

# THE ORION



**DECEMBER, 1916**

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# The Orion

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# CHRISTMAS.

---

In a manger down in Bethlehem,  
There lay a Babe so fair;  
Strangers came from far and near,  
To bring Him presents rare.

That wintry night, while shepherds watched,  
Upon a moon-lit plain;  
An angel, singing, told them where  
The Christ-child had been lain.

“Fear not, I bring you news of joy,  
For Christ, the Lord, does live;  
You’ll find Him wrapped in swaddling clothes,  
This as a sign I’ll give.”

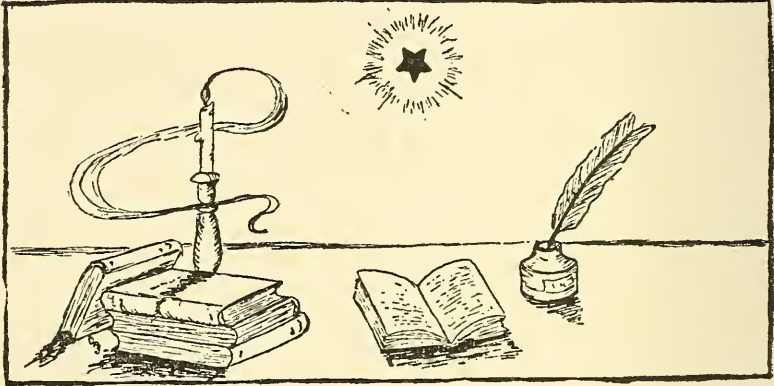
Then came a band—a heavenly host,  
With joyful songs from above;  
“Peace on earth, good will to men,  
And joy and hope and love.”

Saviour, at this Christmas-tide,  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Let thy Christmas spirit reign,  
As it reigns above.

M. P. A. '19.

# Literary Department

Lura King  
Emily Sullivan  
Editors



MOTTO: AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

## THE STORY OF SADEE'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

“GIRLS, I wish each of you to write a good Christmas story, and hand it to me before the tenth of December. Your class is to be represented in the Christmas number of the College magazine, and we want a really interesting story from this, the Sophomore English class.” This information was delivered to the Sophomore English class of Linden College by Miss Carew, the teacher.

“Oh my! Miss Carew, why I never could write a story of any kind, and a Christmas story! Oh goodness, I never can do it,” cried Macey Maud, always the first girl in the class to say what she “couldn’t do.”

“Oh Miss Carew,” argued Nancy Lou, “I tell you what let’s do. Let’s get up a nice collection of good jokes; that



would be loads nicer." Nancy Lou had never had a serious thought in all her days. Life to her was one glorious round of funny happenings and jokes.

"Well Miss Carew, couldn't you suggest a subject, and give us an outline to follow?" questioned Martha, the baby.

But all these remarks and suggestions were soon ended by Miss Carew's rapping sharply on the desk for "quiet". She then announced that there were no conditions or variations to the assignment: the stories must be written, no excuse would be accepted. "To the girl," she added, "who writes the best story, I myself will give a gold medal."

This announcement was hailed with cheering applause, and shouts of "Oh how nice!," "Great!," "Whoo-ee!"

During all this stir and commotion a young girl sat far back in the corner of the class-room, listening with wide open ears and eyes to the discussions and remarks. Her face, full of animation and eagerness, would of itself have conveyed to the mind a story, had anyone had time to observe it closely. For in the girl's face was a story, a story that had in it something of the beautiful, something of the sad, and oh, so much of hope and strength.

It was the possibility which showed in Sadee's face that had brought her to Linden College. The dean of the college had found her one day while visiting in her home town. There had been some kind of meeting in the town that day at which Sadee had given a reading. The dean, becoming interested in her while she read, inquired of a friend standing near who she was, and remarked on her unusual eagerness of manner. Upon being informed that she was a very poor, but most ambitious girl, he made his way to her, and asked her several questions, with the result that the next day found him in her home talking with her parents concerning her going to college. Sadee's parents were "tough subjects." The dean had to use all of his powers of persuasion to get their consent, and he would perhaps not have gained it then, but for Sadee's pleading,

hungry face, and her promise to teach and pay back every cent of the money her education would cost.

So Sadee came to Linden College; Sadee, who all her life had been repressed; Sadee, who all her life had been misunderstood; Sadee, who had had big, beautiful visions; Sadee, who had always lived in a world of imagination—imagination that lifted her above the ugly, sordid things of real life, and carried her to heights of joy, beauty, love, and that great *Something* that was so hard to understand; Sadee who had always lived apart from the people with whom her parents and family associated—apart from them in the sense of bigness of mind and thought. “Why there’s no use to tell them about it, they won’t understand,” she said to herself; “so I will just whisper it to God, He always understands.”

That is the kind of Sadee we find at Linden College in the Sophomore English class when Miss Carew made the announcement about the Christmas stories: a girl who could write a story, glad of the opportunity to write a story, eager to be busy in her room writing, for already the story-thoughts were crowding her mind, showing even in her face, only no one noticed it. Her heart was so full of gratitude and enthusiasm that she could not refrain from whispering a bit of her joy to Miss Carew as she left the class: “Oh Miss Carew, it just makes me tremble, I am so happy and glad that you are going to let us write a Christmas story.” Her eager brown eyes filled with an indescribable something which might have been her soul.

Once in her room, with pencil and paper in hand, her thoughts came whirling through her mind, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to be expressed. Sadee’s fingers flew along at a wonderful rate. Her face grew hot and red, her hand became cramped as hour after hour she transferred her thoughts to the blank pages, weaving them into a wonderful, touchingly real, humane story.

When the dinner bell rang, Sadee roused from her work with a start. She caught back the unruly brown



curls with a hairpin, and ran hurriedly down to the dining-room. After eating only a few bites, she asked to be excused in order that she might resume her work.

Sadee was making one supreme effort, a grand and noble effort it was, but it was sapping her strength. Late in the night she fell back with a little convulsive sigh—her work was finished. It was a masterpiece, wonderful in its depth, touching in its pathos, humane, true and real to the end. Sadee had written her soul on paper. The very best that was in her was down there in words. And because she had written her soul out, because she had given her best, her most sublime, her most lofty thoughts, she was left weak and exhausted. Yes, Sadee had paid a price for her story but it was a winner.

The next morning the matron found Sadee across her bed, just as she had fallen the night before, her poor body quivering with weakness and cold. Beside her she found the rare story. After putting Sadee between warm blankets and giving her something warm to drink, she carefully gathered up the written pages and carried them to Miss Carew.

When Miss Carew finished reading the story she sat staring, dumb with amazement. Was it possible that such a wonderful girl could exist in the college unknown? Here was a real genius, and she had not known it! Then, starting to her feet, she almost cried aloud in her praise and admiration. It was wonderful, wonderful! Here was a story that would hold its readers, gain their sympathy, and leave something with them after it was read. Yes, here was a story that would live, would spread, would be loved.

It was only three days before the college would close for Christmas. Sadee had not been conscious since the night she had written her story until today, when she roused from her deathly stupor and asked weakly where she was. Her father and mother were both bending over her.

"Oh, our little Sadee is goin' to git well, she is, mamma, she is," the father whispered joyfully.

"Why, have I been sick sure enough?" asked Sadee, hearing dimly her father's words.

"Yes dear, but you air soon goin' to be well, and you're goin' home with me and your papa for Christmas," assured the mother.

"Oh, oh, I remember now! My story, my Christmas story! Mama, did it go? Did they choose mine? Oh, tell me quick, was it the one?" And in her great desire to know the fate of her story she raised herself weakly from the pillows.

"Oh my darlin', don't do that! Lay down. You're goin' to kill yourself. Lay down 'n' I'll tell ye about it," begged the mother, putting her strong arms about the girl, fearful lest she should faint in her weakness. "Listen honey, you wonned the prize, the medal, yes you did, my own little girl; and they put your story in the magazine and they are goin' to give ye a free scholarship the rest of your life, till ye finish college, and they wants ye to write a story every month for the magazine. But I done tole them that I ain't a-goin' to let ye, poor little thing—done went and ruined your life writin' that old story."

"Oh dear God, dear God, you did understand! you did understand!" murmured Sadee prayerfully. Then turning to her mother she said, "Oh Mama, surely you understand now; don't you see what it means to you and papa, to—oh all of us? It was because I was so happy, that's why I got sick; oh I'm so happy!"

Christmas eve came, a dull, cold, cloudy day, but in Sadee's heart there was only sunshine, joy and gladness. She had just read her story in the Christmas number of the magazine, and had received her beautiful gold medal, together with a written contract which said she was presented with a free scholarship to Linden College until her education was complete, provided she would write a story every month for the college magazine.

And that Christmas eve night, Sadee, kneeling by her little white bed in the attic, could only utter from a prayerful, thankful heart, "Oh God, you did understand!"

NELLE WILLIAMSON, '19.

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WINTER.

---

The snow, a sheet of ermine wide,  
Has covered all the country side;  
And leafless trees stand by and view  
The Landscape decked in garments new.

For winter has come with its ice and snow,  
Winter is here with its fire and fur,  
Winter has come after Autumn and Fall,  
Winter is here—God's blessing on all!

MARIE NELSON.

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THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF THE PASTORAL  
DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

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PASTORAL drama is a mode of literary expression, not a literary species; a way of regarding life and nature, not a variety of prose or of poetry. It is a drama in which the incidents, thoughts, and emotions of cultivated society are presented under the disguise of rustic life. The characters are piping shepherds, coy shepherdesses, woodland nymphs, and wandering foresters. The settings are usually in an emerald green valley, or on a beautiful hillside, and the theme put forth is Love.

The pastoral idea is linked with that chimera of the imagination, the golden age, and wanders in imaginary realms, untenanted by creatures of flesh and blood. According to this idea, the country life is glorified as exemplified in the arcadian shepherds, who live in eternal simplicity, leisure and elegant discourse. In Arcadia, all is blossom

and fragrance; existence flows with a hindrance, save for the cares of love; without a pain, save the twinges of jealousy. Shepherds pipe as though they would never grow old; maids are sought, or are sweetly seeking, and except for an occasional wild man or peasant for the sake of contrast, all the pastoral personages are equally cultivated, eloquent, poetical, and noble. With all its outdoor settings, and its harping on the primitive simplicity of conduct and manners, it is the artificiality of the pastoral that first strikes the observer. Bolted through the successive filters of Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish and French literature, the pastoral is like some fine white meal, fit, when sweetened with sentiment, to use in the pastry of life, but little nutritious, unaided by coarser and more wholesome food.

The pastoral had its origin in a misconception of the ancients. The pastoral motive began first in poetry, and later entered the romance and the drama. When the popularity of the mediaeval mystery plays began to wane, this drama, easily expanded from the eclouge, an extant form of the pastoral poem, was one of the forms which took its place. The foremost Greek pastoral dramatist was Theocritus. He was truly a poet of nature, and understanding it so well, he was able to transform his knowledge into drama. He had only to pass the gates of Syracuse and wander through the fens of Lysimeleia, to find himself in the golden world of the pastoral. The charm of Theocritus can only be tasted in his original Doric Verse.

