LAGRANGE COLLEGE SONG CONTEST

The prizes are offered to present and former students of LaGrange College for a song suitable in dignity and merit to be used as the official L. C. song.

The first prize of $25.00 is offered to present and former students. The second prize of $10.00 is limited to present students.

The committee reserves the right to return songs submitted, to be used in a booklet which the college proposes to publish later. The judges will be persons not now connected with the school, of sufficient knowledge of music and poetry to give an authoritative decision.

Copy should be sent in under a number at the top of the first sheet of manuscript accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the contestant's real name and address and the number used.

Address: SONG EDITOR, LaGrange College, LaGrange, Georgia.

This contest will be closed December 20, 1923.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DEBATE

Resolved, That a close union between the United States and Great Britain is necessary in order to preserve world peace and save present day civilization.

The visit of Lloyd George to our country may be of great concern in the settlement of this question, as to the best plan of organization for the world and at the same time preserve its peace and civilization.

The occupation of the Ruhr has brought the problem to a crisis, and it is all the more necessary that some practical steps should be taken.

It is because of the importance of the issue that this subject has been chosen for the Junior-Senior debate, which will take place in the spring.

The Senior class will be represented by Miss Cornelia Haley, of Elberton, and Miss Bonnie Hale, of Rome, debating the affirmative side of the question.

The first prize of $25.00 is offered to present and former students. That much deserves fifteen rules. And besides, there is to be a nice program providing a delightful time for everyone.

When the L. C. girls are allowed to have "dates." And girls!—hush now. But there is an unwritten law at L. C. and that is: On Thanksgiving evening L. C. girls are allowed to have "dates."
WHY ARE WE HERE?

Why are we at LaGrange College? Is it merely because it is a day when a college course has become “fashionable”? Are we here to fit ourselves to make money? Did we come merely to acquire “learning”? or, have we noble purposes in view to make our college days four significant years?

We should not prepare ourselves to become servants only, servants who will be nobodys and will become useless, but we should prepare ourselves to be efficient women in the fields of modern opportunity. Woodrow Wilson in his address, “What is a College For?”, says: “It is not merely the suitability to be a good tool, it is the power to wield tools that makes efficiency.”

We cannot hope to get the best out of college life unless we strive for it, because no good thing can be obtained without effort, and if we make college a highway to life and achievement, we must make it a highway to work.

It is useless to try to acquire learning in four years of college. That is the achievement of a life time. We can strive, however, to assimilate the knowledge that we gain in these brief four years, so that we may be better fitted to acquire learning when we enter life’s school.

Amusement, athletics, the zest of contest and competition all tend to develop the instinct of initiative and the gifts of leadership and achievement which we should aim to accomplish in college. First place should not be given to these things, by any means. They should be subordinated to serious and more lasting interests.

Teaching is a noble purpose to entertain. It is indeed, a privilege to be able to help humanity receive a vision of higher living and nobler thinking through our instruction. We should in no wise make of this noble profession a stepping stone to marriage or to a profession, for it has its own worthy end to attain.

Let us think seriously of our purposes, and if they are not as high as we should make them, let us set a higher standard and strive to cultivate in our college life those traits and ideals that will fit each of us to weave dreams into realities and impressions into character.

FRESHMEN FESTIVITIES

The Freshmen are now becoming acquainted with the rules of L. C. No more does a party of them go tipping to the door of a Sophomore to pay their bathtube fee. No more is a girl seen going into a classroom and then after remaining there several minutes discovering that she has been in the wrong one. No more does a girl who is sitting in the back side of the prayer hall stand when the choir stands. No more do some of the Freshmen consider themselves such privileged characters that they sit with the regular congregation at church. No more is a Freshman seen walking alone. They are now as dignified as any senior at L. C.

They were introduced into the joys of L. C. life at a Freshman party, given on the evening of October the thirteenth in the gymnasium in honor of their sponsor, Mrs. V. R. O’Neal.

The girls were requested by the entertainment committee to wear their gymnasium suits. Attired in this fashion, it seemed only natural that they play such games as “Hold up the Gates,” “Animals,” “Diseases and Remedies,” and other childish games.

Memories of joyful childhood days were brought to mind as they sat on the floor, little girl fashion, and partook of refreshments in the form of all-day crackers, ice cream, and chewing gum. The color scheme of green and white, Freshman colors, was carried out.

