

# Silhouette

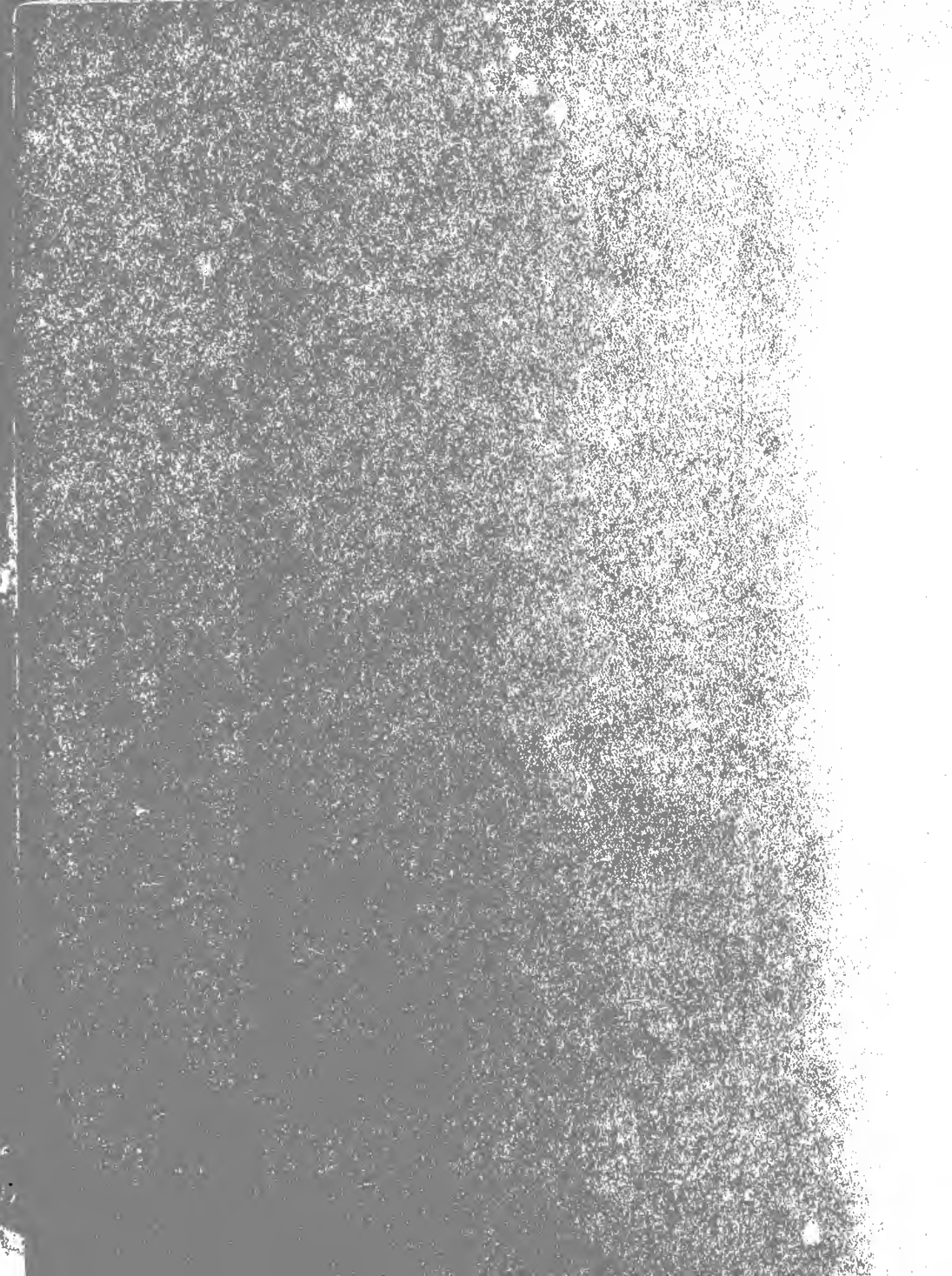
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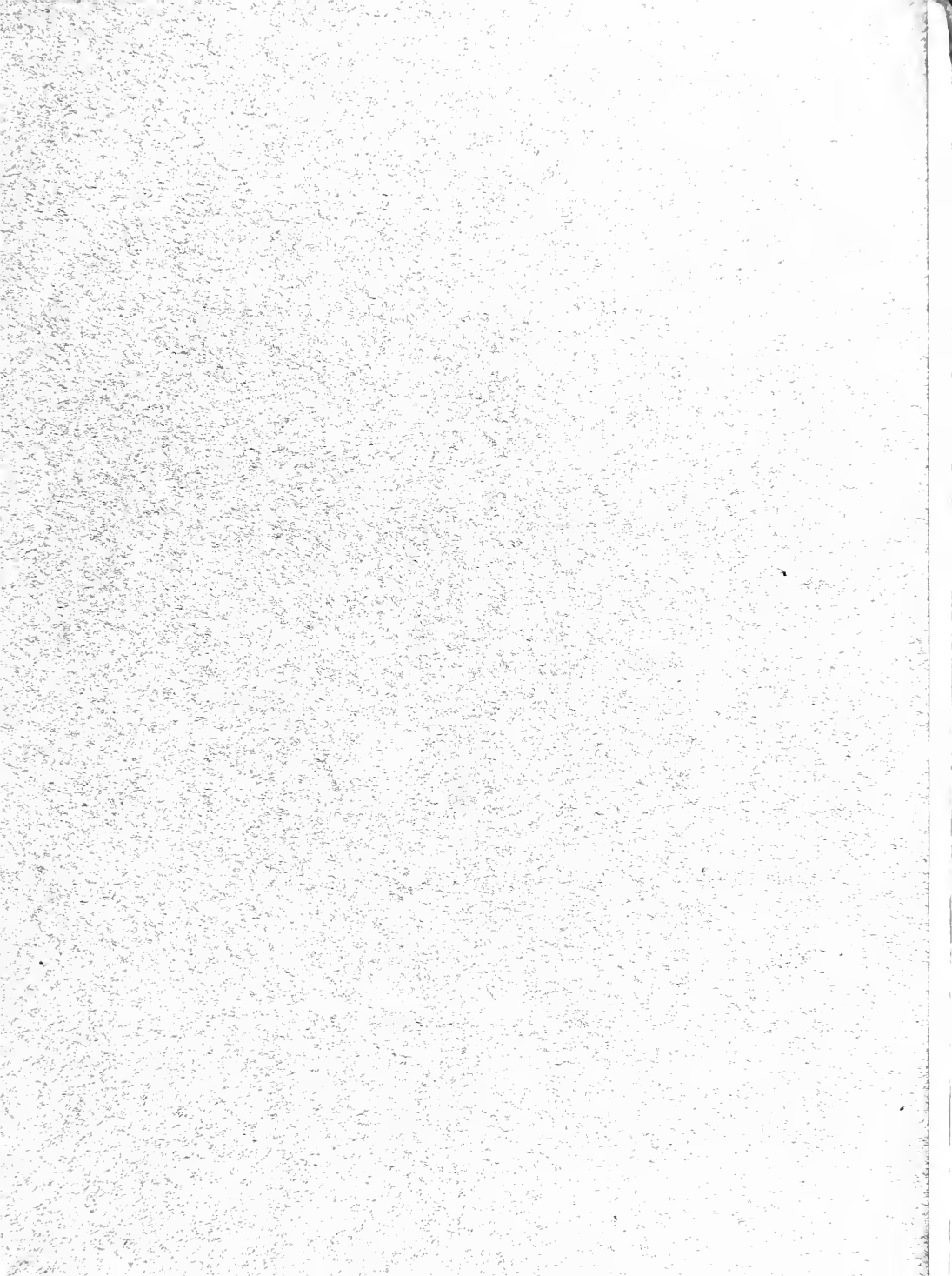


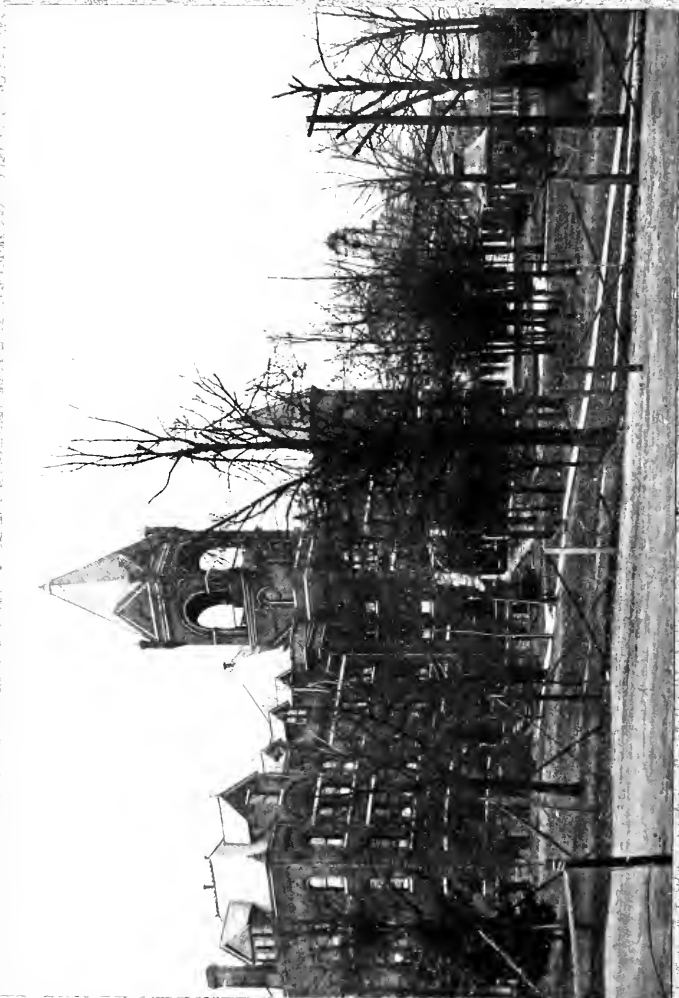
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1908

SILHOUETTE

A.S.C.

VOLUME VI

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**The Students of Agnes Scott College**  
DECATUR, GEORGIA



	PAGE
AURORA STAFF.....	49
GROUP.....	50
BOARD OF TRUSTEES.....	10
DEDICATION.....	4
FACULTY.....	11-13
GREETING.....	7
SILHOUETTE STAFF.....	8
GROUP.....	9
SENIOR CLASS.....	15
ROLL.....	16
HISTORY.....	17
POEM.....	19
JUNIOR CLASS.....	23
ROLL.....	24
HISTORY.....	25
GROUP.....	26-27
POEM.....	28
SOPHOMORE CLASS.....	29
ROLL.....	30
GROUP.....	31
HISTORY.....	32
POEM.....	34
FRESHMAN CLASS.....	35
ROLL.....	36
GROUP.....	37
HISTORY.....	38
POEM.....	39
AGNES SCOTT ACADEMY.....	46
MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.....	54
GROUP.....	55



CONTENTS—CONTINUED

	PAGE
PROFYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.....	56
GROUP.....	57
Y. W. C. A.....	63
GROUP.....	64
CLUBS.....	65
BULL DOGS.....	67-69
COMPLICATORS.....	73
DRAMATIC CLUB.....	80-81
FUDGE MAKERS.....	77
E Δ Σ.....	74-75
Σ Σ GROUP.....	72
Σ Δ Φ.....	70
S. A. R. (?).....	76
SNAP SHOTS.....	20, 21, 40, 58, 83, 109
SOPH. MINUS CLUB.....	82
STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION.....	51
TAR HEELS.....	78
THE TRUMPS.....	71
TOY SYMPHONY.....	79
MISCELLANY:	
A DAY AT AGONY SCOTT.....	88
A DISH OF FUDGE.....	59
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	113
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.....	92
BASKET BALL.....	96-99
CALENDAR.....	62
DR. MARTIN.....	48
GRINDS.....	103-107
GYMNASIUM.....	93
HARD TIMES— <i>Poem</i> .....	89
HOCKEY TEAM.....	94
GROUP.....	95
MAUD MONTGOMERY.....	90
MEMORIAL.....	110
RUNAWAY GIRL.....	85
SKATING RINK.....	102
TENNIS ASSOCIATION.....	100
THE QUEEN'S CLOAK.....	41
THE WIND— <i>Poem</i> .....	108
TO THE COLLEGE DEAN— <i>Poem</i> .....	14
ÜBERALL.....	84
WHERE JOY IS FOUND— <i>Poem</i> .....	47

Dedicated to

**John Irvine Armstrong**

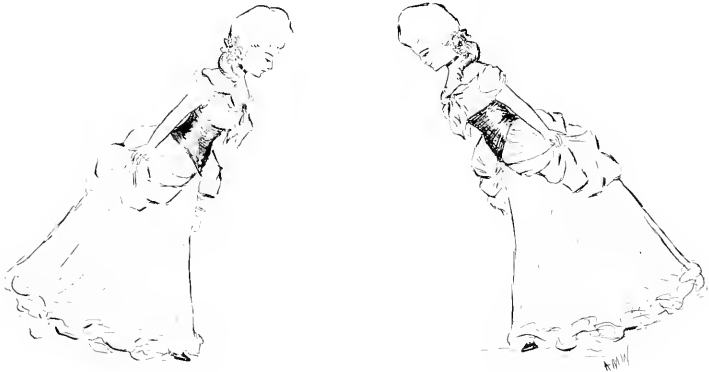
whose kindly sympathy and constant  
influence for our happiness and  
best interests have endeared  
him as friend to the girls  
of  
Agnes Scott

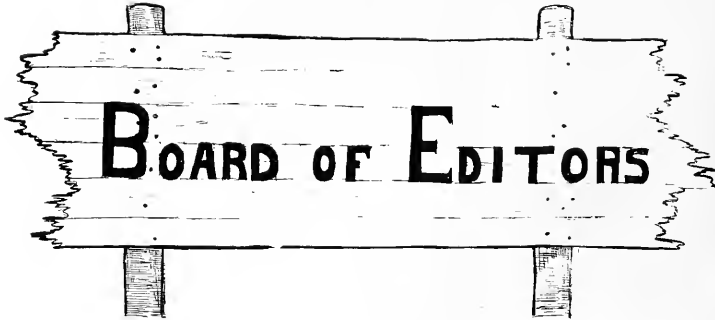


JOHN I. ARMSTRONG



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## To the College Dean

---

Who is the little Freshman's friend?  
Who tells her how her time to spend,  
To drive away the homesick fears?  
Or, failing this, who dries her tears?  
Miss Hopkins.

