DR. A. T. OSBRON TO SPEAK AT LAGRANGE COLLEGE, ON THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2

For the benefit of the Quill Drivers' Club and for the Community Library, Dr. A. T. Osbron will speak at LaGrange College, Thursday evening, February 2nd, at eight o'clock. His lecture will be highly entertaining as well as instructive. Dr. Osbron is a scientifically educated man, and he will explain the scientific and psychological law underlying the mystifying phenomena of the Ouija Board and other phases of spiritualism.

Among the many interesting things Dr. Osbron will do will be the demonstration in reading character by the face. In this demonstration he will select twenty college girls who will be told to what type they belong, and what their temperament is. He will do many mind reading stunts and will receive mystifying from what some people would choose to term the "spirits."

Though Dr. Osbron needs no introduction to the people of LaGrange, nevertheless he cannot be too highly recommended.

While on the Lyceum and the Chautauqua platform, he made himself famous, both as a lecturer and as a demonstrator of physis phenomena. The small amount of twenty-five cents will be charged for this entertainment, which the people of LaGrange cannot afford to miss.

DR. DEMPSEY VISITS COLLEGE

The visit of Dr. Elam Dempsey was one of great pleasure and inspiration to the college folk. For several years his sister was head of the English Department here, and Dr. Dempsey himself is a trustee of the institution, and has been a loyal friend to her. We are indeed proud to have a claim on such a man as Dr. Dempsey. He is one of the leading members of the North Georgia Conference, and for a long time has held some of its most important appointments. At present he is secretary of education from this conference and is tearing the state in that capacity.

Dr. Dempsey has been associated with students for many years, having served as professor and as pastor in several of our Georgia colleges. We can understand this quite well, having seen how his pleasing personality and intellectuality won a ready entrance into the hearts of the LaGrange girls. He preached at the First Methodist church in the city, both morning and evening on Sunday and his messages were heartily received there. At the Y. W. C. A. vesper service, Dr. Dempsey gave quite a splendid and inspiring talk.

We were indeed glad to have Dr. Dempsey with us, and we hope that other of our friends will follow his example and visit us.

PERSONALS

Miss James Scevoro, of Claxton, has come to enter school, for the second term.

Mr. Frank Hill and Mr. Sam Hill, of Georgia Tech, are spending several days with their aunt, Miss Maldie Smith.

Mrs. Fears, of Athens, formerly Miss Lizzie Lou Veale, and Mrs. Bert Bolton, of Atlanta, former students, were guests of the college during the month.

The college is glad to welcome Miss Lydia Saxon, of Cartersville, who has come to have charge of the infirmary.

Miss Margaret Bodman, instructor of piano, Mrs. Abbott, Miss Ruth Cotton, Miss Jerry Brinson, Miss Mary Leggett, and Miss Lillian Clark motored to Atlanta to hear Rachmaninoff.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MRS. CATHERINE WARE GAY

"A Bell of the Sixties"

With hesitation naturally, one would attempt to portray the life of her, whose name is traced in the caption of this brief and incomplete article.

To many of her friends she was always known as "Miss Carrie"—bright, joyous, sympathetic. Therefore, we may say she was eighty-six years young at the time of her death, which occurred at her old ancestral home in LaGrange, Georgia, on the afternoon of January 23rd, at 2:30 o'clock.

She was born in LaGrange, June 24, 1835, was graduated from LaGrange College in 1853, and was married to Mr. Frank Poythress in 1864. By this marriage she had one daughter, the beautiful Mary Poythress.

In 1864 Mrs. Poythress became the happy bride of the dashing young Captain, Jack Gay, a former suiter, I have been told. From this union there was one daughter, Eugene, our own Mrs. Eugene Nix, who with her three daughters, Misses Julia, Mary Barnard and Mrs. Carrie Nooner, survive her.

During the "Nightmare of Reconstruction" such women as she shown bright, proved tried. She never allowed the flag of the Confederacy to trail in the dust by any lack of loyalty on her part. But with unterrified, steady purpose, she would, in modesty and gentleness defend the principles for which our fathers' fought to the finish.

