GREETINGS FROM THE OLD GIRLS TO THE NEW

"The Hill", quiet through the summer months is awake again. Laughter, greetings and song ring out through the halls until it seems as if the walls will burst, unable to contain the joy that reigns within. We old girls rejoice to see our friends again, to chat of vacation days. Still there is a note of sadness in all the merrymaking for there are faces missing among the gay groups that gather on the campus and in the halls. The jolly old seniors of '23 are absent—gone out in the big, wide world to seek their fortunes. We old girls miss them dreadfully, just as you new girls will miss the seniors of '24, for after all, seniors are jolly good sports with all their assumed dignity.

But we mustn't feel sad for this is the day of days—a gala occasion—for L. C. opens her doors to begin another scholastic year, and there are new voices resounding in every space and crevice of the buildings. We old girls delight to hear the sounds of these new voices for we love the owners of them already. We want you to feel that L. C. is yours to love and cherish forever—once a month. It is not an easy thing for us to relinquish our claim on any of these "fans" which you may take a fancy to, but this we do for the sake of being hospitable, hoping that you new girls appreciate the sacrifice we old girls are making.

The Sophs will introduce you to Soph week, which you will find the most trying time of your college career. But remember, sweet new girls, that those who have had the pleasure of going before you have endured the same ordeal. The gallant sophs have no grudge against you, feel sure of that. They are merely giving vent to all the pent-up ire of their first week at L. C. You are the innocent victims who must meet the situation with all the humility and meekness of your being. Above all things avoid obstinacy in regard to the whims of the Sophs, a little advice from us old girls who have been taught by that great teacher—experience.

Now, new girls, after reading the greetings from us old girls, don't feel a wee bit more comfortable. We will wait a few days to ask if you feel a whit happier, for it will take time for that feeling to find a resting place within you.

Again assuring you that you are thrice welcome at L. C., lest you forget it when your trials and tribulations come, we old girls turn the keys of L. C. over to you.

HURRAH! OVER THE TOP FOR THE LIBRARY

Two thousand and two hundred volumes and $1,651.20 is the result of an eleven-weeks' campaign instituted by the LaGrange College Alumnae and Former Students' association for raising books and funds for the college library.

This total does not include the boxes of books which have been received during the summer months, these boxes amounting to about 200 volumes. The books contributed were almost without exception of high quality and well suited to a college library. The fiction given showed excellent ability to select proper and enjoyable books and have already afforded much pleasure to the students. The new collection of reference books includes numbers of books that give valuable help to the students in preparation of class room work.

This movement of the Alumnae and Former Students' association for the upbuilding of the college has meant much and will mean much to the students of the institution. This interest serves as a stimulus to send the students forward determined to uphold the high ideals and principles of this grand old institution, with its wonderful record of the past and its promising success in the future.

This work of raising books and money for the Library will be continued this year. The Library will be dedicated at next commencement as a memorial to the late Rufus Wright Smith, the beloved President of the college for so many years.

GREETINGS TO THE ALUMNAE

As we return to our work in the college, we like to think of that season as the time when all the local chapter of the alumnae (as well as those who respond from their individual corners) re-enter this work for the college.

In the past year the alumnae did such excellent work for the college library and for the improvement of the campus that we wish to use the momentum already started in that direction and the alumnae association shall continue its interest throughout this year, at least, in making the state and "The Hill" a thing of beauty.

Will not every club have an early fall meeting? Make plans and get to work with a vim. Books, shrubs, money. How much can be contributed of each?

The SCROLL
Published monthly by the Quill Drivers’ Club of LaGrange College.

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Pres. Dram. Club                                   Mamie Northcutt
Pres. Glee Club                                    Lois Brand

The friends of LaGrange College are many, and they are rejoicing that the college has been made standard. The very thought should bring a thrill to the heart of every girl who has entered the portals of L. C. to go out of the institution with nobler purposes and higher ideals. LaGrange College will not be content to stand still with this accomplishment but she will continue as the years pass to soar upward and onward to the heights of a greater LaGrange College. With the beginning of the new era every student should make it her aim to make this 1923-24 year the best scholastic year in the entire history of the college. Each student owes this out of love and gratitude to the alumnae and the many other loyal supporters of the institution who have striven with untiring efforts to raise the college to the standard mark; for the present and future students will enjoy what has been dreamed of and worked for so long.

