New Members of "The Honor Club"
Have Been Announced

Membership in the LaGrange Honor Club is the highest distinction within the gift of the college.

The following are the rules for eligibility to this club:

1. Students, to be eligible to membership in the Honor Club must carry at least fifteen college hours, fourteen of which must be strictly literary.

2. A grade of "A" must be averaged throughout the year in at least six college hours, (based on two three hour courses); or a grade of "A" in seven hours, (at least three hours of which must be in one study,) when courses of less value than three hours are included, and at least "B" in all other subjects.

3. The charter members will be selected from the student body of 1922-1923, whose scholarship meets the requirements of the Honor Club as formulated in 1924. At the end of any year, those students meeting the requirements of the Club will be admitted to full membership.

4. Any member falling to maintain this scholarship forfeits her membership.

5. The general conduct of the student must be satisfactory to the faculty and student government.

6. Should any unusual case meritting special consideration arise, the decision in such cases shall be left to the faculty.

Charter members of the Club, January 1924, are:

- Lillie Smith
- Emily Park
- Elizabeth Jones
- Varina Dunbar
- LaMartha McCaine
- Emily Park
- Lillian Clark
- Sue Craft
- Cornelia Haley
- Mary Lane
- LaMartha McCaine
- Tommie Martin
- Jessie Ray
- Lena Terrell
- Lillian Clark

QUADRENGLE TO BE DEDICATED TO ALUMNAE

An announcement of interest to both present students and alumnae of LaGrange College is the one that has been made regarding the dedication of the annual. At a recent meeting of the Quadrangle Staff it was decided that the 1925 volume of the Quadrangle should be dedicated to the Alumnae of LaGrange College, in appreciation of the wonderful work that the alumnae has done and is doing for their Alma Mater.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

The French Circle, which has been recently organized, is one of the most interesting organizations on the hill. It has aroused a greater appreciation of the French language, for only the best French students are members. Weekly meetings are held on Monday afternoons. One of these meetings each month is devoted to a social hour. Plans have been made for hikes and picnics during the fall. Miss Duncan, the French instructor, is sponsor, and the members are: Ruth Davis, president; Willard Jones, vice-president; Jeanette Morrow, secretary; Sara Swanson, treasurer; Georgia Knox, Lena Terrell, Halle Waugh. Agnes Porter and Frances Woodside.

Y. W. C. A. CORNER

We are very sorry that Miss Agnes Porter, our undergraduate representative, is ill at her home in Chilenauga.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. reaped much good from the talk of Mrs. Arthur Thompson, on Sunday, October 19th.

Beginning November 9th, the Y. W. C. A. observes the week of prayer. This is the international week of prayer observed by Y. W. C. A. girls the world over.

Christ said, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Remembering these words, the Y. W. C. A. girls, the world over are setting aside one week to stop and pray for other people.

The Week of Prayer

This week is to be taken up by topics on the subject.

"Youth and a new world."

Some of these topics are, "The root evil and the supreme good." "The Home Life," "Christian Education," and "Christianized Social Order."

When Christ started his supreme adventure and enterprise, He turned to youth. He was himself young and He took for his apostles young men.

Today he is still calling to the youth of the world to the task of bringing about God's Kingdom here on this earth. He is appealing to their love of adventure to come and follow Him in the new, yet old, adventure. The adventure of trying Christ in the business world, in the practical world, in the social world. This new adventure demands courage and faith, demands courage for the working out of His plans. We must gather together in groups of two and three that Christ might come to us and speak with us about how we can carry Him with us everywhere.

Let us pray that we may have the courage and faith that is needed, that we may understand difficulties and may seek to understand them in the spirit of love.
Thanks first of all to the God who made us, to the parents who reared us, to the brothers, sisters, friends who love us, to the country which shelters us, to the College which gives us opportunity to fit ourselves to meet the world.

How much brighter things would be if we didn’t forget to give thanks. If we had 365 Thanksgiving days instead of one. There are cares that beset us, troubles that come upon us, and some days will be dark and dreary. But let’s smile and keep right on a-smilin’. For “God’s in His heaven, all’s right with the world,” somehow, someway—so let’s give thanks.

LIFE’S DUTIES

“I slept and dreamed that life was beauty.

“I woke and found that life was duty.”

“Duty”—a little word, but think how great in thought and meaning.