Who takes the bolder Soph in hand,  
Restrains the onslaught of her band,  
Rebukes her when she grows *too* rank,  
And pardons when she climbs the tank?  
Miss Hopkins.

Who smiles upon the Junior true,  
And helps her with her honors new,  
Wherein she's dressed for future strife  
In government of college life?  
Miss Hopkins.

Who lends her aid to Seniors fair?  
Extends to them example rare  
Of womanly devotion sweet,  
In duty's path to guide the feet?  
Miss Hopkins.

Who is the Faculty's mainstay?  
Who helps to drive dull care away?  
Makes schedules, sets the laws to work,  
And keeps all going without jerk?  
Miss Hopkins.

Then here's to the College Dean,  
We'll give her three times three;  
In all the powers that govern us  
There's none so true as she.

JUNIOR BANQUET. 1907.



# Senior Class

---

MOTTO: Ohne hast, aber ohne rast

COLORS: Red and White

FLOWER: Camation

## FIRST TERM

KATHARINE DEAN .....	PRESIDENT
CHARLOTTE RAMSPECK .....	VICE-PRESIDENT
LILLIAN PHILLIPS .....	SECRETARY
JEANNETTE BROWN .....	TREASURER

## SECOND TERM

CHARLOTTE RAMSPECK .....	PRESIDENT
LILLIAN PHILLIPS .....	VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHARINE DEAN .....	SECRETARY
LIZZABEL SAXON .....	TREASURER
JEANNETTE BROWN .....	POET

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LOUISE CHICK	LOLAH PARHAM
KATHARINE DEAN	CHARLOTTE RAMSPECK
ELVA DRAKE	LIZZABEL SAXON
MAUD HILL	ROSE WOOD

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Jeannette Hays Brown, B. A., M. L. S.,  
Atlanta, Georgia

"She cometh unto you with a tale that with-  
holdeth children from play and old men from  
the chimney corner."

Historian Class '06-'07; Shonts' Prize  
Writer, '06-'07; Treasurer Class '07-'08;  
Manager Toy Symphony Club, '07-'08; As-  
sociate Editor "Silhouette," '07-'08.



Louise Shipp Chick, B. A., P. L. S.,  
McRae, Georgia

"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!"

Katharine Dean, M. L. S.,  
Opelika, Alabama

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

Secretary Class '04-'05; Treasurer Class '05-'06; Treasurer Class '06-'07; Marshal of Student Government Association, '06-'07; Secretary Class '06-'07; Vice-President Class '06-'07; President of Class '07-'08; Secretary Class '07-'08; Vice-President M. L. S., '06-'07, '07-'08; President of M. L. S., '06-'07; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '07-'08; Associate Editor of "Silhouette," '07-'08; Executive Committee of Student Government Association, '07-'08; Secretary Class '07-'08.



Sophie Elva Drake, B. A., M. L. S.,  
Bennettsville, South Carolina

"The best of prophets of the future is the past."

Secretary Class '06-'07, President Class '06-'07; Vice-President M. L. S., '06-'07; President M. L. S., '06-'07; Member Executive Committee, '06-'07; Associate Editor "Silhouette," '06-'07; Basket-Ball Team, '06-'07; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '07-'08; President Student Government Association, '07-'08; Co-Editor-in-Chief "Silhouette," '07-'08; Shonts' Prize Writer, '07-'08.



Maud Barker Hill, B. A., M. L. S.,  
Tignall, Georgia

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Must lie as low as ours."

Treasurer M. L. S., '05-'06, '06-'07; Secretary Class '05-'06; Vice-President Class '05-'06; President M. L. S., '06-'07, '07-'08; Assistant Business Manager "Silhouette," '07; Secretary M. L. S., '06-'07; Critic M. L. S., '06-'07; Vice-President M. L. S., '06-'07; Vice-President of Student Government Association, '07-'08; President Y. W. C. A., '07-'08 Associate Editor "Silhouette," '08.



Lolah Parham, B. A., M. L. S.,  
Atlanta, Georgia

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Lillian Phillips, B. A., M. L. S., "B. D."  
Monticello, Arkansas

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute."

Sergeant at Arms M. L. S., '03-'04, '05-'08; President Class '03-'04; Vice-President Class '03-'04, '05-'08; Corresponding Secretary M. L. S., '05; Secretary Class '03-'04, '05-'08, '07-'08; Vice-President M. L. S., '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Association, '06-'07; Basket-Ball Team, '06-'07, '07-'08; Censor M. L. S., '05-'06, '06-'07; Critic M. L. S., '08-'07; President M. L. S., '07-'08; President Athletic Association, '07-'08; Vice-President Dramatic Club, '07-'08; Member Executive Committee, '07-'08; Business Manager "Silhouette," '07-'08; Vice-President Class, '07-'08; Toast Mistress of Junior Banquet, '07.



Charlotte Ramspeck, M. L. S.,  
Decatur, Georgia

"A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

President Class '07-'08.





Lizzabel Saxon, B. A., P. L. S.,  
Cartersville, Georgia

"Six hours in sleep; in Greek's grave study six;  
Four spent in prayer; the rest on Latin fixed."

Secretary Class '04-'05; President Classes  
'05-'06, '06-'07; Librarian P. L. S., '04-'05;  
Vice-Secretary P. L. S., '07-'08; President  
P. L. S., '07-'08; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.,  
'07-'08; Associate Editor of "Silhouette,"  
'07-'08; Collegiate Scholarship, '04-'05, '05-  
'06, '06-'07; Latin Prize, '06-'07; Treasurer  
Class '07-'08.



Rose Wood, B. A., M. L. S.,  
Atlanta, Georgia  
"Forget thyself to marble."



## History of Class 1908

---



I<sup>n</sup> accordance with the adage, "age before beauty," we will begin with Louise Chick. She came to Agnes Scott near the close of the last century. For several years she lay dormant, but awoke to the realities of life in 1904, and to make up for lost time has since then associated herself actively with four classes. Not long ago Chick found English too commonplace to express her mighty thoughts and straightway resorted to German. Close application to the study of this language has in some part taken the place of her affection for "Poppy dear."

'Tis strange but true that one of us has been here longer than Chick. Charlotte Ramspeck learned her A B C's at Agnes Scott Academy. The college has tried to outgrow her, but she has risen with it, and, in spite of the distraction of a day pupil, she has reached her senior year with honors.

Next comes our country lass, Mand Hill. She grew up on a farm and grew and grew and grew and really did no harm. Then she came to Agnes Scott, and since she has been here she has grown in wisdom and stature and in favor with the faculty and students. She has borne with dignity the many responsibilities heaped upon her and has proven faithful to every trust.

When Elva Drake came to us, three years ago, she was put in the room with Louise Chick—the one fatal mistake of Miss Hopkins. The Drake and the Chick soon separated, however, and peace reigned throughout the land. The ease with which Elva has stood her countless examinations has made

her famous in the annals of the college. Her executive ability has guided the Student Government Association safely through the crisis of another year, and to her be the praise for the success of the SILHOUETTE.

La petite Katharine Dean began as a Freshman in 1904 and is the sole survivor of that Freshman class. She has carried a double burden and is one of the three in the history of Agnes Scott who has obtained a certificate in music in addition to her diploma. Katharine has always been the fashion plate for the class.

"When in doubt of what to wear,  
All the class to her repair."

For six years the slow train through Arkansas has brought us Lill Phillips. Lill "never troubles trouble, till trouble troubles her," but the Fates have been kind to her, and in her undertakings she has always been successful. Her triumphs on "field day" have brought honor to the class and to sister Anne, her faithful adviser.

Jeanette Brown has been continually the mouthpiece of the class, and, though she somewhat monopolizes the conversation, generally has something good to say. Her forte lies in literature and her contributions to the college magazines have added greatly to their value. Jeanette has frequently proven her ability as a hostess and has done much for the pleasure of the class.

Rose Wood was handed down to us from the class of 1905. Two years of vacation did not quench her thirst for knowledge, and 1908 found her maintaining her old standard of perfection at Agnes Scott.

All praise to Lolah Parham that, in spite of the absence of Miss Massie and Ethel MacDonald, she had the courage to return to Agnes Scott. Her ability to blend domestic with physical science has often been proved, to the great delight of the class in Physics B. Her laces and embroideries have been an effective means of securing the favor of the faculty and of spreading her fame abroad.

Last but not least comes Lizzabel, of small stature but gigantic intellect. No one has ever stood the ghost of a chance for an honor if Lizzabel entered the contest. On every commencement day she has borne the palm of victory. But who could marvel, for she was never known to waste a minute!

Although the history of a class, like that of the world, is made up of individual histories, this record is incomplete without some recognition of the class as a whole. It bears the distinction of having first introduced the custom of wearing the cap and gown at Agnes Scott and will be remembered for that, among other things.

So, here's to the class, the merry old class,  
To its days both bright and blue;  
Here's to our future, be what it may,  
We've had our best days—in you.



## Margaret Moore Armstrong

Senior Mascot

---

When Margaret laughs in her baby glee,  
The world seems fairer and smiles on me—  
The sunlight is brighter, the world in tune,  
No matter the weather, it all is June;  
The cobwebs are banished as worthless chaff,  
At the silvery peal of her baby laugh.

The rustling of leaves and rippling rills,  
The sound of the breeze o'er the summer hills,  
The ringing bells in a merry chime,  
The singing of birds in the warm spring-time,  
All that is joyous and fair and young  
Seems mingled to flow from her baby tongue.

Through the years to come, when the days are long,  
When the world seems dull and has lost its song,  
May her rippling laugh rouse the birds again,  
And waken the brooklets like summer rain;  
May the cup of life which each one quaffs  
Seem sweeter and better when Margaret laughs.



For civic improvements and all such things  
Jeannette to the platform her talent brings.

When hair is gray and youth forgot,  
Chick will still learn C rman at Agnes Scott.



Who shall reign as Alabama's social queen  
Through many years? Why, Katharine Dean.

The Ladies' Home Journal shall add one page more,  
Which Lolah will fill with embroidery lore.



With hammer and box and microscope,  
Geologist Wood shall scan each slope.





O Civitates! list while I tell  
Of Latin, a Doctor, will be Lizzabel.

Our tall and virtuous Maude, so mild'  
Is caring for the orphan child.



As a trained nurse will Elva patch up people's ills,  
With plasters and bandages, powders and pills.



Away with society, books and all;  
Lill will be a professional in basket-ball.



When Mary Mannering is no more known,  
As an actress will Charlotte hold her own.







# Junior Class

---

MOTTO: *Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit*      COLORS: White and Gold

FLOWER: Daisy

## FIRST TERM

ADELAIDE NELSON.....PRESIDENT  
MEC MacINTYRE.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
ADALENE DORTCH.....SECRETARY  
MATTIE NEWTON.....TREASURER

## SECOND TERM

EDITH SLOAN.....PRESIDENT  
LOUISE DAVIDSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
MEC MacINTYRE.....SECRETARY  
ADALENE DORTCH.....TREASURER  
LOUISE DAVIDSON.....POET  
EUGENIA FULLER.....HISTORIAN

## MEMBERS

LOUISE DAVIDSON	RUTH MARION
ADALENE DORTCH	MATTIE NEWTON
EUGENIA FULLER	ADELAIDE NELSON
LUTIE HEAD	IRENE NEWTON
VERA HOLLEY	EDITH SLOAN
AGNES KIME	ANNIE WADDELL
MEC MacINTYRE	JENNIE ANDERSON

## HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS McKINNEY	MISS ALEXANDER
---------------	----------------

## Junior Class History

---



LITTLE excitement has crossed the path of the Juniors this year. With the coming of the year '07-'08, and with dignity daily piling on our shoulders, the pranks and stunts of Sophomore days seemed a little incongruous. So we resolved to put away such things—but not to forget. Could any one forget, while "Soph. '09" is constantly becoming plainer on the tank? Each time we see it we think with warm heart, yet with a pang, of those dear, bygone days. But where is the time for such adventures, such deeds of daring when lab. hours are ever with us, and when Mr. Emerton clamors to be heard?

So we were whirled in a round of strenuous study until Adelaide suddenly thought that the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," might be applied to us. With marvelous energy she worked up the Junior Circus. Shades of Barnum and Bailey! Was there ever quite such a circus! Many an African exploring expedition would have been cut off in its prime had that marvelous array of animals appeared before it. "Hard study hasn't dulled their originality," and "From the beginning those Juniors were wonders" was heard on all sides. "Yes," Dr. Arbuckle said, "theirs is the best organized class in college." Thanks!!

A few more weeks of work, and then the Freshman party. We could but be pleased to notice the adaptability of the 1910 Class. For had they not most valiently tried to follow the example of last year's Sophs when they stole away in the night with the ice cream?

The Seniors have been so busy preparing surprises for the rest of the world, that they have been content to leave the Juniors at the head of things, as usual, to let the gold and white float from the mast, unchallenged, unfaded, and in glory all undimmed.



