PICTURES GALORE

"Is that thing the photographer man's car?"

"What—that Ford? Sure, that's what he came in."

"Well—I don't see how he ever got here in THAT!"

"Oh—it's a Ford—useful as well as ornamental."

"Haley, has Mr. Andrews come yet?"

"I don't know. Look out and see if his car's here. You can't possibly get it mixed up."

"I'd just as soon be inoculated as have my picture made."

"I'm next!"

"Have you seen my pictures?"

"No, but I heard they flattered you."

"Is my lipstick on straight?"

"I've spent every bit of my money on those old pictures, and Dad just sent me a check last Monday."

"He carried his 'little birdie' around all over the campus, just to suit the whim of any one and every one. He had to go back to Atlanta several times to recuperate. And he always crowded with him the 'hosted film.'"

"The blind, the skinny, the ugly, the

“The Mystery Man”

It was a cold, windy December night, and the town clock had just sent two clear, lonely strokes out upon the air. I was sitting at the window watching the wind bend the trees to and fro. That same wind had rattled my window so that I could not sleep, and therefore, I was sitting there in the darkness, watching the storm and thinking of the Christmas vacation. I'm not a Freshman, neither is it my first year away from home, but no one was more eager to get back to the "ale home town" than I. "We miss our girl more every day, and long for the holidays and her."

"Sweet-heart o' mine, the days are going on again. Then suddenly, it became pitch dark, and there in the darkness, watching the photographer man—Saints preserve us! That I should be so stupid! The mystery man—yours, with love and kisses, Dan."
And hark! the Herald Angels sing:
"Glory to the New Born King!
Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, goodwill to men."

Thus the angels sang on that first Christmas so long ago.

Did you ever wish you could have been there on the first birthday of the Baby Jesus? There in the manger all was love and peace, and outside the tired world hurried by—hurried by the place where only love was.

That is so much the case today. We speak of our Christmas Spirit as being so wonderful—and it is. But isn’t it more manifest in hurry than in Love? And in this we become so tired, so hurried, that perhaps we forget the kind words and gentle acts which should characterize the birthday of Christ.

Jean Stratton Porter says: "This Christmas let’s fill our hearts so full of love that there’ll be no room for evil thoughts; let’s put so many loving words on our lips that unkind, cross expressions cannot come." Isn’t it a good idea? Or His birthday let’s have only Love—Love for Him and our fellow-man. With our “Merry Christmas” let’s put Love.

And if there’s Love in our heart, the hurry-mad world will pass on by just as it did by the crib of the Christ Child one thousand, nineteen hundred and twenty four years ago.

And may the angels sing to you:
"Glory to the New Born King!
Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, goodwill to men.

Thus the angels sang on that first Christmas so long ago.

Did you ever wish you could have been there on the first birthday of the Baby Jesus? There in the manger all was love and peace, and outside the tired world hurried by. There was no lighted door for Him; No welcome bade Him enter in.

Today—O, if He comes again, Might He not seek our windows here, Knowing how warmly glows our fire; How filled our house with Christmas cheer?

We light our candles, then, for Him, And bid the Christ-Child enter in.

—The Woman’s Press.

Y. W. CORNER

In Russia there is a very beautiful and very old custom that is observed every Christmas. The people in each village go to their church on Christmas Eve with a candle and light it by the big candle of the priest. All over the big country of Russia people are carrying lighted candles back to their homes.

The candle of the priest is a symbol of the Light of the World and the small candles the Christ-like spirit that pervails in each heart, and we welcome this Light of the World home to our hearts. We kindle anew this blessed spirit that pervades in the hearts of all at Christmas time.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The LaGrange College Alumnae Association is at work erecting a handsome pair of iron gates at the Broad Street and Vernon Road drives respectively. They are wired for electric lights and the Alumnae are hoping to get them connected at an early date.

The gates are those that once stood at the entrance to the beautiful and historical Ben Hill home in LaGrange. They carry a history with them. They were erected in 1865 by Senator Ben Hill. In 1901 McLeod Avenue was opened up and the gates were taken down and have not been in use since. Mr. and Mrs. McLendon gave them to the college a few weeks ago and both the Alumnae and the college are very grateful to them for this beautiful donation.
"Ho-ho-um," and the president of class of '48 stretched her arms above her head, blinked her eyes, and gazed about the room. Every thing was silent. She was the only one awake.

