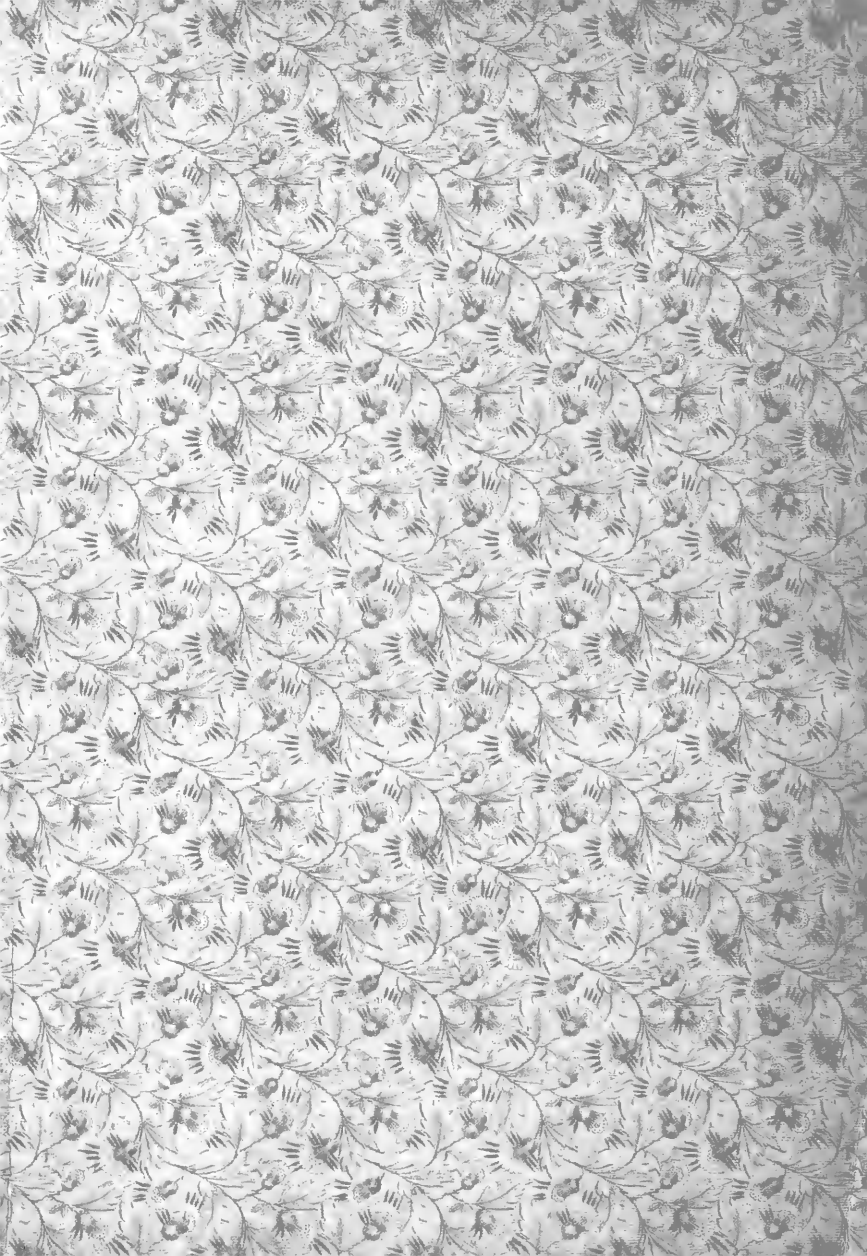


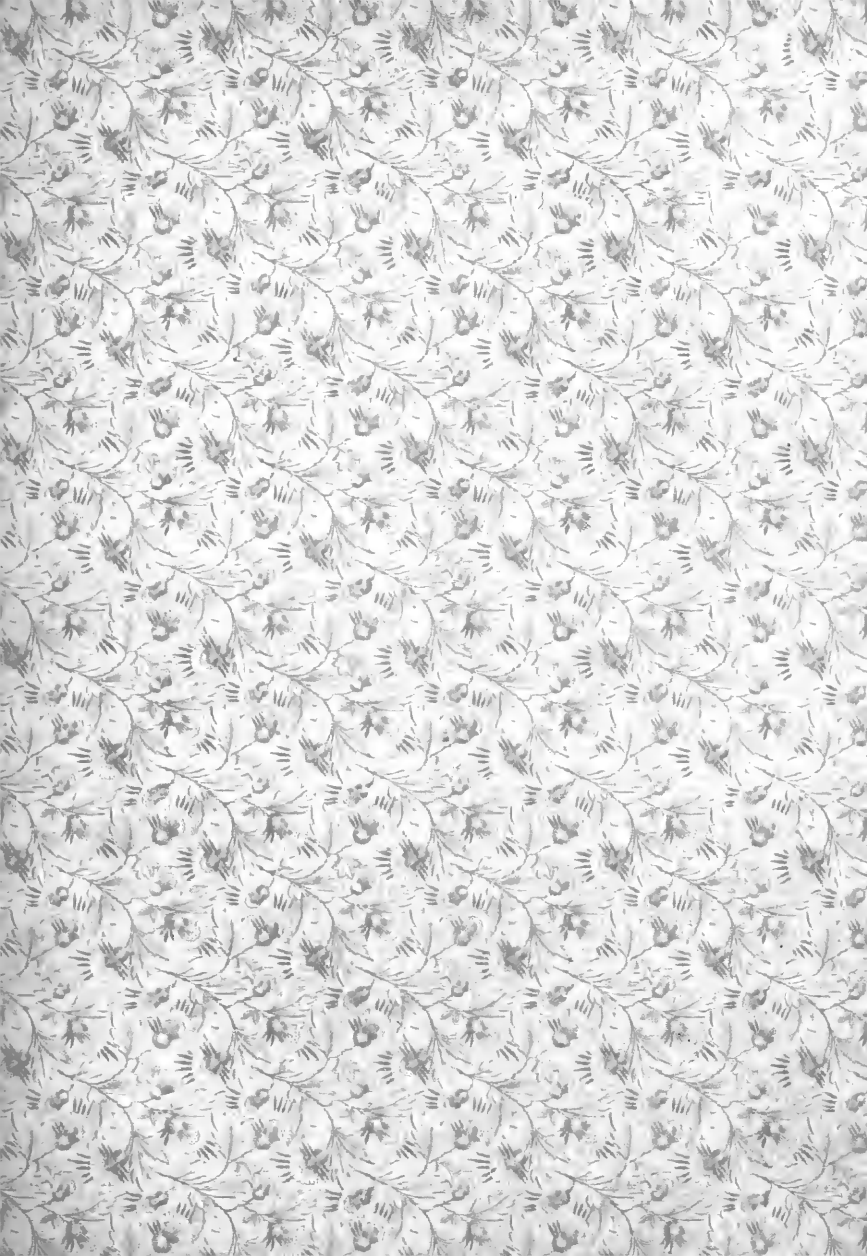


The

Silhouette

1902





Martha Schaefer. S. P. P.



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THE
SILHOUETTE
1902



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Greeting



MISS NANNETTE HOPKINS.

To

Miss Hannelle Hopkins

whose thoughtful care has made our life at

Agnes Scott

so pleasant • • this little picture of that life

is lovingly dedicated by

The Editors

Editors

Editors-in-Chief

META BARKER, '02.

EMILY WINN, '03.

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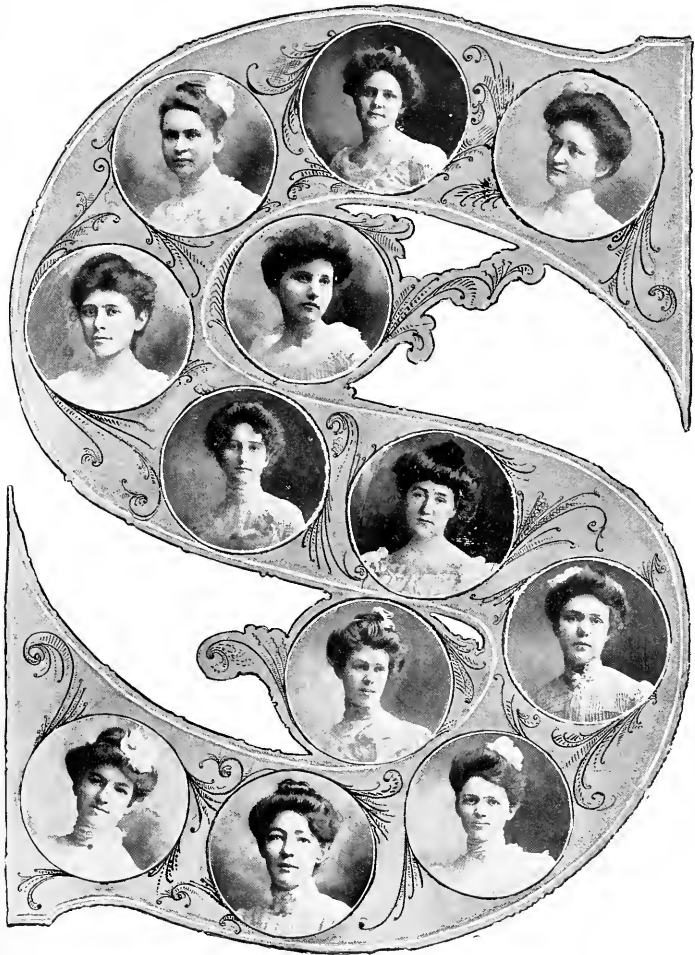
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BROWNIE HUSON.

Business Managers

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LOUISE SCOTT, '03.



A Word from the Editors

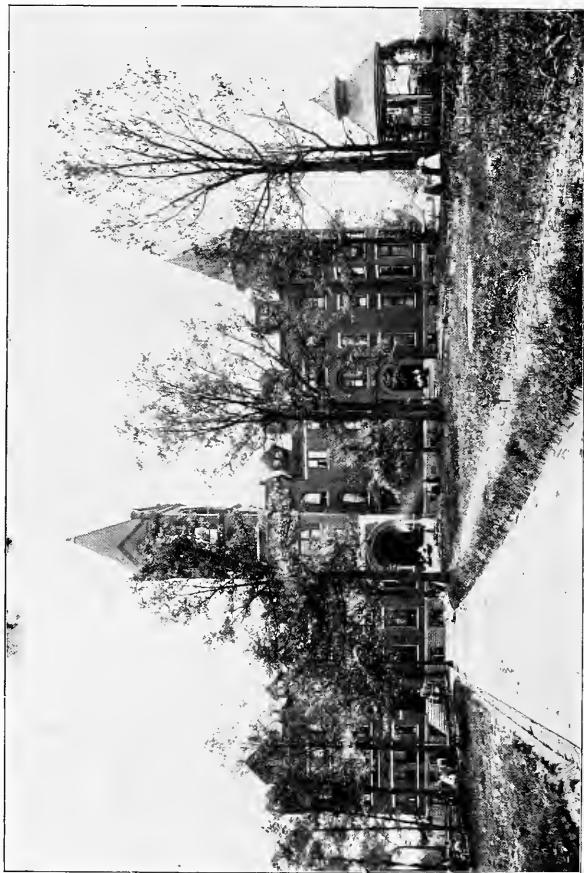


WITH this issue the Agnes Scott "Annual" again makes its appearance after an intermission of two years. In some respects, however, this is not a continuance of the former one. In the first place it has been more decidedly a private enterprise of the students. The entire responsibility has rested upon them. Then a new name graces our volume. When the former "Annual" was discontinued, its title, "Aurora," was bequeathed to the monthly publication of the two societies.

The new name appealed to us as peculiarly fitting, since it has been our aim to cast upon these pages a silhouette, as it were, of our life at Agnes Scott—an existence itself as transient and flitting as firelight shadows. It is merely an outline that we have tried to present, but we trust we have done it well enough, dear reader, to bring before you the whole picture. And we beg your kind indulgence. We have done our best.

The compilation of this volume has been a pleasure to us, for we hoped that it would contribute not only to our own enjoyment, but to that of others also. And if, perchance, there be anything included between these covers that may disclose the oddities and eccentricities of any of our fellows let it be remembered that it has been done with the kind intention of giving as true an idea as possible of the people and events that go to make the history of our year just past. "All history is but the biography of great men." We hope that *our* "great men" will not have any cause to say, after reading the "Silhouette," "Blessed are the people whose annals are vacant."

And now we would thank all those who have in any way been of service to us. Especially are the business managers indebted to Dr. Arbuckle for his constant aid and advice. The editors are under obligations to Miss Lytle, Miss McKinney, and Miss Louise Lewis for many helpful suggestions.



AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE.



WEST LAWN COTTAGE.

Retrospective



GLIMPSE of the Twentieth Century Agnes Scott is a revelation to the A. S. I. girl of ten years ago. The enlarged grounds, the additional buildings and equipments, the extended curriculum, the increased faculty—these make her wonder, admire, rejoice. A year of unusual prosperity—for so we have the pleasure of characterizing the year that is fast making a page in the history of Agnes Scott—always brings to those interested in the success of an enterprise a desire to look back over its history, that they may take encouragement and kindle enthusiasm

by noting great results growing from small beginnings. A glance at the twelve years' history of Agnes Scott will show grounds for bright hopes for the future.

The power of a dormant idea is illustrated in the very beginning of the Institute. Though Agnes Scott is of recent organization, the idea of a Presbyterian school for girls was discussed in the Synod of Georgia as early as 1845, and it is said on good authority, that Decatur and the present site of the Institute were selected as in every way desirable for such a school. For the time, the idea bore no fruit; but, after lying dormant for two decades, it brought forth a bud of promise. In 1889, Dr. F. H. Gaines, Col. G. W. Scott, Milton A. Candler, J. W. Kirkpatrick, Hiram Williams and others, met and took steps for the organization of the Decatur Female Seminary. In a reuted frame building the school began its career with four teachers and an enrollment of sixty pupils, all from Georgia.

But the generosity of one of its founders was not to suffer the usefulness of this institution to be limited by poor equipments. In September, 1891, Col. Geo. W. Scott, of Decatur, had built and equipped at a cost of \$112,500, a handsome brick building which, with the engine house and laundry, at that time constituted the sole buildings on the campus. The steadily growing reputation of the Institute, however, soon increased the patronage, and the need for more room became imperative. Agnes Scott spread beyond the "Blue Line," as the old Consolidated Electric Car Line was called by the Institute people. On the east side of the Institute may now be seen a block of buildings belonging to the school.

Southeast of the main building is the President's house. This comfortable two-story building, with its shady, well-kept lawn and artistic flowerbeds, is the home of Dr. F. H. Gaines. Here, on certain happy occasions, the hearts of faculty—and sometimes even of seniors—are gladdened by the hospitality of this home. In neighborly proximity stands the little green cottage with its white furnishings—its muslin curtains and white iron beds. This is the realm of our trained nurse, whose cheery presence and skillful care rob the Infirmary of many of its terrors.

Beyond the Infirmary is—or rather, sad change, *was*—the cottage, the two-story frame building that furnished shelter for teachers and girls after the first overflow from the Institute proper. The site of the cottage is now

marked by two lone chimneys and a few scattered bricks; for on Friday, December 21, in spite of heroic efforts to save it, the cottage burned to the ground. Memorable day! A day that has been found convenient as the date of numerous jokes at the expense of unsuspecting and distressed persons. Since the burning of the cottage, the homeless teachers and girls have been moved to the large white house just below their former quarters.

The most recent, and perhaps the most welcome addition to the Institute property, came to us at the close of last session through the liberality of Mr. S. M. Iuman and Mrs. Josephine Abbott, both of Atlanta. Theirs are names that have long been prominent in benevolent causes, and we believe that they could not have bestowed their gifts where they are more needed or more sincerely appreciated. Using the ten thousand dollars placed at their disposal, the Board of Trustees purchased the property adjoining the Institute on the west. The property was improved and the house furnished, thus providing for the accommodation of the increased number of applicants. "West Lawn," as this last gift has been named, adds greatly to the appearance of the campus, and already it has become a favorite spot to many of the '02 girls.

In every way Agnes Scott is growing; in consequence, there are new needs to be met each year. As long as these needs are met by the earnest efforts of the past years, we may expect this growth to continue. There are still crying needs—a new chapel, a separate building for a library, an increased number of volumes in our library. Let those of us who are most interested in our Alma Mater not rest content until we have these things, too, and have made ourselves useful in placing Agnes Scott in the forefront of Southern educational institutions.