After the refreshments were served, the lights were turned out and Mr. O’Neal, the sponsor, was telling her interested listeners a mysterious Hindu story when the doors of the gymnasium were opened and about twenty-five shrouded figures appeared. The knees of every Freshmen were, as the old saying goes, playing Dixie, because they realized that at last that most dreaded event of all college life was to happen — Sophomore high court.

The names of the disobedient Freshmen were read out, and they humbly took their seats to await their instructions. O, how frightened they were! They reminded the Sophomores of their “green” Freshmen days but apparently did not stir up any pity in their hearts. They were made to roll pennies across the floor with their noses, spank each other, run across the room with one of their hands and feet tied to a fellow classmate’s and last, but not least, they were made to lie on the floor and cry for a bottle of milk. How many of them will ever forget this occasion!

But now the Freshmen consider themselves real college girls and look forward to being the Sophomores of ‘26.

RISE AND SHINE

“‘The early bird catches the worm.” Well, the journalism class beat the bird, for just because the eight young ladies making up that class got off to Atlanta by five o’clock in the morning last Thursday, they got a treat they’ll long remember. Mr. Thompson promised us a set-up if we got off that early (and the poor man never dreamed he’d have to fulfill his promise.) But since we surprised him once, he was game, and Tuesday night he ushered us down to the dining hall, just after prayers, and there before our unbelieving eyes was cake, and honest-to-goodness, brick, vanilla-and-cherry-ice-cream. Girls, we never have felt so important. Mr. Thompson sat by, and Mrs. Youngblood served us! We felt like somebody, and we truly meant every word of our toast.

“Here’s to our president, the one we love best.”

Prof. Bailey—(Being introduced)—“Oh, yes, I remember you. You are in my class, aren’t you?”

Northcutt—“Now, see here, Prof., can’t we still be friends?”
that volley of "Senioristic" language, "My dearest Janie:—

about this "dream-come-true" place. Of today, I just can't wait to tell you seriousness resulting from your letter spells of laughter and touching se-

rious. I mean it as a compliment. Now, I've recovered from alternate

of making me homesick by telling me my dealings with Mr. Genung—you

 career is having a wonderful effect on

for you've always been far-visioned. I didn't mean to put it just like that,

today and the mischievous Janie at

ioned writer of the sweet letter of

memories. Didn't we have fun last

have attractive personalities. They

they are somewhere else besides at

contributed a beautiful part to the

personality of L. C, too. He's the finest father to us sis-

Besides planning religious services,

arranges the most
delightful social affairs,—parties,
hikes, picnics, everything!

There are a number of Greek letter
cubs on the "Hill." The spirit of them

is fine. You would soon find out about

one of the best! Our Athletic Asso-
ciation is just what a good one should

be. There is a friendly class com-
petition in all athletics. The equipment

is splendid, too.

And, lastly, Ja-ta-ta! You can have just as many as you want, provided

you don't want more than two a

month. But, "honest injun," that's
eough, isn't it? If I am not mis-
taken, that is about your allowance
during school, anyway, isn't it, dear?

I haven't told you how I wanted
to,—I'll write again some time
soon, won't I?

With lots o' love,

(30ol)

GERTRUDE STRAIN.

Miss Janie Burton,

Jonestown, Ga.

LaGrange Dry Goods Co.
New Showing of Fall and Winter Goods
COATS, SUITS, DRESSES, SWEATERS
MILLINERY
LAGRANGE DRY GOODS CO.
LaGrange's Leading Department Store
Looking to find what great talents and momentous responsibilities were hidden in the Junior Class of LaGrange College, I called one of its members to my office today for a heart-to-heart talk. After a few questions and answers had been exchanged, I decided that this member of the class was either a very humble and unassuming one—or else an extremely wise and cautious one who feared that if I really understood the capacities of this class, that no one else in college could have an opportunity to work!

Our conversation ran something like this:

"What offices do you hold on the Executive Council?"

"Just the two vice-presidencies; and if the president were to die, we could not even succeed her, another Senior would be elected in her place."

"Do you have many members in the Y. W. Cabinet?"

"Only three. Every single member of the Senior Class is in the cabinet."

"What lessons did you teach the new girls at the beginning of school?"

"Who? The Junior? We didn't get a chance at a new girl; the Sophs did not leave a fear untamed in young Freshmen."

"How do the Juniors stand with the Faculty? Have you promised them with your superior knowledge?"

