

The
Orion

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ANDERSON COLLEGE, ANDERSON, S. C.

THE ORION



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The Lanier Number
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ANDERSON COLLEGE IDEAL

*A healthy, Christian gentlewoman doing her work accurately,
completely and happily*

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LITERARY

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THE NYMPH—A FANCY

EUNICE TODD, '27

WHILE musing by the brook
Where boughs hung low,
I thought I saw a nymph—
I do not know.

Her hair of auburn hue
In loose array,
Was deck'd with flowers like
A summer's day.

Of dazzling splendor was
Her scarlet gown,
As fine of texture as
The swan's light down.

She sang a fairy song—
A blithesome lay,
Trilled she with greater grace
Than minstrel gay.

I heard the rustling of
Her silken gown.—
Then she had disappear'd
As soon as found.

And when I turned to look
Above my head,
I saw a saucy bird
With coat of red.

BORN IN HER

MADGE BRADLEY, '24

“DID I get any mail?”

“Yes—a great big one! It must be from *somebody*—it’s in such a handsome envelope!”

This little conversation occurred between Margaret Wellington and Victoria Evans as they passed each other in the college hall. Peggie and Vic roomed together and they were, as all roommates are, extremely interested in each other’s letters.

Margaret found the handsome envelope lying on her table when she entered her room. She picked it up and sighed. She knew from whom it came and the contents of it before she opened it.

“Oh, I wish Mother and Dad would think of something else besides gorgeous clothes and a big time”, whispered Margaret, almost inaudibly, as she read the note. It was a mere note—just these few lines:

“Peggie, darling,

“We’ve just been to New York, as you know, and oh, you ought to be tickled to death to get the pretty things we bought for you. The trunk with all the things in it will arrive tomorrow. Our fondest hope for you is that your clothes will be finer and prettier than all the other girls, and that you will be the most popular girl in the whole college. Let us know if the enclosed check for \$150.00 will buy your hat and shoes. We didn’t pick these for you because we thought you could better suit yourself. With our love.

“DADDY AND MOTHER.”

This was a fair sample of the great number of letters Margaret received since she came to Fairview College. Fair-

view was an exclusively fashionable college, in which student-ship consisted mainly in fashions and society. Margaret had been sent there by her wealthy parents, not because they wanted her to develop her mental capacities and better fit herself for life, but because they desired that she be one of the most popular and best dressed girls in the country.

The girls at Fairview believed Margaret was just as they were—there for a good time—to have lots of fun and always be in the Society column. But, one girl at Fairview saw deeper into Margaret's soul. She saw something there which she did not quite understand, and it remained a puzzle to her until one day she met Margaret coming in the side door with a serious expression on her beautiful face.

“What is the matter, Peggie?” Vic inquired sympathetically, as she put her slender white arm around her roommate's neck.

“Well, Vic, I suppose it has come to a show down. I've got to tell you all about it.”

“All about what?”

“Come, let's go to our room where no one will hear and I'll explain that which has been a secret to you all this year. It's like this, Vickie, dear. You know I am not satisfied with just living for myself. I feel so mean when I wear such fine clothes and spend so much money on myself, when there are so many people who need even food and clothes.”

Vic's face was all interest. Peggie continued.

“Well, you remember that little girl who came up here one day begging money with which to bury her mother. That was the little mite that set me to thinking. I slipped around and asked her where she lived and begged her to come back the next day and I would go home with her.”

“Oh, Peggie—you know you didn't! And wasn't it perfectly awful—horrible down there where that little ragged girl came from?”

“It was pretty bad. But when I got to her little house and saw everything in such disorder, and no one to keep it clean, I saw a place for me to do something.”

“What did you do?” impatiently asked Vic.

“Well, I didn’t do it all that day. I have been doing a little bit every day since, and it’s not *half* done yet. It is such fun and happiness. You can’t imagine how good it does make me feel to clean Jean up and put on her a pretty blue gingham dress that brings out the blue in her big childish eyes. It’s the happiest work I ever can do. I know it.”

“But, Peggie, how did you get to go there so much?” Vic finally got this question in sidewise after Peggie had slowed down.

“That was a problem at first, but when I explained how I felt about it to Mrs. Killingsworth she sympathized with me and permitted me to go provided I’d be back at a certain time.”

“Wasn’t she dear, though? I bet she knew you were a wonder or she’d have sent a chaperone with you!”

“She did go with me several times herself. And, Vic, you just can’t imagine what that meant to me.”

“But I never thought of her—the Dean of Women of Fairview doing charity work.”

“Oh, yes, we are fooled many times. She’s one of the best women I know. All she wants is to sacrifice herself.”

“Well, I’m just surprised to death.”

“You needn’t be, but—but it’s ‘our secret’, understand, Vickie, dear? If you’ll not tell, I’ll let you go too sometime. But don’t, please don’t, tell the other girls. They wouldn’t understand.”

The dinner bell rang about this time and the most interesting conversation had to close. It was interesting to Peggie because it was the thing her heart and soul was in, and

it was interesting to Vic because it was Peggie who had been telling what she had done—anything Peggie did pleased Vic to the utmost.

Peggie carried Vic with her many times before school was out the last of May. Vic liked it for the diversion. The work was a novelty to her, whereas it was a serious reality to the more conscientious Peggie.

The people at Eastside loved Margaret. They knew full well that *she* was their friend and that Vic was only a passing fancy. Peggie had often given money to them in order that they might get on their feet again. And she had spent numberless hours teaching the children manners, reading, and writing.

It was commencement week. Parents and friends were visiting Fairview. Big receptions, banquets, dances, and other gaities were predominating.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington were there. They looked at the gorgeous gowns worn by the other girls, but always turned their eyes again to Margaret and consoled themselves that she was the most beautiful and best dressed of them all. The thing that made them sorry, however, was the fact that Margaret never seemed to enjoy the hundreds of compliments lavished upon her; she didn't feel honored to get the first bid to the reception; she didn't take any special notice of the fact that the richest young men visiting the college asked her for a full week of engagements; nothing seemed to mean anything to her except the two hours that she spent in her room reading.

Soon Mr. and Mrs. Wellington and Margaret were back home to their friends in Parkville. The calendar was full of social affairs in honor of Margaret. Her name and picture were conspicuously displayed at the heading of the Social page. To all of these demonstrations Margaret protested but to no avail. Margaret knew full well that she was no butterfly, but how in the world could she explain it to her parents. She felt that she had rather die than tell them.

