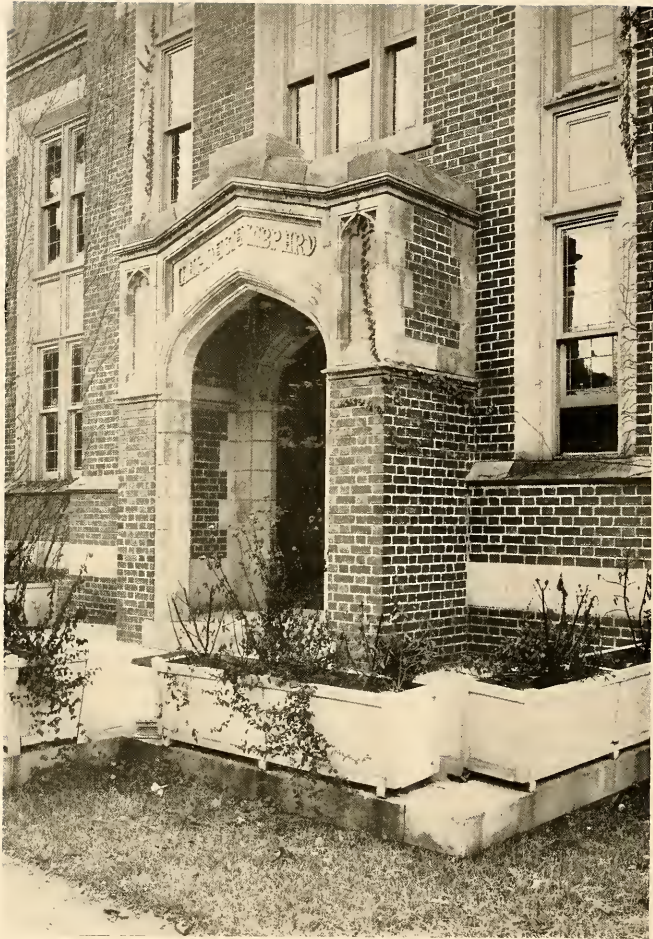


SILHOVETTE



Lamin Palmer Oliver, II, '18
Room 24, Puman Hall.
Agnes Scott College '15



THE SILHOUETTE

VOL. XIII



PUBLISHED
BY THE STUDENTS

of
AGNES SCOTT
COLLEGE

DECATUR • GEORGIA



Ourselfs as Hasimura Togo Sees Us

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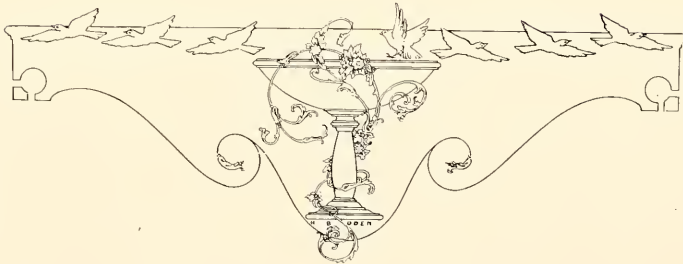
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WE, the Editors, offer you this year a glimpse of our college as it might appear through the eyes of Hasimura Togo, knowing that these distorted impressions of his will in no way affect the love we feel for the college he describes.

We are, of course, indebted to W. Ervin for the character whose peculiarities furnished the plan for this Annual.



DEDICATION

To express a very small part of our
appreciation for his true,
unselfish friendship
to Agnes Scott,
we dedicate this volume of
"The Silhouette"
to
CHRISTIAN W. DIECKMANN



OURSELVES

AS

HASIMURA TOGO

SEES US



THE SILHOUETTE



Letter I

TOGO LEARNS OF THE SILHOUETTE

Editor of Silly-wet, magazine published annually one per yr.

HON. MISS: Michael angelo are favorite composer of mine who said, "Man are not maid to live alone." The channels of great minds run in same path as are exemplied by I think so also.

Such are cause why I am now in residence at this homestead for learning.

Hon. lady at working bureau smuggest: "To work at house of Agnes Scott are excellent method to amputate feeling of lonesome from the heart by presents of young females & improve talking Eng."

For such opportunities I am induced to arrive there, where I am remain without receiving discharge larger times than seven (7).

News concerning your hon. books reach me called SILLY-WET and *Aurora*.

"Such must be for benefit of talking Eng.," are thought from me to some lady, "if I shall peruse some pages dayly."

With haste of speed I am arrive by the house of Miss. Library to speak of these.

"What are content and use of such books of these names?" I diligate.

"These are unreal prose products of young ladys for bettering brains, manufactured at intervals per month & yr.," retort she in writing neat figures to deface books.

"Velly well," instrukt I, velly Rockefeller, "for one per each I offer \$1." while produce said currents.

"Not so done," snib she, and produce from shelves of other-such testimonies of these magazines.

Hon. Ed., I am enthralled to view at such art and letteratures.

"Delicious caracature studies of school joys are exposed in each with photos," delight I.

"Caracatures are not purpose of manufactory," dib she with zero stair, "but honest exhibiting of real existance in such high-standing colleges."



THE SILHOUETTE



“Most untruthfully done,” came from my tongue, and invention are started in my mind.

Hon. Ed., this are my ideal for writing communications so that in before spoken publication can be exposure to institution females to see other persons as other persons see them.

If friendly ties become broken by these honest picktures of truth I am sad in keep trying remember duty obliged in anticipating pleasure.

Hoping you are the same,

HASIMURA TOGO.





"Delicious caricatures of school joys are exposed in each with photos," delite I.



THE SILHOUETTE



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THE SILHOUETTE



Letter II

TOGO LEARNS THAT THINGS ARE NOT JUST WHAT
THEY SEEM

Hon. Ed. Silly-wet book to get ladys piktures printed in it.

DERE MISS: On daytime of Sept. 16th day I elope forthly to domicilum of Agnes Scott being accompany by one (1) suit casing minus any suit.

On arrival I advance upward to door containing one (1) bell and make sounds of my presence. A head are dejected outward.

"What want?" are demand of man of face peculiar to ministerial show. "To see president or other such?"

"Presence of Hon. would-row are not known to me for being here." I redress. "I search to be employed in work in these places."

"Proceed back-doorly," are reply with door-slam.

Hon. Ed., I am reach there with cents peculiar to Sherlock Holmes where I am brought in with stairs of suspicion.

Following questions are asked by one looking very ladyhood.

How old yrs. have you?

Honesty of Grandfather.

Experience taken away from other employments.

If so your ans. is I do.

Reply given of me are yes.

"This are place of considerable ease and much work," enumerate she. "You are obliged by duty for answering two (2) tellyfoams, and two (2) bells of electric kind, one on front door for entrance, and other on back door reservéd for servants, girls, and other nuisances to enter in it. When answering to tellyfoams your answer is, 'Young ladys is not proper for speaking to these instruments.' At front door those resembling men are bereft of entrance until credentials are presented to authority. If these simple notes are consumed by your brain you may retire to be robbed in whiteness peculiar to nurserys, which must be kept so while scrubbing floors and other furniture."

After this ceremony I make entrance to room for sitting containing no complete person but one. This are talking to tellyfoam in sweetness of tones peculiar to society.

"Such are too improperly done," hast I while rejecting instrument from clutching fingers. "Orders are such to prohibit."

Continued on page 25.



"Exception are made to me, . . . who are stationed here for kindness & Y. W."



THE SILHOUETTE



Cabinet of the Y. W. C. A.

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MARY KELLY..... <i>Bible Study</i>	ALICE FLEMING..... <i>Social</i>
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MARTHA ROSS..... <i>Membership</i>	GRACE HARRIS..... <i>Conference and Convention</i>
LOUISE OBERLY..... <i>Y. W. C. A. Store</i>



THE SILHOUETTE



The Young Women's Christian Association

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."



REAL success in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association can not be measured by mere statistics, or by definite statements of things that have been accomplished; but, in looking back over the work of the year, it is interesting to note those things that have been of particular importance. The membership of the Association has increased to over two hundred, and our budget to seven hundred and fifty dollars. The change from the College Sunday School to the Y. W. C. A. Voluntary Bible Study classes, though a radical one, has proven successful. There is a large enrollment in the Mission Study classes, the members of which are gaining a more comprehensive view of the world's need and the relation of Christian students to this need.

The remaining five hundred dollars due on our cottage at Blue Ridge has been paid by the Tech Y. M. C. A. in order that they may have the use of the cottage during the Y. M. C. A. conferences; so the Agnes Scott Cottage is now the Agnes Scott-Tech Cottage. We were represented at the Georgia Students' Missionary League by ten delegates, who brought back to us much of the inspiration that they had received from the meetings in La Grange. We were also fortunate in having several of our girls at the wonderful Laymen's Missionary Convention in Charlotte. One of the biggest privileges, however, that has come to us as an Association this year, has been that of representation by an annual member on the Student Department of the South Atlantic Field.

The idea of the Y. W. C. A. tea room was received with much enthusiasm, and it is hoped that the room, which has just been attractively fitted up for this purpose, will prove a most popular social center, and that in the future it will be a place in which every member of our college community will feel really at home.

The coming of Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander to Atlanta, and the meetings held in our own chapel by Miss Condé, of the National Board,



THE SILHOUETTE



assisted by Miss Hanes and Miss Stone, of the South Atlantic Field Committee, have been of immeasurable assistance toward the attainment of—which is after all the one real purpose of the Young Women's Christian Association—"the bringing of girls to Christ, building them up in Christ, and sending them out for Christ." Miss Condé has a place in our college life, and particularly in the "heart life" of Agnes Scott girls, that could be filled by no one else, and her coming just at the close of our year's work has made the year, in spite of our many failures and shortcomings, seem crowned with blessings.

MARGARET NEAL ANDERSON, '15. *E. E.*

THE SILHOUETTE



Delegation

JULIE MACINTYRE

JANE HARWELL

HENRIETTA LAMBDEN

GERTRUDE BRIESENICK

ELIZABETH WEST

MARYELLEN HARVEY **C.F.**

MARGARET PHILLIPS

MARGARET CATER

CLAUDE DUNSON



THE SILHOUETTE



Georgia Students' Missionary League



THE sixth, seventh, and eighth days of November, 1914, will always be red-letter days in the memory of the Agnes Scott delegation to the Georgia Students' Missionary League in La Grange. From the very moment we were met at the Terminal Station by the charming old gentleman who asked if we were from Agnes Scott, and who showed us the special car for the delegates, till the last notes of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" died away on Sunday evening, we lived in a state of happiness that was almost unreal.

No girls have ever enjoyed themselves as much as we. No people have ever been, or will ever be, as nice as the people of La Grange were to us. They met us at the train in their hospitable way, which was only a prediction of the hospitality extended to us while there. Besides all the fun associated with the convention, there was the deeper, fuller pleasure derived from the meetings. Few of us went to La Grange with any idea of the real worth of the convention, but, after the first services, the welcoming addresses, and the wonderful talks on Africa by Mr. J. L. Mangum, we all knew the significance, and were thrilled with the old, yet always new, message.

As the other days came, bringing more good tidings of the work beyond the seas, we wished more and more the other girls could have been there to share this joy with us.

Wonderful talks were given by Dr. Davis, of Japan; Dr. Pickard, Mr. Gordon Poteat, Dr. Jenkins, and others. Although we kept these addresses in our hearts, we wished we could bring them back verbatim.

When the evening of the closing service came we were all sorry. We were sorry to leave the newly made friends, and sorry to leave because the meetings had been such a joy and inspiration to us that we wished they could last longer. We were happy, too, because we had had this privilege of going, and receiving the inspiration, and could bring it back with us, though in our feeble way, to the girls at Agnes Scott.



THE SILHOUETTE



Dreams of Black Mountain



IN the midst of cold, windy days and rainy, winter nights there comes sometimes a tantalizing little spring breeze, which blows saucily in your window, slams your German book closed—all unnoticed—snatches your mind away, and carries it far, far back to last summer, and, of course, to Black Mountain. You take that ride again from the station in a rickety old hack, then hasten to explore Robert E. Lee Hall, and *the* cottage—Agnes Scott-Tech Cottage, of course.

Then you get your program and start to committee meetings, and classes, and lectures, in the bewildering fear of letting some opportunity slip by; for there is so very much you really want to do.

And can't you just hear the first clear notes from the rising bugle, and see all the cottage in a turmoil over the little pink and blue meal slips?

After breakfast that impudent breeze is blowing you 'way up to the crest of Hightop, and all along the road you're gathering mountain laurel until your arms are full, and you are laughing, and panting, and out of breath, but very proud of yourself for having made the climb. Then back down to the grounds again, and supper in the big dining hall.

Then, with a final teasing little ripple, that breeze gives you a glimpse of Black Mountain by moonlight—the star-studded sky, the hills towering on all sides; the white pillars of Robert E. Lee Hall; the murmur of the little brook as it runs under the rustic bridge; and last, and best of all, a group of girls on the steps of the cottage, in the close communion of a delegation meeting. Listen! they are singing now—"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you."

But the little breeze has frolicked away, and left you to an unlearned German lesson, and the harsh reality of a cold, winter night.

CLARA WHIPS, '17.



THE SILHOUETTE



Delegation

ALICE FLEMING

MARYELLEN HARVEY C.C.

CLARA WHIPS

JUDGE AND MRS. PARRY

HALLIE SMITH C.C.

MARION BLACK C.C.

MARGARET ANDERSON C.C.



THE SILHOUETTE



TOGO LEARNS THAT THINGS ARE NOT JUST WHAT THEY SEEM

Continued from page 16.

"Exception are made to me," sarcast she while making renewing attempts, "who are stationed here for kindness and Y. W."

"Are Y. W. gent of shoe-black expression?" with discreet retreat.

"Y. W. are social organism to polish souls and ideals for young girls," answer came of her. "Preceding named clan have stationed me here for giving welcome hand to fresh-men."

"Too horble," dib I, and return to view of first lady for making report.

"Income of fresh men are against regulations which friend of Y. W. plot to do so," statist I.

"This adjective of description are called for spite," mistify she. "Many persons are called fresh-men because girls and new. These of new appearance leave residence of parental home to enter into this which we make homely by study & other pleasures. Office of your service are remitting these fresh ladies with joy of expression peculiar to motherhood, while Y. W. makes finish of this job."

"To do are not so easy as to advice," proverb I walking awayward.

Madame first arrival are of this fresh variety.

Long ring of bell are followed by my appearance at door for entrance.

"Unless fresh proceed back-doorly," are advice from me; "this are observed for entrance."

"Freshness of others are invisible when compared to yours," negate she.

"Have you left parental residence for this homely place?" require I.

"Such commodious dwellings are not easily to transport," brilliant she while entering without invite.

This are ditto for several scenes each different.

Arrival of one are accomplished to my downfalling. This are not of fresh looking. Another failure are this. Parental residence were transported in seven (7) bags, three (3) suit-cases, & five (5) boxes accompanying this one.



THE SILHOUETTE



"I have come for entering freshman division," denounce she.

"Unnaturally so," dib I. "Fresh are adjective rule for this, and residence are not left behind as required."

"Report shall be of this," snarrell she, while doing as she said so.

"Why are not fresh ladies given entrance by you?" request she of ladyhood.

"This are possessed of old appearance & have transported home place in much packagery," explain I for attack. "This does not fill in with requirements."

"This are your state also," she spoke it hashly; "you are promoted downward."

Hoping you are the same,

HASIMURA TOGO.



Parental residence were transported in 7 bags, 3 suit-cases, & 5 boxes accompanying this one.



