THE ORION

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The Orion Benedictus

It is a great honor to "loose the bands of Orion" and "unbind the sweet influences" of our college magazine, and bid it God-speed upon a gracious and happy career.

It will take its place in the most beautiful Journalism of our civilization—a Journalism unpartizan, uncommercial, and bubbling forth from fountains of purity and love.

The ORION is the spontaneous conception of a college life seriously considering itself. It has come up from an interior impulse of self-expression. This is delightful to me, and I greet it with a cheer.

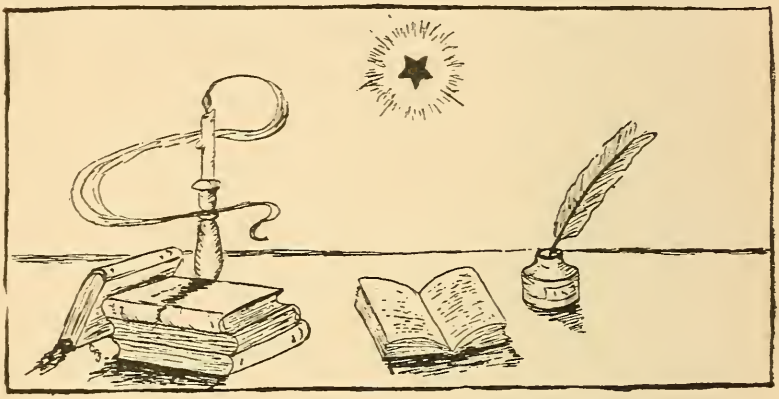
There are two organizing ideas for woman's colleges which stand in contrast. The monastic and seclusive, with repressive culture, is one; and we see it illustrated in convents and numerous institutions which deal with young ladies suspiciously and over-anxiously. The other is American, open, free, with the ideal of individual responsibility and the encouragement of individual initiative.

In Anderson College we take our stand positively on the side of expression as opposed to repression, constraint as opposed to restraint. Therefore, our college magazine is not something instituted by administrative authority. A self-governing student body ordains it. It represents the unforced intelligence of the institution.

The first issue of the magazine will not be its best number. This is the warning to the critics, but we are not ashamed of it. Its name is ORION. Its fabled suggestion is a hunter in the sky; but we do not press the fabled story too far. No remorse is attached to our ORION, for there is no blame. "The sword-bands" of our ORION are such as befit a Southern constellation. So we greet the friends of Anderson College.

Literary Department

Lura King
Emily Sullivan
Editors



MOTTO: AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

"SEEING THE GAME"

"Oooooo-Weeeeee! "Look it dot guy go." yelled the small boy who seemed to have his eye glued to the knot-hole in the fence which surrounded the local ball park.

"Whadidedo Bill?", eagerly questioned his companion, who was not so lucky in finding a place to view the game.

"Whadidedo? Why dot guy jes naturalli took the cover off dot ole ball, dat's what he done!"

Silence for a while.

"Robber! where 'r yer eyes.' A blind man could see 'e was safe a mile. Aw then—let 'em have it. We ain't no cheap sports. Here comes Matty. He will show 'em how to paste the pill. "Go to it Matty boy we're bettin' on yer!_____Gee—lookit dot ole ball!—a three bagger! I knew 'e could do it, an' look who's comin' now. He couldn't hit de moon if it come sailin' right over home plate. One strike, two_____three. Whadid I tell yer? I know

him. One on third and two out.----------Hully gee! What's de matter now?--------Pitcher sprained his wrist --------Puttin' in a new one. Don't he look green? He's our only hope.--------go to it Bobby. Yer can hit any thing he'd pitch. One ball--------two balls--------three balls. I do believe he's going ter walk Bob.--------Ball four. Take yer base. Take yer base.------Two on base an' two out. Oh! fer the spirit uv Ty Cobb. An' here comes our one an' only Big Emma.-------- Be careful Emma, the scout he looks green but yer never can tell.---- --Wow!------Got it de first shot! Home run------Oh! glory--------De game is won!

ANN MURDAUGH, '20.

THE VALUE OF AN EDUCATION.

BEFORE treating in this discussion the values of an education, we will mention briefly the three prime requisites for the attainment of an education as given by Dr. John Ellington White, in a series of talks in chapel. The first of these essentials is aspiration. Aspiration for higher things is the beginning of success; without it there is no foundation on which to build. Dr. J. L. M. Curry said that the most pitiable boy or girl in the world was not one who longed for an education and nad no opportunity to satisfy his longings, but one who had opportunities and would not take advantage of them. Our achievements are measured by our desires; if we earnestly desire an education, we are sure to realize our ambitions. It is when we are perfectly satisfied with our condition that our growth of character ceases. The neglected gift is lost, just as a part of our body would be lost if we failed to exercise and care for it.

The second requisite for an education is concentration.

Our wants should be neither vague nor uncertain; if we are to represent a factor of omnipotence, they should be for something definite.

The aims of one seeking an education should be three: first, to secure independence; second, to help produce a character; and third, to help make a life.

If we would be independent thinkers, speakers, and workers, we must have our fund of acquired knowledge so organized in our minds as to have it available in time of need. We will then be able to meet and converse with all classes of people without embarrassment. Moreover, preparedness will cure one of stage fright, and he will be able to talk in a straight line. There are few of us who will not be called upon at some time, perhaps, to talk in public; when that time comes we want to be prepared not only to talk, but to think as we stand before our audience.

Moreover, some of us may want to write magazine articles or even books. If our knowledge is carefully organized we can write easily, drawing readily from our store of information. Thought will follow thought, one idea will suggest another, if, while as students we have associated the facts we have gathered with many other facts; and have accustomed our minds to link thought unto thought. The teacher must be ready with a fund of illustrations; the lawyer must be able to pull the string attached to one idea, and, by the law of association, quickly unravel many more; the poet must be able to "link fancy unto fancy." It is only by having our knowledge thus thoroughly organized, rather than as a store of isolated facts, that it will make us independent.

Associated with our efforts to gain independence is the building of character. The development of one's powers will come to naught unless they are in the grip of character. "Reputation is what people think we are, character is what we really are." The character which we admire most is one that it well-rounded—built up in weak places, and there is something in everyone of us that is worth building on;

something worth while. Some one has said that "there is some good in the worst of us," so each one should discover the virtues that he has, and try to develop them.

An important step in the development of character is the cultivation of self-control. Self-control is to the life what the vovernors are to an engine. "He that rules his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." If we would be strong in character, and great in influence, we must, first of all, attain to perfection in self-control.

A virtue, closely related to self-control, is self-denial, which is the most practical step in the building of a successful character. Self-denial is the highest form of all virtues; the finest attribute of character. By self-denial we enter into co-operation with the higher powers, by which we develop the only character really worth while. The character, that we are daily building, is the one that will affect the life we live in the future.

A life that counts in the world, and one that is not forgotten, is one that is ennobled by service. To be fit for service we must have intellectual power. Culture is one of the most powerful weapons with which to fight the battles of life; and everyone who has this weapon is conscious of it. Whoever does not feel a pride over an inward power simply has not the power. However, the weapons we possess should be prided not for what they are, but for what they can accomplish. An education should not be considered as an end in itself; but rather as a tool in our possession for use.

M. P. A., '19.

HIS FIRST THANKSGIVING.

THE wind whistled and shrieked around the corners of the cottage, and the rain poured in merciless torrents. It was the night before Thanksgiving, and nature seemed to be trying to place in a thankful mood, all who

were blessed with a good home and fires on a night like this.

Tom Harrington came into the kitchen where his pretty young wife was cooking supper, and finishing preparation for the big turkey dinner for the next day. "Whew! but its a fearful night! Mighty glad I don't have to be out in it; if it keeps up like this, you and I'll have to eat that whole turkey by ourselves, 'cause not even a Ford could get out here in weather like this," he jokingly commented as he laid off his dripping raincoat.

Helen paused a moment: "Gracious, I never heard such wind and rain—seems like it rains harder in the country than in town," she added with a little laugh, as she picked up some wood to put in the stove.

"Here, let me do that. Women can cook, but that's enough when men're around. I'll be stoker," and he pushed her gently aside. Helen stood looking, with pride and adoration, at the strong, clear-cut face and broad shoulders of her husband. A few minutes before, Tom had looked at her with the same expression on his face, and any one could have told, at a glance, that they were perfectly devoted to each other.

"Now, let me hurry and get supper ready," she said as Tom finished his task. Tom turned to the table and was arranging the dishes, when a moment later, he heard a quick, sharp, shriek, and whirled to see Helen a mass of flames. He snatched up the table cloth, sending the dishes rattling to the floor, and threw it over her. Finally he reached the bed with her and found that she was still breathing, but oh so faint and uncertain were those breaths. A realization that he must have a doctor, and at once, in spite of the rain, caused him to seize the pistol and fire the neighborhood "help" call—two quick shots, a pause and two more. In a few minutes old Mrs. Hinds and her daughter, who lived about a hundred yards away, came rushing in, with outer coats drenched. In quick, half uttered sentences, he told them to stay while he went for the doctor, and in another moment he was on his fastest horse, racing toward

the village. He urged his faithful horse to the limit—and through the pouring rain he heard the roar of the the river that lay between him and the village. His horse, straining every nerve, seemed to be moving at a snail's pace, compared with the speed of his thoughts.

