FACULTY RECITAL

The LaGrange college annual faculty recital was given Friday evening, September 21, at 8:15 o’clock in the college auditorium, to an appreciative audience.

Miss Eva Wynne, soprano, sang "A Spirit Flower" and "The Dazza"; Madame Lily Hambly Hobbs, Mezzosoprano, sang, "A Summer Night" and "Love is Meant to Make Us Glad"; Miss Margaret Williams, reader, gave Oliphant Down's, "The Maker of Dreams"; Miss Evaline Terry, violiniste, played "Cavatina" from Raff, and "Minuetto," by Beethoven; Miss Muller, pianiste, played "Rode a Capriccio," by Beethoven.

The music and expression department is large in comparison, and Miss Williams is already making plans for the Dramatic Club’s initial appearance.

IRENIANS ENTERTAIN

A very pleasant affair on the Hill was a mock school meet given in the college parlors Saturday evening by the Irenian Literary Society. The new girls, whose minds were "fresh" with the happenings of their High school days, could fully appreciate the amusing program, and fond memories were brought to the minds of other students and members of the college household.

The "beautiful silver loving cup" was presented to the Bearbackville school, which was very adequately represented by Miss Christine Stubbs, who read, "What a Funny Little Bird a Frog Are," by Miss Emme Batson, declaimer, who gave "The Murder," by Miss Hortense Hughes, pianiste, who played "The Lavalliere from Woolworth," and Miss Bonnie Hale, whose essay on "The United States" was wonderfully composed.

Miss Mary Lane, from Barefoot Crossroads, a winner in the debate, "Resolved, that Love is more painful than Toothache," deserves very honorable mention. She defended the affirmative side. In fact, all the contestants deserve honorable mention. The entire program was a perfect "cream" and seemingly thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

THE RECEPTION

The reception, sponsored by the College Social Committee, was a brilliant success, the evening of September 28th. The receiving line, led by the college hostess, Mrs. Parry, consisted of a few of the dormitory girls with a number of the day-students.

In the parlors were placed in baskets and vases and, with the myriads of beauty to the occasion, the social rooms were extremely inviting, with their new furnishings and soft glow of the lavender and blue table lamp.

In the halls were placed the punch bowls, each banked with flowers and fruits.

Music was rendered throughout the evening.

One hundred and twenty guests were invited.

THE Y. W. PARTY

One of the most enjoyable entertainments of the year was the party given by the Y. W. to the new girls.

After passing the receiving line, composed of the Y. W. cabinet, the girls were allowed to enjoy stunts given by the chairman of the various cabinet committees. "Louville Lou" attempted to vamp "The Sheik," and "The Peet Estin Jazz Orchestral" tried to persuade everyone to "Go Tell Aunt Tabby the Old Grey Goose is dead." After the stunts, all of which were enjoyed to the fullest, refreshments were served, and all the girls went to their rooms with all the "blues" driven away.

PERSONALS

Miss Mary Stiles had as her guests Sunday her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Stiles, of LaFayette, and her brother, Mr. James Stiles, who is a student at Emory.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Silsby were guests of their daughter, Miss Clara Varner, last week.

Mrs. J. M. Carlisle and Mrs. C. Carroll, of Fairburn; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Carroll, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jarman, of New Orleans, visited Miss Della Carlisle Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morrow and small son and daughter, of Carrollton, were guests of Misses Mabel and Janet Morrow on Sunday.

Mr. T. S. Newton spent the weekend with her daughter, Miss Evelyn Newton.

Miss Lois Huddleston had as her guests Sunday afternoon, her mother, Mrs. H. Huddleston, Mr. Chandos Haynie and Mr. Albert Barnes, all of Manchester.
The SCROLL

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Gladys Spruell, ’25 — Business Mgr.
Agnes Porter, ’25 —— Proof Reader
Edith Foster, ’26 —— Joke Ed.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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Senior —— Mildred Pinkerton
Junior —— Bonnie Hale
Sophomore —— Christine Stubbs
Freshman —— Elizabeth Hodges

Organizations:
Irenian —— Sara Brown
Mezzofantian —— Nina Mae Knott
Pres. Y. W. C. A. —— Mamie Northcutt
Pres. Student body —— B. A. Teasley
Pres. Athletic Ass’n —— Sara Brown
Pres. Domestic Club, Christine Stubbs

College spirit is the life of colleges. It is that intangible something that draws students into closer relationship with each other and brings about a hearty co-operation that is essential to the well-being of colleges. It is an atmosphere unseen, but keenly felt. Again, a definition of college spirit may be reserved even to that force which makes the heart swell with pride and beat with loyalty for one’s Alma Mater.

