OUR Y. W. C. A. HISTORY

“Our College "Y", one of the oldest Associations in women's colleges in the South, was a charter member, with a very few other Associations, of the (then called) Gulf States Division of the International Y. W. C. A., of the United States and Canada. Our faculty was represented on the Board of the Gulf States Division, this representative of our college later becoming a life-member of that Board. Meetings of the Board were then held in Atlanta.

To go back to the beginning of our "Y" work in LaGrange, we must mention the visit to our school, in the spring of 1898, of Miss Annie Bradshaw, an International Y. W. C. A. Secretary, who told us of the first Summer Conference for Southern students (women) to be held at Rogersville, Tennessee, the following June. At the Synodical College, in that beautiful little mountain town, a LaGrange delegate sat among about forty other teachers and students, representing a few Southern schools, all agreeing that the June weather was glorious, and that such inspiring meetings had never been held before.

In the little town, however, opinions were divided. Many thought the Conference was purely to persuade young women to be missionaries, or definite Christian workers; others thought the meetings smacked too much of—horrible thought!—Women’s Rights! Twenty-seven years ago, to be interested in Women’s Rights (though that had no connection with this Conference, whatever), was enough to ostracize one. The leaders were women, and they were directing public conferences, so surely they must be forward women, of the aggressive type, thought the town. The welcome was not so cordial as it would have been years later.

The delegate from LaGrange was asked more than once why she came to a Bible Conference? Was she going to be a Missionary? She had not thought of it before, but the somewhat sarcastic questions by those of that little town stuck in her heart to be considered.

At LaGrange, the faculty and students were rather indifferent to Association work, knowing very little about it, but an organization was started with thirty members, or more. There was a Bible class for personal workers, and a Mission Study class—a very new thing then. But the very next year there was one hundred percent membership of the teachers and students in the dormitory in the Association; also there was a town division meeting weekly at the noon hour, and at the end of that year, every dormitory student was a Christian and a church member.

Each year LaGrange College has sent her delegates to the Summer Conference; many girls have become Christians and church workers; many have become Volunteers, and as teachers, or missionaries, have found work in Cuba, Mexico, Brazil and China. Much of this has been due to our Y. W. C. A. There is much glorious work ahead, we know.

MISS MAIDEE SMITH.

MISS BRADFIELD IS RECOGNIZED IN EDUCATIONAL CIRCLES

LaGrange College is especially fortunate this year in having as a member of its faculty Miss Stella Bradfield, who has been accepted by some of the leading educators of America. Miss Bradfield is putting into practice special programs for Observation and Participation, which have been so skillfully arranged by her, among her pedagogical pupils. These plans of Miss Bradfield's have proven to be very successful.

We feel confident our college, backed by her progressive spirit, will continue to make rapid strides along educational lines.

SOCIAL NEWS


* * * *

Mrs. J. O. Sutton and her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Harper, of Ocilla, attended the voice recital of Miss Alice Sutton. Mrs. Harper was formerly Miss Fannie Sutton, a student of LaGrange College.

* * * *

Miss Nina Lynn, of Decatur, spent the week-end with Misses Gladys and Miriam Spruell.
The SCROLL
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Pres. Glee Club Mary Leggitt

FEBRUARY 1922
Possibly close observers will notice that this issue of The Scroll is much more adorned, much more artistic than our last issue. Maybe you will be so pleased with our new heading on the front page that you will not turn to discover what is on the inside. We hope to make improvements of some kind every month, for we intend to be progressive. We intend to reach higher standards every month because of our last effort. But the adornment of the "Scroll" we take no credit for ourselves, for it is not our idea that has been worked out so beautifully to decorate our front page. We owe thanks for this to Mr. Russell Brown, of Atlanta, who is a good friend of the college, and who has helped us in more ways than one. We take this space to thank him for his timely and much appreciated contribution to the Scroll.