The pessimistic one in the corner punched the one next to her. "Every thing's quiet, those pesky girls must really have gone to sleep. They make me tired walking around the room gazing at us like they were in a picture gallery."

"They don't make me tired," spoke up the one in the center. "Every time they look at us it makes me swell so big with pride I'm afraid I'll burst the glass. As for the girls being pesky you should remember how important to do than spend all my time communicating by letter or otherwise with the opposite sex, you usually found the opposite sex, you usually found something else to do."

"Maybe so, but they don't have to be so boisterous and giggle so much if it is nearly Christmas. We never did."

"Oh, I guess not; especially here, for then the term began Jan 13 and ended in November. And your two weeks holiday came in the summer. You are getting awfully forgetful!"

"Maybe I am. And she turned to a nearer neighbor.

By this time there was a general buzz around the room. Other classes, wide awake, entered the discussion.

"Hey over there!" This came from the opposite side of the room, where '78 hangs. "Stop your fussing; these girls don't have half the fun we used to have."

"You're mighty right they don't," came from '80. "Sara, do you remember the night we forgot to leave our coal bucket out for old Joe to bring us some coal and we had to go after it in the dark?"

"I think I do; we were so scared we spilled half of the coal running so fast."

"Talking about being afraid reminds me of one night somebody knocked at the door. Mrs. P. answered it and found a woman standing on the porch shaking all over. The Matron said: 'Come in.'"

"The woman stood there nodding her head and shaking as bad before and saying nothing."

Mrs. P. said: "Are you sick? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"But not daring to touch her. The moon casting the shadows upon the wall made little people dancing about, the screech owl made the music for the dance, and the dog's bass voice would break in on the chorus. The bats flying around to watch the dance darted across the porch. One of the servants came by, and seeing the woman, ran down the hall screaming, 'Lawdy, Miss, it's a haint! Lawdy, Lawdy, help us!'"

The commotion drew the president out. He walked up to the lady, and as he took her arm he said:

"Madam, is there something—" he dropped his hold, forirst was empty. The blood left his face, each hair of his head raised itself towards the heavens horror, while the owl kept up the singing, and the shadows went on with the dance.

A giggle over head—another—then another, and a rope fell upon his head. The broom fell gracefully to the floor and knocked off its hat. We all ran, so he never knew I did it."

"That's just like you, you were always into something."

"I haven't a thing on you. I hope you haven't forgotten the day you invited some girls to your room to open a box you pretended you got from home, and when it was opened a swarm of bees filled the room."

"I should say not, and wasn't it fun to watch those girls scatter?"

"I'll admit we had fun," said the pessimistic one, "but think of the advantages they have that they don't appreciate. They have electric lights; they have water works; the servants came by, and seeing the woman on the porch shaking all over. The Matron said: 'Come in.'"

"Yes, and they can't cook sausages, eggs and dough swiped from the kitchen on the fire in a shovel either; I chased it in '93."

"Wait a minute, I'm not through. They have water works; the servants had to bring our water from the well; they don't have to get up until 7:30; we had to go to the Prayer Hall for roll call at six, and be on time."

"You were on time, alright. I can see you coming down stairs, your hair flying, trying to catch the other side of your kimona, dragging on bed room slipper, and yelling 'Present!' to the top of your voice before you get half way down the steps."

"And just think of the way they dress!" continued the pessimistic one.

"I think we looked just as well in our little calico dresses and cheap (Concluded on following page)
L. C.'S YESTERDAYS
(Continued from preceding page)
white sun-bonnets," replied the dry one from '96.

"Their dresses are not nearly so handy as our blouses were," spoke up '93. "They do well if they can manage to slip one biscuit from the dining room, and we could easily get six biscuits, as many pieces of cheese, and a sweet potato in one blouse. They don't get lunches between meals, either."

"There's Mary's cap on crooked again. I think she needs the colored mammy she had in school to keep her dressed."

"I think," said '56, "that it's perfectly lovely that they have better advantages than we did, and that it is partly through our work that it was made possible. You know we worked hard in spite of all the mischief we got into, and I'm not sorry for what I've done for the dearest college there is."

