

VOL. VII

NO. 2

# THE ORION

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Christmas Number

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ANDERSON COLLEGE, ANDERSON, S. C.





Holly is an emblem of Yuletide cheer;  
We make wreathes for the windows, deck each chandelier,  
Hang sprigs in every place we see,  
And then keep the best for our Christmas tree.  
And may this sprig bring loads of Christmas cheer  
To you and your homefolks in the Glad New Year.

Anderson College Ideal:

A healthy, Christian gentle woman doing her  
work accurately, completely and happily.

# THE ORION

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### EDITORS' PORTFOLIO

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The Orion has received new life and new inspiration from the recent State Press Association. Its aim is much higher and its standard is raised. From this time forward, in spite of any drawbacks or hindrances, (and we aren't looking for, or expecting any) The Orion, our Anderson College magazine is going to be the axis around which all our college activities will revolve. Our magazine is practically new, having had only about ten years start, and we feel proud of the progress already made. But heretofore we have not considered it half seriously enough. We read what was published, perhaps, but we never cared for one minute where the material came from, or bothered ourselves as to the worry and trouble the Staff took to secure it. We took the magazine merely as a matter of course.

Now that time is past; we have the present and are planning the future. We want to make The Orion from this time forward the object of greatest interest. Its aim is to be the reflection of our college, the students, their lives, and their activities. Every girl on this campus must feel a personal pride and a sense of duty toward the magazine. No one wants to be merely the "low brow" we were told of, or to be pointed out as a girl lacking altogether in college spirit, and we might even say, personal pride. We have the right spirit and when the time comes no one fails to rally. But the point is this: there should not be any special time; instead, we must be public spirited and loyal **all** of the time.

We want only the best material to go in our magazine. If we are going to be proud of the Orion it must



be a worthy publication; one of a higher literary standing than it has ever been yet. The standard can be raised only by the untiring efforts of the student body. We are convinced that there is true literary talent among our students and our task is to bring out and develop this talent. Don't let us have to search for you; if you can write, **write**, and don't wait to be discovered. This waiting is sometimes dangerous; the time may pass and your talents will still be latent and undeveloped. Write and re-write, never tire of working over a contribution. If you need help, get it! Every member of our faculty is glad to be of service to the Orion, for we are continually being reminded of this. (We are greatly indebted to the faculty for their interest and support.) One thing more: never fail to hand in the final result of your efforts, don't give it up as "not good enough to be published". Let the Staff and advisor pass judgment upon it.

The student body has responded with unusual enthusiasm to the last call for material. This is most encouraging, and foretells the beginning of great things for our publication. From now on if you don't want to get tired of the Orion editors continually calling in every room and begging or demanding material just keep us busy reading, and give us plenty of trouble trying to decide how to choose the best from stores of excellent contributions. Keep in mind always that The Orion should be our greatest pride, the reflection of Anderson College life, and the most important in our college activities.

## HOPE

The wind is coming from the north so cold,  
And golden leaves go whirling to the ground.  
The shining sun, by clouds no longer bound,  
Comes forth to light the grey and somber world.  
The many leaves lie sadly on the earth,  
Like vain and blasted hopes no longer ours;  
They yet are trampled low by higher powers,  
While others lie asleep to wait their birth.  
Thus, precious hopes in life may take their flight,  
As leaves from lovely branches fly away;  
And sin is left, our lives to make forlorn,  
Till God's great love for us in Christ is born,  
And as the sun, which turns the dark to day,  
His love o'er floods our hearts with wondrous light.

—Van Ray Kenney.

# ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BASED UPON VARIOUS READINGS

---

It is important that we familiarize ourselves with the sources of our language and with the sources of its strength, and each do his share towards preserving it in its purity and beauty. We should have an intelligent interest in our mother tongue in order that we may use it intelligently. We must spend a little time in the study of the past of our language, because it is only in the light of that past that the present is intelligible.

The English language did not have its beginning in England. It was carried there in 449 A. D. by people who migrated from the banks of the river Elbe and the northwestern coasts of the Baltic. These people were from three tribes: Angles, Saxons, and Jutes. Nearly all trace has been lost of the Jutes so we will consider only the Angles and Saxons.

In tracing the growth of the English language the history is unusually divided into three leading periods: Anglo-Saxon period from 449 to 1100, the middle English period from 1100 to 1500, and the modern English period from 1500 to the present time.

As early as the fifth century these Teutonic invaders from the continent settled in Britian and drove the original Celtic speaking inhabitants to the north and west of the island so in the course of time they founded the Anglo-Saxon race. They called their new country England, the land of the Angles, and themselves and their language, English. Their language was the same but with different dialects. There were three leading dialects: Anglian or Northern, Saxon or Southern, and Mercian or Midland. The Anglo-Saxon is the basis of the English language. The monosyllables

in great part are Anglo-Saxon. The articles, conjunctions, pronouns, prepositions, numerals, and auxiliary verbs are Saxon. Verbs of action and words that relate to the primary action of the senses are Saxon, as think, feel, sing, talk, run, and the like. At first sight, Anglo-Saxon looks like a strange tongue, but the language we employ today has the framework, bone, and sinew of the earlier tongue. Modern English is no more unlike Anglo-Saxon than a bearded man is unlike his former childish self. An example will show the likeness and the difference. From Beowulf:

“\_\_\_\_\_oy he oone feoud ofercwom,  
Ghnaegde helle gast.”

“\_\_\_\_\_therefore he overcame the fiend,  
Subdued the ghost of hell.”

When our language was carried to England, it consisted of probably not more than two thousand words; now it contains more than four hundred fifty thousand which is a much larger number than any other language. These new words have come into the language in many interesting ways.

When the Anglo-Saxons settled and drove off the Britons, they adopted a few British words. Attempts have been made to prove the English people substantially Celtic; but if this had been the case their language would have been Celtic also, and it is important to notice that neither of the dialects borrowed much from the language of the conquered Britons. The British language, that is, the language of the Britons, practically became extinct. The largest class of Celtic words in Anglo-Saxon is in connection with geographical names. Among the common nouns borrowed are: bannock, cart, mattock, glen, bard, and shamrock. It is possible, however, that other Celtic words were in use that have not been preserved in literature.

There were some Latin words already in Britian. For several hundred years before the arrival of the Anglo Saxons, England had been in the possession of the Romans. When the Romans withdrew from the island in 410 A. D. they left behind a few Latin words which

were adopted by the Anglo-Saxons. Examples are: street (Latin, *stratia via*, paved way), mile (*mila passum*, a thousand paces), and wall (*vallum*). A few Latin words were brought by the Angles and Saxons to Britain from the continent where they had already been in contact with Roman culture. But by far the largest borrowing of Latin words during the Anglo-Saxon or Old English period came as a result of the introduction of Christianity in 597. Not only ecclesiastical words connected with the new faith, but also many general words found their way into the language. Examples are: altar, mass, priest, psalm, temple, monk, nun, copper, dish, mill, offer, and many others.

Toward the end of the eighth century, Norsemen and Danes invaded England and many of their words were adopted by the English and have become the most familiar words of every-day speech: such as, knife, wrong, window, call, talk, and ask.

In 1066, William of Normandy conquered England in the great movement known as the Norman invasion. The Normans, who came from France, spoke Norman-French which was, for the most part, modified Latin. In England they seized the land and all the political power, filled all the offices, and made their language the language of the court, the law, the schools, and the church. For a time the native language and the French spoken by the Normans, who were only about one tenth of the population, kept on side by side without much intermingling. But by gradual disintegration the native language became permeated with French words. As a result, the English language became very much richer in vocabulary and softer in sound. The language of chivalry was exclusively French, and brought in such words as honor, glory, renown, valiant, courtesy, and gentle. With the lawyer, who was a great power at this time, came such words as advocate, alliance, chattels, devise, domain, estate, and voucher. The words which describe the pursuits of gentlefolk are mostly of French origin; as Wamba



points out in "Ivanhoe," While alive the animals ox, sheep, calf, swine, and deer retain their native names but they are described by French words, beef, mutton, veal, pork, and vension when they are brought to the table. The "Saxon" serf had the care of the animals while they were alive, but when killed they were eaten by his "French" superiors. There are abundant words relating to law, government, and property which have their origin in the conquest, such are: custom, court, tax, county, city, judge, jury, justice, prison, goal, and parliament. The French had shown their greater genius for war, and so, very naturally, their military terms were accepted, some are: army, battle, cannonade, assault, seige, ambuscade, colonel, and armor.

The early part of the middle English period is a period is a period of transition and, like every transition era, it is marked by confusion. The greatest changes in our language occurred during this period between 1100 and 1500, that is to say, during the first four centuries that followed the Norman Conquest. Some idea of how these changes came about may be gained by noticing what happens today, when a foreigner who has only half learned English tries to speak. He mispronounces the words, arranges them after the manner of his own language, and neglects the inflections. In somewhat the same way, when the Anglo-Saxons and the Norman-French became one people and their languages were fused into modern English, sounds were modified, the order changed, and inflections were dropped. In less than two centuries the language had almost ceased to be an inflectional language and had assumed most of the characteristics of our modern speech. There had been no standard of correct usage; consequently each section spoke its own speech without regard to its neighbors.

Now we come to the question, "Which of the three early dialects spoken, is the origin of the form now used?" After the Norman Conquest during the fourteenth century, circumstances gave prominence to the Midland where monasteries and universities arose.

This Midland dialect avoided the extremes of the Anglian on the north and the Saxons on the South. So, it was a compromise between the two and this is the parent of modern English Literary language. Now London, the chief town in the Midland district, began coming to the front with a standard for this new English. It was during this period that the relatives: **who**, **which**, **what**, and **that** came in.

Wiclif and Chaucer used this standard form. The exact year of Chaucer's birth is not known. Probably it was 1340. By this time the supremacy of London English was unquestioned. It was not alone the poetic gifts of Chaucer and his contemporaries that made the fourteenth century memorable. It was this century that set the fashion of word-borrowing. Although the centuries before had performed greater feats in the way of borrowing, the century of Chaucer gave to our language its peculiar bent in this direction. French Medieval literature was at its height of supremacy over Europe and so French terms were introduced taking the place of the native terms. So the language became, at least in the color of its vocabulary, Romantic rather than Germanic. English has borrowed many words from foreign languages with no change in them except in pronunciation in some cases. Examples are: from the French, *belle*, *chandelier*, *dame*; from the Latin, *cancer*, *circus*, *stupor*, *vim*; from the Greek, *acne*, *atlas*, *pathos*, *chaos*, *aster*, *crisis*; from the Italian, *canto*, *dilettante*, *lava*, *macaroni*, *villa*, *loggia*, *piazza*; our musical vocabulary is also largely from the Italian, as: *Contralto*, *duet*, *opera*, *piano*, *solo*, and *soprano*; from the Spanish, *mosquito*, *negro*, *merino*, and *canon*; from the German, *meerschaum* and *zinc*. All these words have become naturalized and are as good English as if they had always been in the language. The structure of Chaucer's language is practically like our own. It is almost as intelligible to us five centuries later as it was to the Londoner of 1400. The chief difference was in the pronunciation which has been radically changed.