The fact of our existence imposes duties upon us. Each day presents itself with gifts, some bringing much that is bitter, others bringing only the sweet. There should be much joy and gladness, but there are dark days, we must have both clouds and sunshine. The duties of the day are ever; the events are God’s. Duty summons everyone to toil for the right. The hand that gladly performs the work of today finds tomorrow’s tasks easier.” And tomorrow, in spite of all the statements to the contrary, must come. Everyday is a tomorrow and every tomorrow should find us stronger and better.

Let us then be up and doing. With a heart for any fate. Still achieving, still pursuing.

Learn to labor and to wait.” But to wait without laboring is folly, and to labor without being patient is fatal. So may we—whether we be successful or unsuccessful, whether we triumph or not—always strive to do our duty.

—NOTICE—

Do you ever stop to think just what our college would be without a paper? And to have a paper we must have advertisers. Certain business firms give us ads, and in return desire your patronage. Now let’s be fair about this thing. You have to do your regular shopping—so watch our “Ad Board”—and trade with those who trade with us. Then they will continue to place ads in our Scroll.

Come on, now—this is the key to success. Let’s boost our paper!

Is there a girl with soul so dead, Who to another has never said, “Isn’t your face rather red?” Or some other caddy remark instead?
what they meant, but as they got up the girls told me that it was the rising bell. Of course, I didn't know me and when I asked what it was excitement we finally went to sleep.

I was glad to find the girls so friendly and when I asked what it were in a room by myself an "Old Girl" asked me to spend the night with her. While I was wondering what I would do in a room by myself an "Old Girl" asked me to spend the night with her. I was told that my room-mate came that afternoon.

The next morning a bell awaked me. I was surprised when I began to eat things they had to eat at college I hadn't gotten over the beauty of LaGrange yet.

I shall never forget the night I got off the train and Mr. Thompson greeted me, in the way that is peculiar to him. By his thoughtfulness there were cars waiting to bring us up to the college. As I approached the place that was to be my home for nine long months, I looked with interest at the flight of steps that led from terrace to terrace to the main building. We did not ascend these steps but circled around the hill as if it were a mountain.

On entering the Smith building I was delighted to see how happy the old girls extended to me.

A group of girls and teachers were waiting to give me a hearty welcome to LaGrange. It was interesting, to me, to see how happy the old girls were to be together again.

I was told that my room-mate would not come until the next day. While I was wondering what I would do in a room by myself an "Old Girl" asked me to spend the night with her. I was glad to find the girls so friendly and ready to help a new girl who was a stranger to them. After much excitement we finally went to sleep.

The next morning a bell awakened me and when I asked what it was the girls told me that it was the rising bell. Of course, I didn't know what they meant, but as they got up and began to dress I did the same. Another bell rang in a few minutes and we went down to breakfast. As I had been told so often about the things they had to eat at college I was surprised when I began to eat and found the girls and bacon were good.

After breakfast I went out on the campus to look around and see how I liked my new home. I saw that the buildings were much prettier in the morning that they had been the night before. A mill district, a residence section, and some building down town could be seen.

My room-mate came that afternoon. We both liked the idea of having so many conveniences in our room. By supper we had out things arranged and the room looked very comfortable. We are both new girls and find many things to interest us.

Dinner and supper were both good and to my surprise we still have good things to eat all the time. From the supper table we went to Prayer Hall where the religious atmosphere is kept up through the vespers services of the Young Woman's Christian Association.

The best thing on the Hill is the LaGrange College spirit. Every girl has the same easy way of doing things and they are glad to help anyone and give a cheering word when ever they can.

I hope by this time next year you will be having the same experience that I am now having and that I will be able to give you the same hearty welcome that these good people have extended to me.

Always,

Mary Teasley

L. C. SENIORS

In the L. C. dining hall, pink rose buds smiled from their green beds—smiled with pride that they should be chosen to represent the present Senior class. The light of the candles danced to the rhythm of the march.

Each Sophomore's heart beat with joy as she marched into the dining hall led by the sophomore sponsor, Mrs. O'Neal. White ruffles and fluffles of the Sophomore's dresses, formed an aisle across the center of the room.

Freshmen's eyes opened wide with wonder at the beauty of the occasion.

Only the low strains of the music broke the stillness.

