THE 1925 QUADRANGLE

LaGrange College has declared that the new year of school must not and can not pass without a worthy memento of the many happy days spent by the students within the walls of dear old L. C. To furnish this much deserved moment, it has been decided that there shall be a "Quadrangle" for the 1924-25 school year.

The staff of the Quadrangle is already deep in the work of getting the very best of college life— with all its fun and its seriousness.

The Quadrangle will have, besides the regular classes, societies, etc., many new and interesting features. It is rumored that the most beautiful girl, the most talented, and many other superlative types must begin now to prove their superiority to the throng of other girls who will seek the various titles. Besides there are to be many other absolutely new features and ideas, for the stuff is depending not on itself alone, but on every individual within the college to give us suggestions for the publication.

There will be a Quadrangle advertisers bulletin board in Smith building and the staff asks that every one will trade with these advertisers.

We, the staff, ask now that you boost the Quadrangle at all times.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

The entire college household desires to express its sincere appreciation for the interest shown in the college by the business men of the city through their ads in our Scroll.

Every ad printed in the Scroll is pasted on a special bulletin board, and every effort is made to get the college girls and faculty to patronize our advertisers.

We all say "thank you" sincerely for your ad, and may we say, "Please do it again?"

THE COLLEGE LINE

Long ones, short ones, plain ones, fair ones, dark ones—here come the college girls! Make way, the line advances. Boys, bring out your Fords and Packards and give us the "once over." Pretty good prospects, eh?

"That girl in the blue dress, Jim!" "Say, Joe, there's a peach! Let's turn around and ride back by them. Whee! They're still coming and still good looking. Let's stop right here and watch till the end of the line. I had no idea that there were so many, Look! The line reaches half way from the college to the church."

Ladies, come out on your porches and look at our clothes, so you can decide how to make Polly's or Susan-na's or Jane's new dresses. You will certainly have a variety to pick from this year. And hats! "My dear, I know you would look darling in a hat like that one that tall brunette is wearing. Why, this is a regular stream of hats! Mrs. B—I believe it is the biggest and best looking crowd they've had at the college for several years."

Little boys, come out in the church yard and admire from our clothes, so you can decide how to make Polly's or Susan-na's or Jane's new dresses. You will certainly have a variety to pick from this year. And hats! "My dear, I know you would look darling in a hat like that one that tall brunette is wearing. Why, this is a regular stream of hats! Mrs. B— I believe it is the biggest and best looking crowd they've had at the college for several years."

Where Are You Standing And Which Way Are You Going?

At present you are standing at an important point in your life. Freshmen, you have left home to take upon yourself, of making for yourself your own decisions.

Life, and college life especially, can be compared to a small boy trying to decide which color of balloon he is going to buy from the balloon man. We are like small boys; the college is the balloon man. He holds in his hands that which we want. Some small boys have more money than others, and can receive more from the balloon man. Some college girls have more talents, and more directness in making their decisions than others, and consequently they will receive more from their balloon man.

You are standing at the point in your life where you will have to decide several questions. One of these questions is: Which Way Are You Going? Are you going to take the path of least resistance, choosing your friends because they do not cross your path? Are you going to take the subjects that some girls tell you to take, because these teachers are "cinches"? Are you going to drift along, and not take an interest in the Y. W. C. A., in the Athletic Association, in the Dramatic Club, the Glee Club, and other college activities because it takes too much energy to get started?

Again, where are you standing? Which way are you going? The balloon man does not stay in one place always, and neither does opportunity. Make your choice in these matters now, and you will know which way you are going.

Y. W. CORNER

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The SCROLL
Published monthly by the Quill Driv- ers' Club of LaGrange College.

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Once more LaGrange College has opened her doors to admit young women who are seeking an education, and this year more than ever before have accepted the opportunity of entering these doors, realizing that LaGrange offers opportunities second to none.

We, the old girls, have come back to see the final lap of the course. They never alone have we to make our living examples of L. C.'s challenge—"a womanhood fashioned of God." The days are passing swiftly, and for us no such days will pass again.

Seniors! let's all "heave to" with a mighty power, and take out from L. C.'s portals next spring alumnae of which the college, the world, and most of all, God, may be proud.

