THE ORION

FEBRUARY, 1917

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NIGHT.

I listen to the winds
 wild raving,
And watch the trees'
 dark outline;
As they sway and sigh
 against the blue-black sky,
To the stars that
 ever shine.

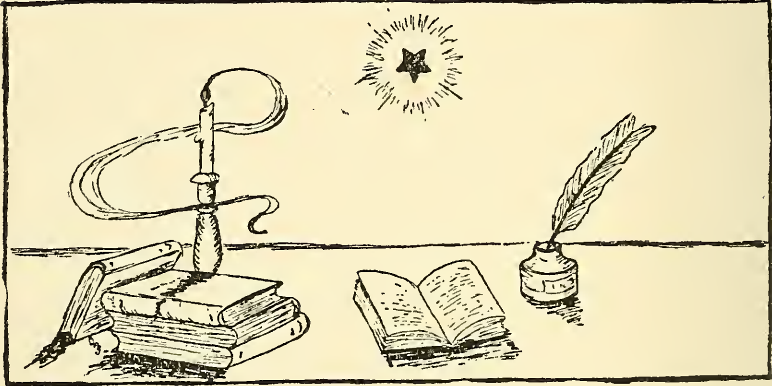
I watch the moon rise
 slowly
From the mist, o'er a
 distant pine,
Casting such wierd shadows
 'round me,
I glance back from time
 to time.

'Tis strange how it all
 affects me,
The wind, the moon
 and the night,
I hate to go in—and
 leave the stars—alone
To this beautiful,
 marvelous sight—

JULIA LEDBETTER.

Literary Department

Lura King
Emly Sullivan
Editors



Motto: Ad Astra per Aspera

"HIS DEBT."

THE County Home stood on a high, stark hill, with its four sides facing the winds unprotected. It was a bleak, dreary looking place at all times, but in the winter it was even more so, and gave to the passer-by a feeling of loneliness and dismal barrenness. It also gave to him a feeling of thankfulness that his own cozy home with its cheerful warmth and comfort, stood nestling among the pines awaiting him.

Old Ben had lived in this dreary abode for more than twenty years, and was now about seventy years of age. His life was one round of eating, sleeping, and piddling around the house, doing little odd jobs that no one else would do. He was too old to work in the open green fields, as the others did; so he helped in the kitchen at dull, joyless jobs. Old Ben never complained, however, even

though he loved the beautiful flowers, and would have liked to tend them and help them to grow. You could not say that old Ben was discontented, for he was not. This was the only home he had known for years, and the idea of a happier and less barren one never entered his mind.

He was as contented and happy as he wanted to be, for hadn't he the most wonderful thing in the world, and to him the only thing worth while? Didn't the good Lord bless him by permitting him to own a beautiful old Stradivarius violin, so precious that no hands but his own dared to touch it; and with music so sweet that sometimes it seemed as if it echoed heavenly harmonies.

Old Ben's love for his violin amounted to worship. It was the joy in his bleak, barren life; from it he received such a fulness of happiness that he felt as if he were receiving all and giving nothing in return. He felt that his debt of gratitude was greater than he could pay. He never went to bed at night, or woke up in the morning, without sending up a prayer to God, thanking him in his crude, broken way.

When all his chores for the day were over, old Ben would take his violin out of the case tenderly, his old gnarled hands suddenly grown as gentle as a babe's. Those were always the happiest hours in his life, when sitting on a stump or an old log he would pour forth his soul through the old violin. He would sit there lost to the world of nature around him, lost in the haunting sweetness of the music and the visions created by himself. Through his music the memories of happier days hovered over him, and he lived them once again.

One day old Ben, escaping from the cheerless home sooner than usual, tucked his beloved violin under his arm and made his way to his favorite seat under the lofty pines. Somehow he was feeling a little happier than usual that day, and his happiness found vent in the old jigs and folk songs of his youth. As he was playing with reminiscent smile on his old, wrinkled face, a small child,

with short flaxen curls and a sweet, serious face, wandered up to him and gravely seated herself by his side. Old Ben did not know who she was, or how she happened to be there; he only knew that she did not interfere with his playing, but sat there silently, with an appreciative look on her face. She seemed to enjoy those strange melodies of his, and many times afterward he found her seated gravely on the log waiting for him to come with his violin.

They grew to be great comrades, the old man of seventy, and the child of seven, and understood each other well.

One day she came to meet him, instead of waiting for him under the tall pine, and together they wandered deeper into the forest than usual; old Ben playing his fiddle as he walked, and the little girl walking serenely by his side, listening with upturned face and eager blue eyes.

It was an exceedingly cold winter day, and although they were both warmly clad, old Ben began to wince with cold, and noticing that it was getting dark, turned about and started home. Both had wandered aimlessly without noticing the direction in which they were going, and were now hopelessly lost.

The snow commenced falling, and the wind whirled it in such hard blinding sheets in their faces that old Ben found it impossible to proceed in any direction. The child had begun to whimper with cold and fright. In a few moments, borne along by the wind, they found themselves in a little protected hollow formed by an overhanging rock. There old Ben took off his coat, and wrapped it around his little companion. Placing her against the rock, he seated himself so as to protect her from the driving snow as much as possible, and then took out his precious violin—and waited for morning.

Just as the sun rose, after an all-night search in the blinding storm, a party of distressed friends discovered old Ben and his comrade. The child was sleeping snugly, wrapped up in an old coat. There was a smile on her face

—perhaps she was hearing in her dreams a sweet haunting melody that she loved.