THE SILHOUETTE



Freshman Class

CLASS COLORS: Red and White

CLASS FLOWER: Richmond Rose

MOTTO: *Esto quod esse videris*

Officers

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LOIS EVE.....	PRESIDENT
JULIA ABBOTT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARGARET CATER.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

SECOND SEMESTER

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RUTH ANDERSON <i>cc (to ee)</i>	VICE-PRESIDENT
ANNIE WHITE MARSHALL <i>cc (to ee)</i>	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
HELEN HOOD.....	CLASS HISTORIAN
MARGARET CATER.....	CLASS POET
HELEN CONNETT.....	SILHOUETTE MEMBER

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THE SILHOUETTE



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 WINIFRED SMITH
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 MARY ELLEN STANLEY
 ISA BEALL TALMADGE
 OLGA THIESEN
 DELIA TERRY
 MARY ETTA THOMAS
 BESSIE LEE VARNELL
 MADIE WARD
 JULIA WALKER
 MARY ELIZABETH WALKER
 FANNIE WHELCHER
 FANNIE WHEELER
 ELLA C. WESTON
 OLIVE WRIGHT

MARTHA YOUNG



FRESHMAN CLASS



THE SILHOUETTE



Freshman Class History

"A wondrous little gem—
Within that little globe lies all the pain
And all the joy the world can ever know—
'Tis called—a tear."



TEAR! *The* Tears we Freshmen have shed! But one encouraging thought to us is that, after all, every poor human started life thus—with a tear. We left home amid tears—mother's tears, little sister's tears, and, I think, even father shed a tear. We arrived at Agnes Scott at last, still among tears. But "all things come to an end," and even so with this "weepy" state of mind: for, before we knew it, we were in the midst of Y. W. C. A. parties, then literary society parties, and a smile or a laugh seemed to be the password to all these affairs. Here we first caught a glimpse of the true Agnes Scott spirit—the "old girls" showed it to us. You were not living in a stiff, hard school, where you must run from your shadow, but at home—just one big family—where every one worked, loved, and was happy.

There is a shifting of scenes now and we are ushered into another world—the world of war and strife. The first meeting of the Freshman Class was announced. It was a call to mobilize, and, true to our love of class, we left the quiet retreat of our home life, shouldered our little guns, and marched to Room 13, our "War Department." Our people were being persecuted by our enemy, the Sophomores—a heartless, cold-blooded race—and the call to arms was for protection against them. There was honor to be upheld, possessions to be protected, and the Sophs should be taught a severe lesson against invading the country of a peaceful and quiet-loving people. Then came the first great battle. Such scenes are best passed over quickly. It was a desperate struggle! A band of ruffians invading our peaceful homes in the quiet hours of the night, and our brave resistance! The results of the battle were heart-rending and truly distressing—a wreckage of home—and costumes. Then came an offer of peace and a treaty to be signed, bringing quiet between these two long-standing enemies for all years to come. We returned to "Indian days," smoked the pipe of peace, and straightway hung these cornucob creations on our walls as souvenirs, and thus entered a world of peace.



THE SILHOUETTE



After this the Freshman's life was only one of daily college routine, until the break for Christmas vacation. Then, more family tears, and we were back again! Verily there is no rest for the weary. One bright January morning we waked to find ourselves facing another declaration of war (this time posted on the Faculty bulletin board), Mid-Year Examinations!—the horror of every Freshman! But we were helpless when opposed to the power ruling the college world—the Faculty—and so we went forth to the struggle. We faced the big guns of the German, and came out wounded and worn. After the English artillery had swept our lines we were thinned in number, and sad and dejected of spirit. Still, we were forced to meet the French forces—we shrugged our shoulders and determined to do our best. Thus we lived through the greatest war of the year, going bravely from struggle to struggle.

But, now, it is all past! We've fought our battles and gloried in them—such is the spirit of the college girl. We work, love, and are happy—such is the spirit of the Agnes Scott girl.



THE SILHOUETTE



Class Poem—1918

There may have been chapel-seat buying,
Promiscuous permissions asked, too,
As well as some questions called "foolish,"
And such things that Freshmen all do.

And now, over much we have triumphed:
Exams, and foolish Sophomore pranks,
A few of us left by the former,
Disfigured, we're still in the ranks.

And troubles—why, Job isn't in it!
Was *he* ever tricked and dubbed "new"?
But time has proved Freshmen quite equal
To wily tricks Soph'mores might do.

With aims now to live in the present,
To weave well as time's threads unwind,
Undoing the hard knots with patience,
We're striving life's best threads to find.

Then here's to the years just before us!
To successes the future might mean,
To the glorious purple and white girls,
To the Class of Nineteen and Eighteen!

MARGARET CATER.



THE SILHOUETTE



Letter III

TOGO EXPERIENCES THE VARIOUS PLEASURES OF
REBEKAH SCOTT HALL

*Hon. Ed. of Silly-tet magazine of Agnes Scott school for teaching atmosphere
and other accomplishments.*

DERE MADAM: Another location where I am in past tense are home place of Miss Rebeccah Scott containing one (1) religious chapel for giving entertainments in it, and two (2) halls for society, & rooms for eating and other past times.

In this position I learn & see many things thru' experience, which is bitter teacher for fools, as are quoted in ancient remark of Benjamin Franklin.

I work in this house enduring concert. This are haunt of ladys having considerable musical ambition in their voice. At daybreak of 8 o'clock pianos are struck with cruelty, while lady make soprano. I stand feeling sweetly to listen at it. Then from opposing room another lady make same soprano in alto voice very different. This chorus are lengthened by addition of several more of other pitches.

All of these make voice doing following gymnasium:

	e		a		o
	e e		a a		o o
	e e		a a		o o
	e e		a a		o o
	e e		a a		o o

And so on during manifold ladders of these sounds.

I feel considerable De Bussy.

This joy are removed by accident all unthoughtful to me.

One soonly morning I am sweeping surrounded by dust and other music.

Two youngly ladys depart near looking very friendship. They seat on table & make following conversation:

"Are you in acquaintance with those two (2) delicious societies named propi lean & nemosi lean?" interrogate one arranging select fingers among 5th Avenue hair.

"Odd fellers and Elks are my only friends among those sets," I say so.
"What are kind of these?"

Continued on page 36.



THE SILHOUETTE



The Japanese Girl

AN OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS

PRESENTED BY

THE AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1915



CHARACTERS

O HANU SAN..... <i>A Japanese Girl</i>	
	SALLIE MAY TILLMAN	
O KITU SAN.....	<i>Her Cousin</i>	NORA TWINN..... <i>American Girl</i>
	CELESTE SHADBURN	RUTH LAWRENCE
O KAYO SAN.....	<i>Her Cousin</i>	DORA TWINN..... <i>American Girl</i>
	LYSEBETH PENDLETON	ELEANOR CRABTREE
CHOYA.....	<i>Her Servant</i>	MISS MINERVA KNOWALL..... <i>Governess</i>
	MARY BRYAN	ORA GLENN

CHORUS OF JAPANESE GIRLS

SOPRANOS

FAITH BURT	CLARA WHIPS	KATHERINE JONES	KATHERINE LINDAMOOD
CHARLOTTE COPE	AUGUSTA SKEEN CC	SARA PATTON	SAMILLE LOWE CC (to Co)
	ELIZABETH DE GRAFFENREID		

ALTOS

MAYME CALLAWAY	MARY WEST CC	MARGARET PHILLIPS
CAROLYN BALLENTINE	FRANCES THATCHER CC .	

DIRECTOR

MRS. GUSSIE O'NEAL JOHNSON

ACCOMPANIST

MISS LOUISE OBERLY



THE SILHOUETTE



TOGO EXPERIENCES THE VARIOUS PLEASURES OF
REBEKAH SCOTT HALL

Continued from page 34.

"These are two sisterly societies arranged for rivalry of getting head of each," hant she looking so. "Business of each are for obtaining fresh-men girls desired by opponant society. This smartly job are made joyous by parties consisting of much work and eat things."

I feel entirely hashed for my ignorance.

"On this evening entertainment will be held by society belonging to us," inform next lady. "This are year of considerable war & other poverty, and shrinkage of expense are necessity. For this because variety of monotonous foods previously experienced will be diminished. Sleight nibble of cakes, sleight splash of punches, & dainty drib of iced cream will be too abundant with conversation, music, & other games. This expense will be greatly less for reason that Togo will spy out cheapness of bakery and freezery while engaging in off afternoon."

I say nothing in complete slilence while these two (2) elope upwards, screaming downstairsly:

"Your presence will be required to serve these deliteful viandes looking very chef."

Madame, this party are wonderful joy to all but Togo. One orchestry in four (4) pieces sound quite Mozart, while playing "You're here & so am I," and other Sonatas. Young ladys dressed very 400 march butterfly. All feel sleight hearted. I stand outdoorward peeping thru' spyly.

One fresh girl wish effusively desire for ornament on chandelier.

"This are no trouble," sweetheart pardner of her.

I am elected to dispatch for one (1) ladder & fly upward on this piece of furniture for procurring this. This are sadly tale.

I tell you.

Hon. ladder fold telescopely. Bereaved of my support I make wildly grab for atmosphere & attach myself to chandelier with tense affection. To this I sway with motion peculiar to wet stockings. Then crash! out come hon. chandelier from ceiling wall & I ascend floorward midst glass & other wires.

Screams amid hallo like chorus girls. My tranquility are scarce & I make fareby covered with red splashes of brilliant futurist art caused by blood & other paint.

Hoping you are the same,

HASIMURA TOGO.



Bereaved of my support I make wildly grab for atmosphere.



THE SILHOUETTE



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THE SILHOUETTE



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THE SILHOUETTE



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THE SILHOUETTE



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BALL
BRIGGS

E. K. ANDERSON
SAXON *E.L. (to see)*
VARNELL
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THE SILHOUETTE



WELCHEL	RAMSEY	KINNEAR
STANLEY	HAMILTON LL	R. ANDERSON LL (To be)
WATTS	MC EACHERN	HARVISON LL
JONES	GLENN	HARVEY LL
		SMITH LL



THE SILHOUETTE



The Canterbury Pilgrims

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

PRESENTED BY THE

PROPYLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 18, 1914

ON

COLLEGE CAMPUS

I. Characters based on "The Canterbury Tales"

MEN

Geoffrey Chaucer, Poet at King Richard's Court, and Knight of the Shire of Kent,

	INDIA HUNT	
The Knight (Don Roderigo de Algezin).....	MARY HYER	
The Squire (Aubrey) his son.....	EDITH MEEK	
The Friar (Hubert).....	MARYELLEN HARVEY	£ £
The Man of Law.....	RUTH NISBET	
The Cook.....	RUTH HICKS	
The Miller (Bob).....	HALLIE SMITH	£ £

WOMEN

The Wife of Bath (Alisoun).....	EMMA JONES	
The Prioress (Madame Eglantine).....	ISABEL NORWOOD	£ £

II. Characters not based on "The Canterbury Tales"

MEN

Richard II, King of England.....	ORA GLENN	
Bottlejohn, Host of the One Ninepin Inn, at Bob-Up-and-Down.....	MARGARET PHYTHIAN	£ £

WOMAN

Johanna, Marchioness of Kent.....	BESSIE FOSTER	£ £
-----------------------------------	---------------	-----

CANTERBURY BROOCH GIRLS

LILLIAN ANDERSON	MARGARET BROWN	£ £	FRANCES PUGH	
HELEN BROWN	RAY HARVISON	£ £	JANIE ROGERS	£ £

SWAINS

MARGARET BROWN	RUTH HICKS	JANIE ROGERS	£ £
MARYELLEN HARVEY	FRANCES PUGH	HALLIE SMITH	£ £

MUSIC BY MR. C. W. DIECKMANN



THE SILHOUETTE



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THE SILHOUETTE



DOWERS
 J. JONES **ES.**
 DONALDSON
 WARE

FLEMING
 AMUNDSEN
 KYLE
 THATCHER **ES.**

K. HOLTZCLAW
 BURKE
 BARRETT
 B. COOPER

PAYNE
 V. V. WHITE
 GILBERT
 LINDAMOOD



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FREEMAN
HOLT
PHILLIPS
FRYE

BISHOP
THOMAS
MOORE
SHAMBAUGH

BRUNER
F. WEST
KING
WEATHERLY *C.F.*

RICHARDSON
KELLY
WHITNER
CALDWELL



THE SILHOUETTE



PRUDEN
BRENNER
SANDERSON
B. COOPER

HARWOOD
HARWELL
DENNISON
V. WHITE

WITHERSPOON
DUNSON
ALLEN
KELL

GAINES
BLUE
NAIVE



THE SILHOUETTE



G. WHITE	SKEEN CC	RANDOLPH	HOOPER CC
COPE	SCHWARTZ	THOMPSON	OBERLY
F. THOMAS	NELSON	LESTER	M. WEST CC
	ROSS	PINKSTON	TILLMAN
		LEDBETTER	MARTIN

44865



THE SILHOUETTE



HORN	CRAFTREE	MARSHALL	E.C. (to be)	HAMMOND	PENDLETON	WALKER	WHIPS
GRIER	SEAY	LAMBEN	E.C.	CALLAWAY	WILSON	JACKSON	
FIELDS	(to be)				GOODE	MADDOX	

65894



THE SILHOUETTE



GRANT

MC EACHERN

WALDRON

CONNETT

L. ROACH

MAC INTYRE

D'BOSE

MC MURRAY

BRIESENICK
CARTER

MILLER

GAY

ORR

E. WEST

EVE

SCHNEIDER *E.F.*



THE SILHOUETTE



The Mnemosynean Literary Society

PRESENTS SHAKESPEARE'S

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA"

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1914

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Duke of Milan.....	GRACE HARRIS
Valentine.....	LOIS EVE
Proteus.....	JULIE MACINTYRE
Antonio.....	VALLIE YOUNG WHITE
Thurio.....	AGNES DONALDSON
Eglamour.....	LOUISE HOOPER <i>cf.</i>
Speed.....	RUTH COFER
Launce.....	LOUISE WARE
Parthero.....	ANNE KYLE
Host.....	MARY HELEN SIZER <i>cf (To be)</i>
First Outlaw.....	GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN
Second Outlaw.....	SARAH POWERS
Third Outlaw.....	JANE HARWELL
Julia.....	JEANETTE VICTOR
Silvia.....	HENRIETTA LAMBDIN
Lucetta.....	ELOISE GAY



THE SILHOUETTE



Letter IV

TOGO SPENDS A NIGHT WITH MR. STAR

Hon. Ed. of Silly-act magazine of Agnes Scott College, which inject behavior, culture, & other advancement unto womanhood.

DERE MISS: Duty are reward for himself. By following this I have accomplished one (1) more fired. I can not digest this reason.

One looking very judge approach in black gown & board of mortar.

"Togo, you are in requirance by president of Exec."

"Are this a college or other uniting of states?" request I in button-hook voice.

"Neither of them all," freeze she, "but largely governing body to keep girls from eloping, laughing in the dark, & other amusements."

"Most needful," agree I.

Mad. Ed., this are strangely desire of this political lady:

"Togo, scandal are reached our apprehension about one thoughtless lady seeking to obtain matrimony sneekretly by elopage. For observance of this Mr. Star are picketed to tell us so."

"For sneekret elopage this appear very open," mild I. "This are wonderful astronomy to learn from stars concerning lady's departure."

"Mr. Star are trustly gentleman acting very watch-dog on all similar cases," ventrolucate she. "But fear have overtook Exec. that his eyes can not see 200 places on campus yard at one peek, and you are ambassador to suspicious place to notate this invisible runaway."

Madame Editor, at sharp 10 p. m. I approach by suspicious gate to view at this starlike gentleman. He are man with considerable kind hearted & other keys. He show great delight at introduction to my acquaintance.

"I & the otherly faculties converse considerable concerning you," friendship he, & I assimilate that he is waiting to view this sneekret go-away act.

"This faculty are flighty man like other flies," indignate I; "for several weeks of prior I hear of this personality & get no glance."

"This are no man, but many of other smartly scholars beside me," renumerate he, & occupy considerable space in time giving names to this centipede body with acute accuracy peculiar to statistics.

Continued on page 60.



THE SILHOUETTE



Debating Council of Agnes Scott College

MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER, M. L. S.	<i>E. E.</i>	PRESIDENT
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THE SILHOUETTE



A Tale of Two Colleges

"It was the best of times; it was the age of foolishness; it was the epoch of in-season of light, it was the the spring of hope, it was the everything before us, we had going direct to Heaven, we were in short, the period was so far of its noisiest authorities insisted for evil, in the superlative degree of

There was a President with a distinguished air and a grey mustache in the executive chair of Newcomb College; there was a President with an equally distinguished air and a mustache no less grey in the executive chair of Agnes Scott College. In both colleges it was clearer than crystal that the superiority and permanency of things in general were settled forever.

