

VOL. VII

NO. 3

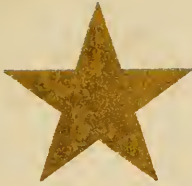
THE ORION



Estherian Number

ANDERSON COLLEGE, ANDERSON, S. C.

"If I had only
two loaves of bread,
I would sell one
and buy white
hyacinths to feed my
soul."



FOLLOW THE GLEAM.

A star for our name,
Onward, upward let us go
Overcoming all that in our pathway lies;
With our hearts all aflame
We'll the goal at last attain,
And through all our difficulties reach the skies.

We will follow the gleam,
Though bright or faint the beam,
Through the shine or in the cloudy weather;
And forward one and all,
When we hear Estherian's call—
Oh Estherian's, Estherians, forever!

Anderson College Ideal:

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

THE ORION

VOL. VII

FEBRUARY 1923

No. 3

Founded 1916

Subscription Rates-----\$1.50 per Scholastic Year
Single copies \$0.15.

Entered as second-class matter, November 26, 1916, at
the Postoffice at Anderson, S. C., under Act
of March 3, 1879.

Published five times during the scholastic year by the
student body of Anderson College, Anderson, S. C.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

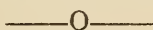
Winter is almost gone and we are beginning to see new bonnets of braid and silk, and to feel symptoms of the season's malady, or of spring fever it is sometimes called, and other signs of spring as well.

Nature has not yet thrown aside her somber winter garments to replace them with a brighter dress. We mortals in true twentieth century fashion try to outdo even nature, and, though spring-time's heralds, buds and showers, have not yet marshalled in this most beautiful of all seasons, within each heart the awakening is beginning. Examinations, on of the winter's most severe storms, have past and we are enjoying fairer weather. The new semester has begun and with it new studies, new hopes, new aspirations. The heart of every student is awakened from the winter's cold severity. The conscious as well as the subconscious mind is continually filled with colorful day dreams and new thoughts. And at this season comes not only foolish, fanciful day dreams, but also worth while air-castles. This is the time when the great desire to be somebody, to accomplish something in life grasps each young heart. No boy or girl escapes this spring time awakening. This is the season for which I believe Socrates meant his words "Gnothi sauton!" When first these dreams come to your minds do not scorn them and turn them aside as mere folly. Take an inventory of your abilities, "Know thyself," promise yourself that you will measure up to the worthiest of these aspirations and that you will accomplish in full your highest mission in the world.

To the housekeeper the coming of spring means sunny days when she can sweep and clean to her heart's content; it is a time for renovating the house inside and out. And just as truly as this is so in the little house and the mansion, so it is true with the student, for the body in which one dwells is his mansion and the coming of springtime should mark the beginning of the making over. Clear out all that is

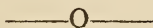
unworthy and useless, clean up all the recesses of the mind, make room for these new hopes and bright dreams, for they cannot mature if crowded out by dusty moulded thoughts. Let this new life grow by adding to it a determination that the result shall be a worthy one.

These new pulsations which make the blood fairly tingle, which cause the eye to sparkle with new light, are evidences that into our hearts are being instilled the elements which keep us striving toward higher plains and which bring us inevitably to Success.



Anderson College has one honor at least that I believe no other school can boast of. Every girl here is proud of the fact that May Peterson who sings for the Metropolitan Opera Company calls A. C. girls her girls and makes our interests her interests. Last year while visiting us, Miss Peterson announced her desire to give a prize of \$25.00 to the student contributing the best short story to the Orion. The winner of this prize will have three reasons for being proud: She will earn \$25.00, the value of which no one disputes; she will be lauded as the best short story writer at Anderson College; and last but not best of all she will have the honor of receiving a prize from this most charming singer of national and international fame.

Every student and especially the Orion staff heartily appreciates and highly values this interest shown by Miss Peterson. We have missed her visit this year and we surely hope we will have the honor and great pleasure of a visit from her next year. Her exquisite concerts will always be remembered and her lovable personality has won for her a place in the heart of every A. C. girl.



We wish to correct an error made in our last issue. "The Heart of Mario" was written by PHEME BLANTON and not by LULA LEE LEATHERS. We regret that this error occurred.

YOUTH TO AGE.

Like silver band is this the winding stream,
As in and out it moves o'er rock and fall;
A bright and shining path indeed thou art,
In sea, to loose thy life in death, it seems.
What is Life? 'Tis sorrow and joy and dreams.
Youth is gay, for pleasure fair, in his own way.
Sad pity youth to rack and shoal doth lean,
But age at last a fairer faith hath wrought,
For days, well spent, in time have won their peace
Like him who sought the fount of youth and life,
Each soul doth yearn for what can ne'er be bought.
Thru love alone the inward pain doth cease;
Death opens the gates of life and ends the strife.

—Ophelia Smith.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM.

From time immemorial people have been interested in the stars. Under the bright and cloudless skies the astrologers of old studied them and brought their messages and meaning to the people.

The early navigators ventured upon uncharted seas with the north star as their unfailing guide. Then there appeared the star of stars—His Star in the east, which led the wise men to the feet of the Prince of Peace. And from that day to this in the lands where His star is followed, there has been the gradual emancipation of woman. Presently, there appeared in her horizon the stars of Love and of Hope and her life has been broadened until today in America the opportunities and responsibilities of the world are open to her.

In 1913 there arose a Star at Anderson College and all the girls immediately became its followers—and were named by Dr. Chambless, the beloved first president of the college, Estherians. We chose this star, Esther as our guide and we feel that the sweetness and light and courage of the young Hebrew queen has led us bravely on. Every year has witnessed some forward steps in the “climbing life”, and we feel that our society—its spirit and its ideals—are preparing us better to meet life’s responsibilities. Our programs are the kind that instruct and entertain; and our annual debates with our sister society, the Laniers, are more interesting and exciting than any other single event of the College year. True, we haven’t won the majority of them in the past, but Laniers we are “baffled to fight better.”

Of course, there are not many traditions in a College so young but we, Estherians, are proud of the fact that we began with the College; we had our roots founded

in a big undertaking and we hope that we can live up to our heritage. We feel confident of the hope that every true Estherian will always strive nobly to broadcast around her the warmth of good fellowship, the light of good scholarship and the fragrance of pure womanhood.

“Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Estherians,
Down to the haven
Call your companions;
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.”

—Lydia Burris.

HILDA'S EASTER LILY.

A new shipment of lily bulbs had just arrived from Bermuda. Mr. Raught unpacked them as soon as they came.

"They must be planted right away, if we expect to have them in bloom by Easter," he said. "Hilda, come help me, child, I always have more orders than I can fill, so I must get busy."

Hilda was a pathetic looking child, with a crooked little body. She could not do very much work, but she adored flowers and loved to help her father work in his greenhouse.

"What do those people mean by putting in such a bulb as this?" growled Mr. Raught. "I have to pay mighty dear for these bulbs and then they send me a poor thing like this."

It was a poor looking bulb, little and rather shriveled. But the child felt an attachment for the poor little bulb, she did not want it thrown away.