DORTCH  
FULLER

SLOAN  
MAC INTYRE

NELSON  
DAVIDSON



HEAD  
ANDERSON

MARIÓN

WADDELL  
KIME

## Junior Class Poem

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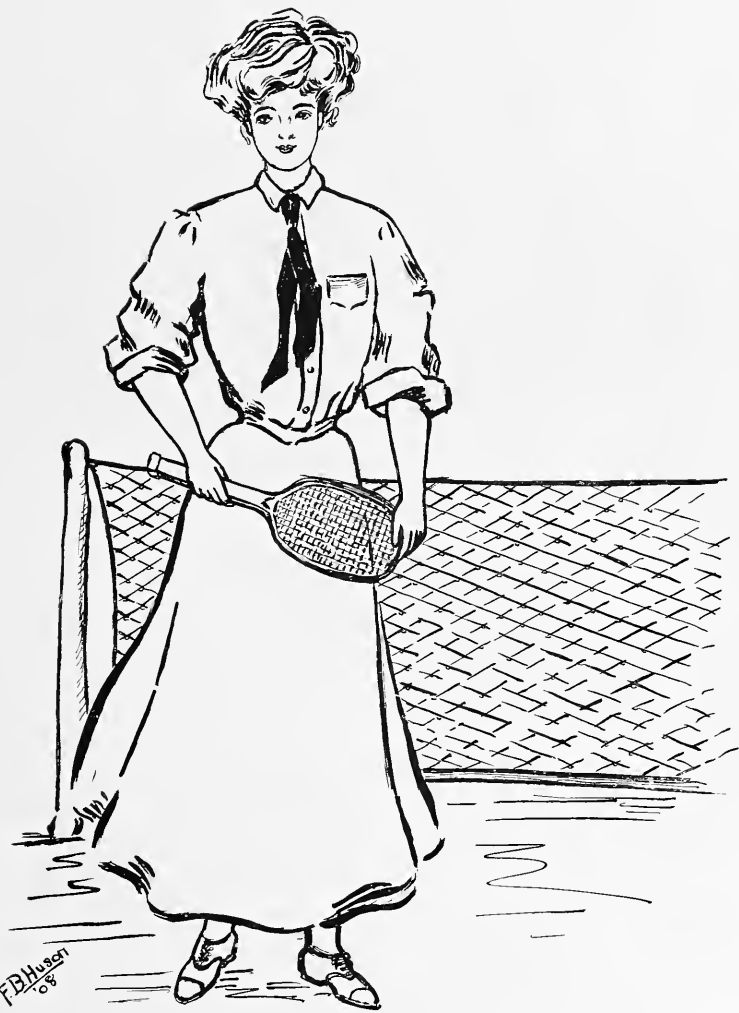
As I stood and looked o'er the fields one day,  
The faint sound of singing was whispered to me;  
It seemed to come from a time far away,  
The time of the days of memory.

The voices grew closer, I could plainly hear  
The songs that I loved in the days gone by;  
I am only dreaming those dear girls are near,  
I said, as I turned away with a sigh.

Then something moved on the ground at my feet,  
"We are the memory that cannot pass,"  
A soft voice said; and a pale face, sweet,  
Of a daisy, looked into mine from the grass.

And now a score of daisies were there,  
Singing the praise of the gold and white;  
Junior days are gone, we are Seniors fair,  
"Oh, yes," they sang, "we are daisies all right."





F.D. Hussey  
'08

# Sophomore Class

---

MOTTO: Esse quam videri

COLORS: Lavender and White

FLOWER: Lavender Sweet Pea

## FIRST TERM

MATTIE HUNTER.....	PRESIDENT
ANNIE SMITH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
GERALDINE HOOD.....	SECRETARY
ELEANOR FRIERSON.....	TREASURER

## SECOND TERM

ELEANOR FRIERSON.....	PRESIDENT
LILA WILLIAMS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
GLADYS FARRIOR.....	SECRETARY
ANNIE SMITH.....	TREASURER
FLORA CROWE.....	POET
GERALDINE HOOD.....	HISTORIAN

## MEMBERS

ELEANOR FRIERSON	GERALDINE HOOD
GLADYS FARRIOR	ANNIE SMITH
MATTIE HUNTER	LUCY REAGAN
FLORA CROWE	CLYDE McDANIEL
LILA WILLIAMS	

## HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS YOUNG	MISS SMITH
HOWARD BELL ARBUCKLE, Jr.	



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class History

Extract from the Society Column of the Olympus Evening News



NE of the most thoroughly enjoyable social functions of the season was the violet tea which Lady Minerva gave in her charming suite of rooms yesterday afternoon. The drawing rooms were decorated with quantities of ambrosian violets, while the hostess herself was appropriately gowned in a soft robe of royal purple.

Their Majesties, Jupiter and Juno, were present, and among the other distinguished guests were her royal highness, the princess Venus, whose hair was fetchingly adorned with a small golden apple; Count Apollo, and his sister, the comtess Diana; Lord Bacchus; Sir Cupid, and General Mars.

The conversation turned upon the decline in college spirit which has recently been so evident in educational institutions, especially those of America, but General Mars maintained that the Crew of a class in a certain Southern college in America showed a spirit of enthusiasm equal to that of Achilles.

"Oh, yes," cried Lady Minerva, "you are speaking of the Sophomore Class of Agnes Scott! Truly a wonderful band of mortals that!"

At that juncture the comtess Diana remarked that she had been hunting on another planet for the past season and was, therefore, unfamiliar with the exploits of the class in question; whereupon, the other gods hastened to inform her that the present Sophomore Class had been organized at Agnes Scott as the Freshman Class in 1906, and had suffered various provoking annoyances from the exceedingly imprudent class of 1909 during this first period of its existence; but when September of this year came, the Sophomore Class displayed itself in its true colors, a mighty band of mortal theme-writers and Trig-grinders, strong in the power of youth and energy.

"The first occasion on which these youthful prodigies proved their great sagacity," remarked the hostess, "was early in October. At 3 o'clock in the morning, with one accord, they rose from their couches of slumber and very deftly removed from the chambers of the Freshmen quantities of false hair and every shoe the children possessed!"

"Thanks be to Jupiter, my father," Princess Venus murmured, "I was not a Freshman at Agnes Scott."

"Wise mortals, they," remarked King Jupiter, "to instruct the Freshmen in the ways of discipline and energy."

"But, oh," cried Countess Diana, "that is nothing compared to what I have seen them do. Why, on the night of the 31st of October, when I was just beginning my nightly journey, I saw three Sophomores stealthily rolling a large ice cream freezer before them across the campus, out past the gymnasium to the large oak tree beside the power house. At the same time the Freshmen, dreaming of no harm, were making merry with their guests, the Juniors, in the Prop. hall. Swiftly I saw the dark forms of the wily Sophomores, one by one, creeping to the trysting place, bringing the Seniors with them. Ah, but those clever mortals made merry as they ate the ice cream that night."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed gay Lord Bacchus. "And the poor little Freshmen danced in their helpless rage like chickens, whose corn had been taken away."

"Indeed," cried General Mars, "it seems to me that those events are unimportant compared to the tremendous fighting power which those mortal students showed when the presumptuous Juniors thought to black their faces three nights later. Oh, it was rare, the vision of the blackened Juniors after the fight! Ha, ha, ha! They reminded me of the Trojans ready to set sail from Troy!"

And the gods all joined in a hearty laugh over the appearance of the discomfited Juniors and the trembling Freshmen.

"Yes," remarked the hostess in conclusion, "they always excel as individuals or in a body. When several of their officers were compelled to resign, they elected a new president and secretary with undaunted spirit, and soon they had gained three new members from the class above and were known as the best students in the college. I think it is safe to predict that in after years their Alma Mater will rejoice in the memory of their deeds."

At this point King Jupiter rose and took his leave after expressing his pride in the achievements of his favorite class, and as they departed the various guests were each expressing their pleasure in the knowledge that there were such mortals as the Sophomores of Agnes Scott.

## Sophomore Class Horn

---

**S** is for Sophs and something fine.  
**O**'s for others just one year behind;  
**F** is for Preps or Academies until May,  
**H**ow they will make it then I can not yet say.  
**O**thers we leave scattered all along,  
**M**ake music or mirth, poetry and song.  
**O**f all these classes no one can but say,  
**R**ight at the top are the Sophomores to-day.  
**E**ver ready for hard work, mischief and play.

**1** degree will be given to  
**9** girls then.  
**I**n pomp and splendor,  
**O**ur class of 1910.

FLORA CROWE, '10.



# Freshman Class

---

MOTTO: Fama extendere factis

COLORS: Garnet and Gold

FLOWER: Jacqueminot Rose

YELL: Hoop-la rah! Hoop-la ree!  
Walk up, chalk up, up te dee!  
Razzle, dazzle, sis, boom, bah!  
Freshman! Freshman!  
Rah, Rah, Rah!

## FIRST TERM

MATTIE RYLANDER.....	PRESIDENT
MARIE MacINTYRE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHERINE BUNN.....	SECRETARY
GLADYS LEE.....	TREASURER

## SECOND TERM

MATTIE RYLANDER.....	PRESIDENT
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELEANOR COLEMAN.....	SECRETARY
GLADYS LEE.....	TREASURER
MARY W. KIRK.....	POET
KATHERINE BUNN.....	HISTORIAN

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LOUISE WELLS	ERMA MONTGOMERY
WINIFRED HUSON	JULIA THOMPSON
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NELLIE FARGASON	ANNIE CAMPBELL
NINA ANDERSON	MARY BROWN
MARY L. RADFORD	RUTH REILLY

NEALIE BELK





FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class History

Lor', honey, don't come axin' me 'bout which is de bes' class whut has eber bin here at Agnis Scott. Dat Freshman Class ny '08 jes' clean takes de shine off ny emy udder class whut has eber bin here at dis place, en Mary Cox oughter know, eaze she's bin here since dis here school wuz fust started. Jes' lemme set dis here basket ny cloes offen mer haid, en I'll tell yer all erbout hit.

Wal, honey, dis is how hit wuz. One nite twoards de fust ny de year, dem Sophmoes went 'round 'bout twelve er'clock, fer ter steal dem Freshmans' shoes. But lor', chile, yer might jes' ez wal try ter ketch greezed lightnin' ez ter try ter ketch dem serumbunctions Freshmans nappin'. Caze, honey, dey riz up en fought dem Sophmoes, en beat em too. Den dey 'companid dem back to dey rooms en took ev'ry blessing thing dey had, skuts, shutwaists, en jes' ev'rything. Den, when dem Sophmoes freten' lak dey done learned dey lesson, de Freshmans acted magnificacions en gib 'em dey tings back.

But, chile, dem Sophmoes wuz jes' natteral bawn hippercrits, dey wuz, eaze de nite when de Freshmans wuz er fixin' fer ter entertain de Juniors, why dem Sophmoes, jes' lak low down, sneakin' folks, wint down ter de Servants' Hall, en stole de whole freezer ny cream whut de Freshman had. Now dem Freshmans coulder gone down dere en tooken dat cream back by foe, but dey say dey wuzn't gwiner let no little thing lak dem Sophmoes spile dey party, so dey jes' wint on en had er good time wid de ehieken salad en Punch en Jandy, en udder good tings whut dey had, en bided dey time.

'Bout er week atter dat, one nite I hwecrd er terrible rackit up at Rebekker Scott's Hall. I grabbd mer shawl en run up dere, eaze I felt en mer bones dat hit wuz de Freshmans er gittin' dey revenge. En, chile, whut do yer tink I saw whin I got up dere? Wal, honey, hit wuz dem pesky little Sophmoes rumin' room' wid dey faces done shoe-polished, honey, en dey sho' wuz er heap sight blacker den me. I jes' mos' split mer sides er laughin' at 'em.

But der nex' mornin' at breakfus' I jes' mos' killed merself er laughin' at em. Dey come inter de dinin' room wid dey faces lookin' jes' lak peeled unions. Dey had scrubbed so hard ter git de polish off, dat dey had mos' taken de skin too. Dey wuz skeered ter laugh, fer fear ny crackin' dey skiny faces.

But gwan' way frum here, chile, en lemme take dese here cloes eround. When I gits ter talkin' 'bout de Freshman Class ny '08, I jes' clean furgits whut I'm doin'.



HISTORIAN.

## Freshman Class Poem

---

Ah! how well do I remember, it was in the bright September,

We, a crowd of homesick "Freshies," came in search of college lore;  
Sophomores never caught us napping, rather we did the entrapping,

And we had the "Proets" all rapping, rapping on our chamber door.  
We were naughty, I confess it, but forgive us, I implore,

We are Freshmen—nothing more.

Through nine long months we have grown stronger—"Freshies" make mistakes no longer.

And of various kinds of knowledge we have laid up quite a store.  
In writing themes we're so proficient, that of English we've sufficient

To last us through our college year, not to speak of others here,  
Such as "Math" and French and Latin over which we nightly pore,

For we are Freshmen—nothing more.

Deep into the future peering, long I stand here, wondering, fearing,

At the many paths of learning which we must yet explore;  
But I see from out this future come a class as full of virtue,

As ever left the college halls in any days of yore.  
So, there is this high ambition, we must work and reach fruition,

And so be Freshmen—never more.



## The Queen's Cloak

---



ONCE, long ago, when magic was not despised and folk still believed in the power of the fairies, a little maid sat in a cottage door spinning, while around her the birds sang and the pink petals of the apple blossoms lay scattered on the grass, for it was May and everything in Nature was filled with the joyousness of spring. And happiest of all was the little maid, for though the cottage was an humble one, and the yarn she spun but the coarse, gray wool of the country peasants, yet was she at heart a princess, and all the world is bright when one is only twelve.