"Well, so far, instead of asking us all those things we learned in our Freshman and Sophomore years, they ask our opinions about things you would hardly expect a Senior to know, and yet express surprise at our ignorance. It seems that our very name "Junior" is a badge of our inferiority, and as long as this Senior Class exists, we can have no hope for honors, privileges, or even the pursuit of happiness."

Then our talk drifted into a personal strain, and I found this same Junior, thoughtful, earnest, with glimpses of ideals and aspirations showing in her face and speech as she looked forward to the future and the work she was preparing to do. I said as she left the room, "Some good material for a next year's Senior!"

LITERARY SOCIETY PROGRAM

The literary societies of LaGrange College have manifested the same enthusiasm and spirit that the entire college manifested at the beginning of the school year. The Mezzofantian Society meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month, and the Irenian meets on the second and fourth.

Saturday evening, Oct. 20, at 7:00 o'clock the Mezzofantian Society entertained the entire household with a delightful program. The chaplain opened the meeting with the Lord's Prayer. The program follows:

Piano solos—Clark LaMar—Elizabeth Butler.
Life of Riley—Hazel Stafford.
Riley as a Poet—Sara Joe Roberts.
An Old Sweetheart of Mine—Tommie Martin, accompanied by Lillian Clark.
Vocal solo—Japanese Love Song—Nancy Smith.

The members which pertained to the life and works of James Whitcomb Riley were both instructive and entertaining.

Y. W. RECOGNITION SERVICE

One of the most impressive vesper services of the year was held in the prayer hall on Sunday evening. The occasion was the recognition service of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. As the Y. W. song, "Follow the Gleam" was played, the cabinet, each member bearing a lighted candle, came down the stairs to the prayer hall. After a short talk by the Y. W. president, each girl of the student-body came to light her small candle at the large one carried by the president. After a solo, "I'm a Pilgrim," by Mrs. Harvey Reid, the cabinet was introduced to the student-body. The service closed with a song, "An Evening Prayer," by Madam Lily Hambly-Hobbs.

The members of the cabinet were:


LAGRANGE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

With a group of L. C.'s best voices and a director with the ability of Madam Lily Hambly-Hobbs, the LaGrange College Glee Club is entering upon a year which is prophesied will be the most successful of its history.

It is with great enthusiasm that the students enter with the glee club work and determine to make it a credit to the college. The Glee Club will make its annual tour in the spring, and it promises to offer a program which will be instructive as well as entertaining.

The Glee Club members are: Misses Margaret Cantrell, Lucille Hilsman, Lena Terrell, Elizabeth Butler, Bonnie Hale, Rebecca Presley, Della Carothers, Elizabeth Tuck, Clara Varner, Nancy Smith, Evelyn Newton, Eva Gribb, Lillian Clark, Margaret Yarbrough, Virginia Park, Ruth Strain, Martha Parsons, Haremee Hargrave, Miriam Spruell, Ruth Cotton, Gertrude Strain, Louise Smalley, Sara Joe Roberts.

A Fact

You can often tell a Senior By the manner of her walk; But the girl you think a Senior, In knowledge ranking high, Is often just a Freshman. —Exchange.
THOSE PRIVILEGED CHARACTERS

Just a word about the privilege: those privileged characters are privileged to have. They—which are the Seniors, of course—can leave the campus wherever they wish, instead of only three meagre little times a week. But the truth is, they have so much work they can hardly get to town once a month.

These same beings do not have to march in line! But now they do not want to march out of line; it would be uncharacteristic and undignified to do so. Besides, they get much more attention in line, if they are by themselves nobody knows they are college girls.

These same Seniors, when they wish, can sit in the gallery at recitals. But they can not see half so well, and the old benches are hard and uncomfortable. It is much more pleasant downstairs.

The Seniors can actually keep on their lights until eleven o'clock. But they have grown old with hard study and get so sleepy by eight o'clock they are compelled to go to bed before nine.

The Seniors may have dates when they can get them! Enough said.

The Seniors have a special table in the dining room. But they don't get to hear half the interesting gossip.

The Seniors can sit on the front row in chapel. But they get the neck-ache from looking straight up at whoever is speaking.

A Senior may become president of the student-body. But that deprives her of the opportunities little girls have of having a "wild time."

A Senior will not have to come back to school next year. But she will probably teach school, which is worse.

So "you want what you want when you want it. When you get what you want you don't want it."

Come on. Be a Senior! There's nothing like it. You'll have the best time you ever had in your life and never forget it!

RAH! RAH! SOPHOMORES!