The first distinctive pastoral drama was from an Italian source. It is the *Orfeo* of Poliziano, a kind of opera given at Mantua in 1471. It was founded in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. This Italian drama influenced every literature in Europe. The pastoral came first into England in eclogue form in Googe's translation of Mantuans' Latin imitations of Vergil. The eclogue reached its height in the "Shepherd's Calendar," and was revived in the reign of King James, in the pastorals of Wither and Browne. The pastoral lyric came into vogue somewhat



later and was the chief lyrical fashion of the day. To such an extent did this passing mode rule, that older poetry republished was given a pastoral turn, and every lover became a swain, each lass, a nymph or a shepherdess. The pastoral element continued to tinge the entertainments of the royal progresses. At Cawdry in 1591, a wild man addressed the Queen from beside a tree. At Bisham in the next year, Pan, attended by two Virgins, keeping sheep and sewing in their samplers, spoke to her majesty from a little hill. The best pastorals were presented before majesties, the Kings and Queens, but the finest bit of pastoral poetry is the dainty little pastoral of *Cocidon* and *Phyllida* part of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Elvertham, in Hampshire, in 1591. She encouraged the performance of Latin plays at the Universities and the Royal College of St. Peter at Westminster. Inducements were given by the royalties to literary men, to write new plays after the Latin models. These plays were acted before the patrons, and patronesses at the Universities and Inn's of Court. "Gorborduc," "Ralph Royster Doyster," and "Gammer Gurton's Needle", were three of the important plays. However, these plays are by no means perfect—they are ponderous in language, their metre is wrong, and they are primitive in manner.

Before we discuss the truly first English Pastoral drama, "The Arraignment of Paris," written by George Peele, let us survey the conditions of the English drama, before this play. We find that the drama as we conceive it today, did not exist at all. The miracles which represented the lives of saints had something of the form, but few of the qualities of the drama as we now understand it. The purpose of these dramas which usually treated of religious subjects, was to advance the interests of the church by means of popular entertainment. After the miracle plays, the mysteries came—these represented scenes from life of Christ, or stories from the Old Testament associated with the coming of the Messiah. The moralities came

next. These are not entirely religious, but rather allegories intended to convey moral lessons. Virtues and vices, as Death, Greed, Goodness, and Love, were the personified characters. The morality is a distinct advance over the miracle and mystery plays, in that it gave free scope to the imagination for new plots and incidents. A step further was taken toward the real drama, that of the Interludes, which were as a rule, short, witty dialogues treating of subjects more or less religious. The characters were more human than were abstractions of the moralities. Virtues and vices gave place to flesh and blood men and women. Thus we find that the advance of the drama was very slow, and in language, thought, and form, very crude, when we arrive at the period of Greene, Peele, and Lyly.

In an introduction to an article on the drama, W. W. Greg says:—

“Besides the main current, there are a few back waters, and side channels,, gropings after dimly apprehended ideals, lispings utterances of half conscious impulses, attempts to attain expression of form and beauty, which the genius of the age rendered impossible. Among other attempts, such was the pastoral drama.”

Then in approaching the pastoral work of Peele and Lyly, we will glide into the quiet, peaceful “back waters and side channels” for a glimpse of the dimly apprehended ideals.

Peele was an academician, a writer of the court plays to be performed by choir boys and child actors. In his court masque, “The Arraignment of Paris”, he very skillfully turns a classical myth into a compliment to Queen Elizabeth. Yet there are charming pastoral elements in the play, despite the fact that it was written to flatter the Queen. The scene is laid in “Ida Vales,” where gods and goddesses commune familiarly with the Arcadian Colin, Hobbinal, Diggon and Thenot. There is an idyllic pastoral scene between Paris and CEnone in which she en-



treats him to be true to his love vows. There is tender love-making, the carving of love vows on trees, and snatch-  
es of charming love lyrics—these sung by Ænone to the  
shepherds' pipes, all taking place in the "painful paths of  
pleasant Ida." Then there is the unrequited love of the  
true play, which in this instance results in Colin's death  
and the punishment of the cold, scornful Thestyles, his  
mistress. In such scenes we have the very essence of the  
pastoral drama.

But the pastoral play was too limited for the best  
comedy, so into this blissful Arcadia of Paris and Ænone,  
Peele introduced the three goddesses, Juno, Venus, and  
Minerva, together with the golden apple of Discord, and  
thus the complication begins. In his play, "The Arraign-  
ment of Paris," not only does Peele create a pure idyllic  
atmosphere, but into this Arcadian vale, he succeeds in  
introducing some real characters, which are drawn with a  
skill that surpasses anything done hitherto, and which vie  
with most of the pre-Shakespearean attempts at charac-  
terization. Paris, with all his instability and fickleness,  
is led by Venus to desert the faithful Ænone. "While this  
play," to quote Greg "is a slight and occasional production,  
it marks quite an advance in metrical skill and dramatic  
construction, in characterization and purity of motive, and  
of thought."

In point of time, Robert Greene's "Friar Bacon and  
Friar Bungay," should come next in this treatment. And  
what a medley we have! Here is crowded within the nar-  
row compass of one drama, all the incidents and plot de-  
vices, it would seem, at the command of the playwright.  
classical allusions, courtiers and court life, disguises, pas-  
toral romance, the device of a clown, all so mingled with  
bogus chronicle history, as to lend realistic probability to  
the whole. Sentimental, comic, sensational, mysterious,  
sublime, and the all but tragic arts, are blended upon an  
English background for a comedy of real life. This play  
has a romantic pastoral strain in the love affair of the

"Fair Maid of Fressingfield," amid the booths of a rustic fair. The atmosphere of the entire play is pure, wholesome, and refining. Prince Edward and Lacy stand out as characters of noble, true, and loyal manhood. Margaret, the maid, represents the real type of woman, both charming and idealistic. She stands staunch upon her honest points, "marriage is no market with this maid." This drama is charming in language, ideal in characterization, plot conception, and thought; such a play would go far in refining the ideas of the time in regard to stage craft.

Contemporary with Peele and Greene, we find John Lyly. He comes forward with his "Gallathea" and "Love's Metamorphosis." In these we find a mingling of mythological and pastoral elements. We find the pastoral Lincolnshire, where the Olympian gods and goddesses seem as much at home as in "Ida Vales." Into this Lincolnshire Arcadia where reside the two old shepherds, Melobeus and Tytarus with their daughters, Gallathea and Phyllida, comes the god Neptune, demanding the sacrifice of the fairest virgin as atonement for some crime committed in the past. There follows a gathering of nymphs and shepherds, joyfully playing, while Cupid, the little love God, is making mischief with both. The plot is absurd, and leads to an absurd conclusion, in which one of the disguised nymphs is transformed into a boy. Yet the atmosphere of the play is pure, sweet, and delicately alluring.

In "Love's Metamorphosis", we have refinement of thought, language, and love motive. Ceres, Nira and Celia, are the three nymphs, who are coy, cruel, and wavering. There are no passions in the cares of Nymphs or in the love of the foresters. One feels here in the wooded hills, among the foresters and nymphs that love is pure, life fresh and uncontaminated. We have the pastoral praise of charity, pastoral discussion of love, writing of verses on trees, chase of nymphs by a Satyr, a nymph turned into a tree that speaks, and in the end we have triumph of true

love over false ideal of charity, which declines and mocks marriage.

"The Maid's Metamorphosis" is another mythological pastoral, where gods and goddesses play apart in the midst of a human element. Lyly puts forth the usual pastoral eulogy, and fills it with beauty and poetry, and those qualities which are chastening in their influence.

We feel, when reading Greene's semi-romantic pastoral play, "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," and the mythopastoral plays of Peele and Lyly, highly artificial as they are, that the drama has taken several steps forward and upward. We found in Peele and Greene, a medley of incongruous material skillfully woven together into a rather pleasing and artistic whole. We breathe a rarer atmosphere and feel the refining touch of their language. But Lyly went beyond these two playwrights in his contribution to the drama. After having written, "The Woman in the Moon" in rather unsuccessful blank verse, he established prose as the expression of comedy; a prose sometimes too ornate and pompous, perhaps, but again gracefully accurate and rythmical. Of his attitude he says: "It is a wit that allureth when every word shall have his weight, when nothing shall proceed but it shall either savour of sharp conceit or a secret conclusion." Through his careful language, Lyly aided in placing the English drama in the realm of literature.

In his attitude towards love and in his idealization of women, Lyly took another step forward in refining the drama. Nowhere does he depict terrible horrors and blood curdling scenes. Never does he stoop to low wit and obscenity. He keeps love on a lofty plain, a possession to be revered and held sacred. He uses love as a motive force, but it is the absorbing interest of the play.

And so we come to the end of this survey, convinced that in language, thought, characterization, and motive, Greene, Peele and Lyly left the drama in a purer atmos-

phere to exert an influence on the works of future pastoral dramatists.

CARO GEER, '19.

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**STAR OF BETHLEHEM.**

---

Star of Bethlehem! O, Star of the East!  
Thou didst lead wise men from afar  
To the holy Babe, the gift of God's love,  
Halo-crowned with thy radiance, O, Star!

O, guide of men! O, Star of Bethlehem!  
Proclaim this message once again  
To the hearts of emperors, czars, and kings:  
"Tidings of peace, good will toward men!"

O, bright Star of Heaven! O, bright Star of hope!  
May the men who today with death do grope,  
Turn weary, bleeding hearts, O, Star to thee,  
Light that will lead men His will to see.

M. B. B. '17.

---

**LOVE WENDS ITS WAY.**

---

**T**ONIGHT as I sit alone my thoughts stray back to a beautiful winter evening, a warm fire, and a brilliantly lighted library. It was Christmas eve. The snow was falling fast and covering all the earth with a soft white mantel. An icy wind caught the flakes and whirled them hither and thither. It blew them around the corners and piled them in banks and drifts. It was bitterly cold, but the merry crowds which thronged the streets cared little for that, for the Christmas spirit was truly abroad. A beautiful woman stood at the window of this brightly illuminated library and looked out upon the



gay crowds as they passed to and fro. "Christmas Eve Ah! would to God that He might come tonight!" The beautiful woman shuddered and drew in the blinds. She looked about the gorgeous room and sighed. "Tonight," breathed the unhappy woman as she crossed the room, sat down in a large arm chair, and gazed dreamily into the fire, "Tonight, five years ago, he went away."

Yes, there had been a "hero" in this miserable woman's life, but that was long ago. In fact it was only five years ago, but it seemed five centuries to this lonely girl whose heart cried out for the love of the worthy man she had shunned for riches. Long ago when Evelyn Cloud, for that was her name, had been an ugly shabbily dressed girl, she had begun to pray for beauty and riches. Every day and every night she had prayed, for they to her meant all that life could give. That girl's prayer had been answered. She had riches—yes, and people called her a wealthy, happy, and beautiful woman. There were cards and song, dancing and wine, gay companions and loud merrymaking, and she forced them all—a motley company—into the cold emptiness of her desolation. Oblivion and the forgetfulness she sought did not come, but fever and excitement kept her brain whirling far away from the sadness of reality. It chanced one day that True Love passed by, and he stopped at the door of her heart. He knocked, but all the ears of her soul were dulled with minstrelsy and its eyes were blinded by glare and glitter of revelry, so neither heart nor soul could tell the woman that he who stood without was True Love. At last—and timidly—Love opened the door of the heart that offered him no welcome, but when he saw how crowded that heart was with tinsel and paste jewels, he sighed, "Alas! there is no room for me," and went his way.