Presently, as she spun, down the path by the brook came an old woman, bent with age, and travel-worn, as if she had journeyed far. Bending over her stick, she approached the house and asked for a cup of water.

"Indeed, you shall have it, grandame," the child was quick to say, with her loving sympathy. "Rest here a little, while I bring thee a fresh drink from the spring."

She pushed forward her own stool for the old woman and entered the cottage, returning soon with a cup of sparkling water, which her visitor drank as though she had not tasted such water for many a day, as indeed she had not, for the Spring at the Great Oak was famed far over the country.

"Thank thee, my child," she said as she drained the last drop, "may blessings come upon thee for a loving smile and a kind heart. But how is it thou art not playing in the meadows this May weather? Dost love thy spinning more than play?"

"Nay," replied the little maid, "but I must earn money for my father and myself, for he is blind and cannot work. It is not the spinning that I mind so much, but I grow tired of the coarse, gray yarn. Oh, if I could but spin bright-colored silks, I would weave—I would weave a cloak that any prince might wish to wear. I would weave it like the sunset, red and gold, or like the blue sky with fleecy clouds, or, perhaps, like yon apple tree, all pink and green."

"And if thou hadst the silk," asked the old woman, smiling at her eagerness, "wouldst thou spin faithfully, or wouldst thou stop to chat with every passer-by?"

"Oh, indeed," the little maid replied, "I would work at it whenever I might. As soon as I had finished the gray I would spin the other and not cease till 'twas too dark to see the shuttle. And who knows but what a prince might wear it?"

"Thou art a good child," said the old dame, laying her hand on the golden curls as she rose to continue her way, "and worthy, indeed, to weave a cloak for a prince."

Then from under her mantle she drew a piece of dirty, gray floss and handed it to the girl.

"Take this," she said, "and spin the thread for thy rainbow cloak. Spin faithfully and well, and it will be truly a prince's cloak. But, remember, as thou livest so will thy thread be."

Then slowly she walked down the path to the willows by the brook and seemed to melt into their soft green shade while the maiden stood for a time with the bit of floss in her hand and a look of disappointment on her face. What cloak could be woven from such material! Ah, well, doubtless the old woman was in her dotage, perhaps there was enough silk to make a doll's cap for the miller's little daughter. So with a sigh for her broken hopes she took up her work again and endeavored to think no more of gay-colored silks.

When the evening was come and the sun was sinking behind the distant hills, she laid aside the gray yarn and put on the distaff the bit of floss. But, to her surprise, the thread that she spun was not of dull brown, but of a beautiful rainbow hue that gleamed and sparkled in the sunset light,—the thread of her childish dreams. Nor did the floss grow less, but remained always the same, no matter how much she spun. And thus she began her magic cloak.

The years passed, but she spun on, true to her promise, while the golden years slipped by. Often her companions urged her to join them in their sports, but she remembered the old woman's words and smilingly shook her head. The thread was not always rainbow in hue; sometimes it grew a dull gray when she was discouraged or discontented with her humble life, but these dark places grew fewer and fewer as she grew older and learned to hope in the future, and to see through all her trials the guidance of a far wiser Hand than hers. Then, too, there were other colors in the magic thread, the soft yellow of her girlish friendships, the pure white of her confirmation vows, and the true blue of loyalty to her aged father. As the seasons passed there were bits of delicate pink, her first thoughts of love and of lovers.

Then, one eventful day, a royal hunting party paused at the cottage door, and the prince of the realm drank the sparkling water of the famous spring from the cup that the maiden filled for him. Oh, how she wished the cloak were finished that she might offer it to him and receive a smile of gratitude from his lips! And when the royal party passed on she felt as if somehow the day was darker and the birds sang less sweetly.

But the prince, having once found his way to the humble cottage, came again to taste the waters of the spring and to gaze upon the fair young maid who filled his cup. Soon he came to see the maid alone, and the delicate pink of the thread she spun deepened to rose color. At last one day he asked her hand in marriage, and the pink of her maiden affections changed, like her heart, to the deep red of a woman's love.

On the eve of her marriage, as she sat spinning the crimson thread, the old woman again appeared before her. She was older and more bent than before, but her face was so lighted with a radiant smile that she was almost beautiful.

"Thou hast spun well," she said, as she laid her hand on the wheel, "and nobly hast thou lived thy maidenhood. Now thou art no longer a maid but a woman, and 'tis time to cease thy spinning. Thou hast enough for the warp of a royal cloak."

As she spoke, she touched the distaff, and lo! the floss was finished. The maiden looked up at her with rather startled eyes, for the thread had indeed grown to be her very life, and she wondered what would happen now. But the old woman saw the look and smiled more gently than before.

"Nay," she said, "thou hast not yet finished thy work. The thread is spun, now thou must weave the cloak."

She drew from under her mantle, not a handful of floss, but a bit of common thread.

"When thou art queen, have built in some secluded part of the castle a golden loom, and when thou hast leisure take this thread, and through the warp of thy maidenhood weave the woof of thy true womanhood. So shalt thou in time weave such a cloak that there shall not be in the whole world its equal in beauty of color or fineness of texture. Thou wilt have many interruptions and many things to call thee away, for a queen's life is not an idle one. But forget not the cloak, nor the old woman who gave it to thee." She laid the bit of thread on the ledge of the spinning wheel and then vanished, or so it seemed, into the gray shadows of the gathering dusk.

When she was gone the maiden took up the bit of thread. But this time she did not doubt. Tenderly she laid it away among the leaves of her Prayer Book, and when the brilliant wedding was over, when the court had again settled down to its usual life, and the golden loom had been built in a tiny room of a tower overlooking the river and the mountains, she stole away from her maidens and began to weave.

Years came and went, but still the queen wove on at the golden loom, mingling the rainbow tints of her maidenhood with the deeper, richer hues of her true woman's life. And the cloak grew apace, for the thread, like the floss, remained ever the same no matter how much she wove, but the colors

varied as her life. There was the deep red of her perfect love, tender yellow—the love of a little child,—and the royal purple of her queenly rule. There was, too, the long thread of black when the king was brought home dead from the wars and she sought comfort in her widowhood in the silence of her lonely chamber. And the comfort came in the end, for the black was mingled with silver as she watched her stalwart sons grow to manhood about her and saw how her daughters blossomed into womanly beauty. Often when the young folks were filling the palace with their merry din she would watch them smilingly for a while, and then would steal away to weave some new tint into the magic cloak. She loved the quiet room with its view of the river and the distant mountains; and as she gazed out over the sunlit peaks she thought of those other days when she had come over them for the first time as a simple village maiden, and the thread in her hands was the tender gray of memory.

Then as the gray came into her hair and her hands grew soft and wrinkled with the coming years, there shone through the thread a tiny gleam of gold, the hope of another life that comes when this grows old,—a gleam that deepened as it grew till it overshadowed all the gray, and it seemed as if the thread she wove were pure gold. She was old, now, and as she sat by the window one evening, with the sunlight falling softly on the golden threads, she sighed as she thought how near the cloak was to completion,—her life's work,—and yet she smiled, too, as she thought of what it would be when at last the thread should cease and her life, like the cloak, should be finished.

She wondered if the old woman had forgotten her, or if she would come again as she had come before, only this time there would be no need of another gift. And as she thought she glanced up, and there in the slanting sunlight stood the old woman,—or was it an angel? For her face was filled with a light as if from Heaven, and her voice when she spoke had a more than earthly sweetness. Softly she laid her hand on the bowed head.

"It is finished," she said, and, stooping, cut the golden thread. "Well hast thou woven, as thou hast spun well, and precious shall be thy reward. See," she held up the cloak, and its rainbow colors seemed to live in the soft light, "it is indeed fit for a prince to wear, fit for the Prince of Peace."

The queen's face seemed to catch some hint of hidden light and to grow like the face of the angel. "I am glad," she said simply.

When the sunlight had gone and when the darkness had settled down, they found her sitting by the loom, the still hands yet clasping the folds of the cloak.

"She has died as she lived," they said. "Ah, what a happy death it must have been!"



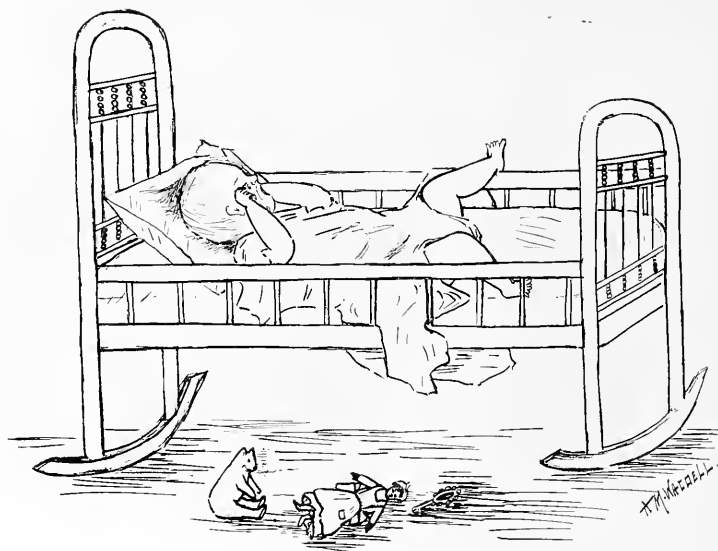
Then tenderly they carried her away, but the cloak was left lying still on the edge of the loom. A little page, lingering after the others, picked it up and threw it around his shoulders.

"How beautiful it is," he said. And then he thought of the beautiful queen who had made it, and how she had been as good as she was beautiful, and of all the noble deeds that she had done. She had ruled her people so wisely and so well, he was sure that in all the world there was none like her, and deep in his heart he resolved, as he touched the soft folds, that he, too, would grow wise and good, and would try to help others to be as pure and as noble as his queen had been. It was a true resolve and years after people listened to the great preacher who taught them so tenderly, and who lived so well the truths he taught.

But the little page was called to his duties and left the cloak lying in the moonlight, till the new king found it, and as he carried it away he prayed that he might rule his people as well as had his mother.

When the queen was buried some said that the cloak should be buried with her, but the king shook his head. "I am sure she would not wish it," he said, so it was hung on the wall of the great anteroom, where every subject, prince or beggar, might look upon it. And it seemed as if the good queen's influence still lived in it, for it was like some holy picture, that whosoever might look upon it should be cheered. The widow, bowed with her recent grief, saw the band of black and was comforted as she thought how the queen, too, had suffered, for it seemed as if she would sorrow with her; the little child, fevered and fretful, forgot his pain and smiled at the bright colors; and the old man, despondent over the lost hopes of his youth, awoke to see the golden threads in his own gray cloak of life. Thousands passed through the old hall as the years went by, and few there were whose lives were not changed in some degree by that sight of the "Magic Cloak"—for so they called it—though the king knew, and the great teacher, that its only magic was that of a life well lived and a task ungrudgingly performed. And to this day they tell, in that land, of the peasant maid who became a queen, and of the beautiful cloak she wove, whose warp was her pure maidenhood, and whose woof was her womanhood without a stain, the "cloak of a blameless life."

JEANNETTE BROWN.



## Agnes Scott Academy

MISS ELLA YOUNG, *Principal*

### FOURTH YEAR CLASS ORGANIZATION

Colors: Red and Gold

KATHERINE MERRILL .....	PRESIDENT
ALLIE CANDLER .....	VICE-PRESIDENT
SARAH SKINNER .....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

### FOURTH YEAR BASKET BALL TEAM

GEORGIA CRANE, CAPTAIN

#### LINE UP

EDDIE HUNTER  
KATHERINE MERRILL  
GEORGIA CRANE

FORWARDS  
CENTERS  
GUARDS

SARAH SKINNER  
VALENTINE RAFFERTY  
LILIAN STEWART

# Ludlow Found Guilty Great Excitement in Court

## Verdict Rendered After Jury Had Been Out Only Three Minutes

### PRISONER HYSTERICAL

The crowded court room of Agnes Scott Commonwealth suddenly became silent, as the sheriff pounded on the floor, and then entered, crying loudly, "Oh, yes, oh, yes! Court is now open! Court is now open!"

Following the sheriff came the clerk of the court, and then the two lawyers, all with stern countenances, and with their black robes producing an effect of extreme solemnity. The clerk took his seat at his desk, piled high with the codes, legal documents, etc.; the lawyers had their places on opposite sides of the judge's bench. As the sheriff reentered, escorting Judge J. D. M. Armistead, the attorneys and clerk rose, standing until he reached his bench, when he announced, "Court is convened," and all were seated.

On the order of the Judge, the sheriff now brought in the prisoner, handcuffed, and fastened her securely in the box.

The docket was read by the clerk, "The case of Agnes Scott Commonwealth versus Ludlow."

The two lawyers announced "Ready," and with great unction the clerk read the charge. "The Commonwealth of Agnes Scott does hereby charge one Louise Hunt Ludlow, spinster, of said Commonwealth, with having fraudulently, maliciously, and with intent to deceive, attempted to impose upon the good citizens of the Commonwealth, by assuming the dignity and perquisites of a college student."

"Prisoner at the bar, stand," said the Judge. "You have heard the charge as read. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your Honor."

"Prisoner at the bar, be seated. The clerk will now read the panel of the jury."

After reading the entire panel, the clerk called forward the first person. She came, and after answering questions of the Judge, the oath was administered to her by the clerk. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "Do you solemnly and in the presence of this honorable company swear that you will give a true verdict according to the testimony of the witnesses?"

"I do," answered the juror, and was shown to her seat in the jury-box.

Questioned by the Judge, the occupations of the jurors varied from that of a washerwoman and seller of false puffs, up to a reader of Dickens and Thackeray.