Juniors, you have two years to complete your conception of the challenge, and you have two years in which to strive and make it ring truer than ever before, when you have taken off the cap and gown.

Sophomores, you are just realizing, perhaps, what the challenge means. Then set your hearts to make yourselves living images of the challenge.

Freshmen, the responsibility falls upon you, also. This year will show much as to how you are accepting the challenge. If you sow your wild oats this year the harvest will come when you are Sophs, a few stray grains of seed will lie dormant to spring up when you become Juniors, and perhaps a grain or two will be clinging to your gown on the night of your graduation. Accept the challenge this year.

And, girls, we have the best college in the world—let's prove ourselves worthy of sailing under her colors—and let's start now!

A ROMANCE OF NAMES

In Adam's day when Norman Cassels on the Hill Lifsy their Gables high into the snowy White clouds, a Butler passed hither and yon, a Porter carried baggage which belongs to a Hunter. No one has time to re-"cline, not even Queen Isabelle. The cook is busy watching the hen who is to Hatch-er chickens to-Morrow, And-er-son has orders from Isabella to Park-er car before the Cassels' door. The Dough-man whose Leg-itt seems is crook'd, and who furnishes bread for the Cassels, Hobb-les to the kitchen to tell the cook he's sorry he Burnette, and a Dun-can of Reger's Corn, the Cobb being left in the Crimb.

In the garden where the Narcissa and Myrtle Knox against each other; where the Martin flits while the gardner works, a Bonnie lassie with rich Young-blood flowing through her veins, sits waiting. Royal Jewels gleaming in her Black hair catches a Ray from the dying sun.

She sees: the Miller wearily plodding his way home. From the Wood-side comes the sound of the Hilsman's axe; in the Bradford the imported Pender-grass is beginning to put forth Young shoots, and across the Glenn and Meadows comes the Swan-song.

The girl Drew her hand Grace-fully to shield her eyes so that she might Strain them across the Stubbs in the field where the Hay's been cut, and gaze intently at the ships whose Anchors are lowered in the bay.

From the ship comes the roar of the Cannon and the shout, "Hail! Prince Will! Long live the Prince!"

Prince Will, every Whit-man, has arrived to carry home his Princess.

Smoking some bull Durham he came across the Hill and Drew the girl into his arms and whispered: "From my Hunter's trip I brought a Fox-skin and a Lam-bak; these I give to thee with this Lockett."

The Cannon began roaring again. Prince Will sent Brunn, a Craft-man, to the ship saying: "Brunn-quell that racket."

Just then the girl heard a voice saying: "I wish the Wynne would quit blowing and the thundering stop."

Realizing it was the voice of her room-mate, the little freshman turned over, and pulling the cover closer, wished she had Mamma to Tuck her in her Trundle bed.

Callaways
"Showing The New Things First"
Catering to Ladies' Trade
Eclusively
MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT
Callaways

We Specialize in Fruit, Produce, Vegetables, Sea Fruit and Quick Service. Glad you're with us again. Just listen in at 45 or 46 any time 'twixt six and six.

McMillin's.
IDLE GOSSIP

Who says there's nothing exciting on this hill? I warrant there is gossip enough to awaken the most distressing state of dormaney. Be sure, this is confined almost entirely to the old girls. Freshies do not, as yet, know enough to engage.

"B-e-z-z-z-z!"

"What's up?"

"Nothing up! Just heard that B. A. Teasley, of last year's class, has absolutely refused a grand offer to teach Home Ec."

"Smatter? Bad health?"

"No—or, yes. That is—heart disease. Bad case, including diamond, early announcement, and an almost completed trousseau."

"Go on! This is divine! I have been so busy trying to convince Mr. Bailey that the minimum number of hours is too maximus, that I haven't had time to engage in any delightful, idle gossip."

"You should have come a day earlier. Then you would have had time to have gotten at least partially informed. But let's sit down. I can teach you a mighty heap in a very few minutes."

"I really haven't time, but it's such a delightful temptation! And you and Wilde and I can resist anything in the world, except temptation, can't we?"