"Father, may I have the little bulb?" she asked timidly. "I can plant it in a corner somewhere, and it won't be in the way."

"Take it if you like," he answered, "but you'll be wasting your time if you plant it. I've had a lot of experience and I never saw a bulb that small make a lily."

But Hilda planted the little bulb, and worked it and cared for it as tenderly as a mother would her little babe. She would often lean over and whisper to it.

"Little bulb, please grow into a lily for me—even a tiny lily would make me so happy. Nobody loves you but me, so just do that little for me—won't you?"

It did make a plant. When Hilda first saw the little green sprouts peeping up in the earth, she was almost wild with joy. It grew and grew that winter—even

her father noticed it. Hilda began to have great hopes.

The child loved this lily bulb that she had planted, but more than that, she loved Madame Rosine, the beautiful singer who often sang at the Park Avenue Church on Sundays. This was a wealthy Church. Handsomely dressed men and women came here. One day Hilda had slipped in when no one was noticing, and she heard Madame Rosine singing. Never had she heard anything so wonderful.

"I know she is an Angel. No one else could make such heavenly music," thought little Hilda. "I wish I had something to give her, to let her know how I love her."

And so the winter passed and the warm spring came and made everything take on new life. On Hilda's plant, a tight, green-white something appeared. Was it a leaf? When Hilda saw it she could scarcely breathe. It was not a young, tender leaf—it was a bud, she knew it was, but she was afraid to believe it.

"O, it is, I know it is a bud. You darling thing, you—"

Mr. Raught's lilies had begun to bloom. His greenhouse was a thing of beauty. Hilda loved everyone of them. She could not bear the thought of parting with them, but, already, orders had come in.

On Good Friday Hilda's bud began to unfold. She didn't want to leave it for a minute that day. Saturday morning she ran to look at it as soon as she was out of bed.

She stopped short and looked and wondered. She walked slowly, scarcely breathing, for there, in the place where she had planted her little bulb, was the largest and most beautiful lily she had ever seen. It was of dazzling beauty and of exquisite purity. It was, by far the largest lily in the greenhouse.

When she showed it to her father, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"And so that lily came from that little bulb I threw away," he muttered to himself. "Why that is the

finest lily I have ever seen and no one works theirs better than I do."

He did not understand. Hilda had not simply worked her lily, she had breathed loving words into it, and the flower had responded by being more beautiful than any lily that a florist had ever grown.

Easter morning, Madame Rosine was decidedly disgruntled. She did not want to go to the church to sing—she wanted to sleep.

"O, bother," she said petulantly, "I don't want to go to Church and my new hat is not at all what I wanted."

Her maid came into her room, bringing a long florist's box. Madame Rosine received dozens of these boxes a day—she was almost tired of them.

"Bring it here," she said, "let me see who it's from."

She opened the box and to her great surprise found that it contained a single lily. Usually she did not even take the flowers from the box, but she was so dazed at this odd gift that she took the lily from the box and hunted for the card. Instead of a card she found a little note, written in a crude, childish hand.

Lovely Singer, (it read) :

You are so beautiful, I believe you are an angel that fell from Heaven. I grew this lily myself—and it reminds me of you. I'm just a little girl but I had rather hear you sing than anything. I hope that you will like my flower—I love it next to you.

Hilda Raught.

Madame Rosine, with tears in her eyes looked at the flower in hand.

"Why, it is the most beautiful thing I ever saw—do I really look like that to anyone?"

The easter music at the Park Avenue Church was beautiful, but the people were not moved by it. They were used to good music. They paid for it and expected it.

But when Madame Rosine stood to sing her solo, every eye was drawn to her, for her face was beautiful

and full of joy. And she sang as she had never sung before. The congregation was spell-bound. To many of these worldly people, as to little Hilda, she seemed almost an angel from Heaven. The beautiful singer did not wear the conventional bouquet of rare and expensive flowers, but instead, she wore a single lily of unusual size and beauty.

A child with a crooked little body cried softly in the back of the church, for she saw that the beautiful singer was wearing her Easter lily.

Mary Paget '24.

HOW I EARNED MY FIRST DOLLAR

"An Estherian Abroad"

I will always remember how I earned my first dollar. It gave me such a joy and such a pleasure that I am sure to remember it forever. We learn in psychology that pain lasts longer than joy and that we remember better when we were suffering than when we were happy. Once more an exception will confirm the rule. I am sure that my joy will last longer than any pain I ever had.

To explain my pride and happiness, I must explain at first that I was brought up in a country where working, for a girl, was considered as bad education. It was not lady like. Any kind of a salary was a little disgraceful and in receiving it one would close immediately the doors of the well educated, well-to-do, good-for-nothing people. When I came to America, I was obliged to teach in order to have more money and to be able to remain here a longer time; the exchange was so low that it was made obligatory. Then I started teaching French. My first pupils were young children, little boys and little girls, I had about a dozen of them. I enjoyed teaching them. They understood my lessons, and they understood my poor English. They made an effort to listen to me, to study, to learn. I just loved them because first they loved me and because I had never thought of having such a pleasure in teaching them grammar.

After the first month I was paid. One of the children came with a letter from her mother. The letter was very nice and enclosed were a few dollars. I looked as natural as I could although my heart was beating quicker and when the lesson was finished and the children gone, I could not wait any longer and danced with joy. The sun was shining east and west. I found

those dollars beautiful. I looked at one side and then the other as if I never had seen any. I looked at the eagle which spreads its wings and grasps the flag. Then I counted the number in the corners. Everywhere it was "one". Number one in different sizes; the word one was written in different places. Big "one", little "one". I counted about twenty-four of them on the same banknote, and I wondered why American people who are so practical, repeated themselves so much!

Then I became more serious. I was in a preacher's house and dancing was forbidden. I started deeper thoughts. I understood better all that which my family had already spent for me. I decided that day, that my life would be worth while, that work would be my aim, if I had the health to do it.

I sent my first dollar to my mother, who will keep it forever with the greatest respect, because it means for her that once, a girl, her daughter, shaking the dust of routine, dared to work.

Mlle. Marguerite Breton '22.
(Decize Nièvre, France).

THE POSTSCRIPT.

It certainly wasn't Mary Ellen's fault that Peter Farrell wouldn't notice her. The little town, Roseboro, in which she lived was a small puddle to be sure but, metaphorically speaking of course, Mary Ellen was a very large toad indeed. Yet it was a wise man who said, "'Tis better to be a large toad in a small puddle than a small toad in a large one." So Mary Ellen shone in her own little circle, was by far the prettiest girl in town, the best dancer—and using the vernacular of the day, "had more strings to her bow" than any other girl in the little village. Far be it from me to brag about Mary Ellen but summing up her various attributes, she was what is commonly known as a sweet girl." I hope that I have given you a pleasing picture of Mary Ellen. She was altogether a delectable bit of humanity. Details? Oh, of course. Small, dark hair, with wonderful blue eyes, and a complexion whose only rival was an apple blossom. And her smile! When Mary Ellen smiled, the whole male population fell at her feet.

