's. at a big Northern University. Mary Spottswood Payne was the treasurer and testimonial writer of the Tanlac Company."

The Doctor, looking out of the window: "Who are those two ladies out there?"

"Why they are Katherine Lindamood and Martha Dennison. They came back yesterday to visit some member of the faculty—I think it was Miss Markley."

Miss Lucy: "Miss McKinney, I'm getting interested in this book. Does India marry the asylum man?"

"I was trying to make out this word. Virginia Scott would make a valuable addition to this publishing company. Neff and Simpson need better proofreaders. Well, after returning to the asylum, India decided she was tired of crocheting her way to success and she believed she'd go home to father and mother. The President looked so sad when she left





and the old ladies—poor idiots—started crying, so India leaves us in suspense at the end of the book saying 'Unless I can do better in the future I'll come back to you.'

Doctor Sweet: "That's a pretty clever book. Give it to Charlotte Hammond in the library—she'll put it on reference. What did you say the name was?"

"The Prophecy of 1917," by

—EMMA LOUISE WARE.







## Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1917

**W**HEREAS, we, the undersigned members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen, being of sound and remarkably well-balanced minds, feeling that our sojourn in this land is nearing its end, do hereby bequeath our enviable charms and our cherished possessions to the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen.

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

ARTICLE II. I, Mary Eakes, do hereby bequeath my sunny smile and my lovely rhinestone hair-ornament to Annie Leigh McCorkle, on provision that they become her as well as they do me.

ARTICLE III. I, Amelia Alexander, leave my winning ways with men and my boxes of guaranteed beautifier to Mary Rogers Lyle.

ARTICLE IV. I, Katherine Lindamood, will my prowess in basketball to Annie White Marshall and my tea set to Edith Hightower, said tea set to be used exclusively for the refreshing of tired faculty members.

ARTICLE V. I, Louise Ash, hereby bequeath most heartily to any one who will take it, my office as Student Treasurer, and along with it, the bag I have used, warranted to hold all the money collected.



ARTICLE VI. I, Mary Spottswood Payne, leave my tremendous popularity and my bottle of Tanlac, which I guarantee to possess remarkable fattening powers, to Lois Eve.

ARTICLE VII. I, Gjertrud Amundsen, will my lack of embarrassment and color on any occasion and my tatting shuttle, to Margaret Leyburn.

ARTICLE VIII. I, Regina Pinkston, bequeath my perpetual Cabinet Meetings and my little black note-book to the President of the Y. W. C. A.

ARTICLE IX. I, Mary Neff, will my regular Sunday night visits to East Lawn to Lorine Pruette, and my bunch of weiner-like curls to Susie Hecker.

ARTICLE X. We, Sarah Webster and Gladys Gaines, hereby will our invaluable cans of midnight oil to Katherine Seay, on condition that she cherish them as faithfully as we have done.

ARTICLE XI. I, Anne Kyle, leave my affectionate nature and my ability in monologuing to Myra Scott, who needs them both.

ARTICLE XII. I, May Smith, will my extensive collection of bugs to Katherine Holtzclaw, with the stipulation that she treat them kindly.

ARTICLE XIII. I, Martha Dennison, hereby leave my embroidery hoops, and my intense affection for my English professor to Caroline Larendon, hoping that named recipient will sufficiently appreciate said gift, as said giver is loathe to leave it.

ARTICLE XIV. I, Mary McIver, will my original manner of fixing my hair, and my Scottish accent to Caroline Randolph, said accent to be used in alternation with the Virginia accent which the recipient already uses.

ARTICLE XV. I, Georgiana White, bequeath my Virgil books to Emma Jones; and to Hallie Alexander, I leave my numerous letters from the border.

ARTICLE XVI. I, Rita Schwartz, hereby leave my reputation for clothes and my ample wardrobe to Rose Harwood.

ARTICLE XVII. I, Elizabeth Miller, leave my loquacious abilities and my monopoly on the telephone to Julia Walker, trusting that said Julia Walker will not abuse said gift.

ARTICLE XVIII. I, Annie Lee, will my frank, open manner of expressing my opinions and my massive pile of History note-books to Helen Hood.

ARTICLE XIX. I, Ruth Nisbet, leave my valuable collection of sterling silver friendship links to the treasurer of the Propylean Debating Society, said links to be sold at any price said treasurer can get for them.

ARTICLE XX. I, Vallie Young White, leave my Terpsichorean abilities, and my friends among the Freshmen to Myrtis Burnett, feeling that said recipient is not yet practiced in these arts.



ARTICLE XXI. I, Louise Roach, hereby will my week-end trips and my tremendous success and happiness with room-mates to Ella Capers Weston.

ARTICLE XXII. I, Katherine Simpson, bequeath my robust appearance and my deep love of hard work to Fan Oliver, trusting that said love will not be abused.

ARTICLE XXIII. I, Willie Belle Jackson, leave my modest and retiring disposition and my private methods on managing men to Ruby Lee Estes.

ARTICLE XXIV. I, Augusta Skeen, hereby leave my many love affairs, and my guaranteed directions on "Effective Flirting" to Elva Brehm.

ARTICLE XXV. I, Ellen Ramsey, will my voluble flow of speech and my curl papers to Martha Comer.

ARTICLE XXVI. I, Charlotte Hammond, will my quiet demeanor and my remarkable capacity for learning German to Claude Dunson.

ARTICLE XXVII. I, Laurie Caldwell, hereby bequeath my boot-licking ability to Elizabeth Denman; and to Olive Hardwick, I leave my long, luxuriant hair.

ARTICLE XXVIII. I, Marguerite Stevens, leave the admiration I receive from the Decatur boys and my rose-colored knitted cap to Eva Maie Willingham.

ARTICLE XXIX. I, Mary Virginia Yancey, will my guitar and my enviable shade of hair to Porter Pope, thinking that she will be greatly benefited by both gifts.

ARTICLE XXX. I, Agnes Scott Donaldson, do bequeath my sparkling glances and my love for many colored sweaters to Belle Cooper, both of which gifts are to be used every day.

ARTICLE XXXI. I, Frances Thatcher, hereby will my cleverness in many lines, and my love for the Only One to Samille Lowe, feeling that said recipient will know how to care for said gifts properly.

ARTICLE XXXII. I, Mildred Hall, hereby bequeath my sweet and gentle nature and my pocketbook to Julia Abbott, the same to be used by her only in extreme circumstances.

ARTICLE XXXIII. I, India Hunt, leave my many offices, and my cunning pair of white-soled slippers to Rose Harwood, both said offices and said slippers are warranted to be in perfect condition.

ARTICLE XXXIV. We, Jane Harwell, Janet Newton and Margaret Pruden, bequeath the Register Books to the coming Presidents; and the advice that they shall purchase rubber heels.

ARTICLE XXXV. I, Lorene Carter, will my fads for all the latest styles and my many dates to Lois Grier, providing that said Lois Grier exercise both gifts with the same moderation that I have shown.



ARTICLE XXXVI. I, Virginia Scott, bequeath to Hallie Alexander, the numerous shoes that I have worn out on my daily walks between my house and Agnes Scott.

ARTICLE XXXVII. I, Elizabeth Gammon, will to Ruth Anderson my fondness for men and my romantic and exciting correspondence with foreign gentlemen.

ARTICLE XXXVIII. I, Isabel Dew, leave my remarkable prowess in tennis and my medal obtained for excellency in Mathematics to Edith Hightower.

ARTICLE XXXIX. I, Emma Louise Ware, being of a particularly generous spirit, do hereby bequeath my worldly goods in the following order: To Anna Leigh McCorkle, I leave my fresh and saucy wit; to Lois Grier, I leave my collection of tin-foil, for which there is a reason, and to Isa Beall Talmadge, I will my sylph-like proportions and my chewing gum.

ARTICLE XL. We, the Senior Class, will to the Sophomore Class our Mascot, "Ed," hoping that he will always bring to them the same good fortune that he has brought to us.

This instrument was signed, sealed, and declared by the Class of 1917, this twenty-ninth day of May, Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen, as their last will and testament.

RUTH NISBET, *Class Testator.*





## Alma Mater

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

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

*And when others beside us thy portals shall throng,  
Think of us who have gone on before,  
And the lesson that's graven deep into our hearts  
Thou shalt 'grave on ten thousand and more,  
Fair symbol of light,  
The Purple and White  
Which in purity adds to thy fame,  
Knowledge shall be thy shield  
And thy fair coat-of-arms,  
A record without blot or shame.*





SHELF II.



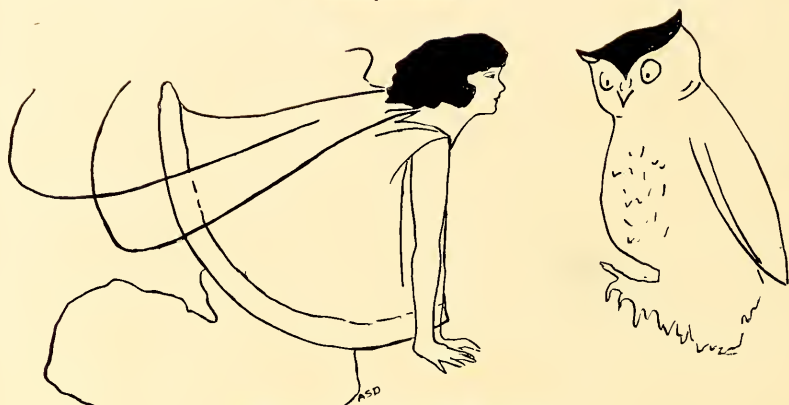
## “Within the Law”

### Student Government Association

#### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

JANE HARWELL . . . . .	<i>President</i>
JANET NEWTON . . . . .	<i>First Vice-President</i>
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KATHERINE HOLTZCLAW } LOIS GRIER }	<i>Junior Class Representatives</i>
MARY BROCK MALLARD } FRANCES GLASGOW }	<i>Sophomore Class Representatives</i>
MARION McCAMY } MARY BURNETT }	<i>Freshman Class Representatives</i>
ANABEL EWING . . . . .	<i>Irregular Representative</i>





## Seats of the Mighty

### Gamma Tau Alpha

FOUNDED IN 1914

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Professor of Latin  
ANNA IRWIN YOUNG, M.A.,  
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MAUDE BARKER HILL, B.A.  
LIZZABEL SAXON, B.A.

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GRACE GEOHEGAN  
ELIZABETH BURKE  
JEANNETTE VICTOR  
LOUISE W. WILSON  
RAY HARVISON

*Class of 1917*  
INDIA HUNT  
KATHARINE LINDAMOOD  
JANET NEWTON  
MARGARET PRUDEN  
MAY SMITH  
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# WASCE

## Following the Star

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DR. MCCAIN

MISS CADY

DR. SWEET

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JEANNETTE VICTOR  
ORA MAST GLENN  
MARTHA G. ROSS

LOUISE W. WILSON  
MARYELLEN HARVEY  
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EVELYN B. GOODE  
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NELL GRAFTON FRYE

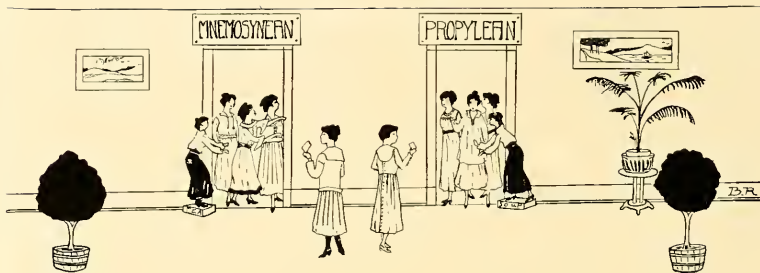
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INDIA HUNT  
GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN  
LAURIE CALDWELL  
MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE

ANNE KYLE  
LOUISE WARE  
REGINA PINKSTON  
JANET NEWTON

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GEORGIANA WHITE  
RUTH NISBET  
VALLIE-YOUNG WHITE





## Where the Trail Divides

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 HALLIE ALEXANDER  
 ROSE ABERCROMBIE  
 NELL ALFORD  
 ELIZABETH ALLEN  
 JANE BERNHARDT  
 MINNIE CLAIRE BOYD  
 LOUISE BRAND  
 MARY BURNETT  
 MYRTIS BURNETT  
 EMITON BURNS  
 NELL CALDWELL  
 ESSIE CARMICAL  
 MARION CAWTHORN  
 MARION CONKLIN  
 BLANCHE COPELAND  
 ELISE CURRELL  
 ISABEL DEV  
 REVA DUPREE  
 LUCY DURR  
 MARY EAKES  
 CLAIRE ELIHOTT  
 RUBY LEE ESTES  
 SHIRLEY FAIRLY  
 LILLIAN FARGUSON  
 MARY FORD  
 JULIET FOSTER

ELIZABETH GAMMON  
 FRANCES GLASGOW  
 BESS HAM  
 GOLDIE HAM  
 OLIVE HARDWICK  
 ANNA HARRELL  
 ESTHER HAVIS  
 IRENE HAVIS  
 MARGARET HEDRICK  
 EDITH HIGHTOWER  
 SARAH HUTCHINSON  
 ALMEDA HUTCHINSON  
 INDIA HUNT  
 MARY LOUISE JONES  
 LILLIE JENKINS  
 MARGARET LEYBURN  
 VIRGINIA LANCASTER  
 MARION LINDSAY  
 FRANCES LONG  
 MARY ROGERS LYLE  
 NELL MCCANTS  
 MARY McLANE  
 MARGARET MCINTOSH  
 MARY McIVER  
 VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN  
 ROSA LEE MONROE  
 DOROTHY MOORE

MARGERY MOORE  
 MARY NEFF  
 RUTH NISBET  
 FANNIE OLIVER  
 CYNTHIA PACE  
 SARAH PATTON  
 EUGENIA PEED  
 ELLEN RAMSEY  
 AGNES RANDOLPH  
 CAROLINE RANDOLPH  
 CATHERINE REED  
 ETHEL REA  
 JULIA LAKE SKINNER  
 LOUISE SLACK  
 FRANCES SLEDD  
 ARVILLA SMITH  
 DOROTHY THIGPEN  
 ORA TRIBBLE  
 GLADYS VEAL  
 EMILY WALKER  
 GLADYS WATSON  
 SARAH WEBSTER  
 ELA CAPERS WESTON  
 MARGARET WINSLETT  
 MARY VIRGINIA YANCEY  
 LLEWELLYN WILBURN  
 EUGENIA JOHNSTON



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RUTH ANDERSON . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	RUBY LEE ESTES