Faculty

F. H. GAINES, D.D., PRESIDENT,
Bible Course.

MISS NANNETTE HOPKINS, LADY PRINCIPAL.

MISS M. LOUISE MCKINNEY,
Graduate State Normal School, Va., Graduate Student Vassar College and Radcliffe,
English Literature.

MISS NANNIE R. MASSIE,
French and History.

MISS MARY D. SHEPPARD,
Graduate Western College, Ohio.
Philosophy, Pedagogy and German.

H. B. ARBUCKLE, A.M., PH.D., (Johns Hopkins)
Physical and Biological Sciences.

MISS MAUD MORROW, A.B., (Univ. Miss.)
Latin and Greek.

MISS ANNA I. YOUNG,
Graduate Agnes Scott Inst., Student University of Chicago,
Mathematics.

MISS ANNA W. LITTLE, A.B. (Univ. Neb.)
Graduate Student Wellesley College,
English Language and Composition.

MISS NANNIE M. LEWIS, B.S.,
Graduate Student Vanderbilt University,
Mathematics, Physics, Astronomy.

MISS MATTIE E. COOK,
Residing Teacher, Study Hall.

MISS MARY J. BARNETT,
Graduate Agnes Scott Institute,
History, Geography and Physical Culture.

MISS MATTIE COBB HOWARD,
Assistant in Biological Laboratory.

School of Music

JOSEPH MACLEAN, Director,
Piano, Theory and Musical History.

JOHN H. STEPHAN,
Piano and Organ.

MISS HELEN WATKINS,
Piano and Harmony.

MISS LAURA L. MILLER,
Voice Culture and Sight Reading.

MISS THEODORA MORGAN,
Violin.

MISS MATTIE COBB HOWARD,
Suprintendent of Practice.

School of Art

MISS LOUISE G. LEWIS,
Painting and Drawing.

W. S. KENDRICK, M.D.,
Physician to Institute.

MISS MARY APPLEYARD,
(Trained Nurse),
Intendant of Infirmary.

MISS REBECCA SMITH,
Matron.

MISS ANNA I. YOUNG,
Librarian.

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Classes

Senior

LBC



Class of 1902



META BARKER, Atlanta, Ga.

Vice-President Junior Class; Historian Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief SILHOUETTE, 1902; representative Propylaeian Society in Shonts Prize Contest, 1902.

Aquarius, the water-bearer, is responsib'e for her faults and virtues. She is extremely indolent and needs thorough training in the art of punctuality. She may make biting little remarks sometimes, but don't take them seriously, for at heart she does not mean it at all.



ANNA MAY STEVENS, Atlanta, Ga.

Vice-President Senior Class; Treasurer Junior Class.

The sign of Virgo, the Virgin, pres'des over her destinies. She has dark hair (?) and complexion. She is haughty and proud, reasons from externalities, and has a fondness for sweetmeats. She is magnetic, but not demonstrative; is apt to talk too much, and should be taught the value of silence.

ANNIE KIRK DOWDELL, Opelika, Ala.

Secretary Junior Class; Secretary Senior Class; President Christian Band; Secretary Christian Band; Treasurer Christian Band; Censor P. L. S.; Vice-Secretary P. L. S.; Critic P. L. S.; Treasurer P. L. S.; Secretary P. L. S.; Vice-President P. L. S.; President P. L. S.; Business Manager *Aurora*, 1901-1902.

The constellation of Leo presides over her destinies. She is the lion of the tribe. She has a fine sensitive, shrinking nature, which needs a strong guiding hand. She is a great imitator and is somewhat lacking in individuality (?) but she has high ideals, is generous and magnetic.



**MARGARET BELLE DUNNINGTON,
Charlottesville, Va.**

Local Editor *Aurora*, '99-'00; Exchange Editor *Aurora*, '00-'01; Literary Editor *Aurora*, '01-'02; Treasurer Christian Band; President Christian Band; Secretary P. L. S.; Treasurer P. L. S.; President P. L. S.; Critic P. L. S.; Representative P. L. S. in Shonts Prize Contest 1901-1902; Poet Junior Class; Poet Senior Class; President Freshman Class.

Her astrological sign is Aquarius, the water-bearer. She is both strong and weak; she is rarely gifted, but is lazy. She needs to be taught the art of punctuality and the necessity of keeping promises. She is often pleasing and as often cruel. But her unkind cuts come from the head, rather than the heart.



LAURA BOARDMAN CALDWELL, Atlanta, Ga.

President Junior Class; President Senior Class. Alumnae Editor "*Aurora*," 1901-1902.

The constellation of Libra, the scales, was in the ascendancy at her birth. Hence, she is energetic, ambitious and very high-strung and quick tempered. Still she is true and good, and can be reasoned with, (an excellent thing in woman.) In an inventive way she is a genius, but this trait in her must be developed by slow degrees, else the spark will be quenched by its own brilliancy.



Organization

Motto

“Through suffering knowledge entereth.”

Colors

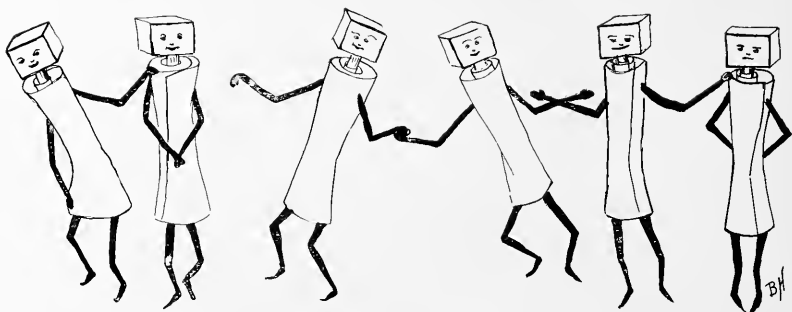
Garnet and Gold.

Flower

Jaqueminot Rose.

Members and Officers

LAURA B. CALDWELL - - - President.
ANNA MAY STEVENS, - - - Vice-President.
ANNIE KIRK DOWDELL, - - - Secretary and Treasurer.
MARGARET B. DUNNINGTON - - - Poet.
META BARKER, - - - - Historian.



History of the Class of 1902

By Mr. Dooly (?)



OHAN th' hon'rayble iditers iv th' SILHOUETTE infir-rimed me iv th' gra-at pairt Oi was ixpicted t' conthribute t' thayer annooal me hairt failed me. But afther thoiukin' it ovher Oi scratched me laid 'n' called t' me mind th' watch-wur-rd iv old Payter Stuyvesint, wan iv th' br-raivest sons iv Erin thit iver set foot in th' ray-pooblic. Me frind, it was this, "If ye do th' best ye kin, ye do well enough." 'N' th' watch-wur-rd iv th' beecography iv th' Senior Class is this old motto iv me aincestor. Wan day Oi asked me frind Hinmissy his opinyon iv th' bisness. Says Hinmissy, "Well, in all me expayrience Oi niver coome across sooch soobject. But, me frind, Oi kin say this much fur-r 'im—if they er loike th' rist iv thayer sex iv th' praysint gination, they think they er is good is anny wan ilse, 'n' faith, a little bettler. "But Oi waived him asoid, yooung la-adies, with a flourish iv th' hand, 'n' resolved t' write a hist'ry iv yer class wur-rthy iv sooch a soobject. 'N' may it plaise yer honers, Oi procayd t' set forr-th th' raysults iv me la-abors.

In many rayspicts th' class iv nineteen hoondred 'n' two is a raymarkable wan. In the fur-rst place, they did not orginize thimsilves into an administrhative boody till th' year whan they called thimsilves jooniors. 'N' Oi've been told that usooally they elict a praysidint, 'n' all th' ither ixaycootive officers bayfur they be sure they will matricoolate into th' college. But two years bayfur this th' iditors iv th' Annooal, lookiu' ovher th' waters iv th' say iv Agnes Scott 'n' percayvin' th' gra-at ship iv th' Frayshmen adrift without pilot or captain, inmaydiately appointed officers t' direct th' sailin' iv th' boat. 'N' though th' crew ignored th' ixistence iv this ixaycootive boody iv'ry wan ilse raycognized th' validity iv th' interfayrence iv wiser 'n' older haids. At that toime th' maymbers iv this class were is noomerous at Agnes Scott is vayhicles on Fifth Avenooe iv a sunny April mornin'. Nearly ivry ither wan was fraysh, 'n' Oi've no doubt that they praysinted a rayther green appearance.

But after the fur-rst bombshells iv examinations struck 'im broadside 'n' th' smoke was beginnin' t' clear away ye could see th' mayjoority iv 'im la-aid low, niver t' roise ag'in. Th' rist iv 'im went braively on, loike a lamp on a street corner iv a rainy night—feeble 'n' flickerin', but bur-rain' still. 'N' whan they came back th' next year thayer were enough left, thegither with fraysh raycruits, t' make up a rayspictable boody; but they were yet ayther too weak or too modest t' hold an eliction 'n' orginize a little governmint iv thayer own. Indaid th' most distinguishing chayracteristics iv th' class iv nointeen hoondred 'n' two are its ixtrayme modesty 'n' its habit iv long 'n' cair-rful deliberation prayvious t' ivry aict.

Now at th' beginnin' iv this s cond payriod iv its ixistence it met with perhaps th' gra-atest misfortune iv its loife. Having begun th' charge upon Biblical Notes 'n' Outlines half iv th' timid craytures were most unaccountably saized with fraight 'n' horror 'n' turned aside t' th' flayshpots iv Fraynch 'n' hist'ry with a small spraynklin' iv th' Ainglish tongue. This repulse thinned th' ranks so that thim that remained were scattered so so fur-r 'n' wide that each wan iv 'im niver caught sight iv anither wan fur-r th' rist iv th' tur-rm. Wan day a letther came t' th' class fr'm a jewelry istablimint, 'n' no member iv th' class could be found. Whan Dr. Gaines heard iv th' praydycimint he telephoned th' city police t' sind hilp at wance.

However, me frinds, the ra-al story iv this raymarkable class begins with the toime whan they called thimsilves jooniors. Early in th' year

they met in ixaycootiv sayssiou, 'n' after cair-ful 'n' critical deliberation succeeded in giving ivry maymber an office. (Here Oi beg laive t' offer th' sooggestion t' th' praysident iv th' United States that he employ these yooung la-adies t' settle with ivry office-seeker who disturbs his payceful sojourn at th' White House.) Followin' this prodigious bur-rst iv activity thayer came a complete cessation iv hostilities fur'r th' purpose iv raycooperatin' th' strengh iv both th' officers 'n' th' rank 'n' file.

Along in th' early spring toime th' jooniors were agin in ixaycootiv sayssiou. Oi'm told that th' whole commoonity held its breath in soospeuce awaiting th' final outcome. 'N' as all things airthly have an end, wan day it was announced unofficially that cair-rds were out soommonin' in brayf 'n' simple wur-rds th' maymbers iv th' class iv nointeen 'n' wan t' enjoy a banquet furnished fray iv charge be th' jooniors. Oi suppose it is hairdly naycessary t' say that ivry invitation was iccepted. Th' guests said it was the hair-rdest thing they iver had t' do t' wait fur-r th' gra-at ivint. 'N' ayven th' maymbers iv the faculty praysint agreed that a king could not wish fur-r betther intertainmint. But though praised on ivry soide 'n' be ivry wan, th' maymbers iv th' class dayported thimsilves loike sober yooung Amayricans. 'N' th' only fault Oi haive t' find with 'im is they be too quiet fur'r the raypraysintitive Amayrican. But Oi've noticed all me loife that th' folks in this wur-rld that get thayer names in th' papers be mostly rayscales or rogues.

The class iv nointeen hoondred 'n' two has now ra-ached th' praycipice iv its dignity, 'n' in a few waiks it will have stepped off t' mayke room fur-r a yoounger 'generation. 'N' befur Oi take laive iv this lighly interesting soobject Oi wish to say fur-r it that it is a class that has from beginnin' t' end met th' approval iv th' praysident, th' faculty, 'n' anny wan ilse that may happen t' be in authority at A. S. I. ; 'n' that is sayin' a good deal fur-r it. In its short life it has met the usooal vicissitooedes iv th' usooal college class, 'n' through all these vicissitooedes it has come with flyin' colors ; 'n' that is sayin' more fur-r it.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a building tall and red,
That five little kids run to and fro—
Freshies, it has been said.
And these Freshies they lived with no other
thought
Than to frolic and play and be fed.

Three were Crackers, and one was a Coon,
And one was a Creeper slow.
They were green in color, but ah! how soon
That melted away like snow,
For the five little Freshies older grew,
Though they yet had far to go.

And that was the reason at last one day,
In that building tall and red,
That their names were changed to Sophs, for
they
Were wise and blue, instead
Of the gay little, green little Freshies of yore ;
And they studied till each little head
Was ready to burst with its ponderous store
As if it were filled with lead.

Yet bright were the days for the Crackers three,
And the Creeper and the Coon,
Their sole delight was at work to be
At morn, at eve, and noon ;
Till they finally landed safe and sound
Where Juniors stand in June.

Now, there's never a night but you see the bright
light
Of the Creeper and the Coon,
And the Crackers three in their dignity
Rest not for sun or moon.
Oh, the joyous day when they'll all be free !
It is coming swift and soon ;
For Seniors now are the Crackers three,
And the Creeper and the Coon.

Junior



Class of 1903

President
EMILY WINN

Vice-President
AUDREY TURNER

Secretary
EILLEEN GOBER

Treasurer
MARY STRIBLING

Colors
Amethyst and Gold

Flower
Marechal Niel Rose

Motto
"It is not what man Does that exalts him, but what man Would do."

Class Roll

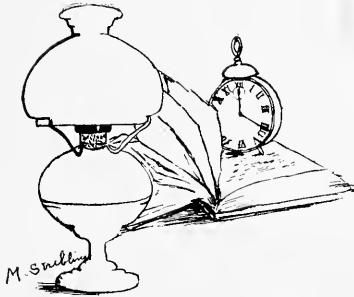
Annie Aunspaugh,
Hattie Blackford,
Kate Bradshaw,
Marion Bucher,
Carrie Daily,
Eilleen Gober,
Grace Hardie,

Mary Bynum Jarnagin,
Gertrude Pollard,
Louise Scott,
Ida Sherwood,
Mary Stribling,
Audrey Turner,
Emily Winn,

Honorary Members
Miss Hopkins and Miss McKinney.







Junior Class History



JUNIOR CLASS that has never been "Fresh!" A truly unusual class. During the first year of our college life, we were not an organized body, and so could not be properly called a Freshman Class. It would not be advisable for any of our readers to try to prove that we were ever *fresh*, or at least to state their proof in the form of a syllogism; for we are just logical enough to detect the fault and show that you are fallacious. (The chapter in logic Miss S—— forgot was not the one on syllogisms.)

Our history as a class began in the fall of 1900, when we by our organization aroused the first real class spirit that had ever been at Agnes Scott. Believing this class spirit to be an all important factor of college life, we, the Sophs, even condescended to beseech the little Freshmen to organize, so enthusiastic were we for the welfare of our college, and so ardent was our class spirit that some glory of it touched the hard and frozen hearts of the Juniors and Seniors, causing them, though late in life, to vie however indifferently with the Sophs in showing *some* love for class.

And now as we look back from one continual struggle with Psychology, Trig, Astronomy, and last but not least, Dr. Gaines' Bible Notes, the memory of Soph year is a very bright one. Our merry May pole dance last com-

mencement, when "evening skies were all aglow with soft amethyst and gold" but expressed our life as gay, light-hearted Sophomores.

This year, too, has had its pleasures. On Hallowe'en Night, at least, we forgot our dignity, and as we entertained the Sophs., enjoyed as much as they, and with something of our old Sophomore spirit the gypsies and the ghost stories. The Junior box party which Miss Hopkins gave us was in every way an enjoyment and one we will ever remember.

The greatest achievement of the Junior class was that of giving to Agnes Scott *THE SILHOUETTE*. When the question of having an Annual arose among the students, the Juniors with characteristic zeal took the responsibility upon themselves and this little book will always be cherished as in a peculiar sense our own.

AUDREY TURNER, Historian.