"Sure thing! Here noes—Madame Hobbs and Mrs. O'Neal have bobbed, and what's more, have shingled!"

"Don't hurt me like this! Why, Mr. Thompson—"

"O, I didn't say that he allowed them the pleasure of wearing it short. No! They're netting it."

"Mr. Thompson's cruel! What else?"

"Ruth Strain is in love!"

"This is more than I can bear!"

"Miss Durham is sadly neglecting her work as secretarial teacher; because—well, because she cannot do otherwise if she answers half the telephone calls she gets from a Mr.—"

"O, Venus!"

"You know, I do believe the Freshies are the most binding, brilliant, flashing gals I've ever seen. One little girl asked my permission to go to the library. Another got lost within thirty feet of her own room. Another caught rainwater to keep from paying her bathroom fee."

"Anybody would think that you were a Soph! But tell me something else quick! I must go. I'll try once more to show Mr. Bailey his mistake concerning my course."

"Let me see, your schedule. What cha taking English Lit. for?"

"Gotta have it. Mr. Bailey left me the impression—"

"A new requirement, but if you've had American Lit., you can manage to shake it."

"A new requirement, but if you've heard! Gymn that schedule. I'll come back later for the other gossip."

FRESHMAN, SOPHOMORE WEEK

The Sophomores of L. C. are racking their brains with plans for that all-important event, the initiation of the Freshmen, which will begin next Monday morning. Although the Sophs have not definitely announced their plans, various rumors are floating around on the Hill, which would lead one to believe that the following will be included in their program.

On Monday afternoon the Freshmen will be compelled to go to ride with the Rotary Club, dressed after this fashion: Middy blouses worn back after the Rotary Club, dress and the remainder of the outfit. They will wear no shoes nor stockings on this ride and the feet will be ornamented with snap-dragons, painted in water colors. The only jewelry they will be permitted to wear will be a large alarm block worn around the neck. They are to partake of no refreshments during the ride; but they are to have the pleasure of a dip in the swimming pool at the Highland Country Club and to finish the ride in their wet clothes.

Rumor also states that they are to have their trip to town, accompanied by the Sophomores. They will give a rather comical entertainment on Main street for the amusement of the Sophs and the townpeople.

The program is to be ended with High Court to be held on the Quadrangle the following Monday night. Theirs will be stern-faced judges and hard-boiled juries; and disobedient and impudent Freshmen will be sufficiently and severely punished.

THE RECEPTION

"I never had such a good time! Who would have thought a 'just girls' party could be so much fun!"

"I had no idea it would be like that!"

These and similar exclamations were heard last Saturday night after the formal reception of the Y. W. C. A. in the college parlor.

This was an annual occasion which is always looked forward to with much pleasure and anticipation. In the parlors, hall and social rooms were garden flowers arranged in bowls, baskets, and vases. Ice cream and cake was served on the porches.

Those in the receiving line were Misses Miriam Spruell, Bonnie Hale, Sue Craft, Evelyn Newton, Lucile Hatsman, Cornelia Taley, Gertrude Strain, Amanda Glenn, Elizabeth Butler and Elizabeth Tuck.

LAGRANGE GROCERY CO.
Largest Wholesale Grocers and Tobacconists in Western Georgia

LaGrange Grocery Co.
LaGrange, Georgia
WE RIDE WITH THE ROTARIANS

The entire college household is to be the guest of the LaGrange Rotary Club next Monday afternoon.

When this announcement was first heard the new girls listened with keen interest and great anticipation; and the “old girls” received the news with much joy and enthusiasm, for it recalled to mind the enjoyable afternoon we spent last year.

The long line of Packards, Fords, Cadillacs, trucks, etc., came on the hill about three o’clock. All the girls dashed madly for a Ford or truck, and not until they were comfortably seated did they notice the driver. It was a man! Out riding in LaGrange with a man—but he was well chaperoned by his wife.

The afternoon was spent in a sight-seeing tour of the city, visiting all the mills, community house, Y. M. C. A. and down town; returning to the college by both the Country Clubs for refreshments. Can you wonder that we look forward to next Monday?