The work of the LaGrange College Alumnae and Former Students' Association for the year has been organizing local chapters in every town and city where there are as many as four or five graduates of former students. Quite a number of these local chapters have been formed and a list of the officers and members sent in to the central organization at LaGrange.

The Alumnae Associations believe that through these local chapters the best possible work for the college can be done. It is of much importance to the college to have interested workers in each locality whom we may notify when we have inquiries about the college. The local Alumnae can visit the interested girls and give valuable information about the college that it would be difficult to communicate by correspondence. It is the personal touch that counts.

The college is proud of her graduates, and feels that they are the best advertisement she can have. LaGrange College wants people to know that you belong to her. Big notices in the papers regarding meetings held and those in attendance, will keep before the public your strong and abiding interest in the college.

Has an organization been perfected in your town? If there has not been, will you write today for information and see that your group has a part in the upbuilding of the college? Through the splendid gifts that have lately come to the college, she has the brightest prospects in the history of her life.

Will you have a part in the work?

The fight is on. The opposing sides have clashed and each is struggling to be victor. The annual Junior-Senior debate is now the chief topic of conversation at LaGrange College. The subject is, "Resolved, that the United States should cancel the European debt," and the Juniors have chosen the negative side. The Seniors are to be represented by Misses Emily Park and Lois Brand, while the Seniors are to be represented by Misses Leila Cotton and Mabel White. The whole college household is divided up into sympathizers with either one side or the other.

Who does not thrill at the remembrance of the annual Junior-Senior debate? What vivid thrill has the heart of the campus? This stirring spirit has made the auditorium crowded to its greatest capacity, of the stirring music of the band as the debaters march in on separate sides, followed by their sympathizers! What vigorous yells rend the air, magnifying the "pep" and enthusiasm of the college to heights to which not even the ancient Greeks this beautiful cup does to the modern L. C. girls. The Juniors have a mental picture of the cup further adorned with a bow of white ribbon, while the Seniors think a bow of purple and white ribbon is really the necessary finishing touch to this already beautiful cup. Each side is trying to uphold its colors which mean so much to the respective classes and from the great effort that is being put forth on both sides, this bids fair of being one of the best and most hotly contested debates in the history of LaGrange College.

Through the courtesy of Mr. H. T. Quillian, the Shuttle Editor had the honor of making an address last Sunday night in LaGrange College, subject, "Women in Industry." After paying a high tribute to local industrial organizations and to the ideal mill communities, Mrs. Thomas stated that she'd be glad to prove the assertions to any who would "go visiting" with her. Her address was interesting and enjoyable, judging from the hearty congratulations received.—The Shuttle.

MR. M. J. BECK, of Nelson, spent several days at the college, the guest of his daughter, Miss Foy Beck.
We are the friends of the LaGrange College, and want the LaGrange College girls to be our friends.

OPEN AN ACCOUNT TODAY!

Bank of LaGrange

R. L. RENDER, President
HOWARD P. PARK, Vice President
L. D. MITCHELL, Vice President
PAUL L. HAMMETT, Asst. Cashier, EULA M. RENDER, Asst. Cashier

WITH THE SENIORS

As soon as the strenuous days of examinations were over, fortune, in the form of entertainments smiled upon the Seniors. Miss Ethel Pike entertained the class at her home on Park Avenue, on the evening of the 28th. Music, songs and games were features of the evening's entertainment. At the close of the evening delicious cream and cake were served. The guests included the members of the class and Misses Daugherty and Boozer, of the faculty.

Friday night was a most delightful weekend house party was given by Mrs. J. L. Johnson, of '86, for the Senior class.

The party which was given Saturday evening marked an exceptionally bright spot in the career of the class. The decorations were in purple and white, the class colors. The favors were dainty little purple and white maidens, wearing caps and gowns. Progressive games were played, and in the midst of the fun delightful refreshments were served.

The last, but by no means the least feature of the visit, was the birthday dinner given Sunday in honor of Miss Lura Frances Johnson. The table was beautifully decorated and bountifully loaded. Great was the excitement over blowing out the candles and cutting the cake.