When one E. Fuller was brought forward, and the Judge asked if the attorneys had any objections to her as a juror, the attorney for the Commonwealth answered, "None, your Honor," but the counsel for the defendant, "I have, your Honor."

"State your objections."  
"The prisoner once laughed in this juror's ear, thereby causing deafness. She is prejudiced."

"Is this true?" the Judge said to the juror.  
"It is, your Honor."  
"Stand aside."

Another juror, M. Hill, came to be sworn in, but the counsel for the defendant again objected. "Your Honor, she is too tall."

"Stand aside," said the Judge.

When the twelve jurors had taken the oath, the Commonwealth's attorney stated that he would prove the prisoner guilty of the crime alleged, and in doing so called forward, as first witness, Dr. H. E. Arbuckle, chairman of the college classification committee. After answering questions as to his occupation, and knowledge of the prisoner, he was administered the oath by the clerk. "Do you solemnly swear, in giving evidence for or against this prisoner, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I do." He then took his seat on the witness stand.

Leading questions asked by the Commonwealth's attorney revealed the facts that the prisoner had applied for college entrance, offering Greek, Latin, English and Trigonometry, but was unconditionally refused because of lack of preparation.

On cross-examination, the counsel for the defense asked, "You are sure you have not forgotten this matter?" The witness was certain.

"Did you not forget to come to your Geology class on the fifteenth of November?"

"I can never remember dates."

Other witnesses were called, telling of deeds that showed the prisoner's attempt to usurp dignity, and of her general bad character. One revealed that she had had a "crush," a thing of too high a character for academy girls to know of.

"I would like to ask a question," said the Judge. "For the enlightenment of myself and the jury, I will ask the witness to define 'crush'?"

"Certainly, your Honor. In my readings of Dickens and Thackeray, I have deduced this definition: 'A "crush" is at first a psychological insight into the character of a new-found individual, an insight gained by means of a philosophical research, published forth to the world by scientific methods and indications, and proved to be everlasting by intuition and the help of a subconscious current of dreams and intellectual probing of grey matter.'"

"Yes, yes! I am sure we all understand perfectly. Proceed."

The counsel for the defense rose and stated that she was going to prove that the prisoner was not guilty of the crime alleged. In doing this, she first called forward the principal of the academy, whose testimony revealed that the prisoner had never studied the subject named by Dr. Arbuckle. Upon cross-examination, she could not state that the prisoner

had not attempted their study, outside of the academy. The attorney then called others to prove the prisoner's upright character, and lack of attempting any assumption of college dignity.

When the last witness had been called for the defense, the prosecuting attorney rose to make her speech. After addressing herself to the Judge and the jury, she attempted to show the superiority of her witnesses, because of their more advanced and honorable positions. She then summed up her testimony, ending thus: "I think I have proved conclusively that this prisoner is guilty of the crime alleged. What, now, will be done? If she is allowed to go unpunished, others, hearing of her success will attempt the same deed. Gentlemen of the jury, you now have it in your power to uphold or trample under foot the dignity of this college. Which will you do? It must be upheld, and I am sure that each of you, being of such high character and intellectual ability, realize the fact, and so I have no fear in committing the case to you."

The counsel for the defense now rose and addressed the Judge and the gentlemen of the jury. She then proceeded, one by one, to show the incapacity of the witnesses of the Commonwealth to give testimony, and the superiority of those for the defense. After answering up her testimony, she made an impassioned appeal to the jury: "Just look, O jurors, at our prisoner; you can see the very innocence written upon her countenance. How can you, men of feeling, look into her innocent face, and then pronounce her guilty? Think of her after life! If she should be called guilty of such a base and infamous crime! Think of her parents at home, on hearing of such an outrage! Have you not sympathy and compassion for her and her family? And how can you with your full understanding and appreciation of the whole affair punish this innocent victim of the fair land of Agnes Scott?"

Judge Armistead then made his charge to the jury. He admonished them to consider well the evidence given, and to give a true verdict as to the culpability of the prisoner, according to the testimony of highest character.

The sheriff conducted the jury to the jury room and court was adjourned for three minutes. At the end of that time they returned, and the foreman gave in a verdict of "guilty." The prisoner began to weep.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up," said the Judge.

She rose, her sobb still violent.

"You have heard the verdict. I now order that the sheriff take up to your cell, where you shall remain for two days, living only on bread and water." The sobs were now so loud that the counsel for the defendant had to speak to her before she was quiet enough for Judge Armistead to proceed. He then continued: "After this you are to report to Miss Young, the principal of the academy, and for four months shall work hard on such tasks as she sets. During this time, you shall wear your hair in two plaits, commonly called pigtails, as a sign that you have become a humble academy student, with no designs to enter the college."

The sheriff led the prisoner out still sobbing wildly, and the Judge and lawyers retired amidst a babel of voices.



DR. MARTIN

The chronicles of Agnes Scott for 1908 would be perhaps incomplete without some allusion to what has been one of the best things of the year, Dr. Mary T. Martin's presence among us as resident physician. Those of us who never knew before that doctors are good for some other things besides pills and plasters, realize that fact now, for though one of Dr. Martin's long suits is pills, she is the jolliest of chaperones and the most sympathetic of advisers. With the disposition to smile, and incidentally make the rest of us smile "when everything goes dead wrong," naturally her influence has been felt for happiness and sunshine everywhere. There are few students whom she has not known and fewer still whom she has not benefited; among other excellent amendments to A. S. C.'s constitution, the five-hour exercise law and the wet weather regulations are things for which our mothers may thank her. With a splendid mind and a big heart, Dr. Martin has done for us, as was said of another woman, "what she could," and it only remains to be said that there are few things she could not do. Winning the admiration of Agnes Scott at her entrance, Dr. Martin leaves with the love of many and the friendship of all. May she be to others what she has been to us, and may her lines be cast in pleasant places.

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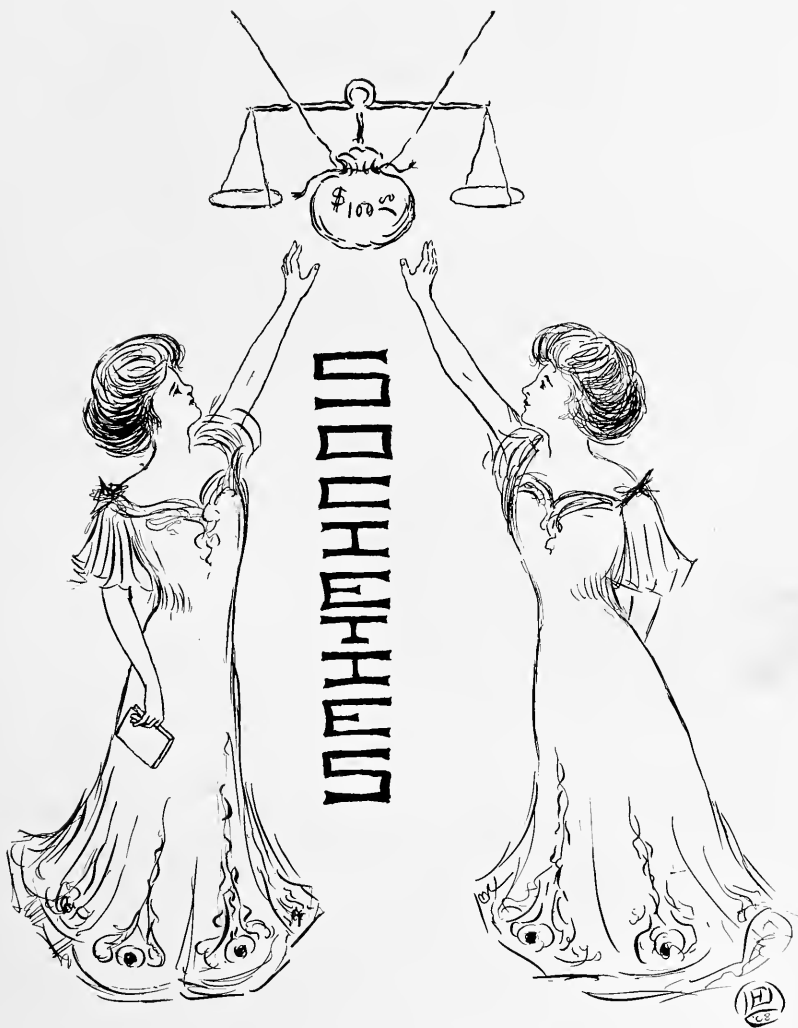
AGNES KIME  
SECRETARY



ADELAIDE NELSON  
MARSHAL







ΠΟΙΝΗΝΟΙΣ



## Alumnae Literary Society

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ALLAN, VIVIAN  
ANDERSON, FANNIE  
ANDERSON, NINA  
BACHMAN, FANNIE RHEA  
BARDWELL, HATTIE  
BELK, NEALIE  
BARKER, DORA  
BEMAN, HELEN  
BINNS, EMMA  
BLAU, MATTIE LOVE  
BOOTHIE, KATHARINE  
BRISCOE, MARGARET  
BRANTLEY, JESSIE KATE  
BROWN, JEANNETTE  
BRUNN, KATHARINE  
BRIFORD, DOROTHY  
CANDLER, ELIZA  
CALDWELL, CAROLINE  
CAMPBELL, ANNIE  
CUNNINGHAM, ADELAIDE  
COLEMAN, ELEANOR  
CRANFORD, CLYDE  
CROWE, FLORA  
CURRY, MARION  
DAVIS, IRENE  
DEAN, KATHARINE  
DEARING, EUGENIA  
DILLARD, MARY  
DRAKE, ELA  
ELDRIDGE, EM  
FARGASON, NELLIE  
FERGUSON, SUSIE  
FELKER, ALLIE  
FARRIOR, GLADYS  
FITCH, MARGUERITE  
FRIBERSON, ELEANOR  
FULLER, EUGENIA  
GANN, MOSELLE  
HEAD, LUTIE  
HILL, MAUDE  
HOOPER, MARY  
HUSON, WINIFRED  
JONES, INEZ  
KIME, AGNES  
KIRK, MARY WALLACE  
LEE, GLADYS  
LEECH, MARY  
LOTT, EDITH  
LUDLOW, MARGUERITE  
LUDLOW, LOUISE  
MATHER, LILLIAN  
MCINTYRE, MEC  
MCINTYRE, MARIE  
MCGARTHY, ETHELEEN  
MCDONALD, ANNETTE  
MAKINSON, MARY LOUISE  
MCCRORY, FRANKIE  
NELSON, ADELAIDE  
NORWOOD, EVELYN  
NORWOOD, MARY  
NUNNALLY, ISABEL  
O'NEIL, GUSSIE  
POWELL, BESSIE  
PARHAM, LOLA  
PERSONS, WILLIE  
PHARR, MARY  
PHILLIPS, LILL  
PUND, RHETTA  
RADFORD, MARY LIZZIE  
RANKIN, MARY  
REAGAN, LUCY  
REDLEY, RUTH  
REYNOLDS, CHARLOTTE  
RAMSPECK, CHARLOTTE  
ROBINSON, MARY  
RYLANDER, MATTIE  
SMITH, ANNIE  
SMITH, LILA  
STURDIVANT, KATIE  
STURDIVANT, LILLIAN  
TOWERS, EVA  
THOMAS, RUTH  
THOMPSON, JULIA  
THOMSON, MILDRED  
WARREN, JULIA  
WELLS, LOUISE  
WHEATLEY, KATE  
WILKINSON, INEZ  
WILLIAMS, LILA  
WILLINGHAM, THEODOSTIA  
WHITE, SINIA  
WISE, LOUISE  
WOODS, MARGARET



MEMORSYNEAN LIBRARY SOCIETY

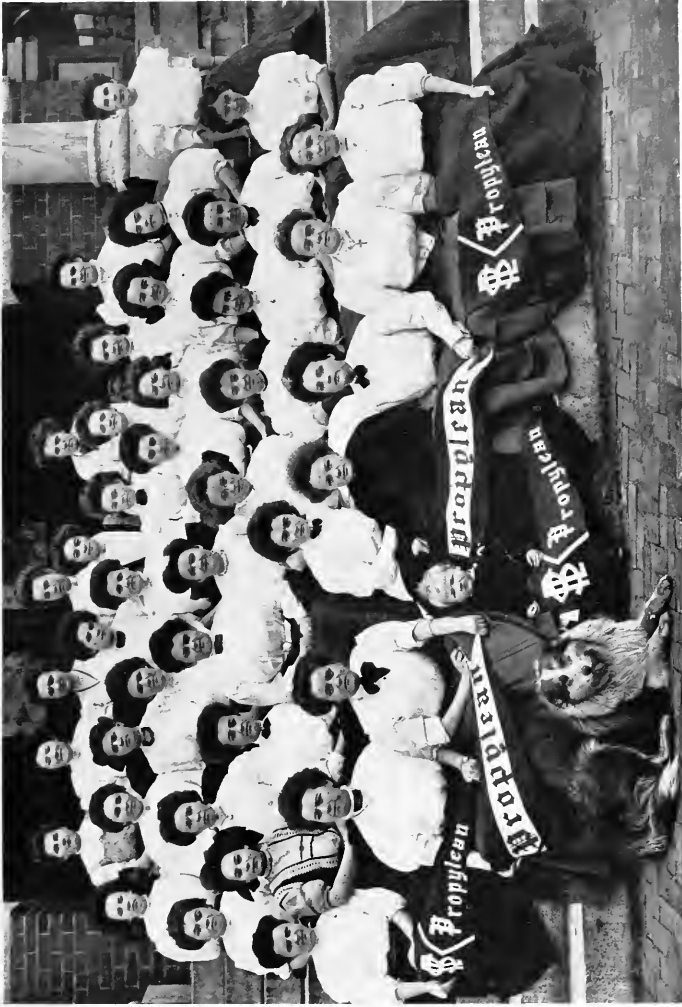
## Propylean Literary Society

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AYRES, ELLIE  
BRAND, HAZEL  
BROWN, MARY  
BROWN, EDITH  
BROWN, KATHARINE  
CLEMENS, WILLIE  
COLLINS, BLANCHE  
DARBY, SUSIE  
DAVIDSON, LOUISE  
DIXON, GAMALIEL  
DONNELLY, MARY  
DORTCH, ADALENE  
DUPRE, JULIA  
FIELD, CORNELIA  
FIELDS, ANNIE  
GOBER, SADIE  
HILLIKER, HELEN  
HOOD, GERALDINE  
HOLLEY, VERA  
HUNTER, MATTIE  
JERVIS, BONNIE  
JOHNS, WILLIE LEE  
KING, IDA