Each class should begin the year with this thought to pour her on in her work to nobler endeavors and greater accomplishments.

The Freshman class has an advantage over the other classes since it begins its record in the first year of the college as a standard college and for this reason it is expected to set a pace for all other Freshman classes of LaGrange College in years to come.

The Sophomore class has a year’s record behind it worthy of any class but it must set to work with renewed purposes and a determination to make the college proud of the Sophomores of 1923-24.

The Junior class, aside from being an example to the other classes and a loyal sister to the Freshman class, must strive to excel the glories and honors of all other Junior classes.

The Senior class has perhaps the greatest duty to perform under the new order of things and perhaps the greatest opportunity to leave a worthwhile heritage to the institution as she bids farewell to its walls. She indeed, must set aside all wonderful records of previous Senior classes and make the record of records among classes for the year 1923-24.

Y. W. C. A. WELCOMES NEW GIRLS

“I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.”—John 10:10 is the guiding principle of the Y. W. C. A.

A new year with all its opportunities is opening for the LaGrange College Y. W. C. A., the old girls are glad to be back on the campus and more than glad to have with us so many new girls. We welcome you; we need you, we are looking to you for many things, we are sure you will not disappoint us. Have you thought about the Y. W. C. A.? We want you for a member, an active, wide awake member who will help make our motto true for every girl on the campus.

The blue and white triangle represents that which is highest and best in the growth of body, mind and soul. The deepest purpose of the Y. W. C. A. is to bring each student into a personal friendship with Jesus Christ. We know that your college life will be happier and fuller if you give Christ a place in your life, if you will co-operate with the Y. W. C. A. in its work toward the raising of all standards of womanhood and especially toward maintaining high ideals for which LaGrange College has always stood.

The “Y.” plans religious services which consist of vespers for and by the girls each night, just after supper, and a Sunday service, led usually by an outside speaker of importance.

This, however, does not complete the extent of the work of this Association. It also plans parties, hikes, and other wholesome good times to break the monotony of classes, and to make life more enjoyable. The Y. W. C. A. room is open to you. We hope that you will visit it and then in the quiet of the room catch the spirit of our Y. W. C. A., which is so undefinable, but yet so real and feel with the old girls that:

“We find it well to come For deeper rest to this still room, For here the habit of the soul Feels less the outer world’s control.

And from the silence multiplied, By these still forms on every side The world that time and reason have known, Falls off and leaves us all alone.”

OUR ADVERTISERS

Faculty and students, do you ever think of reading the ads in “The Scroll”? Without them our publication would be almost impossible, and they should be given our most careful attention. The business men who advertise through our publication are our friends. Are we going to prove our friendship? Patronize us; let’s remember our advertisers, and so “do unto others as we would have them do unto us.”

We are exceedingly grateful for our advertisers who were so very courteous during the last term, and who have been so prompt to advertise in this, the first edition of The Scroll of this term.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SCROLL!

How do you like the Scroll? If you haven’t already sent your subscription in for this year send it to Miss Grace Hale, Circulation manager of the Scroll. Of course every member of the alumnae will want to subscribe; for nothing will bring back those sweet memories of by-gone L. C. days as will the Scroll. Everyone who is interested in LaGrange College wants to be informed of her doings from time to time. The Scroll will keep you posted as nothing else.