During the fifteenth century of political disturbance such as the War of the Roses and other wars, the language was stripped of its few lingering inflectional syllables and reduced to its present comparatively uninflectional structure. When Henry VII made himself king in 1485, English grammar was on its present basis. The vocabulary was in the main that of the age of Chaucer, although some more words had been borrowed from the French and Latin. This date, 1485, may be conveniently put as that which closed the middle English transition and introduced modern English.

During the modern period our language has continued to grow in vocabulary. In the sixteenth century the language was subjected to several influences: the maritime discoveries, the revival of classical learning, and the Protestant Reformation. The effect upon the vocabulary was that words from nearly every country were introduced. Examples are: from Holland, skate; from Africa, gorilla; from the American Indian, hammock and tomatoe; from Arabia, sofa; from China, silk; from India, sugar; from Persia, awning; and from Turkey, tulip. Also religious disputes and the widespread use of the Prayer Book and English translations of the Bible increased the vocabulary with many theological terms of Greek and Latin origin. The revival of classical learning brought in more Latin words for at this time the study of Latin became very popular in England.

Again the French influence was very pronounced from the middle of the seventeenth century to the end of the eighteenth. France under Louis XIV took the lead and set the fashion. Although at this time England and France were engaged in a struggle for the mastery of the seas, Englishmen of letters were under the spell of the court of Versailles.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries many words were introduced from the British colonies and many borrowed from the Russian, Chinese, Japanese, and Dutch. The early supremacy of the Dutch in agriculture, horticulture, and ship building is made evident



by the fact that a large proportion of the English words dealing with the farm, the garden, and the ship are of Dutch origin. Most of our scientific names are from the Greek. Not only our scientific terms but also names for new instruments and processes are derived from the Greek, as: lithography, photography, telephone, and cinemetograph.

Our language was brought to this country by the first colonists from England in the sixteenth century. Up to the War of Independence this country was a group of colonies and its language was colonial. But at the end of the Revolutionary war the colonial period ended and a distinct American period began. Few of us are conscious of the changes taking place now, yet these changes must be taking place for ours is the same language used by Chaucer, yet how different. New words are coming in and old ones becoming obsolete every year.

Slang is responsible for the introduction of some new words. When we first hear a slang phrase, we are surprised; but in this day of great surprises, we quickly grow accustomed to it and make it a part of our language. Some slang phrases have been incorporated into the language and are properly used in polite society and serious composition. Whenever a slang term is thus accepted, it ceases to be slang. Mob, banter, hoax, bore (in the sense of being weary), and gerrymander were once slang terms, and gradually have worked their way into the language. But most slang has had no such good fortune. We should note that it is not our business to make slang reputable. This may safely be left to the nicer understanding of the writers and speakers who set the standard of good usage. Pope's rule, though hackneyed, is still the best:

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;  
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;  
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

New words are born everyday; or rather, new ideas are born whenever there is an invention made or a psychological truth discovered or a new article of commerce is introduced and so a new word is added to our vocabulary. Radium, Pragmatism, and hydroplane are twentieth century words. The war also enriched our vocabulary: camouflage came into existence during the War. Words come into existence because there is a need for them to express an idea. Nearly every issue of a large newspaper contains one or more new words. The rate at which new words are created depends upon the mental activity of a nation. So our complex civilization is reflected in a complex vocabulary or language.

—Ruth Bruce '24.

## THE HEART OF MARIO

---

"Mario, sits by his cart to-night and he knows the sky quite well. Ah! it is strange and for one as wise as the good Mario."

"Maybe he tink some one to buy his stinking peanuts," replied Ikey the Fruit Man's son as he shot the vender an indifferent glance that expressed exactly his personal feelings.

"So you think Mario is one fool! You have much to learn." Don Alfonso Jaco the proprietor of the little, "West Broad Sencond-hand Shop" and more widely known as Second-hand Ja, closed his shop door, then eyeing his associate suspiciously he deliberately turned and tested the lock; rejoicing for the eleventh time that he bought of the Big-Boss that lock to protect hs warm coats from such a beast as Ikey.

"It very coolish tonight," said Ikey, taking no offense at his friend's insinuation.

"Maybe you get cooler still," answered Ja smiling his worldly, "I get your number," and then with one more pitying look and with a shake of the head at the vender he led the Ikey into the Alley and Mario sat alone on the now deserted streets.

The clock on the court-house near by chimed the hour of three but Mario did not stir. No thoughts of the waiting Noni or other earthly worries occupied his mind for he lived over again in his memory the instances of the past twelve years that had made him feel the warmth of life's fellowship and it had been just a little child who had given him these precious moments.

On a cold, crisp and beautiful Christmas Eve night like this one she had come as softly and quietly as a dream, a tiny little creature luxuriously bundled in white fur that distinguished her as belonging to the Boulevard folks—a despised class to Mario.

At a gentle yet firm touch on the knee Mario had looked down into the face of a child—so strange and beautiful yet so human.

Tonight again he heard the childish voice.

“I’se lost, peanut man—Mother thinks I’se with nursey and nursey thinks I’se with Mother.”

She had not cried and this had pleased Mario who’s life when at home, if the Graydown tenant building where he and his family existed could be called home, was made up of Noni’s scolds and their children’s screams.

Yet Mario had not intended being kind to this child for he had in all the years of his professional life been indifferent to human feeling, but this creature!

Before he realized it he was holding Barbara Lane, who thought it was her undisputed right, on his lap, and of all the great and wonderful things ever imagined by Mario this was the most wonderful—a child on his lap, and he was responding to her childish prattle.

“I think you are a awful nice peanut man and I love you.”

Love had had no part in his life and so novel was the experience of being told that he was loved that Mario never forgot and an hour later, watching the tender expressions on the baby face of the sleeping child, a strange feeling was born in the cold and hollow soul of Mario the silent and mysterious.

Later when she had been taken from him by a relieved mother she had promised to come back and see him and even if mama would not let her come she would remember and love him always.

And neither child or man forgot the providential coincidence and when ever a certain fine limousine passed West Broad corner a little white hand waved a kind message; then, too, at Christmas there had always been a present, at first a baby book or a rubber ball then as the years passed, a coat or a gold piece and if it had only been a hand wave Mario would have been just as appreciative.

Once, she ran away from her nurse to talk with him and when in the vicinity she always bought of his ware.

All through her high school days he watched her goings and comings, he took an interest in her girlish fancies and feared lest she should have an accident speeding around town in her horrible roadster.

Then came the years when she was away from home, at school except for short vacations and then sometimes she only nodded a greeting or forgot to even nod. Mario wanted to believe it was forgetfulness for surely Barbara Lane couldn't think it lowly to speak to an old and humble vender of the streets.

For two years he did not see her but read of her doings abroad for everywhere was the beauty and loveliness of Barbara Lane admired and feated.

One night when Noni was unusually quarrelsome and the children noisy, Mario forgot his surroundings in the joy of knowing that soon he would see her again for her photograph lead the column in the Evening Mail that told of her return home after a two year sojourn abroad. Every day he scanned the faces of passers-by until at last one day he saw her and for a moment the feeling born on that Christmas Eve died out of his heart for she had not smiled or shown any sign of recognition but Mario did not feel hard towards her for this, for was he not a lowly person to be noticed by such a fine lady as Barbara Lane, and then it had been such a long time since she had seen him. So in the future he contented himself with just seeing her and reading of her in the papers and there was much to read in these days for it seemed that wealth was striving to make the young girl its victim and Mario wondered if it knew the beauty and kindness of Barbara Lane's heart.

And he watched her ride through town at night after a gay opera and bold dinner at Zeltz with sadness in his heart for her thoughtlessness in conduct and with loathing for her escorts who sought to ruin the age that most men tried to protect—"Youth."



How beautiful, young and unprotected she was for the mother who had taken her, the child Barbara Lane, from Mario on that never-to-be-forgotten night had followed her husband to the world beyond and now more wild and reckless was the girl becoming.

In these days when he saw her, she always seemed feverish with excitement yet weary oh! so weary and the heart of Mario ached, and prayed for the future.

On this Christmas Eve morning after leaving Noni he had pushed his cart slowly through the streets dreaming over the Christmas Eves past when the child Barbara Lane had brightened his soul and what was it that gave him that feeling of expectancy. He felt as if he were about to receive a gift—it was a warm and pleasant feeling.

His business was very good that day for it seemed that everyone wanted peanuts and by evening there was much chink in his wallet for Noni.

At ten o'clock a limousine whizzed by just escaping his cart by a few inches and in the car he distinguished the familiar face and a tear sprung to his eye. Oh! poor little helpless victim of wealth and pleasure. And as the automobile sped on Mario heard a distant laugh—a coarse, cruel laugh.

The Merry Christmas shoppers came and went in throngs but Mario was sad and thoughtful and many a passer-by commented on the quaint old peddler.

Several times he heard her name on the tongues of the people and he hated them for the things they said—what right had they to judge her—they who did not know her real self, the gentle heaven like spirit of her soul.

It was in the first hour of the morning that Mario heard a crash and rushing to the scene of death and disaster, he heard a man in the horrified yet curious crowd ask the trouble and a woman replied, "Oh! its that wild Barbara Lane, she's killed."

Mario pushed his way through the crowd and knelt down, taking from an irresponsible man in evening attire, the body of a young girl quiet unto death.

The girl's white lips began to tremble then the blue eyes opened and to Mario's great joy she spoke.

"Dear peanut Man! It is you—do not leave me with these people." Horror had appeared as her eyes rested on the circle of unsympathetic faces around her and weakly her slender white arms went around the old Italian's neck.

The summoned doctor came up and after looking into the whitened and beautiful face, he gave his verdict.

"Its no use to examine or move her—she's done for."

Again the blue eyes looked into Mario's face and the lips whispered into his ear, "Do not move me for I am so comfortable and there is not one I want to see; and dear peanut man, I will remember and love you in Heaven for Heaven is a lovely place," and the words died on her lips as understanding came to her, "You are weary too, Oh! I shall ask God for your deliverance from a world that you have grown weary of."

A mist dimmed the old Italian's sight and he did not see the gentle gasping breath that ended Barbara Lane's life on earth.

The awed and horrified crowd drew back, never had they seen the like—the girl must have been out of her head to turn to that "horrible wop," but Mario knew.

So now into the hour of dawn Mario sat by his cart, an occasional stray snowflake whitening his irony gray hair.

Again he heard her words, "I shall ask God for your deliverance from a world that you have grown weary of."

Quietly the man slid down on the ground beside his cart and again felt the tender arms of a little golden haired child dressed in fur around his neck and as the sun burst gloriously from behind its door of rest Mario crossed the river into a land of eternal rest, where the spirit of Barbara Lane waited.

