ENDOWMENT FUND IS IN SIGHT FOR LAGRANGE COLLEGE

At the last annual meeting of the North Georgia Conference, Mr. Lovejoy made a speech, in which he asked permission of the conference, whose property LaGrange College is, to start a $800,000 endowment campaign for the school. The permission was granted and friends of the college are sure that in a short while the money will be in hand.

Four years ago the citizens of LaGrange, realizing the tremendous value of the school to the town, subscribed $250,000 to the school. It was this generous gift of the citizens that enabled $250,000 to be put aside as a productive loan fund.

Another drive that is doing for LaGrange untold good, is being carried on by her alumnae and friends. This is the Library campaign. Already the library contains a few more than seven thousand volumes, and is one of the largest, for a school of LaGrange's size, in the state of Georgia. The alumnae have set as a goal, ten thousand volumes by commencement of 1924. The library is to be a memorial to the late President Rufus W. Smith.

MISS LUTZ VISITS COLLEGE

Miss Florence Lutz, Dean of Curry School of Expression, was the guest of the College Dramatic Club last Wednesday and Wednesday night, November 28.

While here she read to two large and appreciative audiences. The afternoon performance was given at the Elks Hall, under the auspices of the Women's Club. Miss Lutz read, "Enter Madame." Her mastery of interpretation of this Broadway success made her audience understand why it is one of her most successful numbers. Especially noteworthy were the portrayals of Gerald, big in stature, but lacking in imagination, and the delightfully piquant Madame Delta Robin, who was froth on the surface, but deeply sincere under the skin.

The evening performance was held in the College Auditorium. Here Miss Lutz surpassed her afternoon performance, if possible, by her interpretation of the popular success, "Lighnin." Under the skilful treatment of the artist, the characters of this homely drama of every-day people seemed to live and breathe, and walk across the stage.

"Lighnin" is sometimes characterized as the Rip Van Winkle of today, and the portrayal of this character by Miss Lutz made the audience clearly see the justice of this appellation.

The character of Mrs. Davis, the divorcée, was highly enjoyable and amusing.

Miss Lutz made her audience share the hopes and aspirations of the people in the drama, and by sheer magic whisked it away from the college auditorium to the scenes of the play. Both performances showed the artistry of Miss Lutz and were deeply appreciated by her audience.

WHO'S WHO IN THE JUNIOR CLASS

Fullest — Miriam Spruell
Biggest all round — Lucile Hilsman
Thinnest — Bonnie Hale
Biggest flirt — Mary Timmons
Best athlete — Alene Gable
Most attractive — Annie Joe Johnson
Cutest — Margie Beard
Deepest thinker — Bess Cline
Happiest — Martha Lee
Best cook — Jewell Dunn
Best actress — Gladys Spruell
LaZiest — Willard Jones
Biggest eater — Alene Gable
Most stylish — Cornelia Haley
Sweetest — Gladys Spruell
Most hard-boiled — Jewell Dunn
Tackiest — Bonnie Hale
Sillest — Miriam Spruell
Most original — Mary Thompson
Most typical old maid — Lucile Hilsman
Biggest man hater — Gladys Spruell

STUDENT VOLUNTEER QUADRENNIAL

The ninth International convention of the Student Volunteer Movement is to be held in Indianapolis, Ind., from the 28th of Dec. to the 1st of January.

There will be 4,000 students attending this convention; about 75 of them from Georgia and one of the 75 from LaGrange College. L. C. feels that she is greatly honored in sending one of her girls to this convention.

The purpose of the convention is:

1. To realize the critical needs of the situation of the world today, and to consider the responsibility of the Christian students of U. S. and Canada, in the light of the situation.

2. To consider Christ and His way of life as the hope of the world.

3. To present the foreign missionary enterprise in the light of its achievements and possibilities as an indispensable means of bringing the power of Christ to bear upon the world's needs.

The devotional services, the periods of united intercession, the recurrent thinking upon great religious issues, in fact the whole tone of the convention, will be rich in "the things of the spirit" and an encouragement into deeper, more abundant spiritual life.