After vain attempts to miss their train by punctures, blow-outs, slow watches, etc., the guests safely departed in the 3:30 train for LaGrange.

While the Seniors were on their way to West Point, Saturday afternoon, the Juniors busied themselves with rummaging their trunks and wardrobes. Saturday evening revealed the secret of the afternoon's search.

The Juniors attired in Senior caps and gowns, followed their sponsors into the dining hall very sedately and took places at the Senior table, appropriately decorated for the occasion. Throughout dinner these Junior ladies very skillfully did their part to supply a Senior class. Just before the students left the dining hall, Mr. Thompson, amid much applause, introduced the Seniors of '23. A telegram of congratulations from the class squad on the hill (conceit!) and cake were served. The guests closed of the evening delicious cream and cake were served. The guests close of the evening delicious cream.

FRESHMEN "QUIPS AND QUIDITIES"

Social events among the Freshmen contingent have been few and far between this month. The most momentous event of the past few weeks was the basketball game between our team and the High School girls, which was pulled off the night of Friday, the tenth, in the new High School gymnasium.

The entire student-body turned out in flying colors, and with "pep" and enthusiasm galore, we marched hilariously into the place of combat.

The game started, and it was an exciting one throughout. Our girls put up a stiff fight, and the High School members had to battle for every point they gained. But, nevertheless, they gained them. We just have to hand LaGrange High School the bouquets when it comes to playing basketball.

The Freshmen squad, composed of "The Spruells," Dorminey, Braswell and Cowden, fought like young Amazons for the game; but the Falcons were against us—and who can argue against these vengeful powers?

But—laying all joking aside—our girls did mighty well, and we are proud of them. When one takes into consideration the facts that they were out of practice, were playing their first outside game, and were using boy's rules for the first time this season, they just can't help from admitting their spirit and determination.

Yes, we are very real Portias when it comes to defending the Freshmen class, any part, division, sub-division, property or organization belonging to it—'cause we jes' know.

And now, people, we want you to take notice. The very next time this here Freshmen team goes out to play basketball, she's going out to win—no doubt about it. The first team that heaves in sight will see V-I-C-T-O-R-Y shining all over our faces so hard that if a fly were to land on any individual visage, it would shudder and break its neck, presto!

Nothing dainties us, and when LaGrange High School comes up for her return game, there's going to be a faint tinge of excitement in the atmosphere that surrounds this sacred hilltop.

Verily and truly, we can't decide which is the best team any way—the Freshmen or the Varsity. So far we have been the Waterloo to every class squad on the hill (conceit!) and we simply can't help being proud of it. Furthermore, we intend to make just as good an outside record as we have acquired on the campus. So to all would-be champions, we articulate these words:

"Stop, Look and Listen."

"Cause the Freshmen team Sho'ly are comin'."—Selah.

Miss Mattie Lou Wilson and Miss Velma Folds spent the week-end at Miss Fold's home, in Carrollton.

C. W. SUTHERLIN
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER
LaGrange, Georgia

With LaGrange Jewelry & Arms Co.
THE MEZZOFANTIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

To all Mezzos who have gone out from L. C. we send a challenge. Send us your present name, address, and occupation. Send us a contribution for the Scroll.

You, each and every one know how good it seemed to hear from home, or from friends, when you were school girls. Well, although we may be a little more flippantish than you were, we, too, like to hear from our homes and friends, and each new Mezzo considers each old Mezzo her friend. We are held together by the same ideals and standards that the Mezzofantian Literary Society has stood for since 1887, and so, we want to know what you are doing. We want you to help us, by telling us how you have gained success. We want you to tell us of your experiences, that we may follow in the paths in which you have led.

We are reminded of the story of the man and the tombstone. It was back in the good old days of horses and buggies, that a man, while driving through a cemetery, chanced to notice the inscription on one of the tomb stones. The inscription ran something like this:

“As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, so will you be,
Prepare for death, and follow me.”