College spirit has been one of the outstanding features of LaGrange College since the institution was founded. LaGrange College spirit has been spoken of by many as “that wholesome, homelike atmosphere even present on the campus, in the classroom, and in all activities in which the college engages.

Someone once remarked that he could tell a LaGrange College girl anywhere he met one. There was something indefinable about women who went out from LaGrange College that made others feel, in a measure, the same love and respect for LaGrange College.

Every individual has a soul. So it is with colleges. Else how could mere bricks and walls create such love and devotion in one’s heart and influence one’s life so strongly? Students are the individuals who create the souls of colleges. In their hands lie the power of making the college soul noble and beautiful or ignoble and ugly. They are the ones to decide which it shall be.

LaGrange College students in the past have either consciously or unconsciously made the decision that the souls of LaGrange College should ever be noble and beautiful. Can we do less than they? It behooves each of us to perform our small part in the great scheme of college life, toward continuing to make LaGrange College an institution to be honored and revered throughout future years, as in the past; and LaGrange College spirit the best in the land of colleges.

LAST WORDS

When Whittier was breathing his last in his little village home up in Massachusetts the nurse pulled down the blinds. It was in the early morning, and the rising sun was in the dying man’s eyes. But the last thing he said was: “I am sweeping through the beams. And is not this a parable of human nature everywhere? The cry of the dying is the cry of Balaam, ‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.’

The last words of great men have always been prized and cherished. How beautiful Cookman’s note of triumph: “I am sweeping through the gates.” The poet Schiller looks backward and says, “Many things are growing plain to me now.” Goethe cries, “More light!” “The best of all is God with us,” was the quiet remark of John Wesley. Webster exclaims, “I still live.” Boothoven whispers, “I shall hear in heaven.” Jacob Behem lisp, “Open the door and let in some of that music.”

He was hearing the heavenly choir already. The last words of Christmas Evans were, “Drive on.” He was finishing his earthly race and was in a hurry for the chariot to take him home to God. A dear friend said not more than ten minutes before he closed his eyes for ever, “My trunk is all packed and I am just waiting for the expressman.” Among the closing word of Sir Walter Scott are these magnificent noble ones: “I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a comfort now to me to think that I have never tried to unsettle any man’s faith; and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I would want blotted out.”—Ex.

MEZZOFANTIAN SOCIETY

HOST TO COLLEGE HOUSEHOLD

On Saturday night, the Mezzofantian Society was hostess to the college household. The wheels of time turned backward several years, and once again all appeared as kids.

Miss Edith Foster played several selections on the violin. The appreciation of the audience was made evident by the numerous encores that were demanded.

And true to the kid days, the “Mezzos” then took the girls out on the quadrangle, where old-fashioned games were played and enjoyed.

After the games, peanuts and apples were served. What “kid” does not immensely enjoy these eats? To insure the perfect enjoyment of the kids lolly pops were given as favors.

A very tired but happy bunch of kids slowly climbed the stairs, wishing that the wheels of time could turn backward and stay backward forever.

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

The first of the Senior entertainments for the year ’23-24, was a theater party given by Miss Tommie Martin, on Tuesday evening, September 19th. After the picture, Harold Loyd, in “A Sailor Made Man,” the class was invited to Milam’s parlors, where delicious refreshments, carrying out class colors, gold and white, were served. Those enjoying the party were, Misses Ruth Cotton, Grace Hale, B. A. Teasley, Mary Lane, Mildred Pinkerton, Sarah Brown, Mamie Northcutt and the Senior Specials, Misses Rebecca Pressley, Sarah Watkins and Nina Mae Knott.