The September number marks the beginning of a new era in the history of the college and in the Scroll. Help us through the publication to make the college better and in so doing make the year 1923-24 the most successful year possible for the Scroll.
THOSE L. C. BLUES

You were mighty anxious to leave this dear old hill, weren't you? Just couldn't hardly wait to rush through examinations and commencement to pack your trunk and take the first train headed for Home, Sweet Home. After you arrived, kissed the home-folks and bid your friends a joyous Hello, unpacked and pressed your things, what did you do? The most natural thing in the world of course—you had a date with your best beau. What did you talk about? After all your "declaring" that you were going to forget L. C. books and everything connected with LaGrange you talked of these very things the very first date you had with your "sweetie." Really there was little else you could talk about, for it is impossible to stay at L. C., nine months without getting her ground into you. All during the summer whenever you heard anyone mention LaGrange—even quite casually—your heart, though you might not have been conscious of it, beat a little quicker as you exclaimed with enthusiasm: "LaGrange! Do you know anyone in LaGrange?" Then, quite naturally, a conversation ensued, the subject of which was LaGrange—and strange to say, you were immensely interested. You never would have believed yourself capable of it, but as the summer wore on your thoughts turned not once a week but daily, to L. C.—the fun you had at those mid-night feasts, the chats you had with friends, the fun and frolic at Thanksgiving time—golden days those college days. You even sighed over the reminiscences. You actually felt a sort of homesickness feeling steal into your heart for the dear old hill and the familiar faces—of course against your will for it was vacation time and you were having the time of your life.

You vowed you weren't coming back. You hated the sight of the hill, yet—you are the first one here!

FIRST WEEK AT L. C.

Alice, in her trip through Wonderland, never encountered as many amusing and unforeseen things as the "new girl" does in her first week off at college. No other period in her experience can rival by one iota these initial seven days, so fraught with homesickness, tears, and the strangeness of a new abode.

From the time she waves goodbye at the faded little sign over the station back home and with tear-dimmed eyes watches it quickly receding in the distance, she is a new creature embarking upon a new existence. She is a person, an individual—not a little girl whom mother tucks in bed every night with a kiss and a spank and leaves to dream of sweet nothingness. Her diploma tied in baby-blue ribbon is at the bottom of her new wardrobe trunk, proclaiming her a high school graduate of much academic credit. After such days of senior superiority she is preparing to take up again the yoke of the humble freshman.

The first strange creature of much importance upon "the hilltop" is that room-mate. She is generally a very sweet girl; after the first few days is discovered to possess unknown traits of friendliness and real comradeship.

The next ogre to be dispensed with is sophomore week. All the blood-curdling, hair-raising tales of hideous soph. misdeeds are but propaganda issued to terrify the timid newcoers. Peace and assurance be to all misgivers for the sophis, never molest one hair of a good sport's head.

Looming out of the shadows comes a monster who threatens to annihilate with his gnawing fangs of homesick-
STUDENT GOVERNMENT

“What is Student Government?”

This is a question heard often after entrance at college. Student government is a system by which the student governs herself. Just the term and that much explanation should make the student aware of its great importance and enormous responsibility. This system can not be lightly regarded by either the old or the new student, if we are going to make this government at LaGrange College a “rippling success” during the coming year. With your services and your hearty co-operation, your officers can help you to make it the best year of student government the old college has ever had. Every L. C. girl must feel very proud of this honor. It is a dead certainty that along with honor lies responsibility. It is our hope that this which has been entrusted to you will be held very dear and sacred, and may it be something to be cherished rather than feared or dreaded.

Let us all enter school with the feeling that we are going to have genuine student government at LaGrange college, and let’s have it. To make this huge organization a real success, “it is essential that each student have embedded in her character and exemplified in her life the fundamental principles of truth and honesty. With the granting of the charter, there was entrusted to each student the keeping of her own honor and the honor of the College. We look to her to keep and guard this sacred trust in all of her college relations.

As long as this college endures, may its student government, founded on honor, truth, co-operation and service, stand for all that is finest and best in the college life, and may every student be a better woman, a better servant of humanity because of her membership in the student government association of LaGrange College.

Self reverence, self knowledge, self control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power, yet not for power (power of herself would come uncall ed for) but to live by law, acting the law we live by without fear; and, because right is right, to follow right where wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

This is the spirit of student government, and may it be the spirit of each one of you.

“How did you feel at the dentist’s this morning?”

“Almost bored to death.”

THE FAVORABLE OPINION
OF A BANKER

often aids a person in many ways. If they apply for a position or try to buy goods on a credit, the local bank is frequently consulted as to their standing whether they have given the bank as reference or not.

