“THREE’S A CROWD”

A Valentine Story

Marjean Nelson loved two boys. She was positive she did, and to save her life, she couldn’t decide which one she loved best. As she climbed out of Bob’s big, red racer, she knew he was the man. But then when she read the special delivery from Hugh, which was waiting for her, Bob was forgotten.

It was a most uncomfortable condition to be in. She thought so, and the boys were sure of it. Every advance of one of them made toward the goal to which they both were working, was counteracted by the other.

Finally, they decided to have it out. Both made a date for the same evening, and it was understood that there would be no picture show or auto ride that night. It was strictly a business date.

Marjean dressed with exceeding care that evening. She chose her prettiest dress, arranged her brown hair as Bob liked it best, and wore a pendant Hugh had given her.

“I’ll give them an even start,” she said, as she stood before their picture which was waiting for her, Bob was the man. But then when she read the special delivery from Hugh, which was waiting for her, Bob was forgotten.

Marjean’s heart skipped a beat. Suppose she should say, “No,” and Hugh should do something desperate, suppose—

Bob broke in, “Yes, Marjean, let’s get it over. No need to ponder any longer. Of course, I’d be mighty glad to have you say “Yes” to me, but if you don’t want to, for Pete’s sake, don’t. But give me your answer right now. I’m to go by after Peggy for the Valentine dance tonight, and I’ve got to hustle.”

Bob prayed a silent prayer for forgiveness for his bluff of coolness and unconcern.

So that was it? Peggy was trying to vamp Bob! Well, she shouldn’t succeed!

Hugh took her hand in his—“Marjean, darling, I’m waiting.”

Bob took the other hand—“I’m waiting, too, Marjean, and so is Peggy.”

Marjean sighed. She could not decide what to do. She arose and walked over to the fireplace, where the gas logs were burning. Laying her head wearily upon the mantel piece, she determined to make her decision before the cock, already five minutes to eight, should strike the hour. Suddenly she heard the boys stir, and as the twin of Bob’s big, red racer, she knew he was the man. But then when she read the special delivery from Hugh, which was waiting for her, Bob was forgotten.

“I don’t know how I’ll do it. I love you both to death. If I make up my mind tonight, it’ll be because one of you puts up a stronger argument than ever before. Now, I’m perfectly neutral.”

The members of the Irenian Literary Society held its regular meeting in the College prayer hall, Saturday evening, February 2nd. The meeting was opened by roll call and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. After which there was rendered the following program by members of the society:

The Life of Mark Twain—Jessie Ray.
Piano Solo—Hortense Hughes.
The Humor of Twain—Agnes Porter.
Reading—Cutting from “Huck Finn”

—Christine Stubbins.

The Junior debaters are Miss Cornelia Hale, of Eatonton, and Miss Bonnny Hale, of Rome. The Senior debaters are, Misses Lillian Clark and Tommie Martin, of Lagrange.

The public is cordially invited to attend this debate.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DEBATE

The annual Junior-Senior debate will be held the twenty-fourth of March, in the College Auditorium. The subject this year for debate is: Resolved, That a close alliance between England and America is necessary in order to preserve world peace and to save civilization. The Juniors will uphold the affirmative side, of the question, and the Seniors the negative.

The public is cordially invited to attend this debate.

IRENIAN PROGRAM

The members of the Irenian Literary Society readily accept the challenge of the Messofoantian Literary Society to make the year 1924 the best year in the history of the two societies.

The subject this year for debate is:

Resolved, That a close alliance between England and America is necessary in order to preserve world peace and to save civilization. The Juniors will uphold the affirmative side, of the question, and the Seniors the negative.

The public is cordially invited to attend this debate.
Alarm Clocks and Carpet Tacks.
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The SCROLL
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Pres Dramatic Club, Christine Stubbs

THE SPRING TERM
Examinations are over at last, and our reports have been sent home. Perhaps, those who might have done better during the fall term are filled with regrets—vain regrets. No doubt those who met each day cheerfully with a determination to make that day the best day ever, are filled with a well-earned sense of satisfaction.

What is done is done, certainly may be applied to a college student's life. We need not look back upon the fall with regrets, for the fall term is gone. Let us rather, turn toward the present, the living present, which is the spring term.

The second semester to many may mean a second chance for making the most of the present. We can redeem the past, if the past need be redeemed.