And did Mario have a Christmas Gift?

## THE DIRECT OBJECT.

---

Steve Morrison jumped out of a taxi with his grip, and dashed hurriedly down to the steamship at the end of the gang plank, over which excited and happy passengers were streaming onto the decks of the great Cunard liner, "The Itania". Eagerly and sharply, he watched the crowds of men, women, and children. When at last he spied a most attractive figure in grey from head to foot, he came to life and followed immediately behind it, as it walked hastily up the gang plank and disappeared in the crowds of people on the upper deck, who were waving tearful good-byes to those on the shore. The "Direct Object" was safe!

Being conducted to his stateroom, Steve made a hasty toilet, during which the ship had plowed out of the harbor, cutting great foamy grooves in the water. After an hour or so, he returned to the deck. The steward had brought his deck chair, and settling himself comfortably in it he began to read one of the magazines he had brought with him. Reading was impossible as he soon found out. The envelope containing his instructions seemed to burn against him, and he drew it out of his breast pocket, and re-read the contents for the hundredth time. They read as follows: "Take Cunard liner at five o'clock Thursday afternoon, and record every move made by a lady dressed in grey. Report to us as soon as possible."

Hathaway & Speare.

Steve Morrison had left college with a fraternity pin, a wealth of good intentions, a most engaging smile, and a place in the best New York society. Outside of that he was practically penniless. His father, had failed, and subsequently, died just before his graduation, leaving his son only an aristocratic name. Work, of course was necessary, and Steve hired himself to the firm of Hathaway and Speare, friends of his father,



and the greatest lawyers in New York state. Doubtless because of the aforesaid smile, and the friendship for his father, Steve was engaged. He was no end surprised. Most probably, Hathaway and Speare were more surprised. Still the position was his, and Steve was absolutely determined to make a go of it. And momentous day! When "ol' Man Speare," called him in and gave him his first commission, explaining what he was to do, together with sealed instructions, a simplified edition of the lawyer's verbal directions.

Going over mentally what Speare had told him, Steve remembered that he was to follow a lady in grey, who was on her way to Brest, France, in company with an elderly lady, her "aunt" and a young Frenchman. The lady in grey, or as Steve came to call her in his mind, the "Direct Object" was Mrs. Peter Van Dusen, the beautiful, young, and much discussed wife of old Peter Van Dusen, the New York power in Wall Street. According to Hathaway and Speare, she led old Van Dusen a race, and was now climaxing her wild and adventurous career by eloping to France with the latest object of her "affaires du coeur", a young French noble, Count Pierre du Bois Marie Josephine Lamarie. Secretly, Steve felt an immense contempt for anyone with such a name, and didn't doubt that the fellow was as bad as his name. Old Van Dusen had weakened at last, and was now trying to obtain a divorce thru his lawyers, Hathaway and Speare, from his troublesome wife, hoping to spend the remainder of his life in peace. Learning of his wife's intended elopement, he had immediately consulted with his lawyers, and the result was, Steve's hasty trip to France, and the shadowing of Mrs. Van Dusen.

He had little relish for the job. It somehow went against his peace-loving disposition to spy upon the actions of a lady, especially when love was mixed up in them. Steve had a great respect for love and all things pertaining to love, having experienced it innumerable times.

Still, here he was, safe and sound, and except for the unpleasant side of the work, with a most enjoyable trip before him.

That night at dinner, he found himself seated at the table just next to that of Mrs. Van Dusen. At the table with her, was the "waxed-moustache individual" resplendent in faultless evening clothes, and the haughty lady that he had observed that afternoon. She was surveying the dining-room and its occupants with a cold regard and when her glance came and rested on Steve, he felt distinctly chilled and busied himself with his dinner. In his mind's eye, he could still see the beautiful face of the "Direct Object". She had rejected the sombre grey for some silver stuff. Steve was never good at describing clothes, but he could readily describe the good and bad features of the lady in question. Hers, he decided, were all good. He liked the way she arranged her wealth of black hair on her small head. Her eyes, grey, fringed with heavy black lashes, and narrow black eyebrows, were beautiful. A colorless face, in which the scarlet of her lips denied the absence of perfect health, struck him as being the most wonderful he had ever seen. Once, when he heard her laugh lightly, he decided it was the most infectious and delicious laugh he had ever heard. Steve pulled himself up with a jerk. In his concentration upon the charms of the "Direct Object" he had almost attacked his consomme with his knife.

He didn't see her again that evening, and somehow it made the day seem incomplete. He wondered why.

"O Lord," he groaned, "it will certainly complicate matters if I fall in love with her. And then where will little Stephen be? She has one husband and another in sight!" Still, he slept just as soundly as ever that night, so perhaps his suspicions were groundless.

Seasickness is a tricky thing. It doesn't give one half a chance. It creeps up behind, and then jumps right on you without giving you any warning at all. The next morning Steve awoke with a splitting headache and a desire to die immediately. Somehow, noth-

ing seemed to matter, and he wanted nothing but peace, which I'm ashamed to relate, he got after he threw a glass of water at the steward who came to call him to lunch. The day passed with intervals of fitful sleep, in which he was pursued by a green kangaroo with pink ears and purple tail, to which old Van Dusen was clinging. The next day was similar to the first, except that life took on a more pleasing aspect and was something to be desired.

The third day out, Steve, weak and white, but with that ineffaceable smile of his, appeared on deck. The day was an unusually cool one, and the water choppy because of a brisk wind. Seated in his chair, half dozing, he was rudely brought to life by some heavy object dropping against his knees. He looked down. The "Direct Object"! A sudden sharp lurch of the ship had deposited her almost in his lap, dazed, but conscious, she looked up, and blushed. He looked down, and blushed. They both blushed and—laughed.

"Wasn't that dreadfully awkward of me? I do beg your pardon for my suddenness in—ah—descending upon you."

"Amazed, but delighted," Steve replied. "It's not often a young man is so fortunate as to have a so attractive lady—ah—descend upon him."

"Really—it wasn't my fault. I have never yet learned to keep my balance on a lurching ship," she explained.

"I sincerely hope you're not hurt from your fall. Nevertheless, I hope you won't mind my considering it most fortunate?"

"Nonsense, You're only flattering me. But I must go. Good morning, Mr——?"

"Morrison," he hastily supplied. "But won't you let me have the steward bring your deck chair and place it here?"

"Not now. Later perhaps. And I want you to meet my aunt—Mrs. Lansing, also."

She moved away and Steve was left to his reflections.

She was even more charming at close range than at a distance.

Mrs. Lansing, when he met her, was not so haughty as she had seemed. Indeed, she took a surprising fancy to Steve and made a pet of him almost from the first. "Pierre Du Bois Marie Josephine Lamarie" was even worse than his name. Full of airs and swaggers, his shrug and violent exclamations made one question his intelligence. Steve wondered why Mrs. Van Dusen endured him. She was such a little thoroughbred. He knew the title in no way influenced her. She was—well—she just wasn't that type.

"Lamarie" monopolized all her time. Steve would watch them promenading, or watching the white gulls flying low, their silver wings flashing as brightly in the sun as the sparkling white caps. He had an insane desire to pitch the little fop over into the water to a hungry shark. He couldn't understand his feelings. Why should he care what she did? She was married and running around with another man. So, hurt at he knew not what, he avoided her as much as possible, which piqued her vanity and interest. Men were ordinarily more than eager to be with her.

The eighth day they sighted France, the tall old clock towers and church steeples of the little city showing clearly against the background of blue hills. The passengers were in a great stir hustling around and preparing their baggage for the custom house inspection. At noon they landed. Steve heard Mrs. Van Dusen direct the chauffeur to the "Hotel de la Place", and he in turn directed his to the same hotel. He was beginning to hate this business more than ever. "Thank the Lord my mission is nearly finished," he reflected.

That afternoon he saw her driving with "Lamarie", and he mused bitterly that he would be ashamed to be seen with that nincompoop. He sat down to consider. The more he thought the more distasteful the whole situation seemed. He mentally kicked himself for ever having gotten into it. It was simply none of his busi-



ness. "Probably," he added, she wasn't to blame at all. More than likely old Van Dusen was a stingy, crabbed ole sinner." Anyway, he decided suddenly, he was going to throw up the job. "Old Van Dusen, Hathaway and Speare, too, can all go to the devil with my compliments," he muttered threateningly.

He rang for a porter and, when the porter came, said.

"Garçon, send this cablegram immediately,—and when does the next boat leave for America?"

"Je ne sais pas"—

"Get out and find out and don't come back till you do."

He repacked swiftly and sat down impatiently to wait for "Garçon." In less than ten minutes the boy returned, and Steve learned he could catch a boat at eight that night. He was beginning to feel that he had not had a square deal, and by seven-thirty, he felt he was a martyr.

He did not go to dinner, but remained in his room. Neither was he aware of the fact that the "Direct Object" had plead a headache and was in her apartment just across the hall. When at seven-thirty he stepped out of his room, he was dumfounded to see her walk out into the hall, looking pathetically beautiful, with eyes swollen from tears. He watched her for a full moment, then broke out harshly.

"I know what you're doing here. You don't look like the kind you are. But even so I want you to know that I love you."

As she started to speak, her eyes wide with wonder and astonishment, he interrupted.

"Don't be frightened, I'm not going to report a single word of the whole affair. But so much as I love you—so much so I hate you for the thing you are."

Impulsively, he gathered her hands in his and pressed them to his lips. Then dropping them suddenly he rushed down stairs. Reaching the lobby, he pulled himself together, and walked up to the desk and inquired of the polite little Frenchman for his ticket

which the Hotel had secured for him. M. Lefevre handed it to him, and with it a cablegram. Steve opened it with impatient fingers.

"What have you been doing? The party you were to follow left for England on Thursday."

Hathaway and Speare.

Steve stood, looking at the little piece of paper in his hands which had changed the whole world for him. She wasn't——! Back up stairs he raced, almost upsetting Lefevre in his haste.

The "Direct Object" was standing where he had left her a few moments ago. He said nothing, but gathered her closely, in his arms. Then——

"Oh! My dear, my dear. Will you ever forgive me? What an insane idiot I've been. I was a fool to suspect you of any wrong. Won't you let me explain, and love me?"

She nodded her head against his shoulder and Steve explained everything from beginning to end. Then——

"Who is this "Lamarie" or whatever his name is?"

"First," she said, "don't you want to know my name?"

"You blessed angel, I don't care what you name is. I know what it's going to be."

"Anyway," she insisted, "I'm just plain Miss Barbara Hays, Philadelphia, Penn., U. S. A., and Lamarie is Prince Etienne Lamarie, who somehow has an idea aided by auntie, that he wants to marry me".

"Prince——! Bless my soul. And is he going to get you? I may have to throw him to the sharks yet."

"Not—not if a certain person I know wants me."

"Wants you! Oh, my dear, will you have me? I didn't dare hope you had even noticed me."

