

SILHOUETTE

III

1905





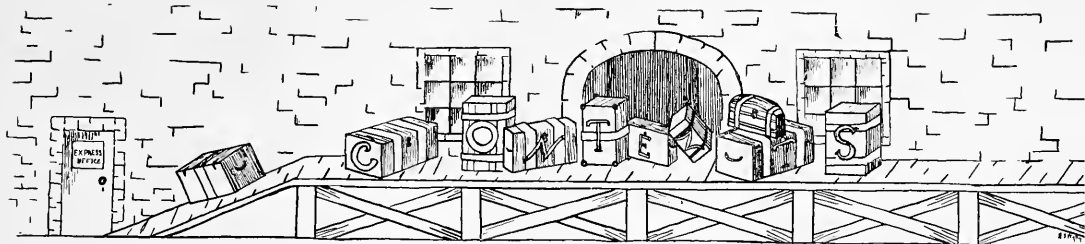




The Silhouette

Volume Number Three

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Greeting

TO
MISS MARIE LOUISE MCKINNEY
our sympathetic friend and helper
this volume is affectionately dedicated by
THE EDITORS



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EDITORIAL STAFF

Introduction

The gladsome joys of days now past
May linger yet in your heart,
But they will grow dim,
Though you cherish them
And in them once had a part.

You miss the times you used to love
When your life sped on like a song ;
When there came no care
But you found somewhere
A schoolmate to help you along.

These pages will make you wealthy,
In the SILHOUETTE you'll find,
By successive gleaning,
Jokes filled with meaning
Which will bring back to your mind

From out of eve's deep shadow
Comes a yearning and regret
For the paths you went
And the days you spent.
Silhouette's murmur, " Lest ye forget."

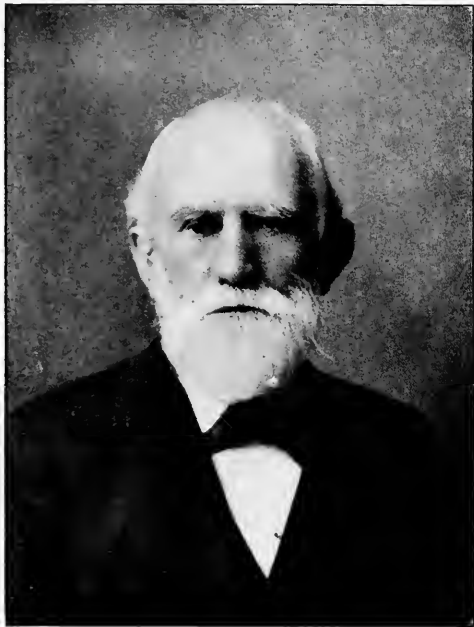
Some natures crowned by kindness,
And some filled with quips and cranks,
Yet one and all
Respond to the call
And come joyously to our ranks.

They owned a spot in our midst
In the session of naught four and five ;
There were those who worked
And a few that shirked,
Examinations still left them alive.

So dream, yea, dream forever,
Of the trees, brick walls and grass,
And the tower-light
As it twinkles at night,
" As ye walked with ye ain wee lass."




AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE



COL. GEORGE W. SCOTT

Colonel George W. Scott

 GEORGE WASHINGTON SCOTT, the fourth child of John and Agnes Irvine Scott, was born in Alexandria, Pa., February 22, 1829. There were three events in the earlier part of his life which may be called crises:

1. *His conversion.*—Being a child of the covenant and having Christian parents it is not surprising that in boyhood he united with the Presbyterian Church, the church of his father and mother. This meant with him the yielding of his heart and life to his Saviour.

2. *His removal to Florida.*—He was not robust, and in early manhood he found the climate of Pennsylvania too rigorous for his constitution. Accordingly on October 4, 1850, he left his native State for the South. After spending a year in Quincy, Fla., he removed to Tallahassee where he made his home, and in 1852 entered a mercantile business as the head of the firm of Geo. W. Scott & Co.

3. *His marriage.*—In 1854 he was happily married to Miss Rebekah Bucher, of Pennsylvania, who for forty-five years was a true and worthy helpmeet.

After six years of peaceful, successful and useful life the war came. Although a Northern man, Mr. Scott unhesitatingly and unreservedly gave his heart and sympathies to the cause of his adopted State and the

South, and entered the military service of the State of Florida in 1861. He was an able and gallant officer, and bore a conspicuous part in the Florida campaigns.

At the close of the war he returned to his home in Tallahassee, and himself earnestly to relieve the heavy losses entailed by the war. His business career was checkered, but closed with brilliant success. As a business man he was noted for his carefulness, sagacity, energy, and integrity.

He died October 3, 1903, after an illness of only two weeks, and was buried in the Decatur Presbyterian Church on October 5.

Some of his leading characteristics as a man :

UNUSUALLY FINE JUDGMENT. He was endowed by nature with a clear and penetrating mind. His conclusions were always reached after the most thorough investigation and consideration. When he had then reached a decision he held with unswerving tenacity to his purpose.

HE WAS A BROAD MAN. There was nothing narrow or contracted about him. He was a man of large ideas, with clear and far-reaching vision, with deep and wide sympathies, and capable of forming and carrying out wise plans.

HE WAS RESOURCEFUL. He always believed a thing which ought to be done could be done. He was never deterred nor discouraged by

t was a very rare thing for him to face an obstacle he could not way of removing. His tact and skill in devising ways and accomplishing his purposes were remarkable.

S A LEADER OF MEN. Always kind, considerate, frank and he knew how to appeal to the best in them. Few men under-er than he how to approach men, how to disarm, win and lead his he always did modestly, kindly, wisely and successfully.

S A MAN OF GREAT MODESTY. There were not many who had round for pardonable pride as he. His career as a soldier, as spirited citizen and a business man, and the host of friends won dness and helping hand, all were enough to engender pride. ery rarely alluded to any of these things, and then only in the ent and apologetic way to his most intimate friends.

S ONE OF THE GENTLEST AND KINDEST OF MEN. His tones, r, his acts, were marked by a gentleness born of kindness. No s ever kinder, gentler, or more refined than he.

l these traits Colonel Scott was a man of clear and firm convic-ntle and kind he was, but no manlier man could be found. He e as steel, firm as a rock and courageous as a lion.

be noted that the above characteristics mark the highest type an, and such he was, always polite, courteous, considerate of ined, genial and agreeable.

II. COLONEL SCOTT AS A CHRISTIAN.

lowing are some of his more prominent characteristics as a

y.—His was no mock humility, but sincere and consistent, ut of a sense of sin and appreciation of the holiness of God. d softly and humbly before his Maker.

Faith.—He was a Christian of clear, strong faith in Christ as his personal Saviour, and also in the guiding hand of God and His overruling providence.

Prayer.—Only those closest to him knew what a prominent place prayer held in his life. He had strong and abiding faith in prayer. He regularly and confidently committed himself, his interests and his philanthropic work to God in prayer. The Institute was the subject of his daily prayers.

Catholic Spirit.—He was a devoted and loyal Presbyterian. He cordially believed the distinctive doctrines of the church. But his christianity was not bounded by the Presbyterian Church. His love and interest extended to Christians of every name, and he extended a helping hand to all. During a long and intimate acquaintance I never heard a criticism of any denomination fall from his lips.

Christian Liberality.—He considered that all he possessed came from God, and that he was God's steward. Feeling thus, he gave not grudgingly but cheerfully. In his own church he responded with great liberality to every cause. He gave freely, however, to different churches and many causes. The extent of his liberality no one knows. He did not let his left hand know what his right hand did.

III. COLONEL SCOTT AS A PHILANTHROPIST.

What he was as a man and what he was as a Christian made him what he was as a philanthropist. His philanthropy was the expression, the flowering out, of the man and the Christian. The wide range of his charity, and the amount of it, will never be known in this world, so unostentatious and reticent was he about it, but enough is known to indicate that the help he extended his fellow men, in every walk of life and in various sections of the country, displayed large philanthropy. The value

of this help was enhanced by the kindness with which it was rendered and by the sympathy and interest extended.

AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE.

His largest and most conspicuous work of philanthropy was in connection with the Agnes Scott Institute. From the first he cordially assented to the plan for a great institution. This is precisely what all who knew him would have expected, for he was a broad man with a great heart and large ideas. He showed this by the kind of building he erected when as yet the school was in its infancy. Before he had the plans drawn he went north and examined some of the leading institutions, and then put up a splendid building at a cost of \$82,000. He contemplated the planting of an institution equal to the best in buildings, equipment and all educational facilities. He entered earnestly into the plan to perpetuate the institution along the lines indicated above. He sought to make it permanent, and was very desirous that it should continue under the management of men who would conduct it for the same end and in the same spirit. Such was the plan. It contemplated the establishment here, in

the suburbs of Atlanta—the Gate City of the South—of a great institution. The foundations were laid in faith and prayer. Back of the movement, and the inspiring motive in its entire development, had been the glory of God in the higher Christian education of young women. In all Colonel Scott's connection with it there has not been the slightest suggestion of selfishness or self-glorification. Nothing was more to the man or the Christian. From beginning to end he was actuated by the broadest Christian philanthropy.

For founding, maintaining and endowing the Institute Colonel Scott gave a large proportion of his fortune. He watched over and fostered the institution constantly with the utmost care, and was ever ready to make any sacrifice or to perform any service to advance its interest.

It is most gratifying to those who loved him to know that teaching his students honor and cherish his memory. For nobility of character in life his equal is rarely found. It is to be hoped that the students of Agnes Scott, in all the years to follow, will do honor to the name of George W. Scott, *nomen clarum et venerabile*.

F. H. GA



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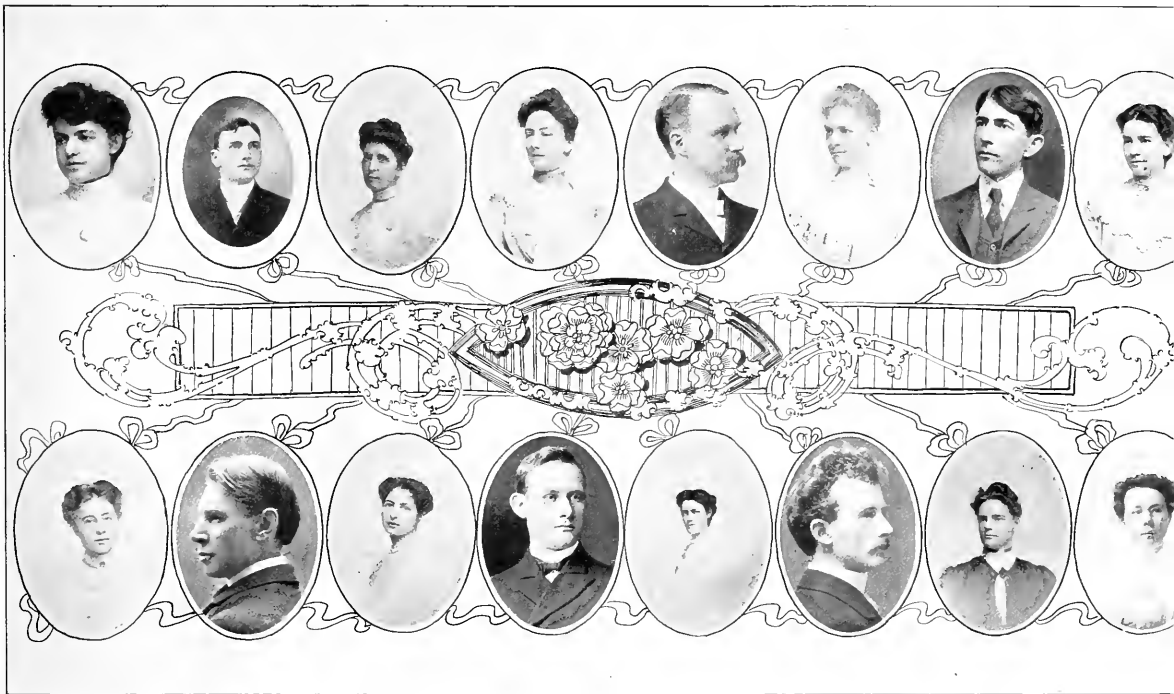
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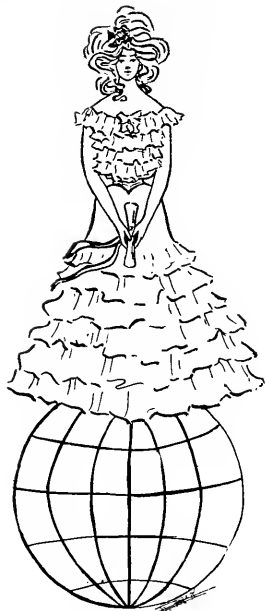
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PRESIDENT, MABEL MCKOWEN

VICE-PRESIDENT, EMMA ASKEW

SEC'Y AND TREAS'R, ROSE WOOD

POET, EMMA ASKEW

HISTORIAN, ROSE WOOD

PROPHET, MAY MCKOWEN

MUSICIAN, BESSIE DUKE

COLORS—Yellow and White

FLOWER—Daisy

MOTTO

"Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow."

MEMBERS

Emma Askew

May McKowen

Sallie Stribling

Aurelle Brewer

Lulie Morrow

Mary Thompson

Bessie Duke

Martha Merrill

Rose Wood

Mabel McKowen

Rebekah Robertson

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. Martin

Miss Askew

Miss McKinney

Dr. Farrar



Martha Merrill

MARTHA MERRILL

Hobby F.
 Highest ambition To be broad-minded.
 Greatest fault Idleness.
 Nearest approach to virtue... Learning.
 Favorite expression Oh! Cutest!
 Favorite article of dress..... Peter-Thompson suit.
 Favorite classmate I wonder! Don't you?
 Prettiest feature..... Mouth.
 Heart's desire To own an alarm clock.
 Pet abomination Physics example.
 Constant occupation..... Studying.

