LAGRANGE COLLEGE, LAGRANGE, GEORGIA

HISTORY OF THE SENIORS OF '24

'Twas back in the year 1920, that a frail craft embarked on the ocean of LaGrange College, bearing as its frightened little crew seven weak and trembling freshmen. Their names go down in history as: Mary Lane, Captain; B. A. Teasley, first mate; Ruth Cotton, second mate; Sallie Brown, skipper; Tommie Martin, chaplain; Grace Hale, stewardess; Lillian Clark, pilot.

Extracts from the log of the ship will tell the tale of the voyage.

September's Record:

Mary Lane, captain, terribly seasick, suffering excruciatingly because of having received a letter of refusal from Cora Harris of her youthful, poetic dreams as shown in "A Maid-en's Prayer," written just before the embarkation.

November: "B. A. Teasley, first mate, has lost her bearing and is causing great distress upon the ship because of her falling so hard for Robert Cleveland that the boat is rocking and casting vast billows up to the shores."

December: "Joy on board. Sallie Brown, the wild and reckless skipper, has been converted by the devout chaplain, Tommie Martin, whose motto is, 'Charity, charity, dear mates.'"

April: "In the spring a young maid's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Lillian Clark has a lover in every port."

May: "Ship and entire crew safely arrived in port. Crew disbanded for summer vacation on dry land—at last. Plans made for extensive sophomore voyage. Capacity for larger crew provided."

Sophomore Voyage

September: "Crew increased. The apprentice, Nina Mae Knott, is installed as ship's cook and member; Sarah Watkins, as deck scrubber—her brawny arms make this job a light one; Emmie Batson is given the position of purser, because of her economical habits."

Log summary of sophomore voyage reads thus: "Initiation over. Mid-term exams passed or flunked, as the case may be—at least over. Finals passed; voyage on the whole uneventful."

Junior Voyage

September: "Two new sailors of the Special kind join the crew, Mildred Pinkerton and Margaret Cantrell."

October: "Margaret Cantrell proves to be a song bird. Disturbs the waters for the second time in the history of this good crew."

November: "The other new sailor, Mildred Pinkerton, seems quiet and unobtrusive."

December: "Christmas passed near the north pole among icebergs and albatrosses."
The SCROLL
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Cir. Mgr.—Christine Stubbs.
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Class Presidents:
Junior — Bonnie Hale
Sophomore — Christine Stubbs
Freshman — Elizabeth Hodges
Senior — Mildred Pinkerton

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Irenian — Bonnie Hale
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Pres. Y. W. C. A. — Miriam Spruell
Pres. Student body — Lucile Hilsman
Pres. Athletic Ass'n. — Elizabeth Hodges
Pres. Dramatic Club — Christine Stubbs

Welcome, alumnae! We are glad, as we always are, to have you with us again. We think of you as big sisters who are interested in us, and come back as often as possible to see how things are going with us. And we are interested in you, too. Everything you do worthy of a LaGrange College student makes us proud to say, "She's an alumnae of LaGrange." And then, we are doubly glad to welcome you at a special time like this—commencement. We are glad to present to you our senior class—a class of which any college might well be proud. They will soon sail under the same name that you do—"LaGrange College Alumnae," and next to being a LaGrange College student, we'd like to be an L. C. Alumna.

So remember, Alumnae, you've come home again. The keys to the whole college and most of all, to our hearts, are yours. Take them and use them, and remember a welcome always awaits you at "LaGrange—the college of all, the best."

THE GIFTORIAN SPEAKS
Being interested in the welfare of the Seniors as they go forth to conquer the world, I would like to fortify them with gifts which will be useful to them in meeting the demands of the great world awaiting them. Their strongest weapon in the fray of everyday life will be common sense. Therefore, deliver to each member of the class a small package of common sense, an article badly needed by most people today.

To Miss B. A. Teasley, a person of a rather sad, morose, and taciturn disposition, I give a box of giggles.
I present Miss Mildred Pinketon with—a package of dates.
I take great pleasure in resigning into the keeping of Miss Tommie Martin the very valuable book—"A Few Points About Debating," by U. Tellum.
I contribute to Miss Lillian Clark—"Instructions How to Play Tennis" by I. Swattum.
To Miss Mary Lane I give a pair of Shoes—to decorate her pedal extremities. I feel that these will be greatly appreciated, for, I fear that Miss Lane has worn out several pairs walking after material for "The Scroll."
To Miss Ruth Cotton I tender, with my best regards—a Player Piano.