Saturday night, September 26th, a very pretty ceremony took place when the Seniors took their table in the dining hall. The table was decorated in the gold and white. Place cards marked each Senior’s place. To the time of soft music, the Seniors came down the stairs to the doors, where they were met by their Sophomore sisters. The Sophomores, dressed in solid white, and wearing the purple and white, formed a line thru which the Seniors, gownned in evening dresses, marched to their places.
SOPHISTICATED SOPHS

(A soph's account of Soph Week)

No lights, only the midnight moonlight filtering through the windows of the gymnasium; screams from frightened "new girls" and half-suppressed giggles mingled with stern commands from Sophomores. Yes, the super-class men who were impertinent enough to peep through the half open windows at the mysterious "goings-on" were reminded of their freshmen and sophomore days by all of these things and even by others.

Of course, the order "no noise" from freshmen which was issued by the sophomore president was hardly expected to be obeyed as it is almost an impossibility for such fresh young things as new girls to be silent. But their purpose was good when they arose from their places to return the fifteen rahs given them by the sophs, expected to be obeyed as it is almost the sophomore president was hardly even by others.

Homore days by all of these things at the mysterious "goings-on" were peep through the half open windows by the sophs who were impertinent enough to think run to Milledgeville and a stranger, or it should be changed to a doom swept, to have an errand run.

"One ignorant of L. C. customers" might have been tempted to let his man. The freshmen were sports and an attempt was made by all of them to obey even the sternest rule laid down by the sophomores on this particular night and also during the days of misery (?) which followed.

Judging by the freakish appearance of the freshmen when paraded to town by the ruling class (alas, sophomores, it was for only a few days so lay aside that commanding tone) a certain institution there.

As said above, the sophomores were the ruling class for only a short time. But then! It might well be said that they were true to the American type—every advantage to have a uniform, observed this rule. Plainness and neatness were the heights to which every student must seek when a member of the student body of LaGrange College.

In 1879-80, calico of any color or texture and white aprons were generally worn by the girls of the college during the week, and only one or two nice dresses were used for the Sabbath.

So the mode of dress continued till 1888-89. Then the uniform was the style. "For the sake of economy, and to prevent any discontent arising from disparity in dress," the uniform was adopted. This uniform was worn on Sundays and "such other occasions as the Lady Principal would prescribe." The uniform was made of gray dress flannel, medium shades, trimmed with black braid. Winter jackets of same material were also worn and caps to match were furnished at the College at cost, $13.00 was the limit for the entire uniform.

So the years went on with the mode of dress unchanged till the year 1894-95. This year saw the girls daintily garbed in the Oxford cap and gown of black lustrine, furnished by the college at cost not exceeding $3.00. Along with this outfit, each young lady had a black shirt and a black tie to wear with the uniform.

Uniforms have gone out of style now, and only the Seniors don the cap and gown regalia.

TRY OUR DRINKS

They are Delicious

DRUGS AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES

Milam Drug Co.

The Firm That Appreciates Your Trade

L. C. FASHIONS PAST

"Save money and kill the pride," seems to be the slogan of former regulations in dress. Even before the year 1880-81, students of L. C., although they were not required to wear a uniform, observed this rule. Plainness and neatness were the heights to which every student must seek when a member of the student body of LaGrange College.
COMMENTS FROM FRESHMEN CONCERNING FIRST OPEN HOUSE

When I rushed into a room of five or six freshmen yesterday, and asked them if they enjoyed open house that night before, I immediately became a freshman prisoner for the next hour or more. They were almost shouting at me, making the silliest and funniest remarks I had ever heard. I realized, however, that I had been a freshman the year before, so I listened with interest to see if any of their foolish remarks would be the same as mine had once been. When I asked the simple question, these were some of the answers I received:

"Enjoy it? Good night, I'll say I did! Tackiest boys I ever saw. No more open house for me."

"Oh, but you'll have to admit some of them were real good looking."

"Yes, naturally, out of a whole bunch somebody's bound to be good looking. You're excited and thrilled over it just 'cause you fell for that silly Bat Smith."

"Silly. Even at that he was a far sight better looking than that thing you were chasing around with."

"Well, I'll tell what I think. They didn't have half enough boys for the girls. I don't know whether they just didn't invite enough or whether they just didn't come."