It was the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen. Into the midst of the tranquillity of academic life—without warning—into the local self-satisfaction of two ideally dreaming and idyllically peaceful col-



*(With many thanks
to Mr. Dickens)*

times, it was the worst of wisdom, it was the was the epoch of belief, credulity; it was the season of darkness; it was winter of despair; we had nothing before us; we were all all going direct the other way—like the present period that some on its being received, for good or comparison only."



THE SILHOUETTE



lege communities came hurtling a bolt from an unexpected source—a hitherto-unheard-of source, at least so far as one of the colleges was concerned. This bolt, at once fatal and joy-giving, was the product of a brain; a brain that knew how to conceive and to execute, to create with one pulsation of its convolutions (or nerve centers, or ganglia, or whatever they may be that pulsate or combust when a great and original idea is evolved), both ecstatic joy and death-dealing woe, and the brain belonged to one Isaac S. Heller, of the Tulane University of Louisiana. The bolt fell in the form of a challenge. It scattered the fragments of the academic peace of Agnes Scott College to the four winds, and, in place of that peace, left the germ of a desire for glory—the glory of victory; victory such as our brothers are wont to win on the hard-fought field, with wonderful show of physical brawn. Here was something out of the routine of our college, out of the routine of all Southern colleges for women; here was a chance to place the purple and white aloft, where it belonged, among the banners of the great of the land, through successful competition with a worthy adversary.

What mattered the lack of physical brawn? Why should we not show to the college world that the brawn of intellect is a superior thing? What hindered us from demonstrating to our brothers that their petty materialistic triumphs of the gridiron and the diamond were not the last word in intercollegiate achievement? Thus did the bolt of Mr. Heller work out its destiny, and, after Agnes Scott had recovered from the first shock and had begun to realize the opportunity that was offered her, a great unanimity of purpose took possession of her very soul; and every one—from the dignified President with the grey mustache to the Evening Star that faithfully watches over our several fates from the twilight of evening till the dawn, all—even the most apathetic and academically secluded of the Faculty—arose, shook the cobwebs of indifference from the slumbering loyalty of their souls, and cried with one voice, "Up guards, and at them! On to New Orleans!"

Thus was born a new era in the South—the era of intercollegiate debating in the world of the woman's college. To Newcomb belongs the honor, through her representative, Mr. Heller, of having first conceived the idea. To Agnes Scott belongs the honor of having won the first laurels, through her notable team, composed of the two principals, Misses Mary Helen Schneider and Emma Jones, with their equally able and ready alternate, Miss Marguerite Wells.



THE SILHOUETTE



In far-away New Orleans was waged the first great conflict of wits between colleges for women in the South. And a memorable battle it was, stubbornly fought on both sides. That the final decision came to Agnes Scott; that we succeeded in winning the first intercollegiate debate, and winning with the affirmative side of our own question, on our adversary's ground, was a fact that gives us unending satisfaction. That Newcomb is a good loser and a college made up of "true sports" is another fact that has been of great service to us. We do not intend ever to be losers, but, if we for any cause should some time be in that case, may we be able to show our friends that we, too, know how to lose with grace, and to give the glad hand to the fortunate victor!

So has begun the Tale of Two Colleges. May it be a long story. And may the honors go always to the best team! And, furthermore, may Agnes Scott have always the best team! To get once more the heavenly sensation caused by that famous telegram of March 27, 1914, "Unanimous decision for Agnes Scott. Don't forget the fire-alarm!" is worth any amount of work through the months of preliminaries. And we promise solemnly never to forget the fire-alarm! Always will we have a kimono parade with a bonfire at midnight on the campus (no men being allowed but Dr. Guy). Always will we do snake dances by the hour the next morning, instead of attending classes. Forever will we sacrifice our very best voices to the noble cause of screaming, taking care that the good people of Decatur are kept awake during the small hours of the morning. All these things will we do, and more, whenever we win a debate from Newcomb College. It was a glorious victory that we added to the fair fame of our beloved Alma Mater; for Newcomb is Tulane, and be it known that Tulane is a giant in debating among the colleges of the country.

But the best thing about this Tale of Two Colleges is not the winning of the debate, after all. It is the realization that we know how to win with enthusiasm, without "rubbing it in"; and that we have learned from Newcomb how to lose, with enthusiasm for Alma Mater, and without despair.

For this Tale of Two Colleges is moving on. We were "recalled to life" by the challenge of 1914; the "golden thread" of intercollegiate friendship has been bound about the two contestants, holding them fast with a common interest and a common respect; and now, "in the track of the storm" of last year's conflict, we are beginning the preliminaries for the debate of 1915. This time the cry is: "Hang out our banners on the outer walls! The Newcomb hosts are coming to take vengeance for last year's defeat, and Agnes Scott expects every girl to do her duty!"







THE SILHOUETTE



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MARGARET LEYBURN NANCY SIZER *E.E. (to en)*

IRREGULAR STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE

MYNELLE BLUE



THE SILHOUETTE

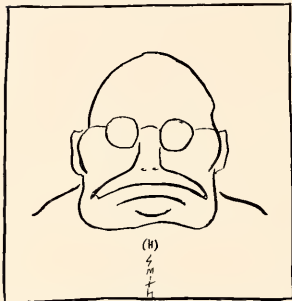


TOGO SPENDS A NIGHT WITH MR. STAR

Continued from page 52.

I write it as he said so.

Dr. Gains, gentleman containing considerable dignified & other mostache, called D. G. by affection.



DR. GAINS CONTAINING DIGNIFIED
& OTHER MOSTACHE.

Miss Hopkins, who sit in delicious room reserved for conferences, tears, & such crushes.

Miss Alexander, who smile while playing with presidents grandchildren & other French.

Dr. Armistead. Gentleman containing much pompous & gloves, while being adored by many ladys & Freshmen.

Miss Bartholomew. Lady who perform considerable minuet on feet of pipe instrument, while religious services are held in her hearing.

Miss Cady. Lady employed for going pro & con this institution, with fond affection for maps, dates, & other cows.

Mr. Diekman, who are engaged in solitude & harmony to most persons.

Miss DeGarmo. Lady for teaching homely economy, & enjoying largely popularity & other knowledge.

Miss Duncan, lady for teaching American girls to speak less so.

Dr. Guy, who arouse envy of institution females by driving gasoline cart & appearing quite chemical.

Miss Trebein & Miss McCauley. Ladys of much knowledge, who make others feel quite the reverse.

Miss Hunt, who perform deeds no one else will by listening to harrowing sounds from violins.

Mr. & Mrs. Johnson, cutely fair, who engage in occupation to teach voice gymnastics & such agony.

Miss Legate, who are employed in sustaining crushes. She perform uneasy task of looking very beauty while talking very Paris.

Miss Lewis, who teach ambitious artful students to make objects look so on paper & paint.

THE SILHOUETTE

Miss Markley. Lady setting sample for dignity while training freshmen to become almost student.

Prof. McClean. Harmonic gentleman engaged in work at gardening & other rural joys.

Miss McKinney & Dr. Sweet. Inseparable twins, not so in looks, who spend spare time teaching poems & microbes.

Misses Newcomb & Sevin. Heavenly duo who masquerade biological wisdom under youngish appearance.

Miss Young, who look so while teaching arithmetic surrounded by handkerchiefs & other languid.

Mrs. Parry. Curly lady who teach disguised dancing art with ropes, etc., enduring routine of whistles.

Miss Preston, who spend time in physical laboratory while watching others enjoy it as she says so.

Miss Smith. Grecian Dr. with failure towards Latin & other excitements.

Miss Moore, who talk Frenchly while resting from longly trips on feet.

Miss Torrence, who help make Latin pleasant with red ink & such flunks.

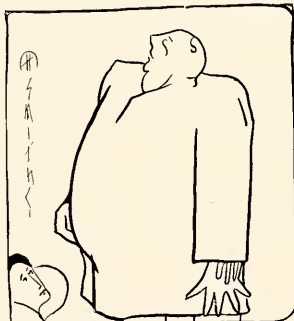
Miss West, pleasing gayous faculty, who appear very sweet-sixteen while lecturing very goddess of liberty.

Rev. Dr. Stukes, sublime youth, who make college pleasures what they are while monopolizing senior affection.

Emma Pope Moss, who are my favorite & infant pet of faculties while acting the contrarily.

Madame Ed., I am enhanced by these word paints. Hon. Star depart off foppishly leaving my interrogatives concerning this flighty elopage on roost in my brain. I am left feeling very Robinson Caruso, which are repeated feeling until sharp 12 P. M.

One furred lady appearing very emotion pickture show introduce her presence at this suspicious gate loaded with double-barrel suit-casing. Hon.



DR. ARMISTEAD CONTAINING MUCH POMPOUS AND GLOVES.



THE SILHOUETTE



Ed., I told you. It were my vigilant for observing this invisible act. This I accomplish with eyebrows containing considerable Arthur Reeve, while she make off with romance expression.

Succeeding A. M. this president approach my proximity.

"Togo, why are you so rubbish to dishobey orders?" sentence she; flashes from her eyes while she said this. "This villain lady has eloped forth novelly amid sluggish quiet from you. Why were not halt of this from you?"

"My duty were not laid off by that map," eliminate I, feeling quite mutt. "My vigil were for observing this & demand for arrest were not made in my hearing."

"Sufficiently enough of this," she vampire amid madly tears; "what can be left to sense of such Jap fool-boy when this are absent quantity."

"Sweetly lady, contain less grief," I waft consoledly; "this eloped damosel have not brazen enough sufficiently to make return for telling others how."

She make severial petrified replies while I sustain smartly headache in my understanding.

Hoping you are the same,

HASIMURA TOGO.

Letter V

TOGO HELPS TO CELEBRATE
THANKSGIVING

Hon. Ed. Silly, of Agnes Scott, democratic college in four (4) castes.

DERE MISS: This school place contain many divisions each one best. This are true because all said so. All act very Hague until war called basket-ball break out. This break-out disease are unlike measles & other small-pox only more so.



I ARE LEADING LADY FOR THAT SUPERIOUS CLASS CALLED BY JUNIOR.



THE SILHOUETTE



On thanksgiving day for feast celebration & other joys peculiar to American indians, this war disease were enacted in gym head quarters. This are folk custom of American races. In this warrish games classes make quest to get a head of each.

Amazon lady sneek nearby me.

"Togo, I are leading lady of that superious class named by Junior."

"For looks this might be as you say so," I gallant very Launcelot.

Rakish smile of her.

"This distinguished class long for you as mascotter leader at basket-ball game when it cause others to look very Waterloo."

"This mascotter are parler trick not taught in Japan," ans. I. "What to do?"

"You will disguise as Uncle Sammy, bald eagle of Amelica, ear of corn, or other thanksgiving novelty," illuminate she & flight off.

I spend cheerless hr. making attempt to see how to look cranberry sauce at this defeat.

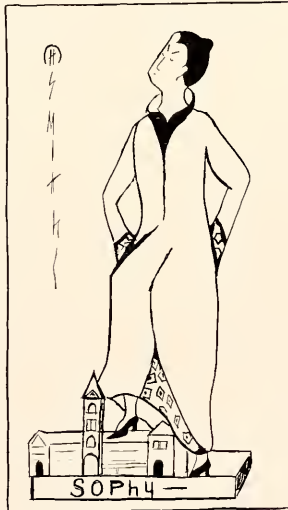
In these attitudes another lady sneek slilently yonder & motion me.

"Togo," require she, "I am in position as chief for that tribe called Sophomore."

"What indian tribe are this?" shout I very warwhoop.

"Most indescribable, smartly, victory, well looking, & brained division in this school," effuse she. "Largely retreat of others will follow this excellent tribe on thanksgiving game-day. Your honor are destined for you to lead by halter one (1) national beast called turkey by one (1) leg. Union of you two are mascot of us."

"To convey this national turkey would be easier than appearing Thanksgiving novelty," remenis I, & accept with thanks this kind-hearted invitation to represent so.



MOST INDESCRIBABLE SMARTLY
DIVISION IN THIS SCHOOL.

Continued on page 75.



THE SILHOUETTE



Junior Class

CLASS COLORS: Blue and White

CLASS FLOWER: White Rose

MOTTO: *Age quod agis*

Officers

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JOSIE JONES <i>CC</i>	VICE-PRESIDENT.....	LILLIAN ANDERSON
MAGARA WALDRON.....	SECRETARY.....	ELIZABETH BURKE
EVELYN GOODE.....	TREASURER.....	MALINDA ROBERTS

Members of Executive Committee

ALICE WEATHERLY *CC* ANNE MCCLURE

Class Roll

LILLIAN ANDERSON	MARVELLEN HARVEY <i>CC</i>
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EMMIE BRANHAM	CHARIS HOOD
MARY BRYAN	MAHOTA HORN
ALMA BUCHANAN	KATHERINE LINDAMOOD
ELIZABETH BURKE	ANNE MCCLURE
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LAURA COOPER	MARGARET PHYTHIAN <i>CC</i>
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MAGGIE FIELDS	MALINDA ROBERTS
NELL FRYE	MARTHA ROSS
ELOISE GAY	ANNA SYKES
GRACE GEOHEGAN	MAGARA WALDRON
ORA GLENN	ALICE WEATHERLY <i>CC</i>
EVELYN GOODE	CLARA WHIPS
RAY HARVISON <i>CC</i>	ELIZABETH WILLETT

LOUISE WILSON



THE SILHOUETTE



BURKE
 HARVEY *ΣΣ*
 GOODE
 PHYTHIAN *ΣΣ*
 FIELDS

WALDRON
 L. COOPER

FRYE
 BUCHANAN
 GAY
 HAY
 WILLETT



THE SILHOUETTE



WILSON
 GLENN
 BOYD
 LINDAMOOD

CARTER
 WHIPS
 ROSS

HARVISON *EE*
 WEATHERLY *EE*
 MC CLURE
 MC MURRAY



THE SILHOUETTE



Junior Progress



UCH reports came incessantly from the far-off land which held the shrine of the Goddess of Knowledge, that Youth, always prone to follow the beckonings of dream shapes, and believing that the voyage would result in the highest good, resolved to make the journey. No sooner had he resolved this, than four persons in the guise of friends came to him.

The first, Laziness, said: "Youth, it is too much trouble."

"Yes, trouble, but it is worth it," answered impetuous Youth.

The second friend, Dependency, next took up the argument: "Think, Youth, you'll be all alone."

"My mind to be a kingdom is," silenced him for the time being.

Puppy-love next stepped forward: "Youth, what's the use?"

Youth pondered a moment, then: "I'll show you."

Finally, Fear took the lead: "You'll never do it, Youth, never!"

Youth, now a little uneasy, but not to be daunted, answered a little weakly: "*Age quod agis.*"

"Well, if you must go, we will go with you," they said as one.

"But how?"

"Why, just place us in your pack."

Thus Youth started bowed down under his load, which, to the world, flashed out the insignia—Ignorance.

Before he had gone far down the road leading from home, Dependency appeared changed into that time-honored, well-worn countenance—Homesickness. Youth was for turning back, but he had just reached the main road where a throng of youths beckoned him on to join them.

Pleasant companions and fellowship caused the bundle to grow seemingly lighter. When "all of a sudden" Youth felt himself slipping, sinking—Laziness had escaped from the bag. Brotherly love reached forth a helping hand, and Youth managed to pull through the first Slough of Despond.

The band was reduced, for some crawled out on the nearer side, and, though saddened, the rest went on, and soon were enjoying the pleasant, laughing meadows of a well-earned vacation.