Spring is almost upon us. Let us not be caught under the siren's spell, for sweet spring sometimes leads students away from study and the routine of classes. None of us has time to indulge in "spring fever." The spring term is a busy time, and there is much to be done. Let us fall to!

BOOST THE SCROLL
If you think it's fun to get up copy for a Scroll—well, you've something to learn yet! Here are some of our troubles:
If we put in a good feature article, you yell for more jokes. If we give you more jokes, you say they're too tame, and if the joke editor, editor, and proof reader happen to let a stray one slip in—one with a kick in it—well, the faculty rises up in arms and some sedate old alumna sighs, "Times have certainly changed since I left L. C."
You yell for athletics, and you know they are none. You cry "Why don't we have write-ups about dances or something?" It surely would have to be "or something," I'll say.
But seriously, think this over, realize that he who pleases everyone, pleases no one. Help the staff make the Scroll the best college paper in the South. We can do it, can't we?

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
The film, "The Science of "Life," under the auspices of the State Board of Health, and directed by Prof. Maurice Ricker, of Washington, D. C., was shown in the college prayer hall, recently.
Prof. Ricker delivered a short lecture, before showing the picture, in which he brought out a number of vital points upon health.

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."
She refused him, and sixty years later he died.
WILSON AND LENINE

UNLIKE PERSONAGES

Wilson, the man, has passed on, but Wilson, the hero, will ever live in the heart of the whole world. As he lived, so he died, ready to meet the inevitable.

Lenine, the world's greatest revolutionary, also has gone on the long trail, but the results of his disorderly visions will live, no one knows how long. It is singular how differently these two men used their powers.

Even now Woodrow Wilson is considered one of the greatest men the world has ever produced. And if it is true that great men, when dead, become greater, then the glory of this great man will rise to the highest point. There is no country in the world that has not felt the touch of his hand. And each one throughout the end of time, will bless his name.

Lenine, too, deserves a place among the leaders the war produced. He was a great man, although he used his powers in the wrong direction. “Every sorrow that has fallen on the world since its beginning fell upon Russia with his coming.” He was a dreamer, and the goal of his dreams was world revolution. His power lay in his absolute honesty, sincerity, devotion to his own convictions. For this, his people could, and did trust him. He used his strength to strike at the heart of Russia. In truth, he lived long enough to put his dream in practice. Millions have been victims at the hands of Lenine, and their blood will ever stain the thoughts of him who might have reached the goal of his dream had he lived. The influence of Lenine will live after him, perhaps in many hearts, but the memory of the evil done by him will live forever to curse and to warn.

The American Flag, the symbol of all that is good and pure, the emblem that floats peacefully over our country in time of peace, and waves valiantly in time of war, is lowered, for Wilson sleeps. We feel that God blessed America when He gave to us the greatest man of the age. He has done more for the world than any other one man, for he saved her from herself. We love to speak of him as the peacemaker. He is a martyr to the world’s cause. He fought and lived and died, that he might lift the nations from ruin and despair, and that he might save democracy for humanity.

As he lived, so he died. The key to his character may be found in his last words—“I am ready.” Truthfully we may say of him—He fought a good fight, he kept the faith, he saved the cause.

The good that he has done will live after him. His name will appear in the Hall of Fame, and in the Book of Life, it will be recorded in golden letters that Wilson was one who loved his fellowman, and by his name will be written:

“Now much as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

THE EAVESDROPPER

What’s all this about a certain girl singing at a wedding? Whose wedding? Maybe it was her own—we just can’t tell these days. But there is certainly something funny about it. At any rate, when this girl was practicing, “O Promise Me,” her music teacher entered the room and began to say—“O, Promise Me That You’ll Come Back.” She’s back now, but who knows but that her promise brought her back.

I just heard a girl say—“Can’t you even smile?” I’ll bet there is not a girl on the hill who does not like to meet every one with a smile. It just naturally makes a fellow feel good to have one say, “Hi, Kid”—with a smile.

You just kinder feel like you are worth something. And if anyone has a friendly word to say, even if it’s: “Say, that woman must think we’re crazy,” etc., then you love to grin and say: “She she does!” etc. So let’s say it with a smile.

Third floor has even now started a circulating library, composed, mainly of photoplay magazines. Just drop into Minnie’s room, or Edith’s or Nan’s, any ol’ time, and you will see them cozily curled up on the bed fondly reading about the latest movie fans—that is, when they’re not studying.—The Eavesdropper.

