

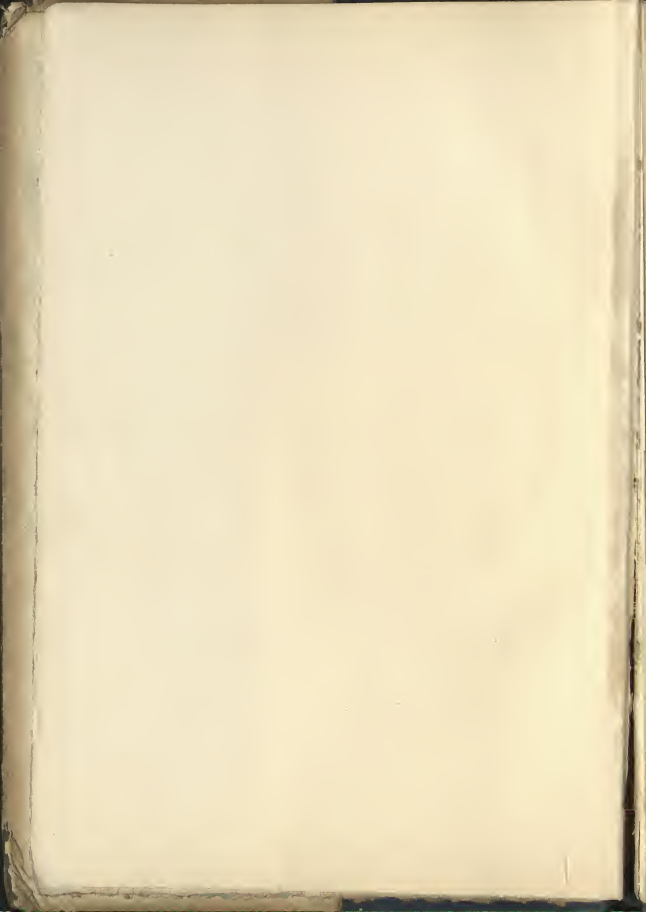


Fay Webb-

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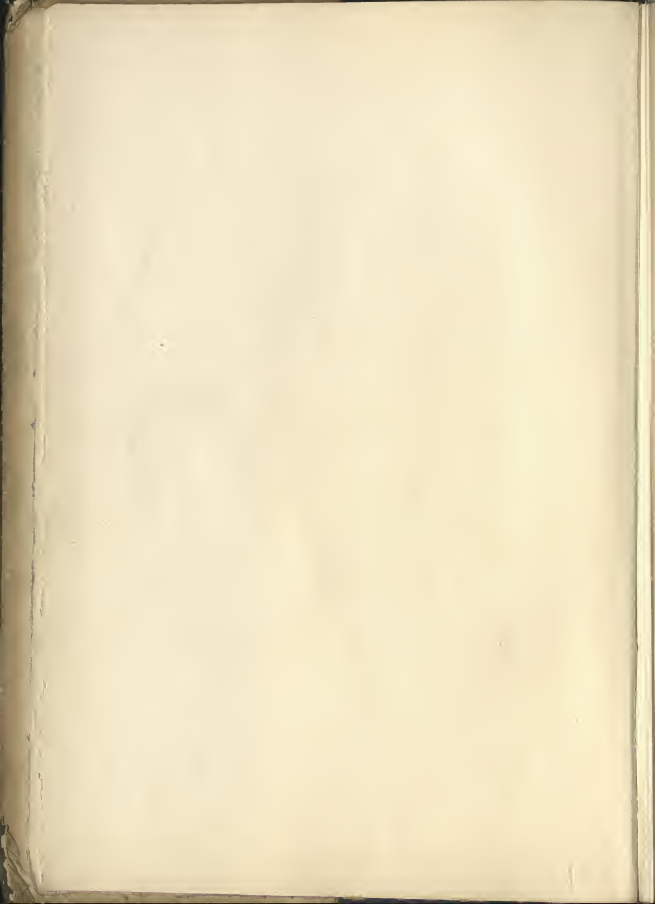
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LUCY COBB INSTITUTE. (FOUNDED 1858.) *ATHEYS, GA.*



Foreword

In presenting to the School and to its friends this seventh volume of the *NODS AND BECKS*, the editors sincerely hope that the result of their efforts will meet with the approval of the School and that critics will be lenient.

They wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to the following:

The Junior and Elective A classes.

ATLANTA—Keely Company, Maier & Berkele, Max Kutz, Davison, Paxon & Stokes, Phillips & Crew, Haynes & Mellichamp.

ATHENS—Turner & Hodgson, Marion M. Arnold, Van Straaten, Moore, H. R. Palmer & Sons, D. W. McGregor, Michael Brothers' Company, F. J. Balls, A. V. Clifton, Mutual Life Industrial Association, Athens Fruit Company, E. I. Smith, Phillips & Crew, Skalowsky, Athens R. R. Co., Mr. F. A. Lipscomb, Mr. M. A. Lipscomb.

MACON—Macon Savings Bank. E. Y. Webb,
Shelby, N. C.





Sonnet to the Magnolia



Could words unfold to any mortal ear ;
 Could brains contrive expressions fitly apt
 To stir the heart of one from knowledge bare
 Of thee, so glorious, with greenness capped ?
 No, none but one with grateful heart inflamed ;
 A Lucy girl who oft beneath thy shade
 Hath found not only welcome when she came,
 But shelter from the sun, as in some glade ;
 And comfort when nostalgia made its raid.
 Ah, it was thou the first attention bade.
 Alas ! I feel what I can ne'er express,
 And it is now to me a great distress !
 If I but had the poet's gift to sing,
 To thee my greatest tribute now I'd bring.



To thee my greatest tribute now I'd bring.

E. W.



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To Miss Elizabeth J. Watt

To one who has been to us a patient teacher, kind and loving friend, sympathetic comforter, and a source of inspiration and courage, urging us to higher and nobler aspirations, we lovingly dedicate this edition of **NONS AND BECKS.**



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Assistant Business Manager

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Art Editor

DOROTHY AMES

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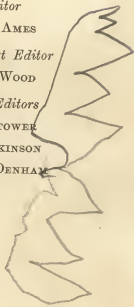
AUGUSTA WOOD

Associate Editors

IDA HIGHTOWER

ADAIE WILKINSON

ELIZABETH DENHAM





Catherine



Augusta



E. W. Darnum



Dorothy



Emma



Frank



Gladys



Norman

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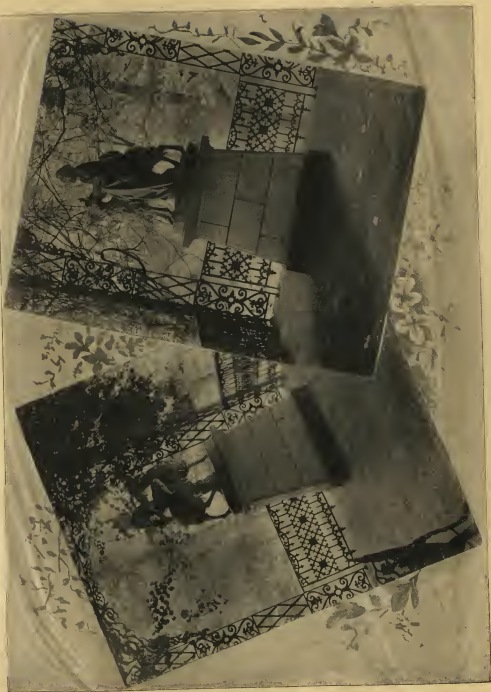
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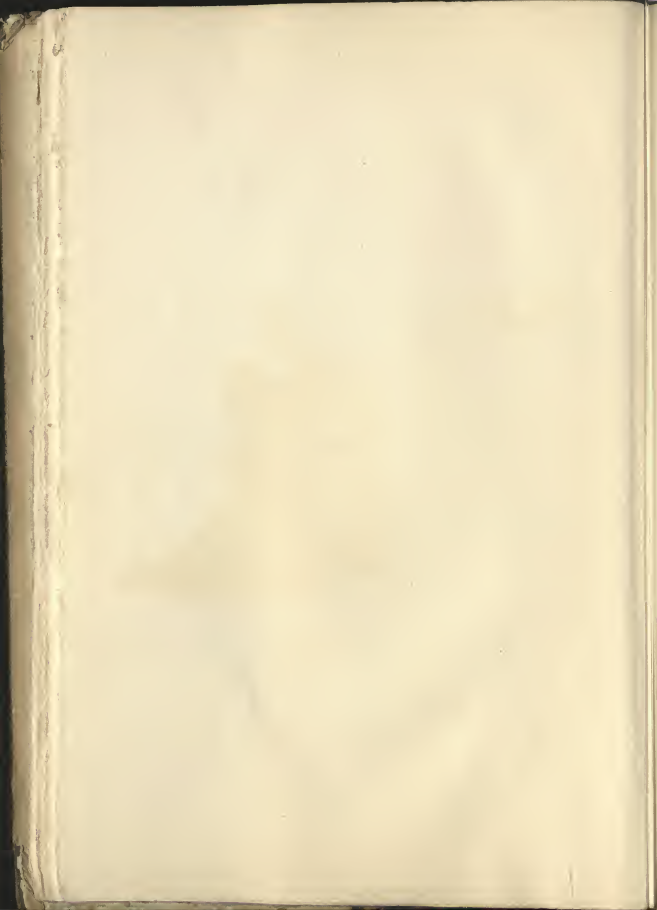
SENEY-STOVALL CHAPEL.



MARGARET HALL AND DOWNING WAY.



LUCY COBB GOATS.



SENIOR.





SALLIE HULL.
 "The world must have great
 minds, even as great spheres,
 suns."



ANNIE BERNARD
 "Thy modesty is a candle to
 thy merit."



ELIZABETH WILLIS
 "Send thy serious hearing to
 what I shall unfold."



SADIE NOLAND
 "Whose little body lodged a
 mighty mind."



MARY LOU BERKELEY.
 "True as the dial to the sun,
 Though it be not shined upon."



ANNIE MAY HOLLIDAY.
 "Of manners gentle, of affec-
 tions mild."



ADAIR WILKINSON

"My face
 is my for-
 tune, sir,
 she said."



RUTH SCOTT.
 "Is she not passing fair."



E. M. Wood

C. M. Wood

A. B. Wood

S. M. Wood

M. S. Wood

M. S. Wood

S. M. Wood

S. M. Wood

Ruth Scott

SENIOR CLASS

COLORS: *Violet and white*

FLOWER: *Violet*

MOTTO: *"Build thee more stately mansion, oh my soul"*

Officers

SALLY HULL	President
ELIZABETH WILLIS	Vice-President
ADAIR WILKINSON	Secretary
SADIE NOLAND	Poet
RUTH SCOTT	Historian
MARY LOU BERKELEY	Prophet

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ANNIE MAY HOLIDAY	ANNIE BERNARD
SALLY HULL	ELIZABETH WILLIS
SADIE NOLAND	ADAIR WILKINSON
ISABELLE THOMAS*	VERNAL GRIGGS*

*Withdrawn

History of Class of '05

Four long years ago, we as Freshmen first heard
"That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the Lucy bell."

We were care-free, joyous, and merry, with never a thought of the difficult tasks before us; but e'er long how we sighed to be gay, careless Sophomores. A year later we found, to our sorrow, that the seemingly gay and happy life of a Sophomore was but one long dreary grind. Another year passed and as Juniors we waded successfully through themes, trigonometry, chemistry, and Latin.

And now we are Seniors, the days of "pigtales" are passed and we scorn even the suggestion of one, while some of us on state occasions proudly boast a "train." Why, even Miss Watt calls us "ladies" now, except when in a moment of forgetfulness and excitement she lapses into the familiar name of "babies."

Sally has ever been the genius of the class. In her Freshman year she was known as the "very freshest Freshman," and as the years rolled on

"Still the wonder grew,
How one poor head could carry all she knew."

Elizabeth knows it all and what *she* doesn't know isn't *worth* knowing. She can translate Latin backwards, knows French and English "more better" than anyone, can reason more logically than Prof. Jevons himself, knows all about Ethics, the science of the ideal in conduct, and what is better lives up to that ideal; is more familiar with the heavens than with the earth; and as to Psychology—why, she can even say things that are not in the book, while she and Miss Rosa are rival teachers of that difficult science which to all other Seniors consists of mere "illusions."

I suppose everyone knows as much about Sadie as I do, for she is one of our "Southern poets" who is just rising into fame and glory. Though our tiniest class-mate, she is by far the most brilliant one in that respect.

But for Annie we would often give up in despair, for she always looks on the bright side and has an unfaltering trust in the ability of the Seniors to accomplish anything they undertake.

Annie May is our artist, the only one we can boast, and for that reason we are all the more proud of her.

Isabella is our society girl, and is exceedingly fond of "dancing."

But what shall I say of Adair, the modest Senior who declares that "no men are desirable?" Why I am sure there is no one so rash as to assert that our Adair is not desirable. (Isabella says she knows one who would not.)

With dignity all unassumed is Mary Lou endowed, and but for her the Seniors would often be in danger of losing their reputation, for she is the only one of us who does not invariably "giggle" at the wrong time and in the wrong place.

We are stately Seniors and have troubles still, but we're sure when at last we have reached the goal (or in other words, have received our "dips.") all will say,

"Wisdom appears in many a dress,
In many a guise is she found,
But she's ne'er so bewitching
Nor half so sparkling
As when hid 'neath a cap and gown."



Senior Prophecy

It chanced on a delightful summer day, while walking leisurely through a quiet woods, I suddenly saw ahead of me a figure, robed in black. What was my astonishment when I saw her beckon me towards her. My curiosity getting the better of me, I followed. She led me on and on deeper into the woods and finally appeared a small, mysterious-looking house built of stone. Taking a key from her pocket, the old woman unlocked the door and led the way into a narrow hall, at the end of which hung a heavy black curtain. Brushing this aside, we entered a dark room where everything was invisible. At a few magic words a soft light spread over the room. Surrounding us on all sides were heavy black curtains, and the only furniture was a small altar in the middle of the room.