THE SILHOUETTE



When Youth next resumed the journey Puppy-love could not be found, for he had carried away many with him and was afraid to show his face. Laziness had been conquered, and was no longer an enemy. But Dependency was present. Home-sickness changed to Home-appreciation. Fear, an ever-present adversary, had been killed, Youth supposed: but he revived, and was present for the journey. Thus Youth resumed the climb. The road was rough, and so busy was he helping his companions, that he was startled when he reached the top.—What a wonderful sight! There in the distance, only a stone's throw, loomed the Shrine of the Goddess of Knowledge. One good look he got—a mist hid it from view. But that look was just enough to make him redouble his efforts to reach it, and go beyond. "*Age quod agis,*" and '16 were very dear to him.

MAGARA WALDRON.



THE SILHOUETTE



Age Quod Agis

The mountain top is beautiful indeed,
O Pilgrim sisters. Here the air is keen
And free. It sings to our souls hope,
And in the distance—lo! the end is seen.

For veiled in rosy mists, yet gleaming white
At times from out the veil, glorious it stands,
The long-sought shrine of knowledge. To worship there
We've come together from far-off, distant lands.

Behind us lies the winding, climbing road,
The weary road we've traveled for three years;
Before us now the way is flower-bound,
For the mystic shrine—the end of all—appears.

Come, sister, bear your ever-lightening load.
Before the goddess' shrine you shall find rest,
Then, rising, know that you are free.
Go forth into the world supremely blessed.

CLARA WHIPS, '16.



THE SILHOUETTE



Sophomore Class

COLORS: White and Gold

FLOWER: Daisy

MOTTO: *Optima petamus*

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SOPHOMORE CLASS



THE SILHOUETTE



The Memory Book of the Sophomores



LONE, alone; all, all alone" you stood in the great big hall. Around you were girls, girls, girls, and you knew not even one! Just as a feeling of utter misery mounted up to suffocate you, you caught the mournful glance of another lonesome person, and smiled a radiant smile. The class had begun to unite! After that things began to improve. You two found other fragments, and even great hunks of class in such "Fresh" gathering places as the classification room. From there lessons started, and presently things began to hum. You were overwhelmed by the idea that finally you were a "college girl," a creature whom you had hitherto believed of an especial kind of flesh and blood. Parties! Parties! Y. W., societies, and private affairs all demanded your distracted attention. From the hubbub of the first few weeks you emerged a full-fledged Freshman, member of your own chosen society, and thirsting for more adventure. This was soon offered you in the "great and only Soph-Freshman Fight," which, having ended triumphantly, left a reign of quiet.

Then Christmas! Never can you forget the utter bliss of your first return home, and of the joy-filled days which passed so fleetingly—passed like a flash of light, and dropped you dazed and miserable into the "abyss of dark despair"; for now came your first task of college exams! In bygone high-school days you had imagined you knew a little, or perhaps even a good deal. Strange, now you'd had so much more, to feel so abjectly ignorant; yet the agony passed, and you survived. The wonder of survival sends you speeding far into the second semester.

Spring at Agnes Scott! The campus all green and flowery; truly the nicest place in all Georgia to be! You wandered about and heard mighty Seniors envying you the privilege of seeing it three times more; and, down in your humble heart, you, too, were glad not to leave it—no, not even to be a Senior.



THE SILHOUETTE



May Day recalled Old English Festivals of which you had read, and thrilled you with the dancing joy of a young, happy world. Then followed separation—and vacation.

Again you stood in the big hall surrounded by girls—but not, not alone, for you were now an “old” girl, and took enthusiastic part in the orgy of kissy, noisy greetings around you.

You, too, could smile condescendingly on the wretched, lonesome “new” beings. Indeed, you found the greatest distinction between Freshies and Sophs to be just this: Freshies are done, but Sophomores do.

Now you were the most ardent rushers; and when the time came at last for the wondrous fight, you did not sit by, afraid of your own shadow, and wait—nay, for you were now the offender. Not that the Freshies remained passive; no, indeed! Never had there been such stout resistance and such utter wreckage. “And,” said the faculty in a loud voice, “never again shall there be another such.” So, one cold night, the campus blazed with bonfires as we entertained the Freshies, and, amid much good will and loud cheering, we “buried the hatchet”—thus ending forever the “Soph-Fresh” struggle at Agnes Scott.

In a short time came a curious invitation to a Hallowe’en party in the gym. Dressed in sheets you slipped across the moonlit campus to join the great mass of other revelling spooks in the misty darkness. And from this you had another pleasant memory to store away for after-times.

Then came the decision that Thanksgiving should be made a big occasion. The first of the championship basket-ball games took place that morning. Our turkey mascot proved the best of luck-bringers, for our class won! Yet, because of the luck he brought, the poor bird lost his tail, for every Soph just had to have a feather for her “Memory Book,” and no turkey has more than forty-six tail feathers. Truly, the whole of Thanksgiving was a great success.

Before we knew it the Christmas holidays were here, and we were going home again. Then back again, working, and discussing plans for the future—ever keeping in mind our motto—“*Optima pctamus*”—seeking to be the very best Sophomore Class that ever was, and passing on to coming classes the bright light of our example.

MARTHA DENNISON, '17.



THE SILHOUETTE



Playing the Game

You who have followed the trail of Life,
Out on the broad highway,
Tell us the secret that you have brought
As your prize from out the fray;
For some of us toil and never tire,
And some of us follow pleasure's fire,
And some are weak—yet we all aspire
For the goal at the end of the way.

For the Sophs have fought, and we've stood our ground,
And we've taken our luck as it came:
And we grinned and took it when we were down,
And I think we've played the game.
But we long to know—in the great outside
That stretches before us, unconquered and wide—
What is the secret to be our guide,
And to keep us from danger and blame!

Let us listen to those who have followed the trail:
"You have asked for the truth of our soul—
But you've found what it took all our journey to learn,
For it's the 'playing the game' that's the whole;
And we who have finished—the ones who know—
Have no greater secret than that to bestow.
Just keep on up the trail you have started to go,
And be sure at the end of your goal."

INDIA HUNT, '17.



THE SILHOUETTE



TOGO HELPS TO CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING

Continued from page 63.

Madame, to make description of this play game are my sorrow. Yet I do so.

At top of this Sophomore class I appear quite mascotter, holding hon. turkey with gentle tensity peculiar to mud turtle, while entering in it at door of gym house amid loudly hallos from all throats.

All contain good time but me & turkey.

Game-start are accomplished. Largely hollow ball vibrate between different places where girls seek to be there. This continues on-ly. Shouts renewed by congregation. Echo are made by hon. turkey.

"My intelligence can not receive purpose of this effortful ball," haze I amid rush of noise to succeeding neighbor.

"Those active damosels seek to place him in position in hollow loop in suspension on wall," ans. she looking very information.

As she said so hon. ball make coquettish dash & skip from hands of she seeking to obtain this. All off-standers make yells & help none. My Japly chivalry are aroused.

"I will obtain this ungentlemanly ball," scream I, sounding very Sir Walter Raleigh.

I make madly dash for cite of this. My manners overcome my remembrance how hon. turkey are fastened to my personality. This beast emit helply squeel, erupt loose from my tense embrace, & make aereoplane ascent into atmosphere full of angry applaud & other ozone. I arise jumply to seize at his talons in ju-jitsu attitude. That knave ball place its roundish surface in my advance & I descend in diver attitude to floor.

All these youngish casts show appreciation by giving such hallos as "Togo have spoiled this prize fightly game!" "Why do you act so black-handly?" & other compliments.

My enrage are aroused & I enter out looking considerable proud royalty.

Hoping you are the same,

HASIMURA TOGO.





THE SILHOUETTE



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THE SILHOUETTE



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MAGGIE FIELDS

CHARIS HOOD

ISABEL DEW

MARGARET LEYBURN

ELIZABETH RING

LUCILE HORN

MARGARET SHAMBAUGH

ORA NICOLS

LUCILE BOYD

MARY ETTA THOMAS

JANET NEWTON

LOUISE WARE



THE SILHOUETTE



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

MARTHA YOUNG, CAPTAIN

LINE-UP

MAYMIE CALLAWAY }FORWARDS
PATTY MONROE }	
LOIS EVE }GUARDS
MAY FREEMAN }	
MARTHA YOUNG }CENTERS
JULIA WALKER }	
STUART SANDERSON.....SUBSTITUTE



THE SILHOUETTE



Junior Basket-Ball Team

ELIZABETH GREGORY, CAPTAIN

LINE-UP

KATHERINE LINDAMOOD } ORA GLENN }	FORWARDS
ELIZABETH GREGORY } EVELYN GOODE }	GUARDS
ALICE WEATHERLY } MARY ELLEN HARVEY }	CENTERS
CLARA WHIPS } RAY HARVISON } LOUISE OBERLY }	SUBSTITUTES

GAME: November 26

SCORE: Junior 15—Senior 7

THE SILHOUETTE



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

JULIE MACINTYRE, CAPTAIN

LINE-UP

VALLIE YOUNG WHITE	}	FORWARDS
JANET NEWTON			
JULIE MACINTYRE	}	GUARDS
ANNE KYLE			
AGNES SCOTT DONALDSON	}	CENTERS
ISABEL DEW			
GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN	}	SUBSTITUTES
RUTH NISBET			

GAME: November 26

SCORE: Sophomore 11—Freshman 7



THE SILHOUETTE



Senior Basket-Ball Team

CATHERINE PARKER, CAPTAIN

LINE-UP

KATE RICHARDSON } FRANCES WEST }	FORWARDS
RUTH COFER } GRACE HARRIS }	GUARDS
CATHERINE PARKER } MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER } 45.	CENTERS
GERTRUDE BRIESENICK } SALLIE CARRERE } HENRIETTA LAMBDIN }	SUBSTITUTES



THE SILHOUETTE



Irregular Basket-Ball Team

EDNA PERRY, CAPTAIN

LINE-UP

LUCILE HORN	}	FORWARDS
MARGARET SHAMBAUGH			
ELIZABETH KINNEAR	}	GUARDS
EFFIE BOYD BREWER			
CORINNE BRIGGS	}	CENTERS
EDNA PERRY			



THE SILHOUETTE



Baseball

VAR-SITY TEAM	POSITION	SUB-TEAM
FAITH BURT.....	PITCHER.....	FANNIE THOMAS
AGNES DONALDSON.....	CATCHER.....	HELEN HOOD
MAYMIE CALLAWAY.....	FIRST BASE.....	ISA BEALL TALMADGE
ELIZABETH RING.....	RIGHT FIELD.....	MAGGIE FIELDS
KATHERINE LINDAMOOD.....	SECOND BASE.....	LOUISE ASH
MAUDE SHUTE.....	CENTER FIELD.....	ANNIE LEE
VALLIE YOUNG WHITE.....	SHORT STOP.....	MARTHA WHITNER
LILLIAN ANDERSON.....	LEFT FIELD.....	VIRGINIA WHITE
CHARIS HOOD.....	THIRD BASE.....	GJERTRUD AMUNDSEN



THE SILHOUETTE



Letter VI

TOGO KEEPS THE CANDY KITCHEN

Hon. Ed. of Silly-wet, who seek to make college life cheerless with work, expense, & other pleasures.

REVEREND MADAME: Another position where I am not are in building erected for science, chemicals, & other courses. In that circumstance I endured considerable cruelties. The cause why I am ejected outward from cleaning employment there are of plural numbers chiefly being for because of dangerous cooking habit peculiar to girls & other women.

Hon. president of school elocute at religious chapel gathering:

"Prohibition law concerning alcohol are necessary here for cooking as for drinking, causing us fire & sleepless nights peculiar to policemen. Dishes for burning this delicious beverage are not to be used for it."

Groans from thousand throats peculiar to swine.

"Habit of women for eating between times are not overcome by this dangerous," collapse he for chivalry. "For such purpos womanly kitchen are swept out in down floor-room of science house containing non-breakable table & burners of gaseous habits with guarantee not to burn."

"Togo are excellently made for such postures as cooking & other drugery, being deprived of job several days of yore," advise one looking very lawyer. I make income to this job.

Madame Ed., this place are meeting place for those of soup & other tendencies. When not employed in work in elevated floors reserved for laboratories & other tools I recreate by cleaning up debris left from gastronomic art of these females.

Following narrative bereft me of this position.

Entrance are injected into this room of asbestos qualities by some lady.

"Dinner-eat will be accomplished in this entertaining room by ten (10) complete persons in one (1) hr. belonging to membership of alfalfa omega club," renounce she, while producing cans & other victuals from pockets & dish for cooking alcohol.

Outbursts of science follow during much stir of liquid fluid in one dish.

"This delicious work of cooking art are to be left in caretake of you," electrocute she, "while I go to library for lack of time to do so."



THE SILHOUETTE



Out-go are accomplished beside haughty actions. I am left feeling considerable vacuum. This delicious compound are unrecognized bill affair for me.

"To introduce this on gaseous burner will be sufficient care which are guarantee not to burn," my mind suggest, feeling very Manchu. "In this attitude dual purpose are obtained while hon. cookery cook & Samurai accomplish sleep nap."

I act ditto amid slumber.

Mad. Ed., rudely it awake me.

Smell of burning eating product ascend to floor where I am at. I arise to view at it. Hon. non-burn burner look very Vesuvius.

In this condition enter hastily said lady.

"Togo, why are this behavior of eating food?" declaim she calm but nervous.

"Sneekretly this non-burn burner are burn this delicious cookery," retlash I, "while I dream in sleep."

"Help," explain she amid c # voice, "lift this deliteful cinder from danger."

I haste to do as she said it. Hon. dish reward my attempt by burn ten (10) white balloons of considerable heat on me for thanks.

"Dinner-eat are entirely capsized by burning," among tears she hallo it.

"Ditto are true of my fingers," agonize I, and decamp outwards before being kicked there.

Hoping you are the same.

HASIMURA TOGO.



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THE SILHOUETTE



Inter-Club Council

1914-1915

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MARY SPOTSWOOD PAYNE, $\Sigma \Delta \Phi$SECRETARY

LOUISE WILSON, BD.....

BULL DOG.



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Compli Cator.

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Sigma Delta Phi.