Roasts Young Students

Harvard has a 15-year-old student while Princeton has a 12-year-old student. Columbia wins with a 11-year-old prodigy who speaks 12 languages.—Rotunda.

Ham—“Ah jes’ met Sam Jones an’ yo’ know what he tol’ me, bouten yo’?”

Bone—“No. What he say?”

Ham—“He say yo’ de low downdest, onriest, thievinst, chastistest, meanest, lighest, lyinest boy in dis here town.”

Bone—“Mpf! Dot all? ‘Sidesen what I knows bouten him, ah reckon ah’d radder be me.”

THE FIRST PEEP OF SPRING

We are Now Showing all The New Spring Wearables

Dresses, Coats, Suits, Hats, Etc.

IT WILL GIVE US PLEASURE TO SHOW YOU
LAGRANGE COLLEGE GIRL DIES AT HER HOME IN FLORIDA

Miss Martha Hodnett, a member of the Sophomore class at LaGrange College, died recently at her home in Clearwater, Florida. Miss Hodnett was a member of the college dramatic club and a student who took an active part in all college affairs.

Before the Christmas holidays, Martha became ill, remaining in the college infirmary and hoping to be able to resume her studies in a short while. She did not grow better, however, and her mother came for her about the time school was closed for the holidays. On January 28, President W. E. Thompson was informed of her death by a wire from her father, Reverend R. F. Hodnett, pastor of the First Methodist church, in Clearwater.

The faculty and the student-body expressed their grief over the death of this friend by devoting the chapel service on January 29 to a memorial service, which was led by President Thompson and was as follows:

Scripture Reading—II Cor. Chapter 6.

Song—“What A Friend We Have in Jesus.”

Prayer—W. E. Thompson.

“The Gentleness and Cheerfulness of Martha”—Miss Maldee Smith.

“Influence of Martha’s Life on the Student-body”—Miss Mamie Northcutt.

“Tribute to Martha, a Classmate”—Miss Sue Craft.

“Martha, the Student”—President Thompson.

A member of the bereaved family, Mr. I. S. Hopkins, who was present at this service, expressed thanks in behalf of the entire family.

The following resolutions were read by Miss B. A. Teasley, president of the student-body and approved by the faculty and the students.

Whereas, It has pleased God in His all-wise providence to call from this earth to her heavenly home our dear friend and fellow-student, Miss Martha Hodnett, therefore,

Be It Resolved by the Faculty and Students of LaGrange College, That we mourn the loss of one by her gentle disposition and lovely character endeared herself to all who knew her, and especially to those with whom she was closely associated. We shall greatly miss her, but her life and character will be a constant influence for good among us, encouraging us to follow where her footsteps led.

It Resolved Further, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the family of our dear friend.

LaGrange College,
LaGrange, Georgia,
January 28, 1924.

MEZZOFANTIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Edgar A. Guest was the author who was discussed at the last meeting of the Mezzofantian Society. The meeting was held in the college parlors on Saturday evening, February 2nd.

The meeting was called to order, the minutes read, and the devotional conducted by the chaplain.

The program was as follows:

The Life of Edgar A. Guest—Louise Smalley.

Edgar A. Guest, a Poet of Common Things—Hazel Stafford.

Edgar A. Guest, a Poet of the People—Thelma Wynne.

Piano Solo—Elizabeth Butler.

Reading from Guest—Clara Varner.

Gay—“Boy, call me a taxi quickly.”

Glum—“All right, you’re a taxi.”

—Miss Heights Review.

MISS FRAZIER GUEST OF COLLEGE

Miss Charlotte Frazier, who is traveling in the interest of the W. C. T. U. was the guest of the college last week. She spoke to the students at the chapel hour on Saturday. The address was based upon the results of prohibition, which Miss Frazier insists are of the best. She says prohibition is not a failure, as some critics are saying, but is doing great good for America. She closed her address with these words:

“O! We'll live to see it—to write it in the sky.

America, yes, the whole wide world, has gone bone dry.”

Miss Frazier is a native of Scotland, having come to America only a few years ago.

While in LaGrange she gave lectures at the First Baptist church; in Southwest LaGrange, at the High school, and to the Epworth League of the First Methodist church.

MANY COLLEGES IN U. S.