At this moment the old woman said: "I have brought you here to show you what the different members of your class of 1905 are doing." So delighted was I that I could hardly express my joy.

She drew from behind the altar two golden vessels and from the first she took a handful of powder and sprinkled it over the altar. Another from the other vessel she sprinkled on the first, all the time pronouncing mysterious incantations. Instantly a bright red flame shot into the air, assuming an oval shape.

In the midst of this several moving figures appeared, which slowly took definite form. First, I saw a large magnolia tree and then the building of Lucy Cobb. On the steps was someone who was lifting a warning finger towards some mischievous but indiscreet young girls who were too much interested in some friends passing by. What was my surprise to behold the well-known figure of our President, now the dearly beloved Principal of Lucy Cobb.

The picture disappeared and immediately in its place sprang a little volume. On its blue covering were dis-

tinguished in golden lettering these words: "Poems, by Sarah Louise Noland." And so Sadie has become a great poet as we all thought she would, because she gave such rich promise in her school-days.

Next, I saw the beautiful land of Florida. People were gathered to see the eclipse of the sun in 1918, which was visible in that part of the country. Among the crowd I spied the smiling face of Adair Wilkinson, who seemed supremely happy, and we can well imagine why.

Then came a large drawing-room, where many groups of people were waiting to hear the noted singer of the time. There was a pause and ere long I saw the graceful figure of Isabella. But this was no surprise, for at school I had often heard how well she sang, and knew that some day she must rise to great fame.

Next appeared a Chinese village, and in front of a queer little house I could distinguish the features of Annie. It was strange to see her among such unfamiliar surroundings, looking so happy and well-pleased. The news of her marvelous work as a missionary had come to me, and her fame had now become world-wide.

The scene changed to a ward in one of the largest hospitals in New York. I recognized in the figure before me, Ruth, bending over one of the small white beds; with the tender care of a skillful hand she was soothing the restless sufferer. She was the same old Ruth of my school-days in spite of her white apron and cap.

After a few moments I saw Annie May, married to a doctor, and she was a wonderful helpmate in his work. Everyone in the neighborhood called on her for advice. Did we ever anticipate this?

Then came our Elizabeth with a laurel wreath upon her brow, the emblem of her literary success as editor of a famous magazine. At school I used to think she would make a name for herself some day.

Last of all there arose before me a dim picture. At first I could not understand what it was, but soon it

assumed the shape of a large arm-chair. On the floor by it was a gray figure which slowly took the form of a cat. There was a table nearby on which were a pair of spectacles and some knitting needles. Alas! I could not but recognize *my* doom as an old maid. Surely, is this what *I* am destined to be?



Senior Class Poem

A nobler theme could ne'er inspire
Poet's pen or singer's lyre;
Nor e'er did music lend a note
To thrill the words of those who wrote
To subject half so fair.

Then, Muse, lend thou a cadence sweet,
That I may tell in measured beat,
What greatest minds and men of old
Would thought it glory to unfold—
A tale of beauty mine.

For e'er before in blackest night
Of ignorance, the stars most bright
Have risen one by one; few more
Have shed at once their radiance o'er
The darkness reigning there.

But lo, a change, for now we see
A wonder in the heavens to be;
Just across the lettered skies
Behold a constellation rise,
Whose glowing lights are nine.

'Twill take no mental telescope
Their glories to reveal, I hope;
For if you read Miss Rosa's mind,
The glories of each star you'll find—
And "alpha" is Adair.

Now fame at last means labor first,
And those are best who've conquered worst
And hardest toil; the sweetest gain
Is victory won thro' hardship's pain,
And crowned at Duty's shrine.

The enemy in college strife
Is dreaded Themes; Oh, death in life
To write a theme; 'tis sorrow's own,
A synonym for sigh and groan—
The herald of despair.

But Themes, I know Miss Maud will say,
Like sorrows, come not every day;
We have our French in which the truth
Shows what we know so well, in Ruth
All lovely traits combine.

“There's nothing great in man but mind,”
So Logic says, and yet we find
That science twists our thoughts about,
And does its best to make us doubt
That any reason's there.

Our “a's,” “all Senior hearts are light”;
Our “e,” “no Senior brains not bright”;
Our “singular” will always be
To Annie, for it is, you see,
“She's fairest of the nine.”

“Psyche,” as you understand,
Means soul; and mind is grand,
Thus Logic says; and yet the two
Joined as Psychology, to you
Make mind and soul nowhere.

This science says there lies beyond
A moment's consciousness no bond
To aught immortal; yet not so—
Love lives; for Annie May 'twill glow
Unchanged from eight of nine.

Our Horace is a dear old friend
Of former days; who joy did lend

As well as pain; and he is yet
One whom we never shall forget—
With him can none compare.

To Plautus ever fame, for we
Have known what merry times can be,
Have heard Miss Watt his pages read;
Of "Baby tripped" we've had no need,
But "bene," that is fine.

We've formed a joyous, happy band,
And loyal to each other stand,
We always would; and proud were we
In hearing from each "him," that he
Loved Isabelle the fair.

Now resurrected to our sight
The Blue Back Speller's come to light,
And Seniors sure can read and spell
And truly write amazing well,
And every word define.

For Literature we have a zest,
And why we like it, you'll know best
Then when I say Miss Millie's taught
Its truths, with many an added thought
For us—her special care.

Our Senior class, in numbers small,
Is more in quality than all;
For purity exemplified,
And dignity personified,
In Mary Lou combine.

Now though of French girls, only three
Are from our class; yet can there be
A study more to captivate,
Or teacher more to fascinate—
A combination rare.

To love with all our hearts Miss May,
Is never in the world to say
The same for Analytics; yet
Elizabeth all sums could get—
She's bright, this one of nine.

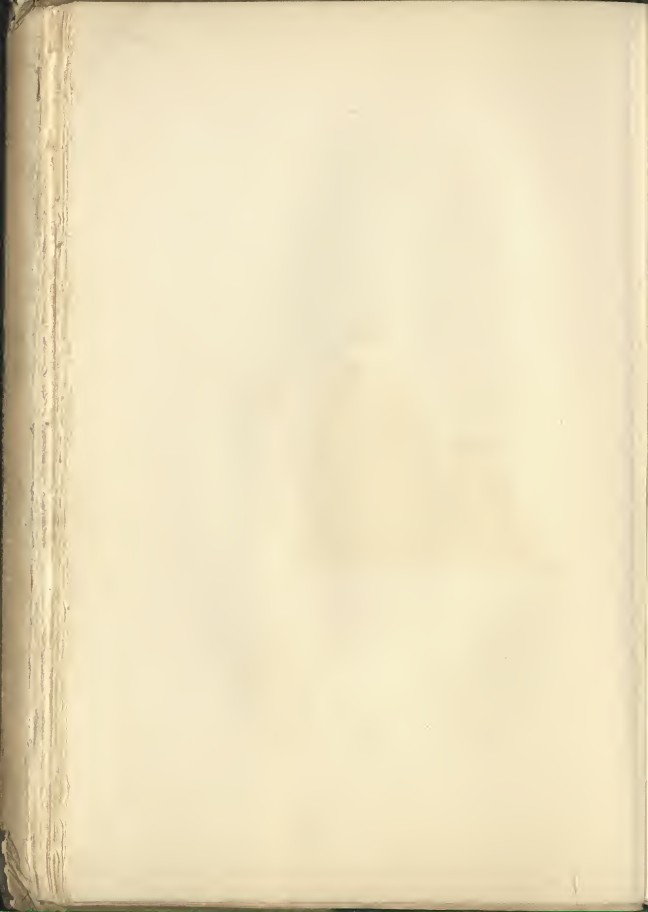
But hear—a wonder I unfold
With pride, what none could e'er have told
In former years; our record's known,
Not one demerit will be shown
For us recorded there.

From this, a model class we seem,
And we are good as some may deem
It well; and yet, of us there's one,
Our Sallie, who has equal none,
Best loved of all the nine.

What one of us can e'er forget,
The days when we together met
In college walls? What memory found
More dear, than that one clinging round
Mrs. Lipscomb's watchful care?

But when to all we bid farewell,
'This only future years can tell,
And prove that in life's so sweet
As when young hearts in friendship meet
And 'bout each other twine.





ELEC. B.





ALICE NEWTON.
 "Oh, who does know the
 bent of woman's fantasy."



NELL GROSS.
 "To see her is to love her,
 And love but her forever."



MABEL MITCHELL.
 "Too much study is a weariness
 of the flesh."



FAY WEBB.
 "Whatever she did, was done
 with so much ease—
 In her alone 'twas natural to
 please."



ELIZABETH BROWN.
 "Wise to resolve and patient
 to perform."



EFFIE THOMPSON.
 "Magnificent spectacle of hu-
 man happiness."



AUGUSTA WOOD.
 "There is none like her, none,
 Nor will be when our summers
 have deceased."



DAISY KIMBALL.
 "Restless ambition, never at
 a stand."



SUSIE BUTLER.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman



NORMA WRIGHT.

"If to her share some errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.



MAY THOMASON.

"Bright as the sun her eyes
the gazers strike;
And, like the sun, they shine on
all alike."



BOLLING PHINIZY.

"The wisdom of many, and
the wit of one."



HELEN BAGLEY.

"Can there be so fair a compound creature formed of common clay?"



IDA HIGHTOWER.

"Rare compound of oddity,
frolic and fun,
To relish a joke, and laugh
at a pun."

ELECTIVE B. CLASS

COLORS: *Blue and gold* FLOWER: *Forget-me-not*

MOTTO: "*Esse non videri*"

Officers

ISABELLE FLEMING	President
HELEN BAGLEY	Vice-President
BOLLING PHINIZY	Secretary-Treas
ELIZABETH DENHAM	Poet
FAY WEBB	Historian
NORMA WRIGHT	Prophet

Members

HELEN BAGLEY	ALBERTA RANKIN*
ISABEL FLEMING†	AUGUSTA WOOD
BOLLING PHINIZY	ALICE NEWTON
NELL GROSS	ANNE PHINIZY*
ANNIE LAURIE ADAMS*	EFFIE THOMPSON
BERTHA THOMAS*	MAY THOMASON
ELIZABETH DENHAM*	MABLE MITCHELL
ELIZABETH BROWN	NELLIE COXON*
SUSIE BUTLER	ROSE KALBFLEISCH*†
BESSIE ALLEN*	IDA HIGHTOWER
NORMA WRIGHT	ISABELLE BATTLE*†
FAY WEBB	DAISY KIMBALL

†Withdrawn *Specials

三



Mary

John

Effie

Charles

Alice

Susan

William

Helen

John

John

Mary

Mary

Mary

August

History of Elective B. Class

To me has fallen the lot of chronicling the deeds and happenings of the illustrious Elective B. Class of '05, and so unique have been its many experiences, and so brilliant its achievements, that I tremble lest I leave out some of its glorious records.

In September, 1902, many winsome girls of every size and shape, might have been seen darting here and there under the famous "Maggie," which marks the dead line of the campus.

Immediately upon their arrival, as though the fickle year had suddenly decided to return from autumn to summer, everything wore a green aspect. But even as the leaves of the forest gradually lose their greenness, so with time the class of naughty-two became less and less green. Soon we came to realize that all things were the growth of time and having successfully completed the revolutions of our wheel of fate, it brought us to the realization of our hopes.

I would not by any means be personal, but let me enumerate a few characteristics of the members of our honored class.

First which comes to my mind is our ever-faithful and beloved President, Isabelle. Even Washington himself could not have surpassed her in the execution of her numerous duties and helpful suggestions. However, with this reputation, we were surprised to hear one day, that she had been accused by the Civics Class of a robbery on the Athens Savings Bank, but joy came to our hearts when we heard the decision of Judge Phinizy, "not guilty."

Next in thought comes our severe, strict and unrelenting Vice-President, Helen, who by her wonderful powers of oratory brings terror to our hearts, but, by her persuasive language forces us to acquiesce in her suggestions.

There are Susie Butler and Elizabeth Brown. No two girls ever had such mild, sweet ways, but when a

case of argument arises, their eloquence, like that of Demosthenes, sweeps all before it.

Nell Gross and Norma Wright, in violation of the Star Roll rules, go to walk every afternoon when the last University chapel bell rings. Even on the hottest days they are seen strolling down "sonny" way, which they seem to think preferable to the shady Milledge Avenue. As Nell's "Byrd" has flown away, Norma tries to comfort her by repeating some of the numerous love ditties caroled by her favorite songster.

Ida Hightower, who is never known to be excited or to blush during a recitation (?), is one of our most bewitching members. She tells *all* with her eyes.

The lights of our class are Daisy and Mable, from whose glorious heads streams of radiance are sent forth. Even Miss Rosa is astounded by Daisy's skillful discussion of "Ideal Suggestions and Mental Therapeutics."

Bolling Phinizy, our efficient secretary whose lengthy minutes (?) take up so much time of our class-meeting, is our chief musician. Surely there was never one so gifted as she. When her fingers touch the keys even the birds pause in their flight.

Alice and Effie, always linked together in the classroom, yet who have an individuality of their own, possess that mysterious ability of transferring their thought by mental telepathy, when either hesitates in a recitation.

Mae Thomason, who tenaciously adheres to her theory "that a circle is round," is contemplating instructing a class, so that these theories will live after her and enjoy as long a reputation as Kepler's.

Last but not least, our regular Elective B list ends with Augusta Wood. She has that wonderful gift of inventing as she goes and often saves by this train of thought (?) many a trembling girl who fears her name comes next and is not so gifted in the art as she.