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JULIA ABBOTT  
GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN  
LOUISE ASH  
CLIFFORD ALMOND  
NELLE AYCOCK  
BEVELINE ADAMS  
HUGH BARRET ADAMS  
MARGARET ALLEN  
FRANCES BYRD  
MARJORIE BUSH  
ELOISE BUSTON  
ADELE BIZE  
ELVA BREHM  
MARGARET BERRYHILL  
LUCY BEMAN  
HARRIET BEACH  
ELIZABETH CASS  
LAURIE CALDWELL  
SARAH COSTON  
BELLE COOPER  
MARTHA COMER  
ISABEL CARR  
ALICE SLATER CANNON  
FRANCES COOPER  
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CLARA COLE  
ALICE COOPER  
MARGUERITE DAVIS  
CLAUDE DUNSON  
ELIZABETH DIMMOCK  
ELIZABETH DENMAN  
SARAH DAVIS  
MIRIAM DEAN  
LYNDA MAE COMPTON  
MARY DUDLEY  
ROMOLA DAVIS  
LOIS EVE  
FRANCES ERWIN  
MARGARET EDMISTON  
HARRIETTE ELLIS  
ANNABEL EWING  
LOUISE FELKER  
HATTIE MAY FINNEY  
MAY FREEMAN  
MARY FREEMAN  
MILDRED GOODRICH  
DELIA GARDNER  
GLADYS GAINES  
KATHERINE GODBEE  
LOIS GRIER  
LEONORA GRAY  
PAULINE GARDNER  
ELEANOR GORDON  
MARY HUDSON  
MILDRED HALL  
CHARLOTTE HAMMOND  
LULIE HARRIS  
JANE HARWELL  
HELEN HOOD  
KATHERINE HOLTZCLAW  
ROSE HARWOOD  
SUSIE HECKER  
MARY FRANCES HALE  
EDWINA HOLT  
MARION HARPER  
CLIFFORD HOLTZCLAW  
CORNELIA HUTTON  
MARION HART  
JULIA INGRAM  
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EMILIE KEYES  
ANNE KYLE  
EUNICE LEGG  
MARGARET LYLE  
RUTH LAMBDIN  
ANNIE LEE  
ELIZABETH LAWRENCE  
MARGARET LEECH  
SAMILLE LOWE  
LOIS LEAVITT  
MARGARET MORRISON  
VIENNA MAE MURPHY  
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LOUISE MARSHBURN  
MELITA MILLER  
MARY MAY  
ELIZABETH MILLER  
EMILY MILLER  
MARGARET MILLER  
DOROTHY MITCHELL  
LOUISE MAY  
GERTRUDE MANLEY  
ELIZABETH MARSH  
ELEANOR MITCHELL  
ELIZABETH MOSS  
MARGARET MORTON  
SYBIL NUNNALEE  
TRUEHEART NICOLASSEN  
PRISCILLA NELSON  
JANET NEWTON  
ALICE NORMAN  
RACHEL MCREE  
JULIA MCKAY  
MARION MCCAMY  
MARGARET MCCONNELL  
BESSIE MCCONNELL  
FANNIE MCCA  
LOIS MACINTIRE  
MARGARET MCLEMORE  
MARY KATHERINE PARKS  
MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE  
REGINA PINKSTON  
PORTER POPE  
MARGARET PRUDEN  
ELIZABETH PRUDEN  
LORINE PRUETTE  
LILLIAN PATTON  
DOROTHY PAINE  
JULIA REASONER  
LOUISE ROACH  
MARGARET ROWE  
SARAH REESE  
ALBERTA RUSSELL  
OLIVIA RUSSELL  
WILHELMINA RABUN  
RITA SCHWARTZ  
VIRGINIA SCOTT  
KATHERINE SEAY  
AUGUSTA SKEEN  
PAULINE SMATHERS  
LULU SMITH  
MYRA CLARK SCOTT  
DOROTHY SMITH  
FRANCES SIMPSON  
CAROLINE SPROULL  
SARAH STANSELL  
CATHERINE SIMPSON  
ISA BELLE TALMADGE  
FRANCES THATCHER  
FRANCES THOMAS  
LURLINE TORBERT  
PAULINE VAN PELT  
JULIA WALKER  
LOUISE WARE  
MARGARET WATTS  
VALLIE YOUNG WHITE  
GEORGIANA WHITE  
AGNES WILEY  
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# Much Ado About Nothing

## The Intercollegiate Debating Council

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### FACULTY MEMBERS

MISS MCKINNEY

MISS MOORE

DR. ARMISTEAD





WESTWARD  
BOLD



## DEBATING



### A Lost Cause

*Friends, faculty, and fellow-sufferers, lend me your tears;  
I come to comfort Agnes, not to blame her;  
The sorrow that one suffers, lives after him—  
The victories are oft interred with his bones.  
So let it not be with Agnes;  
Sophie hath told you Agnes Scott was wrong;  
If it were so, it were a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Agnes answered it.  
Here under leave of Sophie and the rest—  
For Sophie has an honorable team—  
I speak not to disprove what Sophie spoke,  
But I am here to speak what I do know.  
You all do love dear Agnes and with cause—  
What cause withholds you now to weep for her?  
O judges! you are fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me,  
My heart is in the coffin there with Agnes  
And I must pause till it comes back to me.  
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now—  
You well do know our great debating team—I remember  
The first time ever Agnes sent it out—  
'Twas on a March evening, on the campus,  
That night it overcame the Newcombs—  
(Against their team was Agnes twice the victor!)  
And Sophie, as you know is our good friend—  
Judge—O ye girls, how truly Agnes did congratulate,  
And this was the most nicest act of all;  
For when our noble team saw Sophie win,  
Congratulations, more strong than honors lost*



*Quite vanquished them: then burst forth our team's spunk:  
And then with hands extended thus before,  
E'en in the midst of that great throng  
Which all the while rang cheers, they grasped great Sophie's hand.  
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honorable;  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, girls, to redirect your hearts.  
I am no orator, as Sophie is;  
But as you know me, all, a plain, blunt girl,  
That loves our team; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of this;  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth  
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,  
To move girls' hearts: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know—  
Show to you Agnes' debaters eloquent  
And bid them speak for me; but were I Olive,  
Jeannette, or Frances, there were a girl  
Would ruffle up your spirits and would move  
The very radiators to rise and mutiny.*



## Preparedness

### Fire Department

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VALLIE YOUNG WHITE . . . Chief of Dep't	MARY SPOTSWOOD PAYNE . . . Chief
GEORGIANA WHITE . . . First Lieutenant	WILLIE BELLE JACKSON . . . First Lieutenant
REGINA PINKSTON . . . Captain of Brigade	ANNE KYLE . . . Captain of Brigade
INMAN HALL	
JANET NEWTON . . . Chief	
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## Baby Rose's Journal

### Folio Club

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# Rose in Bloom

( B. O. Z. )

To encourage original literary effort and to cultivate intelligent literary appreciation.

- |                            |                |                  |
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## When Greek Meets Greek

HARBISON, T. B., according to the new city directory, and lately enrolled therein as attorney-at-law, sat down rather perilously by the side of an irate young woman on the limited edge of a suitcase. It was with much difficulty that the suit case maintained its state of unstable equilibrium, especially after his sudden decision to sit down. For a suitcase to remain in the above position means that the two parties occupying it must be seated with their backs facing and that all conversation is carried on at an extreme risk to both parties if efforts are made on the part of either to view the visage of the other. Harbison, T. B., then sat down, partly from extreme weariness and partly from an unwillingness or an inability to encounter again the accusing eyes of the young woman. And then there was a third reason. He possessed a sense of humor and the young woman when angry appealed to it. Besides, he knew from former experiences, and, in fact, instinctively, that her own realization of a humorous situation was not provoked by the knowledge of it on his part. And so he sat down.

She gave a sudden lurch which almost resulted in the collapse of the suitcase and made him clutch wildly at the air.

"Can't you possibly sit still?" he demanded crossly. "Do you want to make the whole thing more absurd than it is by turning us over in this thoroughly absurd place?"

"Oh, no, of course not," she said wearily, staring fixedly at a small boy being dragged along unceremoniously by a tired father along with two satchels, "I don't really see though how it could be worse than it is." She emphasized each word with a twist which made Mr. T. B. Harbison be on his guard to spring if he should feel the suitcase slipping. His trousers were nice and clean and white. He looked at them sadly and thought of the consequences of her extreme motility.

"Don't act like a kid," he said, soothingly, as he thought of his trousers. "Just take it all calmly and don't get excited. Just sum up the whole thing and it's not so absurd after all—Let's," he observed in a more friendly voice as he made a desperate effort to turn on the top of the suitcase and smile.

"You can—I *won't*," she snapped, "it couldn't be worse—You can," her voice trailed off as she repeated, warmly, "I *won't*."

"All right then," he said, cheerfully, "I will. We are, both of us, first of all here, which fact necessitates our both being 40 miles from home. The name of this place is, I believe," craning his neck to the sign over the small station which was done artistically in gold letters on a black background, "Eve—Gosh," he said under his breath, "Eve." Then he chuckled. She gave a warning twist. He continued calmly, stoically, "We arrived



here on different trains. I have been here fifteen minutes longer and consequently am the more tired and if you will pardon me, the more bored. We are bound for the house party of a mutual friend in the deadiest place in the country on a fool river which is 12 miles from another human habitation. It is to last for a solid week, which is 7x24 which is 158x60 which is—." She twisted again. He feared her eyes and continued, "On this house party there are to be three more couples besides ourselves, all of whom are in love with each other. We are waiting in this place for a train which will conduct us both to that place and we have a half hour longer and we have a week together after we get there and we don't like each other a bit. In fact," he finished rather warmly, "We really dislike each other extremely, and we are at present sitting on a suitcase near a railroad track, which leads to the place to which we are going. That," he said, glancing around speculatively and waving his arm to include everything, "is about all, except that we were both fatally unaware, at least I was, that the other was coming."

"Heaven and earth," she exclaimed, "It looks is if you *ought* to know I was, ab—so—lute—ly, absolutely. Edith said," she finished almost tearfully, "that she hadn't decided on the man for me but that he would be lovely and desirable and attractive."

"Exactly what she told me—lovely, desirable and attractive.' Why do you hate me so? I haven't done anything except not be in love with you, have I? Why don't you like me?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, impatiently. "I just don't—I don't know." She repeated in sing-song fashion, "I just don't."

The suitcase behaved well for the next fifteen or twenty minutes since it was only disturbed when she grew violent and dug up the surrounding earth with her parasol and when Harbison, T. B., took out his watch with spasmodic jerks.

"Why," she said, at the warning whistle of the train which appeared to be coming conveniently, for affairs were approaching a climax. The suitcase was weakening under the strain, "don't you like me?"

"Oh, I don't know, I just don't," he said, mockingly, as he rose fearfully and gently and knocked the cinders from his left shoulder. "The train is coming—it is simply imperative that I have a smoke as soon as we get on. I have been wanting one ever since we've been sitting here, but it's so much nicer smoking in the smoker where one's equilibrium isn't disturbed. Seriously, Miss Burke," he said grimly, "I shall leave you as soon as we get on." He helped her and the unoffending but weary suitcase on the train. "I hope you will believe," he said, vainly, trying to gain her attention as he dragged the two suitcases onward, "that I had absolutely nothing to do with this and that I contemplated nothing of this nature. I hope you have not been inconvenienced—certainly no more than I have. I shall be at your service should you need anything."



He repaired to the smoker; she to watching the small boy across the aisle consume a fearful and wonderful variety of stick candy with evident pleasure while his father had sunk wearily down beside him for his needed rest. She did not respond to the condolences of Mr. T. B. Harbison. She merely watched his tall, well-clad form disappear into the smoker with "Heaven and earth" muttered fervently under her breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the shadows of a hammock came the voice of one Miss Burke, very soft and very enticing in conversation with Jimmy Wyatt, who was most cheerfully in love with one Miss Ruth Gardener, who was sitting in another hammock a short distance away with Mr. Harbison, T. B.

Miss Burke was making most undeniable love to Jimmy Wyatt and he was just as undeniably painfully embarrassed.

"Isn't the moon," she remarked softly, "lovely on the water?"

"Yes," he said rather desperately, "except that it hasn't come up yet. Never does till about eleven this time of the month and it's just 9:30 now," looking longingly toward the other hammock.

"Oh," said Miss Burke, tentatively, "I never thought of that."

In the silence which ensued while Jimmy Wyatt squirmed, the voice of Mr. T. B. Harbison was heard from the depths of the other hammock.

"But, Ruth, haven't you just known it naturally all this time? I haven't told you because there didn't seem to be much use when Jimmy was with you always. But, somehow to-night," he remarked tenderly, "I just couldn't help it with the moon and everything—."

"Why, there isn't any," Ruth repeated, wonderingly. "What's the matter, Tom? You're so *strange* to-night."

"It's just love, that's all," said Mr. T. B. Harbison, figuratively. "I guess I just thought there was a moon. There doesn't seem to be any."

"No," said Jimmy Wyatt, unceremoniously from the first hammock as he rose with the energy of desperation, "there isn't and I want you to come over here, Tom, and explain to Marion why there isn't. Ruth, if you'll let me, I'll take you down on the steps and we'll approximate its probable rise tonight."

Miss Gilbert rose almost too quickly for decency and she and Mr. Wyatt descended to the steps just beyond range of eyesight of either hammock, while Miss Burke remained disconsolately alone in hers and Mr. T. B. Harbison whistled, "Whispering Hope" from his.

It kept up for fully five minutes, in fact, until she remarked coldly, "Everybody is in two's, abso-lutely—while I'd infinitely rather remain alone here I think it looks better to be arranged in two's. You needn't talk, of course. I shan't."

Harbison, T. B., gave forth a sound which was half way between a groan and a yawn and descended into the hammock which held Miss Burke.



He retired to one end; she to the other, and there was no sound except the earnest murmur of voices on the steps, with an artistic silence intermittent.

"It didn't do a bit of good," she remarked suddenly.

"What?" sleepily from his end of the hammock.

"Making love to them. It was a shame to single Ruth and Jimmy out, but it had to be done," she ended grimly.

He yawned unreservedly. "Let's go after another pair tomorrow. It makes it more interesting. Do you know," he finished, speculatively, "you made rather nice love to Jimmy tonight."

He felt the chill occasioned by the upturning of her small nose even at his far-away end of the hammock and subsided crushed and sleepy. She surveyed him in the dim shadows as he prepared to go comfortably to sleep until the group of love-sick mortals returned from various points along the river bank and she sighed as she thought of the ardor of Jimmy's affection. And then she went to sleep.

Very slowly, but very surely, a most peculiar thing began to happen. It might have been caused by the swaying of the hammock or it might have been because she was dreaming, but the young woman's head lay most undeniably upon the strong and outstretched muscular arm of Mr. Harbison, T. B. Her hand groping about sleepily had clutched his tie and she was holding it in a spasmodic grip. Mr. Harbison's arm went automatically around her, his head propped up by pillows dropped against hers lying on his shoulder and they slept.

Jimmy Wyatt and Ruth, having witnessed the rise of the moon, returned to the porch at 11:45. At 12:00 another couple appeared from the river bank. Jimmy preparing to witness more moons while waiting for the third pair resolved to make himself and Ruth more comfortable and repaired to the Harbison-Burke hammock for more pillows. His broad and large mouth dropped open. There was consternation in his frank blue eyes. He flew for Ruth and together they viewed the head of the otherwise haughty Miss Burke upon the well-clad flanneled shoulder of Mr. Harbison. Her small hand clutched the figures on his beautiful \$2 tie and her hair lay against his clean-shaven cheek. She jumped at Jimmy Wyatt's "Gosh," and at the same time she opened her wide grey eyes, Harbison, T. B., opened his searching brown ones and together they gazed upon each other, upon Jimmy Wyatt and Ruth, and in the distance upon other couples returning sleepily but happily from lunar observations. For a brief instant neither moved. Miss Burke lay comfortably and most naturally still. Harbison, T. B., withdrew neither his arm nor his cheek and then suddenly at Jimmy's awed whisper, "The moon did it," Miss Burke rose and bestowed one glance upon Mr. Harbison, retiring and leaving him quite alone to face the music.