WE HOPE THE FRESHMEN WILL GET THROUGH

And now, my dear friends, if you’ll listen well,
A merry little tale with a jingle I’ll tell—
Some thoughtful students with hearts very gay
One morning in spring to their fathers did say,
“We'll go off to college and obtain an education,
And prove that we’re able to stand the Soph’s initiation.
The upper-classmen wonder, until they’re blue,
But we Seniors truthfully, solemnly say unto you,
“Keep going, little Freshman, you’ll surely get there.”
They hate them good-bye, companion and all,
A final success is coming to you,
The nearer it comes the happier you’ll grow,
And when you’re a Soph, you’ll know things which now you don’t know.
This is our message that comes from the trees,
And this is the message that comes from the breeze.
We love you dearly, and trust to see you get through,
But we are sorry, just sorry for you.

STRAND THEATRE

Monday—Tuesday

GLORIA SWANSON in

“HER LOVE STORY”

An Allan Dwan Production By Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Screen Hay by Frank Tuttle
A Paramount Picture

SENTIMENTAL SAM


Saturday Sally seemed sad. She served Sam silently. Sam suggested Sunday supper somewhere. Sally smiled. “Sure,” said she.

Sam secretly sought Sally’s superior, Smithers. “Sally seems sad,” suggested Sam. “Sure,” said Smithers. “Sally’s small sister, Sue, seems sick. Specialist Shackleford Snoke suggests Sacramento. Snoke says Sue seems suspiciously slender. Sunny Sacramento suits Sue’s sickness.” “Sally should send Sue,” suggested Sam. “Sally’s salary seems seriously small,” said Smithers. “Sue spent Sally’s savings seeing specialists.”

Sunday supper saw Sally suspiciously silent. Sunny Sacramento suits Sue’s sickness. “Sally should send Sue,” suggested Sam. “Sure,” said Sally secretly. “Surely seems sick.”

Sun-up saw Sam selling securities speedily. Slaving steadily Sam secured several swell sales. Saturday Sam’s sales seemed sufficient. Sam sought Sally. “Sally,” said Sam. “Serve seven sandwiches,” so Sally served Sam seven.


Sam smiled. “Sweetheart,” said Sam sentimentally, “Single salesmen surely seem selfish.” Sam showed Sally several splendid sales. “Sue should share such success,” said Sam. “Say so sweetheart,” said Sam solicitously. “Save Sue.”

Sam seemed splendid. Sally saw she should save Sue. She sat silent several seconds.

Suddenly Sam slid Sally-ward. “Save Sam,” said Sam softly. Sally smiled sweetly. “Sure,” said she.

So Sylvester Snyder spilled Sam Sunday, September seventeenth. Sally serves Sam sandwiches still. Sam’s seven son’s sell securities—Exchange.

WARNING TO FRESHMEN

Write it on the L. C. hill,
Write it with a serious thrill,
Write it in Smith and Hawkes Hall,
Write it for the great and small.
“Where there’re Sophomores there’s danger.”

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street,
Write it on the flag-pole high,
Write it for all passers by;
“Where there’re Sophomores there’s danger.”

Write it in large letters plain,
Unerasable by snow or rain,
Write it Freshmen, in your note books
That you may, this week, on it look:
“Where there’re Sophomores there’s danger.”

Write it on Callaway’s store,
Write it on the doctor’s door;
Write it in the theatre fine,
Write—ae, write this truthful line:
“Where there’re Sophomores there’s danger.”

Goldstein Bros.
The Store of Quality
New Goods—Low Prices
FRESHMAN'S FEAR OF SOPHOMORE WEEK

There are quivers and quakes and shivers and shakes among the ranks of the unsophisticated Freshman. Their dread the Sophomores is surpassed only by their ignorance and confusion. The dread Sophomores tower like members of the Ku Klux Klan in the eyes of the initiates. They ask on all sides, "Are you a Sophomore?" When the answers come "yes," they immediately look upon confusion. The dread Sophomores shivers and shakes among; the ranks that person with great awe and respect. They ask on all sides, "Are you a Sophomore?" When the answers come "yes," they immediately look upon that person with great awe and respect. It is comical to see the expressions on the different faces of the Freshmen.