Before closing our annals, we must not forget to mention our Specials who meet with us and add quite

a charm. The remark has been made that they are more in quality than in quantity and certainly this is a just criticism. Who does not know that the concentration of one's cognitive consciousness results in the extension of cognition? That is exactly why they are specializing, for each has been endowed with some particular talent and by making credible use of this, they deserve more honor than by doing many things unworthily.

There's Annie Laura Adams and Bertha Thomas, the best of friends. They are making a speciality of art, and, in years to come, we will see their pictures placed side by side with Abbey's.

Anne and Alberta have been cultivating the most beautiful of all voices. Alberta's has reached such perfection that Miss Purucker advised her to stop, while Anne still thinks that she might gain some helpful lessons from Madame Marchesi, and is making preparation to go abroad at once.

Bessie Allen, Rose Kalbfleisch, and Nellie Coxon are doing wonders with their piano work. Paderewski should be glad that he toured America before these three geniuses started forth on their career.

And now comes our class poet, Elizabeth Denham Surely a better poem was never written, and, were I a prophet, I could foresee many poems immortalizing her native State, Florida.

With this reference to our Specials, who some day will burst forth on the world as virtuosi, (then we'll be obliged to admit that there was a method in their particular madness), our history must come to a close. Before we stop, let's give a toast to our Alma Mater. Our last year is our best. The dear old mother has renewed her youth. So here's to many other happy years and a good-bye.



Jay Webb
Historian

Elective B. Poem

Tell me not in mournful numbers
School is but a daily drudge.
Every girl who says this slumbers,
Could our class but be her judge.

School is life, and life in earnest;
Graduation's not its goal;
To heaven at last our thoughts it turneth,
Where the tale of life is told.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Has been our lot at L. C. I.
We have learned that each to-morrow
Brings them both, our hearts to try.

Time is long, but school-days fleeting,
And our class of 1905,
Soon will leave this dear old building,
Where we struggled, smiled, and sighed.

In the world's broad field of battle,
We are soon to take our stand.
Prophet and historian tell us,
What the future has in hand.

What a joy it holds for Ida;
What a name renowned for Fay;
Who in life will walk beside her
'Long its dark, uncertain way.

How many'll be the manly hearts
Fair Bolling will captive take.
With her beauty, Cupid's darts
Fatal wounds will doubtless make.

Helen, Norma, and Alberta,
Glory to our class will bring;
Such eloquence in the art of speaking—
All the world with praise will ring!

Nell and Anne! What matchless wonders
May we not expect from them?
With their beauty, wit, and wisdom,
Woe to him they may condemn!

Bertha, May and Annie Laurie—
Three fair rosebuds, bright, petite;
Fragrant be their lives in future,
With many a blossom, fair and sweet.

Susie, Bessie, Blanche, Augusta,
Elizabeth, and Mable, too,
Each will add her share of glory
To what our class in life will do.

Daisy, Alice, Effie Thompson,
Students they of classic lore.
Deep they've delved in pond'rous volumes,
Conning Civics o'er and o'er.

Now, our President, not least, though last,
Isabelle, the fair, the sweet.
Dear she is to every heart,
Always just, always discreet.

Our prophet tells the charming story
Of what the future holds for you.
I simply sing the love I bear
The dear old colors—gold and blue.

May the blue remind you daily
Of a love that ne'er grows cold.
May the yellow bring you mem'ries,
Friendship's bond that ne'er grows old.



Elective B. Prophecy

Hurrah! A capital idea, I thought as I picked up a paper and read the following advertisement: "Leo, the great astrologer, reveals the future of man and beast." Instead of dreaming a marvelous dream or vainly searching for the proverbial witch, I will have the wonderful Leo to solve my problem. Atlas felt no greater relief when he threw the earth off his shoulders than I in placing this, my laborious task, in the able hands of Leo. I can never sing too highly the praises of this renowned magician.

Ten days later I met the postman scowling under the weight of an enormous bundle of letters. One glance was sufficient to decipher the reason why, Leo had responded nobly! In almost feverish haste I opened the first bulky envelope. Glorious! He took the greatest pains and accuracy in describing the future of each member of my class, and this is what he revealed to me:

Six years from now, our charming and respected President, Isabelle, whose ambition was always to be a Bertha Kunz Baker, will be touring through the United States, and meeting with a success that shall have no equal.

Out from Bogart there lives on a five-acre farm two old maid sisters; the one is especially fond of cats; the other of raising chickens to sell. What is my surprise when on reading a little further, I found that these were none other than our charming and bewitching members, Anne and Bolline.

Our quaint and timid Helen has married a man of considerable wealth, and is one of the leaders of society in the great city of New York, but I fear we shall soon hear of her being a grass widow, for she loves the men as a whole too much to cling to any particular one.

Elizabeth, Susie and Augusta have done our class honor in being admitted to the bar. My! What capable lawyers they make, and they look back on the dear

old Lucy days in the Civics class of 1905 with much appreciation and indebtedness, for they know that the foundation of all their knowledge was laid in this class.

In Atlanta there is a great deal of excitement created by the publication of a book of poems which excel those of Tennyson, Longfellow, Keats and all. People rush in perfect mobs to the doors of the bookstores, to secure copies of these wonderfully beautiful poems. So you see to what a height our poetess, Elizabeth Denham, has attained.

On the banks of the Hudson there stand two magnificent palaces, the most beautiful in the country. They are the property of twin brothers. Whom do you suppose are the mistresses of these mansions? Our two Atlanta belles, Ida and Alberta.

Nell Gross, one of our most attractive girls, who was always in a whirl, never being able to decide whether she preferred to become a "Byrd" or go West, finally determined to enjoy a life of single blessedness, and she may be observed any day tramping from house to house in the streets of Chicago trying to sell books for her living.

The musicians of our class, Nellie Coxon and Bessie Allen, have made a great hit behind the foot-lights in Europe. We should be proud of two such accomplished members.

But surely this remarkable class of ours is not without a songster, I thought, as I read. I had not gone much further when I saw: "A second Florence Nightingale! The city of Paris is wild over the new prima donna, whose wonderful voice and matchless beauty have entranced the world!" Who can it be, I wondered. Not long was I left in doubt, for the very next paragraph gave the name of the great singer. It was Fay, Fay Webb, our friend and class-mate.

There was a woman's convention held in Atlanta which was widely advertised for having secured the presence of two great speakers, the greatest and most

enthusiastic the world had ever introduced. The one spoke on "Woman's Rights"; the other on that vexing problem of "Servants." Who were they? Why, Annie Laurie and Bertha, of course.

You will not be surprised to hear that May, Effie, and Mable, who were noted of old for their great knowledge, have established a select school for young ladies in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and they are devoting their lives to the instruction of the youth of the land. A noble life-work.

The futures of Daisy and Alice alone remained to be revealed. Eagerly I read the prophetic words. Two new stars will appear in the literary firmament, and by their lustre put all others to shame. "Essays and Treatises on the Sciences," by Alice Newton and Daisy Kimball, and such works flow from their fertile brains in such profusion that the world holds its breath.

Were there many more such classes in the land as this band of ours, what a glorious and prosperous world this would be.



JUNIOR.



JUNIOR CLASS

COLORS: *Green and white* FLOWER: *White Carnation*

MOTTO: "*Aim high and believe yourself capable of great things*"

Officers

MAY HARBIN	President
MARY WADLEY	Vice-President
JESSIE MCGREGOR	Secretary-Treasurer
ELEANOR YOUNG	Poet
HELEN BARKSDALE	Historian

Members

LINDA FELKER*	JESSIE MCGREGOR*
NETTYLE WILLIAMS*	MIRIAM POPE
MAY HARBIN	HELEN BARKSDALE
ELEANOR YOUNG	FRANCES CHENEY
MARTHA HILL*	WILLIE SCOTT SORRELL
MARY HARPER	MILDRED WOOLEY
MARY WADLEY	MARY WOODS
KATHLEEN JONES	ELLICE WOODS
VERTNA PATMAN	LOUISE McMULLAN
ELIZABETH EPPS	LENA BRIGHTWELL

*Irregular



History of the Junior Class

No girl were ever so unfortunate as I. Here, left alone, the others on their homeward way, I must stay until to-morrow, with nothing to do, and all because I missed my train.

Down-stairs and through the hall I went to see if my trunk had been taken to the station. On the way I stopped before the half-opened door of a tiny room known as the Annex. Looking in, a tumbled pile of books heaped up before the rusty stove first attracted my attention. Round the floor and in the corners were scattered broken crackers, olive bottles, sardine-cans, and hunks of cake. The disorder brought to mind the Junior feast of the night before.

Every Junior was there, when, just as all was in readiness, Mrs. Lipscomb was heard coming slowly but surely down the steps. The books, which had been brought to be burned, then cake, the pickles, the sandwiches, all were forgotten in the helter skelter to get up the other stairs and to the rooms before Mrs. Lipscomb reached the Annex.

Poor Louise was too slow; there was no escape for her farther than into the hall, where, when the Principal came up, she suddenly remembered she had come down-stairs for a drink of water.

No one had been in the room since last night; everything lay just as it had been left. Thinking probably some amusement might be obtained, I sat down and looked through the top book of the pile. It was Mary's Trigonometry. There was not a single clean margin in it. On this page was written:

"Oh! Mildred, do look at Miss May. Isn't she grand?"

"Yes, but er—er—er Mary, how do you do this Chem.? I verily believe Miss Rosa will give us so many experiments that we won't have enough letters to use, and will have to start with a'."

"Milly, look—." Here the page was torn, so I picked up another book. It was Linda's Literature. Its pages bore the same scars as Mary's Trig., though most of the notes were to Martha about some "grand"—she had seen at Vespers. "He, —" the rest of Martha's answer was too blurred to read. Dear old Martha, our tall girl, who hates to rise in class-meeting because she feels she towers so high above everyone else.

I next turn to Lena's Chemistry. Below it lies Elizabeth's, Vertna's and Mary Harper's, also Nettyle's, which is marked up through only the first half. These are so scribbled with formulas, reactions and various other things that the mysterious atmosphere round that back bench in the Laboratory is slightly cleared.

Marvelous! Here is a book without a spot or blemish. What does it mean? There are only two classes of girls that have such books. The class which never opens them, and that who is filled with wonderous wisdom. This one is Eleanor's, the prodigy of the class.

As my eyes fall on a Cicero, I think of the two Woods girls—the kindest physicians to those distressed mortals suffering from Latin or Trigonometry.

Kathleen's and Willie Scott's books are together. Natural, indeed, for their owners are such chums. The pencil marks were all about—, but never mind, no tales out of school—Willie Scott lives next door to a chapter house.

Hurrah! Louise's Livy! How eagerly she devoured those pages! Little wonder, though, since Louise approves so heartily of studying languages. Why, she advocates learning Greek, to be able to understand the names of the different "Trats."

Here is a French book; inside is Frances' name. Surely the book could not be as great a favorite as its owner, or it would not have been left.

At last, an English book! I was beginning to think all the girls had carried their Hill's Rhetoric home with their most precious treasures. This is Jessie's, one of

our star theme writers. As I lift it, a Livy falls to the floor—Miriam's, of course. The Latin book was in the embrace of the English, just as these two girls are so often seen—these two best of friends, and members that add much glory to the class of '06.

Whose dilapidated volume here, at the very bottom? Our President's. May is a leader, full of fun out of school, but dignity itself in the class-room. Without her we would be like a body without a head.

The Junior Class is a great one. Taking it all in all, I shall never look upon its like again. Leaving the room, the thought of what a glorious future awaits that dear old class comes to me. As though looking into a magic mirror, I see twenty girls holding in their hands those well-deserved diplomas. Above their heads floats a banner on which is emblazoned, "Aim high and believe yourself capable of great things."

HELEN BARKSDALE.



The Junior Motto

(Aim high and believe yourself capable of great things.)

I.

Victory flew to earth the other night
Enwreathed in smiles and clothed in garments white;
And where you ask, did victory alight?
She visited a class whose record fair
Well warranted that she should visit there.

You guess, the Juniors!

II.

Our achievements did not far surpass the rest;
We only strove that we should do the best,
And in this striving we were truly blest.
I'll tell you of the battles that we won
Before successfully our course was run—

The hard, hard course of Juniors.

III.

Much love of mischief in the Class was rife,
'Twas conquered by some weary days of strife;
Should one be censured for too much of life?

I fear we can—the Juniors.

At last 'twas done, our victory complete,
Each girl sat silently within her seat.

IV.

But soon were other battles we should fight,
In aiming high and standing for the right,
In reaching ever towards a brighter light;
The conquering of love of sluggish leisure,
The yielding ours to another's pleasure.

We once were selfish Juniors.

V.

We once to teachers too were almost rude,
When in unkind or irritable mood.

'Tis different now. We listen with attention most profound,

Nor rudely do we gaze and gaze around
In idleness, but listen to the sound

Of teacher's patient voice.

VI.

But still o'er us false anger held its sway,
And ruled our wills unknown from day to day.
We won in this, then forward to new fields;
Each obstacle unto the Juniors yields,
As every Junior, like a sovereign, wields
The Junior motto.

VII.

Aim high, O Class, yea high and ever higher,
Burning, all shining, with ambition's fire.
Then each will feel her task accomplished best,
When every task she enters on with zest,
And all will then have gained a needed rest.
So Juniors, onward!



Thoughts on the Class Ring

I.

It is only a simple band of gold
Which clasps the finger fast,
Yet truths within truths does the ring enfold,
Truths that will always last.
And you see in its form the symbol appears
Of unity-love which will grow with the years,
Binding heart within heart.

II.

Upon its surface in numbers most bright
Is engraved the Junior year,
Which Juniors ne'er see without feeling delight,
For the Class to each one is most dear
Nor can we forget while this gold band we wear
That our love for our class-mates is symbolized there,
Though all may be far apart.