After the most brilliant reception of the whole week Margaret silently moved to where her father was standing and asked him to carry her home at once. She had been thinking of her little blue-eyed girl at Eastside and she must go back to her. Her father, not knowing what the matter was, consented to take her home immediately. He was sure she was sick. What other reason on earth would she have?

On the way home Margaret spoke very little. It was not until they were in the living room that she unbosomed her heart.

Mr. Wellington was astounded. He went into a rage. Margaret Wellington, of all girls, to have such an absurd notion! He could not conceive of *her* wanting to do such work as that, when she had all that the heart could desire thrown at her feet.

Margaret was determined, however, and asked her father to allow her to go back and work in the community she left at Fairview.

This was the worst of blows to Mr. Wellington. Most emphatically he said, "No".

"Well, Father, I *wish* to be obedient to you and I *must* be obedient to duty; therefore, I will go to the field that is calling me."

"But, Margaret, what makes you have such a notion?"

"I don't know. It must be born in me."

That last sentence put Mr. Wellington to thinking. "It must be born in me." How could such a desire as that be born in a Wellington when, for generations, all that the Wellingtons cared for was money and luxury. Anyhow, after Margaret had packed her trunk and gone to the station, over her father's strong protest, Mr. Wellington still thought of the reason his daughter gave for desiring to do community work. He had never dreamed of Margaret's going against his will. She had always been such an obedient child and seemingly

well satisfied. And certainly he had given her everything that money could buy in order to make her happy.

After the shock of Margaret's leaving had subsided, Mr. Wellington began to think seriously. He meant to find out if there was any truth in Margaret's statement "it is born in me". He remembered an old uncle living in the same town. He would go to him and see if he could get any information about the Wellingtons, and certainly he should be able to find out anything he wished to know from this uncle because he was "dopy" on family trees and had a record of all the Wellingtons ever since the first one put his foot on this side.

"I don't believe in this business of inheritance", defiantly argued George Wellington with himself. "There's no use to go to Uncle Enoch—he'll think I've come across and have ideas similar to his—and that's outrageous even to think of."

Mr. Wellington sat there with his hands propping his head. He was deeply perplexed as to what course to take. In other words, he was "between the devil and the deep blue sea." He despised the calm, intellectual, reserved old uncle, and had scorned him because of his interest in trivial things—as he considered family histories to be. And yet, Peggie had gone away against his will. He must break the barrier and go to his uncle for relief or maybe lose his only daughter forever.

"So you have come to me now to help you solve a problem", said the old uncle in a low, confident voice.

"Yes, by Golly, Margaret has taken it upon herself to leave us and work among those detestable slumers—and I want to know the reason why."

"She has?" replied Mr. Enoch Wellington, trying to show surprise.

"Yes, and it's the biggest piece of foolishness I've ever heard of. To think of the money I've spent on her—and our hopes that she'd be great in society. It's an outrage on our training. I never would have thought she'd treat me so. Confound the luck, I want to know something. Margaret ex-

plained her action by saying she guessed it was born in her. That keyed me up. I've come to you to find out if there are any missionaries back of us. Won't you show me the histories?"

Dear old Uncle Enoch moved slowly to the bookcase and took out the Wellington Family History.

"Here's a page that might probably interest you", he said, laying the opened book before Margaret's father.

"But, what has this old dead philanthropist got to do with my daughter?"

"She's his great-great-great grand-daughter, George, that's all."

"That doesn't explain anything to me."

"The reason why it doesn't, is that you haven't enough sense to know that there are traits of character inherited through generations. All you need is a little common sense. Don't you know a thing about psychology?"

Uncle Enoch had devoted his whole life to the study of family records and he knew enough of the matter to be firm in his statements.

"Inheritance might have something to do with it, but I'll never believe it."

"Yes, you will—wait and see. You'll find out that this Family History here is a key to all the Wellingtons that'll ever supplant this old earth."

"I'll never see the day when I'll believe such nonsense."

"Go easy, George, isn't it reasonable that Margaret inherited this missionary instinct from this forefather of hers?"

"How could she, when she doesn't even know he ever lived?"

"That's not the point. It's the Wellington blood in her. This great-great-great grand-father of Margaret's is not the only one of the Wellingtons that has been inclined to do

charity work. The records are full of them. Of course, this one, William Wellington, is the greatest."

"Bosh and Nonsense—I'll never see the day when I'll believe such stuff." This was the closing remark. Margaret's father had gone there for a solution to Margaret's conduct, but he was too proud to allow himself to agree with Uncle Enoch, even though it was the logical thing to do.

"I'm not going to think about this infernal question of inheritance any longer. There's no use. I'm through. Uncle Enoch thinks he can rub that sort of reasoning in me—but I'll show him."

Soon, George Wellington was at home. He got into his smoking jacket and settled himself in an arm chair. He wanted to divert his mind, so he picked up the evening paper. He glanced over the front page and then turned to the editorials. What did he see—this in bold headlines: "Inheritance and the Great". He read the first few lines and threw down the paper in disgust. "The idea of inheritance having anything to do with the greatness of anybody," thought he.

George Wellington, not to be outdone picked up the latest sport magazine and began turning the pages. Right before his eyes was the picture of Van King, great thoroughbred, Winner of the long Steeple Chase. Just under his picture were the words "It's all in the blood—Van King sired by Opal Beauty, famous prize winner."

During this time of complexity in the mind of Mr. Wellington, Margaret was having great success in her work. East-side people loved her more than ever, and she enjoyed their perfect co-operation. No matter, though, if she was doing good, she still had a sad place in her heart. "Why can't father understand?" she would say as she finished her prayers at night. That was the question she always asked just before she slept.

It was some weeks later, Mr. Wellington was very thoughtful. "I'll swear," he finally said to himself, "Old

Uncle Enoch might be right—I'm going to the library and find out what I can on the subject. I hope the old fool won't think I believe in him, though."

In a few moments, George Wellington, the financier and anti-inheritance believer, was deeply buried in a psychology book at the city library.

"By Golly, here it says that inheritance is the key to one's character." Mr. Wellington read more closely. "Surely, I won't have to turn over on Uncle Enoch's side after all."

He still read on, guided by something which he felt was leading him to his answer even though he didn't believe in inheritance. The more he read about it the more interested he became.