LAMAR, RENA  
MCCALL, PORTER  
MCCALLIE, MARGARET  
MCCORMICK, MOLLIE  
MCDUGALD, KATE  
MCKOWEN, SARAH  
MARION, RUTH  
MOORE, IRENE  
MABBITT, MAMIE  
NEWTON, IRENE  
NEWTON, MATTIE  
PAYNE, LOUISE  
POWELL, LUTIE  
SAXON, LIZZABEL  
STANDIFER, REBA  
STRINGFELLOW, MARGUERITE  
TENNEY, MARY  
THOMAS, MARGUERITE  
THORNTON, HATTIE MAY  
VERREEN, PEARL  
WADDELL, ANNIE  
WEATHERS, ALICE  
WHITE, KETURAH

YOUNG, KATE



PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



# A Dish of Fudge

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MAY AND LAURA—*roommates.*

RUTH—*school friend.*

MADGE—*new girl.*

MISS STEWART—*young teacher. New to the place and unversed in the ways of school.*

TIME—*First week of term. At night, ten-thirty o'clock.*

SCENE—*Girls' bedroom. Lights out. Two candles burning. Low table in center back. Laura sitting on floor. May stirring contents of chafing dish. Door at right. Window at left. Screen on front side of window.*

## ACT I.

May—Sh! Laura, do be quiet! Why won't this old stuff boil!

Laura—Because you stir it so much; no place can get hot enough. Hush! What's that?

*(A step is heard outside. Both girls rush behind screen. Enter Ruth.)*

Ruth—Gee! I thought I smelt it! May!

*(May and Laura come out.)*

Laura—Great grief, Ruthie, why can't you give us some warning? I thought—

May—We surely thought we were gone!

Ruth—If that new teacher could smell, you would be. Happy, she's got a cold. This stuff smells "like a house afire." Glad I found it though. Say'd you hear about that new girl? Awful skee!

Laura—When'd she come?

Ruth—Yesterday, and a most curious creature! Goes rushing round by her lonesome; independent as you please.

May—Newies are the limit.

Laura—I loathe 'em. Wish everybody was just made here.

Ruth (sweetly)—You weren't yourself, you know, dear. Hi, there! What's the matter with that stuff?

May—Oh, dear! It won't boil!

Laura—Come on. This is tame. Let's slip up and call on newie. That old candy won't burn.

Ruth—Turn the flame down. Laura, take off those French heels. Stew's smell-less, but she hears like a cat.

(*Exeunt, door at right. Enter Madge, at window.*)

Madge—Mercy, that fire escape's a dandy. I wish Tom were here. That slip walk was lonely but—(*horrified*) Moses! I'm in the wrong room! (*Sniffing.*) What a funny smell! Fudge! Grand! (*Goes to table and peers into chafing dish.*) Must be a teacher rooming here. That list of rules on my door says, "No cooking allowed"; and candles! Woman, you'd better make yourself scarce! Surely does smell good, but not invited. I suppose I can't stay to the finish.

(*Starts toward window. Enter Miss Stewart at door.*)

Stewart—Girls, what does this mean? Cooking! And candles burning, too! Give me your names!

Madge—I haven't but one, ma'am. (*Aside*) Gee! what a rumpus. I'll have to play innocent.

Stewart—But why are you cooking at this time? It is forbidden emphatically.

Madge—Why, I'm not cooking, I'm—

Stewart—Do not try to deceive me. Can I not see that flame?

Madge—Yes, but—

Stewart—Give me your name.

Madge—Madge Rodney, but I don't room here. The hostess seems to be out.

Stewart—But what are you doing here?

Madge—Well,—Gee! how that fudge is boiling! Wait I *must* stir it down.

Stewart (*impatiently*)—Go on!

Madge (*aside*)—May the fib be forgiven! (*Stirring and dropping fudge from spoon.*) Well, I smelt something burning, and came in to put out the fire. That teacher surely was reckless to have it, boiling here this way.

Stewart (*startled*)—Teacher! Is this not a girl's room? (*Aside*) Oh, yes! I see it now. (*To Madge*) Of course. I'm a new teacher and don't know about people here. This is where Miss Denham rooms, I suppose. She asked me to come in to-night for refreshments, but I had to decline. I'm afraid—



*Madge* (hastily)—Yes'm, but don't say it until I can pour this up. It's such lovely fudge to let burn! Doesn't it smell good?

*Stewart* (interestedly)—It certainly does. I wonder where Miss Denham is? I think we'd better go.

*Madge* (wistfully)—Yes'm, but—

*Stewart* (laughing)—But you want some candy? Yes, and I do too. I believe I'll accept Miss Denham's invitation.

(*Both sit down, enjoying the fudge.*)

(*Enter May, Laura and Ruth hastily.*)

*Laura*—Gee! I hope that candy's done.

*All*—Oh! (*Fall back.*)

*Stewart*—Why, girls, did Miss Denham invite you?

*May*—Miss Denham? Why, this is our own—

*Madge*—Holy smoke! (*Aside*) If I haven't stepped in a rat hole! (*To May*) Do you room here?

*Stewart*—You, and not Miss Denham?

*Laura*—Yes'm; but sit down, Miss Stewart. (*Aside*) Ye gods! what does it mean?

*Stewart*—But girls—

*Madge* (hastily)—Miss Stewart, this is all my muddle. Don't you see, I'm new here, too?

*Stewart*—Yes, but—

*Laura*—Well, anyway we're glad to have you. Have some fudge!

*May* (beseechingly)—The new feeling is so exciting, and school hasn't begun good yet,—

*Laura*—And I know you won't report us—

*Madge* (slyly)—For you were in it, too.

*Stewart*—Well, I suppose it is funny. I feel helpless, here, myself. But girls, do try to be quiet. That fudge was fine. Good-night. (*Exit right.*)

#### TABLEAU

*May and Laura hugging. Ruth shaking Madge's hand.*

#### CURTAIN.



- SEPT. 19—Rachel becomes "Miss Young."  
 20—Dr. Martin begins her career.
- OCT. 1—Mr. Dieckmann purchases "The Red Devil."  
 12—Miss Cook returns from Europe.  
 15—Miss Colton waxes sarcastic.  
 18—Sophomore and Seniors enjoy the Freshman-Junior cream.  
 30—The dog comes to prayer meeting.
- NOV. 4.—Office closed. Mr. Bachmann gone to Sparta.  
 10—Mr. Dieckmann and Miss Watkins emerge from the organ.  
 15—The Sophomore officers find out what they are not.  
 19—Miss Cady serves tea.  
 21—Louise Davidson bathes her hair in concentrated  $H_2SO_4$ .
- DEC. 1—Mr. Armstrong fails to note something "curious."  
 10—Dr. Gaines and Miss Hopkins smile in chapel.  
 15—Exercise deficient—young ladies restricted.  
 16—A general "going to walk."
- JAN. 1—"Spike" eliminated from the menu.  
 15—Dr. Martin interviews "Mr." Gaines.  
 18—Toothache gags Jeannette Brown for one day.  
 31—Miss Hopkins makes announcement for Miss Darrow.
- FEB. 4—Drs. Arbuckle and Armistead dispute loudly in the hall.  
 15—Miss Bucher locks up Hardy's novels.  
 19—Midnight serenade from Dorothea Snodgrass.
- MARCH 5—*The Seniors appear in caps and gowns.*  
 18—The "Complicators" extract K. A. banner from a male visitor.
- APRIL 1—Mr. Bachmann goes to Sparta.  
 10—Charlotte Rainspeck agrees with Mr. Armstrong.  
 17—Eleanor Coleman rises to sit on the "Hill."  
 24—Miss Euphemia smiles.
- MAY 3—Adalene Dortch studies "Psych." for half an hour.  
 26—Seniors decide to reform and put out lights on time.  
 27—Wild rush for home.

# Y.W.C.A.



## Organization

---

MAUDE B. HILL ..... PRESIDENT  
LIZZABEL SAXON ..... VICE-PRESIDENT  
KATHARINE DEAN ..... SECRETARY  
ELVA DRAKE ..... TREASURER

### CABINET

LOUISE DAVIDSON  
MARY DILLARD  
ANNETTE McDONALD

MARGARET McCALLIE  
IRENE NEWTON  
EUPHEMIA YOUNG



CLUBS



SALV

RBLogan





COLORS: Crimson and Gold

KENNEL: R. S. H. 23

BARK: Bull dogs delight to bark and bite  
For 'tis their nature to.

**MEMBERS**

**Class of 1908**

LILL PHILLIPS

**Class of 1909**

LUTIE HEAD

MÉC MACINTYRE

EUGENIA FULLER

**Class of 1911**

MOSELLE GANN

MATTIE RYLANDER

SYDNEY GABBETT

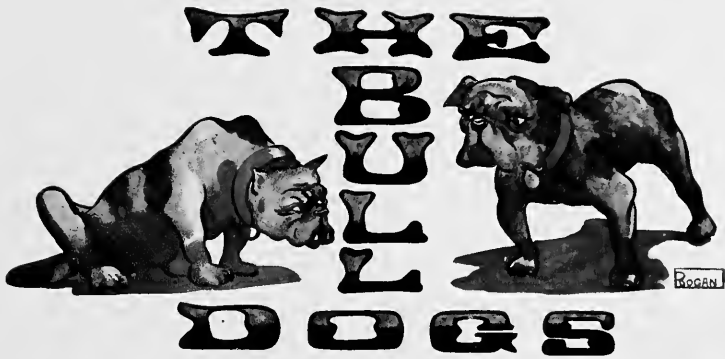
REBEKAH CANDLER

THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM

MARIE MACINTYRE



# THE BULL DOGS



The title 'THE BULL DOGS' is rendered in a large, bold, black, serif font. The word 'THE' is at the top, 'BULL' is in the middle, and 'DOGS' is at the bottom. Two detailed illustrations of bulldogs are positioned on either side of the word 'BULL'. The bulldog on the left is sitting and facing right, while the one on the right is standing and facing left. A small rectangular box with the name 'ROGAN' is located in the bottom right corner of the bulldog illustration area.



# Σ Λ γ μα Δ ε λ τ α Φ ε λ



A. FELKER



K. BUNN



C. CALDWELL



K. WHEATLEY



I. NUNNALLY



L. PAYNE



I. ELDRIDGE



C. REYNOLDS



I. WILKINSON



C. CRANFORD



## The Trumps

---

FLOWER: Heart's-ease

HEART'S DESIRE: Many hearts

The helping Heart—ALLIE FELKER.

The obeying Heart—CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS.

The spinster Heart—ISABEL NUNNALLY.

The youthful Heart—CLYDE CRANFORD.





COLORS: Black and White

FLOWER: White Rose

MASCOT: Skull

PURPOSE: Mystification of public and complication of private affairs

YELL: C-O-M-P-L-I,  
Kismet heategory,  
Kilometer, Ki!  
Bones and joints,  
Nothing less,  
C-A-T-O-R-S.

HAZEL BRAND  
LIDA CALDWELL  
FLORA CROWE  
GAMALIEL DIXON  
LOUISE DAVIDSON

MARGUERITE FITCH  
SADIE GOBER  
INEZ JONES  
RUTH MARION  
ANNE WADDELL

JEAN POWELL

ΕΔΣ



# Ἐπιλον Δέλτα Σίγμα



COLORS: Crimson, Blue and Gold

FLOWER: English Violet

## MEMBERS

SUSIE E. DARBY  
VERA E. HOLLEY  
GERALDINE HOOD

LUTIE N. POWELL  
HATTIE MAY THORNTON  
EVA L. TOWERS



## S. A. R. (?)

---

COLORS: Black and Gold

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

SYMBOLS: Bow and arrow

### MEMBERS

ELIZA CANDLER

CAROLINE CALDWELL

CLYDE CRANFORD

KATHARINE BUNN, SPECIAL MESSENGER

RUTH REILLEY, CHIEF ARCHER





## The Fudge Makers

---

LILA WILLIAMS  
MARY WALLACE KIRK

LUCY REAGAN  
EDITH SLOAN

HATTIE BARDWELL

## The Tar Heels in Georgia

---

COLOR: Black

SONG: "The Old North State, Forever"

POEM: The stickiest stick that used to stick  
Was the stick of a slave to his master.  
The stickiest stick that now can stick,—  
Is Martin's surgeon's plaster.  
But the stickiest stick that will ever stick  
In time of peace or war,  
Is that old stick that will always stick,—  
"North Carolina tar."

YELL: Little, but loud!  
Haughty and proud,  
Completely cowed,  
Nit!

