

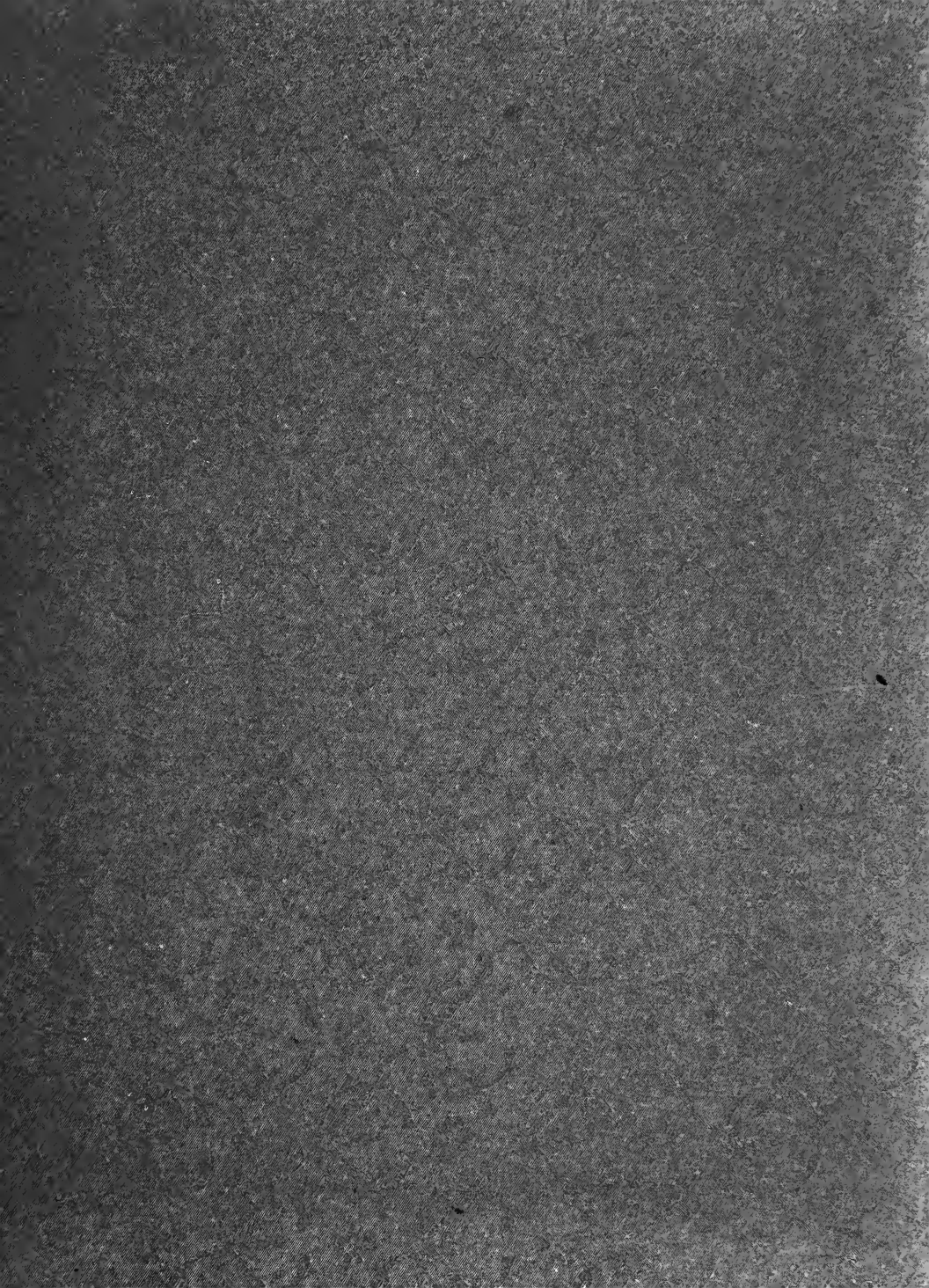
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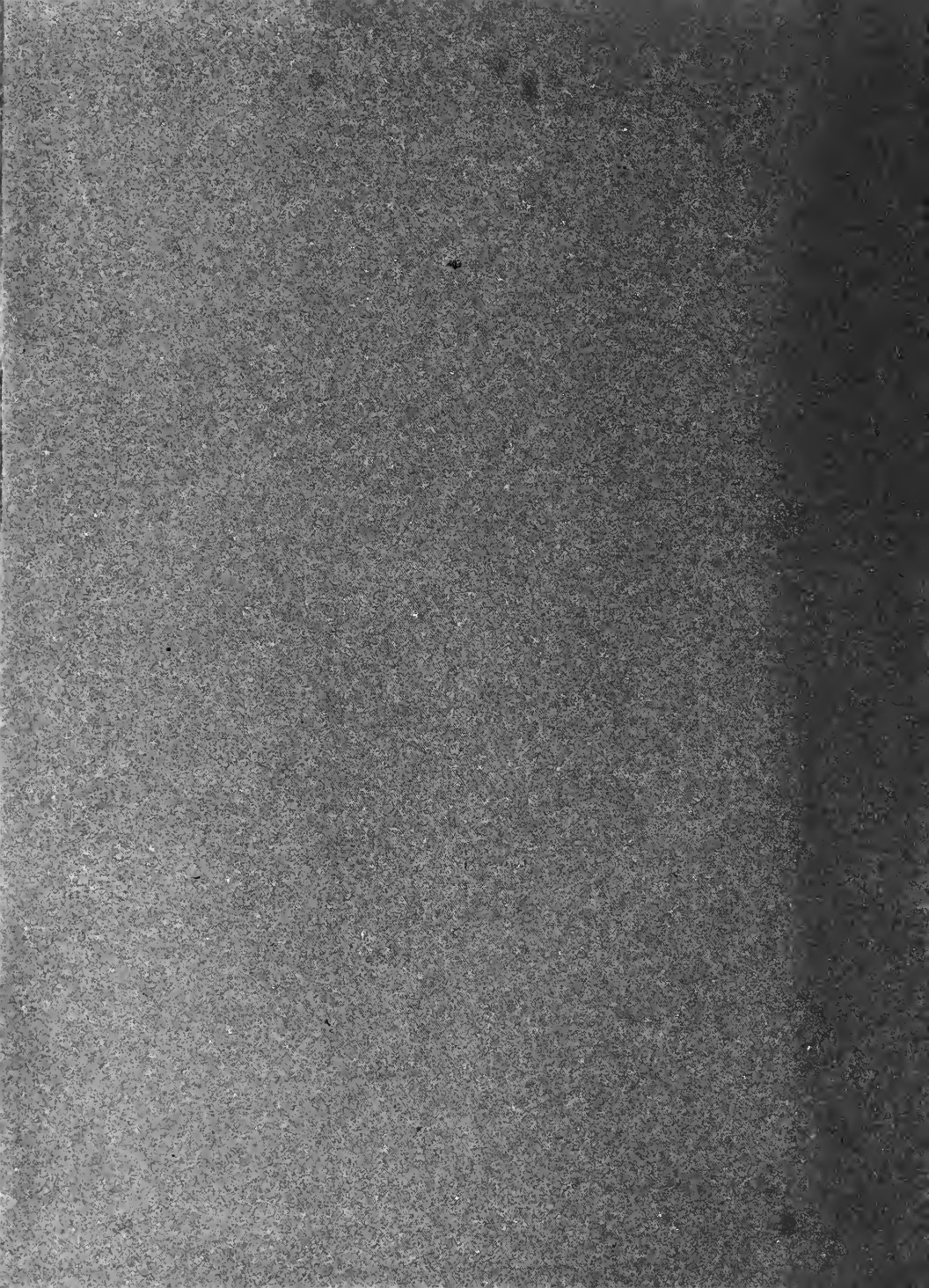
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VOL.

THE

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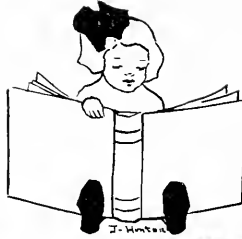
1910



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

DECATUR, GA.




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A decorative border with a floral motif at the top and bottom, and a wavy, scroll-like pattern on the sides. The floral motifs consist of several roses and leaves.

Dedicated to
Samuel M. Inman
whose constant interest and labor for our welfare
and happiness
have endeared him to the girls of
Agnes Scott College





Samuel Martin Inman

THE names of two great and good men are inseparably connected with the foundation, growth and success of Agnes Scott College, viz.: GEORGE W. SCOTT and SAMUEL M. INMAN. Founded by Col. Scott, and loved and supported by him until his death, it found immediately thereafter in Mr. Inman a friend, counsellor and supporter no less generous, wise and devoted.

Under God's blessing, to these two more than all else, it owes its existence, its development and its present recognized standing among educational institutions.


Mr. Inman was born of Presbyterian parentage, in Dandridge, Jefferson County, Tennessee, on February 19, 1843. His first school attendance was at the old log-cabin schoolhouse in his native town, which, now known as Maury Academy, only recently celebrated its 100th birth year. Subsequently graduating at Maryville College, he later entered Princeton University. During his Sophomore year there, the War between the States having begun, in response to his country's call he left the University, returned home, and at 18 years of age enlisted in the Confederate service, in which he remained to the end of the war, first as a member of the 1st Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, and later, on the Staff of General W. Y. C. Hume, with the rank of Lieutenant.

Immediately after the war—conditions in eastern Tennessee being peculiarly chaotic—upon leaving home he decided to try his fortune in Georgia, going first to Augusta, and after a short residence there, removing early in 1867 to Atlanta, where he has since continuously resided.

During his residence here of nearly a half century, he has consistently exemplified in public and private life those high civic and Christian virtues, which have won from his fellow citizens the title of "Atlanta's first citizen."

Soon after settling in Atlanta he engaged in the cotton business, establishing the firm of S. M. Inman & Co., which, with the Branch office in Houston, Texas, prior to its dissolution and Mr. Inman's retirement from active business, became probably the largest dealers in the United States in spot cotton.

During all of his active business life, Mr. Inman was one of the most important factors in the material upbuilding of Atlanta and the South, and his name was prominent in nearly every public and industrial undertaking in Atlanta. After a wonderfully successful business career and the accumulation of a comfortable fortune, he retired from active business several years ago and has



since devoted his attention to his personal affairs and to continuous but unostentatious efforts in behalf of the material, educational and moral uplift of Atlanta, the State and the South.

Mr. Inman has long had the deepest interest in educational affairs. For years he was a leading member of the Board of Education of Atlanta and had a large share in the establishment of the public school system of that city, probably unexcelled in the South.

He was one of the prime movers and most active workers in securing the location in Atlanta of the Georgia School of Technology, for years a member of its Board of Trustees, and one of its most generous supporters.

He became a member of the Board of Trustees of Agnes Scott College in 1898 and at once took the deepest interest in its development and upbuilding. Upon the death of Col. Scott in 1903, he was unanimously elected Chairman of the Board, and except when absent from the State has not missed a single session of the Board, or a commencement occasion of the College. His gifts to the College during the past seven or eight years have aggregated nearly \$75,000.00.

In 1906-07, Mr. Inman was Chairman of an influential Business Men's Association for the promotion of the educational interest of the State, and to this work gave unstintedly of his time and energies, aiding largely in the inauguration and conduct of an enthusiastic campaign for a more efficient public education system, which soon created a state-wide sentiment, finally resulting in a half million dollars increase in the annual State appropriation for common schools, large building and maintenance sums for the several State colleges, and the reorganization of and new buildings for the State College of Agriculture, and eleven State District Agricultural High Schools, to the establishment of which citizens of the State also donated nearly a million dollars in money and properties.

Mr. Inman's crowning effort and highest achievement for education has just ended in his successful leadership of the Agnes Scott campaign for an endowment and extension fund of \$350,000.00. In this great movement there were scores of tireless and devoted co-workers, the value of whose labors is unmeasured, but to Mr. Inman each cheerfully awards the praise of unexampled leadership and consecrated effort.

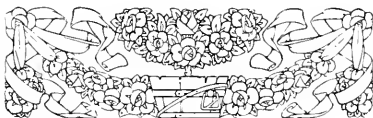
For many years Mr. Inman has been a ruling Elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta, and since its removal to Atlanta a member of the Assembly's Committee on Home Missions.

Mr. Inman has never sought or held political office, although he was widely and prominently mentioned as a suitable successor to United States Senator Colquitt, upon his death several years ago.

He is a member of a family distinguished for achievement. Their fortunes have not been built upon the ruins of others, but they have each been builders.


Samuel M., John H., and Hugh T., sons of a successful father, Shadrach W. Inman, are names synonymous with honorable dealing, enviable success and commendable public spirit.

Agnes Scott College loves Mr. S. M. Inman for what he has done for it and its ideals, but far more *for the man that he is and the virtues he exemplifies*, and hence the affectionate dedication of this volume to this friend of all good causes, and hers.





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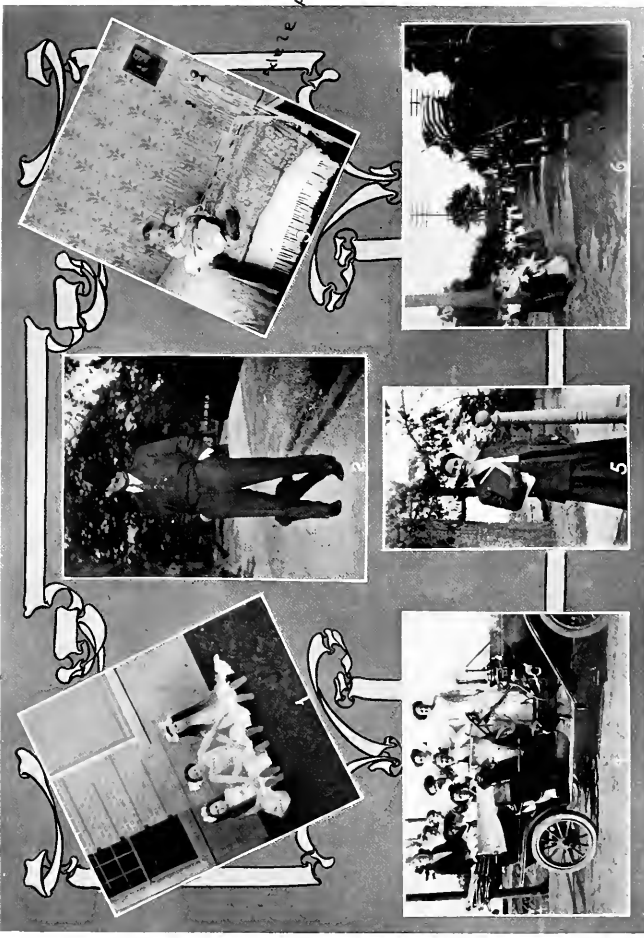
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3.

1910.





Senior Class

Flower: Lavender Sweet Pea

Colors: Lavender and White

Motto: Esse quam videri

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JENNIE ANDERSON
Decatur, Georgia

Did you ever hear tell of a girl so industrious
That she studied and studied and became so illustrious
That she had never a thought but for books and such
like?
And as for boys and frivolity, she meets them with a
spike.
Jennie Anderson does all of these
And it is only with books that her mind is pleased.





FLORA CROWE
Atlanta, Georgia

Who is this all schooled down
Into that middy just bought in town?
Methinks they call her Flossie Crowe.
With laughter and dimples we love for her to show.





FAY DILLARD
New Orleans, Louisiana

Fay Dillard is on the exec,
And thinks she carries knowledge around by the peck,
Her friends often get mad and madder,
But this makes Fay not the least bit sadder,
For they love her just the same,
Be she wild or be she tame!
Though she's neither the former nor latter,
Whether she is or is not what she seems
She'll always remain the maid of Orleans.





EM ELDRIDGE
Americus, Georgia

She walks with a stately grace
And a tender smile is on her sweet face.
Her voice is so tender, gentle and loving
It makes you wonder what's the use of shoving.
There is nothing in "Em" for any one to shun.
And everybody says she'd make an ideal nun.





GLADYS FARRIS
Chipley, Florida

There was a brumette they called Glad,
For nicknames she had quite a fad,
"What," she would say,
"In a name, is there, pray?"
Her logic was getting quite bad.

If this one little fault you'll omit
And think only of Gladys's wit,
For while here at College
She has gained so much knowledge
She really just cannot be hit.





ELEANOR FRIERSON
Columbia, Tennessee

She cons the students' register
And marks you when you're late.
This serious Vice-President,
Imperious and sedate.
Her nature is a noble one,
Her mind is firm and strong;
You cannot help but love
When you've known her very long.





MATTIE HUNTER
Quitman, Georgia

Mattie shares with Mildred the horrors of the annual
And she, too, is a veritable Daniel.
In athletics also she is a star,
And in everything else both near and far.
Without a doubt this girl is a wonder.
And they tell me she's got a temper like thunder.
But you couldn't imagine Mat being mean;
In clear weather she's calm and serene
With a peace far removed from this life and its
plunder.





CLYDE McDANIEL
Conyers, Georgia

Ding, dong, ding, who comes there?
Little Clyde McDaniel, exceedingly fair.
"Where do you come from, my little maid?"
"I came from afar," the maid she said.
"Every morning I come here on a train at eight
And in the afternoon when I get home 'tis
exceedingly late,
But then to be Senior, is worth it all.
So I've come for four years—spring, winter or
fall."





AGNES NICOLASSEN
Clarksville, Tennessee

She's noble and she's very good,
Of her flirting you'd never dream,
But often have you heard it said
Things are not what they seem.

For when you hear a noise like
One coming down the hall
And think you'll see a Senior,
A maiden straight and tall.

You see as the sound draws nearer
Not Agnes alone, I ween,
There's a fellow walking with her;
The fellow's name's Irene.