And ladies in quaint little bonnets, or caps and lovely old fashioned bows at their throats, clapped their hands and joined in a song to their Alma Mater.

The dawn was beginning to clear the shadows from the room; '24, realizing her time had come, joined in the discussion.

"May I speak for L. C. of today? She cherishes the standard you set for her, honors them, and is trying to live up to them. Today she is still growing, growing, until someday—"

The rusing bell sounded throughout the halls.

"It's time to look dignified," they whispered. Each straightened her cap and lifted her head to inspire the girls with the spirit L. C.'s has cherished throughout the years.

SOME DEFINITIONS

"That reminds me of a story," means "Now you keep quiet while I tell my joke."

"Of course, it's no business of mine," means "I'm simply dyin' to know."

"While I don't wish to appear critical," means "But I'm going to have my say out anyhow."

"In a minute," means anywhere from five to fifty minutes.

"No one could possibly have mistaken my meaning," is what we say when some one has mistaken it.

JAPANESE TEA GIVEN BY SPECIAL CLASS OF COLLEGE

A big effort on the part of the Special Class of the College was made to raise money for the Annual, when, on November 21st, a Japanese tea was given on the second floor of Cook, Fleeth, Wilson's store, by this class.

The store was beautifully decorated throughout with Japanese effects. The second floor was transformed into a real Japanese garden, where tables were set for tea. Japanese maidens rushed about serving the guests. Over two hundred persons were served with tea, which was unanimously pronounced to be most sumptuous.

According to reports from Madame Lily Hambly Hobbs, sponsor of the Special Class, the grand result was the addition of $55 to the funds of the Special Class.

The whole tea was declared by all to be a great success. Both guests and hostesses were well pleased with the afternoon's results. The Special Class and Madame Hobbs are to be congratulated for their achievement and heartily appreciate the co-operation of all who helped make of the tea a profound success.

Mrs. J. B. Ridley of Atlanta, and state president of the LaGrange College Alumnae Association, was a guest of the College on Saturday, December 5th.

Mrs. Ridley brought with her a collection of "Sermons of Bishop Pierce and Rev. B. M. Palmer, D.D., delivered before the General Assembly at Milledgeville, Ga., on Fast Day, March 27, 1863," The book was given to the college library by Mrs. J. B. Truitt, of Atlanta.

If bobbed hair was good enough for Samson, it's good enough for me.

A Hamlet on Christmas

To give or not to give—that's the question.

Whether it is wiser at this time to please

The hearts and souls of the trailer sex

Or to hoard the precious shekels for a selfish cause

And reap a greater benefit to give to gratify.

And through their pleasure make a bet

With each and every one who now expectant waits,

'Til I a hero am—'tis consumption

Greatly to be wished. To give—to please

To give and fail to please. Ay there's the rub.

For even if I study their desires,

The thought that each a special yearning has

Must give me pause—'tis but a chance

That some stray gift may strike the mark.

The scorn of Him, the chilling glance of brother,

The fire of Tenevieve, the sneers of sister.

And every form of discontent

When all their hearts may be preserved, treasure too,

By a mere Christmas card.

Current Fiction

"Excuse me."

"I beg your pardon."

"Be sure and come to see us."

"I've had a lovely time."

"I'll pay you tommorrow, sure."

"I'd rather have my Ford than your big car."

"I'd trust my husband anywhere."

"Oh, it's no trouble anyway."

"I'm not the money, it's the principle of the thing."

"I just finished the last quart I had, old man."

—Selected.
A TRUE GIFT

Upon the clinking ice a bright light glitters,
Of crimson hues which dance across the space
That lies without a window, near which flickers
A blazing fire within the chimney place.
Across the window's marge protrudes green holly,
Which hangs above a dangling Christmas bell;
Implying that within are things most jolly;
They seem to say here joy and pleasure dwell.
And true, it is a home of wealth and splendor;
A palace seemed by fairies to be made,
Who by their magic, forced their plans to render
A stately mansion, daintily arrayed
With marble pillows, draperies, plush and velvet.
Of beauty and of comfort all in one.
So snug and warm beneath the roof's snow helmet
The balls of ruddy glow are spun.
Beside the glowing blazes, lost in thinking,
A solitary figure sits and stares,
His eyes set fixed upon the blazes sinking,
From lively streaks to a bank of red which beams;
Also some streaks of deep and luminous yellow,
Of mingling coals of timber near its end,
And changes for the man to pictures mellow;
For this is Christmas eve to earth and man.