It was late when he recovered himself. I've been reading three hours," he said. "That's long enough to get convinced on any subject. I must go."

Mr. Enoch Wellington had laughed heartily over his nephew's effort to find out Margaret's motive and then refusing to believe the solution when it was clear as day. While Enoch Wellington was thus musing there was a knock at his door.

It was George Wellington. He had come back to his uncle for final conviction.

"Uncle Enoch, I guess you are right. At least all indications point in your favor."

"Certainly, my boy. I thought you'd find out I was right sooner or later. Listen. I want to tell you a little story. About thirty-five years ago I knew a young fellow—say about ten or twelve years of age. He was the most tender-hearted and affectionate youth I ever knew. Why, one day he was playing in the street with some other small fellows and a ragged old woman came along. It was a cold day and the old woman was freezing. This young fellow politely pulled

off his overcoat and gave it to her. It was a spunk brand new coat too. What do you think of that?"

"My land, Uncle, that was I! I had forgotten all about it. But Margaret didn't inherit it from *me*, did she?—did she?"

"I'd rather think she did. That was only one of the many good deeds you did when a child. We used to think you would be a preacher or foreign missionary."

"Oh, Uncle Enoch, I've been such a coward. I give up. I see you're right. I'm going to make up with my child to-night."

George Wellington went to his home a changed man. Why had he not understood Peggie all the time? Why did he not know himself? He immediately sat down and wrote this letter to Margaret:

"Peggie, my own Child,

"I understand you now. Will you forgive me? I know why you are a community worker. It *was* born in you and I'm glad of it. I've found out you inherited the instinct through me—yes, even through one much greater than I. I am in turn going to re-inherit it from you and from this day on I mean to carry the flag of the noble blood high. All my time and money is laid at your feet to use as you see fit in your great work. I never can thank you enough for helping me find myself. You had a right to do what you are doing because it was born in you.

"Best love from

"YOUR FATHER".

CURIOSITY

LUCILE LEE, '27

CURIOSITY is like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It leads a double life. I imagine that when this word is spoken, there comes to your mind a scene in a backyard, you think of burning food, and see two women hanging over the fence whispering behind their hands. Gossip! Gossip!! Gossip!!! and all because of everlasting curiosity. This is the Mr. Hyde meaning, but the Dr. Jekyll meaning is the one we are thinking of now.

This kind of curiosity is the mother of all progress. The Dark Ages were dark because nobody was curious. The Renaissance came when people began to question and investigate again. Because Sir Isaac Newton became curious when an apple fell straight to the earth instead of going up, we have the universal law of gravity; because Volta, a shop keeper, became curious when he noticed that some frog legs hanging on copper and zinc wires quivered when they came in contact, we know about positive and negative electricity; and because Columbus was curious about the shape of the earth, our own old America was discovered; Franklin, by his pranking and experimenting, learned that lightning and electricity were the same thing, and helped to revolutionize the world in which he lived.

It is very interesting to note the world's attitude toward these men. Franklin's discovery and invention were declared to be an impious attempt to control the artillery of heaven. Galileo was put in prison for several years, simply because he dared question things that everyone else thought settled. For ten years Columbus wandered over Europe, being laughed at and ridiculed by the "wise" men, before he could get anyone interested enough to help him out. As the busy men passed by the apple tree and saw Sir Isaac lying on the ground beneath, they probably contrasted themselves with him. How busy they were! How idle he! But, with what

were they busying themselves? Putting into use the fruits of curiosity of some other idler. Sir Isaac Newton not only proved the law of gravity but also that it is sometimes in the idle body that we find the most active mind.

It isn't to the practical business men of today that the world owes its progress, but to the curious. Hundreds could build the transcontinental railways, but very, very few could look into a kettle of boiling water and see the possibilities of the locomotive. Thousands of actors and actresses of today are entertaining us with the moving pictures, but it took a curious man like Edison to invent the moving picture machine. The routine work may be done by all, but the creative work of the world is done, and will continue to be done, by the curious.

We have been discussing the progress of the world on account of curiosity, now let us see what it does for the individual. It means growth and happiness. A child is the happiest person in the world, never bored for a minute, and all because he is full of curiosity about everything. If he would just continue questioning he would still be happy, but as he grows older he becomes too busy trying to gain money and success, until he has no time to be curious. Some spend the first part of their life grasping for money, and then the last part trying to find happiness by excitement and travel, but as Carlyle says, "Happiness comes from within. If they would only open their eyes and look out, they would see enough in their front yards to keep them wondering a life time." They could say with Tennyson,

“Flowers in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies
I hold you here, root and all,
 in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is.”

Emerson said, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

Emerson and Tennyson and a few others were happy because, instead of stifling their curiosity, they developed it. Thoreau lived in a hut in the midst of a forest for two years and never became bored because he was interested in the woods, the flowers, and the wild animals. Burbank doesn't know what it is to be bored for the simple reason that he is curious about the fruits and flowers, always devoting himself to the study of plant life. Addison could sit for hours in the crowded coffee house, without saying a word, and yet enjoy himself to the fullest extent by studying human nature from all angles. To him and to Shakespeare, the human heart was an undiscovered country, which they were anxious to explore. Scientists would probably laugh at you if you were to ask them if they didn't tire of sitting so long and studying germs and atoms.

What a pity that so few have the key to the treasure house of secrets in this world. All classes need curiosity to make their work a delight instead of a drudgery. If the farmer had a little more of Burbank's or Burroughs' curiosity, he would enjoy to the utmost working his garden or taking a walk through the woods, and would care nothing about going to the city to seek excitement; if the mechanic had a little of Edison's curiosity, how much better workman he would be; and if the city man, instead of tiring of the crowd had a little of Addison's curiosity about human nature, he would not have to go to the country to recuperate from a nervous breakdown.

The search for the Fountain of Youth didn't stop when Ponce de Leon lost his life. We read in the papers very often of some new experiment tried by a seeker of Youth. But the only way to be young is to stay young. Someone has said that age comes not physically but mentally, it is a disease of the soul. The man whose mind is always learning, always alert for new truth never grows old. We can easily believe this

when we look at some of the men who have remained curious all their lives. Who would think of saying that Edison is in his dotage, yet he is seventy-seven. Burroughs' mind was as clear and bright as a boy's until his death, although he lived to be eighty-four; Burbank at seventy-five is still busy and happy among his fruits and flowers. Since all these men have been young in their old age it must be that curiosity keeps one young. If these men are in their second childhood they are incurable children because they are incurably curious.