"Oh, they just didn't come. If they did, there wasn't any there I'd have."

"Yes, and maybe there wasn't anybody there that would have you."

"Say, let's don't have a fight over a little old LaGrange college open house."
FREAKISH FRESHMEN
(A Freshman's Account of Soph. Week)

Everyone of us, ever since we were little children, and especially during our high school days, has heard of the dreadful tales of sophomore week at college. We would sit for hours and listen to college girls relate their experiences, both as "Freshies" and as Sophomores during this eventful time. Each of us has looked forward to this time with curiosity, fear, dread, and last, but not least, with pleasure.

After we were settled at college, the main topic of conversation was, "next week will be Sophomore week." On Sunday there seemed to be a suspense in the air as we waited for the rules to be posted. When the cry was raised that rules were posted, there was a scramble of feet and a great deal of confusion as we new girls rushed to read them. We were very anxious to see not only what we were required to do, but if we had a "hard boiled" Sophomore mistress. The general rules were as follows:

1. Obey all commands of all Sophomores.
2. Salute all Sophomores.
3. Cut all corners square.
4. Bow elaborately to all members of the faculty.
5. No new girl can leave the chapel until all Sophomores are out.
6. At meals remain standing until all Sophomores are seated.
7. No new girl can use the right hand stairs on the first floor of Havens.

Monday morning, as we new girls entered the dining hall, smiles appeared on the faces of all the teach- ers and old girls. We felt like "kids" once more as our hair was in plaids and our faces were devoid of cosmetics, but we felt very conspicuous with our "middies" on backwards and our unmatched hose which were doubly conspicuous because of our walking pigeon-toed. A passer-by, upon seeing this army of girls carrying brooms, wash rags and soap would have formed the conclusion that the majority of the L. C. girls were very industrious.

Monday afternoon we were summoned by our Sophomore mistress and dressed in costumes to which Joseph's coat of many colors could not be compared. After we had been lined up in couples, we were marched to town where we were made to sweep the streets, wash our faces, and make peculiar noises, but we were rewarded for doing these things by being taken to the drug store and the "movie" by the Sophomores.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, rules which the "Freshies" enjoyed just as much as the Sophomores, were enforced. Wednesday night a meeting was called in the prayer hall at which the Sophomores recognized us as Freshmen by presenting us with our colors, green and white.

SCIENCE SCARES AND SHOCKS

The weary freshman came in very much tattered and torn. Her roommate, a sophisticated sophomore, tried to conceal a smile as she asked the reason.

"O, Jane!" replied the W. F., "I just can't stand this. I'll just come back from Biology Lab., and look at me." She held out a brown and blistered hand. "How'd I know that brown stuff wouldn't come off? Miss Fullbright told us to get acquainted with everything in the Lab., so I just stuck two fingers in that brown water and now she says it won't come off for days. Then she made us hold alcohol, and by the way, Jane don't you think the Government would like it if it knew we had real alcohol up here, and just used it on all occasions? Well, the alcohol, which is the boilinest stuff I ever got into, boiled over on the lamp that hasn't a globe, and just that set everything on fire. It spread out on my hand, and burnt like fury and everybody laughed. "And, Jane, we've got to dissect a frog. I just can't take that sticky slimy thing in my hands and cut out its heart. Why, I'd be afraid its spirit would come back and haunt me all my days. That's just murder."

"I never heard of a place where they just took you in and made you a murderer and made you break the law. I'm so worried."

"And there's a hole burned in the only clean pair of stockings I've got, and I can't wash stockings."

She was silent a moment.

"Jane, the girls say that by the time they get thru dissecting those frogs they can just pet them, and don't any more mind it. I've never petted anything but Tabby, our cat, and I can't hold a frog. I just know I'll never be able to think of another thing till that frog lesson is over. O, my! Jane, has the mail come?"

HYMNS OF HOMESICKNESS

Boo Hoo! I'm so homesick!
How I wish I'd stayed at home
With Mar and Par and the horse and cow and chickens!
I wish I'd never heard of College—
Boo Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!
It's simply awful to be so homesick,
I thought when I left home I'd want to stay away forever,
But now I wish I was home!
Boo Hoo! Hoo! Hoo—o-o—o-o!
and quality of picture? you will be delighted at the variety mentioned. If you are in need of, many other activities which must be continued to take an active part in all. There are expert tennis players and some excellent athletes.