An event of the Thanksgiving holiday was the dinner given the domestics science dining room by Miss B. A. Teasley, a post-graduate student, and Miss Nina Mae Knott, who receives her diploma this year. Miss Teasley was hostess, while Miss Knott served.

The central adornment of the table was a mound of fruit. Hand-painted turkeys served as place-cards. Baskets containing nuts were used as favors. A dinner consisting of five courses, carrying throughout yellow and green, the color scheme, was served in an attractive manner. The invited guests were President W. E. Thompson, Mrs. W. E. Thompson, Miss Stella Bradford, the dean; Mrs. Valena Youngblood, dietician, and Miss Roberta Black, art instructor.

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Volume III
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Number 9
LOYALTY

Everyone is bound by certain laws of allegiance which he cannot escape when he comes into the world. The family into which one is born is the first to require your loyalty, whether it is founded upon a harmonious plan or not. If it is not what you would like for it to be, it is your duty to help make it so, for after all, it is your family and you are a part of it.

Your country demands your undivided allegiance. Disloyalty to one's country is treason, and punishable by death. You have read the story of "The Man Without a Country," who in a fit of pique rashly made the wish that he might never see the United States again. This wish was granted and you remember how often he regretted making it. He died a traitor to his country.

The outlook of the Tech Glee Club is the best for many years. Mr. Waters is director for this season. He has been prominent in many organizations of this nature, and is best remembered for his connection with the Bremen follies last year. Mr. Waters is working uneasingly to make this year the most successful in the history of the glee club. —The Technique.

ATHLETICS

Although athletics is only a minor factor in the college activities, great enthusiasm is exhibited. During the past three weeks, it has reigned supreme, because of the tournament that was held in order to determine the two contestants for the great Thanksgiving basketball game. Even up to the very day before Thanksgiving, it was not decided, but with another game played between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, the final winners donned their caps of victory and gaily but determinedly marched forth to battle Thanksgiving Day. It seemed cruel that the Freshmen and Juniors were the rivals in the game, but such was the measure that impartial Fate deemed proper to take.

Although these sister classmen have cherished in their hearts a love for each other since that dreaded Soph year, they have planned a series of indoor games of basketball. Throughout the year, there will be athletic tournaments that will possibly outshine the great Olympic games.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Students at Florida State College are taking a lively interest in the Student Friendship Drive. There are 31,000 Russian students who have only one meal a day. There are 14,000 refugee students, who have no homes, no funds, are in strange lands and are dependent on the students of America. The highest privilege of the American student is to share with other students the things which these other students can not have—by giving active evidence of International Fellowship. —Florida Flambouyant.
THE BANQUET

Outside was wind and rain, a bleak November day, but in L. C.'s halls our spirits were quite the reverse. In the evening the parlors were overflowing with happy, pretty girls, in rainbow hued evening dresses; the soft glow of the lamps and fire light fell on laces, ribbons, silks and satins. Then to the strains of beautiful music the girls went down to the dining hall.

The room was most effectively decorated by the Sophomore class and their sponsor, Miss Williams. The annual custom of the table arrangement was carried out and the decorations were: pine, cedar, autumn leaves and yellow candles; for the centerpiece there was a miniature scene of the snow-covered cabin of Priscilla and John Alden, with the frozen lake, boat, ducks, turkeys and chickens. The two Puritan lovers were standing out in the snow.

Just before grace the college songs were sung. The girls were then seated according to classes. Miss B. A. Teasley, president of the student-body, acted as toast mistress.

There were no outside guests except Rev. Butler, father of Elizabeth Butler, and Miss Jewel Whitman, sister of the domestic art teacher.

A delightful five-course dinner was served, and between and during each course various toasts were proposed in the following order:

Toast to Senior Specials—Mary Lane.
Toast to Seniors—Christine Stubbs.
Response—Ruth Cotton.
Toast to L. C.'s Past—Edith Foster.
Toast to L. C.—Gertrude Strain.
Toast to L. C.'s Future—Clara Varner.
Toast to Student-body—Nina Mae Knott.
Toast to Juniors—Frances Woodside.
Response—Cornelia Haley.
Soup—Freshmen.
Toast to the Faculty—Evelyn Varner.
Response—Miss M. Smith.
Toast to President Thompson—Mildred Pinkerton.