Finally he reached the river, which was on the edge of the town. Just as he reached the bridge, his horse stopped with a suddenness that almost threw him. He urged and tried to compel the horse to go on through the darkness, but in vain. The the truth dawned upon him — the bridge was gone! The heavy rains had washed it away, and a deep, narrow, swirling river swept between him and the other side. There was no other bridge for miles, and he simply must get the doctor. Helen could never live unless he did—and every second lost took that much from Helen's possibility of life. There was but one thing to do. On the other bank was a house; he must swim across, send some one from the house for the doctor, and try to fix up some sort of bridge in the meantime. He flung off his coat, and plunged into the black water. Tom was a good swimmer, but with such a swift current, it took almost superhuman strength to keep his course. Finally he reached the bank, but a cry broke from him when he realized that in the darkness he had been turned about and had come back to the same side. A second time he plunged in, but for a moment it seemed that he simply couldn't go on in his exhaustion, and the swift current trying to take him under. But by sheer force of will, he, at length reached the other side. Breathless, and almost senseless, he gained the house. A boy was sent for the doctor, and Tom, his strength having been restored by a cup of hot coffee, began to contrive a way to make a bridge. A long, strong, ladder was found, and with an old man's help, they managed, by using ropes and boards, to place the ladder across the river. Then boards were laid across the ladder. Every now and then, they stopped and listened for the boy and the doctor, but no one came; the bridge was finished,

and still the doctor did not come. After endless minutes they arrived; the doctor had left a very sick patient and had intended to return shortly, but on hearing of the seriousness of Helen's condition, sent the boy for an old woman to take care of his patient, while he went to Helen.

By the aid of lanterns, Tom and Dr. Browne crept cautiously across the narrow slippery bridge, mounted Tom's horse and sped towards home.

As they hurried on, Tom told the doctor of the accident —he did not know how it happened, but he knew that the flames had covered her, and had almost claimed her for their own. Just as they stepped on the porch, the door was opened by Mrs. Hinds, and Tom's eyes asked the question before his lips could form the words.

"She's still breathin'—but—." Tom had led the doctor on in to where the still form lay. In an instant, the doctor was busy, and giving curt commands to Tom, which were carried out by him in a dazed, mechanical way. After an hour of strenuous work, the Doctor sat down to watch, and told Tom to go get on dry clothes and try to sleep a little. He obeyed, or at least tried to, but who could sleep when one so dear as Helen was at death's door? His sleep was not sleep, but one dreadful dream after another; he awoke after each one, to see if the awful dream were true, or if Helen was still breathing; and so it kept on until the first tints of morning began to appear. He entered the room and sat near the bed, the doctor did not look up, but sat, as he had all night, watching every movement of the figure on the bed.

As the morning grew lighter and lighter, the doctor's face lost some of its anxious look—and once he heaved a deep sigh, as if he were almost sure there was hope. The quiet figure on the bed moved again, a very little, but the doctor looked more relieved. Then just as the big, red, sun looked over the horizon into the little room, she stirred again, and her lips formed the one word *"Tom"*, and it was Thanksgiving Day, the first real Thanksgiving Day that Tom had ever experienced.

L. K., '17.

"BALLAD OF THE HONEYSUCKLE."

I dreamed of wondrous palaces,
And longed therein to bloom;
I dreamed of stately corridors
And bowers to perfume.

And so I hid behind a mate,
A lily white was she,
And to a palace with her went,
Adventure great for me!

Alas the dream! Alas the day!
A slender hand and fair
There pulled me from the costly vase,
And thrust me on the air.

I fell upon a flagstone cold,
Beneath that window high
And thought me there to wilt and fade
E'er anyone came nigh.

But soon I heard a lissome step,
And warm hands placed me near
A gentle maiden's beating heart,
And then I lost all fear.

She took me to a thatch-ed hut,
And by the door there planted.
No happier life could I have sought,
Nor e'er to me been granted.

I now embrace the old hut's roof,
A bower I have made,
And oft from there I look adown
Upon our wild, sweet glade.

I sometimes see trim terraces,
Bright flower-gardens laid,
But not for all their state and pride
Would I exchange my sister-maid.

ON FEET.

SOME of us use our feet to dance gaily and joyfully through life, others use them to skip awhile then silently stroll, and still others use them to stumble from one rough place to another. It matters little how we use them when we consider how absolutely necessary they are!

Although shoes tend to hide some defects of the feet and accentuate others, we are able to discern the nature of different feet and well do we know that feet are extremely characteristic of the individual. We have but to gaze upon the flat, broad, massive, bunion-laden, ill-shaped foot, and, instantly we possess a mental picture of 'Policeman O' Hooligan around the corner; we look at the short, chubby, square-toed foot, and immeditely we see the school boy slowly sauntering to his world of pedagogy and "lickin's;" we let our eyes yearningly linger on the small trim foot encased in its frail expensive pump, and we see the pretty debutante hastening to the dance and so on.

After gazing at these and many other similar spectacles, the question comes to mind, "What would we do without feet?" We have seen people trudge along Life's Highway even though their bodies be minus several of their members, but never have we seen one manage to "keep the pace," if he be minus his feet. Take away the different parts of the feet—one can easily wiggle and waddle along with a fallen instep, with only a few toes, and even if he has the appearance of possessing no ankle, the feet are there just the same, and so they must be. When one is without eyes the feet are required to perform double duty, to see the way, as it were, and to walk the way; when without hands, certainly we have seen marvelous instances of the usefulness and activity of the feet. Oh! feet are necessary evils! "Evils", because often we're led into dangerous paths by obeying an urgent impulse and using these feet to deliver a much needed kick. It is said that one has to have a certain degree of sorrow in his

life, and in this case our feet are a great aid; then too, if we're to preserve that ever significant expression "cold feet," we've just got to possess feet.

What would the world of fashion do without feet? It is necessary that she possess something other than cloven hoofs to don her latest mode in hose and foot gear. Yes, she must have feet! They are the articles required to exhibit the latest styles in heavy or sheer silk embroidered, striped, or clock-laden hose, morning pumps, afternoon French heels, walking boots, evening beaded satins and the most up-to-date cuts, patches and freaks in the new shoe. Dame Vogue must have feet! Consider the famous artist sculptor or painter. If he desire to portray the gods and goddesses of mythology, or even any of "The 400" he must permit them to possess lovely, dainty, soft and white, small expressive treaders, or his work and efforts will count and for naught.

Let us yet linger in the celestial sphere of art and reflect on the poet. How often does the man of letters refer to the pedals of the fair sex as for instance, "the patter of tiny feet," and "female foot-steps approaching on horseback." Then for the poet also are feet necessary!

The comedian too must have his feet. What a vast measure of jokes we would miss were it not for those dealing with "the quickest way to heat cold feet is on a nice warm back."

The dancer must have her shapely, carefully cared for, lovingly massaged, and manicured, and technically trained feet, or what would become of the millions thrown at them.

After repeating the nursery rhyme, "This Little Pig," often the only delight of the young babe is to be allowed to play with its little tiny toesies. Think of the economy of this in such cases no toys are necessary. I repeat feet are necessary.

Scientists say that gradually our race will become a toothless, eyeless and hairless tribe; we all agree to bear

these afflictions heroically if we have their promise that we will still retain our feet.

MARIE NELSON, '18.

WORDSWORTH'S NATURE CHILDREN.

IT is said that two main characteristics of the "new spirit" which heralded Romanticism into English Literature were, return to nature and love for children. Among the typical writers of his immediate age, we see the first combination of nature children in the poetry of William Wordsworth. He was not the first to love and write of nature, nor the first to recognize the nobility of humble life, but nowhere else de wo find such creations as his children of nature.

Probably the primary influence in his life, resulting in a treatment of nature children, was that of the teachings of Rousseau. Rousseau's "Emile" set forth the author's idea of the "Noble Savage," and his belief that "social institutions make a conventional being, and nature makes a man," and that therefore children should be reared absolutely by nature and under natural control. We find an expression of this in the third book of "The Prelude," where Wordsworth, not content with college life as he found it at Cambridge, longed for "a primeval grove_____a habitation sober and demure for ruminating creatures;" in other words, "a sanctuary for our country's youth." He thus looked on nature as the best teacher, and it grieved his heart to "think what man has made of man". He regarded those "presences of Nature in the sky and on the earth" as his own first and greatest teachers, which finally became the "guardian of my heart and soul of all my moral being." He thought Nature had her own "tender scheme of teaching comprehension with de-

light." From the first he "held unconscious intercourse with beauty."

"Ye winds and sounding cataracts!
Ye mountains and ye lakes! If in my youth
I have been pure in heart and contented
With my own modest pleasures, have lived
With God and Nature communing--the gift is yours."

And again:

"By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up the human soul."

Nature was for his children, as for him, also Mother, Brother and Friend; he spoke of his own "observation of affinities in objects" and the "fellowship vouchsafed" to him. In the "Lucy" poems, Nature took "Lucy" for her own, was to her "law and impulse," gave her the fawn's happiness and sportiveness, the stateliness and dignity of the clouds, the grace of the willows, the "calm of mute insensate things;" and a "beauty born of murmuring sound passed into her face." In rocks, glades and bowers and all nature, she felt "an overseeing power to kindle or restrain." He could see in the Highland girl, as a result of Nature's teaching,

"Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence."