She had traveled much at home and abroad, and when conversing with men or women of the "other side" she won admiration wherever she went. But we, repeat it, she was everywhere, and in any gathering possessed of that winsomeness of manner that characterized the true

(Continued on last page)
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JANUARY 1922
At last our dearest dream is to
come true. We are indeed about
to realize that for which we have often
hoped and for which we have longed
so earnestly,—a college paper. To
our kind benefactor, who, though un-
known to us, is backing us in our
effort, we thus express our thanks.
For though we had built air-castles,
we could not bring them to reality
without the financial resources on
which we might draw, if necessary.

Inscribed in this, The Scroll, you
will see, first of all, the present, for
we intend to incorporate within our
paper the news of the different de-

partments of LaGrange College. Also
we wish in this college paper to
make tangible that intangible atmos-

phere which pervades the institution
and which means so much to our
girls. Also we intend to record the
glits of humor and wit that make
themselves evident in L. C. maidens.

Not only are we interested in the
present, but also in the past. And,
in our "Scroll," though it is opened
at the present, as you begin to un-
roll you will find news of the past,
for we are to have an alumnas sec-

tion, which will keep up with our
sisters who have gone out from this
institution and who are making their
way in the world. No matter how
far they may be from us, neverthe-
less they are a vital part of the col-
lege and a part of which we, who are
striving to live up to their high
standard, are justly proud.

And as The Scroll unrolls both
ways, we shall unfold to you a
glimpse of what our hopes are for
the future. Though it is not safe to
prophecy, nevertheless, backed by the
glorious record of the past, we are
confident that in the future our great
old college will still continue to over-
look the intellectual welfare of La-
Grange, and to serve as a bea-

con-light to those who are seeking for
knowledge.

LaGrange College has a paper! We
think that it is a splendid paper from
the best of scholars, but there is
something needed that only other
fine schools can furnish. Variety is
the life of all publications, and to
secure that variety, for the life of
our paper, and the spice of our life,
we need your papers. Whatever
yours may be, we want it and trust
you will be just as glad to send your
paper to us as we are to send our's
to you.

The Scroll is a monthly publica-
tion now, but next September we ex-
pect to begin publishing it each week.
However, it is just as good now, and
we being contented, believe that you
need it, just as much as we need
yours.

THE MEZZOFANTIAN LITERARY SOCIETY
To the Mezzos who have gone out
from L. C. we send greetings. We
hope that we shall be able to keep
the society for which you have in-
owered so hard up to the standard you
have set for it. We are proud of our
Mezzofantian alumnae and hope that
each of you, when you think of the
good old L. C. days, will let our so-

ciety have a very dear spot in your
memory.

We have been having some inter-
esting as well as instructive programs
this year on American literature. Our
last program was on two of our
dearly beloved writers, Joel
Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson
Page. The delightful stories of Uncle
Remus thrilled and charmed the au-

dance as much as if each person
there had been the child so eager for
the dear old negro to begin his story.
Each one was vitally interested in the
joy and sorrows of "Fire'er Rab-
bit." Two poems by Thomas Nelson
Page were read. These gave us un-

beautiful pictures of the old South,
so dear to us all. The local atmos-

phere with which each author has in-
vested his work has an enduring
charm because each has portrayed the
peculiar characteristics of our old

wonderful South of ante-bellum days.

So here's to the black and gold!
we may live up to all these col-
ors stand for and leave them, when we
too shall go out from this institution,
as do the ones who have gone out
before us. In The Scroll you will find
news of the past, as well as in the pres-
ent, but also in the past. And,
when you think of the
Mezzos to come as you have left them
for us.

IRENIANS' GREETINGS
Irenians of other L. C. Days
And of other L. C. Ways,
The Irenians of 1922
Extend heartiest greetings to you.
In your dreams of old L. C.
Of how things used to be.
Don't thoughts come crowding in
Of the Irenians, now and then.
Of the programs you enjoyed so
And how you loved to go?
You wonder if the Irenians of today
Are as fine as those of yesterday.
Yes, the Society is as strong as ever.
To be loyal the members still stand
dear.
We have lots of good times too;
The things, maybe, you used to do.
We uphold the purple and the white
Attend our meetings on Saturday
night.
For the Irenians of 1922
Are Irenians thru and thru.
When you read the “Society News”
We know you'll have the blues
For you'll begin to long and sigh
For those Irenians of days gone by,
AMONG OURSELVES

Lucy Jim Webb writes: "Since leaving LaGrange I completed my college course, took special Bible work at Moody Bible Institute, in Chicago, and taught in Oklahoma and Florida. I later graduated from the National Y. W. C. A. Training School in New York, and was a Secretary of Girls' Work Department in Chattanooga, Tenn. At present I am at the Scarritt Bible Training School, where I expect to finish next May. Then I look forward to doing foreign work under the Southern Methodist Woman's Council. It was LaGrange that gave me the start."