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MISS LULA WOODS WHITE
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THE SILHOUETTE



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FOUNDED IN 1914

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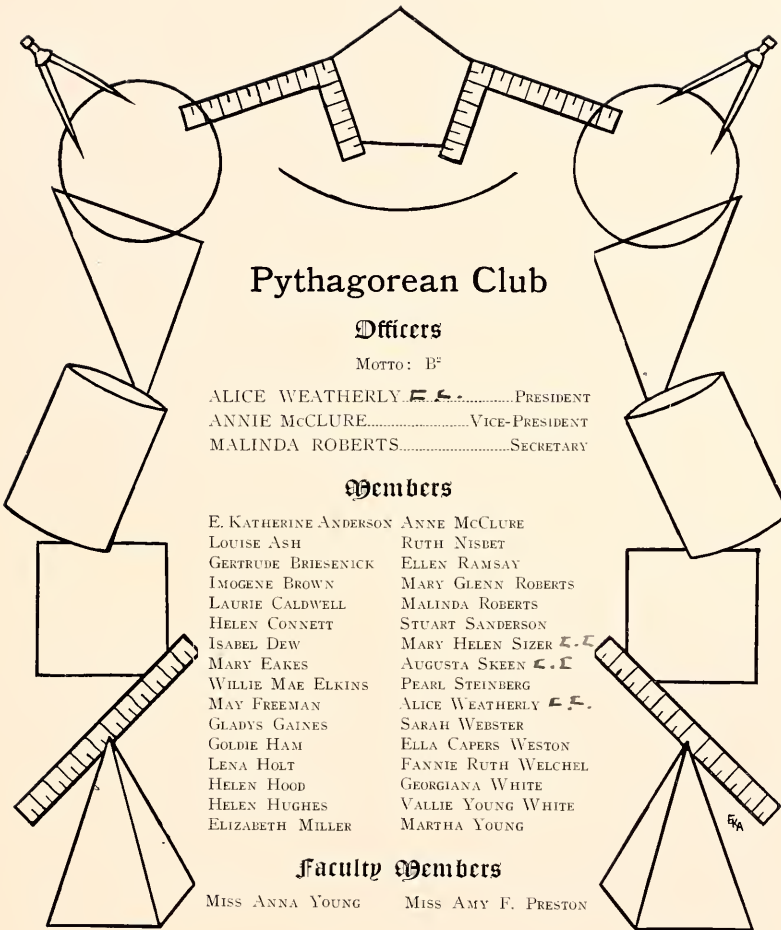
Cercle Francaise

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MOTTO: B^2

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THE SILHOUETTE



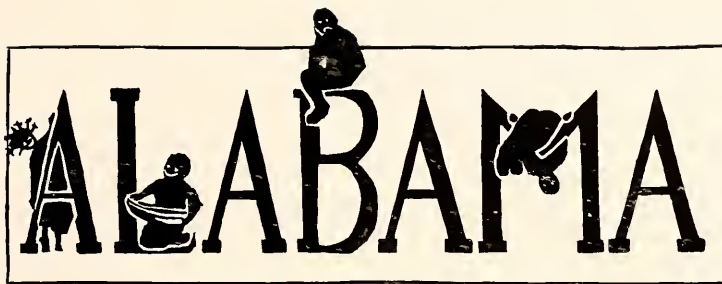
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MISS LEWIS....."OLE MISS"
 VALLIE YOUNG WHITE....."CAPTAIN COON"

"ALL THE LITTLE COONS"

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LUCILE HORN	VIRGINIA WHITE
PAULINE BYRD	RUTH PEARCE
CHARLOTTE COPE	OLIVE WRIGHT
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MARION BLACK LL	JESSIE HAM
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MARIE MORRIS	ANNIE LEE
MADIE LEE WARD	LOUISE HOOPER LL
FANNIE OLIVER LL	GLADYS GAINES
	SARAH POWERS
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THE SILHOUETTE



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 ELIZABETH WEST
 MARTHA YOUNG

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DR. GAINES
 MISS McCALLIE

MISS PRESTON
 MISS JENNIE SMITH



Motto: "I wish I was in the land of cotton"

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 SARAH WEBSTER
 MARY WEST
 ELLA CAPERS WESTON
 FANNIE WHEELER

LUCILE WILLIAMS



North Carolina Club

*"I'm a Tar Heel born and a Tar Heel bred,
And when I die I'll be a Tar Heel dead."*

Members

MARGARET ANDERSON... CC	Winston-Salem
RUTH ANDERSON ... CC	Winston-Salem
ELIZABETH BULGIN	Franklin
ELEANOR CRABTREE	Goldsboro
MAHOTA HORN	Franklin
MARGARET LEYBURN	Durham
MILDRED MCGUIRE	Franklin
ELIZABETH MILLER	Salisbury
HELEN MOORE	Asheville
MIRIAM REYNOLDS	Asheville
ESTHER ROGERS	Franklin
MARTHA ROSS	Morganton
MAUDE SHUTE	Monroe
HALLIE SMITH... CC	Elkin
ELIZABETH TAYLOR	Asheville
FANNIE THOMAS	Sanford



Virginia Girls

Members

MAY FREEMAN
ALICE FLEMING
EVELYN GOODE
ELIZABETH GAMMON
MARY HAMILTON

HELEN HUGHES
INDIA HUNT
ELIZABETH KINNEAR
ANNE KYLE

MARY NEFF
MARY SPOTSWOOD PAYNE
CAROLINE RANDOLPH
DELIA PERRY
LOUISE WILSON

Faculty Members

MISS HOPKINS
MISS MCKINNEY
MRS. GAINES

MISS MOORE
DR. ARMISTEAD



THE SILHOUETTE



Mississippi Club

Officers

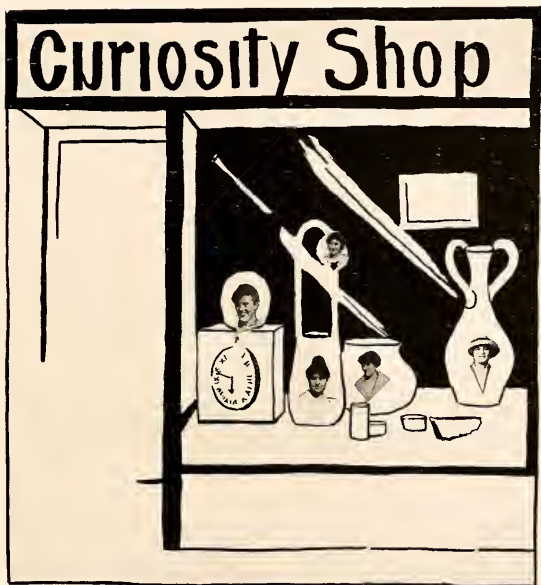
FRANCES KELL.....PRESIDENT
 ANNA SYKES.....SECRETARY

Members

MYRTIS BURNETT	LUCILE KAYE
MARtha DENNISON	KATHERINE LINDAMOOD
MILDRED HALL	MARY MONTGOMERY
GOLDIE HAM	PRISCILLA NELSON
IRENE HAVIS	STUART SANDERSON
CHARLOTTE HAMMOND	ELIZABETH WITHERSPOON



THE SILHOUETTE



Officers

KATHERINE HAY, PRESIDENT..... Pennsylvania
 ETHELYN BARRETT, TREASURER..... Iowa

Members

WILLIE BELLE JACKSON..... Texas
 AGNES DONALDSON..... Colorado
 MARGUERITE SHAMBAUGH..... Iowa
 MARY VAN ARSDALE..... Indiana
 ELLEN RAMSAY..... Texas
 FAITH BURT..... Kansas
 RUTH LAWRENCE..... Ohio
 HELEN CONNETT..... Missouri

THE SILHOUETTE



Florida Club

FLOWER: Cherokee Rose

COLORS: Navy Blue and Gold

MOTTO: In God we trust

Officers

PATTY MONROE.....PRESIDENT
EFFIE DOE.....SECRETARY

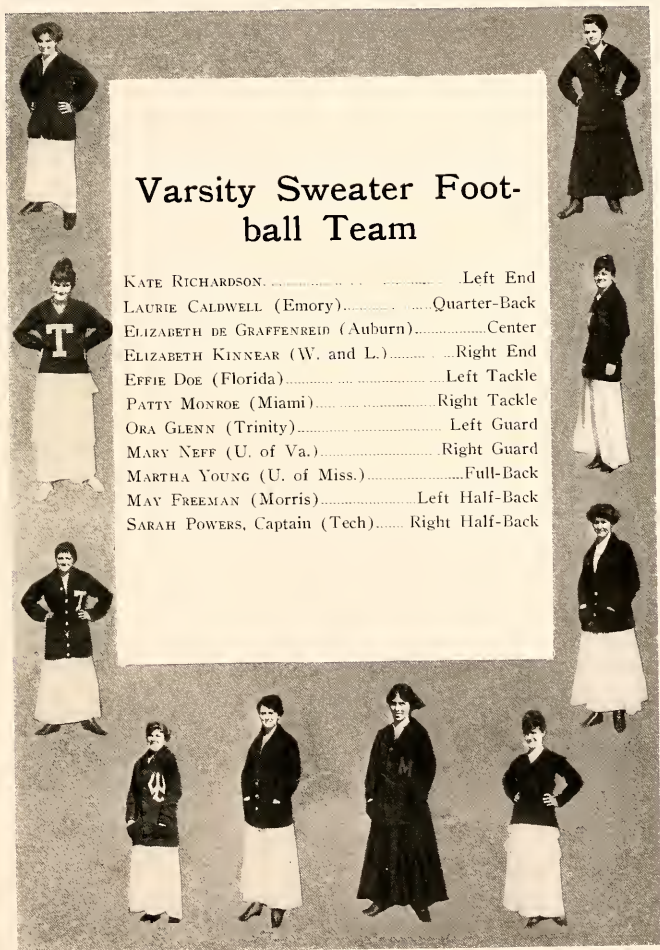
Members

MARY HYER
CELIA GRANT
OLGA THIESEN
MARIE HENDERSON

EDNA PERRY
MISS RICHARDSON
EFFIE DOE
PATTY MONROE



THE SILHOUETTE



Varsity Sweater Football Team

KATE RICHARDSON.....	Left End
LAURIE CALDWELL (Emory).....	Quarter-Back
ELIZABETH DE GRAFFENREID (Auburn).....	Center
ELIZABETH KINNEAR (W. and L.).....	Right End
EFFIE DOE (Florida).....	Left Tackle
PATTY MONROE (Miami).....	Right Tackle
ORA GLENN (Trinity).....	Left Guard
MARY NEFF (U. of Va.).....	Right Guard
MARTHA YOUNG (U. of Miss.).....	Full-Back
MAY FREEMAN (Morris).....	Left Half-Back
SARAH POWERS, Captain (Tech).....	Right Half-Back



THE SILHOUETTE



Kentucky Club

FLOWER: Bluegrass

COLORS: Navy Blue and White

MOTTO: "United we stand, divided we fall"

Officers

LUCIA BUTLER.....	PRESIDENT
LYSBETH PENDLETON.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

MARTHA ORR
LUCIA BUTLER

MARGARET PHYTHIAN
MARY ETTA THOMAS

LYSBETH PENDLETON



Captains

ORA GLENN.....	REBEKAH SCOTT HALL
FRANCES KELL.....	AGNES SCOTT HALL
MARY WEST... <i>CS</i>	INMAN HALL



THE SILHOUETTE



Seven Senior Sinners

MOTTO: "Hitch your wagon to a star"
 MEETING PLACE: Room 29, Rebekah Scott Hall
 PASSWORD: Camiecer
 TIME OF MEETING: By starlight
 PRIME REQUISITE: Raincoat

Sinners

MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER <i>f.c.</i>	}Investigators
FRANCES L. WEST		
"KATE" PARKER	}Suggestors
KATE RICHARDSON		
MARION BLACK <i>q.c.</i>	}Jesters
MARY HYER		
MARY HAMILTON <i>c.c.</i>	}Spooners
MARGARET ANDERSON <i>c.c.</i>		



THE SILHOUETTE



Irregulars

MYNELLE BLUF
CORINNE BRIGGS

JULIA ANDERSON
DEBRA BLOCK
FLORENCE ELLIS

JEAN BAKER
CAROLYN BALLANTYNE
ETHELYN BARRETT
EFFIE BOYD BREWER
SARAH CONYERS
BELLE COOPER
CHARLOTTE COPE
NELLE COUCH
ELEANOR CRABTREE
REBECCA FROMBERG
OTELIA GIBSON

MARtha BISHOP
FAITH BURT
LUCIA BUTLER

Third-Year Irregulars

PAULINE BYRD
EDITH ROBERSON

Second-Year Irregulars

ELIZABETH KINNEAR
CLAUDE MARTIN
ORA NICHOLS

First-Year Irregulars

LENORA GRAY
NELLIE HALE
VIRGINIA HAUGH
MARIE HENDERSON
LENA HOLT
LOUTSE HOOPER
LUCILE HORN
PAULINE JAMES
LUCILE KAYE
RUTH LAWRENCE
HELEN LEDBETTER
ANNIE LEMON
KATHERINE MONTGOMERY
MARY MONTGOMERY
HELEN MOORE
MARIE MORRIS
PRISCILLA NELSON
MARTHA ORR
SARAH PATTON
EDNA PERRY
JESSIE PHILLIPS
SARA POWERS
ELIZABETH WITHERSPOON

Special Students

IDA FELDMAN
JULIA INGRAM
KATHERINE JONES

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
RUTH WADDELL

MAUDE SHUTE
HALLIE SMITH

ANNIE SAXON
KATHERINE SEAY
CELESTE SHADBURN
MARGUERITE SHAMBAUGH
CAROLINE STAPLER
MARIE SHIPPEN
FANNIE THOMAS
JESSIE THOMPSON
ELIZABETH WEST
VIRGINIA WHITE
MARTHA WHITNER

LAURA MCCLELLAND
MRS. ARTHUR PEW
EVELYN PRATT

THE SILHOUETTE



Red-Headed Stepchildren—Alias, Day Students

Officers

CATHERINE PARKER.....PRESIDENT
 MAGARA WALDRON.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

JEANNETTE VICTOR
 WINIFRED SMITH
 CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
 ELVA BREHM
 MYRA CLARK SCOTT
 MARY EAKES
 RUTH GILBERT

CAROLINE LARENDON
 MAY SMITH
 LOUISE HOLTZCLAW
 LULA McMURRAY
 NANCY McCORD
 MARY McIVOR

KATHERINE SIMPSON
 SUSIE HECKER
 ELIZABETH DENMAN
 OLIVE HARDWICK
 LOUISE WARE
 ELOISE GAY
 IDA FELDMAN



Institution deen deface looks of each by coronation of them with these boards set uply.



THE SILHOUETTE



Letter VII

TOGO FEELS "PUZZLE PICKTURE"

Madame Editor, belonging to Seniors, class dressed very funeral while contemplating the opponent.

DERE LADY: I write this epistle for because that my understanding feel very puzzle pickture. Since adventing out to this college manifold inhuman customs of young females are unravelled to me. Happening of several days of yore are superior degree of this peculiarity, & I interrogate for learning reason of this.

I tell you.

Largely bustle in school one morning resembling wedding ceremony. All look expecting. At alarum of chapel bell all troop inward to religious chapel hall containing empty platform full of ferns & such ornaments. Turnings of necks of youthful girls peculiar to cranes. I sneek indoorward to view at this emotion.

One spryly gent begin peculiar dance step on instrument while playing swell march on two (2) pianos placed above each.

Income white sophemores dressed so & pursued by line of funeral ladies carrying squarish boards in direct front of each. These retard upward to platform. Three faculties in uniforms resembling considerable emperor unite in joining these. One make high-resounding oration while many weep over absent past. Succeeding this all ladies in mourning advance one before each & institution deen deface looks of each by coronation of them with these boards set uply.

All elope colonadely amid tears.

This peculiaresque accident cause me to feel very sausage in my brain.

Hoping you are the same,

HASIMURA TOGO.



THE SILHOUETTE



Senior Class, 1915

Officers

FIRST TERM

JESSIE HAM.....PRESIDENT
 MARY WEST *M.S.*.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 FRANCES WEST.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

SECOND TERM

MARTHA BRENNER.....PRESIDENT
 KATE RICHARDSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT
 MILDRED McGUIRE.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER
 MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER *M.S.*.....PROPHET
 MARION BLACK *M.S.*.....TESTATOR
 CATHERINE PARKER.....HISTORIAN
 FRANCES WEST.....SILHOUETTE MEMBER



THE SILHOUETTE



MARGARET NEAL ANDERSON

P. L. S., □ □

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

*"In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be
great."*





THE SILHOUETTE



MARION PUTNAM BLACK

P. L. S., □ □

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

*"Peace rules the day where reason rules
the mind."*





THE SILHOUETTE

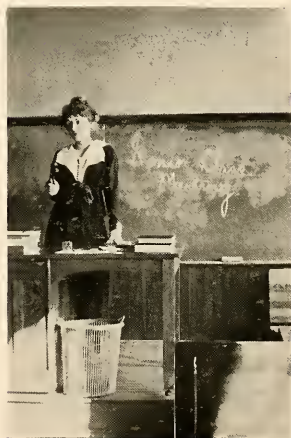


MARTHA JEANNETTE BRENNER

M. L. S.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

"Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shine so clear!"





THE SILHOUETTE



GERTRUDE DOROTHY
BRIESENICK

M. L. S.

BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA

*"Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands."*





THE SILHOUETTE



ANNIE POPE BRYAN

P. L. S.

GRIFFIN, GEORGIA

*"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!"*





THE SILHOUETTE



MARY ELIZABETH BULGIN

P. L. S.

FRANKLIN, NORTH CAROLINA

"I would make reason my guide."