When Evelyn had refused the heart and hand of Charles Lorraine, he gave her these parting words. "You have closed the portals of my heart and I am drooping sadly in the shadows of sorrow. The only sunshine of my

life is gone, and no more laughter rings in my doorway until I see you stop seizing upon all things that lay near at hand, and packing them tightly into the throbbing loneliness of your barren heart. Take my card and when you have tired of your frivolous life, write to me at the given address."

Without further adieu he left her and she continued her solitary way without a serious thought of the man she had so rudely thrust aside. Now, after five weary years, she sat hoping and praying he would come to her on this raw night, as she had grown tired of her foolish life and had bade him return.

Charles received her brief message on the twenty-third of December as he was leaving his office after a day of extremely hard toil. His mind was sorely troubled, but a smile spread over his face as he read the friendly note from the woman he truly loved. He looked at his watch, but found that it was too late to go to the home of his loved one that night, therefore he resolved to wait until Christmas Eve before he sought her presence. The weary hours of the night dragged slowly by and the next day seemed centuries long to the all-impatient man.

At last the time had come when he could go to her side and claim her as his own. He walked along in the cutting wind with no thought except for the beautiful woman. After years, seemingly to Charles, of walking, he reached the home of Evelyn Cloud. He stopped, and after a brief moment ran silently up the steps and rang the doorbell.

The girl was so absorbed in thought she heard neither the bell nor the approaching footsteps. For a moment he looked upon the silent figure and then touched her on the shoulder. She awoke from the reverie with a start, and when she saw the man standing beside her she uttered the low cry, "Charles!" With a single bound he gathered her into his arms and rained kisses on her upturned face as he murmured words of love. Oblivious of all other



things they clung to each other, only to be aroused when in the distance they heard a voice singing in clear sweet tones, "O, Mother Dear, Jerusalem." No comment was made until the sweet song died and in the instant both exclaimed, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Alas, the love that had been hurt and slighted had returned that way again forevermore.

REBECCA TURNER, '19.

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"FROM THREE-THIRTY TO THREE-FORTY THREE."

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**G**OOD morning! May I sit here with you? Isn't it lovely out, today? Yes, fall's my favorite season, because, when you come to think about it, it has so much of spring in it. Evie—that's my daughter—says my middle name is Autumn. They all tease me about being so much of a girl at fifty. It's as wonderful to me as it is to anyone else, because I haven't always felt this way. Why, just ten years ago you'd have thought on seeing me that I was sixty at least. I really feel like a new person, and it's all because I made up my mind I'd have some spring in my own autumn, and wouldn't let a single young thing get away from me. You couldn't imagine how much can happen in ten years when you're decided to see all there is to see, to do all there is to do, and enjoy everything. Why I've lived more in the last ten years than in all the rest of my years put together. Have you been in to vote? Yes, I have too. That sounds like my mind is pretty flighty doesn't it? Fact is, when I begin to think about how full these ten years have been, I always remember how it was I turned around and started new. I never will get through being thankful for it. Well, I believe I will tell you. It had such a big influence on me, I'm always glad to tell anybody about how it happened.

In the first place, it was the result of my eavesdropping. Now, I was brought up strictly not to do that, and

I hold to it still, but I never have regretted doing it just that once. Well, I'd been into the city to visit my son, and I was going back home on this very three-thirty train. I was feeling pretty tired that day. I could just see myself getting more wrinkled and stooped and good-for-nothing, and was thinking I didn't have very much more time to be visiting around. I began to notice how cold the wind was, coming in through the window, and looked around to get somebody to pull it down for me. The only man in sight was a big, tall, good-looking boy. He belonged to my home town, and I'd seen him considerably, but never knew much of him. He came and pulled down the window very politely and was very attentive until I got fixed. I looked at him and said to myself, it was a pity such a nice young fellow should be wasted on such girls as I'd seen him going around with. There was Amy Masters, that bank president's daughter, who didn't think of a blessed thing but having a good time and flying around with boys. And then I'd seen him with Mansley Butler. If there ever was a girl that lived up to her name, she was one; for all she wanted was some sort of ball—basket, or foot, or base—and she was happy. No telling what she'd have done in a parlor. The one I was sorriest for, though, was Haidee Broadhurst—she changed her name, it used to be Jane. That is, I wasn't so sorry for her as I would be for the man who had to sit around and listen at her poetry-reading, and then take her down to the hotel for all their meals. Oh! every one of them were pretty, but shoo, not worth your turning around. Amy wore fine clothes, and Mansley looked as if she could knock down a little house with one fist, and Jane—Haidee I mean, was very stately and dignified. But I tell you what, none of them could cook a dinner a man wants.

Well, while I was thinking of all this, I noticed the young man got up in a hurry and went out the back door. When he came back, there seemed to be somebody with him—I wouldn't for the world look back—and they sat

down in the seat right behind me. I kept wondering and wondering—just like any old match-maker—who she was, for I couldn't recognize her voice. I'd got just that interested in him, I wanted to know if this girl was any different from the others. It almost seemed as if my head *would* turn around in spite of me, and I had to tie my bonnet strings so tight they nearly choked me, to keep still. From the way they sounded, they were mighty glad to see each other.

Well sir, the first thing you know, they were talking about suffrage and women voting. I could tell by the funny tone of his voice that he didn't believe in it a bit, and was surprised that she did; and then I thought now she was going to try to convert him. When I concluded that, I looked out the window at the crops. I wasn't interested in having him taken over—I was against it myself. I'd seen enough of women acting mannish, and I supposed this girl did it, too, and was big and buxom like Mansley. I was brought up on the idea that women ought not to have much say so in anything, and all they were made for was to stay at home and 'tend to the children. Mind you, I believe it's her business to see after the children, but she doesn't have to stick at home and get in a rut and be 'out of style'—I don't mean fashions either.

You wouldn't believe it, but before I really knew anything about it, I was listening to her as hard as he seemed to be—though I couldn't stick in a few questions or objections every now and then as he did. Everything he brought up, she had an answer to, and it had some effect on him, because he wouldn't say a word for nearly three minutes after. One time he said something about "militants." I didn't know what it was, but from the rest he said, I gathered it was about those suffragettes who broke windows and liked to get arrested "for the cause." She told him right away that it all started in England where an American woman, if she married an Englishman, had to ask her husband before she could spend a cent of her

own money, no matter how much she had. Hum! I thought, they ought to have better sense than to marry them. Then I saw that if those women wanted to get away from that, it would take some such strong sort of independence to start off the thing. Then again, I had always thought of suffragettes and mannishness together; but that set me to thinking that more folks wanted to vote than were mannish. She asked him something about Prohibition, and seemed delighted when he said he was an ardent supporter of it—"the trouble was, Prohibition didn't prohibit." She pounced on that and showed him how it *would*, if women only had the power to get behind it. Well, that too, made me remember that a great many men would sell their votes for little or nothing, and not a woman I knew would do a thing like that.

Oh, they talked a great deal about it—I must tell you sometime all the arguments she gave him—and by the time she was through she had brought me over as well as him. I knew that. All she said, though, not only made me want to vote, but also made me want to find out everything I could about it and everything about everything else. Hearing her talk was like getting a drink of good spring water when you were so thirsty you could drink out of a mud-puddle. Then was when the young red blood began to race through me, and I actually had to push up the window, I got so hot.

They both got off at the station before mine. I never was so surprised in my life when I saw her—for they did go out at the front door. She didn't reach up to his shoulder, and was small and slender with black hair and brown eyes. But la! she didn't need Mansley's fist or Amy's finery, or Jane's—I mean Haidee's queenly ways to make a way for her. You could see the smile on her face was from downright healthy happiness, and you could feel yourself beginning to answer it a block away. No wonder he liked her!

By the way, did you know he was the man who made



it possible for us women in this state to vote? I've voted five years now, and—oh, here's where I get off. I've enjoyed being with you so much—it's been such a short time. Oh! just let me tell you—they got married two years ago and—well, goodbye!

MARY RILEY, '17.

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### HOW WE DO IT.

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**J**UST before the two o'clock bell on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, the girls in Education I begin to saunter towards the class-room. Lura bursts in on two or three girls who are quietly, but hastily studying,—Geeeeeeee! Isn't this the hardest lesson you ever saw in your life? I've been over it three times, and right now, I couldn't tell two things in it." They smile on her benevolently, and resume their interrupted study.

"Geemanetty! this room's hot as a ginger-mill," she rattles on, throwing open a window or two.

Enter, Mary R. "Whew, isn't this room stuffy?," exclaims the airy Mary.

"It was fierce, 'till I opened some of these windows. They must think we're hot house plants around here." Lura loves to talk. Mary quietly sits down, in her usual place, prepares her notebook, smooths her skirt, folds her hands, and heaves a heartrending sigh, as if she's ready to give up the ghost. But Lura gives her no rest.

"Mary, what's the difference between the broad and narrow sense of memory? I have it down pat one minute, and the next it's all messed up."

Our "college-star" takes a deep breath, and begins—"What I took it to mean is that memory, in the broad sense, is—"

"Oh! wait a minute, see if *I* can tell," interrupts the ruthless Lura. When she finishes her "speel", and inquires if that's it, Mary grunts "Um-uh—I reckon so."

At the sound of the bell, Mr. Miller rushes in and dives for his chair, as if it were five minutes after time. He unfolds that ever-present note book, finds the class roll, then sits staring into space for two minutes, the allotted time to get to class. At the end of that time he proceeds to call the roll. Mary Bowie rushes in just as he finishes, with "Mr. Miller, the bell didn't ring in our dormitory." Mr. Miller assures her that that's all right, the bells haven't been working well lately.

"What's the lesson about today, ah—Miss Bannister—ah—Clelia?"

"Aw—a—well—a, it's about memory, isn't it?"

"Yeah, at least, I suppose that's what it's about, isn't it class? I haven't had time to look it over."

"What is memory; let's see; well, Miss Ervin."

"You mean in the broad sense?" Then she proceeds to show how much she knows about the lesson.

"Do you agree with her, Miss King,—ah Lura?"

"No sir, I don't—and so Lura reveals her knowledge.

"Well, isn't that *exactly* what I said, Mr. Miller?", inquires the indignant Wilma.

"Miss Lura, explain to Miss Wilma the difference between what you said and what she said"—which Lura does to her own satisfaction, if not to Wilma's.

"What is 'recall,'—ah—Miss—ah—McCants?"

A pause—then a sweet, innocent, voice replies, "I don't know, sir."

"Well—let's see—Miss King, suppose you tell us."

"You mean me?"—this from Lura—

"Oh—no, Miss Nancy." Again, the Freshman's favorite words are given.

"Well, Miss Bowie, Mary; can you explain it?"

Wilma breaks into Mary's explanation, to present her case. "Well, Mr. Miller, what do you call it when you don't hear a thing when it happens, but hear it about five or ten minutes later?"



"Why, I don't know. Suppose you state your question a little more definitely."

"Well, it's like this. Sometimes when I'm attending to something, thinking hard about it, but doing it involuntarily, and some one asks me questions, I don't consciously hear them. But when I get through thinking about whatever it was, I hear the question."

"Why, I've never heard of such a case as that—" and Mr. Miller further discusses it with various interpolations from Wilma and others—finally ending with,—“that certainly shows a remarkable power of concentration, I must say.”

"Well, you know, I'm that very way. I can hear a clock strike, I mean not hear it until after it's struck; then, if I happen to wonder what time it is, I hear the clock striking, and count the strokes," asserts Lura.