On Miss Sarah Brown I shower the blessings of a Happy Disposition.
I almost shudder in presenting Miss Sarah Watkins with—"How to be Happy Tho' Married," by Elinor Glynn.
I consign to the keeping of Miss Emmie Batson—a Chatterbox.
As Miss Nina Mae Knott has so many things she may not, I shall present her with a list of—Don'ts.
Miss Rebecca Presley being such a notorious flirt, I confer on her the time-honored song—"So What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes At Me For?"
To Miss Margaret Cantrell I assign—A Lonely Wooded Spot—in order that she may sing, "Alone."
To Miss Merle Clarke I tender similar songs, the song—"Down by the Permanent Waves," by O. U. Ocean.
I hope that these gifts may meet your needs; and that you will use them to good advantage to tame old Father Time into passing gently.

What Did She Mean?
Mrs. Key was visiting some friends and left the following note for her nearest neighbor.

Dear Mrs. Garrison: Would you please put out a little food for the cat I have been feeding this winter? It will eat almost anything, but do not put yourself out.
BRADFIELo DRUG CO.
STATIONERY AND TOILET ARTICLES
Best Cold Drinks and Ice Cream
Four Stores—All Good

Mildred Pinkerton, A. B. A. K. O.
EATONTON, GA.

"Hey diddle, diddle, a black-haired girl,
She sets the boys' hearts in a perfect whirl.
Don't know how she does it. A trick in it sure!
She just gives them smiles and looks demure."

Sarah Brown, A. B.
WARRENTON, GA.
Class president, 21-23; cabinet, 22-24; Irenian.

Oh thou, of skin so fair,
Blue eyes and flaxen hair;
We're sorry the piano you can't play;
But teaching school draws lots of pay."

B. A. Teasley, A. K. O. A. B.
ELBERTON, GA.
Irenian treasurer, 21-22; Quill Driver, 21-24; Art Club, 21-22; president, "Circulo Castellano", 22-23; business manager Quadrangle, 22-23; president student body, 23-24.

"She can cook, she can sew, she can paint;
She even takes matrimonial art,
And someone told me that a lawyer
Is pleading a case for her heart!"

Mary Lane, A. B.
ROCKMART, GA.

"A winsome lass is little Mary,
And this little dear is not contrary.
Speaking of peel and vim,
You just ought to see her swim!"

Lillie Clark, A. B.
LAGRANGE, GA.
Junior debater, 22-23; Senior debater, 23-24; Mezzofantiian, Quill Driver.

"In a million there's no one like Lillian!
She's the finest of girls we know.
She never does worry, she never does hmr-ry,
But you never could call her slow."

Grace Hale, A. B.
ROME, GA.

"Hail! Hail! it's Grace.
No one can take her place."

Tommie Martin, A. B.
LAGRANGE, GA.

"Her name says she's a bird
But what's in a name?
Her wrath is what counts
And she can do anything."

Sarah Watkins
SPECIALS—ATLANTA, GA
Piano, Glee Club, 21-24, pianist, 24.

"Though Sarah is the "L. C. Bride"
You could not call her dignified.
May she laugh along life's changing ways
Just as she laughed during her L. C. days."

WEST POINT, GA.
Emmie Batesen, A. K. O.

"In the hall she always sings
Cute remarks she often flings,
She likes to ride, she likes to walk
But Oh, great grief! how Emmie can talk!"

Rebecca Presley, A. K. O.
PARRISH, ALA.

"Music hath charm to soothe the savage—?
Man. Becky can do it if anyone can."

Merle Clark
LAGRANGE, GA.
Expression. Dramatic Club.

A perfect blond; slender and low.
Master her art? I should say so!

Margaret Cantrell
LAGRANGE, GA.

"She can play and she can sing,
And she wears a diamond ring
That's why we never—can—tell
How long she'll be Margaret Cantrell."

His Letter
"My Own Darling:—
I love you now even more than before, and would willingly go through fire and water for your dear sake. I will meet you, dear, tomorrow at the usual place—weather permitting.

"Your ever-loving,
"LANCELOT."
—Passing show (London.)