"I've had my eye on you all the way over, young man. And you know when a woman does care for a man, he needn't expect to get away."

"This one doesn't want to, dear heart," he murmured ecstatically.

—Caroline Parnell '24

## MA CHANGES HER TUNE

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If ever there was an "ugly duckling," Lelia Hammond was one. Nothing she ever did was exactly right. The "from hand to mouth" existence that her people led, left no place in it for the beautiful or artistic. Poor Lelia, she alone of all the family felt the lack of this, and craved and sought for something she was not able to find. Her step-father would have been kind to her, had it not been for her mother who exercised unquestionable petticoat-rule in that home.

"Don't encourage her in any of her tom-fool notions about drawing," Mrs. Hammond told her husband. "First thing I know she'll be wasting all her time that way instead of doing what she's supposed to, and holding down her job at Blake's. Ain't that just what her Pa did? Always trying to draw instead of doing honest labor to support his family."

Lelia, a tall slender girl of eighteen grew to hate her home, her surroundings, and the life she led.

"Why, oh why, couldn't I have gone away to school and studied designing instead of having to stand behind this counter day after day, selling hose and handkerchiefs? If Ma would only let me, I could stay right at home and go to Andrew's every morning for lessons. It wouldn't cost so much—Pa would give me the money, I know."

Her one friend and confidant was Felicia Davis, who worked at the adjoining counter. It was to Felicia that Lelia told her dreams and hopes. Felicia listened to her, sympathized with her, and tried to cheer her up by persuading her to go to a movie with some "gentlemen friends." Lelia rarely accepted the well meant invitations for she did not like the rather loud friends of Felicia's.

Day after day, as she stood in the dry goods store, and waited listlessly on the customers that came to her

counter, she longed to be free to study designing for she had indeed inherited her father's love for drawing. Picking up a paper that a customer had left on the counter one afternoon, Lelia's heart bounded. There before her eyes was the announcement of a contest with prizes to be given for the best designs for several costumes. Leaving her counter, she hurried over to Felicia, and exclaimed excitedly:

"O, look, Felicia, Madame Cecile who designs such wonderful dresses is offering a prize for the best designs submitted in this contest. Just think, the first prize is one hundred dollars—one hundred **whole** dollars! If I could only win the prize, I could pay the tuition myself, and study art at Andrew's for six months. He has night classes—I know if I just had a chance I could make lots more money designing than I do here."

"Course you can win it, kid. You draw the spiffiest looking pictures of dresses I ever saw," replied Felicia encouragingly. "Sure you can win the prize without half trying."

Thus encouraged, Lelia set to work. She had a good imagination, and that coupled with real talent made drawing a delight. She hunted among her father's material until she found some paper and water colors. Locked in her room, she kept faithfully to her task, and at last one night, she put the finishing touches to the last costume, and stood back to get the effect.

"They are good—I know it. If only—" and there she stopped, not daring to frame even to herself the thought that she might win a prize. The next morning, accompanied by Felicia, she went by Madame Cecile's and entered her work in the contest. As that was the last day that work could be submitted, many designs had already been sent in. Together the two girls walked around the room, admiring the various styles.

"All these are so good. -There's no chance what ever for mine," Lelia told Felicia disconsolately. "I wish I hadn't brought mine."



"O, cheer up," admonished Felicia. "Yours are just as good as anybody's, and I just bet you get the prize."

However, Lelia was rather down-hearted, and had small hopes of winning even one of the lesser prizes. Two days went by, three days, then a week, and still no news. Lelia no longer expected to hear anything from her designs. After the third day Felicia ceased to ask her if her check had come, for she saw how disappointed her friend was. Just before closing time one afternoon, some one handed her a letter.

"Who can be writing me?" wondered the girl. She opened the letter, and a small pink slip fell to the floor. Picking it up, she read:

"Pay to the order of Lelia Hammond, one hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars—for me?" She stared incredulously at the slip of paper for a long minute before she remembered to read the note.

"Dear Miss Hammond," it read.

"I have the pleasure of informing you that your designs for an evening dress won the first prize, and I am enclosing the check for one hundred dollars. Your work was unusually clever, and original. I would like to see more of it, and to talk with you about your art. Come to my rooms tonight at six.

Very cordially yours,  
Madame Cecile."

Lelia gazed from the letter to the check, and back again, and then rushed excitedly over to Felicia's counter.

"Look, 'Licia, look! A check for a hundred dollars! Now Ma can't keep me from taking art lessons. Just think, I won the first prize!"

"Ain't that just the grandest thing! I knew you'd do it if you tried," said Felicia.

Upon leaving the store that night, Lelia went at once to Madame Cecile's, and a moment later she was talking with the famous designer.

"My dear, you are Lelia Hammond, the girl who won the prize for an evening dress, aren't you? I want to talk to you about this talent of yours. Have you ever taken lessons in designing?"

"No, but I want to—if I could only study art. That's what I'm going to use this money for," replied the girl.

"If you only had training, what couldn't you do with that imagination and sense of color that you have. Can't you attend a school where you can get proper instruction?"

"No, Ma don't want me to draw. She hates it because Pa used to draw so much instead of working. But I'm going to use this money to pay my tuition and go to night classes at Andrew's."

"My dear, he isn't the proper person to teach you at all. You should study under Laurence. If you could study under him for awhile, your work would be very valuable to me. Come back tomorrow, and I will talk with you again."

The next afternoon when Lelia returned to Madame Cecile's, she could hardly believe she was hearing correctly when that lady said:

"Lelia, Laurence will teach you two afternoons a week from six to six-thirty. You are to go to him for your first lesson tomorrow."

"O, but I couldn't ever pay him what he would charge," protested the girl. "He's the best artist in the city, and he wouldn't want to be bothered with me."

"That has all been arranged, my dear. If you are to work here with me, you must have proper training before you can do skillful work," replied Madame Cecile.

And so it came about that the little shop girl took lessons in costume designing from the best artist in the city. At the end of six months, Laurence called on Madame Cecile.

"I've done all that I can for your protege. I can recommend her more highly than any pupil I ever had.

Her ideas are brilliant, and she adapts them to the person for whom she is designing. I congratulate you, Madame Cecile, on your discovery."

The next day, Madame Cecile sent for Lelia.

"How much are you paid a week at Blake's?" inquired she of the girl.

"Will you come here and work with me, beginning with a salary of thirty dollars a week, that to be increased later if you come to what I know you can do? Any one whom Laurence recommends always makes good."

"Thirty dollars a week?" gasped Lelia. "You'll pay me that much just to design dresses for you? You're not joking, are you?"

Of course not, child. Don't you know that anyone following that profession is better paid than in almost any other line of work?"

"O, I don't believe this can be me that all this good fortune is happening to—first the prize, then getting to really, truly study designing under Mr. Laurence, and now getting to come here to this beautiful place, and work with you, and be paid all that money. What will Ma say?"

"Run along home and see," said the older woman kindly, realizing that the girl was very much excited, "and come back Monday morning to begin work with me."

Mrs Hammond was cooking supper when Lelia reached home.

"Ma, I'm going to leave Blake's."

"What?" snapped Mrs. Hammond. "You ain't done fooled around and lost your job? Just what I might have expected tho, from your Pa's child. I reckon they caught you drawin' them no-sleeved dresses you're all the time sticking on every scrap of paper you get. Don't you think I'm going to have you hanging around here all day expecting me to support you in idle luxury—"

"O, I've already got another position. I've not been fired, I just got a better offer. Madame Cecile is go-

ing to pay me thirty dollars a week to come and work with her, and draw designs for evening dresses, street dresses, and any other kind of a dress folks want."

"Pay you all that money just to sit up, and waste time drawing things?" gasped her mother dubiously.

Certainly, and she's going to raise my salary later if I stay with her," Lelia was enjoying her mother's amazement fully as much as the prospect of leaving Blake's, and doing what she most wanted to.

"I begin work with Madame Cecile Monday," was Lelia's parting announcement, as she left the room. Standing in the middle of the kitchen, was a very non-plused, and bewildered parent.

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Hammond, presumeably to the door thru which Lelia had disappeared. "Did I ever! And she's going to get thirty dollars a week for drawing. I ain't a bit surprised though. I always did know a child of mine would do well. She gets her talent from me, 'cause I used to draw real pretty apples when I was a kid, and went to school."

—Lula Lee Leathers '23

## ON BETHLEHEM'S PLAIN

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On Bethlehem's plain, on a still, starry night  
Shepherds were keeping their sheep  
When, lo! in the East shone a radiance bright  
Arousing them from their sleep.

What a glory illumined the heavens above  
As hosts of angels were singing  
On earth, good will—to all men love  
With joy the skies were ringing.

They were not afraid. To them they said  
"In Bethlehem your King is born."  
And the guiding star, their footsteps led,  
To the babe on Christmas morn.

Those wise men three worshiped Him there,  
Before him humbly kneeling  
In the lowly manger the babe so fair  
Was sweetly, peacefully sleeping.

O, Star of Bethlehem, guide us we pray  
As the Christmas joy bells ring.  
Guide us by Thy light each day  
To serve our Lord, our King!

—Lula Lee Leathers '23



### THE STORY THE SHEPHERD'S TOLD

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“While Shepherds watched their flocks by night  
All seated on the ground,  
The Angels of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around.”

The morning dawned still and clear, in Bethlehem of Judea. A Jewish woman sat in her home dreaming of the Messiah. In her heart she had hidden the words of Jehovah who said that the seed of woman should bruise the serpent's head. Every Jewish mother had a secret hope that she would be chosen of God to be the mother of the Savior. But this morning a strange gladness thrilled this woman's heart. Whence came this joy and what did it mean? She sang praises to Jehovah and watched for the coming of her shepherd husband. What delayed him?

At last! Over the Judean hills the glorious sun shone with a new brilliancy while, all nature seemed to be shouting some glorious message this morning. Over the hill came the shepherd, his face all aglow as if with some hidden joy. The strangeness spread to the neighbors about them. Soon a crowd had gathered about the shepherd who looked as if he had seen some wonderful vision. A quietness spread over the crowd. They listened.

The shepherd's words came with an unexpected fluency. He who was only a rough shepherd spoke words of infinite wonder:

“As we watched our flocks last night, all seated on the ground, a wonderful light shone about us. Ah! what light was this that dazzled our eyes? Suddenly it seemed that all the earth was aglow. Lo! an Angel in spotless white stood before us and spoke these words

to us. "Be not afraid, for behold, I bring tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for there is born this day in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord, and this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find a babe wrapped in Swaddling Clothes and lying in a manger." When the Angel had ceased to speak we heard in the air the heavenly hosts praising God and saying "Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace among men in whom He is well pleased." Such music has never before been heard by mortals.

We were all amazed and filled with great wonder. We hastened away to find the babe of whom the Angel had told us. We found it as he had said, a babe peacefully sleeping, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. Our hearts were filled with gladness for we knew that the Messiah, so long prophecied, had at last been sent, and we were glad that He came not to the rich Pharisee but to a lowly Jew, for He was born of Mary the wife of Joseph, a carpenter.