MABEL McKOWEN

Hobby Evil effects of dancing.
 Highest ambition To be popular.
 Nearest approach to virtue... Indifference.
 Favorite expression..... Hi there!
 Constant occupation..... Daubing in paints.
 Favorite article of dress..... Prissy-looking collar.
 Greatest fault..... Sleeping during study-hall.
 Favorite classmate Bessie Duke.
 Pet abomination Making-up beds.
 Heart's desire..... To get carnations.



Mabel McKowen



EMMA A. ASKEW

Hobby..... Secrets.
 Highest ambition..... To be the dearest friend.
 Greatest fault..... Universal devotion.
 Nearest approach to virtue..... Making believe.
 Favorite expression..... "Strenuous life."
 Favorite article of dress..... Nose-glasses.
 Favorite classmate..... Mary T.
 Prettiest feature..... Roman nose.
 Heart's desire..... To be fairer.
 Pet abomination..... Skinner.
 Constant occupation..... Running around.

SALLIE STRIBLING

Hobby..... Nobody knows.
 Highest ambition..... To be a public speaker.
 Greatest fault..... Superfluity of speech.
 Nearest approach to virtue..... Being "nervy."
 Favorite expression..... "Bless my buttons!"
 Favorite article of dress..... Ties.
 Favorite classmate..... Ask her (not you).
 Prettiest feature..... Brown eyes.
 Heart's desire..... To chaperone girls to the
 dressmakers'.
 Pet abomination..... Her University-of-Chicago
 roommate.
 Constant occupation..... Flirting.



Emma A. Askew

Sallie Stribling



Lulie Morrow.

LULIE MORROW

Hobby.....	Reactions.
Highest ambition.....	To get a Johns Hops.'s P. H. D.
Greatest fault.....	Being late to breakfast.
Nearest approach to virtue.....	Reading the Bible in the Junior and Senior classes.
Favorite expression.....	"By grabs."
Favorite article of dress.....	Fountain pen.
Favorite classmate.....	Aurelle.
Prettiest feature.....	Ears.
Heart's desire.....	To be at peace with Maud.
Pet abomination.....	Practice Hall.
Constant occupation.....	Doing experiments.

AURELLE BREWER

Hobby.....	So much to do.
Highest ambition.....	To go to China.
Nearest approach to virtue.....	Loquacity.
Favorite expression.....	"The dignified Seniors."
Prettiest feature.....	Dimple in the chin.
Heart's desire.....	To get married.
Favorite article of dress.....	Diamond solitaire.
Pet abomination.....	Ethics.
Greatest fault.....	Silence.



Aurelle Brewer.



MARY PERRIN THOMPSON

Hobby..... "Our Church."
 Highest ambition..... To be an expert mathematician.
 Favorite expression..... "Grand effect!"
 Constant occupation..... Talking in library.
 Heart's desire..... To be loved.
 Favorite article of dress..... Mary Kelly's hat.
 Pet abomination..... Trig.
 Nearest approach to virtue..... Gracefulness in dancing.
 Prettiest feature..... Dimple under left eye.

MAY McKOWEN

Hobby..... Healthfulness of Louisiana swamps.
 Highest ambition..... To be a musician.
 Favorite expression..... ?
 Favorite article of dress..... No. 6 shoes.
 Prettiest feature..... Eyebrows.
 Heart's desire..... Nice Auroras.
 Pet abomination..... Going to walk.
 Greatest fault..... Talking too loud.
 Constant occupation..... Drinking milk.



Mary Perrin Thompson

May McKowen



Rose Wood

ROSE WOOD

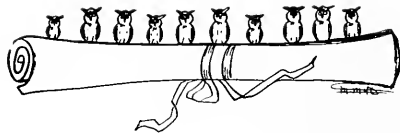
Hobby.....Mrs. Arbuckle.
Highest ambition.....To forget something.
Nearest approach to virtue.....Ability to spiel.
Favorite expression.....[She doesn't use slang!!]
Favorite article of dress.....Pink ribbon.
Prettiest feature.....Complexion.
Heart's desire.....To outshine mahogany.
Pet abomination.....Straight hair.
Greatest fault.....Forgetfulness.

REBEKAH ROBERTSON

Hobby.....Mr. Harrison.
Highest ambition.....To be "swell."
Nearest approach to virtue.....Diligence.
Favorite expression....."Ain't 'em cute?"
Favorite article of dress.....Kid gloves.
Prettiest feature.....Pug nose.
Heart's desire.....?
Pet abomination.....Physics laboratory.
Greatest fault.....Moroseness.
Constant occupation.....Cooking soup.



Rebekah Robertson



SENIOR POEM

Blow softly, thou breezes, o'er meadow and hill,
Be gentle, the daisies are blossoming still ;
The white-petaled, gold-centred daisies are there,
Oh, treat them not roughly, our flowers so fair.

The daisy 's the flower for maidens to love ;
The daisy was fashioned by angels above,
Then brought to our earth to grow in the wild—
'Midst briars and brambles kept still undefiled.

Sweet daisy, we thank thee for what thou hast done,
The Seniors all thank thee for crowns they have won ;
A crown made of daisies our vict'ry shall show,
For thou hast inspired us, thro' weal and thro' woe.

The pearl of thy petals, the gold of thy heart,
Will render thee priceless wherever thou art :
Thy white and thy gold are the emblems of truth,
Of modesty, purity, innocence, youth

Be kind, Mother Earth, to this flow'r of the wild,
Oh, keep and protect it as Nature's own child.
The Seniors all love it, and pray thee take care
Lest something should ravage its beauty so rare.

Blow softly, thou breezes, o'er meadow and hill,
Be gentle, the daisies are blossoming still ;
The Seniors' own flowers—the daisies—are there,
Oh, treat them not roughly, our emblem so fair.

CLASS OF '05.

HALF of the bright month of September had slipped away when something unusual took place in the old Agnes Scott flower-garden. For several days the gardener, as he had passed a certain corner, had been aware of a quivering, throbbing movement in the ground at his feet. The cause was now made apparent when early one morning he discovered a number of little nondescript green plants, just peeping from the earth. Though they reared their little heads in an important way they did not succeed in attracting the attention of the beautiful blooming flowers in other parts of the garden.

The head gardener was delighted with his find, and instructed his assistants to give special care to the newcomers. For a time the little strangers flourished briskly, for they were hardy little things and the days were bright and sunny. But soon the weather changed. The dark days of November came and the gloomy rains of homesickness beat heavily upon the wee green things. However, this was but the forerunner of the December storm of terrors known as examinations, terrors whispered about for sometime by the small plants but hitherto unexperienced in their well-protected lives. Poor little things! Some were beaten to the earth never to rise again. Did the gardener and his helpers gaze with unmoved faces upon the devastation wrought by the storm? Why their hearts grew sorrowful over it, for they now realized that several of their new charges would never be able to face other storms. A change of soil was advised for many of the plants, and for two whole weeks they were

cherished and guarded in various lovely hothouses scattered over the country. How they did enjoy it! Too much we fear, for some never returned.

With the New Year hope began to dawn in each tender little blossom. Though the struggles with the cold waves of Geometry and the Caesar winds of March were frequent and sharp, the method of resisting these attacks was by now well known to our little green friends.

As Spring advanced each little plant secretly rejoiced, for it seemed possible that a long-cherished wish would be fulfilled. And when in May morning the head gardener called forth every assistant to view the collection he said was the finest set of little plants which he had ever cultivated, the little plants moreover bearing rich promise of becoming beautiful flowers, their little hearts beat joyously. No longer would they merely be regarded as little green things. They determined to make such a mark for themselves there in the old flower-garden that not only the respect, but also the admiration of the other flowers would be commanded.

The following autumn marked the beginning of a three years' struggle, the result of which was undoubtedly the survival of the fittest. In the hard, hard winter days when the cold rains of Bible Notes and the blasts of Trigonometry pitilessly struck our corner of the garden. On that dreadful day it seemed as if the stinging sleet of Ethics had frozen and buried the plants beneath its frozen fingers. In fact it is doubtful if any would have survived had it not been for the bright sunshine of our aging teachers and helpful friends.


me to time the value of this particular flower-bed was greatly
by the arrival of new friends, some coming from other gardens,
s were brought over to this flower-bed by the wise gardener.

* * * * *
s over and Spring now brings joy to many sad hearts. This
season for the old flower-garden, for it contains a finer collec-
ers than ever before. Outsiders consider all of them excellent,
tedly the pride of the gardener and his workers is centred in

a certain corner of the garden where bloom ten choice blossoms, even if
they are not tagged B. A. Despite his pride and delight in them the gar-
dener's heart is sad, for the time has now come for the flowers to be up-
rooted and transplanted in other gardens. As he takes a fond farewell of
them there comes into his heart a prayer that they may remain as
free from sin as they now are, and the sweet flowers as they raise their
pure faces to the warm sunlight of Commencement dawn seem to echo
his wish.

ROSE WOOD.

THE TEN.

HE girl sank dreamily back in her cozy retreat under one of the young trees on the campus. The afternoon sun threw slanting rays farther and farther beneath the low oak until they pierced the shade and touched the hem of her skirt. Then the beams kissed the daisy she held in her hand and creeping upward seemed to rest for an instant on the score-card and dangling little yellow pencil.

She looked down at her class ring and sighed, "Oh! dear! they are going to do just as they please despite the most brilliant future I can predict, for their 'doctrine of the freedom of the will is ethically wrong.'"

The fresh leaves of the little oak rustled sadly and whispered softly lest the breeze should waft to the presidential mansion this awful heresy, "They don't love Dabney." Then she bent and touched the daisy to her lips passionately, "It doesn't matter does it, dear little class flower?"

She bent eagerly to hear the answer, but the daisy kept silence. She gazed at the little flower intently and counted the petals around the bright center.

"Ten slender fair ones just touching the golden part of life, overflowing with fancies and ideals now, but in the future how will it be?" she wondered vaguely.

"Five were wise and five were foolish," the daisy said; five were "fractional members of society" and never married because no one fulfilled their ideal. Four could only look back as old-maidhood crept on them and dream of the mighty Charlemagne. Alas! that none could be like him!

The ideal of the fifth old maid had appeared like the genii of the vase the smoke and fumes of the laboratory and ever afterwards the old knave kept his image in her heart and his picture above her table.

The vanity of the Class of '05 was piqued when Aurelle Brewster changed her own watch-fob for one marked "Tech," but notwithstanding this and in spite of the autobiographical sketch entitled "Two Gamblers" Aurelle made no score. It was strange, for the Tech. man said:

"The ball we used was nothing, dear,
But my own beating heart
And you, my fair Aurelle,
Played most important part."

The fault lay in Aurelle's failure to catch that ball and alas! that she should see failure for such an one, but it was the error of her life. That was the error she taught school.

Emma Askew had a "strenuous life." She incorporated the two words into her vocabulary during her Senior year at Agnes Scott and they came her motto. For her the acme of strenuousness lay in speaking in public. It was an act of heroism for her to cut the bonds of silence and add the weight of her word to public opinion, nevertheless she did not shrink from this ardent task. Like Demosthenes she put pebbles in her mouth and recited loud enough to be heard above the waves ran up and down the walls to strengthen her lungs, but unlike Demosthenes she did not shave the side of her head. Her masterpiece deli-

Woman's Clubs of Philadelphia, Boston and New York bore Universal Devotion."

Thompson had early inclinations toward matrimony and would only vowed "to love"—but Fate never decreed solemnity for her. List of the most eloquent proposal ever made, she giggled at the knelt before her. He arose and strode across the sands of Virch, where the scene had been enacted, and "left her high and tide came in to change the situation and the sea-shells whist all sad words."

Merrill, the loveliest girl who ever wore a daisy crown, devoted what she loved and did best in—literature. The innate genius was felt in her girlhood days soon made itself evident. Made by the brightness and beauty of her nature, her words trans- length to others, for they showed the same depths of love and that characterized her delicate sensitive face. Bits of autobi- nstitute the most interesting part of her writing, for the life of rrrill had been anything but dull and prosaic.

orrow was the last of those foolish virgins who did not marry, otion to chemistry kept her ever among acids, bases and salts. y years of labor she discovered an element and her fame spread s, for she was fortunate in having in her sister a celebrated lin- wrote an account of the work of Annie Louise Morrow in brew, Greek and German for the truly enlightened scientists. end of this pathetic? Ah! no! for mistaking $H_2 S O_4$ for was hastily transferred to eternal regions and according to her e, "They found a front tooth and a cuff."

ribbling, "the only girl who could cry and still be pretty," became pher immediately after leaving school. The sight of the grace- endig so diligently to her work made her employer glance at he dry law-books. Her gentle, girlish manner soon won him

but when she raised her soft brown eyes to his he sung under his breath,

"I've met such a pair of bewitching brown eyes,
I'll never love blue any more "

The two were married, but instead of living happily ever afterwards Sallie talked the lawyer to death. Then she married a soldier and loved him so dearly that she wore his picture in an old-fashioned breastpin.

Quiet, modest Rebie took the veil as soon as she finished school and it became her well, for rebellious curls would peep out just to shock the other sisters. Constant letters came from one whose love had never grown cold and one night Rebie left the convent walls to be seen within them no more. Her nun's veil was changed for a bride's.

Rose Wood after ten proposals—more than her allotted share—decided in favor of wisdom and on the fourteenth of May, 1910, the strains of Lohengrin filled her home, and the melody rising with the scent of the orange-blossoms floated out into the spring air.

For Mabel McKowen the wheel of fortune turned and turned until its successive revolutions cast her in Paris. Here she won the name of "the American artist" as well as the attention of the United States consul. He hastened to become acquainted with his celebrated country-woman, and the liking was mutual. The rest of her life was spent in devotion to him and other "grand old masters."

The girl had slowly plucked one by one the nine white petals. The tenth still clung to the golden centre and she would have pulled it, but as the sun sank she stayed her hand, for the last petal murmured,

"All shall be well with thee, maiden,
Your future we can not tell
But it shall be well with thee, May
For thee all shall be well."