The United States boasts of 618 colleges and universities. Of these 59 are in New York, 48 in Pennsylvania, 40 in Ohio, and only 29 in Texas, the largest State of all—Yellow Jacket.

“How Stuff”

How did you like him? Did he give you a warm welcome?

“Well, his cheeks flamed, his eyes blazed, he had a lantern jaw and a wicked smile, and he was all lit up.”

“Where did you become acquainted with your present husband?”

“I was out walking with my first husband when my present husband ran over him with his motor car. That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.”—Exchange.
STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE

"It was the biggest and best state conference imaginable. Three hundred and fifty students there and lots of good speakers."

"The conference was helpful and inspirational, and there were pleasant times every minute."

These and many more such comments were heard from the six L. C. girls who went to Macon as delegates to the student-volunteer conference, held there February 8, 9, and 10. Wesleyan was proud to be a wonderful hostess. The six delegates have decided to try to make this great conference live on the L. C. campus until the next annual conference. The L. C. delegates are: Misses Miriam Spruell, delegation leader; Lucile Hilsman, Hazel Stafford, Mary Alice Carmichael, Bennie Hale, and Elizabeth Tuck.

MISS SCURLOCK VISITS COLLEGE

The college was greatly benefited by a recent visit of Miss Stella Scurlock, a Y. W. C. A. secretary, from the national board. Miss Scurlock led the devotional at the Y. W. cabinet meeting Sunday afternoon, after which she led a discussion upon issues of vital importance to the association.

At the Sunday evening vesper service, Miss Scurlock shared an impressive talk upon "The Greatest Commandment and Its Application." Miss Scurlock has made many friends at L. C. during her visits to the college, and every one anticipates her next visit.

Maxims to Live By

Leaders are chosen, rarely self-appointed.
Success lies in mutual service.
A man can make a false step standing still.
Progress is the law of life.
Courteous is an asset for any man.
Happiness is a habit—cultivate it.
The giver makes the gift precious.
When duty calls we must ignore self.
He who does not advance, recedes.
Difficulties only increase determination.
The only way to have a friend is to be one.
True friendship is a plant of slow growth.
There is no argument equal to a happy smile.
You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong.
A damaged reputation is hard to repair.
The fellow who aims at nothing generally hits it.
No one should judge another by mere surface facts.
Until the heart is understood, the action cannot be.
Self-mastering is the essence of heroism.
Earn before you spend.
Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants.
A great heart has no room for the memory of wrong.
Nothing worth while was ever accomplished without persistent effort.
Making up for lost time doesn't restore it.
Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.
In the battle of life we cannot hire a substitute.
You live but once, so make your best of life.
Today is a good day to stop grumbling.

Colleges Raise Money

A number of colleges, including Smith and the University of California, have installed a community chest. This is a sum of money raised by subscription among the students and faculty which will meet all the claims of charity that may arise—Rotunda.

A Well-Wisher OF THE College

Dr. PARK, Dentist
A SOPHOMORE OFFERS ADVICE UPON TABLE MANNERS

Everywhere we go folks eat differently. Hotels with that boarding house reach, home, where every member of the family straggles in at a different time! Yes, it's all so different that the same rules for manners just don't apply at the same time. But when we're off at school it just seems that there's going to have to be a rule book to eat by.

You know there's a teacher at the head of every table, and she's supposed to see that you eat with perfect manners. Now, this is my second year, and having eaten at about a dozen different tables with about that many different teachers, I thought I might give you a little friendly advice on the kind of manners we're supposed to have here.

There's one thing you must always remember. Don't ever flop down until the teacher has been seated, or else they may think the homefolks have been very careless. And you had better be on time, even if you don't look like Queen Victoria, or Cleopatra. But very careful about the way you use that knife. Of course, it's useless to tell you not to carry food to your mouth with it, but when we have those little white peas we almost have to shove 'em on our forks by the use of our knives. Better not do it, though, 'cause after all, it isn't proper.

Isn't it hard to always be pleasant at the table? Sometimes when I see them serving me cabbage I want to let up a mighty yell, "Oh! Help me to starve." And then I cut on a piece of tough steak for about fifteen minutes, I want to give up and sling my knife all the way across the dining room. But I don't, because when I write that rule book, I have to put that in it, and I don't think I'd better be guilty myself.

There's another thing that's very important. One of the teachers reminded somebody the other day not to crane her neck around to see what kind of dessert was coming in. What difference does it make if it's chocolate pie or cherries? If it's the latter, pretend it's something else, and smile.