His thoughts are interrupted by a crash,
And looking round, his fears the whole relieving
At finding there a bird stunned by the mush
The brittle pane had given it in trying
To venture in where warmth at least seemed near;
But knocked by the heartless pane—near dying
The creature lay, quiet, dumb with cold and fear.
The weary man now takes it softly, gently,
And warms it by the welcomed glowing coals,
And stroking its frail body so intently
He brings it comfort and himself rare gold;
For instantly his heart is changed from blindness;
His life and all the world seems full of joys;
He sees that gifts may be as deeds of kindness.
As well as presents, of delightful toys.

AS A FRESHMAN SEES IT

Once upon the midnight hours, while I dreamed of spring and flowers
Over many a quaint and curious meadow of forgotten land,
Whilst I dreamed of waters lapping suddenly there came a tapping,
An of some one gently rapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor, I muttered, tapping at my chamber door.
It was Sophs, and nothing more.
Oh, to us it came too soon, that awful Monday afternoon,
When each frightened, trembling Freshie brought her clothes bag through the door.
Half her face so slick and shining, and her clothes just half reclining,
Giving her an artist's lining and figure we adore—
As she walked in lordly manner down before the township stores.
Quote the Freshie: "Nevermore."
Just a little bit of scrubbing, just a little bit of rubbing,
On the neck of ever Freshie down before the court house door;
And the steps, they need a scrubbing, and someone to do the scrubbing.
Said the Sophomore to the Freshie, "Get your tooth brush out, my dearie."
And the Freshmen used the tooth brush of the wise old Sophomore. This they did, and nothing more.
Presently their souls grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
They went to higher court as if they'd been there before;
But the fact is, one was napping, and when he heard the tapping,
Very quickly he came tapping, tapping at the council door.
Said he: "You girls have no permission.
Get to your rooms in minutes four."
This he said, and nothing more.
Deep into our hearts we're peering, listening to the words we're hearing.
Singing, dreaming dreams that every L. C. girl has dreamed before.
For our love cannot be broken, and the stillness gives the token
Of the love that has never been spoken through the lips of mortal man before.
This L. C. spirit was given us by our week with the Sophomores. Here's to you, Forevermore.

Miss Mildren Eakes, another L. C. alumnna, was the guest of the college several days this month.
The president of Student-Government, verse of beauty, was solemnized Saturday evening, November 15th, at 8 o'clock, in the College Gymnasium. The ceremony was preceded by the entrance of the bridal party. Miss 'Freshie' Meadows, pianist; the bridal chorus performed before an improvised altar in a spacious room. The ceremony was preceded by the presence of the bridal party. The musical setting was rendered by a soprano, Miss Hill, and Miss Meadows, pianist; the bridal chorus performed before an improvised altar in a spacious room. The ceremony was preceded by the entrance of the bridal party. The musical setting was rendered by a soprano, Miss Hill, and Miss Meadows, pianist; the bridal chorus performed before an improvised altar in a spacious room. The ceremony was preceded by the entrance of the bridal party.

The bridesmaids, little Freshman sisters, were Misses Mary Radford, Eugenia Embrey, Martha McLendon, Catherine Rogers, Imogene Edwards, Louise Scoggins, Frances Doughman, and Dorothy Anchors. They formed a picture of loveliness in beautiful evening gowns; they carried bouquets of roses. Following the bridesmaids was Miss Georgia Knox, maid of honor. The matron of honor, Miss Laura Lifsey preceded the flower girls, Misses Polly Smith and Jeannette Anderson. Master Mableton Marrow was the bearer of the ribbons which were carried on a gold-cloth pillow. Master Lelly Cassels held the long graceful veil of the bride as she entered with her mother. The bride was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Russ Leggett.

The plan of this unique ceremony was to carry out the idea that the marriage united, in spirit, the Freshmen and new girls with the "old" girls and gave them equal privileges in student-government. All were impressed with the seriousness of the occasion and it is hoped that it will be made an annual ceremony, taking place to recognize the Freshmen as a real and vital part of the life of L. C.