Sophomore



Sophomore Class

President

LAURA CANDLER

Secretary

JANIE CURRY

Treasurer

ALICE COLES

Historian

KATHLEEN KIRKPATRICK

Poet

LAURA CANDLER

Colors—Scarlet and Cream

Flower—

Class Roll

Willie Barton,

Aurelle Brewer,

Virginia Butler,

Blanche Burch,

Laura Candler,

Alice Coles,

Janie Curry,

Mattie Duncan,

Clifford Hunter,

Lois Johnson,

Kathleen Kirkpatrick,

Martha Merrell,

Clio Mable,

Lizzie Rogers,

Reba Roberson,

Mary Sawyers,

Annie Shapard,

Effie Tiller,

Mattie Tilly,

Claude Wright.



The Class of '04



SOMETHING had always been lacking at A. S. I. The Trustees felt it, the Faculty felt it, and even the students. Time and thought had been given to the investigation of the great mystery, but in vain. Dr. Gaines had grown gray over it and Miss Hopkins worried, still they were no nearer the solution. Must the Institute enter upon a new century weighted down by such a burden?

The year 1900 was memorable in the history of A. S. I., because it brought with it the solution of the great mystery—the class of '04. At its advent Dr. Gaines smiled and rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Miss Hopkins drew a long breath of relief. The Faculty agreed with one accord that the long-felt want was filled.

We were sure that we could teach the mighty "Sophs." something, and so we started bravely upon our career, bearing with the greatest indifference their sarcastic remarks.

We struggled on, surmounting the many difficulties which beset the path of Freshmen, and trying in every way to excel the Sophomores and to "heap coals of fire on their heads"—deep down in our hearts wanting these coals to burn. At last commencement came, and, of course, we were considered the most brilliant and studious class of the school. No one but the Sophomores denied that—and they would deny anything.

Realizing the hardships awaiting us, as Sophomores, we returned in 1901 with the fixed determination "to conquer or to die."

"Our deep research in mathematics has made even solid geometry seem plane, and we have learned that life, here at least, is governed by the triangle rather than the square." We have also heard Cicero hurl his thunders at Catiline and have followed with Virgil the fate of the "pious Æneas." In the English Department we have written ourselves into immortal fame, and the *Aurora* is always clamoring for our productions. In the laboratory we have learned not only to "earn our salt" but also to make it, and that discouragement is an essential part of chemistry.

Shakespeare has said, "The night is long that never finds a day." The night has, indeed, been very long and sometimes starless, but the brightness and splendor of the placid plains of "Juniordom" and the dizzy heights of "Seniordom" are fast approaching.

HISTORIAN,



'04

'Twas in the fall a year ago
When first we formed our class,
But those were not our days of woe,
For we weren't green as grass,
Yes, we were jolly, jolly girls,
And those were happy days,
And though the time still onward whirls,
Yet fresh their memory stays.

Now we're the dignified Sophomores,
Our trouble has begun
With Math and Chem and scores
Of all things under the sun.
But still we work and toil along;
To graduate's our aim;
And if we go not too far wrong,
Perhaps to bring us fame.

To dear old A. S. I. we're true,
Long life and health we wish her,
And may each year bring something new
Of life and wealth to bless her.
But this we ask in future years
To hold in her esteem
The class that loved through all its years
The scarlet and the cream.

CHORUS —

Hurrah, for the scarlet and cream!
Hurrah, for the class supreme!
Hurrah, for the girls of naughty four!
Hurrah, for all, once more!



Freshman

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Freshman Class

Officers

First Term

DASSAH SHEETZ, PRESIDENT.

JULIET WEBB, SECRETARY.

EMMA BELLE DUBOSE, TREASURER.

LUCILE LANE, VICE-PRESIDENT.

MARY KELLY, HISTORIAN.

Second Term

DASSAH SHEETZ, PRESIDENT.

EMMA BELLE DUBOSE, SECRETARY.

CLAIRE HARDEN, TREASURER.

Flower ———

Colors—Cream and Gold

Class Roll

	Lila Arnold,	
	Emma Bell Dubose, Lucile Lane,	
	Bessie Duke,	Katherine Read,
	Annie Dunlap,	Susie Sawtell,
	Miriam Donalson,	Dassah Sheetz,
	Luetta Gregg,	Annie Spense,
	Jessie Hall,	Ruby Strickland,
	Claire Harden,	Florence Stokes,
	Nell Henderson,	Sallie Stribling,
	Kitty Huie,	Annie Trotti,
	Mary Kelly,	Mary Zenor. Juliet Webb,





Freshman Class History

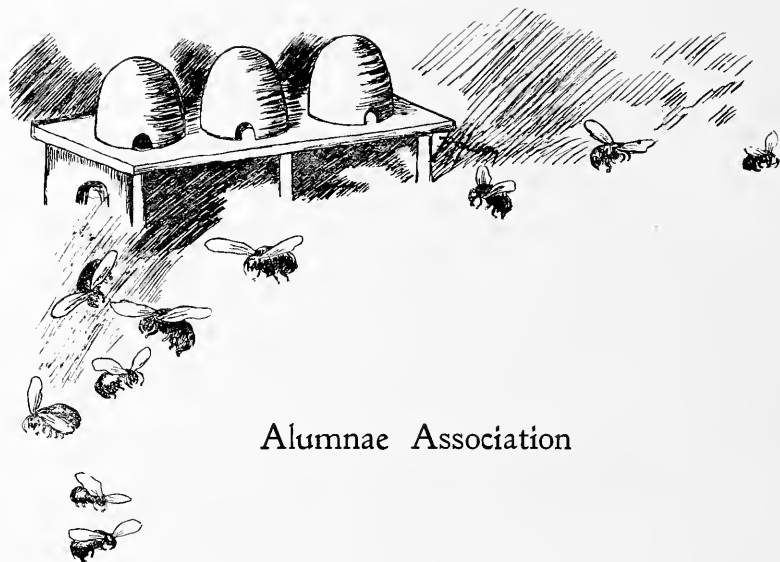
H, how our curiosity was excited that morning in chapel when the English teacher requested the Freshmen to meet in the English-room at recess! Freshmen could be seen in groups discussing the matter. What on earth could she want? Perhaps she wished to speak about our terrible English marks, or perhaps—horrors!—she was going to increase the number of themes a week. At the mere thought of either of these things, our hearts fairly stopped.

When recess came, we filed into the English-room where we found Miss L.—awaiting us. She told us that she had called us together to speak to us about a class organization, as all the other classes were very much interested in our becoming an organized class—as if we were not able to manage that for ourselves. We proved to them that “a word to the wise is sufficient,” for the next week found us an energetic Freshman class with Miss Barnett as an honorary member, which fact alone insured our success, in our estimation.

We were green—as all Freshmen have been from time immemorial—green because we were Freshmen, not Freshmen because we were green. Every one expected us to be green, so why disappoint them? Notwithstanding our color, we are the wonder of the whole school, and although every one tries to look unconcerned when we appear on the scene, envy shines through every feature.

The Seniors look on us most kindly, for they have reached that age when the great learn not to despise small things. The Juniors regard us in our gaiety and tell us that “things are not what they seem.” The Sophs—oh, those conceited, scoffing Sophs!—look upon us and pity us, as if they would advise us, were it worth their while. Yet, when a Freshman meets a Soph and asks her about her Basket-ball Team, the Soph’s face falls. She will not talk on that subject.

We have our ups and downs like any other human beings and are too young to have much history yet, but just wait until next year when we are Sophomores! then we will have a history—a history in the truest sense of the word.



Alumnae Association

Organization

PRESIDENT, ANNA IRWIN YOUNG. VICE-PRESIDENT, MARTHA COBB HOWARD.
SECRETARY, MARY J. BARNETT.
TREASURER, ANNIE JEAN GASH.

A. A. A. S. I.



THE history of seven years is sufficient to indicate the spirit, character, and effectiveness of a working body. In 1895 the graduates of Agnes Scott, at that time numbering only nine, determined to form an organization which should be helpful to their Alma Mater. They provided that all future graduates should be eligible to full membership, and that the faculty and those holding certificates of proficiency should be invited to associate membership. It is with no small degree of warrantable satisfaction, that they look back upon the intervening record. It is impossible to sum up *all* the results accomplished, for influence goes on and on, and widens as it goes, and can never be gathered back into itself and weighed with scale and balance. There are, however, some interesting statistics which suggest to the initiated the energy, enthusiasm, perseverance, prayer and faith which have been compressed into them. Far from being dull and cold, they are animate and warm, pulsing with the heart-throbs of concentrated love.

Under the auspices of the Alumnae, lectures have been provided and receptions given from time to time. The Association is five times as large in numbers as at its inception. Financially the expenditures have always kept within the receipts—\$604.93 have been collected and disbursed. The incidental expenses have thus been met, the tuition of a day pupil has been paid five different years, and the parlors have received some attractive additions to their furnishings. Besides this, \$560.00 stand to the credit of the Association as the beginning of a permanent scholarship fund. We have reason to take courage and press on. Let every member resolve to urge forward the work.

In no spirit of self-glorification but with thankfulness for what has already been accomplished, and with the hope that flagging energies may be reinforced and waning interest revived, a banquet has been planned to be held during the coming Commencement. An effort has been made to reach every member of the Association and a warm response to the invitations is expected.

In keeping with the divine injunction, let us put our light on a candlestick, that it may shed its beams on others. We live not for our own generation alone, but for the generations that are to come. We reach a helping hand to eager searchers after truth, not that they alone may be ennobled, but that they may extend the work of beneficence. We look not for the esteem of our companions alone, but for the commendation of Him who has called us to be his co-laborers.

The Phenomenon

“O! teacher! *what's* that goin' by?”

The child shrieks out with fearsome cry.

“My child, be calm! your fears have o'er!

'Tis nothing but a Sophomore.”

“Its head is large and fierce it looks;

Yet all it does outside its books,

From morn till night and night till morn,

It blows its class's brazen horn.”

Societies

The Literary Societies



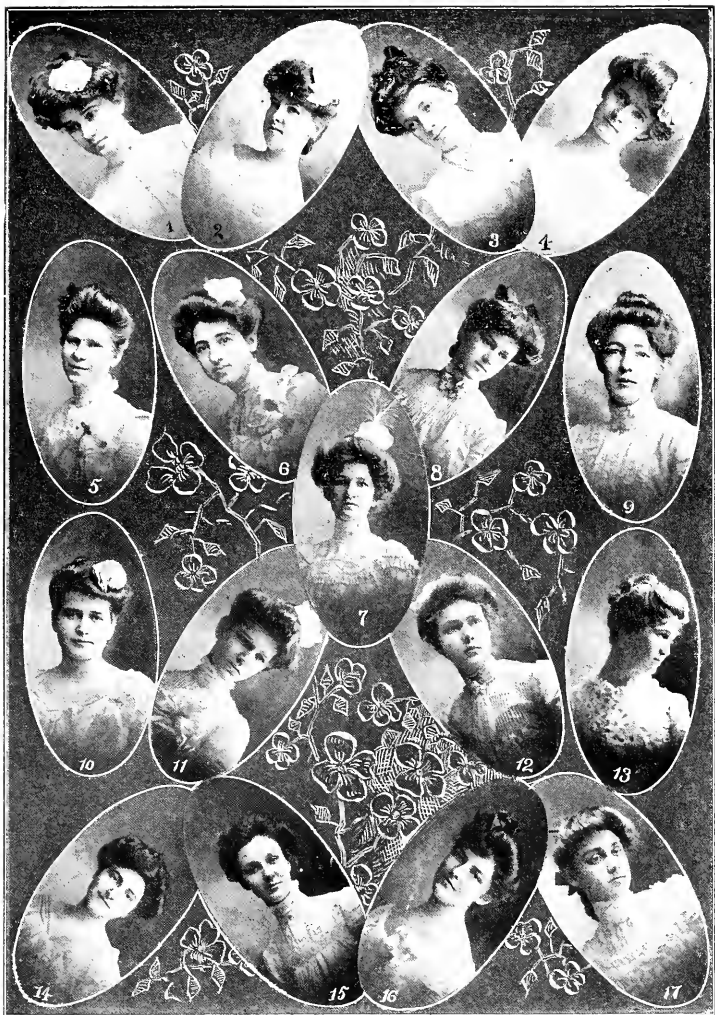
THE Mnemosynean Literary Society was organized in 1891; the Propylæan in May, 1897. The two societies play a very important part in the lives of the students, and have no small share in their development. Although the primary purpose of each is the mental improvement of its members, the Saturday night meetings are occasions for social intercourse as well. The regular weekly programs are gotten up and carried out by the girls themselves. On several occasions, however, the members have been treated to lectures from prominent outsiders, at which both societies have been present.

The interest always manifested in the two societies is even greater than usual this year on account of a new prize offer. Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, of Chicago, has inaugurated a prize of \$100 to be awarded annually to the society which has done the best work during the year. In contesting for this prize each society presents three papers, which may be either essays, stories, or poems. Besides these the programs and attendance are to be taken into consideration.

Finally, the members of each feel a deep devotion and loyalty to their society, and they take the greatest pride in furthering its interests. Although many of the members will leave the Institute never to return, each one will continue to feel that she is as much a part of her society as when she helped initiate members after meetings.

Mnemosynean Literary Society

1. GERTRUDE POLLARD Atlanta, Ga.
"Sweetest innocence she wears."
2. CALLIE SMITH Cedartown, Ga.
"Heavenly Goddess, sing!"
3. SADIE MAGILL Chattanooga, Tenn
"In joyous youth."
4. MARY GOOD Cedartown Ga.
"O nightingale!"
5. RUTH PRESCOTT Fernandina, Fla.
"She harbours kindly thoughts towards all the world."
6. BESSIE CLARK Houston, Texas
"Give thy thoughts no tongue."
7. AUDREY TURNER Camilla, Ga.
"A maiden never bold."
8. BESSIE MAGILL Chattanooga, Tenn.
"First in banquets."
9. HATTIE BLACKFORD Atlanta, Ga.
"And all could feel a certain purity about her."
10. MARTHA BURWELL Charlotte, N. C.
"That modest grace subdues my soul."
11. HATTIE TURNER Camilla, Ga.
"The innocent are gay."
12. MARGARET WHITESIDE Atlanta, Ga.
"Let her be kept from paper, pen and ink,
So she may cease to write and learn to think."
13. MARTHA COBB HOWARD Atlanta, Ga.
"You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atlanta's heels."
14. BESSIE STEYERMAN Thomasville, Ga.
"Real spirit never courts neglect."
15. EFFIE TILLER Point Peter, Ga.
"A willing heart."
16. ALICE SHARP Chattanooga, Tenn.
"There buds the promise of celestial worth."
17. ADAH ROSASCO Pensacola, Fla.
"Bright gem instinct with music."
- LOUISE CALDWELL Burdick, Ky.
"What are the wild waves saying?"
- MARY McASHAN Houston, Texas.
"What! Gone without a word?"
- MARTHA MERRILL Thomasville, Ga.
"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."



M. L. S.

1. MARY YOUNG Concord, N. C.
 "Thou art amiable and beloved."
2. EULA STANTON Social Circle, Ga.
 "Still in the cradle."
3. ALICE COWLES Charlotte, N. C.
 "Angels were painted fair to look like you."
4. MARY KELLEY Valdosta, Ga.
 "Angels could do no more."
5. WILLIE BELL CAMPBELL Atlanta, Ga.
 "What man is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms."
6. BESSIE HANSON Union Springs, Ala.
 "We frisk away."
7. POLLY WEBB Canton, Ga.
 "Speak thy speech trippingly on thy tongue."
8. ETHEL KELLY Atlanta, Ga.
 "Like morning roses newly washed with dew."
9. EVA CALDWELL Union Springs, Ala.
 "Timid as a wintry flower."
10. RUBY HEARST Social Circle, Ga.
 "Her locks unbound, fell to the ground."
11. ETHEL WOOLF Atlanta, Ga.
 "Pleasant, and capable of sober thought."
12. ANNA ROSASCO Pensacola, Fla.
 "Who art so lovely fair."
13. SUE LANCASTER Gainesville, Fla.
 "Her ruddy hair was clustered o'er her brow."
14. EMMA BELLE DUBOSE Atlanta, Ga.
 "Like the green wood."
15. DASSAH SHEETZ Chicago, Ill.
 "Careering round."
16. REBECCA ROBERTSON Birmingham, Ala.
 "An oracle which utters a few truths and a whole lot of nonsense."
17. MARY BROCKENBOROUGH Charlotte, N. C.
 "Life is short, but thou art long."
18. MAGGIE HANSON Union Springs, Ala.
 "Me other cares in other climes engage."
 JULIETTE WEBB Minden, La.
 "In manners plain, grave, unaffected and sincere."
19. MARGURITE BAKER Jacksonville, Fla.
 "That trembling vassal."
20. CARTER SCHAEFER Toccoa, Ga.
 "Her voice was ever soft and low."