If it's the pie, take off that six inch grin and eat on like you've had chocolate pie every day for the last seventeen years. Of course, we all know you haven't, but some day you may be able to fool somebody that way.

Oh! I tell you, these boarding school manners are something. They are numerous. I'd remind you of the rest, but I'm afraid you'd have time to graduate before I finished.

TALK ABOUT TEACHING

"Talk about teaching—it's not what it's cracked up to be." Poor, world-weary, work-worn Seniors, climbed the college hill after their first day of teaching.

"How'd you come out?" inquired a blissfully innocent under-classman.

"Fine, 'cept I'm nearly dead with the back ache," groaned one. "I stood up from eight-fifteen until two. Teaching is murder in the first degree, if it's all like this."

"Give me a man ere I die," proclaimed another.

"Hard down labor, I call it," chimed in another. "Mental, physical, and spiritual. Next year I'm going to ask for a job, not a position."

"It's fun, though." And they all agreed that it was fun after all.

"There were the cutest children I ever saw. They came near knowing more than I did, though." The girls all laughed. Each one said she had the most interesting grade.

"Well, one of mine said Booth Tarlington killed Abraham Lincoln," said the first speaker.

"That's pretty good. They told me Columbus discovered America in 1942—news, isn't it?"

"Just think," said one as they came upon the quadrangle, "this time next year we'll be used to teaching school, and won't be this tired, I hope."

"Maybe some of us will have a private pupil—and teach him to dodge a rolling pin?"

"Not on your life!"

"Ignorance Flunked in Math,
Failed in Lat.
Out of the History list
0, show me the guy
Who so gayly said
"Ignorance is Bliss."

Henry (riding on the train for the first time): "Mama," pointing at trees, "what are those?"

Mama—"Trees."

Henry—"Where are they going?"

A letter has been shown to us by a proud Kappa Sig, who is overjoyed at the thought of receiving such a distinct expression of emotion. The letter begins, "Dear Paul," and closes with "respectively submitted".
See Our “Airdale” Brown and “Jack Rabbit” Gray Slippers
They are the real thing for—

S N A P P Y
S P R I N G
T Y L E

Cook, Fleeth & Wilson

H I L L T O P  F L A S H E S

Miss Maidee (in Bible)—“I got off the subject because I got on another one.”

Rudolph—“I quit smoking zeegars, Adolph.”
Adolph—“Aet so! For why?”
Adolph—“I’m afraid from a terrible sickness.”
Adolph—“Vat can dat he?”
Rudolph—“Zeegarlet fever.”

Perry—“Did you ever take chloroform?”
Roberts—“No, who teaches it?”

Mary Lane went to visit one of her friends in Atlanta, and the girl had written that her brother would meet Mary. But Mary asked her how she’d know the boy. Her friend said that he would wear a white rose, and for her to wear one, too. When Mary got there, it was Mother’s Day. And everyone in the terminal station wore a white rose.

Miss Fullbright—“The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Myrtle Cannon.”

She was so dumb that she thought the scrub team existed for the purpose of cleaning off the football players.

“They’re off!” cried the old lady as she viewed the inmates of the insane asylum.

Miss McFarlane—“There will be a written lesson in astronomy today.”
G. Spruell—“My stars!”

Mr. Bailey—“One must dig and dig and dig, for the facts as these great scientists have done.”
Strain—“Yeh, I notice they were always boring.”

The Flapper—“I think I’ll shingle my hair.”
The Irate Father—“I think I’ll shingle my son.”
The Property Owner—“I think I’ll shingle my roof.”

1st Train Robber—“What train did you rob last night?”
2nd Train Robber—“The Vestibule.”
3rd Train Robber—“Git much?”
1st Train Robber—“Naw, it was full of L. C. girls, returning to college after the Xmas holidays.”

She (suggestively) “That roast duck in the window makes my mouth water!”
The Butler—“Then spit!”

Dad—“Is there anything worse than to be old and bent?”
Son—“Yes—to be young and broke.”

“Mamma,” said a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, “Is it done when it is In-own?”

“Last night I dreamed I was married to the most beautiful girl in all the world.”
“Oh, George! Were we happy?”—Goblin.

Father—“The next time that Sapp comes here, I am going to sit on him.”
Daughter—“Oh! father, leave that to me.”