BANK of LAGRANGE

“FROM THE SOPHOMORES”

In my dreams I thought myself a flower.
Then, anon, I was a star to whom all bowed in worship,
Yet again I dreamed myself a ruler—
But the dawn has braver stories for to tell
For I awoke to find myself a Sophomore.
And to be a Sophomore meaneth flow’er, star, ruler—
And more, much more beside.
Am I not a flower?
Last year, merely a green shoot—
Now, a blossom fair, holding the sight
of all.
Am I not a star? or, as something on a high pedestal magnetically attracting?
And last, am I not ruler—a monarch?
It is mine to command, and woe to that freshman who disobeys!
My years’ experience at L. C. has given me the wisdom of Solomon,
And to the keeping of her own honor
and the honor of the College. We
look to her to keep and guard this sacred trust in all of her college relations.

As long as this college endures, may its student government, founded on honor, truth, co-operation and service, stand for all that is finest and best in the college life, and may every student be a better woman, a better servant of humanity because of her membership in the student government association of LaGrange College.

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“How did you feel at the dentist’s this morning?”

“Almost bored to death.”
THE ART CLUB SPEAKS

Do you wish to be artistic? Well, let Miss Black get a firm hold on you and you will soon reach that high mark. Artistic? Yes. In all things!

If you are a seeker after the little "niceties" that will go to make an attractive looking home in the future, then seek Miss Black. She is always willing and even anxious to help you make your future home beautiful. This phase of her work, she terms "matrimonial art." What could be more fitting?

Therefore—talk with Miss Black about the "matrimonial art," then the professional art must fill your mind.

If you are a seeker after art in any form, shape or fashion, and it is looking forward to the hour when you new students at L. C. join it.

The Art Club is composed of all those seekers after art in any form, shape or fashion, and it is looking forward to the hour when you new students at L. C. join it.

KITCHEN TALK

"Three months ain't long when they're done gone!" Well, now, if there ain't jest my sentiments! Jest as sho as I'm standin' right here in this kitchen ter this here college, and er hearin' the girls run about and jabber, and kiss each other, and carry on jest like they always do, and jest as sho as I'm hearin' Miss Youngblood er callin' me ter make hase wid them chickens, it don't seem any time since 'twixt last year, and the school time goin' on jest as nice.

"You know, I sed to sister Pearl last Saturday that I didn't need no calendar ter know it was time the girls wuz comin' back and things wuz kinder gettin' live again. Der three months, she did seem long then. And do you know, I hadn't hardly got that statement outen my mouth 'fore Mr. Carl, what's always been working here at the college, came long and sed as how Mr. Thompson wanted me ter be up here bright and early Monday morning.

"I been noticin' ever time I went ter town how lonesome and shut down the college hill been looking—just like it wuz er longin' fer some of them pretty girls ter look at. Not that der place itself looks bad, der terraces wuz green and all right, and a amazin' amount of work done been done on the place, and I low Miss Frazu's done watered them ferns jest regular continue on every day this summer—nor, sah, I warn't surprised ter see them ferns grown two or three feet and spread out all round.

"But what I missed wuz the girls. I like ter see jest a whole lot. No wonder Mr. Thompson wuz smilin' ter beat the band this morning when the folks brought 'bout four or five more ter look. I thought they wuz all come last night and I recken he did, too, and wuz jest so glad ter see some more new ones. First thing we know they'll be buildin' some more buildings ter give 'em all a place ter sleep and more room ter have all they classes and all. And they'll have ter build the Hawkes building all the way down the hill ter put all the new books fer the library what was sent in through the summer. Lawdy, they ain't no tellin how much bigger this college ain't goin' ter get!

"Yas'mum, no'um, Miss Youngblood, I ain't talking. I'm peelin' these Irish potaters fer all I'm worth."