"Who is that terrible looking woman?"
"That's my sister."
"Oh, that's all right; you ought to see mine."—Exchange.

Some Horse
"Don't be afraid of him. He's as gentle as a woman!"
"Er—thanks. I guess I won't ride this morning!"—Record.
SENIOR PROPHECY

Dreams are spices of life—and sometimes through them we get a deep insight into the unknown. Sometimes life’s book is unfolded to us by our subconscious minds.

How tired I was of practicing for my voice lesson. I went up to my room and fell down across the bed, trying to think of commencement, and all the while those crazy voice exercises were ringing in my ears. I gave my thoughts up into the recrystallization of the dear of senior class. I sighed as I thought of how sad it would be to see them “silently fold their tents and step away into the night.”

After some time, it seemed that I was riding along on a sheet of music, and all of a sudden it sang out that it was taking me to see my old schoolmates of the class of ’24. We sailed along and finally met—yes, Ruth Cotton. She had reached the goal of her dreams. There she was, an organ grinder. And there hopping along by her side was the cutest little monkey that I ever had seen. My attention was attracted to some sweet, soul-stirring melody, and it did not take me long to find that Ruth was grinding out the music.

On we went, and stopped in the window of an old colonial house. There was Sarah Watkins, baking pies and making biscuits, and all the time, scaling tears were falling—probably tears of regret. Who can tell but that she was thinking of the days of ’24, because as she worked she was humming, “Just the Girl That Men Forgot.”

I found Tommie Martin in a house for the feeble minded. Something just told me that she argued so much that she forgot that her talent did not lie in her voice. Evidently that was true, for as she strolled about, she sang from the depths of her heart, “Are You Sleeping, Brother James?” If he had been sleeping previously, he certainly would not have been able to sing at that moment.

Little Emmie Batson was spending her last days in the poor house. She was entertaining some little children out in the yard. As we went by, she was singing, “We’re Marching ’Round the Levee.” Poor Emmie!

We sped on, and soon came to a beautiful little love-nest. We looked in, and there sat Mary Lanoe rocking the cradle, and in the sweetest voice I ever heard, was singing “Kentucky Babe.”

We sailed by a large river—above on the bank sat Merle Clark fishing—with a pole for a fish; with her own for a sucker. For there by her side was a young man fishing, too (two). And as they fished they swam their feet and sang, “Did you Ever Go A-fishin’?”

The next schoolmate I saw was R. A. Teasley. She was a famous lawyer in a big city. Who would have argued with her and her ability to argue and win her point when we knew that for a long time she has held the law behind her? I believe that I should not have known her had she not been walking around her great estate practicing her voice and every once in a while resting herself by attempting to sing an old L. C. favorite, “Three Wondering Jews.”

Next we passed by a country school house. My attention was attracted by hearing sung (loudly), “My Country Tis of Thee.” I looked through the door and there stood Lillian Clark at the front of the room. I was very surprised to see her there—but then—one never can toll. Perhaps she had met a country schoolteacher, and they decided to go into partnership. Who knows?

We whizzed by a county fair and entered the tent of the famous “Lady snake-eater.” There sat Margaret Cantrell, singing notes that would charm any snake—and just when the poor innocent snakes placed their very lives into her hands, she took advantage of them.

Now, who ever thought that dainty little Nina May Knott would spend her last days in a wheelchair? Every day her brother wheeled her to a street corner, and there she stayed, holding out her little cup in one hand for the pennies to be dropped in. In the other hand she held a tiny music box which she would wind faithfully after the little melody had “run through.”

Finally we came to a pasture enclosed by barbed wire. It did not take me long to see that Rebecca Fresley was hung on the wire. The reason was a fierce one. An angry ram came tearing after her. Just as I was sure that in another moment she would cease to exist, a young country lad in jeans, stepped out from behind a tree and set her free from the wire—by capturing her in his arms. Full surrender, to be sure—but poor Rebecca stepped from one entanglement right into another. Meanwhile the furious ram stampeded on, and weird notes burst on the air—sweet music when one knows but the ram is encloëd in a pasture, not behind barbed wire.

I locked everywhere for the of ’24 class sponsor, and I’m sure that we would have found her in some nook or corner—but the sheet of music rustled in the wind, and the notes began to jump up and down and sing. I jumped off—the bed with a start, to “see” my roommate singing melodiously: “Miss Eva said to make it snappy; Coming to voice if you wanna stay happy!!