Propylaeian Literary Society

1. ELOISE McCURRY ———
 " How fresh thou art."
2. MARY STRIBLING Walhalla, S. C.
 " Dost thou love pictures? "
3. OCTAVIA AUBREY Cartersville, Ga.
 " By Heaven I will not flatter "
4. EMMA MAE VANCE Buford, Ga.
 " A nymph of healthiest hue."
5. AURELLE BREWER. Monroe, La.
 " Remaining fresh and green the year around "
6. MABEL McKOWEN. Lindsay, La.
 " I am tired of waiting for the chemic gold."
7. ANNIE SHAPARD Opelika, Ala.
 " The bright morning star "
8. KATE BRADSHAW Birmingham, Ala.
 " Thou art full of love and honesty."
9. IDA SHERWOOD Morristown, Tenn.
 " Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."
10. SALLIE STRIBLING Walhalla, S. C.
 " The lovely babe."
11. NELL HENDERSON Hampton, Ga.
 " She neglects her heart who studies her glass."
12. ANNIE KIRK DOWDELL Opelika, Ala.
 " Not a young, giddy, thoughtless maiden."
13. VIRGINIA BUTLER. Levyville, Fla.
 " A flower that doth at opening morn arise."
14. MARGUERITE SHONTS Chicago, Ill.
 " Childish, sweet and woman-wise."
15. WILLIE BARTON Alabama City, Ga.
 " Laugh and grow fat "
16. ALLINE VANCE Buford, Ga.
 " Much study is a weariness of the flesh "
17. LOUISE VAN HARLINGEN Atlanta, Ga.
 " I was my parents sole and only joy."
18. MAY McKOWEN Jackson, La.
 " A heart unspotted."
19. EILLEEN GOBER Marietta, Ga.
 " Linked sweetness long drawn out."
20. GRACE HARDIE Birmingham, Ala.
 " A noble type of good heroic womanhood."
21. MATTIE DUNCAN Atlanta, Ga.
 " I would do anything to serve a friend."
22. BRUCE JONES Baldwin, Miss.
 " I breathed a song into the air."
23. MARY SAWYERS Centreville, O.
 " And had a face like a blessing."



P. L. S.

1. JENNIE BELLE MCPHAUL Poulan, Ga.
 " With mind serene"
2. OLA SHAW Quincy, Fla.
 " Oh thou fond of many."
3. LUCILE LANE Birmingham, Ala.
 " Soft peace she brings."
4. PEARL MCPUFFY
 " Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."
5. MARY BYNUM JARNAGIN Jefferson City, Tenn.
 " Infinite variety."
6. CLAUDE WRIGHT Clayton, Ala.
 " Beautiful spirit with thy hair of light."
7. ANNIE AUNSPAUGH Lynchburg, Va.
 " Music hath charms."
8. MARGARET BELL DUNNINGTON Charlottesville, Va.
 " Constant as the northern star."
9. MARTHA SHAFER Toccoa, Ga.
 " Oh, heaven! that I might read the book of fate."
10. JANIE CURRY Birmingham, Ala.
 " Duty is above all consequences."
11. BLANCHE BIRCH Inman, Ga.
 " Rosy cheeks and rosy hair."
12. FLORINE WESTBERRY
 " She's of a kind and helpful disposition."
13. EUGENIA WALKER Darien, Ga.
 " A babe in the house is a well-spring of joy."
14. HALLIE ROBERTSON Corpus Christi, Texas.
 " Tickled with a straw."
15. BESSIE DUKE Scooba, Miss.
 " Industry makes all things easy."
16. MARY ZENOR Yazoo City, Miss.
 " She smiles."
17. LUCILE SCOTT Houston, Texas.
 " She never did any harm."
18. KATHERINE REID Palmetto, Ga.
 " Dim miniature of greatness absolute."
19. ROSA AUBREY Cartersville, Ga.
 " A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."
20. OLIVE HAY Palatka, Fla.
 " A falling drop at last will cave a stone."
21. MIRIAM DONALDSON Bainbridge, Ga.
 " She wears the rose of youth."
22. LUETTA GREGG Birmingham, Ala.
 " Dress has a moral effect upon the behavior of mankind"
23. ALLIE GERSTLE Chattanooga, Tenn.
 " O sleep! it is a blessed thing, beloved from pole to pole."
24. MAY THOMASON Madison, Ga.
 " She is not yet so old but she may learn."



Christian Band

AGNES Scott Christian Band was organized by the teachers and students of the Institute in 1891, while the school was yet in its infancy, and has grown along with it, improving as it has improved, till now this society is doing its best and most earnest work.

The purpose of the band may be said to be the foundation of the work of the whole school, to promote among the students the one thing needful for all worthy ends—Christian love. In order to carry out this purpose, the working body is divided into committees to whom different parts of the work are assigned. The Committee on Committees consists of the officers of the society. These officers are the same and perform the same duties as in other societies. The Committee on Membership keeps a list of the members of the society, strives to keep them interested in the work, and urges outsiders to join. It is the duty of the Committee on Reading Matter to encourage the reading of religious literature by distributing, in the different rooms on Sunday afternoon, religious periodicals. The Committee on Devotional Exercises selects a leader and arranges the programme for the regular meetings of the society. The Committee on Christian Work sees to the money matters, welcomes strangers, and visits the sick.

Christian Band meets every Sunday evening immediately after tea, and, excepting one evening in each month, when Dr. Gaines addresses the band, the meetings are conducted by the teachers and students. One evening in every month is devoted to Foreign Missions, when interest is shown not only by a study of this cause, but by contributions and earnest prayers for the conversion of the world. The greater part of these contributions are sent to China for the support of a little Chinese girl in one of our schools there.

This band has done much good in the past; may it continue to do so in the future.

In Memoriam

REV. D. G. ARMSTRONG,
BIBLE TEACHER AT AGNES SCOTT,
Died August, 1901.

JANIE SWANN HUDSON,
MEMBER OF CLASS OF 1903,
Died January 18, 1902.

SADIE JOSEPHINE ADAMS,
FORMER STUDENT AT AGNES SCOTT,
Died October, 1901.

Literary

The Mediator



HE white cow was certainly uninteresting to-day. She would hardly lift her tail even when Frederica tickled her with a long willow switch; and the switch had a bunch of leaves at the end that made it most suitable for tickling.

Frederica was sitting on a post of the pasture fence, at a discreet distance from the house, and hidden from it furthermore by an intervening clump of cedar-trees. She felt that for several reasons it was wise not to be seen at the house just now. Aunt Esther was making peach pickle, and as Frederica frequently had to help pare the fruit when Aunt Esther did this, she had taken time by the forelock this morning and had left shortly after breakfast. She had even thought it best to wait until after dinner to dust the parlor, for Aunt Esther did start pickling so very early in the day. So Frederica had stuffed the dusting cloth in the bottom of the hall clock and come out by way of the parlor window. Then another thing that kept her from going home just now was that she had dropped her clean sunbonnet in the mud at the mill-run, and torn her skirt polishing a cedar-tree. All the cedar-trees on the place bore marks of Frederica's polishing process. She performed it by pulling the hairy bark off the branches till the wood was soft and brown, and then sliding rapidly up and down like an uneasy lady in a side-saddle. After this the limbs were in excellent condition till the next rain.

But the white cow evidently had small intention of taking any notice of little girls that day, so Frederica climbed down from her post on the fence and turned towards the woods beyond the mill. She had to walk carefully because her shoes and stockings were with the dusting cloth in the tall clock case. It was nice and quiet in the woods, and Frederica had ample time to think as she strolled along, dragging her feet over the sandy pathway. She wondered whether Miss Christine would help Aunt Esther with the peaches and talk about interesting things all the time. Miss Christine always seemed to like to tell Aunt Esther everything, just as Frederica did. Aunt Esther's face and hair were so smooth and unruffled, maybe that was the reason. Frederica thought Aunt Esther was like "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable," though certainly Elaine was very young and Aunt Esther must be very old

now, for Aunt Esther had been taking care of her ever since she could remember. She thought Miss Christine was just like "Lynette," because "lightly was her slender nose tip-tilted like the petal of a flower." She told Miss Christine this one day and Miss Christine laughed very much and said she was a little poet. Frederica didn't see why saying that made her a poet, and she wondered if she were to say "Behold thou art fair, my love, thou hast doves' eyes," if Miss Christine would call her a little Solomon.

Poor Miss Christine! she had seemed to be so cross and unhappy lately, and she used to be so jolly. Aunt Esther ought to make her read the Bible some, as Frederica had to do after she had been cross or naughty. Aunt Esther said if she read her Bible very often it would make her good and wise. So Frederica read her Bible in the morning right after breakfast. This morning, however, she had read "The Charge of the Light Brigade" instead. She felt reckless to-day.

The path wound along through the woods and came out near the big mill-pound a quarter of a mile from home. As Frederica approached the open place, she saw some one sitting on a log by the water-side fishing. It was a strange gentleman, she found on nearer view, and she came and stood quite close to him, wishing he would look around, but the gentleman seemed very much absorbed in his fishing, for he did not notice Frederica at all.

"There isn't any fishes here," she finally volunteered in a very friendly voice.

The gentleman nearly dropped his rod, he turned so suddenly.

"Why, hello!" he said, "Where under the sun did *you* drop from?"

Frederica wished very much that she hadn't been naughty and come out barefoot. The gentleman seemed to be looking right at her feet.

"I didn't drop," she faltered, blushing, and trying to stretch down her short skirt. "I didn't drop. I just came through the woods."

"Oh! yes," said the gentleman. "Well, won't you sit down and help me fish?"

"You'd better try at the dam," said Frederica, climbing over the log to sit beside him. "Miss Christine said she couldn't catch any fishes 'cept at the dam."

The gentleman gave Frederica such a quick, searching look just here that she felt all the smoldering sparks in her conscience burst into flame.

"I just believe he knows how bad I was and ran away," she thought miserably. "He must have read the Bible till he is very wise. It's no use pretending, I just might as well tell him right quick," and with a little gasp she burst forth—

"Aunt Esther was going to make peach pickle, and I didn't want to peel, and I guess Miss Christine will help her, so I ran away, but my shoes are in the dusting cloth—."

Frederica was apt to get confused when she talked fast.

The gentleman laughed a little, but there was a pucker between his eyes.

"Is your aunt Miss Esther Trevilian? he asked.

"Oh! yes. Do you know her?," exclaimed Frederica delightedly. She felt as if a hundred pounds had been lifted from her by the hasty confession, and was beaming radiantly.

"No. That is, not exactly, I have heard of her," replied the gentleman vaguely. "Do you live—ah,—do you live quite alone?" he continued.

"Why Zack and Molly are there always," answered Frederica, "and Miss Christine in the summer-time. And it's lots of fun when Miss Christine is there, only she is cross now most all the time."

"Cross!" said the gentleman in a surprised tone. "Cross? why you don't seem to have a very high opinion of Miss Christine."

"Oh! Oh!" cried Frederica, leaning forward in earnest effort to correct whatever false idea her words had given this curious man as to dear Miss Christine's character. "I didn't mean that. She is a virtuous woman, and her price is far above rubies. But I think somebody is unkind to her, somebody in the city. That is why she is unhappy and not like she used to be. Oh, you don't know how nice she is and how good she is"—she stopped breathless.

The young man was listening as if he were quite interested.

"H'm," he said, "What makes you think some one is treating her badly?"

"Oh! because she looks so disappointed when Zack comes from the post-office and she doesn't have a letter, and I heard her say to Aunt Esther—they knew I was there, so I truly wasn't listening—I heard her say she thought he would have written if she hadn't been so horrid, and I think it must be a very bad brother like 'Elsie Hardcastle and her Brother, you

know. But when I asked her if her brother wasn't kind to her and if she loved him very much, she said I was just a little girl and to go down-stairs."

Frederica could not help feeling rather aggrieved in recalling this repulse given her sympathetic advances.

The gentleman looked at Frederica in a very kind way indeed, and Frederica thought she had never seen anybody with such nice eyes. She smiled responsively.

"I am very much obliged to you for telling me that" said the gentleman. "You see, I'm rather foolish and impatient in the way I treat people myself sometimes, and I hope it will do me good."

After a little pause he went on.

"Don't you think we are good enough friends to know each other's names? Now, I guess your name is *Frederica*. Mine is John Gray."

"Why, how could you know, Mr. John Gray?" exclaimed Frederica, dimpling with appreciation of this fresh proof of her new friend's wisdom.

Mr. John Gray only laughed, and Frederica felt quite mystified. He had known Aunt Esther's name too!

Mr. John Gray then kept staring at the water for such a very long time, that Frederica felt he must be thinking once more of fishing.

"Don't you think you'd better go down and try again at the dam?" she asked. "You know what I told you about Miss Christine."

"Why, yes, Frederica," said Mr. John Gray, springing to his feet. "I'm going to try again after what you told me." And he laughed in a very merry way.

Frederica started to scramble up too. Then she gave a little sudden terrified scream and cowered trembling and shuddering on the ground. And Mr. John Gray made a dive like lightning and snatched a horrid, writhing, hissing something from the grass scarcely a foot from Frederica's bare leg and flung it far out into the mill-pond.

Then he gave a quick ejaculation and clapped his wrist to his mouth.

Frederica clung to the log and fairly moaned in the agony of her terror.

"Oh! he bit you!" she cried; "he bit you, and it was because of me. Oh! I have killed you! What shall I do! What shall I do!"

John Gray made haste to lift her up with his free hand, and soothed her gently.

“Don’t be so frightened, Frederica,” he said. “Why, I’m all right, little girl. It isn’t going to hurt me at all, and it wasn’t a mite your fault. Now you run home quick to your Aunt Esther, there’s a good girl. Let me see you start down the path. I’ll be all right. Don’t bother one minute about me. I’m just going to the blacksmith’s for a little while. Run along, fast.”

Frederica did run along fast. She ran so very fast that if she hadn’t been so frightened she must have dropped before, breathless and trembling, she at last flung herself into Aunt Esther’s arms.

“Oh! I have been so wicked,” she wailed. “I started with being only na-na-naughty when I ran away from the p-peaches and d-d-dusting, but I am wicked now and I have slain a man, and the C-Ci-ty is so far away.”

“Whatever is the child talking about?” exclaimed Aunt Esther. *What city?—slain a man!*”

“Oh! the City of Re-efuge,” sobbed Frederica. “I know he will die. He said he wouldn’t, but it was a snake, and I know he will, and I will be a man-slayer.”

“Try to tell us about it, dear,” said Aunt Esther, and Miss Christine smoothed back Frederica’s hair.

“It was at the mill-pond,” gasped Frederica, still rather sobbingly, “and he was fishing, and his name was John Gray, and we were just going to the dam because he said he was going to try over again after what I told him about Miss Christine; and then the snake started to bite me, and he grabbed it, and it bit him, and he has gone to the blacksmith’s, he said; and he said it wouldn’t kill him, but it will, I know.”

“The blacksmith’s!” cried Miss Christine, and she ran out of the house almost as fast as Frederica had come in.

“Dear, put on a hat,” Aunt Esther called after her pleadingly.

Then Aunt Esther took Frederica up-stairs and made her lie down, and bathed her face, and said she had had a shock, and kissed her a great many times.

“Aunt Esther,” said Frederica, “I can’t think what made me be so wicked. Will I really not have to go to a City of Refuge? O, Aunt Esther, ‘I am weary, weary, I would that I were dead,’ just like Mariana in the moated Grange, Aunt Esther.”

"Don't say that, dear, God wouldn't like it," said Aunt Esther. "You have been naughty, my child, but now you are repentant and we all forgive you; so lie quietly, dearie, and go to sleep."