LUCY REAGAN
McDonough, Georgia

If you've had the fever
And would learn to grow fat,
Then just go to Lucy—
She'll instruct you in that.
If your crowning glory
Has all come out;
If your hair is all gone
And you just cry and pout;
If you're very sad,
In the depths of despair,
Then just go to Lucy
She'll fix your hair.





ANNIE SMITH
Lexington, Georgia

Everybody says that she's got genius,
Besides that she's one of the Seniors.
She had to leave school for quite a long spell,
But now she's back all happy and well.
We are all glad to welcome Annie back,
And know that in her work she'll *have* her old
"knack."





MILDRED THOMSON
Atlanta, Georgia

Mildred is all in one and one in all.
Rooming on second floor of Rebekah Scott Hall.
Of Student Government she is President.
Of the city of Atlanta she's a resident;
Editor-in-Chief of our beloved Annual.
I tell you the truth, she's a veritable Daniel.
And of the *Aurora* she is the faithful guide.
Any one will tell you by her word to abide.
And if there's anything you want her to do
She quickly accomplishes it and is ready for
something new.






LILA WILLIAMS
Fayetteville, N. C.

Lila Williams is another of the Seniors fair
Who besides being fair are extremely rare.
She can play and she can sing and easily carry the
tune
She sits in the Decatur chair and never comes in
too soon.
In the library she becomes Miss Bucher's mainstay.
And is always so happy day after day.





Class History

IS a history of the Senior class really a necessity? Does not the taking of the degree show the history of the four years? Our object in starting on this course four years ago was to become "Bachelors of Arts," to be able to write our names with a B. A. following, of course, possessing all the knowledge that those letters indicate. We have now reached the goal, not with as many as we had when we started, because a large part of the original Freshmen left us, though not a year has passed that we have not had new members, even this year one coming in to give us thirteen, now the "lucky thirteen."

This year there have been serious mishaps—and oh! how we feared that one of our number would have to leave us because of ill health, but she, with the usual pluck of the class of 1910, faced the faculty, and, in spite of protests, said, "I *will* graduate with my class," and they could not say no. Thus, the thirteen remained unbroken, and all marched into chapel on the morning of January 8, having outwitted the desires of the Juniors, clad in their somber caps and gowns.

But that is over. The time is drawing nearer and nearer to the end. What shall it bring? Honors? Perhaps not, in the sense of very high averages, but it will bring us to the end of our college life with the consciousness that we as a class have left no phase of the higher side of college life untouched. We have tried all, and now go forth determined to make the most of what we have gained here.



Senior Class Poem

Sweet-peas, full of unshed fragrance,
Stand on tip-toe for a flight;
Out-stretched wings of expectation
Gently flushed o'er delicate white.
Every morn is bright and merry,
Gay and beauteous every eve,
Knowing that, as joy's adorning,
Surely they must interweave.


Sometimes, somewhere in the realm of
Other unseen, unknown flowers,
Interchanging love and knowledge
All the dreamy summer hours,
Catching drops of inspiration,
Golden bits of perfect worth,
Pouring forth a rich libation
Over all the smiling earth.

Hand to hand in work rejoicing,
Mind to mind in duty's call,
Heart to heart in friendship's plighting,
Soul to soul in frolic's ball:—
Thus together have they founded
Fabrics for the years to come,
Trying each to bloom the fairer
'Neath the beams of learning's sun.

Other paths may ope before them,
Other faces, other eyes,
Other sprites may hover o'er them,
Other hopes before them rise,
Other birds in other plumage,
Other trees in other leaves,
Other flowers in other blooming,
Other mornings, other eves.

Still may life present its windings,
Mazy, thorny, rosy, dark,—
Fairy songs will sing forever,
"Lucky thirteen" in each heart,
Myriads of priceless memories
Still shall bear their spirits up,
Parting strengthens recollection,
So they lift to her their cups!

ANNIE SMITH, '10.



A Meeting of the Fates

SCENE—A cavern. Two witches fumbling over a boiling cauldron. A third witch approaching. Thunder.

FIRST WITCH— Where hast thou been, sister mine?

SECOND WITCH— Up among the mountains wild,
Gathering herbs both strong and mild.
A curious species I have found
Growing close upon the ground.

FIRST AND THIRD WITCHES—


Come, come, let's experiment,
The cauldron boils to your content!
(All three throwing the herb in)

Burn, fire, burn,
So the witches may learn
In their den far away
All the news of the day,
For by means of a spell
They may learn to foretell
Of the rise and the fall
Of the great and small.

FIRST AND THIRD WITCHES—

See, see, it boils, sister mine,
And fumes come but in a curious line!
Pray quickly tell us what they mean!
Do they foretell some pleasant scene?

SECOND WITCH— They concern news of an ancient college
And of girls who there acquired knowledge.
They tell of the girls of nineteen-ten,
Who are famous now and were famous then.
That was the year of the contribution
To their "*Beloved Institution*."
And since that most historic year
It's grown to be without a peer.
And though the class has scattered far,
Their influence guides as a shining star.



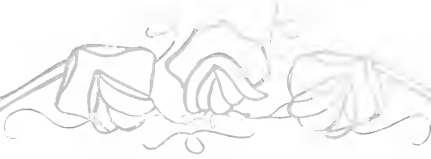
But one, J. Anderson, remains,
Who teaches Latin with great pains.
She *doctor* is, will *doctor* be
So long as the glowing sun she'll see.

FIRST AND THIRD WITCHES (*excitedly*)—
Hasten on, this is such fun;
Quickly tell of another one.

SECOND WITCH—F. Crowe, who resides nearby,
Possessed ambitions very high;
But now we find from day to day
In a nickel theater she does play.
Time has flown, and so has Fay,
To a place most far away.
Queen of Carnival there she reigns,
A lower station she disdains!
A famous athlete now I see,
Em Eldridge—can it really be?
You never saw her at the “*Jim*”
Indeed, she never cared for *him*.
One, two, romance prevails
For Eleanor Frierson in all details.
Who would think, as one of two,
She would ever bill and coo?
Here comes complexion’s advocate,
Milk Weed Cream’s associate.
“Glad” thinks it the best in the land
And always has it close at hand.

FIRST AND THIRD WITCHES—
Behold, what sights now greet the eyes!
In wondrous shapes the smoke doth rise.

SECOND WITCH—One of this number, “*Mat*” by name,
Accompanied by a SWEET old dame,
Is traveling far o’er land and sea
And most content with her lot is she.
A railroad magnate’s wife is Clyde.
Lo, she’s become so dignified!
Now in a private car she speeds



And society circles always leads,
A missionary in this class we find,
Trying to convert the heathen mind.
Agnes always was a saint,
Against her no one had complaint,
To society Lucy Reagan took,
Caring neither for science nor book.
In fads and fashions she took the lead
And to naught but gaieties ever gave heed.
What, an old maid in this brilliant class!
And Annie such a charming lass!
In village now she moans her fate,
Writing poetry at a rapid rate.

FIRST AND THIRD WITCHES—

Hasten, read the waying lines
Spreading over shrubs and vines,
Away the coiling curls are blowing,
Some are surely worth the knowing.


SECOND WITCH—Studying Law was Mildred's bent
And for this end much time she spent,
Her fame abroad was quickly spread,
For in the greatest courts she led,
To rural pursuits Lila turned
And many spare nickels and pennies earned,
Bartering her truck from town to town
She gained for herself a little renown.

FIRST AND THIRD WITCHES—

Thus endeth well the history then
Of the famous class of nineteen-ten.

ALL THREE WITCHES—

Thus ended. Now proclaim we three
While the mists from the future are rolled, we see
That in after years when men tell the tale
Of those whose memory ne'er grows pale,
In all the pages the brightest spot
Will speak of this class from Agnes Scott.



To Howard Bell Arbuckle, Jr.

O you Chunky! He's our mascot.
Our Chunky, he's the man!
And to him let us raise a cheer,
The loudest that we can!

When Chunky came to Agnes Scott
And to us was exhibited,
We knew that Fortune's gifts were his,
And nothing was prohibited.


For here he towers o'er us all,
A mighty king is he;
Teachers and students bow before
Established royalty.

Dean Hopkins' heart with joy is filled,
She goes back to days of yore,
Since Howard's lips first formed her name—
She's called "Nanette" once more!

He mimics each one's special ways,
For all he has a name,
The highest and the lowest here
To him are all the same.

So let us raise a mighty cheer,
The best one that we can,
To Chunky, who's the mascot
Of the class of nineteen-ten.





Junior Class

COLORS: Garnet and Gold
MOTTO: Fama extendere facit
FLOWER: Jacqueminot Rose

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JULIA DUPRE	CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS
GERALDINE HOOD	JULIA THOMPSON
MARY WALLACE KIRK	LOUISE WELLS
GLADYS LEE	THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS CADY	MISS HOPKINS	DR. ARMISTEAD
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Junior Class History

THE Freshman fight and the Sophomore victory are events of the past. The enthusiastic, excited Freshman and the jubilant, triumphant Sophomore have stepped aside, and the Junior, calm and serene, takes their place. Her interest has not waned in the least, and her class enthusiasm burns with a no-less ardent flame, but the Junior's life is more quiet than excited, more zealous than passionate.

We look back upon our frolics as pleasant memories, for our pleasures are now not so gay as before. We realize what our college life means, and we are enjoying the truest and best of our days at Agnes Scott. The same class spirit that aroused us in the Freshman-Sophomore years is still urging us on. But then we tried to do great things; now we are preparing to do them when we leave college.

The Juniors of 1909-10 have held together the entire year. In the fall we lost one of our best members, but since then the class has continued an unbroken number.

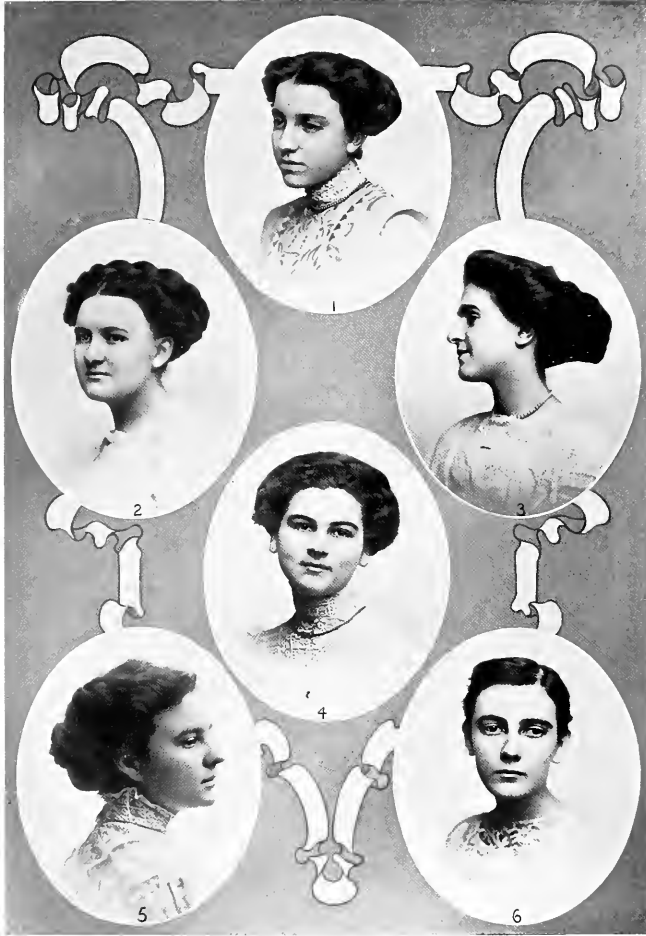
In the Junior year comes the turning point of our four-year course. We look back upon the first half of our journey and we see it thronged with happy days. Not yet can we see what the coming years will bring, but we know they are full of possibilities and we see promises of a glad future. Through the mist that veils our pathway we see a light, the glory of our Senior year, a light which guides our foot-steps toward the cherished goal.



ELEANOR COLEMAN
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS

MARY WALLACE KIER
GERALDINE HOOD

ERMA MONTGOMERY
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM



JULIA DUPRE
ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM

GLADYS LEE
JULIA THOMPSON

LOUISE WELLS
MARY LIZZIE RADFORD



Junior Class Poem

A rose once grew in a garden
Mid a tangle of weeds and flowers,
And by the soft earth nourished
With all strength ever upward towers:

There kissed by the sun of the morning,
And swayed by the soft night breeze,
Made fresh by the dew of the evening
As it lightly fell on her leaves.

Oh! the rose as she grew in that garden,
Sun-kissed and with colors bright,
What were the secrets gotten
From the wind, the dew, the sunlight!

For each had its own sweet secret,
And each to the rose it told,
While she blushed with the joy of keeping them
Deep in her heart of gold.

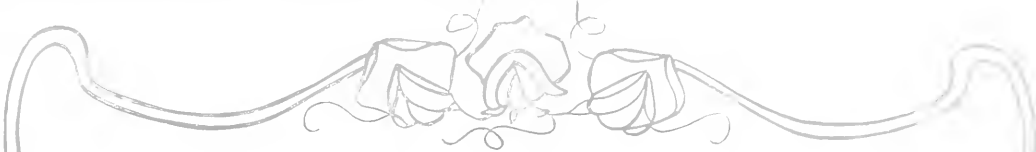
But at last she unfolded her petals,
Her petals of deepest red,
And over that sun-kissed garden
Her fragrance and beauty spread.

MARY WALLACE KIRK.





LOTT MANSON · COOPER HALL · McLESTER · EZOR
WHITE · BLACKBURN · SLACK · NEWTON · GRAY · LEBCH



Sophomore Class

Motto: Age quod agis

Colors: Blue and White

Flower: White Rose

OFFICERS

RUTH SLACK	PRESIDENT
SUSIE GUNN	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARTHA HALL	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
CAROL STEARNS	POET
FANNIE G. MAYSON	HISTORIAN

MEMBERS

EUNICE BRIESNICK
ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN
CORNELIA COOPER
MARY CROSSWELL
MARY ENZOR
SUSIE GUNN
MARTHA HALL
JANIE HUNTER

MARY LEECH
MAY JOE LOTT
FANNIE G. MAYSON
MARIE McINTYRE
ANNIE McLANE
JANETTE NEWTON
RUTH SLACK
CAROL STEARNS

SIXA WHITE

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. F. H. GAINES

MISS SUSANNE COLTON



Sophomore Class History

SCENE—*Gym, Agnes Scott, "Million-Dollar College."*

TIME—*Early part of year 1910.*

CHARACTERS

RUTH SLACK.....Prima Donna, by permission of Metropolitan Opera Co.
CORNELIA COOPER.....Leading Lady—Class Performer
ANNIE C. McLANE.....Near Professor of Chemistry
CAROL STEARNS.....Mixologist of "Arm's" English
ANTONIO BLACKBURN....."Weary Willie"
MARTHA HALL.....Sleeping Beauty


Soph Suffragettes: Janette Newton, Eunice Briesnick, Mary Crosswell, Mary Enzor, Susie Ginn, Janie Hunter, Mary Leech, May Joe Lott, Marie McIntyre, Sina White, and all irregulars.

ACTS I, II, III, ETC.

(No change of costumes, scenery, nor characters. Enter G. Macaroni, mounts vaulting horse; Soph Suffragettes crowd around; she opens her capacious mouth and thus she speaks:)

"Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, all! Hear me for my class, and be silent that ye may hear! If there by any friend of Freshmen here, and if then that friend demand why I recall their disgraces, why I picture the gym, on a dark night in early fall, filled with sobbing "Freshies" waiting for their dose of the medicine most suited to their infantile natures (castor oil), and why I tell of their baby faces, stained with tears and polish, one night when those wily Sophs appeared hovering over their cradles—if, I repeat, you ask me why I speak of these, know my answer: Not that I love Freshmen less, but that I love Sophs more. *(Applause from Soph Suffragettes.)*

We are a noble band. As Freshmen we raised aloft our standards and under their folds fought—fought Sophomores, fought "F's," fought restrictions, and need I say we won whatever we attempted? Recall how by strength and wit we overcame the Sophomores of last year, how we burned the effigy, how we turned their plot to our gain! Recall how our basket-ball team compered




every other which dared to face it! Recall how, in another field, we led the college through our representative, Cornelia, who, with learned brow and "A+'s," snatched the scholarship banner from other noble candidates.

Nor do we boast of last year's deeds only. Even now our reputation for genius is increasing. Each day adds some new triumph, some brighter stars to our already glittering crown. Our history lies as much in the future as in the past. (*More applause.*)

Who is here so base that would deny it? In intellect, in athletics, and—oh, comforting thought!—in beauty, we stand foremost. Where is there another Annie Chapin, where another Annie, where another Carol? Where is there another class that feels not a pang at past history and not a qualm for the future? Where is there another that meets with such stoic fortitude an "F" or an "A"? If any, speak, for it have I overlooked. I pause for a reply. (*Mad applause: Macaroni descends, and retires to her boudoir to receive the tearful congratulations of the Sophomore Suffragettes.*)





The Class of 1912

A class there was, and it won its fame,
The class of 1912.
By its glorious deeds and its wonderful name:
A class with honor but never with shame,
The class of 1912.

The scholarships all have been won by us,
The class of 1912.
Our memory will live untarnished, we trust,
And our glories never will fall to the dust—
The class of 1912.

In valor, too, we are far renowned,
The class of 1912.
In Fresh and Soph fights we've never been downed,
Our efforts all with success are crowned—
The class of 1912.

We have had our triumphs—our trials, too,
The class of 1912.
With Chemistry Lab and English to do,
We've struggled and worried and yearned to be through—
The class of 1912.

'Twill still in the future be our delight—
The class of 1912.
To show to the world our worth and might,
We'll ever be true to the blue and the white—
The class of 1912.