The Senior, following their sponsor, Miss Stella Brafield, slowly descended the steps, and passed through the white aisle to their tables. Miss Brafield wore a beautiful crepe gown, with a corsage of pink rose buds. The Seniors made their first appearance in their caps and gowns.

As they took their tables, the college songs were sung and every heart was filled with a spirit of loyalty to L. C. and to the things for which it stands.

WHO'S WHO AT L. C.

The superlative types at LaGrange College have been elected by the students, with the following results:

Prettiest
Larn Lifsey  Blond Parker
Most attractive
Myrtle Cannon  Gladys Harsard
Most striking
Kathryn Kimbrough  Sara Swanson
Most popular
Elizabeth Hodges  Evelyn Kimbrough
Cutest
Daisy Dickenson  Claire Hill
Daintiest
Evelyn Kimbrough  Dorothy Anchors
Best all-round
Lucille Cassettes  Ruth Horton
Best sport
Carolyn Fox  Erin Cade
Best artist
Carolyn Fox  Miriam Spruell
Biggest flirt
Cora Cade  Camilla Anderson
Most intellectual
Cornelia Faley  Frances Woodside
Typical L. C. girl
Blanche Pippenger  Miriam Spruell
Most inspiring Freshman
Jeanette Anderson  Willa Goodall
Most typical Junior
Christine Stubbs  Martha Butler
Most dignified Senior
Sue Craft  Elizabeth Butler
Most lovable
Eliza Louise Towles  Elizabeth Tuck
Prices and Values
Here Without Rivals!

This is a good month to test the superior values we are offering. They just ring with real worth. New goods always arriving.

ALUMNAE NOTES
Of The Class Of '24—

Sara Brown is teaching in the High School at Buchanan, Ga.
Lillian Clark is teaching English and History at Adel, Ga.
Ruth Cotton is teaching Language at Chipley, Ga.
Grace Hale is teaching at Rome, Ga.
B. A. Leasly is preparing for an extensive course in home economics.
Mary Lane has a position in the high school at Rockmart, Ga.
Emmeline Batson is taking a business course in Atlanta.
Tommie Martin has a position as History and English teacher at Wavelry, Ga.
Margaret Cantrell and Mr. Whilman Ams were married Wednesday, Oct. 23rd.
Manie Northcutt is teaching at Verbena, Ala.
Mrs. J. E. Moore nee Sara Watkins is moving to Rome, Ga., soon.
Rebecca Presley is assistant music teacher at L. C.
Mildred Pinkerton is teaching at Granite Falls, N. C.
Merle Clark has a position in a grammar school at LaGrange, Ga.
Emily Park, of the class of '23, who is taking her Master's Degree at Columbia University this year, has been elected graduate student repre-

sentative on the Student Council for Whittier Hall.
Mrs. J. P. Denny ne Susie Ogletree, of New York, was a visitor at the College during the summer vacation.
Varina Dunbar is teaching the Commercial Course at "L. C."
Eidel Pike has a position in the LaGrange High School.
Mrs. Therion White nee Eloise Fulbright, is living in Dublin, Ga.
Thelma Chunn has a position in the Harwell Ave., school in LaGrange.
Lura Frances Johnson is also teaching at the Harwell Ave., school.
Miss Allen Mayfield is teaching in Americus, Ga., and was recently elected president of the American Teacher's Association.
Georgia Haley has a position at Young-Harris.
Beva McMillin is violin teacher at "L. C."
Mabel Cline has a position in Spa. and French teacher at New Bern, N. C.
Mabel White is principal of the high school at Adel, Ga.
Miss Annette Palon, of the class of 18, is teaching at Brevard, N. C.
Lois Brand is teaching in Emory Elementary School.
Myrtle Cline is teaching at McCall, S. C.
Elizabeth Jones has a position in Warrenton High School.