MAY MCKOWEN,
Class Prophet.



Junior

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT, SARA BOALS

VICE-PRESIDENT, RACHEL YOUNG

SECRETARY, IDA LEE HILL

TREASURER, ANNIE KING

COLORS—Black and Gold

FLOWER—Black-eyed Susan

MOTTO—*Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.*

MEMBERS

Sara Boals

Ethel McDonald

Annie King

Rachel Young

Louise Chick

Annette Crocheron

Mary Kelly

Ida Lee Hill

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss Young



JUNIOR CLASS



THE JUNIORS' WAIL

Have you heard the Juniors' wail?
How they quail, how they quail
When beneath that eagle eye,
They calmly tell what's next and why,
Though within their hearts they cry,
In Psych. "I'll fail, I'll fail."

Have you heard the Juniors' wail?
How they quail, how they quail,
When experiments go wrong,
Making odors deep and strong;
When reactions hard and long
Make them say, "We'll fail, we'll fail."

Have you heard the Juniors' wail?
How they quail, how they quail,
At the thought of Latin Prose
Which disturbs their week's repose
For, as everybody knows
In this they'll fail, they'll fail.

Have you heard the Juniors' wail?
How they quail, how they quail;
When dread Saturday rolls round
And in themes they must abound
Else th' "instructor" 'll them confound
With this: "You'll fail, you'll fail."

Have you heard the Juniors' wail?
How they quail, how they quail,
Trying lives of kings to learn
Whose names it seems their mem'ries spurn,
Fearing from teacher this to earn:
"In Bible, you fail, you fail."

Thus the Juniors always wail,
Thus 'neath teachers' eyes they quail;
They're come from Freshman's greenest state,
Through Soph'more ways they've come of late,
But none of these they e'er did hate
As the Junior words, "I'll fail, I'll fail."

PLAYING WITH FIRE

DOROTHY was the picture of despair. She was curled up on the window-seat in the coziest manner imaginable; the wind was blowing her hair across her cheeks and in her eyes and even down over one shoulder; the blue of her dress matched that of her eyes and brought out the pink of her cheek and the gold of her hair in a most charming manner, but all the same Dorothy's mouth was puckered up into a pout and her dimples had all gone in.

"Looking at the sunset?" cried a voice from the doorway, and Dorothy knew at once that Margie was in one of her very chummiest, merriest moods.

"No," she answered with a little jerk which sent a pillow to the floor, "I'm trying to write a letter. It's no use, Margie, to try to do as you say, just put down what you want to say and then stop. I never could write a letter and don't believe I ever will learn how."

Before saying anything in answer to this despairing speech, Margie settled herself among the cushions which Dorothy had not appropriated, took a piece of candy from the box on the sill, then made a delicious little gurgling sound which might have been either a laugh or a giggle, but which was prevented from becoming either by the candy she was nibbling.

"Why, Dot, you little goose," she said at last, "who is it now, Jack or Henry or Ned or Tom or —."

"It's Ned. Margie, don't laugh; help me out, won't you? Please treat next time we go shopping if you will. You write such cute notes and this one just must be all right. Why, Margie, Ned sent me a piece of candy you are eating this very minute, and this note is to thank him for it. Please tell me something to say."

"Well," said Margie, "you might say, 'As I've nothing to do, I'll write you a note, as I've nothing to say, I'll close.' That's brief, if not exactly the point."

"Oh, Margie, I think you might do me that little favor. This is the first time many times I've helped you translate French. Here, take this piece of paper and make up something for me to copy."

"All right," Margie said, taking Dorothy's little writing-desk in her own lap, "but remember about that treat and some more French to translate. Will anything I say do?"

"Oh, yes, just anything. Margie you ought to read this story, it's really very fine." Dorothy was already absorbed in a magazine, and not at all bothered about the letter.

Silence in the room for a few minutes. Seated side by side on the window-seat, the two girls made a pretty picture. Each had a fair complexion and good features, but there the resemblance ended, for Margie's eyes and hair were dark and her one dimple was in her chin. Dorothy's hair of dark brown was also in contrast with the blue of Dorothy's.

autiful, yet each had her own attractions and both were

Margie stuck the pencil behind Dorothy's ear and declared that he liked her best, but that Ned wasn't half the inspiration some of the other admirers were and that she didn't like him half as well as Ned, helping herself to several pieces.

"This is fine, Marg," cried Dorothy delightedly. "I wish I had all of these cute things. I just know he'll like it."

"You can't send it unless you promise to let me see his answer," Margie said.

Dorothy hesitated, but finally consented, copied the note and mailed it to supper.

* * * * *
"Ned, old boy, what's the matter? You look as if a whole bunch of people had you, and I want to know what's been the matter with you for two or three days, anyway. Wednesday you were in better shape than I've ever seen you; yesterday you tore up at least ten sheets of paper with not more than five lines on each and then didn't get a letter after all; and to-day your face has been as long as a professor's. I know what's the row?"

"I said the tall fellow at the window, without turning, "I'm in a hurry and you can help me if you will."

"Ned, man, go on. Can't you see I'm breathless with curiosity?"

"You remember that girl I told you about meeting at that house-winner, don't you? The other day I sent her some candy, and yesterday I got a note of thanks from her—that's what set me up on my feet like her, charming and graceful, with wit and a little dash

thrown in. Of course I want to answer it and ask her to correspond with me; but, Dick, you know I'm no hand at letter-writing."

"Well, if that's all that's worrying you, you're hard up for trouble I must say. If I just had a girl to write to, I bet I wouldn't find much trouble filling up pages."

"I know that, and that's what I want you to do, write a letter for me to copy. It won't take you long. You can do it before time for mail, and if you will, it's my treat."

"Of all things, the idea of my writing a letter for you to copy. Why, that's unfair to the girl. But—well, yes, I'll do it this time just to get you out of this gloomy state of mind, for it's telling on my spirits too. Where's her charming, graceful, witty, and dashing letter? Why, of course I'll have to see it to get some idea of what will please her."

"Here it is, then, but I say, Dick, don't tell anybody what a donkey I am."

"Certainly not. That would be rather a reflection on myself. 'Birds of a feather,' you know. Now you keep quiet for a while, while I write to *your* lady-love."

* * * * *
October and November passed quickly and Christmas was coming. Margie and Dorothy had their heads brimful of plans for the holidays, which they were to spend together at Margie's home. Margie had all she could do these days with her studies and Christmas plans, her own and part of Dorothy's correspondence, for she was still composing letters addressed to "Ned." Dorothy declared that she could never answer his letters, they were so bright and entertaining, and had so many cute things in them, and each week would either beg, tease, or bribe Margie with writing one for her to copy. It was fun for Margie too, for she read all of Ned's letters, and she had to confess to herself that she had to exert

all her ability to make her answers as bright as "Neds." There was candy too, every week, and bunches of violets from the florists, all of which Dorothy generously shared with her, so that, on the whole, Margie acknowledged that "the game was worth the candle," and allowed Dorothy to persuade her to permanently undertake her side of the correspondence.

During the holidays Dorothy received only one letter from Ned, and this one "not one half as good as any of the others," as she herself declared. However, she attributed this fault to the fact that "Ned must be awfully busy, anyhow, going to all those dances he mentioned," and consoled herself by admiring the books and candy he had sent her.

"Isn't it lucky, Marg," she said, "that I came home with you, for now you can write my letters just the same."

After New Year's Ned's letters became more entertaining, and—more and more lover-like. Margie found it hard to answer these, even in Dorothy's name. Dorothy, however, would give her no help, leaving her replies entirely to Margie. "Only make them nice," she would say, and seemed perfectly content with whatever Margie wrote.

"He's only flirting," she declared, "but all the same—," and there she always stopped and would go no further. One day Margie found her re-reading all of Ned's letters, though she pretended with much blushing and many embarrassed little giggles to be looking for one particular quotation he had used once—to use it herself in a letter to Harry.

"Now, Dorothy," Margie said, and Dorothy knew at once that she was in for a lecture, "this has gone far enough in my opinion, and I refuse to carry my part in *your* correspondence with Ned any further."

"Margy!" Ned's letters slid to the floor, and Dorothy pulled her serious-eyed chum down by her side.

"No, Dot, you mustn't beg me. I really believe that boy's in love with

you, and you ought not to flirt with him the way you are doing. were in love with him, too, it would be different. But you are not know."

"But I am, Margie, dear." It was just a whisper and almost distinguishable, for Margie's shoulders, the pillows and her own curls all engaged in hiding Dorothy's face just then, although it was outside and the room was in shadow.

Too surprised to speak, Margie could only look in amazement at babyish curls and wonder if Dot knew what she was saying. A minute up came the flushed face, and Dorothy threw her arms around chum's neck and gave her a French kiss.

"Aren't you surprised!" she exclaimed. "But I just had to tell I got Ned's letter the other day, and he has written to papa, a Margie, darling," with another kiss, "won't you write me first the letter you can and tell him that if papa consents that—that—I will. The screen brigade was once more called into service.

* * * * *

Miss Hayes, simply dressed in white, with a red rose pinned where the dress met in a V at her throat, stepped out on the porch of the house one morning in early June and sank into a low-hanging hammock, letting her gaze wander over the green lawn on which the dew still lay. She was early for breakfast, she knew, but the morning's beauty tempted her more than her usual nap. Besides, sleep was impossible this morning—the morning of Dorothy's wedding night.

She was thinking as she swung leisurely to and fro of the last two years—of the summer after her and Dorothy's Sophomore year when Dorothy had first met Ned; then of the following winter, of how they had been as Juniors, of the pleasures they had had; nevertheless more than all, of her part in Dorothy and Ned's courtship. Her thoughts wandered on over the preceding summer, her long visit to Dorothy

ns had been made for this very day ; over their Senior year, so closed with diplomas for each ; finally over the hastening of her n's marriage because of Ned's unexpected summons to California his father owned large estates. The two girls had planned a mer together in the mountains, before the wedding in October, ril Ned had written urging "his own little Dot" to go with him o California, where he would be obliged to stay at least six and Dorothy had consented on condition that their marriage be t and simple, with no formal announcement, thus enabling Dor- nish out her Senior year.

morning, Miss Hayes." Margie sat up quickly. She had come taking her nap, after all, in the hammock.

r. Chandler, how you startied me!" she exclaimed. "I do be- as very near dozing. We were up so late last night, you know."

we?" Dick Chandler, Ned's best man, responded. "I didn't recalling the wedding rehearsal, and afterwards his long talk maid of honor, after which he had told Ned that "he didn't n a bit for wanting to settle down; that he would, too, if he a little girl to love him like—like—"

why don't you say it?" Ned had demanded. "I know you but Dorothy told me herself that she wouldn't look at anybody ick had smiled. He had not been thinking of Dorothy.

and Dorothy, too, had had a talk the night before, in which ad been made to admire all Ned's qualities—for he had only in Dorothy's eyes—but had ended by putting in a good word too.

him," she had said. "Indeed, he is somewhat like I imagined d be from his letters."

morning talks served only to increase these sentiments of admi-

ration on each side, and when Dick, who had called to inquire about some minute point in the ceremony, left, Margie found herself looking forward with distinct pleasure to her drive that afternoon.

"Ned and Miss Dorothy are sure to be having a last talk before taking the final plunge," Dick had said, "so won't you take a drive with me if I promise to have you back in time to—" Margie's eyes had dared him there, and he had changed his conclusion from "rest" to "primp."

How delightfully interesting that day was! Margie enjoyed it all, arranging the flowers, receiving messages and presents, stopping every now and then to kiss Dorothy, who ran all over the house with flushed cheeks and eyes dancing one minute, clouding the next, as she slipped an arm around her mother's waist and declared in a hushed little whisper that she loved her.

And so the afternoon came at last, and Margie, in a blue dress and a big, drooping, plumed hat, drove off with Dick, leaving Dorothy in the library with Ned. They were back at six, and Margie hurried to her room "to primp," as she explained when Dick begged for a few minutes' chat, but, in reality, to get away from those eyes which had been so much bolder than Dick's lips that afternoon.

An hour later, as she was drawing on her gloves, her door opened and a little figure in soft white satin over which fell long folds of filmy veiling stole in—Dorothy as a bride. Neither girl spoke as Margie very tenderly put her arms around her chum and kissed her through her veil.

"Margie," Dorothy said, throwing back her veil, "I've come to tell you something. I told Ned this afternoon about your writing all my letters to him. I just had to, Margie, even if I did promise you I wouldn't. And"—Dorothy's voice broke into a soft little delighted gurgle—"what do you think? Ned says he never could write a decent letter, and that

Dick wrote all but one of his to me." And before Margie could say a word Dorothy had kissed her and run away.

The simple ceremony was over. Dorothy was Mrs. Ned Kerns, and as such was very happily receiving congratulations. The best man approached the maid of honor as she stood talking to two of Dorothy's cousins, and urging a previous engagement, drew her away with him.

"You have avoided me all the evening," he said, as he led her to a quiet corner of the broad veranda. "Now give me that half-hour you promised me this afternoon."

Later, after all the guests had gone, Dick led Margie up to Ned Dorothy.

"Congratulate us, Mr. and Mrs. Kerns," he said. "We waited we had made your match, and now we have made one of our own."

"Oh, Marg," screamed Dorothy delightedly, "you old dear! I do congratulate you, Dick."

"Sure, old man, I congratulate you," Ned said, "though I'm no surprised. Goodness knows, you ought to have made a match writing all those letters to each other."

"That's what I told her," said Dick.