ELEC. A.

Elective A. Class

COLORS: *Yellow and white* FLOWER: *Daisy*

MOTTO: *"Though crushed to earth, we will rise
again."*

Officers

EMMA IRVIN	President.
SALLIE COBB JOHNSON	Vice-President.
SALLIE LEONARD	Treasurer & Sec. Secretary.
SARAH McELMURRAY	Poet.
BESSIE WILSON	Prophet.
CHRISTINE COLE	Historian.

Members

EMMA IRVINE	MARY LOU FULLER
SALLIE COBB JOHNSON	RICHMOND WALTON
SALLIE LEONARD	ANNA LOU NISBET
SARAH McELMURRAY	CARRYE POU
BESSIE WILSON.	KATIE MAE WILLIAMS
CHRISTINE COLE	ESTELLE STRICKLAND
ANNA BRYAN	PAULINE BURNS
LOUISE LAMAR.	SUDIE WARNOCK .
KATHLEEN McGREGOR	WILLIE JOE WRIGHT
EULA WILLINGHAM	ANNIE TARVER.
KATE ELLIS	JANIE MILLER
MARY JERGER	BLANCHE HAWKINS
MARJORIE LOCKWOOD	PEARL NEWTON
KATE RUCKER	MARY POWELL
WINNIE BELL	EUGENIA LAWRENCE
SARAH HAMILTON	ESTELLE YOUNG
JULIA WALDON	

Elective A. Class Poem

I.

Here's to our Class; what class do you say?
Why, of course, we mean the Elective A.
We are bright and gay and brimming with fun,
The merriest girls under the sun.

II.

All think us bad, but what's in a name?
To judge us so, don't you think it's a shame?
When we can't help being mischievous some,
Or often chewing forbidden gum.

III.

They say we are mean—and that's not true,
As our numbers are large—our hearts are too.
And this is a fact, don't you forget,
The Elective A is the best class yet.

IV.

So here's to the days of school-day joy,
And here's to the bond that naught can destroy;
Here's to Old Lucy's every hall,
And here's to our Class, the best of all.

Elective A. Class Prophecy

What a hard life is that of a book agent! One meets with the most irritating and unpleasant people. Yet it has its pleasant features also, for you learn to know human nature as you would in no other way, and then how nice it is to meet your old class-mates again, whom perhaps you have never seen since those happy college days.

One summer many years after 1905, I spent going from house to house in my vain attempts to sell some dull, tiresome old books.

As I sat one day on the cool, shady vine-covered veranda of the Methodist minister waiting to speak to his wife, my eyes fell on the latest newspaper. There was a picture of a famous speaker on "Woman's Rights," also an account of the thousands of people she had impressed with her speeches. There was something strangely familiar about this face. Where had I seen it before? As I gazed, it suddenly dawned upon me that this was the attractive face of our dear President, Anna Bryan. While I was still looking at the picture, the wife of the Methodist minister came out and met me with a sweet, gentle manner. Her bright face showed that she was an earnest, Christian woman. Immediately I recognized our other President, Emma Irvin.

Next I visited Macon and wondered if I should find any dear old Elective A's here. Yes, for as I was wondering, a victoria passed, drawn by two thoroughbred horses. In it was an elegantly dressed woman, talking animatedly to a distinguished old man, who seemed to hang on every word she uttered. Could this be—yes, it was Kate Ellis.

Then as one night I passed a large, brilliantly lighted house I glanced in the windows. Gathered together in a long hall were many little children, eagerly watching their dancing teacher. Although beginning to turn

gray, this old woman glides to and fro with the most graceful movements. As she turns around my eye falls on the face of Mary Powell, the best dancer at Lucy Cobb in 1905.

Sallie Leonard, our French scholar, now occupies the chair of that language at Lucy Cobb. Now you know how she pored over that French book during her school days, and I predicted that soon she would be the author of many text-books.

Haven't you very often heard Sarah McElmurray say she would never marry a man who had red hair, a mustache and wore spectacles? Well, then, imagine my surprise when I found her living in a mansion in New York with her husband who was the possessor of each of these adornments.

I am sure you will not be surprised when I tell you that Pauline Burns developed into a professional shopper, who took the orders and did the buying for the girls of a large boarding school. Did Pauline ever let a Saturday at Lucy Cobb pass without going down town to return with an armful of packages?

Once my attention was arrested by a conversation near me. It was concerning a great actress, who had won the hearts of everyone. She was, that night, to make her first appearance in the South. Could this brunette be Carrye Pou? Yes, it was no other.

Our class contained two noted artists, Eula and Annie Laurie. Their paintings have brought them fabulous wealth and may be seen in the famous art galleries of the world.

One day I came back to dear old Athens. Here on Milledge Avenue lived Kate Rucker. Her home was lovely, and on her veranda was a red Rambler. School-girl crushes will mean something.

Our musicians were Sudie Warnock and Pearl Newton. The papers of the day are full of their praises and class them with Mendelssohn and Schumann.

Mary Lou, whose bright face and sweetness of dispo-

sition have won for her so many friends, now lives in South Carolina, each day helping someone by her sweet smile and cheering words.

Everyone remembers how Estelle Strickland said she just could never amuse children and how she claimed that they all hated her. Now are you not surprised that she is matron of an orphan's home?

How proud we are of the authors of our Class! I expect many of the old girls have the literatures of Christine Cole in their libraries, and our other authors? Why you all know how Sallie Cobb loved those yellow-backed novels, so you can't be surprised that she is now a prolific writer who is classed with Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Laura Jean Libby and the Duchess.

I saw Annie Lou Nesbet, Richmond Walton and Sarah Hamilton as sweet-faced old ladies, wearing dainty, little lace caps and spending their time in knitting and doing good to all humanity.

Estelle Young's attractive ways have won her friends everywhere, even among her pupils in the little school.

Eugenia Laurence and Kate May Williams having such intense admiration for Mrs. Lipscomb and Miss Millie, endeavor to imitate their lives, and in their old age open a boarding-school for girls, an exact reproduction of Lucy Cobb. They don't forget their old classmates and among the Faculty we find Louise Lamar occupying the chair of oratory, Mary Jerger gymnasium teacher, and Willie Joe Wright, librarian.

I enter an opera house. It is packed, people are standing in the aisles. A dead silence reigns, only interrupted occasionally by whispers of "How wonderful she is." "She surpasses even Patti of old." As she re-appears they burst into loud applause and I look into Winnie's face.

You ask what was Blanche's future? Why, don't you read the *Foreign Mission Journal*? Evidently you do not, for if so you would see those intensely interest-

ing letters from her telling of her experience as a missionary on the Fijii Islands.

You have also read, haven't you, the "Heart to Heart Talks" by the journalist, Julia Walden?

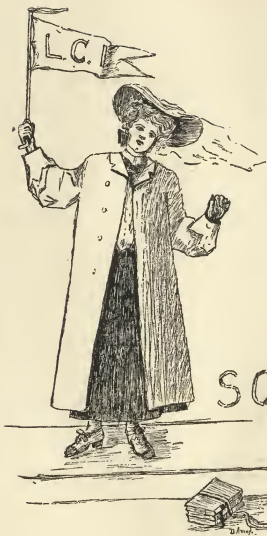
Janie is still in Florida having a stately mansion surrounded by great groves of orange trees. She is kind enough to remember her dear old class-mates occasionally by sending them boxes of this delicious fruit.

As I approach one house I see two gentlemen seated on the lawn and hear snatches of their conversation. They are looking at a photograph and one exclaims: "And are you going to marry a grass widow?" As I enter the photograph falls and I see the face of Kathleen McGregor.

In New York there is a famous modiste who was once an Elective A. On the twentieth story in a sky-scraper we see the sign "Madam R——, Modiste." This Marjorie. How in the world could the girls have gotten along without her in the "Japanese Wedding."

Thus we have seen what fate decreed for each of our class-mates. The careers of some were commonplace; of others, glorious, yet we sincerely hope that each shall, in this life, perform her allotted task.





SOPH

SOPHOMORE CLASS

COLORS: *Red and gold* FLOWERS: *Red Carnation*

MOTTO: "*Palma non sine pulvere.*"

Officers

LUELLE BRAND	President
KATIE MAE ARNOLD	Vice-President.
JULIA BRAND	Sec'y-Treas.
CALLIE HULL	Poet.
LUCY LEAH WEST	Historian.

Members

LUELLE BRAND	MILDRED MELL
KATIE MAE ARNOLD	ROSALIND BLAKELY
JULIA BRAND	ELIZABETH EDWARDS
CALLIE HULL	ELEANOR LUSTREAT
LUCY LEAH WEST	KATE HODGSON
DOROTHY AMES	BERTHA SCOTT
LYDIA HUTCHINS	IDA DAVISON
FRANCES WOODBERRY	KATHLEEN MCCORRY
MARGUERITE THOMAS	



Sophomore History

“O, wad some pow’r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.”

To write a history of the Sophomore Class is by no means an easy task. I have searched the Encyclopædia Brittanica in vain; I have exhausted every History in the Lucy Cobb library, and I have not been able to find the name of a single girl in my Class.

Indeed, after almost three hours’ fruitless searching, I did find the name “Arnold” and my heart gave a great leap as I saw it. But it sank again, when, on reading further, I found the name to be that of Matthew Arnold, and not that of my class-mate, Katie Mae.

I have almost given up in despair. I can not dream a history of my class, much less can I reason one out, and my class-mates either do not know, or pretend not to know, or do not want to know anything about their past lives. Well, I’ll tell all I can.

Luelle Brand, our president, may be called—a philosopher. Who decided the grave question concerning our photographs for the Annual? Who administers demerits with so much dignity? Come to our class-meetings, hear her excellent advice, her wonderful mode of reasoning, and you will go away with as light a heart as if you had been spending an hour in ancient Greece, and listening to the inspiring words of Plato or Aristotle.

Callie Hull is a poet, and has been one from time immemorial. Like Timrod, however, her love for poetry does not lessen her love for study. Especially is she fond of Physics. If you will read her beautiful “Ode to Physics,” you, yourself will realize the worth of this famous poem, and will attain a love for Physics which will never leave you. Not only is it valuable from a literary standpoint, but it really contains some excellent philosophical thoughts, and is full of good advice to

young students. In future years, we shall gaze with pride upon a row of books on our shelf entitled, "Hull's Poems."

Lydia Hutchins—who can describe her? A "Dash-er" pink, her cheeks a "Dash-er" red, her lips a "Dash-er" blue, her eyes a "Dash-er" brown, her hair—.

Katie Mae Arnold is not only proficient in Latin and Literature, but also possesses a mathematical mind of a high order. Report says that she will eat only triangular-shaped cakes, and is exceedingly fond of Hunnicut in the form of a trapezoid.

Latin is Mildred Mell's great hobby. She is bitter in her denunciation of Simon, the traitor; she laughs with joy at the success of Aeneas; she weeps at the misfortune of unhappy Dido; and, it is said, can quote Virgil in her sleep. It is also said that she is thinking seriously of translating the University yell into the "dead language for the benefit of the night school."

We have often read stories of how great violinists have forfeited friendships, have sacrificed fortunes, and gone in penury and want for the love of a violin. Marguerite Thomas, though a true musician, may never risk her fortune for the sake of a violin—but—we're not so certain about the "bow."

Julia Brand is a dainty little soul. All of the girls love her—who could help it? Her eyes are brown and soft, her hair is black, her cheeks are rosy, and like "bonnie Annie Laurie," her voice "like the Winn in summer sighing, is *low* and *sweet*." We all know that she possesses no sporting proclivities, and we are equally certain that she could never be persuaded to *bet*, even on a cat fight. Perhaps, though, if she knew that she was going to Winn, she might be persuaded to invest a little time in this direction—and then how she would dote on her Winn-ings.

Kate Hodgson is very obedient to the rules. Indeed, she is kept so busy by her strict observance of them that she scarcely has time to study, and, in consequence, has

been compelled to give up her study of Latin! Where is such obedience found?

Elizabeth Edwards is our musician. She plays beautifully on the piano and on the mandolin, sings sweetly, and, it is rumored, can perform marvelous feats on the Jew's harp and the accordion.

Ida Davison and Bertha Scott are "chums." We often wonder what they talk about as they stroll, arm in arm, up and down the walk. Some of us think that, perhaps, they are discussing the style of hats, others, that they are discussing some philosophical subject, and still others, that they talk about bows (on their hair of course). It is hard to decide. However, the majority of the Class seem to consider the last theory the most plausible.

Rosalind Blakely and Frances Woodberry both have beautiful voices. All of the girls quite agree with me when I say this, I am certain. Why, it is said that Miss Mamie Lucas often allows them to recite the entire history lesson merely for the sake of hearing their sweet voices. This pleases the girls very much, (do not be surprised) for nothing delights them half so much as to hear Frances or Rosalind talk.

Eleanor Lustrat is our fun-maker. A single glance into her merry, sparkling, black eyes compels one to laugh. We really could not get along without her. From the number of demerits reported each week by her, some of the girls accuse her of a fondness for Prattling in school. When reminded of this fact, she strongly denies it. Some are inclined to disbelieve her, but we are not the ones to judge her, so we quietly close our mouths and leave it to her own conscience.

Dorothy Ames is the artist of the class. Her genius is remarkable, her ideals are high and noble, and her paintings are beautiful and well blended. For the last few months, she has been busily engaged in making a copy of Raphael's "Psyche," but some of the girls who

have seen the copy, declare that the face is a perfect likeness of a certain "Fresh" attending the University of Georgia.

Well, this is the history of my Class as far as I know. There is just one more left—that is L. And I—well, I'm the historian.





3



FRESHMAN.