The joy and strangeness which radiated from the earth itself no longer puzzled the people, for the story the shepherd told them set their hearts at peace. They were simple people and did not question the way of God who "Works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform."

—May Armstrong '23

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\* **RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES** \*

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What could we accomplish without faith?

We must have confidence in everything we attempt to do or we are a failure. The inspiration which we grasp at different meetings stays with us only a moment if we do not go out and try to tell others what we ourselves have received. This is what so many of us do, but girls, lets pass the inspiration on to our friends!

The one great thing the religious leaders of our college need is faith in the girls of Anderson College. How can they make our college what we would have it be if they feel that the girls are not sincerely backing them?

In our last Y. W. A. meeting we were given a wonderful report of the W. M. U. Convention which was held in Columbia. Our delegate, Emily Watts, brought back to us such a clear vision of the work of the W. M. U's of South Carolina, that we almost felt as if we were there ourselves.

She told us about a beautiful Pageant given the first night of the Convention. The Keynote of this Pageant was "Living for Others". We want this to be our Keynote, so we expect to see you, girls, at our next meetings.

Martha White.



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\* **LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY** \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The Lanier Literary Society has now settled down to work in dead earnest and we feel sure that this year is going to be one of the best and one of the most successful ones we have ever had.

The programs have been unusual so far in their distinctive features this year and have been much enjoyed by the new members as well as old. We feel that there has never been a more loyal and interested group of members than those belonging to this Society this year; and every one is ready and willing to "go and do and dare" for the sake of the Laniers.

The first Lanier program in the month of November was composed of a very interesting study in Parliamentary rules which was given very effectively by Virginia Cowherd. This was followed by an enlightening report of current happenings by May Armstrong. For her subject she took, "Italy's War between the Red Unions" and "The Fighting Facisti." "The Young Man Excited" was given in a most effective and dramatic way by our Society President, Malvina Hopper.

At this meeting the question was brought up as to whether our usual meetings every other Saturday night should be changed to meeting every Saturday night. Every Lanier responded with one accord to this question and it was unanimously voted that we meet every Saturday night. Greater interest and enthusiasm has been shown by the Laniers this year than ever before.

At one of our recent meetings an impromptu program was given, very humorous and greatly enjoyed. First came a debate: Resolved—"That to be in love is more painful than not to be in love." Affirmative: Mary Dell Stewart and Maybell Barnhill; Negative:

Jewel Willie and Virginia Cowherd. The discussion on both sides was fully enjoyed and ended in the judge's decision being in favor of the affirmative. Next, Elizabeth Small gave a very extraordinary Classical Selection, "Turkey in the Straw." This was followed by a profound discussion on "Why Men are Sorry Styles are Changing," by Mary Kendrick.

The purpose of the Lanier Literary Society is to contribute to each member a different phase of instruction than is obtained from the class room. In the near future we propose to study modern drama and the modern short story, knowing that programs of this type will prove both interesting and beneficial to every member.

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\* ESTHERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY \*  
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On Friday Evening, November 3, the Estherian Literary Society gave a program for the students, faculty, and its many Anderson friends. It consisted of a number of musical tableaux which were very picturesque. After the tableaux the Floradora Sextette was gracefully given. Then all the Estherians came to the stage and we sang our Estherian song. The success of the program was due largely to our loyal Sponsor, Miss Lucile Burriss, and our dainty little mascot who dances her way into the hearts of all.

The Estherians were honored, on Saturday evening November 11, by Miss Martha Bonham who gave us a very pleasing sketch of her European tour which she made last summer. She placed special emphasis on the great Passion Play, which she saw in Oberammergau, and made it very real. Miss Bonham's talk was so interesting that each girl felt as though she herself had taken the trip, and it made us all look forward with greater appreciation to our first trip abroad. After Miss Bonham's talk we were favored with a duet by Misses Martha White and Doris Jefferies.

Our Society has been divided into three groups which are: Literary, Dramatic, and Special Feature. In this way we plan to see that every girl has opportunities to appear on programs.

The Literary committee contributed the program Saturday, November 25, on Current Events. Several National Anthems were played. Then there was a round-table discussion of the present political and economic conditions of the United States, England, France, Russia, Japan, Italy, Ireland, and China. The girls who gave the talks were in costume. Uncle Sam presided.

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\* **FINE ARTS** \*

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The first concert of the artist series for 1922-23 was an organ recital given by Mr. Charles M. Courboin on November 14th. This was indeed a rare treat and a great opportunity. Mr. Courboin is one of the best concert organist in the world. It is needless to say that Mr. Courboin is a marvel. Not only is he a superb artist, but he is also a great man. His wonderful personality has won for him friends all over the world. Anderson feels proud to have had such a man here.

When Mr. Courboin is playing one has a comfortable certainty that "all is well." He manages the "King of instruments" as though it were a mere plaything. His entire program was rendered from memory—a feat which few organists have accomplished. In all his numbers Mr. Courboin exhibited great technical skill and power of interpretation. Special mention should be made of the "Prelude and Toccata" in D Minor by Bach, "Invocation" by Mailly which seemed to translate one into the very presence of angels, "Chorale No. 3" by Franck which is one of the greatest compositions for the organ, "The Song of the Basket Weaver" by Russell which was very striking, and "Marche Heroique" by Saint-Saens. Mr. Courboin improvised with amazing skill on the themes, "Star-Spangled Banner" and the Portuguese Hymn. During the whole program the large audience sat profoundly quiet and listened intently. We all hope that Mr. Courboin will come again.

A student recital was given on Friday evening, November 17th, by pupils in both the piano and voice departments. These recitals are not supposed to be finished concerts, but they are for the purpose of giving the students experience in performing in public.

Little Melva McCarley, of whom we expect great things, was the first on the program. She played "Le Secret" by Gautier very beautifully indeed.

It seems that Ruth Cunningham is making a mistake in not specializing in piano. She practices only one hour daily and her results are remarkable. "Slumber Song" by Grieg and "Traumeri" by Strauss were her numbers.

Helen Reichard played a Beethoven sonata, opus 14, No. 2 which is her required sonata for Junior entrance; and she certainly must have been given a very high grade because she played splendidly.

In the Prelude and Fugue in C Minor, which is the first played in these concerts, Geraldine Bowen showed excellent mental mastery which is all Bach requires.

The Beethoven sonata opus 31, No. 3, which is one of the numbers that is to be played in the state contest was played with good understanding by Mary Clement.

Eloise Royall proved great ability in her playing of the Liszt transcription of "The Spinning Song" from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

Although we enjoyed Margaret Wyckliff's solo, we realized that she did not display her true ability.

We see in Mary Dell Stuart and Martha Dyches the promise of great singers! Each of them show splendid training and conscientious effort.

This recital was one of the best of its kind that has been given at Anderson College.

On the evening of November 23, a recital was given by Mrs. Pratt, the professor of the expression department. Mrs. Pratt is one of the most loved members of our faculty, and we all appreciate her talent.

Her ability and originality were exhibited in her readings all of which are her own compositions. The manner in which she rendered her selections proved remarkable gift and unusual skill.

"The Race" was wonderful. In this Mrs. Pratt was able to play upon the imagination so well that one almost believed that one was witnessing a real horse



race. She gave the French poem as though she were a native French woman. "The Young Musician" was very touching. The pleasing little encore brought forth much applause and laughter from the audience.

Miss Denmark, one of the able teachers in the piano department, assisted Mrs. Pratt. Her numbers were beautiful indeed. In all of them she displayed much technical skill and musical understanding. Special mention should be made of "Moment Musical" by Moszkowski, "My Sweet Repose" by Schubert-Liszt, and the Liszt Etude in D flat.

Both reader and pianist received many lovely flowers and suitable gifts.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* **HOME ECONOMICS** \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The aim of Home Economics in college is to give scientific and practical instruction in all that pertains to the home and its management; that the girls may be fitted to teach Domestic Science and Domestic Art in public and private schools, in institutions, hospitals, and homes; to be workers and teachers in settlements; to be superintendents, supervisors, dietitians, tea-room managers, matrons, housekeepers, and home-makers. These are, in general, the fields those who graduate enter.

Every girl who studies Home Economics does it because she thinks that some day she may wish to create a home. The house will be made of wood, brick, or stone to shelter the family, but the home that she is going to create is to make life easier and better for each member of it. Every home should give health to the tired body and nerves, refresh the mind, and bring a feeling of pleasure to all who come into it. Every girl must know how all the work is to be carried on even though she may not do it herself. Her home must be an expression of her own personality and not be like some other person's home.

More women are engaged in housekeeping than in all other professions and employments combined, and if girls do not study Home Economics while in school when will they get the correct training? They cannot rely on their ancestors for they must be equipped to live in the present day and not yesterday. Home making is a difficult profession and requires knowledge and training if it is carried on in the correct way. It must be based upon a plan as truly as the building of a house needs a plan. So there will be no waste of any

kind or of time on the part of the housekeeper or others. The real Home Economics girl has a place for everything and keeps it in its place. Her housekeeping is thoroughly systematic, and by means of her well planned day's order she accomplishes all household duties in less time and with less energy, thus maintaining an ideal plan for a home.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* **COLLEGE NEWS** \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The Student Body and Faculty of Anderson College is more eager in praise of Mr. Charles Courboin, who gave an organ recital at the Baptist Church on November 14th. The entire programme was a wonderful and most enjoyable one. Mr. Courboin's talent and mastery of this instrument is remarkable. Anderson College considers itself more than fortunate in having had this great artist on it's 1922-23 program.

We find that we do not have to go out of our college to find talent. Because we have—Mrs. Pratt. And an artist she is, in every sense of the word. On Thursday night, November 23, Mrs. Pratt rendered several selections, which by the way were all entirely original, to a delighted audience of Anderson College girls, Faculty, and town people. Assisting Mrs. Pratt, was Miss Denmark, at the piano. We all know Miss Denmark and her playing. Her numbers were all well selected and rendered.

The Orion sent three representatives to the State Press Association, which was held in Columbia at the University of South Carolina, Chicora College, and Columbia College, from November 22 to 24. These three representatives were: Gladys Atkinson, editor-in-chief; Virginia Cowherd, assistant editor-in-chief, and Alice Pope Harris, business manager. These girls brought back glowing accounts of the meetings held while there, and the Student Body has begun to take a stronger interest in the college magazine because of their words. We're going to put the Orion on the map this year as it has never been before. The Staff is going to select the best short story, essay and poem written during the year, which will be sent to the State Contest. We feel sure that out of this Student Body, much excellent material may be obtained.

Thanksgiving number of the Orion is one of the best that has been published during the whole Orion career. Miss Atkinson deserves much credit for her untiring efforts to make our magazine one of the best in the South. We are all looking forward eagerly to the Christmas number, which will come out before we leave for the Christmas holidays.