His \$2 tie was awry and his hair was rumpled so that he did not look like a lawyer. He was muttering unintelligible things beneath his breath, and then suddenly as he became aware of the united questioning and delighted gaze of the houseparty and of Jimmy Wyatt's relieved and complacent expression, he rose and followed Miss Burke into the house, saying quite distinctly so that all heard, "Damn—Damn—*Damn.*"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Miss Burke and Harbison, T. B., were out in a boat alone. It was the seventh day and Miss Burke had lost all of the calm assurance and crushing self-possession which she had exhibited before the hammock episode. Harbison, T. B. was a little more dejected and he was beginning to show signs of distinct weariness. Before the hammock episode they had managed wonderfully compared to the order of events after it. Jimmy Wyatt and Ruth had arranged movements which to Harbison and Marion had been strenuous, to say the least, and to-day seemed to bring the culmination of all preceding events. They were to row for eight solid hours; row until the skin was burnt off the pink end of Miss Burke's small nose; row until there were hard knots upon the palms of Mr. Harbison, T. B.; until in desperation they should return to dinner, when they would row again until the moon came up. "It would be so lovely," Ruth had said, gazing at Jimmy, that morning, "to just row always." Mr. Harbison groaned when he thought of it. He was feeling profoundly sorry for himself and for the first time he was feeling sorry for Miss Burke. She had seemed so crushed lately and he smiled grimly as he viewed the back of her determined head with the large yellow hat flopping sorrowfully to the rhythmic beat of his weary oars. He felt suddenly a most amazing sympathy for her; as if he would like to tell her that he knew exactly how she felt.

She turned around suddenly with an appealing jerk which made him think of the suitcase and looked at him dismally, "I'd just as soon be drowned as to row till midnight, only stopping for dinner and supper. It's worse than I ever imagined it could be and I'm so—tired."

Harbison, T. B., suppressed an impractical desire to drop the oars and pat her comfortingly on the shoulder, and said nothing. He only continued to row manfully, not even thinking for the moment in his sympathy of the knots upon his hands.

"I'm sorry for your sake that I had to be here. I'm afraid I've given you a pretty rotten time. I'd just like to say that I think you've been the best sport I've ever known to take it as you have."

"Oh, do *hush!* Heaven and earth, what else could I do when we've been put and stuck and thrown together for the last five days. I can't convince a single one of those idiotic girls that we're not engaged. And—we're not—."





"No," he said, examining the palms of his hands to see if the knots were yet evident, "I guess you're right, we're not—no,—we're—not."

That was said at 12:00 o'clock; at 12:30 she resorted to dragging her hand in the water for amusement. At 1:00 they went wearily back for dinner, and at 2:00 they began to row again.

At 3:00 he spoke. "I wonder if you know now why you don't like me. I think I should like to know if you don't mind."

He could not see her face.

"I don't know, I just don't. Can you," she broke off suddenly, "swim?"

He nodded in a preoccupied fashion, still thinking of his hands. He was very tired and it was only three o'clock and his mind did not follow hers in the formulation of its most curious plan.

At five she had definitely decided. She watched him for ten minutes in his brown study and yet rowing always, and at a quarter past five she leaned perilously over the edge of the boat, reaching for a floating branch of leaves and Harbison, T. B., looked up just in time to see her slide gracefully into the water. He did not hesitate a moment. He threw the oars in the bottom of the boat and jumped in after her. He caught her limp, wet body in his arms as she came up after her sudden advent in and as he tried manfully to swim back to the canoe with her his foot struck bottom and he stood upright. She looked so absurdly small and limp with her eyes closed that Harbison, T. B., impelled by a most unusual, a most inexplicable desire, leaned over and kissed her unreservedly. He stood holding her foolishly for two minutes and her eyes opened innocently. A very strange look appeared as she saw Harbison, T. B., of the city directory standing upright in the river.

"Why," she said, "I thought it was fathoms deep here. I—I—think I can stand now. It just scared me terribly, that's all. I do thank you."

He put her down and they surveyed each other drippingly. A great question appeared in his eyes.

"You—you kissed me, didn't you," said Miss Burke, softly.

He nodded.

She, the calm, the possessed, who knew how to manage men beautifully upon suitcases threw her discretion into the river and looked up at him.

"I—I didn't mind. I jumped in on purpose."

They were neither of them particularly romantic looking or even heroic looking. The skin from the extreme end of Miss Burke's nose had almost entirely disappeared and her hair was most unbecomingly wet. Mr. Harbison's \$2 tie had made unlovely blue and green streaks upon the linen whiteness of his shirt and there was mud upon the flannel whiteness of his trousers.

He caught his breath suddenly—



"You—you did—*what?*" splashing a step nearer Miss Burke. She became suddenly afraid. "I jumped in—on—purpose. I just got tired of you asking me always why I didn't like you because—."

She didn't get much farther for Harbison, T. B., according to the city directory with his legal ability for stopping utterly useless defenses and his legal acumen for seeing immediately into the very heart of a case took her quite suddenly in his arms, and over her dripping hair he smiled with true legal complacency as one who has seen his careful plans executed, assisted by the aid of a friend who kindly consents to give house parties in order to help such men as are enrolled in city directories as Harbison, T. B., in cases of the heart. And he resolved firmly that Miss Burke should never know.

"Why," he said some minutes later, "do you love me?"

"I don't know," she confided to the green and blue streaks upon his shirt front, "I just—do. I don't know—I just do—."

That was 5:30. At 5:35 they returned to the boat to row again until the moon came up.

—D. THIGPEN, B. O. Z.





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## South Carolina Club

MOTTO: *Dum spira spero*

COLORS: *Blue and White*

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## North Carolina Club

Here's to the land of the long-leaf pine,  
The summer land, where the sun doth  
shine,  
Where the weak grow strong, and the  
strong grow great,  
Here's to down home, the Old North State!

MARGARET K. LEYBURN, *Pres.* . . Durham  
RUTH ANDERSON . . . Winston-Salem  
JANE BERNHARDT . . . . . Lenoir  
ALICE SLATER CANNON . . . Salisbury  
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BESS McCONNELL . . . . Asheville  
JULIA MCKAY . . . . . Asheville  
ELIZABETH MILLER . . . . Salisbury  
MIRIAM MORRIS . . . . . Concord  
ETHEL REA . . . . . Matthews  
PAULINE SMATHERS . . . Asheville



## Mississippi Club

GOLDIE HAM . . . . . *President*

### MEMBERS

MARGARET BERRYHILL . . . . .	Holly Springs
MYRTIS BURNETT . . . . .	Vicksburg
SHIRLEY FAIRLY . . . . .	Hazlehurst
DELIA GARDNER . . . . .	Greenwood
MILDRED HALL . . . . .	Greenwood
BESS HAM . . . . .	Greenville
GOLDIE HAM . . . . .	Greenville
CHARLOTTE HAMMOND . . . . .	Kosciusko
ESTHER HAVIS . . . . .	Vicksburg
IRENE HAVIS . . . . .	Vicksburg
KATHERINE LINDAMOOD . . . . .	Columbus
PRISCILLA NELSON . . . . .	Corinth
CATHERINE REED . . . . .	Natchez
ELIZABETH WATKINS . . . . .	Jackson
MARY PAINE WENDEL . . . . .	Oxford
ELIZABETH WITHERSPOON . . . . .	Ellesville
MARTHA DENNISON . . . . .	Natchez



## Old Virginia

### VIRGINIA GIRLS

ELOISE BUSTON . . . . .	Tazewell	ANNE KYLE . . . . .	Lynchburg
AISLIE CROSS . . . . .	Middle Brook	MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE .	Lynchburg
MARGARET ELLET . . . . .	Christiansburg	VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN . .	Raphine
MELITA MILLER . . . . .	Christiansburg	MARY NEFF . . . . .	Charlottesville
HARRIETTE ELLIS . . . . .	Roanoke	AGNES RANDOLPH . . . . .	Charlottesville
MARION HART . . . . .	Roanoke	CAROLINE RANDOLPH . . . .	Charlottesville
FRANCES GLASGOW . . . . .	Lexington	ELIZABETH GAMMON . . . . .	Rural Retreat
MARY CHAMP . . . . .	Lexington	INDIA HUNT . . . . .	Bristol
ANNA HARRELL . . . . .	Fredericksburg	MAY M. FREEMAN . . . . .	Richmond

### VIRGINIA FACULTY

MISS HOPKINS . . . . .	Staunton	MISS HARRISON . . . . .	Richmond
DR. ARMISTEAD . . . . .	Woodstock	MR. GRAHAM . . . . .	Jonesboro
MISS MOORE . . . . .	Lynchburg	MISS McKINNEY . . . . .	Farmville
MRS. GAINES . . . . .	Staunton		





## Florida Club

MARION LINDSEY . . . . . Miami  
MARION CONKLIN . . . . . Miami  
MARION CAWTHORN . . . . . DeFuniak  
ELEANOR MITCHELL . . . . . Pensacola  
JULIA REASONER . . . . . Onaco





## Alabama Club

PORTER POPE . . . . . *President*  
 ANNIE LEE . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

NELLE ALFORD  
 ELIZABETH ALLEN  
 GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN  
 MINNIE CLAIRE BOYD  
 DOROTHY BULLOCK  
 MARY BURNETT  
 EMITON BURNS  
 NELLE CALDWELL  
 ELLEN COLEMAN  
 LYNDA COMPTON  
 FRANCES COOPER  
 BLANCHE COPELAND  
 MIRIAM DEAN  
 LUCY DURR  
 FRANCES ERVIN

LILLIAN FARGASON  
 MARY FORD  
 JULIET FOSTER  
 GLADYS GAINES  
 MILDRED GOODRICH  
 LOIS GRIER  
 MARY JONES  
 ANNIE LEE  
 FRANCES MCCAA  
 MARGARET MILLER  
 DOROTHY MILLER  
 SYBIL NUNNELEE  
 FANNIE OLIVER  
 PORTER POPE

ANNIE SAXON  
 JULIA LAKE SKINNER  
 CAROLINE SPROULL  
 RUBY STANLEY  
 LOUISE STEELE  
 DOROTHY THIGPEN  
 FRANCES THOMAS  
 LURLINE TORBERT  
 MAGGIE PHILIPS TRAWICK  
 CHLOIE WALLING  
 MARTHA WEBB  
 VALLIE YOUNG WHITE  
 TYLER WILBY  
 MARGARET WINSLETT  
 MARY VIRGINIA YANCEY



## The Texas Club

ELLEN RAMSEY . . . . . *President*

### MEMBERS

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MARY McLANE . . . . . Cameron  
ELLEN RAMSEY . . . . . Laredo  
OLIVIA RUSSELL . . . . . Dallas  
PAULINE VAN PELT . . . . . Ballinger  
VELMA WALKER . . . . . Ballinger  
GLADYS WATSON . . . . . Cameron



## The Oddfellows Club

MARGUERITE DAVIS, New Jersey . . . . . *President*

### MEMBERS

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AGNES RANDOLPH . . . . .	Arizona
JANE WALKER . . . . .	California
AGNES SCOTT DONALDSON . . . . .	Colorado
MRS. CARROLL . . . . .	Colorado
HUGH BARRETT ADAMS . . . . .	Kentucky
MARGARET MCLEMORE . . . . .	Louisiana
MARGARET WOODS . . . . .	Missouri

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MISS TORRANCE . . . . .	Illinois
MISS SMITH . . . . .	New York
DR. SWEET . . . . .	New York
MISS MARKLEY . . . . .	Ohio



## The Joy of Living

### Senior Tea Drinkers

#### MEMBERS

LOUISE ASH  
GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN  
MARTHA DENNISON  
AGNES SCOTT DONALDSON  
INDIA HUNT  
ENMA JONES  
ANNE KYLE  
KATHERINE LINDAMOOD

MARY NEFF  
JANET NEWTON  
RUTH NISBET  
MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE  
REGINA PINKSTON  
SARAH WEBSTER  
GEORGIANA WHITE  
VALLIE YOUNG WHITE





# PROUD OF IT RED HEAD CLUB

## The Red Book

MOTTO: "All is gold that glitters red"

### OFFICERS

MRS. R. R. CARROLL . . . *President*

ELLA CAPERS WESTON . *Vice-President*



### MEMBERS

ELIZABETH ALLEN  
ELVA BREHM  
ESSIE CARNICAL  
MRS. CARROLL  
MARGARET LEYBURN  
MELITA MILLER

BESS McCONNELL  
MARY McIVER  
SARAH PATTON  
LORINE PRUETTE  
MAGGIE PHILIPS TRAWICK

PAULINE VAN PELT  
MARY PAINE WENDALL  
ELLA CAPERS WESTON  
MARGARET WINSLETT  
AGNES WILEY  
MARY VIRGINIA YANCEY





## Noise is Noise

### Mandolin Club

AMELIA ALEXANDER  
SARAH DAVIS  
MARY FREEMAN  
MAGGIE PHILIPS TRAWICK  
FRANCES GLASGOW  
BELLE COOPER  
LAURA COOPER  
MARGARET MCCONNELL  
FRANCES THOMAS

MARY VIRGINIA YANCEY  
INDIA HUNT  
WILLIE BELLE JACKSON  
FRANCES THATCHER  
HATTIE MAY FINNEY  
MARY FREEMAN  
MAY FREEMAN  
MARY BURNETT  
MARGARET STEVENS



## The Song-Birds

### The Glee Club

*Director:* MRS. JOHNSON

#### MEMBERS

MIRIAM DEAN  
 FRANCES GLASGOW  
 LULIE HARRIS  
 ROSE HARWOOD  
 ELIZABETH LAWRENCE  
 SAMILLE LOWE  
 MARY BROCK MALLARD  
 GERTRUDE MANLEY  
 ANNIE LEIGH McCORKLE

PRISCILLA NELSON  
 SARAH PATTON  
 LORENE PRUETTE  
 ELLEN RAMSEY  
 ANNIE SILVERMAN  
 FRANCES THATCHER  
 LURLINE TORBERT  
 MAGGIE TUCKER  
 MISS YORK



## Shades and Shadows

THE DARKTOWN FOUR—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

**W**HEREAS, all mankind was *not* born free and equal, but some have dark hair and darker skins, and whereas, we, being of the above mentioned unfortunates, have long since felt ourselves deeply humiliated and our college career correspondingly blighted by having sad misfortune rubbed in on all occasions through being compelled to assume all dark and shady roles whenever accruing since the year of our Freshmanity I; and

Whereas, we recognize our skins to be permanently injured by constant application of calcimine and whitewash, our hair reduced to conditions unspeakable by constant use of West's Electrics, and our disposition eternally blackened, scarred and marred as the sad result of four years vain efforts to overcome said blemishes—

Be it Resolved, That the days of our dark roles are done, and from henceforth all aspiring stage-managers desiring Italians, Spaniards, Niggers, Japanese, Dagoes, Indians, or any others of the Shoe Polish family, may apply to the natural sources and *not to us*.



Be it Further Resolved, That we do consider—in view of the fact that beauty is only skin deep—since our skins are so very deep, we are correspondingly beautiful; *and* know all men by these presents, that we are proud of each and every dark attribute herewith, herein, heretofore, and hereafter mentioned.

Be it Lastly Resolved, That *no* curly-haired aspirant wearing a Virginia Sunbeam need try to horn her way into this Order.

A-NIGER NOTSKNIP,  
*Lord High Elevated Mogul and Bearer of the Royal Grin.*

SQUAW INDIAN TNUH,  
*Chief Scribe and Wampum Holder.*

HASHIMURA NEWTONI JAN,  
*Warder Off of the "Horner In." (M. P. N.)*

PIMENTO STILETTO NISBETTO,  
*Vender of Vittles.*

MILLE. FRANCÉS KELLE,  
*Member of Honor.*







## Martha by the Day

**W**OULD you think to see us leaning over the gates that we were orphan asylum inmates or red-headed step-children? We are neither—we are a select lot from Decatur and vicinity, two rustic belles from Kirkwood and the rest from Atlanta. The belles from Kirkwood arrive with the dawn and leave with the ringing of the supper bell, dividing the day into watches by visits to the tea-room. The Atlantans arrive at a more dignified hour—eight-thirty to nine a. m. Haven't you heard the tramp of many feet that sound like the allied troops, coming up the steps of Main about chapel time? As for the Decatur and vicinity contingent—look around the side of Main any time of day and you'll see a low, perhaps tall, form slipping through the basement into the rest-room. These are not basement-window burglars but Decatur "time-savers."