She wore on her forehead the "freedom of the mountaineer," and with her natural surroundings she seemed "like something fashioned in a dream."

Wordsworth himself was quiet and reserved and of inconspicious appearance, and therefore it was in accord with his personality that he should draw great lessons from the humble things which would escape the notice of many people. He selected the smallest and most insignificant flowers of which to write.

"There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine."

"---------- there's not a place,

Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee."

He found in a daisy

"The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds."

Just as he wrote thoughtfully on the primrose, celandine, daisy and periwinkle, so the most modest and unassuming characters took hold upon his genius. The mere sight of a "solitary Highland lass" cutting and binding grain gave him great joy. His typical nature-child, "Lucy" was "a violet by a mossy stone, half-hidden frcm the eye," and one who "lived unknown."

These children did not live entirely in the open places, however; they knitted stockings, hemmed kerchiefs, carried lanterns, and turned wheels beside English fires. It seemed to be their very natures to have intercourse with the little, common, everyday things.

Later Wordsworth laid more emphasis on what he called "all-soulness." In "Intimations of Immortality" he remembered the radiance that lingered on everything he beheld when a child, and thenceforth clothed the children of his brain in "trailing clouds of glory," attributing this unworldliness of the child to a faint remembrance of the palaces and wonders left to come to earth. Looking back, we realize that this change in attitude was not sudden, and that there was a certain spirituality in his first nature chidlren. In "To a Highland Girl," he saw

"The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
And Thee, the spirit of them all."

The wonderful charm of "Lucy," in the "Lucy" poems, was but the outward expression of her "soul's immensity." With her trusting, fearless little heart, the "simple child" taught a man the fact of Immortaliy. "Lucy Gray," still another child, was herself deathless; for even after having been lost, some said she yet lived; this was an indication of the soul-life of her.

In Mrs. Browning's works we find somewhat of the

same thought—that divinity is the dominating quality of the child. Of the sleeping baby she said, "Now he hears angel voices" and "folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do." For childhood,

"Birds sing like angels so mystical fine,
And cedars are brushing archangels' feet,
And time is eternity and love is divine."

It is in her "Cry of the Children," however, that we encounter the keynote of distinction between the attitudes of the two poets toward child-life. Wordsworth saw children only in the beautiful, free Lake District, where every turn revealed a view to delight a child and inspire a poet's soul. He considered the child entirely apart from its worldly relations, for it was his firm belief that "the world is too much with us." Mrs. Browning evidently knew city life thoroughly. Her plea for the children of the streets, coal-mine and factory has a more powerful effect on the reader than her observation of mere child-beauty. These weeping children, who are "seeking Death in life as best to have," on being told to leave the city and seek Nature, reply: "If we cared for any meadows it were merely to drop down in them and sleep." When every young thing in the world is playing in the sunshine, their souls with the mighty wheels "spin on blindly in the dark." They are "slaves without the liberty of Christdom"; they ask, "Who is God?" He will not answer their pitiful charm, "Our Father;" "he is speechless as a stone." God's being and existence is "taught by his world's loving and the children doubt of each." What a world of heart-rending pathos she painted for us in these lines!

Wordsworth's children had already inculcated in their natures all the majesty, glory, and joy in life; nothing could be added. Mrs. Browning's "little outcasts from life's fold" were "wronged too commonly to strain after right or wish or wonder." The quiet Englishman interpreted to us the all-soulness" of children; he, a nature child, gave them some of his own personality, explained them by

introspection. The tender mother-heart saw all the wonder and also felt the pain to which this innocent divinity was oftentimes subjected by the unfeeling world. Her view was wider, she was altruistic, and understood that for the very reason of their immortality, child-souls should not be trampled on, and made to cry out in sobs that "in the silence curse deeper than the strong man in his wrath." Wordsworth saw only the child and the qualities thus represented. Mrs. Browning beheld indeed the present loveliness, but more than this, the man behind the child; and seemed to visualize all the infinite possibilities held written in each tiny palm.

Modern thought links these ideas together. We realize that a little child has virtues for which it is well to strive; we hold him as a model of humility and spontaneous love, joy and trust. At the same time when we look upon him, we see not what he is, but what he is to be. We know that much care and infinite pains are to be taken to enable him to lead his life to "sovereign power." Wordsworth has impressed it upon us that Nature is one of our best aids. It is a curious fact, yet none the less true, that though Wordsworth's standpoint did not admit of progress—for he, like Emerson, had a law which was perfect for himself, but which could not be applied to all mankind—yet we, a nation whose very symbol is progress, appreciate, love and honor him for it. This is because he showed us, through the medium of his nature-children, that the child is a message to us from God, and thereby revealed a fundamental reason for progress. For we conclude that we must continually put forth our best efforts for the child's sake; and the result of such an exalting purpose is advancement not only in thought, but in all life.

MARY R. RILEY, '17.

A "POET'S" DILEMMA.

Although, I'm no poet, and all of you know it,
I'll try to do as I'm told;
I'll pick up my pen with which to begin
My song to you to unfold.

I suppose it would seem that already my theme
Is plainly in my sight;
But somehow in my mind, I fail to find
A subject on which to write.

I try as I moan; I sigh as I groan;
All hope has left my heart
So, with a sad bow, I leave you all now,
And take myself to depart.

R. H., '18.

IS ATTENTION A RESULT OR A CONDITION OF TEACHING?

THERE are a number of vital questions being discussed by present day educational writers, some of which are far-reaching and fundamental in their influence upon our educational ideals. The problem of attention as it has to do with school activity is most vital and the one that most concerns the teacher.

The ability to attend, to concentrate, and to focus one's thoughts, is a characteristic of consciousness, that divine gift which separates man from the lower orders of the animal world. It is this gift, surely, that makes him only "a little lower than the angels."

Concentrated attention gives mental efficiency, and mental efficiency means power. The difference in the mental ability of childhood and that of adult life is chiefly a difference in the power to attend. The difference between the inferior man, who thinks fate unkind, and the

really great man is the difference in the power of concentrated attention over against a power which is fleeting, transient, and uncontrollable, " a chain of welded links," the one, "a rope of sand" the other. The great man has learned to attend, to direct to an end the possibilities of his consciousness. History and biography are full of such characters. Darwin, Pasteur, Tennyson, Gladstone and Lincoln are folio types of mankind, who by their unusual powers to attend have projected their lives far into the realms of the infinite, through their prodigious works. Great writers, thinkers, philosophers, rulers, and soldiers owe their greatness, in a large part, to their quickness and power to attend. It is said that Napoleon, when in the face of defeat in Egypt, his soldiers fatigued and losing, turned to the pyramids nearby and said: "Soldiers, fight! forty centuries look down upon you." Napoleon had grasped the situation, he was attending, he caused his soldiers to attend, and the world knows the result of that battle.

The power to arouse, to awaken, to inculcate attention in the child, is the *sine qua non* of the learning process, and hence of all teaching. Attention is the power that makes possible all learning and without it there can be no teaching, worthy of the name. The true teacher will secure it, howsoever he may, at the outset for he knows that an attempt at teaching, with the hope of afterwards securing attention, will usually result in failure.

With consciousness, attention is ever present, we are always attending to something, and it is that something with which the teacher is concerned. Attention is a fleeting, transient attribute of conscious life, never clinging very long to any one subject or object of thought. Upon these two facts the successful teacher bases his instruction. The teacher punishes the youngster for inattention, when that little vandal was giving his highest possible attention, not to the lesson in hand perhaps, but to a more interesting field of action—a passing street musician with his music

box and monkey. Was it altogether his fault that the youngster attended to the outside music and the dancing monkey rather than to the battle described in the history class and to prosaic dates and dead heroes? He is a semi-barbarian, in truth. It is only the interesting, the pleasurable that will hold him. As yet, he knows nothing of incentive, of sacrificing the present for the future and remote end, and less than nothing of ideals; all of which are able to hold the attention of his older brother.

His interest must be held, his insatiable curiosity satisfied to a degree, but a long uninteresting history lesson has little chance of accomplishing so gigantic a task. But that history lesson can be made to interest him, and those heroes relive, as he, in his imagination, fights the battle side by side with them. And what is the requisite for bringing life and enthusiasm into that lesson? It lies within the teacher, he must have that essential characteristic which marks the great man from the mediocre, namely, personality. He knows the nature of the child, that he seeks variety and change, and like all humanity loves pleasure. He is a bundle of curiosity, and an eternal question mark. From these very traits the instructor has arranged his plan of campaign and laid his platform. He knows where to open, to let up and to close the flood gates of attention, and this is the open sesame to his success.

The apostle Paul gives us a splendid example of good teaching, by an incident recorded while at Athens, the centre of pagan culture and of idolatry. He knew that the citizens held the greatest reverence for their gods, he was, therefore, able to discover quickly the basic principle of their interest. He begins his discourse by reference to an altar and its inscription "To an Unknown God." He knew what was uppermost in their hearts and minds, and by this knowledge he secured their attention, leading them by skillful art from what they knew to an understanding of what they did not know. He led them from an unknown god to the true God. The life of the greatest teacher of

mankind is full of such instances of securing attention. He asked water of the Samaritan woman at the well, leading her from the subject of a drink of water to that of "the water of life," thus breaking down the barriers of race. To those whose interests clustered about flocks he was the good shepherd, to those who were ill he was the Great Physician.