After Mr. Thompson's response, which was both beautiful and inspiring, there was an announcement that we might attend the picture show, which was received with loud ovation.

Thus ended one of the most enjoyable occasions ever held on the Hill, and its success is largely due to those who worked with unceasing effort for our happiness and pleasure.

Y. W. C. A. WEEK OF PRAYER

The week from Nov. 11th to 18th, was set aside this year by the National Board as an International Week of Prayer, for both the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.

LaGrange College Y. W. observed the week with special vesper services, all leading up to the special Sunday night services, conducted by Mr. Bailey. The subject for that service was, "Prayer." Mr. Bailey used several verses from the Bible as a basis for his splendid talk.

THE MEZZOFANTIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Mezzofantian Literary Society held a regular meeting on Saturday evening, November 17, and a very interesting program was enjoyed by the entire college household.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mamie Northcutt, and after the roll-call, was turned over to the chaplain, Elizabeth Tuck.

Miss Minnie Smith, a charter member of the society, gave a very interesting sketch of the history of the Mezzofantians. This was especially beneficial to the new members.

The program, which was devoted to modern fiction and popular magazines, was as follows:

Saturday Evening Post—Erin Cade.
The Etude—Elizabeth Graybill.
The American Magazine and Scrib-
LaGrange Dry Goods Co.
New Showing of Winter Goods
COATS, SUITS, DRESSES, SWEATERS,
MILLINERY
LaGrange's Leading Department Store

Y. W. C. A. BAZAAR
Come along, come along,
Christmas gifts for everyone,
Mother, daddy, grandma, Uncle
and all the rest.
Hand-painted vases and candle
sticks; hand-embroidered aprons,
hankies and guest towels;
hot chocolate and sandwiches; candy,
food for the gods. Santa has arrived!
Come along and buy!

LaGrange's Leading Department Store

LaGrange Dry Goods Co.

New Showing of Winter Goods
COATS, SUITS, DRESSES, SWEATERS,
MILLINERY

LAGRANGE DRY GOODS CO.

LaGrange's Leading Department Store

FRESHMAN MEDITATES
UPON XMAS HOLIDAYS

"Christmas is almost here, girls,"
is a remark heard at every turn on
the campus of old L. C. Of course
it thrills the hearts of Sophomores,
Juniors and Seniors, too; but it sends
a little tingle through us Freshmen
and the Juniors aprons, the
booth in different corners of the
social rooms, under the direction of
June.

The bazaar was held in the college
rooms, under the direction of
Miss Mamie Northcutt, president of
the Y. W. C. A. Each class had a
booth in different corners of the
rooms, decorated with class colors.
The Seniors sold hot chocolate and
sandwiches, the Juniors aprons, the
Sophomores had a "Clean-up" booth,
the Freshmen a miscellaneous one,
and the Specials a candy booth.

JUST TALK

"O, girls, only fifteen more days "
'till we go home—home, girls! O oes-
tacy!" The red haired girl sighed
dramatically.

"Only fifteen more days 'till I'll see
him again!" The black-haired girl
looked lovingly at her diamond.

"Lawdy, only fifteen more days 'till
I'll have one more chance at the old
flivver, and that's all I'm asking—
just one more chance"; and the fat
girl clapped her hands joyously.

What are you going to give Tom
for Christmas?”

"Don't ask me that; I'm too happy
over his latest gift to me."

"O, you and your beaux and your
diamond, I only want a spot light for
the flivver. I'd rather have its sparkle
than that of anything else. Oh, I'm so
happy." Fatty rolled over across the
bed, nearer the table, and

"You may not like Tom, but you
sure do like his candy," the black-
haired girl teased.

"O, well, there's something sweet
about everybody."

The red-haired girl chimed in: "Hal
said he'd send me some candy if I'd
declare I'd not give you any. He's
still peeved about what you said about
his last letter. I'll bet he'll never
admit to you that advertisement
hasn't a "z" in it!"

"That's one on Hal. I merely gig-
led at the z, for he's so proper—
then the prissy thing had to get
peeved." The red-haired girl showed her in-
heritance. "That's all right. Hal won first honors at Georgia last year. You'll admit he's smart, eh, Fatty?"