And that reminds me. Christmas holidays! Just two weeks from tomorrow! The girls can hardly believe it possible, yet we know it's true. The hours of travail, struggle, sorrow and pain we have spent, and are to spend in the college class rooms, are lost in plans for Christmas. A report has come that some girls have already begun to pack.

Anyway, we know that the girls are coming back from the holidays with renewed enthusiasm to make help make Old Anderson the best ever!  
Old Anderson the best ever!

On Thursday evening, Dec. 7, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and Miss Daisy Daniel entertained the Faculty and a few friends most delightfully in the Domestic Science Dining Room. The miniature Christmas tree and the glow of the candles lent to the occasion the atmosphere of the Yuletide season. Later in the evening delicious refreshments were served by Misses Mary Dillard, Laura Blum, Virginia Kennedy, Mary Kendrick, and Lydia Burriss.

Then, the lights were turned low and Miss Alice Pope Harris sang very sweetly and with much feeling "Because You Are You". In the center of the room appeared a cupid with an arrow pointing to two hearts upon which were seen a "J" and a "D". This was the unique and attractive manner in which the engagement of Miss Bessie V. Jones to Mr. Clarence Dargan was made known.

Miss Jones, for the past three years, has been the Executive Secretary of the College; she is also the Faculty Advisor of the Orion, and the Staff is reluctant to give her up. The Orion, in behalf of the student body, takes this opportunity to extend congratu-



lations to Mr. Dargan and to Miss Jones our best of wishes.

All Anderson College girls, past and present, are well acquainted with the silver loving cup for the possession of which the classes strive valiantly on the basket-ball field each Thanksgiving day. Many colors and many names have been placed upon that cup. This year it is adorned with the Red and White for the wise old Seniors are the proud possessors.

But the Freshmen also have a cup which to their way of thinking outshines the glory of the Senior cup. It is not a big, ostentatious, silver one, but a small one of pure crystal with a vivid hunting scene etched upon the side; work which even Rodin himself would not dare to claim—a gem Mr. Kress would delight to add to his collection. A small cup, but of what matter the size for you know the old saying that the most precious things come in the smallest packages. To the Freshmen the cup represents the love and interest of a loyal friend, Mrs. Gibson, who presented it to them as a token of her appreciation of their excellent playing and sportsmanship.

This cup is one of the most cherished possessions of the Freshman class and, much as they wish to keep the Blue and Gold upon it always, feeling that other classes should know the joy of claiming it for their own, with great reluctance the Freshmen have agreed that next year they will pass the cup on to the class who **almost** wins the Thanksgiving game with this slogan:

“It’s all very easy to smile when you win  
And to talk of brawn and your sinew,  
But when you keep up your pep and fight to the end  
You’re true sports if you smile when the score’s  
‘agin’ you.”

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* **ATHLETIC NEWS** \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Thanksgiving Day has come and passed, and with it the smiles and groans mingled with the songs and prayers of thanks that have gone up from every student of Anderson College. To start the day off in the proper way; morning watch was held at 7:30 in the auditorium. Our thanksgiving processional was sung by the student body after which we had our regular Bible reading and prayer. Dr. White then gave us a wonderful Thanksgiving address.

Then after breakfast the real fun began. The games! How thrilled we all were! At 9:30 the classes assembled on the court preparatory to the coming in of the different class teams. Amid the yells and songs the teams came marching in, each distinctively recognized by the manner in which they were dressed and presented themselves to the spectators. A "more peppy" bunch of girls have never come together. Everyone was on tiptoe with excitement, eagerly waiting for the games.

First to come onto the court were the Freshman. This class, so young and unsophisticated, showed much originality in the way in which their procession was carried out. The team came riding up in a big two horse wagon, profusely be-decked with gold and blue. The team wore skull caps and even the mules hitched to the wagon wore dunce caps of the same gold and blue. A huge gold and blue banner proclaimed to the world that the Freshmen had arrived. The team was received by the cheers of their fellow classmen, each confident that they would win.

Next to make the appearance on the field was the Seniors. These dignified members of our College were

daintily wheeled onto the court in wheel barrows; the other members of the class lending a hand at the barrows, ensuring prompt delivery. This team was also hilariously acclaimed by their fellow-classman.

During a second's lull in this "hullabaloo" of yelling and singing of the "Freshes" and Seniors, a tribe of Indians was seen approaching. Much to the wonder of the spectators, the tribe was in the person of the Junior team. With a war dance and a blood-thirsty yell they were upon us. Their fellow-tribesmen greeted the great "Chiefs" with their best war whoop, thereby assuring them of the support and help of every Junior Indian present.

Last, but not least, came the "Haugthy Sophs." The "Sophs" arrived late on account of serious car trouble; their Cadillac-Ford limousine, formerly owned by James the janitor, became unruly, absolutely refusing to move. Finally, it responded to the coaxing and cranking of the chauffeur and the Sophomores arrived in state. A coterie of attendants accompanied the car, in which the team rode, among them being a footman, private doctor and nurse and maid. Every attention possible was shown this team by these special attendants, not counting the joyful way in which the class welcomed them.

Now, the teams and classes were all ready for the games! Such "pep" has never before been manifested as was shown at the crucial moment when the straws were drawn. The "freshes" and "Sophs" drawing the first straws were entitled to clash in the first fifteen minutes, then the Junior and Seniors played.

Never, have such teams come together on our court at the College as these two. The Freshmen had a strong team, but it was evident that the running center was the back-bone of the team. Of course the Freshmen have not had the experience nor the training that the other teams have had, but a strong defense was put up against the sophomore team. The sophomore team has some of the best players in school and this just happened to be one of their bad days, thereby

causing the "Sophs" to lose to the Freshmen. A better game has never been pitched, the sophs fighting to the last; coming out at the last half with the score 17 to 10 in favor of the Freshman team. Here's to you Freshmen; may your team grow in strength and power. Yours is a bright future; the good sports that you are. The Sophomores are still smiling, but behind that smile is the determination to win the cup next year!

Next came the Junior-Senior game. Goodness! What a game that was. First, the Seniors score; then the Juniors take full possession, now all are in a scramble for the ball; then the Seniors score again! Thus the fight was continued until the last. The Seniors won with the score 19 to 5. The Seniors certainly take the prize in pass-work. Beautiful, is just the word to describe the work they did. They seemed as one body, working in perfect harmony. The Juniors did some fine team work, also, making some pretty goals, but they were lacking the organized movement so evident in the Senior team.

The last game was the one between the two classes winning. The Freshmen and Seniors. Excitement ran high when these teams started playing, each determined to have that game which meant the cup. Again the Seniors advantageously used the team work to accomplish the goal. The Freshmen realized that they were up against a strong team and that they must work and work hard. They did—but alas! When all was said and done, the Seniors came out victorious with the score 7 to 8. The classes ran riot; each to her sisters, congratulating and praising them. The seniors and sophomores rejoicing, the juniors and freshmen consoling themselves with the thought that they lost only by one point.

We must not pass on without a word for our referee, Mr. Klenke. A fairer and more competent referee could not have been secured. Mr. Klenke put himself right into the fight; conscientiously directing the games with an assurance gained by long practice and complete knowledge of the game and rules. Mr. Klenke



very kindly consented to come over from Greenville to referee for us, and Anderson College girls are very grateful to him for his splendid spirit and co-operation with the teams as a whole. Here, allow me to state that Mr. Klenke is one of the best basket-ball players in the state; he having been captain of the Citadel College team which won the state championship. Mr. Klenke graduated from the Citadel and is now engaged as director of Physical Education in the Greenville Y. M. C. A.

The Anderson girls extend a cordial invitation to Mr. Klenke to visit Anderson College as often as he wishes, for it is very evident that he made a remarkable "Hit" with the girls.

All in all the spirit was fine and good comradeship still reigns in our midst though some do feel downcast. The playing was unusually good in all the teams and there is no reason why Anderson College can not put out a champion varsity this year. The College of Charleston has already challenged us and we hope to be able to play this game victoriously. The College of Charleston girls are the best to be found anywhere and when they come to Anderson, they will be welcomed royally as friends and fellow-players. Many more games are anticipated for the spring term. Our varsity will be selected then, and training will be started in earnest.



\* \* \* \* \*

\* **EXPRESSION NOTES** \*

\* \* \* \* \*

On Thursday evening, November 23, Mrs. Gertrude Pratt, head of our Expression department, gave a most enjoyable recital. She was assisted by Miss Annie D. Denmark, pianist. Everyone, and especially the Expression pupils, had been looking forward to this evening for a long time and no one was the least disappointed, for Mrs. Pratt's impersonations delighted the entire audience, young and old alike.

All of the readings were original compositions, which fact showed that Mrs. Pratt is talented as a composer as well as an impersonator. All the numbers were varied, ranging from the humorous, to the pathetic, and all were at the same time inspirational. Her first selection, "Time Tells the Story", was especially inspirational. "Mammy's Own Sweet Chile", carried the audience back to anti-bellum days, while "The Horse Race" was quite vivid and realistic. "The Young Musician" illustrated the fact that there are great possibilities in every life which need to be found and developed. By special request, Mrs. Pratt recited a French poem, written by her former French professor.

Mrs. Pratt has been requested to repeat this recital or give another evening of readings in the near future and it is hoped that she will find it possible to do so. Mrs. Pratt is a woman of strong personality and her influence is felt by everyone with whom she comes in contact. She has had a wide experience in studying and teaching, and is building up her department.

Up to the present time the pupils have been working hard, learning foundation rules and analyzing selections. No pupil is allowed to memorize until she has carefully analyzed the reading, and formed a mental picture of it.

We are preparing for a Studio recital which will take place before long.

Ollie Nix '24

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* **EXCHANGE TOPICS** \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The Exchange Department has gladly received a number of magazines from the various colleges. In attempting to criticise we do all in a friendly, helpful way. We mean to be perfectly frank and The Orion expects to be greatly benefitted by the friendly criticisms of the other magazines.

The November issue of the Erothesian is a well balanced and interesting magazine. The Literary Department is composed chiefly of short sketches rather than stories, but it is well interspersed with poetry.

"Spiritualism", is a very interesting story, but it is not written in a clear, coherent style. If it is not very carefully read, the reader is apt to lose the connection as the links are rather loose in the chain of the story.

The following short sketches are very good: "A Summer in England", "A Day in Rome", and "How to Study Pictures".

The Exchange Department gladly welcomes the October issue of the Wofford College Journal. The contents of this magazine are both interesting and educational. The first article, "The Art of Debating—Its Value", is well worth reading by every college student.

The plot of the story, "Mr. Miras", is poorly developed; the interest is not heightened as the story progresses, and the ending is rather abrupt. A well balanced story entitled, "The Chys", follows this one, however. The plot is well developed and the interest is maintained to the end. The magazine lacks a proportional amount of poetry, so "Poets of Wofford" get on your job.