Flora Franklin, 1921, is head of the English department at Reinhardt College, Waleska, Ga.

Kate Davis, ex '22, is teaching at Heardmount, Ga., and planning to complete her work for a degree.

Mr. E. T. Luckie, of Atlanta, sending a copy of his song, "My Heart's Down In Dixie," writes: "Years ago, in the fifties, my mother was a student at the old 'Female Institute' at LaGrange, and it is from her that I acquired the love for our bonny 'Southland' that impelled me to write this little song."

It is the desire of the board of editors that every living ex-student of L. C. shall receive The Scroll. The mailing list is far from complete. The editor will be glad to have the name and address of any ex-student who fails to receive the publication.

Y. W. C. A.

The purpose of the Y. W. C. A. on the Campus is to bring the love and fellowship of Jesus Christ into the heart of every girl in the College, that each may have a deep sincere interest in her fellowmen the world over, and be willing to do her part in the advancement of God's kingdom on earth. It is our hope and prayer that we may, as an association, be instrumental in sending many workers out into the field which is now so "white unto the harvest."

Our Vesper services are held each evening at 6:00 o'clock in the prayer hall with an average attendance of ninety-five per cent. The majority of our meetings are conducted by the students themselves. For our Sunday services we usually have speakers from the outside and frequently from our own worthy faculty, and Spanish outside speakers bring new interest to the association members, and give us the viewpoints of those who have chosen for themselves a life of Christianity and service to others. In this way we get a glimpse of the joys such a life brings, and are convinced that we may obtain the greatest joys and happiness in life by following the example set for us by one master in his sojourn on earth.

The entire school is included in the membership of the Y. W. C. A. and with this basis upon which to carry on our work, we feel assured of some success.

"THE FAITHFUL FEW"

On College Hill in days gone by
There was a loyal freshman band
And to their colors waving high
Allegiance pledged with heart and hand.

But one by one, they've all dropped out
And left it to the "faithful few",
Who though by trials tossed about
Are still remaining true.

The name of Juniors now we bear
Tho' queer it seems, 'tis true.
We take the name with stately air
But call ourselves the "faithful few".

And often in our dreams we see
Fair pictures of imagination
And think how happy will we be
The day of graduation.

And then those dreams just seem to vanish,
When other visions we behold,
For there's that dreadful French and Spanish
Which makes us all not quite so bold.

But don't you think we're going to quit
Nor that we'll fail to be true blue.
And still remain the "faithful few",
Lois Brand
Junior correspondent.

Mrs. Youngblood (housekeeper): "After this week all servants must dress entirely in white."

Ike (the cook): "Mrs. Youngblood, I don't want'a wear no white suit. I'd look like a fly in buttermilk."

Have Pretty Hands

To have attractive hands, you must give them careful attention.

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Nail and Cuticle Scissors,
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REMINISCENCES OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS
by Velma Folds

“Tis a little bit of shamrock that I hold in my hand, dear, and, as I hold it I think of you. Here’s to the Freshmen class of ’22, the best class ‘pon the globe. Others may come, and others may go, but we go on forever. At least four years has the present aspect of eternity, boundless and boundless.

Long, long ago—’twas September to be exact—we shook the cinders and train dust from our personnel, and stood looking with bewildered eyes at the mighty brick building labelled “LaGrange”. We afterwards learned that it was the depot.

“And so this is our future habitation”, quoth we in unison.

At this thrilling juncture a voice broke in upon our sacred reveries by rudely inquiring, “Are you going up to the college?”

We were all sardined into the waiting machine, tightly clutching our proverbial bags of peanuts and fried pies, and living in mortal agony for fear our paper suit case would be rent on the way up, and spill out our new toothbrushes and washrags and the pink celluloid-framed picture of Wallace Reid and Norma Talmadge our best beaux had given us last Saturday afternoon as a token of their undying affection.