When God created the world he gave Man dominion over it because he gave him the key to its secrets—curiosity. Hence no one need weep with Alexander because there are no more worlds to conquer, for we can never tell what is just around the corner.

“*BEAUCOUP IS ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY DE*”

EUNICE LEATHERS, '25

“**B**EAUCOUP is always followed by de—*always* followed by de. ‘Elle a beaucoup robes.’ No! beaucoup is always followed by de, so it would be ‘Elle a beaucoup de robes.’” Would I never get that straight? It was now after twelve o’clock, and the next morning I had a French examination! Slowly I put aside my book and got ready for bed. As I closed my eyes, the musical chimes from the old town clock floated in through my window. As the chimes died away, I saw a doll-like lady emerge from the face of the clock and trip daintily down the court house steps. She was followed immediately by a small, peculiar-looking gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion.

The lady was small, and carefully dressed in the latest vogue. From her neatly clad feet to her trim little head, she gave the impression of a quaint French doll. The little man that followed her was not very striking looking, but still when you gave him a second glance, you had a feeling that he was

not to be left out, and that wherever the lady went the man was sure to go.

Fascinated by this strange pair, and haunted by something about them that was vaguely familiar, I followed them on through the streets. The lady seemed to be very busy shopping, for every time she went into a store she came out laden with packages, and followed by that funny little man. I racked my memory, but I could not remember when I had met these two people. They, however, seemed to have no trouble in recognizing me, for when we met in a store, they both spoke like we were old friends.

As I was still struggling with my memory, I heard the clerk say, "Oh, Miss Beaucoup, I think that is lovely for you. That shade of blue just matches your eyes."

Then the little man echoed, "I like it very much also. If you wish to please me and make yourself more lovely, you will select that shade."

The little lady smiled a pleased smile—for who is immune to flattery—and purchased that very piece of ribbon.

So the lady was Miss Beaucoup, but who was the man? He was evidently in love with her, and it was plain that she did not hate him. There was nothing but a blank space in my memory where he was supposed to be, which, try as hard as I could, I was not able to obliterate. I had seen the man with many of my friends—with Miss La, Mr. Le, Mrs. Les, to say nothing of numerous other acquaintances. He seemed to be friendly with them all, and they were very fond of him. He was certainly a social favorite.

Suddenly, I remembered that Mademoiselle De Salle was entertaining a few of her friends this evening with a dinner party at the fashionable Hotel de la Montreal. It was rumored that there was a secret to be revealed at the dinner. So I hastened away forgetting Miss Beaucoup and the little man following her.

When I reached the Hotel de la Montreal, many of the guests had already arrived. Our eagerness had almost grown into impatience, and our curiosity had soared high when there came a sudden pause—someone was coming in—who was it? The door slowly opened, and in walked the beautiful Miss Beaucoup followed by Mr. ——. “Who is he?” I heard questioned on every side. But no one seemed to know. He spotted me in a moment and his little black eyes danced merrily as he smiled. He was bubbling over with happiness as he proudly followed his beautiful Miss Beaucoup around the room. In the excited laughter and gay chatter that followed, I failed to learn the man’s name.

We went into dinner and I found myself facing this man across the table. His eyes still sent me friendly little messages, but I could only pretend to send them back. Who was that man?

I was not long left in doubt for I heard a faint tinkling, followed by the opening of a door, and the butler came in, bringing us each a telegram. Following the example of our hostess, we eagerly tore open the envelope and hastily scanned its contents. This is what we saw:

“Mademoiselle De Salle
Announces the Engagement of her friend
Mademoiselle Beaucoup
to
Mr. De.”

“Aren’t you going to get up for breakfast? The bell rang ages ago!”

I jumped out of bed, and rapidly dressed, feeling sure that I would never forget that “Beaucoup is always followed by De.”

A SNOW SCENE

NORINE BROCK, '25

GRAYISH clouds hung low in the sky, and chill winds whistled around the corners; I knew the signs and watched eagerly for the first tiny snow flakes. At last they came, only a few at a time and melting as they reached the ground. Then faster and faster they fell, until they were whirling, dancing, dashing, to and fro in a bewildering flurry. Some were coming straight down, while others were blown about by the wind, as if little puffs of it were their invisible partners, and led them in all directions in their mad frolic. Straight, crisscross, slanting, and round and round the fairy particles fluttered. A white down began to form on everything outside. Thicker and thicker it grew, until nothing could be seen but a vast whiteness and the falling snow. After a while the flakes fell more compactly to the ground. The snow began to thin, and dark objects with white tops loomed up before me. As dusk gathered into night, only a few flakes descended at a time and finally, even these ceased.

I looked out on a strangely white and silent world. The road and fields were blended into one and the bare arms of the trees were clothed once more, but in a soft downy robe. The wind had ceased to whistle. It was a night of wonderful stillness, broken only by the cracking of branches in the cold. Not a cloud was in the sky and the stars were out in myriads. The silvery moon shone down upon a glistening wonder—a vast open air cathedral built and decorated by the Master Hand.

THE VALLEY OF THE GHOST

EUNICE TODD, '27

ONE summer when I was visiting an aunt, who lived in a lonely part of the hill country, she told me a story of a valley, about ten miles away, which was said to be haunted. According to legend, there was a pine thicket in which a ghost held nightly vigils. No one in the community seemed to know the truth of the tale. I was very enthusiastic to know more of this place, although I did not believe in ghosts.

Some of my friends were as eager as I to find out more about the haunted region, so we obtained some decidedly hazy directions, and late one evening set out for the valley of the ghost. We were all very much excited, for we considered this trip an adventure. We went in automobiles over about eight miles of level road; then left the automobiles and set out to hunt the ghost on foot. Our way led over hill and dale for sometime. There seemed to be nothing uncommon about the surroundings.

By and by the atmosphere of the surroundings changed. We found ourselves in a thicket of pine trees, which seemed to murmur dolefully. The night insects hummed their shrill weird songs, the pines sighed dismally, the place was ghostly enough. Our nerves were on edge. We were expecting to encounter the ghost any minute when one of the boys whispered, "Yonder's the ghost!"

Yes, there was the ghost! By its whiteness it was plainly discernible in the dark. It looked as if its arms were extended and it were standing there as the sentinel of the night. How scared we were! We whispered to each other in a frightened manner, and held the lantern high.