Interest plays a great part in what we attend to. The child attends only to the interesting, and even in the adult, with his voluntary control of attenion, there is a struggle between what he wills to attend and what he would like to attend. Some one has defined interest as "that attitude of the soul to the things which for some reason of its past experience cares to call its own." The successful teacher secures attention by teaching in harmony with the interests of the soul. He begins not with the unknown and abstract, but leads toward these from the known and concrete. He leads the child from the love of the pleasurable, the interesting, to the ideals of life, when one attenus to achieve his ideal, and thereby strengthens his character and shapes his destiny.

Through all these stages we see attention is an essential to a condition of learning. Without learning there is no true teaching. The teacher is squandering if he is trying to teach without first having secured attention. Shakespeare tells us: "The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark where neither is attended." So it is with teaching, it makes little difference how much or how little the instructor knows, if he does not first know how to secure attention.

The question arises, can attention be both a condition and a result of teaching? It is like The House That Jack Built, attention is both the condition of and result of teaching. The requisite and result merge into each other in an eternal cycle, and so closely and gradually, that the line of demarcation is indistinct and not clearly defined. The teacher, by his magnetism, his personality and his

vast knowledge demands attention, holds it, and thus his pupils soon come to attend habitually. When he has secured attention his Hereculean task is lightened, because the burden lies no longer at his feet to be grappled with. He has made possible, he has brought about the right conditions and "as night follows day" he will get the results. In conditions he obtained attention; in results he will get it.

And how? Emerson tells us that "there needs to be but one wise man in a company, and they are all wise, so rapid is the contagion." And again, we revert to the teacher's personality, which is like unto the hub of a great wheel, the spokes of which are the different ways and means by which he has drawn the attention of his class to a strong and mighty focalization. It may be done in different ways, as a teacher of youths, he appeals to their interest and to their animal spirits by the pleasant, and on through the different stages of life in various and sundry ways, until that desired state, that highly divined state of attention—that of attending to achieve an ideal—is reached. Yet all these stages depend upon the personality of the teacher. It is his ideals and character that are going to permeate his class-room. Each and every member will carry away in his makeup, his teachers' ideals, which he has, by the unlimited receptivity of soul and by contagion, imbibed from him, and which will add another layer in the strata of each life.

There are a number of factors that enter into the teaching process, all of which contribute to the sum total. As we come to think through these different factors we are impressed with the fact that it is well nigh impossible to speak in terms of exactitude as to the part that attention plays in the teaching process. It does seem, however, that it serves a dual relation, figuring both as a condition and a result of teaching.

MARGARET BYRUM.—'17.

HE THAT LOSETH.

For the first time in his life, Jean lay on his back and regarded the stars. He did not know that they had been called the poetry of Heaven; nor, knowing, would he have understood. They drew his eyes because they looked so calm and peaceful, and because they were new to him. There was a tiny one right over his head that he liked especially; it winked at him in such a friendly way, as if for his amusement, that once a faint smile crossed his face. A smile was almost a stranger to Jean's face, and when it fled so quickly, the rough features were brought into startling prominence; the gray, peering eyes, almost green in the half-darkness; the long nose, crooked just a little at the bridge; the matted, uncut hair, which matched in color the thick black beard hiding the thin-lipped mouth and receding chin; and, running diagonally along the left cheek, a white scar. If you repeated this description to a citizen in a certain little village, Barce, adding that the shoulders were stooped, the arm's long, hands and feet very big, you would be informed that it "most certainly was Jean Moireau. Yes, the shopkeeper. And—ah—citizen! mind when you go there. Jean is but an upstart—came from the streets. He believes nobody, he watches one, he weighs too closely. Eh! not one jot would he give! Still—he is poor, and precious little does he make from the shop. He lives in one room behind—allows none else to enter—only the saints know how he does get along. And his eyes, M'sieu,—keener than an eagle's. The scar," and he would trace on his own left cheek the direction taken by Jean's scar, "— he received the blow in a fight with someone who tried to steal. What a fight it was! Jean killed him, too." Then your friend, the citizen would go on his way thinking how completely he had outlined Jean's character for you.

Now, Jean's little shop in Barce was closed. Not for six months had he rung coins on the counter to see whether

they were genuine. And he was lying out here on the edge of this great shadowy forest not far from the dusty road that wound over the hill in the distance and lost itself somewhere on the other side. And he was looking at the stars. It did seem that he ought to get up and go home, or to some place where the night dew would not fall on him. But you see Jean's back was hurt, and he *must* lie where he was. Yesterday he had wrenched it badly doing some trenching that must be completed in a very short time; but thinking it would soon stop hurting, he had mentioned it to no one. Today it had seemed better, until a little while ago, when he stumbled, rolled down a knoll and found that he could not get up. It pained him so that he finally realized the necessity of having some diversion. First, he tried digging little holes in the loose sand within easy reach of his big hairy fists; but the twisting somehow got to his back and made it worse than ever.

Then his roving glance was caught and held by the tiny twinkling star. He watched it, and the next one and the next one and on and on until he gasped to behold what myriads shone in the Heavens; so he kept on looking. Anything to keep his eyes away from the ground! For the road was strewn with men—men who once were tall and strong and brave, but who now lay motionless. Jean, for all his natural indifference, could not bear to think of them. Yes, Jean had come to war. Why? Even Jean himself hardly knew. Perhaps it was because trade was getting very very poor; perhaps because he knew he would soon have to give up the little shop; perhaps—oh, any reason would do. The thing was that he was here and he saw no way out. At first he had felt sure that the surgeons would find him and these other men right away; but the fierce battle had drawn the army further on and deeper into the small wilderness, and nobody came. There was now not a sound, not an echo of firing, the rushing of many feet had ceased and all was still—so still Jean wanted to wear his very lungs out shouting; but after the first few feeble attempts

he gave up, for it racked his body sorely. He thought though, that morning would see him cared for comfortably, so he lay still and tried, since he could do nothing else, to be patient. And the stars helped a great deal. He became interested in the varied "colors," the different sorts of twinkles, the fascinatingly odd groups in which they were arranged.

Always, however, his eyes come back to rest on the small friendly one, which was in the very center of the heavens. It must know just how he felt; anyway, he was pleased to think that it did. The star reminded him of something—something vague and elusive that he could not define. What was it? In his search he went over the only ground that belonged to him—his past life. Certainly it was nowhere in the last thirty years. That had been one eternal, endless drudge and fight for existence. His thoughts jumped to his childhood. No, nothing there. He could not remember a mother; far, far back in his mind there was the faintest picture of an old lady; but his most vivid memories were of hard whippings, and nights spent in empty boxes out on the streets—he wondered now how he had ever lived thru' it all. Boyhood had been—wait, wait! here it was! What was that about going along a great white street one day and seeing—oh yes! he saw a tall handsome youth in the uniform of France. That was it. For days the figure of the young soldier stayed before him and made him want to be straight, strong, and worthy to wear such clothes and such a medal, which someone said, was given for the saving of a comrade. Slowly gradually, however, it all faded, and he was, as before the common street-urchin forced to "look out" for himself. And now, he knew not why, this star, so far above everything and yet so friendly to a poor fellow, brought back the picture of the soldier.

This introspection was unusual for Jean and wearying. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep. But sleep would not come. Jean discovered that his throat was rough and

dry. There was no water. What should he do? He attempted to forget by winking back at the star, but every minute his tongue felt larger and rougher, his throat smaller and dryer. He moved his arms, so the pain in his back would make thirst seem insignificant; and a triumphant feeling was his when his left arm, outstretched, nearly touched his head. There lay his reward—a canvas canteen. Cautiously, carefully, lest the mouth might be open and let any water out, he brought it closer, shaking it gently. Yes! he could hear the water "slosh—sloshing" against the sides. He removed the cork and lifted the canteen to his burning mouth.

"Water—water"——there came a faint groan before Jean had time to feel the cool water trickle down his throat. He lowered the canvas vessel.

"Who is it?" his gruff voice asked.

It is—I,—Pierre," answered the voice on Jean's left. "Oh, give me water."

"I can't," said Jean. "My back is hurt and I can't reach you." Again he lifted the canteen—but the sight of the star stopped him. Its twinkle seemed to be saying, "Think! Think! Think!" He answered it angrily. Why should he have to think about anything when he was almost dying for a drink of water? It was not *his* fault that Pierre was wounded and wanted water. Why should *he* have to care for anyone but himself? He looked away, but the star was persistent—he could see it from the corner of his eye no matter how he turned his head. And it kept saying "Think! Think!" until Jean, almost against his will, acknowledged that one day Pierre had befriended him. Jean had never known what it was to have a friend—he was as stingy with his "likes" as he was generous with his "dislikes"—and when Pierre was kind, Jean did not understand.

His rebellious thoughts were checked, his eyes widened and fixed themselves on the star. It was taking the form of a round, yellow thing—finally he recognized it as a flash-

ing disc, a medal! Just such a medal as the soldier wore so proudly. Jean's old desire came back to him, all the stronger for its long rest. Perhaps there was enough water for both of them—they would both be saved, and Jean would have a golden ornament fastened on *his* breast —for saving a comrade. Listening attentively he gave the canteen a little shake; the throaty gurgle made him think it was about half full. Now, the question was, who should have the first drink? Naturally he thought of himself. But then, suppose he should start and not be able to stop until it was all gone? Pierre would die, and the chance of winning the medal would be lost. He might give it to Pierre first, for he could keep *him* from drinking too much; then, too, he himself would enjoy the water all the more for having waited.