SOPHOMORE

OFFICERS OF SOPHOMORE CLASS

FIRST TERM

PRESIDENT, AMELIA GEORGE

VICE-PRESIDENT, LILLIE PHILLIPS

SEC'Y AND TREAS'R, EUGENIA WALKER

SECOND TERM

PRESIDENT, LILLIE PHILLIPS

VICE-PRESIDENT, IRENE FOSCUE

SEC'Y AND TREAS'R, MAUDE HILL

POET, CLYDE PETTUS

HISTORIAN, ELIZABETH CURRY

COLORS—Garnet and Gold

FLOWER—Jacqueminot Rose

MOTTO

Per aspera ad astra

MEMBERS

Maude Hill
Amelia George
Mary Fogartie
Eugenia Walker

Clyde Pettus
Irene Foscue
Lillie Phillips
Dora Ellis

Farris Davis
Elizabeth Curry
Lola Parham
Corinne McCombs

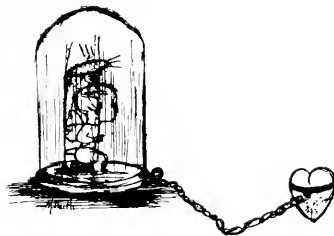
HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Hopkins

Dr. Arbuckle



SOPHOMORE CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

What girls are these? Will
some one please
Inform us whence this
mighty air?
This much I know, a year
ago
They started out as Fresh-
men here.

How time has flown! The
girls have grown
Into tall Sophs at A. S. I.
With manners bland and
bearing grand
Since reaching this estate
so high.

But, bear in mind, you'll
always find
Her trials each one hath,
She wakes with screams
from dreadful dreams
Of Latin and of Math.

The highest bliss of a Soph's
life is
That one day a Senior she'll
be;
That the time draws nigh
when, her books put by,
In her "Castle in Spain" she'll
be free.

C. E. P., '07.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

was on a mellow autumn day that that event occurred at Agnes Scott which was to prove the beginning of the Institute's golden age—the coming of that sturdy band of Freshmen in the fall of 1903. This band entered A. S. I.'s halls with no undue show of pride or arrogance, but with a deep, unspoken sense of their ability and ability to surpass, even the marks of true greatness. In the classification and the entrance examinations, the teachers were forced to admit that this was a remarkably intelligent band of Freshmen. At this the newcomers smiled at each other significantly, but with a very quiet little smile.

After this band met and formally organized, deciding on their own matters of class business in the most decorous and orderly manner without the aid of a teacher or of even one of the lofty Seniors, an important accomplishment on the part of Agnes Scott Freshmen.

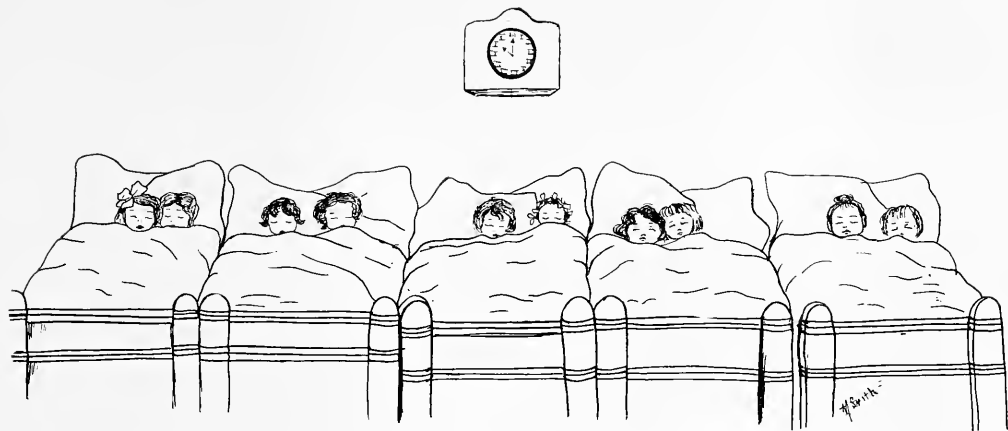
The year's work began in earnest. The good opinion of the teachers soon surprised as from day to day the wonderful ability of the Freshmen became apparent. The feeling of the teachers passed from wonder to consternation as often some thoughtful Freshman would pose an exceedingly deep question to one of them. On such occasions the members of the class would smile again, a little more decidedly than before. The fact became more and more apparent that the teachers were beyond their depth with this class, dismay seized upon the Faculty and in despair they wrung their hands, crying, "What shall we do with these precocious Freshmen!" Faculty meetings became longer. The Freshmen began to have a worried look. Dr. Gaines stood in the hall looking incredulously at the Freshmen as they passed. Again they smiled. Thus it went on the whole year, and having brought their work

to a glorious consummation in the May finale this formidable body departed for their respective homes leaving the Faculty the summer in which to recuperate.

In September they returned to renew the siege, diminished in numbers, it is true, but with the same indomitable spirit. Of course, they now had to assume a new dignity befitting their dignity as Sophs. The Freshmen trembled before this intellectual and imposing body. The teachers tried to wear brave faces as they cherished the hope that the remarkable action of the preceding year was only a leap of the flames which had spent itself in its own brilliance, and that now this class would settle down into ordinary pupils.

But alas for such vain hopes! That class was concentrated genius. What proved to be but the smoldering sparks of this mighty genius the year before now burst forth into splendid flame before the dazed eyes of the Faculty. Still these brave souls struggled nobly on seeking to hide their perturbation. Work proceeded and the Sophomore class made for itself a record unequalled in fiction or history. Words are inadequate to express the accomplishments along all lines of this prodigy among classes. Nor was it so closely confined to stern intellectual pursuits that fun was forgotten. In truth, a goodly share of merrymaking was mixed in with graver occupations. And so they came on to the end of the year with banners flying and their shields—little garnet and gold ones—gleaming with victory.

Are there malicious whisperings abroad that say, "'Tis only the blowing of the Sophomores' brazen horn?" Then be it known that never before was that horn blown with such just cause.



FRESHMAN

CLASS OF 1908

FIRST TERM

PRESIDENT, BESSIE SENTELL

VICE-PRESIDENT, EDITH SLOAN

SECRETARY, MARGARETHE STOKES

TREASURER, DOROTHY DYRENFORTH

SECOND TERM

PRESIDENT, EDITH SLOAN

VICE-PRESIDENT, JOSIE SULLIVAN

SECRETARY, LIZZABEL SAXON

TREASURER, BESSIE SENTELL

POET, ELLA BRICE MORRIS

HISTORIAN, JOSIE SULLIVAN

COLORS—Crimson and White

FLOWER—Carnation

MOTTO

Not finished, just begun

MEMBERS

Katherine Dean

Mamie McGaughey

Jean Powell

Edith Sloan

Dorothy Dyrenforth

Mec McIntyre

Charlotte Ramspeck

Sara Smith

Jule Hunter

Ella Brice Morris

Lizzabel Saxon

Margarethe Stokes

Florence Light

Sadie Parry

Bessie Sentell

Josie Sullivan

Edith Lott

Anna Patton

Lucile Shuford

Estelle Zellars

Corinne McCombs

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss McSwain



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65888

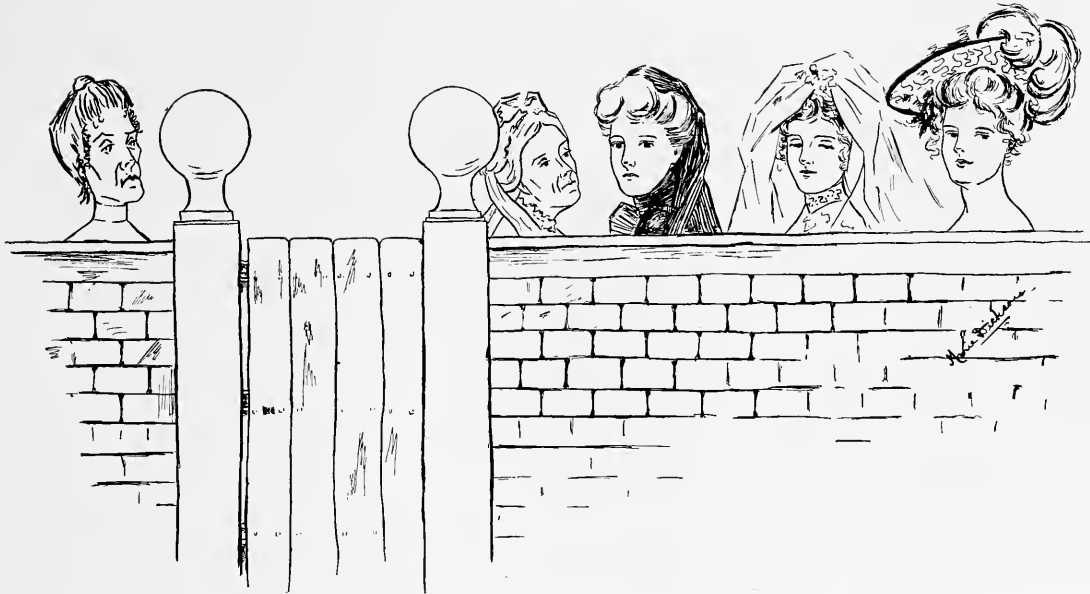


THE FRESHMAN'S PURPOSE

As one by one the steps ascending,
We reach at last the longed-for height,
As to the wheel our shoulder bending,
We 'complish all things by our might ;
'Tis thus that by the dint of labor
Lessons learning one by one
We gather wisdom, praise and favor
If our tasks are nobly done.

As now we Freshmen start out early,
And hope, at last, to win the prize ;
As we climb up slowly, surely,
Over mounds of monstrous size,
Thus we plod on, hoping, trusting,
On our hard and toilsome way,
With the thought of marching upward
In our minds from day to day.

CLASS POET.



ALUMNAE

A. S. A. A.

ANY changes have occurred in the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association since the pages of the last annual went to the public. These changes and the work now before the Alumnae may be of sufficient interest to outsiders to warrant a brief recital of them.

Last regular meeting of the Association, held in May, 1904, a reorganization was decided upon in order that the members in various localities outside of the vicinity of the school might take a more active part in the work. After various suggestions and much discussion, a plan was adopted which divided the Alumnae into chapters—organized according to places as the number of girls and the interest in the work warranted. The membership of the Association was enlarged by making chapters and for membership such girls as had spent one year in the collegiate course. It was hoped in this way to get many new and interested members into the Association. Reports are to be sent from these chapters at the next general meeting held at Agnes Scott in May. By this means girls, who because of residence in other places, could not engage in Alumnae work, can now do their share. The Alabama, At-

lanta and Decatur chapters are the only ones organized so far, but it is hoped that during this year several others may be added.

The work now before the Alumnae is the paying for and furnishing of the new infirmary which the trustees here decided, in honor of the Association, to call "The Alumnae Infirmary." The raising of the fund for this building was begun by the Alumnae last spring. Several members of the faculty and friends of Dr. Gaines contributed to the proposed fund, and by the May meeting of the Association several hundred dollars had been raised. Encouraged by this, the girls started out the summer with great interest, and have worked faithfully up to the present time.

A house was purchased for the infirmary and fitted up with conveniences for contagious wards, convalescent room, water and electric lights. It seems attractive enough to warrant frequent visits by girls who are tired of work, or by those who are really ill. The great usefulness of the building, the comfort it has already proved to those in charge, should spur the Alumnae on to finish the payments, and then on to still greater things in the interest of those halls always held dear by us who were once there. And may we in the words of a bygone class repeat:

"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."

Aurora

AURORA ORGANIZATION

MAY McKOWEN, P.L.S., Editor-in-Chief

MARY KELLY, M.L.S., Literary Editor

SARAH BOALS, P.L.S., Exchange Editor

ETHEL McDONALD, M.L.S., Local Editor

NELL LEGG, P.L.S., Music Editor

MARGARET RAVENEL, M.L.S., Art Editor

KATHERINE REID, P.L.S., Alumnae Editor

NELL BATTLE, M.L.S., Business Manager



ELECTRIC
CITY ENG. Co.

THE AURORA STAFF

DEPARTMENT GRADUATES

MUSIC

ANNIE GILLEYLEN CLAIRE HARDEN

ART

MABEL SMITH MABEL MCKOWEN

BIBLE

KATHERINE REID NELL BATTLE

ENGLISH

NELL BATTLE

DEPARTMENT GRADUATES



Katherine Reid

Mable Smith

Claire Harden

Annie Gilleylen

Mable McKowen

Nell Battle

“SUCH IS LIFE”

A sleepy girl,
A pile of books,
A mournful sigh,
Some doleful looks.

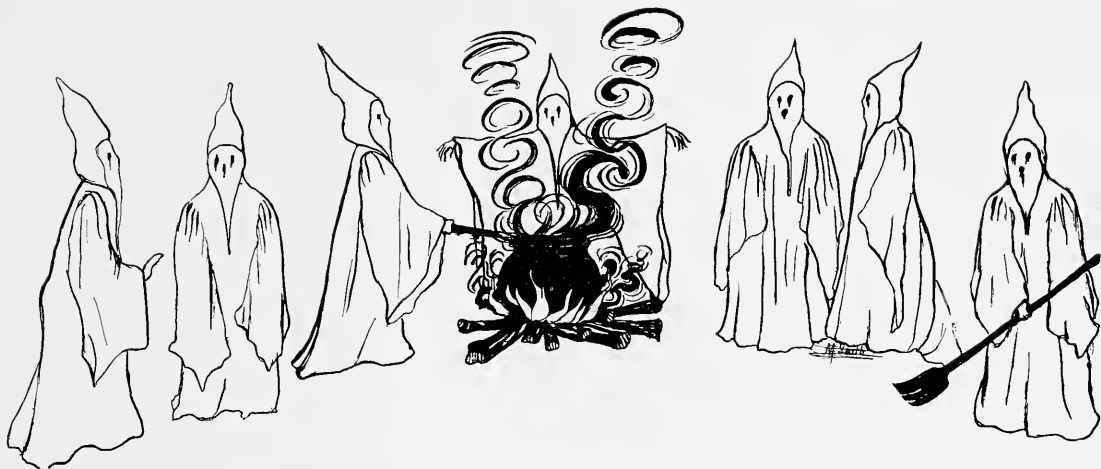
The whistle shrill,
A little pout,
No lessons learned,
The lights are out.