CAROL STEARNS


THE CLASS OF 1912
BY CAROL STEARNS
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS



H. S. S. S. S.
CLASS '13



HATCHER GILLESPIE BOGACKI CLARK SMITH
JOHNER ROBERTS CANDLER SLOAN DUKES TINKSTON



Freshman Class

MOTTO: Spectemur agendo

COLORS: Orange and Blue

FLOWER: Daisy

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

CHARLOTTE JACKSON.....PRESIDENT.....
OLIVIA BOGACKI.....VICE-PRESIDENT.....
MARY LAWSON LINK.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....

SECOND TERM

OLIVIA BOGACKI.....
ELEANOR PINKSTON.....
FRANCES DUKES.....

MEMBERS

GRACE ANDERSON
LINA ANDREWS
OLIVIA BOGACKI
KATE CLARK
ALLIE CANDLER
FRANCES DUKES
EILENA GILLESPIE
REBBIE HARWELL
LOUISA HAMILTON

LILY JOINER
MARY LAWSON LINK
JANEY MCGAUGHEY
MARGARET ROBERTS
LAVALETTE SLOAN
SARAH SKINNER
HELEN SMITH
FANNIE STERNE
EVA WURM

ELEANOR PINKSTON



Freshman Class History

MY story begins with a certain bright September day in 1909. Ah! how well do we remember when we, a crowd of homesick "Froshies," crossed Agnes Scott's threshold. But not long did we suffer, for the genial smile of welcome from the president with the kind and encouraging words of the dean soon chased all such feelings away. We had come in search of wisdom and college lore, so with brave, yet merry, hearts we entered upon a new life—one crowded with various "ups and downs."

In October the Sophs thought to trouble us with their provoking annoyances. It was then a bit of adventure crossed our paths, but only a little bit. The Sophs were rejoicing over the capture of the Froshies and their imprisonment in the gym, when suddenly the shrill blowing of the whistle was heard above their yells and Dr. Gaines appeared on the scene. Possibly they thought their victory complete in the small hours of the following morning, but they failed to see what wiser eyes observed. The dean saw volumes of pent-up spirit just waiting the moment to burst forth, and fearing for the Sophs she kindly called a halt. Our class, however, does not have to rely upon these methods for its fame, but in many other ways is it seeking to gain a name for itself.

But we are fun-loving, jolly Freshmen and pride ourselves on originality. It was Hallowe'en—the Alumnae were giving a grand party on the fourth floor, to which the college folk were quickly assembling. Still one element was missing, for not a Freshman had yet arrived. No doubt the Sophs thought us afraid of witches and ghosts, but, indeed, it was not so. Suddenly twenty little maidens with flowing locks and "abbreviated skirts" came tripping up the stairs. Perplexity reigned among the guests until, through keen discernment, they recognized the—Freshmen.

For these months we have grown stronger, and now the class is displaying itself in true colors, a mighty band of theme-writers and trig-grinders. A few more weeks of hard work and we shall make merry with our guests, the Juniors. Fie on any Soph who expects to catch us napping then.

So I bring my story to a close, with three cheers for the orange and blue—for the wonderful class of 1913.

HISTORIAN.



Freshman Class Poem

Freshmen! our ship lies anchored on the shore.
Of the glorious sunlit vacation-isle,
And a calmer sea called Sophomore
Lies peacefully waiting on the other side.

A sea which is smoother by far for your ship to pass through
Than the sea which from its sides has washed the fresh green paint away,
Has torn your colors of bright orange and blue,
And hurled you upon sharp rocks many and many a day.

Well I remember how we could barely the dim, dark outlines see,
Of the grim idioms, hideous monsters of darkness, peering,
Peering and sneering from the dreaded rocks, French B,
While the good old ship was shipwreck nearing.

Well I remember when we wrecked on the point called "Prose,"
How we felt the hideous creatures' clammy arms about us clinging,
Clinging and stinging—these most hateful foes,
As we felt that cold despair to our hearts they were bringing.

We all remember, I am quite sure, how with all their might
Our mortal enemies flocked one night from the "Sophomore" sea
And used their sticky claws and their doses black in the "Fresh-Soph" fight
All to no avail! for victory, thanks to water and ink, is claimed, Freshmen, by
you and by me!

Let us not forget those Auroras which will soon come out,
And will decide whether the "Freshmen" or "Sophomores" win,
Though, in our minds, there is not the least lingering doubt
But that the winners will be the Freshmen of nineteen-ten.

Applicants for Certificates



JULE HUNTER
ART CERTIFICATE



HAZEL MURPHY
MUSIC GRADUATE
PIANO




MARGARET HOYT
ENGLISH CERTIFICATE



EVA TOWERS
ENGLISH CERTIFICATE



JESSIE KATE BRANTLEY
LATIN CERTIFICATE



The Agnes Scott Rally

Hi, rickerty, hooperty lee,
What's the matter with A. S. C.?
She's all right! Who's all right?
A. S. C.

THAT'S the yell we can raise now with more vim than ever before, because have not our friends joined with us in it? The leading men of Atlanta were repeating it over and over, at least the spirit of it, from November 20 to 30, for the latter is the date upon which we finally secured our long-talked-of endowment.


In that last ten days many were the purple and white badges seen on the citizens of Atlanta, badges bearing the words "Million-Dollar Agnes Scott," "For the Greater Agnes Scott." Excitement was rife, and great was the interest taken in the large electric clock, that clock whose hands pointed to the amount of money raised, gradually creeping on to the \$350,000, which was the final goal. Day by day, the question was asked, "Has it moved?"

With such good supporters as those who were canvassing Atlanta, seeing all its business men, we knew it could not fail, but, oh! my, sometimes we felt shaky, and when November 30 came, and we knew that the time of "now or never" had arrived, we were all excitement.

Then came our rally. Can we ever forget it? As we stood on our crowded specials waving our banners, while going to this meeting, we felt so uncertain of what was to be our fate, but as we neared town the inspiring strains of the band, also marching to our destination, reassured us.

An air of excitement and enthusiasm pervaded all, and though there was attention and interest for the speeches, yet all were eager for the time of subscriptions to come. Slowly, but surely, the sum rose, large and small amounts being contributed, owing to the wonderful personality and power of Mr. J. K. Orr, who was presiding. The audience was laughing with him the whole time, but finally a hitch came—it looked as if there was no more money to come, and still we were several thousand short. And just then a check for \$5,000 was received and we had won!

A joy, never to be experienced again, was felt—we wanted to give our yell right then, but even in our excitement we remembered our standards and waited until we were on the car, contenting ourselves now with running over each other to speak to Mr. Inman and Mr. Orr, our two chief benefactors.



Three cheers for them! On our ears, however, we yelled for our college, for our president, for our benefactors—all had a share in our expressions of gratitude.

It was almost the first of December when we got back to the College, but rules off for once, all lingered in the halls to discuss our wonderful achievement, and at the same instant the thought seemed to come to all—a parade!

The whole college in an orderly line, marching two by two, stealthily approached Dr. Gaines' home, and then all together broke forth into a yell for him, our president.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Dr. Gaines!

Immediately he and Mrs. Gaines came forth and in appreciative words responded. No mention of "You must go to your rooms" was heard, but on we went to Dr. Arbuckle's and Mr. Murphy Candler's. "I've got it right here in my pocket, girls," the latter said, and so we knew it was safe. A yell for each who had helped us, whether faculty or just friend, as we marched on around the square and across the campus, and there with hearty support, the strains of

"We'll ne'er forget thee nor forsake,
Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott,"

broke forth. But a yell is so much better when you must relieve your feelings, and we still had a little enthusiasm to work off before going to bed, and so, although tired, all joined in the final reverberating yell once again,

Hi, rickerty, hooperty hee,
What's the matter with A. S. C.?
She's all right! Who's all right?
A. S. C.



Our Endowment Campaign

AS TOLD BY THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION AND JOURNAL



TIME FLIES!

SOUTHERN TRADITION AND AGNES SCOTT

The heritage of reverence for womanhood has come down to us from the ante-bellum south.

In those days, when the daughters of the south ruled gently and sweetly over the baronial plantations, it was a jealous sectional tradition that they should be clothed with every grace and accomplishment that inhered in exquisite culture and the higher education.

Today the feeling—and it is instinctive—has survived with its old-time compelling force, though altered conditions have given it fresh and differing manifestations.

It is in the name and with the symbols of this old-time, courtly, gracious and fragrant culture for its womanhood that Agnes Scott College is today appealing to Greater Atlanta.

In the little vest-pocket state of Massachusetts there are five elaborate women's college, each with an endowment infinitely greater than the one asked for this institution on the outskirts of Atlanta.

Massachusetts reasons in the ante-bellum southern way—that money invested in the higher education of its women is money assured of dividends that do not lend their proportions to sordid estimate.

It is the chivalrous tradition of the old cavalier south that calls today to the people of Atlanta in behalf of Agnes Scott.

Mingled with it is the equally urgent impulse of the twentieth century, in which the new south with its spreading industries and on-going prosperity feels doubly the obligation to equip its women in harmony with the enlightened spirit of the times.

In the south of yesterday, the girl wanting this sort of education went east—or to the old world.

In the south of today there is no necessity for her to leave the section. Women's colleges abound. And here, in the environs of Atlanta, is one of the best of them, with faculty and curriculum the equal of eastern colleges, and with environment the environment of the old, shepherding southern charm and Christianity.

In the name of the finest and sweetest traditions of the south, Agnes Scott appeals to the generous and prosperous people of Atlanta.—*Atlanta Constitution*, Nov. 27.

"SOME REASONS WHY I AM INTERESTED IN AGNES SCOTT"

To the People of Atlanta:

The example of Colonel George W. Scott, one of the noblest of men, who with his family have put some \$200,000 in the institution; the confidence I had in the rare Christian and business judgment of Colonel Scott in laying out the purposes and scope of the institution when he gave it as a free gift to the young women of our country.

Again, I believed in the purity of purpose, the high ideals and practical judgment of President Gaines, whom I had known almost from boyhood; also the fitness, and the refined and noble character of Miss Hopkins, the lady principal, whose influence on the life and character of the students is of priceless value, and the equipment and earnest purpose of the entire faculty in their work.

What especially interested me was the splendid character of many of the students when they left the college walls and went out into the world, filling their places as teachers, as wives and mothers,

in the church, in society, in the school room and wherever they were, with honor to themselves and credit to their alma mater.

The thoroughness of instruction, the insistence on the idea that there is need of earnestness and purpose in life, instead of frittering it away, necessarily left the impress of the college on their lives.

Another attractive thing to me was the work of the college in helping worthy young women of small means in securing an education. Between 200 and 300 have been thus helped, at an estimated cost to the college of between \$25,000 and \$50,000 during its existence. Many of these young women are among our most useful graduates.

S. M. INMAN.

Atlanta, Ga., November 29, 1909.

—*Atlanta Constitution*, Nov. 30.

FIFTY HOURS; ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS AN HOUR!

Fifty hours!

One thousand dollars to the hour!

That is the task before Atlanta regarding Agnes Scott College.

The fighters on the firing line in the whirlwind campaign for the \$350,000 endowment and expansion fund today rest their pickets at the \$300,000 entrenchment.



Tuesday the campaign closes.
 Tuesday, midnight, is approximately fifty hours away.

Fifty hours—fifty thousand dollars.
 One thousand dollars each time the hour hand circumnavigates the clock.

The people of Atlanta must help make each of the ensuing half-century of hours worth one thousand dollars.

SUCCESS! or **FAILURE!** of the effort to establish here the greatest southern college for the higher education of women hinges—

Upon fifty historic hours, potentially valued at \$1,000 each.

The people of Atlanta have not, in their entire history, an instance of signal failure to rise to the demands of a great occasion.

The *Constitution* has confidence that the current instance will not overturn this community precedent.

The city that, with alacrity, makes it possible to create an Automobile Week, a week of Grand Opera and other notable achievements, can certainly afford to place its substantial approval upon an enterprise that supplies Atlanta with the abiding asset of the foremost college for the higher education of women in the southern states.

It has been customary with many of our own people to taunt us with lethargy toward great movements of this nature, while readily accepting the generosity of philanthropists outside this section.

The present situation affords an unexampled opportunity to refute these criticisms. Northern philanthropy has already set a stalwart example in its liberal attitude toward Agnes Scott, a non-denominational, independent southern college.

Prominent and public-spirited Atlantans have been quick to do their share in broad cooperation.

The fund now lacks only a relatively small amount of reaching the desired figures.

It is a chance for the public-spirited and philanthropic people of Atlanta to do their part in permanent and universal constructive work.

Not in any manner can the prosperity and the civic vigilance of the "Atlanta Spirit" be more convincingly manifested than in the immediate conclusion of the Agnes Scott subscription.

And the opportunity has just three days of life!

Fifty hours; fifty thousand dollars!

Atlanta must make that epigram a reality!—*Atlanta Constitution*, Nov. 28.



HELP HER WIN HER RACE!

THE CLOSING HOURS

The hours have ticked away until now it is a matter of minutes.

When the morning broke today twenty-seven thousand dollars remained to be raised for Agnes Scott college, in order to complete the quarter of a million dollar fund necessary to secure the hundred thousand donation.

The whirlwind campaign of yesterday brought in twenty-two thousand two hundred and forty dollars, and included some generous donations.

We are now in the quarter stretch, so to speak, and Atlanta expects every citizen to do his duty.

A supreme effort will be made during the next few hours to raise the necessary twenty-seven thousand dollars, and the good name of Atlanta is at stake.

Is any patriotic citizen of this city willing to have it said hereafter that *Atlanta has failed?*

Atlanta never fails.
 No matter what may be the magnitude of the undertaking, Atlanta always rises to the occasion and gives the outside world a new surprise at the inexhaustibility of her resources.

At the auditorium tonight there will be a monster mass meeting of citizens, at which there will be a number of gifted speakers to set forth the needs of Agnes Scott and the wisdom and necessity of raising the few thousand dollars necessary to make that college a million-dollar institution.

Let it be made one of the most memorable occasions in the history of the city.

Atlanta must rise to the emergency.
This is a day which is to become historic.—*Atlanta Journal*, Nov. 30.

AGNES SCOTT CLINCHES \$1,000,000 ENDOWMENT FUND

Atlanta has elected Agnes Scott College to the dignity of a \$1,000,000 institution of learning.

The returns were received at the Auditorium-Armory last night, and an army of enthusiastic supporters made the big building resound with victorious cheers.

When morning dawned yesterday almost \$30,000 stood between the citizens of Atlanta and success. Before the expiration of the time limit it had been pledged.

At 8 o'clock at night a rousing mass meeting assembled at the Auditorium to hear reports. As the hands of the clock slowly circled toward the midnight hour thousand after thousand was added to the subscription list.

It was within five minutes of 11 o'clock, and the contributions had been pouring in with gratifying rapidity, when a final reckoning was had, and the announcement made that the fund lacked \$4,500 of the required sum.

There was a hushed moment of tense expectancy. The large audience could not believe that such a work so enthusiastically carried forward was doomed to failure. S. M. Inman gave the signal, and Chairman Orr relieved the tension with the announcement:

"The Georgia Railway and Electric Company gives \$5,000."


Then a volley of cheers, mingled with the shrill screams of the college girls, and the triumphant tones of "Dixie" from the band.—*Atlanta Constitution*, Dec. 1.






Calendar 1909-10


- Sep. 18—School opens.
25—Society “rushing” begins.
30—Dust-pans appear.
- Oct. 2—Freshmen dosed with castor oil.
4—Scragbird caught in lobby.
5—Grits and cornbread gone—Pellagra!
9—Outdoor sleeping fad begins.
12—Geology class recites lesson.
14—Hailstorm.
25—Miss Smith forgets Latin class.
31—Dr. Starnes’ sign on A. S. C. gates.
- Nov. 5—Nothing doing.
6—Reports—few A’s in Bible and philosophy.
10—Nothing doing.
11—Germs! germs! germs!
13—Boiled water.
20—Nothing doing.
25—Mildred gets restricted.
26—Nothing doing.
30—Million-Dollar Agnes Scott (PURPLE INK).
- Dec. 1—Boiled butter.
14—Nothing doing.
15—Dramatic club presents “Mr. Bob.”
16—Miss Trebein’s Christmas tree to the German Club.
17—Lila Williams remains to hold down the faculty.
- Jan. 13—Examinations!
16—Glee club concert.
20—Dr. Gaines late to chapel.
24—Dr. Arbuckle organizes a class to prepare young ladies for house-keeping.
- Feb. 1—Vaccination—fifty a day.
5—Miss Lovelace forgets to use telephone.
8—Sophomore officers have themselves reflected.