The man stopped his horse, got out of his buggy, and with his knife carved the following:

“To follow you, I’ll not consent,
Unless I know which way you went.”

Old Mezzos, if you would have the school girl Mezzos of today follow you, let us know which way you want.

Our society is rather small this year. However, what we lack in quantity, we make up for in quality. How about helping us out with our quality by sending us a contribution for the Scroll? We need your support. Let us have it. Help us keep the Mezzo the grand old society that it has always been!

IRENIAN SOCIETY

The only letter received from an Irenian of days gone by is so full of good cheer and characteristic Irenian spirit that it is too good to be left out of “The Scroll.” It is evident from the contents that the writer is still an Irenian ‘thru and thru.’ She has imparted much of her enthusiasm to the Irenian reporter, who wishes to quote the letter verbatim.

Dear “Miss Mary Lane”–

Although I have had the pleasure of knowing two Mary Lanes, you could not be either, as they are both married, but you are an Irenian and that is sufficient. If you care to know anything about me look me up, “Annie Mag Dunson,” on the pictures in the “Prayer Hall,” or ask Mr. Alwyn or Stella Bradfield. They can tell you anything you might want to know.

As to the why of my writing, I have just received the first copy of “The Scroll,” which so renewed my youth that I am enclosing a dollar for a dollar’s worth of “subscription” to the same.

Also your “greetings” to the Irenians caused me to burst into rhyme in behalf of “old Irenians.”

Having spent seven years at old L. C., the college is very dear to me, and any advancement is always a cause of much rejoicing on my part.

Good luck to “The Scroll,” the Irenians and all the college girls.

Cordially yours,

MARGARET DUNSON DAVIS,
LaGrange, Ga.

I glanced but idly through “The Scroll”; My memories dormant lay and buried, But chancing on that magic word, My muse awoke, aroused and stirred. That magic word—once more my soul Is flooded with a keen delight And thronging through my dormant brain Come memories of that gala night When Greek met Greek in firm array, What e’er might be their inward fright

The Mezzos even flaunting black and gold Irenians, purple and white, And each in turn would take the stand Convincing sure as fate And hammer home those striking points To win the “Grand Debate” While loyal voices filled the air At each point driven down Not only from the “College Girls” But all the boys in town,

And at last the judges go With firm and steady tread, Into each loyal throb'ning heart, There comes that nameless dread. Your pulses beat, your hands turn cold, You tremble in your fright. You scarce can stand the agony And then oh, glorious sight; They’re coming back, the time has come;

Why will they be so slow? What makes them talk around the donor? Why can’t they let you know? And then a solemn breathless hush For the judge, with tact and grace, Says: “Though ‘twas hard indeed to make a choice, The ‘Irenians’ get first place.”

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has been most fortunate in obtaining speakers for the Sunday vespers services during the month of February.

We truly appreciate the advantages gained by hearing these messages from those already experienced in the work of service to others.

On February 5, Rev. William B. Hayas, rector of the Episcopal church of LaGrange, gave an excellent talk on the well-known words spoken by the Master, “Take up thy cross and follow me.” He recalled to us not only the good rendered to others, but the satisfaction and joy that service brings to the follower himself.

“The Social Service” based on the scripture found in Matthew 25:34-46, among the last words spoken by Christ in his public ministry was the subject of the talk given at the college by Mrs. Ethel Dallis Hill, of LaGrange, Sunday, February 11. The message was delivered clearly and impressively and it is to be hoped that it caused serious thought on the part of those who heard it.

Interesting programs, which we hope may be carried out, have been planned for the remaining Sundays of the month.

On the last Sunday in January, Mrs. Ethel Thomas, of Southwest LaGrange, gave these present at the Y. W. C. A. service a glimpse into the life of the industrial world. Mrs. Thomas has visited mills all over the state and is widely known throughout the South. The talk was very interesting and made impressive the speaker’s own personal experiences.
A SOPHOMORE MEETING

The Sophomores met at the request of their president, to make plans for a Valentine party. When the Sophomores meet business is usually subordinated to pleasure and it chanced that the conversation drifted to the hardships of a college student.