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST LETTER HOME

LaGrange College
LaGrange, Ga.
September 17, 1923.
Dear Ma and Pa:—

I arrived hear a few days past via the A. and W. P. railroad. I don't know what that means unless it is the railroad that is going to be run there. I have been every morning but the English teacher has not been there. I don't know anything. The English teacher had not said anything. I did go to Miss Dillard and let her matriculate me and I told her right then and there that I had already had the fever and small pox and I was not going to have no needle stuck in me. She begin ter laugh and told somebody that I was a freshman, it made me awful mad, because I hadn't tried to get fresh, but I didn't say anything. I did go to Miss Dillard and she helped me decide which studies I wanted to take, but never said nothing about matriculating me.

You know these people down hear don't know nothing. The English teacher is making me say heard for heard, climb for clumb, and aren't for ain't. And the latin teacher don't know how to pronounce latin words, I've never heard tell of the words she says. Hasn't any of the girls or teachers got any table manners? They take a towel to the table with them and keep wiping their mouths all the time they are eating, but don't worry about me. I still wash and dry my face and hands before I go to the table and don't have to wipe the dirt off after I get there. They put their forks in their mouths instead of their knives.

I almost forgot to tell you we have an alarm clock on the wall that is two or three times as big as our Big Ben and makes more fuss than the band at home. It alarms every morning for us to get up by, again for us to go to breakfast, and every half of an hour after that for us to go to classes. I wish you had one because you never have to wind it up. The bad part is it don't keep time.

We have to get up every morning at twenty minutes to seven to go to Jim. I have been every morning but haven't seen him yet. Tell Pa not to worry that I won't fall in love with Jim-Nasium, that's what the girls call him, if I get to meet him.

The alarm clock has alarmed and I have got to quit and put out my light. We don't have to blow a bit, just press a button and it goes out.

Your loving daughter,

P. S.—Me and two girls went to town the other day and while we were there we got hungry, so we bought some sandwiches, but they brought us two pieces of bread with a piece of ham between it. The other girls started to eating theirs, so I thought I wouldn't say anything. It's a sight how folks will fool you if they get a chance.

The lady that met me said we would have to come to the college in a taxi, but we had to come in a Ford. I don't suppose they had any taxi in town.

Love,

YOUR COLLEGE DAUGHTER.
TRENIAN WELCOME TO NEW GIRLS

Hail! new girls. Does it give you a creepy, far-away, homesick feeling to be called a "new girl?" Please don't let it, for you know there's an honor in being so called. Don't think that it means only that you are new to college ways, green, and unsophisticated, but think of its truer meaning—that in you the college has new material of which to make another alumna—a noble, charming woman, for which LaGrange College is known; that in you we girls have an opportunity for making a new friend; and that you yourself have begun a new life, the happiest part perhaps, of all your score years and ten.

And no organization on the hill is "gladder" to have you new girls than the Irenian literary society. We hope every single one of you will become Irenians—the society which, quite naturally, we consider the best in college. Every Irenian girl loves you already, and each of us is going to try to prove our love to you in our own way, but right now we're saying as a whole, that we're mighty glad to have every one of you, and we want to be among the first to bid you welcome, and tell you we're glad you've come to L. C.

THE JOYS OF L. C.

College life is wonderful, isn't it? Just to come down to brass tacks Though some folks think differently When they get away from facts.

There is no place like L. C. You may search the world through. There the girls are always happy. Loyal daughters and true.

To prove what I have said I'll give you a few plain facts Which will serve as a reminder Of some of these brass tacks.

What would our college be Without this grand old hill? There'd be no steps to climb Or landscape to drink our fill.

How disappointed we would be Without rising bell at 7:00; Why think how bad 'twould be To sleep right on till "seven.

Our postoffice is a brick. Nowhere could be found a better. Just walk up to your box. You'll not fail to find a letter.

Our infirmary is indeed a treat; A place of quiet and rest. Where there is plenty o' medicine To keep us at our best.

Gymnasium gives us the chance To make ourselves beautiful And if just can't be that We practice being dutiful.

There are basketball and tennis And a dandy swimming pool Where we live on hot days And have fun out of school.

The Irenian and Mezzo societies Are truly the life of the hill. We look forward to the programs When we laugh enough to kill.

Open house, thy name is "man"— The time of dates and fun When old friendships are renewed And very little studying done.

Books are one's best friend; Someone has rightfully said. Our fine library proves it— Having the best books read.