A magazine of unusually high standard is the Furman Echo. The articles contributed show both time and thought on the part of the contributor. The

Dramatic poem which appeared in the November issue added much to the value of the magazine. It is seldom that we find a poem of this type in the usual college magazine. There is a variety of material in the Furman Echo for November, and for this reason we consider this issue better than that of October.

The November issue of the Aurora is a delightful example of a well balanced literary magazine. "The Young Rich Man", and "By Marcella Worth", are charming stories. The numerous verses which intersperse frequently lend a delightful atmosphere and a poetic tendency on the part of the writers.

We gratefully acknowledge among our list of exchanges, not only the magazines from our State colleges but also those from the colleges of other states. The William and Mary magazine is the highest type of literary production which has come under the observation of the Exchange. The contents are not merely entertaining as the majority of our magazines are, but they are of real literary value. The essays are worthy of reading, especially the following: "Immortality as Bearing on Morality", "Maupassant as a Short Story Writer". One of the best articles is, "The Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery".

The other colleges which have not exchanged magazines with William and Mary's College will be profited by doing so.

As a whole the October-November issue of the Carolinian is very good; that is to say, it is entertaining. It is not well proportioned, however. The contents are entirely of short stories and poems. A variety of material would increase the value of the magazine. For instance, a good essay, Book Reviews, or perhaps a Joke Department; any of the above mentioned would break the monotony of a list of nothing but short stories and poems.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Tiger, the Burleson Burr.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* ALUMNAE NOTES \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

In the early days of our college the number who went out as graduates was small, and the association which they formed, a weak one. It was weak from the standpoint of numbers, but in staunchness and loyalty to their Alma Mater the members stood strong and firm. To the first small band has been added each year an ever increasing number of girls, until today, should Anderson College send forth a call for her children, a goodly number would respond.

Before we were strong enough to stand as an Alumnae Association, a group of Anderson women elected to serve in our place. This band of women was known as the Women's College Association and was organized for the purpose of fostering the college in their midst. To them is due great love and reverence not only for the great financial aid which they have given but more than all else, for their encouragement, their faith in and their prayers for Anderson College.

The College Association is the mother of the Alumnae Association and she is still keeping watch over her children. Moreover she is asking them to join with her, now that we are strong enough, in helping to assure the future of our college. The work before us is the establishing of an endowment fund. Small, to be sure, it will be at its birth; but as the years have added more girls to our band, so the years will add more dollars to our fund, once it is begun. It is your duty and mine to co-operate with the college association in this work, to follow some definite program of action. I pledge support to the Association that has helped us as her children, and to show our love for our Alma Mater in a concrete form.

At the November meeting of the Alumnae Association the discussion centered about plans for the building of a recreation hall on the college campus. A committee was appointed to speak to the student body and to interest the classes and literary societies in this project. Mrs. Earnest Cochran, President of the College Association, was present and she pledged the support of the women in behalf of our efforts.

In the dimly lit future we see a bevy of girls entering and emerging from a recreation hall. We hear their merry chatter, their gay laughter, and our hearts glow because Youth is happy. Is it a dream? No—soon such a building will stand there—a building representing loyal hearts as well as joy and happiness.

Will your name be written in its construction?

—Ouida Patterson '20



## OUR DEAN

“Dr. Knight’s at old A. C.  
He’s as fine as fine can be,  
Busy all night and busy all day,  
Knows how to work and knows how to play.”

Thus the Seniors expressed their sentiments about our new Dean of the Faculty and this is what the students think of Dr. Knight. He is austere and frank, yet kind and fair.

Dr. Knight was here last May to become acquainted with all the old girls and in September he was at the college gate to greet new girls and to welcome us to our new home, for indeed it is a new home. All credit for the wonderfully improved condition of the buildings is due to the earnest and fruitful efforts of our Dean. This fact in itself proves his unusual executive ability. “If the art of taking infinite pains makes one a genius”, then Dr. Knight is certainly a genius.

Perhaps, we have not seen as much of Dr. Knight as we hope to in the future, still we feel that he has come quite close to us in his talks at the Chapel hour. His very presence is commanding and we listen to and heed his fatherly advice. Dr. Knight is straightforward and frank in all he does and we girls know that he means what he says. His attitude toward the students is protective and thoughtful, and we feel that he really cares for our welfare and happiness.

Dr. Knight is an all-round good sport—as a basketball “rooter” he simply can’t be beat, and when it comes to getting turkeys for Thanksgiving dinner, he’s superb!

We are indeed glad to have him among us with his enthusiasm, earnestness and kindly spirit.

—A Senior

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* LAUGHGRAMS \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

"A little humor now and then  
 Is relished by the best of men."

\* \* \* \*

Bonte: "Gladys, how old are you?"

Gladys: (coily) "I'm on my way to eighteen"

Bonte: (aside) "She must be making a detour."

\* \* \* \*

Some of the mysteries of Life:

Woman, Love, Anderson College Hash.

\* \* \* \*

Pessimist: "The joke column in the Orion won't be  
 much this month, nobody says anything funny and  
 nobody knows anything funny."

Optimist: "Yes, isn't it funny."

\* \* \* \*

Mary: "Where is Gladys?"

Lydia: "Looking up Latin roots."

Mary: "I didn't know she was taking Botany."

\* \* \* \*

Margaret: "Bab, are you going to be one of the Pall  
 Barrows at your sister's wedding?"

\* \* \* \*

Marie: "Dear me! I've looked for that crook till I  
 feel like a crook."

\* \* \* \*

"Aren't you rather musical?"

Yes, I wrote "Georgette"—but she never answered  
 me.

## DO YOU THINK?

That a nice little girl would powder her nose,  
 Would use lipsticks or wear wild clothes,  
 Would flirt with boys when she knew she shouldn't,  
 Would not go to town because she couldn't,  
 Would come down to breakfast not neatly dressed,  
 With her shoes unbuttoned and her hair all messed,  
 Would chew her chewing gum  
 Oh! ever so loud  
 Or do anything she wasn't allowed?  
 You don't? Well I do.—Selected.

\* \* \* \*

“Oh, Mr. Gallagher, Oh, Mr. Gallagher  
 Once I saw you save a lady's life  
 In a rowboat out to sea;  
 You were then a hero to me,  
 And I thot perhaps you'd made that girl your wife.  
 Oh, Mr. Shean, Oh, Mr. Shean,  
 As she sunk down I dove down like a submarine,  
 Dragged her up upon the shore,  
 Now she's mine forever more.  
 Who, the girl, Mr. Gallagher?  
 No, the rowboat, Mr. Shean.”

\* \* \* \*

Martha: “I believe we're going to have hail this afternoon.”

Mary: “Oh, I'm so thrilled.”

\* \* \* \*

Caroline: “I love Garber Davis.”

Liz Harris: “Give me Weidemeyer every time”.

Mattie Julia: “We've always got better satisfaction dealing with Sears-Roebuch—they are so prompt.”

\* \* \* \*

## HEARD AT THE BASKET-BALL GAME.

Miss Denmark: “If that man wouldn't blow the whistle so much and interfere with the game they could play better.”

Miss Cronkhite: "Was that a foul on the protector?"

\* \* \* \*

Miss Fox in psychology: "Girls, the nearest I've ever been to heaven was when I was on the ferris wheel."

\* \* \* \*

Floncy: "I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears about your exam—"

Fresh: "No, I wired him last night."—Selected.

\* \* \* \*

Student: "I put my whole mind into this poem."

Teacher: "Evidently, I see it's blank verse."—Selected.

\* \* \* \*

PHEME BLANTON: "The moon-light in Florida is so bright that the owls are dying of insomnia."

\* \* \* \*

Scientific Proof: One day a teacher was having a class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all the time. One little girl spoke up and said: "Yes'm, when it is a cold day I can see smoke."

\* \* \* \*

#### DO YOU KNOW?

Lena—Lena Ginster.

Felix—Felix Cited.

Liza—Ferti Liza.

Polly—Polly Mentry Law.

Umphrey—Umphrey-ever blowing bubbles.

Alec—Alec Tricity.

Euripideas—Eurip-ideas Pants.

Minerva—Minervres Wreck.

\* \* \* \*

Oh what a tangled webb man makes when to propose he undertakes.

I was seated one day in the library with a phylosophical book,  
 When a loud and sudden explosion  
 My thots of phylosophy shook,  
 I glanced up from my reading  
 To see whence the noise did come  
 And behold, twas merely a Freshman  
 Liesurely popping her gum.—Selected.

\* \* \* \*

The weight Barometer of Anderson College with illustrations:

- 90—Skinny, example, Lila Sullivan.
- 100—Willowy, example, Miss Fox.
- 110—Slender, example, Cora Emmie Rawlinson.
- 120—Lythe, example, Liz Harris.
- 130—Graceful, example, Caroline Parnell.
- 140—Athletic, example, Ruth Todd.
- 150—Plump, example, Margaret Wickliff.
- 160—Stout, example, PHEME Blanton.
- 170—Wobbly, example, Wadine Settle.
- 200—Wadling, example, Mattie Julia Graham.
- 180—Roly Poly, example, Helen McGill.
- 400—Barnum and Bailey Side Show.

\* \* \* \*

Fresh: "That song the Junors sung to the Seniors about The class of '23, is not so; there are over fifty in the Senior class."



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Dr. Forest D. Suggs  
Dargan Printing & Stationery Company  
Dr. M. R. Campbell, Eye Specialist  
Economy Shoe Store  
Efrid's Department Store  
Fant's Book Store  
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Maxwell Building Telephone Connections.

**The College Girls  
Headquarters**

IS

**FANT'S BOOK STORE**

**EDUCATION VS. IGNORANCE**

Our Dry Cleaning Plant is not a Hit or Miss Proposition,  
But Based on Science.

We do Faultless Cleaning and Dyeing

**Anderson Steam  
Laundry**

Dry Cleaners and Dyers

Phone 7.





**The**  
**Fleishman Bros. Co.**  
**ANDERSON'S BETTER STORE**

COMPLETE LINE OF

Ready-to-Wear, Dry Goods Milli-  
nery, Shoes and Notions.

**Your Patronage Appreciated**

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**KRESS**  
**ANDERSON'S**

**LEADING 5-10-25c. STORE**  
**ON SOUTH MAIN STREET**

Notions, Laces, Ribbons, Stationery, Hosiery  
and

**A Line of Candies That Are Incomparable**  
as to

**Price, Quality, and Method of Display**

Headquarters for  
**NOBLE LADY HAIR NETS**

Meet Your Friends at

**KRESS**

**THE BETSY ROSS  
TEA ROOM**

119 NORTH MAIN STREET

WE SPECIALIZE IN

**CATERING**

**ECONOMY SHOE STORE  
NEXT TO PLAZA HOTEL**

NOVELTY FOOTWEAR FOR COLLEGE GIRLS  
REPAIR WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED  
PHONE 662

Most Things Can be Anybody's Gift. Your Portrait is  
Distinctively, Exclusively Yours.