Yes, the sophomore class in the best class in school, and we have about twenty-five Sophs that will say the same thing. Not only sophs, but walk a little while and see who wins the "Thanksgiving game." In fact, we take a part in everything. And that isn't all. We have something doing most of the time.

Last Saturday night we gave a sandwich feast, and there weren't a half dozen sophs who weren't there right on time, and it wasn't any of those formal affairs; we had music, galore and everything else that goes to make a party complete.

Miss Williams, the honor guest, gave a reading. Misses Agnes Porter and Gertrude Strain also gave readings.

About 9 o'clock tea and sandwiches were served, and we gave a big yell for "Williams."

Well, don't take my word for it at all. Just watch and listen out for the sophomore's. They always do big things.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The exchange department of "The Scroll" is delighted to announce that already we have received many exchanges. However, these exchanges come in such a short time before the publication of this number of "The Scroll" that it is impossible to do them justice in this number. By next month, the staff hopes to have this department firmly established.

Our idea of an exchange department is not simply an exchange of the best jokes. We want to help other schools as much as possible, and we believe that the best way of doing this in our exchange, is to give constructive criticism and perhaps destructive criticism of other school papers. News from any other schools will be gladly accepted as publications. We, the staff of "The Scroll," sincerely hope and trust that our exchanges will treat our paper in exactly the manner that we have said we will treat theirs. For any criticisms of our paper we will be grateful.

The Scroll has added to its list of exchanges "The Hornet," Furman University publication; "The Barrage," North Georgia Agricultural College publication; and "The Chronicle," Clemson college publication.

The Endowment Campaign of Furman University will end on Thanksgiving day. Those in charge of the campaign are making Herculean efforts to go over the top. They are very much pleased with results of the campaign thus far. Enthusiasm is running high all over the state of South Carolina.

Your School

If you want to be in the kind of a school: Like the kind of a school you like, You needn't slip your clothes in a grip And go on a long, long hike. You will find what you've left behind, For there's nothing new— It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school— It isn't the school—it's you!

—Exchange.
HALLOWE’EN PARTY

Ghosts and goblins were abroad on a spookily night—Halloween, in a spooky-like place—the gymnasium at L. C., and from the time that you began descending the steps leading to the gymnasium you were conscious of a weird, spookily feeling that you could not shake off.

In the reception hall on the ground floor of the building you decided that you had gone to a grown-up folks’ party. But on entering the gymnasium you immediately changed your mind. Everything, from the reception line of spooks with clumsy hands to the apples, one bobbed for, made you feel that you were only a child of twelve come to a party with your best buds.

Yes, ghosts were there; ghosts were everywhere, but mingled with them were many delightful and funny people. A grandmother of the eighties who might have fought with the Indians who might have fought with the Spanish maidens courting “The Devil.” The loved Spanish song, “Juanita,” was rendered in a duet by Miss Lena Butler and Miss Lucile Hilsman, as the gentleman, rendered the “Keys of Heaven,” which was appreciated very much by the audience.

The last features of the program were two old songs by the entire chorus, “Love’s Old Sweet Song,” and “Auld Lang Syne.” Much merit is due the stringed orchestra for its instrumental music, by which many of the songs were accompanied. Miss Ruth Cotton and Miss Sarah Watkins were the accompanists at the piano.

Miss Gertrude Strain, in original poetry announced each number. This added much to the program.

LaGrange College is to be highly recommended for the ability of staging such an excellent concert as the “Old Folks’ Revue.”

Lady—“I want a pair of pants for my husband.”
Clerk—“What size, please?”
Lady—“I don’t know, but he wears a 14½ collar.”—Technique.

Dr. G. W. Eason
Dentist
LaGrange, Georgia
ALL ABOARD FOR ATLANTA

Well, just let me tell you, I've never had such a good time in all my life before. If you've not in too big a hurry, sit down over there and let me tell you all about it. About what? What? Why that trip to Atlanta, of course. Wake up, "Rip," haven't you heard about the Journalism class going to Atlanta Thursday? Goodnight! You've a week behind time.

We got up Thursday morning way before day, and do you know that crazy, Liz Williams woke me up about an hour too soon. But I didn't care, 'cause I was so thrilled I most woke up everybody in Hawkes. Then right at 5 o'clock, two cars rolled up. I tell you, Mr. and Mrs. O'Neal take the "hobbled wire neckless" on being prompt. By the way, if you ever need some good chaperones they're the very folks you want. Mrs. O'Neal went in one car and Mr. O'Neal in the other. Poor Mr. O'Neal! But he didn't seem to mind so much. We had the most wonderful time on the way. And the sun rise was beautiful, and we finally found two more.