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MISS STELLA BRADFIELD, head of the Department of Education at L. C., has recently been awarded her Master's Degree from Columbia University. Miss Bradfield, besides having been a member of the college faculty for four years, is also a graduate of LaGrange College, and one of which every one connected with L. C. is proud.
SENIOR STUNT NIGHT TO BE BIG EVENT OF YEAR

Seniors! Seniors! What is all this that I am hearing about the Seniors? Oh, yes, I got it that time. There is a rumor afoot, and listen, girls, while I let you hear this rumor. There is to be the big event of the year when the very much dignified class of 1925 will, for one night, lose part of that dignity, and indulge in a Senior Stunt Night.

A genuine good time is in store for everybody, for there are many, new, original and extraordinary numbers on the program. Clowns, straight from the best circuses, will be in LaGrange, and will appear on the stage. The new girl will be given immortal fame.

There is something in the rumor about a kitchen. It may be that the Seniors are going to give a banquet in the kitchen, but there is something about a kitchen in the Stunt Night.

Best of all there is to be a play—mural play. Miss Benson is arranging a sketch which promises to be one of the best things that L. C. has ever given.

Oh, yes, P. S. The Juniors are still selling Hot Dawgs! At a bargain, too—for you get a bun, dog, some mustard, catsup and onion, all for one nickel! “Come along, come along, come along, come a-l-on-g and buy!”

FRESHMAN NEWS

At six o’clock Monday, the twenty-fourth, the Freshman class, carrying loaves of bread, dry wood and oranges, indiscriminately, was well on its way to the cave where their sponsor, Miss Brunquell, planned for them to have breakfast. The hilarity which was marked in the walkers, reached its climax in the cooks as the balanced pan precariously over the blaze, dropped bacon into it regardless of shape or position, or broke eggs and with shat eyes threw them in. Since all could not be chefs without serious danger to the food, many of the girls went on tours of exploration, interrupted by frequent return trips to the fire—and to breakfast. When the girls were at last ready to leave the cave, they gathered to yell for Miss Brunquell; the enthusiastic comment of all was “She’s a grand sport.”

Another blushing spot in the Freshman’s hectic life—the carnival Saturday night will be a huge success. It isn’t time for the firebell just because a girl, usually dignified, chooses to walk through Smith Building and the Quadrangle wrapped in red and yellow tissue paper; she has only volunteered as are employed in transforming the bare gym into rows of attractive booths. Some of the Freshmen have changed over-night from unassertive maidens to bold, begging young-shall we say, ladies? Any one who was ever rash enough to admit that she had something that might serve as a prize can say that truthfully no longer, though a farewell glimpse of it in the winner’s hands, will be ushered in by her Saturday night. Best of all are the convincing reports of good things to eat—and upon receipt of payment.

TEASLEY-COOLEY

“Mrs. H. S. Crawford, of Elberton, announces the engagement of her daughter, B. A. Teasley, to Thomas Cooley. The marriage to take place in December.”

This announcement created much interest on the Hill, for B. A. was a popular member of last year’s senior class.

We all think “Thomas” is a terribly lucky man, and everybody says “Here’s long life and happiness to you both.”

ICE CREAM:

I scream, you scream, he scream, we scream, you scream they scream.

In fact, we all scream “Ice Cream, come and buy Sophomore Ice Cream.” Yes, they do scream Ice Cream ‘til we all wear ourselves out. Every time we hear them scream. They are almost equal to the Juniors, who make the halls reecho with “Hot Dawg.” Do they think nickels grow in trees? Myrtle Cannon says: “Come, be a buying some ice Cream.” Sally Dyer says: “Hot Dawg.” Do they think nickels grow in trees? Myrtle Cannon says: “Come, be a buying some ice Cream.” Sally holds a “Flower’s hand dye want Aw aw buy one for your room mate.” And though I’m as nickleless as a convict, I give ‘em five stamps for a cone, and shiver over the radiator while I eat it.

The flesh is weak I guess—especially that flesh about the middle of the body. And when the dinner bell has rung hours ago, or when it’s almost time for light bell, that flesh gets too weak to resist the scream—“Ice Cream.” And to quote an ad, “By Golly, It’s Good!”
The House of Lehmann
Established 1856
Largest Line of Christmas Goods
in the City
Lehmann Jewelry Co.

with the murder of her husband. It was proved that Mrs. Snowe shot her husband for "no special reason, just an ordinary Saturday night," yet so bewitching and alluring did Mrs. Snowe appear, that the court released her with a fine of no less than five dollars, for, after all, "Who had a better right to shoot Snowe than his wife?"