You want to know if we lead a rough life? Does the picture show it? Are our faces thin and sad-looking? We find great delight in the variety of Fannie's ham and cheese sandwiches, the street cars furnish entertainment, and we rest at home at night. Don't waste your sympathy on us, you long-faced sisters who see us staggering under our load of books. We enjoy life. Who says we need pity?



SHELF III.



## Our Mutual Friend

YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

**T**HE Y. W. C. A. of Agnes Scott strives to co-operate with the college in developing the highest and best young womanhood throughout the student body. Through very definite and practical means, it prepares us for life after college by helping us live our lives at their best while in college.

The Association has always been well organized, but this year we have endeavored to perfect it even more by substituting the departmental plan of organization for the former committees. Some of the outstanding events of the year are: The visits of our Student Secretaries, the raising of the Prison Camp Fund, the Christmas Tree for the little children of the Syrian Mission in Atlanta, and the Round Table discussions which were held in February. There are many results of the work which we can not see, but we feel that through the work of the committees we have in some measure fulfilled the great purpose upon which the association is based. We are grateful for the work of the Association this year and above all for the message it brings to us every one, as expressed in our National Motto: "Not by might, nor by power, but my My Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

—R. P. P., '17.



## The Sky Pilot

Y. M. C. A.

### OFFICERS

REGINA PINKSTON	President	GEORGIANA WHITE	Secretary
ANNE KYLE	Vice-President	RUTH NISBET	Treasurer

### MEMBERS OF THE CABINET

ANNE KYLE	Chairman Membership Committee
GEORGIANA WHITE	Chairman Educational Committee
RUTH NISBET	Chairman Finance Committee
MARY BROCK MALLARD	Chairman Social Committee
INDIA HUNT	Chairman Service Committee
VALLIE YOUNG WHITE	Chairman Religious Meetings Committee
GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN	Chairman Voluntary Study Committee





## The Blue Bird

### Blue Ridge

HOW can I wax dreamy and attempt to write of ethereal abstracts when my first thought of Blue Ridge is so ludicrously humorous?

It is early in the morning and cold—wonderfully cold—from the steps of R. E. Lee Hall a bugle is blowing—

“I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,

I can't get 'em up in the morning”

and across the bridge in a still cottage the “sleeping-porch” is waking up and a sleepy shivering voice is wailing pitifully—“Are you *sure* I'm first on the water line?” and eighteen sleepy but triumphant voices are taunting—“You certainly are, and *do* hurry and make the fire!” Eighteen sleepy folks huddle deeper into eighteen cots and await the dreaded call of “Next!” when one by one they must stick their feet out on the cold, cold floor and take their places on the “wash line.” What a scramble there is as nineteen tooth-brushes and wash-rags must be assorted and at least one



pair of the 38 shoes to be searched for. The bugle sounds again and the hurry of many feet dash gaily across the rustic bridge which leads up the hill to the Dining Hall. You're always hungry at Blue Ridge and meal-time always means one wild scramble for the dining room.

After the hustle and bustle of "getting up" in the cottage, my thoughts are not humorous any longer—they're just plain happy and they stay happy all through the full busy days from the breakfast blessing which is always sung, straight through classes and tennis tournaments, hikes and pageants, receptions and parties, meetings, technical councils and conferences and last and most happy, "our" marshmallow toasts and delegation meetings before our big fire—then "taps," and good-nights.

And that's Blue Ridge—just HAPPY. I can't think of any other word that so expresses the full meaning of Blue Ridge. Everybody's happy. Everything makes everybody happy—you can't any more help being happy than you could if you knew to-morrow *were* a holiday and you didn't have any work to-day! I suppose one reason is—folks are all friends, the nicest kinds of friends and everybody's wearing a big happy smile! You're always meeting happy people. The leaders are the happiest folks you ever knew, and before you hardly get to Blue Ridge, before you've even finished that joyful ride up the mountain side to the conference grounds, before you've finished going through the intricate processes of registering, you've become aware of the fact that "there's something queer about the place." "What can it be?" you ask yourself, and by the time you've greeted all loyal Agnes Scottites you realize that there is in truth a spirit of Blue Ridge floating around. And ere the ten glorious days of happiness have passed, you've discovered this something, this spirit of Blue Ridge—it's the same wonderful spirit that guides Silver Bay and Estes Park and all the other Conferences; it's a spirit of love for one's Fellowman and an Unknown, which is making happiness the keynote of Ten Wonderful Days.

Just taste of Blue Ridge, you who have not; you will find it vastly worth while, I'm telling you!

—MAY M. FREEMAN.

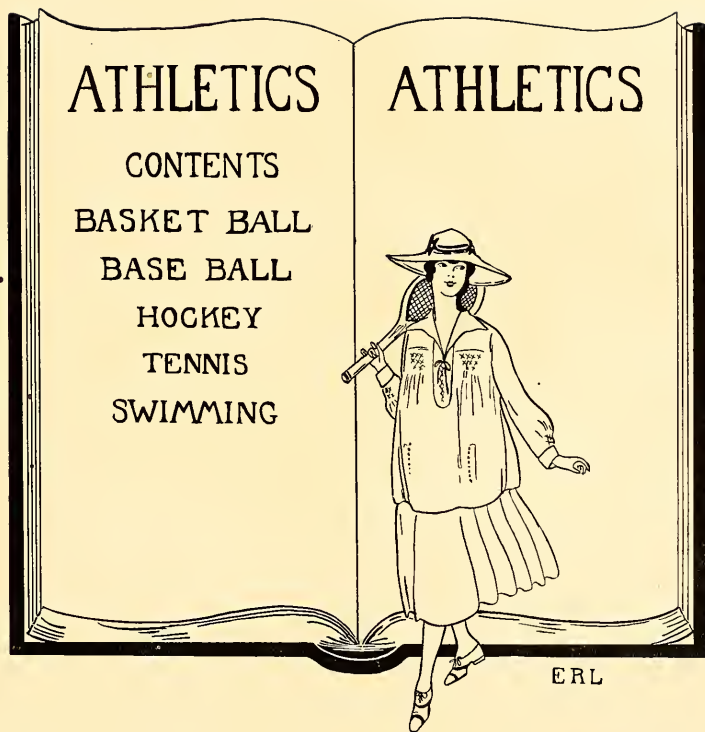


## Blue Ridge

*Here come the girls from Agnes Scott,  
Heigho, Heigho, Heigho, Heigho!  
We wave our banner from the top  
Heigho, Heigho, Heigho, Heigho!  
We greet you with the Purple and White.  
You bet Blue Ridge will treat you right,  
A rig-a-jig-jig, and way we go,  
Heigho, Heigho, Heigho.*

*We're here for ten full days of fun,  
Heigho, Heigho, Heigho, Heigho!  
From work to play, we're in the run,  
Heigho, Heigho, Heigho, Heigho.  
While you're getting—get the best,  
Oj Blue Ridge famed from East to West.  
A rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go.  
Heigho, Heigho, Heigho.*





SHELF IV.



## The Sport

### Athletic Association

#### OFFICERS

AGNES SCOTT DONALDSON . . . *President*  
GOLDIE HAM . . . . . *Vice-President*  
VALLIE YOUNG WHITE . . . . . *Secretary*  
MARGARET LEYBURN . . . . . *Treasurer*  
MRS. M. M. PARRY . . . . . *Coach*





## Athletic Managers

- HALLIE ALEXANDER . . . . . *Manager Basket-Ball*  
KATHERINE LINDAMOOD . . . . . *Manager Baseball*  
ESTHER HAVIS . . . . . *Manager Swimming*  
MARGUERITE DAVIS . . . . . *Manager Hockey*  
RUBY LEE ESTES . . . . . *Manager Track*  
AMELIA ALEXANDER . . . . . *Student Basket-ball Coach*



## A Comedy of Errors

Motion pictures presented in the Gym on every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of every week of every year.


### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1) One expert leading lady and her understudy, well versed in fancy dances, and other tortures.

(2) Small group of beauties on front row of chorus, who add a diversion by getting things right.

(3) The Masses, who give the play its name. They have a superfluous number of legs and arms, over which they have little control, but an all-consuming, ever-present longing to be graceful.





## Breaking the Record

### I. THANKSGIVING GAME.

THE time was just about ten-thirty, on Thanksgiving morning; the place was the gym; and among those present were a big base drum and a little kettle-drum, a multitude of guitars and "euks" and tin horns innumerable, not to mention the record-breaking crowd that packed the side-lines, and overflowed onto the piano and the gym-horse. And small wonder! Why was the forum crowded? The first championship game of the session, and a double-header at that, was to be played off, with the Seniors lined up against the Juniors, and the Sophomores versus the Freshmen.

The Sophs and Freshmen first took the floor and the contest was a spirited one, in rooting, as in the game itself. Especially was the demonstration evident among the screamers under the blue and white, and excitement ran high. On the teams each girl was fighting and fighting hard,—the result was an intense game. The Freshman team was in dead earnest and the past months of preparation showed up well; the work of MacIntyre as forward was especially noticeable.

The contest between the centers was lively and the team-work of the Sophomores showed up well in the work of Hutcheson and Parks. But the star in the crown of the Sophomore team was the playing of Wilburn, forward, whose sensational shots and field goals did much toward the final victory for the Sophs of 25-10.

The Junior-Senior contest was one to inspire interest along the side-lines, for there wasn't a dead minute from the first toss-up until the final whistle blew. The team-work of both classes was in evidence and with the Seniors especially was that the strong point. Amundsen and Donaldson, as centers, played a brilliant game; and the guards worked well in concert—so well that at the end of the first half the Senior team was two points ahead.

As to the second half, however, the splendid guard work of Leyburn and Comer, of the Juniors, came to the front, and Brehm, forward, made a number of successful shots, bringing the final victory to the Juniors, with a score of 10-7.

During every intermission, and at every successful shot during the game the enthusiasm of the supporting classes could be heard from Stone



Mountain; banners waved and horns tooted, yells and songs rent the air—while the band played “Hottentot” with a vengeance. And at the final whistle, with the last toss of the ball, every team yelled for every other one, everybody clapped everybody else on the back, and we filed out, with a final fifteen rahs, to turn our minds to thoughts of Turkey and other Thanksgiving joys.

II. GAME PLAYED FEBRUARY 9.

Juniors . . . . .	2
Seniors . . . . .	9

III. GAME PLAYED FEBRUARY 16.

Seniors . . . . .	24
Sophomores . . . . .	21
Championship Team . . . . .	Senior







## Senior Basket-Ball Squad

KATHERINE LINDAMOOD	}	.....	<i>Forwards</i>
RUTH NISBET			
VALLIE YOUNG WHITE			
ISABEL DEW	}	.....	<i>Centers</i>
GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN			
AGNES DONALDSON			
MILDRED HALL	}	.....	<i>Guards</i>
ANNIE LEE			
AMELIA ALEXANDER		.....	<i>Coach</i>
MILDRED HALL		.....	<i>Captain</i>





## Junior Basket-Ball Squad

LOIS EVE	}		<i>Forwards</i>
ELVA BREHM	}		
JULIA WALKER	}		<i>Centers</i>
RUBY LEE ESTES	}		
MYRTIS BURNETT	}		
MARGARET LEYBURN	}		<i>Guards</i>
MARTHA COMER	}		
HALLIE ALEXANDER	}		<i>Coach</i>
JULIA WALKER	}		<i>Captain</i>



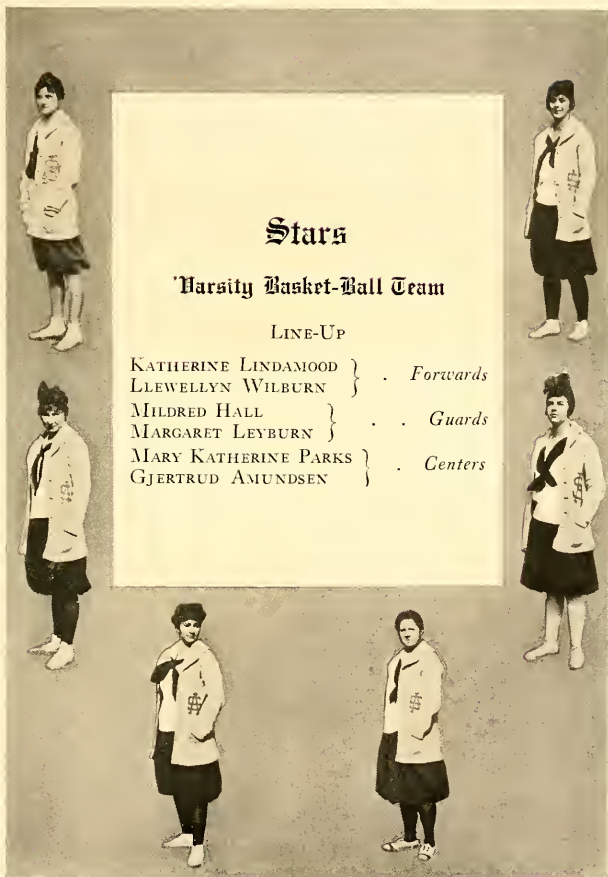
## Sophomore Basket-Ball Squad

LLEWELLYN WILBURN	}	.....	<i>Forwards</i>
ELIZABETH WATKINS			
DOROTHY MITCHELL			
ALMEDA HUTCHESON	}	.....	<i>Centers</i>
BESS HAM			
MARY KATHERINE PARKS			
MARGUERITE WATTS	}	.....	<i>Guards</i>
LULU SMITH			
CLAIRE ELLIOTT			
LLEWELLYN WILBURN		.....	<i>Captain</i>



## Freshman Basket-Ball Squad

LOIS MACINTYRE	}	. . . . .	<i>Forwards</i>
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN			
CHLOIE WALLING			
JULIA McKAY	}	. . . . .	<i>Centers</i>
JULIA REASONER			
MARGUERITE DAVIS			
MARION McCAMY	}	. . . . .	<i>Guards</i>
CLARA COLE			
LILLIAN FARGASON			
LILLIAN FARGASON		. . . . .	<i>Captain</i>



## Stars

### 'Varsity Basket-Ball Team

#### LINE-UP

KATHERINE LINDAMOOD	}	. Forwards
LWELLYN WILBURN		
MILDRED HALL	}	. . . Guards
MARGARET LEYBURN		
MARY KATHERINE PARKS	}	. Centers
GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN		





## Glorious Game

### Hockey

#### WHITES

GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN  
VIRGINIA McLAUGHLIN  
EVA MAE WILLINGHAM  
ISABEL DEW  
ALMEDA HUTCHESON  
HALLIE ALEXANDER  
MARGARET LEYBURN  
CATHERINE REED  
GLADYS GAINES  
MARGARET DAVIS  
LEONORA GRAY

#### PURPLES

AGNES DONALDSON  
LILLIE JENKINS  
RUTH NISBET  
ELISE CURRELL  
LOUISE ASH  
BESS HAM  
JULIA LAKE SKINNER  
EUNICE LEGG  
MARY BROCK MALLARD  
LLEWELLYN WILBURN  
CLAIRE ELLIOTT  
MARY BURNETT





## Tennis

### Players in the Championship Games—1916

GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN, '17  
 GOLDIE HAM, '19  
 ISABEL DEW, '17  
 MARGARET LEYBURN, '18  
 HALLIE ALEXANDER, '18  
 LULIE HARRIS, '19

AGNES DONALDSON, '17  
 LAURIE CALDWELL, '17  
 JANET NEWTON, '17  
 KATHERINE LINDAMOOD, '17  
 LEWELLYN WILBURN, '18  
 ESTELLE FELKER, '19

### FINAL DOUBLES—APRIL 27, 1916

JANET NEWTON, '17  
 ISABEL DEW, '17

LULIE HARRIS, '19  
 ESTELLE FELKER, '19

SCORE . . . . . 6:2  
 6:1—favor Newton and Dew

### FINAL SINGLES

MAYMIE CALLOWAY, '18

ISABEL DEW, '17

Game Forfeited to Dew

TENNIS CHAMPIONS 1916—CLASS 1917



## The Music Master

### Athletic Band

### Athletic Song

I.