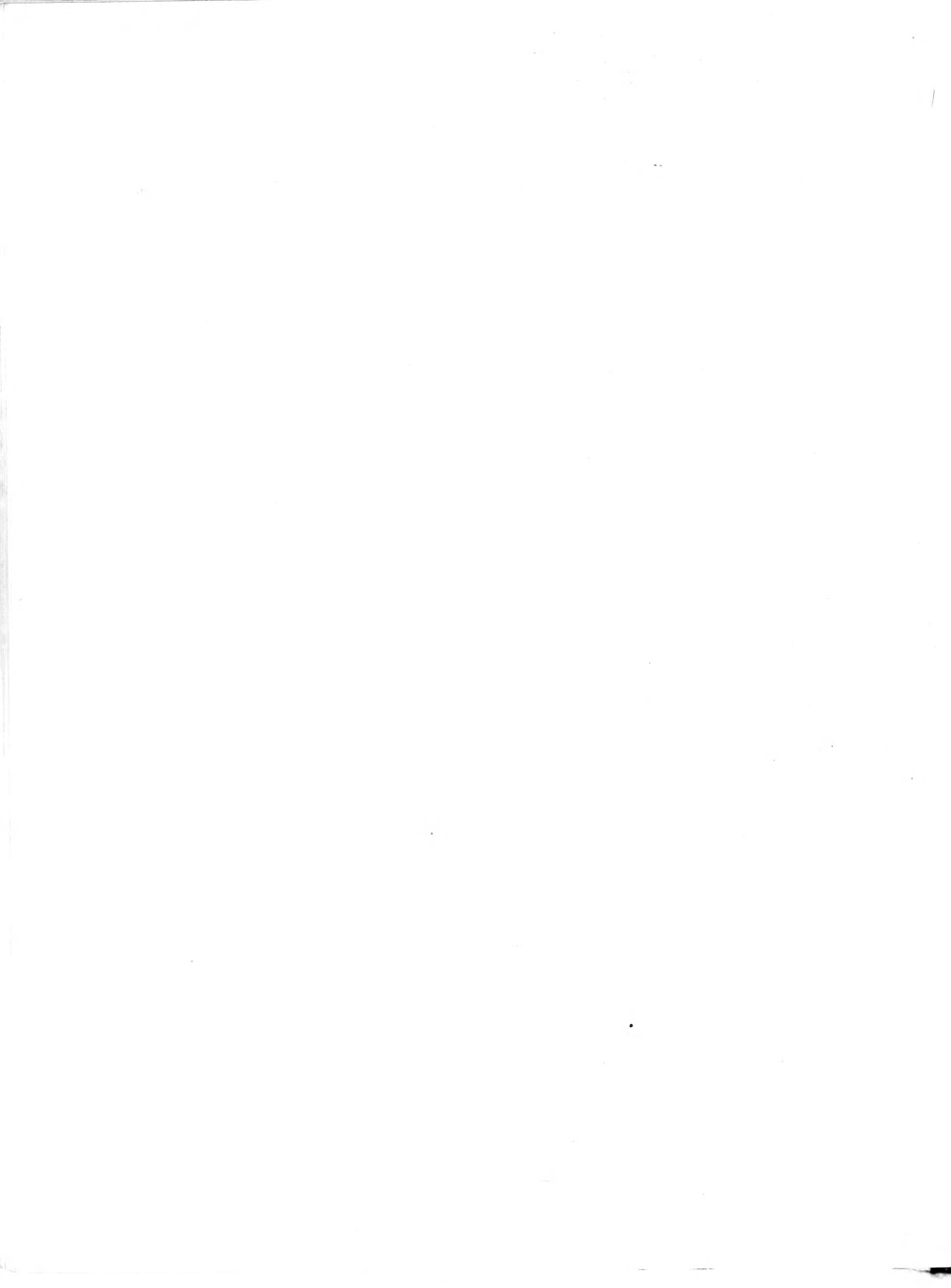
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- Feb. 11—Mr. Dieckman studies domestic chemistry.
 18—Miss Lewis enters dining room with Miss Phillips and Mr. Dieckman.
- March 9—Miss Edith searches for burglar.
 15—Miss Smith cuts German, because she does not know her lesson.
 20—Fried oysters for supper—Sunday!
 29—Mr. Dieckman makes an announcement in the dining room.
- April 1—Absolute quiet.
 10—"Chunky" eats eight muffins for supper!
 19—Miss Cady forgets to carry "Betsy Jane."
 20—No reference to "my home in West Virginia."
 25—Miss McKinney and Dr. Sweet get to breakfast on time.
- May 3—Entire school restricted for "cutting" gym.
 5—Dr. Armistead forgets English.
 18—Junior Banquet.
 20—Miss McKinney and Dr. Sweet fail to enter dining room together.
 25—Agony over.





SCENES
FROM A
SENIOR'S LIFE

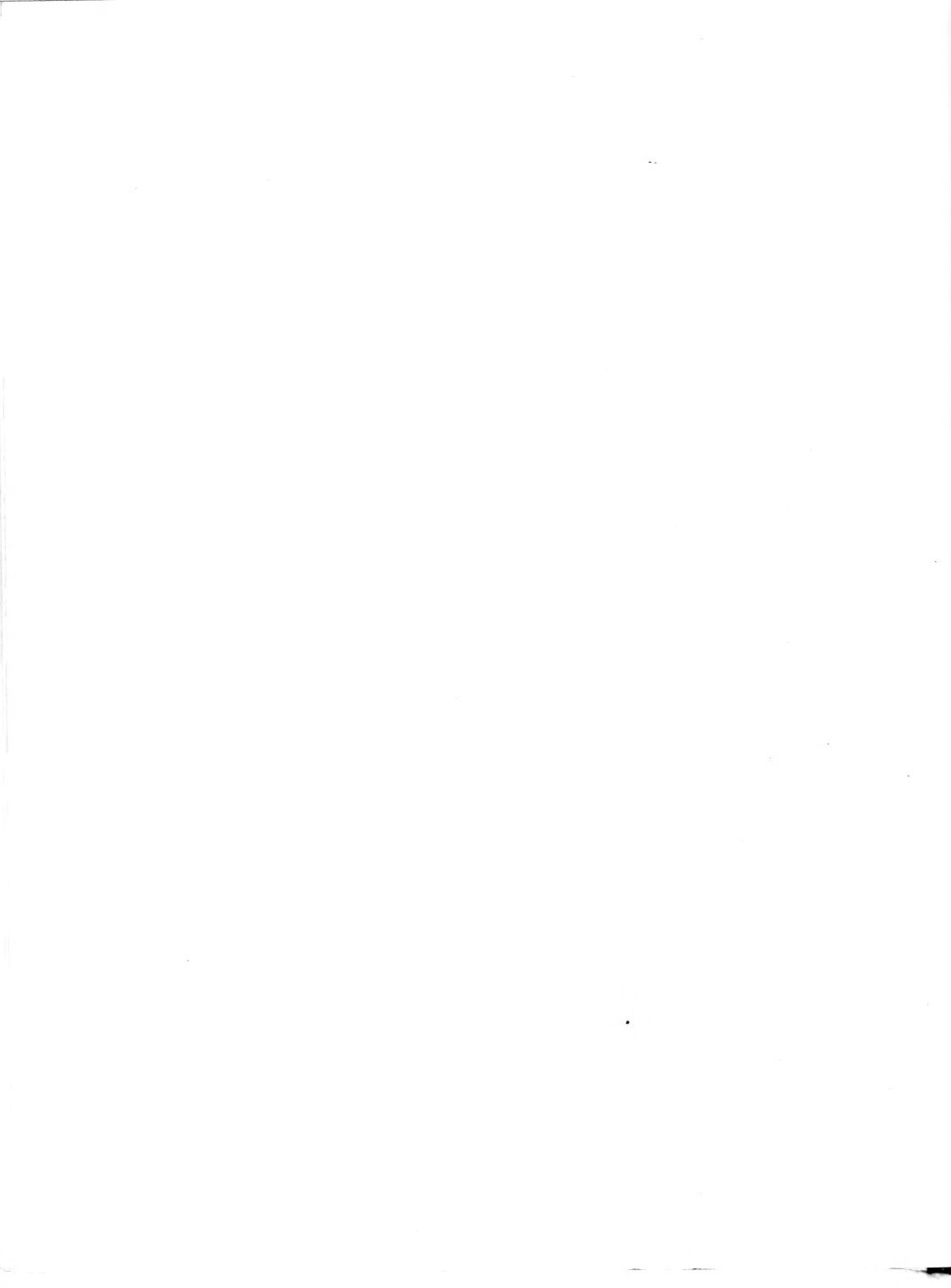


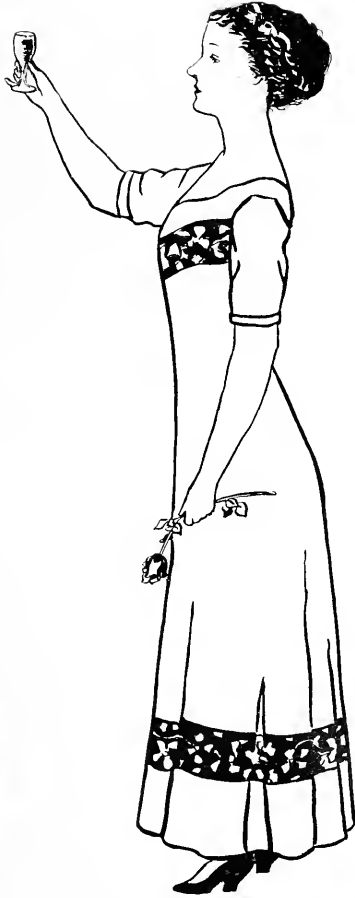




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THE BONFIRE





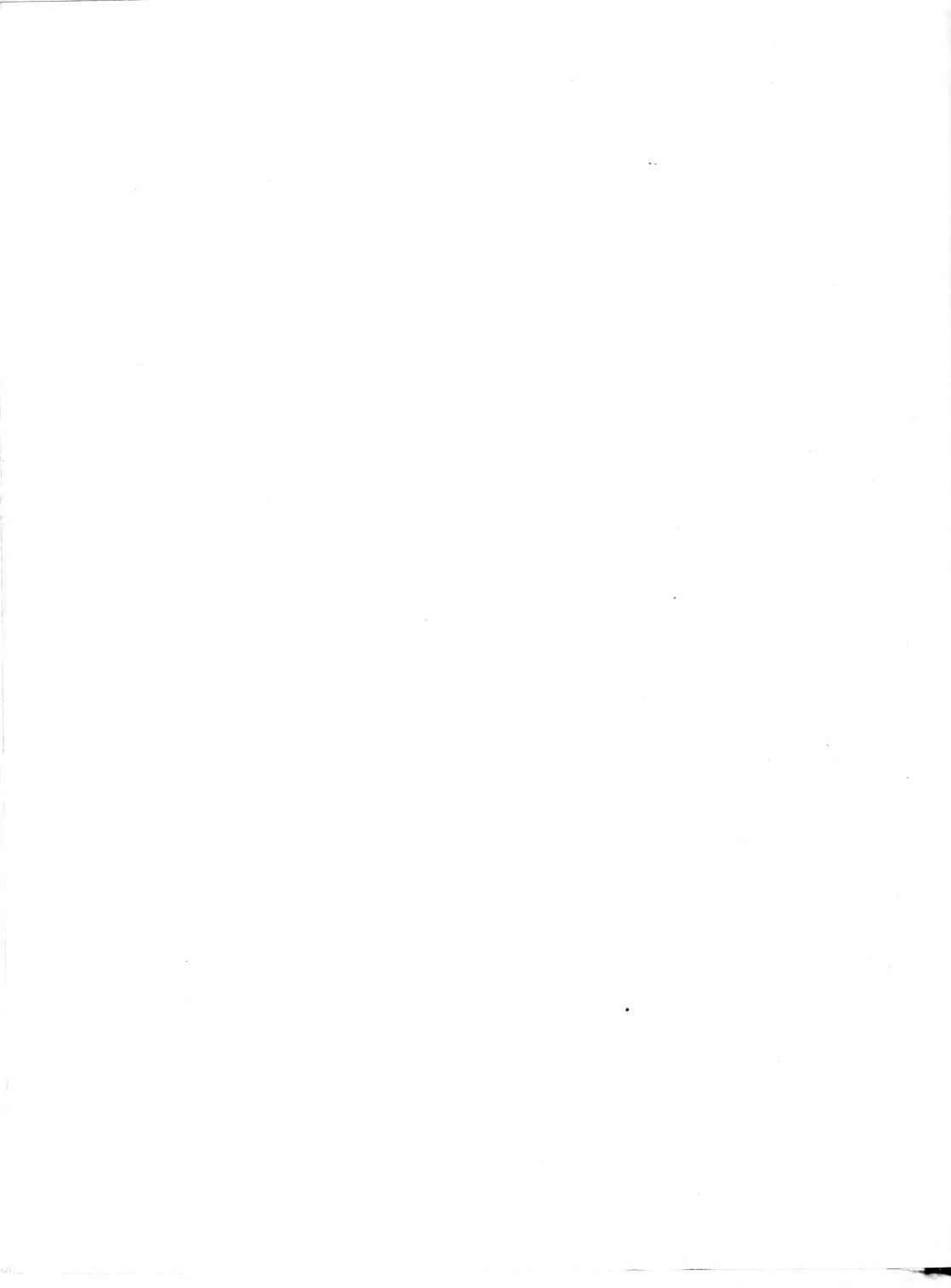
THE TOAST


F. Glass





REALIZATION






The End of the Rainbow

THE shadows cast by the willows on the lawn grew long and slim, as the soft moonbeams caressed them. From the heavens above, darkness crept softly down, until it met the mist, slowly rising from the river—the dark flowing river with that low, sad murmuring voice—the river with the reeds beside it, rustling in a strange, uncertain manner and thrilling me with awe. Far away, across the black river, the lights of the village quivered through the mist and darkness. Down in the marsh the fantastic jack-o'-lanterns flitted from place to place and the owls' sharp, screeching voices seemed to foretell some impending evil. Somewhere, down among the rushes, the negroes were crooning a strange, weird melody, and, as I leaned breathlessly forward, to catch the faint, low strains, the book which I held in my lap fell to the step beneath, and, from among its pages, there slipped an envelope, yellow with age.

Stooping to pick it up, I discovered, lying there in the moonlight, something bright and shining. A single ray of light, escaping from the shaded night-lamp in the entry, hung like a halo above the letter and the bright bit of gold, as though they were something sacred, and my heart was deeply touched when, holding the bright object up in the moonlight, I discovered a single, long golden curl—a curl which shone and sparkled and coiled its clinging tendrils about my fingers. And, as I gazed at those shining waves of light, they began to tangle themselves among my dreams. The letter, too, with its faint, sweet odor of lavender, made me wonder how they had happened to be there, in the book, and, as I wondered, I began to weave a story about them—a story suggested by the weird song of the river, the strange shadows on the grass, the lights far away across the water, and the music down among the rushes.

It was a dreary autumn day. The rain had ceased and the rays of the sinking sun, kissing the cross on the tall steeple of the village church, bathed it in blood. Into the living room of an old-fashioned, red-brick mansion, a pale, watery flood of sunlight crept—crept so softly and quietly that it scarcely seemed to touch the eager little faces, pressed against the oddly-shaped window pane, nor did it attract the attention of a pair of dark, dreamy eyes and the rare blue ones, for they were far too intently watching the great bow of many colors, which hung quivering in the heavens, as if uncertain whether to remain a little while longer, or to melt away into mist. Long they lingered at the window—this little girl with the golden hair and the boy with deep, dreamy



eyes—until the people passed like ghosts in the shadowy street and the glimmering fire-flies seemed to be spirits, flitting about upon the lawn.


As they gazed out of the window, the boy repeated that sweet old story which they had both heard so many times before, "Far away, where heaven and earth meet—so far that no one has ever been there, is the end of the rainbow, and there is a pot of gold." "Some day I shall find it and bring it back to you, dear," he added solemnly.

Many years flew swiftly by—years full of happiness for the girl and the boy who were always together. Together they picnicked in the shadow of the willows by the river and watched the little fish in the shallow water near the banks. Together they sat on the little green bench in the moonlight and dreamed dreams of the future, while the soft evening breeze played among the vines which covered the little summer house and wafted the sweet odor of jessamine to them. Together day by day they unconsciously drifted nearer and nearer that golden land which is called "Love." Yes, they were always together, until one day just as the sun was peeping over the big, purple mountains in the distance, she leaned over the low, white gate and timidly dropped into his outstretched hand a single silky curl—a curl which shone like gold in the bright morning sunlight. Then the boy bent over, pressed his own lips to her moist red ones and whispered, "Good-bye, dear."

Many times during the long years at college he felt very helpless and lonely and his heart ached for his "Dear," but when he felt thus he took out that single golden curl, twined its bright waves about his fingers, kissed it and whispered, "Dear little curl," and each time he kissed it the curl wound its golden meshes more securely about the boy's heart and clung there—clung so tightly that he felt nothing could have induced him to give it up—

"Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed him there,
Kissing her hair."

Thus the little curl grew very dear to him and he wore it next to his heart as a talisman which would keep him from evil. He always wore it, and on the night he was to receive his diploma it was still there, next to his heart. When he had finished reading a little note, written on delicate stationery, faintly scented with lavender—a note with only one short line, "Yes, dear, I will meet you on the library steps after the exercises"—he took out the little curl, looked at it long and tenderly, then hurried away to receive his well-deserved diploma.

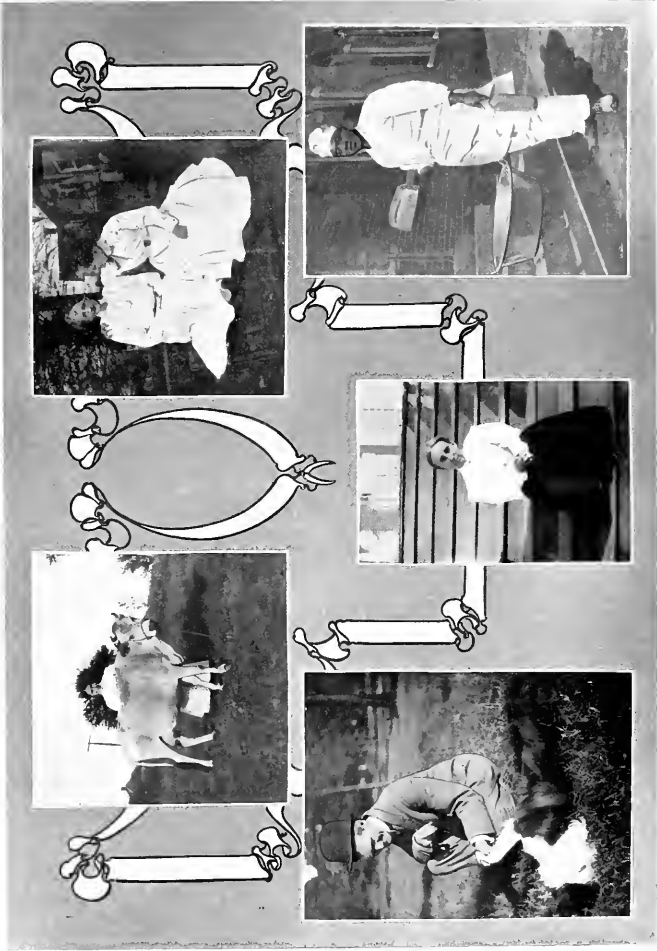


It was a beautiful summer's night. The moon shed a thin veil of pale light over the flowers on the campus, and the breeze, laden with their sweet perfume, fanned the cheeks of a lovely young girl—a girl with golden hair, who sat upon the broad marble steps of the library. She seemed to be waiting, and as she waited she was weaving dreams about some one, for her head rested against a great white column. Her eyes were closed and her hands tightly clasped a large square envelope, as if it were something very dear. So interested was she in her dream that she was not aware of some one standing in front of her until she heard a voice, trembling with emotion, whisper, "Dear." With a low cry of surprise she looked up, and as her eyes met a pair of deep, dreamy ones she whispered, "I am so proud of you."