HOMEWARD BOUND

All abo-o-o-o-ard!

Toot! Toot! Dang! Dang! Choo! Choo! Rattle-rattle! Squeak! Here goes the LaGrange College special train! All those not desiring to go home may get off at Louise, the first station beyond LaGrange. All those desiring to return to LaGrange may go some where they depart with much speed and gusto. But then Christmas holidays do make some difference. Oh, yes indeed!

Homeward bound, girls! Let's all join together in lifting our voices in that familiar melody entitled, "Home, Sweet Home." Now don't anybody start dropping maidenly tears, as is usually the case when this song is sung. This is purely for joy, and nothing allowed but smiles, grins, or silvery, bell-like laughter. Ah, shut up, Dot. Note that she said bell-like laughter. You must think you are the Liberty Bell and have got to be heard all over the United States. Come on now, let's help'em sing.

Heave ho! All together! Let's go! He will not let us knock them—

A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there!—

"Say, Nancy, there are some Auburn boys on this train; and I'm going to see if I know any of them, or strain a muscle trying." This is uttered by none other than the Auburn enthusiast, Dot Code. You couldn't expect Nancy to receive this news coldly, even if she isn't as enthusiastic over Auburn as Dot is. Myrtle Cannon comes in with a "What? Who? What are you all talking about?" while Carolyn Fox takes out her complete vanity outfit. But she is not the only one. The author herself is guilty of a few glances into her mirror, to see if "her face" is on straight. After much fluttering and primping, we decide it is a false alarm and start amusing ourselves otherwise than with the all wise of the stronger sex.

Atlanta!!

Here the tale endeth, even as the crowd of girls parteth. So may it be.

"PICKING UP PECANS"

He will not let us knock them—

I know the reason why;
You all look kinder funny, so
T'll tell you by and by.

I've thought and thought about it—

I want to knock them so;
I want to throw, then stop again—

Sometimes he's not a looking

I'll tell you by and by.

He will not let us knock them—

I know the reason why;
You all look kinder funny, so
JOKES

Professor: Before I dismiss the class let me repeat the words of Webster.

Gladys Hansard: Let's get out of here. She's starting on the dictionary.

Mary Alice: (excitedly) Hello! Hello! I want to speak to my father.

Operator: Number please.

Mary Alice: I ain't got but one.

E. Williams: You girls don't know how to get along with the faculty, that's all. Now, you want to humor them the way I do.

M. Yarbrough: Huh! You don't humor them—you amuse them.

Tom: S'neagle.

Dick: S'not s'neagle. S'owl.

Harry: S'neither. S'strich.

What has become of the old-fashioned girls who used to stay home reading novels who used to sit home reading the newspapers.

Mary: When I get married I'm going to marry a man who can take a joke.

Lucretia: Don't worry, that's the only kind you'll get.

Fresh: Who is the smallest man in history?

Soph: I give up.

Fresh: The Roman soldier who slept on his watch.

Miss Maidee: And what is the lesson taught us in the parable of the wise virgins?

Ruth Horton: That we shall always be on the lookout for a bridegroom.

Mr. Bailey: What are the five senses?

Isabella: N.'kels.

First Fresh: Mr. Thompson made a long talk in Chapel this morning.

Second Fresh: What was he talking about?

First Fresh: He didn't say.

Professor: When was the revival of learning?

Gertrude: Just before exams.

Monte: You have a rich voice.

Martha: Oh, thank you! Why do you think so?

Monte: Well, it sounds well off.

Voice from the unknown: S. M., did you return E. L.'s ring after you broke the engagement?

S. M.: Certainly not. I think as much of the ring as ever did.

Miss Brunquell: (to gym class) Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise every morning with dumbbells. Will the class join me in the morning before breakfast.

(Telephone rings.)

Kathryn Wheeler: Can I answer it?

Corinne: Sure.

Kathryn: What must I say?

Bess: Why are you wearing so many coats on such a warm day?