"Well, this is all news to me, pure and simple. You girls must have a mighty fine concentrative ability"—and Wilma and Lura try to look modest.

And so the class moves on; all hard problems are finally laid upon Margaret, Wilma or Mary R. for solution; in every possible instance, Lura or Mary B., seconded by Blanche, chime in with a "well, I don't think so, because \_\_\_\_\_," with Nettie and Ruth continually offering their philosophy and wisdom to bring peace between the heated debaters.

"Well, class, when is that theme due? Tuesday, isn't it?"

"Mr. Miller, please give us until Saturday; I didn't even know we had to write it until this morning, and I declare, I don't believe I can do it by Tuesday," pleads Nora.

"Please do, Mr. Miller," and Annie Laurie takes it up. "I've got two tests, and a story, and two books to read, all by Wednesday; and with that theme, too, it's too much." Various voices of different tone send up "yes."

"Well, I'm pretty busy myself; I have two or three

speeches to work up; about four books to read; and I've got to make up a report of every girl in the college, where she's from and all about her; besides 'tend to all my classes and do other necessary things; all to do in three days. I don't know whether I'll do it all or not, but I'm going to make a start at it. It's going to take a little sitting up extra late—"burning some midnight oil"—but it's got to be done. So I think we're all busy, class, but that's what we have to be to keep up; so let's try to get that theme out of our way by Tuesday."

"Mr. Miller, I tell you what's a fact; I don't even know how to start that theme; I don't have the slightest idea how to begin," asserts Blanche vehemently.

"Why that's easy. There's plenty of ways to begin. I have an idea right now—"

"What is it?," pleads Lura. Mr. Miller doesn't answer, but continues—

"This theme will call for original, individual work. I don't think you'll find anything directly on it. It'll show what's in you.—Well, let's all be sure and have our themes in Tuesday—sure!—class excused."

L. K., '17.

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### LIFE AT ANDERSON.

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#### 1

When we our studies all are shirking,  
 And all our teachers growing *Strick*;  
 And when our brain is tired of working,  
 And the Faculty begins to kick.

#### 2

'Tis then we slip off down the street,  
*Goode* little girls out for a walk;  
 When to our surprise we *Henry* meet,  
 And have a nice and quiet talk.

## 3

Two other sons then come our way,  
 Our quiet path to cheer;  
*Jame-son* and *Gib-son*—"a lucky day"  
 We say, as they draw near.

## 4

We hasten then down to the road,  
 Relying on our screen the hedge;  
 But we did not see the little Ford,  
 With a sharp-eyed driver whose name is *Edge*.

## 5

When suddenly 'round the corner it swings,  
 And *Henry* we know he surely saw  
 Our funeral bell the Board then rings,  
 And well we know we are *Dun-for(d)*.

## 6

We wade in trouble as deep as the *Jordan*,  
 For all of which we begin to sigh;  
 When long comes a *Miller* and tips his hat,  
 We "holler" back, we don't know why.

## 7

A clandestine meeting with a *Striplin(g)*?  
 Our conduct they will not *Stan for(d)*;  
 Whether he studies *Code(y)* or *Kipling*,  
 Whether a *Mason* or *Brewer*—we broke the law.

## 8

We're restricted students of the school,  
 Our remorse is something fierce;  
 We shed enough tears to fill a *Poole*.  
 We'll add one soon, tho' money's *Scarce*.

## 9

But cheer soon comes—it ceases to rain,  
 We'll never again be so rash;  
 But become much interested in *Ann Hassel (tane)*,—  
 But why this vision of a mustache?

10

But we all love our *Anderson* school,  
 And love as well our Orion;  
 Tho' our government has much of rule,  
 Its as strong and staunch as a *Lyon*.

11

So may our school be as a *Hightower*,  
 Above the clouds in the light;  
 Each girl feel indeed the meaning of "our",  
 And keep its record always *White*.

MARY DALE MILLER, '18.

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### THE TENEMENT HOUSE PROBLEM.

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ONE of the largest and most vital questions that confronts the people of the United States today is the Tenement House Problem. What are we going to do about it?—is the question before us. Tenement districts have not suddenly thrust themselves upon us in the last year or so, but are the result of conditions that have demanded them. These districts are composed of houses occupied by several different families of the poorest classes of city population.

The one excuse for the origin of this problem is a lack of house room, for the tremendous immigration which came about 1812, necessitated some home for them. In New York, the homes of the knickerbockers were the houses given up for the great crowds. These were turned into tenement houses by landlords who made the keeping of them a prosperous business. The class of industrious poor, who needed near residence to their work shops was satisfied with such locations.

Today the darkest, gloomiest and poorest section of any city is the Tenement District. The neighborhood is a place where the streets are narrow and dirty, the paving

miserable, and the lights bad. There are few schools, and in place of them, numerous saloons and filthy shops of butchers and grocers. The houses are big box-like buildings with sloping roofs and dormer windows. Dark and nameless alleys are shut in by the high brick-walls that are as cheerless as the lives they shelter. Miss Addams says, "the strip of smoke-colored sky above, the gap between the dingy black walls, is the heaven of these people." The play grounds of the children are the dirty streets. A constant interruption to their play, causes the most elaborate plan to be rudely destroyed by the passing traffic; although they start over and over again, even the most active become worn out at last and stop their play. Such dilapidated surroundings enclose a tenantry who are weak in morals; and neatness, order and cleanliness are never dreamed of among them. The tolerance of these habits is the real cause of their poverty.

With such a place and surroundings for a home, all influences make for evil. If we could realize that today three-fourths of the population of New York City live in tenements, and think of the lives that are ruined, we might grasp some idea of the situation.

In these filthy houses, sickness is very common and epidemics can hardly be managed. Besides bringing disease upon themselves, they are very often the means of others getting it. This is through the home work of the tenements which is a menace to our country. This work is carried on mostly by the mothers and their children, who work extremely hard for little income. Their work is of every description, such as making flowers, picking nuts, making lace and brushes. The spread of disease to others is through these articles that they make. Many instances have been seen that show us how easily this can happen. Men, women, and girls with tuberculosis, who admitted that they had it, have been found picking nuts or working on dolls and feathers. A girl was found in a New York tenement with scarlet fever tying ostrich feathers



for one of the biggest feather factories of that city. All these articles full of germs are distributed to the market houses and then sent to us, who often take the disease and wonder where we get it.

The most extreme cases of poverty are found among this class of people. It is not an uncommon thing for the father to lose his job and the women and children to try to support the family. Many hard-driven mothers have been forced to leave their children at home to take care of themselves, and come back to find them suffering from hunger and heat. The absence of the mother from her children results in more serious things later on in the child's life. Eighty per cent. of the crimes committed are by the people who either have lost connection with home life or have never had any. The young criminals seem to come exclusively from the worst tenement houses. This fact can easily be traced back to their poverty and the neglect of a mother's training.

Probably the most serious problem concerning the life in the tenements is the effect these conditions have on the children. They do not know what home life is, for their homes have ceased to be separate, decent and desirable—places in which the influences are wholesome. They are put to work when they are very young and are forced to endure every hardship. When the rent is increased or the father loses his job, the child is taken out of school and placed in a factory where he is overworked and deprived of an education. The parents do not realize the mistake they make, for they were reared in the same way and think it must continue. Child-labor is not a necessity in this country in so far as industry is concerned. The only reason for child-labor today is that a child's labor is bought cheaper than that of an adult. I saw a picture once, which, every time I recall it, brings the pathos of this condition home to me. In the background could be seen the smoke stacks of several mills. In the foreground of the picture there was a large splendid monument, and at the front of



it lay a child about twelve years old. She was ragged, her face was pale and sunken—a pitiful sight. She lay there dead at the foot of this monument. The only explanation of the title of the picture was the inscription on the monument in large letters—PROFIT.

An attempt has been made to solve these problems which are multiplying and becoming more complicated. The settlement work is the first ray of sunshine that has shone into the tenement homes. The meaning of the word "Settlement", which we have borrowed from London is significant. It has not been long since America was settled by people who had ventured into a new country. where they were pioneers in the midst of difficult surroundings. The word implies migrating from one condition of life to another totally unlike it, and from this meaning the American settlement gets its origin. Jane Addams tells us that the Settlement movement is the result of a certain renaissance going forward in Christianity—the impulse to share the lives of the poor. Today the Settlements found in our cities are those houses or centers in the poorest districts of great cities where cultured people live in order to come in contact with and improve the condition of the poorer classes. The most famous centers are Toynbee Hall, the first one established in London; Henry House, College and University Settlements in New York; and Hull House in Chicago.

The life and undertakings at Hull House, the best known Settlement in America, will give an idea of the work of every Settlement. The founding of this House is interesting, being closely allied with the life of its founder, Jane Addams. She became deeply interested in social service when she was in London and realized the misery of the people of East London. On her return to America, she, with her friend, Miss Starr, succeeded in securing a suitable house on Halsted St. It was at once changed into a Settlement and began its work September, 1889. The motto of Hull House might well be "God teaches all to heal

the breach that separates us, each from each." This Settlement undertakes to bear its share of the neighborhood burden of poverty, and to perform the humblest services. It is a protector and friend to the young girls, and to the deserted women and pitiful children. Some one has said, "It represents a big brother whose presence protects his little brother."

Another means of solving these problems is the Social Service work carried on in the tenement districts. The National Child Labor Committee is probably the largest and most needed organization of this kind. It is this which has come in answer to the children's cause. It is their duty to study the cause and consequence of the neglected children and to find a remedy for them.

Other organizations for charities and correction have arisen which take a share in the neighborhood burden of poverty. They co-operate with the people by organization to encourage and help them.

"Is life worth living?" What would be the answer from these tenements? I think this example from Jacob Riis' book, 'How the Other Half Lives,' will explain. "In the depth of winter, a Protestant family was found living in a garret in a miserable tenement on Cherry St, N. Y. The man, his wife and three children shivering in one room, through the roof of which the pitiless winds of winter whistled. There was very little furniture, the parents slept on the floor, the older children in boxes, and the baby was shivering in an old shawl attached to the rafters by cords making a hammock. The father, a seaman, had lost his job because he had consumption, and was unable to provide either bread or fire for his little ones." Yet life is not unbearable in the tenements.

It is almost impossible for us to change the lives and conditions of the older people of the tenements, but it is with their children that our greatest opportunity lies. Today the little children that are put to work so young are crushed by the cares of life. There are no pleasures in

life for them, everything is a trial. Their bright minds are marred by the burdens and responsibilities they are forced to assume. Because of the exposure, poor food and heavy labor, which the child endures, certain physical and moral weaknesses appear.

“For oh! say the children, we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap;  
If we cared for any meadows,  
It were merely to drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,  
Through the coal-dark, underground,  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories round and round.”

When we think that those who are strong enough to survive these conditions are to be the coming generation of the slums, we cannot but recall that, “as a Nation, we must rise or fall as we serve or fail these future citizens.”

We should not look upon the Tenement House Problem as a story we read in books, but as a condition that is a reality and exists in our country today.

KATHLEEN BURRISS, '18.

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### SUN RISE.

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When the sun in golden splendor  
Rises o'er the distant hills,  
Come those thoughts both sweet and tender  
And my soul with rapture thrills;  
With delight  
At the sight  
Of the vale in all its beauty,  
And its quick response to duty,  
Welcomes light.