But, nevertheless, Mary Ellen was worried. She was decidedly worried. Peter Farrell wasn't a Greek god by any means, yet Mary Ellen had cast a speculative eye upon him, and lo! and behold, the creature had absolutely ignored her! Oh he was polite—but Mary Ellen had expected capitulation immediately.

She couldn't imagine just why she even thought of him. Why, he wore goggles! And Mary Ellen abhorred goggles. Yet somehow, they gave just the finishing touch to Peter's whole appearance. And, too, he was such a calm young man. She wondered if that outward serene exterior had ever been ruffled. She had seen him one time in a football game, when she

had gone to the University to see her brother, and even then his self-control and composure attracted her—his playing thrilled her. Decidedly Peter could play ball. And when Tom had told her that “ole Pete” was coming to visit him that summer, Mary Ellen re-experienced those thrills. He came; he saw, he conquered! However, he knew it not, and Mary Ellen realized that to Peter she was merely “Tom’s little sister”. And as she was not accustomed to being thought of in the little sister way, she was hurt and her hurt was not altogether from wounded pride. Mary Ellen was beginning to wake up.

She often heard Tom teasing Peter about “Margaret” which name from the very first, had a discordant sound to this somewhat spoiled, coquettish young lady. The reason was that at the every mention of it, tho Peter didn’t exactly blush, yet she saw the color deepen in his face. And when speaking of her himself, his tone seemed to caress her name. Mary Ellen thought to herself, quite viciously I’m ashamed to relate, “I’d like to wring her neck”, which was a bad thing for a “sweet girl” to say.

One morning quite a plump and faintly scented letter came to Peter. Mary Ellen spied it at once, picked it up tentatively and fingered it. She noted the handwriting which was small and very aristocratic. The postmark was Boston. Mary Ellen stored up these little details in her mind—and when Peter and Tom came, handed Peter his letter. He took it eagerly and walked into the sun parlor where he stood reading it. Mary Ellen could see him clearly, thru the glass panes. Her eyes upon him, a sudden change came into his face—a grayness, Mary Ellen didn’t exactly know what. But she did know that all the life went out of him, and he stood motionless for a moment and then dropped into a chair. Mary Ellen, pity in her heart, walked out and stood beside him.

“What’s wrong, Peter? Anything I can do?”

Peter looked up mechanically and slowly shook his

head. But Mary Ellen, not to be disconcerted, sat down beside him.

"Oh, come Peter—tell me about it. I know it has something to do with Margaret. Don't you know it helps to tell your troubles? And maybe I can help."

Peter looked at her again, and then quietly said, "She's secretly engaged to a young architect in Boston."

Mary Ellen, concealing a tiny smile, turned back to him and said—"Where there's life, there's hope. Do you love her so much?"

Peter said nothing but the look on his face spoke a volume. And Mary Ellen, "sweet girl" lived up to her name.

"Peter," said she, "It's evident you don't know how to manage a woman. The idea of your girl getting married on your hands! Let's get to the root of this and then I'll tell you how to fix up matters. First, what kind of letters do you write her?"

Peter pulled a letter out of his pocket, tore it open, and handed her the contents. Mary Ellen took the single folder, read it thru and turned a knowing eye on him—

"You ignorant creature, do you think any woman would care to treasure such letters? Why bore her with details of your business? I tell you what, Peter," flashed Mary Ellen who had been reading "Cyrano". "Let me, each day, write a letter to her, which you copy and I'll wager you a carton of cigarettes to a box of gloves that in three months time I'll have her handing the Boston Man "a happy farewell" and leading Peter to the altar. Is it a go?"

At first Peter demurred, but was finally won over by threats, promises, sweetness, and persuasion, in judicious doses. Mary Ellen each night, loathing her job, sat herself down to compose notes to her rival, which is a very generous thing for even a sweet girl to do, I think.

The first note was of course, congratulatory. But Mary Ellen put some little something into it which

somehow called for an answer. And the answer came. Inwardly tumultuous, outward triumphant, she waved it before Peter's hopeful eyes. And because of that look in his eyes, Mary Ellen stifled the love in her heart and wrote more letters. With each one, came fresh success. Oh, undoubtedly Mary Ellen had the art of letter writing down pat. And soon each letter to Peter from Margaret brought signs of reawakened interest—signs which Mary Ellen bewailed in the secrecy of her room.

"I can't do it any more. What does the man think I am, anyway? But if I write another letter to that odious Margaret, I shall lose my mind. Mary Ellen, what a fool you were to even get yourself into such a position! I'm going to tell him he can write his own letters, and then I'll marry Pat Kilpatrick just for spite."

But even while she was saying it, Mary Ellen knew she was—gently speaking—fibbing, which all goes to prove what an inconsistent mind a woman has.

So, the letter writing went on and on and in two months time she had Margaret and Peter on almost intimate terms again. The spark had come back into Peter. He was again his old charming self. Mary Ellen was astounded to hear him remark to Tom, confidentially of course, "Margaret and I have made up again."

The impudence of the man! Mary Ellen felt like "snatching him bald-headed", to use her own expression.

Things were getting along beautifully now. Margaret had written in her last letter:

"John and I have practically broken up. I realize now that I love someone else more than I could ever care for him."

Mary Ellen's next letter was a masterpiece. She almost completely ignored the portion of Margaret's letter which had to do with her prodigal affections and very skillfully placed the following statement: "I'm having a large ol' time this summer. Tom has a peach of a sister. Wish you were here". This was in post-

script. Mary Ellen was one of the few people who realized the powers of a well-written postscript. Just casually mention a fact that you wish to be the outstanding statement in a postscript. It will immediately be psychologically analyzed by the reader. He or she, wonders if you really forgot to put it in—and as it was too important to leave out, and put it in the postscript; or if you didn't want it to be too noticeable, therefore wrote it as an afterthought.

Anyway, from Margaret's next letter, Mary Ellen knew her P. S. had done its work. Margaret wrote that perhaps he was having an enjoyable time there, but he knew that he would be welcomed by her always, as she realized now that he was the only one she had ever cared for. "Papa" was so anxious for her to marry and settle down. But as she told him, that didn't depend on her. Just exactly when was he coming East again? Boston wasn't the same without him—and so on.

Peter, to Mary Ellen's astonishment, took the letter quite calmly—remarking only that he would probably have to leave for Boston in a few days. Quite suddenly Mary Ellen rose and walked hurriedly out of the room. With the letter still in her hand, she sank down in the big arm chair in the library, and read it once again. And then—Mary Ellen, with no thought of her mature years and of how red her nose always got when she wept, cried. She didn't merelly sob, but honestly cried. Big tears rolled quite pathetically down her cheeks—each one provoked a fresh outburst. So engrossed was she with her thoughts that she didn't notice Peter's entrance into the room. He, however, with a peculiar light in his eyes, stood looking at her. Presently, sensing the presence of someone in the room, Mary Ellen looked up, tears still rolling down her cheeks. Peter took one look at them, one at the letter in her hand, then methodically took off his goggles and gathered the weeping Mary Ellen in his arms. She, quite content, snuggled up under

Peter's chin, and completely ruined his perfectly nice collar with her tears.