A loud alarm,
At five o'clock,
It does no harm,
Creates no shock.

The rising-bell,
A sudden start,
A hopeless look,
A beating heart.

The bell for class,
And no retreat,
A look resigned,
A “flunk” complete.

Mary—“What did you put on when you had
your picture taken, Jeannette?”
Jeannette—“I put on airs.”



SOCIETIES



MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL

MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



Marguerite Warner
Lillie Belle Bachman

Nell Taylor
Adelaide Montgomery

Louise Wadsworth
Mary Dillard

Mary McCandlish
Annie Campbell

Mabel Smith
Louise Phinizy

Marguerite Ludlow
Martha Merrill



13
14

Sadie Pope
Miriam Lullow

Anderson Walter
Katherine Newton

Eliza Stickley
Dorothy Dyrenforth

Alice Davidson
Dottie Vaughn

Adelaide Nelson
Margaret Ravenel

ALBANY
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Katherine Dean
Nell Battle

Annie Palmer
Mary Kelly

Anna Skinner
Berdua Crowell

Helen Jobe
Sadie Pope

Mary Thompson
Louise Ludlow

Caroline Caldwell
Mary Fogartie



Anna Mixon
Claire Harden

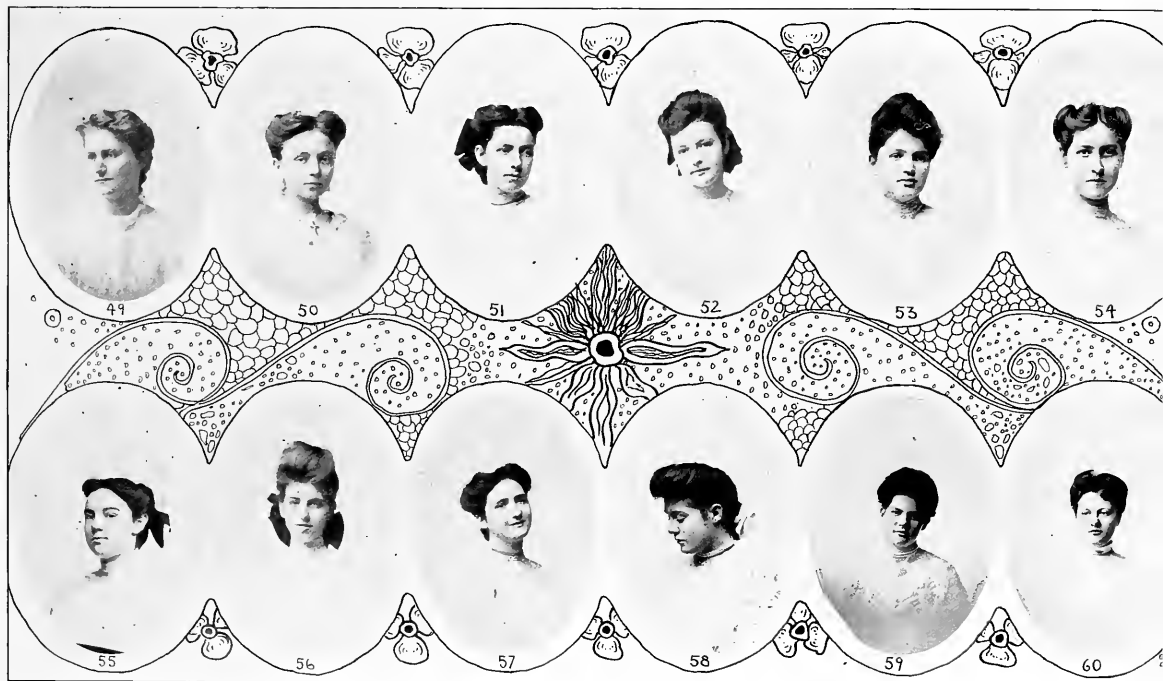
Louise Scott
Ysabel Salbedi

Ethel Dunham
Lillie Phillips

Marjorie Davidson
Christine Dickson

Gertrude Rubel
Charlie Smith

Annie Ludlow
Farris Davis



Emma Askew
Mary Roof

Kathleen Robertson
Josie Sullivan

Sadie Magill
Ida Lee Hill

Marybeth Word
Katie Hall

Marion West
Ethel McDonald

Maud Hill
Katherine Cox

MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY—Continued



on Van Dyke

Marie Dickson

Hattie Lee West
Mildred Thomson

Grace Barstow
Minnie Barco

Edith Sloan

Anna Plunket

MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY MEMBERS

Emma Askew, Atlanta, Ga.
 Grace Barstow, Providence, R. I.
 Alva Baum, Dublin, Ga.
 Lillie Bell Bachman, Sweetwater, Tenn.
 Minnie Barco, Crystal River, Fla.
 Nell Battle, Montgomery, Ala.
 Eleanor Collier, Atlanta, Ga.
 Berdina Crowell, Tampa, Fla.
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 Marjorie Davidson, St. Joseph, La.
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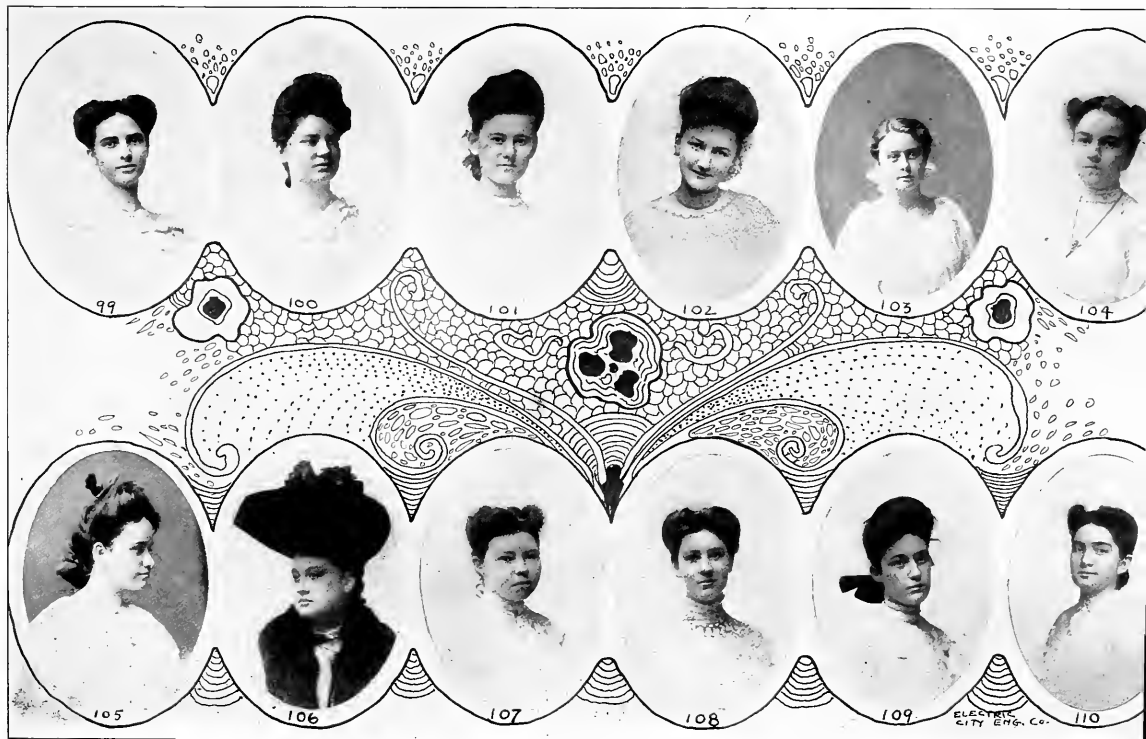
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Annie King

Mary McWhorter
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LADDIE

1

Ilka lassie has a laddie,
Agnes Scott has ane,
Sae let not e'en the Freshman fear
That she'll be left alane.

2

Ne'er did maid hae lad sae gallant,
Winsome an' sae true,
Whene'er he lo'es a maiden fair
The maiden lo'es him too.

3

Agnes Scott, wee bonnie lassie,
Lo's her Laddie true ;
If aught o' harm should come to him,
What would puir Agnes do ?

4

Laddie, O thou lane protector,
May nae cruel lot
Cause thee to go to ither lands
Away frae Agnes Scott.

One of the Ladies of the Faculty (very much interested in law)—“Mr.——, what is the first thing you have to do to get a divorce ?”

The Lecturer—“Why, get married first.”

L i t e r a r y

THE QUEST OF A VOICE

PART I.

HE young man paused and drew in a deep breath. Oh! how he loved these great woods, this vast cathedral of towering trunks, the green roof above, the soft carpet under foot, the fragrance in the air, and the soft sighing of the wind! It was all so soothing, so far away from common things, it stirred the imagination in a dreamy sort of way.

own beneath an immense tree and leaned wearily against the last rays of the departing sun broke through the branches rested for a moment on his face, lighting up the streaks of his temples. His was the face of one who has looked upon the vastness of the world with the eyes of a dreamer. He was not a young man, perhaps a little over thirty, well-built, but with the appearance of the scholar.

Oh! so tired! He had been writing, writing, writing all day—his brain was exhausted, his fingers numb. Even this land of beauty could not give him the inspiration he needed for his work. "Dear old Dixie!" The little line between his eyebrows deepened as he remembered the mischievous pranks. He had tried in vain to reprimand her, and it was not often that he even attempted it. He was so busy with his books that he usually turned her over to his aunt, the prudent old lady—could no more scold her than fly,—so Dixie's

pranks—and alas! they were many—went unpunished. To-day he had taken the reins in his own hands, but he keenly felt that Dixie had gotten the best of the interview. She had stood before him, the very picture of shame and remorse, with hanging head and downcast eyes. Foolish man, if he fancied little stubborn Dixie was penitent! But his dreams were soon dispelled, when he caught sight of that unruly little dimple in her left cheek playing hide and seek there; looking closer, he saw her merry, laughing eyes peeping roguishly up at him through the curls that fell about her face. He knew he had looked just as he felt—utterly foolish and helpless. He had turned away and sighed in despair,—and the imp had laughed and pulled his nose—calling him "Dear old Pugs," for his nose was anything but pugged; then quick as a flash, she was out of the house and flying down the path to the great woods beyond. He felt more than ever his inability to take charge of her now,—as, when at her parents' funeral she had been placed in his arms, a warm little bundle, swaddled in blankets. He had stood looking helplessly down, vaguely wondering what to do with her, until his guardian angel, in the shape of his widowed aunt, "fair, fat, and forty," had come to his aid. She had delightedly pounced upon the bundle and he had joyfully given—almost thrust—it into her arms, much to the peril of that same thing's life. Since then he had been so busy writing books,—the books that were to make him first among authors standing on the topmost round of the ladder of Fame. Aunt was too foolishly fond and doting, and blind to her faults to reprimand her, so Dixie had grown into a wild, reticent, care-free child,

much accustomed to having her own way, ruling every one and everything in that little imperious manner she had, yet with a certain easy authority, carrying her secrets to the sympathetic forest listeners. Besides her nature was too full of conflicting elements to be properly controlled, for no one could tell just when she was serious, or when having a little fun.

John Howard was so engrossed with his own thoughts and plans—that his willful and irrepressible ward should be under boarding-school control for five or six years at least, traveling with Aunty in the summer months—that he did not see the laughing face peering out at him from the underbrush near by. Perhaps he would not have been so confident of her management if he could have caught a glimpse of the future and had seen the naughty Dixie still bent on mischief, readily penitent and as readily forgiven. And it was woe to the luckless swain who looked deep into her eyes; for his heart was caught and held forever in their mischievous depths, unless by chance, he grew faint-hearted and hopeless under her merry raillery.

Having planned it all out minutely, bringing his thoughts again to his one greatest consideration, his book, John Howard began softly and unconsciously to sing to himself an old love-song, infinitely sweet and tender. Suddenly there came from the bushes near by, a voice, high, sweet and clear, full of intense feeling and longing. He jumped to his feet and faced about in amazed surprise, startled by this sudden outburst. Soft and low at first, then swelling into such a tone of mocking witchery, the voice drew him in its direction, so that, like one in a dream, he started in the direction from whence it came. But its owner, wary and alert, eluded him, and crept deeper and deeper into the tangled underbrush. He could do naught but follow it, for it drew him on as a magnet draws the needle. When at last the song was ended, he stopped in surprise and consternation. There was no one in sight, and even after diligent search he

could find no trace of the owner of that voice. Was it a dream, a hallucination, or perhaps the fairy tales of his childhood days come at last? He was angry with himself for being so easily affected, and with an impatient exclamation he turned and walked swiftly down the path to the big white house on the hill, the voice still ringing in his ears.

A few seconds later, a small, undersized child of weird mystery beauty crept out from a clump of bushes and blew a kiss at the reader's figure. Then with a merry toss of her head, as she thought of the guardian's surprise, and a light laugh, spontaneous and musical, yet with a slight wistful catch in it, she climbed swiftly up into the big overhanging oak tree. This little gipsy-looking creature was Dixie—Dixie with the merry brown eyes."

Her hair was brown, a deep, deep brown, and her eyes were dark, but her hair, black with subtle mischief, but deep down behind a gleam of merriment were true, pure longings, longings for all things beautiful and good. Her saucy nose was a little tip-tilted, and by her curled lip a dimple there dwelt a naughty, elusive dimple in a cast of rosy flesh.

She looked like some elf of the enchanted forest, so small and so sweet, she seemed against the green leaves of the great oak. She sat among the branches easily and gracefully, her hands clasped over her knees, swinging her tiny foot back and forth, as she kept time to the swatches of songs she unconsciously hummed to herself. Here in the enchanted wood, her imagination played without restraint, and her senses the murmurings and whisperings could tell her everything a human ear might care to hear, and to the forest creatures Dixie trustingly revealed all her most precious secrets. They alone knew that she had given to the guardian all her child's heart—a love almost idolatrous in its growth.