GLEE CLUB: RAH!
The LaGrange College Glee Club for 1924-25 has been chosen. Madame Hambly Hobbs, director, and Mrs. George Forrester were the judges.
Sixteen sopranos were chosen, ten altos and two accompanists.
Plans are being made for the best Glee Club L. C. has ever had with a most beneficial and enjoyable tour in the Spring. There is a great amount of hard work in store for the Glee clubbers, but just oodles of fun too, and we congratulate most heartily those who were fortunate enough to make the club and wish them much success.
Members: Imogene Edwards, Evelyn Newton, Louise Harrington, Bonnie Hale, Martha Drew, Lucile Hillsman, Willie Mae Mangham, Kathryn Rogers, Margla Beard, Kathryn Young, Lucretia Adams, Jeannette Morrow, Mary Truitt, Louise Kimball, Nancy Smith, Elizabeth Butler, Miriam Spruell, Claire Hill, Ruth and Gertrude Strain, Mary Lumpkin, Hortense Hughes, Mabel White, Lena Terrell, Frances Woodside and Kathryn Glanton, with Deryl Manning and Miss Presley, accompanists.

THE ORCHESTRA
One of the most recently organized clubs on the hill is the string instrument orchestra. The paramount motive for the club was to increase the interest in the music at vespers services, playing only the religious songs in the prayer hall. But since then we have grown into the social world and on Thursday evening at the Hallowe'en party, the club made its first appearance, playing popular numbers.
The members were in similar costume and under the direction of Miss Miriam Spruell, made the social debut a success.
The members are:
Miss Polly Smith and Wilma Hunter—piano.
Miss Claire Hill Violin
Miss Louise Leggatt—Mandolin
Miss Christine Stubbs—Mandolin
Miss Frances Doughman—Mandolin
Other members to come into the Club soon are:
Miss Ruth Straus—Violin
Miss Lou Lamback—Guitar
Miss Laura Lifsey—Guitar
Miss Blanche Parker—Mandolin
Miss Gladys Perry—Mandolin
"AD-MEZZO"

The "Ad-Mezzo" party was one of the best literary society has brought to the campus. Shortly after supper last Saturday night, October 25, the crowds began to gather in the gym. After the grand march, in which all the Ads participated, Mrs. R. V. O'Neal rendered the decision of the judges for the cutest Ad; there was a tie between the Ad for Mel- lin's Food, represented by Miss Evelyn Kimbrough, and the Cigarette Girl, represented by Miss Nancy Smith.

Several of the Ads were called forward by Miss Louise Leggitt, president of the society, to give stunts in accordance with their advertisement. These were very original and called for a laugh from the bystanders. The refreshments of pickles, cakes and candies were no minor feature of the occasion.

Miss Leggitt and the Mesofantians are to be congratulated for the arrangement of such a delightful party. This is the second entertainment of this kind we have had this year. The Irenian literary society gave a most charming "Steamship Irenian" party some weeks ago under the direction of Miss Eonnie Hale, president. We are hoping to make of our literary societies at L. C. two of the most thriving in any school in Georgia. Help us, won't you?

PLANS FOR THANKSGIVING

Just think girls, only three more weeks till that day of days—Thanksgiving. A Holiday? No, more than that, for, let me tell you a secret, I have seen the plans.

On Thanksgiving morning, the first basket-ball game of the season will be played, a game of pep and fun. Come and help your class win.

Then at noon a weiner roast on the campus. Yes, a sure "null" weiner roast, the first you have attended since you left home.

The afternoon, free. Nothing to do but go to town.

At six, the banquet, a real Thanksgiving banquet, with turkey and plum pudding and everything else that goes to make a Thanksgiving dinner, and after that, the show.

IT JUST WON'T WORK

The girl who said that all the world was harmony and peace never had two beaux in the same rehous.
JUST SOME ORDINARY THOUGHT ABOUT SOME ORDINARY THINGS

How would you like to melt some tallow, pour it into a mold, run a string through it and burn the resulting candle for a light by which to get "Trig" or "Lit" and other learned subjects into your pretty bobbed head? I fear you would decline to put much there by any such dim route. In fact, nobody would want you to get such fearsome knowledge into your head if you were a girl back in those days when tallow dips furnished all the lights. It would not have been considered "lady-like," even in the event that you had been one of those marvellous who sometimes happen in every age, a regular phenomenon in fact, who could actually learn like a man. But, did you ever stop to think that if Franklin had not used his brains after that kite-flying incident and consumed valuable time in starting the world off along electrical lines, and if Edison had not carried on the torch, after the manner of the beautiful old Greek custom, giving himself and his life to perfecting the idea; that if Mary Lyon had not kept, devotedly, persistently working for the higher education of her own sex, you would not be able to flood your room with a Mazda light by the mere pushing of a button, nor would you be allowed to attempt learning anything except how to embroider, enter a room gracefully, paint a little, make wax flowers, learn to read and write, and, if wealthy enough to contemplate a trip abroad, to learn a little French. No, you would still be considered a sort of sweet idiot, not to be trusted with the handling of such high explosives as Latin, Greek, Sciences, and other subjects fit only for the strong masculine mind.