His mind made up, he set about rising. He braced his arm as best he could and started to get up, leaning on it, but his back seemed broken right in the middle and it could not stand the strain. He fell back. The canteen dropped; the water poured out on the ground. With alarm Jean saw; the pain was excruciating but he turned over, reaching for the water with his tongue. It was of no use. The ground was even dryer than his throat, and it drank greedily. Again he sank back; he raised his eyes to the star and, tho' he did not know it, prayed. With a sudden hope he grasped the canteen and shook it again. Yes, there was the tiniest crystal murmur. But as its coolness neared his parched lips, he remembered Pierre.

There was another struggle. No man can describe what went on in poor Jean's mind. It was a fight between the two sides of his nature, and he had been hardly acquainted with even one. He realized that there was to be no medal. He must decide now which, Jean or Pierre, was to live. Perhaps he thought the nurses would find them in a little while; perhaps he hated the idea of going back to the old, sordid, relentless life; perhaps—perhaps indeed the tiny germ of—shall we call it so? — divinity,

which lies at the bottom of every man's soul whether dormant or active, came to life in Jean.

Crawling more slowly than a snail, painfully pulling his wretched body over the blinding, choking dust, he reached Pierre. Pierre's eyes were closed, his teeth clinched. Jean managed somehow to force open the mouth and pour in the precious draught. Then he lay face downward, his head on his arm, and groaned. The star was not a medal now, but a *real* cross of glory, a thing most wonderful in its quivering life and dazzling brilliancy. Once he rolled over and saw it.

In the morning they found Pierre, weak but alive. He would not leave, he said, until they cared for Jean and made him comfortable. They found Jean and beheld on his face a peaceful, almost joyful half-smile. Jean was comfortable. He understood.

MARY R. RILEY, '17.

THANKSGIVING.

Make haste chilluns, git dat
work done,
Us gwine to leave in de mornin' fo de
risin' ob de sun.
Whut! where's us gwine did youse
say?
Lorsy child, don't you know tomorrer's
Thanksgivin Day?
Us is gwine to your grandad's where
de yellow yams grow;
Dere's miles ob dem planted, row
arter row.
Hit doan matter much if de shack
am old,
And de wind outside am freezin'
cold,

Us'll make up a fire roarin'
hot
An' bile 'bout a bushel ob taters
in de pot,
And dem pumpkins! us shore gwine
to hab a pie
And eat all ye wants chilluns,
dis so ye don't die.
Dar goodness! dere's sumthin' else
us gwine ter hab too,
A good biled turkey wid de boney
parts in de stew.
Now Rastus Brown you kin dis quit
rollin' dem eyes
Fo' dis as shore as de sun am shinin'
in de skies,
Us is gwine to do jes whut
I say,
Cause child, didn't you know
tomorrer's Thanksgivin' Day?

ANNA FLORIDE PRUITT.

MARY ANN OF PINE KNOB MOUNTAIN.

IT was dawn in Sunrise Valley, and the rusty hinges creaked dolefully as Mary Ann pushed the door shut after her as she tiptoed out into the rosy splendor of a new day. As soon as she was a safe distance from the cabin, she gave vent to her feelings in an old song of the mountain folk, as she skipped lightly down the hill. When she neared the tiny rivulet that flowed at its foot a little grey squirrel bounded from a limb of an old pine to her shoulder, and chattered a good morning to her in squirrel fashion.

"Good morning, Jimsey, how thoughtful of you to leave your little bed so early in the morning to climb Pine

Knob with me. Do you know, little pal, that I am the happiest girl in the valley today, and why, pray, should I not be? I've told you at least a thousand times in the last week that I am going to Bell City today, but maybe you had forgotten it. Had you Jimsey?" and she stroked the soft grey fur affectionately.

On and on went Mary Ann, her twisted curls shining like gold in the first rays of the sun—leaping lightly over a grey boulder here, stooping under the low hanging branches of a tree there, but never for the fraction of a minute did her conversation with Jimsey show signs of lagging, until she reached her favorite nook—Pine Knob Spring.

"Here we are, Jimsey, and we got to talk fast, 'cause I've got to be back to the cabin in a little while."

"Tell me, Jimsey, just one more time, ain't yer goin' to miss me?" at which remark Jimsey bounded down from her shoulder and giving her one long, reproachful glance, he climbed nimbly to the topmost branch of the tallest pine, and curled up into a little grey ball and went to sleep.

"Oh, well, you don't love me like I do you, Jimsey, that's quite plain, or you wouldn't leave me like this on my last day at home. But there," she added in a dreamy sort of tone, as she dropped over on the mossy carpet at her feet and peered at her own face in the clear ltitle spring, "maybe I oughtn't to blame you so much for that, 'cause ye're only a squirrel, and yer can't know how to love much hard, can yer, Jimsey? And there's your little grey wife and the two little Jimsey's fer yer to love, and I ain't got nobody but Ma and Pa, and they can't never understand and love me very much. Why Jimsey, they say I ain't like none o' the rest o' the mountain folk, and that I am a disgrace to the family with my notions of learnin,' jest 'cause I don't say "hain't hit" and "kaze" like Ma and Pa does. But I went to school to Miss Jenny Max for a whole year and a half, and now I'm goin' down to Bell City today to live with her and go to school. They say as how

she's got a fine home in Bell City, and that she just came up here to teach because she wanted to get away from the city and everybody. Well, she's done sent for me now, and Pa said I could go; but he don't see no use in it, he says. I'll show him there's use in it tho', you'll see, Jimsey Boy. Come on now, the sun's just an hour up and Ma'll be callin' me," and leaning over the spring she scooped up the sparkling water between her two little nut-brown hands and drank for the last time from Pine Knob spring. Then in answer to her frantic gestures, Jimsey hopped blithely down from limb to limb 'till he reached the lowest one, from whence he jumped to Mary Ann's shoulder, and together they went to the cabin. "Goodbye, Jimsey, goodbye, little grey friend, don't forget your Mary Ann! Do you hear me?" She called after Jimsey as he dived into the hole in the old oak by the riverlet.

"Yes, Ma, I'm comin," she answered in reply to the shrill tones of her mother to "come on to the cabin"—

"Hain't you done knowd that hits time fer yer to git off!? Tain't no use fer her to go now as I see," she muttered to herself as she went about preparing Mary Ann's lunch which she was to eat, "jes fo' she lef' Silver Creek station." "Pa, whut fer did yer say she could go to Bell City and how," she questioned Mary Ann's father, as he set the brimming milk pail on the rough pine table.

"Well, Ma, I low as now she done got her head set on goin', and she ain't lack none of the rest of us, you know, and she low as she's gotter go—I can't see no good of it though; can't see no good of it," he mumbled more to himself than to his wife.

Two summers had passed over Sun Rise Valley since Mary Ann left, and still she didn't return. True, old Ma Matthews had received some word from Mary Ann every few weeks, and she always wrote of coming home sometime "before so very long," but she never said just when.

Then one day Pa Matthews was struck by a falling tree in the lumber camp up the valley, and Ma Matthews

was left all alone in the cabin, with only the neighbors, who were few in number, to comfort her, and care for the field of corn and the "still." No word of all this reached Mary Ann, who since her coming to Bell City had grown into a beautiful woman, studious and honored in the little college of which she was a member.

She had become quiet and more thoughtful of late. This her comrades could not understand, for Mary Ann was the life of the little school. But Miss Jenny Max understood. She alone knew that the package of letters addressed in a masculine hand and tied with a bit of blue ribbon was now a little heap of grey ashes, and that the old carpet bag was packed with all Mary Ann's world possessions.

The next day Mary Ann bade farewell to Bell City, and no one save Miss Jenny, knew that she had gone—not even the girls or the sender of the package of letters. Why should he know? Was he not the cause of her leaving? Indeed he should never know that she had cared enough to leave. Her dreams of a dear little cottage on Pine Knob and all that went with it could never be realied, for she was not as good as he was, so his mother, the society leader of Bell City, had said: "The very idea of a mountain girl—the daughter no doubt of a moonshiner—presuming for one minute that she could go with the son of the Honorable Charles A. Montague, and that all his silly talk of marriage could be taken seriously!" Mary Ann repeated this over and over to herself as she traveled toward the blue outline of mountains in the distance. "Oh well, Mrs. Charles A. Montague should never again have cause to call her 'presuming,' but it was hard—very hard to leave everything. Could Mrs. Montague have been correct in her surmise that Chas. H. Montague, Jr. had never been serious with her—was he not to be trusted? Yes," she told herself again and again. She would not—she could not believe him false. She would go back where she belonged, and draw healing from the mountains. They had

never failed her in time of trouble, and they would not now. Perhaps Jimsey's descendants would sympathize with her for Jimsey's sake; and her mother—no she never could tell her mother—she would not understand—she never did. She would tell Pa Matthews tho'. Yes, she believed she could make him understand. She would have to tell somebody that was certain. These were the thoughts that chased each other through her brain as the train puffed up the mountain.