THE SILHOUETTE

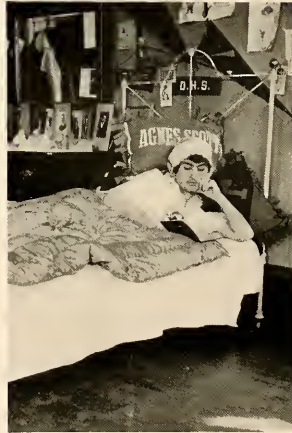


SALLIE HUGER CARRERE

P. L. S.

DUBLIN, GEORGIA

*"Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!"*





THE SILHOUETTE



RUTH MERRITT COFER

M. L. S.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

*"Time, place, and action, may with pains
be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can
be taught."*





THE SILHOUETTE

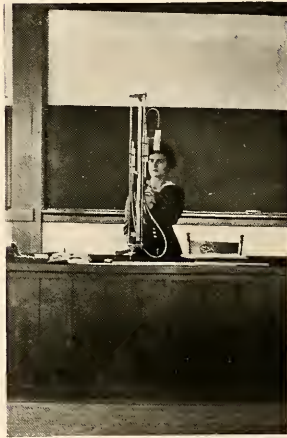


JESSIE HAM

P. L. S.

ELBA, ALABAMA

*"Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."*



 THE SILHOUETTE 

MARY EVELYN HAMILTON

P. L. S., □ □

LXINGTON, VIRGINIA

"As merry as the day is long."



 THE SILHOUETTE 



GRACE ESTHER HARRIS

M. L. S.

MOBILE, ALABAMA

"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"





THE SILHOUETTE



MARY FRANCES KELL

M. L. S.

PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI

*"And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye."*





THE SILHOUETTE



MARY LAETITIA KELLY

M. L. S.

MONTICELLO, GEORGIA

"To friends a friend; how kind to all!"





THE SILHOUETTE



SALLIE MAY KING

M. L. S.

ELKTON, TENNESSEE

*"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."*





THE SILHOUETTE



MARY BRUMMELL HYER

P. L. S.

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

*"With too much quickness ever to be
taught;
With too much thinking to have com-
mon thought."*





THE SILHOUETTE



HENRIETTA KEMP LAMBDIN

M. L. S., $\Sigma \Delta \Phi$

DARNESVILLE, GEORGIA

*"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a
brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and
smooth."*





THE SILHOUETTE



LULA GERTRUDE MADDOX

M. L. S.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

*"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great
hearts."*





THE SILHOUETTE



MILDRED CLYDE McGUIRE

P. L. S.

FRANKLIN, NORTH CAROLINA

*"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."*





THE SILHOUETTE



LUCY JORDAN NAIVE

M. L. S.

DENVER, COLORADO

*"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still!"*





THE SILHOUETTE



CATHERINE EVERETT PARKER

M. L. S.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and
fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoic'd in a
pun!"*





THE SILHOUETTE



GRACE REID

P. L. S.

DECATUR, GEORGIA

*"Attempt the end, and never stand to
doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find
it out."*





THE SILHOUETTE



MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER

M. L. S., □ □

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

*"Who first invented work, and bound
the free
And holiday rejoicing spirit down?"*





THE SILHOUETTE



KATE LUMPKIN RICHARDSON

M. L. S., BD

WASHINGTON, GEORGIA

*"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in
her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."*



 THE SILHOUETTE 

FRANCES LOUISE WEST

M. L. S.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

*"Prudence and sense, and spirit bold
and free,
With honor's soul, united, beam in
thee."*





THE SILHOUETTE



MARY NANCY WEST

M. L. S., U C

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

*"Her airs, her manners, all who saw
admired;
Courteous, tho' coy, and gentle, tho'
retired."*





THE SILHOUETTE



Senior History

Should you ask me, "Whence these Seniors?
Whence the tall girls and the short ones,
With the brows of greatest wisdom,
With the stamp of many sessions,
With the careworn look of troubles,
With the pale and wan expressions
On their erstwhile ruddy faces,
On their former sunny faces?"
I should answer, I should tell you:
"From this state and those adjacent,
From the hills of Carolina,
From the towns of Alabama,
From the state of Mississippi,
From the mountains, plains, and valleys,
Where the Girls' High or the prep school
Sent them forth to work and struggle."

If still further you should ask me,
"By what way reached they the summit?
Tell us of this hard, hard pathway,"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:
"In a room of this, our college,
In a bright but lonely chamber,
In a pleasant, airy bedroom,
Dwelt a bashful little Freshman,
Straight across the lovely campus
Hurried she to reach her classes;
Then she went and studied harder,
Worked all day, but still was wretched,
And in silence of the nighttime,
Broke the slumber of her roommate,
Broke the long sleep of the dreamers,
Sobbed out loud, and kept on wailing,
She was homesick, and was crying,
She was crying for her mother,
Green in autumn, green in winter,
Ever fearful, ever tearful."



THE SILHOUETTE



“But—out of childhood into girlhood
Soon had grown our little Freshie,
Skilled in all the craft of bluffing,
Learned in all the art of cramming,
In all helpful tricks and cunning,
In all harmless stunts and joking.
Swift of thought was bright young Soph'more;
She could shoot an answer from her,
And another, with such fleetness
That her teacher fell behind her!
Light of heart was gay young Soph'more;
She could spend her evenings loafing,
Spend them in such ease and comfort
That exams had come upon her
Ere to study she had fallen;
But she passed, and passed with credit.

“You shall hear how staid young Junior
Worked and studied night and morning—
Not for greater skill in learning,
Not for greater joy in pleasing,
Not for greater praise from teachers
And renown among the students—
But she worked to be a Senior,
Worked for cap and gown of honor;
Onward then she toiled unceasing,
Onward through the maze of knowledge,
Onward through the pitchy darkness.
And behold! the striving Junior,
With a shout and song of triumph,
Saw the longed-for goal approaching,
Saw all barriers swept before her.

“From the brow of stately Senior
Gone was every trace of sorrow.
With a smile of joy and rapture,
With a look of exultation,
Worked and strutted happy Senior,
Toward the stars her cart was headed;
All her thoughts were on the morrow,
Till a fearful blow was dealt her,
When to earth she had to fall:



THE SILHOUETTE



Awful papers piled up on her,
Faster fell the work, and harder,
Each day brought its endless duties,
Each week brought its added troubles.
But at last her task's completed,
And she stands with expectation
On the threshold of the future."

Thus their history I have told you;
Of their trials I have spoken,
Five and twenty is their number,
But for each there is one story:
How they came and how they studied,
How they dug and how they struggled,
How they boned and how they worried;
But besides this were their triumphs,
Their enjoyment and their pleasures,
Love is all they feel at leaving,
Sorrow that it all is over,
And, departing, each one whispers:
"Farewell, O my Alma Mater,
Farewell, O my kindly mother,
Loyal, constant, ever faithful,
True to thee I'll always stand."

CATHERINE PARKER.



THE SILHOUETTE



Senior Prophecy



CAN NOT tell what lured me to the shadowy dwelling of the fortune-teller; it may have been my natural love for things mysterious, or it may have been my impatient curiosity which prompted me to peer into my future. Be that as it may, I found myself led, one bright spring morning, to the door of "Madame Clementina, Mystic and Fortune-Teller." I stood for several moments on the doorstep, uncertain and undecided; should I venture in to consult this mystic, or should I follow the dictates of my better judgment and abandon my wild scheme of looking into the future? As usual, my better judgment was peculiarly silent; a sudden rashness seized me, and I knocked at the door. It opened, I know not how, and closed again as soon as I had stepped inside. My senses were completely stunned by the first glimpse of the room into which I had come. It was small, dimly lighted with a purple glow, and magnificent in its oriental draperies. The hangings were luxurious velvets of deep, rich colors—purples, oranges, and reds. Everything seemed colored with those rich, mysterious colors which seem to breathe the fanciful and the unknown; colors which stir the emotions and prepare the mind to receive the slightest sensations. The whole effect of this harmony of colors, so full of beauty and of life, is to take you from the world of every-day life and place you in the land of mystery and of magic.

I waited; not a sound broke the stillness; no one entered. I moved cautiously toward one corner of the room, where an alcove was heavily draped with deep orange curtains. Underneath the gorgeous hangings, on the floor, was a row of seven small candles burning brightly; in front of them on a cushion of purple lay a huge crystal ball. With the candlelight reflected myriads of times, the ball seemed so beautiful, so wonderful, that it really seemed to contain human beings who were living and moving. I gazed for a few seconds, spellbound; then, realizing that this was the magic crystal ball, I dropped to my knees as before the shrine of the god of the Future, eager to peer into the realm of what is to be.

At first I could see only varied lights and colors, then they resolved themselves into a brilliantly lighted stage. There is music, and dancing, lots of color, mostly pink, and dozens of beautiful chorus girls. From the right



THE SILHOUETTE



enters the leading lady, a picture of loveliness in her charming gown of pink. Every one goes wild with ecstasy, the house rings with applause, people in the boxes shower flowers, as Henrietta Lambdin, leading lady in "The Pink Lady," comes to the front of the stage and gracefully bows.

The lights grow dim; the scene changes. Here is the blue, mountainous country of North Carolina. The scene seems almost desolate—no, there are two small structures nestling against the hillside; one is a church and the other is a cottage, the home of our old friend, Margaret Anderson. Yes, after all her worrying, hurrying, and rushing at Agnes Scott, she is now enjoying the calm, uneventful life as a village minister's wife. Experience has taught her what one helpless girl can learn to do in the way of keeping house. She has even become a good cook, but her home Ec. recipes are of little use to her since they serve only two.

Next, I see our ex-president, Jessie Ham. I hardly recognized her. After many years she has developed her athletic tendencies, and now holds the championship for the forward high jump. She is also a noted football referee. She received her early training for this position in the fall of 1914, when she was president of the Class of 1915. No wonder she's an excellent referee!

Bess, can that stout lady of middle age really be you? So you've given up teaching? Yes, there is Bess; she is giving up her life to research work in tea rooms. At the end of five years she is to publish a book entitled, "The surest way to make money out of a tea room is to leave out the tea."

Sallie May is happily married to one of those true sports who simply showered her with candy. Her life is as calm and uneventful as married lives can be.

Oh, I see New York City! Yes, here is Mary Hyer, fat as ever, pursuing her studies in the same serious way. She has just one aim in life—to get an M. D. But I believe, by the look in her eyes, that soon a certain young doctor of New York will persuade her to accept the M. D. on his name. 'Twill be a far easier way of getting it, and, as Mary was never inclined to do work when she could get out of it, we believe she'll abandon her pursuit after knowledge.

Marion, at last, achieves success; her highest ambition in life is gratified. She has discovered a new method for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. The whole world is paying homage to this genius of the twentieth century. The chemical society of America is erecting a life-sized statue of Miss Black



THE SILHOUETTE



in front of the Science Hall at Agnes Scott, where she received her education. Miss Black greatly appreciates the monument, but she says she hopes that some of the tribute will be paid her in hard cash, since she needs a new pair of ground grippers.

I am not surprised to see Mary Kelly at the hymeneal altar, for in college her susceptibility to the attractions of good-looking men was equalled only by her too-evident charms for them. On her wedding day she is not perfectly happy, because she hates to turn down so many nice lovers for just one. She realizes that now, for the first time in her life, she must be satisfied with the attentions of one man. That's pretty hard on a natural-born coquette.

In a busy city I see Grace, the editor of a sensational, political newspaper. By her masterly editorials, she directs public opinion to suit her own uses. She has just been instrumental in creating public sentiment against any noise whatsoever after eight o'clock. Miss Harris became so used to perfect silence after this time at Agnes Scott that now it is impossible for her to sleep with even a slight noise. Through her influence, Mobile is known as the "Silent City of the South."

Mildred has become the favorite of the concert stage. Her wonderful mezzo-soprano voice was accidentally discovered one morning as she went about her housework singing to herself. She is now touring Europe, where kings and queens applaud her talents. Madame Mildred is especially fine in serious songs; of these her favorite is "I'm a Hottentot."


Grace Reid had ever a love for Latin and all things savoring of Latin, so, when the supreme moment came that she should choose a one and only from among her numerous suitors, it was very natural that she should choose a noted Latin professor. Many have gained more wealth and more renown, but none more happiness than Grace.

Lucy went to Denver to live in 1915. In 1918, the Woman's Suffrage League of Denver, recognizing her inborn genius for keeping law and order, made her Chief of Police. Lucy discharges her duties with conscientiousness and skill, and Denver now merits the name of a model, peaceful city. It is rumored that the alumnae of Inman Hall are sending a beautiful medal to their former president as a token of their esteem.

Mary Hamilton has been tied by the bonds of matrimony! After all the lectures that little man hater gave for the enlightenment of certain members of her class on the general subject, "Why I'll never marry"; and she always



THE SILHOUETTE



prided herself on never changing her mind! None less than the illustrious young governor of Virginia could have persuaded her to take such a rash step. Indications were that she should be a portly, middle-aged lady, but, much to my surprise, as I see her now, she is very thin—and very happy. She presides gracefully as mistress in the governor's mansion, and is "making a terrible hit."

I see Kate—but, no, surely this can not be our Kate, who was always lovable, and whose disposition was as sunshiny as her hair! This person before me is a hopeless spinster. How I hate the word, but none other will apply! Her lovely rose-geranium hair is curled tightly over her brow, and every vestige of a smile is chased away. She spends her time lecturing to her nieces about how prim and prissy she was as a young girl at Agnes Scott. Poor Kate, you're the very last one we would have thought would come to this!

Annie Pope remains the very truest of Agnes Scott girls. She, ever loyal to her Alma Mater, carries its name—through life. She did not aspire to fame, riches, or knowledge—she wanted only this, and is happy.

Sallie is winning all kinds of renown for herself—not as a business woman, as you might expect from her masterly handling of SILHOUETTE money, but as a private detective. Her sharp, black eyes and her quick wits are ever ready to protect the innocent citizens. Her greatest ability is to "Spot" people.

I find Gertrude in the realm of society. As soon as she is out of college she becomes a butterfly, flitting from party to dance with never a serious thought or a worry in the world. For wit, cleverness, and attractiveness she has become the favorite of all South Georgia. As for lovers—well, she has as many as there are days in the year! Needless to say, Gertrude is happy.

I find one of our illustrious class a promising young lawyer. Which of us had wit, shrewdness, and the ability to convince you that black is white, or nearly so at least? Why, Catherine Parker, of course. She is desperately arguing a case which involves the point, that seven hairpins are sufficient to hold up any lady's hair. For forty-five minutes straight she argued this one technical point, until, at last, judge, jury, and prosecuting attorney, were convinced, through sheer fatigue, that she knew more about it than they did. Newspapers of Atlanta can not say enough in praise of this clever young attorney.



THE SILHOUETTE



I see Frances West the charming hostess of the Federation of Women's Clubs. For several years she has been president of this body, and has presided with dignity and grace. She is also president of the Teacup Gossip Club, and in this organization is identified as the best-informed woman in Florida—there's not one single thing about any one which she does not know. A brilliant conversationalist she surely is, and, as a bureau of information, she is unequalled in the state.

I see Mary West in a varied and broken career. First, dazzled by her success in the Glee Club, she sings as a Japanese lady in a famous cabaret. She soon tires of the attentions of men; their flowers and candy simply irritate her. She seeks solace in chemistry formulas, but finds that even that has lost its charms. Weary of the uncertainties and perplexities of life, she marries her first love, and lives happily ever after.

Do you remember our wild little friend Frances Kell? Well, where is all her excitement and her enthusiasm now? She is now a dignified, patient, calm, and collected matron of an orphan asylum. Even her beloved Latin has faded into a mere shadow in her memory; she spends her time washing dirty little hands and faces, and pacifying trivial childish sorrows. She is perfectly happy to-day, because four new children have been brought in and she has given each of them a double name!

Martha is a portly matron all dressed in lavender just as we should have expected. Long ago she resigned her position as president of the old maids' club and married a noted philanthropist of New Orleans. She is a great help to her husband in his work, probably because of the sociology she studied in the library every Tuesday and Thursday at 11:20.

Lula Maddox has received all kinds of renown as the greatest woman engineer in America. She started her brilliant career as a surveyor of "Fields." At present she is engaged in planning a city in which there will be circular blocks entirely. She states that for any one with such swift movements as hers, corners are very inconvenient. It is very likely that Mr. Tart will help build such a city as Miss Maddox is now planning.