When you journey in a Pullman across the continent in comparative luxury and comfort, do you ever try to imagine how it felt to drive along that very same way in a wagon, over no road at all, with the possibility of having a pack of wolves snarling at your side or a band of Indians lurking under the brushwood to shoot you full of arrows or use you for a human torch light? Yes, life must have been full of thrills then, or rather, was it not full of deep anxiety that ate away much of the soul's strength and left only the sturdy material of our pioneer ancestor? One of the finest ingredients left in his hardly soul was his gratitude, as we see evidenced by the fact that one of his first institutions established was Thanksgiving day.

How full our daily lives are of a thousand thoughtlessly accepted modern conveniences that have been brought to us through the toll and life of others gone before us! Oh, for a pen gifted enough to make you realize what lies even in a drop of oil! Since the days of Aladdin there has been no such magician as lies in that common thing. Medicines and dyes; engines fed by it to draw trains, lift heavy loads, pump water, automobiles for business and pleasure, the airplane with its challenge to imagination; all these and many other seemingly impossible made possible by it.

In the air no rival and on land and sea acknowledging no supremacy. And what a tale might be written of the passion's search for it, the jealousy of nations over it! The story of the Argonaut and the golden fleece is colorless beside it, had one the ability to portray it. If you feel you owe no one anything, just run your mind over one day of your life in no matter what humble circumstances you may be. The things you enjoyed did not "just happen." Some one has paid for them in brain, sacrifice and work. Some one is still paying. Begin with your rising hour: There was a time when you could not have turned a faucet to run water into your tub for your morning plunge. No, you or some one would have brought that water by hand, and if you had a tub at all it would have been a tin one more commonly used for laundry purposes. Then think of the miller that ground your flour: the laborers in far-off Brazil to furnish your breakfast drink; the chief worker in Ireland to furnish your table linen or the cotton grown at the cost of so much toil and machinery; the metals mined to furnish your spoons and knives and forks; the grass grown by the Great Forester and then made by his children into tables and chairs. And then later on in the day, when you really "dress up" it is really breathtaking to realize that you have commanded hunters of the frozen fields to furnish your furs, of tropical birds to trim your hats, of African diamond mines to set your rings, of millions of silk cocoons to make your shimmering fine garments, of science to furnish you cosmetics with which to adorn your face! Then perhaps after you have accepted the services that once the Queen of Sheba had not at her command, you step into an automobile that whiskes you into the presence of some artist who delights your ear with song or thrills you with heavenly violin notes or wonderful piano mastery, and never feel indebted to any one for your comforts and finery nor to the artist for the years of study and work necessary before he achieved the ability to delight your ear. All these marvels at your service, Madeleine, without even a thought, to say nothing of a "thank you" to the Great Brain that gave to man the ability to achieve the accomplishments already made and greater ones yet to come.

Now, we have thought only of the material things. What do we think down in our hearts about the seeing eye that revels in the colors of the clouds, the autumn leaves, and the flowers? Do we feel the gratitude for the hearing ear and the melodies of singing birds, whispering winds and rippling brooks? There are countless numbers that would feel almost drunk with happiness to be released from their dark rooms into our bracing air and golden sunlight. We take it as our right and without thought. What do we think of our friends? There are people who tramp daily the city streets with no living soul to care whether they live or die. Let us take thought and shall then give thanks.

I. Sugarman
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
110 Church Street
LaGrange, Ga.

Dr. G. W. Eason
DENTIST
Loyd Building
LaGrange, Georgia
GHOSTS AND GOBLINS

It was a cold still night. The lights were dim, the air heavy with the odors of apples, pumpkins and dried cornstalks. From the four corners and ten windows of the Gymnasium, spooky Jack-o-lanterns loomed, and cast their faint glow over a scene of mystery. Autumn leaves and orange and black ribbons festooned the huge columns around which the strange crowd moved.