Just think, girls, other things; There is hot water every night; And in every single room There's a real electric light.

Our dear president—bless him! Is indeed a king among girls, He is so wonderful to us We wouldn't swap him for worlds.

You will have to agree, I'm sure That life at L. C. is a joy; That no college can beat it And we love it—oh boy!

WELCOME FROM THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Oh, ye admirers of the Olympic games of long ago! Ye fair lovers of sports! We welcome you most heartily into the sanctity of our athletic field. We grant you willingly a place within the walls of our court, hoping you will prove as good a sport as we believe you are. Our gate stands open to you!

Good clean games are the sort that we, upholders of L. C. demand. In all forms of athletics, whether in tennis, basket ball, or in that which contributes field-day activities—we strive to maintain an ideal of good, round, unadulterated sportsmanship.

If you are a knock-out basket ball goal thrower; if you are a champion high jumper who can clear the pole at six feet; if you are a broad-jumper that can't be beat; if you are a tennis player that Lenglen herself fears to challenge; or if you are none of these, we shall appreciate sincerely, your efforts and your unceasing zeal.

With all the other organizations of LaGrange College, we, the members of the Athletic Association, welcome you.

Of cheer up—it's all a bluff. The hard boiled egg is yellow inside.

BRADFIELD DRUG CO.

Finest Candies
Best Cold Drinks
Latest Styles in Stationery

Bradfield Drug Co.
LaGrange, Georgia
Five Stores—All Good
LIFE SERVICE

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

How are we going to carry out this great command? By doing the things we are best fitted to do, if it be God's will, of course, whether it be teaching, typing or rearing children. In our own small way we'll help carry out this great commandment. That is our Life Service. At the end of the command, the Great Commander said, "and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and how much brighter that closing leaves us.

I once read this beautiful thought: "Jesus lift some flowers on his tomb; that resurrection morning. They are with us still, the first being Faith; in God, in man and in ourselves. The second is Hope. "I am the resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The third flower from the tomb of Jesus is Resignation. "God hath better things in store for us; His will, not ours be done." This is the hardest part in realizing our life service. The last flower is Thankfulness. "Thanks be to God who giveth us victory through Christ our Lord." These flowers from the tomb of Jesus we can take with us when we start on our Life Service and in truth that is started now because when we enter college we have started on the preparation for our Life Service and what our preparation is that will our work be.

The motto for the Student Volunteer Movement is the Evangelization of the world in this generation. What a task, but back in the old Testament God said, "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for Jehovah thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest," and in the New Testament. His Son ended His great command with a promise, "and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

DRAMATIC CLUB

We need no introduction to you new girls! You remember your high school plays, how you enjoyed working on them and how thrilled you were on that night even though your knees were a little bit shaky. The dramatic club is certainly one of the most, if not the most "up-and-going" club on the hill. It gives you experience not obtained otherwise; it works you, to be sure, but it's the kind of work you love. Ask the old girls in the club all about it, they'll tell you what fun we had putting on "The Three Chauffeurs," "The Private Secretary," "Every Woman" last year. It will be just as interesting and enjoyable this year.

If you are the handsome, masculine type, we need you. (L. C.'s not co-ed, you know); if you're the steady feminine type we need you; if you are the humorous type, we need you. Come on new girls and find out what you can do by trying out for the dramatic club. You will have more of the try-out in a few days. Don't let it scare you, it's really great.

Of course none of us would do anything merely for the sake of publicity but as a secondary matter it is rather nice to get "written up" sometime. A good dramatic club member gets it too. So come, new girls, and try it out.

SENIOR CHATTER

Two of the senior girls were lying across the bed—school girl fashion—on the first night of their return to L. C., when the fat one said, "I'm glad to be back at L. C., I've had an awfully good time this summer, but I'm glad to be back just the same." "Well, I'm not," drawled the tall, slim one, "to think I only met him last week and he's the best looking boy I have ever seen, and the way he looked at me, I'm sure he loves me."

"Just met him! Who's 'him'?

"Haven't I told you? Oh, I met him last week and he's the best looking boy I have ever seen, and the way he looked at me, I'm sure he loves me."