"Why, dear!" he said, holding up in the moonlight that single beautiful curl which was, indeed, beautiful as the purple and pearl moon-tints fell upon it. "Dear, I should never have been what I am to-night if I had not possessed this precious talisman. Many times when I was weary and tired and heart-sick I thought of giving up, but then I would take out the dear little curl and it always seemed to say, 'Cheer up.' I gathered courage from its brightness and struggled on until now, at last, I have won. But, dear, just as I know my college life would have been a failure without your little golden curl to cheer and comfort me and urge me onward, so I know my *whole* life will be a failure unless you will promise to be my own, you who alone can help me and teach me the way to go forever onward toward higher and better things, until at last I shall win." He did not wait for an answer. He did not need one. He only crushed her in his arms, and as he buried his face in her soft, golden hair he whispered, "Do you remember how long ago we watched that lovely rainbow? Dear, my own dear, I have found *the end* of that rainbow." And then it was he knew that the end of his rainbow was indeed where, for him, heaven and earth met and blended into one.

My dream was finished and I realized that a cloud had drifted over the moon and the shadows of the willows had grown longer and longer until now they melted into darkness. Down among the rushes the music had ceased, and far across the water the lights had gone out one by one. Everything was silent as death, save *only* that ceaseless murmuring—like a sad, moaning voice—the murmur of the river as it sped on its way through the black night.

EVA B. WERM, '13.





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MARSHAL
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Meeting of Executive Committee

ANNOUNCEMENT AT SUPPER: *"The executive committee and proctors are asked to meet in the Mnemosynean Hall immediately after prayers."* In response to this an awe-inspiring group gathers.

LOUISE (*entering*)—Mildred, don't keep us long, because I've got so much work to do. Let's get through quick.

ANNIE—Well, I say so too. What are we going to do?

(*Em goes to piano and starts playing. Meanwhile Mary Wallace is industriously pulling down "knocks" handed in by the proctors.*)

MILDRED—How many knocks from the second floor, south wing?

M. W.—None.

MILDRED—What! and that's the noisiest wing in school, too. I know that up until eleven o'clock the girls are still in the halls, and most of you on exec., too! Why, one girl was using hair tonic after eleven o'clock last night!

M. W.—The east wing proctor hasn't reported.

MILDRED—Well, I guess she didn't have any knocks. Our hall is the best in school, as I've always said.

(*Proctors retire.*)

MILDRED—Is anybody restricted, Mary Wallace?

M. W.—No, except Lavalette for getting up right after lights, and staying up. She says she couldn't sleep, so got up to write.

MARY L.—I suppose that's genius.

ELEANOR C.—Yes, but genius will have to receive a shock.

MILDRED—Well, I can't see anything to do but restrict her. Do any of you?

ALL—No.

EM—You know, Mildred, we always have, and if we don't now it will lessen our authority. By the way, I think we ought to be more dignified when they all come in.

MILDRED—Well, Eleanor Coleman, will you go for Lavalette?

ELEANOR F.—Louise Sloan has failed to register for church again—four times.

(*A sigh goes up.*)

FAY—I told her, myself, to register last Sunday.

MARGARET—Perhaps she used the wrong page.

ELEANOR (*looking over book*)—Yes, here it is on this blank page.

MILDRED—But that leaves three times. Mary, will you please get her?

ELEANOR—I really think something should be done. Helen Harvey's the only girl who's gotten to her second page.

MILDRED—Yes, she certainly goes to town a great deal. We have no rule to restrict her, however. I shall just speak to her. Are there any others?

ELEANOR—Ermine Stanton went to town with a friend. Did you give her permission?

MILDRED—No. Call her down.

FAY—Don't you think the time limit can be moved up?

EM—And, oh, yes, I think the Seniors ought to be allowed to get back from town later, don't you?

LOUISE—No, I don't.

MARY L.—You certainly have a lot of privileges now.

MILDRED—Em, have you any reason for that?

EM—No, except I think it'd be fair.

MILDRED—I hardly think it's necessary to vote on that. But, girls, do go to church, because they are certainly going to take away our "cuts" if you don't.

GIRLS—Oh, no!

ELEANOR F.—But you know you certainly can get excuses easily. Hazel Murphy hasn't been to church this year.

(*Noise heard without.*)

MILDRED—Now, girls, do be solemn. We are too frivolous about this.

(*Moves chair so as to stand a little straighter. Lavalette enters.*)

MILDRED (*very dignified*)—Lavalette, is it true that you sat up to write that story?

LAVALLETT—Yes, I knew I'd be restricted, and, say, I'm mighty sorry, but I just couldn't sleep.

MILDRED—Well, since this is the first time, it'll only be a week, but please don't do it any more. And, Lavalette, I'd like your story for the *Aurora*.


(*Lavalette goes out and Louise Sloan enters.*)

LOUISE S. (*mildly*)—Did you want me?

MILDRED—Louise, you have failed to register for church.

LOUISE S.—I just can't remember that. I do try, though.

MILDRED—Well, if you do this any more, we shall have to take other measures. As it is, you'll be restricted only two weeks.



LOUISE S. (*pleasantly*)—All right. I don't want to go to town, anyway. (*Ermine comes in.*)

MILDRED—Ermine, you know that one of our rules is to ask permission to have an outside chaperon?

ERMINE—No, I didn't.

MILDRED—Well, I have laid special stress on that—and you have asked permission before.

ERMINE—I just asked though—I didn't know that it was a rule.

MILDRED—We cannot accept ignorance as any excuse. Restriction, two weeks.

ERMINE—Can I go home for the holidays?

MILDRED—Yes.

(*As Ermine goes out.*)

M. W.—My, wasn't Mildred dignified to-night?

FAY—Yes, they all looked right scared.

EM—That's right, too. Let 'em be, I say.

MILDRED—Well, I must now tell you that I am to be restricted.

ALL—You! What for?

MILDRED—Failure to ask the Dean about having company.

ELEANOR C.—What! Well, I say, caught by your pet rule. Serves you right. (*All laugh.*)

MILDRED—Can any one think of anything more? If not, let's go; only remember what goes on here must be kept entirely secret.

LOUISE—Well, I'm gone. Good-bye.





Y. W. C. A.

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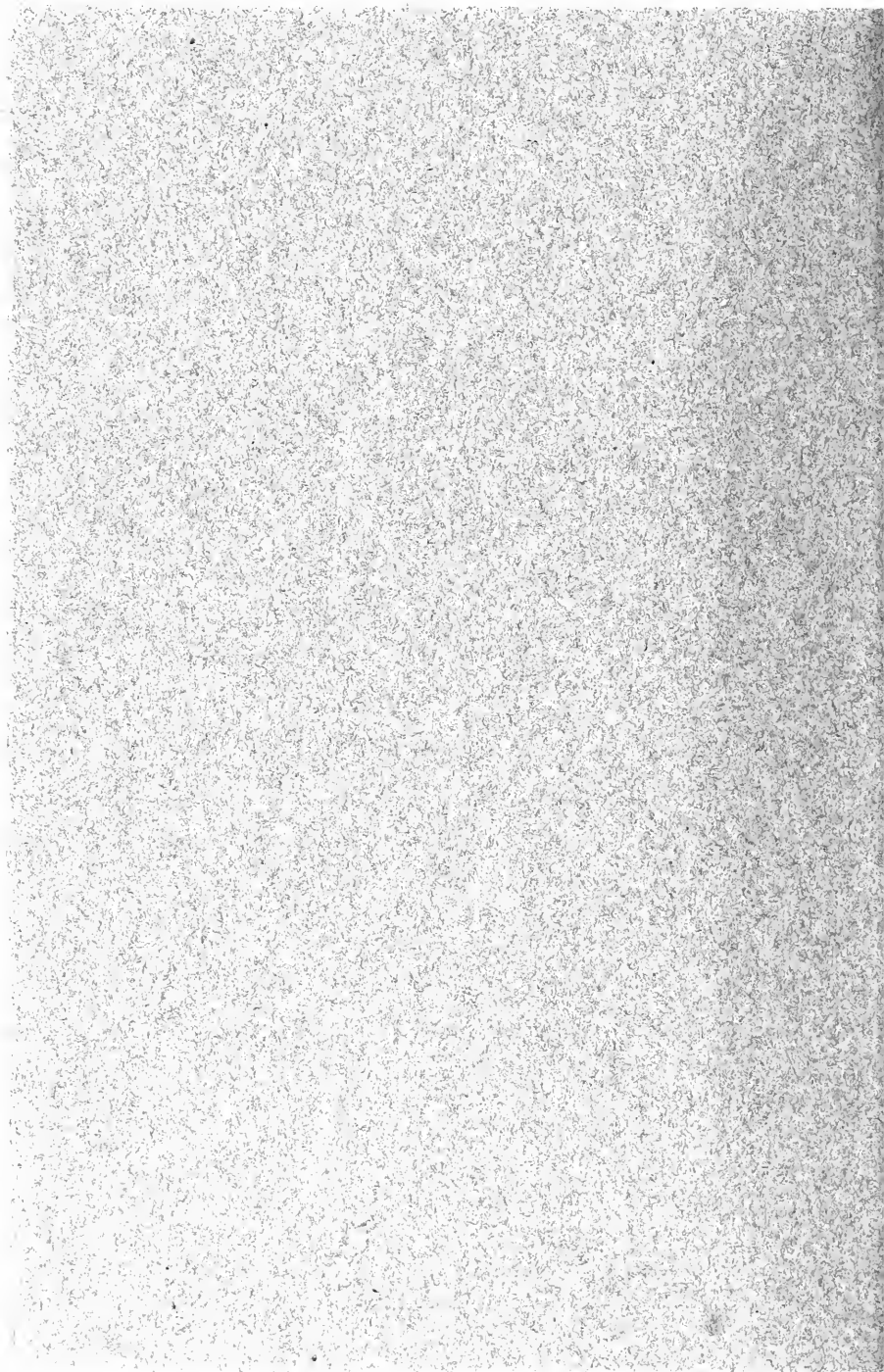
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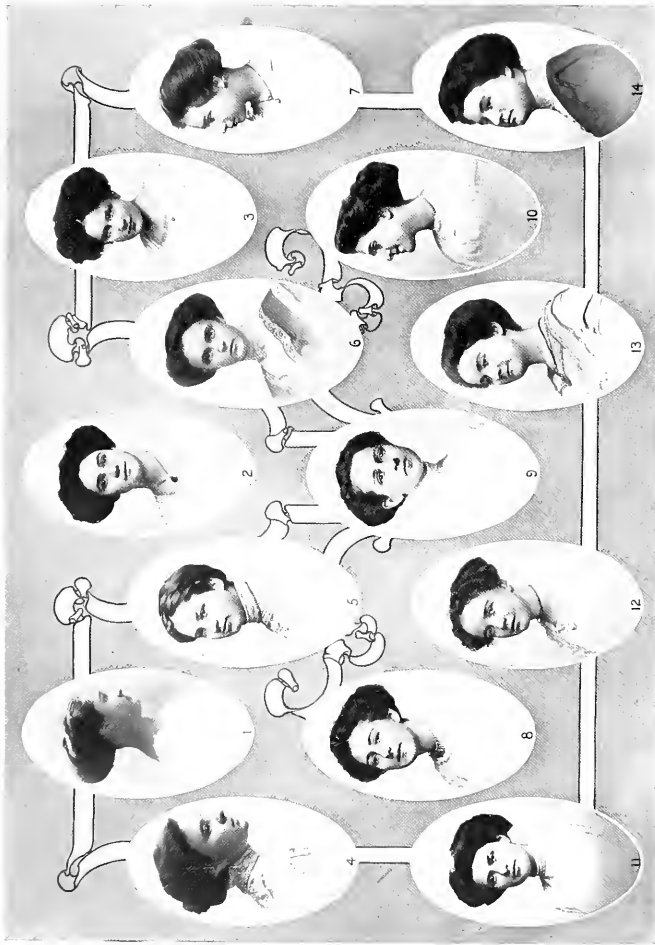
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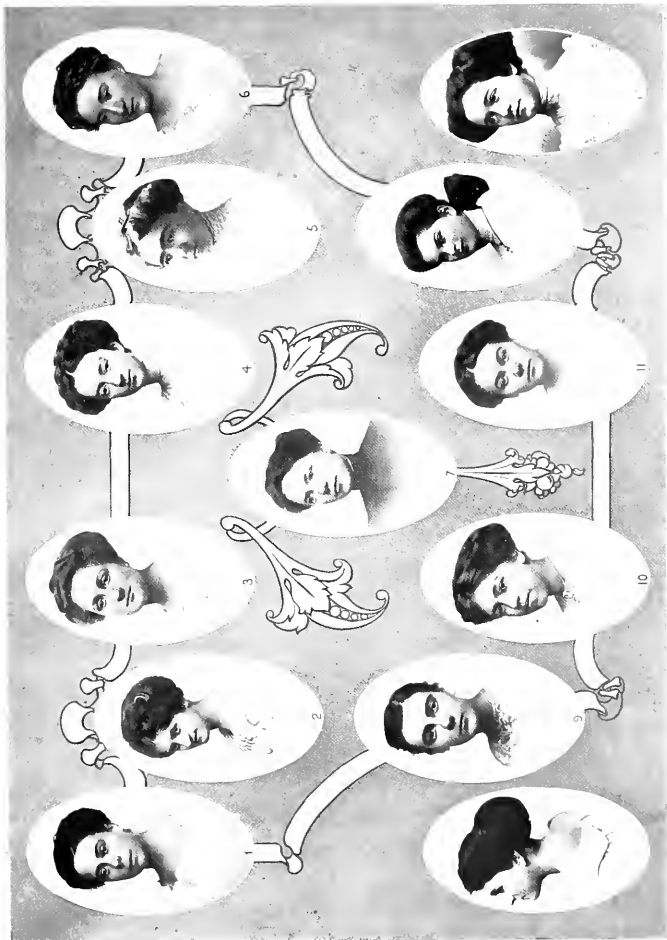
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Ænean Literary Society

- BERTHA ADAMS—The mirror of all courtesy.
FANNIE ANDERSON—We know the truth, not only by the reason, but also by the heart.
XINA ANDERSON—It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.
JENNIE ANDERSON—A soul as white as heaven.
LINA ANDREWS—We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us.
ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN—The grass sleeps not, she treads on it so light.
RUTH BLUE—He tried the luxury of doing good.
OLIVIA BOGACKI—There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face.
JESSIE KATE BRANTLEY—Brevity is the soul of wit.
EUNICE BRENSICK—Immortal longings in me.
MATHILDE BRENNER—Age cannot wither her, her custom stale her infinite variety.
MARY ANNA BROOKS—I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
ELIZA Candler—Fidleness is an appendix to mobility.
LIDA CALDWELL—A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows.
KATE CLARK—A few strong instincts and a few plain rules.
ELEANOR COLEMAN—Talk of nothing but business, and despatch that business quickly.
CORNELIA COOPER—Where more is meant than meets the ear.
FLORA CROWE—A contentment in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.
ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM—Yet do I fear thy nature: it is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
ALMA DOWNING—One ear it heard, at the other out it went.
NELL DUNNWAY—She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone, or despise.
ELIZABETH DUNWOODY—She that asks her dear five hundred friends.
EM ELDRIDGE—Type of the wise who soar but never roam.
NELLIE FARGASON—A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.
GLADYS FARRIOR—There is no mistake; there has been no mistake; and there shall be no mistake.
ELEANOR FIBERSON—And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
FENDLEY GLASS—A flattering painter who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
MAIBEL GREGG—There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.
SUSIE GUNN—That is as well said as if I had said it myself.
MARTHA HALL—I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
LOUISA HAMILTON—So sweetly she bade me adieu, I thought that she bade me return.
REBE HARWELL—Let knowledge grow from more to more.
SARAH HATCHER—Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.
MARGARET HOYT—I would the gods had made thee poetical.
CHARLOTTE JACKSON—They feel me to the top of my bent.
SUSETTE JOERG—Make ducks and drakes with shillings.
AGNES KENBROCK—And out of mind as soon as out of sight.
MARY WALLACE KIRK—Those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honor.
GLADYS LEE—In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind.
MARY LEITCH—I once did hold it, as our statist do, a baseness to write fair.
JANET LITTLE—I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.
CLYDE LOTT—Officious, innocent, sincere, of every friendless name the friend.
MAY JOE LOTT—Is true as steel.
HARRIET MASON—With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
FANNIE G. MAYSON—Choice word and measured phrase above the reach of ordinary men.
ERMA MONTGOMERY—Ground not upon dreams; you know they are ever contrary.
GETRUIDE McDOWELL—I do know of these that therefore only are reputed wise for saying nothing.
JANIE MCGAUGHEY—Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
MARIE MCINTYRE—Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense and wit.
ANNIE C. McLANE—The noblest mind the best contentment has.

ANNIE McLARTY—Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.

AGNES NICOLASSEN—A little too wise, they say, do ne'er live long.

CONSTANCE O'KEEFE—Facts are stubborn things.