If, she too, could have looked into the future, and could have seen the day after day sitting idle at his desk, with sheets of unfinished manuscript lying all about him, dreaming of a voice whose memo-

him, calling himself a silly, sentimental fool, perhaps her
would have danced and twinkled all the more, and she would
pent sleepless nights on tear-wet pillows.

PART II.

ing was turned topsy-turvy in the big house on the hill. Dixie
g home from school! Every one was running wildly about in
of preparation, straightening things that had already been
d numberless times—making such a clatter and bustle, that
ard was obliged to take refuge in the considerate woods.
little less than delirious. Dixie's jolly letters had kept her
g the preparation until now, when the last few days dragged
ly.

y the household was excited, the whole town was wild with
Children of all ages and sizes hung about the gates to catch
impse of the returning Dixie Randolph. All the marriageable
made it their especial business to pass casually by the house.
trons took this particular time to pay back calls on Aunty,
at old lady's disgust.

ne remembered Dixie as a small gypsy of a child, and were
n surprised when they saw the jaunty figure of a rather tall,
beautiful girl, step down from the train. But she was the

same laughing Dixie, bubbling over with happiness and good spirits.
She lowered her eyes at her guardian's greeting, that he might not see
the look of pain and disappointment in them when he persisted in acting
as if she were still a child. A child? The idea! Why, this was her
nineteenth birthday!

But her guardian was not altogether blind to her charms. He kept
glancing at her in his absent-minded way, thinking into what a beautiful,
utterly fascinating maid his little witch had grown.

As soon as possible, Dixie hurried away to her beloved woods, nimbly
swinging herself into her same favorite old oak tree. Oh! how beau-
tiful it all was! Those never-to-be-forgotten forest whisperings,—that
ceaseless lullaby from above! What a lovely place to dream dreams!
Her reverie was broken by a muffled step on the moss beneath her. Glanc-
ing down she saw her guardian—his hands clasped behind his back and
his head down in meditation. He was softly singing to himself that same
sweet old love-song. With a roguish smile and a look of teasing merri-
ment, she began to sing it with him. With a startled cry of surprise and
joy, intense and uncontrolled, he glanced up into the tree. Yes! It was
the same voice—richer, clearer, sweeter—yet still the same! His eyes
met a pair of laughing ones; but it was the other look in them that
made him hold out his arms, and it was his answering look that made
Dixie slowly climb down into them.

TWO AND TWO

I

Only a pair of deep blue eyes,
Only a mass of golden hair,
Only a footlet small in size,
Only a maiden, young and fair.

II

Only a pair of shoulders broad,
Only a man so big and tall,
Only a look as he whispers, "Maud"—
Only two lovers—that is all.

III

Only a moon above so bright,
Only an arm around her waist,
Only a laugh of pure delight,
Only a kiss, caught in haste.

IV

Only a man of sixty-five,
Only a grandpa, old and gray,
Only a baby girl of five,
Only a lovely night in May.

A. M. G.

THE STRIKE

THE movement had taken its time in coming. For five long months the spirit of rebellion had been steadily growing until on the memorable twenty-fifth of January, nineteen hundred and five, the strike occurred.

The American Literature Class of Agnes Scott Institute inaugurated the first and last strike that ever took place within its walls. Outside the printers struck, the car conductors struck, the bus drivers struck in a body, so it was not surprising that the idea of striking should have entered the minds of five young girls who, like the rest of the world, must keep up-to-date. Like all great revolutionary ideas these ideas grew gradually, beginning when the professor announced that there would be three recitation periods instead of two for the American Literature Class.

The idea probably germinated the strike, but no one dreamed of the consequences or thought of the latent force hidden in the steadily growing plant—discontent. This, as in all strikes, was the heart of the matter.

The strikers felt that it was a grievance to have to serve during the recitation periods, but when they entered service they found themselves busy many hours poring over Richardson, Matthews, Stedman, and Tyler with forty or fifty or sixty pages ahead of them, and the professor's lessons staring them relentlessly in the face.

Protests arose, but, like the mighty Pharaoh, the professor hardened

his heart until it was like rock. In some unaccountable way he got the idea that the American Literature Class was trying to shirk, and immediately he determined that they should not. Never would he allow it! He would die in the struggle with the colors flying rather than give up!

He had not been out of college long enough to forget the prodigious work he had done, but one vital fact had escaped his memory—that he had had few lessons in his collegiate work, whereas his class had many. Agnes Scott was but an institute, not claiming to do college work and not failing to give students many studies, as is always the case in preparatory schools. He was very ambitious for his class, but they did not fulfill his hopes. While not equaling him in ambition they felt themselves rivals in determination of purpose. They complained to each other of the long hours and their increase in labor, and this plaintive note reached his ears from their own lips.

It was not a lack of interest that held a check on the class but a lack of time. One very foolish little girl who found her likeness only in stupidity steadily opposed the increasing length of lessons. Each day she made remarks, useless, of course, about the time it took in preparation for his class. Foolish girl! she was turning him to adamant.

The little ripples of complaint increased, gathered strength as they went on until they beat against the rock, and the strike had come.

"The last straw that broke the camel's back" was laid on in the shape of one hundred pages on the life of Poe and the order to keep a note-

book for his inspection and grading! "One hundred pages!" Heartlessly he had spoken those words. Ere the sound left his lips five lowered guns met him. He was ready for them, and for half an hour a sharp skirmish kept up. Wearying of this he brought out his cannon and lowered it at the strikers. The boom of the cannon shook the earth. The sentence equaled the Pope's excommunication; it ran thus: "A written lesson next Saturday, written lessons once a month, and an examination at the end of the year." The strikers were crestfallen, all save one. She alone gloried in the poor little victory, for no notebooks should be forthcoming, but was it worth the penalty?

"Yes, a thousand times yes!" her heart answered. She would study her head off before he should get ahead of her, she would make a hundred if she went hungry and sleepless.

Saturday came, and with it the promised written lesson of inconceivable

length, much more than any of the strikers could complete in but the aspirant toward the perfect mark undertook it with ten fingers and a spirit of "*Do or Die*." Her pencil flew across the air if inspired by the demons of indignation. The bell rang, and all trembled from the nervous strain.

The wrath of the class arose again when the written lessons were handed back, and again a volley of shot poured forth—this time into the air. Up in the English room the master congratulated himself on the successful way in which he had managed the strikers, but down in the yard the crack of the guns still sounded.

There was never any compact signed, but since both parties were so tired something they were ready to stop. Wearied of contest they all agreed to an angel of peace to come in. Once more an amicable relation existed

COMMENCEMENT DAY

THE CLASS OF '05

Commencement morning came one year,
 (The year was nineteen-five),
Ten Seniors felt themselves to be
 The happiest girls alive.

They filed upon the stage that morn,
 Ah, what a brave array!
And waited, full of confidence,
 The honors of the day.

Directly rose the president,
 His face quite full of grief;
His words were quick, and to the point,
 His introduction brief.

"My friends, we're come together here,
 To see this class receive
Due honor for the work it's done,
 Or led us to believe.

"But looking o'er the record book,
 I find to my surprise
That from its pages clean and neat
 Grave difficulties rise.

"Miss Askew's French, I do believe,
 Was forty-two or three;
Miss Brewer also failed to pass—
 Her fate was History.

"The two McKowens failed outright,
 Much to my deep regret;
For Bible 3 and English 7
 Gave hoth a big back-set.

"My horror still increased to see,
 Miss Merrill ten themes lacked;
Miss Morrow's dreadful 'flunk'
 To Chemistry was tracked.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

CONTINUED

"Miss Stribling and Miss Thompson both,
In American Lit. and Trig.,
Have done so badly all the year
Their work's not worth a fig.

"And when I came to Robertson,
It grieved my heart to find
That Physics 2 had proved to be
Most awfully unkind.

"One ray of hope still lit my path,
For here was yet Miss Wood,
And she had never failed to pass
When not one other could.

"Conceive, therefore, my dearest friends,
My terrible dismay
To find that she was like the rest,
For Ethics *lost* the day.

"It breaks my heart to tell you this,
But yet it must be done,
For not a single long-looked-for
Diploma has been won."

As thus he ended with a sigh
(He'd nothing more to say),
Each maiden sat with downcast *head*
And wiped the tears away.

Ah, then ensued an awful scene,
Too dreadful to relate ;
Each Senior felt that *she* at least
Could not endure this fate.

They rushed upon the president
With one heartrending scream—
Just then I sprang up with a start
To find it but a dream.

MAY A COUSIN BE AN AFFINITY?

"ONES," for goodness' sake, shut up and let me put in a word edgewise. Schoolgirls are a perfect sight, they talk so much."

"Well, I'd like to know what you consider yourself doing."

"Oh! never mind," and Margaret Randolph danced gaily around the room to the tune of "The Lover's A, B, C." "Girls, let's return to the supreme topic of conversation, the adorable Mr. Henry Preston."

"Mrs. Preston is simply wild about that son of hers, and I know your head at the thought of seeing him so soon."

"In the mouths of six girls followed many questions and surmises as to the identity of the gentleman in question. In the midst of this, a knock was heard at the door. "Come in, if your face is not red Jones."

"For a quiet reception, but I am sent as a warning to let you girls know you sound like a lunatic asylum turned loose, and that you'd better be quiet if you don't want several teachers piling in on you. "Excitement about, any way?"

"Carrie Fawning, do you mean to say you haven't heard of the arrival of Mrs. Preston's beloved son, Henry, who is coming home to see his mother in a month?"

"How the one we have been foolish to meet." "The conquering hero comes."

"Oh! I say let's have a procession and escort him from the station to his 'Home, Sweet Home,'" said still another.

"Can this remarkable news be true?" said Carrie. "I don't blame you for making any amount of noise, for Brother Will told me that Henry Preston was the best all-round man at college last year, and everybody that has known him raves over him. Girls, how can we arrange to meet him before the next reception. I can't possibly wait a whole month."

"I could shoot myself for skipping school on April Fool's Day, for we are instructed there'll be no more dinner-parties at the Prestons. To sit across the table from the adorable Henry would be too grand for any use. To eat fried chicken while gazing into those dreamy brown eyes, for you know they are the real bona fide kind," soliloquised "Jones."

"You are a perfect sight 'Jones.' The idea of thinking about his eyes this far ahead of time."

"Oh! shucks, I bet you've gone further than that."

And so these jolly schoolgirls kept up a lively chatter through the whole afternoon.

The center of the excitement was a young fellow just graduated from Harvard, who was coming home to spend several months with his widowed mother. Mrs. Preston was a great favorite with the school-girls, for she loved to brighten her home with the young people; consequently every Monday five or six girls would dine with her; and many times during the week the daintiest kind of a waiter was sent to

one of her especial pets. As there were none of her family living, naturally her thoughts centered in her one only son, Henry, who, on account of overwork at Johns Hopkins University, was coming home to recuperate.

"Let's see, it is six o'clock, time for the mail to be here, I'll run down and get the crowd's," said "Jones."

"Get mine, if you can bring it up in a wheelbarrow," yelled a voice after the retreating figure.

In a few minutes "Jones" came back with only one letter and that was for "Miss Margaret Randolph." It's from your mother, so you need't get that wistful expression in your eyes. You must think Tom has nothing to do but write to you."

"What's the news, Kitten?"

"Oh! nothing, but mother says a distant cousin of the family is coming to see me. I fear he's an awful pill, for she rather apologizes for his coming. I don't see why I have to entertain all of the stray kin, do you? I know this much, that he has brown eyes and brown hair, and is named Jack Randolph. He'll be here Thursday."

The supper-bell put an end to this conversation, and the seven trooped arm-in-arm down to supper.

The girls had all planned to walk by the depot just at the time when the Southbound train would bring joy to the heart of Mrs. Preston. Her son was expected on Thursday, the very day when Margaret's unknown cousin was to come.

"It does make me furious," Margaret said, "that I have to stay in that stuffy parlor when you all will be having so much fun, but my doom is sealed, so here I go. Dear friends and room-mates, picture me talking in a most animated way to a cousin whom I have never seen, nor never cared to see," and with a resigned look she went down-stairs.

Even though Margaret seemed to be disgusted at the prospect of a

boring afternoon, yet she gave an extra pull at her hair and an extra look in the glass. It was an attractive face that was pictured there—the blue of her eyes and the delicate pink of her cheeks harmonized completely. This eighteen-year-old schoolgirl possessed all the freshness and vigor of youth, but a womanly charm of manner completely overrode her striking personality.

Hurrying down the stairs, she rushed into the parlor where several people were talking. As there was only one brown-eyed, brown-haired man in the room, Margaret immediately singled him out as "her man" and before he could open his mouth, she began, "You can't imagine how glad I am to see you, Jack. Mother wrote me several days ago that you would be here, and I have been crazy ever since then for Thursday to hurry up and come. And how is Cousin Edward, and that dear old sister of yours? Let's take this seat in the corner, for, as I know from experience, it's decidedly the nicest one in the room. I declare I have never given you time to stick in a word edgewise, and I want to hear all about yourself, for I do feel real funny-like sitting up talking to a perfect stranger, my new cousin. How long do you think you'll be in A?"

And so the afternoon passed. Margaret went down late to supper, but she could only say, "He's beyond description and I am just crazy about my new cousin. He is coming again to-morrow afternoon to take part in the baseball game in A."

The other girls had worse luck, for Mr. Preston did not come.

Margaret and her new cousin seemed mutually infatuated, for they went driving, walking, and horseback-riding several other afternoons.

The girls were all looking forward to next Monday, when they were going to Mrs. Preston's. Restrictions were removed and "Jones" was in his new suit, so the way was clear for a good time.