### THE JUNIORS OF LAGRANGE COLLEGE

Have you ever been to LaGrange College? Well, if you have, you've seen the junior class. Or if you haven't seen the juniors, we all know that you have heard of some of their noted deeds. But in case you haven't heard of them, we all know that will never do at all, so we want to tell you about this class of '25.

In the first place, I'll have to admit that the class is not exceedingly great in quantity, but what it lacks in quantity is more than made up in quality. There are fourteen Juniors, four of which are "new girls" this year.

The junior class has outgrown its childhood sophomore days—the stage through which all classes must pass, but the four "new girls" were lucky enough to share in the fun of being initiated during sophomore week. But now the Juniors must forget some of their frivolous ways and the childishness of their wise sophomore year to prepare for the seriousness and dignity of the senior year, which is coming all too soon.

The junior class officers for the coming year are as follows: President, Bonnie Hale; Vice-president, Bess Cline; Secretary-Treasurer Cornelia Holey, and Reporter, Lucille Hilsman.

The class of '25 has taken and will continue to take an active part in all the college activities. Of her number there are some excellent athletes. There are expert tennis players and the junior basketball team is one on which it is an honor to play. On Field Day the juniors are always in the lead, as they are on every other day.

But besides athletics there are many other activities which must be mentioned. If you are in need of new pictures for your home, come to certain members of our class and you will be delighted at the variety and quality of pictures you will be shown. Or, if you need music of any kind for your parties or receptions, come to our class and we assure you that we will furnish exactly the kind of music you want—be it "ragtime" or classical, vocal or instrumental.

To go further, we have members that can cook such good things that it will make your mouth water just to hear of something these experts have made. There are seamstresses who will make dresses that you would be exclusive made by the most of Paris designers.

Last but not least, you should know some of our excellent students. There are those in the junior class who make 100's in all themes subjects without trying. If they should really try, it would be necessary for the standard to be raised from 100 to 1000.

But enough of this has been said. Let me add only this: The juníer debates for the junior-senior debate have been elected, and everyone interested has something to look forward to when these classes shall begin their arguments pro and con, on some big question of the day.

Now, so much having been said I'm sure you will all join me in a yell for the junior class. All ready? Come on! 1, 2, 3!—J. U. N. I. O. R. S!

### A NEW MEANING TO DIGNITY

It is a wonder Mr. Webster does not improve his dictionary by putting the following example under the word DIGNITY: "eg. L. C. Seniors of '24, namely, Sarah Brown, Lillian Clark Ruth Cotton, Grace Hale, Mary Lane, Tommie Martin, Mamie Northcutt, Mildred Pinkerton, and B. A. Prealey." Such a marked improvement might insure the success of Mr. Webster's little unabridged.

At any rate it is a good thing there are not five years to the usual college course. Or those who climbed to the fifth ring of the ladder would be so related over seeing above the Commencement of a school teacher's life that they might get dizzy and fall. As it is they stand firmly on the fourth ring of the ladder of knowledge and impersonate dignity. They also represent, more than any other, the type of people who have "put away childish things."

At L. C., this year there is an interesting class of such phenomena. The fact, as above mentioned, they almost tricked Mr. Webster into giving a more real meaning to the word dignity.

But to the practical eye they reveal the traits both of Junior and (don't tell anybody) Freshman. For B. A. will, in spite of the fact that she is student body president, giggle when Mr. Thompson says something humorous. Sarah Brown will, in spite of everything, warp her clear perspective by allowing her hat to interfere with one of her eyes. Mamie Northcutt will, in spite of new psychology books in the library, read two novels at the same time. Lillian Clark will, in spite of Miss Davis, talk during roll call of American literature class. Ruth Cotton will, in spite of her wealth of knowledge, ask when Columbus discovered America. Mary Lane will, in spite of being editor of the Scroll, put ink on her fingers to prove her literary responsibilities. Tommie Martin will, in spite of the lack of precedent, give the Seniors a big blowout during the first week of school. Grace Hale will, in spite of Senior privileges until eleven p. m., turn out her light promptly at ten. Mildred Pinkerton will take all three education courses, preparatory to teaching school, while she wears an immense diamond on the finger of the hand, which means her career as a teacher will be very short.