The occasion was the annual masquerade Hallowe'en party. There were assembled ante-bellum ladies and their maids, quaint Dutch girls and modern coquettes, French maids and Spanish soldiers, beggars and princes, ministers and Robin-hoods. Can you wonder that it was a strange scene when King Tut marched in the Grand March with a ballet dancer, Gypsies with mns, Red Cross nurses with Scotch lads?

The entire college household and one hundred and fifty invited guests enjoyed the evening. The guests were met at the Hawkes building entrance by clammy-handed ghosts, who wished them down the dimly lighted Gym stairs and into the main reception room.

Witches presided at the punch bowls. The swimming pool and dressing rooms were converted into various booths for the enjoyment of the guests and were extremely comical and added much to the evenings fun.

A short program of music, dancing and singing, under the direction of the music department, was most delightful.

The success of the evening was due to the Social Committee of the College and Y. W. C. A. We congratulate them!

BE A BOOSTER!

Are you a subscriber for THE SCROLL? Do you read the paper? Do you appreciate the material in it? Then do you especially notice the ads? Do you realize that without the ads, we could have no paper? Are you aware of the fact that our advertisers are our friends? Boost our advertisers!

Mrs. Harvey Reid Hostess To Alumnae

On Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 14, at the home of the popular president, Mrs. Harvey Reid, there were gathered a large, a representative, and a very enthusiastic assemblage of the local chapter of the LaGrange alumnae.

Mrs. Reid presided, appointing committees and formulating plans for effective helpfulness to the college during the coming year.

Miss Stella Brumfiel spoke of the wonderful help alumnae from all over the state had rendered in building up the library to 8000 volumes, and of her hope that they would not cease their efforts until the full 10,000 volume goal had been reached. There is still $210 on hand for the purchase of books, and the alumnae, present, pledged themselves to raise $100 this year for the same purpose. It was further suggested that everyone bring a book for the library to each meeting.

Mrs. Joe Dunson, Jr., Mrs. E. K. Farmer, and Mrs. M. F. McLendon were appointed to devise plans for raising the above amount.

The president asked for a complete list of local alumnae and former students so that each one might be urged to enroll as a paying member, the dues being one dollar annually. Miss Emice McGee, Mrs. Boyd Ragstale and Mrs. Arthur Thompson were appointed to secure this list.

Miss Maldee Smith read a note of appreciation from Mrs. L. A. Dillard, for the floral offering sent by the alumnae on the death of their beloved member, Mrs. Annie Zue Stipe.

It was decided to hold the annual shrub day early in December, at which time the alumnae will meet in the campus and plant permanent shrubbery and flowers to further beautify the grounds.

Mrs. Joe Dunson, Sr., Mrs. Howard Wooding, and Miss Mattie McGee were appointed to investigate the cost of erecting stone pillars at the entrance to driveways, and it was suggested that these might be used as memorials to friends of the college, Mr. J. G. Truitt, being mentioned as one to whom some loving tribute should be paid.

The president suggested dividing the chapter into circles to work for the library, it being left to the discretion of each circle as to how often it should meet, but the entire body is to meet at least once a quarter.

Mrs. Cleo Traylor, accompanied by Mrs. Robt. Hutchinson, sang a beautiful solo, "When I'm with you," after which delicious refreshments were served.—The LaGrange Reporter.

A QUESTION OF NAMES?

If Lou got hit would Lou Lamback?
If Sara has long pencils has Christine Stubbs?
Where is the Picture Martha Drew?
We wonder who Georgia Knox?
Hortense Hughes the tree while Gertrude and Ruth Strain to move it.
In the beauty contest will Thelma Wynn?
If Ella cooks Corn from the Cribb of the Miller, can Jewel tell when its Dunn?
If Louise falls out of bed, will Elizabeth Tuck her in again?
When Dorothy marries will she drop Anchors?
If Claire shut the door would Maude Lockett?

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**Girls:**—

You are cordially invited
to visit our Beauty Shop.
Mr. and Mrs. LaCosta,
Expert Operators, eight
years experience.

**Becoming Bobs**
**Marceling a Specialty**

**Copewood Beauty Shoppe**

109 RIDLEY AVENUE

Phone 202

L. C. ALUMNAE, GUESTS OF AT-
LANTA CHAPTER

Time: Tuesday, 12—2:30.
Place: Home of Mrs. Warren
Candler, Atlanta.
Guests: LaGrange College Alum-
nae.