There are 618 universities and colleges in the United States. New York has 50, Pennsylvania 48, and Ohio 40. Texas, the largest state, has only 20.
Of the class of '24, of old L. C.
So here they are the Seniors you see
She does things so well, with such
And Lillian Clark should have been
A tune from the piano keys,
Rebecca Presley can mortally press
Also has Grace Hale a hard, icy
We wonder if Margaret really
Can—
But—ssh—Merle Clarke has gone one
Which she struggles to keep hid?
Aixl what would she do if she did?
And one such a heart has won.
Of many a mother's son,
Emmie Batson has batted the heart
Like any winged martin we've seen.
And Tommy Martin doesn't look a-tall
And Mary Lane would be better Mary
Sarah Watkins had rather be a Moore,
And Mary Lane would be better Mary
But what would a teasley be?
They tell one girl to B. A. Teasley,
Yes, Mildred Pinkerton has pink
And very brown, brown hair.
There's Sallie Brown, who isn't brown
And Ruth Cotton, with her brown,
But is really very fair;
And Ruth Cotton, with her brown eyes,
And very brown, brown hair.
Yes, Mildred Pinkerton has pink cheeks,
(Sent from Davis', C. O. D.)
They tell one girl to B. A. Teasley,
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History of the Seniors of '24

(Continued from first page)

October: For the third time in the history of the voyage, the depths of the ocean are stirred by musical genius. Rebecca's soul-inspiring voice splits the waves under her awe-inspiring piano solos. She "steps out," with John Dodd, a merchant from a neighboring port.

November: "The quite and unobtrusive sailor, Mildred Pinkerton, emerges from her chrysalis. She steps out," with John Dodd, a merchant from a neighboring port.

December: "Nina Mae Knot, cool and mender is about to embark on a more dangerous voyage upon the sea of matrimony."

February: "The little birdies begin to stretch their wings and to try to soar above one another. The Senior Specials parade their talents before the ship's crew in numerous recitals. Various members of the crew combined with sailors of other ships, take a trip for the purpose of exhibiting wonderful skill in the handling of musical sounds and tones. The grim old rear admiral, Madame Hobbs, conducts them.

April: "Congestion of telegrams bearing messages from loved-ones encountered upon the aforementioned trip."

May: "Fear and trembling on account of the monster, French, who is finally conquered in a last, long struggle, final exam."

Latter Part of May: "Parade of the Black-gowned dignitaries who receive a roll of parchment equalling the work of four long years. The voyage has for its grand finale or super-climax the last march of two single souls to be made one under the soft strains of the wedding march—and Miss Sarah Watkins is no more."

The voyage over the LaGrange College sea though long and sometimes rough, has led the sailors to the 'Land of Knowledge and Experience.'"
SENIOR-SOPH PARTY

"Bring your bathing suits and caps,
Come at four o'clock to taps;
Meet the Sophs to go and try
A dive and swim at Hillside Y."
(Thursday, May 8)

The seniors and senior specials received invitations just like the one above and three days early began to pull out their bathing suits to mend the moth holes. One of them (Mary Lane?) began to practice the art of graceful swimming and by Wednesday succeeded in wading out in waist-deep water. Some of the rest of her class mates were so jealous of her that they actually cried and tried to do the dead man’s float in the “Pool of Tears.” There were a few, however, who didn’t get to practice at all because Clara Varner told an original ghost story about a robber-man falling in the pool. The seniors, with about fourteen exceptions are very afraid of men and they thought perhaps that little freslie’s ghost robber man might be in the pool when they went down to go in swimming. This kept them from some much-needed practice, too.

Finally Thursday afternoon came and the college turned out full force to see the lucky ones depart for Hillside Y. Everyone enjoyed the short hike except Sally Brown. She would have, but she stamped her toe on the railroad track and lost her sun-bonnet. By being careful she avoided all other misfortunes.

Ruth Cotton thought there were some real ducks and Drakes swimming around in the pool when she saw the chick little favors floating around. All of the seniors rushed blindly out in about twenty foot water to overtake one of the favors, but they were afraid to turn loose of the ride of the pool long enough to get one. The sophomores had to play “the nice hostess” and rescue them. (Both favors and seniors.)