## 2.

When the dew that's on the clover  
 Sparkles like a new-cut gem,  
 And each flower bending over  
 Sips the drops through slender stems.  
 In dismay  
 We survey  
 All the glories of creation.  
 Duty calls each to his station—  
 We obey.

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**SUNSET.**


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When the day is done, and the shadows fall  
 O'er the earth as it sinks to rest,  
 And the Robin titters a fond good-night  
 To his mate in the wee brown nest,  
 Then a subtle change steals over us all  
 Attuning our souls to the best:  
 We've forgotten the day and the cares that it brought,  
 Its sorrow—its joy—or its jest—  
 And the spirit of twilight creeps into our hearts,  
 And we, with the earth, are at rest.

RUTH BROWNLEE, '18.

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**THE RECOGNITION.**


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**A**BOUT half way up the side of Bald mountain a three-roomed log cabin rested its rude, ungainly, zigzag proportions low on the ground. There was naught of green life near it, save for a few straggling wild flowers which struggled for growth among the bare rocks, and the one lonesome pine that stood bravely erect some distance from the cabin, and soughed and sighed in the winter wind.

If the exterior of Lone Rock Cabin was unlovely and



crude, giving the impression of deserted poverty, the interior struck one chill with its prim order and exactness, and its spotless cleanliness. And when Jane Crowe, straight as an arrow in her starched gingham dress, long, perfectly fitting apron, and her hair parted and combed in unruffled smoothness from her cold, passionless face, appeared in the doorway, one felt that the harmony of the home and its setting had not been broken.

It was to this home that Virginia Dale came at the age of fifteen, unloved, undesired; but she had been left all alone in the world, and after much deliberation Aunt Jane and Uncle Silas had decided to take her rather than let her go to an orphan's home.

"She'll be a lot o' help to yer, Jane," suggested Silas. And Jane Crowe in response compressed her thin, severe lips, and a determined look flashed in her eyes.

Virginia found it very hard to live in this severe home where an unkind Fate had placed her. How she longed for her gentle, beautiful mother and handsome father who had called her "Sunshine," "Delight," and "Heart's Joy." Such a contrast were they to those whom she had to live with now. She did not like to think that her aunt was a sister to her adored mother, because there was no resemblance, whatever, between them. Her mother was beautiful, gentle, a great lover of music, and always happy; whereas, Jane Crowe was stern, harsh, and almost cruel in her attitude to poor Virginia. And Uncle Silas was so different from her idolized father, for how could *he*, with that austere and never-smiling face, be a lover of nature, and paint beautiful pictures.

During the first two or three weeks after Virginia came to Lone Rock Cabin, she was left to herself, to spend her hours as she pleased; but Uncle Silas and Aunt Jane soon found that she could be of much help to them.

"Jane," said Silas one evening, "I think that child ought to be doin' something to earn her bread; I think I'll take her to the field with me in the mornin'."

"Just as you like." Jane Crowe answered. "But I don't see how you can stand her everlastin' questions. For my part, I had rather have her out of my sight, because I can't see that she does any good here in the house."

So it was that Virginia was given the rough, hard, work of the outdoor life.

The first thing in the morning she brought the water for Aunt Jane from a little spring at the foot of the rocky hill, just back of the cabin. She loved to rise with the birds and descend the hill with elastic tread, a wooden pail swinging from each of her strong arms, while with eagerly poised head she kept herself alert for every sight and sound of the just transformed world: to her quick, poetic fancy every drop of dew as it mirrored nature's rarest hues, was a fairy's abode; the birds, with their heads raised heavenward, and their throats palpitating with early morning joy and praise, were but re-echoing the songs of cherubim; and all nature, even the little brook, joined in the paean of thanksgiving with which her own heart throbbed. Often she would return from the spring, her face reflecting all the morning gladness of sunshine and dew drops, merry babbling brook and song-birds, to be greeted with Jane Crowe's stern demand.

"Well, what for have ye been dawdling your time away, when the chickens and pigs ain't fed yet. Hits a thankless task raisin' other folks younguns."

At such times Virginia's face would cloud for a moment; and then seizing her chicken pan and mixing her meal, she would go out into the barn-yard to greet her pets: chickens, turkey-gobblers, guineas, geese, and the funny waddling ducks came in a headlong race at her call. And she lavished her love and plenty on each and all.

Then, in turn, the queer, greedy, squealing, scrambling pigs were fed. Virginia did not like this job so well: the slop pails were greasy and heavy, and the pigs were dirty and gluttonous; and yet she liked to hear their grunt of satisfaction; and the wee piggies looked so innocent and

inquiring. Then, like bringing the water and feeding the chickens, this work carried her into God's great out-of-doors in the early morning; and she liked to sit on the rail fence and take great deep breaths of the fresh mountain air.

After breakfast Virginia would climb in the big wagon and drive to the field with "Uncle Silas." And there she was given her freedom! For after a day or two of helping him to pull fodder, the hard, flint heart of Silas Crowe softened at the sight of the sweet, gentle face, the dewy blue eyes and bronze hair. "Sich creatures were not made to work in the field," he muttered to himself. "That child was born to be as free and joyous as the birds and the winds. I jest ain't goin' to make her work in the field." And thereafter Silas would take Virginia to the field with him and tell her to play in the woods and along the brook, 'till dinner time.

One day as she sat by the brook, her chin in her hand, her blue bonnet swinging from the back of her neck, and her bronze curls loose to the wind, another sound, more delicate and ethereal, seemed to babble with the brook, then trill with the birds, and then softly sough and sigh with the leaves of the trees, or sob with the pine which stood near by. And then, as if at the touch of a fairy's wand, the sound would at once become gay and spirited, like sprites dancing. She listened in rapt wonderment until, realizing all at once that it had become quite dark, she hastened to the house.

"Virginia, where have ye been, a gittin' in the house at this time o' night?" asked Jane Crowe in the sternest tone she could command.

"O Auntie!" exclaimed Virginia, "I have been listening to the most beautiful music I ever heard in all my life. Won't you come with me tomorrow and hear it too?"

"No!" answered Jane Crowe, "and hereafter ye are not to go near that place again."

"But Auntie," cried Virginia, heartbroken, "can't I ever hear it again?"

"There, there, child," said Jane, relenting, "if ye like to hear it so well, I guess ye can, but don't stay out so late any more."

And so it was that each day Virginia could be found by the brook, listening eagerly for the first sound of the music; but she never heard it again.

Then one day after bending her ear low for the lovely sounds in vain, she started out to search for it. She wandered on and on around the side of the mountain until she came to a precipice where she heard a whining sound as of some animal in distress. Looking over the precipice she saw a beautiful collie dog lying wounded far below her. Night was nearing, and she knew she would be late getting home; but having no fear for herself, thinking only of the wounded dog, she began a slow and dangerous descent of the rugged cliff. Finally, reaching the bottom, she found that the dog had only broken a leg; so summoning all her strength, she picked him up, and slowly, painfully, started on her way home. After she had been walking steadily for some time, she suddenly came to the realization that she was lost. However, she was not discouraged, but kept trudging on and on, so tired that she could hardly put one foot in front of the other. She had almost given up hope, when all at once she heard a sobbing, mournful sound. She instantly recognized it as her music, the very music for which she had been searching. With all the strength she had left she hurried as fast as she could in the direction of the sound. Very much surprised she found that it had been leading her to her own home. Upon reaching the threshold she saw a strange young man in the room with her Uncle and Aunt. He sprang forward and took the dog from Virginia's arms, recognizing it as his own collie which he had lost the day before. He was overjoyed at finding "Jack," and was eagerly proffering his thanks. But Virginia was not listening. In blue-eyed wonder and as-



tonishment she was gazing at the violin, and then she burst forth: "Can that sing and babble and sob and cry and laugh all at once? Oh, make it sing for me."

And then the stranger played, his eyes fixed upon the eager face, the dilating, wondrously beautiful eyes, the flushed cheeks, the tense, lithe, girlish figure; spirit answered spirit, and he ended with a note of wild, ecstatic recognition. Then bowing low, he turned to go, saying, "I have found the Spirit of Music."

And the girl left standing in the cabin door, watched until his figure was lost in the gathering darkness. And then she murmured, "If I am the Spirit of Music, thou art the Spirit's Mate."

ESTHER LASSITER, '20.

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SONNET—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

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The Old Year is fast dying with the night!  
As aged Father Time in thin voice calls,  
She fearfully and sadly wings for flight,  
Yet lingers still a moment and recalls  
Each festive scene, gay laughter, ringing halls,  
Whose echoed joys yet float on hushed winds,  
Then die away, until the last note falls  
Upon the sad earth as a last Amen.  
But hark! We hear the bells glad tidings send,  
As to her throne the New Year swiftly climbs.  
We welcome her, and greet her as glad friends:  
And pledge ourselves with vows, as in old times,  
Her reign with kinder words and deeds to cheer,  
And wing with Faith and Hope the coming year.

HAZEL PRUITT, '19.

MEMORY BOOKS.

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**M**EMORY books are a pleasure, a trouble, a joy, a poet, a comfort, a sorrow.

What can give one more pleasure than to sit down and paste in the memory book the souvenirs that will bring back recollections of these good old times? These joys and pleasures will soon be gone, but it will cause a delightful thrill to run over one just to think it all over again, whom we saw at the party, the pretty dresses, whom we talked with, etc. Isn't it all too precious to be forgotten? Of course it is. So you stick a dead flower, or a little piece of ribbon in your memory book as a souvenir of the delightful occasion.

It is usually the college girls, and especially the girls of Anderson College, who are so fond of memory books. Almost every girl has one, and if she hasn't already secured the book, she has "just loads of junk to put in one."

The memory books contain anything from "special deliveries" down to cigarettes. And in one memory book I have seen, there are tiny letters of the alphabet fished out of Campbell's soup. The soup was brought up to her when she had a sick headache. As soon as she discovered those cunning little letters, all thoughts of being hungry and having a sick headache vanished, and only eager anticipations of the precious memory book remained. She laboriously fished out each letter, spread them out to dry, arranged them to spell the name of her best gentleman friend, and stuck them in her memory book.

When a girl once starts a memory book and gets the "habit," she can't do the least little thing without getting a souvenir of the "happy occasion" to keep it forever in her mind. Why, some girls can't even walk to the little store or go to town shopping, without placing a memento of the excursion in their memory book.

I said memory books were a pest, but of course I

didn't mean that they were so to the one who keeps them. By no means! It is her next door neighbor who is pestered. When the memory book girl sits down to paste in the remembrances of the baseball games, the picnics, the feasts, the swimming party, or some other happy experience, she finds she has no paste (and very likely has never had), so she runs into her neighbor's room to borrow hers (in the midst of study hour too). Now of course if she would only take the paste and return to her room it would be all right, but it so happens that she doesn't feel like studying a bit more tonight, so uninvited, she sits down for a nice long chat. You may have a class every period tomorrow, but simply hate to ask her to leave.

It always happens moreover, that just when you want a girl to go to walk with you, or to study French with you, that is the very time she has something new to put in her memory book. She asks you to get yours and paste in all of those things you got last week. And you do it, for there is fascination about the memory book that you can't resist.

But indeed memory books are not foolish or frivolous products of the silly type of school girl's brain: they really have more value than we place upon them. In after years when we are scattered about, we can look over our beloved memory books, and all of the pleasant thoughts and the happy experiences of our bygone days come back to our mind.