At Agnes Scott we've got some teams  
That know the way to play,  
With college spirit back of them,  
They're sure to win the day;  
They never look a bit afraid;  
When to them comes the ball  
But grab it up, and throw it back,  
Perhaps right through the wall!

REFRAIN :

Play! play! for Agnes Scott,  
And keep the ball right to the end,  
Work! work! for every goal,  
College honor to defend,  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Play for Agnes Scott,  
And cheer the girls that play the game.  
For we'll play with a vim  
That is dead sure to win,  
For Agnes Scott.

II.

In swimming as in basket-ball,  
And so in hockey too,  
Those teams just play with all their might.  
To show what they can do.  
We know that they can play the game,  
They'll show the pep they've got,  
And play for purple and for white  
And for dear old Agnes Scott.

III.

There's not a girl in all the school  
That thinks that it's not fun,  
To go in swimming in the pool  
Or go out for a run.  
For every girl can bat the ball  
And run the bases too,  
So come along right now with us  
And show what you can do.



SHELF V.



## As You Like It

### Silhouette Staff

OLIVE HARDWICK  
*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*

RUTH LAMBdin  
*Art Editor*

RUBY LEE ESTES  
*Assistant Business Manager*

MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE  
*Editor-in-Chief*

LAURIE CALDWELL  
*Business Manager*

FANNIE OLIVER  
*Local Editor*

AGNES SCOTT DONALDSON  
*Assistant Art Editor*

MARY BROCK MALLARD  
*Editorial Scribe*





## Somehow Good

Aurora Staff

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*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*

INDIA HUNT  
*Editor-in-Chief*

MARY FREEMAN  
*Local Editor*

MYRTIS BURNETT  
*Assistant Business Manager*

ROSE HARWOOD  
*Business Manager*

DOROTHY THIGPEN  
*Exchange Editor*



## The Tattler

### Agonistic Staff

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*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*

LOIS EVE  
*Editor-in-Chief*

JULIA WALKER  
*Assistant Business Manager*

MARGUERITE WATTS  
*Athletic Editor*

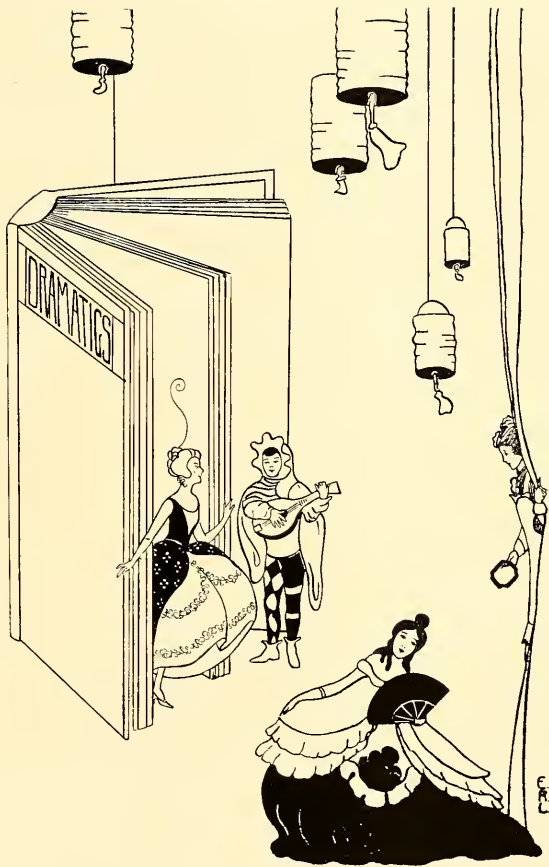
LOUISE WARE  
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*Business Manager*

HALLIE ALEXANDER  
*Advertising Manager*

MARGARET ROWE  
*Collection Manager*

DOROTHY THIGPEN  
*Y. W. C. A. Editor*



SHELF VI.



## Stars

### Blackfriar Roll

#### STUDENT CHARTER MEMBERS

GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN  
LAURIE CALDWELL  
LOIS EVE  
OLIVE HARDWICK  
INDIA HUNT  
MAY SMITH  
EMMA LOUISE WARE  
VALLIE YOUNG WHITE

#### FULL MEMBERS

LUCY DURR  
REGINA PINKSTON  
RUTH NISBET  
MARGARET ROWE  
ANNIE SILVERMAN  
JANE HARWELL

#### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

AMELIA ALEXANDER  
HALLIE ALEXANDER  
ANNIE LEE  
RITA SCHWARTZ  
CAROLINE LARENDON  
KATHERINE SEAY  
FANNIE OLIVER  
PAULINE SMATHERS  
DOROTHY THIGPEN  
LLEWELLYN WILBURN  
ELIZABETH WATKINS  
SYBIL NUNNALEE  
KATHERINE REED  
RUBY STANSELL  
MRS. CARROLL  
GOLDIE HAM  
BLANCHE COPELAND





## Character Cast of "The Oxford Affair"

MISS SAPHRONY PRICE . . . *Louise Ware*  
 MRS. BARNSTABLE . . . *Laurie Caldwell*  
 THE WIDOW OXFORD . . . *Fannie Oliver*  
 DOROTHY OXFORD . . . . *Lucy Durr*  
 PHILLIS . . . . . *Regina Pinkston*  
 MISS OXFORD . . . . . *Ruth Nisbet*  
 ELLEN, A MAID . . . . . *Margaret Rowe*  
 MARY, A MAID . . . . . *Annie Lee*



## Queen 'o the May



A BEAUTIFUL sight was presented on Agnes Scott campus Saturday afternoon when we, in our small way, assembled to do homage to the Bard of Avon and to the Queen of the May. First came the coronation of the Queen, which was done in a most picturesque manner. Her majesty's escort was daintily costumed in white and stood behind the throne. Next came the lovely maids of honor, carrying canna lilies of purest white in their arms. These were followed by the tiny crown bearer and Spirit of Spring, who

seemed a little thistle-down. Then came the Queen herself, a true incarnation of the beauty and loveliness of May. She was crowned by the Spirit of Spring, and ascended her throne with the flowered crown upon her shining hair.

After the coronation was ended came the Mosque, entitled, "The Homage of Time to Shakespeare." The entrance of Father Time with flowing beard and cycle was attended by the Seasons and the Hours. Then came:

"The misty shimmering Hours of the Dawn  
The golden glorious Hours of the Day,  
The rosy, glowing Hours of the Dusk,  
The gloomy, sombre Hours of the Night."

Father Time was solemnly seated on his throne beneath the shadowy oak, opposite the Queen, and witnessed with an enraptured audience, the "dance of the Hours" on the grassy lawn.



Next came the entrance of conventional Tragedy and Comedy, the one in garb of deepest black, the other in brightest yellow. Behind them were the groups of tragedy and comedy characters veiled to indicate their inability to express human emotions. Bound in these fetters they stood near the throne, until Shakespeare appeared to liberate them with his master touch.



Tragedy and Comedy led their followers to the Bard and were only unveiled and freed. After this the Farce characters executed their rollicking dance and pantomime which brought laughter to all. The supernatural next held sway and the fairies flitted through the mazes of their airy dance of grace and sprightliness.

The Nations of the Earth came in to give their tribute, after which Shakespeare marched to the throne of Father Time, who placed a laurel wreath upon his head and conducted him to his rightful seat upon the throne. All knelt in reverence; while these words were acclaimed:

“All hail to Shakespeare glorious  
Whom Time has crowned to-day  
We bow to thee enthroned in state  
And all hearts own thy sway.”

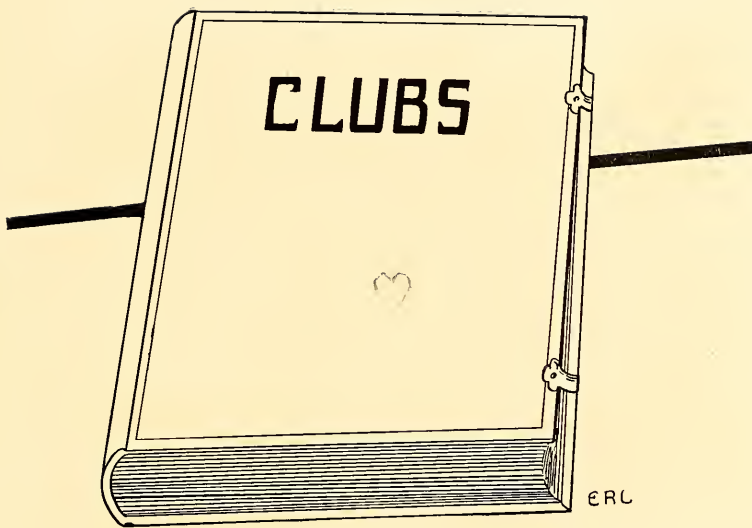
The company then wended its way from the throne and disappeared behind the trees. Thus ended one of the most picturesque scenes ever presented on our campus.



CHARACTERS.

Queen . . . . .	<i>Sarah Patton</i>
Father Time . . . . .	<i>Louise Ware</i>
Spirit of Spring . . . . .	<i>Barbara Metz</i>
Crown Bearer . . . . .	<i>Gatherine Cunningham</i>
Train Bearers . . . . .	{ <i>Margaret Cunningham</i> <i>Isabelle Wilson</i>
	{ <i>Louise Wilson</i> <i>Lucy Durr</i> <i>Margaret Phillips</i> <i>Katherine Graves</i> <i>Josephine Meyer</i> <i>Agnes Wiley</i>
Maids . . . . .	
Sir Wm. Shakespeare . . . . .	<i>Mr. Metz</i>
Comedy . . . . .	<i>Helen Moore</i>
Tragedy . . . . .	<i>Belle Cooper</i>





SHELF VII.

**Pillars of Society in Three Volumes**





# Sigma Delta Phi.



## SORORES IN COLLEGIO

LAURIE LE GARE CALDWELL, '17	Greensboro, Ga.
CLAIRE HAINSWORTH ELLIOTT, '19	Columbia, S. C.
MARY LOIS EVE, '18	Augusta, Ga.
SHIRLEY FAIRLY, '19	Hazlehurst, Miss.
LOUISE FELKER, '19	Monroe, Ga.
LULIE SPEER HARRIS, '19	College Park, Ga.
ANNIE LEE, '17	Birmingham, Ala.
VIRGINIA LANCASTER, '18	Columbia, S. C.
MARGARET KERR LEYBURN, '18	Durham, N. C.
MARY BROCK MALLARD, '19	Atlanta, Ga.
DOROTHY MITCHELL, '19	Mobile, Ala.
PRISCILLA NELSON	Corinth, Miss.
MARY SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE, '17	Lynchburg, Va.
ELIZABETH PRUDEN, '18	Rome, Ga.
MARGARET PRUDEN, '17	Rome, Ga.
AGNES GOLD WILEY, '19	Sparta, Ga.

## SORORES IN URBE

MRS. HENRY EARTHMAN (Eliza Candler)  
 MRS. EDWARD CROFT (Mary Croswell)  
 MRS. ASHBY HILL (Olivia Bogacki)  
 MRS. HAROLD WEY (Carol Stearns)  
 MRS. GEORGE LOWNDES (Inez Wilkerson)  
 LULA WOODS WHITE





# BULL DOG



## MEMBERS

JANE HARWELL, '17	LaGrange, Ga.
WILLIE BELLE JACKSON, '17	Gainesville, Ga.
MILDRED HALL, '17	Greenwood, Miss.
JULIA ABBOTT, '18	Louisville, Ga.
KATHERINE HOLTZCLAW, '18	Perry, Ga.
ELIZABETH DENMAN, '18	Atlanta, Ga.
FRANCES GLASGOW, '19	Lexington, Va.
ELIZABETH REID, '19	Atlanta, Ga.
MARGUERITE WATTS, '19	Rome, Ga.
MARY KATHERINE PARKS, '19	Newnan, Ga.
CAROLINE RANDOLPH	Tombstone, Ariz.
ELIZABETH RILEY	Macon, Ga.
MARY CHAMP	Lexington, Va.





# Compli Cator.

## MEMBERS

RUTH ANDERSON, '18 . . . . .	Winston-Salem, N. C.
DOROTHY BULLOCK, '19 . . . . .	Montgomery, Ala.
LUCY DURR, '19 . . . . .	Montgomery, Ala.
SAMILLE LOWE, '18 . . . . .	Washington, Ga.
ANNIE W. MARSHALL, '18 . . . . .	Lewisburg, Tenn.
EMILY J. MILLER, '19 . . . . .	Chattanooga, Tenn.
FANNIE OLIVER, '18 . . . . .	Montgomery, Ala.
MARGARET ROWE, '19 . . . . .	Raines, Tenn.
ANNIE SAXON, '18 . . . . .	Dothan, Ala.
KATHERINE SEAY, '18 . . . . .	Gallatin, Tenn.
AUGUSTA SKEEN, '17 . . . . .	Decatur, Ga.
FRANCES THATCHER, '17 . . . . .	Chattanooga, Tenn.
DOROTHY THIGPEN, '19 . . . . .	Montgomery, Ala.

## FELLOWSHIP MEMBERS

JEANNETTE JOYNER . . . . .	Richmond, Ark.
MARGARET PHYTHIAN . . . . .	Newport, Ky.







## Social Problems

Inter-Club Council 1916-1917

LOIS EVE,  $\Sigma$  A  $\Phi$  . . . . . *President*

FRANCES THATCHER, [ [ . . . *Secretary*

WILLIE BELLE JACKSON, B D

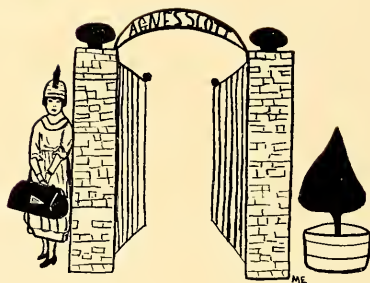


SHELF VIII.



# SEPTEMBER

## 18<sup>TH</sup> 1916



SEPTEMBER 10—All rules of bygiene against kissing declared void. Sad conditions in Freshman districts. Epidemic of corytis threatened. Flood feared.

SEPTEMBER 20—To old girls not at all unusual—to Freshmen a mixed impression of committees, curtain hanging, and Miss Hopkins. Epidemic almost under control. Louise Ash and the Budgets rob the tea-room.

SEPTEMBER 23—Many unheard of ancestors discovered by Freshmen and under guidance of these Y. W. C. A. kinspeople, many exercise cards are filled by walks taken in Rebekah Scott lobby, colonnade and vicinity.

SEPTEMBER 25—Miss Hopkins gives annual talk on manners at 7:30 P. M. in chapel. Chief headings of talk as follows:

- a. Inadvisability of the use of fingers for eating purposes.
- b. State of great moral degradation direct result of borrowing.
- c. Correct position for feet.
- d. Suggestions for elevating conversation at table.

SEPTEMBER 28—Rumors of castor oil and worse things reach the ears of unsuspecting Freshmen. Latter discover that the doors have locks and that ribbons are very becoming.

SEPTEMBER 30—Sophomore rules read. Freshmen impressed, but hopelessly ignorant of real significance. Sophomores seems to age greatly.



# OCTOBER



J. E.

OCTOBER 2—Student body suddenly blossoms forth in rosettes of white and green, and yellow and blue. New girls in great demand. Propylean Moving Picture Theatre.

OCTOBER 3—Political rally and election held under auspices of Mnemosyneans. Social gathering enjoyed.