The water was over every one’s head except Sara Jo Roberts’ and Mr. Thompson kindly consented to be lifesaver before the daring maids would venture forth. (The above reference is to Mr. Hal Thompson.)

Michel Pinkerton, feeling responsible for the welfare of her class, asked a soph. two days before the important event if the invitations said “A dive and swim” or “A dive and swim.” It is rumored that the seniors were very disappointed when they heard that it was “a dive.” Few could “dive”; but it has been said that all could “dine.” All disappointment vanished, however, and capability of dining was displayed when the entire crowd went to the pavilion opposite the Y. The seniors, especially, enjoyed the great feast that awaited them.

SENIOR BANQUET

Mr. Thompson entertained the Seniors Saturday night and it was more fun! He invited not only the Seniors, but every single one of us, and you can just bet we were all there. There was a long table all decorated in yellow and white the Senior colors and such importance as they did feel when they took their seats at that highly decorated table, and I thought they’d never find their places. The rest of us were most starved when they finally brought in the first course.

Such a time as they did have with that silver, and I did rather sympathize, ‘cause it was strung out from one end of the table to the other. They did very well though, when they watched Mary Lane, because she’s a dining room girl, and knew that every piece of silver was for.

During the dinner Christine Stubbs represented the Sophomores with a toast. The Juniors sang a very dignified song and so did the Freshmen. Nancy Smith represented the Specials with a toast, and Mr. Thompson, after long ponderation and due consideration announced the Best All-round Senior was Lillian Clarke; and of all the cheering, I’d never heard the like. But it was a wonderful dinner. Everybody had fun and plenty of it; and for Mr. Thompson, we’d like to say, “He can entertain to perfection.”

ALL ABOARD FOR HOME

How many times have we heard it said that it is such a nuisance to ride on the train from LaGrange to Atlanta and etc? There is not a single college girl but has remarked on how slow the o’A train is, and how she dreads riding on it every time. Why, we all laugh when a real bright young star lets it slip that the train is so “pokey” that you could get off and walk along beside it and that you could run on ahead to Newnan and wait for it there. Or rather, I should say that so many girls think they could beat the train to LaGrange.

And the funny part is that they are really and truly disgusted at having to ride “the old thing.”

Now! Should I say that the climax of my epistle has been reached? Well—suppose I make this last remark a sort of “P. S.” Here goest it’s been a long time since any college girl has ridden the o’ A. & W. P. And I have not heard a single girl grumble about having to ride it soon, either. In fact, it will look mighty good to us on the 27th, and although heretofore we have fused about having to keep awake at night because of the noise it makes—now it is like music to our ears. And the next time we see it I guess it will look like a million dollars.

PARKER FURNITURE CO.

LET US FURNISH THE SUMMER HOME
CLEAVELAND-DIX CO.
HOSIERY SPECIALS
ONYX—all the news shades - $1.39
As-You-Like-It Hose - $1.65
All New Shades

CENTURY READINGS IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

Number 8
The Charge of the Light (Headed) Brigade
Apologies to Tennyson
Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the throes of exams
Wrote the four hundred.
Forward the Freshman class,
"Write for your life," "Clink" said.
Into the throes of exams
Languished the four hundred.

Forward the Sophomores,
Was there a man not bored?
Not though the student knew
Some one had "busted."
Their's not to make a break,
But a wicked pencil shake,
And a "100" try to make.
In the midst of exams
Battled the four hundred.

Questions to right of them,
Question s to left of them,
Questions in front of them,
Challenged and threatened.
L ectured at with might and main,
Bravely they stood the strain,
Into the room of "Mase."
My, what a pain
Crep over the four hundred.

Crammed all their craniums full,
Crammed with all kinds of "Bull."
Through many a long night dull,
Busting on exams, while
All the faculty wondered.

Y. W. CORNER

"I am the true vine, and my father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that bareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he pruneth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

What a joy it is to be a branch on the vine of Jesus Christ. What privileges it carries and what duties. John says here in this chapter that we are the branches, and like all good branches, must bear fruit. If we do not, the branches are taken away, and are made ready to bear more fruit. He also says if we are good branches and bear fruit that we shall ask what we will and it shall be done unto us.