"How did you know I loved you?" murmured Peter, surprised at her unexpected surrender.

"I didn't," gurgled Mary Ellen in his shoulder, as she winked at the portrait of her grandmother to whose coquettish steps this modern belle was dancing.

Caroline Parnell.

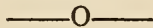
AN APPRECIATION OF OUR SPONSOR.

Truly, it is impossible for any of us even to attempt to estimate the real worth of our most able sponsor. Miss Lucile Burriss. She is, without a doubt, a sponsor whom the Estherians are proud to claim.

She counsels us only as one who has been a loyal Estherian. Taking an active part in every phase of the Estherian Literary Society, while attending college, Miss Burriss unconsciously prepared herself to help us meet and overcome the difficulties that arise, as well as to enjoy with us our many, many, happy moments spent together in our life of true fellowship and training.

Ever ready and willing to serve at all times, our amiable sponsor has won the hearts of everyone of the Estherians—her admirers. Her charming personality has drawn each Estherian into her confidence. Her gracious manner and her sweet, and unassuming characteristics has made us adore her.

The Estherians have “put over” everything that they have attempted and have come out victoriously under her capable and efficient guidance. And with such a sponsor, an Estherian who radiates always the light of good scholarship, the worth of good fellowship, and the sweetness of true womanhood, there is no doubt that the greatest Utopian dreams of every Estherian for her Society will be realized.



TO OUR MASCOT.

Bright blue eyes, baby face—
Yellow curls, fairy grace—
Dimpled cheeks, face aglow—
Is it strange we love her so?
Each girl's heart you've won forever—
Here's to our mascot, Frances Wever.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. VALENTINE.

The stage was set for every line
The play was called "Saint Valentine",
Cupid began to play his part,
With eagerness and glowing heart.

Spreading his wings of silver sheen,
His arrows flew toward hearts unseen,
Filling with mirth and love and joy,
The bleeding heart of girl and boy.

His arrows sped with deadly mark
In sheltered parlor and in park.
The hearts of all were filled with cheer
And lives were brightened far and near.

At last the play was at its close
And Cupid went to his repose,
So glad that he had done his best
And hadn't failed his yearly test.

May we from this Valentine elf,
Learn the lesson, "Be true to Self;"
Do what we must and even more,
Do what we can till the day is o'er.

Do what we can to scatter cheer,
Brightening the lives of other's here;
Keeping in our hearts all the time,
The Spirit of Saint Valentine.

Kathleen Cooke.

THE NORMAL, NATURAL HAMLET

Man has only one thing which he can truly call his own. He may possess riches, but they vanish; friends, but in time of stress they shrink away; popularity, but it disappears as a bubble; all things that he names as his may be snatched from him any moment and without warning. However, there is one essential thing in life which is his very own character. It can never be wrested from him. His reputation may go, but true character can never be taken away. Character is what a man really is.

To be able to know and appreciate people, it is necessary to know something of their characters. We must, to a certain extent, be able to read them, to tell what they think and what they would do. But to be able to probe to the very depths of a person's character, to read his inmost thought, to know the workings of his mind, and to see into his soul;—this is something which very few people have the ability and power to do. In order to well understand the character of a person, we must associate with one for months, or even years and then the possibility is, that he has only begun to be known and understood.

The same is true of people in books, who help to make up the world of folks. For people in books are as real, oftentimes, as living people, and one can know much more of the true character of a man in a book than can be known of a living person, for in books the person's character may be studied from every possible angle, while in real life, a person can keep one side of his nature entirely hidden from the view of man.

Possibly one of the most interesting characters in all literature and one most worthy of our study and consideration is Hamlet. And certainly if we are to know

and appreciate Hamlet's complex nature, it is necessary to make an intensive study of him. In the play, he is seen for only two brief months, but even in that time we are able to form opinions of him and to see somewhat into his character, because of three things. These are: by his wonderful soliloquies, by what people of every rank of life thought of him, and by what he did and said. By studying Hamlet closely when the curtain is drawn aside and he appears natural, and by studying and observing the hints which Shakespeare throws out concerning him it is possible for students and critics to make a very good analysis of his character.

At the time when we first knew Hamlet, he was a young man thirty years of age. And naturally we expect to find his characteristics somewhat like those of every normal, natural young man of his type and station.

We soon realize that Hamlet possessed a very keen sense of humour, and that he was fun-loving. Naturally his spirits were exuberant. When normal he was always ready for fun, and good amusements, when the proper time came for them. He was full of life, active, and naturally athletic. When Horatio, probably his best friend, came from Whittenberg to visit him, he was exceedingly glad to see him, and said to Horatio:

"We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart", thus implying the many revels and amusements with which he would celebrate his friends visit, and the way in which they would spend their leisure hours.

When the company of actors arrived from Whittenberg, Hamlet was overjoyed at seeing them. He was well acquainted with the players, knowing some of them personally. The plays which they gave were so familiar to him that he knew long passages of them by heart. He even knew what gestures they used, how each said his part, and what effect these had on the audience. He had been such an attentive spectator that he was able to tell the players their faults, and how to

improve them. Plays seem to have been one of his favorite forms of amusement.

Another one of his past times was fencing. He seemed to have studied this art at the University of Whittenberg, and to have kept up the practice of it at home. He was, in all probability, the best fencer in Denmark, for Laertes was one of the best fencers in the country, and in the bout between Hamlet and Laertes, Hamlet proved to be the better man.

Hamlet was a witty fellow. He ridiculed people who thought themselves wise and serious. Polonius did not escape him. Many times when Polonius was giving good advice and saying wise things to Hamlet, he was doing nothing but furnishing amusement for the young lord. After a conversation with Polonius in which he was trying to sound Hamlet, Hamlet lets us see how he considered the precept loving Polonius. When he had gone, Hamlet exclaimed, "These tedious old fools!"

Osric, the water-fly, was another source of enjoyment for Hamlet. Osric began his conversations with Hamlet by using high sounding words and a pompous style, but Hamlet's vocabulary was so large, and his command of words so great, that Osric could not understand a thing he said and would be compelled to ask Hamlet the meaning of his words.

One great and noble characteristic of Hamlet was his bravery. When all others present refused to talk to the Ghost, Hamlet said: "I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, and bid me hold my peace."

When Hamlet was on the high seas en route to England, his ship was attacked by pirates, and in his fight with them, he went so far as to board their ship and fight hand to hand with those rough seamen. Another proof of his bravery was his duel with Laertes. Before he accepted the challenge, he had a premonition that something disastrous was impending, and he said to Horatio: "But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart." Horatio plead with him, begged him not to accept the challenge, but though he knew the

odds were against him, yet rather than appear cowardly, he took part in the bout. Hamlet's bravery and his soldierly disposition are shown by the fact that he was buried with the highest of military honours. Fortinbras said:

"Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;
The Soldier's music and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him."