No Portrait is so Completely Satisfying as One  
Made by a Professional Photographer

**GREEN & HAYNES**

Phone 591

J. D. Rast, Pres. and Treas.     \$10,000 Capital

**THE ANDERSON FURNITURE  
COMPANY  
(Incorporated)**

**Everything for the Home and the  
Price is Right.**

*The STRAND*  
*Anderson's Foremost*  
*Picture House*

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All Our Pictures Are  
Superior Productions  
selected from the hun-  
dreds of producers in  
the United States.

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*Always a Friendly*  
*Welcome to the*  
*College Girls*

THE  
LIBERTY  
THEATRE

Now Showing the Very Best in Photo-Plays  
Special Price Every Afternoon to College Girls  
Only Five Cents From One to Six O'clock

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TOILET REQUISITES, STATIONERY, SODAS  
SHEAFFERS FOUNTAIN PENS  
NORRIS EXQUISITE CANDIES

**BIGBY'S PHARMACY**

"ANYTHING IN DRUGS"

PHONE 203

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***PIGGLY WIGGLY***

***MEANS BETTER LIVING***

***FOR LESS MONEY***

**312 SOUTH MAIN STREET**



**GALLANT-BELK CO.**  
**ANDERSON'S NEWEST, LARGEST AND**  
**FASTEST GROWING DEPARTMENT**  
**STORE**

---

We Carry at all Times a Big Stock of High Class Merchandise of all Kinds, Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Ladies' Ready-to-wear, Millinery, Etc.

In fact, everything that an Up-to-date Department Store should carry we have, and We Sell it For Less.

Students and friends of Anderson College are Invited to make this their store.

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**GALLANT-BELK COMPANY**

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**PUREST OF THE PURE**  
**MCCALL'S**  
**DAIRY PRODUCTS**  
**CHOCOLATE AND PASTEURIZED MILK**  
**IN BOTTLES**

Mr. Retailers: If you are wide awake you had better get onto this one. Everybody will want it. Phone us at 72 and we will send it to you. We have Pineapple and Vanilla.

Book Your Orders Now.

**McCalls Dairy Products**  
**JUST WHOLESOMENESS**

Phone 72

West Earle St.

**WE TREAT YOU  
SQUARE  
ALL THE YEAR  
ROUND**

**GET IT AT**

**BRISSEY'S**

**Anderson, S. C.**

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**FOR SALES AND SERVICE**

**CHAPMAN ELECTRIC  
COMPANY**

**Phone 437**

**121 W. Whitner St.**

**ANDERSON, S. C.**

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**FARMER, WALTON & EVANS**

**INSURANCE**

**ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA**

See

**MRS. B. GRAVES BOYD**  
FOR SUITS, COATS, DRESSES AND FURS  
THE NEWEST IN MILLINERY

WHEN VISITING YOUR GIRLS CALL ON US  
"FREE ROAD SERVICE"

PHONE 798

115 W. EARLE ST

## **BROWN'S TIRE SERVICE**

HOME OF GOOD TIRES

**PORTRAITS**  
(THAT SPARKLE WITH LIFE)

STYLE AND QUALITY  
OIL TINTING A SPECIALTY

**SALTER AND SISTER**

**DR. FOREST D. SUGGS**

ANDERSON, S. C.

PHONE No. 336.

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

SILVERWARE

# SAM ORR TRIBBLE

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY

140 N. Main St.

Anderson, S. C.

CUT GLASS

CHINA

NOVELTIES



ANDERSON  
CADILLAC  
COMPANY

J. C. McKELLAR Manager



**Ideal Grocery Company**

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

PHONE 471

**ANDERSON STORAGE BATTERY CO.**

(WILLARD SERVICE STATION)

**BECK DRUG COMPANY**

OPEN FRONT STORE

Quality, Quick Service

ACCURACY AND PURE DRUGS IN OUR  
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

Drugs, Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods, Fine  
Stationery, Cigars, Tobaccos  
Cigarettes, Fresh Candies

ANDERSON, S. C.

WE HAVE COMPLETED A TEN YEAR COURSE

AND HOLD ALL THE DEGREES IN

FIRE INSURANCE

**HORTON, McLEAN & CO.**

ANDERSON, S. C.



**ANDERSON PAINT  
COMPANY**

**ANDERSON, S. C.**

**DISTRIBUTORS**

**DUPONT**

**PAINTS, VARNISHES, LEAD**

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**Imperial Theatre**  
**Good Pictures**  
**for**  
**All People**

# SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

ANDERSON

BELTON

GREENVILLE

Wholesale and Retail

Retail

Wholesale and Retail

IMPORTED CHINAWARE, SILVERWARE CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, POTTERY, ATHLETIC SUPPLIES, PAINTS AND VARNISHES, AUTO REPAIR PARTS, ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES, STOVES AND RANGES, PLUMBING SUPPLIES, MILL SUPPLIES, BULILDERS' HARDWARE, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, TRACTORS.

## EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE

Anderson College and Sullivan Hardware Co., will be faithful serving this community and state long after we, as individuals shall have passed.

# SULLIVAN HARDWARE COMPANY

## ALTMAN PRINTING COMPANY

107 WEST EARLE STREET

## ANDERSON REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY ANDERSON, S. C.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$125,000

REAL ESTATE, STOCKS AND BONDS

Desirable Lots Near Anderson College for Sale  
at all Times.

# **G. H. BAILES COMPANY**

## **THE NEW BEE HIVE**

**THE BIGGER, BETTER STORE WHERE  
SERVICE AND QUALITY ARE CONSIDERED  
FIRST. WE SELL EVERYTHING FOR LA-  
DIES, MEN AND CHILDREN.**

**OUR SHOE STORE IS A BIG STORE WITH-  
IN ITSELF.**

## **THE BEE HIVE**

**G. H. BAILES COMPANY**

**East Side Public Square**

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# **VANDIVER & COMPANY**

## **GENERAL INSURANCE AND BONDS**

**10 YEARS IN BUSINESS WITHOUT A LAWSUIT**

**ANDERSON, S. C. — — Phone 544**

**COLUMBIA STEAM PRESSING CLUB**

**DYEING — CLEANING — ALTERING**

**SPECIAL MACHINE FOR LADIES WORK**

**ALL WORK DELIVERED PROMPTLY**

**PHONE 608**

**G. L. HODGES**

**FANCY GROCERIES**

**FRUITS A SPECIALTY**

**YOU can always find the Style you want,  
YOU can always find the Finish you want,  
YOU can always find the Wood you want,  
And You Can Always Find Any Kind of  
Furniture Made at**

**G. F. TOLLY & SON**

**THE CHEAPEST FURNITURE HOUSE  
IN SOUTH CAROLINA**

**WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF FINE FOOT-  
WEAR FOR COLLEGE GIRLS AND  
YOUNG WOMEN**

**IF IT IS NEW WE HAVE IT.**

**THOMPSON'S SHOE STORE**

**“Home-Keeping Hearts Are  
Happiest”.**

**“We Build the House  
You Make the Home”**

**TOWNSEND LUMBER COMPANY**

**CONTRACTORS and BUILDING MATERIAL**

**PHONE 267 - - ANDERSON, S. C.**

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**TWENTY YEARS**

**Of Successful Handling of all Lines of In-  
surance For Our Patrons Gives Us the  
Leading Agency in this Section.**

**Trust Your Insurance in Our Hands and  
You Will be Practical.**

**CITIZENS INSURANCE AGENCY**

**Q. FRANK JOHNSON, Manager**

**Phone 209**

**Bleckley Building**





# Ligon & Ledbetter

JOBBER OF

HANES UNDERWEAR,

SEALPAX UNDERWEAR,

BEAR BRAND HOSIERY,

RIVOLI SILK HOSIERY,

KNOX KNIT HOSIERY.

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## WEBB-CASON DRUG CO.

114 NORTH MAIN

"The Center of the City"

FOR

TOILET ARTICLES

Swell Stationery, Etc.

We carry in stock all widely advertised Toilet Articles, including your favorite Extracts, Perfumery, Tooth Paste, Brushes, etc., and give all orders our personal attention.

If you are not a patron of our Fountain—no matter what the weather—sizzling hot or winter's worst—you have not experienced the real joy that should be yours.

COME IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

# EFIRD'S

WE CAN SAVE EVERY LADY MONEY ON  
HER COATS, SUITS AND DRESSES, ALSO  
UNDERWEAR, SHIRTWAISTS, CORSETS,  
BRASSIERS, HOSE, GLOVES, ETC.

WE ALSO HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF  
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, SHOES AND  
DRY GOODS.

## EFIRD'S DEPARTMENT STORE

ANDERSON, S. C.

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# D. GEISBERG

"THE EXCLUSIVE READ-TO-WEAR STORE"

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Exclusive Agents For—

BETTY WALES DRESSES,

PEGGY PAIGE DRESSES,

PRINTZESS SUITS,

SUNSHINE SUITS

GOSSARD CORSETS,

MUNSING WEAR

COLLEGE GIRLS AND FACULTY WELCOME

# D. GEISBERG

**GASOLINE, OIL, GREASES AND TIRES**

---

**THE BEST QUALITIES**

**THE BEST SERVICE**

**AND HOME PEOPLE**

---

**Petroleum Oil Company**

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**SUPERIOR SERVICE**

**Todd Motor Co**

**Ford - Lincoln - Fordson**

**EAST EARLE ST., ANDERSON, S. C.**

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**TO OUR FRIENDS**

**THE COLLEGE GIRLS**

**WE ARE HERE TO SERVE YOU WHILE  
YOU ARE IN ANDERSON. MAKE OUR  
STORE YOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR SHOES**

**WE SUIT THE HARD TO PLEASE**

**Baskin Shoe Company**

## WHY WE LOVE ANDERSON COLLEGE

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For the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman Classes, their Officers take this page of the Orion advertising to give good reasons for the enthusiasm of the Student body for ANDERSON COLLEGE.

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**FIRST:** Its President and Deans command our deepest respect for ability, justice and sympathy.

**SECOND:** The Faculty hold our confidence and affection as instructors and guides in the class room and out of it.

**THIRD:** Anderson College life is that of a big family pervaded by the spirit of fellowship,—very solemn sometimes, but full of pep.

**FOURTH:** The Estherian and Lanier Societies divide us and also unite us in intellectual competitions. We have challenged Furman University for a public debate and believe we could show them something.

**FIFTH:** The equipment and appointments of the college are the nicest and most comfortable to be found in the South. There are few hotels which surpass Anderson College in provisions of comfort.

**SIXTH:** Our Alma Mater to be is a growing forward looking institution: "Every day and in every way it is getting better and better."

**SEVENTH:** The religious life and the Christian influence at Anderson is real to everybody connected with the college. The churches of all denominations in Anderson unite in showing their constant interest in the students. There is nothing mechanical about religion in Anderson College.

**EIGHTH:** We like the people of Anderson and we know they like us. It would be a strange girl who would go away without saying, "Anderson is My Town."