Imagine a great fine oak, towering toward the sky with many good branches, bearing foliage where the birds have found places to build nests and find shelter from the showers. Such a tree is God, where all his children may find shelter and food and clothing. There are many branches on this tree that have been cleansed and purified and are bearing acorns for the provision of other children of God.

The same life-giving sap flows through one of the branches as though the whole tree. All are children of one God. The branches on a tree naturally depend on the big tree for support, for strength and food, from the soil. So it is with the children of God, it is our privilege and duty to call on God for support, substance and protection.

Soph: "Why do you call your car Paul Revere?"
Fresh: "Because of the midnight rides."

The biggest thing in earning is to learn how to use it.

There's a spot in the land of old Ga. To many a girl dearer than all. It's just a hill-top and some buildings enclosed by a red brick wall.

But 'tis not the hill-top, or any of the buildings three.

'Tis the God-given spirit of Love, loyalty,
The spirit so dear to you and me.
Not only dear to you and me, folks,
But dear to the girls who used to be,
Dear to those who've gone before,
Dear to the alumna of L. C.
How their hearts must swell with pride,
When comes thoughts of by-gone years,
Spent in the hallowed halls of L. C.
Mid scenes of laughter and tears.
Twain here they took up the challenge,
To grow better and broader and deep.
To keep high L. C.'s traditions,
To never let her ideals sleep.
Theo' from their Alma Mater they went,
Their love and loyalty did not end,
In the stirring eleven weeks campaign.
Helping hands they were glad to lend.
Shall we of the year that is present
Fall below the heights they once trod?
No—we'll keep ere high the standard,
To a womanhood fashioned of God.

For a moment she gazed fixedly into his eyes as he bent above her.

"You have no heart?" she asked yearningly, with regret in her voice.

"I have no heart."

For a long time neither spoke. He leaned forward and looked at her searchingly.

Finally she aroused herself with a to realize that that which she had planned could never be.

"Well"—there was still that note of regret in her voice—"wrap me up a round of liver."
Goldstein Bros.
The Store of Quality

HILLTOP FLASHES

Ruth Cotton: Is pants singular or plural?
Mary Lane: "If a man wears 'em it's plural."
Ruth: "Well, if he doesn't?"
Mary: "It's singular."

Miss Davis: "Martha, have you ever read "To A Water Fowl"?
Martha Parsons: "How do you think I'd get it to listen?"

First Washlady: "The trousers I washed for Ike have shrunk so much the poor child can't get 'em on.
Second Washlady: "Try Washing Ike and he might shrink too."

Really now Girls Isn't it Awful To be Watching A sunset With him And have Him say "How Beautiful" And then Find that He's really Looking at The sunset?
—Waldron.

Miss Fullbright: "Which is the most delicate of the senses?"
Mildred Pendergrass: "The 'Touch."
Miss F: "How's that?"
Mildred: "Well, when you sit on a pin you can't hear it, you can't see it, you can't taste it, but you know it's there."

Hal: "Mother, are caterpillars good to eat?"
Mother: "No, Hal. Why do you ask?"
Hal: "Miss Black had one on her lettuce. I just wondered if she ate it on purpose.

Mrs. O'Neal: "Where was the Declaration signed?"
Freshman Morrow: "At the bottom, mum."

Mary Lane, a Senior, mind you, registers for an hour of gym on the package list.

The dumbest girl we know (Deryl Manning or Ruth Strain, for instance) wanted to know what we fed the College Seal on.

Clara V: "What do you know about the language of flowers, Florence?"
Florence: "I know one thing: A five dollar box of roses, takes a heap louder than a fifty-cent bunch of carnations."

I used to think I knew I know But now, I must confess, The more I know I know I know I know the less.

THE FOUR BEST BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Shadows at the Window, by Sophomore Pecking.
The Saloon Around the Corner, by Philip McCann.
The Girl I Left Behind, by Pastor Upp.
Bootlegger, by Agrippa Booze.

Mrs. O'Neal: "I understand that your son has got his B. A. and his M. A."
"Yes, but it is still his P. A. that supports him."

Elizabeth Williams: I sure am glad father's a doctor, I can get sick for nothing.
Margaret Yarbrough: "That's nothing, my daddy's a parson, and I can be good for nothing.

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Ruth: "Well, if he doesn't?"
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"LaGrange College certainly takes an interest in its graduates."
"How's that?"
"Why, here I get a note from the dean saying she will be glad to hear of the death of any of the alumni."