FRESHMAN CLASS

COLORS: *Blue and gold* FLOWER: *Ragged Robin*
 MOTTO: *Don't do to-day what you can put off 'til tomorrow.*

Officers

KATIE DEARING	President.
JULIA BENEDICT	Vice-President.
HENRY LUCAS	Sec'y-Treas.
LALLIE DANCY	Poet.
ANNA V. DAVIS	Historian.
LEILA ELLIS	Prophet.

Members

KATIE DEARING	HELEN McMAHAN
HENRY LUCAS	CARRIE NICHOLS
LEILA ELLIS	JULIA BENEDICT
ANNA V. DAVIS	HILDA AUSLAND
LALLIE DANCY	

STATISTICS OF SENIORS

NAME	AGE	SAYINGS	NOTED FOR	FAVORITE	HOBBY	WHAT OTHERS SAY
Sally Hull	Kiddish	"Aren't you ashamed?"	Dignity	Giggling	Y. W. C. A.	"She has character"
Elizabeth Willis	Nobody Knows	"Oh, the idea!"	Sweet disposition	Writing for the Ann	Airing her opinion	"Is 'nt she sweet?"
Adair Wilkinson	Decreasing	"Let's read Latin"	Having a good time	Talking	Being Witty	"There is a striking girl"
Mary Lou Berkeley	20 plus or ---	"I'll think about it"	Going out	Sewing	Episcopal ministers	"How Blue her eyes are!"
Ruth Scott	Between 2 and 20	"Oh, come on"	Brilliance	Walking with Annie May	Translating Latin	"What beautiful hair"
Sadie Noland	Undecided		Silence	Writing poetry	Pleasing her teachers	"Is 'nt she tiny?"
Annie Bernard	30	"Ha! Ha! Ha!"	Free lecturing	Expressing her opinions	Asserting her rights	"What a gait!"
Annie May Holliday	?	"I think that's right"	Independence	Painting	"Ruth"	"She does 'nt care!"

STATISTICS OF ELECTIVE B'S

NAME	AGE	SAYINGS	NOTED FOR	FASTIME	HOBBY	WHAT OTHERS SAY
Heleen Bagley	Two-year-old.	"I think that's awful!"	Beauty	Reciting Hamlet.	Psychology.	"Such a sweet girl!"
Boiling Phinixy	50, More or less.	"That's a clinch!"	Bows and Beaux	Taking on and off glasses	Dancing.	"What a fascinating girl!"
Fay Webb	I wonder.	"How cute!"	Stylish figure.	Singing	Beautiful eyes	"How stunning!"
Ida Hightower	Between 5 and 20.	"Hello, you skee!"	Using her eyes.	Shunning work	Crushes.	"What devilish eyes!"
Norma Wright	Sweet 16.	"No more than a hant!"	Hatred of boys (?)	Dressing	Boys.	"Right smart if she would study."
Nell Gross	Forgotten.	"Well, I'll declare	Love affairs.	Writing Letters.	Getting out of work.	"What a Gait!"
Alice Newton	It's hard to tell.	"Oh, Shucks!"	Fixing her hair good.	Studying	Studying Civics.	"A skyscraper"
Effie Thompson	20 plus?	"Sho' 'nough!"	Curls (?)	Hating	"Alice"	"How good-natured she is!"
May Thomason	Varying	"Don't you know!"	Thoughts of home	Giggling	Calling one by affectionate names.	"What a kind-hearted girl!"
Mabel Mitchell	A mere child	"I'm just crazy about her" (or him).	Brilliance	Spooning with Miss Princee.	Crushes with teachers	"How coquettish!"
Augusta Wood	McEllin's Food.	"Oh law, I don't know!"	Talking.	Making up back work	"A curiosity to behold!"	"How smart she is!"
Daisy Kimball	Ripe.	"How perfectly beautiful!"	Using big words.	Reading	The beautiful and sublime	"How smart she is!"
Susie Butler	Decreasing.	"Well I don't think so!"	Talking slowly.	Primping	Diamond Rings.	"She should get married"
Elizabeth Browns	Medium	"Yes, I think that's Right!"	Arguing	Expressing her opinion	Debates	"She certainly is an able debater!"

The Diamond Palace

What a dream of radiant splendor,—
Dazzling, yet delusive sight!
Crystallized seemed man's ambitions
In the magic of its light.

At the glorious diamond palace
Wond'ring gazed the eager throng;
By its glittering, gleaming, glistening,
Toward its portals borne along.

But, behold! the light grew fainter;
Palace quivered, shook, then fell;
And the crashing, crushing music
Was the multitude's death-knell.

Thus will all thy hopes be buried.
Sordid man, thou art unwise!
Look upward, higher, and still higher,
Building ever to the skies.





Y. W. C. A.

There is an organization at Lucy Cobb which has for its object the development of Christian character among its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work among the young women of the Institution, and this is the Young Women's Christian Association. This Association is twelve years old, and was organized by Miss Preston, one of the traveling secretaries of the Y. W. C. A.

There are various lines of work, including Bible study, mission study, charitable work, and social enjoyment, which come into this organization. The leading girls of the school esteem it a privilege to be connected with the work.

Three afternoons in the week, there are twilight prayer-meetings to which the whole school is invited. These, while not largely attended, are led by earnest Christian workers, and all who are fortunate enough to be present feel greatly blessed.

Every May, delegates are appointed to attend the conference which meets in June at Asheville, North Carolina. Lucy Cobb usually sends a large delegation to this conference, and the week there is spent with interest, pleasure and profit.

The business and devotional meetings of the Association are held weekly, on Friday, 2 p. m. Preceding

these meetings there are always, at the recess time, two prayer-meetings, one held by the Faculty, one by the girls. Their object is to pray for the leader and for God's blessing upon the weekly gatherings. The cabinet holds a regular meeting every other Saturday morning; the devotional committee, once every two weeks.

There are seventy-one active members. The officers for 1905 are: President, Sallie Hull, Athens; Vice-President, Anna Bryan, Augusta; Secretary, Jessie McGregor, Athens; Treasurer, Lallie Dancy, Orange Mills, Florida.

Chairmen of committees: Devotional committee, Mary Wadley, Bolingbroke; Missionary committee, Lydia Hutchins, Athens; Bible Study committee, Mary Wadley, Bolingbroke; Room committee, Callie Hull and Julia Brand, Athens; Music committee, Luelle Brand, Athens; Social Committee, Louise Lamar, Monticello, Florida; Poster committee, Dorothy Ames, Buffalo, New York.

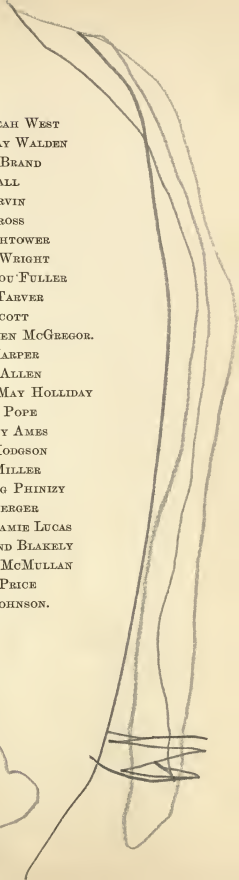
Officers Y. W. C. A.

SALLY HULL	President.
ANNA BRYAN	Vice-President.
JESSIE MCGREGOR	Secretary.
LALLIE DANCY	Treasurer.

Members

JULIA WALDEN	LOUISE LAMAR
EULA WILLINGHAM	LALLIE DANCY
MARY LOU BERKELEY	ELIZABETH DENHAM
MILDRED WOOLLEY	ISABELLE FLEMING
HELEN BAGLEY	ALBERTA RANKIN
CALLIE HULL	FRANCIS WOODBERRY
LINDA FELKER	MAY THOMASON
BERTHA THOMAS	LYDIA HUTCHINS
ANNIE LAURIE ADAMS	JULIA BRAND

ELEANOR YOUNG	LUCY LEAH WEST
SARAH HAMILTON	MISS MAY WALDEN
DAISY KIMBALL	LUELLE BRAND
PAULINE BURNS	IRMA HALL
BLANCHE HAWKINS	EMMA IRVIN
ISABELLE THOMAS	NELL GROSS
NETTYLE WILLIAMS	IDA HIGHTOWER
MARTHA HILL	NORMA WRIGHT
MISS MAY HULL	MARY LOU FULLER
MISS MAUD MERRIAM	ANNIE TARVER
MISS MINNIE BRADFORD	RUTH SCOTT
MISS CAROLYN COBB	KATHLEEN MCGREGOR.
MISS MARY ANN RUCKER	MARY HARPER
JESSIE MCGREGOR	BESSIE ALLEN
SALLY HULL	ANNIE MAY HOLLIDAY
SADIE NOLAND	MIRIAM POPE
ANNA BRYAN	DOROTHY AMES
ELIZABETH WILLIS	KATE HODGSON
AUGUSTA WOOD	JANIE MILLER
ADAIR WILKINSON	BOLLING PHINIZY
SALLIE LEONARD	MARY JERGER
MARY WADLEY	MISS MAMIE LUCAS
NELLIE COXON	ROSALIND BLAKELY
ANNIE BERNARD	LOUISE McMULLAN
MISS E. J. WATT	MARIA PRICE
MISS M. RUTHERFORD	LULA JOHNSON.
LENA BRIGHTWELL	



THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

This is one of the religious societies of Lucy Cobb whose motto is, "In His Name." The badge of the Order is a silver Maltese cross bearing the initials I. H. N. The meetings are held each Tuesday at twilight. The members during the past year have had the privilege of relieving the poor and sick by aiding them with clothing, bedding, and jellies. Flowers have also been sent to those who have been ill, and the children of the Free Kindergarten have been under their special care. The following hymn expresses the true spirit of the Order:

To bind earth's broken hearts and sore,
To tread the ways Christ walked before,
To know Thee better, serve Thee more,
We take Thy cross, our Lord and King.

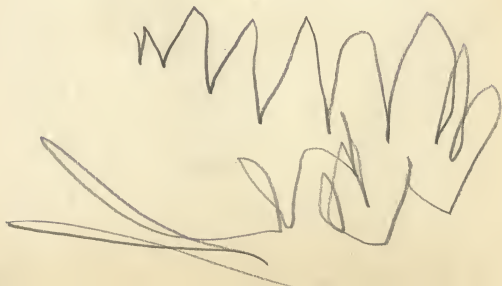
To help the weary to Thy rest,
To heal and comfort earth's distressed,
To show the world we love Thee best,
We wear Thy cross, our Lord and King.

Officers

MISS ELIZABETH WATT	President.
ELIZABETH DENHAM	Vice-President.
FRANCES WOODBERRY	Secretary.
FAY WEBB	Treasurer.
MARY WADLEY	Ch'rman Devotional Com.
ANNA BRYAN	Ch'rman Missionary Com.
MILDRED WOOLLEY	Ch'rman Social Com.
LALLIE DANCY	Ch'rman Poster Com.
KATHLEEN MCGREGOR	Ch'rman Flower Com.

Members

MARGARET SIZER	BEETHA THOMAS
HELEN BAGLEY	RICHMOND WALTON
MARY LOU BERKELEY	MAMIE JONES
MILDRED WOOLLEY	SUDIE WARNOCK
EULA WILLINGHAM	MARY WADLEY
SALLIE FANNIE WHITE	M. T. LUCAS
ALBERTA RANKIN	ANNIE BRYAN
SARAH TINSLEY	HARRIET BENEDICT
FRANCES WOODBERRY	AUGUSTA WOOD
KATE RUCKER	<u>FAY WEBB</u>
CARRYE POU	KATHLEEN MCGREGOR
ELIZABETH DENHAM	LOUISE McMULLAN
LOUISE LAMAR	LEILA ELLIS
LALLIE DANCY	SARAH HAMILTON
ESTHER BISHOP	DAISY KIMBALL
MARY JERGER	BESSIE ALLEN
PAULINE BURNS	KATE ELLIS
ANNIE LAURIE ADAMS	KATHLEEN JONES



Tallulah Falls

Tallulah Falls will never be mentioned without causing a thrill to stir the heart of every Senior and Elective B; but it is an impossible task to describe the scenery, the good times, or our delight when Mrs. Lipscomb took us up on her house-party from May the sixth to eighth. With no school rules, no books to think about, two thoughtful guides, a congenial party, and a charming hostess, who could help having a delightful time?



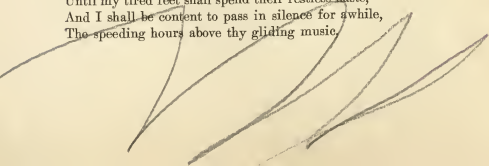
Thoughts of Tallulah

I.

Thou mighty, rushing river, daughter of a thousand
limpid streams!
How fair, how free thou art—how wild thy beauty, how
hot thy fevered haste—
O how my soul, so full of untamed restlessness, of
youth's impetuous movement,
Delights in thy strong call to daring effort, disdain of
law and wild delight in self-appointed freedom
from restraint.
I lie upon thy banks and let my fevered soul dash out
with thee against th' enclosing walls
Its quivering, pulsing effort for th' unattained and unat-
tainable.
I see in thee myself, my own fierce nature, clamorous of
restraint,
That beats itself against life's confines of to-day and
would grasp all in life's to-morrow.
The surge, the roar, the conflict and the strife of our
poor human life
And e'en the driftwood of its past endeavor are at my
feet
To teach me of thy certain end, thy lawless freedom that
must learn restraint,
Thy unconquered spirit that must bow the knee and find
the sweetest freedom in love's true humility.

II.

O let me wander on beside thy moving waters, on, still
on—
Until my tired feet shall spend their restless haste,
And I shall be content to pass in silence for awhile,
The speeding hours above thy gliding music.