"Yeh, he's smart. He spelled ad-
vertisement with a "z", and Fatty
laughed mischeviously.

"O, you all hush—you're a mile off
the subject—only fifteen more days 'till—"
The door opened, and the thin girl
burst in: "Yes, only fifteen more days 'till our term paper must be in, our
English notebooks finished, our Bio-
lgy note books ready for inspection,
my recital piece half memorized—"

"Hush, Calamity," weefully ex-
claimed the other three, and Fatty
finished with, "Shakespeare spake a
parable when he said, 'somebody's al-
ways taking the joy out of life!'"

Della had never eaten corn boiled
on the cob, so she enjoyed much the
ear given her at Miss Johnson's
table. When she had eaten off all the
corn and desired some more, she hand-
ed the cob to Miss Johnson and said
very politely: "Please, ma'am, put
some more beans on my stick."
PERSONALS

Mrs. H. S. McDaniel, of Fairburn, was the guest of her daughter here recently.

Mrs. Alonzo Richardson, president of the Atlanta Woman's Club, was a "backed up" by her class. May she did not win, but that did not matter, she got a yell just the same.

Mrs. Robt. L. Porter, of Chickamauga, has been the guest of her daughter, Miss Agnes Porter.

Miss Elizabeth Butler had as her guest the past week, her father, Rev. W. O. Butler, of Goldsboro, N. C.

Mrs. H. D. Manning visited her daughter recently.

Mrs. 0. M. Abbott, Madame Lily Hambly-Abbott, and Miss Rosa Muller were in Atlanta Wednesday for the Paderewski concert.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Carmichael and Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Sloan and two children, of McDonough, were recent guests of Miss Mary Alice Carmichael, Mrs. Sloan is an alumna of L. C.

Miss Mildred Cobb, of Cedartown, and a former student of the college, is the guest of Miss Sarah Brown.

Pres. W. E. Thompson spent part of last week in Atlanta attending the North Georgia Conference.

Mrs. H. O. Swanson, of Fairburn, is the guest of her daughter here.

Miss Eloise Fullbright and Miss Margaret Williams are spending the week-end at Miss Fullbright's home in Atlanta.

Y. W. C. A. SPONSORS MOCK TRACK MEET IN THE GYM.

What could have been more fun than the indoor track meet? Every college girl was present, and everyone yelled, too. Each class worked with a will for that cup which was to be given to the winning class. What was the track meet? Why, that glorious time was given to the students under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. We all met in the gym on that eventful Saturday night, where each class had a corner which was gaily decorated.

LAGRANGE'S LARGEST STORE

Filled with the Newest Merchandise
at the Most Reasonable Prices.

WE WELCOME YOU

COOK, FLEETH & WILSON
(Successors to Edmondson-Christopher Co.)

Never had so much enthusiasm been manifested before. Every contestant was "backed up" by her class. Maybe she did not win, but that did not matter, she got a yell just the same.

One of the contests was threading the needle with one hand. By the way, did any one see the expression on one girl's face when she turned around and saw that every other contestant had gone, and even the echo of their footsteps had died away? She just knows until yet that her needle didn't have an eye. Now, who believes she can eat figs and peanuts were served, while the judges retired to make their decision. President Thompson made an elegant oration, after which he awarded the beautiful tin loving cup. The Seniors and Sophomores tied—and to decide the question, both classes had to be represented in a hopping contest. The Sophomores got the cup—but Seniors—it's all in the family, so don't feel badly!

After the sound of the last yell died in the distance, every one went upstairs, voting the mock track-meet the most successful event of the year.

He Had Part of the Outfit

"Please, mum," said the tramp who had knocked at the door, "would ye do a bit of sewing for me?"

"I guess so," said the lady kindly; "what sewing do you want me to do for you?"

"I have a button here," said the tramp, "and I'll be very much oblig'd if you will sew a pair of pants on it."

It's a great pity that more people cannot be eyes rather than hooks—"dependable" rather than "depend ing."

"What's a clothesline?"

Drinks Cigars Stationery Toilet Goods

Fulghum & Cleaveland COURTEOUS SERVICE
CHRISTMAS FOR CAL GRADY

(One Act Play)

Scene I. Street in front of Gardener’s home on Christmas Eve.