"It was good of Miss Christine to go so quickly to see about poor Mr. John Gray, wasn't it, Aunt Esther?" asked Frederica.

Yes, dear," said Aunt Esther.

Then after a little while a joyful voice called from below: "Miss Esther, O Miss Esther, can't you come down just a minute?" And Frederica heard Miss Christine running up the stairs.

"He is all right," she cried. "He says it is perfectly safe now. Where is that precious child? Oh, Frederica, dear little Frederica, it was all because of you."

"I know it was, Miss Christine," said Frederica penitently, "and my heart was wasted with my woe. But he is going to get well, isn't he? And isn't he nice? Is he going to be your friend too, Miss Christine?" asked Frederica.

M. B. D.

(Aurora, Dec., 1901.)

A Saga of Eventide

Art wearied, love?—All tired out from play?
Wilt rest these little limbs in mother's arms?
Aha! 'tis but an hour ago since thou
Didst say, "The night comes on too soon." Yet now
Hast come to lay thy head on mother's breast,
And gladly hear her tell thee foolish tales.
Then nestle close, and listen, Heart's Delight;
I'll tell thee how the fairies close the day.
As glowing sunset fades-out in the west,
The leaders sound their tiny horns; so soft,
Dear Heart, that thou and I would never hear.
But all their little subjects hear the call.
And soon come trooping in from everywhere,
From Forests, out from under rocks and leaves.
They meet together in a shady glen,
And there await the coming of their queen.
It is not long before faint music sweet
Is heard. Then they behold the queen's approach.
She stands there in her car, a single flow'r
With violet wheels. She drives her four fire-flies.
Well harnessed in with twisted spider's web.
Her people raise a cry of joy and pride;
And as she passes spread their tiny wings
And follow close behind. Then on they go,
And on, and farther on. The moon comes out.
At last the queen veers 'round her royal car.
Then all turn back, and through the moonlit woods
They softly flit; now slower and more slow.
And now they reach the glen, and all sink down
To rest and sleep until the morn,—As thou,
Mine own, shalt rest—and sleep—until the morn.

M B J.

(*Aurora*, March 1902.)

The Foolish Virgins



OW *what* right had they to go and take our holiday from us this year? It never *would* have happened when Dr. Taylor was here! I just *know* that 'priscy' Dr. Thorne's at the bottom of it all, and I call it simply horrid!"

"Mean old things!" "Stupid!" "Absolute foolishness!" "Cruelty to animals!"

"Ain't it a shame,
A measly sha-ame,"

chanted a shrill little voice by way of conclusion, as the girls pressed closer about the swing. Here sat Alice Hay, the first speaker, and four other leading spirits—the Festive Five, they were called—each chattering excitedly in concert with the girls who happened to be nearest her.

Ah! how righteous was their wrath! They had sustained a most terrible injury. For reasons, best known to themselves, the faculty of Engleside Seminary had desecrated a time-honored custom. Instead of meekly signing the annual petition for holiday on the first of April, they had firmly declined to affix their signatures to this document. Such mutiny had been a thing unheard of in that school for the past fifteen years.

Regarding the cause of their deprivation Alice's venture was quite correct; but her characterization of it was not so good. Whatever else Dr. Thorne may have been, he was *not* what that much-used epithet of the school-girl, "priscy," signifies. It is true that during the few months of his principality, he had wrought a number of unwelcomed changes in the school, for he was a man with many ideas differing from those of his lenient predecessor; but the reason and justice of these changes, even the girls had finally to recognize. But to return to the indignation meeting.

A silence—not the genuine article, of course, but a fairly good imitation—had fallen upon the little group. A sure sign of mischief brewing! Suddenly Ann Tanner, the girl sitting next to Alice, sat up very straight and looked intently into the faces before her.

"Girls," she said impressively, "we must rebel!"

"A-a-h!" gasped her audience ecstasically.

"Yes," she went on quickly, "it's come to that. We must simply show the Faculty we *won't* be treated like infants! We've a right to that day and if they won't give it to us, why—we'll take it! Sh!" as the clamor began to rise again. "Be quiet, girls! We don't want the others to know about it till we've gotten everything planned. Then we'll tell the rest of the girls, and *make* all of them promise to stand by us. Come on up to our room right now, all of you." And hopping out of the swing, she and Alice ran swiftly across the campus, the other girls swarming after them.

On the first day of April the sun rose bright and early at Engleside. The occupants of the Seminary did not follow his example till some time later than was their custom. When the janitor came to wind up the bells that marked the events and periods of the day, the key was nowhere to be found. So it was only after a very cross set of teachers had gone from room to room that the sleeping dansels were roused from their dreams.

Breakfast was hardly a success—that is, to the teachers. There may have been present some who disagreed with them. A series of the most remarkable phenomena was observable; chairs were pulled from under tables only after much untying and breaking of strings, and most of the napkins refused to be separated from the tablecloths. Then there was tea and coffee, which, no matter how much sugared, would *not* give up a certain bitter taste. But under these and similar discomforts, the student-body bore up with praiseworthy fortitude.

When the meal was fairly begun, and most of the girls had assembled, Dr. Thorne rapped on the table for silence, just as if he had an ordinary announcement to make.

"Young ladies," he said, without a trace of irritation in his voice, "I merely wish to remind you of something that may have slipped your memories. We will have chapel this morning as usual, at 9 o'clock." And equally undisturbed did his hearers appear.

Promptly at 9 the chapel began to fill up, and in a few moments teachers and pupils were in their places. After the opening hymn, Dr. Thorne rose and began to turn the pages of the big Bible. "As you will see from our reference cards, the lesson for this morning is found in Matthew

xxv: 1-13. The Parable of the Foolish Virgins. Let all join in the reading." And together they went through the story of those unwise young women. Then came the prayer, and then—

"Young ladies," said Dr. Thorne, looking pleasantly down at his audience, "we have just before chapel made a most astonishing discovery. Would you believe it, *every* recitation room in the house is locked!" [Looks of polite surprise from the young ladies.] "Yes, it is quite true," he went on. "At first we were quite puzzled as to what course to pursue. Of one thing we were sure, that you must not be deprived of any useful knowledge and experience which this day could possibly give you. At last we hit upon a plan. As you know, we are fortunate enough to have here two large, sheltered verandahs, also several long corridors and passages. We have assigned divisions of these to the various teachers; you will find the order of arrangement on the bulletin-board. In each of these divisions I have had a chair placed for the teacher. I feel sure that you young ladies will not object to standing during recitations. I hope this may prove a pleasant and profitable day to you. You are dismissed."

For a moment the chapel was absolutely still. The girls were literally stupefied. The teachers were smilingly observing the effect of the Principal's words.

"You are dismissed," repeated Dr. Thorne, blandly.

The girls rose with a start, and began to file quietly toward the door. A certain little crowd of cronies came last.

"And five were foolish," murmured Ann in Alice's ear as they passed out of the chapel.

M. B. J.

An Errand of Love



“ Enthroned there in a dewy lily stalk.”

The rustling breezes told the midnight hour ;
A screech owl, in her far secluded bower,
Awoke the echoes of the woods around
Where elves and fairies, in sweet slumber wound,
Were dreaming of some mischief they might plan
To wreak upon some unsuspecting man.
Anon, a silver bugle, low and clear,
Across the woodland sounded far and near
And shook the green leaves on the forest trees.

And forth from all the woodland, at the sound,
A hundred thousand elves and goblins bound.
So lightly, swiftly, sped they o'er the sod
No tender sprig of turf on which they trod
Was crushed beneath their airy-winged feet,
While far on o'er the copse they went to meet
Their bugler-chieftain in the elfin grove.
At last they halted in a moonlit cove,
Deep-shadowed in the gloomy, leafy wood.

Enthroned there in a dewy lily-stalk
 The king and queen of all the elves who walk
 Abroad to plot and alter human fate,
 Encircled by their courtiers, sat in state.
 The goblins settled on the leaves and grass
 And grew as si'ent as a nun at mass ;
 They well knew by their ruler's tragic mien
 He did his numerous subjects thus convene
 To speak with them of great and weighty things.



“And forth from all the woodland at the sound.”

At length the king arose with stately grace,
 Glanced 'round upon his mighty elfin race,
 And said, “O brother-spirits of the air,
 There dwelleth in a distant college-hall,
 A studious maid, of youthful years and fair
 As she who caused great Ili'a's direful fall.
 And there when all the world's to slumber gone
 She toils and works and frets till early morn
 With books and books and books that have no end.

“Now who among my elves will be her knight,
 And save this lovely maiden from this plight
 And gain renown in every land and clime ?”
 At once a hundred fairy knees were bowed
 Before the lily-throne of their liege-lord ;
 A hundred fairy voices begged a chance
 To try their fortune with their magic lance—
 Each proving well beyond all doubt that he
 Alone could this poor maid's knight-errant be.

The elf-king list'ning to his chivalrous band
Upon his shoulder felt an airy hand,
And, turning, met with ill concealed surprise
Dan Cupid's little wily, prying eyes.
At once began the reckless little sprite
To tell the fairies of his wondrous might
And power to sway these fickle human hearts,
Till he had gained by his persuasive arts
The king's consent to free the luckless maid.



That eve the maiden by her window stood
And gazed out in a silent pensive mood
At passers-by along the busy street
That echoed with the tramp of hurrying feet.
Sometimes a group of laughing children
came,
And now and then a stately gray-haired dame,
And once a troop of jolly college men
Paused at the rolling campus' farther end
And boldly entered the enchanted grounds.

Just then a naughty littly boy, concealed
Within a lofty tree-top's lealy shield,
Let fly a silver arrow from a bow
Straight to the Maiden's window right below.
If she was wounded by it no one knew.
If any one had seen it when it flew
Her future conduct might have been explained,
But as it was they sought to find in vain
The reason why she threw away her books.



Aurora

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Staff of 1901-'02

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Music



Violin Class



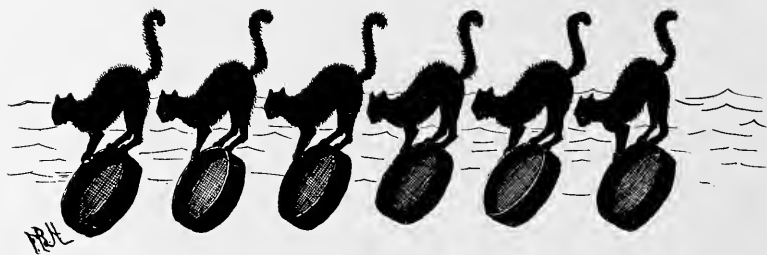
Cliff Mable.

Ida Sherwood. Miss Morgan.
Hallie Robertson.

Octavia Aubrey.

Fauncy Schuler.
Ada Rosasco.

Annie Aunspaugh.



Chorus Class

OCTAVIA AUBREY,

HALLIE ROBERTSON,

ALLIE GERSTLE

IDA SHERWOOD,

ROSA AUBREY,

ANNA ROSASCO,

MARY GOOD,

LOUISE VANHARLINGEN.

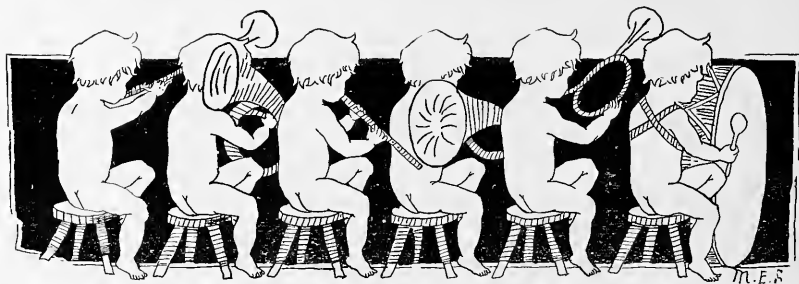
BRUCE JONES,

ANNIE AUNSPAUGH,

CALLIE SMITH,

MATTIE COBB HOWARD,





Euterpean

First Term.

ANNIE AUNSPAUGH, President.
 AUDREY TURNER, Vice-President.
 OCTAVIA AUBREY, Secretary.

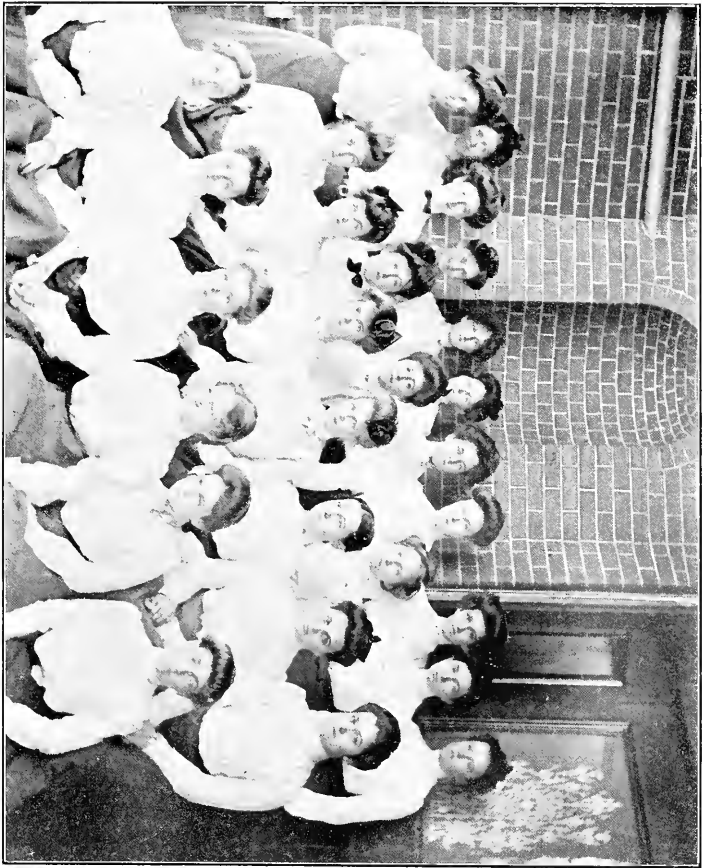
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 MARTHA MERRILL, Secretary.
 MATTIE DUNCAN,
 Vice Secretary and Treasurer.

ADA ROSASCO,
 Censor and Doorkeeper.

Octavia Aubrey,
 Annie Aunspaugh,
 Aurelle Brewer,
 Eva Caldwell,
 Willie Belle Campbell,
 Miriam Donaldson,
 Bessie Duke,
 Mattie Duncan,
 Allie Gerstle,
 Mary Good,
 Bessie Hansell,
 Mattie Cobb Howard,
 Mary Bynum Jarnagin,
 Bruce Jones,
 Ethel Kelly,
 Mary Kelley,
 Mary McAshan,
 Martha Merrill,
 Ada Rosasco,
 Anna Rosasco,
 Ida Sherwood,
 Audrey Turner,
 Juliet Webb,
 Margaret Whiteside,
 Ethel Wolf,
 Mary Zenor.



Thine Eyes

Dear eyes, sweet eyes, in whose deep depths do lie
All untold truths of love's own mystery—
Ma chérie, look once again in mine own ;
Let me not grope in darkness all alone.

Be thou my guide ; thine eyes shall be my light.
Thy soul, *O chérie*, was to thee God-given,
And through those dark brown orbs it shines so bright
A vision of the purity of Heaven.

J. C.



Athletics

M.E.S.

Junior Basket-Ball Team



EILLEEN GOBER,

EMILY WINN,

GRACE HARDIE,

LOUISE SCOTT,

KATE BRADSHAW.

Yell

Tra-a-la-la,
Tree-a-lee-lee,
A. S. I. naughty-three,
Amethyst and gold, ha ! ha !! ha !!!
A. S. I. Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Sophomore Basket-Ball Team



Aurelle Brewer, Annie Shapard, Reba Robertson,
Mattie Duncan, Laura Candler, Janie Curry.



Fire Department

Chief: Miss McKinney.

Assistants: All the girls and teachers Miss Hopkins couldn't nab and send into the building.

Tactics: Scream frantically, weep copiously, fall fainting into most available pair of arms.
(This *must* be repeated once every five minutes.)

Implements: Souvenir spoons, tea-cups, atomizers and icicles.