Mrs. Preston, in her note, said, "Henry is here, so I want you to bring the girls to come over and dine with us too. One of you seven can have

didn't have a better pick of daughter-in-laws. So by-by until
t eventful day, curly hair that had never curled before blossomed
w hats, new skirts that looked familiar though strange on their
ers.
Preston's house was near the school the walk was not too long
eager spirits. Their friend met them at the door, explaining
absence until dinner-time. The girls were telling her of what
been doing for the past four weeks—their dances, tennis, golf,
they all agreed that the principal excitement was Margaret's
ho had been her one subject of conversation since he had visited

all true," said Margaret, "Mrs. Preston, I can't help but like
he is my ideal of a man. Do you believe in an affinity? Well
I certainly believe Jack Randolph is mine. I don't care if he
sin, it is real far off. You all needn't laugh at me, for I almost
e with him."

st!" screamed six voices.

n," said "Jones," I would hate to see the 'most.'"

dinner was announced, they all walked into the dining-room
Preston was waiting for them. "A very peculiar man not to

come to meet us," whispered one voice. But she got no response from
Margaret, for there was another young lady more nonplussed than she
had ever been.

"Why, I don't understand; what is Jack doing here, Mrs. Preston?"
And all eyes turned toward the head of the table where Mr. Preston was
standing. Then there were many questions and many explanations. Mrs.
Preston acknowledged that she had been let into the secret, for she
thought no harm could come of it, and maybe good might result, and
she slyly pinched Margaret's pink ears.

"Mr. Preston, I'll never be able to look you in the face again, and now
that I think of it, you really did look puzzled during the first ten min-
utes' conversation when I was hurling forth volleys of questions at you
and not giving you the least little chance to answer, but I think you
are entirely to blame, and you owe me an apology."

"There are some things we can not always help," and the genuine
dreamy eyes looked at *Margaret* while *she* was eating her fried chicken.

After that, there were more visits, more baseball games, and more
drives, and at the commencement when Margaret graduated, she and Mr.
Preston both agreed that the beginning of their love affair was quite un-
usual.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE

At the table they were sitting
In the dining-room at two,
Just as calm and undisturbed
As few girls you ever knew.

Clink ! the glasses on the table,
Clash ! the knives upon the plate,
Happy in few outside worries,
These girls ate and ate and ate.

All at once a form approaches,
'Mongst the girls who recognize
There is wild excitement reigning
While they turn and stretch their eyes.

Why ! there's nothing in the path there,
But a common ord'nary man,
Who is this that breaks the calm so ?
Won't you tell me if you can ?

Listen to the whispers running
O'er the room now calm no more ;
E'en the "fae" are really turning,
As if life were then no bore.

Now the man is passed beyond us,
To the dinner they return ;
He of whom they've heard since entrance,
Southward here his heart did yearn.

Listen, while I tell the secret,
Of the man of world-wide fame,
Who has caused this great excitement—
'Tis "*Son Lewis*" home again !

THE PROPOSAL

A merry youth,
A maiden bright,
A gentle moon,
A perfect night.

A sparkling lake,
A boat for two
And head o'er heels
In love, for true.

One oar he had,
One oar had she,
And well they pulled
In unity.

"How well we pull
Together, dear ;
Sweetheart, let's pu:l
Together, e'er."

A pretty blush,
A sweet caress,
A solemn hush,
A tremblin_g "Y-e-s "

All we like sheep have gone astray
Since Miss Shepard went away.



ATHLETICS





THE TENNIS ASSOCIATION

TENNIS ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—Martha Merrill

SEC'Y AND TREAS'R—Ida Lee Hill

MEMBERS

Marion Van Dyke
Alice Davidson
Adelaide Nelson
Helen Jobe
Annie Gilleylen
Aline Tolbert
Marguerite Stringfellow
Lucile Shuford
Ida Lee Hill
Martha Merrill
Anna Plunkett
Nell Taylor
Anderson Walter
Sadie Magill
Sadie Pope

Lulie Morrow
Berdina Crowell
Katherine Newton
Anna Mixon
Minnie Barco
Mary Reeder
Dorothy Dyrenforth
Kathleen Robertson
Mildred Thomson
Eliza Stickley
Lillie Belle Bachman
Marjorie Davidson
Mary Roof
Ethel Durham

Annie Ludlow
Marguerite Ludlow
Louise Ludlow
Nell Battle
Marjorie Menefee
Edith Sloan
Corinne Weston
Catherine Dean
Levis Coley
Marguerite Warner
Eugenia Fuller
Annie King
Claire Stringfellow
Dr. Farrar

D. S. C. TENNIS CLUB



D Dyrenforth, Sec'y and Treas'r M. Stringfellow Dr. Farrer E. Dunham M. Merrill
M. Warner S. Magill N. Battle, Pres't J. L. Hill

GOLF CLUB



A. Plunkett

M. Merrill
J. Wylie

S. Magill

D. Dyrenforth

L. Phillipps
M. Warner

WARNER'S BASEBALL TEAM



Polly Warner, Captain
Anna Plunket, Manager
Corinne Weston, Coach

Ethel Dunham, p
Louise Davidson, c
Anna Plunket, 1b

Ethel McCombs, 2b
Katherine Reid, 3b
Annie Ludlow, rf

Sadie Magill, cf
Berdina Crowell, lf
Corinne McCombs, sub

Corinne Weston, sub
Marguerite Ludlow, sub

RAVENEL'S BASEBALL TEAM



Jodey Haley, 1b Marjory Davidson, rf Gertrude Rubel, c Marie Dickson, ss Joy Patton, sub
 Dorothy Dyrenforth, 2b Christine Dickson, sub Margaret Ravenel, 3b Amelie Adams, cf
 Alline Tolbert, lf Louise Phinezy, sub
 MARGARET RAVENEL, Captain ALLINE TOLBERT, Manager Edith Wood, p Marguerite Stringfellow, sub

SCRUB I.



M. Ravenel H. Jobe D. Dyrenforth I. L. Hill M. Dixon L. Phillips
L. Phinizy A. Plunkett S. Magill A. Tolbert
L. Caldwell

SCRUB II.



L. Davidson E. Walker B. Crowell M. Stringfellow A. Ludlow M. Warner
G. Rubel A. Williams E. McCombs M. Davidson
E. Wood A. Davidson J. Patton

TRACK TEAM.



Battle

Hill

Plunket

Roof

Magill

Taylor

Hall

Dyrenforth

Phillips

J. MACILL, Manager



CAROLINA CLUB



OFFICERS

Wylie
 State, E. Sloan
 State, J. Sullivan
 M. Ravenel
 S. Stribling

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Mac Swain
 Miss Leinbach
 Miss McKenzie
 Prof. Maclean

S. Stribling E. Sloan
 A. Skinner M. Ravenel
 M. McKowen

J. Sullivan N. Goodwin N. L. Harris
 J. Wylie J. Haley
 L. Wadsworth

Φ Ξ Σ



MOTTO

Don't tell.

COLORS

Black and Gold

FLOWER

Black-eyed Susan

YELL

Who are we?

Can you gue.

We are the

Of the P

M. McWhorter

N. Atkinson

L. Phinizy

K. Robertson

M. Barcoe

A. Hawkins

B. Peabody

A. Mixon

JOLLY ROVERS

COLORS: Red and Yellow.

FLOWER: Goldenrod.



F. Groover M. McDonald J. Patton M. Warner
C. Stringfellow N. Legg
M. Hunter L. Davidson L. Fletcher

THE HOUSE OF LORDS



L. Wadsworth M. Kelly M. Merrill M. Thompson E. Askew J. Magill I. L. Hill N. Battle

MODERATOR, JOHN MAGILL

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, THEODORE MERRILL

HONORARY MEMBERS, EDITH WARD AND CARO GRAY

DAMES de QUALITE



Mlle. Groover Mlle. Patton Mlle. Gilleylen Mlle. Stringfellow Mlle. Davidson
Mlle. Warner Mlle. Fletcher Mlle. Stringfellow Mlle. McDonald Mlle. Legg Mlle. Hunter



GOOD TIME CLUB

MOTTO: "Always on time."

FLOWER: Four O'Clock.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: "Watch me."

TIME OF MEETING: "When the clock is striking
the hour."

Y E L L!

Boom-a-lacka, vica-laca!

Never, never late!

Vica-laca, boom-a-laca!

Were the good time eight!

M E M B E R S

Louise Phinizy

Nell Atkinson

Dorothy Dyrenforth

Adelaide Montgomery

Annice Hawkins

Marybeth Word

Christine Dickson

Marie Dixon

THE SERENADERS



OBJECT
make night hideous.

COLORS
Black and White.

MOTTO
*"Make all the noise
you can."*

FLOWER
Night-blooming cereus.

M. Hunter
C. Stringfellow
F. Groover

N. Legg
M. McDonald
M. Stringfellow

L. Fletcher
S. Boals
M. Warner

L. Davidson
J. Patton
A. Gilleylen

THE P. C's



MOTTO
Lucky in cards, unlucky in love.

COLORS
Red, white and black.

MEETING PLACE
The tower.

TIME
12 P.M.

STONE
Diamond

SONG
Show me the way to go home.

N. Battle K. Hall E. Durham N. Taylor S. Magill M. Merrill K. Newton A. Davidson
I. L. Hill M. Smith A. Ludlow
L. Wadsworth A. Plunkett

LUCKY THIRTEEN

MOTTO: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die."

COLORS: Black and White.

MEETING: Once a month, the thirteenth.

FLOWER: Five-leaved clover.

SONG: Song of the screech owl.



J. Wylie E. McDonald A. George K. Hall M. Smith E. Dunham S. Magill
L. Wadsworth L. Phillips A. Ludlow A. Plunket M. Dillard N. Battle

O. K. CHAFING DISH CLUB

COLORS
Yellow and White
FLOWER
Daisy



MOTTO
*“Eat, drink and t
ry, for to-morr
might be caught*

J. Sullivan M. Hill M. Barco M. West
L. Caldwell K. Robertson H. West C. Caldwell

C. P. C.



M. Davidson

K. Robertson

A. Mixon

M. Barco

S. Sharp

J. Sullivan

P. Grambling

“THE FEASTERS”



M. Ravenel A. Montgomery H. West M. West M. VanDyke M. McCandlish I. Salbide M. Thompson

CHIEF OCCUPATION: Eating.

COLORS: Pickle green and apple red.

THE LIMIT CLUB



hn

L. Phinizy

A. Hawkins

A. Walter

That, that, is, is.

FLOWER: Tiger Lily.

COLORS: Yellow and black.

A. B. C's CLUB



M. Kelly

M. Smith

M. McKowen

M. Thompson

E. Askew

SONG: "Sing on, Sweet Bird." AMBITION: Loving service to mankind.

FLOWER: White Carnation. PLACE OF MEETING: In the pantry.

THE PERAMBULATORS



Mary Thompson Anderson Walter Mary Kelly Louise Wadsworth

MOTTO: "If wishes were horses beggars would ride."

THE PROWLERS



F. Hubbard

M. Fogartie
A. King

L. Mo

MOTTO: "Rise, O ye sleepers,"

FLOWER: Johnny-jump-up."

"A. C. G.'s"



I. Coley B. Crowell C. Smith A. Brewer
 M. Phillips



C. McCombs C. Weston E. McCombs
 P. Gramling A. Davidson

X. Y. Z.



S. Boals C. Stringfellow M. McDonald

THE NAUGHTY THREE

THE NAUGHTY THREE

MOTTO

Three's a company, four's a crowd.

COLOR

Blue.

FLOWER

Forget-me-not.



"Charles" Stringfellow "Jack" Groover "Tess" McDonald

“DOLLY CLUB”

Martha Merrill

Anderson Walter



“GOOD CHEER CLUB”

Ethel McDonald

Emma Askew

Martha Merrill



WE ARE

COLORS

Sky-blue and cloud-white.

FLOWER

White Carnation.

MOTTO

"Born genius, study not necessary." (?)

CHIEF OCCUPATION :

"Enlightening the world."

MEMBERS

Ysabel Salbide	Marybeth Word
Marion West	Josie Sullivan
Marie Dickson	Mary McCandlish
Dorothy Dyrenforth	



"JEST US"



K. Newton

M. Warner

A. Davidson

MOTTO

Jesters we
And our life is free ;
We're happy-go-lucky,
We're jolly and plucky,
As you can see.

OBJECT

A smile.

(Piggy) Alice Davidson
(Toottie) Katherine Newton
(Polly) Marguerite Warner

ADVICE TO YOU : An ounce of laughter
is worth a pound of fret.

KODAK CLUB



S. Magill
N. Taylor
M. Roof

N. Battle
K. Hall
J. Wylie

A. Plunket
L. Scott
A. George

A. Hawkins
L. Phinizy
L. Phillips

M. Hill
A. Ludlow
D. Dyrenforth

E. McDonald
E. Dunham

A. Walter
M. Dillard

“THE NUT CRACKERS”



B. Sentell S. Stribling May McKowen E. Curry
R Young M McKowen I. Morrow L. Saxon E. Reid K. Reid
J. Shapard A. King I. Foscue A. Crocheron M. Reeder

“ QUEEN OF HEARTS ”

MOTTO

Men, beware!

COLOR

Red.

SYMBOL

Cupid's Dart.

MEMBERS

Josie Sullivan

Marion West

Alice Davidson

Mary McCandlish

Polly Warner

Ysabel Salbide

Marion VanDyke

Louise Phinizy

Annice Hawkins



MOTTO
"No question about us."

FLOWER
Goldenrod.

COLORS
Black and Gold.

YELL!

Razzle, dazzle!

Hobble, gobble!

Cis, boom, baa!

Question, Question!

R a , r a , r a .



PRESIDENT: Annie Palmer.

MEMBERS

Caroline Caldwell

Louise Scott

Edith Lott

Dottie Vaughn

Susie Sharp

Helen West

Motto : All things come to those who wait.
Colors : Purple and gold. Flower : Violet.

THE MIDNIGHT OWLS

Motto : Never iate till twelve, then it's early.