OCTOBER 5—Unheard of occurrence at A. S. C. Hockey rally held at which ice cream cones are given away and Country Thigpen failed to attend. Pledge Day.

OCTOBER 7—First large dance of the social season given at eight o'clock in the gym. Grand March is lead by Miss V. Y. White and Miss Julia Walker.

OCTOBER 10—Dr. Sweet greatly in demand in Inman. One Freshman, two Sophomores, two Seniors, and even one post-graduate prove by experience that there is such a thing as enough of a good thing—persimmons.

OCTOBER 14—Faculty so far forgot their dignity as to go on a bacon bat. Mr. Stevenson displays great skill in roasting weiners. It is thought that he formerly kept a stand.

OCTOBER 16—Dr. and Mrs. Gaines entertain in honor of the new faculty. It is requested that Miss Reichenbach wear her name on a placard.

OCTOBER 18—Miss Agonistic has her first birthday and due to the economy of last year's staff, this year's staff had a banquet in the tea-room.

OCTOBER 20—In the Agonistic for the week it was learned that Endymion had been indefinitely postponed. Having borne such shocks as "Aye Marry!" from K. Seay, and a constant flow of poetic language for nearly a month, it does seem hard that we patient sufferers should never reap any reward for our forbearances.

OCTOBER 21—The long expected Contest of Wits at last came off and great suspense of weeks is ended. Freshmen realize that they are too young to have pets, but not too young to bear defeat nobly.

OCTOBER 23—Rebekah Scott on verge of nervous breakdown. Men seen wandering around rear of building near kitchen. Of course, men would keep as near the food as possible.

OCTOBER 26—Investiture service. All Freshmen are inspired with an insatiable desire for Seniordom, which, as the procession files in, is mixed with a respectful wonder as to how much Emma Louise had to pay for the extra amount of goods in her gown.

OCTOBER 28—Seniors entertain at a Hallowe'en party. Mr. Pin Kee develops as a very attractive ghost. Germs become numerous. Month ends with a very select entertainment by Dr. Sweet and Miss Daugherty. Only those who were able to discover "bugs" in their throats are invited.







# DECEMBER



- DECEMBER 1—Anguish in college! Tea-room supply completely exhausted by a visit from Louise Abney. Rest of students must do without dainty lunches until Fannie is able to recuperate and order a new supply of food. Miss Cady delivers lecture to History I on farming and its attractions, especially the dairy business.
- DECEMBER 4—Mary Freeman, alias "Bow-Legs," resigned from Agonistic Staff on account of her health. The question arises, was it her health or her inherent tendency toward the easy life?
- DECEMBER 6—Mr. Pin Kee consults Miss Lewis as to what would be becoming color tie to wear with his special shade of hair, eyes, complexion, etc. She advises either light blue or green for dress-up occasions, with dark blue and brown for every day.
- DECEMBER 8—Heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Gaines.
- DECEMBER 9—Music faculty contribute to college entertainment by giving a concert. The music is greatly enjoyed, but why, may we ask, was Dr. Armistead not permitted to take part? We are sure he has proved his ability.
- DECEMBER 12—"Fan" springs a new one on us in the form of statistics. Much interest is aroused, especially on the part of the various candidates, many of whom were running against their will. At prayers, Mr. Turner appears with a huge red boutonniere and a very self-satisfied smile.
- DECEMBER 14—Once again the public of A. S. C. is called upon to show its martyr-like spirit in order that a Mandolin Club may develop. The process may be slow and agonizing but we hope it is sure. New Aurora exploits local literary aspirants.
- DECEMBER 16—Mrs. Gaines, assisted by one of our unbleached brethren, gives a reading in the chapel which is greatly enjoyed. Said unbleached brother brings his miniature, which attracts all eyes.
- DECEMBER 18-19—These days taken up with the endless filling of trunks. Mr. Cunningham does a rushing business and Mr. Tart says, "He'th a minute man, but he 'uth can't tend to all hith bitness."
- DECEMBER 20—"A. S. C. is a sad place to be." Even heaven weeps and the aim and object of each student seems to be to see with what haste and lack of order she can pack her suitcase, shut her closet door, and depart. Register books develop a sense of humor.
- DECEMBER 21 to JANUARY 4—Christmas Holidays (or recess, as the hand-book puts it). Home and Mother. (Nuff sed).



JANUARY 5—Epidemic of home-sickness threatens. Why does Dr. Gaines pick this time to pray for "our loved ones from whom we are separated?" Agnes Scott, much to our surprise, has not changed at all, and Fannie still reigns in the tea-room, which, for the time being, is completely superfluous.

JANUARY 8—A spot darting frantically over the whole campus at once, moves so fast one hasn't time to,—the spot stops suddenly before Mr. Hatcher. Oh, it's just Spot Payne chasing the photographer.

JANUARY 10—Freshmen still blissfully ignorant of full significance of exams until Dr. Gaines and Dr. McCain began praying that "our minds be steadied during this time of stress." Calmness flees and anxiety usurps its place.

JANUARY 13—Unlucky day! Exams posted and the hall of Main Building becomes a popular resort. Special proctors are required to "shoo" the numerous groans and wails.

JANUARY 16-27—Dark Ages. (No record should be kept of times so gloomy).

JANUARY 27—General festival of rejoicing. Neglected gym again comes to its own and Finney finds herself back as orchestra-in-chief.

JANUARY 29—Second Semester begins, and several new arrivals appear. M. Winston very kindly offers to take Mary Champ to Decatur and show her around, believing her to be a home-sick new girl.

JANUARY 31—Mr. Spargo, noted lecturer, speaks on Practical Socialism.



# FEBRUARY



FEBRUARY 2—Agonistic announces that Miss Agnes' children now have a bigger backyard to play in, present of Mr. Lupton, of Chattanooga. Father buys himself a new overcoat and grows young. Why? Daughter is keeping a personal account.

FEBRUARY 3—Miss Cady tells us all about the war. Awfully hard on the thin pro-Germans on the front seat.

FEBRUARY 4—Measles running in competition with the war along lines of excitement.

FEBRUARY 9—Dr. Morgan, of the National Red Cross, and Mrs. Gordon-Smith, of the Atlanta branch, enlist all Agnes Scott girls in Red Cross service.

FEBRUARY 10—Agnes Scott learns the Technique of music, particularly when applied to "I Love You."

FEBRUARY 12—Ruth forgets to remind Priscilla that dinner is served at 1:20.

FEBRUARY 15—Annual in Olive's suitcase disappears from the campus. Staff has time to count its grey hairs—now, number is found magnified to the nth power. Gloom moves from Science Hall to Foote and Davies.





## Mother Goose Rhymes

### Agnes Scott's Grandmother Had an Old Cat— What Kind of a Cat?

Most representative cat, you know,  
Of all her cats,—oh—Sammy Lowe.

Another, beloved by all the lot,  
Was surely most popular, dear old  
Spott.

Her prettiest cat, with shiny crown,  
Was Sarah Patton, of wide renown.

The wittiest one, with never a care  
Was light-hearted, laughing Louise  
Ware.

Far the most studious, seems to be  
Serious-minded Katherine Seay.

A cat of brains,—oh who can match  
'er?  
Was the brilliant Frances Thatcher.

For the most public-spirited, came  
India Hunt of Hoasc fame.

The laughingest, giggliest, merriest  
cat,  
Was Issie Talmadge, jolly and fat.

Biggest boot-licker,—a fair young  
belle,  
Was diplomatic Laurie Caldwell.

The business manager of the lot  
Was modern-womanish Myra Scott.







Poor little Finney has always been  
The thinnest cat of all the thin.

“The Fattest Cat” was Abney’s label,  
Grown to a chair at the Tea-room  
table.



Of all cats in the family tree,  
Most athletic was Agnes S. D.

Rita, handsomest dressed of kitties,  
Scorned all common clothes like  
middies.



Pauline Smathers led in dancing,  
Ballet tricks and fancy prancing.

Always talking, never low,  
“E” was first, as gossips go.



“Naughty kitty” some folks say,  
Biggest flirt is Mary May.

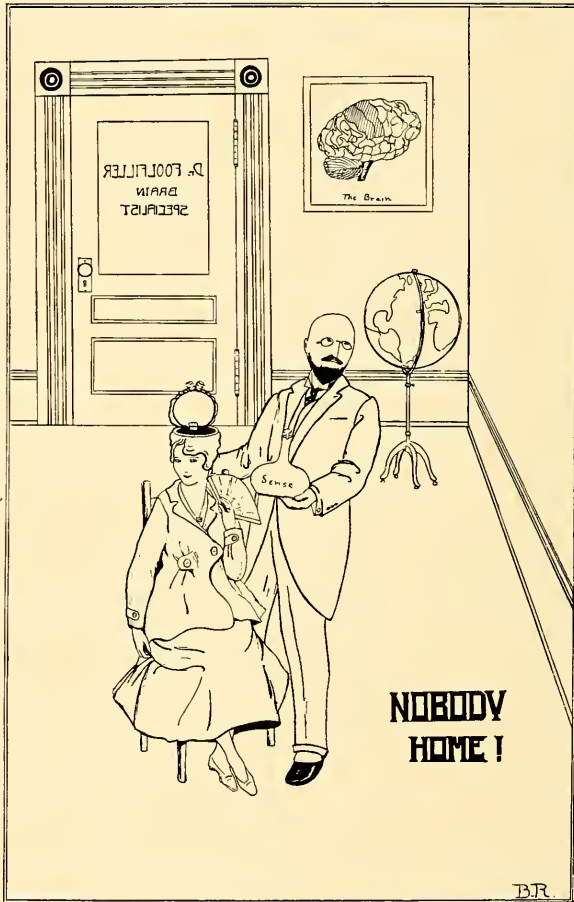
All the cats could well depend  
On Regina—and that’s the end.


Dignified Pruden always sat  
Before the hearth, a model cat.



Who is the cat with coin to blow?  
Is May extravagant? Shockingly so!







## Preparedness

Put on your {smoking jacket } hang your { slide rule } on the  
                  {kimona }                    { powder puff } the  
floor, attach a { meerschaum } to your facial expression, settle comfortably  
                  { tudge }  
into a { standing posture } and confine your remarks to { \* ? x ! | x ! ! \$  
          { or piano stool }    { darn  
You're prepared!

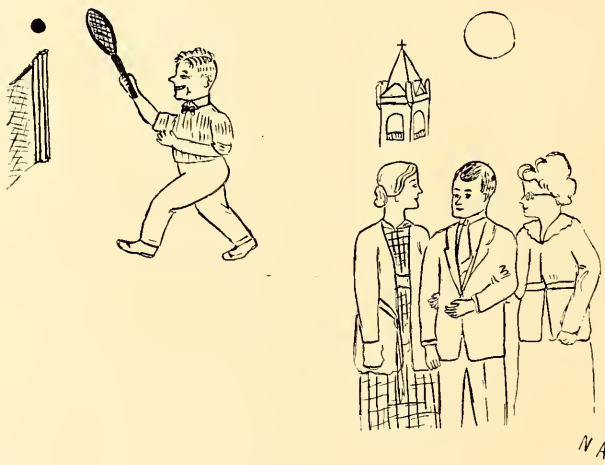
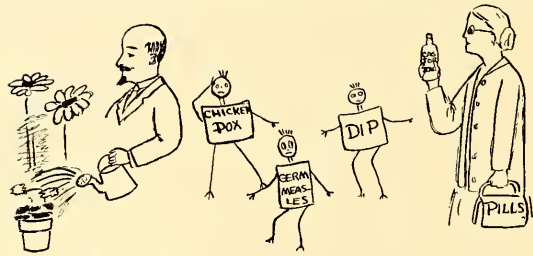
**I**T seems to me they're always talking about being prepared these days. Coast defense, land defense, and all that. Well, I'm a great believer in all kinds of preparedness. There was a time, though, in the early ages, when I would have snickered if you'd mentioned the word—for circumstances had made me a hard customer. You see, it was this way, I was young, and there was an alley running back of our house—furthermore, our cook and her children lived in this alley. I wish you could have seen these children. Altogether they were so wonderful and black. That isn't all—they could *play*, and they knew how to applaud me when I tried to skin the cat and ended with a skinned knee. We had the best time! However, this is neither here, nor yonder. The point is, mamma didn't realize the social work I was doing in playing with the common herd and she objected in plain terms. I was prepared for her remarks and when she wasn't looking (don't tell a soul), I made a face at her. As soon as she had finished, I doffed my shoes and stockings, hindrances to activity, and sped down the alley, where the children of the black race were preparing for festivities. We played till dark. But mamma, the grim, was preparing for me, up at the house. As I entered the door, bare feet and all, she pulled that sample tree from behind the living room clock and began to ply it to my bare legs. She seemed to gloat over my unprepared state and I kept thinking how my stockings could have prevented this defenseless condition.

Well, I've grown up, and I've learned to prepare for everything. When playing tennis I wear a dog collar, for I got hit in the neck once (when playing with Mr. Stevenson). I buy all my hats large so that when it rains, the water won't drip off the brim down my back. And when I get a nickel's worth of food (in the tea room) for a quarter, I'm prepared to enjoy the quality.

Yes, altogether I'm a great stickler for preparedness, and if you want to talk to me about it—come over some hot day and—prepare for the worst.



# HERE AND THERE ON THE CAMPUS



Miss Bourquin  
It's an awful sin  
The way your lab. does go,  
With cut-up dogs  
And excited frogs  
And crawly bugs in a row.

Peter, Paul, Philemon,  
Percival, we bet  
And then at last we found you out  
Ah, "Palmer" violet!

In class you made us "parlez-vous"  
And speak French beautifully  
But just the same, oh, lady fair,  
Your name is Dutch to me—  
Miss Reichenbach.

What matters if the clouds are dark.  
Or the rain comes down on one  
We've got eternal brightness here—  
We have our Stephen-son.

VA



## Exams!

A LAMENT BY THE "CHEER UP QUARTET."

TUNE: "*Where the River Shannon Flows.*"

*She was her mother's darling  
When she came to A. S. C.;  
And her heart, it was the lightest—  
So full of life and glee.*

*But EXAMS began to threaten,  
They o'er shadowed all her life,  
And her nights were spent in study,  
In its useless, endless strife.*

*She pined and then she languished,  
And her mind became bereft,  
And of this lovely damsel  
Only skin and bones were left.*

*In the cold, dark earth they laid her,  
When the campus cast its leaf;  
And they wept that one so lovely,  
Should have had a life so brief.*

ENCORE.