Old Ben was there too, calmly sleeping with his beloved violin tucked under his chin. But nevermore would those cold, stiff fingers wander gently over those strings. Old Ben's debt was paid.

RUBY RUSSELL, '20.

THE LESSON OF THE DAISY.

The daisy raised her yellow face,
So saucy and so bright;
And looked up to the dark-blue sky,
To the passer-by's delight.

Anon there came a pretty maid,
Upon her way to town;
She paused to gather daisies,
To adorn her lovely gown.

"You look so bright and beautiful,
I'll leave you here today;
To cheer some other traveler,
Journeying on his way."

Many passed: some weak, some tired,
Some weary and forlorn;
But none the daisy failed to cheer,
That pretty Spring-time morn.

The daisy only smiled and thought,
As the evening shadows fell;
"What joys you'll shed around you,
You can not ever tell.

It pays to look your very best,
And smile to all you see;
And help your fellow-creatures,
Whoever they may be."

M. P. A., '19.

THE HISTORY OF THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

THERE is no clear and distinct knowledge at present, of the derivation and meaning of the word "grail." It is often called Saint Graal, Seynt Greal, Sang real and Sank Ryal, and according to M. Paulin Paris, who has been engaged for nearly forty years in the study of the origin of the Holy Grail, the original conception came from some Welsh monk or hermit, who lived early in the eighth century, and the conception contains the assertion that the British church possesses an independent derivation of its Christianity direct from Palestine; this conception was contained in a book called Liber Gradalis, which was kept by the British clergy, and came to be known and read during the twelfth century. At this time, the French poet, Robert de Boron, having heard of this book, but not having read it, became intensely interested in its contents and from his knowledge it embodied the conception in his poem "Joseph d' Arimathie," which after many years prompted our writers to choose this conception as very promising subject matter. M. Paris goes on to say, and his opinion is very satisfactory, that the word "grail" is derived from "grad," which is a corrupt form of "gradale," the Latin name for the book, which is a collection of psalms and texts of the scripture called "Quod in Gradibus Canitur," used by the priest while passing from the epistle to the gospel side of the altar. He, therefore, gives "grail" to mean the sacred book in which the history of the Holy Grail, the wonder working legendary vessel, is contained.

Although many men of authority differ about whether this vessel was a cup or a bowl, it has been agreed generally by men of authority that it was the receptacle used by Jesus Christ at the Last Supper, which Joseph desired to possess because Jesus had used it. Accordingly, Joseph went to the hall where the feast had been held, and took the vessel which he so earnestly coveted. He preserved this, and afterwards, when our Lord was crucified, Joseph knelt

at the foot of the cross and into this cup received many drops of our Lord's blood which were flowing from the cruel wounds in his hands, feet and sides. Jospeh valued this cup of holy significance greatly, and carried it around with him wherever he traveled. This may have proved very pleasant to him, but alas! it proved disastrous on his last trip to Britain! It disappeared and he was never able to find it. Some declare that angels bore it away and later committed it to a body of knights, who guarded it on a mountain, where it performed many wonders. Before the eyes of the multitudes who came to behold it, it disappeared after having benefitted or punished them according to their deserts. Nasciens, a good man, who desired to behold this sacred vessel, was struck blind when he approached it, but was afterwards able to conceive and clearly comprehend many astounding marvels, and by means of the Grail, Joseph's life was sustained for forty-two years, while he was in prison, and all the while he was instructed in Heavenly knowledge. This last idea of the disappearance of the grail, the search for it by the true, noble and pure, and the appearance before some who were worthy, is the thought that is used many years later, when English writers become attracted to the conception.

This story with many changes and additions appealed to the simple and sincere hearts of the people, and the conception spread with marvelous rapidity from England, which we must consider the land of its origin, to France where it was artistically interpreted to Robert de Boron, the supposed brother of Josephe d' Arimathie, and from France it extended its power over all Christian countries, where writers became so intensely interested in the story that from its facts the legends of the Arthurian Romance were created, which retained the strong interest of the mass of humanity to such a degree that versions of the legend were read across the country from Caerleon to Venice, and from Ireland to Gibraltar. Nor did the spread cease here—during the sixteenth century it had made its

appearance in "Sunny Italy," and was delighting the imagination of the dusky senors and senoritas of Ferdinand's beloved Spain. This beautiful conception continued in its spread like a strong, powerful wind, blowing and beating itself over all countries until today the Flemish, Icelandic, and Welsh are thoroughly acquainted with these ever-suggestive legends, and each day life is made brighter and more beautiful for someone's having comprehended the sacred beauty which lies in them.

The first English writer of great prominence who devoted a large part of his time and efforts to the development of the Holy Grail Conception was Sir Thomas Malory, a Welsh knight, who by his own words, we know to have been "a servant of Jesu, both night and day," and who translated into English from the French of Robert de Boron, no doubt. He embodied the quest of the Holy Grail in his immortal work "Morte d'Arthur," which was completed in 1200, and which met with instant success and unbounded popularity among all English speaking people. The hero of this legend is Sir Galahad, the son of Launcelot and Elaine, and the purest knight of the Round Table, who alone was able to recover the Holy Grail; after having seen and touched our Lord's body, he passed away with the light of Heaven in his eyes. The hero is a pure youth of high ideals and great morals, whose deeds inspired Malory's readers with greater thoughts and led them to great deeds. No printing instrument had been in use at this early date, consequently a great amount of time was used in copying these legends; but this matter was greatly facilitated when in the fifteenth century William Caxton invented the printing press, and by its means the poems and romances embodying this legend, were multiplied many times throughout England, France and Germany; and when Caxton decided to make more people interested in these legends, he reproduced Malory's Quest of the Holy Grail and added many original thoughts, by doing which, he succeeded in his mission and brought the lengends to