We were feeling decidedly “flapperish” by the time we had traversed a block or so. Wasn’t college life wonderful!

As the machine swept up Broad St. in mighty strokes, our necks were craned seeking to catch the first glimpse of the fateful place. A lump suddenly rose in our throats and our eyes smarted with briny dampness. Oh—nothing but a pesky ole cinder!

All at once we came jam up against a big high hill, and right upon the top scads of buildings.

“Oh, the LaGrange Jail! poor creatures,” said we in commiseration.

Our sense of etiquette permits us to pass over the sudden awakening. Before we realized it, we were packed in the midst of a bare room, and were looking dejectedly around. After ages of standing there, we felt our hands vigorously clutched, and realized that some old girls were assuring us that they were so glad we were to be with them, that the college family welcomed us, and we must be sure and join the Mezofantians or Irenians as the case happened to be.

A year passed by that first day. New girls were met and oh do you know so and so’s were exchanged on all corners and occasions. But the Sophs were kind enough to see to it that for a week at least we should be provided with amusement. However, they seemed to have a different interpretation of the word than we, for Sophomore week had quite a tragic ending for us. Nevertheless, we found interesting scenes by gazing upon each other’s unpowdered noses, and noticing the peculiar curl of each individual’s ear, as it was forced to come out from beneath its befrizzed shelter those seven days. Oh yes! The Sophs saw to it that we realized our utter homelessness by forcing us to go without powder and the added bloom that week, and making us wear our hair small-girl fashion. And all when we had planned to make such a hit when we first made our way into LaGrange.

At the Saturday evening repast, a formal announcement was made by the president of the black sheep of Sophomore week, and a High Tribunal was held in the gym that night. As each guilty little freshie was ushered in before the inquiring bifocals of Her Honor and a dozen parties sprang forward with incriminating evidence, she felt kind of sorry that she hadn’t saluted every Soph she saw and cut corners as she should ‘ave and gone to town without any powder.

One by one we were adjudged guilty and with as good a grace as possible, we took our medicine. In turn came draughts from the “cup of sisterly spit”—which original concoction the jury kindly donated—making love to our little toes, giving vocal selections and impromptu solo dances, blindfolded, eating wriggly spaghetti with the kindly assurance from our captors that we were eating delicious little worms, and so on and on. Nothing could have been sweeter.

After the week of torture was over, we gradually lost interest in our elaborate plans for revenge, and became settled in the “bilet of life”. Our folks back home received glowing letters of Daughter’s Doings, embellished with the latest L. C. slang.
All the World's Worthy Toilet Preparations Are Here
LET US SERVE YOU!
BRADFIELD DRUG COMPANY
SIX STORES—ALL GOOD
PAY CASH
SAVE THE DIFFERENCE

The LAGRANCE BANKING & TRUST CO.
Capital, Surplus and Profits Over $1,000,000.00
We Solicit Your Account
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shooters as well as acquirers of other marked habits of college life.
At 7:20, we were peacefully slumbering, and five minutes later we were wildly dashing down stairs to partake of our morning oatmeal and bacon. On Sunday mornings we were sick at church time, and by the serving of Sunday dinner we were miraculously well. Then we gradually became absorbed by the college life and by the time we had elected our presi-
dent and executive officers, we felt that we were indeed part and parcel of the whole.
The weeks passed by, with an open house or recital now and then, until finally the glorious holidays were at hand, and we were all going home for Christmas. What a thrill!
Now we are back on the hill, labor-
ing and panting through midterm ex-
ams. If we live through them, there will still be fourteen little Freshies to contribute to the cause. If we don't—well, Beelzebub will give you our ad-
dress.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOPHOMORE

The Seniors from a lecture came,
Their brains were all awhirl,
Whose would not be? for they had learned,
That they might rule the world.
And yet the world was very large,
For them to govern all,
In their distress, the Sophomores came
An answer to their call.
'Twas then the Senior president,
With her benignant smile,
Glanced o'er the rank of Sopho-
mores
And thought a little while.
"Classmates," joyously she said
"I have an inspiration,
It will be quite an easy job
With Sophs to lead each vocation.
"Now take Miss Brown who stands
near-by
A jolly girl is she,
Who could make a better clown,
To amuse a company?
"And there's Miss Lane, who loves to dip
Her fingers in the ink,
Of all the choices she might make
She'll lead the poets, I think.
"With all her talents, I am sure
Miss Jones will gain a name.
A charming lecturer she will be
And far will spread her fame.
"In music, Miss Clark cannot be beat,
Miss Martin will be known for her reading;
Miss Hale a New York policeman
will be
She'll arrest everyone who tries speeding.
"Miss Lillie Smith will find her lot
To be that of a professor grave,
She will learn all there is to know
And then more knowledge crave.
"Miss Lumpkin an excellent lawyer will make,
And herself as a judge will forsee,
But forsaking it all to enjoy rest
The best of all laisters she'll be.
"Miss Ansley will run a hotel
Which tourists will seek by the score,
As the hotel gets too small for her boarders,
She'll add a wing and take more.
"In operas Miss Dunbar will figure
Amid beautiful painted scenes,
The scene will be Miss Teasley's production
She'll be an artist, as she now dreams.
"It will be quite an easy job
With Sophs to lead each vocation.
"Now take Miss Brown who stands
near-by
A jolly girl is she,
Who could make a better clown,
To amuse a company?
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She'll add a wing and take more.
"In operas Miss Dunbar will figure
Amid beautiful painted scenes,
The scene will be Miss Teasley's production
She'll be an artist, as she now dreams.
"A great merchant Miss Cotton will make,
Invent a car which will please,
Miss Smith will be a historian
And record the success of these.
"And what will we do?" one Senior said
"For they can run it all, alas!"
"For shame, the Senior president replied
"We'll be proud we were their sister-class".

Margaret McDonald (in Geology class): "Why is the interior of the earth hot?"
Leila Cotton: "Study your Bible and you'll find out."

"I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should do,
but straight conduct ye to a hillside,
where I will point ye out the right
path of a virtuous and noble educa-
tion; laborious indeed at the first as-
cent, but else so smooth, so green, so
full of goodies prospects, and melo-
dious sounds on every side, that the
harp of Orpheus was not more
charming."—Milton. On Education.
It's All The Go
To Go To CARLEY'S Now
It's Warm on Cold Days and
Cool on Warm Days.
COME TRY!
CARLEY'S

SUB. FRESH.

Four little babies were seen one day to leave their home of which they had grown tired and go out into a big forest which surrounded their wretched home. This home which they were leaving had a rusty sign hanging from the door which said, "Ignorance—a Home for the Ignorant!" The forest into which they went was called the "Forest of Knowledge," although this forest was very dense and dark and large the four babies could not endure this dreadful home any longer and they had decided to go forth courageously into the world.

On and on they traveled, deeper and deeper they went into this forest until at length they did not know where they were, but seeing a distant light far away on a high hill they decided to go there for shelter. They at last reached the hill and were taken in kindly by some friendly robins who lived here and who told them that this part of the forest of knowledge was called LaGrange and that the hill on which they lived was called LaGrange College and that it was a place where one could acquire knowledge. They were delighted and upon the invitation of the robins, they decided to remain.

They were petted and fondled by the robins and by the older children who were here to acquire knowledge. They noticed several of the children wearing black caps and robes and they learned that they were black-birds. They enjoyed being in this school of knowledge having entertainments and all kinds of good times. Here they remained until they too were black-birds, the robins teaching them, each one his special work until they went out into the world of literature and nevermore returned to the dreary "Home of Ignorance."

DISTINCTIONS

The growth of the college is evident from the fact that this year's A. B. senior class is the largest since 1910. But this class also claims other distinctions.

One member of the class entered college with one of the best high school records of any student that has ever attended the college. This record has been kept up during her college career.

All emphatically deny the proverbial statement that a "Jack-at-all-trades is good for nothing." One daughter of the college, whose mother and grandmother were graduated from the institution, receives diplomas from three departments with high honors in each. She also takes quite an active part in all student activities.

One member expects to receive her A. B. and M. A. degree at about the same time, since she has almost completed the work required for a master's degree. She claims the distinction of being the champion "crammer" of the school.