TUNE: "*Drunk Last Night.*"

*It was twelve last night,  
It was twelve the night before,  
It's goin' to be twelve again tonight, or maybe three or four;  
For when the second semester comes, it's then we have to cram,  
For we're gettin' ready for a mid-term exam.  
Piteous  
Oh, piteous  
One flashlight between the two of us  
Glory to the goodness, there are no more of us  
For one of us could use it all alone.*





# Things We Hear About But NEVER SEE



YOUR NEIGHBOR'S FRUIT CAKE



EVERY GIRL'S LOVER



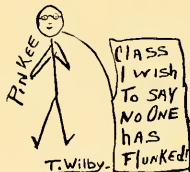
11 O'CLOCK LIGHTS



THAT BOX FROM HOME



J.I.M.A.  
AT WORK





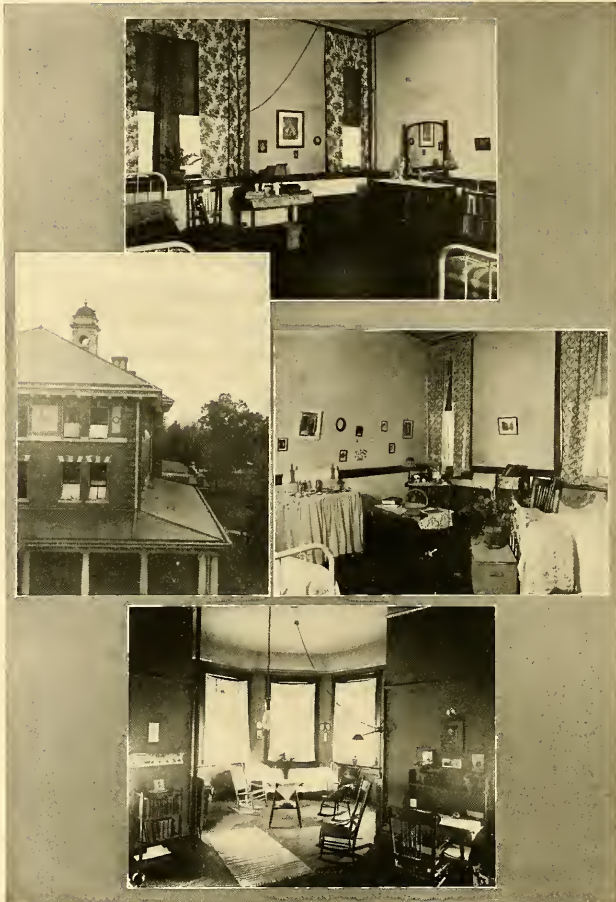
## Signs Seen on Doors Between January 16th and 27th

### "BUSY."

1. That on a door means—**KEEP OUT** everybody.
2. Unlike the Sergeant of the Law in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," I do not seem busier than I am, for I am as busy as I seem.
3. If you pass by, I'll pass my exam!
4. Please do not **KNOCK, CALL** or **COME IN**. We will take this down when we are at leisure.
6. Have you ever had Physics? Have you ever had History III? Have pity then!
6. Latin. Stop before you knock!
7. "Angry? I'm not,  
Love you? I do,  
But I'm too busy  
To see even you."
8. French II. There—you know all about it!
9. Pass on by—call again next week.
10. Sure enough busy.

## SUMMER FLIRTATIONS







## By Way of a Joke

IN PHYSICS: "Can you define a dyne?"

"A dime? Yes, sir—two nickels."

\* \* \* \*

"What is a coquette?"

"That's what they make out of fricassed chicken on the second day."

"So that's what she is, eh?"

\* \* \* \*

FRESHMAN: "How much exercise do I have to take for this card?"

JUNIOR: "Ten hours."

FRESHMAN: "That's not bad. It won't take long, for I'm a good walker and can do mine in half the time."

\* \* \* \*

MARY: "My family's more aristocratic than yours. You should hear my mother count up her forefathers."

POLLY: "That's nothing, my mother's had four husbands."

\* \* \* \*

PERPLEXED GIRL (in Bible I): "Mr. Stevenson, where did Cain get his wife?"

MR. STEVENSON (earnestly): "I don't know where Cain found his wife. That doesn't worry me. What bothers me is, where am I going to find one?"

\* \* \* \*

MISS MARKLEY (addressing a young lady in English I): "Miss Ellis, you will have to speak louder, Miss McCallie is having a class in the next room."

\* \* \* \*

MISS CADY (In History I): "By this treaty, France got a small strip of land and Marie Antoinette."

PROMISING FRESHMAN (looking on Atlas): "Where is Marie Antoinette?"

\* \* \* \*

L. S. M. (in Bible): "In Cairo, they used to sacrifice foreigners with fair skins and red hair."

Mr. Stevenson (blushing, as chorus of laughter breaks forth): "I'm glad I didn't go to Egypt, then."

\* \* \* \*

MISS CADY's version:

*"In the spring a Balkan's fancy  
Always turns to thoughts of war."*



The following is an example of the examination that Dr. "Arm" gives his English classes:

January 17, 1917.

My Dear Dr. Armistead:

Instead of an exam you asked for a letter (but I've heard you say, the shorter, the better), so I decided I'd write you a "pome," but to tell you the truth, there's "nobody home." So, after I'd thought and thought in vain, I just thought I'd write my name. I close with an everlasting debt of deep gratitude.

RUTH NISBET.

*Of course*, it was necessary to answer this??

My dear Miss Ruth:

I was having the blues, to tell you the truth, and I'd read your whole letter before I was sure that I had something better, by way of a cure, than a note full of news gossip, mischief, or slander,—as to one who would flirt, "go on," or philander with every young miss, whether modest or pert. But I'm glad to inform you, without any doubt, in words that may warn you and put fears to rout, that your good epistle has "struck me just right," and caused me to whistle with all my might,—instead of still moping, as I have been doing,—it has set me to hoping, with thoughts of pursuing the poetic trade on my own little hook. So you see you have made my old muse come to book,—my muse that's been silent for many a year. But lest she grow "vi'lent" and cause you to fear for my sanity's sake, as she very well may, I'll just end this fake."

Yours,

J. D. M. A.

East Lawn, Thursday Evening.





## The Break

TIME—1:00 A. M., May 29, 1917.

PLACE—Booktown, A. S. C.

Curtain rises on dark, spacious room, furnished with oak tables and chairs, mathematically arranged. Tall, white pillars divide the room into sections; a big desk is placed in the centre. Sound is heard outside of heavy footsteps passing; Evening Star is heard to cry: "One o'clock and all is well." Place again becomes quiet. After a few moments:

Enter Conn Biology, who stands before desk, and opens back his covers; a group of irridescent insects fly from the pages and light the room; frogs and grasshoppers jump out, making summoning noises.

From the shelves, which line the walls of the room, the inmates step hurriedly to the desk. The family of Encyclopædia Britannia marches with weighty dignity; Matthews and Emerton stroll à la Cady; Victor Cousin and Brunetière walk with Parisian accent; Dewey and Tuft saunters along showing psychological interest in his surroundings; Guerber's Myths limps in on crutches; Dickinson waltzes rhythmically to the desk; Popular Astronomy comes forward in absent-minded manner, as if his thoughts were far from earthly things; New York Times rushes in excitedly, urging all passers-by to read his submarine headline. Webster's Dictionary then enters majestically and takes the place of honor at head of the desk; other characters form chatting groups around him. Dr. Webster takes his mallet from page 1096, and rapping vigorously on desk, calls meeting to order.

DR. WEBSTER: "Mr. Secretary will now call the roll."

Emerton arranges his glasses, opens his back to a flyleaf, and calls roll.

DR. WEBSTER: "Now, Brethren and Sisters, you have been summoned here tonight to settle a most important question; as you know, a very grave state of affairs exists among us. The time has now come for the formation of some decision. It is for that—"

Webster is interrupted by a rustle of pages. Elizabethan Prose and Saintsbury rush in and take their places.

MISS ELIZABETHAN PROSE: "Do pardon our tardiness, Dr. Webster. Some unprincipled girl had taken us off our shelf without signing up, and it required a great deal of time for us to find ourselves."

DR. WEBSTER: "Well, as I was saying, Mr. Saintsbury and Miss Elizabethan Prose, it is for the decision of a vital question that we are assembled here tonight. It is this: Shall we break off diplomatic relations with Agnes Scott-Girlkind? With their numerous and often-repeated offenses you are all familiar; but that Mr. Emerton may state the facts clearly in history, I shall ask each of you to give your attitude on the subject. Mr. Matthews, you will please begin."



Emerton takes notes on proceedings.

MR. MATTHEWS: "I am in favor of breaking relations immediately with these feminine wretches. They have declared open hatred for me, and I am misused by them constantly. They tear me roughly from my place on the shelf and fling me on the table with great injury to my spinal column. My pages are covered with defacing lists of figures, adding to determine the length of each assignment. How can we remain on friendly terms, with creatures who so openly despise us?"

SAINTSBURY: "I agree with Mr. Matthews. I am tired of being slept on by block heads wishing to absorb me."

MISS ELIZABETHAN PROSE: "I suffer constantly from neuralgia from being cruelly left over-night on Inman steps."

GUERBER'S MYTHS: "Being brought up in a cultural Latin atmosphere I dislike to complain; but my delicate constitution just can not withstand the abuse I am forced to suffer at the hands of my assailants."

DEWEY AND TUFT: "My psychological and ethical discussions are disrespectfully spoken of as beastly-boring by these creatures."

MR. DICKINSON: "They constantly offend my aesthetic nature."

MONSIEUR BRUNETIERE: "They misquote me in the most monstrous fashion."

MR. POPULAR ASTRONOMY: "They hoot at my name with rudest and most mortifying jeers."

MR. NEW YORK TIMES: "They never read my editorials."

DR. WEBSTER (holding up his covers in just horror): "It is enough! All who favor the breaking of relations, let it be known by saying 'Aye'!"

An emphatic chorus of "Ayes!"

DR. WEBSTER: "Very well. Mr. Emerton, you will make known our decision to Harwell, head of this villainous Embassy, and request her to leave with her disturbing and unworthy delegation, on the morrow. The assembly is dismissed."

Iridescent insects return to Conn Biology. Room grows dark. Rustle of pages heard. Curtain falls.



## A Challenge to Life Service

The American Red Cross.

**M**ANY calls to world-wide service have come to Agnes Scott this year—the need of the students in Europe, the Armenian fund, and the hungry babies—and now there has opened up the big opportunity of service in the American Red Cross.

On the evening of February 9, Agnes Scott had the pleasure of hearing two representatives of the Red Cross speak in the chapel. We were vastly ignorant, they were vastly interested—the result was wonderful. Their message was somewhat on this wise:

The Red Cross is not simply a war organization. We feel the glamour that surrounds the nurse on the battlefield, but few of us will have such a chance. The practical side must interest all, for should we never be able to serve our country in time of war, we are needed every day in peacetimes. The American Red Cross was the first on hand at the earthquake in San Francisco, at the great Chicago fire, and the floods of Paris and Ohio. Everywhere that there is need, there is also the Red Cross. To the women of America—especially the college women—the call to service sounds out clearly.





Moved by the appeal made in our chapel, more than a hundred girls were present to take part in the parade in Atlanta on the following Monday. When we say parade, we naturally think of noise and excitement. How different was this! Thousands of the thinking women of Atlanta and the vicinity, together with many of the public school children, met at Trinity and Pryor Streets and marched in dignified and serious procession down Whitehall to Cain. There was little noise, no clapping or shouting. The crowd stood with uncovered heads as the long line of women, carrying the Red Cross banner, and wearing on their breasts the bandolier, moved thoughtfully past. It was not a parade, but a crusade of the women and children against ignorance and suffering.

In order that the enthusiasm may not all be just enthusiasm and that we may be prepared to take up the work of the Red Cross in bettering conditions all about us, Agnes Scott is studying very hard on certain courses. Dr. Sweet, herself a Red Cross physician, is conducting two classes in First Aid, one in Hygiene and one in Home Nursing. Already we feel the good effects of the movement. Not only are we learning better to care for the ills around us, but we feel ourselves in touch with the student bodies of the world.

To the members of our own student body, who are, as yet, uneducated and to all the students of America, who may not have heard the call, we would send out an appeal to help the Red Cross to gain the million members that it seeks for this year. The call to the women of America is as old as our Constitution. The call to the college women is newer. Shall we answer it?





## The Agnes Scott of the Future

IT is usually at intervals that great steps,—really *great*,—are taken, in the lives of people and of institutions, and it is the privilege of some generation to be alive at one or more of these intervals. So it is with us and Agnes Scott this year,—it is our privilege to be her present generation when she starts one of the great steps of her history,—the raising of \$100,000 for endowment.

March the 26th, 1917, saw the beginning of her step, when all of us were present at the mass meeting that marked its announcement, and we hope that the jubilee meeting which is scheduled for one year from that date will truly be in celebration of a victorious finish. Within one year with all our forces combined, we are going to pledge that hundred thousand for A. S. C.

The campaign has been started by the Alumnae, who are undertaking in this their first great work for their Alma Mater. Hitherto they have spent all their efforts in establishing loan funds and scholarships, but now, in addition to these, they are undertaking one great thing for their college. But those who love Agnes Scott are not numbered only among the Alumnae, and so the campaign has come to be one of student endeavor as well. To show their love and loyalty the students themselves are going to earn and pledge twenty-five thousand of "our" fund, and next fall, what a jubilee meeting we shall have when we all get together to announce our progress during vacation.

Agnes Scott has at present an endowment of \$175,000, but she is growing so rapidly that she needs more of assured income to aid her in her growth. She is great as it is, but she is to be greater, and those who are going to help her are those who love her, who cherish her ideals, and who bear her name as "Agnes Scott girls." And with the accomplishment of our purpose will come a benefit of more than dollars,—a benefit moral and spiritual in the assistance of our Alma Mater. We shall realize the joy of working with persistent, combined effort, both students and alumnae, bound by a common tie in one great cause; we shall rejoice in the glory of our victory; we shall return thanks for being—"Agnes Scott girls."





## **l'Envoi**

*When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!*

*And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of camel's hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!*

*And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the things as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are!*

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

## The Long Roll

ABBOTT, JULIA . . . . .	Louisville, Ga.
ABERCROMBIE, ROSE . . . . .	Church Street, Douglasville, Ga.
ABNEY, LOUISE . . . . .	764 Milledge Avenue, Athens, Ga.
ADAMS, BEVERLINE . . . . .	Covington, Ga.
ADAMS, HUGH BARRETT . . . . .	Munfordville, Ky.
ALEXANDER, AMELIA . . . . .	18 College Avenue, Decatur, Ga.
ALEXANDER, HALLIE . . . . .	18 College Avenue, Decatur, Ga.
ALFORD, NELLE . . . . .	Hartford, Ala.
ALMAND, CLIFFORD . . . . .	Rome Street, Carrollton, Ga.
ALLEN, ELIZABETH . . . . .	LaFayette, Ala.
AMUNDSEN, GJERTRUD . . . . .	1002 Selma Street, Mobile, Ala.
ANDERSON, RUTH . . . . .	Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Austin, Tex.
ASH, LOUISE . . . . .	1226 Prince Avenue, Athens, Ga.
AYCOCK, NELLE . . . . .	70 Maple Street, Carrollton, Ga.
BEACH, HARRIET . . . . .	Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn.
BEMAN, LUCY . . . . .	East Broad Street, Sparta, Ga.
BERNHARDT, JANE . . . . .	Lenoir, N. C.
BERRYHILL, MARGARET . . . . .	Holly Springs, Miss.
BIZE, ADELE . . . . .	Second Street, Columbus, Ga.
BOYD, MRS. DOROTHY WILHELM . . . . .	Durant Place, Atlanta, Ga.
BOYD, MINNIE CLAIRE . . . . .	Hartford, Ala.
BRANTLEY, MARTHA . . . . .	Boston, Ga.
BRAND, LOUISE . . . . .	Lawrenceville, Ga.
BRAZELL, EVELYN . . . . .	101 Peachtree Place, Atlanta, Ga.
BREHM, ELVA . . . . .	266 South Ashby Street, Atlanta, Ga.
BULLOCK, DOROTHY . . . . .	46 South Goldthwaite Street, Montgomery, Ala.
BURGE, MARGARET . . . . .	77 Windsor Street, Atlanta, Ga.
BURNETT, MARY . . . . .	1063 South Hull Street, Montgomery, Ala.
BURNETT, MYRTICE . . . . .	1800 Clay Street, Vicksburg, Miss.
BURNS, EMITON . . . . .	Lincoln, Ala.
BUSHA, MARJORIE . . . . .	New Street, Buford, Ga.
BUSTON, ELOISE . . . . .	Tazewell, Va.
BYRD, FRANCES . . . . .	109 Watauga Avenue, Johnson City, Tenn.
CALDWELL, LAURIE . . . . .	Greensboro, Ga.
CALDWELL, NELL . . . . .	Attalla, Ala.
CANNON, ALICE SLATER . . . . .	202 Fulton Street, Salisbury, N. C.
CARNICAL, ESSIE . . . . .	College Park, Ga.
CARR, ISABEL . . . . .	506 Clinton Street, Harriman, Tenn.
CARROLL, MRS. RUBY ROTHWELL . . . . .	931 Clarkson Street, Denver, Col.
CARTER, LORINE . . . . .	Richland, Ga.
CASS, ELIZABETH . . . . .	404 Watauga Avenue, Johnson City, Tenn.
CAWTHORN, ASHLEY . . . . .	DeFuniak Springs, Fla.
CAWTHON, MARION . . . . .	10 Baldwin Street, DeFuniak, Fla.
CHAMP, MARY . . . . .	Lexington, Va.
COHEN, JULIA . . . . .	343 East Heard Street, Elberton, Ga.
COLE, CLARA . . . . .	332 West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.