Consensus of Opinion: “The Very
Best Time Ever.” “Twas a happy
crowd of school girls, and who can
so deftly pack into a perfect day,
more thrills, more laughter, more
good comradeship, more of the warm-
th and depth of friendship than school
girls. Grey wigs and spectacles van-
ished, crow’s feet danced merrily out
of sight, and the girls of a “long
time ago” and the girls of “now”
were all young, all young school girls.

There were hugs and kisses, and
surprised exclamations over tardy
recognitions, there were eager ques-
tions, and “Don’t you remember” and
“When I was there” retold the most
laughable of girlish escapades.

There was the sweetest, kindli-
est and most warm hearted atmos-
phere in every room of that home.
Overflowing, it filled the porches and
the yard. It surely must have been
felt by passers-by.

After registration (and such a
troop of girls did register) just as
we always did at L. C., we entered—
not college—no, Mrs. Candler’s recep-
tion hall. I suppose in society columns
this hour might have been called a
reception, but all formality had been
so shorn you would hardly have recog-
nized it as such, though there was a receiv-
ing line composed of leading Atlanta women.

To these school girl visitors from
old L. C., ’twas just Hettie Cart-
wright, Annie Clyde Edmondson, Mat-
tie Traylor, Bonnie Trimble, Carobel
Heidt, Teressa Thrower, and others
equally familiar.

At one, an elegant luncheon was
served. “Twas a perfect school girl
“spread” with “all the accessories to
match.”

Time: 2:30-3:30.
Characters: These same girls seat-
ed about the spacious living room
and dining room, except that as they were
seated, they again occupied their real
places in life, places of trust, honor,
distinction, women of intelligence
come together to consider how by co-
operation and concerted effort they
might best serve their Alma Mater.

The meeting was called to order by
Mrs. J. B. Buchanan, president of the
Atlanta Chapter, Rev. S. P. Wiggins
leading in prayer.

Mrs. Buchanan welcomed the alum-
nae, to which Miss Stella Bradfield
responded for the visitors.

Mrs. Weyman Sloan, of McDon-
ough, sang very beautifully, using as
her numbers: “Thank God for a Gar-
den,” and “My Laddie.”

President W. E. Thompson spoke of
his aspiration for a larger endowment
and a larger student body, still keep-
ing the tuition within the reach of the
girl of moderate means, still keeping
the small-school spirit and the close
personal touch between faculty and
student. He spoke proudly of his
faculty, second to none, but pointed
to the alumnas of the college as the
school’s best asset.

Dr. Elam F. Dempsey, general sec-
retary of the board of education of
the North Georgia Conference, spoke
briefly, but optimistically of the en-
dowment campaign, planned for the
near future.

After the selections, “In the Land
of the Sky Blue Waters” and “At
Dawning,” sung by Mrs. Tom Camp-
hell, of Decatur, Mrs. James B. Rid-
ley, state president of the alumnas
association, occupied the chair, pre-
senting items of state interest. Re-
ports were read from many of the La-
Grange College Clubs, organized over
the state, including those at McDon-
ough, Fairburn, Palmetto, Columbus,
LaGrange and Augusta.

The alumnas gave a rising vote of
thanks for Mrs. Candler’s delightful
hospitality, to which she responded
with happy cordiality.

All joined in singing the alumnas
doxology, “Alma Mater,” and the
meeting was reluctantly dismissed.—

The LaGrange Graphic.

THE LUCKY COLLEGE GIRL

She can sleep late mornings,
(And flunk eight-thirty classes.)
She has not worries,
(Except exams and bills.)
She can wear extreme styles,
(And be regarded as an idiot.)
She can attend shows and clubs,
(And be broke.)
She can visit from coast to coast,
(If her father has a railroad.)
She can write home whenever she’s
broke,
(And be told she’s received her al-
lowance.)

THE IDEAL ROOMMATE

Does not snore. Knows lot of men
and is generous about it. Does not
rave about the “one and only.” Wears
her own clothes. Is the same size as
I am. Is good for a good joke every
day. Does not turn on the light when
she comes in late. Can find her bed
when she does come in. Wears her
own shoes and furnishes shoe polish.
EFFUSIONS OF AN ADMIRER OF
H. C. WITWER

Whoever the cute old bird was who said, “Be good, little girl, and let who will be clever,” he made a wise crack. Take it from one who knows. Don’t get the idea for one minute that there is much chance to be anything else but good on this man-forsaken spot. Men are about as scarce as hen’s teeth; and where there are no men, there is no use for wicked wiles. (Let me add, for the benefit of those who would be accurate, that there are two males on the hill, but they, being married, don’t count.)