Head Gear: Dressing sacks and coal scuttles.*

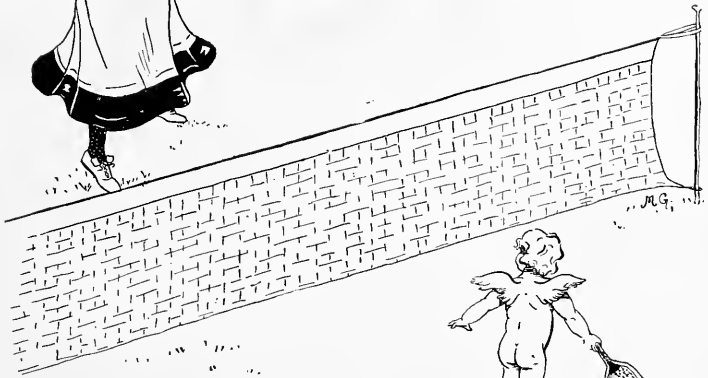
Motto: "Pour on water."

Greatest event on annals of organization: The memorable 21st of December, 1901.

*NOTE. If the day is cold, it is recommended that each of the firemen shall wear closely wrapped about the shoulders some such heavy wrap as a bath towel, lace curtain or pocket handkerchief.



Tennis



M.G.

Tennis Club



Gertrude Pollard, Jennie B. McPhaul, Ruth Prescott,
Mary McAshan, Mattie Duncan, Louise Vanharlingen, Mary Brockenbrough,
Lucile Lane, Aileen Vance, Emma M. Vance.

Racket Club




Mary Bynum Jarnagin, Ida Sherwood, May McKowen,
Kate Bradshaw, Luetta Gregg, Annie Aunspaugh, Annie Shapard, Allie Gerstle,
Bruce Jones, Mable McKowen, Octavia Aubrey.

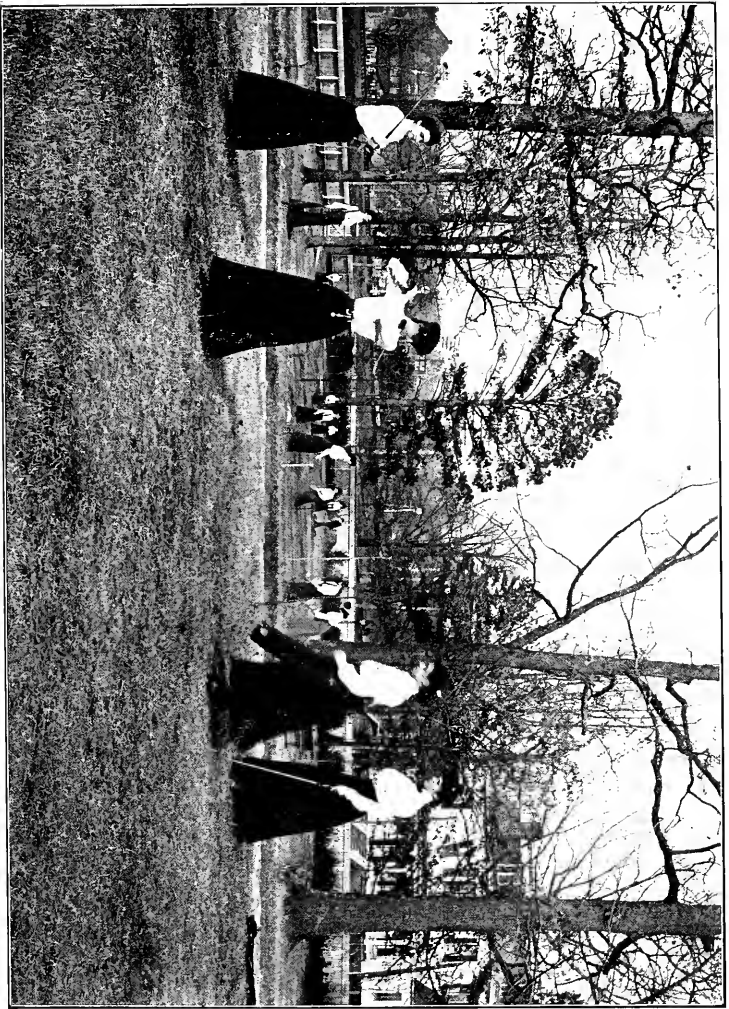
Golf Club

DASSAH SHEETZ, President.

Miss Lewis,
Miriam Donaldson,
Grace Hardie,
Eloise McCurry,
Anna Rosasco,
Alice Sharp,
Aileen Vance,
Eugenia Walker,

GRACE HARDIE, Secretary and Treasurer.

Dr. Arbuckle,
Luetta Gregg,
Bessie Magill,
Ada Rosasco,
Martha Schaefer, 
Dassah Sheetz,
Emma Mae Vance,
Juliet Webb



Fate

Only a lily half broken,
Only a word half spoken,
Only a whispered prayer.

Only a violet constancy,
Only a frivolous fancy,
Only drifted apart.

Only a jasmine of beauty,
Only a life moved by duty,
Only left bleeding there.

Only a rose that is scattered,
Only a dream that is shattered,
Only a broken heart.

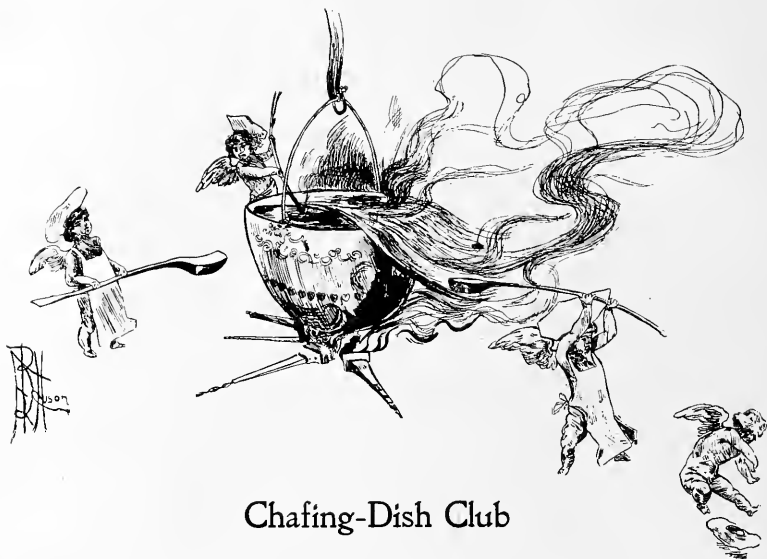
—J. C.

The Happy Family



The Twins { "Bobby," "Angelina," "Algernon,"
 } "Patsy," "Father" "Mother," "Charles,"
 The Triplets—"Kate" "(Dupli) Kate." "(Redupli) Kate."

To the Family's great regret, the youngest child, "Dolly," "Aunt Allie," "Uncle Bill," and his son "Grey," were all unable to come over and have their picture taken with their relatives.



Chafing-Dish Club

MARY BATTEY,

KATE BRADSHAW,

MARTHA BURWELL,

JANIE CURRY,

EILLEN GOBER,

MARY GOOD,

GRACE HARDIE,

MARY BYNUM JARNAGIN,

MARY MCASHAN,

REBA ROBINSON,

IDA SHERWOOD,

CALLIE SMITH,

MARGARET WHITESIDE,

MARY YOUNG.



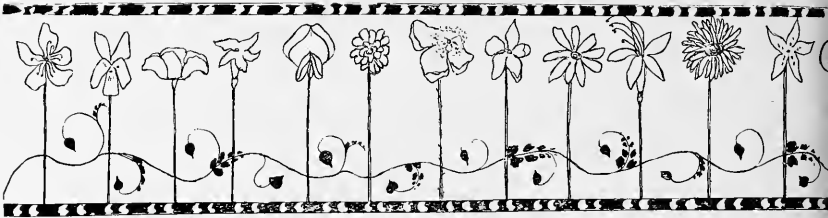
Colonial Club

O. Aubrey,
Mistress Alice Coles.
M. Burwell,
Mistress Mary Young,
B. Clark,
Mistress Annie Kirk Dowdell,
M. Good,
Mistress Callie Smith,
M. C. Howard,
Mistress Mary Bynum Jamagin,
E. Kelley,
Mistress Willie Belle Campbell,
B. Magill,
Mistress Martha Schaefer,
A. Sharp,
Mistress Mary Battey,
M. Brockenbrough.



Grinds





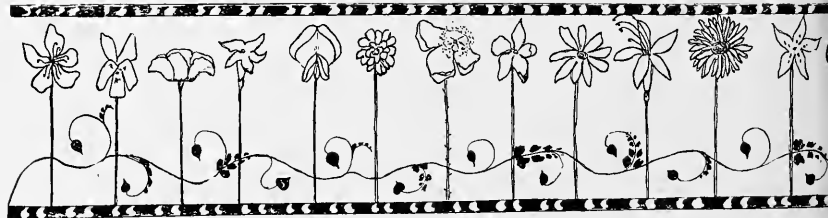
Mistress Mary's Flower Garden

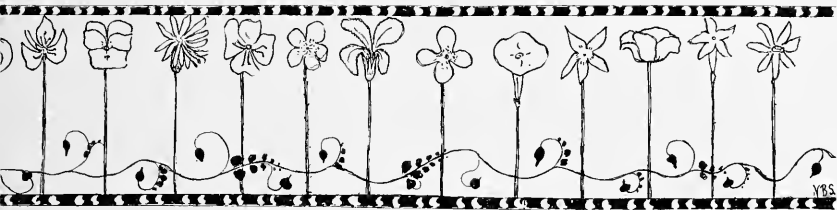


OWNER OF GARDEN (?)
 HIRED MAN Mr. F
 WATCH DOG Mr. D

Perennials

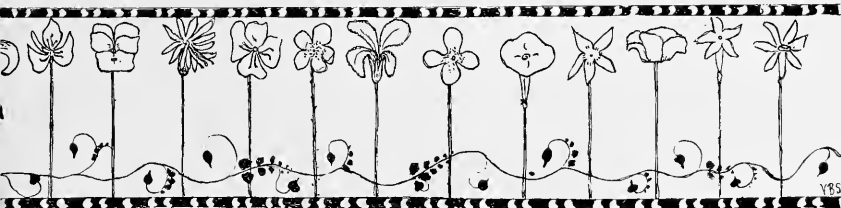
Cinnamon P.nk.	Miss C.
Sage	Miss S.
Carnation	Miss M-s-e.
Lily	Miss L. L.
Heliotrope	Miss Nan L.
Love in-a-mist	Miss Y.
	Miss McK.
Lark-spur	Miss M-e-r.
Morning Glory	Miss M-r-w.
Heart's-ease.	Mrs. A.
Orange Blossoms	Miss L.
Century Plant	Mr. S.
Dandelion	Mr. MacC.
Sweet Lavender	Mrs. G.
Snow Drop	Miss A.
Aspen	Miss W.
Dogwood	Dr. A.
Johnnie-jump-up	Miss B.





Annuals

Narcissus	Martha M.	Bouncing Betty	Mary McA.
Bride Rose	Miriam D.	Honey Suckle	Mary Y.
Peach Blossoms	Mary L.	Prickly Pear	Ola and Luetta.
Corn Stalk	Eileen G.	Clover	M. C. H.
Rock Lily	Ethel K.	Daisy	Dassah.
Trumpet Flower	Carter S.	Daffodil	Hattie B.
Jack's Bean Stalk	Mary Bs.	Flax	Anna R.
Touch-me-not	Bessie McG.	Floating Heart	Allie G.
Hare Bell	Bell D.	Four o'clock (A. M.) . . .	Virginia B. and Annie S.
Chick Weed (ers)	Dora and Marion	Rush	Aurette B.
Lemon Lily	Claude W.	Smilax	Mary Z.
Bridal Wreath	Bruce J.	Twin Flowers	Martha and Ethel
Innocence	Marguerite S.	Blue Bell	Octavia A.
Prime Rose	Sallie S.	Gypsy Filia	Ida S
Balsam	Theodora S.	Wild Phlox	2d Floor.
Violet	Audrey T.	Fire Weeds	The Cottagers.
Pansy	Grace K.	A few blades of grass	Freshmen.
Golden Rod	Mary B.		
Black-eyed-Susan	Bessie C.		



A Lullaby

(Dedicated to Mr. Davis.)

Sweet and low, sweet and low, (!)

Whistle of A S. I.

Slow, slow, shriek and blow

Whistle of A. S. I.

Out of the power-house you flow

Forcing *some* angry girls, we know,

Back to their rooms to hie,

While you shriekingly, while you piercingly blow.

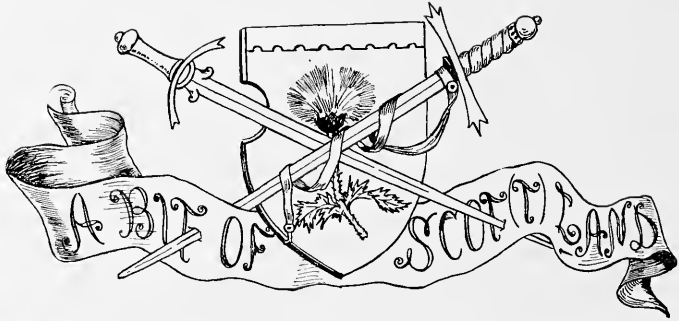
A Few Sensible Remarks

You are now in a jollier court,
Here mirth and laughter's our fort ;
 May your time be repaid
 By the hits we have made,
Till you're glad you've come to this court.

There are times when Miss H says "Girls,"
In this noise my head simply whirls.
 If the sounds in the hall
 Do not cease, I must call
Dr G. to come pull out your curls."

A certain professor said, "How
Can I find who doth make such a row
 On my pianos most dear !"
 Had he caught her I fear
She'd not have been living till now.

There was once a young lady from Deem,
Who had daily to write a short theme.
 This torture she stood
 As long as she could,
Then expired with a last piercing scream.



JUST outside a little village of great antiquity, at the end of a Lane of Hardie Burch trees, arise the Brown, moss-grown turrets of the castle of Gaines. It is a fortress consisting of a large Stone tower, surrounded by smaller buildings and encircled by an Appleyard of great size. One lone Chick and two Peacocks are the only inhabitants of this yard. A Wolf and Lupo hover near, awaiting an opportunity to spring upon these unfortunate creatures, which catastrophe is averted by three Hunters who constantly keep guard upon the battlements.

Outside the wall stretch the vast Akers of an old Duke, a valiant Scot and the lord of the castle. In one of the fields a Farmer is raking Hay. On the grassy slope of a Hill in an expanse of Green meadow-land, a Shepherd(ess) is tending her Wooley flock. A little to the Wright the Whitesides of a mill gleam in the sunshine; the jolly Miller is standing in the door, while Sheetz of water pour over the mill-dam. At the huge iron gate you Meet A Barker, the guardian of the fortress, a Good old dog not really so fierce as he looks.

Inside the castle is a great banquetting Hall, communicating with other apartments and having at each end immense fireplaces with the Cranes hanging in them. The old Duke is now left alone with his two Young grandchildren, a Win(some) lass and a Bonnie Laddie. Most of his retainers have left him. Only the Baker, the Butler, the Cook, the Brewer and the Smith remain faithful.

During the long twilight (for in that country it is Lyt tel late in the

evening), the old man and his grandchildren often sit around the huge fireplace piled high with logs of Wood, while the grandfather relates stories of former days.

One stormy night, as the West wind howled around the walls and the fire sent out its ruddy glow, lighting up the antique old room with its relics of the past; the tall silver Candler (labra), the trusty sword of the aged warrior, scarred and Gash(ed) by many a conflict, and his spear with its Sharp and glittering point, the Duke sat as usual with his grandchildren at his knee.

Pointing to two curiously carved buckles, he said to his grandson: "Laddie, you must ever cherish these, for they Arbuckles which your great grandfather won at a tournament. O, that was a Gloer(ious) day in the times of spruce King George, when he rode forth on his Black charger and I by his side with our trusty squire Davis. On the way we met two gallant knights, Sir Stephen and Sir Maclean, going to the tournament to Winn the favor of the fair ladies of the faculty, and Wright valiantly did these two brave knights fight Daily in this tournament. They were accompanied by their attendants, who were your cousins—your Uncle Hugh's son, your Uncle Donald's son, your Uncle Tom's son, your Uncle John's son and your Uncle Robert's son. That was the day when I was wounded nigh unto death (poor old man, if he could only have been sent to the Hopkins), and—"

Just then the Peel of the Curfew sounded and the story was interrupted by Cora, the children's nurse, appearing in the door.