"Wait a minute: I want to know who the great person is."

"Mr. Fairfield—Frank Fairfield, and I had almost forgotten he said something one day about meeting you. Don't you think he is grand looking?"

"Frank Fairfield!" the fat one exclaimed. "Yes, I know him and thought he was as nice as you do until he told me he is going to marry the most beautiful girl in the world next week."

"Frank going to marry! Well, I should worry—I was only having a good time, anyway. Oh, I have something to show you."

"It's Bob," laughed the other girl after looking at the picture given her. "Don't you think it's just grand of him? He is the dearest thing." And slipping the picture under her pillow the slimmest girl was soon asleep, and the fattest smiled, turned out light and followed her chum.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time there was a Miss Blank, they say, Who went to LaGrange to school, and there she cried both night and day.

She cried at the breakfast table, she cried when she made her bed, She cried at the supper table. Oh many were the tears she shed.

She'd write such pitiful letters to the folks at home, you know, And say, "I just can't stand it, I want to see you so."

But before the week was over she got to laughing so That Miss Dillard, a nearby teacher, into her room must go.

"Miss Blank," she said most haughtily, "You positively must laugh no more." And turning on her military heel, she slammed fast the door.

Now, Miss Blank, in a jolly good humor, laughed 'til she almost died, And the last I heard from her she had laughed 'til she cried.

CLASS STONES


FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a string. It is easily broken and may be tied together again—But the "knot" remains afterward. —Errol Morgan.

—He—"Marriage is a great institution."

—She—"Yes, I know a lot of inmates.

Dr. G. W. Eason
Dentist
LaGrange, Georgia
LOST AND FOUND COLUMN

Someone Lost what You Found; Someone Found What You Lost; Let us Aid You in Locating the Person.

LOST — During the commencement rush, my recipe for fried bacon. Return to Mrs. Youngblood (dietician).

FOUND — A way to induce Margaret Yarbrough to go to breakfast. W. E. Thompson.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN — A pony from Miss McFarland’s first year Latin class. Answers to name of “Slick.” Reward for information leading to its discovery. Address Box Q, care college.

LOST! LOST! LOST — Somewhere between May and September, my appetite. Liberal reward if returned to Margaret Trundle. No questions asked.

FOUND — Extra large, thick letter, addressed to Miss B. A. Teasley. Signed “Robert.” Call Main 1234-567890 after 5 o’clock a.m.

LOST — (or left at home) my trunk key. Any L. C. Girl.


LOST — My fondness for study. Valued as keepsake. Reward if returned to Elizabeth Williams.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER DIALOGUE

“Woe be unto us!” said one four-leaf clover to another.

“Why so pessimistic all at once?”

“Didn’t you see all those women washing windows, scrubbing floors, dusting, and sweeping with all their might this morning?”

“Yes, but what of that?”

“I always forget you are so young and were not here in the early spring. Listen, and I will give you some advice. You are growing on the LaGrange College campus, or “back campus,” as they call it. Girls, all ages and sizes, go to school here every year from September until June. One day before long you are going to shudder and tremble with fear, thinking the earth is being swallowed up, but don’t let it worry you, for it will last nine months and never cease but a few hours at a time. Let them make a noise if they want to; they enjoy it!”

“I don’t see why you should say, ‘Woe be unto us,’ if that is all,” returned the other.

“All! all! did you say? That’s only the beginning. They have a wild notion that four-leaf clovers are lucky and when those poor freshmen, who have never been away from home before, get blue they come out here and we have to listen to their troubles consisting mostly of pranks the Sophs are playing and wanting to go home, and we catch all the tears that fall. This doesn’t last long, soon they are as gay as the others; that is when we suffer. I suppose they form a habit of sitting out here, or coming to tennis games; at least when they get over their homesickness they begin looking for four-leaf clovers, and keep this up until they leave.

For a few minutes everything was quiet, then across the campus there came a song from fifty throats, “La-gra-nge, Rah!”

“I told you so. Fold under one of your leaves when you see them coming towards you, and they will think you have only three.”

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