The class of '22 is the proud possessor of one of the most active Y. W. C. A. presidents in the history of that organization in this place. During the four years which she has been here, the athlete of the class has been a holy terror to those opposing on the athletic field. They seem to think her equal to the Spartans in the performance of athletic feats.

When sad and despondent there is one who is ever ready with a joke to dispel our gloom. Yet, "her wit is mingled with the subtlest wisdom," as is shown by the responsible position she holds as president of the student government association.

It is quite a striking incident that after a few years of very successful work as principal of the grammar school, one member should take her degree at the same time as two of her former pupils.

But there is another member of whom we are equally as proud. Never before in the history of the college has any class been able to claim the great honor of including a grandmother, and a very remarkable grandmother she is. She not only fulfills the mission of wife, mother, and grandmother, but she also is a very successful teacher, displays remarkable talent in art and with all these duties is an active and loyal member of the class.

The serious and practical atmosphere which usually overhangs the class is delightfully brightened by a spark of romance which glides in. We are exceedingly proud that the arrows of Cupid have not missed us entirely, and that we have one maiden who spends hours watching for the mail, writing letters and studying astronomy.

Dr. G. W. EASON
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LaGrange, Georgia

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FOR

The College Girls and Others

AT

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WITH THE MUSICIANS

Among the most beautifully rendered recitals of the season was the one given on Monday evening by Miss Susie Ogletree, of Durand, Georgia, who receives her certificate in voice, and Miss Alyce Sutton, of Ocilla, Georgia, who receives her diploma in voice, and Miss Mary Barrett, of Waycross, Ga., who receives her certificate in piano. These talented young ladies received the congratulations of the entire student-body and faculty for the efficient work they did upon the following program:

Haydn, Sunrise Symphony, Andante—Miss Barrett and Mrs. Hobart (Violin). Miss Gene Farmer (Piano). Miss Claire Smith Hill.

Carl Bohm, Thine Only, F. S. Breville-Smith, The Enchanted Garden—Miss Ogletree.

Seitz, Third Pupils Concerto, Op. 12, Adagio (Violin)—Miss Claire Smith Hill.

W. A. Mozart, Fantasia I.—Miss Lilian Clark.

Harold Hope Scott, Twilight, Frank Lambert, Yesterday’s Rose—Miss Sutton.

Gabriel—Marie, Minuet (Violin)—Miss Susie O’Donovan Murphy. Leslie Loth, Sunny Fields—Miss Camille Hogeboorn.

Frederick Drummond—A light Song, a Bright Song. Be Happy—Miss Ogletree.

Tschaikowsky, Barcarolle—Miss Barrett.

Atheron, Romance (Violin)—Miss Frances Isabelle Morgan.


Sundae, Romance (Violin)—Miss Gene Farmer.

Harriet Rusk, The Springtime of the Year, Thurlow Lieurance, By the Waters of Minnetonka—Miss Sutton.

Engleman, Cherry Blossoms (Japanese Dance)—Miss Marie Hugh Stanley.

Bohm, Tarantelle (Violin)—Miss Gene Farmer.

Grieg, Dance Caprice, MacDowell, Shadow Dance—Miss Barrett.

“SPECIAL”

Sixteen busy girls are we, Perfectly happy as you may see. Each one of us in our special line, Carefully working up the great incline. In our minds we see our special work, A teacher, philosopher or dry goods clerk. Lessons of common interest we abhor, Special work is what we’re looking for.

J. E. W.

STUDENTS’ VOLUNTEER BAND

What is a Student Volunteer Band? Why a Student Volunteer Band is a group of people that have volunteered to be foreign missionaries. They come together because they have a common purpose. This purpose is to carry the word of God to the countries on the globe that do not have it. The volunteers have a common task to accomplish before going to their foreign fields. They are to awaken a missionary interest among their fellow Christians at home.

We have no Student Volunteer Band here at old L. C. but we are organizing a Life Service Band at present. We are sending several girls to the state conference at Milledgeville which convenes from the seventeenth to the nineteenth of February. We are sure these girls will receive a blessing which will last them through life.

M. Spruell

Miss Stella Bradfield was the guest of the Y. W. C. A. Sunday evening, and talked very inspiringly on “Choosing Friends,” at the Vesper Service.