The keynote to Hamlet's character was sincerity. There was no sham, no pretense, no make-believe about him. When natural, he was earnest and sincere in every respect. False display and mere show were repulsive to him. When Laertes leaped into Ophelia's grave, this display of grief was so distasteful to Hamlet, that it was a hard task for him to keep himself from doing violence. Hamlet loved Ophelia better than Laertes did, yet he did not believe in making a public show of his grief. When Gertrude was talking to Hamlet of his grief for his father, she asked him why it "seemed so particular" with him. His very nature cried out and revolted at the idea of "seems". He said to Gertrude:

"Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems;—
But I have that within which passeth show."

Hamlet was sincere in his love for Horatio, his father and mother, and Ophelia. Even when Hamlet feigned madness, and was to some extent unbalanced, he was sincere in thought and action. This sincerity was also shown in his contempt for Claudius.

Hamlet was never of the disposition to make a spectacular show over anything. The qualities that showed up in his life were real, not assumed. He was so sincere in what he felt and thought, that it was difficult for him to conceive of insincerity in others.

Hamlet was a man of deep religious convictions. It could be said of him that his code of Ethics was better, his principles higher, and his living cleaner than that of most people. In a number of cases where Hamlet had to choose between the right and wrong, he invariably chose the right. After his disillusionment

there was a time when the almost irresistible and overwhelming temptation presented itself, for him to commit suicide, but he became his natural self for a moment, and the beauty of his soul showed forth when he refused to kill himself because the "Everlasting" had "fix'd his canon 'gainst self-slaughter". Hamlet expressed his creed of honour well when he said:

Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at stake."

Another thing which proves his faith and trust in God is brought out when he said:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will."

Then when the King was trying to get Hamlet to throw off all visible signs of grief, and appear to the public as if his father's death and his mother's "o'er hasty marriage" had not affected him, he appealed to Hamlet in such a way as to make him think that the way he was acting was "A fault to Heaven." The King knew if he could make Hamlet believe this, that he would use all his powers to correct the fault. When Hamlet and his friends were in danger once, his companions knew not what to do, but Hamlet offered a prayer. It was short, but it came from his heart when he said: "Angels and ministers of Grace defend us!"

A study of Hamlet's soliloquies will prove to everyone that Hamlet was a scholar. It was a common belief in that time that Ghosts would talk to nobody but a scholar, and the ghost in "Hamlet" talked to Hamlet freely, telling him conditions as they really existed, and also telling him what to do when Hamlet was not his natural self, but was living an abnormal life caused by his disillusionment, Ophelia said:

"O what a noble mind is here o'er thrown;
The courtier's soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword,

The expectancy and rose of the fair state."

A deep insight into human nature is not possessed by the majority of people, but this was one of Hamlet's assets. Seemingly, he could look into a person's face and read his thoughts. In some cases he understood the people he came into contact with, better than they understood themselves. Polonius was an open book to Hamlet; he could hide nothing from Hamlet and he knew it. Polonius was never able to deceive Hamlet, even when he tried his hardest. When Rosencrantz and Guildenstern who had been sent for by the King came and began to talk to Hamlet, he asked them why they came to Denmark, but before they could answer he told them he knew why they were there. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were commissioned to take Hamlet to England. They carried with them a letter, which contained an order for Hamlet's execution. Hamlet could tell by their faces and action what the letter contained, and so he took the letter and changed the order so that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were the ones executed. Claudius was no puzzle to Hamlet; he knew him thoroughly. The comparison Hamlet made between his father and Claudius shows how well he knew him. Hamlet said in comparing Claudius to his father:

"That was to this,
Huperion to a Satyr".

Hamlet was an idealist and it probably was this more than anything else that shaped his career. He believed absolutely in the purity and goodness of man. He took for granted that other men were as noble and as good as he. As much as Claudius feared and disliked Hamlet he was fair enough to him to say:

"He, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving."

This showed his unsuspecting idealism.

Owing to his idealism, he had a greater capacity for love, than the common herd of people. His love was deep and pure. What could be nobler or more inspiring than Hamlet's love for his mother? He had such faith and trust in her, that when she disappointed

him, he almost committed suicide. When the grief and sorrow caused by his mother's actions were almost crushing the very life out of him, he knew that his sufferings would have been less if only he could pour out his soul to some understanding friend, but his love for his mother was so great that he would not betray her. He said:

"But break, my heart for I must hold my tongue."

He was hardly able to realize that his mother would do as she did. Because of his own greatness it was impossible for Hamlet to understand how anyone could be so little.

The love Hamlet had for his father was wonderful and fine. The most fitting tribute any son could pay his father, was the tribute paid him, when Hamlet said of him:

"He was a man, take him for all in all

I shall not look upon his like again."

The love which existed in Hamlet for his father and mother is an example of ideal filial devotion. Hamlet could almost be said to be an ideal lover.

Think of his love for Ophelia. He said that forty thousand brothers could not love her as he did. He idealized her. He almost worshipped her. Who but Hamlet could ever have written the letter he did to her. He wrote thus:

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love."

Because of his great capacity for love, he formed a number of very close friendships. Horatio was his best friend. Though he had doubted and discarded his other friends, after he became disillusioned, nothing ever shook his faith in Horatio. It was to this staunch friend he turned when he was deepest in trouble, and the task of clearing his name and telling the distracted multitude, who loved him so well, his course of action was almost left to Horatio.

There are always a few men who stand head and shoulders above their fellows. Hamlet was a man of this kind. Hamlet's keen sense of humour, his love of fun, his wittiness, his bravery, his sincerity, his deep religious nature; the fact that he was a scholar, that he could readily read human nature, that he was an idealist and could love so nobly,—all of these things went to make him the man he was.

After having become acquainted with Hamlet, we feel like saying with him and of him:

“What a piece of work is aman! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty!, in form, in moving, how expressive and admirable!, in action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God!, the beauty of the World!, the paragon of animals!”

Many tributes have been payed Hamlet by students and critics, many praises of him have been voiced, but it seems to me that Horatio's last words to Hamlet while he was dying, contain the touching and tender sentiment that many of us feel:

“Now cracks a noble heart. Goodnight, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!”

Eunice Clayton '23

JUST TO BE DIFFERENT

A DEFENSE OF BOBBED HAIR

“Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!” Do you believe that? I do not—especially when it comes to bobbed hair.

When girls first began to bob the hair, everybody thought it a rash and “flapperish” thing to do. Since then, most people have changed their old-fogy ideas and now realize that it is really the most sensible thing to do with hair. However, there still remain a few old timers who have to be persuaded that they are expected to change a few of their notions as the years go by. I think I can safely say that the majority of these opponents are men. But haven’t we just as much right to cut our locks as they?

We may divide the bobbed heads into two types—the flapper variety and the sensible variety. As regards the first, I suppose we shall have to say “all is vanity”. Those of this class think that bobbed hair makes them look youthful, charming, interesting, and, yes, even beautiful. Often it does—but sadly enough, a few of them are disappointed and have to endure the rebuffs of their husbands and sweethearts until the straight locks grow out again.

However, a large majority of bobbed heads belong to the second class—the sensible variety. This class realizes that bobbed hair is more convenient, more comfortable, economical, tidy and healthful than long hair. Irene Castle has had her hair bobbed eight years and she says that she intends to keep it bobbed regardless of style,—and isn’t she one of the makers of American fashion? So, “get in line” and,

“Jenny, get your hair cut, your hair cut,
Jenny, get your hair cut
Short like mine!”