### MEMBERS

RUTH REILLEY

EDITH SLOAN

DR. MARTIN

NEALIE BELK



# TOY SYMPHONY CLUB.

MISS THEODORA MORGAN ..... DIRECTOR  
 JEANNETTE BROWN ..... MANAGER  
 EDITH LOTT ..... TREASURER

## COLLEGE MEMBERS

MARGUERITE THOMAS, VIOLIN	ADELAIDE NELSON, CASTAGNETTE
VERA HOLLEY, PIANO	LILA WILLIAMS, TRIANGLE
MARY DILLARD, PIANO	KATHERINE BUNN, "DEVIL"
EDITH LOTT, CUCKOO	INEZ WILKINSON, COMB
JEANNETTE BROWN, NIGHTINGALE	SINA WHITE, CLAPPERS
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM, MIMIC	

## OUTSIDE MEMBERS

MRS. ERWIN MUELLER, VIOLIN	VERA WATERS, CASTAGNETTE
EDNA BEHRE, VIOLIN	ELLIOT JOHNSON, VIOLIN
NELLIE MUNGER, VIOLIN	NELLIE JOHNSON, VIOLIN



## The Dramatic Club

---

### OFFICERS

ADELAIDE NELSON, PRESIDENT  
LILL PHILLIPS, VICE-PRESIDENT  
MARGARET McCALLIE, SECRETARY  
MARGUERITE FITCH, TREASURER

### MANAGERS

MARY L. CADY  
MAUDE MONTGOMERY

### MUSICAL MANAGER

INEZ WILKINSON

It is felt, and certainly ardently hoped, that the organization of a Dramatic Club this year at Agnes Scott will mark a permanent movement forward in the development of the college, in fields hitherto but little explored. Although scarcely a year has gone by without one play or more being presented, the matter has never before been under definite management, or been an assured feature of the year. Whereas the club is young and more or less on probation, hopes for its future success and growth are flourishing. And quite a bit of encouragement was indeed afforded when the club actually obtained consent from Dr. Gaines, to allow a select number of young gentlemen to be





present at the first play; and more than that, when after personal inspection it was deemed that the wearing of bloomers might be suitably permitted. The first play having come off with much success, the club feels reasonably hopeful that something decidedly worth while will eventually be accomplished, and it is even holding quite practical visions of soon starting its own "greenroom." Miss



Cady and Miss Montgomery have proved of invaluable assistance in its organization, both sparing neither time nor trouble in the rehearsals and in helping with the general management. The entire student body, both of the college and academy, have taken great interest in the first play, and with their continued support, we need not limit the goal to be reached by the club.



## Soph Minus Club

---

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, 'it might have been;'"  
But even when things seem their worst, still worse may befall,  
And 'tis better to have lived and lost than never to have lived at all.

### MEMBERS

ALLIE FELKER  
DOROTHEA SNODGRASS  
EMMA BINNS  
SUE ELDRIDGE  
ISABELLE NUNNALLY  
EVA TOWERS  
KATHARINE BOOTHE  
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS



## “Überall”

---

Out there is a place where the mountains stand,  
And the banks their great trees raise;  
And the dark water winds throughout the land,  
With its silvery, misty haze.

And here is the shore with its rolling slopes,  
And its banks of deep red sand;  
Just out there the light of the house of hope,  
The rack of the fisher's hand.

And again the moor with its brown green grass,  
Its stretches lonely and bare;  
While there come the cries of the birds who pass,  
And not one to see nor care.

Then somewhere there winds a peaceful lake,  
With its shadowy border trees;  
And the faint, sweet stir the heather bells make  
Is carried soft with the breeze.

And the drifting sky with its depths of blue,  
Where the shades of fancy fall,  
Is always the same to the old, the new;  
The guardian of them all.

MARY DILLARD.



## “The Runaway Girl”



“T, Floyd,” she said, with tear-stained face, yet not forgetting to hold her pink muslin ruffles away from the tomato vines, “you might as well stop talking about that, stop thinking about it! I’ve told you Aunt Mary would as soon think of letting me enter the Salvation Army as marry you! You needn’t think it’s just my imagination! She’s been watching me suspiciously with that Gorgon eye of hers for a week, now, and making all sorts of excuses to talk to your father—about business, she says! About you and me, is the truth of the matter! Why, just last night he talked to her out on the front porch till after twelve o’clock, and then when she came in the house and found me in the hall, she—she looked like she wanted to m—murder me!

“Floyd, I *know* she’s going to send me back to that boarding school, and you will have to go to Mexico, and oh, oh, oh,” she ended in a despairing wail, while the hopeful youth of twenty-one did his best to comfort her, as far as the garden wall and wet tomato vines allowed.

“Florence,” he said, “you may just count upon it, you’re not going back to school, and I’m not going to Mexico, unless you go with me. I’m twenty-one, and you are eighteen, both of us old enough to take matters in our own hands, I guess!”

“But, Floyd, she’ll n-e-e-ver forgive me, I say, and, oh, I’ll just die if she looks at me any more the way she did last night!”

But it is a fact of not infrequent occurrence in the world, that a girl of eighteen years allows her inclinations and her delight in feeling herself the victim of a great and all-absorbing passion to overcome her fear of a cruel aunt’s uncompromising will, and a youth of twenty-one seldom fails to have sufficient confidence in his independent judgment. That is why it was arranged that promptly at five o’clock on the following afternoon, Florence should appear at the same garden wall, suit-case in hand, prepared for a journey of indefinite length.

The next day passed in a flutter of hasty packing and avoiding Aunt Mary’s all-seeing eye. Fortunately, for the inexperience of a mind entirely unaccustomed to such romantic adventures, and for the irrepressible excitement that made her cheeks burn and took away all reasonable knowledge of where to find things and how to pack them, Aunt Mary herself seemed pre-occupied, and not particularly desirous of her niece’s companionship.

At five o'clock, with unaccustomed promptness, a thoroughly excited young lady, with a large and heavy suit-case was seen to run swiftly down the length of a rain-drenched vegetable garden, never forgetting to hold her smart, green skirts away from the cabbages and butterbean vines. At the garden gate, a young man with red hair, and an air of great importance, caused by the marriage license in his pocket, was pacing swiftly and impatiently up and down, and turned with a sigh of relief, when the rustle of the green dress met his ear.

That was no time for affectionate greetings, when a cruel aunt might easily be watching from the window above, so taking the suit-case from her hand, Mr. Floyd Sanders, Jr., led the way to a side street, safe from Aunt Mary's watchful eyes; but, once out of danger, the anxious lines in Florence's face relaxed, and, hand in hand, the two ran down the street, laughing like two truant school children, for eloping is no very serious matter to eighteen and twenty-one, and the thought of the surprised and sad bewilderment their elders would experience when it was all too late increased the light-hearted happiness which the sunshine of an afternoon in May brings to a sentimental two. The bishop's home was just three blocks away, and with excitement that grew more intense every minute the two young runaways walked boldly up the steps and rang the bell.

"Safe at last," said Floyd, and they stood laughing foolishly, until the maid appeared and ushered them into the presence of the Reverend Bishop Reed.

"We—want you to marry us, sir!" blurted Mr. Sanders, Jr., an uncomfortable warmth coming over his face.

"Marry you! Don't you think you'd better go back to school and think over the matter a few years longer, first?"

This disconcerting reply served only to increase the embarrassment of the young people, which had naturally been sufficiently great before, but at last the young man succeeded in convincing the bishop that he wanted to be married right then, on the spot, and the pleading of the bishop's pretty wife helped the cause; and, so, with Mrs. Reed and the cook for witnesses, the service began. With a sense of the solemnity of their wildly-begun adventure just beginning to dawn upon them, the youthful couple listened to the service, until the bishop turned to Floyd.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy—?"

"Oh, Floyd, look, look, quick!" screamed Florence, grasping the arm of that young gentleman, and pulling him forcibly away from the window, while the bishop dropped his prayer book, and through the window, Mrs. Reed and Floyd saw Aunt Mary and Mr. Sanders, the elder, coming up the steps.

"Right in here, come quickly, and do be quiet," said the kind-hearted little Mrs. Reed, almost pushing the thoroughly frightened young people into the next room, and returning to the library just in time to greet the older couple.

In the bishop's study, next door, Florence and Floyd clung to each other and listened fearfully and tremblingly for the word which was to be their doom: but apparently Mr. Sanders was in no great haste to speak it. After a few dry remarks about the weather and the condition of the cotton market, an embarrassed silence followed. Then finally the voice of Mr. Sanders appeared to speak with great difficulty, to the bishop.

"As no doubt you are aware, sir, I—have a son, who is now twenty-one years of age, and very much inclined to have opinions of his own, and Miss Roberts, also, has been entrusted with the care of an excellent niece, who— is somewhat hard to please! Of late, we have noticed these two young people very much in each other's company, and have come to the conclusion—ahem!— that they have noticed, and object to, the growing intimacy which they have observed between Miss Roberts and—myself. Therefore, with a view to avoiding their certain displeasure, we have concluded to come quietly, without their knowledge, to your house, and ask you to solemnize our marriage—"

Florence and Floyd were gazing at each other with utter bewilderment in their eyes, till, all at once, a burst of comprehension coming to them both, the door flew open, and two excited children rushed upon the astonished couple.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, Aunt Mary, who would have thought it of you! You, to run away like this, when I thought all the time—Oh! Oh! You nearly se-scared me to death!"

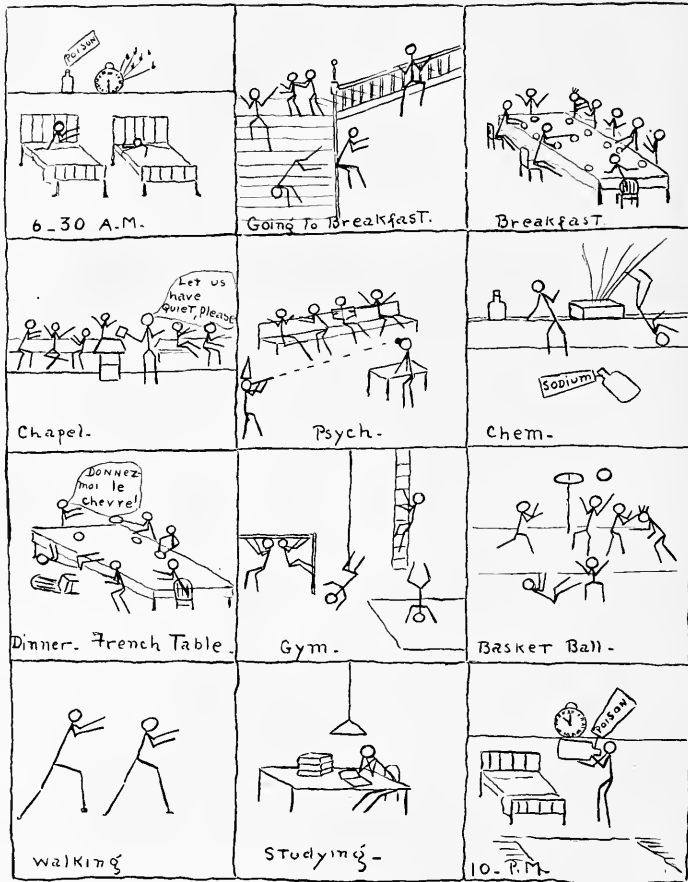
But Mr. Sanders, the younger, was plainly master of the situation.

"Seeing that all parties are present, and no objections on either side, I can find no reason why a double marriage should not take place immediately," said the young gentleman, calmly.

"You—you two!" Aunt Mary and Mr. Sanders stared at each other in complete astonishment. The old gentleman rose to his feet.

"How," he said, and drew his handkerchief across his brow, "how did you ever manage to keep it such a secret?"

GERALDINE HOOD, '10.



## A DAY AT AGONY SCOTT.

## Hard Times

---

You ask why so thin I have recently grown,  
And so silent—indeed there's a reason.  
At Agnes Scott now, they're so wise, be it known,  
That English is quite out of season.

If by chance you are slated for Miss Treben's *Tische*,  
Con your *Wörterbuch* well is my sermon;  
For if bread or potatoes or aught else you wish,  
You must know how to ask it in German.

And when you have eaten, not perhaps all you want,  
But all that to ask for you're able,  
*Entschuldigen Sie mich* or *Mahlzeit* you must say,  
Ere you thankfully rise from the table.

Do you think in your native tongue then to converse,  
And feel thankful your troubles are mending?  
Nay, Miss Colton awaits, a French play to rehearse,  
With French conversation unending.

For *Parlez-vous français?* and *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*  
You have somebody ask you each minute;  
And if nothing but English you know how to speak,  
You feel woefully lost and not in it.

JEANNETTE BROWN.

## Maudie Montgomery

---



Though Miss Montgomery came to Agnes Scott only this year, it has taken but a very short part of that time to win for her the admiration, as well as hearty support of all. In the very beginning we found her capable, competent, amid all the newness of her surroundings, and we are still striving to attain that perfection in gymnastics, which her example has constantly kept before us. Although too much can scarcely be said for the remarkable efficiency that Miss Montgomery displays in her department, it is for something outside of the gymnasium itself that we will remember her. This is the addition of a new sport to the athletic life of the college. It is owing to her efforts and influence that we have obtained a hockey field, and her interest and enthusiasm

have been a splendid stimulus. She has introduced several new indoor games, and proved an excellent coach and umpire in the old realm of basketball, to say nothing of the aid she has given in a quite different direction, that in connection with the Dramatic Club, where she has shown the fine versatility of genuine ability. But the position of physical director, here, seems fated to be short, for Miss Montgomery's memory with all it conveys and embodies, is all that she will leave to Agnes Scott for another year. However, we feel that 'tis better to have had and lost, than never to have had at all.