The Sophomores tell the ones who look the most credulous that they will not be able to sit down or do anything requiring active exercise when they get through with their anatomies. Other Sophs, maintain a complete air of mystery, somehow managing to appear even more severe than those who threaten openly. Some giggle as if they were hiding a rare joke at the expense of the whole Freshman class. But all of this goes to make the poor Freshies quake in their boots. But the Freshies find a little comfort in the thought that the Sophomores got theirs last year.

Some Freshmen have taken on a very blasé air as if they were not scared, anyway. But they look like people sound when they are whistling to keep their courage up. Some have taken a hot defensive attitude, and rage about what they'll do; others look resigned to fate; while still others are planning to be good sports and take as best they may. But, oh baby, just wait till it happens!!!

COLEGIANS BOTH

A muddy coat
A wooly vest
Some badges string
Across the chest.
Some baggy pants
And socks of tan
Are what comprise
A collegian man.

A powdered face
Two well used hips
A pair of knickers
Bulging hips.
Some wild bobbed hair
Without much curl
And there you have
The collegian girl.

~Yellow Jacket~

STYLISH AND UP-TO-DATE

FOOTWEAR AND HOSIERY

For College Girls

Bradfield-Hutchinson Co.

FRESHMAN FANCIES

Has it been just a week since we rushed around feverishly trying to get our names everywhere they ought to go? Except for our noticeable newness—I believe the upper classes call it green-ness—it seems that we have been on the hill long enough for Christmas to come, anyway. The weather encourages us in thinking that.

However, don't rush to the conclusion that we expect nothing but peace and quiet. Many are the speculations, whispered, as to Sophomore intentions: "If they do one thing, I'll check out, absolutely," is a favorite quotation fondly considered original.

Until Sophomore week, Freshman beds will continue to invite all classes to a comfortable chat, punctuated perhaps by candy; but when that dread week comes—(stage directions; great shivering)—and then there are lessons, which, nevertheless, do not interfere with the exchange of acquaintance lists and confidences. By the way isn't it strange how many confidences may be held at the feet. I’m sure none of my teachers or classmates would have suspected that I, even I, should address such an auspicious audience of such a noted establishment of learning.

Two things let me leave with you—let me implore you to remember—let me beg of you not to forget (Freshman sneaks out back door to turn off iron or water she forgot.)

First you are citizens of "the land of the free and the home of the brave." (Pause for expected applause. Apolages very weak and sleepy.)

Two things let me leave with you—let me implore you to remember—let me beg of you not to forget.

First you are citizens of "the land of the free and the home of the brave." (Pause for expected applause. Apologies very weak and sleepy.)

Secondly, now is your chance. You are young, opportunity, golden opportunity knocks but once, and that is now. I beg of you, take advantage of the opportunities offered you by this glorious institution and excellent faculty.

I thank you for your kind, wide awake attention, and trust that I shall again have the opportunity of being your guest. (And he smilesly bows himself off. One more check off the list.)

EX.

"This match won't light."
"Wecha mussa with 1?"
"I down—it lit all right a minute ago."—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.
LIVE 'EM AND WEEP

"Boo-ho-oo! I wanta go-o-o ho-ho-ho-mee! Oh! he!"

From the sacred precincts of a Hawks building Freshman's room came the sound of un-muffled sobs. Here on the first Sunday.

"Oh! I wanta go to Sunday school with mother an' Dad, in the old Over-land. Oh! I wanta go home."

And the sobs continued, increasing in intensity. Oh! It was terrible. I felt that I should tear my hair if I heard those heart-breaking sobs again. I fled in haste to Smith building determined to escape that noise.

And softly came the words to an accompaniment of sobs and moans:

"Oh! how I miss him, only one short week ago I was with him, near him, could hear his voice, laugh with him; we were just going to ride. Oh! I can't stand it. I can't. I can't."

And the sobs that rocked the dormitory came from a Senior's room.

That was even worse. Somewhere surely, there was relief. I fled to the auditorium. I knew the practice rooms would be vacant at that hour on Sunday, surely. There I knew I could find time to collect my wits.