Still and soft as shadows gather at the twilight hour.
Here, kneeling, let me lift my quiet heart to thee—
A simple heart of faith, O God, that learned of nature
What it thought of Thee.
And still in quietude supreme, in sweet repose from all
 life's restless effort,
Having bent them low, I then would lift my tired eyes
 above,
And seeing Thee, dear Lord, in all the way life's rush-
 ing course may take —
In tumult or in peace,
I am content to leave its consummation to Thy love,
And be at peace with Thee.



YE
OLD
FOLKS
CONCERTE



Ye Olde Folkes Concerte

Do you remember it? What? You don't mean to say you were not there? Then you did lose the entertainment of the year. Yes, yes, I know there have been candy-pullings and tacky parties and cotillions and tennis games and basket-ball games and ice-cream festivals and rallies and teas and lectures and science talks at dear old Lucy this year, but the best thing of the whole year was the concert. No, no! You are mistaken. It was not like the other concerts that they give there. Indeed, I don't believe such a concert was ever given in Athens.

Tell you about it? Isn't that exactly what I have been wanting you to say; isn't that just the reason I have been talking about it—to be asked to tell you about it?

Sister, it was at night—in the dead of winter—and on Friday night, too, when the girls were off duty and no themes or lectures that had to be written up. And it was in that pretty room, the Oratory Hall, and it was almost in the dark too, for the lights would not burn, so that instead of a full blaze of light to meet the singers, there was only a gentle gleam and they added to it red and white candles that the girls held in their hands.

An audience! Yes indeed there was an audience, and I tell you it was an appreciative one, too—and to think you missed it! Oh, the dresses. I never have been able to settle in my mind whether Patience Hull's dress was prettier than Deliverance Berkeley's, but this I do know: they were both lovely. Priscilla West's costume was elegant; no other word describes that. "Perseverance Leonard looks cuter than usual in hers and so does Sedate Hull"—that was what they were saying around me. And Comfort Wilkinson's curls were a marvel. Really now, you won't believe me, but when I saw Precise Felker all dressed in black and looking so sad, I almost cried. You needn't laugh; I am not ashamed to own it. Rachel and Rebecca had demure dresses, but they suited the pieces they read.

Did I keep one of the programs? Do you really for a moment think I would allow it to be destroyed? Show it to you—indeed I will! Here it is:

1. Choir will march into hall.
2. Singing by ye Choir—"Ben Bolt."
3. Patience Hull will play on ye spinnet—"Hope Waltz."
4. Perseverance Leonard will lilt "Over the Far Blue Hills, Marie."
5. Desire Willis will speak a piece—"The Courtin."

6. Deliverance Berkeley will play on one spinnet—"Fairy Fingers."
7. The Choir will read from the Primer.
At this time the audience may talk for a season in a comely manner.
8. Sedate Hull will speak a piece—"How Reuben Played."
9. Patience Hull and Deliverance Berkeley will play on one spinnet.
10. Priscilla West will speak a piece.
11. Comfort Wilkinson will lilt.
12. The Choir will lilt together.
13. Precise Felker will speak a piece.
14. Rebecca and Rachel will read proper stories.
15. Auld Lang Syne.

Now, just to read this won't give you any idea of that concert. If you could have heard that first piece on the spinnet by Patience Hull, called "Hope Waltz." I don't know how old it is, but I do know there won't be anything half as pretty at Commencement. And then when Perseverance Leonard lilted "Over the Far Blue Hills, Marie," the whole audience rose up—they couldn't help it—they had to.

When Desire Willis spoke "The Courtin," and came to the lines "All kind of smiling round the lips and teary round the lashes," they started to rise up again, and if it hadn't been that some lady with red mits on put her forefinger up to warn them not to, I really believe they would have done it.

Just speaking for myself, I believe I enjoyed Deliverance Berkeley's piece on the spinnet the most. The name of it was "Fairy Fingers," and she didn't play it too quickly, as I notice so many girls play nowadays, but she went so slow and even stopped in some parts. I thought that showed so much feeling.

And another thing I liked so well was the reading by the Choir, because the pieces were so suitable—they were simple and short and everybody there understood them.

And then that lady with the red mits on, rose and said in a nice way, that perhaps the people wanted to rest and so they might talk for a season in a comely way. You say you don't think she said it that way? Indeed she did, for I thought at the time that was such a nice way to ask them—not to be rude or bold as some people I've seen at concerts have been. I'm positive she said: "You may talk for a season in a comely manner."

After a while Sedate Hull spoke a very funny piece, "How Reuben Played," and I did wonder how such a little girl could say such a long piece without once forgetting it.

I was so glad when Patience Hull and Deliverance Berkeley played the same piece on one spinnet, for it was one I'm so fond of—"Oh, Dear Me, What Can the Matter Be." I looked round to see if anyone else liked it and my! everybody near me was just nodding the head and making the body go—keeping time to it.

Priscilla West nearly cried when she spoke—she felt it so. When Comfort Wilkinson lilted I thought the people were going to rise again and I started to, but I thought I'd better look and see if that lady's finger was up, and sure enough it was, so they didn't.

Precise Felker's piece was sad and mournful and the people kept just as quiet all through to the very end.

Rachel and Rebecca read two proper stories—and you could hear every word, they spoke so well and slow. I just was thinking how fine they were when they stopped, and the next thing I knew all the choir was on the floor, and do you believe it, they were singing "Old Lang Syne." And then everybody stood—even that lady with the red mits on, and everybody joined in, and I did, too; and I noticed some of the young people near me seemed to look surprised that I knew it and could sing it. My! They didn't know that I led the choir in the church for four years.

Now here's the program. Whatever you do, don't lose it, for some days when I don't feel well, I get it out and read it over and I hear that piece on the spinnet and the lilting, and the proper pieces and all of them, and I just feel so happy, and when I get to the end I sing "Old Lang Syne" all by myself.

"THE LADY WITH THE RED MITTS."



To Lynthia

I dream and dream while love's pure gleam
Lights all my soul with glory!
Deep Nature rare doth everywhere
Tell me a wondrous story.

For what delight at silent night,
When soft the moon is beaming,
To seek the shade of woodland glade,
And list to love's wild dreaming.

Where e'er I rove the voice of love
Steals in symphonious numbers,
And, sweet to tell, the subtle spell,
Doth haunt me in my slumbers.

I blame but thee O, memory,
And Lynthia's magic beauty—
This wrought the spell, and oh! too well
My heart learned love's fond duty.

It knows to feel, for woe or weal,
A tenderness eternal;
It throbs for thee unceasingly,
And swears thy worth supernal.

But to upbraid thy charms, sweet maid,
Would be to thee most cruel;
My heart alone must not atone,
For kindling Cupid's fuel.

ARTHUR L. HARDY.





We are gathered here together in the sight of the Faculty and in the face of this company to join together this maiden and this diploma. This is an honorable estate, instituted of the Faculty in the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Therefore this diploma is not to be obtained lightly or unadvisedly; but discreetly, soberly, in the fear of the Faculty. If any one can show just cause why this maid and this diploma may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

Young lady, if you know any impediment why you may not lawfully take unto yourself this diploma, I charge you that you do now confess it. For be you well assured that if you get it otherwise than the Faculty doth allow, this union is unlawful.

Maiden, wilt thou take this diploma to thyself? Wilt thou love it, honor it, and keep it, and above all else frame it?

Forasmuch as this maiden has consented to take this diploma to herself, and hath witnessed the same before the Faculty and this company, and has pledged herself, declaring the same by giving the necessary coin, they are now declared maiden and diploma. Let no divorce separate them.

A Common Occurrence in Japan

Many strange events had happened to Kayoharo on this bright day of May, and his poor little mind was in a state of great disturbance, vainly endeavoring to discover why he had experienced such queer feelings. All of the morning he had felt as though a great crisis were near at hand, and it was with difficulty that he suppressed his yearning for someone to come into his dull, studious life, and bring happiness and a blessing to him.

Kayoharo possessed more perseverance and ambition than the ordinary Japanese, and on entering the University of Tokio two years before this time, had determined to crush all thoughts of love and other things which would tend to draw his mind from his studies, and to bend every effort to attain the goal for which he was striving.

To-day had been the first time in all of that period that any of the forbidden thoughts had dared to assert themselves, and he seemed powerless to suppress them. Finally, in despair, he abandoned his work and sought the open air, hoping thus to compose his agitated mind.

He had left the city and was walking hurriedly along the highway when his eyes fell upon a half-opened fan lying on the side of the road. There was something about the gay coloring and the mysterious figures upon it which drew him suddenly to a standstill. Some unseen power seemed to concentrate his entire attention upon this magical object.

At first it appeared to be only an ordinary fan which someone had accidentally dropped and, as it fell upon the soft, grassy turf, and had been unnoted by the owner. He did not have long to study it, however, for soon it began to slowly rise and without any apparent cause, for the air was perfectly still, and there was no visible hand directing its movements. It formed one letter after another, with a short pause between each word.

Kayoharo eagerly watched each motion, fearful lest





he should lose one and thus fail to receive the message—for surely it must have one. It directed him to go a little farther on to the nearest shrine and there he would find a—but before it had formed the last word, it suddenly disappeared and the young student was left staring into vacancy.

At first he deemed it merely a fancy, but no, his rational self, his clear senses, and his eyesight which had never before proved false, assured him that it was real. He had never believed in magic, and his first impulse was to go to the University and forget it, but the scene had made such a deep, mysterious impression upon him that he could not resist the sudden inspiration that prompted him to carry out the instruction; and before he realized what he was doing, he found himself rapidly striding towards the shrine. On reaching it, however, he





saw nothing but the low building, and with a feeling of mingled disappointment and grief, was just turning away, when suddenly a slight rustle caused him to turn quickly. He found himself face to face with the most beautiful woman his eyes had ever beheld. He fell upon his knees in reverence, and looking at her in unconcealed admiration, waited for her to speak. She did not remain silent long. "Ah, Kayoharo," she said with a pathetic expression which made her more irresistible, if that were possible, "why have you kept me waiting so long?" Had he kept her waiting? He had never even seen her before, so she could not possibly have been waiting for him.

His thoughts were interrupted by her voice again. "For two long years you have crushed me out of your mind and heart, and even to-day you have expelled me so often that I felt I could stand it no longer."

Could this beautiful creature have been the inventor of the thoughts which he had been so angry for having entertained? Ah! if he could only have known! His apology was not framed in the polished language of a

scholar, but in the simple, stammering words of a child. Having received her forgiveness and the blessing of a smile, they were soon filled with unspeakable joy.

The fatal speech was soon made, and the answer: "I do promise, provided you never ask an explanation of the past and never think of it again. If you do, I will vanish as quickly as I came."

"Upon my oath, I do promise it."

These are such common occurrences in Japan.

E. M. W.



ART.



Art Girls

ANNIE TARVER

ANNIE MAE HOLIDAY

IDA HIGHTOWER

SALLIE LEONARD

DOROTHY AMES

BERTHA THOMAS

ANNIE LAURIE ADAMS

CHRISTINE COLE

ALBERTA RANKIN

HELEN BAGLEY

LOUISE LAMAR

EULA WILLINGHAM

JAMIE MILLER

BLANCHE HAWKINS

AUGUSTA WOOD

NELLIE COXON



The Clara Schumann Club

Time after time there have been efforts to form an instructive and interesting music club at Lucy Cobb, but not until the fall of 1904 did these efforts meet with any success.

Under the supervision of Miss Walden, several enthusiastic music lovers organized a little club to meet every two weeks for the purpose of gaining a general knowledge of the lives and works of the masters. Officers were elected and things assumed a business-like form.

The proceeds of the assessments were to go towards a musical library. The question of a name for the young club arose, and at the suggestion of Miss Keipp, who was ever the director and inspiration of every gathering, the name of Clara Schumann was chosen, as she best typifies what women have given to music.

Miss Keipp mapped out a course of study to be followed, and as was most fit, the Schumanns, the immortal Robert and Clara, were given the first thought and consideration.

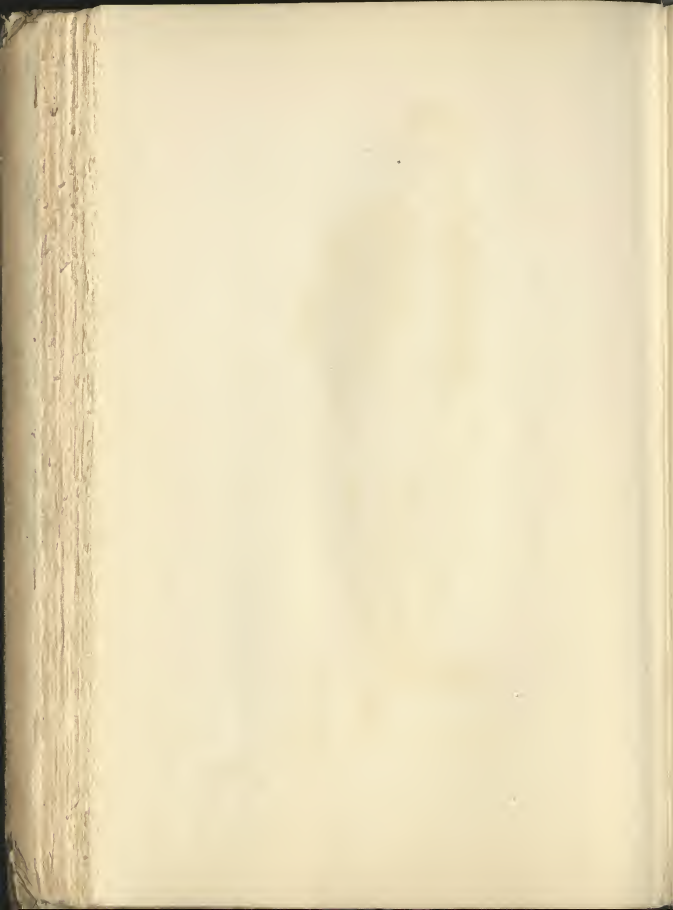
The winter passed by profitably, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the Clara Schumann Club will grow in zeal from year to year.