Our little, red-headed Ruth Cofer has become the Queen of the Screen. We always recognized her grace, her charm, and her talent in theatrical lines, but we can hardly imagine her on the screen. Ruth, living, yet silent—im-



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possible! Nevertheless she has become the favorite actress both in Europe and in America. At present she is in Australia playing the title rôle in "Festus, the tiger trainer."

Oh, here is a confused, indistinct scene! There are a lot of people. I can't recognize any one—yes, I can, there I am myself—yes, and——

A noise is heard outside the door. Madame Clementina enters. I jump to my feet.

"Madame, I came to have my fortune told."

"Come with me," she said, and led me into the next room.

MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER,

Prophet.



THE SILHOUETTE



Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1915



E. the undersigned members of the Class of 1915, being of marvelously sound and well-balanced minds, although physically scarred and wrinkled by the hardships encountered—from Freshman-Sophomore Fights to Senior examinations—do hereby bequeath, in the following order, our personal property and attractions, to the Class of 1916, with the hope that they may profit by their possession as we have done.

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

ART. II. MARGARET NEAL ANDERSON hereby bequeaths her "gym" suit to KATHERINE LINDAMOOD.

ART. III. MARION PUTNAM BLACK hands down to MAGGIE FIELDS her interest in psychological advertisements.

ART. IV. MARTHA JEANNETTE BRENNER wills her art gallery of men to CHARIS HOOD, and her methods of "bluffing" to GRACE GEOHEGAN.

ART. V. GERTRUDE DOROTHY BRIESENICK wills her History Thesis to ALICE WEATHERLY, and her alarm-clock to LOUISE WILSON.

ART. VI. ANNIE POPE BRYAN hands down to ELOISE GAY her L'Allegro and Il Pensefoso.

ART. VII. ELIZABETH BULGIN wills her bug collection to ELIZABETH BURKS, and her financial ability to ELIZABETH WILLETT.

ART. VIII. SALLIE HUGER CARRERE bequeaths her cards to ORA GLENN, and her love of repose to MALINDA ROBERTS.

ART. IX. RUTH COFER wills her small black bag to MAGARA WALDRON, and her concise mode of expression to NELL FRYE.

ART. X. JESSIE HAM hands down her boisterous manner to MARY GLENN ROBERTS.

ART. XI. MARY EVELYN HAMILTON wills to JOSIE JONES her wide knowledge of love affairs.

ART. XII. GRACE ESTHER HARRIS bequeaths her Trigonometry to MARGARET PHYTHIAN, and her "crushes" to ANNA SYKES.



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ART. XIII. MARY BRUMMELL HYER hands down to RAY HARVISON her Home Economics books.

ART. XIV. MARY FRANCES KELL bequeaths her position as Fire Chief to MARYELLEN HARVEY, and her punctuality at meals to EVELYN GOODE.

ART. XV. MARY LAETITIA KELLY wills her collection of sweaters to MAHOTA HORN, and her 'phone calls to LILLIAN ANDERSON.

ART. XVI. SALLIE MAY KING wills her secrets to ANNE McCLURE, and her candy to LAURA COOPER.

ART. XVII. HENRIETTA LAMBDIN wills her "newly acquired dignity" to EMMA JONES.

ART. XVIII. LULA MADDOX bequeaths her calm and gentle manner to CLARA WHIPS.

ART. XIX. MILDRED McGUIRE wills her high-pitched "Latin" voice to MARTHA ROSS, and her effusiveness to LORINE CARTER.

ART. XX. LUCY NAIVE hereby bequeaths the Inman Hall register book to LOUISE OBERLY, and her position at Wesley House to ALICE WEATHERLY.

ART. XXI. CATHERINE PARKER hands down to HELEN ALLISON the "sentimental nature" which she inherited from THEODOSIA COBBS.

ART. XXII. KATE LUMPKIN RICHARDSON wills her record number of trips to Atlanta to LUCILE BOYD, and her hours in the library to WILLIE MAE ELKINS.

ART. XXIII. GRACE REID wills her fondness for spending the night in Inman to EMMIE BRANHAM, and her language dictionaries to MARY BRYAN.

ART. XXIV. MARY HELEN SCHNEIDER hands down to ALMA BUCHANAN her "Mary Garden" and the "Rose Garden."

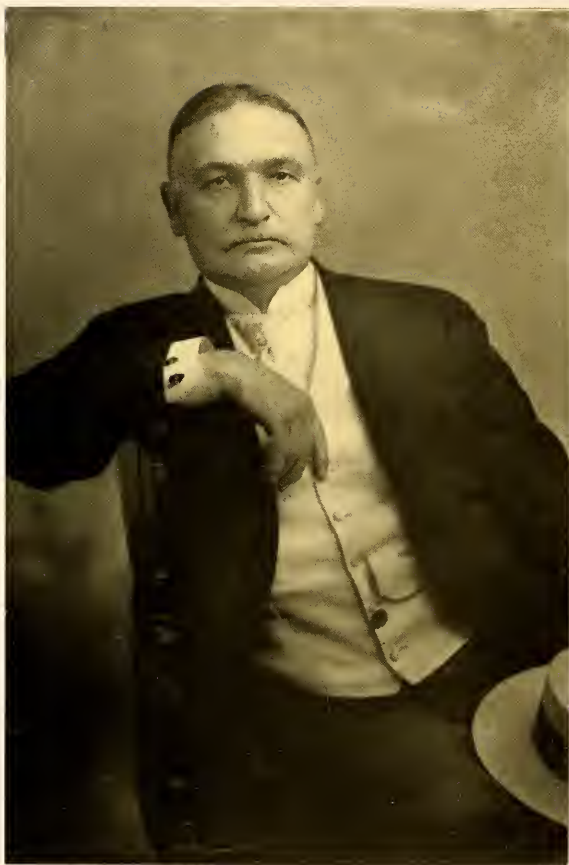
ART. XXV. FRANCES WEST bequeaths her short sojourn of eleven years at Agnes Scott to FRANCES THATCHER.

ART. XXVI. MARY WEST wills her idle hours at Agnes Scott to LULA McMURRY, and her "flunks" to JEANNETTE VICTOR.

ART. XXVII. We do hereby bequeath to the CLASS OF 1916. Mr. Stukes, that he may be handed down from Senior Class to Senior Class.


Signed, sealed, and witnessed, this, the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

MARION BLACK,
Class Testator.




MR. SAMUEL M. INMAN

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE
DIED JANUARY 12, 1915



THE SILHOUETTE



Mr. Samuel M. Inman

AN APPRECIATION BY C. M. CANDLER

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"



THESE words of David upon the death of Abner came intuitively to many who knew Mr. Inman, when they were told of his death—they were so beautifully and truthfully expressive of their estimate of his life and character.

Truly he was a great and good man. He lived well—he died well, and his deeds live after him. He was an eminently successful man. In honorable business he accumulated a handsome fortune. Not a human being ever believed he held a tainted dollar, or would accept one. His business life was one of open, straightforward dealings with his fellow-men. His word was his bond, accepted by all, scrupulously kept. He advantaged himself at no man's cost. He builded no fortune upon the ruin or misfortune of another. He won fairly and held steadfastly the confidence and esteem of his fellow-men.

While of a younger generation, I knew Mr. Inman by reputation, since my early manhood, more than twenty-five years. For the past ten years it was my privilege to have enjoyed a somewhat close association with him in the work for Agnes Scott College.

He is one of the few men I have known, of whom I have never at any time heard spoken an unkind word or an envious criticism. The crown of honest manhood placed upon his brow by all who knew him, or knew of him, provoked no enmity, brought no jealousy, and doubtless

"Shall new luster boast
When Victor's wreaths and Monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust."

Having honestly accumulated wealth, he used it for noble purposes and to noble ends. What his benefactions aggregated perhaps no one knows. It is known that they were wide and large, for in his giving he was more than liberal, he was generous. He did not give impulsively or spasmodically. He gave wisely and with judgment, as well as liberally and ungrudgingly. None of his gifts were as balm for a perturbed conscience or atonement for conscious



THE SILHOUETTE



wrong. He gave not merely to relieve necessity, but to be helpful to the object of his donation, whether individual or institution. In all of his giving and helping he was modest, unostentatious, and unselfish.

It is a sad truth that selfishness is too often the mainspring of giving. Mr. Inman's generosity, in so far as he could properly direct, were of the Scriptural kind, unknown to the other hand. His larger gifts had in view definite purposes. He gave to Agnes Scott College during the past ten years more than \$100,000.00 in cash. He believed in man's stewardship as to wealth. He desired to so dispense his benefactions as that they would multiply and perpetuate themselves in continuing results. He deliberately, in my opinion, *invested* the \$100,000.00 to Agnes Scott College, in Christian education, that in its returns through the years to come, God might be glorified in the upbuilding of His Kingdom and the preparation for labor therein of His handmaidens.

His interest in education was not confined to one institution, nor alone centered in the higher education. During the last year of the late Governor Terrell's administration, in 1906-07, there was a great and far-reaching uplift in Common School education for the masses in Georgia. By appointment of the Governor, Mr. Inman headed the state-wide movement in this great cause, giving liberally toward its expenses, and devoting much of his time, thought, and activities to the creation of a healthier public sentiment for public education, and the enlargement and improvement of our state public educational system. I had the honor and the privilege of humble service and association with him in this work, and therefore opportunity to know of his invaluable services in this movement from which flowed great public good. It was the beginning of the new birth and growth of our regenerated public educational system.

Mr. Inman, though one of the most modest and retiring men I ever knew, was, at the same time, a born leader of men. He never sought leadership. It was always thrust upon him. During his active life in this community I doubt if any one can recall a single great civic, religious, or educational movement or effort in which he was not in the forefront of endeavor. As a leader, he led not ostentatiously with flying banners and blaring trumpets, but with firm step, unwavering courage, rare judgment, quiet determination.

I never heard of his making a failure or suffering defeat in any movement or enterprise he led. He possessed rare qualities of resourcefulness, and a



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spirit of determined purpose which quailed not in the presence of difficulties. In his lexicon there was no such word as failure. He inspired unshakable confidence in his associates and followers. Especially was this noticeable in his leadership, in his later efforts, of young men, whose keenest enthusiasm he always aroused. I have seen such young men perform wonders of work in a noble cause because, as they said, it would never do to disappoint Mr. Inman. And when the victory was won and the cause triumphant, how strikingly characteristic it was to discover him like Saul, "hid among the stuff," and graciously, earnestly insisting that to others belonged all the praise.

But in all and through all, Mr. Inman was a *follower* of the meek and lowly Christ. His faith in God was simple, childlike; his leaning upon Him constant; his confidence in His goodness, without wavering. No one ever came in close contact with him without sure conviction as to the true nobleness of this man's character, life, and purposes.

I have set down here no word of fulsome flattery of the dead, for truly

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Decatur, Ga.,

January 25, 1915.



THE SILHOUETTE



Letter VIII

BEING HIS POSTSCRIPT

Hon. Ed. of Silly-wet, magazine compiled at 3 A. M., amid tears & other druggery.

This inscription are added to my letters.

Irate lady approach near my proximity & denounce.

"Why are not picktures of those famous dates called school anniversity pageant, Sophia Newcomb debate, & other victories given by you for this annual?"

"This were prehistoric age to my time," I defend, & make requests to aborigines of this college to write concerning these.

I enclose these effusion writings in mine, feeling very thankfully to read them.

Hoping you are the same,

HASIMURA TOGO.



I enclose these effusion writings in mine, feeling very thankfully to read them.



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From the Private Diary of a 1914 Senior

MAY 24TH—*Sunday*—It was to-night over on the steps of Inman Hall that the thought came to me. It was the Vesper Service—the Seniors' last Y. W. meeting. Below us on each side of the tiled walk were the girls, in light summer dresses, on cushions spread over the grass; and, beyond the girls, across the campus, the afternoon sunlight fell. I thought of Lanier's words:

"The slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream."

It was then the thought came—a thought that had never come before. What a wonderful thing it is to *found* a college! Sitting there on the steps and looking off across the smooth grass and shadowy trees to the massive buildings, for the first time I really caught the vision—the vision that one man had seen over twenty-five years ago! And as I sat there it seemed a wonderful thing that the man who had first seen the vision should be yet living to see it fulfilled. And this stood as his lifework to which he had given twenty-



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five years of his life! I thought of what the college had meant to me and how much it had brought into the lives of so many girls. And to-night, as I sat there dreaming on the steps, I seemed to catch a glimpse of all it should "grave" on the "ten thousand and more" that are to come after.

MAY 25TH—*Monday*—It's late, but I'm so afraid that in the years to come there might be something about this "Quarto-Centennial Commencement" that I might forget. And yet how could I—since it's my own Commencement!

I must always when I think of it see the twenty-three of us in our caps and gowns with the daisy chain, at last, across our shoulders, moving across the campus singing. There was a crowd waiting for us where we were to plant our ivy. From the steps of the old Gymnasium Building we read our history, our prophecy, our will. That was in the morning.

In the afternoon the *Pagant*.

I remember the excitement that went all over college the day we heard of it, and now it has really come and past. And the day was perfect!

In my herald's suit of purple velvet I ran across the grass to get one look at the crowd from behind the spiræa.

"There must be over two thousand people there," I heard some one say on the other side of the walk.



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"At least, I should say," a man's voice assented.

I peeped forth once more. I couldn't quite feel like a Senior in my herald's suit. On the terraces around Inman Hall there were people, and people, and people, and still they came! Such an array of men, accompanied by spring bonnets, as Agnes Scott had never seen.

Then I stepped back to my place—just in time.

"Are you all here, girls?" Miss Markley said. There was a short delay. Then I saw the lines in front of me begin to move, and I followed holding my bugle proudly forth. I was tempted to blow.

On we moved and on, and then I realized we had really reached the crowd.

There were "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" on all sides. They were exclaiming over those that had just passed.

Just in front of us were alumnae representing the early institutions for women, founded by Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, and Presbyterians. These four groups were spaced, the girls representing the colleges by wearing the dress of the time. And those dresses! Ruth Slack wore a dress of her grandmother's—a wonderful dark blue dress of heavy brocaded silk, and a red rose in her hair; and Laura Mel Towers, but you would have had to see her to appreciate it. One person wore a train that trailed, it seemed to me,





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for yards behind her. And the hoop skirts—I laugh now when I think of them. No wonder the audience oh-ed!

A long way ahead the procession turned a curve, and I had my first chance to see it in order.

The Pageant was in three divisions—Past, Present, and Future. The Past came first. In front of all floated aloft Oglethorpe's coat of arms. A frontiersman strode beside it, and behind came children in Indian suits and small tots with blacked faces—too cunning for anything—representing the little folk who long ago came to the Moravians' Mission School.

And then the figures of "Oglethorpe," "John and Charles Wesley," "Habersham," and "Whitfield," followed by the "Orphans from the Bethesda Orphans' House"; they might have been those very orphans themselves from the quaintness of their costumes. It was fascinating to watch them as they walked together primly, hand in hand, two by two. They gave me an irresistible desire to squeeze them. This was the first of education in the old period of Colonial Dames and model infants—how long ago that seems!

The state flag waved next. A continental officer bore it. There was a schoolmistress behind with a group of queer-looking little school children with slates and blue-back spellers from the Old-Field School. And then the Academy High School boys.

I almost forgot to turn the curve in my efforts to see. I had had no idea beforehand that it was going to be so interesting. Now the more I saw the more there seemed still to be seen.



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"Pay attention where you are going, Miss Herald," Frances reminded me. "I just wish I could get away off and look at it. Don't you suppose we are going to get any chance to see it?"

"Maybe, later."

But I was looking again, trying to see what was just behind the last I'd seen. It was the alumnæ—the "Denominational Educational Institutions," I heard some one reading from a programme.

The Present was behind me—that hasn't the sound of a truthful statement! It was some time before I really had a good view of that part of it which represented "A Modern College Education in the Liberal Arts and Sciences." The girls in the Department of Greek were leading, followed by the Roman youths. Then the flowers, bees, and butterflies from the Biology part of it. The Department of Chemistry was next in order. Fire, Water, Earth, and Air all moved quietly and in harmony with Organic, Inorganic, and Physical Chemistry, who followed behind. Art of every kind came next, and it truly seemed of every kind from the variety of costumes. Those costumes were fetching.