"Silver Creek station—all out at Silver Creek station —this train goes back to Bell City," called the porter in lusty and unsympathetic tones.

There was a scuffle among the few passengers for their hats, bags and boxes, and then as the little train came to a standstill with a final protesting snort, everyone rushed for the platform—all save one—she stared at the seat in front of her and did not move a muscle; but she was fighting—indeed the fiercest battle of her life was being waged.

Would she get off and go back in Si Perkins' old, rickety wagon to the mountains and the old cabin, or would she go back with the little train to Bell City and——everything she loved?

"Missey, ain't yer gonter git out, we don't go no further up into the mountains? This train goes back to Bell City," inquired the perplexed conductor.

Mary Ann started—"Why, yes, no, is this Silver Creek? Yes, I'm going to get off here." And gathering her belongings she hurried out and down to the little station platform, just as the bell for leaving rang out a goodbye to the Silver Creek folk.

It was late afternoon when Mary Ann finally emerged into the little clearing at the foot of Pine Knob. She had sent the wagon back when she was within two miles of the cabin, saying she wanted to walk home.

The two windows of the cabin were closed, but the door stood slightly ajar, and as she drew near she could

hear low mumblings, punctuated here and there by a deep groan. She dropped her bag, sprang up the steps, and pushed open the old door that hung on one very rusty hinge.

"Mumsey, Mumsey, whats the matter? Are you very ill? Where's Pa," she cried as she fell on her knees by the bed and gathered the weak, wrinkled, old woman into her strong arms.

"Why Baby," muttered Ma Matthews. Mary Ann had not called her Mumsey since she was a tiny, curly headed baby.

"My little Mary Ann done come back ter take kere of yer old Mumsey, eh Baby. My, how yer is changed since yer been to Bell City!" And slowly and painfully she released herself from Mary Ann's encircling arms, and sat up in bed. "Why Mary Ann, girl didn't ye knowed yer Pa is dead? I told Si Perkins to send yer word." And amid a flow of tears, she told of the accident, and how she had been "abed wid misery in her back, wid only Sue Jones ter tend her fer nigh onter two weeks." During this narrative of woe Mary Ann stared wide eyed and unbelieving at her mother. Not one time during the telling of it did she give vent to her feelings; but when the weak little mother finally fell back exhausted on the pillow, Mary Ann flung her arms across the bed and wept—nor could she be comforted.

"Oh! Mumsey, Mumsey, and I not here with you," she sobbed again and again.

Sue Jones suddenly thrust her head in the door and as suddenly withdrew it. "Oh! de poor leetle lamb, de poor leetle lamb," she exclaimed. "I hain't gonter desturb em, no I hain't."

Two months dragged slowly by and brought many changes to the cabin in Sun Rise valley. The windows were covered in soft curtains; on the bare floor were pretty rugs, and everything breathed out comfort. Only a skillful hand could bring about such a change.

"Mary Ann, me an yer Pa wuz wrong—clean wrong 'bout yer needin' no larnin'. Why, chile, yer done changed everything. I can't understand it. I can't understand it."

Mary Ann got up from the big arm chair and went to arrange the bed clothing about her mother.

"That's all right, Mumsey, you just go to sleep now while I go to the spring for a pail of water," and kissing the furrowed forehead, she took down a bright tin bucket from a peg by the door, and went out.

"Well, little Jimsey," she whispered to the little grey squirrel that met her at the old oak by the riverlet, and perched on her shoulder—"I had to tell your grandfather all my old troubles, and now I am going to tell you my new ones. Tell me, Jimsey, why am I not happy? Oh, Jimsey, help me to forget myself and make Mumsey happy, while she is with me! What will I do when she's gone, Jimsey? What will become of me!"

She set the pail down by the spring, and flung herself as of old on the soft green moss by the sparkling water, and peered at herself in its depths. Then she caught her breath, started, and turned pale; for it was not her image she saw—it was another—one with a masculine outline. Was she dreaming? No! for a hand touched her gently on the shoulder and turned her about to face not the image but the reality.

Let us draw a curtain over the spring, the girl, the man, and the squirrel, who I might state acted as chaperone. Suffice it to say, there is now a little cottage on the top of Pine Knob. The valley is just as it was except for the two graves at the foot of the hill, where before there was one. Every day, at sunset, Mary Ann slips away to sit for a few minutes between the two and whisper to them, "Dear little Mumsey and Pa, you never could understand, but you loved me just the same. And you would understand if you were here now, wouldn't you?"

RUTH BROWNLEE, '18.

Editorial Department

Mary Riley
Editor in Chief
Gertrude Jones
Associate Editor

With this number the Orion makes the first bow to the public. If it meets not with immediate approval, remember, that it is our first attempt. We are, however, endeavoring to make the right start, for we know that many races are lost before they are run, owing to a false step in the beginning. If interest, talent, co-operation and perseverance are the "stuff" of which good magazines are made, we believe the Orion will meet with success. We purpose hereby not only to furnish a means for the expression and development of natural abilities along literary lines, and to create enthusiasm and desire for the attaining of the highest ideals, but also to show our appreciation to all whose unselfish zeal and assistance have made our Alma Mater what she is.

Resemblances.

We often hear the words, "He or she looks exactly like someone I've seen before." It does seem sometimes that Nature has kept the pattern and used it a second time in her work. It is almost amusing to notice the effect on us—we do experience a curious, rather disagreeable sort of sensation when we encounter another person who bears our own name. Is it because we are disappointed in finding out that we are not the "one and only?" Each of us down at the very heart's-bottom wishes to be original, dif-

ferent and distinctive from everyone else in the world. Emerson gives us a thought it might be well to speak of just here: "*Character* reminds you of nothing else." No matter how much alike two men may be, we can easily distinguish one from the other after we know their respective characters. Someone has said that people know us not by what we do but by what we *are*. Neither appearances nor actions have the voice that the peculiar energy and force called character possesses.

In passing we must not fail to mention the season. Thanksgiving means much to us who have so many things for which to be thankful. The world is so beautiful now, that mere existence is replete with joy and delight. But our hands are filled with duties and opportunities calling for our attention and greatest efforts. We can render thanks in the best way by turning to the tasks given us and completing them with the feeling that we have really done all we could.

INDIAN SUMMER.

There comes a feeling in the air
'Long in November;
Don't know just how it gets there;
Just know its Indian Summer.

Sky is not exactly fair
'Long in November;
Still there's no cloud hanging there;
Just the sky of Indian Summer.

LURA KING, '17.

Book Reviews

Blanche Dalrymple
Editor

The author of "Just David" has ingeniously portrayed the character of a child reared in close communion with nature. Following the developments of David's character, we note even the common place things, unnoticed by many, make on impress upon him. He gives expression to the sensations thus called forth by the beautiful thru' the medium of his violin. Eleanor Porter in revealing the life of this child in all of its purity and innocence, with high aspirations and ideals, ignorant of the ways of the world, familiar only with the little mountain home and the picturesque hills surrounding it, is, perhaps unconsciously, carrying out Rousseau's doctrine of the "noble savage."

The most striking figure of the whole book is David. The story centers about his life; the simple plot is a development of his character. In the portrayal of his character, the novel borders on the idealistic; such specimens as David are rarely met in real life. The minor characters are faithful presentations of the uncouth, untrained class of people who inhabit the foot hills of our country.

The story is full of local color and gives some very true pictures of rural life. "Just David" is a book intelligible and interesting alike to both old and young. The style is clear-cut, finished and artistic. The action moves swiftly, and is well balanced.

After reading "Just David" one is filled with a deeper love for nature and humanity. We are made to feel that each twig was fashioned by a divine hand and made to grow for some purpose.

Religious Department

Janet Bolt
Myrtle Workman
Editors

One of the most interesting and helpful features of our college life, is the chapel hour. Dr. White gives us wonderful thoughts and each day we are inspired to higher and nobler purposes. His last series of talks was based on the following quotation from Tennyson:

"Self Knowledge, Self Reverence, Self Control; these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Self knowledge is the centre of our conscious personality. Christ says, "I am the way, the truth and the life." An ancient wise man said, "Know Thyself."

Self knowledge is the first study of a conscious personality. Two centuries ago, Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. The basis of human existence is the animal that you are.

Self knowledge means a developing of the physical and mental self, also a strengthening of reasoning faculties, according to Burke. "A well rounded mind is an admirable mind."

Life must have correspondence to environments.

Education is a lifting of ignorance to life.

Every day we lose valuable thoughts by simply dreaming.

We are all limited in our faculties of perceiving.

Know yourself morally. See yourself exactly as you are and you will soon find that you are on the road to triumph. It is the weak spot in a wall that needs repair. Do not try to add to your virtues. The character rounded and made beautiful is the character built up in weak places.

Self reverence is not conceit, not egotism. For a

conceited person does not know how to win. Their gifts and influences are always dulled. All of us have conceit to a certain extent, but we must not conceed it.

"Give me the woman who is not pretty, but who has compensation."

Self reverence does not mean a worshipping of ones self, but it is the consciousness of the power one has.

One of the greatest values of self reverence is the resistance of evil. It is also a great protection to character. It is the ground of our recoveries when we go wrong.

Self respect opens the door to achievement.

Have confidence in your own capacities. Have respect for your mental qualities.