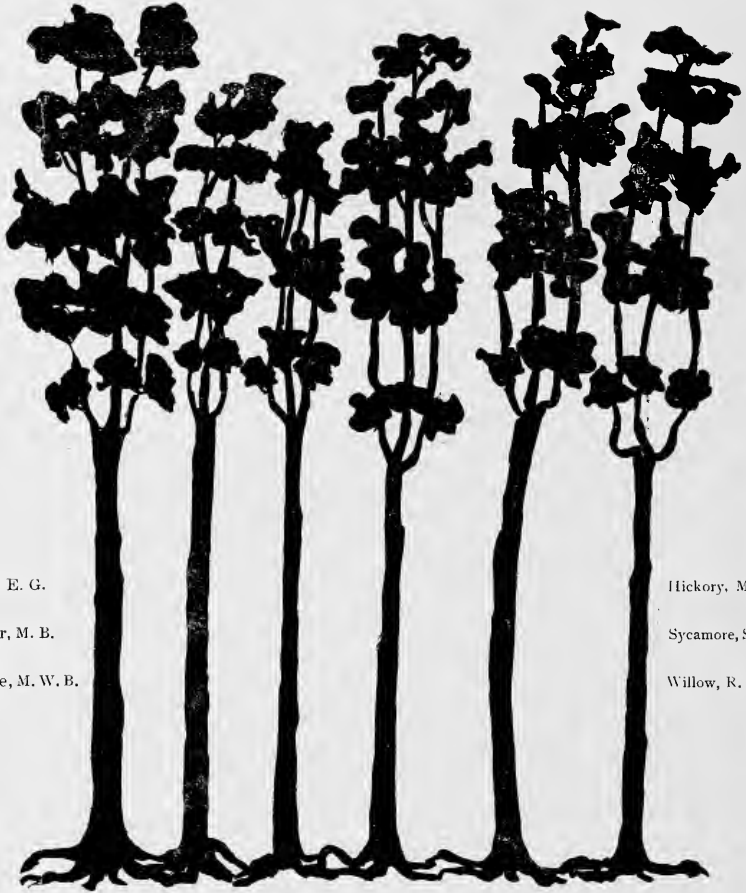
"Laud a Massie, chilren, it's time you was in bed."

"O Shaw, Cora, the whistle hasn't blown yet," cried Laddie.

"There, there, children," remarked their grandfather, "run along to bed and sleep till you are awakened by the crowing of the Cox; and if the Morrow is Farrar, we will finish our story when we go for our walk."



The Saplings



Elm, E. G.

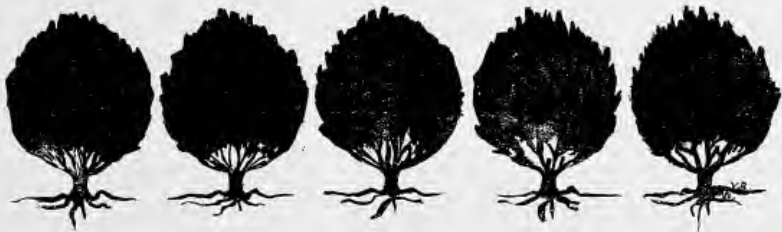
Cedar, M. B.

Maple, M. W. B.

Hickory, M. K.

Sycamore, S. I. r

Willow, R. R.



The Boxwoods

That Grow ab.ut the Garden—Mistress Mary's Pet Name for Each.

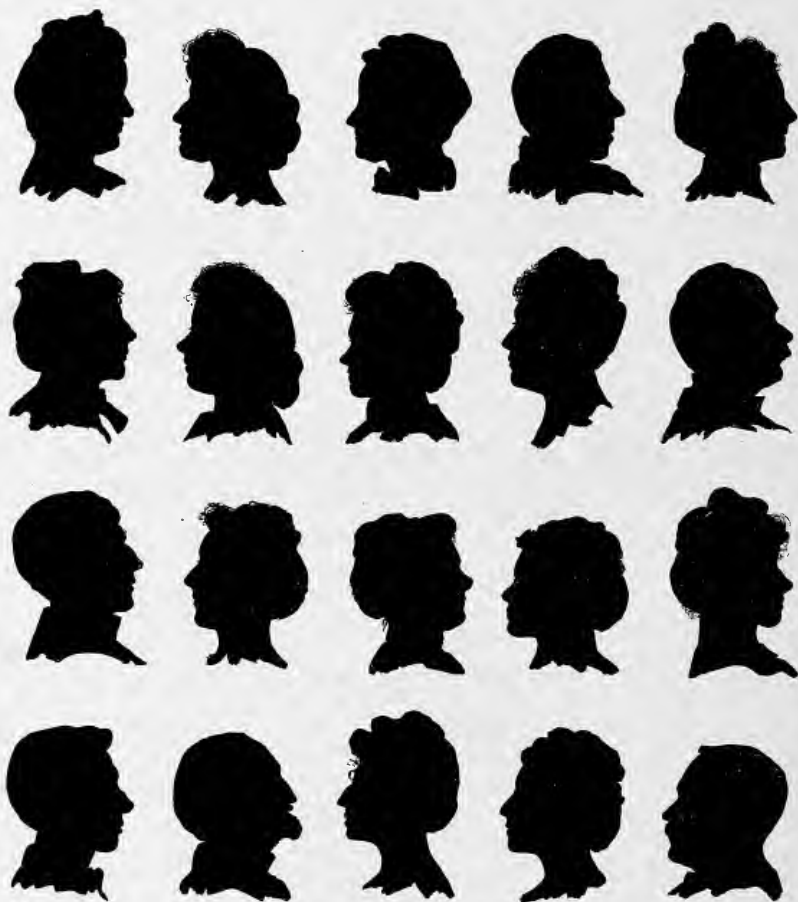
Leila Stergle,	Gem Shining,
William Gateville,	Jame Beau Macslip,
Fanciful Slipper,	Ma'am June [Re]treat.
Engagin' Writer.	

The Olympic Council

I sing of the Council Olympic, assembled one mid-winter night.
Great Jove sat enthroned in the arm-chair, a great and an awe-filling view,
And nearby sat Juno, the white-armed, who ruled all the circle with grace,
Minerva, Proserpina, Vesta (the household goddess of the land).
And Ceres was seen, pondering deeply, in German she's thinking I ween,
"If a worm has a cerebellum, how much does a June-bug know?"
The son of fair Maia debated with the stately Enterpe,
"If a cat sings six notes to a minute, how much of a tune will that be?"
Then Jupiter called them to order, and the roll Roma started to read,
When lo! nor Aurora, nor Venus, nor Diana answered the call.
Great Jove looked over his glasses, "Now where can they be?" he said.
"If convenient will some of the council please hasten and go out and see?"
Minerva, wise, offered to find them. She searched all the haunts of men,
And found them at last, friends, destroying about thirty eggs of a hen.
They left them at Jupiter's call, but their hearts they were heavy and sad.
They knew that before they returned those eggs would be burnt to a coal.
They marched in and all took their places. The council proceeded to work.
Of a sudden, prepare, friends, 'twas startling, it never had happened before,
The door opened wide, young Apollo came swiftly into the room.
'Twas Juno he wanted to see, for the council he always had shirked.
Jove stared in amaze for a moment, then said, "Sir, please have a seat.
We're glad you have come. I believe, sir, the very first time in three
months."
And then, in the midst of the council, a wailing was swept through thin air,
Mixed with bloodthirsty barks from Cerberus. They rushed to the window
to see.
'Twas naught but a poor youth whom Charon had allowed to escape from
the car,
And wander up in the direction of the brick-walk that led to the house.
Cerberus had had quite a dinner from off of his shoulder before

They could rescue the youth from his clutches, and wildly the poor lad
did wail,
“They will call me ‘the Man with the Ho(l)e,’” and straightway his hair
did assail.
But Medea fixed back his shoulder quite new with a nice piece of Bacon.
The council once more took their seats and began to discuss the reports
Of the maidens who dwelt near Olympus.
The council was very harmonious, until Goddess Roma complained
That Vulcan talked quite too often, she thought it was her time again.
Vulcan breathed hard and fast, mighty blast of wrath and of ire and
contended,
That if he but thus desired, he would talk till the meeting was ended.
Jove called them to order, but Vulcan’s heat rose to such height that a flask
Of explosive he had in his pocket went off with a terrible blast,
And the council was quickly resolved into naught but thin air and some
smoke.

The Faculty



"They are not as black as they are painted."



A Casket of Jewels

Pearl	GERTRUDE P.	Bloodstones	DORA and MARION.
Amethyst	ETHEL W.	Cornelian	REBIE.
Opal	MARGARET W.	Jasper	OLIVE H.
Topaz	ANNIE A.	Coral	THEODORA.
Sapphire	OCTAVIA A.	Amber	MARY B.
Diamond	JULIET C.	Sardonyx	LOUISE C.
Garnet	MARTHA L.	Lapis Lazuli	LAURA.
Ruby	EMMA MAE V.	A band of pure gold	BELL D.
Beryl	VIRGINIA B.	But the greatest of	
Moonstone	CAELIE S.	these is	J. GLOWER.

A. S. I. Pharmacy

Stupidity.—Take one trig., one “Eysenbach,” six “3000 words,” four “chardenals,” six rhetorics, and as many “Latin proses” as are available. Pile up rather loosely. Saturate with naphtha, or any other substance of like nature. Apply a match and look calmly on. And if you don’t see stars and at least the tails of comets it is only because there is no hidden brilliancy to be discovered in book lore.

A Beauty Lotion.—Take seven parts of burnt ochre to three of cerulean blue; two of magnetic oxide of iron to six of ammonium chloride; one of sulphate of magnesium to six of crude diamond; seven of thermo-magnetic chloride of potassium to six of filtered chloride of water; five of electro-magnetic acid to thirteen of violet phosphate. Apply to the face at regular intervals. (Any of the above ingredients may be had on application to Dr. Arbuckle at the laboratory.)

To Improve One's Disposition.—Come down too late for chapel with a fourth of your lessons weighting down your brain and the remaining part burdening your arms. Before 9 o'clock lose half your books. Hunt them high and low till your hands are black with the accumulated dust of unused desks and shelves. Then just at the time for your written lesson in math. lend the only pencil you have to some one who is too conscientious ever to return it. Forget to study the last part of your Bible lesson, and don't fail to say so at recitation. Later on use potassium chloride in a two-hour experiment which calls for ammonium chloride. Finally work three hours on a trig. problem to find at last that your mistake was in taking the log of A in the sin column instead of the Cos.

Idleness.—To a solemn compact to sweep your room once a month add a great reputation for arranging the hair and remembering what the history lesson is. Mix with this a *tangible* announcement of your ability in the fine art of candy-making. Flavor with an extremely obliging disposition.

Disappointments.—Discard all expectations.

Homesickness.—Go and get a “nintimate” friend.

Giddiness.—No prescription. But every one is advised to be rid of it ere she enters these enchanted halls.

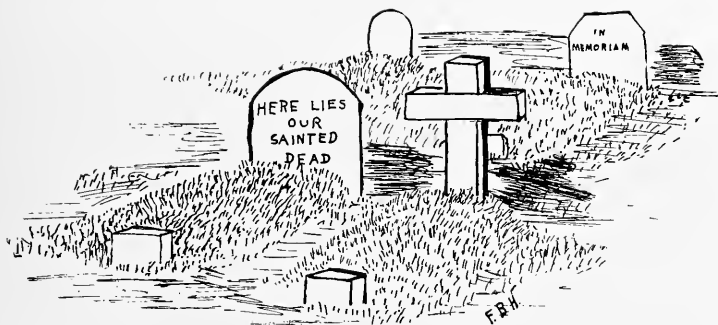
Laziness before Breakfast.—Smell a rat.

To Remedy a Smiling Countenance.—Take French.

To Learn to Love.—Ask Dassa and Miss Miller.

To Learn to Smile.—Practice greeting Juliet.

To Cultivate a Graceful, Spontaneous Movement of the Arms.—Watch the cars on the Blue Line on Sunday afternoon.



Our Sainted Dead

TRIG.—

Here lies poor Trig., who found it too hot for him above ground. May he abide beneath it forever.

MISS MCKINNEY'S BLUE PENCIL.—

This creature's every wicked act
 In never-fading colors has been traced;
 Another strange and curious fact—
 No worthy deed his odious life has graced.

GENUNG'S RHETORIC.—

Here rests, where violent hands no more can touch him, one who perished a martyr to the cause of the King's English. He was torn to pieces by an infuriated young Amazon.

SILHOUETTE STAFF.—

"Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

BIBLE NOTES.—

Here lies in Death's dark livery
 The cause of all our misery,
 And from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 No one shall raise him up, we trust.

"B. B.," THE "COTTAGE" CAT.—

Here lies in peace our lost feline friend,
 Whose praise no bard has sung on.
 He never did a foolish thing,
 Nor ever said a wise one.

MISS LYTLE'S RED INK BOTTLE.—

Here on this plot of earth was spilt
 The life-blood of that horrid beast,
 Who, for these many dreadful years,
 Upon our brains was wont to feast.

SHELDON'S ANCIENT HISTORY.—

There's burled in this lonely spot
 A dear lamented friend.
 Gross neglect did bring his life
 To this untimely end.

BREAKS IN THE MONOTONY

- Oct. 16. The German Club gives a ball.
 Oct. 18. The Music Faculty gives a concert.
 Oct. 31. The Juniors give the Sophs a Hallowe'en party.
 Oct. 31. (Midnight.) The cottagers are serenaded.
 Nov. 5. The Walking Clubs are formed.
 Nov. 11. The Soph Basket-ball Team plays its first and last game.
 Nov. 20. Dr. G— is absent from his Bible Classes.
 Nov. 21. Dr. A— uses Potassium Chlorate for Oxalic Acid.
 Nov. 23. The Societies give their first reception.
 Dec. 5. The Alumnæ give a Silhouette Party.
 Dec. 20. The Fire.
 Dec. 20. We go home for the holidays.
 Jan. 3. We return to school.
 Jan. 18. We go to hear Nordica.
 Feb. 14. The Alumnæ give a Valentine Party.
 Feb. 22. We have a holiday in honor of Col. Scott's birthday.
 Feb. 25. We have our pictures taken.
 Mar. 1. Mr. S— sings "The Miller of Sheen."
 Mar. 3. We have more pictures taken.
 Mar. 14. Bobby goes home.
 Mar. 17. Mr. St— sings for us in Chapel.
 Mar. 22. We go to hear Schumann-Heink.
 Mar. 29. We vote for the college whose colors we shall wear at the Oratorical contest.
 April 1. Miss W— has difficulty in emerging from her room.
 April 7. George rings the recess bell fifteen minutes too soon.
 April 14. The preachers come to dinner.
 April 10. Miss S— dismisses the German class early, and goes to the matinee.
 April 15. Miss M— loses her Cæsars.
 April 17. The ANNUAL goes to press.



Don'ts

- Don't fail to read and obey these.
- Don't write letters in study hall when Miss C. is on duty.
- Don't stop the freight trains.
- Don't walk in without knocking, even if there is a "Please don't knock" sign on the door.
- Don't forget your theme interview.
- Don't ride your "pony" too hard. Miss M. might catch on to his paces.
- Don't walk pigeon-toed.
- Don't take chops when there're not any.
- Don't drop your hat out of the street-car window; it might be muddy.
- Don't mistake the teachers for the girls; your name might be on the "black list" when the next reception rolls around.
- Don't take any dessert on Monday and Thursday.
- Don't fail to make the butter go around.
- Don't get cold.
- Don't copy all your themes from *Munsey*; some of us may read it.
- Don't get A* on too many themes.
- Don't talk in your sleep.
- Don't take the smallpox.
- Don't fail to get your picture in the Journal.
- Don't forget your tie—you might be embarrassed.
- Don't try to go to all the Germans given here; it's too much dissipation for a schoolgirl.
- Don't fail to "cooperate" with the faculty.
- Don't ever get on the ANNUAL staff.

Problems

M. B. J.—In answer to your inquiry concerning proper costume for breakfast, I reply, that a coat buttoning close up to the neck, worn with a stock collar, is quite the thing this season. The skirt worn with this may or may not be of the same material as the jacket—usually it is not.