Maudie: Well, you see I am going to paint a barn, and it says on the can: "To obtain best results put on at least three coats."

Mary: Jack has the most charming way of proposing I ever heard.

Lou, Lura, Dot and Baby: (in chorus) Hasn't he though?

Emmie: Do you see that old man over there?

Annie Kate: Yes.

Emmie: Do you know why he carries that umbrella?

Annie Kate: No.

Emmie: Because it can't walk.

(With Apologies to Ring Lardner, et al.)

Profs

Profs is those which: Talksofast—
youcan'ttakeanote.

Spend three quarters of an hour
and one box of chalk explaining, and
then after you've copied four pages
of notes, tell you that the stuff is
not important.

Wear red neck ties.

Wait until you're jammed with
work and then throw a quiz.

Think that their course is the only
important one that you're taking and
hand out problems as though they
were giving away German Marks.

Tell you not to have for an exam
because it will be general, and then
ask you if you agree with the state-
ment on Page 247.

Call the roll the day you are cut.

Key-Stuckey Co.

Sporting Goods

If love is a disease, an engagement
ring is the quarantine sign.

Whales in the ocean,

Fish in the brook;

Some girls are to love,

And others to cook.

The sadest words of tongue or pen
To me are not "It might have been."
The words that most my heart can
shock

Are these: "Get up! It's seven
o'clock."

REFORMING HUMORISTS

The copyrighting of each member magazine with subsequent permission to reprint given only to recognized magazines was favored in a resolution passed at the recent convention of the Mid-West College Comics held at the Sheridan Plaza Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

"This action would prevent the sanguineous type of magazine from using material from college comics," says an account of the convention published in the Daily North-western. "In this way, the college editors hope to discourage and if possible eliminate the publication of indecent and improper magazines."—Exchange.

DON'T YOU FEEL FUNNY—

When you have a date with Billy, and Jimmie unexpectedly drops in?

When you just sure you'll hit the tennis ball, and somehow it gets by you, and everyone laughs?

When rich Uncle William dies, leaving you only a book on radio?

When someone throws out a little bit of sarcasm.

When you say something about someone and turn around to find him standing there?

When you find out that central has been listening in?

When you're late to breakfast?

When you lose your only dime?

When you drop your weiner just as you are fixing to take the first bite?

When anyone walks in her sleep in your room?

When you're late to breakfast?

Now—don't you?
Patricia Selwin was worried, lonesome, and blue. In fact, she had what she termed "the dumps." Connie had just been in to stay a few minutes; but, seeing Patsy's woeful expression and evident desire to be alone, she had cried: "Hello, apple pie; where'd you get your crust?" and then, having spent a few moments in idle chatter, passed on. She couldn't help wondering, tho, what was making the adorable Patsy so gloomy.

What was Patsy worried over? Well, as is the case sooner or later with all fair maids, she was worrying about a man. It was all the more remarkable because it was so unusual. Most of the time the men worried over Patsy. Bob was worrying too, but how was Patsy to know it. Hadn't she treated him shamefully? And hadn't he been awfully angry? Then how was she to know Bob was wondering if she would ever forgive him for being so angry and bitter? Of course, he never dreamed the gorgeous Patricia would give him much thought after what had occurred. She didn't generally bother about what her numerous admirers thought. They always told her. That was the trouble. They bored her.

Bob was different. Why, he was positively indifferent in his attitude at times. Wise old Bob. He had found the weak spot in her armor. He aroused her interest by hurting her vanity. Then she decided she liked him immensely. Now—"Oh, well," mused Patsy, "I guess it's all over. He doesn't love me; and I can't ask him to forgive me. If I do, he'll think I love him. But I don't! I don't!" She went to the mirror, looked at herself a long time, and said: "Patricia Selwin, you're a liar. You do love Bob; and you love him very much."

All this did not solve the problem, however. She still wondered how they could make up. It was only a few days until Christmas, and she couldn't face Bob; because she was sure he would see in her face how much she cared. Poor Patricia! She didn't know Bob's state of mind.

Christmas holidays came. So did Bob. He met her at the train in his cozy little roadster. So they rode and talked as lovers do.

Strange to say, Patsy got something for her left fourth finger, for a Christmas present. Of course all Christmas presents have seals. So Bob put it on and sealed it—perfectly.