Officers

MARY FORTSON President
JESSIE MCGREGOR . . . Secretary and Treasurer

Members

MARGARET SIZER	DOBOTHY AMES
JULIA BENEDICT	MARY LOU BERKELEY
SARAH TINSLEY	MILDRED WOOLLEY
HELEN McMAHAN	MARY FORTSON
LALLIE DANCY	LOUISE McMULLAN
FRANCES WOODBERRY	ELIZABETH DENHAM
ANNIE TAEVER	CLARA BAEWICK
LEILA ELLIS	NELL COXON
MISS KEIPP †	MARY WADLEY
JESSIE MCGREGOR	ROSA SMITH
MISS A. K. DAVIS	MISS LUCY GRIFFITH
MISS M. BRADFORD	VIRGINIA HARDAWAY
SALLY HULL	ESTHER BISHOP
BESSIE ALLEN	MISS C. COBB
MISS MAY WALDEN	MISS B. DAVISON





OUR INTERESTED BROTHER.

Our Celebrities

Prettiest	- - - -	Marjorie Lockwood, Montgomery, Ala.
Outest	- - - -	Sallie Leonard, Vienna, Ga.
Swellest	- - - -	Fay Webb, Shelby, N. C.
Handsomest	- - - -	Kathleen McGregor, Macon, Ga.
All-round girl	- - - -	Helen Bagley, Atlanta, Ga.
Most Popular	- - - -	Alberta Rankin, Atlanta, Ga.
Most Fascinating	- - - -	Dorothy Ames, Buffalo, N. Y.
Most Dignified	- - - -	Nellie Coxon, Kokomo, Ind.
Daintiest	- - - -	Rose Kalbfleisch, Peru, Ind.
Most Independent	- - - -	Kate Rucker, Atlanta, Ga.
Most Lovable	- - - -	Mary Lou Fuller, Augusta, Ga.
Funniest	- - - -	Helen Barksdale, Washington, Ga.
Coollest Head	- - - -	Elizabeth Willis, Beech Island, S. C.
Best Natured	- - - -	Effie Thompson, Piedmont, Ala.
Best Dancer	- - - -	Mary Powell, Macon, Ga.
Most Intellectual	- - - -	Elizabeth Willis, Beech Island, S. C.
Wittiest	- - - -	Dorothy Ames, Buffalo, N. Y.
Most Mischievous	- - - -	Sally Cobb Johnson, Atlanta, Ga.
Sincerest	- - - -	Mary Lou Berkeley, Atlanta, Ga.
Most Respected	- - - -	Sally Hull, Athens, Ga.
Most Conscientious	- - - -	Elizabeth Denham, Monticello, Fla.

A
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Athletic Association

MARY POWELL President

FAY WEBB Secretary

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

EULA WILLINGHAM

KATHLEEN MCGREGOR

KATE ELLIS

sick when picture taken







Basket-Ball Team

LOUISE McMULLAN Captain
MISS MINNIE BRADFORD Manager

REDS

LOUISE McMULLAN
DAISY KIMBALL
FRANCES WOODBERRY
BESSIE ALLEN
MARY WADLEY
LOUISE LAMAR
LEILA ELLIS
ELIZABETH DENHAM
MILDRED WOOLLEY

BLUES

CARRYE POU
ESTELLE STRICKLAND
KATHLEEN JONES
KATHLEEN MCGREGOR
NETTYLE WILLIAMS
LUELLE BRAND
ANNIE TARVER
EULA WILLINGHAM
MAY THOMASON

Tennis Club

KATE ELLIS	President
LEILA ELLIS	Vice-President
ELIZABETH DENHAM	General Manager
ELIZABETH WILLIS	Secretary

MEMBERS

KATHLEEN MCGREGOR	EFFIE THOMPSON
ROSALIND BLAKELY	PAULINE BUENS
MARY WADLEY	DAISY KIMBALL
MILDRED WOOLLEY	KATE ELLIS
LOUISE LAMAR	FAY WEBB
JANIE MILLER	NELL GROSS
ELIZABETH WILLIS	SUDIE WARNOCK
EULA WILLINGHAM	HELEN BAGLEY
MARY LOU BERKELEY	CARRYE POU
ELIZABETH DENHAM	LOUISE McMULLAN
LEILA ELLIS	ALICE NEWTON
DOROTHY AMES	NELL COXON
FRANCES WOODBERRY	S. C. JOHNSON
MARY JERGER	M. L. FULLER

NORMA WRIGHT

The Elective B. Reception

What great excitement there was when the Seniors found out that the Elective B.'s were to entertain in their honor! As the eagerly expected day drew near, Anne was seen going around to girls in both classes with a very important looking paper in her hand. She was to be toastmaster and the girls whom she interviewed were either to give toasts or to respond to them.

On Saturday, November 12, 1904, the Villa received in its hospitable embrace the Faculty, the Seniors, the Elective B.'s and the Presidents of the undergraduate classes. It was with some uneasiness that many entered the dining-room; for the hour had come when before the assembled crowd, they were to show their own (or a kind friend's) poetical genius.

First, the Presidents of the graduating classes exchanged compliments in behalf of the girls whom they represented. Then followed verses to the prettiest and the wittiest girls, Lucy Cobb athletics, Lucy "belles and beaux" (bells and bows), and the Athens girl. Imagine the surprise felt when the principal, on toasting the Lucy Cobb girl, described her as

"Fair as a morning's dawn,
Beautiful as a blossom,
Graceful as a fawn,
Deceitful as a 'possum!"

When all were seated in the parlor, delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses. There was a cake in purple and white, complimentary to the Seniors, and one in blue and yellow, in loyalty to the Elective B.'s.

It was indeed a fitting close to the delightfully spent evening to hear Miss Bradford read.

If the Elective B.'s were not girls of as much good sense as they are, I am sure they would have been "puffed up" by the compliments which they received as to the success of their entertainment. S. C. H.

Junior Class Reception

“The famous leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin’s native shamrock.”

The Junior Class

requests the pleasure of your presence
Friday evening February twenty-fourth.

In honor of the Seniors. Eight o’clock.

The Villa.

This was the dainty invitation that aroused my curiosity some days before the eventful twenty-fourth, and on the evening of that day I found myself in the attractive parlors of the Villa, which were filled with teachers, Seniors and Juniors. Each one’s face was happy; the reception was indeed proving a lovely one.

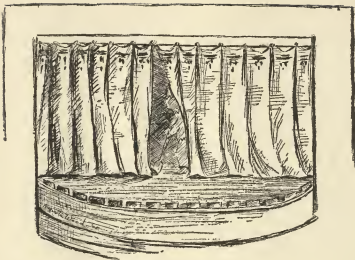
“Come, kiss the Blarney Stone!” cried an impulsive Junior. Down the center of the room slowly walked the blind-folded girl till told to stop and kiss the homely type of that famous stone. What laughter as she stooped and kissed—the table! The merriment increased as each person in turn missed the charm. Suddenly Miss May Hull pressed her lips full upon the magic spot.

Then we entered the rooms across the hall and, seating ourselves at small tables, put on our thinking caps for the “Guessing Game.” The hum of voices ceased; all was quiet, except for an occasional, “I have it! This is right!”

“The prize is awarded to Miss Maud Merrimon,” announced the President in her stentorious voice.

Dainty refreshments in white and green, creams and bonbons in the same attractive colors, were served, after which we adjourned to the parlors.

The evening ended with one or two delightful games, and every one went away declaring she had had the time of her life, and that the Juniors were the best class in school.



Hamlet—Commencement Play

MISS MINNIE BRADFORD.....Directress

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CLAUDIUS	Elizabeth Willis
HAMLET	Miss Carolyn Cobb
POLONIUS	May Harbin
HORATIO	Mildred Woolley
LAERTES	Norma Wright
ROSENCRANTZ	Louise Lamar
GUILDENSTERN	Lena Brightwell
OSERIC	Mary Jerger
PRIEST	Sudie Warnock

MARCELLUS	Kathleen Jones
BERNARDO	Mary Lou Berkeley
PLAYER KING	Helen Bagley
PLAYER QUEEN	Norma Wright
PROLOGUE AND VILLIAN OF PLAY.....	Miss Hodgson
FIRST CLOWN	Callie Hull
SECOND CLOWN	May Harbin
GERTRUDE	Linda Felker
OPHELIA	Lucy Leah West
GHOST	Helen Bagley
SOLDIERS	Elizabeth Edwards, Lula Johnson
COURTIERS.....	Henry Lucas, Mary Jerger, Estelle Young, Willie Scott Sorrell
LADIES.....	Julia Walden, Sadie Noland, Vetna Patman, Kate Hodgson
VIRGINS.....	Lallie Dancy, Elizabeth Eppes, Lena Brightwell, Bessie Allen, Maria Price
PAGES.....	Isabelle Charters and Rena Lustrat

Horrors

- SALLIE LEONARD—French.
NELL GROSS—Going before Faculty.
IDA HIGHTOWER—Blushing.
NETTYLE WILLIAMS—Empty purse.
ADAIR WILKINSON—Going to church over the hill.
FAY WEBB—Not seeing him.
ALBERTA RANKIN—Seeing Miss Mary Ann with other girls.
KATE ELLIS—Anything sensational (?).
MILDRED WOOLEY—Not seeing Billy.
MARY WADLEY—Not receiving flowers at least once a week.
NORMA WRIGHT—Flirting (?).
IRMA HALL—Not looking pretty.
KATHLEEN JONES—Missing her lessons.
ELIZABETH WILLIS—Buttin' in.

An Inquiry

- Why does Adair prefer the "sunny way" in May?
Why is Elizabeth Willis such a gad-about?
Will Alberta *ever* study?
Why does Carrie sing "Tessie?"
Why don't Bessie Allen, Annie Laurie Adams and
Blanche Hawkins arrange a talking tournament?
Why is the cafe so attractive to the L. C. I. girls?
Why did the girls give up cake during Lent?
Why is Sally Hull so fond of teasing?
Why does Mary Powell never cut voice?
Why are the girls in the front of the building afraid
to go to sleep before twelve?
Why does Mary Wadley like Trigonometry?
Why does Elizabeth Denham break so many rules?
Why are the L. C. I. girls so fond of wearing red
shirt-waists and black skirts?
When will Sallie Leonard graduate or leave?
Why has "Skee" Thompson such a mournful expres-
sion?
Will we ever have a better "Bureau of Information?"
How many errors has Augusta Wood made?
Who are "Dad," "Mamma," and "Oscar?"
Why is Mable so crazy about boys?
How long does it take Alice to fix her hair?
Why is it that Pauline Burns never makes a pur-
chase?
Where did all this meanness come from?



“And gentle dullness ever loves a joke.”

IDA HIGHTOWER—“If Mrs. Lipscomb expels me I certainly am going to leave this place!”

ADAIR WILKINSON—“No, I must confess I haven’t read many of Hamlet’s plays.”

MISS ROSA (in Psychology class)—“Time is a process—time flies. But the Seniors and the Ec. B.’s don’t think so when they are in Psychology.”

KATHLEEN MCGREGOR—“Say girls, how many instruments are there in that string quartette?”

MISS MILLIE (training the girls in the books of the Bible)—“Now, girls, which one of you can find Hezekiah?” Bolling’s, Ruth’s and other hands go up immediately.

Ask ALBERTA if she ever raised “ruf- (rough) house.”

MAEY LOU FULLER—“Yes, Miss Millie, he took a long stage-coach journey from Boston to Liverpool.”

MILDRED WOOLLEY—“That certainly was unthoughtful of him.”

Ask KATE ELLIS to recite “Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean; roll, roll on, etc.” All the Ec. A. class got seasick when they heard her.

"SNUG" LEONARD—"We read snatches from the Bible every morning."

ELIZABETH WILLIS—"They finally became reconciliated."

NORMA WRIGHT—"He investigated his money in a sawmill."

ELIZABETH BROWN—"The meteors add to the weight of the earth and therefore it makes the earth heavier."

EFFIE THOMPSON—"There was a great volcanic corruption, Miss Rosa."

Ask SUSIE BUTLER if it is "too many or too less."

MISS WATT—"Is that Winnie Bell?"

BERTHA SCOTT—"No, Miss Watt, that is the two o'clock bell."

MARY to LOUISE, who is performing chemistry experiments by rubbing her class ring in mercury—"What on earth are you doing, Louise?"

HELEN—"Oh, that's only an old class ring."

MILDRED—"Why, Helen, you should not be so irrelative."

EFFIE THOMPSON to MISS MILLIE, who has just been quizzing her on Scott's novels—"Waverly? Why, Miss Millie, he (?) was a great novelist."

MISS ROSA—"Fay, innumerate the different juries in courts."

FAY (rather in a French tone)—"Miss Rosa, I think the most important is the petite (petit) jury."

OLLES

Sailors

COLORS: *Red and white*

FLOWER: *Sea-weed*

PLACE OF MEETING: *On deck*

TIME: *At sunrise*

MEMBERS

MARY LOU FULLER

MARTHA HILL

EMMA IRVIN

ANNA BRYAN

ELIZABETH WILLIS

LINDA FELKER





Les Inseparables

PLACE OF MEETING: *In the swing* TIME: 6 P. M.

MOTTO: *To see all that is to be seen*

FLOWER: *Sun (son) flower*

MEMBERS

WINNIE BELL "Dave"
KATE RUCKER "Bax"
SARAH McELMURRAY "Mac"
BESSIE WILSON "Bill"

.