Now that we had found the ghost we were at a loss to know what to do. Every sound filled us with terror and our

hearts beat fast. Finally one of the boys moved toward the ghost while the rest of us waited in breathless suspense. The ghost stood motionless. Suddenly, we heard his hearty laugh.

“The ghost of Pine Vale is nothing more nor less than a pine tree which has been stripped of its bark”, he yelled to us.

TO MAY PETERSON

MARY RILEY, '17

DO YOU know what it means to hear you sing?
 Can you guess what a strange, sweet joy you bring,
 To the heart of a girl?
 To some your voice may seem only a gift;
 To me it is like a shining blue rift
 In the grayest of clouds,
 That God's sun may smile through!
 Do you know what it means to see your smile?
 Can you guess what your clear eyes tell the while
 To the soul of a girl?
 It's truth and happiness, beauty—and more
 So gentle you are that you open a door—
 With the loveliest grace
 That God's love may shine through!

HUSTLER

NORINE BROCK, '25

“UNCLE BOB, I want you to go to the pasture and cut away the underbrush around the old pond. We want to go in there tomorrow and drain it.”

“Yassa, Mas' John, soon's ah kin git ma brekfus.”

A short time later old Uncle Bob limped out of his cabin door with his lunch in his hand. He gathered his tools together and started. Hustler, his faithful old dog, was not to

be left behind; and together they went down the lane,—Uncle Bob whistling a merry tune and Hustler sometimes running ahead, sometimes trotting along by the darky's side.

As they passed a brush pile, the dog began poking his nose among the twigs and sniffing around. Suddenly he bounded off after a rabbit. The fields resounded with his excited barking. Uncle Bob, forgetting his stiff knee, threw down his axe and mattock and hurried after them. He scrambled over a barbed wire fence so quickly that he added another snag to his trousers, already tattered and torn, but that did not matter; he was after that rabbit.

“Who-o-ee! Who-o-ee! Go git em, Hustler!” Away they went, over terraces, through briar patches, and in and out of ditches. Slowly but surely Hustler gained on the rabbit, while Uncle Bob got farther and farther behind. The rabbit and dog ran in a ditch and out again on the other side. As Uncle Bob jumped in it, he stumbled over a root and fell. The dog went out of hearing and left the poor old negro behind.

The muscles of Uncle Bob's face were drawn, and he groaned as he tried to get up. He could not move his leg, and he fell back every time he tried to rise. At last he gave up with a sob and whistled for Hustler. No dog came. The sun shone down in all its force, and perspiration rolled off Uncle Bob's face, while his mouth became dry and parched. At last the pain became so great that things turned black and Uncle Bob lost consciousness.

As Hustler came back, panting, with his tongue hanging out, he knew that something was wrong with his master. He went up to him and licked his hands and face. He ran off and came back several times, then caught his master's clothes between his teeth and tried to drag him out of the ditch; but his hold only tore out. Finally he started swiftly towards the house. He jumped upon the porch and whined and scratched at the door. Nobody came, so he went around the house barking. He met Mr. John and pulled at his trousers.

“Get away, Hustler, what is the matter with you?” Mr. John said, as he kicked the dog back. Hustler did not give up at this, but circled around him whining all the time. Finally, being convinced that something was amiss, Mr. John followed him. He led the way across the field, through the woods, across the pasture, and into another field. All the while the dog ran back and forth to make sure that Mr. John was following. As they neared the ditch, Hustler broke into sharp little barks; and a minute later they saw the gray-haired negro huddled in the ditch with his leg bent under him.

After the doctor had gone, Mr. John opened the door and let Hustler in. He barked once, joyously and, sensing the stillness of the room, walked quietly to the bed and looked wistfully into his master’s face. Uncle Bob smiled, patted the dog on the head and said, “Ah named you ‘Hustler’ ca’s’e you went atter dem rabbits so fas’, but you show wuz a hustler dis time.”

THE ORION

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WOODROW WILSON, THE TEACHER

Now that the world is mourning the death of our great Woodrow Wilson, is it not fitting that we, the students of a college in the Southland, (that part of the country which loved him most) should say some word of appreciation of this great and noble man? and man he was, "Ay, every inch a *man*." And now that he is dead, even those who hated him forget such feelings and join with the others in sorrow for his passing and appreciation of his greatness.

But, since we know of him as the statesman and the war chief, let us go back and consider him before he received world recognition and power. Let us think of him for a moment as the *Teacher*. And in such a consideration, we

must remember that, although the world did not know him, still, he was, in himself none the less great. Imagine, if you can that powerful intellect, that noble personality, that perfect use of our language, before you in the classroom. Think of the privilege of having such a teacher!

He first taught in a girls' school, and had in his classes, no doubt, just such silly girls as you and I. Think of it, girls of Anderson College, can you even imagine having for a teacher, Woodrow Wilson? Can you hear him say, "Miss _____"? Think of knowing so intimately such a man!

For years, Wilson held the position of teacher, a wonderful calling—is it not? For what is greater than using one's own intellect, knowledge, and training to lead and direct the lives of others? Years he spent in teaching, and his greatness was realized. Even though he left the classroom, he was still the teacher. His class room was no longer confined by four walls—it was limitless—for he became a teacher of the *World!*

And his last great position was somewhat similar to his first. As in the class room, some of his students listened with absorbed interest, others paid small attention to him, and still others, for only petty reasons disliked him, so, as the great world teacher, he was loved and disliked, worshiped and hated.

But, regardless of abuse and dislike, he was still the great instructor, the powerful world Teacher!

M. P.

SYDNEY LANIER

Each Lanier feels proud of the name our society bears. We have for our god-father the great Southern poet, Sydney Lanier. There is no man whose influence could be more remarkable upon a body of students than the life of this noble poet. Under the most trying circumstances and hardships he

fought to the finish, and when his life's work was done, he found himself crowned with many laurels. He was persistent, courageous, determined, and through "thick and thin" he shouldered the burden of human sacrifice and became one of our "immortals". His soul was aflame with the passion of human progress; he wanted to see man rise to his rightful plane; he worked to bring man into the place for which he was created. His high ideals should inspire us. We should profit by the wonderful life that Lanier lived, and let the influence of his life sink to the very depths of our souls and make us bigger and finer. Lanier was a man who yielded to the good influences about him. It has been said that there were three major influences in his life—a professor at college, General Robert E. Lee, and his own wife. All of these went into the making of his life. The big things of his soul lying dormant in the frailty of his physical body were made to stand out and glow because of the marvelous effect of these influences upon him. Let us be like Lanier. Let us seek out the large things to imitate and never stop short of seeing our lives bettered for having done so. Let us try to imitate him, in the first place, and thereby cast our influence upon others. No matter what difficulties and hardships may come to us, let us feel with Lanier as he did in his Song of the Chattahoochee:

"But oh, not the hills of Habersham
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall."