Where could I flee next. The gym. Oh! there I could be far from the sobbing crowd, and I hastened to that blessed spot. In a few moments Carl came in to get a rope he had left on the porch.

What was he singing? Then in a rich negro voice came the refrain of "Home, Sweet Home." It was no use—so I cried as the rest were doing.

Minister (at baptism of a baby)

His name please?

Mother: Randolph Morgan Montgomery

Father: Alfred van Christopher McGee.

Minister (to assistant): A little more water please. —Exchange.

THE WONDERFUL BIRD GIRL

What a wonderful bird the girl are!

When she get no date she cry, almost.
When she walk-flower she die, almost!
She ain't got no sense, hardly.
When she paint she look like monkey;
Expect poor brother be her flunky.
She wild girl, almost.

When with another flapper she see her beau,
She flop around mad like great big fish—
She go most crazy.
When stitch in stocking she go drops,
She sure make fur fly.
She ain't got no conscience.

When she play bridge she weep, almost.
When she go church she flirt, almost.
She ain't got no manners.
When she go vamping she lie and lie.
Like light that lie in man's eye.
She can't stand no house.

When she go parties she stay so late
Dinner get cold and wait and wait.
She ain't got no man.

When she paint she look like monkey;
When she wall-flower she die, almost!

She ain't got no sense, hardly.

THE JUNIORS SPEAK

The Junior class of L. C. met and elected the following class officers for 25: Miss Christine Stubbs, president; Miss Louise Leggitt, secretary and treasurer; and Miss Erin Cade, cheer leader.

Two of our members couldn't wait till 26 to graduate. I know not why, (but they get lots of letters) so they have gone to the Senior class. They will have a great time, being entertained and asserting their Senior privileges, but I think their will be a spot set aside in their hearts for the Juniors.

We are glad to welcome to our class three new girls, Misses Corn, Martin and Samms, and we will have great times together after "Soph week" is over. There're just enough Juniors to have our way wherever we go, and not too many to go. We, the Junior class, are proud of our little Freshman sisters, and any time we can help you in any way, the pleasure is all ours. And dear little sist—

When the Sophomores "pester" you, and you're blue,
Tired, homesick and homesick too,
Don't fret and cry, don't sit and sigh,
"Can't you be Sophomores by and by—"

So—he good sports—and the Juniors will back you up in everything.

Freshman—Two milk shakes.
Sophomore (later)—Change mine to a lemonade.

Clerk—What do you think this is? A slight-of-hand show?—Mink.

Davis Pharmacy
The drug store on the corner
262—Phones—263
L. C. CLASSICS

Back Home . . . . A Freshman's Dream.
Les Miserables . . . . The Flunked.
Wild Animals I Have Known . . . The Freshman.
To Have And To Hold . . . . That Prat Pin

Mrs. O'Neal: Tomorrow we will take the life of John Milton. Please come prepared.

Martha McClendon: I have a cold or something in my head.
Mary Nell Burnette: Probably a cold.

Lola: Say, did you ever take chloroform?
Laura: Naw, what period does it come?

If you wish to get up in the morning without being called, you may have self-rising flour for supper.
If you want to do a little driving, Carl will furnish you with a hammer and nails.
If at any time you are told you must turn out your light, take a leather out of your pillow. That is light enough for any room.
Freshmen, do not use slang. Cut it out.

When your room gets too warm, open your window and see the fire escape.

A colored man named Sam had worked for his boss about five years, and in that time he had just about run things. His good friend Ben said to him one day: "Now Sam, you have worked up there and made your boss rich. You ought to ask for more money or else you quit. You just go up there and tell him: "Look here, boss, you pay me more or else." Sam tried his friend's advice while sweeping the next morning. He began, "Say, boss, you'll have to give me mo' money fo' dis job." "Well Sam, I'll see about it," replied the boss. "See about nothin', you pay me mo' or else." "Pay more or else? What?" The boss' eyes flashed and his tone was sharp. Sam's eyes blinks as he detected his boss' anger, and in a soft voice he replied: "Else I wuck fo' de same money."—Exchange.