Bonte Phillips, '23.

POOR PENMANSHIP PAYS.

Certainly, there must be something in the art of poor penmanship or how can we account for the fact that the cultured and great men of yesterday as well as the students of today give it the preference. Of course, they have their reasons. The most pronounced and logical reason is that it is such a good camouflage. You can just spell words the way you choose and no one ever knows the difference—will never know but that you spelled them correctly. And, too, you can make so many fancy dashes that punctuation marks just fall around everywhere so that if the reader brightens up his imagination a little, he can see your commas and colons and will decide that you know every rule in punctuation to a "letter". Then, too, it gives you confidence in yourself. You realize just how very artistic you are for the palsied effects from your pen look like wonderful flourishes intentionally produced by your skillful hand and you realize that you are becoming very scholastic since you have mastered the one art common to genius—poor penmanship.

Zanerian Funk '24.



DOWN WITH SLANG

Say, kid, slang is the favorite thing I hate to hear—and take it from me, it wont get you anywhere. Get that into your bean, and let's cut it out. Why the way most of our Americans talk makes me sick; it simply gets my goat! Someone is going to have to start a reform, and what I mean is, he is going to have to step! Slang is spreading like nothing else. It's gotta be stopped! Why, to hear a bunch of school girls or boys, all garbed up, strutting their lingo, you would say they were jabbering in Dutch. What d'you think I heard a flapper saying to one of these "swells" the other day?

"Listen, bud you sho are a buck. I'll tell the world when it comes to chewing the rope you're the guy that

can walk off with the goods". How's that for our national gab! Pretty tough, eh?

I just want to put you wise. You've gotta get a better line of dope than that to give yourself a square deal. Why don't you quit your kiddin' around with your mother tongue and improve your lingo? Just keep a little of the king's fine English on your string. Get me, Steve? So, down with slang! Let's give it the g. b.

Anna Dean West.

LORENZO AND JESSICA AT GENOA A MODERN ADAPTATION

A honey-moon after an elopement should very naturally be more romantic than any other kind. The excitement of the young couple knows no bounds. Lorenzo and Jessica are, indeed, a romantic and sentimental young couple, and this elopement is as exciting as one could be. Jessica has slipped from her father's home dressed as a boy. This always appeals to a girl's fancy. She does not go to Lorenzo empty-handed; she takes with her money and jewels—naughty, thoughtless, happy girl. And thus equipped, Lorenzo and his little wife leave Venice and go to Genoa for their honey-moon. It is often true, that, when a girl has been kept close at home by stern and strict parents, she throws aside all restraint and thoroughly enjoys herself, when the door of her cage is opened. Like a freed bird, she flies hither and thither, irresponsible, carefree and happy. And so it is with Jessica. When she reaches Genoa, well away from the unhappy atmosphere of her father's home, her one idea is to have a good time.

One night alone, they spend four score ducats. Jessica wants everything she sees, and Lorenzo, with the Jews money, buys for her dozens of pretty little trinkets and lovely clothes. Jessica is used to jewels; now she wants something different, something more

personal, and Lorenzo is happy for her to have them. He teases her but adores her.

"Yes, you little spendthrift, what more do you wish? A marble palace with golden furnishings, I suppose."

"Why certainly, dear Lorenzo, will you buy it for me? But, to tell the truth, I do want a monkey. I have always wished for one—they are such ugly, pathetic, human little animals."

"The Turquoise ring will probably get that," answered Lorenzo. "We will get it right away."

They stay up late every night, frolicing until near morning. They are like two children at their first party. But their money cannot last always, so after some days, loaded with their treasures they return to Venice. "Good bye, wild, happy honey-moon, we enjoyed you immensely, but all such frolics have to end, and with the foolish fruits of one adventure to remind us, we go home to take up the duties of husband and wife."

Mary Paget '24.

A STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY ON EXAMINATIONS.

(With Apologies to Mr. Shakespeare)

To flunk or not to flunk, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The pain and anguish of eternal cramming,
Or to forget our many worries
And by forgetting end them? To rest, to sleep—
Once more; and by a sleep to say we end
The brain ache and the thousand endless tasks
That ly before us—'tis a dream
Devoutly to be wished. To rest,—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to flunk! ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of peace what things may come
When we awake once more
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes cramming of so long life.
For who would bear the struggling after knowledge,
The wrongs of math, the troubles of psy,
The pangs of despised French, history's trails,
The boredom of science, and the headaches
That the weary student needs must bear
When we might all our freedom find
In a mere flunk? Who would sorrows bear,
To cram and cram both night and day,
But that the dread of something in the end,
The inevitable flunk from which fall
No idler may escape, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Dorothy Sullivan '22.

ESTHERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On January 13, the Estherians made an interesting study of parliamentary rules. We are assured that this was very beneficial because of evident results.

Shakespeare's tragic comedy, *Pyramus and Thysbe*, was presented by the Estherian Society on Saturday, January 27th. The cast of characters was:

Prologue	Ophelia Smith
Pyramus	Gladys Atkinson
Thysbe	Helen Watkins
Moon	Cora McCown
Wall	Ruby Norris
Lion	Lydia Burriss

Throughout the entire performance the audience was kept in a continuous uproar—even when Pyramus stabbed himself and fell, saying, "I die. I die. I am dead." Even Thysbe's tragic death failed to arouse our sympathies.

"Windmills of Holland", an operetta in two acts by Otis M. Carrington, was presented by the Estherian Society to a very large audience on Monday evening, February 19. The cast consisted of:

Myheer Hertogegnbosch, a rich Holland farmer.....	Doris Jefferies
Vrouw Hertogegnbosch, His wife	Malinda Aiken
Wilhelmins	Martha White
Hilda	Alice Pope Harris

(Their Daughters)

Bob Yankee, American Salesman ..	Caroline Parnell
Hans, student of music, in love with Wilhelmina.....	Helen Foster

Franz, rich farmer's son, in love with Hilda.....	Gladys Atkinson
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Katrina, rich farmer's daughter

Chorus of farmers' daughters.

Chorus of workhands.

The following is a synopsis of the operetta:

Wilhelmina, a rich farmer's daughter, is discontented because she has been dreaming of the world beyond that country-side. Her mother, Vrouw Hertogenbosch, tries to make her feel that she should be very happy in her love for Hans, a rising young musician. She tells Wilhelmina that the life she has been dreaming of is like the story of the little fly who thought she would wed a spider.

Hilda, Wilhelmina's sister who overhears the story, tells her lover, Franz, to go away, that he is only a little fly. Franz is very sorrowful and Hans tells him to try going with another girl to try to win back Hilda. Franz takes his advice and looks for another girl.

Bob Yankee, an American salesman, comes along to try to get Mynheer Hertogenbosch to tear down his old mill and build a new one using new machinery. He falls in love with Wilhelmina. Wilhelmina tells Hans that she is tired of his music and songs.