thousands more. A few centuries later, in 1882, Wilhelm Richard Wagner, the greatest dramatic composer of the nineteenth century, one of the most energetic, concentrated musical thinkers of his time and a poet of most noble conceptions, brought a new glory and fame to The Old Legend, by his last great music-drama "Parsifal," which is founded on the metrical version of the Arthurian legend of Perceval and The Holy Grail, and which has kindled a great interest in the legend in the minds of all music lovers. These men and many, many others, have worked and contributed glory to the Legend of The Holy Grail, but Alfred Tennyson, the great English writer of the ninteenth century, has given such a vast amount of fascinating additions to the original conception that he is said to have perfected the Arthurian Legend. His chief stories of the conception are contained in his "Idylls of the King," and like Malory, the hero of these quests for The Holy Grail, is Sir Galahad, the noble knight with high, true, pure ideals, whose character is directly portrayed in the poem of his name.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd speer-crafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres,
I find a magic bark.
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
I float 'till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three Angels bear the Holy Grail;

With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail,
Ah blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides
And starlike mingles with the stars."

This conception that has been prevalent in the minds of the mass of humanity for so many centuries, and to the spread of which so many learned men have devoted their literary efforts, has been to the world as an ever present yet unattainable ideal, which spurs hearts, minds and souls to fail to be content, but strive on and seek for a higher, purer and greater mode of living, ever encouraging an earnest upward striving of the soul—an impulse not to be subdued even in death, until the motto of the entire world is now "Excelsior!" M. NELSON, '18.

POURQUOI?

Little top twig,
Why do you stay,
And flutter and flutter the live-long day?
Your brothers fell gladly,
But you hang so sadly
As if longing to see a sunny spring day.

Little brown twig,
Why do you cling,
And whisper, and whisper rather than swing?
The life-blood has left you,
The cold winds have cleft you,
Yet you remain. Does the tree-song still in you ring?

Little last twig,
Why do you wait?
The snow-clouds gather—your sleep will be late—
A lesson you teach me,
A truth here you bring me—
Work early and long; and a lifetime is full and great.

M. R., '17.

COLOR AND MOTION IN "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

SHELLY is usually considered the greatest colorist among English writers, with the possible exception of Keats. He loves bright, dazzling, lights, deep, rich, hues, flitting and elusive colors, all the more charming and beautiful because they are so swift, allowing us only a glimpse before they have changed to something more beautiful and alluring. Shelly is not miserly with his colors, but assails the reader's inner eye with such outpouring, one color over another, melting into each other to form a third, until one feels that only a master hand can unlock the doors of the world of color as he did. He takes a naturally lovely scene and enhances its beauty with his unbounded imagination and idealism. In his "Prometheus Unbound," Shelly seems to have emptied the vials of color and perfected every scene with his wonderful azures, purples, emeralds, crimsons, and golds.

As a rule, Shelley treats only the bright, dazzling, or deep, rich colors; seldom does he use dark, gray, or sombre color words. Once he speaks of "the leaden colored east;" the mountains are usually purple or green, but once he uses the words, "the gray mountains and old woods."

In his description of water scenes, the sea, ocean, lakes or streams, we have but to close our eyes and let our imagination follow Shelley into wonderful soul-stirring realms of ideal beauty. With him, we see the sea as "Heaven's everchanging shadow," reflecting the calm glory of the dawn, the blue and white of the noon-day, and the splendor of the sunset—the silver moon, the myriad diamond stars, and "the flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather thronging the blue air" where they are "wandering along shepherded by the slow unwilling wind." We see the ocean's purple waves as they "climb the land, and howl to the lashing winds;" we feel a delightful thrill as in our minds eye we picture this: "a rainbows arch stood on the

sea, which rocked beneath immovably," and, "the lake-reflected sun illumes the yellow bees in the ivy bloom."

The dainty little sprites, with sweet voices, must have had lovely homes, for their pavilions were the bubbles that "float under the green and golden atmosphere which noontide kindles through the leaves."

Shelley gives us several wonderful scenes describing the advent of a spirit, when the bright dazzling lights play over the whole, and show us a picture unequalled in richness, splendor and beauty:

"But see, where through the *azure* chasm
Of yon forked and *snowy* hill
Trampling the slant winds on high
With *golden sandalled* feet, that glow
Under plumes of *purple* dye,
Like *rose-ensanquined ivory*
A shape now comes."

"See where the child of Heaven with winged feet
Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn."
"See how they float
On their sustaining wings of *skiey* grain,
Orange and *azure* deepening into gold."

Often, in Shelley, we come across a few words or lines that seem to hold a wealth of meaning far more than if he had taken the pains to elaborate or go into details. "The flames almost to a glow-worm's lamp hath dwindled," is full of suggestive colors, soft yellow lights fading from wild, red, leaping flames, to still softer glowings, as lovely as the faint light of the glow-worm. Who, but Shelley, could write lines so full of half-hidden color and beauty as these: "through its *gray* robe gleams the *golden* dew whose stars the noon has quenched not." Like *stars* half quenched in mists of *silver dew*," and this line, "the dew hangs each a *pearl* in the *pale flowers* of the *green* laurel," is a model of half concealed, yet always evident loveliness and beauty.

He makes each sprite gloriously radiant as we see in this, there burns an *azure* fire within its *golden* locks," and, the sprites ride in "cars drawn by rain-bow-winged steeds."