KATE O'KELLY—The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

GUSSE O'NEAL—Shall show us how divine a thing a woman may be made.

ELEANOR PENKSTON—And many a word at random spoken
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

MARY LIZZIE RADFORD—For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

LUCY REAGAN—The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS—Who goeth a-borrowing, goeth a-sorrowing.

MARGARET ROBERTS—Deeds, not words.

STELLA ROBERTS—A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food.

MATTIE RYLANDER—First in the fight, and every graceful deed.

DOROTHY SELBY—From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth.

SARAH SKINNER—Whatsoever skeptic could inquire for,
 For every why he had a wherefore.

ANNIE SMITH—To write a verse or two, is all the praise that I can raise.

BIRDIE SMITH—A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected.

FLORENCE SMITH—His pity gave ere charity began.

LILA SMITH—The Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.

CAROL STEARNS—Would you both eat your cake and have your cake?

FANNIE C. STERNE—Elegant as simplicity, and warm as ecstasy.

JOSEPHINE STONEY—A mother's pride, a father's joy.

JULIA THOMPSON—But when I tell him he hates flatterers, he says he does, being then most flattered.

MILDRED THOMPSON—A light to guide, a rod to check the erring and reprove.

ANNIE WEBB—And oft have I heard defended—
 Little said is soonest mended.

LOUISE WELLS—On their own merits modest men are dumb.

MARGUERITE WELLS—O Solitude! where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?

SINA WHITE—The woman that deliberates is lost.

EDITH WILLIAMS—Who is so deaf or so blind as is he
 That wilfully will neither hear nor see?

LINA WILLIAMS—The first virtue, some, if thou wilt hear,
 Is to restrain and keepen wel thy tongue.

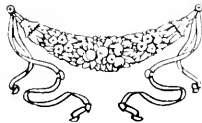
SARAH WILLIAMS—To know that which befores us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom.


THEODORA WILINGHAM—Not to know me argues yourself unknown, the lowest of your throng.

MARTHA WILKS—I saw him, now, going the way of all flesh.

BERTHA WOOD—We grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it.

EVA WIRM—Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.





Droplean Literary Society

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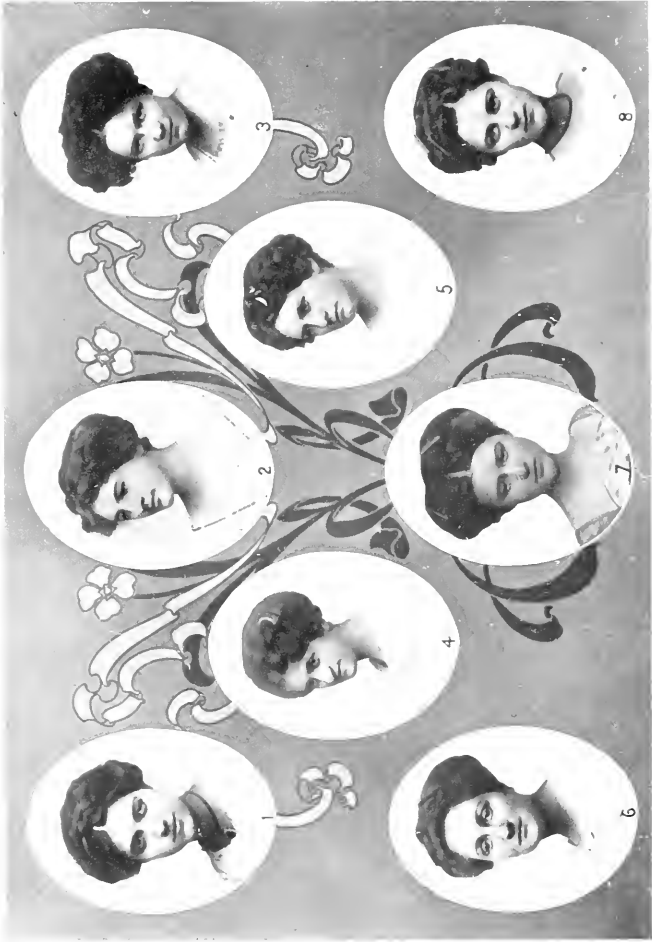
- GRACE ANDERSON—Let ignorance talk as it will, learning has its value.
KATHERINE AUBREY—I do but sing because I must, and pipe but as the linnets sing.
NINA BAIN—What female heart can gold despise?
HELEN BROWN—Still to be neat, still to be drest, as you were going to a feast.
NELL BRIGHTWELL—Studious of ease, and fond of humble things.
FLORRINE BROWN—Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?
RUTH C. BROWN—Out of my lean and low ability, I'll lend you something.
ALLIE CANDLER—With a smile that glow'd celestial, rosy red, love's proper hue.
AUDREY CARTER—Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.
BERTHA CHASON—It's wiser being good than bad; it's safer being meek than fierce.
MAUD CHASON—I was not always a man of woe.
MARY CROSSWELL—She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud.
FAY DILLARD—Let the world slide!
FRANCES DUKES—The star of the unconquered will.
JULIA DU PRÉ—His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.
RUTH DODD—The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.
MARY BACON DUNCAN—He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall have nay.
MARY ENZOR—Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind.
ANNE FIELDS—Ah, why should life all labor be?
LUCY FITZGERALD—A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe.
EDELNA GILLESPIE—A kind and gentle heart he had, to comfort friends and foes.
MAUD GLOVER—For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted will.
SADIE GOBLER—I am not merry; but I do beguile the thing I am by seeming otherwise.
HELEN HARVEY—Thou say'st an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.
GERALDINE HOOD—True, I talk of dreams which are the children of an idle brain, beget of nothing but vain fantasy.
JANIE HUNTER—Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.
MATTIE HUNTER—Woman's at best a contradiction.
WILLIE LEE JOHNS—Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.
LILLIE JOINER—Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.
MARY LAWSON LINK—Ignorance of the law excuses no man.
HAZEL MURPHY—He is only fantastical that is not in fashion.
BEATRICE McALLISTER—A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.
PEARL McCRORY—When thought is speech and speech is truth.
CLYDE MCDANIEL—Absence of occupation is not rest.
JANETTE NEWTON—Up! up! my friend, and quit your books, or surely you'll grow double.
KATE PERRY—Hang scow! Care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry.
RUTH SLACK—He is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men.
MARGARET SLEMMONS—He was a very good hater.
LAVALETTE SLOAN—He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
LOUISE SLOAN—And while I at length debate and beate the bush there shall step in other men and catch the burles.
HELEN SMITH—The true use of speech is not so much to express our thoughts as to conceal them.
JULIA PRATT SMITH—Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as.
And yet he seemed besier than he was.
BESSIE STANBEE—You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage.
ERMINA STANTON—To sigh, yet not recede; to grieve, yet not repent.
PEARL VEREEN—The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.




CLUBS







BELLE DOWNS



IBD

1—MATTIE RYLANDER

2—THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM

3—NELLIE FARGASON

4—MARIE McINTYRE

5—SINA WHITE

6—SUSETTE JOERG

7—GUSSIE O'NEAL

8—MARTHA HALL

9—RUTH SLACK



OLIVIA BOGACKI CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS KATHARINE AUBREY
 EM BLDRIJGE ELIZA CASLER
 MARY CROSSWELL PEARL VERREN
 FANNIE ANDERSON NINA ANDERSON MARTHA WILLIS



FANNIE ANDERSON	ANNISTON, ALA.
NINA ANDERSON	ANNISTON, ALA.
KATHERINE AUBREY	CARLENSVILLE, GA.
OLIVIA BOGACKI	MONTGOMERY, ALA.
MARY CROSSWELL	WILMINGTON, N. C.
LIZA CANDLER	DECATUR, GA.
LIDA CALDWELL	PINEBLUFF, ARK.
EM ELDRIDGE	AMERICUS, GA.
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS	WAYNESBORO, GA.
PEARL VEREEN	MOULTRIE, GA.
MARTHA WILLIS	VALDOSTA, GA.



COLORS: Black and White

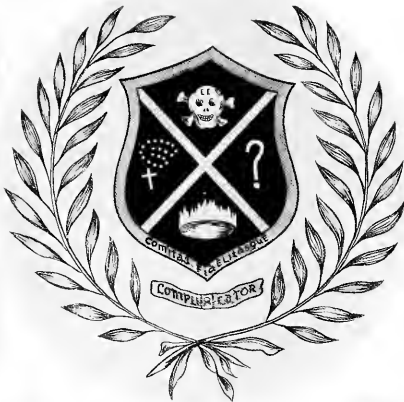
INSIGNIA: Skull and Cross Bones

FLOWER: White Rose

MEMBERS

ALLIE CANDLER
FLORA CROWE
MARY BACON DUNCAN
FRANCES DUKES
SADIE GOBER

MATTIE HUNTER
HAZEL MURPHY
KATE PIRRY
MARGARET ROBERTS
JULIA PRATT SMITH



FRANCES DEKES FLORA CROWE ALLIE CANDLER
 KATE PERRY SADIE GOBER
 JULIA PRATT SMITH HAZEL MURPHY
 MATTIE HUNTER MARGARET ROBERTS MARY BACON DUNCAN





K. A. CLUB



SOUTH WING CLUB

MEMBERS

All on South Wing, R. S. H., not otherwise affiliated

MASCOT AND CHIEF LOAFER: Annette McDonald

MOTTO: "We Luf Ter Lufe"

SONG: "No Loafing Place 'Round Here"

CLASSICAL QUOTATION: All work and no play makes us a dull boy

MEETING PLACE: Trunks on the wing

MEETING TIME: Any old time

UNIFORM: What you happen to have on

REFRESHMENTS: Wanted

GREETING: Good-morning, Glory, How Do You Dew-berry, Hope You Are Well-bucket

BREAKING-UP SIGNAL: Last one here put up the pillows!



Chicken Club

FOUNDERS

RUTH SLACK.....JULIA PRATT SMITH

C—harming

H—ungry

I—nteresting

C—arefree

K—iddish

E—ntertaining

N—obodies

Only eligible after a "catching"

SOUTH GEORGIA



MOTTO: "Never kick till you're spurred"

COLORS: Red and Green

EMBLEM: Wire Grass

MEETING PLACE: Under the pines among the palmettoes

OFFICERS

MATTIE HUNTERPresident
 EM ELDRIDGEVice-President
 FRANCES DUKESSecretary and Treasurer

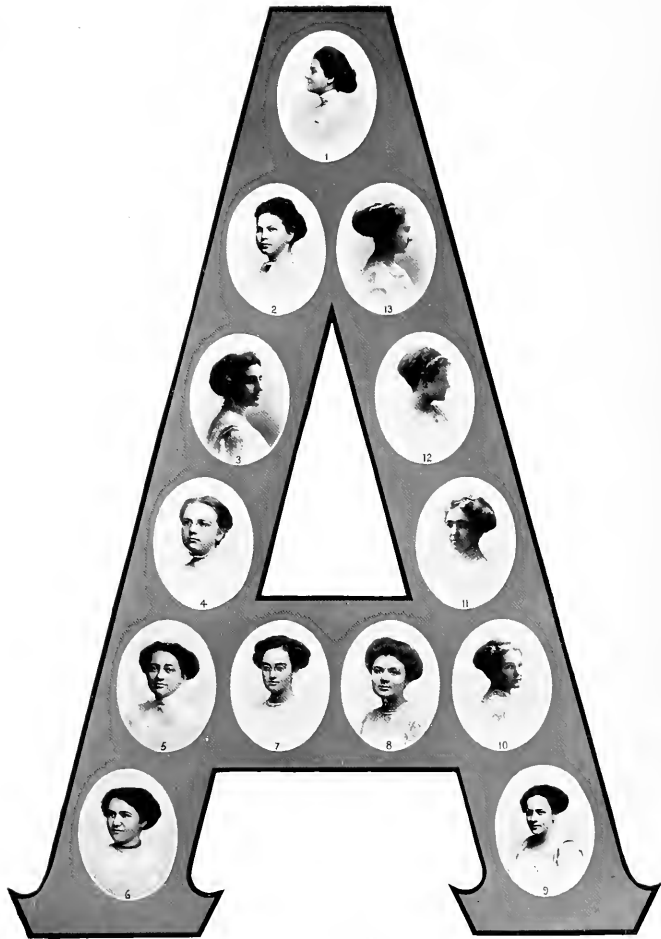
MEMBERS

JESSIE KATE BRANTLEY
 EUNICE BRIENICK
 AUDREY CARTER
 BERTHA CHASON
 MAUDE CHASON
 FRANCES DUKES

NELL DUNNAWAY
 EM ELDRIDGE
 SUSIE GUNN
 MARTHA HALL
 MATTIE HUNTER
 SUCETTE JOERG

CLYDE LOTT
 MAY JOE LOTT
 ANNETTE McDONALD
 MARGARET ROBERTS
 PEARL VEREEN
 MARTHA WILLIS

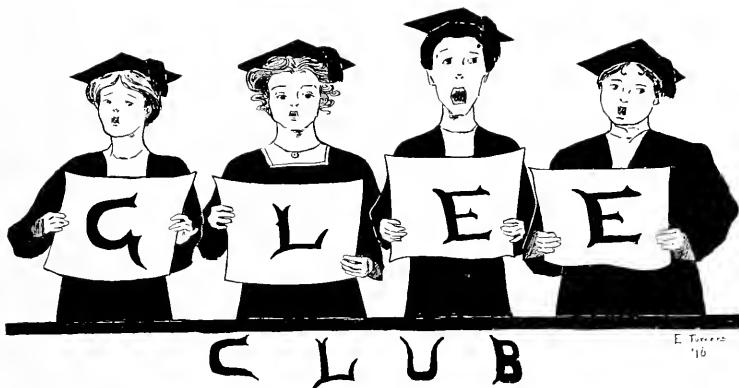




Alabama Club

"MEET TO EAT"

HONORARY MEMBERS
MISSSES LEWIS AND LOVELACE



CLYDE LOTT ACCOMPANIST
 GUSSIE O'NEAL LEADER
 MARTHA WILLIS TREASURER
 MISS SPANGLER DIRECTOR

FIRST SOPRANOS

NINA BAIN
 HELEN HARVEY
 HAZEL MURPHY
 SADIE GOBER
 GUSSIE O'NEAL
 PEARL VEREEN
 LILA SMITH
 ELEANOR PINKSTON

FIRST ALTOS

LIDA CALDWELL
 MARIE MCINTYRE
 MARTHA WILLIS

SECOND SOPRANOS

LUCY FITZHUGH
 CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS
 THEODOSTIA WILLINGHAM
 JULIA PRATT SMITH
 SUSETTE JOERG
 LILA WILLIAMS

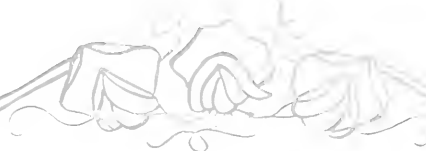
SECOND ALTOS

LOUISE WELLS
 NINA ANDERSON
 EDITH WILLIAMS
 FANNIE ANDERSON
 KATHERINE AUBREY



GLEE CLUB





Glee Club Medley

We are the jolly gay students of
Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott—
And may the years bring endless praise to
Yama, yama, yama man,
Terrible eyes and a face of tan;
If you don't watch out
He'll catch you without a doubt—
Down in Jungle town, a honeymoon am coming soon,
You will hear a serenade to
Mandy Lane, Mandy Lane, moon am shinin'
Way down upon the Sewanee river
Far, far away, there's where
Mary had a William goat, a William goat, a William goat,
Mary had a
Sweet bunch of daisies, brought from the
Dixie land where I was born in,
In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those darkies singing—
Gee, I wish I had a girl
Like the other fellows had,
Someone to make a fuss over me,
To cheer me up.
When I was a little baby, I remember long ago
Daddy would sit all ebenin' and play
Everybody's in slumberland but you and
Arrah Warma, on my honor
I'll take care of you,
In the beautiful isle of our dreams, dear,
There is never a sorrow or pain;
Every trouble and care quickly vanishes there,
In my old Kentucky home far away
Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day, for
Every day the papers say
A robbery in the park, so I sit alone
Dreaming, dreaming, of you, sweetheart, I am dreaming,
Dreaming of
School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days,
Readin' and writin' and rithmetic
Taught to the tune of
It's awful lonesome to-night,
Somehow there's nothing just right, honey,
It looks to me like a big night, to-night a big night,
For I'm a Hottentot from Agnes Scott—
A player of basket-ball,
I jumped so high, I scraped the sky
So now we'll say good-bye
With good-night, ladies, good-night, ladies,
Good-night, ladies, we're going to leave you now,
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, over the deep blue sea.

Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

MATTIE HUNTER	PRESIDENT
ELEANOR COLEMAN	VICE-PRESIDENT
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

PLAYS PRESENTED AND CASTS OF CHARACTERS

"MR. BOB"

Mr. Robert Brown (attorney)	Lavalette Sloan
Philip Roysen	Charlotte Reynolds
Katharine (Miss Luke's niece)	Lida Caldwell
Marian Bryant	Marie McIntyre
Miss Rebecca Luke	Eleanor Coleman
Patty (the maid)	Theodosia Willingham
Jenkins (the butler)	Ruth Slack

"KING RENE'S DAUGHTER"

King René	Pearl McCrory
Comte Tristan	Sadie Gober
Sir Geoffrey of Orange	Pearl Vereen
Sir Almerie	Kate Perry
Ebn Jahia	Lavalette Sloan
Bertrand	Julia P. Smith
Iolanthé	Geraldine Hood
Martha	Frances Dukes

"THE LADY OF LYONS"

Beauseant	Susette Joerg
Glavis	Marie McIntyre
Colonel Damas	Fannie G. Mayson
Monsieur Deschappelles	Susie Gunn
Landlord of the Golden Lion	Nina Anderson
Ga-spar	Charlotte Reynolds
Claude Melnotte	Gladys Lee
Olieer	Olivia Bogacki
Madame Deschappelles	Lida Caldwell
Pauline	Martha Hall
The Widow Melnotte	Theodosia Willingham
Marian	Theodosia Willingham



DRAMATIC
CLUB



JOSEPH A. MACLEAN


MacDowell Club

For the music lovers of Agnes Scott, MacDowell Club furnishes a source of especial interest as well as of true enjoyment, with its carefully planned and well executed programmes.