J. W.

ESTHERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

MARY GRAHAM

Editor

The regular meeting of the Estherian Literary Society, held on January 19 was indeed an interesting one. The program consisted of a debate, the query being, "Resolved: That Congress should grant the ex-service men a bonus." After the debate and the affirmative had been proclaimed the winning side, the meeting took on a less serious aspect. Our sponsor, Miss Phillips, had planned a number of delightful surprises for us. The meeting under her direction was converted into a sort of informal social affair with various interesting contests and games which she had planned. Chewing-gum and song contests, peanut races and readings proved to be the sources of much fun and gaiety. The remainder of the evening was spent in a hilarious frolic as the sides worked enthusiastically for the prizes which had been offered to the winners of the various contests.

The most interesting feature of the second regular meeting was a talk on J. M. Barry by Miss Cowdrick. Miss Cowdrick also touched upon the recent activities of the Little Theater Movement. This was especially interesting since we had been studying about the movement.

Dr. White has been endeavoring to create an interest among Anderson College students in the Bok Peace Plan. The Estherians showed their responsiveness to his efforts by choosing as the query for their next debate: "Resolved: That Edward Bok's Peace Plan is the best plan by which to preserve an international peace."

A special meeting of the society was called on February 12 in which it was decided that the members of the Estherian Literary Society should donate a picture of Woodrow Wilson to the college as a sign of their deep love and respect for this great artisan of peace.

LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

EUNICE LEATHERS

Editor

The prospect for the future of the Laniers is indeed bright. We have elected our second semester officers and they are surely a "well-selected bunch". The retiring officers have been faithful and we can even now see the results of their efforts. Our society is the largest it has even been. Our members are all loyal—a fact that is shown by their regular attendance and their willingness to do *anything* they are asked.

We are getting our plans in working form for our annual entertainment. We are not yet ready to start on an advertising scheme, but, judging from the past standard set by the Laniers, this entertainment will be well worth while. Circumstances seem to point out that the program will be the best we have ever given.

We have especially enjoyed Dr. White's talks in chapel on Lanier. We learned to better appreciate the man, Sidney Lanier, from whom our society takes its name.

A word of praise belongs to our sponsor, Miss McIntosh. She inspires us to our best, and leads us on to great achievements. We have a place in our hearts for her which no one else can fill.

Below is a list of the retiring and incoming officers :

Retiring

President	-----	Dorothy Cronkhite
Vice President	-----	Frances Harris
Secretary	-----	Helen Wallace
Treasurer	-----	Madge Bradley
Critic	-----	Virginia Cowherd
Sergeant-at-arms	-----	Myrtle Smith
Orion Reporter	-----	Wadine Settle

Incoming

President	-----	Jewell Wyllie
Vice President	-----	Madge Bradley
Secretary	-----	Alma Rawlinson
Treasurer	-----	Martha Dyches
Critic	-----	Myrtle Smith
Sergeant-at-arms	-----	Elizabeth Small and May Croft
Orion Reporter	-----	Eunice Leathers
Historian	-----	Merdel Nix

COLLEGE NEWS

MARTHA DYCHES

Editor

On December 11, just before the Christmas holidays, the Junior Class presented the comedy, "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh", which proved to be one of the most enjoyable entertainments witnessed here this year. This was the first play this class had ever given; but the juniors, with their "pep" and determination, under the guidance and management of their capable sponsor, Miss Fay, made a wonderful success at this, their first appearance on the stage.

January 2, holidays over! Back again, and promptly on time too. For our prompt arrival we were highly commended by both Dr. Knight and Mrs. Lumpkin, and no doubt, we deserved this praise for it was the first time in several years that all of us, without exception, had come back exactly at the appointed time. Since the authorities were so well pleased, we think that we shall always be prompt in this hereafter.

Wednesday night, February 6, the students and faculty of the college attended, in a body, the beautiful Woodrow Wilson Memorial Service at the First Presbyterian Church, to pay tribute to this great national leader who died Sunday, February 3. Two of his favorite hymns were sung, after which Dr. White made a most wonderful address. In this talk he summed up the life of Wilson as Symbol, Seer, and Sacrifice. It was a very impressive service, and we all came away feeling that we would be better citizens in the future because of it.

FINE ARTS

GERALDINE BOWEN

Editor

The Art Department of Anderson College, composed of both day and boarding students, is doing fine work in the studio this year. There is no copying done, but the girls work from casts, still life, and life (portraits). The materials used are charcoal, pastel, water-color, and oil, and some of the pictures are really beautiful. The teachers and students of Anderson College pose for the art students. Last year one of our girls received a gold medal awarded by the State Federation of Women's Clubs for the best portrait in color from life. All of the colleges of the state, both large and small, contested for the medal and we were indeed proud that an Anderson Art Student won it, Miss Maybelle Barnhill, who received a certificate in art last year. She is not here this year, but she has some worthy successors. Miss Louise Wray of the College and Miss Martha Rast of the town, though this is only their second year in the studio, have each just finished a beautiful portrait in color, one profile and the other a full face, of Miss Sallie T. Cade in her nurse's uniform. Miss Hattie Roberts, a Freshman, has done especially good work from plaster casts. She has also done some good portraits from life in charcoal. Miss Zoe Hill has made an excellent portrait of Rev. Pratt in charcoal. Miss Mary DeLoach has done some exceedingly good still life work in oil. The instructor, Miss Mary D. Ramseur, has a very promising Saturday morning class of high school students who come from Anderson and neighboring towns. She is very much pleased with the progress of all her art classes.

The History of Art class, which is also taught by Miss Ramseur, has received a present from the Ladies' College Association, namely, a radiograph. This is a machine which enlarges and throws upon a screen certain pictures which illustrate the lectures which Miss Ramseur gives twice a week

to her class. Both teacher and class feel greatly indebted to the ladies for this machine which greatly enlarges the pleasure and value of the lectures.