Shelley loves to use azure and emerald or green, for throughout the play, he is constantly using these colorful words. A few short lines will suffice to establish this statement: "The *emerald* light of leave-tangled beams;" "the loud deep calls me . . . to feed it with *azure,* calm out of the *emerald* urns;" "ten thousand orbs, involving and involved, purple and *azure,* white, and *green* and *golden;*" like swords of *azure,* fire or *golden* spears;" "our *green* and *azure* universe;" "a bath of *azure* light, among dark rocks."

Shelley's description of the dawn is the greatest in English literature. A painter may have seen this same dawn, and expressed it in a wonderful painting, but he could not have so perfectly reproduced it as Shelley has, for the poet has given us the whole scene with the wonderful changes, the gradually paling air, the fading star, and the quivering sunlight as it breaks on the snow capped mountain.

"The point of one white star is quivering still,
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains; through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it: now it wanes; it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air;
'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers."

At other times Shelley gives us much of early morning beauty in only a few words. The beauty-loving reader thrills over this line——"The dawn . . . spangles the wind with lamp-like water drops." When one reads this: "Look how the gusty sea of mist is breaking in crimson foam," he feels as if he is standing on some lofty mountain

peak, with all the lower valleys covered over and hidden from view by rolling, surging, clouds of mists, golden and crimson, in the early dawn. He not only sees, but *feels* the vastness and splendor of the view.

Then as the dawn brightens, and the vision is cleared,
"Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake paving in the morning sky.
With azure waves which burst in silver light
Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on,
Under the curdling winds and islanding
The peaks whereon we stand, midway, around,
Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
Dim twilight-lawns and stream illumined caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mists."

As one gazes on some dearly loved friend, he grows to resemble this friend, in both looks and deeds. Shelley says this, but in a poet's manner:

"As a violet whose gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it beholds;
As a gray and watery mist
Glows like solid amethyst ,
Athwart the western mountain it enfolds
When sunset sleeps upon its snow."

What could be more exquisite, more alluring and lovely than this bit of wild, but lovely fancy?

"As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold
A half-unfrozen dew-globe, green and gold
And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist
And wanders up the vault of the blue day,
Outlines the noon, and on the sun's last ray
Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst."

Our weak words of praise only serve to tear down, not to enhance the beauty of the poet's words, for they are ideal.

Others beside the spirit of the earth are filled with joy,

"When o'er a lake
Upon a drooping bough with night shade twined,
I saw two azure halycons clinging downward
And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries
With quick long beaks, and in the deep there lay
Those lovely forms as imaged in a sky."

The cave where Prometheus and his friends were to live is beautifully described. Here we do not find so much of the brilliant gray colors, but rather soft tones, greens, golds and silvers—not the crimsons, purples, and oranges that we find elsewhere.

"There is a cave
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants
And paved with veined emerald. .

. . . .

From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires
Hang downward."
"In another lovely cave there are,
. . . . . bright-golden globes
Or fruit, suspended in their own green heaven,
And through their veined leaves and amber stems,
The flowers whose purple and translucid bowls
Stand ever mantling with aerial dew."

Among all of Shelley's lovely descriptions, the lines describing a shell are the loveliest. Almost anyone can find beauty in a shell, with its rainbow tints and glowing hues, but no one can see its loveliness as Shelley does, for he looked at a shell through the unrestrained imagination of a poet and saw in the shell

" . . . . the pale azure fading into silver
Lining it with a soft yet glowing light."
It was so exquisitely beautiful that to him it looked
''like lulled music sleeping there."

Another shell has richer, deeper, colors, for he says of it,

"'Tis an ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire
Which comes and goes within its sculptured rim
Of delicate strange tracery."

Shelley loved nature for nature's sake, beauty for beauty's sake; like Keats, he worshipped at the altar of beauty. Wordsworth loved nature, not so much for her own sake, as for what he saw back of and incarnate in nature. To Wordsworth nature was a divine something, it was, in a way, God Himself expressed through the flowers, birds, grasses and clouds. To Shelley, nature was a lovely something which he could beautify ten-fold in his idealistic imagination; and though he may have found this world a somewhat unlovely dwelling place, his poetic self lived in an ideal world of nature.

L. K., '17.

TWO DAYS.

"MORNING, 'Celia, come right in, if you can get in, you know my room is always a fright, but—oh gee! a letter for me?

"Good good! ain't that great, tho', and it's a birthday letter, I bet, or a Valentine, 'cause it's my birthday today, and I'm eighteen—oh, I bet it's from—oh, don't hurry off 'Celia dear, it's not a *special*, I reckon. Well, come back to see me sometime, dear. Thank you so much for bringing my letter." "And now," continued Beryl, "I will read you my dear, adorable letter, 'cause I know you are a *special*, and from dear old Jan, now ain't he the best ever?"

"Why, it was only last February that he sent me that lovely little gold card case, and I was only seventeen, too! My! he's been liking me quite a spell—I—oh Beryl Dickins! shut your eyes and guess what's fallin' out of that envelope! It it ain't a ring! a real amethyst ring, you may slap my face; now ain't Jan an angel! I'd just love to

kiss him for it right now, he is such a ——— sh! somebody's comin' in—goodness!"

An old fashioned teapot, with a large round spout stood on the table. It was a queer piece of antiquity given to Beryl by her grandmother. She had brought it with her when she came to Stanley College two years ago, and it had been a staunch friend to Beryl in time of tea ever since.

Into the mouth of that brown spout, went Jan's letter, also Jan's lovely ring, just as the door opened, and Mert and Dell came bursting in with news of the feast that was to be held that night in Ethel Dort's room.