### H. A. NOONER

JEWELER

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### CHINA, CUT GLASS, HAIR CURLERS

LaGrange Hardware Co.

"The Winchester Store" LaGrange, Georgia

"If it's Hardware, We Have it"
THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

The well-dressed women stood looking at herself in the mirror. As usual her costume suggested two things—an artistic temperament and a beautiful supply of common sense. In fact it was a fitting combination of these two talents that won for her the distinction of the well-dressed woman. Her costumes though never elaborate were always piquantly interesting.

The well-dressed woman, snapping a small collar in place, turned to get the full side effect—unbroken lines of heavy blue crepe, a single ornament of shaded beads. This was her new full dress. People on the streets would hurry their steps in order to get a glimpse of her. They often lingered over their purchases with eyes and ears open while she was shopping in the same store. When she came in church eyes were shifted for a time from the pulpit and rested upon her until she was seated.

The well-dressed woman smiled at herself in the mirror as she pulled the rim of her hat over her forehead. The hat was not new. She ruffled the gray-blue feather at the back and side. The feather was new and very much to her liking. Her playful attitude which displayed itself at times in her dress made little children love her. School girls always followed her as only hero-worshipers can. Older women, copying, envious, admiring, never lost a chance to see "what she was wearing." Her husband with love and loyalty unconsciously reflected her good taste in his clothing planning and purchasing her wardrobe.

Yet she was not a millionaire's wife. Material and becoming style was never, by any means, and she kept herself rigidly and usually contentedly within her allowance. Hence the compromised gloves.

The well-dressed woman stepped back so she could see her well-shod feet in the mirror—slippers of dull gray suede trimmed in leather, with hose to match. She smiled approvingly, because she took unusual pride in her shoes. In fact to her, taking good care of one's clothes, be it shoe, dress, hat, or what, seemed as important as practicing ordinary politeness.

The well-dressed woman taking up her bag went to the missionary society.

WHAT STUDENT GOVERNMENT MEANS TO THE NEW GIRL

"Mary, can we go to town by ourselves?"

"No, Margaret, you have to have one other girl with you."

"Why."

"That's just a student government rule."

"Student government? Who is student government?"

"Oh, I haven't time to explain now, but you'd better read your hand book so you—"

"Hand book? I'm not taking that, I'm only taking French, English—"

"I mean the book with the rules of student government."

"Can I get one in the book room?"

"How much are they?"

"Oh! you'll get one soon, given to you."

With this remark the Sophomore started down to the library and saw a "new" girl run to her room as tho' she was frightened to death. When she asked what the matter with her I was told that she was "visiting" in study period and when told she was breaking a rule and would get a call down it scared her as much as if she was called up before the executive board.

All new girls have a horror of the executive board and all of its members.

Teacher—"Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Sara Joe Roberts—"Yes, sir, hash."

"What happens when an electric conductor is discharged?"

"Why, the motorman takes up fares."

Her Choice

I felt his soft breath on my cheek, And the gentle touch of his hand. Seemed a breeze on the desert sand. His very presence near me seemed a breeze on the desert sand.

Getting Rid of the Evidence

Judge—"Why did you stick your knife in this man?"

Prisoner—"Well, I heard the police coming and I had to hide it somewhere."
HILTOP FLASHES

Prof.—“This is the third time you’ve looked on Sarah’s paper.”
Freshie.—“Yes, ma’am, she doesn’t write very plainly.”

We wonder how long it will be before Florence Anchors will drop the anchor?

Miss Maidee was explaining the text, “Arise, and take the young child and its mother, and flee into Egypt,” to her Bible class. Then she showed a large picture illustrating this text.

“Isn’t this a pretty picture,” she asked. “Here is the mother. Here is the child. There’s Egypt in the distance. Isn’t it fine?”

A moment of silence, and then Caroline Fox said: “Yes, Miss Maidee, but where’s the flea?”