Mary Lane chimed in: "These teachers think we don't have one thing to do but work for them. I'm tired of getting up at four o'clock to study, and then getting a zero on my lessons." Jennie Lu, you don't look like you have a thing to do. You must be a bright student."

"Well," drawled Jennie Lu, not meaning to be conceited, "I guess I am. I can make the best excuses."

"I never could shun a teacher," wailed Ruth. "If I start out feeling my way, I'm always bound to get it wrong. Why, when one of them asked me if Napoleon was a general, I said 'yes,' although of course I did remember a battle he fought. It looks like any teacher could have heard that, but this one didn't and sweetly asked: 'Did you say 'no'?'"

"Of course I thought I had made a mistake and said 'yes,' I said no. Napoleon never was a general. I wish you could have seen that withering look I got. And it was all her fault too. She ought to have listened more."

"Well, there's something I don't know yet—do any of you? Miss MacFarlane asked me why Moses didn't take an elephant in the Ark. I read my whole lesson through and an elephant wasn't in it. I remembered that it said he took in some of every clean and unclean beast—and I told Miss MacFarlane that—and would you believe it, everybody laughed at me."

"Nothing. I was only blushing because I'd been so green," responded Sarah.

Elizabeth said, "All of us are quiet when they are all so long?" questioned Mary Ella. "Why we had perfectly when they are all so long?"

Sarah, that's nothing dreadful, explained Mary. "No wonder child—Moses never did see the Ark. It was Abraham," said Miss Maidee that—and would you believe it, everybody laughed at me."

Sara Brown's awfully quiet," said Donald, "I in Latin. What are your cheeks so red about?"

"Nothing, Sara Brown is only blushing because I'd been so green," responded Mary Ella. "Well, why didn't Moses take an elephant in the Ark. I read my whole lesson through and an elephant wasn't in it. I remembered that it said he took in some of every clean and unclean beast—and I told Miss MacFarlane that—and would you believe it, everybody laughed at me."

"Nothing. I was only blushing because I'd been so green," responded Sarah. "Miss MacFarlane—She saw her in Latin class."

Everybody looked at Sarah. "Why, Sarah, that's nothing dreadful," Elizabeth said. "All of us are quiet in Latin. What are your cheeks so red about?"

"Nothing. I was only blushing because I'd been so green," responded Sarah.

"Now, there's something I don't know yet—do any of you? Miss MacFarlane asked me why Moses didn't take an elephant in the Ark. I read my whole lesson through and an elephant wasn't in it. I remembered that it said he took in some of every clean and unclean beast—and I told Miss MacFarlane that—and would you believe it, everybody laughed at me."

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All the World’s Worthy Toilet Preparations Are Here
LET US SERVE YOU!
BRADFIELDRUG COMPANY
SIX STORES—ALL GOOD
PAY CASH
SAVE THE DIFFERENCE

JOKES

A Family Affair

"Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?"
"Yes, mama."
"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father, who played the organ."—The Literary Digest.

The following extracts from examination papers may be of interest to students of American literature:

"Literature in America started after the first colonies were established in America."

"Franklin’s Autobiography ranks high in literature, because people have always enjoyed reading it."

"There are two kinds of literature: national and international. The kind written in our country is national."

During a period when very little writing was done in America “literature was kept alive by a few men, such as Anne Bradstreet, who was a woman of unusual ability."

The Feminine Viewpoint

"Cooper doesn’t make his women attractive and interesting at all. His descriptions are all good and he draws wonderful characters for his men."

Sub:—When do the Art pupils begin giving their recitals?"

Mary Lane:—“I'm awfully glad love is blind, for I think our house president will soon be so blind she can't tell when we keep our lights on after light bell.”

Senior:—“Well, I've learned three new Latin words today.”

Prof:—“What are they?”

Senior:—"De Amicitia."