COLEMAN, ELLEN	Jasper, Ala.
COMER, MARTHA	270 Barber Street, Athens, Ga.
COMPTON, LYNDA	Lincoln, Ala.
CONKLIN, MARION	8th Street, Miami, Fla.
COOPER, ALICE	155 Peeples Street, Atlanta, Ga.
COOPER, BELLE	155 Peeples Street, Atlanta, Ga.
COOPER, FRANCES	710 Maine Street, Oxford, Ala.
COOPER, LAURA	155 Peeples Street, Atlanta, Ga.
COPELAND, BLANCHE	Attralla, Ala.
COSTON, SARAH	Osceola, Ark.
CROSS, AILSIE	Middlebrook, Va.
CURRELL, ELISE	University Campus, Columbia, S. C.
CURTIS, EMMETT	Columbus, Ga.
DAVIS, MARGUERITE	58 Mercer Street, Princeton, N. J.
DAVIS, ROMOLA	Senolia, Ga.
DAVIS, SARAH	Spring Street, Newnan, Ga.
DEAN, MIRIAM	4th Avenue and 10th Street, Opelika, Ala.
DENMAN, ELIZABETH	523 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
DENNISON, MARTHA	20 Durant Place, Atlanta, Ga.
DEW, ISABEL	Fort McPherson, Ga.
DIMMOCK, ELIZABETH	209 Hill Avenue, Valdosta, Ga.
DONALDSON, AGNES SCOTT	1723 Wood Avenue, Colorado Springs, Col.
DUDLEY, MARY	1244 5th Street, Columbus, Ga.
DUNSON, CLAUDE	Broad Street, LaGrange, Ga.
DUPREE, REVA	402 Barlow Street, Americus, Ga.
DURR, LUCY	215 Moulton Street, Montgomery, Ala.
EAKES, MARY	33 S. Church Street, Decatur, Ga.
EDMISTON, MARGARET	Petersburg, Tenn.
ELLET, MARGARET	Christiansburg, Va.
ELLIOTT, CLAIRE	812 Barnwell, Columbia, S. C.
ELLIS, HARRIET	741 13th Street, Roanoke, Va.
ERVIN, FRANCES	Spring Hill, Ala.
ESTES, RUBY LEE	Rex, Ga.
EVE, LOIS	444 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
EWING, ANABEL	Lewisburg, Tenn.
EWING, HELEN	Lewisburg, Tenn.
FAIN, MARGARET	Dandridge, Tenn.
FAIRLY, SHIRLEY	Hazlehurst, Miss.
FARGASON, LILLIAN	LaFayette, Ala.
FELKER, LOUISE	Monroe, Ga.
FINNEY, HATTIE MAY	380 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.
FORD, MARY	Brewton, Ala.
FOSTER, JULIET	1214 15th Street, Birmingham, Ala.
FREEMAN, MARY	92 Greenville Street, Newnan, Ga.
FREEMAN, MAY	2011 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.
GAINES, GLADYS	Spring Hill, Mobile, Ala.
GAMMON, ELIZABETH	Lavras, E. de Minas, Brazil, S. Amer.



GARDNER, PAULINE . . . . .	120 E. 39th Street, Savannah, Ga.
GARDNER, DELIA . . . . .	205 George Street, Greenwood, Miss.
GLASGOW, FRANCES . . . . .	35 Jefferson Street, Lexington, Va.
GLENN, ANNIE MAY . . . . .	Abilene, Tex.
GODBEE, KATHERINE . . . . .	Vidalia, Ga.
GOODRICH, MILDRED . . . . .	1018 Christine Avenue, Anniston, Ala.
GORDON, ELEANOR . . . . .	56 Dixie Street, Carrollton Ga.
GRAY, LEONORA . . . . .	54 Noel Building, Nashville, Tenn.
GRIER, LOIS . . . . .	Camden, Ala.
GUINN, EUGENIA . . . . .	Covington, Ga.
GUINN, ISABEL . . . . .	100 Elizabeth Street, Atlanta, Ga.
HALE, MARY FRANCES . . . . .	56 Hurt Street, Atlanta, Ga.
HALL, MILDRED . . . . .	403 Walthall Street, Greenwood, Miss.
HAM, BESS . . . . .	1219 Main Street, Greenville, Miss.
HAM, GOLDIE . . . . .	1219 Main Street, Greenville, Miss.
HAMILTON, FRANCES . . . . .	Seneca, S. C.
HAMMOND, CHARLOTTE . . . . .	Kosciusko, Miss.
HARDWICK, OLIVE . . . . .	218 Oak Street, Conyers, Ga.
HARPER, MARION STEWART . . . . .	530 Lincoln Drive, Philadelphia, Pa.
HARRELL, ANNA . . . . .	Main Street, Fredericksburg, Va.
HARRIS, LULIE . . . . .	College Park, Ga.
HART, MARION . . . . .	1202 Commerce Street, Roanoke, Va.
HARWELL, JANE . . . . .	176 Broad Street, LaGrange, Ga.
HARWOOD, ROSE . . . . .	College Street, Trenton, Tenn.
HAVIS, ESTHER . . . . .	1203 2nd Street North, Vicksburg, Miss.
HAVIS, IRENE . . . . .	1203 2nd Street North, Vicksburg, Miss.
HECKER, SUSIE . . . . .	31 Dewry Street, Atlanta, Ga.
HEDRICK, MARGARET . . . . .	420 6th Street, Bristol, Tenn.
HIGHTOWER, EDITH . . . . .	226 S. Lee Street, Americus, Ga.
HOOD, HELEN . . . . .	Seminary Heights, Atlanta, Ga.
HOLT, EDWINA . . . . .	Wynnton, Columbus, Ga.
HOLTZCLAW, CLIFFORD . . . . .	Perry, Ga.
HOLTZCLAW, KATHERINE . . . . .	Perry, Ga.
HUDSON, MARY . . . . .	Lee Street, Americus, Ga.
HUNT, INDIA . . . . .	Bristol, Tenn.
HUNT, ODELL . . . . .	Second Avenue, Columbus, Ga.
HUTCHESON, ALMEDA . . . . .	130 McDonough Street, Decatur, Ga.
HUTTON, CORNELIA . . . . .	220 East Henry Street, Savannah, Ga.
INGRAM, JULIA . . . . .	34 Columbia Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.
JACKSON, WILLIE BELLE . . . . .	119 Greene Street., Gainesville, Ga.
JENKINS, LILLIE . . . . .	Boulevard and Limehouse, Charleston, S. C.
JONES, EMMA . . . . .	Decatur, Ga.
JONES, MARY . . . . .	144 South Street, Talladega, Ala.
JONES, MARY LOUISE . . . . .	S. Broadway, Clinton, S. C.
JOHNSON, LOUISE . . . . .	904 E. North Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
JOHNSTON, EUGENIA . . . . .	59 W. 13th Street, Atlanta, Ga.
JOYNER, JEANNETTE . . . . .	Richmond, Ark.



KERR, JOSEPHINE . . . . .	48 Atlanta Ave., Decatur, Ga.
KEYES, EMELIE . . . . .	102 Greenwich Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
KIZER, MILDRED . . . . .	. . . . . Decatur, Ga.
KYLE, ANNE GRAHAM . . . . .	1106 Federal Street, Lynchburg, Va.
KNIGHT, MRS. EMMA . . . . .	. . . . . Kirkwood, Ga.
LAMEDIN, RUTH . . . . .	Thomaston Street, Barnesville, Ga.
LANCASTER, VIRGINIA . . . . .	1328 Lady Street, Columbia, S. C.
LARENDON, CAROLINE . . . . .	139 N. Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
LAWRENCE, ELIZABETH . . . . .	. . . . . Baxley, Ga.
LEAVITT, LOIS . . . . .	Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
LEE, ANNIE . . . . .	2731 College Hill, Birmingham, Ala.
LEECH, MARGARET . . . . .	400 Madison Street, Clarkesville, Tenn.
LEGG, EUNICE . . . . .	109 North Ave., Calhoun, Ga.
LEYBURN, MARGARET . . . . .	509 Halloway Street, Durham, N. C.
LINDAMOOD, KATHERINE . . . . .	. . . . . Columbus, Miss.
LINDSAY, MARIAN . . . . .	327 3rd Street, Miami, Fla.
LOGN, FRANCES . . . . .	Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn.
LOWE, RUTH . . . . .	210 Water Street, Washington, Ga.
LOWE, SAMILLE . . . . .	210 Water Street, Washington, Ga.
LYLE, MARGARET . . . . .	100 Pine Street, Johnston City, Tenn.
LYLE, MARY ROGERS . . . . .	. . . . . Dandridge, Tenn.
MCCAA, FRANCES . . . . .	1025 Fairmount Ave., Anniston, Ala.
MCCAMY, MARION . . . . .	48 S. Thornton Ave., Dalton, Ga.
MCCANTS, NELLE . . . . .	. . . . . Candler Street, Winder, Ga.
MCCONNELL, ELIZABETH . . . . .	Woodmere Place, Asheville, S. C.
MCCONNELL, MARGARET . . . . .	Woodmere Place, Asheville, N. C.
MCCORKLE, ANNA LEIGH . . . . .	. . . . . Raines, Tenn.
MCINTOSH, MARGARET . . . . .	Higgins Ave., Newberry, S. C.
MACINTYRE, LOIS . . . . .	Ponce de Leon Apts., Atlanta, Ga.
MCIVER, MARY . . . . .	127 Cleburne Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
MCKAY, JULIA . . . . .	30 Vance Street, Asheville, N. C.
MCLANE, MARY . . . . .	. . . . . Cameron, Tex.
MCLEMORE, MARGARET . . . . .	. . . . . Vidalia, La.
MCLAUGHLIN, VIRGINIA . . . . .	. . . . . Raphine, Va.
MCREE, RACHEL . . . . .	. . . . . Kinder Lou, Ga.
MALLARD, MARY BROCK . . . . .	151 E. 3rd Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MANLY, GERTRUDE . . . . .	Thornton Ave., Dalton, Ga.
MARSH, ELIZABETH . . . . .	36 Crew Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MARSHBURN, LOUISE . . . . .	Thomaston Street, Barnesville, Ga.
MARSHALL, ANNIE WHITE . . . . .	210 Church Street, Lewisburg, Tenn.
MARTIN, SARA PEARL . . . . .	. . . . . Box 192, Ocala, Fla.
MAY, LOUISE . . . . .	825 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MAY, MARY . . . . .	825 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MILLER, ELIZABETH . . . . .	410 Inness Street, Salisbury, N. C.
MILLER, EMILY . . . . .	509 Walnut Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.
MILLER, MARGARET . . . . .	. . . . . Camden, Ala.
MILLER, MELITA . . . . .	. . . . . Christiansburg, Va.
MILLER, PAULINE . . . . .	. . . . . Westminster, S. C.





MILLER, VICTORIA	Westminster, S. C.
MITCHELL, DOROTHY	609 Government Street, Mobile, Ala.
MITCHELL, ELEANOR RAY	210 N. Barcelona Street, Pensacola, Fla.
MOLLOY, LAURA STOCKTON	603 N. High Street, Columbia, Tenn.
MONROE, ROSA LEE	316 W. President Street, Savannah, Ga.
MOORE, DOROTHY	122 Market Street, Lancaster, S. C.
MOORE, MARGERY	76 S. Candler Street, Decatur, Ga.
MORRIS, MIRIAM	97 S. Union Street, Concord, N. C.
MORRISON, MARGARET	11 Brunel Street, Waycross, Ga.
MORTON, MARGARET	673 Hill Street, Athens, Ga.
MORTON, KATHERINE	673 Hill Street, Athens, Ga.
MOSS, ELIZABETH	626 Hill Street, Athens, Ga.
MURPHY, VIENNA MAY	Broad Street, Louisville, Va.
NEFF, MARY	66 Boulevard, Winston-Salem, N. C.
NELSON, PRISCILLA	1306 Taylor Street, Corinth, Miss.
NEWTON, JANET	892 Prince Ave., Athens, Ga.
NEWTON, VIRGINIA	892 Prince Ave., Athens, Ga.
NICOLASSEN, TRUEHEART	Oglethorpe University, N. Atlanta, Ga.
NISBET, RUTH	Savannah, Ga.
NORMAN, ALICE	West Point, Ga.
NUNNELEE, SYBIL	Centreville, Ala.
OLIVER, FANNIE	R. F. D. No. 5, Montgomery, Ala.
PACE, CYNTHIA	24 Oak Street, Decatur, Ga.
PAINE, DOROTHY	381 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
PARKS, MARY KATHERINE	Greenville Street, Newnan, Ga.
PATTON, LILLIAN	404 Duncan Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.
PATTON, SARAH	614 Church Street, Marietta, Ga.
PAYNE, MARY SPOTTSWOOD	524 Federal Street, Lynchburg, Va.
PEED, EUGENIA	Oxford, Ga.
PENN, KATRINA	6 Osborne St., Humboldt, Tenn.
PHYTHIAN, MARGARET	Nelson Place, Newport, Ky.
PINKSTON, REGINA	Greenville, Ga.
POPE, PORTER	Michigan Ave., Mobile, Ala.
PRUDEN, ELIZABETH	312 2nd Ave., Rome, Ga.
PRUDEN, MARGARET	312 2nd Ave., Rome, Ga.
PRUETTE, LORINE	417 Poplar Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.
RABUN, WILHEMINA	504 37th Street, West, Savannah, Ga.
RAMSAY, ELLEN	1301 Iturbide Street, Laredo, Tex.
RANDOLPH, AGNES	Tombstone, Ariz.
RANDOLPH, CAROLINE	Tombstone, Ariz.
REA, ETHEL	Matthews, N. C.
REASNER, JULIA	Oneco, Fla.
REED, CATHERINE	667 Union Street, Natchez, Miss.
REESE, SARAH	123 N. Broad Street, Sparta, Ga.
REID, ELIZABETH	Woodbury, Ga.
RICHARDSON, ELIZABETH	Rayle, Ga.
RILEY, ELIZABETH	305 Adams St., Macon, Ga.



ROACH, LOUISE . . . . .	Oliver, Ga.
ROWE, MARGARET . . . . .	Raines Ave., Raines, Tenn.
RUSSELL, ALBERTA . . . . .	3703 Wycliff Ave., Dallas, Tex.
RUSSELL, OLIVIA . . . . .	705 Prince Street, Brunswick, Ga.
SAXON, ANNIE . . . . .	Troy Street, Dothan, Ala.
SCHWARTZ, RITA . . . . .	119 N. Washington Street, Sumter, S. C.
SCOTT, VIRGINIA . . . . .	16 Barry Street, Decatur, Ga.
SCOTT, MYRA . . . . .	433 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.
SEAY, KATHERINE . . . . .	Gallatin, Tenn.
SILVERMAN, ANNIE . . . . .	414 Cedar Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.
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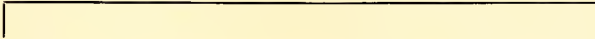
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