## Athletic Association



MARGUERITE FITCH  
VICE PRESIDENT



LILL PHILLIPS  
PRESIDENT



LOUISE DAVIDSON  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER





GYMNASIUM



## Hockey Team

---

### LINE UP

MARGUERITE FITCH, c. f. (CAPTAIN)  
MAUDE SWARTWOOD, r. w.  
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM, l. w.  
KATHERINE BUNN, r. i. f.  
ELEANOR FRIERSON, li. f.  
GAMALIEL DIXON, c. m. (MANAGER)  
ADELAIDE NELSON, r. h.  
LILA WILLIAMS, l. h.  
FLORA CROWE, r. f.  
LUTIE POWELL, l. f.  
ELIZA CANDLER, g.



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM



MARY KNIGHT  
MASCOT



MCDOXALD  
MANAGER

## Basket Ball

YELL—Ya, yr, yee, double dum dee!  
Dicky dack, hicky pack!  
Hi go ree!  
College, college—A. S. C.



NELSON  
CAPTAIN

### LINE UP

#### FORWARDS

M. FITCH  
L. DAVIDSON

#### GUARDS

A. NELSON  
V. CRANE

#### CENTERS

L. PHILLIPS  
E. FRIERSON



NELSON

DAVIDSON

FITCH

FRIERSON

CRANE

PHILLIPS

# College Scrub Team

---

YELL—Teeker toeker, tiah!  
Hannibal! Goliah!  
Fricasseed! callub!  
We're it—College Scrub!



RYLANDER  
CAPTAIN



McKINNEY GASH  
MASCOT



DIXON  
MANAGER

FORWARDS  
E. COLEMAN  
M. HUNTER

LINE UP  
CENTERS  
A. DORTCH  
R. CANDLER

GUARDS  
E. DRAKE  
M. RYLANDER



CANDLER

HUNTER

RYLANDER

COLEMAN

DRAKE

DORTCH



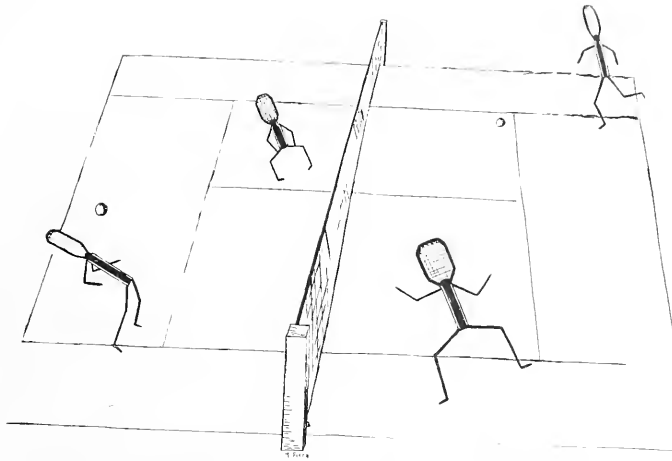
## Tennis Association

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### OFFICERS

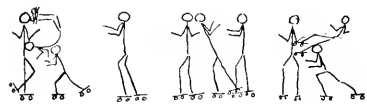
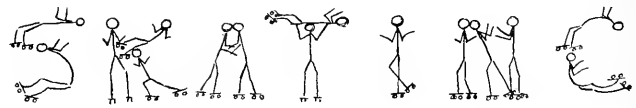
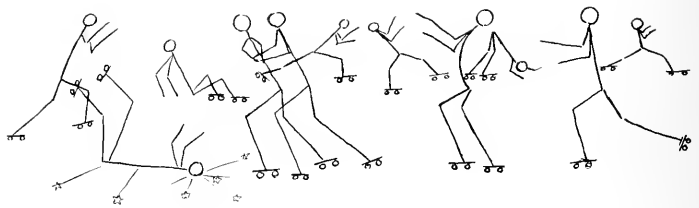
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ELEANOR COLEMAN.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
MATTIE RYLANDER.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER





**MEMBERS**

- DR. ARBUCKLE  
 DR. ARMISTEAD  
 MARGUERITE BRISCOE  
 KATHERINE BOOTHE  
 EDITH BROWN  
 KATHERINE BROWN  
 MARY BROWN  
 DOROTHY BURFORD  
 HATTIE BARDWELL  
 ANNIE CAMPBELL  
 BLANCHE COLLINS  
 IRENE DAVIS  
 MISS DARROW  
 ABELENE DORTCH  
 LOUISE DAVIDSON  
 GAMALIEL DIXON  
 ELVA DRAKE  
 MARGUERITE FITCH  
 ELEANOR FRIERSON  
 NELLIE FARGASON  
 WINIFRED HUSON  
 MATTIE HUNTER  
 VERA HOLLEY  
 AGNES KIME  
 IBA KING  
 MARY WALLACE KIRK  
 RUTH MARION  
 MEC MACINTYRE  
 MARIE MACINTYRE  
 ETHELLEN MCCARTHY  
 ERMA MONTGOMERY  
 GUSSIE O'NEAL  
 BESSIE POWELL  
 LILA SMITH  
 RIBETTA PUND  
 ANNIE SUE PATILLO  
 LILL PHILLIPS  
 LUTIE POWELL  
 MAUD SWARTWOOD  
 JULIA THOMPSON  
 MARGUERITE THOMAS  
 MISS TREBEIN  
 MILDRED THOMSON  
 ANNIE WADDELL  
 ALICE WEATHERS  
 THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM  
 LOUISE WISE  
 LOUISE WELLS  
 LILA WILLIAMS



# GRINDS



And now we come to quips and grinds --

A bitter job all 'round;  
For if one did not grind out grinds,  
They never would be ground.

Three cheers for dear old basket-ball,  
Whose field is in the gym!  
And, as it's near the swimming pool,  
Of course it's in the swim.

You may burn down the kitchen,  
May do what you will;  
There'll be tongue, *gout* and  
Peaches and hominy still.

Now as "crush"  
Is pure slush,  
We take time  
In this rhyme,  
To say "nein,"  
None in mine.

An Academy girl's opinion on the subject is printed below:

A CRUSH

You, my young readers,  
You've probably heard  
The beautiful meaning  
Of such a rare word.

So beware, dear young friends,  
Of such a disease;  
For it's almost incurable,  
And it sometimes takes weeks.

I know from experience,  
Especially at school,  
That any girl that gets it  
Is considered a fool.

You can't even look  
At a girl and blush,  
But what some'budy hollers,  
"That is her crush!"

So don't look at a girl,  
Except in disgust,  
Because if you smile at her,  
She'd be your crush.

True friendship is beautiful,  
Especially at school;  
But it's sure to be analyzed  
By some little fool.

JEANNETTE FRANCES CLARK.

"What shall I put in of A. S. A.?"  
Said I to a maid one night;  
And quick spoke this little Academy girl,  
"Just that it is all right!"

Grind, grind, grind. There is no rest for me,  
And that no real jokes have transpired is not sufficient plea;  
I tell of the august "fac" who lectures the girls at will,  
But, oh, the dread of their mighty ire my poor trembling heart doth fill,  
Grind, grind, grind. It's an everyday job, you see,  
And until the Annual goes to press it will continue to be.

Dr. Armistead says, "I love to eat;  
Feeding is my greatest treat,  
Promptly at table I take my seat,  
And leave it with reluctant feet."

There was a plump maiden named Gam,  
Whose slender T. L. was named Sam,  
Together the pair  
Are rich, racy and rare,  
And this is the truth and no slam.

L. LUDLOW

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,  
That she could even hold what she could chew."

H. BRAND, AT SPASMODIC INTERVALS

"A low and gentle voice is an excellent thing in woman."

MIDNIGHT, ROOM 16, R. S. H., ENTER LOUISE

MARGARET (sleepily)—"Where on earth have you been?"

LOUISE (proudly)—"Spraying Mary Dillard's throat."

MARGARET—"You've been gone two hours. She must have a neck like a giraffe!"

Louise Chick on an autumn day,  
Came to Agnes Scott to stay;  
In her face there glowed the look,  
Of one who loves the pen and book;  
And now because she loves them so  
She simply won't consent to go.

MAUDE H. AND K. DEAN

A very taking pair indeed,  
And now we are not faking;  
To show you 'tis the double truth,  
They're both "before and after taking."

L. E. D.

"A fool and his money soon part," they say,  
Whether hundreds or millions he start with;  
But it's worth while being a fool to-day,  
Just to have some good hoodle to part with."

Complicator room, a smoldering fire,  
A melody, Miss Hopkins' ire.

PROBLEM

M. E. M. + D. S. = Pair  
∴ Peach + Lemon = Pear (Ax. 1.)  
Where's Burbank?

When Miss Smith came to Agnes Scott  
She rode a hobby-horse,  
And vowed she'd cling to Bennett, for  
The better or for worse.

Is it that she's forgot him now?  
She's pierced by Cupid's arrow;  
And we watch a violent mutual crush  
T'ween her and Miss Ruth Darrow.

There was a young maiden named Dick,  
To her text-books she just would not stick,  
What was her bent?  
Why was she here sent?  
For a special degree in sentiment.

Little Howard grabbed Louise's hair with all his might,  
"Stop it, Chunky," said his father. "Don't you know that rat will bite?"

Miss Trebein spricht a "Howdy do?"  
"Oh, little schon, the same to you."  
Miss Cady sagt a "Parlez-vous—"  
But nihil spake Bartholomew.  
Dixit Almon "Immer mehr,  
Meum cor, what bully fare!"

There was a little girl  
That had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her forehead;  
And when she was good  
She was very, very good,  
And when she was bad—she was Howard.

Pills and pills and pills we have,  
And pills we give to thee;  
All pilgrims in this pilgrimage  
Must enter this pillory.

There's Higher Education  
For girls of every nation  
To be had at Agnes Scott.  
Shut up in a nunnery,  
Without any funnery,  
And never a man on the spot.  
No fascinating cases  
Of Cupid's darts—no traces—  
'Tis only an old maid's lot.  
But—there's Higher Education  
For girls of every nation  
To be had at Agnes Scott.



## The Wind

---

When the first May breeze with its soft touch wakes  
The sweet wood flowers,  
Or sings to itself the low song it makes  
In drowsy hours;  
When it lends new life to the coming spring  
Till the harebell pauses listening,  
I love it then.

When November wind with its deep, drear tone  
Sobs low, so low,  
For forgotten griefs of the lost and alone  
In the long ago;  
Or cries like a child for a woe that is past  
As spent with its struggle; breathes quiet at last,  
I love it more.

Sometimes there's a wind like a demon in pain  
Shrieks shrill,  
And raves like a lost thing in torture again  
O'er rock, crags and hill;  
In agony writhes, mad, crazed, just as when  
A furious beast wildly rages, And then  
I love it best.

—Clyde Pettus.





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In Memory of

EUGENIA M. DEARING

COVINGTON, GEORGIA

---

CLASS OF 1911, M. L. S.

---

DIED FEBRUARY 24, 1908

---



**T**HE Editors' thanks are due to  
Miss Brownie Huson, Mr. R.  
B. Logan, Miss Jule Hunter,  
Miss Mary L. Cady, and Dr. J. D.  
M. Armistead.

# ADS.



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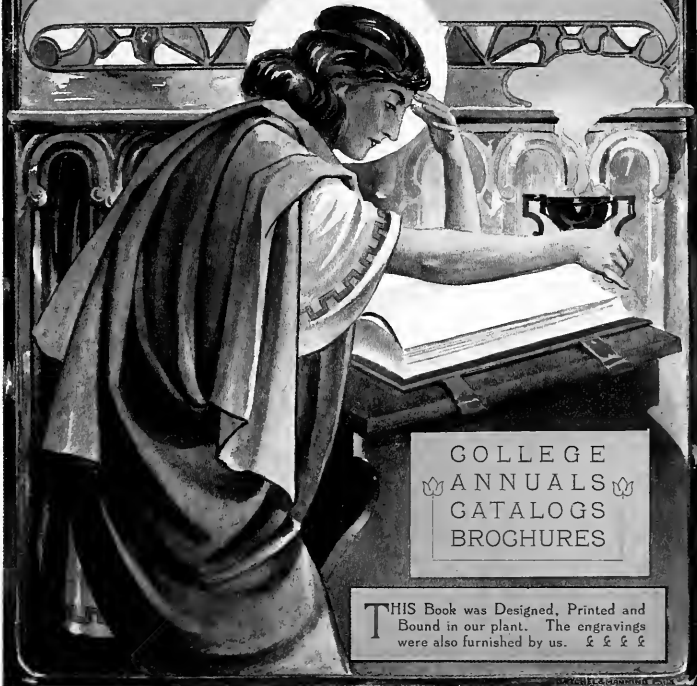
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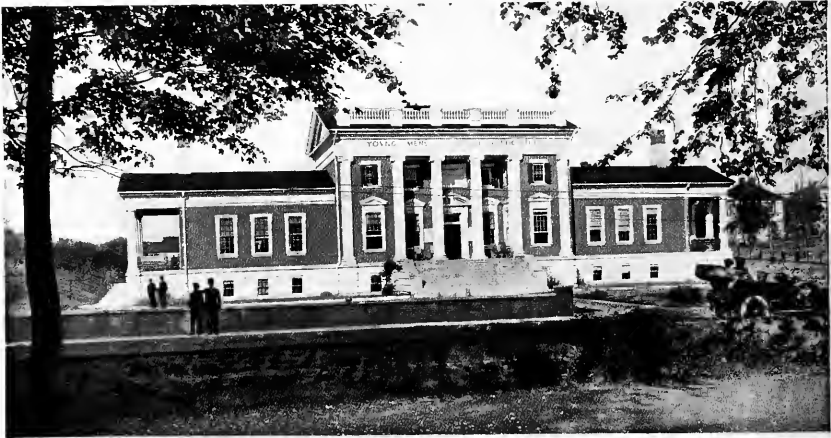
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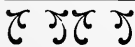
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