Mattie Lou Wilson was helping to arrange a representation of the lower regions to be used for a party. When the bell rang she rushed breathlessly into the Bible class room and exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Maidee, won't you excuse me from Bible to go decorate hell?"

SOLILOQUY

I know I ain’t no shining star
I know how ugly my face are.
But I don’t mind it, I stops behind it,
Folks out in front, they gets the jar.
—Technique,

If McFingal wrote “McFingal Dole,” if the Prince wrote “The Prince of Parthia,” if an Indian wrote “The Indian Burying Ground,” and if Will wrote “The Will and the Wing,” did Leila write “The Cotton Boll?”

If these jokes are flat and stale,
And are not even droll,
You write out a funnier tale
And send it to the Scroll.

Dr. G. W. EASON
Dentist
LaGrange, Georgia

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East Side Square

DOINGS OF THE JUNIORS

Well, it actually happened! And, my! didn’t we feel dignified? But I am about to tell what it was that "actually happened." On Saturday night, February the fourth, while the Seniors were away on a week-end house party, we Juniors, thanks to the Seniors’ room-mates, stole the Senior caps and robes and paraded down to supper and took our places at the Senior table. We tried hard to be dignified, but, had it not been for the high stock collars which were part of the costume, we might have failed entirely. With them on we could not possibly forget for a minute. The girls sang to us and cheered us, and Mr. Thompson introduced us. Once in awhile we caught ourselves actually becoming thrilled, only to remember that it was all a joke—until next year. Then we will be both glad and sorry that it is all real.

The biggest thing we are working toward now is the Junior-Senior Debate, which is to take place sometime in April. The debaters have been elected and by hard work and the support of their loyal sister classes, they are hoping to go over the top.

Miss Hallie Smith entertained at dinner on Saturday evening, in honor of Miss Maude Harris, of Emory University, an old LaGrange girl. The guests included Miss Christine Broome, Miss Irene Dillard and Mrs. Abiott, from the college.

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Dr. G. W. EASON
Dentist
LaGrange, Georgia

H. A. NOONER
JEWELER
East Side Square
Deep in their downy beds,  
Nothing to fear,  
Four little baby girls,  
Bringing up the rear,  
Watched o'er by tender care.  
Dimples and sweet,  
Some day they'll march too,  
Watched o'er by tender care.

Four little baby girls,  
Deep in their downy beds,  
Dimples and sweet,  
Some day they'll march too.

SCENES FROM THE ACADEMY

In the month of February, while on a tour through LaGrange College, my route led me through the class-rooms of the "babies" or the sub-freshman, and I became deeply interested in the four girls whom I met there. I was surprised at the unusual brilliancy of these and I began to investigate and to try to find out something of them, and I have found them to come up to my expectations. They were all very different, some of them being gifted in one line and others in another. Hastening on I will give you a description of these girls as I found them in this month of February.

Having been told that one of the girls was interested in music I went back to what is called the practise department, supposing that I would hear some classical selection, but hurk! what did I hear? It did not sound as I thought, but rather made me wish to shake my shoulders and move my feet. And this music from a sub-freshman. But the truth must be told. The young lady seated at the piano was very pretty, having straight locks, feel insignificant. But, nevertheless, she was very attractive, and is very popular in LaGrange.

I heard of another who had been a member of the class, but was no longer a member, as she has deserted the others and gone. But from what I could hear she was very attractive and a leader among her school mates, being president of the class.

And lastly comes Elizabeth Butler, and she being a good friend of mine, I will not tell of her faults and virtues, but nevertheless, she is always in for anything which tends toward a good time.

And now, kind readers of The Scroll, don't you think we have an interesting "baby class"? Although our quantity is small, all is quality that counts in dear old L. C. And this class having this element of superiority, but rather dwells upon its faults and defects and seeks to remedy them by study and hard work. Do not forget them, and we will meet them again in next month's Scroll."

A WAYFARER.

DRAMATIC CLUB RECITAL

One of the most interesting events of the month was the recital given by the Dramatic Club on February 19. It was an unusual and varied program which proved intensely interesting.