Now folks may say that Beryl was quite conscious of where she put her letter and ring, and that this story is all a joke, but I beg you to refrain from referring to your phychological lore—and believe with me for a little while, that Beryl really was unconscious of her actions, and really couldn't remember where she had put the letter and ring, for that's what *really* did happen. It is not so strange, or extraordinary, anyway. Why, I have known people, especially old people who wore spectacles, to look the whole house over in search of their supposedly lost "glasses," and at the end of the search, have someone inform them that their vision-promoting agent was calmly resting on their forehead. Yes.

So Beryl lost her ring and letter. Beryl cried, of course, but it didn't produce the lost property. I might add that she searched every nook and corner of her room; "nothin' doin'."

It isn't very pleasant to lose a gift at any time, and especially when you know that in just two days, you are going to stand before the giver, who happens to be a person you like very much. Oh gee! such a thought is a stunner, it was to Beryl. For she knew that in just two days she would be at home preparing for her Valentine Tea Party, that mother had promised her Christmas, as a birthday present, there being only two days between her birth-

day and Valentine day. The facts stood out plain and daring. On the 14th of February, there was Jan to face with excuses and explanations. Oh it was horrible!

She could say that she had not received any mail from him, but he would have it traced, and well—anyway Beryl wasn't that kind. Oh she would have to say the bare, ugly thing—she had lost it. What would he think of her? Oh what would he! And she did so much want Jan to think well of her! Oh she wished there wasn't any old birthdays and Valentine days anyway; but wishing didn't do any good.

It was a sad little Beryl girl that left Stanley College on the 4:50 train, February 13th. Not at all the bright, dashing Beryl, that had come back on the 3rd of January, to begin a happy New Year.

The train seemed to go awfully fast. Somehow she dreaded going home. She was so afraid Jan would meet her at the station.

Jan would have been there, if he could have had his way, but *Fords* will have their way sometimes, and it happened that Jan's Ford had decided to stop on the way, and divulge its secrets and trouble to the tender, clinging heart of a great mud hole.

So Beryl reached home in safety. Beryl's mother had the home in beautiful order. In the parlor were swinging loops of tiny red hearts, with a tiny cupid peeping from the center of each loop. Great bowls of blooming hyacinths were betrayed by the rich perfume that filled the room. These were Beryl's favorite flowers, and her mother had them as a surprise for Beryl.

That night Beryl went to bed and did something she had not done for three nights—she slept soundly. She did not even dream of the lost ring and letter.

The next day she was busy preparing the refreshments she was to serve that night. She made dainty heart-shaped sandwiches and little pink and white cakes.

Late in the afternoon, while Beryl was in the parlor

arranging little fortune bags, filled with fruits and mints, around in conspicious places, to be found by the guests, her mother called from the kitchen, "Oh Beryl, did you bring your teapot home? We will need it, you know, to serve tea."

"Yes, Mother, and I had most forgotten about it, I will get it in a minute. It's in my suit case. I knew we would need it, so I brought it along."

The minute lengthened into an hour before Beryl again thought of the teapot. Three or four guests had already arrived, but she slipped away, and running to her room, found the delayed teapot, and was soon in the kitchen filling it with hot tea. Her task performed, she placed it with the other refreshments on the little sewing table in the dining room and ran back to the parlor to welcome three other guests who had just come. Jan had not yet arrived, and Beryl was secretly hoping he would not come at all, yet she knew she was hoping in vain.

Eight o'clock, eight-thirty, nine, and still no Jan.

Plainly it was time to serve the tea.

Beryl led the way into the dining room with a thankful heart, and shaking knees. But, oh, she did want to see Jan!

"Bessie, you and Joe will find your places at the end of the table. Lucy, you and Jack here at my right. You will all find your places by looking at your place cards."

"And whose place is that reserved there by you, Beryl? You're not going to eat alone are you?" teased Jack Dess.

"That's all right, Mr. Dess, you sit there by Lucy. I am ready to pour the tea now."

"Sure, and we are waiting, hungry as"— Irish James Mahon was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell.

"I bet that's Jan right now. Watch Beryl blush! Gee wish I had someone to blush for me," sighed Clarence Kent.

Beryl, in her excitement had started to pour the tea, but mind you, that tea would *not pour*. No! Horrors upon

horrors, surely she had had enough trouble without this added embarrassment. But still no tea came.

Oh my; no wonder, why what's that in the spout? Paper? A letter; good heavens; her ring and letter! Just in time too, for Jan was that moment hanging his cap in the hall. Beryl, child, slip that ring on your finger and swallow the letter. Now, there, that's it. Well, that's all right, stick it in your belt, now! Goody! Goody! Good!

"Oh I'm so glad to see you Jan, I thought you weren't coming; why so late? You may have me for a partner. Now don't you feel honored? Beryl rattled on, not giving him time to answer, her throat getting warm and red all the while.

"Surest thing you know, I feel honored. But say, you didn't give me your hand when you said "hello!," Jan said in a tone of inquiry.

"Well then, I will give it to you now," Beryl laughed, her composure fast asserting itself.

"Hello Jan, I am perfectly delighted to see you," she said in a mock ceremonious tone. "How's that?"

"I am satisfied, I guess," replied Jan. He had only wanted to see if she was wearing his ring, and she knew it.

Her heart was singing a happy little tune as she again led the way with Jan into the dining room.

This time the tea came gladly.

Everybody atriubted the new gaiety and joyous hilarity, that entered with Jan, to Jan himself, but the little brown teapot knew better. "I did it, I did it, I did it" it sang as the hot tea gurgled from its spout.