Flower : Moon-flower. Favorite drink : Arbuckle coffee.

Yell : Who's out? Who's out? You-oo-oo-oo.

Time of meeting : After the whistle blows, after the lights are out.

Favorite saying : Let's go.



"Molly" Thompson

MEMBERS :

"Polly" Kelly

"Dolly" Askew



Grand Master of Ceremonies, Katherine Newton.
Most Exalted Ruler,

QUARRELSOME QUARTETTE

MEMBERS

Lillie Phillips

Amelia George

Juanita Wylie

Dorothy Dyrenforth

MOTTO

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

COLORS

Dark blue and red.

FLOWER

Pepper-grass.

FRUIT

Prickly Pear.

EXPRESSIONS

Juanita—"I wun't (won't) do it.

Lill—"Amelia, get out of my room."

Amelia—"Oh, Dorothy's mad."

Dorothy—"You are so narrow-minded, girls."



THE TRIUMVIRATE



MEMBERS:

Katherine Cox, Decatur, Ga.
Marion VanDyke, Rome, Ga.
Ethel McDonald, Cuthbert, Ga.

MOTTO: Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care and a fig for woe.

FLOWER: Fleur de Lis.

GAMMA MU



M. Thompson

M. Kelly

N. Battle

A. Plunket

SI YUKI SANS



J. Patton
M. Hunter

M. Stringfellow
L. Davidson

M. Warner
A. Gilleylen

M. McDonald
S. Fletcher

N. Legg
C. Stringfellow

F. Groover

LAMBDA RHO DELTA



M. Warner
M. Stringfellow
A. Gilleyen

Louise Fletcher
Sarah Boals
Floride Groover

Joy Patton
Nell Legg
C. Stringfellow

L. Davidson
M. McDonald
M. Hunter



SIGMA ALPHA BETA

F L O W E R

American Beauty.

M O T T O

Edite, bibite, gaudete.

O F F I C E R S

PRESIDENT, Ethel McDonald

TREASURER, Katherine Cox

M E M B E R S

Katherine Cox, Decatur, Ga.

Katherine Hall, Minden, La.

Ethel Dunham, Savannah, Ga.

Ethel McDonald, Cuthbert, Ga.

Adelaide Montgomery, Starkville, Miss.

Marion Van Dyke, Rome, Ga.



“GRINDS”









HEROINES AND HEROINE-WORSHIP

Oft we'd read in ancient story
Of the heroes fair maids lov'd ;
In Carlyle, Mahomet's glory,
In our Aeneas, Dido proud.

So we'd read, and so believ'd,
But we knew not, of our part,
How the teachers, we so lov'd,
Steal into each maiden's heart.

For we care not for the hours,
But the heroines are ours ;
Ours is not the love of Dido's,
Rather one that hides and cowers.

First our President was smitten,
She the sanest of the sane ;
For she wrong her French had written,
Made her dream of Miss McSwain.

But the chicken of the flock,
She enjoys her toils in Gym. ;
All the girls who're fond of Pope-dom
Fain she'd tear them limb from limb.

Next in order let us tell you
Of the girl with Frenchy name,
Whom she loves, we all much honor,
Miss McKinney of fair fame.

Latin, Latin, Latin, Latin,
That is all these specials say ;
Latin, Latin, Morrow, Morrow,
This we hear from day to day.

Tell me, pray, how can you wonder,
That our Ethel loves Miss Cook ?
When you see them, they're together,
Everywhere that one can look.

Last, the youngest of our classmates,
She it is who loves a Young,
Loves her for her own dear sweetness,
This quite oft her heart hath wrung.

And so, Carlyle, we want to tell you
Not to fear what we will do,
For as long as there are Johnsons
There will be some Boswells too.

JILL.

CATALOGUE 1904-1905

NOTES.

R. V.

FOR repeated violations of these rules, and for continued disregard of the important principles which they embody, parents will be requested to take their daughters home.

The highest ideal of our institution is to prepare young ladies gracefully to hold high positions in society. With this end in view, monthly receptions are given the student-body by the Faculty.

At these receptions the young ladies are required to appear in full evening dress.

Informal receptions to their young gentlemen acquaintances are held by the young ladies in the parlors every Sunday afternoon. (After careful consideration we have decided that this is necessary for the prevention of possible home-sickness and ennui.)

Parents are requested to withdraw their daughters from school for a week's rest at home from time to time during the session. Such brief absences are considered highly conducive to health and happiness.

Because of the nervous strain on the teachers, examinations are only given at the end of each term to those young ladies who especially desire them. (Examinations are no test of scholarship, but, on the contrary,

have a fatally weakening effect on the minds and character of young ladies who insist upon standing them.)

Parents will do well to supply their daughters with no less than two handsome evening dresses, two opera-cloaks, and as much valuable jewelry as possible.

No young lady will be allowed to take more than eight hours of vacation a week, because more would undoubtedly interfere with the proper discharge of her social duties.

The young ladies will be permitted to go alone into Atlanta during the time they may choose, as this will give them good opportunities for developing their independence and self-reliance.

Each young lady may attend the church of her choice once a week, but positively no oftener, except upon written request of her guardian.

It is much preferred that no requests for special privileges be made, as much dissatisfaction among the student-body is aroused there-

NANNETTE HOPKINS, Lady Principal
F. H. GAINES, D. D., President.
(per B. a.)

FAVORITE STUNTS

- oy Patton—Snorting.
- ell Legg—Reclining under the bed.
- ohn Magill—Speaking French.
- inkey Wadsworth—Being an angel.
- iss Young—Sighing.
- mma Askew—Trying to get around the teachers.
- ell Battle—Spraining her ankle.
- ebie Robertson and Lulie Morrow—Boiling pots.
- artha Merrill—Pouring forth eloquent words.
- atherine Reid—Giggling.
- ouise Davidson—Playing the boy.
- melia George—Falling in love.
- iss Maddox—Talking in the library.
- thel Dunham—Rushing new girls.
- r. Farrar—Eating Valdosta syrup.
16. Mary Kelly—Being as sweet as the aforesaid syrup.
17. Annie King—Having a new room-mate.
18. Elizabeth Curry—Acting the martyr.
19. Anna Plunket—Stealing a ride on the car.
20. Miss Appleyard—Giving pills.
21. Miss Cook—Skating on the walk.
22. Mr. Barth—Trying to find somebody to teach.
23. Dr. Arbuckle—Teasing the girls.
24. "My son Lewis"—Having a case.
25. Dr. Farrar—Teaching French.
26. Aurelle Brewer—Talking! Talking!! Talking!!!
27. Mrs. Arbuckle—Being adored.
28. Miss Pope—Getting up crushes.
29. Marian Van Dyke—Being graceful.
30. Miss McSwain—Being vivacious.

ETHICS

1.

Now Ethics is the finest thing
That any one can take ;
For if you study it with us,
A prodigy you'll make.

2.

It shows you what to do and think,
And when to laugh and cry ;
It shows you how to live aright,
And shows you how to die.

3.

Sometimes, I think I'd *rather* die
Than live through Ethics time,
But then I'm not like other folks,
And have few thoughts sublime.

4.

We study 'bout the angels fair,
And, oh, I know you'll shiver !
We tell about the Hindoo babe
That *drowned* in the river.

5.

We study all about true love,
They say it gives you pleasure ;
But 's far 's know it gives some pain,
And that in right full measure.

6.

The will is free, oh, yes it is !
But I know something better :
If you just say "The Soul is Free"
You have it to the letter.

7.

Ethics says, "Get married, girls,
Get married if you can ;
For you are just a fraction,
If you haven't got a man."

8.

A man's a Macrocosm, friends,
Be sure you don't forget it ;
For if a jot should slip your mind,
You purely would regret.

9.

I don't know what that big word means,
Though Ethics tells about it ;
But I'm not ethically bent,
I'm sure you ne'er would doubt it.

10.

Oh, I like it well enough,
And parts I like still better,
But those who have poetic souls
Can't learn it to the letter.

E. AUGUSTUS CÆSAR A.



WORDS FROM THE WISE

1. Mary Thompson : "Martha, who is your favorite female heroine?"
2. A. Skinner : "I have no kinfolks at all except my own intermediate family."
3. L. Phillips : "Where and on what kind of tree do raisins grow?"
4. M. VanDyke (looking through First Corinthians): "In what chapter can I find the story of Jezebel, wife of Herod?"
5. Martha Merrill : "Yes, Mr. Hammond ; Bethany is fifteen leagues from Jerusalem."
6. Nell Legg (to the clerk at grocery store) : "I want a dozen *raw* eggs."
7. Dr. Arbuckle : "Young ladies, pure glass is invisible, I confess that I have never seen any glass that I could see."
8. Katie Hall : "Did you see Ida Lee in town with Ma (toque) on?"
9. Anderson Walters : "Aren't these moonlights lovely?"
10. Johnny Magill (raving over a Davidson boy in his Chi costume) : "Oh ! Edith, was your brother a courtier?"
11. Dr. Arbuckle (excitably discoursing upon the down feathered sparrow) : "Young ladies, they look just like oysters."
12. Emma Askew : "I wish I could study Keats under Miss M. She would imbibe his spirit into me so."



BIBLE NOTES

r. Hammond: "Miss Lulie, who was the greatest prophet in Hezekiah's reign?"

lie Morrow: "Well, it said Isa. in the book, but I never heard of him before."

r. Hammond: "Miss Asa, can't you tell me something about Emma's good reign?"

3. Mr. Hammond: "Why, Miss Aurelle, Paul wasn't married."
Aurelle: "Yes he was. Timothy was his son."

4. Irene (Senior Bible): "Mr. Hammond, where is the mount of the Amorats?"

5. Mr. Hammond: "Yes, I certainly think idiots will go to heaven."
(Mary Thompson has been looking cheerful ever since.)

Miss Askew (Fourth Year English): "Define *abstract* and *concrete*."

Pupil: "*Abstract* means to take teeth out, and *concrete* means to put 'em in again."

VERSA VICE

Emma Askew Prettiest girl.
Rebie Robertson Hardest worked.
Sallie Stribling Most talkative.
Aurette Brewer Least talkative.
Martha Merrill Swellest girl.
Mary Kelly Silliest girl.
Mary Thompson, Most popular, when she has a feast.
Elizabeth Curry Most frivolous.
Lizzabel Saxon Dullest.
Annie Gilleylen Most dignified.

After exams. are over,
After you fail to pass,
After you find you can not
Graduate with your class ;
Many a brain is aching
After the two weeks cram,
Many a course is breaking
After exams.



SURPRISED

Miss McKinney's English Class on January 21st.

Dr. Arbuckle—When he found a pound of benzoic acid. (1—Bus.)

Mrs. Susan Young and Amelia George—When they put one-half pound of sodium in water.

The Juniors—When the Seniors asked them to a party.

Miss Young—When she found the pages in Lohengrin were women.

Amelia George—When the skeleton sat upon her.

Miss Appleyard—When she saw Gilbert's kissing picture on Mary Thompson's wall—which she declared unspiritual.

8. Girls—When they had steak for breakfast.

9. Miss Young—When she found her mathematics class lacking in mathematical intuition.

10. "My son Lewis"—When he didn't get an invitation to the Thanksgiving reception.

11. Lulie—When she found Miss Morrow going out walking in her kimono, instead of her raincoat.

12. Dr. Farrar—When he can answer Emma's questions.

13. School—When Miss McKinney walked in without Miss Alexander.

TOAST TO THE THREE-LEGGED CHAIR

Here's to the chair,
The library chair,
That maid may sit upon ;
Be all its woes
When down it goes
To her who sits thereon.

Here's to the crash,
The horrible crash,
That coming, doth appall ;
May noises made
Ne'er fright the staid
Miss Moore, when comes the fall.

Here's to the girls,
The merry-eyed girls,
That giggled as down it went ;
May mirth as rife,
All through each life,
In trifles thus be spent.

Here's to the maid,
Unfortunate maid,
That on its three legs sat ;
May blushes red
Now quickly spread
O'er her who falls like that.

PUT IN BY SPECIAL REQUEST

Generally every school has at least one important personage. The A. S. I. is represented by the following:

“The Sun” (Sarah Rebecca Anne), around whom the following brilliant “Satellites” flock with perfect adoration.

“Full Moon” (Anne)

“Jupiter” (Tess)

“North Star” (Baby)

“Venus” (Charlie)

“Eastern Star” (Hunter)

“Evening Star” (Groover)

“Morning Star” (Dick)

“Southern Star” (Tommy)

The Eclipse—Third Quarter Moon (Aunt Sally)
with the “Sun” (Sarah Rebecca Anne).

THE HOUSE THAT GAINES BUILT



This is the house
That Gaines built



This is the boy
That worried the man
That helped the lady
That watched the girl
That lived in the house
That Gaines built.



This is the girl
That lived in the house
That Gaines built.



This is the dog
That chased the boy
That worried the man
That helped the lady
That watched the girl
That lived in the house
That Gaines built.



This is the lady
That watched the girl
That lived in the house
That Gaines built.



This is the man
That helped the lady
That watched the girl
That lived in the house
That Gaines built.



This is the man
That owned the dog
That chased the boy
That worried the man
That helped the lady
That watched the girl
That lived in the house
That Gaines built.



CONCLUSION

The SILHOUETTE is now complete,
The annual staff will no more meet ;
Our strenuous work has made us old,
And thin gray hairs our brows enfold ;
Our faces are with wrinkles scarred,
And bitter tears our eyes have marred.
But if our work has pleasure brought,
Oh ! not in vain have we thus wrought ;
If we please all, and none we bore,
Then will we soon be young once more.

A hand-drawn graphic featuring the word "ADVERTISEMENTS" in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The text is centered within a solid black rectangular box. This box is superimposed on a background of vertical, hand-drawn lines that resemble a wooden fence or a series of columns. The lines are drawn with varying lengths and thicknesses, giving the impression of a sketch or a rough drawing. The overall style is simple and illustrative.

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