We went to Atlanta about 8 o'clock, and undoubtedly, I was about frozen to death. Soon got warmed up, though. The first number on the program was breakfast. And I was so nearly caved in that I could have grinned at grits and bacon. But no such for us. We went around to the Ansley, and ate like white folks, and honey, you missed the time of your gay young life when you failed to see Miss Elizabeth Butler, president of the suffragists. Now, don't look at me like that, of course I don't mean just what I said. But you would have thought so. From the stern commanding look on her face you'd think she was ready to command attention from the whole dining room, but in a low, quiet tone she said to the waiter, "Will you please pick up my dollie."

Well, we went from there to Hill Atlanta Club and were "entreated" to try out for being ready on time. Aren't trips to Atlanta great?


dramatic club news

The Dramatic Club is by no means dead, even though there have been, as yet, no "public" signs of its active existence. The members in the expression department are all very busy with work that is, of course, an indirect preparation for great things later on.

One day next week the club is to hold its "try-out" for new members. Since the club is already near its membership limit, a comparatively few will be taken in this year, which means that the rejection of the others will be one of much merit. In a preceding issue of the "Scroll," you were told something of the Dramatic Club and were "entreated" to try out when the time came. Here it is! Don't miss it!

The club, and indeed, the whole college, is looking forward with delight to the coming of Miss Lutes, dean of the school of expression, at Boston. She is expected about the first of November or the first of December.

Rev. Hunicutt, the missionary-secretary of the North Georgia Conference, was a guest at the college the week-end of October 14th. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Theodosia Hunicutt. Rev. Hunicutt filled the pulpit at the First M. E. church here on Sunday.
PERSONALS

Rev. John P. Yarbrough, of Griffin, was a visitor at the college last week.

Mrs. W. H. Quarterman, of Winder, was the guest of her daughter recently.

Rev. A. C. Craft, of Taccoa, was the guest of his daughter, Miss Sue Craft.

Mr. W. L. Cotton, of Hamilton, was the guest of his daughter, Miss Ruth Cotton, last week-end.

Mrs. O. M. Abbott, of the college, was recently elected sponsor of the Quill Drivers' Club.

Mrs. McCleskey, of Hattiesburg, Miss., was the guest of the college Sunday. Mrs. McCleskey is a LaGrange College Alumna.

Mrs. H. B. Kimbrough, of Chipley, was the guest of her daughters, Misses Katherine and Evelyn Kimbrough, during the past week.

Miss Margaret Goodwin, of Roanoke, Ala., assistant instructor in art at the college last year, visited Miss Eloise Fullbright, last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peak, of Nashville, Tenn., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, recently. Mrs. Peak is a sister of President Thompson.

ART CLUB ENTERTAINED

On Monday afternoon, October 29, Mrs. V. R. O'Neal delightfully entertained the College Art Club with an informal tea at her attractive home on Church street.

Two new members have recently been added to the club, making the total membership about thirty. The new members are Miss Gertrude Strain and Miss Elizabeth Tuck.

At a recent business meeting, the election of new officers was held, resulting as follows: Miss B. A. Teasley president; Miss Essa Cline, vice president; Miss Katherine Kimbrough, secretary and treasurer; and Miss Gertrude Strain, reporter for the Scroll.

HILLTOP FLASHES

The other day when the Journalism class was in Atlanta, a cop walked up to Mr. O'Neal and started carrying him off to jail. Mr. O'Neal was furious, and demanded why he was treated so. The cop replied that he was going to take him to a safe place, and then go back and see why that crowd was following him.

Prof.—“Give me an example of a double negative.”

Thoughtful—“Yes, we have no bananas.”—Technique.

Christine Stubbs—“Prof Williams is sick today.

Gertrude Strain—“Sho nuff? What is the complaint?”

Christine Stubbs—“No complaint; everybody satisfied.”

(?) “May I print a kiss on your lips?”

Sal: “Yes, if you won’t publish it.”

Mrs. O'Neal—“Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?”

Mary Quarterman—“Well, you see, they couldn’t have the ocean tide if there were not knots.”

Fresh—“What’s a Ford?”

Soph—“A place where you cross a stream.”

Fresh—“No, a place where you try to cross the street.”

The other day when Florence Anchors wrote home, she sent two needles asking her mother to hurry and thread them and send them, back as she wanted to do some mending on her clothes.