Eleven-fifteen that night:

"Beryl, dear, does that teapot belong to you or your mother?", Jan is asking.

"It's mine," answered Beryl, "Why?"

"Well, I'm very glad, it will be so nice for us to have to go to housekeeping w—"

"Jan! who said we—"

"Hush darling, of course we are when you finish school, why I thought you knew that all—"

"Jan you've got to leave this house this instant, you can't stay another min——I——oh Jan, please don't——what?—— yes, I guess so; please—Umhum—m.

Slamb! bang! ch—ch—ch—clug—chug—chug. ————

NELLE WILLIAMSON, '19.

DREAMS AND SUNBEAMS.

I wandered into unknown realms
  Beyond the haunts of men,
And there I found a world so fair,
  A world of cosmic harmony where
Each soul that dwelt therein
  No sorrow knew nor toil, nor sin
But joy eternal without end.
  A radiant spirit led me on
Through Elysian fields of beauty rare,
  "O soul!" I cried, "let me stay here,
Lead me not back to that world of care!"
  But the spirit beckoned me on.
"O soul, let me stay in this world of beauty!"
  But the spirit only whispered, "*Duty*."
And as I passed I gathered a flower
  Of rich golden hue 'neath an aerial blue,
Which as I went still brighter grew,
  Till my eyes grew dim and softly closed,
Closed on that world of enchanting dreams,
  To open where the morning sun beams
On a world of pain and sorrow and rue,
  But a world where faith linked to hope still gleams,
Because of those who to duty are true.

MARGARET BYRUM, '17.

SCHILLER'S "MARY STUART."

THE year 1800 saw the first appearance on the stage of the play, "Mary Stuart," written the year before by Friedrich von Schiller. Its immediate success and never failing popularity have spoken well for the German dramatist's art. It is not truly a tragedy, being rather more historical and pathetic both in theme and treatment, and is criticized as not having such interest and trueness to life as other plays by Schiller; however that may be, a reading of it is an excitative of intense sympathy and approval, and furnishes a sufficient incentive to see the play produced. On the whole, "Mary Stuart" places Schiller in the foremost rank of his profession, and gives evidence of his consummate skill through the bigness of conception, excellence of versification, and real dramatic development of the plot.

The fact that the story is well known does not detract from —indeed adds greatly to, the interest called forth by its dramatization. Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, has appealed to Elizabeth of England for protection against her rebellious and lawless nobles by whom she was imprisoned. Elizabeth has refused hospitality beyond that of making her cousin a close prisoner for the last eighteen or nineteen years. "Mary" has been the magic name in, and the center of, many conspiracies of the English Catholic nobles; Babington's plot to rescue her and set up the Catholic faith in England has been the last, and for her supposed complication in the matter she has been tried by forty-two judges. Scene 1 opens in Mary's apartment at Fotheringay Castle, the stronghold of Sir Amias Paulet, who is Mary's keeper. Sir Edward Mortimer,who is nephew to Paulet, and who has just returned from France, reveals himself to the imprisoned queen as having taken the Catholic beliefs, though seeming still to be of the Church of England, and as devoting himself, fortunes and life, to her cause. He brings her news that the judges have pro-

nounced her guilty, and that the execution of the sentence awaits the will of Elizabeth, who "craftily delays that she may be constrained to yield." Mortimer then discloses a plot for her escape that has been formed by himself and twelve Catholic nobles. Mary is confident that Dudley, Lord Leicester, is the only one who can bring her out of prison, and directs Mortimer to confide the plan to him, and also to deliver a package from her. Lord Burleigh, the Lord High Treasurer, himself comes to deliver the sentence, Mary's cool reception of which, and strong resistance dismay him. Act I closes with Paulet's spirited refusal to carry out Burleigh's suggestion of secretly murdering or poisoning Mary.

In Act II, Elizabeth is introduced. In council with Lords Burleigh and Leicester, and Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, she asks for advice concerning Mary. Burleigh is for an instant execution, Leicester advocates Mary's remaining in prison with the sentence to hang over her, Shrewsbury alone says "the sentence pass'd of death against the Stuart is unjust," and pleads for mercy to be extended to the unfortunate woman. Sir Amias Paulet presents to Elizabeth his nephew Mortimer, and also a letter from Mary asking for a personal interview. Elizabeth is moved to tears by the letter, but proceeds to commission Mortimer, who of course plays the loyal subject, to do away with Mary. Paulet afterward warns him to do no bloody deed, not even for the queen. Mortimer's delivery of the package to Leicester gives knowledge of the fact that Leicester is madly in love with Mary, indeed was betrothed to her before her marriage with Darnley, and refused her merely because he was ambitious to marry Elizabeth. He now sees his mistake, and comes back to Mary; and hopes to rescue her only by keeping up his appearnace as lover of Elizabeth. He is terrified, however, when Mortimer offers aid and tells of the plan already made. Leicester himself plans a meeting between Elizabeth and Mary, and brings it about by holding out to Elizabeth the

idea of how great a triumph and exultation will be hers thus to meet Mary, whom she has never before seen.