Then came the planets from the Department of Astronomy. The sun had made sure of seeing the Pageant.

The learned Mathematical gentlemen (?) preceded the heroes and heroes known in Shakespeare and the Old Drama.

The Prophets of the Old Testament carried a banner of scarlet and white as they moved on with stately tread.



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The god Pan bore the banner of music. Saint Cecilia, with characters from "Die Meistersinger," followed in his wake.

Next in the procession I saw people of many nationalities under the American flag. The little brown Germs, in the Home Economics Department, were quite the most fascinating things in the whole Pageant. Even the beauties of Fresh Air, Sunshine, Cleanliness, and Fairy Soap couldn't draw my eyes from the Germs.

"Those poor trains!" Frances spoke.

"What trains?" I asked, still with my eyes on the Germs.

"The ones in the French Department. Don't you know they'll be nice and dusty?"

And back of the Germs I discovered, for the first time, the French Department, with its aristocrats in curls and trains and furbelows.

The procession wound on through sunshine and shadow along the many walks of the campus.

Last of all came the Future. It seemed so wonderfully appropriate that Mrs. Harman, the daughter of the man who made Agnes Scott possible, should be "Alma Mater." Six girls in white were states, and, last of all, walked "Columbia."

At last we had come back again to the northeast corner of the campus beneath the great oaks. The line broke and, finally, under a tree, I found a seat on the grass.



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To the music of the orchestra there came forth violets, and, as zephyrs, raindrops, and sunbeams danced about them, gradually they unfolded. Bees and butterflies came to gather the pollen and carry it from white to purple flowers. Violets arose, blending the colors. This from Biology.

The music went on and I saw once again the old story of John Smith, and then the mingling of the many nationalities—History and Sociology had combined.

A scene from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" was followed by St. George and the Dragons.

Then the Prophets moved before me. The Greek chorus was charming. Against the background of green under the great trees they seemed truly real. The Latin Youth sang the *Carmen Saeculare*. Then once more I revelled my eyes upon the costumes I called "fetching"—the costumes by Art designed.

Ecclesiastical music was represented by a procession of clergy and choristers.

Scenes with the French ladies we had next, and then the German folk dances.

But the last was the best of all. We gathered in a semicircle—the whole of the procession—and Alma Mater presented to each state a daughter. It impressed me deeply. I saw then how the whole Pageant worked out to the



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one great conclusion, which was its title, "The Significance of Agnes Scott College to the State and the Nation."

The reception was to-night, when the lower floor of Rebekah Scott Hall was thrown open to guests in honor of the Senior Class and visiting educators. The Pageant was the subject—we talked of nothing else. It was wonderful—every one says so. It comes to me now like a magnificent picture. I have moved here and there and everywhere in my satin slippers, and I am tired—so tired, but it has been "a perfect day."

MAY 26TH—*Tuesday*—I have been sitting here watching the lights on the south wing go out one by one, and thinking over all the things that have happened.

There must have been thirty or more colleges and universities represented in the procession this morning. We Seniors were trying to make out what each person's academic robe stood for—their degree, etc.

In the chapel Dr. Gaines spoke first of all in welcome to the educators. Mr. Murphy Candler's account of the beginning of Agnes Scott College thrilled me. It seemed almost like a romance that a little school, that had started twenty-five years ago in a "rented frame building," should have grown in that short time to a college ranked, by *government classification*, in the first of the four classes of colleges and universities in the United States. He spoke of Col. George Scott—the man who had made Agnes Scott possible; of the great friend of the college—Mr. Samuel Inman. He spoke of the one who had given to Agnes Scott the greatest gift that a man can give, his life—our President. And last, but far from least, he gave praise to the Dean—our beloved Miss Hopkins.

I have only a confused idea of the other speeches made. I only remember that they all seemed to be praising Agnes Scott, and that I seemed to grow prouder every minute. And the speakers didn't say what they said as though they were just using flowery terms, but as though they really meant the words they used.

But when the alumnae finally unveiled the two portraits—their gift to the college—everybody seemed "on tiptoe" to get the first glimpse. And there, just as naturally before us all, sat Miss Hopkins and Dr. Gaines; he leaning back in his own dignified way in a great armchair, and she leaning forward in that little eager way she has when you tell her your small joys or sorrows.



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The lights are all out in the south wing, but I must tell about the Vice-President of the United States. He was just charming. The cars were packed going in, with scarcely breathing room, but the speech was worth it all.

Mr. Orr made a short speech. And then the Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, arose. I must confess I wasn't particularly impressed at first, but as the man went on I came fully under his sway, and felt the charm of both the man and his speech. I can say with absolute truth that I was sorry when he stopped. Somehow he seemed to bring inspiration not only by his words, but by his very manner of saying them.

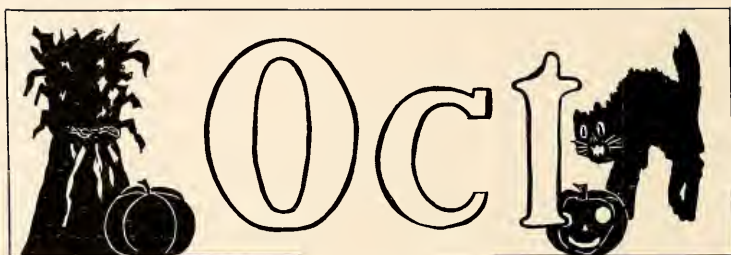
(Scribbled hastily in pencil)—MAY 27TH—I graduated to-day. The Vice-President was there.



Calendar for 1914-1915

SEPTEMBER

- 15—Conductor yells "Agnes Scott"—car stops—a moment of confusion—the tunnel—the first impression—welcome from old girls—bare room, and—a roommate (in some cases this is a climax, in others an anti-climax. Choose!)
- 16—Acres of Freshmen—long or short, thick or thin, but *all* good looking.
- 17—Trembling Freshmen confronted by the realities of college in the person of Miss McKinney.
- 18—Fire sale of units.
- 19—Y. W. C. A. reception.
- 21—Rushing starts—new girls happy.
- 22—Dr. Gaines' address of welcome. Seniors noticed three slight changes in the accepted formula.
Mnemosyneans entertain.
Propyleans entertain.
Which?
- 28—1:00 A. M.—Soph-Fresh fight starts. Freshman injured: Izzie Talmadge—broken door.
Sophomore injured: Louise Hooper, receives bite on the arm.
Marion Black, neutral, receives severe drenching in ink. It is doubtful if her bathrobe will ever look the same.
- 29—Miss Hopkins proposes (?) peace.
Hostilities cease—warring factions assemble lovingly around camp fire and smoke pipe of peace.
- 30—Miss Hopkins announces question: Shall Seniors have lights? Dr. Gaines supports the affirmative; the Seniors, the negative. Rebellion threatened.



OCTOBER

- 1—Mr. Tart keeps book room open five minutes overtime!
- 2—Senior rooms wired.
- 3—College entertains Freshmen with a chafing-dish party. How things have changed since our day!
- 8—The first of a series of written lessons in Home Ec. A number of these delightful affairs are planned for the near future. They will probably occur on the days set for the regular class meeting, except at such times when these periods are given over to tests.
- 12—Safety first—no more chafing-dishes.
- 14—Ghost appears on third floor Main Building.
- 16—Dr. Gaines' pet scheme realized; candy kitchen is opened by Senior house-warming.
- 21—Interesting discussion in Bible II class: Did Jonah swallow the whale?
- 22—Dr. Arm. serves that "nervous" dessert.
- 24—Seniors entertain with "tacky" party to prevent homesickness.
- 27—Investiture service. Girls and Freshmen are inspired to take a degree.
- 29—Seven Senior Sinners hold first regular meeting. We should be very careful in dealing with these dangerous individuals.
- 30—Margaret Anderson leaves for Charlotte to represent Agnes Scott at the meeting of the "South Atlantic Field Committee of Students."
- 31—Seniors entertain college community with a Hallowe'en party in the gym.
Midnight meeting of Senior Class on the top of Science Hall.
(This is a secret; don't let it get to Dr. Gaines.)



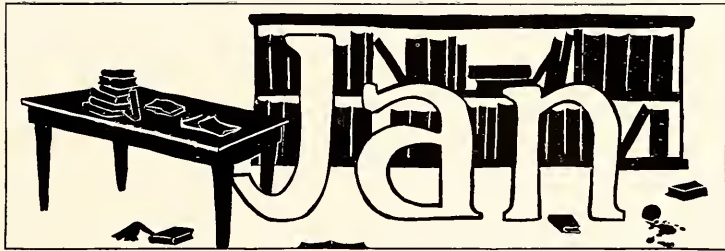
NOVEMBER

- 2—Compli Cators are hostesses of a Hallowe'en party for the Bull Dogs and Sigma Delta Phis.
- 3—Senior rings arrive at last.
Grace Harris leaves for Radcliff, the Harvard-Princeton game, and (?)—ask Gertrude.
- 4—Lucy Naive jars Inman Hall practicing the stage fall.
- 7—As Dr. Guy enters dining-room every one softly hums, "Here comes the——" 'nough said!
- 9—Frances Kell gives Fire Drill. (*Editor's Note*—On account of the frequency and regularity of this event no further mention will be given in the calendar.)
- 12—"Percy" comes to see—well, several people.
- 13—Bess Bulgin and Henrietta Lambdin, Seniors, appear in Bible I at the half-hour bell and calmly remain, thinking they are in psyc. class.
- 20—Association of Bucket Carriers organized. For further information apply to Alice Fleming and Hallie Smith.
- 24—Annual pictures made. North wind blowing, as usual, on this occasion.
- 26—Thanksgiving Day.
Juniors and Sophs discover that they have basket-ball teams.
Misses Phi and Frances entertain with dinner parties in honor of the basket-ball teams.
"Silhouira Stock Company" gives one performance of its famous vaudeville bill.
- 28—Mr. Tart borrows \$1.75. Why?—you are referred to him personally.
- 30—Margaret Anderson does not request students to remain after prayers.



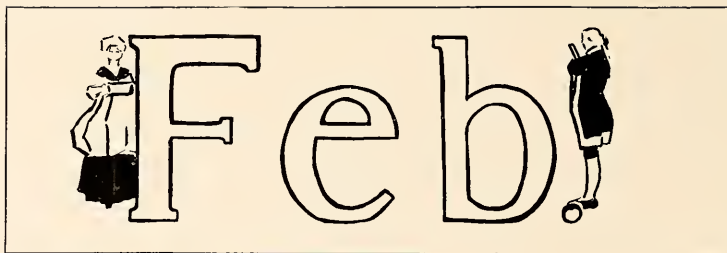
DECEMBER

- 1—Seniors celebrate "Arbor Day." Their tree was planted on the front campus while the class orchestra played soft strains. The programme was delightful. Frances Kell rendered, with charm and talent, the appropriate selection. "We're planting the tree in our school yard."
- 2—Julia Walker is alleged to have had a thought. Student body incredulous and amused.
- 4—Catherine Hay gets up, dresses, and goes to breakfast.
- 5—Biology class has received a cage of frogs to fatten.
- 7—New proctor system is working beautifully. Exec. has lost its job.
- 8—Freshman hunts diligently for a "camisole" in the chemistry supply room. Dr. Guy says he has some.
- 12—Mnemosynean Play, "Two Gentlemen from Verona."
- 13—War tax levied on cosmetics. Dr. Sweet need not be alarmed if there is a sudden epidemic of pallor.
- 15—"Spot." Louise, and Mary Helen decide that pastry is not good for the college community.
- 16—Black Mountain delegation entertains delegation from Tech. How things are changing at A. S. C.!
- 17—German Christmas party.
- 18—Grace Reid's party for Seniors.
Dinner parties in dining-rooms.
- 19—Girls entertain poor children of Atlanta.
- 21—Torn between conflicting emotions. Shall we finish our term papers, or pack?
- 22—Off for the holidays.



JANUARY

- 6—Back again. I wonder what fool it was first invented kissing?
- 7—Marion Black's ground grippers arrive.
- 8—"The get-thin" club organizes. A director for the exercises was elected for each building; they are as follows: Katherine Dubose, Maude Shute, and Dorothy Morehouse.
- 10—Who ate the candy from Home Ec. lab?
- 11—Black cat appears. Poor creature, every failure is placed at his door!
- 12—Exams begin. Considered rather a joke at the time, but (see Feb. 3).
- 13—Gloom reigns in Inman Hall—Lucile Kaye is unable to sing because of a sore throat.
- 15—Mary Kelly and Mary Helen Schneider fail to receive 'phone calls.
- 16—"A College Flirtation," intercollegiate comedy, featuring Grace Harris and Donald Frazier, boy, at the "Tunnel" to-day.
- 23—Second semester begins.
- 26—Debate question arrives.
- 27—Mme. Slifer lectures on Brioux, and is the honoree of a tea given by the French Club.
- 30—Glee Club presents Japanese operetta. "Did the girls rent those costumes?"—poor, innocent man!



FEBRUARY

- 1—M. N. A. and Martha B. have bad attacks of the convention fever.
- 2—Fire—commotion—water—wet; boy—false alarm—Stuke's new tie.
- 3—Flunk slips appear—such an innovation!
- 4—Painting day in tea room. We enjoy seeing the faculty work!
- 5—Seniors take characteristic pictures in uncharacteristic poses.
- 6—Freshmen "postphoned" their meeting.
- 7—Sign on cabinet room door reads: "Engaged till whistle."—G. D. B.
- 8—Crushes walk to town.
- 9—Catherine Parker plays tennis in academic costume.
- 10—Surprise Valentine party in Rebekah Scott. We had a "heart-y" meal.
- 12—Sigma Delta Phis entertain the other clubs at the home of Lula White.
- 13—Junior Masquerade.
- 15—Margaret Anderson, Anna Sykes, and Miss Hopkins off to another convention.



THE SILHOUETTE



Smiles

Stukes took not a look,
But grabbed it from the hook.
He went at such a rate
That he almost reached the gate
Before he stopped to think,
And then he turned all pink;
Then he wished he were a goat,
Or the bathrobe were a coat.

DR. ARM.: "In a description of a sunset what would you consider the theme, Miss Ford?"

M. F.: "Well, I should say the setting."

There's a secret in that green slip,
That only a flunk-out knows;
There's many a slip 'tween Fresh and clip,
That brings its pains and woes.

UPPER-CLASSMAN: "The sulfuric acid plant surely is disagreeable smelling."

FRESHMAN: "Yes, it is a vile-smelling weed."

On exam history map Frances West (Senior) places Warsaw in Ireland and Berlin on the Rhine.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can be as wise as they;
And departing leave behind us
Brilliant things we did not say."

DULL STUDENT: "Your explanation is just about as clear as mud."

BRIGHT ONE: "Well, that covers the ground doesn't it?"



THE SILHOUETTE



If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay,
That you would give to me, oh, little Grit,
If I should come again with thee to sit;
A table filled with William Goat,
And beans, and hash, and all such trash, on which I dote,
Then would I come a mile,
And, seeing, grow mum the while.

VISITOR: "Oh, yes, I'd know Dr. Guy was a Northerner, she has such a noticeable accent."

In Hygiene.—FRESH: "Dr. Sweet, may I pull the window down on my back?"



DID YOU EVER FEEL LIKE THIS?



THE SILHOUETTE



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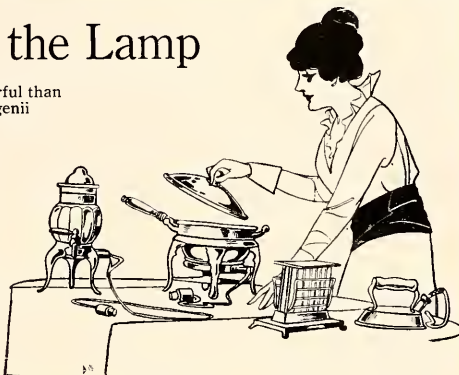
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