CLARA COOK, '18.

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### JIMMY SENDS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

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“**Y**OU'LL just have to wait until tomorrow, Jimmy, the weather is too severe to venture out today,” said Mrs. Carson as she pushed back her pretty brown hair with a tired gesture. Her eldest son, plus his girl, was a greater source of worry than all of the other four children combined.

"Oh Mother!" Jimmy's eyebrows almost met in a deep frown and his mouth protruded in a childish pout, "Oh Muddy!" pleadingly, "come on now, be a sport. Let Uncle Alex take it for me, you know I just got to get that present out there today. Peggy wouldn't understand at all, and besides, I'd bet my hat that Bill Stanford got his out there yesterday."

Mrs. Carson eyed her young son intently as he sat with a large Christmas box of candy held awkwardly on his knee. Then she smiled. How could she help it?

One year ago today, if anyone had mentioned the name, girl, in the presence of Jimmy, he would have instantly looked wildly about for a means of escape. In his realm of Boyville, girls had been the least important element. It was an unwritten law of his, never to invade their presence, and when they were thrust upon him to take advantage of every opportunity to pull their pig-tails, or to steal their doll-babies. But now, behold the change! The lad of fifteen was as different from the kid of fourteen, as a German is from an Englishman. The difference in looks was appalling. His hands and feet had increased enormously in size and were always getting in his way. He was much taller, too, and oh, wonderful transformation, he possessed the greatest infatuation for "girls" imaginable. To be sure, outwardly, he was almost as shy as ever. But, in reality, he positively hung breathlessly upon the words of a certain dainty, seemingly indifferent damsel. This infatuation led to very lengthy and extremely private interviews with his best friend over goodness knows what.

It is no wonder that as Mrs. Carson looked at the youth now, she could not restrain a queer little twitching around the corners of her tired mouth.

Mrs. Carson spoke firmly. "That is a very silly idea of yours about giving a present to one on Christmas Eve. You know dear, it's a long way out to the Blanton's, not less than four miles, and I just don't think its right to make Uncle Alex ride clear out there on a day like this."



She leaned wearily against the window and gazed out upon the region, where the King of Winter reigned. "Let me tell you dear, if you must get the present to Peggy today, you will have to take it yourself. I positively refuse to make Uncle Alex take the trip."

"Oh, Muddy," all the beseeching qualities a voice is able to command, were attractively brought out in Jimmy's tones. Jimmy never called his mother by any nick-name unless he wished to pet her or wanted something very badly.

"Muddy, I just can't go out there. I wouldn't mind a bit if I knew that the maid, or Mrs. Blanton, or even the old man himself would come to the door. But they wouldn't, no siree, they wouldn't. Not a soul would come to that door but that old long-legged, dudish, big brother of hers. I know he would, and he would guy me about it the next time he gets a chance. Just when Peggy and a lot of fellows are around, he'll begin talking about how I'm always haunting the Blanton grounds and trying to feed the whole family on sweets, or something like that."

"No, son," Mrs. Carson's tone was final, "I'm going to need Uncle Alex any way, so you'll have to go if you intend to get the candy to her today."

The busy mother hurried up the stairs. There were two baby dolls to dress, some candy to make, and numberless other duties to perform. She could not idle the time away with her fastidious young son. As her nimble fingers plied the needle through the doll's diminutive skirt, a loud slamming of doors was heard below, and Mrs. Carson looking out beheld her young son suddenly climbing into the buggy, the bright holly-covered box of candy encased in brown paper held securely under his arm. She raised the window a few inches and called,—Mrs. Carson always believed in taking advantages of every opportunity—"Oh Jimmy, don't forget to go by old Mrs. Jones' and get the butter as you go to the Blanton's. A sullen, "wellum," floated back on the crisp, cold air, and Mrs. Car-

son pulled the window down and settled herself again upon her task.

About two hours later a knocking and scraping of feet on the piazza announced the return of the young boy. Jimmy entered rosy and happy, his eyes sparkling, you never would have recognized him as the sullen youth who departed only a few hours ago.

"Well, Mother, here's your butter, and, say, it wasn't bad at all. The maid answered the door, and said she would take it up to Miss Peggy immediately." Mrs. Carson laughed an extremely merry laugh.

"Well, son, I don't know who is the happier, you or I. Give me the butter, and run and tell your sister Lu to come and help me bake that chocolate cake, for which you are all clamoring."

Mrs. Carson took the package from Jimmy's hand and briskly tore off the brown paper. To her great consternation what should she find residing peacefully and innocently beneath the brown cover—not the cake of butter—but the red box of candy.      EMILY SULLIVAN, '19.

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### DECEMBER.

Ah, here is mild December, bleak and cold!  
The keen wind, harbinger of woes, is here:  
The sheep are gathered in their soft, warm folds  
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold so drear;  
The mocking-bird has hushed his song so bold,  
And southward flees, where there's no cold to fear;  
The trees have dropped their heads and turned to gold,  
For they, too, feel the touch that soon will sere—  
Until soft winds of spring their buds unfold.  
And where are now the violets so dear?  
Have they, too, felt the touch of winter's cold:  
And where the golden-rod with its warm cheer?  
But I will vanish thoughts of winter's blight,  
And of the Christ-child think, and Christmas night.

BESSIE PRUITT, '19.

## NOT YET—BUT SOON.

Nearly time to part, girls,  
Time to say goodbye.  
Can hardly wait to start, girls,  
Speck we'd like to fly.  
Home, where the Christmas spirit  
Lurks far and wide;  
Aren't you *all* enthused girls?  
Come on, you're on my side!

Nearly time to go, girls,  
Imagine you can hear  
The dear old train blowing  
"Music," sweet and clear.  
Around the Christmas table, girls  
We're settled very soon;  
Make well of it, little ones  
May not go back 'till June.

Coming back the third, girls.  
Back to work again.  
Suppose we all resolve, girls,  
To act a trifle sane,  
And call our work a gift  
Instead of weary woe—  
Help the other girl to win,  
Remember, too, your foe.

So we're all coming back, girls,  
Back to college life.  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Never call it strife.  
Anderson College offers the best  
In every branch of knowledge;  
Come join the flock, stranger,  
Three cheers for Anderson College.

ANNIE CELIA ANDERSON, '17.



### THOSE TERRIBLE TWINS.

“Those terrible twins!” That is the name by which they go—not because they are so bad, but because they are never happy unless they are up to some mischief. Tommy and Teddy are their names: they are five years old, and their father declares that during all those five years they have never been out of mischief for five minutes. They have light hair, and bright blue eyes, and always wear the broadest of grins upon their little faces.

“Which is which?”, visitors ask—and one of them quickly makes reply, “oh, you can tell us apart by our freckles!” They are indeed so much alike, that even their parents find it difficult to distinguish them.

When the twins were babies, they had an old mammy who always boasted that *she* could “tell her chilluns apart.” One night the children had very bad colds, and mammy was “greasin” them. She finished her operations and was bending over them when she suddenly exclaimed, “Bless Gawd, if I ain’t done gone and greased the same child twice!”

There was a little neighbor that the twins often played with, whose name was Paul Browne. Paul was always with them in all their pranks.

One of their chief delights was turning on all the



water spouts in the house, often causing the house to become almost flooded.

Paul was taken sick with fever and died. A week after his death there was a terrible storm. The twins, with their noses pressed against the windowpane, remarked earnestly to their mother, "Mama, reckon Paul's helping God with the waterspouts?"

LUCIA SULLIVAN, Academy.

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### MRS. BROWN AND THE CENSUS MAN.

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One bright day in June, John Smith, the census man, got his books and started on his journey. He was naturally of an impatient disposition, and this morning he was even more so than usual.

He stopped first at Mrs. Brown's house and rang the door bell ferociously. Mrs. Brown herself answered the door. Now Mrs. Brown was rather hard of hearing and therefore it was very difficult to make her understand anything.

"Good morning sir," she said. "Is there anything I can do for you this morning? If there is, tell me in a hurry for I have a cake in the stove."

"Yes ma'am, I have some very important business—I am the census man."

"What! the senseless man! Why goodness me, you should not be walking around here by yourself!"

The census man could hardly keep from laughing.

"My dear Miss, don't be so alarmed, I am John Smith who goes around every year taking census—now I want you to give me the names of all your children, your husband, something about your family, tell me how much land you own, how many dogs you have and your own age. Please be as brief as possible as I am in a hurry."

"Well! let me see, my oldest boy is eighteen years old—his name is Jimmy. Frank is sixteen, Bill, he's fifteen.

Now my girls, Jessie Mae is fourteen and Sara Eliza is twelve. My husband was sixty-five when he died and he's about sixty-eight now I guess—"

"No, I don't want to count the dead," said he."

"Count the dead—Now let me see—my husband Frank, he died with the fever—that's one. The twins, they died with the "Mary geeters," I think that's what the doctor called it, that's two. I got two dogs dead, the first one——"

"No! No!" broke in the man impatiently. "I don't care to know the history of the dead. Now my dear madam, please tell me just a few things about your family."

"My family—now let me see—Jimmy, he's crippled, Frank, he's blind in one eye, the cat scratched it out; Sara Eliza, she fell off the porch and broke her leg."

"My! My!" I don't want to know anything more about Jimmy or any of the rest. "Now tell me how many dogs you have."

"Dogs—now let me see. I have three—one's name is Rover, he's Jimmy's dog—Rover he's six years old. Jack is the one you see out yonder with the children—he's two this past May. The children gave him a dog party on his birthday. The other one's name is Wilson, and whom do you suppose he's named for? And smart! why that dog he's got as much sense as his namesake, the President himself. Why the other day——"

"My patience! Stop! There I have spent nearly a whole day trying to get you to tell me about your family. I didn't want you to give every detail."

"Do tell!" exclaimed the lady, "I thought you did."

"So it seems," replied the census man, angrily, as he hurried away.

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“Trailing Clouds of Glory.”

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“A babe has just come into our home,  
And won our hearts with her blue-eyed stare,  
Her rosy lips, and her soft, golden hair,  
Her dimpled cheeks, and a smile so rare,  
She must play with angels unaware—  
A babe that is all our own.”

As our Dean looked out into the calm night,  
His eyes were filled with a soft, soft light,  
Reflecting the clouds of glory.

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON, '20.

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Coming Events.

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The time will soon be here to stand our tests  
On all we've had. Of course, we'll do our best,  
But soon the time will bring to us great joy  
For Christmas comes to every girl and boy.

The work at Anderson College is nice,  
But joys at home are full of spice;  
There everyone will greet me with a smile,  
And make me think that this old world is worth while.

A. R. T., '19.

## Editorial Department

Mary Riley  
*Editor in Chief*  
Gertrude Jones  
*Associate Editor*

### "I HEAR AMERICA SINGING."

#### The Song of Hope and Anticipation.

As soon as the evening meal is over, the kiddies race to the sitting room where every corner is illumined by the flames merrily dancing about the big log in the old-fashioned open fireplace. Over at the bay window the boys are hopping around on their toes, watching the wonderful artificial lightnings vieing in splendor with the crystal glitter of the stars.

"Gee—that was a whizzer!"

"Hope I'll get one just like it. Dad said maybe we'd get lots." Wise dissertations on Roman candles, skyrockets and so forth, follow.

The girls vacillate between the scene of action and the warmth of the fire, closing their ears with shivers of delight when, every few minutes, a big boom sounds across the clear stillness outdoors. At last the older folks come in.