Act III opens with Mary, loosed from her prison walls, in the park. She is apprehensive when Paulet tells her that Elizabeth is to see her, and without the kind and timely encouragements of Shrewsbury, Mary would indeed be helpless. She forgets all her unhappiness caused by Elizabeth, puts aside her royal state, and becomes the poorest humble prisoner to Elizabeth. The latter, however, recognizes how far in beauty, and real queenliness Mary is above her, and with anger, contempt and insults spurns Mary even in her offer to give up all claims to the English throne. Mary cannot support this, and indulges in "one moment of victorious revenge," driving Elizabeth hurriedly from her. Mary is thus elated to have hurled her cousin "from her haughty height," but is only temporarily so; her suffering is enhanced when she learns from Mortimer that his love is not for the cause, not for her as a queen, but for her as a woman, and that he claims herself as the reward of his oncoming rescue of her. News that a certain monk's attempt to asassinate Elizabeth has been frustrated by Shrewsbury, throws Mortimer into a panic, but he resolves to stay and try to save Mary.

Meanwhile Burleigh orders Davison, secretary of state, to make out the death warrant, and present it to Elizabeth, then reveals to Leicester his knowledge of how the latter brought about the interview. Leicester finds himself further undone when Mortimer arrives, and tells him that a letter from him has been found by Burleigh in Mary's apartments. Leicester rewards Mortimer by giving him into the hands of the guards, whereupon Mortimer stabs himself. When Leicester goes to Elizabeth with word of Mortimer's plot, he finds her reading his letter to Mary; he takes his only chance, and "confesses" that he did it to learn of possible plots of her escape, and skillfully brings in Mortimer's deception. In her surprise and disappointment at this, Elizabeth can think of nothing else. The

death warrant is now given her. Her indecision holds on through the conflicting counsels of Burleigh and Shrewsbury; but when she is alone, she signs the paper, and gives it to Davison with the command to fulfill the duty of his office, offering no definite expression of her will. Davison's perplexity is taken advantage of by Burleigh, who seizes the warrant and proceeds to carry it out.

Ten scenes of Act V are given to Mary's farewells to her loving and loved servants, and her confession to Melvil, her ambassador, who has become a priest secretly that she may not die before confession and absolution; for the English will not allow her to see a priest. Just before going to the block she meets Leicester, and in her exalted state, speaks to him gently and bids him return to Elizabeth. In the meantime Shrewsbury brings Elizabeth news that Mary's secretaries have confessed that they formerly testified against her falsely, and asks for a new investigation. Elizabeth calls for the warrant of Davison, and finding that he has it not, that Mary has been executed, sternly rebukes Davison for his acting so, and not carrying out her commands and pretends that this "haste" has been an "interception of natural clemency." She banishes Bureligh, sends Davison to the tower, and recognizing Shrewsbury to be her best friend, gives him the high position of chief counsellor. He refuses this and goes into retirement. Elizabeth then asks for Leicester and is informed that he has left for France.

This drama is one of the type in which the main character is the aggressor and appears most often before the climax, after which the opposing force holds attention. Between the climax and her last or confession scene, Mary makes but one appearance, and that is when she realizes that she had rather die than be set free by Mortimer. On the other hand, the whole of Act I takes place in her presence, except nearly one-half of scene 1, which serves as introduction, and is given to a discussion between Paulet, representing Mary's enemies, and her nurse Hannah Ken-

nedy, representing her friends. Through this very natural means we are put into the possession of facts concerning her position by equally eloquent characters, and thus do not have to depend on her words or personal appearance to find out what she is, or what her presence in prison means. The entrance of the heroine is thus skillfully provided for and effected. Her first words are significant. Kennedy explains frantically that Paulet has seized her last few jewels, and Mary answers with characteristic dignity, "Be calm; 'tis not these baubles which can make a queen."

The exciting force which starts the rising action is rendered by Mortimer when he plans escape for Mary, whose being in the plot is the objective cause of her downfall.

One climax comes in Mary's last scenes; she gives up her court-royalty in accepting her fate, and yet in so doing she increases and exalts the royalty, dignity, gentleness and stateliness of her personality and womanhood. Perhaps her confession is a device used by Schiller to show or make known how far she is really guilty, or further to enlist sympathy; however he may have intended, it is certainly the most impressive part of the whole drama. The death of Mary is satisfactory; it ends all her weakness and struggles, it gives the sense of finality. It is for this reason that the mechanical conclusion is rather disappointing. It takes our thoughts from Mary as we saw her last, and projects them somewhat uncomfortably into the future.

Returning to the matter of the climax, we find that the real turning point comes in central part and point of the play and of Act III, the interview between Elizabeth and Mary. Here we encounter Mary's ability to "forget pride of noble mind and dignity," and her appeal to Elizabeth not to "disgrace the royal blood of Tudor." It is not only the first, but also the last meeting between the queen-cousins. We here realize that the position of Mary as

claimant to the throne is entirely justifiable, for, being a Catholic, she is supported by the Pope's past refusal to grant divorce to Henry VIII, ratify his marriage to Anne Boleyn, and recognize Elizabeth as rightful "heir" to the throne of England. The heroine's struggle against outward forces is portrayed in Act I, and is further emphasized in Act III. The mental struggle of Elizabeth precedes and succeeds the interview, yet before this scene, we are uncertain whether she will grant life to Mary, and after it, we are sure she will not. Not love for her subjects, nor realization of national danger from Mary, but jealousy of her and Leicester, the resentment of Mary's triumph in the talk between them, the belief that the Scotswoman's death means her own justification as queen, lead Elizabeth to sign the death warrant.