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WHAT HE WOULD DO

A colored man named Sam had worked for his boss about five years, and in that time he had just about run things. His good friend Ben said to him one day: "Now Sam, you have worked up there and made your boss rich. You ought to ask for more money or else you quit. You just go up there and tell him: "Look here, boss, you pay me more or else." Sam tried his friend's advice while sweeping the next morning. He began, "Say, boss, you'll have to give me mo' money fo' dis job." "Well Sam, I'll see about it," replied the boss. "See about nothin', you pay me mo' or else." "Pay more or else? What?" The boss' eyes flashed and his tone was sharp. Sam's eyes blinks as he detected his boss' anger, and in a soft voice he replied: "Else I wuck fo' de same money."—Exchange.
The taxi driver held out his hand many times in turning corners on the way to the college.

Emmie Durham (in a taxi for the first time)—"You need not keep holding out your hand, I'll tell you, if it starts to rain."

Mary Timmons—"Oh, girls, I had such a funny dream.

Amanda—"Oh, do tell us."

Mary—"I dreamed that all of us had descended to the lower regions, and we were shoveling coal. One of the overseers told us that we had been so good we all might get off for a time.

Allene (blushing)—"Did we?"

Mary—"You and I did, and left Amanda down there begging to get off for a nickel! Ha! ha!"

Evelyn Newton—(gazing into mirror)—"What a horridly big nose!"

Thelma Wynne—"Why not try vanishing cream?"

Druggist—"Pills, my dear?"

Cornelia—"Yes, please sir."

Druggist—"Anti-bilious?"

Cornelia—"No, uncle is."

Gertrude Strain—"I am now going to pull off the biggest event of my life."

Agnes Porter—"See here, Gertrude, let your shoes alone."

Post—"I'm out here to get local color for a pastoral poem."

Farmer—"I reckon you're getting it. I painted that settee this mornin'."

A recently naturalized citizen in one of our night schools was asked to write a short composition about you and you will become convinced that opinions widely differ as to what human nature really is.

You will hear it said, for example, of some very good man that he is "so human that everybody must love him."

You will hear it said of some man who has yielded to temptation, and done some act which has got him into trouble, that "he is only human after all."

One half of the people of the world seem to think it is fine and noble to be human.

The theory of the other half apparently is that a man who is human is not to be trusted.

In one breath we say, "To err is human, to forgive is divine," and in the next "let us all behave with noble humanity to the fallen."

One thing is certain, and that is that human nature is the only nature we shall know while we travel through what some poets say is "a place of wrath and tears" and other poets call "the best of all possible worlds."

We live among people who are human and not divine, and we must adopt ourselves to their good qualities and their bad qualities, making up our minds that together these really constitute human nature.

There are as many kinds of human nature in the world as there are individuals.

Just as no two men or women look exactly alike, so no two natures exactly resemble one another.

However, in our little inside world of business, or community life, we will find a fair sample of every sort of human nature to be found on the earth, and if we study these different varieties, and observe them, we shall in time come to be fairly well acquainted with all humanity.

That acquaintance ought to enable us to live on good terms with our neighbors and to seek our level among them, gradually raising that level by our own efforts and disposition to be tolerant and considerate.

In short, if we are really "human", in the best understanding of the word, we shall get along with other humans, keep the peace with them, and gain their respect and friendship.

The time will come when the peoples of the world, because of the spread of education and the great improvement in means of transportation will become mutually acquainted and make the discovery that they are all pretty much the same in their desires and aspirations.

Then we shall be really a human family, speaking the same language and thinking the same kind of thoughts.

And then, and not till then, will it be safe to predict the day when the "war drums will cease from throb- and the battle flags be furled.—John Blake.

NEW E. T. PAULL MARCH POPULAR

The Four Horsemen—Based on Theme From Book of Revelation in the Bible

Four Horsemen," E. T. Paull's new descriptive march, has been widely acclaimed as his masterpiece. Based upon the theme as described in the Book of Revelation, the story evolves upon the prophetic vision of St. John of the "Four Horsemen," the first riding a white horse, indicating "peace, prosperity and happiness."

The second rider, with sword in hand, mounted on a red horse, symbolizing "wrath and tears" and other poets call "the best of all possible worlds."

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