Ellen, age seven, and Billy, age five, in wild excitement, attack Cal Grady, a middle-aged man, a queer, haggard, unfamiliar neighbor.

Billy—“I'll shoot you!”

Grady (startled, speaking half under his breath)—“Oh my God! What a favor.” (Puts hand to his overcoat pocket.)

Billy—“I'll shoot you. I'll shoot you—when I get my pop dun.”

Ellen—“We saw 'em. He's come the wrong night. An' a little rocking chair, an' Billy's gun, an' everything. Will he come tonight? Tell us, hear, please, mister.”

Grady—“Here—here. Let me pass.”

Billy—“Santa Claus see you, last night?”

Ellen—“Please, you tell us, mister. Muvver's busy. She'll get us, too. Billy went right in the room where she said not. Then we saw 'em.”

Billy—“Santa Claus bring you pop dun?” (pattling Grady's bulging overcoat pocket.)

Grady—“See here—let me alone.” (Shoves Billy aside, roughly. Billy topples over and begins to whimper.)

Ellen (Indignant)—“You just let my little bruvver alone, now. You needn’t ever tell us. 'Cause you’re mean. Daddy says you're smart, but you're not. I bet muvver'd like to spank you, 'cause you don't show when it's Christmas time. Everybody does, but you. Don't cry, little bruvver.”

Grady, patting Billy's head awkwardly—“Well, well. I didn’t mean it—little fellow. Now, what’s the trouble? What do you want to know?”

Ellen—“I guess we bettern’t ask you.”

Grady—“Ask me. Do ask me—little chap. I—I haven’t answered a child's question since—since—” (He grips his pocket.) “And this—a last one.”

Curtain.

Scene II. Gardener’s living room. Early Christmas morning.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Gardner—rather young, nice looking, good natured couple.

Mrs. Gardner, (arranging presents under tree)—“If I was perfectly just and fair, the children wouldn’t get any of these, Tom. They got into some mischief yesterday than it seems to me children could think of in a month.”

Mr. Gardner (folding up last night's paper)—“They needed their father, I dare say.” (Smiling.) “What did the little rascals do?”

Mrs. Gardner—“Do? It's a pity you didn't get back before bed time to help see some of the things they did. In the first place they nibbled away the little field of snow icing from around my white frosted cake. I started to spank, but Ellen declared they hadn't touched the cake—they couldn't have, for worlds—and Billy said they were doing the chores.”

Mr. Gardner—“In other words, you were too amused to inflict any punishment. You are spoiling your own children, you know.”

Mrs. Gardner—“No, that's your trouble.”

Mr. Gardner (helping at tree)—“Harriet, where in the world did all these toys come from? We didn't buy all these—surely.”

Mrs. Gardner (trying to make a package lean against the tree)—“They are not so handsome, but I bought them. Billy and Ellen simply found what Santa Claus had for them. I thought all the time it was risky to leave the things in the house. And I had to rush off late yesterday afternoon, fight my way through all that jam, and get some other things. Santa is bringing them those and we are giving them these, you see.”

Mr. Gardner (bowing)—“I am glad you are telling Santa Claus what Santa Claus might pull a bone, you know.”

Mrs. Gardner—“You would never play Santa Claus any more if I hadn't gotten them. Do you think Ellen wouldn't have figured it out? (Pause) And that's not all they did.”

Mr. Gardner (with expression of despair)—“Speak, I'm prepared for the worst.”

Mrs. Gardner (emphatically)—“They called on Calvin Grady. Yes, in that little rusty, forlorn shack at the end of the block. Followed him home, I guess.”

Mr. Gardner (seriously) “Harriet, I'm worried about that man. He hardly speaks no matter how I approach him. Believe he's losing his mind.”

Mrs. Gardner—“It's no wonder. Every time I think about that beautiful Ann Grady—has she died, or is she still in the asylum?”

Mr. Gardner—“Still there, I think. Caused by the child's death. Awful, awful—a child burned to death.”

(Noise. Billy and Ellen burst open the door. They are dressed in pajamas.)

Billy and Ellen—“Christmas gift—Christmas peasant, daddy, muvver.”