When Hans and Franz cease paying attention to the girls, they are very sad and then realize just how much their sweethearts mean to them.

Vrouw Hertogenbosch, as well as all the country people object to these new-fangled ideas of Bob Yankee. Just as Mynheer Hertogenbosch is about to sign a contract with Bob for an engine to replace the windmill, his wife and daughters come in and say that when the mill goes, they will strike. Then all the workmen tell him that they will also strike. At this Bob Yankee realizes that his endeavors have been in vain and that he will have to leave without the signed contract.

Wilhelmina and Hilda are happy in their restored loves of Hans and Franz.

The scenery was very picturesque with its windmills, Dutch cottage, and tulips. The characters were dressed in Dutch costumes.

Every Estherian as well as our loyal sponsor was very faithful in their endeavors to make the play successful.

LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

The Lanier Literary Society held its first regular meeting after the Christmas holidays on Saturday night, January 20th. The object of the meeting was the election of new officers for the second term.

The following were elected:

Lula Lee Leathers	-----	President
May Armstrong	-----	Vice President
Frances Harris	-----	Secretary
Gladys Nixon	-----	Treasurer
Eleise King	-----	Critic
Maybell Barnhill	-----	Pianist
Evelyn Barnhill	-----	Sergeant-at-arms

We predict for the society a very successful term with such efficient officers. Much "pep" and enthusiasm is shown by every Lanier at each weekly meeting. Our programs are instructive as well as entertaining. Not only are the Laniers interested in our own Society but in the outside world as well. The more we become aware of the great need existing around us, the more we are anxious to help. It was with eagerness that we responded to the Near East Relief Fund by contributing \$10.00.

The Laniers will have charge of the next issue of the Orion; already interest and enthusiasm is being shown by the girls, every Lanier being anxious to contribute something toward making the issue a success.

FINE ARTS

Was it a dream? Was she just a human being, or was she a divine spirit in earthly apparel? It was Augusta Cottlow, a master of the piano!

From early childhood she has been a pianist of extraordinary gift. Miss Cottlow is not only famous in America, but also in Europe. At the time of her first European appearance, she was the first American schooled pianist to be heard in concert. She is a great exponent of MacDowell's work, and was the first to give any of his music on a European program.

The entire program which was rendered here, January 29th, was exceedingly beautiful and rare. Miss Cottlow is one of the few who can interpret with true meaning the great works of Bach. The C-sharp Major Prelude and Fugue is indeed difficult, but what difference did that make to her!

In the Schubert-Lisze numbers she revealed her wonderful ability to sing with her fingers. Chopin, himself could not have played his C-sharp minor Nocturne and F-minor Ballade with more understanding than did Miss Cottlow. Her delicate shading and rich tone-color were exquisite. The grand climaxes reached exhibited her marvelous technical power.

Irresistible rhythm and poetic grace marked her execution of the MacDowell Sonata Tragica.

As Miss Cottlow played the "Bird Song" by Palmgren, one could imagine himself in the forest listening to the singing of birds. It was wonderfully rendered.

Her interpretation of the "Mephisto Waltz" seemed just as Lisze would have it. In this as in all her numbers, she displayed unsurpassed finger-work. A Canadian paper has stated it, "Intricate passages played with the lightness and touch of a spring song find expression through her facile and even rendering."

Miss Cottlow added much to the enjoyment of her program by her remarks about each number. The grace and ease with which she conducted herself made it a pleasure to watch her.

Miss Cottlow's wonderful personality has won for her friends all over the world. She is the highest ideal of every young pianist.

MUSIC APPRECIATION CLASS

Every student of music is very grateful for the opportunity of being a member of the Music Appreciation Class. In this class we have learned that the orchestra is composed of three bands: string (1st. and 2nd. violins, viola, 'cello), wood-wind (flute, aboe, clarinette, bassoon), brass (trumpet or cornet, French horn, trombone, tuba). By the use of the victrola we are learning to distinguish the sound of these instruments.

In addition to this we are tracing music from its early beginning to the present day. For hundreds of years there was only vocal music; and until 1000 or 1100 music was kept in the church. This church music is very weird sounding, but at the same time beautiful. Parts of masses sung by boy choirs were played for us.

At the present we are studying the operas. In the year 1600, as the result of an attempt to revive old Greek drama, opera was originated. The first opera "Euridice" was, of course, very dull, but think what that little beginning has made! From time to time we shall continue our study of the development of opera with examples which mark its advance.

The enthusiasm in this class is mainly due to our teacher, Miss Cronkhite, who in her own way makes everything she teaches intensely interesting.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

When we leave the halls of dear 'ole' A. C. will we be able to look back over our four years of College life without a single regret? We have completed our studies but have we helped to establish a love for greater things among our College companions?

If we should visit a College or University in China where there was no religious life at all we would at once understand why China has taken such a long time to become a progressive nation. We, as College students, cannot expect to leave our Alma Mater with true convictions that we have as much toward the advancement of life in the College as we have received, as students. We cannot expect to **receive** and never **give**.

The spiritual life of any College depends upon its students. Each student is responsible for one thing and that is to help spread this spritual atmosphere throughout the College. How can we expect anyone to do their part if we refuse to do ours?

When our brothers were called to enlist in the great army of Uncle Sam did they once doubt or lose faith in the United States? We know they did not, and so, we as citizens of Anderson College should not reject the call of our Christian duties. By answering this call we will be able to have every girl at her post when the time comes. The signal for 'Aid' may be seen by the true members of the Y. W. C. A. or any religious organization. Will you answer this call?

Live not for self but for others and seek to attain greater things.

No factor of our religious activities should mean more to us than our vesper services. These are held every evening in the chapel immediately after dinner.

Before the year is gone we hope that practically every girl in school will have had an opportunity to lead one of these prayer meetings. Last week six girls gave to us the type of man Jesus was, taking a new phase each night. Some of the topics studied were: Jesus as a friend; Jesus as a student, and Jesus as an outdoor man. The attendance at these prayer meetings has not been what it should be. Every girl in school, should realize the necessity for prayer and the joy to be had from these few moments of worship and thanksgiving. Let's all get the habit of going directly to the chapel from dinner. Surely not one of us thinks ten minutes is too much to give to our Heavenly Father from whom all good things come.

ATHLETIC NEWS

With a "yell and a hoop and a jolly dance" the basket ball players took their table in the dining room Tuesday night. These girls sit at the training table where they are served a special diet in order that they may be made "fit" for the fight before them. A jollier, healthier, more vigorously enthusiastic team has never been selected. This team is going to win! It is going to win because it can and because of the splendid cooperation and help which the athletic association is giving them. Every member of that association is helping to encourage and "pep up" every member of the varsity so that there is nothing for the team to do but win! Challenges have already been received and accepted from the College of Charleston and Newberry College, challenges have been issued to other places from which we are expecting favorable answers. This only makes our enthusiasm keener and victory is sure to come. Every heart beats faster or even skips a beat when such a thought comes across our mind, which is often.

With all these thoughts in our minds, we must not forget our Faculty-Senior game. The game was a tie and will be played off at an early date. This game was witnessed by student body and faculty and they all say that a stiff game was put up by the faculty. Look out seniors, don't you let go your "rep" of former times. Watch your step and you are sure to have that game!