Mountain Boomers

COLOR: *Blue and anything but Green*

MOTTO: *Once a mountaineer, always a mountaineer*

FLOWER: *Mountain laurel* DRINK: *Mountain dew*

FAVORITE PLACE OF MEETING: *Tallulah Falls*

MEMBERS

(FAY WEBB)	Picture Thief
NELL GROSS	Goober Grabbler
ADAIR WILKINSON	Corn Shucker
NORMA WRIGHT	Heart Robber
IDA HIGHTOWER	Potato Grabber
ALBERTA RANKIN	Cabbage Chopper
ISABEL FLEMING	Boy Hunter

The Ramblers

COLOR: *Always Red* SONG: "*And He Rambled*"

TIME OF MEETING: *Any old time*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Any old place*

FLOWER: *Red Rambler*

MEMBERS

S. C. JOHNSON	Brigadier-General
F. L. WEBB	Adjutant
N. F. GROSS	First Colonel
M. A. WILKINSON	Major
S. S. LEONARD	Captain
C. L. POU	First Lieutenant
N. A. WRIGHT	Sergeant
I. HIGHTOWER	Drummer Boy



The Three Large Dots

COLOR: *Royal Purple* FLOWER: *Johnny-jump-up*

MOTTO: *"Good news, good fortune, and good health"*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Window of Room No. 26*

TIME OF ASSEMBLING: *When the leaves are off the trees*

MEMBERS

LEILA ELLIS

AUGUSTA WOOD

CORNELIA ELLIS



D. A. C.

PLACE OF MEETING: *Fire-escape* TIME: 2 A. M.
MOTTO: "*Don't Anymore Care*"

PRESIDENTS

MILDRED WOOLLEY

MARY WADLEY

ROSALIND BLAKELY

MEMBERS

"SMACK"

"WHACK"

"HACK"



Walker Club

COLORS: *Red and black* FLOWER: *Johnny-jump-up*

MOTTO: *Keep walking*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Room 14*

TIME OF MEETING: *After walk*

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH EDWARDS	Chief Walker.
ALICE NEWTON	Long Walker.
BLANCHE HAWKINS	Silent Walker.
NELL GROSS	Slow Walker
FAY WEBB	No "Walker" at all.

Go Lucky Club

MOTTO: *"Believe that you have it, and you have it."*

FLOWER: *Ragged Robins.*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Fire-escape*

TIME OF MEETING: *Sun-down*

MEMBERS

MABLE MITCHELL

ALICE NEWTON

EFFIE THOMPSON

SUDIE WARNOCK

PAULINE BURNS

ROSE KALBFLEISCH

The Oyster Eaters

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

JEWEL: *We are all pearls* FLOWER: *Dandelion*

TIME OF MEETING: *Just as the sun goes down.*

MEMBERS

SALLY LEONARD

SALLY COBB JOHNSON

KATE FORT ELLIS

HELEN W. BAGLEY

MARJORIE LOCKWOOD

KATHLEEN MCGREGOR



Trumps

COLORS: *Red and white*

FLOWER: *Heartsease*

MOTTO: *Hearts are trumps.*

MEMBERS

HELEN BAGLEY

MILDRED WOOLLEY

MARY LOU BERKELEY

MARY WADLEY

ADAIR WILKINSON

ROSALIND BLAKELY

ALBERTA RANKIN

KATE ELLIS





Workers' Guild

MOTTO: *"Busy as a bee"*

FLOWER: *Honeysuckle*

COLORS: *Yellow and white*

CLOTH: *Homespun.*

ELIZABETH WILLIS	Manager
LINDA FELKER	Sweeper
MARY LOU FULLER	Seamstress
ELIZABETH DENHAM	Scribe
MARY JERGER	Darner
NETTYLE WILLIAMS	Messenger Girl

J. A. J.'s

COLOR: *Yellow*

FLOWER: *Johnny-jump-up*

MOTTO: *"It is to laugh"*

MEMBERS:

ALBERTA RANKIN

SALLIE COBB JOHNSON

SALLY LEONARD

KATHLEEN MCGREGOR

IDA HIGHTOWEE

EULA WILLINGHAM

NORMA WRIGHT

HELEN BAGLEY

ADAIE WILKINSON

KATE ELLIS

MARJORIE LOCKWOOD



The Captivated Six

MOTTO: *"It is to see"*

TIME OF MEETING: *Six in the afternoon*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Under the Magnolia tree*

THE CAPS

MARY LOU BERKELEY

ROSALIND BLAKELY

MARY WADLEY

LOUISE LAMAR

LALLIE DANCY

MILDRED WOOLLEY





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MARY WADLEY President
ALBERTA RANKIN . . . Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

MARY WADLEY
MARY LOU FULLER
ALBERTA RANKIN
LINDA FELKER
ALICE NEWTON
ANNIE TARVER
MARTHA HILL
SARAH HAMILTON
LOUISE McMULLAN
ROSALIND BLAKELY

ADAIE WILKINSON
EULA WILLINGHAM
LOUISE LAMAR
BERTHA SCOTT
BESSIE ALLEN
NETTYLE WILLIAMS
EMMA IRVIN
HELEN BAGLEY
NELL GROSS

German Club

COLOR: *Red*

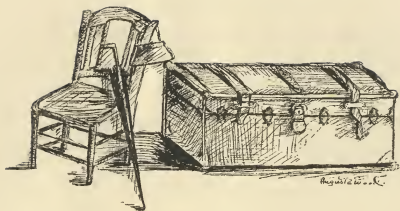
FLOWER: *American Beauty*

OFFICERS

KATHLEEN MCGREGOR President
SALLIE COBB JOHNSON Vice-President
MARY POWELL Sec. and Treas.

MEMBERS

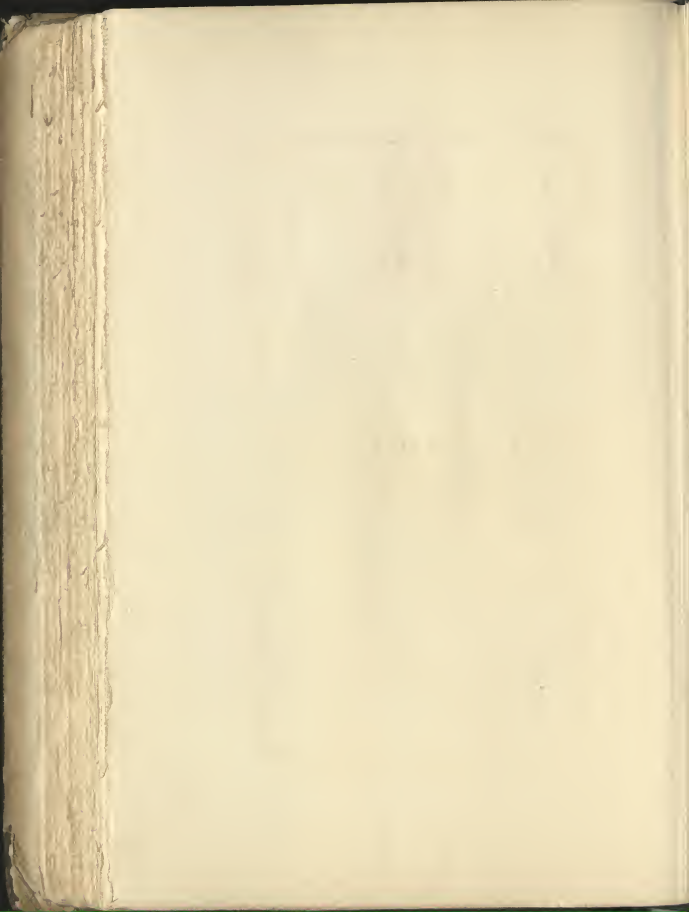
EFFIE THOMPSON	IDA HIGHTOWER
AUGUSTA WOOD	NORMA WRIGHT
CARRIE POU	FAY WEBB
KATE ELLIS	SARAH McELMURRAY
MAY THOMASON	LALLIE DANCY
FRANCES WOODBERRY	DOROTHY AMES
NELLIE COXON	ELIZABETH DENHAM
SALLIE LEONARD	DAISY KIMBALL

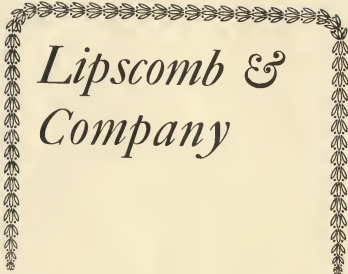




WHERE WE WILL BE WHEN THE ANNUAL GOES TO PRINT



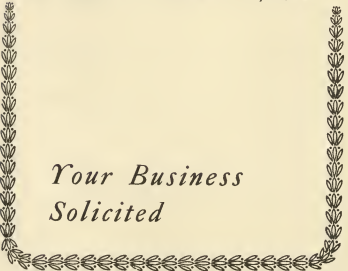




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WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN THAT CASE?

Suppose you were a young man—

As perhaps you are,

And you went courting a young lady—

As perhaps you do,

And you asked her to be your wife—

As perhaps you will some day,

And she should say—

As she appropriately might,

That she couldn't promise for sure

Till her father gave his consent.

And suppose you should call on her father—

As you undoubtedly would,

And you find him agreeable—

And we trust you may,

And he should ask about your prospects—

As he would have a perfect right to do;

And, finding that you had only one thousand dollars besides your salary—

As you would be obliged to confess,

He should ask—As he would be pretty sure to do,

"What would become of my daughter,

If you should die in a few years,

And leave her with several small children?"

What would you do in such a case?

The young man replied.

I carry a policy in **THE MUTUAL LIFE INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION OF GEORGIA** for just such an emergency. It is needless to say he got the girl. If you are not insured in this company, don't delay, but communicate with the

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Congresswoman Caroline O'Day To Visit Her Alma Mater Here

Friend of Mrs. Roosevelt Brings Daughter to See "Lucy Cobb"

By MADGE McCANN

Mrs. Caroline O'Day of New York City, member of the United States Congress from the state-at-large and friend of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will arrive in Athens Monday, October 25. She will come not as a prominent figure in the political world, but as a mother bringing her daughter, Ella, "home" to her beloved Alma Mater, Lucy Cobb.

They will be guests of Miss Jennie Smith, Mrs. O'Day's former art instructor. Immediately after their arrival, they will have lunch at the Lucy Cobb dining hall.

Here in Athens, Ella O'Day will find the answer to her question, "Just what is that institute like of which my mother is so fond and proud?"

A delightful home-coming awaits Mrs. O'Day. Together she and her daughter will view the beautiful old Lucy Cobb Institute, which has only recently been painted, and which in its grandeur is said now to resemble the White House. Together they will stroll beneath the stately old magnolia trees and hear the mysterious swish of the leaves as they tell of the joy and romance Mrs. O'Day, then Carrie Love, knew while attending Lucy Cobb. The lovely old halls still retain their original majesty, and the sweeping staircases will bring back sweet memories. The only sad note in Mrs. O'Day's home-coming will be her sorrow at find-

ing the "goats", famous in Lucy Cobb history, have been destroyed, but she may find one of the pedestals in the new kitchen. However, the porch on either side of which they stood, still has its original price as ornamental iron railings.

Spirit Remains

Mrs. O'Day will also find that the Lucy Cobb Institute has now become part of the University System, and at present is the Lucy Cobb Dormitory for girls. And yet, although many changes have taken place, Mrs. O'Day will find that the real spirit and traditions of Lucy Cobb have remained.

How did Mrs. O'Day obtain the impetus that paced her in her present position? Lucy Cobb did not believe in training its girls for politics, and even the principal, Miss Millie Rutherford, made many speeches against woman suffrage. It is said that it was her intimate friend and neighbor, Mrs. Roosevelt, who influence her to go into political life. However, her training at Lucy Cobb in culture and graces have undoubtedly been of great help to her in making the contacts essential to her success.

Welcoming Mrs. O'Day, the alumnae will honor her with a reception at Lucy Cobb Monday, Oct 25, from 3 to 6 o'clock. At 8 p. m., Monday night, she will be the guest of honor at the Young Democratic club dinner at the Georgian Hotel. Although many will meet her for the first time on that day, everyone has heard of her political triumphs. Her old friends will find her the same Carrie Love, unaffected in manner by her many achievements. She is still the same "tailor-made girl" that she was while in school, for even in the "fluffle-ruffle" days of Lucy Cobb, she retained her originality.

Lucy Cobb Alumnae Banquet

1917

One hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen attended the second alumnae banquet in the spacious dining room of the Lucy Cobb Friday evening, May 25th. Miss Mildred Rutherford, President of the Association, presided. At the President's table were seated Mrs. Katherine Tift Jones, orator of the occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Yow, Misses Gerdine and Brumby, principals of the school, Mrs. Lipscomb, former principal, the trustees with their wives, and officers of the Association.

Mrs. Jones was most happy in her address—her sweet voice and charming personality typefying her subject:—"Woman, and her relation to present conditions." Her utterances were strong and forceful, emphasizing the fact that woman is needed more than ever before in her own peculiar sphere of usefulness. Her sisters of the Lucy Cobb alumnae felt a pride in their representative on the occasion of the banquet.

Mrs. Sallie Fannie White Yow gave two of her beautiful songs after the address of the evening.

The President asked for short speeches, and Judge Andrew J. Cobb responded as President of the Board of Trustees. He made a strong plea for the same educational advantages for women as for men, and argued that the State should afford its daughters the same rights as it gives its sons. He predicted the time when the Lucy Cobb shall be a state institution, affording the young women of the State the highest educational advantages. He paid strong tributes to those who had been in charge of the Lucy Cobb in the past, and had placed it upon such a high standard of excellence. Judge Cobb spoke in complimentary terms of Miss Rutherford, who with her assistant Mrs. Lipscomb, was at the head of the Lucy Cobb for twenty-eight years. He said the trustees were delighted when she consented to assume charge of the school again, and that they felt assured of its steady and uplifting progress under her management.

Other bright talks were made by principals and alumnae full of tender memories and high aspirations for the future of their Alma Mater.