This feature of college life was founded four years ago, when Edward MacDowell—that greatest of American composers—was the object of so much anxious and heart-felt interest to the American public at large. Suddenly, in the very prime of his musical activity, the great darkness of mental oblivion fell upon him and his wonderful genius was checked just when the outlook was most encouraging. The music lovers of this country undertook a movement to raise a fund for his benefit, to show their interest and gratitude to a man, who with wonderful rapidity and unrivalled skill had brought such credit to the music world of America.

As a part of this movement, Mr. Maclean and the musical faculty of Agnes Scott aroused the interest of the students and founded this club here, which, since that time, has continued to be a regular feature of our little musical world. The club meets once a month and its object is to acquaint the members with the best musical literature and to familiarize them with the historical development of the various musical forms. The programmes, as planned for this year, show the manner of study and suggest briefly and in outline the phase of music with which the club deals.

November	Miscellaneous Music
December	American Composers
January	The Development of Church Music
February	Women Composers
March	Dance Forms
April	From the Works of Edward MacDowell



Meeting of Classification Committee

TIME—*Opening of school.*

PLACE—*Miss McKinney's classroom.*

(Miss McKinney and Miss Young at desk. Dr. Arbuckle with chair tilted against window-sill. Room filled with girls.)

MISS McK. *(as one girl leaves desk)*—Next.

(A very stylishly dressed girl goes up.)

MISS McK.—Classification card, please. You will take a regular course, I presume?

DR. A.—Why, I see you are from Bainbridge. Do you know Miss A?

GIRL.—Why, yes; very well.

DR. A.—She used to come here. And do you know, it was a funny thing, that girl—

MISS McK.—Hush, Dr. Arbuckle. *(To girl)* What about your course?

GIRL.—Why, I want music especially, you know.

MISS Y.—But, my dear, you ought to take a regular course.

DR. A.—Yes, it is a great advantage. You can always secure a place, if you have a B. A. from Agnes Scott, and you may want to teach. Why, I knew a girl—

MISS McK.—Well, let's see about your entrance requirements. What rhetoric did you use?

GIRL.—Oh, I don't know. It was a brown book.

MISS McK.—You don't know the name? I declare, it seems to me that you couldn't study a book without remembering that. What books have you used in other studies?

GIRL.—Oh, I don't know. My algebra was red, though.

MISS Y.—You haven't studied geometry?

GIRL.—No, indeed. I don't like such things; I only wish to take English, music and perhaps English.

DR. A.—But you must have your fourteen units.

MISS McK.—And you certainly haven't them. *(To "old" girls)* One of you show this girl to Miss Ella Young. Next.

(A large woman goes up leading a round-eyed, babyish girl.)

MISS Y. *(as mother hands in card)*—I know your daughter is glad you came with her. *(To girl)* Have you ever been away from home before, dear?

GIRL *(frightened)*—No'm.

MOTHER—No, and you must be a mother to her, because—

MISS Y.—Oh, yes, indeed, we will. You'll like Agnes Scott, I'm sure.

MISS McK.—Anna, we must get through here, just see this room full of girls.—Girls, you must keep quiet; some of you go out, and we'll send for you.
(*To mother*) What work has your daughter done?

MOTHER—Oh, she graduated from the high school last spring.

DR. A.—Yes, but I'm sorry that high school is not accredited. It's a pretty good school. I used to know the principal, and just let me tell you—

MISS McK.—Lida, will you talk to Dr. Arbuckle, so as to keep him quiet?

DR. A.—Now, you see, that's the way. The ladies want to do all the talking.

MISS McK.—Yes, but they at least keep to the business they are doing.

(*Dr. Arbuckle smiles and makes a gesture of resignation. All the girls are laughing.*)

MISS McK.—Has your daughter read all the books for English requirements?

MOTHER—Oh, yes; I suppose so. She reads all the time. She's read all the Elsie books, and—

GIRL (*timidly*)—Yes, but in school we read six of Shakespeare, and all those others.

MISS Y.—How about your math? I hope you've done that.

GIRL—I've studied geometry.

MISS Y.—That's good. You can stand your examination to-morrow.
(*Girl begins to cry.*) There, don't cry. It'll be easy.

MOTHER—How many examinations has she?

MISS McK.—Fifteen in all.

(*Sobs from daughter. Miss Young sympathetic, Miss McKinney disgusted. Dr. Arbuckle laughs.*)

MISS McK.—Martha, show Mrs. B. and her daughter to Miss Smith and the other professors. (*To lady*) They will tell you what your daughter will need to study.

DR. A. (*as they go out—to room at large*)—A good specimen of a spoiled child. See what college will do for her.

MISS McK. (*to Lida, an old girl*)—Come on, Lida. You are patience itself, but I want to get you out of here. What are you going to take?

LIDA (*hesitatingly*)—I'm going to drop my course.

CLASSIFICATION COM.—What!

MISS MCK.—Why?

LIDA.—Oh, father says I may.

DR. A.—Miss Lida, you are certainly making a mistake. You may need to support yourself some day. Why, I knew a girl—

MISS MCK.—Dr. Arbuckle, we all know that story. (*To Lida*) Is that the only reason?

LIDA (*laughing*)—O Miss McKinney, you know—

MISS MCK.—Why, Lida, that is all foolishness. Let's see—you are regular except for one condition, I believe.

MISS Y.—Yes, and you'll have trig this year.

LIDA.—Now, that's what I don't like.

MISS MCK.—I don't blame you either. I never could learn it. (*Laughing.*) But then it's good brain work for you. Your course is too much inclined to be all cultural, anyway.

LIDA.—Well, you know, I always did like English.

(*Miss McKinney is silent.*)

DR. A. (*laughing*)—You've gotten what you wanted now, haven't you? But, Miss Lida, you'll like chemistry. There are great possibilities for killing yourself in it. I'll be mighty glad to have you, too. You know, chemistry—

MISS MCK.—Here, Lida, take your card.

LIDA.—I just knew you wouldn't let me do as I wanted to.

MISS MCK.—There's one more girl we'll do, and that's the last. My brain feels twisted now.

DR. A.—Here, give me the cards. I'll make them out.

MISS MCK.—No, you won't. You always get them mixed. I'll fix them myself.

DR. A. (*leaning back comfortably*)—Well, just as you please. Women always want to do the bossing. You are just like—

MISS MCK.—Something dreadful, I'm sure; but we must get busy now. (*To girl, who is quiet and refined-looking*) Do you expect to take a regular course?

GIRL.—Yes.

DR. A.—Well, so you're from Texas. How did you happen to come so far to college?

GIRL.—This is father's state.

DR. A.—You found your trip interesting, I'm sure. I've always wanted to go West myself.

MISS McK.—Dr. Arbuckle, do hush up. You are worse than a child.

(Dr. Arbuckle makes a resigned motion for benefit of room.)

MISS Y.—From your father's letter, I judge you have done a great deal of work.

GIRL.—Yes, I have done more than the catalogue requirements.

MISS McK.—Well, you are the first girl I've seen that even knew there were catalogue requirements. I wonder if you know what books you've studied, and not just the colors? *(Girl looks bewildered.)*

MISS McK. *(laughing)*—Well, you can try your entrance examinations to-morrow, and then advanced standing later. I really believe you can do something. *(Rises and gathers up papers.)* I declare some of these girls are enough to drive you mad.

DR. A.—Some of them think you are that already, I'll warrant.

MISS Y. *(calmly)*—Come on, let's go.





APRIL FOOL'S

DAY

?



To Thee

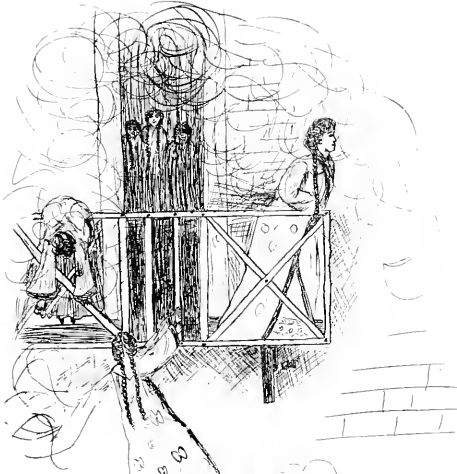
Imperial summer!
What can sweeter be
Than golden hours,
And perfect liberty?

Freedom from toil,
From winter's bondage free,
Whole days given o'er
To ideality.

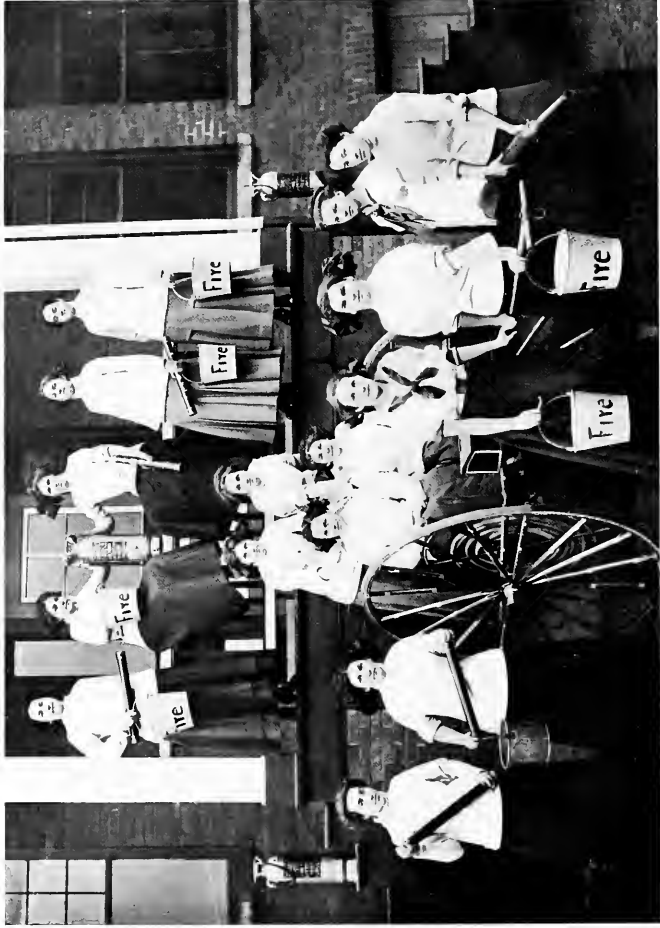
Yet hold!
What can more perfect be
Than bondage,
If it be to thee?

Our freedom?
Ay, we know 'tis sweet,
But sweeter far
To cast it at thy feet.


EVA L. TOWERS.



FIRE
BRIGADE



FIRE BRIGADE



Fire Brigade

ELEANOR COLEMAN CAPTAIN
RUTH SLACK FIRST LIEUTENANT

BRIGADE

SECOND FLOOR: WEST WING

ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM LIEUTENANT
CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS, LAVALETTE SLOAN FIREMEN

SOUTH WING

SUSIE GUNN LIEUTENANT
JULIA THOMPSON, SUSETTE JOERG FIREMEN

EAST WING

MILDRED THOMSON LIEUTENANT
THEODOSIA WILLINGHAM, MARIE MCINTYRE FIREMEN

THIRD FLOOR: WEST WING


FAY DILLARD LIEUTENANT
GLADYS FARRIOR, OLIVIA BOGACKI FIREMEN

SOUTH WING

EM ELDRIDGE LIEUTENANT
MARTHA WILLIS, PEARL VEREEN FIREMEN

EAST WING

LILAH SMITH LIEUTENANT
JULIA PRATT SMITH, GLADYS LEE FIREMEN



On Yesterday

Had I but heard, when yester-eve
Hope called to me in vain,
And sang sweet songs of brighter days
Still pleading once again,
Would I have now been sitting thus
With ne'er a sign or word
Enshrined in memories of the past,
Had I but heard!

Had I but seen Hope standing there
With hands out-stretched and wide,
And longing eyes to lure me on,
To tempt me to confide,
Her joyous face would not be sad
Nor smiles my own one screen;
Back slowly would I turn to Her
Had I but seen!


Had I but felt Hope knocking then
Upon my heart of stone,
Which beats to-day in knowing that
With it I am alone,
Perchance then might ne'er dreams of dreams
Have lured me while I knelt,
The gloomy earth would smile again
Had I but felt!

Had I but known the cravings that
I'd hold with mad regret,
For Hope that knocked at yester-eve,
Which I cannot forget,
I'd summon all the Summer dawns
And sweep from the breeze's tone
The yearning days and nights of tears—
Had I but known!

—ANNIE SMITH, '10.



1910
ATHLETICS



Athletic Song

I'm a Hottentot from Agnes Scott.
A player of basket-ball;
I jump so high, I scrape the sky
And I never, never fall.
When once I get the ball
I toss it above them all;
I'll get it in, my side shall win—
Our foes sha'n't score at all.

One day I went on fun intent,
A-prancing to the gym;
If not too late, I'd learn to skate,
Then I'd be in the swim;
Instead, I hit the floor,
I'll never work any more,
I broke my skate, and split my pate,
I tell you I was sore.

Another day, I went to play
Upon the hockey field;
I thought it fine, oh, most divine—
A hockey stick to wield,
Twinkle, twinkle, star,
I wonder what you are?
I cracked my shin and fore my skin
And had to come home in a car.

Then in the gym, with greatest vim
Those long ropes I did climb,
And on the bar, I was a star—
O my, it was sublime!
I tried to ride the horse,
But, dear me, what remorse!
He gave a bound, I struck the ground—
No safety in a horse.

And so you see at A. S. C.
There's something every minute,
You surely have to hustle here
Or else you'll not be in it;
We're crazy 'bout the gym,
The hockey and the swim,
So now three cheers, and each who hears
Now raise it with a vim.

Athletic Association Officers



MATTIE HUNTER
PRESIDENT



ELEANOR FRIERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT



MATTIE RYLANDER
SECRETARY AND TREASURER



CAROLINE MCKINNEY
MASCOT

Varsity Basketball

YELL: Vereen, McIntyre, Frierson, you,
Hunter, Dillard, Briesnick, too,
Hi yi, ki yi,
Hot, cold, wet dry,
Get there Ely—Varsity.

	GUARDS	
VEREEN		BRIESNICK
	FORWARDS	
DILLARD		HUNTER
	CENTERS	
McINTYRE		FRIERSON

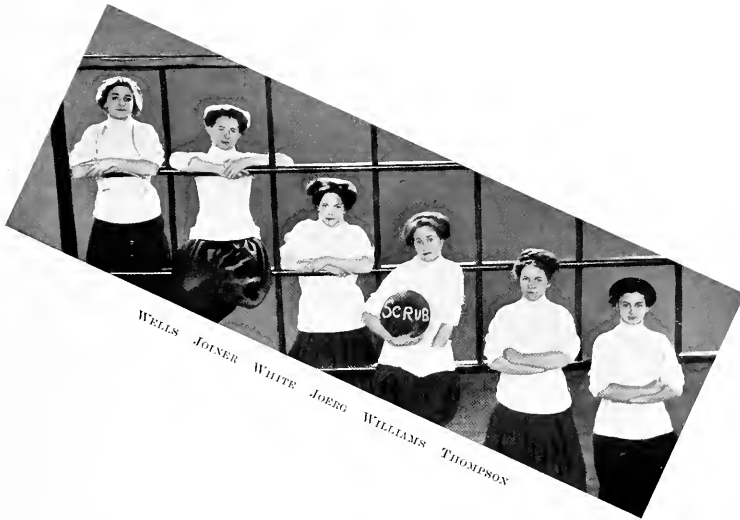




PEARL VERREEN
CAPTAIN



ANSE FIELDS
MANAGER



College Scrub Team

YELL: Rub-a-dub, dub, rub-a-dub, dub!
 What's the noise, what's the racket?
 Rub-a-dub, dub, rub-a-dub, dub!
 What's a haek it, let us track it.
 For here comes the College Scrub.


FORWARDS	
L. WELLS.....S. JOERG
CENTERS	
L. JOINER.....S. WHITE
GUARDS	
L. WILLIAMS.....J. THOMPSON



SUSETTE JOERG
CAPTAIN



LILA WILLIAMS
MANAGER



Agnes Scott

The hills of Georgia guard thee well.

Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott;
A thousand voices of thee tell.

Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott,
We love thy grand and stately walls,
Thy campus green and spacious halls,
The voice of Southern hope still calls
To Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott.

Thou art the guard of all that's pure.

Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott,
For standards that fore'er endure,
Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott,
Success and plenty bless thy days,
And high aloft thy banner raise,
And may the year bring endless praise
To Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott.

We'll ne'er forget thee, nor forsake.

Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott,
And none from thee our love shall take,
Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott,
Our alma mater, true to thee,
Thy praise we'll sing from sea to sea,
And through the years forever be
Agnes Scott, my Agnes Scott.

SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM



REAGAN DILLARD FRIERSON
WILLIAMS HUNTER CROWE

JUNIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM



LEE COLEMAN THOMPSON KIRK MONTGOMERY WELLS

SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM

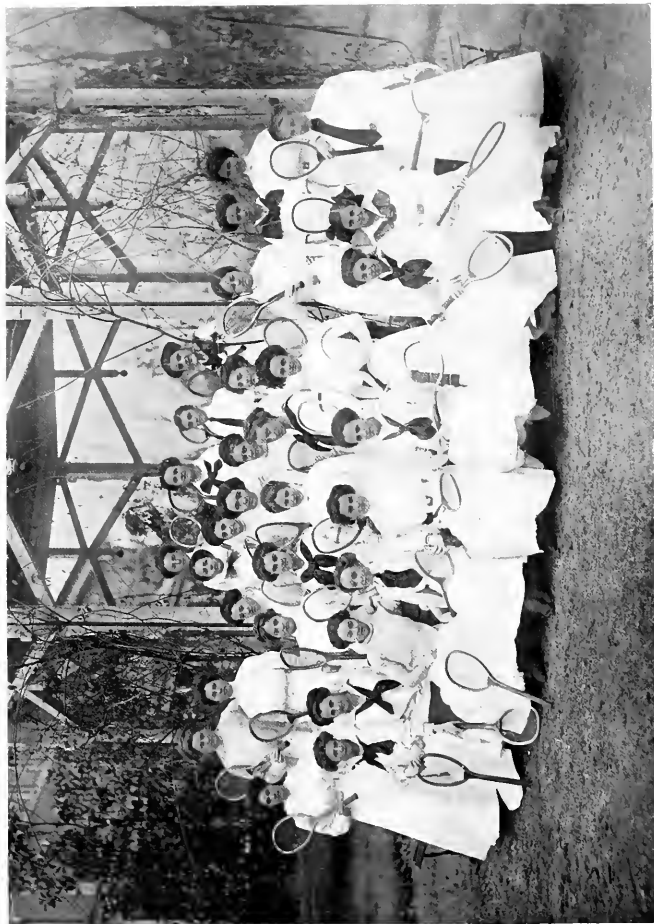


VEREEN JOERG BRIESNICK WHITE SLACK MCINTYRE


FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM



JOINER LOTT HATCHER BRENNER PERRY DUNWOODY



TEXAS ASSOCIATION



Tennis Association

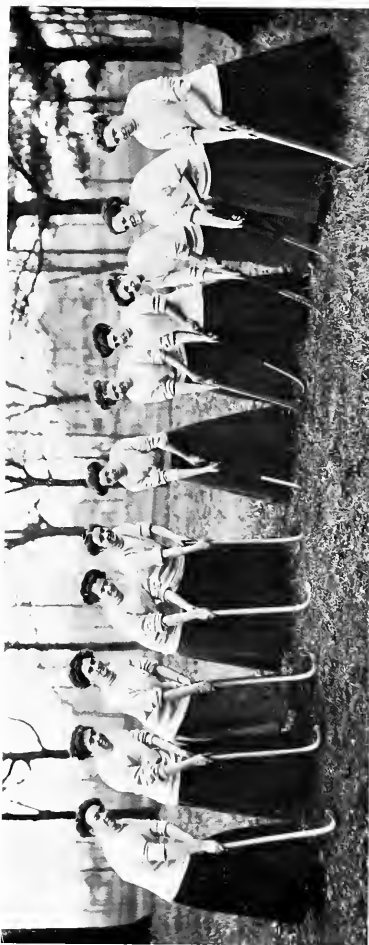
OFFICERS

ANNIE FIELDS PRESIDENT
MATTIE HUNTER VICE-PRESIDENT
SUSIE GUNN SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

ANTOINETTE BLACKBURN	SUSIE GUNN
OLIVIA BOGACKI	HELEN HARVEY
MATHILDE BRENNER	SARA HATCHER
EUNICE BRIESSNICK	GERALDINE HOOD
MARY ANNA BROOKS	MATTIE HUNTER
HELEN BROWN	CHARLOTTE JACKSON
AUDREY CARTER	MARY WALLACE KIRK
ELEANOR COLEMAN	MARY LAWSON LINK
ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM	GLADYS LEE
FAY DILLARD	CLYDE LOTT
NELL DUNNAWAY	MAY JOE LOTT
MARY BACON DUNCAN	HARRIET MASON
MARY ENZOR	BEATRICE McALLISTER
ANNIE FIELDS	MARIE McINTYRE
EDLENA GULLESPIE	GERTRUDE McDOWELL
MAUD GLOVER	ERMA MONTGOMERY
MAIBEL GREGG	IRENE NEWTON
JANETTE NEWTON	
AGNES NICOLASSEN	
ELEANOR PINKSTON	
MARY LIZZIE RADFORD	RUTH SLACK
LUCY REAGAN	MARGARET SLEMONS
MATTIE RYLANDER	LAVALETTE SLOAN
DOROTHY SELBY	BESSIE STANDIFER
FANNIE STERNE	MARGUERITE WELLS
ANNIE WEBB	SIXA WHITE
LOUISE WELLS	SARA WILLIAMS

HOCKEY TEAM



PURSTON CROWE THOMPSON HUNTER BRISNICK COLEMAN WILLIAMS REAGAN WELLS SAEPH JOINER



BARBARUS BRANAN JEFF KYLE GORER
PETERSEN CUNNINGHAM HOOD GROVE



The Last Word


MY DEAR JOHN—So it's all over—even to the last, stiffly formal little words of parting that we said to each other downstairs in the library the other night. Everything is over but this—the usual rite of sending back your letters and of asking for mine in return. If I went entirely according to the rules laid down in the code of etiquette about such affairs as this, this letter would be only a line or two, saying that, "since our friendship has died a natural death," etc., or perhaps words to that effect—but I never was formal—you know that—and I am always truthful—you know that—and it isn't our "friendship" that has died a natural death—but our engagement that has met with a tragic end.

So, for the last time, John, I am going to put aside all formality, and all evasion, because I think that now, in the face of this that lies dead between us, we should speak only what is absolutely true. If we have ever, in all times past, had need of the truth, now is the time when we need it most—don't you think so?

They are all here, your letters, every word you ever wrote me; even the post cards you sent me from Tybee that summer when we first knew each other. I have read them all over—and remembered something connected with each of them. Those you wrote me last winter—that terrible winter when your father failed in business, and you were his only help and comfort—and, oh, the letters—I shudder as I remember them. And I was away in New York, and couldn't come home. . . . And then there are those you wrote me about Albert Jackson, and first expressed your dislike of him—oh, well, I am not going to drag it all up between us again.

But there is one thing that I want you to do, I don't ask you to read over all of them, John, but I want you to read this one that I have put on top—and remember when you wrote it. I can never forget the morning when it came to me; it is the first one you had occasion to write me after we were engaged, you know—I remember the cook brought it in, looking stern, Irish disapproval at its fatness—I could have hugged her for it—and when I read it—well, I read it till it was limber. . . .

I have changed my mind about my letters, John; don't return them—burn them, please. I don't think I want to see them again. I don't want them, like grim spectres out of the past, to come back to me, in that awful, terrible way that letters have of doing.



But now I am going to say something, John, that is very hard to say, coming just at this time. And yet I feel that, knowing each other as we do, I may say a great many things to you that you will take in the spirit in which I write the words, and not misunderstand.

I have often told you that we were not suited to each other—and you laughed at my fears. But it was true, John—you realize it now—but do you know why? We are too much alike, and we have the same failing—we are too selfish. What we both need—I can see it all so much clearer now—is the purifying fire of tribulation, that will take us, like the precious metals, and burn all the baser materials away, and leave us a better, and a wiser, and a more serious man and woman.

Some day, John, you will find the real Princess—and when you do, all the show, and the playthings, and the tinsel will be cast away, and this dance music, dying in discordant fragments, will give place to the full, round tones of the organ, rolling in majestic symphony. But you must be worthy, there must be no selfishness in your heart then—because with real love there isn't room. You will be the Prince, with the kingly sceptre, and you may rule right royally—but you must be worthy.

Your destiny will lie in her little, soft hands, and she will believe in you, and have abundant faith in you, and she will send you out into the battlefield of Life wearing her colors on your helmet—and they will be white—the whiteness of her soul. . . . But, O John—John—you *must* be worthy of the trust she will put in you—you must *not* hurt her—because—can't you see?—Your own real happiness will be gone—forever—if you hurt her. . . .

If I can ever help you in any way, John, don't hesitate to call on me. Wherever you may be, and whatever you may be doing, please remember me as the very best friend you have in the world, and as one who is always ready to believe in you, and—perhaps—with full forgiveness in her heart for everything—to say, "God bless him."—MARIE.

EVA L. TOWERS.






Jaron's—The Haven of Rest

I am weary and tired, discouraged with life,
I have worked through the long, hard day,
When I seem to feel, as the shadows fall,
A sudden, appealing, alluring call
From the "Haven of Rest" just over the way.

Glad Hope once more holds out her hand
To my tired brain and discouraged heart:
If I cross the crest of the hill, you see,
A renewal of life is awaiting me:
And to answer the call, at once—I start.



Grinds

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BY DAY ACCORDING TO APPETITE

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2. If there is no bell in your room, wring the towel.
3. The proprietor absolutely refuses to furnish alarm clocks. They might go off before settling up.
4. Fruits served often, especially peaches. Always canned so that guests may not carry from table.
5. If the sun shines in your window too feverishly, notify the clerk and he will remove the sun to the other side of the house.
6. In case of fire, jump out the window and turn to the left—by no means arouse the fire brigade.
7. The imitation ice in the water-pitchers is patented and must not be removed from the premises.
8. Breakfast from 7 to 8, dinner from hand to mouth, and supper if there is anything left. Guests must leave table, as it is hard wood and therefore not digestible.
9. Guests are requested to use dust-pans furnished by hotel in each room.
10. Guests are requested to register on arrival and departure. Failure to do so merits restriction.




Wanted—To Know

Why Dr. Armistead never married.
How to stop Allie Candler from giggling.
How to make Theodosia stay still.
Where Ann Fields gets so much candy and flowers.
What would happen if Miss Colton gave a decently easy lesson in French.
To whom Miss Lovelace telephones.
If the Decatur choir really can sing.
Who sends Dr. Sweet so many flowers.
Why we have soup on Monday.
Why we have to go to bed so early on Sunday.
Why men are such scarce articles at Agnes Scott.
Where Martha Willis learned to sing tenor.
Why Miss Edith Appleyard disapproves of perfectly good tacks and paste for the walls.
If Richard Mansfield is starring in the "Merry Widow."
Where Miss Cady found "Butsy Jane."
If Dr. Arbuckle in his course of Domestic Chemistry teaches how to get a husband.
How the Sophomores entertained the Freshmen at the first of the year.
Who Lavalette makes the biggest "to-do" over, "Dr. Arm" or "Dr. Bachman."
How to get A's on reports.
Why academy crushes are forbidden.
Why we have to use the dust-pans.
What is good for the temper of a taking girl during vaccination.

At Agnes Scott there was a scandal that came,
And of this scandal you'll ne'er guess the name.
It went right on just under our eyes,
And that we knew nothing about it has caused many sighs.
If they had been lovers, we cannot tell;
We only know this: that one day it befell
That two of our friends, most faithful and able,
Failed to appear when we were seated at the table,
And for this calamity which has not yet been named
We think it only just that Pellagra be blamed.
Now if you can't guess,
I guess we must confess,
After all our hinting bits,
That this scandal so alarming
Was simply that our charming
Cornbread eloped with the grits!

Lila Smith was a goodly maid;
Every night her prayers dutifully said.
But two mottoes for herself she laid.
One was: "Sh', Julia Pratt!" and
The other "Kate, get off that bed!"



There were three girls named Eleanor,
The finest in the land,
There was Eleanor Pink, and Eleanor Fri,
And Cole, you understand.

The first of these was a pale young blonde,
The last a brunette lean,
The middle one had wavy black hair,
And eyes a clear sea-green.

Which of these maidens do I prefer?
Which of the Graces three?
"Birds of a feather flock together,"
So the one with the eyes like the sea.


Now I must take my eight exams
With thirteen themes to write,
Miss Cady wants my map work in,
Miss Smith my prose to-night.

My face is thin, I'm almost bald,
My pictures are a mortal sight,
My clothes are simply hanging on,
But worst of all—my appetite!

The Glee Club thought they'd like to glee
In the Grand Opera House, as formerly,
But dear, dear me! how that thought did flee
When they once brought the matter before D. G.,
Immodesty and forwardness were the words he said
That applied to the occasion, if Agnes Scott maid
Should make a habit of going on the stage,
And the following are the words of this excellent sage:
"Why, girls, in such action you know there's no allowance,
For now we've gotten the longed-for endowment."


Now who is this so debonaire,
With modesty sweet and a meek air?
Her name is Gussie O'Neal,
And once she lets out a squeal
You know her voice is real
And exceeding rich and rare.

FACULTY MORTO: "Thank God for tea! what would the world do without tea?—how
did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea."



Vocations of Faculty

DR. GAINES—Protector of girls' femininity.
MISS HOPKINS—Pretor for 1st floor, main building.
MISS BUCHER—Assistant to Miss Hopkins.
DR. ARBUCKLE—Head of matrimonial agency.
MISS LEWIS—Head of opposition matrimonial agency.
MISS CADY—Director of dancing.
MR. MACLEAN—Organ grinder.
MISS MCKINNEY—Freshmen's friend.
MISS COLTON—Authority on latest French models.
DR. ARMISTEAD—Adviser to D. G.
MISS YOUNG—Resort for condolence.
MISS SMITH—Burden bearer.
MISS EDITH APPELYARD—Ant and pin eradiator.
MISS MARY APPELYARD—Stickler for order.
DR. SWEET—Authority on "crushes."
MISS LOVELACE—Telephone operator.
MISS CALHOUN—Chief provider.
MISS TREBEIN—Instructor of faculty.
MISS SPANGLER—Chorus manager.
MR. DIECKMANN—Saturday night chaperon.
MISS DAVIS—Allowance extractor.
MR. BACHMAN—Adviser for all subjects.
MISS MCGREGOR—4th floor floor-walker.
MISS KENT—Trained nurse.
MISS MERRIMAN—Voice trainer.
MR. MICHAELIS—Dispenser of tunes.
MISS GOUBIN—Receiver of visitors.
MISS McDONALD—Organ-izer.
MR. ARMSTRONG—Professor of argumentation.
MISS MASSIE—Commissaire of pursuits of idleness.

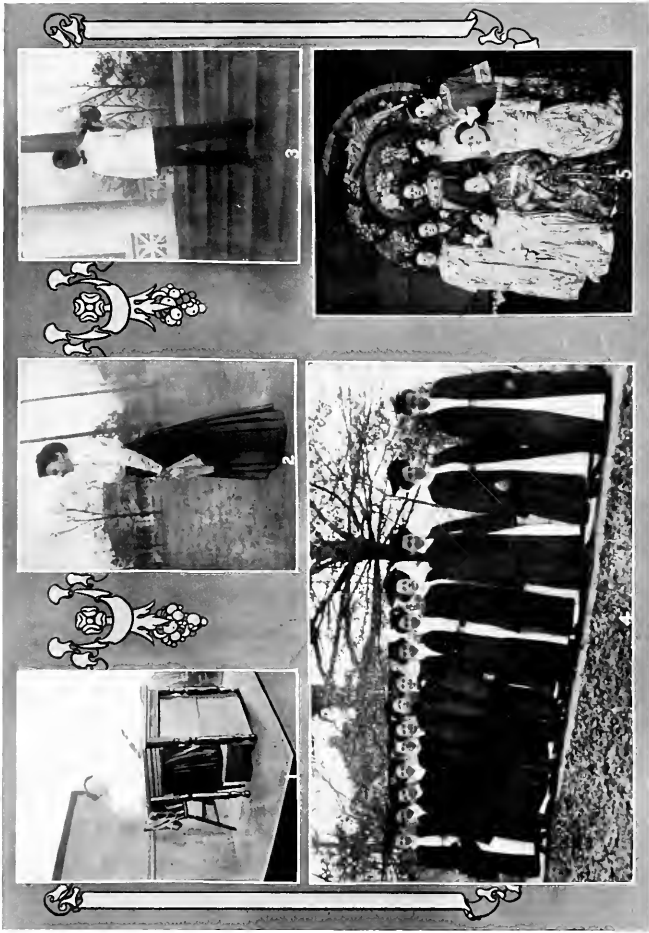


Purple and White

Home of virtue, faith and knowledge,
Love and praise we bring to thee,
May our hearts be ever faithful
And beat true for A. S. C. ;
Greetings to the winsome violet,
Cherished flower, our heart's delight ;
Hail to the royal banner
Of the purple and the white,
May the white be ever stainless,
And the purple ever bright,
Hail to the royal banner
Of the purple and the white.

'Mid the cotton fields of Georgia,
Where the flowers bloom fair and sweet,
And the soft and gentle breezes
Bend low the golden wheat ;
Let us blend in loving chorus,
Voices ringing with delight,
Praise the banner floating o'er us,
The purple and the white,
May the white be ever stainless,
And the purple ever bright ;
Praise the banner floating o'er us,
The purple and the white.


Shrined in our memory always,
'Mid the toils and cares of life,
Beacon light to guide our foot-steps,
Is our banner in the strife ;
And we gain from colors glorious
Inspiration in the fight ;
For we'll ever be victorious
'Neath the purple and the white ;
May the white be ever stainless,
And the purple ever bright,
For we'll ever be victorious
'Neath the purple and the white.



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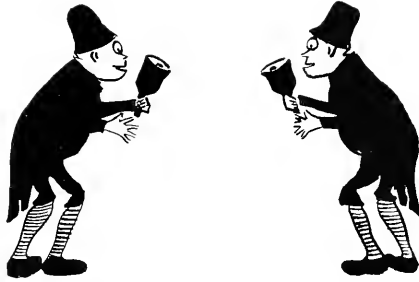
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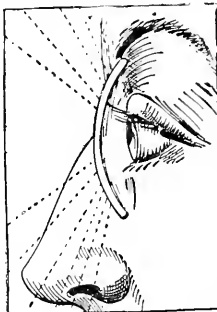
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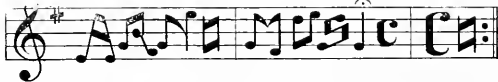
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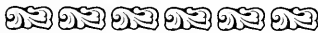
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