The Freshmen and Sophomores turn cozily in their beds at 6:45 these mornings. This is one phase of the quarantine they do not mind. No setting up this morning. Oh, what a grand and glorious feeling! But now since the quarantine is lifted, hard work will begin again. Training will soon start for track

which we hope to have in the spring. This will be one of the big events and can be made to mean very much to our College if all of us will go right down after it with a punch and pep a plenty, necessary constituents for the putting over of any sports.

With all these plans in our spring sport season our spirits effervesce and overflow. With renewed strength, which comes with the spring, lagging muscles begin to twitch to get into action and an indefinable something makes us want to fight in the game or to fight for the game.

Girls, now all together, let us sing at the top of our voices to the "Six" who are nearest our heart and that of our Alma Mater.

"Who's that coming down the field, fast as can be?
Who's got steam and pep enough, just wait and see.
Who's goin' to win, girls, just get them told,
Old Black and Gold, Girls, Old Black and Gold."

EXCHANGE TOPICS

The January Issue of The Winthrop Journal is an excellent example of a well balanced magazine. The story "Columbine" is light and winsome. The book review department is helpful to all and also interesting.

The Aurora compares very favorably with The Winthrop Journal. "The Lace Jacket" contains an unusual plot, well developed and very interesting. Also "Borrowing Mamie" is good, very humorous and enjoyable. We enjoy the little sketches of poetry which intersperse the stories.

The December Issue of the Carolinian shows improvement over the fall issue. There is a greater variety of material, and the magazine on the whole is well proportioned. Not only are the stories good but the sketches and essays show real studiousness and thought. We congratulate the author of "Poetry of the American Revolution". Not only is this essay interesting but instructive as well.

The Wofford Journal is one of the most enjoyable and readable magazines that reaches the Exchange Desk. "The Three Sisters" is a charming little story also "Aunt Janes Story—Interrupted" is very enjoyable. A good essay or two would add to the Literary value of the magazine.

We appreciate the receipts of the following magazines: The Chronicle; The Criterion; The Furman Echo; The Will and Mary Magazine; The Tiger; The Midget.

LAUGHOGRAMS

GIRLS, HERE'S A LITTLE INSIDE DOPE ON MEN:

A man's heart is like a barber whose cry is always "NEXT"!

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns and turns and turns—

While a girl is grieving over her lost love in the graveyard of memory, a man is pursuing a lot of other little new loves in the garden of forgetfulness.

Statistically inclined tourist: "What is the death rate here?"

Native: "Same as anywhere else,—one death for each inhabitant."—Selected.

Booth Tarkington met a negro woman with her youthful family. "So this is a girl, eh?" Tarkington asked, "and this sturdy little urchin with the bib belongs to the contrary sex?"

"Yassah, she's a girl, too."

Problem: Will Spearmint keep its flavor in your eye tooth during class.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

Why Miss Jones always looks so happy?

Why did Cora McCown, January 27, at 1:30 smile for the first time since Christmas?

Why Gladys Atkinson is interested in politics?

Why Bab Sullivan would prefer going to New York alone?

Why Lila Sullivan likes Shakespeare?

Why Miss Cowdrick is so interested in love affairs?

Has Mrs. Lumpkin looked over the Mail?
Who used up all the hot water?
Where does all the Anderson College gravy come from?
Why Vivian Pruitt couldn't use her eyes?
Where the Crook is?
Why all the girls are taking cigarettes out of their memory books?
Why Miss McIntosh is always late to breakfast?

Dr. Dunford: "Won't you ride, girls?"
Girls: "No thanks, we're in a hurry so we'll just walk."

MOTTO FOR STUDENTS: Don't study too hard to-day; you will not feel able to study to-morrow.

Marie: "What are you doing in front of that mirror?"
Zoe: "Pausing for reflection."

Emma Flowers: (Immediately after Literature class) "Who wrote The Bare Foot Boy?"
Irma Jeffries: "Ripp Van Winkle."

EXAMS.

When I mount the stairs in the morning
 My heart is light and gay
 And as my feet go up the stairs

way

this

just

goes

heart

My

But when I'm plied with questions
 And the right answer I cannot say
 My heart sinks deep within me

And

leaves

me

just

this

way.

—Selected.

Malvina: "Oh! Miss Cowdrick, we've left out one of Tennyson's Idylls—the one named Barnum and Bailey."

Bonte: "We had a test on the first five chapters of Acts today."

Van Ray: "Is that in the Old Testament?"

Elizabeth Peterson: "Gee, this reminds me of Olive Zest!"

Bonte: "Who is she?"

Irma: (Reading a letter to Cora) "Then I'll come home and marry the sweetest little girl on earth."

Cora: "The hateful thing, and he promised to marry you."

Housewife: "What do you work at, my man?"
 Tramp: "At intervals Ma'am"—Selected.

There once was a fisher named Fisher
 Who fished for a fish in a fissue
 A fish with a fin pulled the fisherman in
 Now they're fishing the fissue for Fisher.

There was a smart fellow named Plyche
 He once to a funeral espied
 When asked who was dead, he smilingly said
 I don't know, I just came for the ride.
 —Selected.

The man who wins is the one whose head is a park-
 ing place for ideas and not a mere rendez-vous for hair.

CAN YOU CONCEIVE OF SUCH A THING AS——

Liz Jones in perfect health?
 Merdel Nix smoking a cigarette?
 Deany West not going home for the week-end?
 Miss Daniel making a mistake in table etiquette?
 Bab Sullivan in time for a class?
 Eleise King using strong language?
 Caroline Parnell staying at home on Monday to
 study rather than going down town?
 Mrs. Lumpkin disagreeing with Dr. Knight?
 Miss Burriss giving easy lessons?
 Irma Jeffries without something to say?
 All the girls getting up for breakfast on Monday?
 Mrs. Gibson with nothing to do?
 Anybody with all the money she needs?
 Mattie Julia without a sense of humor?
 The girls enjoying being quarantined?

Deany West: "Sammy, play Tomorrow."

Topsy Hagood: "Oh do! I heard that on the radia-
 tor."

Be she went, or am she gone.
Have her left I all alone
Will her ne'er come back to I
Or I ere go to she?

Mrs. Lumpkin: "Colie Blease is such a sweet, modest girl, and she doesn't care anything for boys."

Two negro doughboys sat in the trenches in France. One of them was reading a copy of the "Stars and Stripes". To the other one he said: "Boy, what you reckon this here paper says?" "What do it say?" "It says", replied the first, "That today there's going to be an attack made on the Germans by twenty-five thousand niggers supported in the rear by 500,000 Frenchmen." The other doughboy looked sad, he said to the first, "Boy, does you know what you gonna read in that paper tomorrow?" "No", said the first, "What I gine read in that paper tomorrow?" "Well sir," said the other one, "Tomorrow youse gwine to pick up that paper and you is going to see a great headilne which says that 50,000 Frenchmen has been trampled to death by 25,000 niggers."

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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.

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