(Hug father and mother and start to explore tree.)

Ellen—“Billy always says 'peasant' when it's gift. And that's not right, but—oh—o—o—look!”

Mr. Gardner (indicating tree and presents). “Look what Santa Claus brought your muvver and your daddies.”

Billy—“It's my pop dun—my ball.”

Ellen—“My rocking chair.” (Play with things.)

(Mrs. Gardner gives them some of the things keeping some till later.)

Mrs. Gardner (to her husband)—“They have too many things, Tom, too many things. I hate to see children selfish and spoiled.”

Mr. Gardner—“We couldn't let them find out who Santa Claus is now. Well—they are your children. What are you going to do about it?”

Curtain.

Scene III. Dark, neglected, front room in little house of Calvin Grady. Christmas afternoon.

Grady, sitting in chair with head on table. Slowly looks up, face, white and drawn.

Grady—“Warm—what do I want with a warm room? His little boy wasn't burned to death. A match is my worst enemy!” (Shivers, coughs.)

“But I guess Doc's right. It's T. B.” (Walks around room.) Gardner’s little fellows said it was Christmas. She doesn’t know it is Christmas. Why should I know it is Christmas?” (Gets pistol out of overcoat pocket) “Santa Claus bring you pop dun?” (Fingers it nervously.) “Yes, he brought me one, too.” (Laughs strangely, then collapses in chair.) “It’s for the good of others. Tis not selfishness. Tis not cowardice. I’m just a burden, a drawback, a menace! If any one cared it would be different. God knows it's for others. She can't live long. So why not!”

(Door is pushed open. Billy and Ellen run in.) Billy and Ellen. “We're Santa Claus. We've brought you something.”

Grady (too weak to move) “Why, why, why.” (Hides pistol, guiltily, under table cover.)

Ellen—“I thought maybe, Santa Claus forget you. Your house is mighty little. Wait a minute.”

( Ellen and Billy pull in Ellen’s little rocking chair.)

(Continued on next page)
Billy—"We brought you dis."
Ellen—"Muvver didn't know. She told us to play Santa Claus wherever we wanted to. Billy said he wanted to see you, 'cause maybe you had a pop gun, too. We brought the chair 'cause we're Santa Claus."
BilL "It's chold in here."
Grady (smiles at chair)—"Santa Claus is thoughtful of an old, broken man."
Billy "It's chold in here. Chome up to our house."
Ellen—"Oh, do, Daddy likes company."

(Children take Grady's hands and pull him to door.)

Billy—"It's chold in here. Chome up to our house and fix my pop dun. It's dun broke."

(Gardener looks doubtful, hesitates, puts on overcoat.)

Curtain—End.

"GYM" FROM THE LIBRARY
"Tu-da-da-dum-da-de—"
It was three o'clock on a Thursday afternoon, and The Girl sat by a large window deeply interested in "A Man Who Was." As the lively strains of a march reached her she hardly noticed but gradually she became aware of music and the thump-thump of marching.

"There must be something wrong."
In her mind she could conjecture nothing "wrong" which would require music for the marching. "Oh, it's 'gym,' what a dunce I am!"
Knowing that she could not become interested in her book again, she cast aside "A Man Who Was," just as if she were expecting to take up, "A Man Who Is."
But no! She only meant to listen to all that happened in the "gym," which was directly below her.
She knew that the girls were doing the grand march, and she pictured them as they marched upward in eights, broke and marched back in fours, continuing to break until the file was single. She almost became dizzy as she knew they were making the serpentine and then the circle.
Suddenly The Girl straightened her shoulders, looking directly in front of her. She had heard the command "Position!"

"If this is an all-wool rug, why is it labeled 'cotton?'"
"That, Madam, is to deceive the moths."—Exchange.

Bret Harte didn't drown, he only plunged into the midst of fabulous popularity.

Old Gotrox—"So you're going to take my daughter from me without any warning?"
Young Nervy—"Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me of, I am willing to listen."

"Louise," said Miss Davis sternly, "do you know that you have broken the Eighth Commandment by stealing some of Evelyn's knowledge?"
"Well," explained Louise, "I thought I might as well break the Tenth and only covet it."