"I understand that your son has got his B. A. and his M. A."
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EASTERN SALVAGE CO.
Your Money's Worth—or—Your Money Back
LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A few tears, while standing in front of the Zoology exam, by Elizabeth Butler. Gone forever, unless someone can locate them.

FOUND—A Seay that is not an ocean.

LOST—A heart by Mildred Pinkerton. Great reward is offered for its safe return. It is of some value to owner, despite the fact that she often loses it.

FOUND—The reason why the state asylum has so many inmates. Applicants had always stood exams. L.C. girls are going thru the first requirement. Jake, the man who thinks he is Napoleon.

LOST—A good reputation, while performing in LaGrange, by Georgia University Glee Club. Apply to W. E. Thompson to recover the said reputation.

FOUND—A way to have a brainstorm—by an L.C. girl.

LOST—Those happy days gone by. $1,000,000 reward to any one who can restore them.

FOUND—The Special Delivery man talking to inmate of L.C. Severe lecture on "Refrain" administered to the man. Reward offered if you can now get him to do more than tip his hat and say "good morning."

LOST—The privilege of being called "Miss"—by Sarah Watkins.

FOUND—A wild desire to ride in a car without a license. Any one who can satisfy this desire, appeal to Mildred Pendergrass, and be rewarded by having the offer accepted.

LOST—The joy of marching to church in line. The girls will be glad to receive this privilege again next September.

She: "This color, is it fast and really genuine?"
Salesman: "As genuine as the roses on your cheeks."
She: "Er—um—show me something else please."

"CONTRARY MARY"

On Friday night, May 23, in the college auditorium, Mrs. John Erwin, better known as "Contrary Mary," will be formally introduced to LaGrange people. At first sight, one wonders why she is known as "Contrary Mary," but the rumor is that her domestic infelicity has given her the name. Shh! Don't repeat! That could have been left unsaid. I know, but it is rather a temptation to disclose such an interesting bit of gossip about an attractive newcomer into the community. It somehow serves as a strong magnet for the first appearance.

"Contrary Mary" is to be presented by Misses Myrtle Cannon, Christine Stubb, Sarah Swanson, Mary Lane, Della Carlisle, Agnes Porter and Gertrude Strain.

Don't forget—the time, 8 o'clock, May 23; The person, "Contrary Mary" and the point of interest, the rumor of which I have just told you.

Mary: "When I marry I am going to marry a man who can take a joke."
Jane: "Don't worry, that's the only kind you will ever get."

He: Can't I have just one teeny-weeny little kiss?
She: Oh, Jimmy, you have such moderate tastes.

Soph: "I got Cuba last night on my single tube set."
Frosh: "That's nothing, I got Greece on my vest."

Doc's Mind Wanders.
"Just think! When old Doc Snodgrass was examining my heart action with a stethoscope yesterday he all of a sudden calls out, 'Hello! Hello! Is this central?'—Exchange.

POOR LITTLE GIRL

The College girl gets too much publicity. Her thoughts, emotions, habits both good and bad, associates, hobbies and interests are counted, classified and recounted by everyone she meets.

Her bobbed hair is the topic of discussion in the classroom and at church. Like sheep and goats they have been divided—the bobbed-haired ones, and the long-haired ones.

The effects of the style of hairdressing on temper and temperament have been discussed until it is trite. Rouge and dainty slippers impair the efficient functioning of the mind? The average girl is not self-conscious until she is made so by the constant attention of others.

It is a small wonder that her life is abnormal with all the attention she gets, the exaggerated press reports.

Potentially, she is sound. She has her ideals, which may not be the same that her grandmother had, but she has a great deal more vigor in pursuing them.

Her intellectual attainments are greater than those of the demure colonial maid who was too modest for ambition and whose education was limited to artistic achievements. She is ranking with her brother in steadfastness of purpose and quality of service.

The greatly-press-agented younger generation should have less attention and less talking about, is the opinion of Dean Besse Leach Priddy, Dean of women in the University of Missouri.

—Velante.

Keep Up With the Times
Time is fleeting and everything on earth moves with it. What was good enough yesterday is out of date today. If we fail to keep step with the forward movement we soon become mere creatures of the past.—Exchange.