The greatest reason of all for self reverence is the consciousness of being made in the image of God.

"God made man in His own image." Man is a fallen god upon the earth. Man is of more value than all the material things of the earth. A human being recovered and partaking of God is greater than an Angel. See in yourself something worth while and build upon it.

Self control, the greatest of the three, is to life what an engineer is to an engine.

Self control is to be cultivated if we attain perfection. When this fails, then the best minds fail. The development of powers will come to naught if they are not in the grip of character, as well as control.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

There is an eternal conflict in men and women for self control. There is too, a struggle of the soul for salvation.

Self control means restraint. Men do what they want to do instead of what they should do.

Your influence on other people depends on your own posture. It is a noble thing to see a man stand like a granite wall in the face of disappointment or disaster. Self mastery is a vital element of life.

Self control is the elevation of character. It is self projection. It is not a virtue if you are in idleness. Will is the governor of self control.

JANET BOLT.

We are glad to report that a great deal of interest is being taken in our Y. W. C. A. and Y. W. A. by both students and faculty. And we are expecting to do good work this year in these departments, much better than the preceding year. Several mission study classes will be organized soon. The attendance has been very good, but we have plenty of room left and hope that every girl will come to our services. At the last meeting of the Y. W. A., two delegates were elected to represent us at the state W. M. U, held in Orangeburg. We also enjoyed a talk by Mr. Edge. All the girls are looking forward to the coming of Mrs. Geo. Davis, to Anderson College.

Since the opening of this term, the morning watch has been held each morning. These meetings are well attended by the girls. We are hoping to make the meetings during prayer week the best of all.

Miss Brewer on asking Lila King to pay a certain debt, got the following reply: "I declare, Miss Brewer, I just forgot to get that money from Papa to pay for that Metro 'phone'—"

Gladys White (in class meeting)—"Nominations are now in order for class editor."

Goode—"Well, just what does class editor have to do?"

Gladys—"Why, she has to distribute stories and things like that to the magaine."

Gladys C. (to Myra)—"Did you know that Mr. Kress married Mr. Woolworth's divorced widow?"

Some very sad news received by Marie Nelson from one of her Swede friends in Minnesota:

Allanticc Oshen,
October the twenty seven.

Mine deer Maree:

I vill now dake mine pen in hand and let you know dat your unkel is ded, If he would haf lived till Krismas he would be chust to months ded. After your deer unkel was ded, der dokturs gave up all hope of saving his life.

You vas de only leeving relatif besides to Kusins vot vas killed by der Filipens.

De reeson I not wrote sooner is becaus ve don't live vere ve vas, ve moofed vere ve are—If you don't not got dis leder let me know and I vill written annuder vun.

Hoping to see you by de nexd mail,
I stay,
yure freend,
Hans Veernervishers.

P. S. Bleese don't open dis ledder, der is sad news in it.

"Lucy—"Did you know that Dr .White stole from his wife?"

Sarah—"Yep—he hooked her dress."

What the *Magazine* staff wishes!

"I wish I was a little rock
A-settin' on a hill,
A-doin' nothing all day long
But jest a-settin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash,
But set an' set a thousand years
And rest a bit, by gosh!"

—Selected.

Gladys White (after picnic at Portman)—"Mis Jordan, have you ever seen a person shoot a gun out on the water and watch the bullets bounce along?"

Miss Jordan—"Why, no—but—er, I've seen them shoot the rapids."

Clara C.—"Say Anne, what have we in English today?"

Anne W.—"We have to finish reading Wordsworth's 'Imitations of Immortality'."

Miss Henry, to Emily Dean—"Emily, we have music divided into bars and measures, can you remember that?" (a few minutes later) "Now can you tell me how music is divided?"

Emily—"Into bars and———jails!"

Marie—"Julia, I'm going to call you 'Pencil,' you are so easily led."

Julia—"Yes, I know I'm *Led-better* than you."

Mr. Miller—"Say, Mr. Edge, I hear you're going to get a new car."

Mr. Strick—"What kind are you thinking of buying?"

Mr. Edge—"Well, I don't know—those 'Placards' are mighty fine."

For the convenience of our Dean we have decided to add a Kindergarten department; and for the convenience of our Secretary we are willing to make it co-educational. Bring on the light infantry! See?

Local Department

Julia Ledbetter
Editor

Miss Carol Jordan recently spent the week-end in Greenville, with the family of Dr. E. W. Carpenter.

Misses Sarah Sanders and Julia Ledbetter attended the Junior dance at Clemson, November 4th.

Misses Poole, Brewer and Henry, were entertained at supper Sunday evening, November 5th, in Greenville, at the Ottaray Hotel.

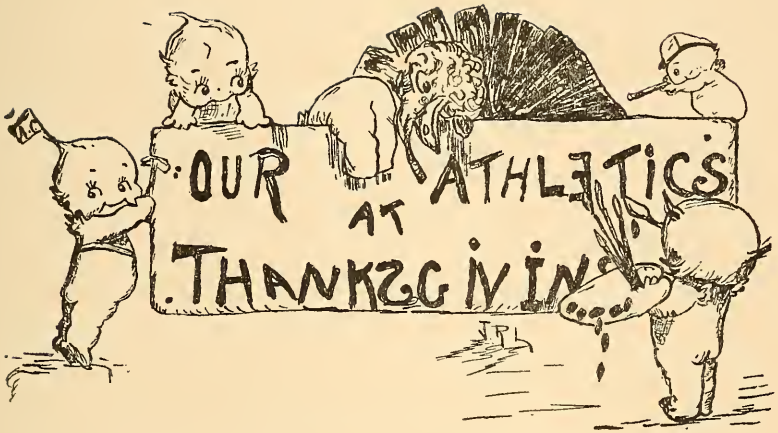
Miss Ann Murdaugh spent "Fair Week" at her home in Columbia.

Mrs. Emma B. Scearce spent a week-end lately at Clemson, with her daughter, Mrs. McCall.

Miss Lloyd Bond of Tallahassee, Florida, arrived November 7th to join our noble ranks (another State represented).

Miss Lois Cody spent a recent week-end at her home in Greenville.

The new form of Student Government recently instituted here, is working admirably. You never saw so much "being good" in your life, so as to get on the Self-Governed list—and *when* we get there! My! we're proud.



MARIE NELSON, *Editor.*

Athletic Dope.

Speaking of competition_____the wholesome rivalry that permeates the very atmosphere these days is caused by the fact that a real genuine, silver cup is to be presented by Mr. Sam Orr Tribble to the basket-ball team winning in the series to be played on Thanksgiving Day. Each captain, Mary Bowie, Senior Team; Nannie Smith, Junior Team; Annie Braddy, Sophomore Team; Ann Murdough, Freshman Team; Marion Duncan, Academic Team, is quite confident in the astounding ability of her own team to heroically bear away the honored trophy—but we are entitled to a thought or two ourselves. There has been no lack of pep and spirit in the daily practicings for these games, in fact, our fair bloomer clad athletes are "on the job," and we'll have to acknowledge that the team winning the trophy will be "some" team!

This contest will enable us to select the future wearers

of the "A" and will be invaluable in training us to successfully cope with our opponents in the Big Game early in December.

The cheer-leaders have been chosen and are obtaining some cracking good yells for us, so girls, forget that you're frail creatures of Destiny and don your bloomers, doll up in your most heroic expression, grit your teeth, clench your fists, and be prepared for the stiff time on the Big Day.

Social Department

Sarah Sanders
Editor

Between Bells.

On Thursday morning, September the fourteenth, the fifth annual opening exercises of Anderson College were held. Rev. G. L. Knight officiated. He introduced the President and faculty to about two hundred students and many visitors. The trustees and other men of Anderson made impromptu speeches and music was furnished by the faculty. Much enthusiasm was expressed when the audience gave the president and faculty the "handkerchief salute."

The Y. W. C. A. members were hostesses of a delightful and informal reception in honor of the new students, on Saturday evening, October the thirtieth. After many interesting games, a delicious ice course was served.

By special invitation of the manager, the students of Anderson College enjoyed a very interesting moving picture show on the afternoon of October the seventh, at the Anderson theatre.

The people of Anderson once more evinced their loyalty to their college, when on Monday evening, October the second, the Ladies College Association gave a reception in honor of the students and faculty. The college halls and parlors were artistically decorated with ferns and cut flowers. Punch and cake were served, and we were all happy in the warm reception accorded us by the town.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Ligon were host and hostess on Monday afternoon, October the eleventh, of a delightful

reception given in honor of the faculty of Anderson College. Their beautiful home on North Main Street was decorated with ferns and cut flowers. A buffet luncheon was served to their many guests, and a very pleasant afternoon and evening was enjoyed by all present, after which a vote of thanks was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Ligon in appreciation of the compliment extended to the faculty.

There was a large assemblage in the college auditorium on Monday evening, October the sixteenth to enjoy the faculty recital. The audience showed a deep appreciation of the program, each number of which was excellently rendered.