Mr. Bailey—"If it's seventy-one miles from here to Atlanta, how many girls will it take in a straight line to reach that distance?"
Ada Davis—"Seventy-one girls. A miss is good as a mile."

"Who can describe a caterpillar?"
asked Miss Fullbright.

"I can," said Florence.
"Well, Florence, what is it?"
"An upholstered worm."

Tourist—"Kind sir, have you n ved where all your life?"
Native—"No—not yet."

"I wish I was as religious as Ada."
"Why, Caroline?"
"She clasps her hands so hard in prayer she can't get them open when the collection plate comes around."

"Louise," said Miss Davis sternly, "do you know that you have broken the Eighth Commandment by stealing some of Evelyn's knowledge?"
"Well," explained Louise, "I thought I might as well break the Tenth and only covet it."

"We appreciate the accounts of LaGrange College Faculty and student body."

$1.00 Starts a Savings Account

Bank of LaGrange

"The People's Savings Bank"

R. L. RENDER, President
HOWARD P. PARK, Vice President
P. L. HAMMETT, Asst. Cashier

L. D. MITCHELL, Vice President
EULAH M. RENDER, Asst. Cashier
A tiresome thing—this study. A long, hill-confined day—this Saturday.
A popped question—"May we go?"—to a considerate president—Mr. Thompson.
With startled expressions—"On Saturday night?"
Saturday night—nothing more."

Thought—consideration—reason:
L. C. Seniors—dignified enough; well chaperoned—Miss Wynne, Miss Williams, Miss Fullbright; oyster dinner—in town on Saturday night;—?
?

"I—suppose—so"—jolly answer.

Anticipation—as great as participation:
O ye oysters! Read on etiquette.

Entrance into City Cafe. Mistakes met on the journey, and that man or—!

If you were to go to breakfast on the dining car with a man whom you had met on the journey, and that man ordered ham, eggs, potatoes, hot bread, cakes or doughnuts, if you were inexperienced you'd call that man a fool, and predict for him a short life, interspersed with numerous doctor bills for what we call the good old-fashioned stomach ache. But if you were experienced you'd smile and say, "Well, old top, New Hampshire, Vermont, or North Dakota, say, "Well, old top, New Hampshire, Vermont, or North Dakota, maxing a guess at the state, is a grand old place, isn't it?" and win the undying affection of that man. And hereafter, when you see a man ordering a heavy breakfast, don't call him foolish, but close your eyes a moment and paint a picture on the canvas of your mind.

There is a farm home, for example, around which the snow is drifted to remain the greater part of the winter. In the yard the wood pile stands a great white monument. And more than one ruddy-cheeked boy has a contempt for that same monument. The thermometer, which hangs on the back porch over the water shelf, has run down below the zero mark, and the water in the bucket is frozen over. Inside the big kitchen the family, mother, father, and several children are gathered around just such a breakfast. And do the children show signs of repeated illness? They do not; but from the strong, hearty seventeen-year-old boy to the baby, laughing in her high chair, there is a "hard as nails" appearance. And it is because of their breakfast to a certain extent. They could not face the below zero weather on a bit of toast, a cup of tea, and perhaps a coddled egg. They need the food which build tissues and furnish heat and energy, and it is in these heavier foods that they find that which they need.

Suppose the older daughter of the family is married and living in Southern Florida. She would not need the foods which furnish heat, but rather let her choose fruits and light foods. But there's the difference. You can't feed a man on meat in Florida, nor can you feed him on orange juice in North Dakota. If you did, you would not only ruin his physical strength, but his mind as well. Years of study have shown you that your mind needs food, too. But let me add by way of parenthesis, you'd ruin the fellow's temper, too. Get a man in Florida, get him hot from the climate and feed him heat producing food—then watch him rave. And to turn the tables, feed a Dakotian on orange juice and he'll hug the stove the rest of the day. Therefore, for the sake of his health, his mind and his temper, find the best way to a man's stomach, before you make use of the path you've made to his heart.

Gertrude Strain—(After "trying out" for glee club)—"Do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Madam Hobbs—"Well, it might come in handy in case of fire."—Exchange.

Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own."—Exchange.