N. S. & B. Mc.—Yes, they often assemble around the church gate, and I know it is very annoying to you. Walk gracefully on in a dignified manner and pay no attention whatever to them.

S. L.—Quite the thing for foot-wear on cold, rainy days when you make use of your shortest walking-skirt, are high-heeled opera slippers.

A girl fifteen years old should wear a pompadour at least ten inches high.

E. Mc.—You should always bid your friend good-bye at the drawing-room door. Under no circumstances is it allowable to accompany him to the gate and bid him a fond adieu in view of the spectators who might be on the campus.

I would discourage correspondence between school-girls and boys.

B. J.—Yes, it is always worn on the third finger of the left hand.

I would advise the young ladies to invite to their receptions only those young gentlemen who are of sufficient age to be allowed to come without a chaperon.

O. & S.—A sweet disposition is absolutely essential if a young girl wishes to be attractive. You should strive to be always pleasant even to those of your own household, with whom you come in contact every day.

D. S.—A young man certainly deserves a pleasant “Thank you,” for picking up your bundle, even if he is not the one you intended should pick it up when you dropped it.

J. C.—A kind, sisterly manner on your part will do much to bind up his broken heart.

JOCKEY.—Perhaps you are suffering from spring fever. Try an hour's ride on your best “pony” daily. It is advisable to take these rides entirely alone.

For information on any other subjects about which the young ladies have asked, “they will please remain after prayers.”



Faculty Angling Club

Motto: "When you're gittin', git all you kin."

Officers

Chief Angler: DR. GAINES.

Chief Baiter of Hooks: MISS HOPKINS.

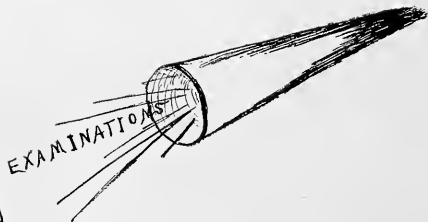
Bait Digger: DR. ARBUCKLE.

Active Members

NAME	WHAT THEY FISH FOR	BAIT
Dr. Gaines.....	Endowments.....	Weighty words and statistics.
Miss Hopkins.....	Good conduct.....	Loving kindness
Miss Lytle.....	Themes.....	A bloody fluid.
Dr. Arbuckle.....	A tidy lab.....	Threats of slaughter.
Miss Cook.....	Good cheer.....	Witticisms.
Miss Morrow.....	Non-literal translations.....	Words! words!! words!!!
Miss Sheppard.....	Individual text-books.....	Severe glances.
Miss Young.....	"Exactness, girls!".....	Sighs
Miss McKinney.....	Promptness.....	10 per cent off.
Miss Watkins.....	Dominant sevenths.....	Patience.
Miss Nan Lewis.....	Nobby-ness.....	Quite an air.
Miss Miller.....	Content.....	D. S.
Mr Maclean.....	Avoiding shocks.....	Flight.
Miss Barnett.....		

Less Activz Members

Miss Gash.....	Correct conjugations.....	Blue blazes.
Miss Howard.....	Full practice rooms.....	Smiles.
Miss Dowdell.....	Missing books.....	Keys, pleas, and threats.



Until Intermediate Examinations

Half a year, half a year,
 Half a year onward!
 All in the battle for fame
 Fought the Fresh young ones.
 Forward the Freshmen came,
 "Study hard," their mammas said,
 Into the battle of fame
 Rode the Fresh young ones.

Gay Sophs to right of them,
 Gay Sophs to left of them,
 Gay Sophs in front of them,
 Laughed at and humbled.
 While *horse* and *pony* fell,
 They who had helped so well,
 Out from the battle for fame,
 Like as the Sophs they came,
 A *few* Fresh young ones

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the *wild* fame they made!
 All the Sophs wondered
 Honor the marks they made,
 Honor the Freshman's aides,
 Noble Fresh young ones.

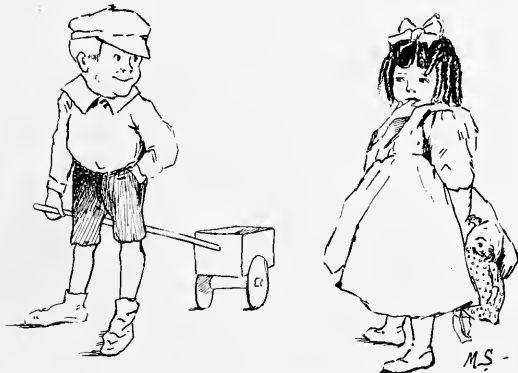
Reflection on Exams

One may justly suppose
 That she many things knows,
 If she only is able to tell 'em.
 But paper and pen
 Confronting her, then—
 The whole of it goes
 And rapidly flows
 Right out of her cerebellum!





"The Unknown Quantity."



Mr. Donald Fraser and Miss Agnes Scott.

(Not) As Ithers See Us

From Five A.M. Until Ten P.M.



HOSE fortunate people who have either graduated, or at least "quituated," are forever saying, "How I wish I were a school-girl again!" If it were merely a matter of choice, I'm sure they would find plenty of toiling, laboring girls who would willingly exchange lots with them.

Call them "the happiest days of your life," indeed! I'm sure nothing is more pleasant than to work from seven P.M. to nine P.M. and from five A.M. to seven A.M., on five Trig. problems and then go to class the next morning and report, "I've just gotten three, Miss Y——, but I think I could get them all if I just had a *little* more time."

You always feel in a very pleasant humor, too, when Miss M—— hands back your Latin Prose Book. It is more highly colored than when it was handed in—"black and white and red all over," truly describes its general appearance.

All this is bad enough, but it is worse still to go out to the laboratory, say at one o'clock, and start an experiment which Dr. A—— says you can easily finish by the two o'clock bell. Two o'clock comes, you rush in late to dinner, hurry back, and at four-thirty, tired, and disgusted at the loss of precious time, you put up the old apparatus, and joyfully think of the five hard lessons to be learned for the next day.

One has to experience the maddening pleasure of writing themes to know what true happiness is—it is something that words cannot describe nor the mind conceive of. It is a peculiar sensation, too, when Miss L—— reads your theme in class, and exposes all your shortcomings and unheard-of blunders to the *critical* comments of all your classmates.

After all, that old whistle, harsh and discordant as it is, seems almost melodious when, at a quarter of ten, it bids you say good-night to your Psychology, Logic, Latin, French, History, or whatever is your companion for the evening.

E. G.

(*Aurora*, January, 1902.)

A Class Pin

"Oh, they are perfectly beautiful!" "Aren't they dear?" and other such expressions came from a group of merry Sophomores who stood together looking into a box. The long-looked-for class pins had come.

"And to think they belong to us! Girls, if any one has to drop out, let's have her forfeit her pin. Of course we will pay her for it," proposed Ellen Gray.

"Let's do," responded the whole group at once.

Then ting-a-ling rang the recess bell, and the girls separated.

* * * * *

The school year passed—the summer passed, and still, as a Freshman jokingly remarked,

"Ellen has her little pin,
It's made of gold (I'm told),
And everywhere that Ellen goes
There goes that pin of gold."

And now as the Junior sits under a tree on the lawn, the same little pin shines from the knot of silk on her waist. But she is so tired this evening, perhaps Juniors have harder work. Her head rests against the tree and her eyes are closed.

"Well, Ellen," her father seemed to be saying to her, "we think it will be better for you to go to Mrs. Simmon's and leave Agnes Scott."

"Oh, papa!" and tears came to her eyes.

"Now, dear, don't argue the matter."

"But, papa, my pin—I'll have to give it up!"

Ellen's eyes flew open, as a peal of laughter sounded on her ears and a merry voice called to her.

"Hello, there, Ellen! Don't hold your pin so tight. Nobody wants to steal it!"

But Ellen only held the pin closer in her hand.

"Oh, Mary," she said, "I've had such an *awful* dream."

E. W.

(*Aurora*, November, 1901.)

Behind the Sign

"Please don't knock." The above sign, flauntingly conspicuous upon the door of No. 69, makes the passers-by pause curiously, wondering what the new girl can be doing behind that mysteriously closed door. But you and I are privileged characters. We knock above the sign and enter. Bare walls confront us. An open trunk stands by a window. The floor is strewn with every imaginable article of a school girl's wardrobe, from afternoon gowns to tennis rackets. The table is littered with a motley assortment of books. Tennyson and Wordsworth are elbowed aside by Cæsar's Commentaries and Wentworth's Algebra; a dainty blue and gold set of Ruskin is all but hidden by an enormous green dictionary. We turn toward the dresser. Here, dainty, useless toilet articles are almost hidden beneath a rainbow heap of ribbons. Numberless photographs lie ignominiously, face downward, in every conceivable place, and framed pictures are stacked on floor and chairs. On the bed in the corner, in a crumpled heap, lies the owner of it all, the new girl, miserable victim of the old complaint. We draw nearer, but she does not see us. Her swollen eyes are looking far beyond the tumbled room, far beyond the spreading campus. Softly we turn away. We may not enter there.

M. W.

(*Aurora*, November, 1901.)

The School Girl's Clock

Oh, the school girl's clock—if it could only speak, what wonders it could tell! With its round jolly face it stands on the mantel and ticks calmly on through all the ups and downs of a school girl's life. When she gazes frantically up at it and sees she has only ten minutes more to learn that awful lesson, it smiles at her encouragingly, still keeping up its steady tick-tick, tick-tick, as its hands creep slowly around.

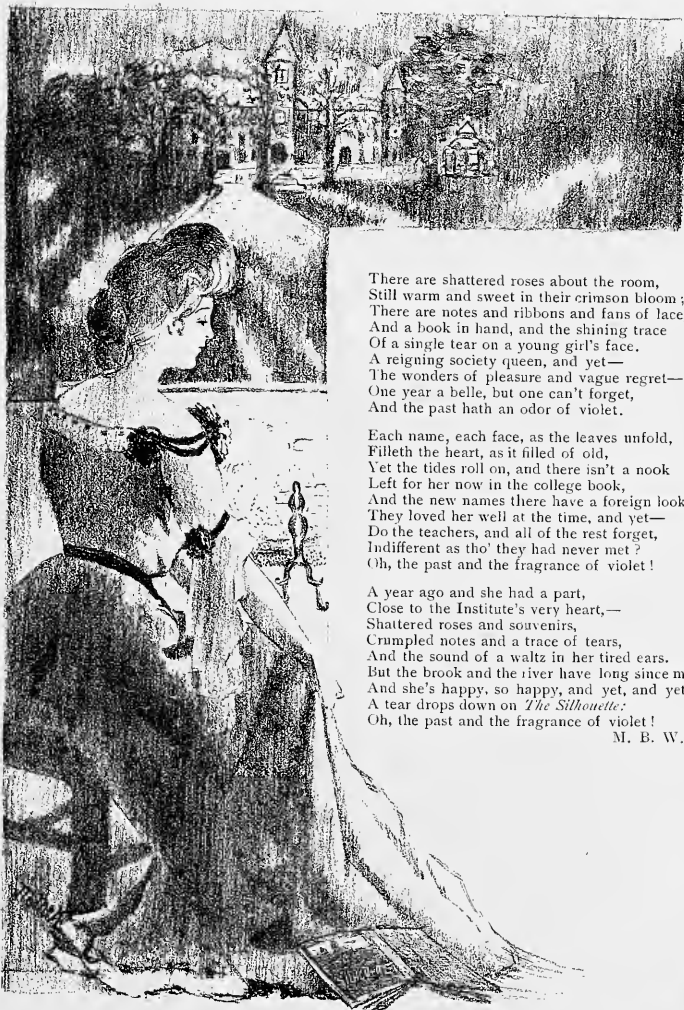
Although this little clock has such a serene countenance it is very strict in the performance of its duty. About five o'clock on a frosty morning it goes off with a great whirring and jangling just at the time for which the brave girl set it the night before. She lies for several minutes half asleep, waiting for it to stop, but it perseveres. At last in desperation she seizes it and buries it under the bed-clothes where it continues its admonitions, in muffled tones for several minutes longer.

The next thing it knows of the outside world, it is being dragged from its grave and hears a sleepy voice cry: "Why, I must have gone back to sleep! It's a quarter to seven and there is the rising-bell"

I. S.

(*Aurora*, December, 1901.)

L'Envoi



There are shattered roses about the room,
Still warm and sweet in their crimson bloom ;
There are notes and ribbons and fans of lace,
And a book in hand, and the shining trace
Of a single tear on a young girl's face.
A reigning society queen, and yet—
The wonders of pleasure and vague regret—
One year a belle, but one can't forget,
And the past hath an odor of violet.

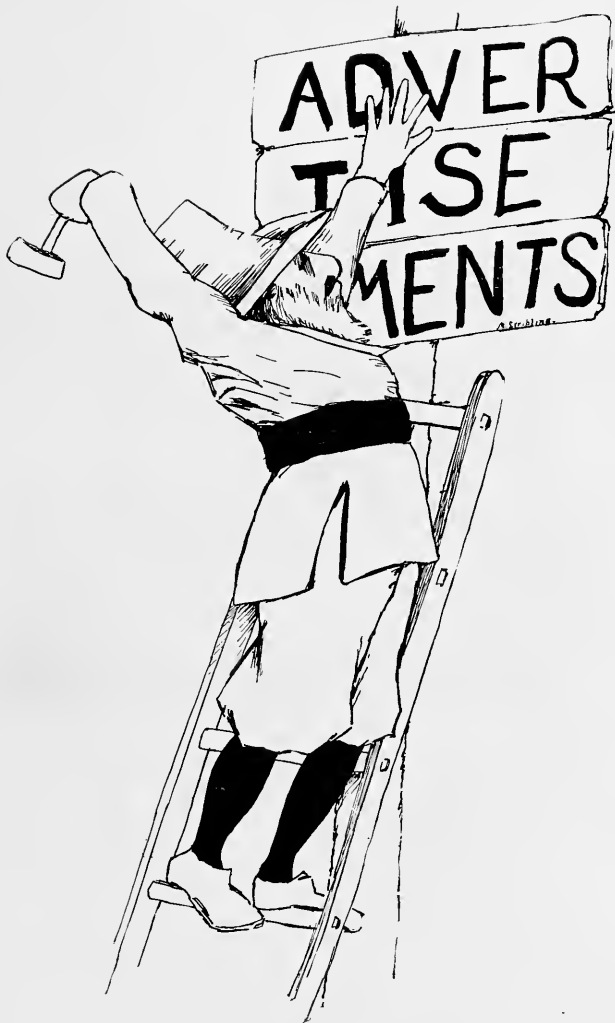
Each name, each face, as the leaves unfold,
Filleth the heart, as it filled of old,
Yet the tides roll on, and there isn't a nook
Left for her now in the college book,
And the new names there have a foreign look.
They loved her well at the time, and yet—
Do the teachers, and all of the rest forget,
Indifferent as tho' they had never met ?
Oh, the past and the fragrance of violet !

A year ago and she had a part,
Close to the Institute's very heart,—
Shattered roses and souvenirs,
Crumpled notes and a trace of tears,
And the sound of a waltz in her tired ears.
But the brook and the river have long since met,
And she's happy, so happy, and yet, and yet—
A tear drops down on *The Silhouette* :
Oh, the past and the fragrance of violet !

M. B. W.



HOW WE "DID IT."



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WANTED—An experienced chambermaid to do sweeping and general cleaning up of one room. Apply to Misses Sarah Cranston and Mary Battey.

Wanted—Agents.

WANTED—Agents to sell Dr. Gaines's new book, "Advantages of a Harmony." Address F. H. Gaines, Pres. A. S. I.

WANTED—Agents for Miss Bucher's latest work, "The Joy of Being Well Engaged." Biggest money-maker of the year. Best seller ever issued. Good salary. Address the author, A.S.I.

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WANTED—Employment as chaplain to some club or society for half my time. Good references. Giggling a specialty. Address Miss Gober, A. S. I. "Parson."

WANTED—A position as teacher of German. Have good pronunciation, and am a fluent and expressive reader. J. B. M., A. S. I.

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WANTED—To know if Goldsmith is author of "Gray's Elegy." Answer at once. You will be well paid. Miss Laura Caldwell.

WANTED—To know just when business men of Atlanta take lunch, and by what kind of clock they time themselves. Address Business Manager of SILHOUETTE.

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