"What, you children still up? Go get your stockings and hang 'em up. The quicker you do that and get to sleep, the sooner Santa Claus will come. Sure thing!"

O' magic name! Direct and implicit obedience follows after thee, and happiness ever in thy wake!

Happy exclamations and grins are the prelude to the impressive ceremony. There is a last hasty examination of toes and heels to make sure that "leaks" are impossible; goodnight kisses all around; a final caressing peep at the row of black shapes hanging limply before the blaze; a stifled scamper upstairs. Undressing takes but half a



second and the white beds receive with open arms the little warm, cuddly figures. The silence, filled with quick heartbeats is interspersed with excited whispering. And while the grown people downstairs are enjoying a genial communion to the utmost, the little eyes droop and close, the little bodies relax, and the only sound is a quiet regular breathing.

At nearly one o'clock in the morning, Mother starts up to behold a tiny, white, ghost-like figure beside the bed. "Mother, has Santy come?"

"No Honey, he won't come 'till about two o'clock—go back to bed now."

A kiss, a patter of feet—

#### The Song of Fulfillment and Joy.

Five o'clock. Some good angel has lit the fire; some unseen power has carried the intelligence to the children that "he's come and everything's waiting."

"Billy, wake up!"

"Ugh-ump," comes from under the blankets.

"A'right! I'm going downstairs."

The blankets take a sudden rise. "Aw, let's don't wait to dress. Come on."

"Wonder when he came—br-r-r, it's cold—I meant to stay awake and listen out for him, but I reckon I got too sleepy."

Two or three open the door together, so great is their hurry, and squeals of delight ensue.

"Oo-wee! there's my Lady doll all dressed up."

A sonorous *tum tum te tum* voices the fact that Billy has a long-coveted drum with a red strap to go around his neck. "Toot-toot, dang-yang," ventriloquizes the train of cars Jack has found behind the coal scuttle.

Sleep is now manifestly out of the question for the rest of the house. Presently the big people come in to share the happiness of the little ones. The breakfast bell finds time to ring—but this does not disturb the children.

Against all pleas and bribes to dress, Baby protests, and sits flat on the floor blissfully eating her "Shanty C'aus o'ange," which everyone knows has the flavor possessed by no other kind in the world. Grace insists that the trousseau of Miss Mabel Arabella has become unduly rumped in transit, and proceeds to make proper use of her iron and ironing board; while Martha follows in the footsteps of another Martha, and busies herself with the preparation of a great feast temptingly displayed by the "tea set" she has unearthed from the pillows on the sofa.

By nine o'clock some one suddenly makes the discovery that the weather has changed and that it has been snowing heavily for some time. Shouts of glee are heard, wraps are now in vogue—though the girls are loath to leave all their new treasures—and a grand frolic out doors occupies all attention until just before dinner. Then the children come in and take a bountiful repast down to old Mrs. Braxfield and another to grateful old Uncle Zach, the Uncle Remus of the family; even in the midst of their pleasures the children think of others.

Three o'clock finds everybody on the way to the Christmas tree at the church where every child in town has been invited. Both the girls and the boys secretly eye certain packages they themselves have hung on the noble cedar; and are so pleased when every little receiver jumps about on his very tippy-toes, yelling, "Mommy, look what I got!"

But it is Christmas night that the children love more than any other time. Then the whole family gathers around the fire, and in the quiet, Mother and Father tell all of the beautiful old legends about Christmas, coming finally to the story most beautiful of all, because it is true. The children will never forget this hour, and what is told to them now, they will carry with them throughout their lives.

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#### The Song of Love and Peace.

A certain man went about teaching. At first he was greatly troubled; he seemed to be out of place; the people

did not like him; and he was very despondent. This despair held him bound, until on the night of his birthday there came a wonderful vision in his sleep. In the vision he found joy, being brought to understanding, and went forth again to teach. Everywhere on his travels he caused the people to be gathered together, and spoke to them. The men and women were greatly pleased, and he noticed that they left the meetings with smiles on their faces; but alas! he also found that these smiles were as wavering clouds of brightness, passing completely and forever when threatened by the trials of daily life.

A season came when men grew very angry with one another and were so filled with the lust for power and gain that they entertained no scruples in the winning of their desires. The world was animated with such wild passions and cunning as had never before been experienced. The man sought further how he might reach the people, his success seeming more elusive at every step. He journeyed into a far country, which by reason of its more wise and manly leaders was as an oasis of calm in the desert of whirling, blinding storms. Even here he labored in vain.

One night the wonderful vision came again, and on the morrow he arose with bright hopes. He now talked only to children and whoso was willing to become as a little child. They loved him and all his stories; but there was one story so fraught with beauty and told with such unequalled fire and grace that it was their favorite and they claimed it for their own.

At length the man died; but the story lived. When the children grew up and became strong men and women, the nations afar off ceased their struggles in disgust and exhaustion, and began to cry unto Heaven for help. Heaven seemed not to hear their cry. The Children-Grown-Up, heard, however, and with the old story ever new in their hearts opened their arms to the fallen people, offering themselves and all the lands they owned to the afflicted ones.

After a time the sick nations were made well, and sought to return to their own countries. When they said farewell, they questioned the Children-Grown-Up saying, "How was it that you were able to give us relief when we cried out for help, and have thus unselfishly taken our burdens upon yourselves?"

Then the Children-Grown-Up answered and told of the man and the story he taught them. They testified truly how that the story had shown them the way of life. The nations heard and went forth rejoicing, carrying the story as the greatest treasure on earth. There was still toil and great strife, but the people who forever kept the story, gave it to their children and passed it on to their children's children, lived always in its wisdom.

The man knew it was in the hearts of little children that love, planted, would bear fruit. And so it was that he achieved success; his wonderful vision did its work; and the story lived forever and ever, bringing in its wake love and peace.





# Religious Department

Janet Bolt  
Myrtle Workman  
*Editors*

## GRATITUDE.

America is a wonder, an expanding miracle; because of her rare geographical extension, her capacity, her political principles and her composite characters, she challenges the world, for she believes that her advantages are providentially intended. America was not built. She emerged and stood forth as a great empire. Other nations were made, but America was born with the intention of making a big brother for the rest of the world.

America fails if she is ungrateful. Her national sin is not gambling, drink and love of money, as some people believe, but it is, her ingratitude to God.

Here we are unable to visualize the terrible ruin and terror in Europe. For that reason, we do not know how to be grateful to God for our position as leader of the world. Had we had a war-like leader for president, today we would have been in war.

We should pause and look back at the ruin of the nations that have forgotten God.

America is the child of a great fortune. We are in a great peril of being led aside from His purpose and if we are, we shall surely fail.

Ingratitude is the meanest thing that we could be guilty of.

Gratitude evokes the best that is in us. It is also the truest thing that a human being can give way to.

JANET BOLT.

Our work in the Y. W. A. has been progressing very creditably. Both faculty and students enjoyed the visit

of Mrs. George E. Davis of Orangeburg, college Y. W. A. correspondent, and Miss Kathleen Mallony, corresponding secretary of W. M. U., on November 13th. Two special meetings of the Y. W. A. were held while they were here, and both made very interesting and touching talks. They gave spiritual encouragement, as has been evidenced in the religious life of the college since their visit. We are looking forward with much pleasure to their coming next year.

The college observed fellowship week,—week of prayer from November the twelfth until the nineteenth. Morning watch was held each morning and prayer meeting in the evening. Much interest was manifested by all the girls.

The Y. W. C. A. tea room was opened November the fifteenth, under the efficient management of Miss Marie Nelson. Tea, chocolate and wafers were served, and Japanese articles were sold. This room is opened every Wednesday, when dainty refreshments are served. The Y. W. C. A. is realizing quite a neat sum, and great success is expected this year.

Friday, November the twenty-fourth was "Rush Day" for the Y. W. C. A. members. The members were divided into two sides, the Reds and the Blues. The side which had the least number of new members when the contest closed, gave the other a tacky party. The Reds lost, after which the Virginia Reel was danced.

Morning watch is held each morning, and the girls are attending quite regularly, but there is room for improvement.

We expect the interest in the religious life of the college to be increased and become more intense after Christmas, since we are to organize several mission study classes, and in this way each girl will come in closer contact with every other girl, and thus closer to God.

MYRTLE WORKMAN.



Miss Henry (in chapel to Mr. Edge)

"Let's sing number 60."

Mr. Edge (from force of habit)

"How much??"

Emily S.—"Do you know that Goode had twin toes?"

Dean S.—"Why silly, don't you know those are Webb-toes!"

Miss Jordan (in Soph. English class)—"Miss Keith, why did the people write such a vivid description of the new country during the age of Elizabeth?"

Gladys Keith.—'Cause they had such a splendid imagination."

Miss Hightower.—"Nora, what was the purpose of the gymnasium schools in Germany?"

Nora Mc.—"They were schools which trained the mind along—er—physical lines."

Mr. Edge (springing into his little "John Henry")—  
"Won't you ride with me, Dr. Dunford?"

Dr. Dunford.—“No, I’m in a big hurry, I’ll just walk, thanks.”

Mrs. Scearce, (on hearing that Rose Edge had toothache)—“Well, there’s one compensation for having toothache—it makes you forget all your other trials and tribulations.”

Annie Braddy.—“Mabel, how do you spell ‘growth?’  
Mabel Jones.—“G-r-o-a-t-h.”

Mr. Von H. (discussing forms in German)—“There are so many ways of making the Germans mad——”

Wise young pupil, (who had been reading the newspapers.—“*So it seems* right now!”

Mary Dale (pointing to a basket of bulbs in Woolworth’s)—“Oh! Sarah, look at those funny looking potatoes!”

Anne M.—“Say Ruth, how can you tell that Gladys has ‘wheels’ in her head?”

Ruth B.—“I dunno!”

Anne.—“By the ‘spokes’ that come out of her mouth.”

How about this, you aproned-clad beauties of the domestic science department?

“God made man,  
Woman makes bread,  
It takes the bread  
That woman makes  
To sustain the man  
That God made;  
But the bread that  
Some women make  
Would not sustain any man  
That God ever made.”

Edith.—“Say, Lucia, what is the Lyceum attraction to-night?”

Lucia S.—“I don’t know, but I think a man is going to ‘personate people!’



Miss Hightower.—“The banquet tomorrow night is a ‘stag’ affair, isn’t it?”

Caro Geer.—“No, ma’am, it is a banquet for the ‘boosters’!”

In Latin department.—Tango, tangere, tetigi, tactus.  
Is Latin a dead language?

Something different in examinations:—

Which are the most startled letters?—The Ah’s.

Which are the most industrious letters?—The Bees.

Which are the most extensive letters?—The Seas.

Which are the most comfortable letters?—The Ease.

Which are the most egotistical letters?—The I’s.

Which are the noisest letters?—The Jay’s.

Which are the longest letters?—The Ells.

Which are the poorest letters?—The Oves.

Which are the leguminous letters?—The Pease.

Which are the most old-fashioned letters?—The Queues.

Which are the greatest bores?—The Tease.

Which are the most sensible letters?—The Wise.

—Selected.

JULIA LEDBETTER.



## Local Department

Julia Ledbetter  
*Editor*

Misses Marguerite and Louise Henry, were guests at the Quarternion Club banquet, held in the Ottaray Hotel, Greenville, Dec. 3rd.