MAY PETERSON, LYRIC SOPRANO

In a concert given by May Peterson, the first thing that impresses her audience is the unusual beauty of her voice, its clearness and absolute purity of tonal quality. Her naturalness of manner is her chief charm after the voice, the gracefulness of her figure appeals also, and then that sweet smile just seems to sink in and warm the cockles of the heart. With all of these charms it would be impossible for a concert given by Miss Peterson to be anything but a success, specially if that same audience had heard the singer before.

Friday evening, January 18, Miss Peterson sang in the college auditorium. And as she made her appearance she was greeted with wild applause, for is she not the adopted daughter of Anderson College? The students adopted her, and she is their guardian angel, specially an inspiration in the school of music. Coming "down stage" she wore an exquisite creation of softest silk, flesh color, with strand after strand of crystal beads, an ornament of brilliants holding the drapery. From the left shoulder was a bit of blue from the sky, in a graceful addition of blue tulle which fell to the end of the train. In her hand she carried bright pink carnations. She was beautiful, but not until she sang did she get the real ovation. And then that ovation continued throughout the entire evening. There were seventeen numbers on the program, and in all Miss Peterson sang 29. Some of the songs she repeated as encores, others she added to her repertoire. Several songs were sung by request, Mozart's Allelujah, being one that will always be associated with Miss Peterson, after hearing her sing it once. Another was the "Indian Lullaby", and that old song which she has brought into popularity,

“Carry Me Back to Ole Verginny”, is one of her most delightful records.

That this singer never sung to a more enthusiastic audience than the Anderson College girls, and that no singer has ever put more of her heart, soul and personality into a program is believed by those of the city who heard Miss Peterson at the college.

ATHLETICS

ALMA RAWLINSON

Editor

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. Perhaps I should have said the "Thanksgiving Games" are over, for truly they are the real occasion for all of the excitement. The games could not be played on Thanksgiving Day because of the rain, and too, at the time every one was nursing a sore arm—we had all been "shot" for typhoid fever. For this reason, the games had to be postponed until January 14th.

That was a great day! At nine-thirty o'clock all of the classes assembled on the court—each in its respective place, waiting the arrival of the referee and her whistle which would announce the opening of the games! A more "peppy" bunch of girls have never come together. Everyone was on tip-toe with excitement, eagerly waiting for the games.

There was the sound of a whistle, and all hearts stopped still for a moment, then fluttered and began beating faster than ever—they even skipped a beat occasionally! Miss Pearman was now on the court and the Junior-Senior players were in place as they were to play first. Such "pep" has never before been manifested as was shown at the crucial moment when they were ready to begin. Never have such teams come together on our court at the college as these two. First the Juniors score—then the Seniors 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 Juniors won with a score of 20 to 16. Both teams played splendidly. The Juniors take the prize in past work, for they seemed as one body, working in perfect harmony. The Seniors did some fine team work also, making some pretty goals, but they were lacking in the organized movements so evident in the Junior team.

Next came the Freshmen-Sophomore game. Goodness! What a game that was! At first the ball rolled around the goal several times but utterly failed to drop in. The Freshmen got the first score—then the Sophs scored. Now all are in a scramble for the ball. Such was the score throughout the game. But alas! in the end it was found that the “Sophs” had to give in to their better halves and the Freshmen had won by a score of 36 to 20.

The last game was the one between the two winning classes—the Juniors and Freshmen. Excitement ran high, each determined to have that game which meant the cup. The Juniors realized that they were up against a strong team and that they must work and work hard to win. They did, and must be congratulated on their fine playing. But when all was said and done, the Freshmen came out victorious with a score of 51 to 6. The classes ran riot; each to her sister, congratulating and praising them.

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

All in all, the spirit was fine and good comradeship still reigns in our midst. The playing was unusually good in all the teams, and there is no reason why Anderson College cannot put out a champion Varsity this year.

* * * * *

With a yell and a hoop and a jolly dance the basket ball players took their table in the dining room Monday night, January 14th. 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 co-operation and help which the Athletic Association is giving them. Every member of the 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 Newberry, College of Charleston Co-eds, and Carolina. 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.

So all together, let us sing our old song, yet each year new with the thoughts and coming of the basket-ball games—

“Who’s that coming down the field?

Fast as can be!

Who’s got steam and pep a sight?

Who else but we?

Who’s going to win girls?

Just get me told!

Old Black and Gold girls,

Old Black and Gold!”

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

MYRTLE SMITH

Editor

Our B. Y. P. U. has been divided into two groups. Each group has all the officers of a union, but the reports will be sent in as from one union. Mae Croft and Elizabeth McMillan are the Presidents of the two Unions. Merdel Nix is general President and Lola Mae Hellams, the general secretary. At the end of each month the two groups meet together and the general President presides. The reports are made at this meeting and the group having the better report gets the banner. Last month the one of which Mae Croft is President received the banner. This division has aroused much interest and a keen friendly rivalry. We hope the result will be an A-1 Union at Anderson College.

Our delegates to the Student Volunteer Conference in Indianapolis came back with a greater vision of life and its responsibilities. They made their reports in Chapel and in Y. W. C. A. Of course they could not begin to tell us of all the great speeches and their contact with other students but from what they did tell us we know that this must have been a very wonderful meeting. Many of us will never have the privilege of attending one like it, but we are glad that four of our girls and our dean could represent our college. Now we are looking forward to the State Conference at Due West in March.

EXCHANGES

RUTH HUGHES

Editor

Advice and criticism are very profitable to us many times, especially when we are struggling hard to attain some desired end and meet with disappointment and defeat. Such friendly interest serves as a stimulus to our undertakings, and it is our aim to make the criticisms we give have just this effect. We want to see improvements, and real efforts made towards the mark of perfection, each striving hard for the best college magazine possible.

The December issue of the *Collegian* shows an improvement over that of the October Number. The articles are very pleasing and interesting. "You Never Can Tell" deserves some mention. "Why One Should Study Latin" is worthy of careful reading and consideration by all college students. Its subject matter is interesting, showing how the study of Latin gives breadth to one's education. We notice that the "poets" have gone to work and their contributions add much to the value of the magazine. "Through the Storm" is very good; the depth of thought is brought out splendidly. "Success" is a bit overworked.

The *Winthrop Journal* is up to its usual standard in the quality of work, but its field is not broad enough. The poems are light and winsome. "Why" is probably the best, showing a delicate touch of art. It is full of truth. The stories have a very delightful trend. "Will O' the Wisp" has a good plot and is well worked out, showing that time and thought were spent in developing this story. The literary articles are instructive and well organized.