On Saturday evening, October the twenty-ninth, the Estherian Literary Society entertained the "Lanier's" at a delightful Hallowe'en party. The parlors and halls were decorated with witches riding broom-sticks, their attendants, the black cats, and Hallowe'en sprites and goblins. Promptly at eight o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Ghost and their entire family assembled to greet their guests. After interesting games and ghost stories, the guests were conducted through dark passages, up winding stairs, a veritable Pilgrim's Progress through "sloughs of despond," until they reached the athletic field where a huge bonfire was vainly endeavoring to "sit by the side of the pale-faced moon." Hallowe'en refreshments in abundance were then served, and afterwards the fantastic figures of ghosts, witches, hobgoblins and clowns danced wildly around the fire.

The trustees of Anderson College gave the students and faculty a delightful picnic at Portman Falls on Wednesday afternoon, November the first. About thirty automobiles were furnished by the people of the town to take the girls to the picnic grounds, where a most delightful luncheon was served. We returned to the college at seven o'clock, after having had a very happy afternoon.

On the evening of October the twenty-third, the college, under the auspices of the Anderson Chamber of Commerce, had as its honored guest, the famous "Ten Club" of the city of Atlanta. This was an event of considerable importance, and an honor of which any college may feel justly proud.

This club is composed of the following gentlemen, men of the highest type of character and leaders in the business, legal, educational, and religious life of the country: M. L. Brittain, Czar; F. J. Paxon, Scribe; Dr. John F. Purser, Chaplain; Sam D. Jones, Hugh M. Willett, W. W. Orr, Judge Arthur Powell, Judge Beverly, D. Evans, Dr. John E. White, Asa G. Candler and Walter G. Cooper.

A delightful banquet was given in the college dining hall in honor of these gentlemen. Besides these, were present the Anderson Chamber of Commerce and a number of other invited guests. On the following Tuesday morning the "Ten Club" were present at the chapel exercises, and each of them spoke to the faculty and student body on various topics of interest. They left Anderson later in the day on their return trip to Atlanta.

We look upon their visit to our community as a rare treat. We shall consider it a privilege and an honor to have them visit us again sometime. We now take this means of extending to them an invitation to visit Anderson College. This invitation extends not only to them but also to their sons of whom some of them made mention in their talks at chapel.

Exchange Department

Myra Anderson
Editor

We, of the Exchange Department of the Orion, find ourselves in a rather awkward position. We have received only one magazine from other colleges, "The Carolinian," but the fact can be easily accounted for, since this is the first number of the Orion.

The Carolinian, which is published by the University of South Carolina, has some interesting stories. "When Cellie Fell in the Lard Barrel," is a title which of itself will attract the attention of anyone of a humorous mind; and the story is not disappointing.

The two poems are promising. While "October's Coming" shows at times lack of metrical skill, and drops occasionally into prosaic verse, there are a few unusually poetic lines in the poem. In "For King and Country" there is much poetic thought, feeling and expression.

But by far the best production in The Carolinian is "Stub." From beginning to end, it is thrilling with interest. It is the work of an artist.

We welcome this publication into our exchange, and we hope that we will be placed upon the exchange of all the colleges within our reach.

Alumnae Department

Catherine Sullivan
Editor

Unity House,
Oct. 26, 1916.

Dear Girls,

And so a college magazine has been launched at the dear old Alma Mater—how glad I am to hear the good news. I have long thought that we should have one, for people do not know half the good things that we do down there.

A college magazine is a great thing. I wish I could be with you to help the good work along—but since I am not with you and cannot be with you, I am determined that you shall not forget me, and so while you are rejoicing in your labors down there I am going to speak for myself John—

What am I doing? That, I suppose, is the question you would have me answer. However it is not so easily answered as you might think—I do so many different things.

Settlement work is the name folks give to my undertakings. Unity House is my headquarters you might say.

Unity House is just a big settlement house, or as some people describe it, a recreation center with the workers living in the building. We have clubs of all kinds and descriptions, clubs for men, boys, little girls, young ladies, women and even one for babies if the Clinic for them could be callde a kind of club. There are also many social dancing classes, gymnasium classes and folk-dancing classes.

There are two of us who do the Friendly Visiting. That is a department all by itself and the work consists of

just visiting the people in their homes, finding out what they need and getting help for them from the various agencies in town. Some cases we give over to the Associated Charities, some to the Humane Society, or the different hospitals, and then they do what is necessary for the people.

I think I will tell you about some of my people and some of the visits I made this last week and then you will have an idea of how I spend my time. Early in the week I went to see the Warcholetsky family. They are Polish people (I guess you would know that without my telling you, as soon as you saw the name, for most names in sky or scy or scz are Polish or Russian) and they live in a little shack down by the railroad tracks. There are six children and Mr. Warcholetsky earns just $2.25 a day.

One night about two weeks ago he came home in his usual state, just drunk enough to be sullen and mean, and after supper while the mother was putting the baby to bed the other children began racing around the room. Sophie, the five year old, ran against the table and knocked the lamp off on the floor. Just at that instant Mr. Warcholetsky jumped up and started to tell the whole family what he thought of them. He said that he was tired of the job of feeding a bunch of noisy brats and he was going to get out of the dirty hole and never come back. He slammed the door and they haven't seen him since.

Mrs. Warcholetsky has a little baby and she cannot go out for day work and they have no money. We are keeping the children in the Nursery at Unity House and the Associated Charities pay for their food and fuel. In a month Mrs. Warcholetsky will be able to leave the baby at the Nursery and go out to work and then they will manage to get along through the winter.

Last night a little Polish woman came into the Unity House and asked for me. She was carrying her baby and three other children were with her, the largest child not over nine years old. The woman couldn't tell me her

story as she couldn't speak English, so she stared straight at me with her tragic deep black Polish eyes, while the little Marie told me their troubles. Coal has gone up to $12 a ton and they could not afford to buy even enough to cook their meals, so the children every day after school, went down to the railroad tracks and gathered up pieces of coal which had fallen from the freight cars. Yesterday it was too cold for the children to go, as they have only tennis shoes, so the father went after he came home from work. It was late and very dark there, he made a mistake, got on the wrong track and now here the poor woman is with her husband deal, four children to feed and clothe, winter coming on and no means of support.

One of my calls this morning was just a visit for a chat with a Mrs. Sturnek. She is a very thrifty Polish mother who comes over to our Infant Welfare Clinic regularly. Her babies are quite the prize babies and we are always saying that she does follow out the instructions given her at the Clinic.

While we were talking the baby started crying, and Mrs. Sturnek jumped up at once and got a cup from the table. Then she went over to the stove and taking a pot of coffee which had been simmering on the stove for at least an hour. She poured out a cupful of the blackest coffee I have ever seen and gave a big drink to the baby. I was so sorry to see her do that, but still it did strike me funny that we have been thinking what a prize baby Mrs. Sturnek had and all the while the baby had been thriving on the very thing that the doctors and the nurse are always talking against.

This has been a long and mixed up letter, and I have just told you little snatches of things, but some day you must come and see it all for yourself. See the babies sewed up for the winter, watch the boys in their gymnasium, and last and most exciting of all, come to a Polish dance where they bring their own native instruments, and

where the men whirl you round and round in their native dances.

And now hoping that the Orion may indeed occupy the highest place in the constellation of lierature and with every best wish for the Alma Mater, I am always as in the days gone by,

BETTY LAWRENCE, '15.

College Directory

ANDERSON COLLEGE, ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA

John E. White, D. D., President.

SECRETARY & TREASURER

Z. J. Edge

DEAN

John T. Miller

LADY PRINCIPAL

Mrs. Emma B. Scearce

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

Wilma Ervin, President; Marie Nelson, Secretary

DAY STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION

Margaret Byrum, President; Lura King, Secretary

ESTHERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Janet Bolt, President; Goode Burton, Secretary

LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

Mary Bowie, President; Clara Cook, Secretary

YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Wilma Ervin, President; Nannie Smith, Secretary

YOUNG WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

Janet Bolt, President; Brucie Owings, Secretary

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Mary Bowie, President; Emily Sullivan, Secretary

CHORAL CLUB

Annie Anderson, President; V. Watson, Secretary

SENIOR CLASS

Blanche Dalrymple, President; Mary Bowie, Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS

Marie Nelson, President; Annie Welborn, Secretary

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Emily Sullivan, President; Caro Geer, Secretary

FRESHMAN CLASS

Ann Murdaugh, President; Mabel Jones, Secretary

SPECIAL CLASS

Gladys White, President; Sarah Sanders, Secretary

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

Norma Myres, President; Laurie Dowling, Secretary

TO OUR FRIENDS:

This magazine is a product of the student body of Anderson College. It exists as a medium through which the best thought and expression of the student body may, from time to time, find expression. The subscriptions to this magazine would not defray the expenses of its publication. Hence, we are in a large measure dependent upon our friends who advertise with us. The publication of The Orion has thus been made possible largely by the generosity of those whose names are found in our advertising columns.

The impression exists in the minds of many that advertising in school and college magazines is an unprofitable business, that in thus advertising they are contributing to a work of charity. There is an element of truth in the statement, if students do not show their appreciation by patronizing the firms who patronize us. The question "Do they advertise in The Orion?" should be asked by every student before a purchase is made or a firm patronized. Examine carefully the names found in our advertising columns and take occasion to express to them your appreciation for their co-operation. It is to our interest to seek out those who advertise with us and patronize them as the occasion may demand.

We take this means of expressing to you our gratitude for the hearty response which you have given us in making possible the publication of The Orion. We trust that the returns from these advertisements may increase your business and become a source of ever increasing profitableness.