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

Miss Anne Noble of Meredith College spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Anderson College, with Miss Poole.

Miss Marguerite Brewer spent a recent week-end at her home in Elberton, Ga.

Little Miss Alice Bolt, of Easley, was a guest of her sister, Miss Janet Bolt, during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Numbers of the girls spent Thanksgiving day out in town with their friends.

On Sunday, November 26th, Dr. John E. White, lectured in Greenville, S. C., before the U. D. C's. Dr. Alderman, of the First Baptist Church, Spartanburg, S. C., filled the pulpit in his absence.

Friday, December 1st, Mr. Z. J. Edge lectured before Education Classes I and II, on "Self Preparation."

Mrs. Mary E. Goode gave a reading of Bryant's "Thanatopsis" at the Elk's Memorial Service, on Sunday afternoon, December 3rd.

Mrs. McCall, of Clemson, spent Monday, December 4th with her mother, Mrs. Emma B. Scarce.

On Monday, December 4th, Mr. John T. Miller, Dean of Anderson College, lectured before the Anderson County

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Sunday School Convention on, "Practical Ways for Making a Sunday School Attractive." Dr. J. C. C. Dunford lectured before the same convention on, "Jesus, the Ideal Teacher."

Mr. Matthews, of the Second Baptist Church, Greenville, S. C., was a welcome guest on our platform, Saturday, December 2nd.

Mr. Simms, of the Charlotte Observer, Charlotte, N. C., was with us Tuesday morning, December 5th.



# Athletic Department

Marie Nelson  
*Editor*

## Athletic Dope.

Herbert Spencer, speaking on the subject of physical education and its results says: "The first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal: and to be a nation of good animals is the first condition to national prosperity." If this is the case, we may be justified in predicting ourselves the future leaders in the world of finance, because certainly in our athletic work we are laying the foundation endorsed by Mr. Spencer.

The basket-ball contest on November the twentieth, was thrilling to say the least. The field was one wild mass of flaring class colors: the black and garnet of the dignified Seniors, the gold and green of the jolly Juniors, the purple and gold of the sophisticated Sophomores, and the blue and gold of the foolish Freshmen; all contributed their share to the day, which was indeed a glorious one.

The worthy Seniors, after a hard fight and some notable "grand-stand plays," were pronounced the winners of the beautiful and much-coveted silver cup. This team showed good training and hard work, and were the real winners in every sense. But cheer up under-classmen, there will be other contests!

Those who observe special mention for excellent playing are: Annie Laurie Dugan, Nora McAlister, and Laura King, of the Senior team; Clara Cook and Ruth Hembree, of the Junior team; Emily Sullivan and Annie Braddy, of the Sophomore team; Gladys Dugan, Ann Murdaugh and Nancy Evans, of the Freshmen team.

All attention in the athletic circle is now being given to preparation for the Inter-Collegiate games to take place



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after Christmas. Then our Varsity will show just what they can do!

Some extremely clever yells have been composed, the most expressive which is:

“Rizzle Razzle, Fizzle Fazzle,  
Not a thread but wool,  
All together, all together,  
That’s the way we pull!”



# Social Department

Sarah Sanders  
Editor



On Thursday afternoon, November the sixteenth, the first student's recital of the year was held in the college auditorium. Many people enjoyed the program, each number of which was well rendered. The program was as follows:

(a) The Little Bird; (b) Possum Dance—Seopkie—Sara King.

Hush a bye Lady—Leniome	-----	Lula Sullivan
Sonatina—Clementi	-----	Beverly Bailes
In the twilight	-----	Dorothy Sullivan
Minute in G.—Beethoven	-----	Ina Cartee
Valse in Octaves—Conconne	-----	Margaret Evans
To a wild rose—Op. 51—McDonald	-----	Winnie Reid

The fashionable school girl—Werner	-----	Gertrude Jones
Sonatina—Gurlitt	-----	Mary Edge
Kasmira Song (Indian)—Finder	-----	Annie Anderson
Oriental (Intermezzo) Joseffy	-----	Julia Ledbetter
Etude Arahesque	-----	Oreita Rice
Kit's Coller—P. Phelps	-----	Bernice Turner
The Wedding Morn—Geirn	-----	Goode Burton
Bourre's—Bach	-----	Kathleen Burriss
When the soft winds blow—Guedy	-----	Kate Crowther
Polonaise—Op. 46—Chopin	-----	Annie Cathcart
Little Grey House in the West—Loha	-----	Miss Christine Jameson.
Marche Mignonne—Op. 15—Poldine	---	Margaret Clement
(a) Mary Jane: (B)—The Melody of Home—Sephenson		Galdys White

games were played, after which lemonade, ginger cakes, bananas, apples and peanuts were served. The couples then marched through the halls, and the judges, Mr. Edge, Miss Cody and Miss Jordan decided upon the couple most suitably dressed for the occasion. Misses Macy Bolt and Louise Martin were awarded the grand prize, which was a cake of soap. An "ugly faced" contest was then held, and

Miss Marie Nelson scientifically won the championship and was awarded a lemon.

Twenty of the business men of Anderson, "The Boosters for the new Dormitory," were delightfully entertained by the domestic science classes of Anderson College, Tuesday evening, November the twenty-eighth. Under the supervision of Miss Mason, a fine course dinner was served by Misses Brucie Owings, Ruth Brownlee, Willie Wray Robinson, Mattie Mae Striplin, Byrd Meeks, Janie Stewart, Ina Cartee, Mary Abrams and Sara Sanders. The plans were discussed for the building of a new dormitory.

Mr. Edge entertained the Alumnae Association of Anderson College in the parlor, Saturday afternoon, December the second. Coffee and sandwiches were served and a very delightful afternoon was spent.

On Saturday evening, November 25th, Mr. Z. J. Edge gave an oyster supper to the college faculty, in the Domestic Science dining room. A number of toasts were given which give zest to the occasion.



## Alumnae Department

Catherine Sullivan  
*Editor*

If by any chance there may be those who are of the opinion that Anderson College is loved only by her children within her walls such an opinion should at once be dismissed from their minds. Anderson College is loved not more by the two hundred she now protects than by the thirty-four she has sent away. "Truest devotion 'till life is ended", not only have they sung, but have indeed pledged their lasting faith to their Alma Mater.

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The Alumnae Association of Anderson College was organized in May, 1915. The officers for this year are: President, Miss Lucile Burriss; Vice-President, Miss Louise Henry; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Maggie Shirley.

The Alumnae have held two meetings this year. The first was held at the home of Miss Lucile Burriss Saturday, November fourth. It was then decided that the Association should meet the first Saturday in every month.

The second meeting was held at the college, Saturday, December second. At this meeting, Miss Leota George was elected Corresponding Secretary.

The Alumnae are forming plans by which they may raise money to purchase a post office for the college.

It might be of interest to know that out of the eighteen graduates of last year, fifteen have joined the ranks of teachers.

Miss Ruth Anderson is teaching history in the Academy at Anderson College.

Miss Helen Burriss is teaching school in Greelyville, S. C.

Miss Nelle Darracott is principal of the school at Eureka.

Miss Nelle Gentry is teaching in the Belton High School.

Miss Louise Henry holds the position of librarian and practice supervisor at Anderson College.

Miss Marguerite Henry is teaching music in Anderson College.

Miss Nelle Martin is teaching in the Ridgeway School at Starr, S. C.

Miss Zuliene Masters is principal of the Ruhamah School at Starr, S. C.

Miss Lou Nelle McGee is the assistant Latin teacher in Anderson College.

Miss Ethel Norris is teaching at Lebanon, S. C.

Miss Sara Prince is teaching in the Anderson public schools.

Miss Izetta Pruitt is teaching at Blacksburg, S. C.

Miss Maggie Shirley is teaching in the Ruhamah school, Starr, S. C.

Miss Catherine Sullivan is teaching English in the Academy at Anderson College.

Miss Grace Watkins is teaching in the public school in Belton.

Those not teaching are:

Miss Felicia Brown, who is at her home in Anderson, S. C.

Miss Karon Traynham, who is at her home in Honea Path, S. C.

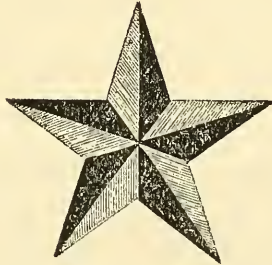
Miss Eula Mae Turbeville, who is at her home in Charleston, S. C.

Miss Sara Stranathan, sponsor for the 1916 class, is teaching in Virginia Interment College, Bristol, Virginia.

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The class of 1916, before disbanding, decided that in order to keep in touch with one another, they would have a

class letter—a “Round Robin” letter. The Robin has now made one complete round. It has had a most pleasant trip, having been most joyfully received at every stop. To the class of '16 “Robin” is the sweetest of all birds, because in its song is sounded the note of unbroken friendship and lasting devotion.



## Exchange Department

Myra Anderson  
Editor

*The College of Charleston Magazine* has a strong editorial on the "Economic Independence of Woman." The writer's broad, sane view, that woman was endowed "with a brain and soul" as well as a "body", and for that reason should be given every opportunity for progressive development, in the business world, in the political arena,—anywhere and everywhere that life calls her,—finds an echo in "The Coming of the Vision," a well-written allegory in which *Sir Fool* has a vision of the emancipated woman, free "to give or to withhold her love,"—free even to wield the ballot.

The magazine is, perhaps, too serious in tone for a college journal. We would suggest more poems and stories.

*The Chimes* from Shorter College made a more favorable impression on us than any other magazine we have received this month; not only on account of its attractive appearance, but also because of its interesting contents.

"One Way" is a story of a typical college girl. The plot is well constructed, and the story holds the reader's interest to the very last. Of the poems which *The Chimes* contains, the best is "Conestee," an Indian legend, which is, indeed, well worth reading.

We commend *The Chimes* for its fine college spirit.

*The Carolinian* has its usual number of poems, short stories, and essays. Although "Retribution" shows considerable thought, it is rather disappointing in the end.

"A Chapel Scene" may be somewhat exaggerated, but the descriptions in it are "rich." "Dan," is a short story full of action and true to life.

## Book Reviews

Blanche Dalrymple  
*Editor*

Harold Bell Wright has skillfully shown us "When a Man's a Man" in his delightful novel bearing that title. In it there is a striking contrast between the pampered, petted individual, reared in the highest civilization, bound by social conventions, and customs, sought out and respected for his worldly possessions, and the man whose character has broadened and deepened in his environment of unrestraint and freedom of growth; who contributes materially to humanity through his personal service. "When a Man's a Man," is a story of a man who was brought suddenly to the realization that he was only a parasite, and who then determined to acquire that which he lacked most decidedly.

The author's purpose seems to be twofold; however he was probably interested primarily in presenting this unquestionable fact that one's rank in the world should be determined by his usefulness and strength of character. Phil Acton is just such a specimen; while Honorable Patches represents one in the acquisition of such attributes. And again, Harold Bell Wright, perhaps intended at the outset to bring us face to face with some real men and women. The characters give vitality to the whole book, and the presentation of them by no means interests us the least. The atmosphere of the story is bracing, invigorating and wholesome. The scene is laid on a ranch in Arizona, the life on which is vividly pictured.

This realistic novel, through its local color, its abundance of incidents, swiftly moving action, and apt illustrations is a successful accomplishment of the author's purpose.



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