The *Pine Branch* is an interesting little magazine, though it could be improved if more departments were added and the field of subject matter broadened. In the short story, "The Wake", there is a mysterious, unnatural atmosphere. The development of the plot is not very clear. "My Aunt's Spec-

tacles" is a cleverly written article. The poems are good. We find a very delightful story in the December *Pine Branch*, "Oh, Ken". The plot is splendid and is beautifully unfolded. "A Christmas Eve Changeling" is amusing and is very well written. "Of Truth and Truth" is a pure, thoughtful sketch, presented in a striking way. We like it because it seeks to answer some questions concerning the truth of things. We are, by nature, seekers after truth.

The *Concept* has a good sketch, "Great Luck". The real spirit of Thanksgiving is clearly shown. We find some faults with the Negro dialect. "His 'Oman" is a clever attempt at play writing, showing that the author has a grasp upon the nature of women. It has a touch of the dramatic which makes it real and full of life. The writer of "The Jazzy Public vs. Mighty Lak a Rose", has effectively portrayed the demand of the kind of music the public wants today. "Damned Cowardice" is not a pure short story. It is too short to have a well developed plot. "Sense and Nonsense" has an excellent title. The play is short, pithy, and humorous. "The Blue Doll" is a very good story. The *Concept* is a well-balanced, up-to-date magazine.

The *Erothesian* is a creditable magazine. There is, however, room for improvement. "I Am Aware" is an essay, thoughtfully written and should make us more conscious of our surroundings,—of the beauties which God has given us. The style of writing reveals individualism. "Leaves From a College Girl's Diary" is easily and naturally written. "Me and Pa" expresses the attitude college students take towards class work. The element of reality makes it more effective. The poems are few and short, but very delightful. "The Little Road" is a good story, but its theme is too broad for the treatment in a short story. The transition from one situation to another is abrupt. The connection should be smooth and easily made.

The first criticism we have to make of the *Chronicle* is its excessive amount of poetry. The most of these poems are, on

the whole, good but we believe more essays, sketches, plays, and editorials would add to an even balancing of material. "The Key to South Carolina's Development" shows thoughtful preparation. It is interesting and instructive. The stories contain some good points: "A Joyful Thanksgiving Day" borders on the melodramatic. A more carefully developed plot would add to the strength of the story. "Love vs. Duty" suggests an interesting story. It could be much improved, however, if the situations were more real and not forced as the conversation suggests.

The *Blue and Gray* is a lively college paper showing that the students are awake to the activities of the day. "Let Us Give Thanks" is praiseworthy. The atmosphere is one of the truly, thankful heart and it rings true. We like the thoughts brought out.

The *Carolinian* is a well-balanced magazine. The poem, "Compensation", has a beautiful thought expressed. The story, "A Convict's Escape" is very unreal and leaves a bad impression with the reader. "An Appreciation of O. Henry" is a beautiful tribute to a great man. It is well constructed showing a comprehensive grasp of the subject. A touch of humor would have made the writing of "The Rejected Suitor" more successful. "Dark Waters" has a good climax. "The Virtue and Promise of South Carolina" has many notable points. We are glad to see interest taken in our own State and hope other articles of value will be written. The department "What's What and Why" gives room for variety. It is something new and can be used to advantage.

We have received the following magazines: The Wofford College *Journal*, The *Limestone Star*, The *Right Angle*, The *Criterion*, The *Isaqueena*, The *Furman Echo*, The *Nautilus*, The *Collegian*, The *Winthrop Journal*, The *Pine Branch*, The *Concept*, The *Erothesian*, The *Chronicle*, The *Blue and Gray*, and The *Carolinian*.

JOKES

CLEONE CLAYTON

Editor

ME

ROXIE MURDOCK, '27

I catch the run in her hose,
I slick the end of her nose,
I clean her delicate hands,
I shine the candy pans,
I'm never still a minute.

I freshen her little shirt waist,
I brighten her flower vase,
I make the windows shine,
I only cost her a dime,
Yet I'm very useful.

I clear the face of her watch,
I rid her dress of spots,
I hold her hair in place,
I clean the "lab" in haste,
And that's not all.

I whiten her shoes for "Gym,"
I clear her glasses if dim,
I make her jewels bright—
If I'm not there, things are a sight,
I'm a College girl's cake of soap!

Polly Smoak: "I wish I knew as much about world affairs as Miss McIntosh does".

Lela Curtis: "I wish I did too, Polly, then I'd run for President".

Velma Bridwell: "Not me. I'd run for wife of the President".

Dr. Johnson: "Sarah, what is the longest word in the language?"

Sarah Brown: "The word a public speaker uses, when he says, Just one word more and I will close".

Miss Jones: "June, use the word, humanize, in a sentence".

June Roscoe: "That animal has almost human eyes".

Miss Cowdrick: "Louise, what did you enjoy most in Shakespeare this semester?"

Louise: "Your talk on 'love at first sight'."

Prof. Johnson was trying to arrange a time for a "make up class" in Comp. I. He studied seriously and said, "We can't meet at 5:30 because the girls have to go to the dining room and dress for dinner".

For Sale: A piano, good condition, property of lady leaving N. Y. in elegant case.—Ex.

Fresh: "Golly, but I knocked 'em cold in class this semester".

Soph.: "What did you get?"

Fresh: "Zero."—Ex.

Bess Glenn: "What kind of instrument is that?"

"Billie" Boleman: "Shoe horn".

Bess: "What does it play?"

"Billie" Boleman: "Foot notes".

"Fess" Johnson: "What is the plural of woman?"

Fresh: "Women".

"Fess": "The plural of man?"

Fresh: "Men".

"Fess": "The plural of child?"

Fresh: "Twins".

Margaret White: "Gee. My head's hot".

"Sook" Westmoreland: "I thought I smelt wood burning".

WANT ADS

I want a toad for Biology "lab"
 Like all other scientific girls do
 I want all kinds of moths and crabs
 Oh. To pass the time away—too.

I want a "Standing permission" from Mother
 A letter and a check from Dad.
 Yet we have a thought—another
 That of "exams" ahead.

So naturally our thoughts will flicker
 No time for permissions and checks
 So determined I'll be a "sticker"
 Though my thoughts are a rambling wreck.

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