The Uncle Remus stories were told by girls in true Southern negro costume, and showed a real understanding of Uncle Remus and "the little boy of Georgia."

Miss Wilson's dramatic interpretations were unusually good, and were enjoyed by everyone. "Her First Assignment" is a clever one-act play, which has been played successfully in many places, and was thoroughly appreciated by all who saw it presented by LaGrange College Dramatic Club.

The program was as follows:

PART I.

Uncle Remus Stories—Joel Chandler

Harris—Little Boys; Hal Thompson and Harvey Reed, Jr.
1. How Br'er Tarrypin Shows His Strength—Mary Dee Wilson.
2. The Deluge and How it Came—Emmie Batson.
4. How Br'er Rabbit Lost His Fine Bushy Tail—Jamie Sconyers.

PART II.

Costume Interpretaions—Mary Dee Wilson, assisted by Susan Ogletree, Elizabeth Jones and Emily Park.
1. Pantomime—The Holy City—F. E. Weatherby.

PART III.

One-Act Play:
"Her First Assignment" — Gladys Ruth Bridgman.
Characters:
Mrs. Alice Gordon Sterling—a Very Young Matron; Ethel Edwards, Alberta Gordon, Billy, her sister, Mildred Warner.
Mrs. Craig Winter—Allyce Sutton.
Mrs. Harrison Folmsbee—Lura Frances Johnson.
Mrs. Rosemary Stephens—Mary Dee Wilson.
Frances Hidder—Alys Holmes.
Jacinth Carlyle—Pauline Boozer.
Madge Hastings—Annie Lula Wilson.
Mary Stoddard—Amanda Glenn.
Jennie—(Mrs. Sterling's Maid)—Mildred Cobb.

Stage Manager—Mildred Warner.
Miss Iris Fullbright, who is of the class of '19, is now holding a responsible position in the High School at Talla. She also showed her deep affection for her Alma Mater by her subscription to the Scroll.

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ATTENTION ALUMNAE

You, alumnae, can not imagine how interested we are in you, and how near and dear you are to us, for we realize that you have set the high standards of LaGrange College, to which we are trying to live up. You have helped make LaGrange College what it is. Will you let your influence cease?

Our deep love and esteem are shown for you in this space that we have allotted to the alumnae. It will be just what you make it. Write us where you are and what you are doing. Not only will we who are in college be interested, but also the other alumnae will be glad to receive news from you. Send today, fifty cents for subscription to the Scroll, and write us about yourself.

The editor gladly acknowledges the following letter from Mrs. E. J. Robeson, Jr., of Newport News, Va. The letter is greatly appreciated, and we know that it will be of interest to all alumnae:

223-52nd St., Newport, News, Va.
February 13, 1922.
Editor-in-Chief, The Scroll,
LaGrange College,
LaGrange, Ga.
Dear Editor:

It is with genuine pleasure that I take this opportunity to thank you for a copy of the Scroll recently received.

The "dearest dream came true" of the LaGrange College student-body today, has been the wish of not a few of us who have gone out from her halls and who still cherish our college days among our fondest memories. Would like to compliment the editorial staff upon this, "the first fruit stated above.

The pleasures of the college life are manifold. They are enjoyed all the more because of the strenuous hours spent on our books. The monotony of the study period is broken into quite often by a surprise given to the student-body in the form of an evening at the picture show or the Y. W. C. A. Each evening the college household gather in the prayer hall and have prayers together.

The thing which I like most about the college is the religious influence. It is felt almost as soon as you are on the campus. This influence is perpetuated by the active work of the Y. W. C. A. Each evening the college household gather in the prayer hall and have prayers together.

ATTENTION ALUMNAE

You, alumnae, can not imagine how interested we are in you, and how near and dear you are to us, for we realize that you have set the high standards of LaGrange College, to which we are trying to live up. You have helped make LaGrange College what it is. Will you let your influence cease?

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