On Saturday evening, January 7, the Seniors officially donned their insignia, the caps and gowns. The students and faculty were assembled in the dining hall, and the seniors marched down, to the accompaniment of a hand salute.

The dining hall was decorated in purple and white, the senior colors. Those selected at the senior table were, Miss Margaret McDonald, Miss Eloise Fullbright, Miss Mabel Cline, Miss Lelia Cotton, Miss Laura Frances Johnson, Miss Ethel Pike, Miss Mattie McGee and Mrs. J. J. Childs, members of the class, and Miss Christine Broome, class sponsor.

Emmie: “Well, Foy, how did you come out on the exam?”

Foy Beck: “I think I did pretty well. I knew that the parables were the first four books of the Bible, but I just couldn’t remember who wrote the Scribes.”
You are the strength of The Scroll. It will be just as strong, as big, as attractive as you make it. Your contribution as an ex-student or alumna is just as important—more important in your own community—as anything the editorial staff can do. We who carry on the work and traditions of Old L. C. are your successors, your followers; your offspring, pledged to keep LaGrange what you worked to make it, and try to make it what you prayed to see it.

Your president is undertaking a vigorous and effective campaign of organization. That campaign will move with added strength only as you give of your time and energy to promote it. No institution greater than LaGrange; no association greater the LaGrange Alumnae Association, speak and a responsibility to act. A message, and hoping to bring back put so much pep into it, that the from old girls instead of begging for copy, Boost the Alumnae Association—Keep Miss Bradford so busy organizing clubs that she will have week-end visits all over Georgia. Sit down right now and write. Write The Scroll, "Who you are, where you're at, and what you're doing," and the same thing about some one whom the first issue probably doesn't reach. Write Miss Bradford all you know about every girl whose name does not appear on our rolls. If you have any surplus funds send one dollar for dues, which will be spent this year on the library, fifty cents for The Scroll subscription until June, and all the rest for the Rufus Smith Memorial Fund.

You are the strength of The Scroll, the Alumnae Association, the College. Come on! Every one of you! Let's make Old L. C. shine!

(Continued from first page)

Southern woman, and will cause her to ever remain in a class to herself. No wonder then that she was lovingly called "The Little Rebel!"

If the reader will return to an allusion, the writer will inaugurate a few reminiscences, in which she was one of the principal factors.

Their daughter, Mary and myself, were always the closest friends, having been born and reared on adjoining farms. We scarcely had a thought that the other did not share. This gave me the right of way, or entree to her home at all times. One day Mrs. Gay called out to one of my mother's servants in an excited manner: "Tell Mollie the Yankee is coming, and are entering Vernon street!" Well! Mary and I hid ourselves in our mothers' skirts, while the servants made haste to hide the silver and other valuables, with the few groceries left, consisting perhaps of a part of a loaf of sugar or a sack of coffee. Then the two very young widows stacked arms, so to speak, at their front gates, in order to defy a Yankee to enter their homes.

In the rear of Mrs. Gay's home was a family burying ground, overgrown with honeysuckle, wisteria and Cherokee roses, making a safe hiding place for a soldier dodging the Yankees. These two brave women, Mrs. Gay and her neighbor kept vigil night and day over a soldier boy in gray until the Yankee raid had explored the town in search of "Johnny Reb." After this cruel war was over, she filled her table with boarders, as did other brave ones in the effort to rehabilitate their homes. O, the Babylon days the boys and girls spent in those cheerless nights.

It pains us to think she has gone away. The snapping of the link that binds us to our eventful, but a glorious past as well, makes our hearts throb with sorrow. She was verily a woman of peace, as well as "a Woman of War Times," organizing and reconstructing our Memorial Associations, providing for the maintenance and comfort of that "thin line of gray"—our blessed Veterans, through her offices in the great work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It could have been said of her that her life motto was, Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History.

The escort of Veterans, the floral tributes, the large concourse of friends and relatives at her funeral, all attest the high esteem of her home community. Teens who knew her well, she seems to have come to the end of a perfect day, in so far as having fulfilled God's will concerning her life, and she died devoted still to three things, viz: Her family, her church and the Southern Confederacy.

The cardinal fact in her religious belief was, Saved by Grace, as the choice so beautifully sung at her funeral in the old home.

To attempt to add anything to the charm of such a life would be to...