But all males aside; I must return to the subject, which, if I haven’t had a lapseus mentis, was concerned with the fairer, the alluring, the amazing sex. Amazing is right! But fair! That went wrong in one case, so far wrong, in fact, that to gaze upon one piece of feminine plunder I have in mind, was cruelty to animals, as it positively was punishment to the eyes and the whole nervous system.

When that dame first hove in sight on the hill, the four posts on Smith building, namely and by-name, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John did a dizzy tango and pulled their ivy tighter around them for protection from the sight. The fair damsel draped languidly in the window of Hawkes building suddenly sat bolt upright, as if suddenly caressed by a bolt of lightening; and their eyes stood out on stems like a prasshopper’s. Some swallowed their “pet aversion of the faculty,” namely, to-wit, and vulgarly called, chewing gum.

Well, as I have said, that baby was not “a thing of beauty and a joy forever.” She made Ben Turpin’s eyes look as straight as the proverbial arrow; besides which, they were a cross between a pale blue and a green. Her beaming countenance, framed by hair generally termed pink or carrotly, was covered with a whole army of brown freckles. Freckles swarmed over her as she gave her the merry horse laugh. The difficulty lay in the fact that the “dogs” are so good you can’t eat fast enough and always scared somebody’s gonna ask you for a bite. Everybody says they’re the best “dogs” they ever ate, and possibly one good reason for their being so good is the fact that Mrs. Youngblood, the Junior sponsor, contributes the “dressing,” and dressing counts lots. (Thanks to her) contributes the dressing, and dressing counts lots anywhere—you know.

But, oh boy! The mad rush; you have to keep your wits about you to avoid being trampled upon—but there is always a scramble where money is a factor, and that’s what the Juniors are after, and they’re getting it. Yes, to help pay for their pages in the Annual, and they already have $12.50 (Thanks to her) contributes the dressing, and dressing counts lots anywhere—you know.

Well, rock me to sleep!
JOKES

He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.

Thelma Wynne—And he says when he graduates he's going to settle down and marry the sweetest girl in the world.

Mildred Pendergrass—How horrid of him, when he's engaged to you.

"Say, Grandpa, were you in the Ark?"

"No, son."

"Well, then why weren't you drowned?"

Miss Black—Now the picture is entitled "Fleas."

Dot Anchor—No doubt by one of our famous modern etchers.

Congratulate Gladys Perry. She thinks R. S. V. P. means Return Silver Vare Promptly.

Jr.—I hear Bonnie Hale is thinking of trying for an M. A.

Sr.—Nope, she trying for a M. A. N.

Sarah Swanson—How do you rate with Fred these days?

Christine Stubbs—Don't rate and I don't expect to rate.

Sarah—That's right, expectorating isn't good form anyway.

English Professor—For what is Shakespeare noted.

Miss Dunbar, preparing to receive Mr. Almand, is found trying to unlock her trunk with Miss Pressey's door key.

Mrs. O'Neal—Miss Smith, have you read Burns?

Nancy Smith—I guess if I had any they'd be red, but I've never made it a practice to play with fire.

Mrs. Youngblood, over telephone—And Mr. McMillan, have you any red green peppers?

AUTUMN

Autumn comes with joy and gladness
Leaves tumbling in the air;
Prickling burns of chestnuts bursting,
Beauty everywhere.

Wintery winds soon shall greet us,
Whistling around the door,
With her great strong voice
Bring tidings you've heard before.

Autumn bringing all her glory,
And all her blessings too,
Comes with her gifts of Nature,
As all the seasons do.

Harvesting time, how we love it!
Energetic and gay
She goes in quest of winter
Then she'll go away.

SOPHOMORE CLASS RECOGNIZES FRESHMAN CLASS

As the culminating event of Sophomore Week, Elizabeth Hodges, president of the Sophomore class, presented the Freshman with their colors, white and gold.

After a speech of recognition, she, with the aid of the members of her class, pinned the colors on each Freshman.

The meeting ended with cordial yells from both classes.