A Soph, walking into a music store downtown overheard the following conversation between Gladys De Jaunette and a clerk:
Gladys.—“Have you any yes we have no bananas today, today?”
Clerk.—“No, we have no yes we have no bananas today, today; but we will have some yes we have no bananas today, tomorrow.”

Clara Varner.—“Darn!”
Miss Williams.—“How did you dare to say that before me?”
Clara.—“I didn’t know you wanted to say it first.”

Miss Davis to Della Carlisle.—“Are you familiar with Shakespeare?”
Della.—“Why, I can’t recall the young man right now. I really haven’t had time to meet many of the LaGrange boys.”

Pat.—“What do you know about the language of the flowers, Robert?”
Robert.—“Well, I know this much through experience, a five-dollar box of roses talks a heap louder to a girl than a fifty-cent bunch of carnations.”

Clubman.—“I see your wife sailed for Europe.”
Other clubman.—“Oh, did she? I don’t read the papers often.”

She Understood

“Father,” said the student, “I want to talk to you about changing my course of study.”
“Talk to your mother, son,” directed the father, who was reading the sporting page.

Prof.—“You are chewing gum there is the waste basket.”
Stude.—“But I don’t want to chew the entire basket.”

“He was driven to his grave.”
“Sure, he was. Did you expect him to walk?”

Sign on a Drug Store: “Wanted—Boy with wheel inside.”

Elizabeth Summers.—“What are you doing with that magnifying glass?”
Sarah Matthews.—“Trying to make this dime look like a dollar.”

A quack doctor was holding forth to a rural audience: “Yes, gentlemen, I’ve been selling these medicines for twenty-five years, and I’ve never had one word of complaint. Now, gentlemen, what does that prove?”

And from the crowd came a voice: “That dead man tell no tales.”

“On getting together do we always have to talk about people or can we talk about things? It is the lower class of conversation that always drifts toward people. It is the conversation of the more intelligent which deals with subjects and things.”

The Perturbed Wife

Billy Smith, a country shopkeeper, went to the city to buy goods.

They were sent immediately, and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered, Mrs. Smith, who was keeping the shop, uttered a scream, seized a hatchet, and began frantically to open the largest one.

A by-stander who had watched the shopkeeper, uttered a scream, seized a hatchet, and began frantically to open the largest one.

Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the box. It read: “Bill inside.”

Had Him There

Adam (during the first spat)—Always keep in mind, lady, that you were made for me—not I for you. Get me?
Eve—I got you all right, but I had no choice.

“Mother,” said the son, “I made a mistake when I selected chemistry. But it is not too late to change even yet. I want to take astronomy instead.”

The mother searched the eyes of her son sharply. Then she said: “No! You’ll have to think up some better excuse for staying out at night.”

Getting Rid of the Evidence

Judge.—“Why did you stick your knife in this man?”
Prisoner.—“Well, I heard the police coming and I had to hide it somewhere.”

“Current” Humor

“Some of the things said over the wires,” said the girl at the long-distance board, to the lineman making repairs, “are not fit for me to hear.”

“Aw, g’wan,” replied the lineman; “you can’t expect to work around electricity and not get shocked.”

Enough

“Everybody in our family is some kind of an animal,” remarked Tommy.

“What do you mean?” remarked his mother.

“Yes, Tommy, and the baby is mother’s little lamb.”

“I’m the kid; sister is some chicken; Aunt is a cat and Cousin Kate is a bird, and Uncle Jim is an ass; and little brother’s a pig. Dad’s the goat; and—

“That is enough, Thomas.”

She was in a telephone booth and had just put in a toll call. She wept bitterly as she pulled down on the hook to attract Central’s attention.

“Hello?” came Central’s clear voice.

“H-hello,” she sobbed. “I w-want my money back. Harold w-wouldn’t speak to me.”

A Clean Ditty

The waters lapped melodiously, Against the high white cliffs.
Two ivory crafts dipped o’er the swells,
Two merry dancing skiffs.
Our hero’s soul filled with the scene,
He raised his voice in song
And o’er the enamel mountain tops
His chant rose clear and strong.
He sang of the woods, the dells, the fields,
Of each beautiful plant and shrub,
As he sang, the neighbors knew
That Jones was in the tub.

—Toronto Goblin.

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