A co-ed at the University of Kansas has started a date making agency as an aid to paying her expenses through college. For twenty-five cents she will arrange a date for any girl, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Prof: “I’ll pass you up this time, but from now on, you want to wake up and get busy.”
Freshman: “Thanks, Prof. Same to you.”

THE CARNIVAL IN HAVANA

Of course, the carnival in Havana does not compare with the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. In New Orleans clubs and companies are formed and compete in making beautiful floats, while rivaling gives it more enthusiasm. Altho’ the Cubans do not do this to any great extent, their carnival is very beautiful. In New Orleans great pride is taken in making it effective, while in Havana there exists a different spirit. They go into it to gave a good time and do not think so much of the effect.

The carnival begins six Sundays before Easter and lasts for four Sundays.

They certainly make a beautiful scene as they gayly ride along talking and laughing back and forth among the cars. Carloads of serpentine and confetti are thrown, and this adds a great deal to the scene.

This time is a gay time for the Cubans. They enjoy it immensely. When it is too dark they merrily ride homeward and start planning for the next time.

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One dollar is enough to start an account.

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LIBRARY TREASURES

As I was reading in the library this morning, enjoying one of those half-dreams, half-reveries in which college girls often indulge on such rainy, gloomy mornings, I was startled by hearing a commotion near the librarian’s desk. Upon looking up, I discovered two of the girls disputing, almost coming to blows and the librarian frantically trying to quiet them. This is what I heard:

“Jane, you know—”

“It’s not so—I don’t know anything except I registered for the book a week ago.”

“Oh, good land—I wish you’d shut up! Miss Benson, please register Miss Sykes.”

“Why, Jane, here’s my name registered on the book—don’t you see—Sarah Ann Simpson, February the—”

“No, I won’t. Neither of you be fined if you don’t stop quarreling over that book, and disturbing the library,” interrupted the librarian.

“Well, I’ll tell you”, began Miss Benson, “the library has been very fortunate recently in securing several new volumes. Among them are some encyclopedias, some volumes of southern literature, poems of Lanier, works of Walter Scott, Burns, Walt Whitman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, short stories of Thomas Nelson Page, and Kipling, and last but not least, three of Ethel M. Dell’s novels. The girls pass by the other new books, but these books of Dell’s although they have been here only two weeks, look as though they had been used for several decades, they are so badly worn. The girls register for them days and days beforehand. Why, I have a list here how much larger than any of the parallel reading lists for these three books. The list for ‘The Way of An Eagle’ is so long I’ve lost a page of it.”

Not being familiar with the author, I was at a loss to know what could be the unusual attraction about the books. Knowing that Sarah Ann Simpson had read one of the books I hastened up to her room to find her studying Shakespeare. When I entered she threw down the play she had been reading with a groan and a disgusted air as if to say, “Oh, Shakespeare, you’re so dry, Ethel Dell, you are my idol!”

After eating several bon bons from a Valentine box, I asked Sarah Ann, what could she have been arguing over in the library, a few minutes ago.

“Oh, I just hate Jane, she’s so hateful. That book was mine and she knew it.”

“Pray, tell me, Sarah Ann, what is so attractive about these books?”

“Haven’t you read any of them?” she asked, looking at me as if I were ready to enter the “Home of the Feeble Minded.”

“No.”

“Well, her heroines are so beautiful, the adventures so thrilling, something that never comes in the life of an American girl. Oh! it just appeals to the college girl’s heart. I do wish Miss Davis would give some of her books to read in parallel reading—Shakespeare, Dickens and Thackeray are all right, but give me Ethel M. Dell.”

SUNSET FROM “THE HILL”

When shimmering shades of evening are creeping over the hills and all the world is tinted with the crimson glow of sunset, then nature is at its zenith. What artist could combine such harmonious colorings and attain the thousand different hues we see at the close of day? None but the Master Artist above, whose coloring is beyond all human expression.

As the sun slowly sinks the many shades of orange, purple, red, lemon and vermillion blend with the blue of the night. Almost a Sabbath stillness pervades the atmosphere.

Far in the distance there is the call of a night-bird. All birds seek their nests and all mankind seeks his home.

When the great ball has passed over the horizon, and the last flaming ray has faded, then we feel as the poet:

“The day is done,
Darkness falls from
The wings of night.”

The professor who comes ten minutes late is very scarce. In fact, he is in a class by himself.