Her soliloquy in the scene of the signing is wonderful. It portrays Elizabeth's character by both words and underlying significace; it shows the trend of her thought and emotions as few pages of history can. There are several passages, in the play throughout, that could not be improved upon; Shrewsbury's appeal in Act IV, the conversation between Burleigh and Mary in Act I, and Leicester and Mortimer in Act II are especially good. But two above all others stand out as real gems. One is a paean of hope, joy and freedom from Mary, in the park; it is pure poetry. We do not feel all the pathos of the situation until after we attend the meeting of the queens, but the beautiful woman's happiness, brought about by so little, is most wistful and pathetic in itself. Hannah Kennedy's mournful and hopeless interpolations make Mary's words the more sad and touching. The second is a dirge of despair by Leicester. Mary, followed by her attendants, has gone to the block and Leicester alone remains. Through the murmurs of the crowd without, beholding the execution, Leicester's words come to the ear. They are all the more moving and powerfully effective because we know that as he speaks Mary's soul is leaving her body. These thirty-eight lines

alone indicate the sure, masterful touch of Schiller, both as poet and as playwright.

In the latter part of Act III, from her words to Mortimer when he forces his love on her, we judge that Mary has been more sinned against than sinning. From infancy she has been surrounded by wicked nobles forever plotting to gain power for themselves; her only happy days have been passed in France where she was reared in an atmosphere of the sport, levity, intrigue and splendor of the court; her yieldings to her heart have been, time after time, disastrous to her. Her name has been used in the plans of the Catholic nobles zealous of reinstating England in the Pope's favor, more often than she has been an accomplice. The fact that she is guilty of past crimes does not lessen the love of her immediate attendants, of whom Hannah is nearest, nor does it impress too unfavorably the reader, for the heart "framed for tender softness" is "alive to shame." She shirks no part of her real guilt, and offers no excuse for it. To all Hannah's would-be-comforting words she answers,

"You seek to comfort me and you condemn me."

As far as matters of laws and statesmanship go, Mary possesses a shrewd knowledge that is able to corner the cautious Burleigh, who wishes with all his strength that the "haughty heart" of this "lovely mischief" had ceased to beat long before he encountered its royal pride. The untiring devotion of Mary's people speaks with no lax and silent eloquence for her. Mortimer asks too much of her, but he is also daring much for her, and he is sincere in saying,

"Death, in rescuing you, is dearest bliss."

In Act V, Margaret Curl condemns her own husband, one of the secretaries who bore witness again Mary, and proclaims that her mistress dies innocent. Hannah claims that it is not Mary's own, but "others' woes which wring tears from her;" and this is evidenced when Mary starts back in terror on hearing the plans of Mortimer to kill his

uncle and all the guards, for she exclaims, "Oh what an awful, dreadful preparation," and has the courage to refuse this chance: ''No Mortimer, ere so much blood for me." She shows with what self-control she is possessed in being able to bury "in everlasting silence all the cruelties" she has suffered at the hands of Elizabeth, and to renounce her claims. She is finally enraged by Elizabeth, but strives throughout to retain her nobility and dignity. Hannah's prediction that "Mary will expire as best becomes a heroine and queen," is fulfilled, and the whole last act is so permeated with her quiet majesty, forgiveness of Leicester, and completeness of submission in which she is really victorious, that the effect does not soon fade. Her last moments do honor to her Tudor blood.

Schiller characterizes Elizabeth as a "kingly" queen, who in her own words, "has lived for her people's welfare," who has not ''spent her days in idle contemplation," yet one who, as shown in her treatment of Leicester, is vain, proud, whimsical, jealous, and whose despotic fancies have made for him "a hell no tongue can paint;" he describes her as a "female scepter who binds and rules men's spirits around her." Though he probably exaggerates to gain Mortimer's sympathies and confidence, no doubt a great deal of his tale of woe is true. Leicester plays on her weakest point when he imagines for her the contrast between herself and Mary Stuart. Mary, as it were from her womans' intuition, cries out when she first opens eyes on the English queen, "O, God, from out these features speaks no heart." Mortimer realizes her falsity and deceit when he beholds her emotion on the receipt of Mary's letter, and then her purpose, as she immediately engages him to do the secret work for her. She is to be blamed that she does not give Davison clear instructions; here her native vigor and straightforwardness are overbalanced by a hesitation, wavering and obscurity which she afterward brings up to place the burden on other shoulders. Elizabeth seems to struggle, but her exultant words, "I am queen of Eng-

land," after Mary's execution, show that her hesitation had a purpose. On Shrewsbury's advice she agrees to order a new inquiry, being safe in the conviction that Mary is out of the way. Paulet himself warns Mortimer that,

"She will, to preserve her own good name, punish
The bloody deed which she herself enjoin'd."

She voices the wish to let the laws of England act and keep her own hands pure, but she further says, "Safety lies in obscurity," and from her own words the reader condemns her.

Burleigh, Elizabeth's evil genius, always appears just in time to influence her leaning toward what he calls "duty," welfare of the government and of herself, and what Shrewsbury names injustice. Burleigh's zeal for England's advance Elizabeth understands; "all England's weight lies on his shoulders." He is "in his element" when on the track of treasons and conspiracies, and is nearly always successful in bringing them to light by his own spies and other secret means. He favors the "interpreter of the silent mandate."

It is in Paulet's indignant refusal to comply with Burleigh's significant suggestion that we gain the first view of the justness and honesty of Sir Amias. He refuses to poison Mary because he is conscientiously considerate of Elizabeth's good name and spotless reputation, to him "a priceless jewel." Paulet is further to be esteemed because he is the enemy not of Mary, but "of her offences only." The staunch old Britisher relies on himself and his "two open eyes," and gains the respect of one who reads or hears his words of wisdom.

Between Leicester and Mortimer, what a contrast! Both are pretenders, yet Leicester is entirely and far more despicable in his falsity than is Mortimer. Leicester spurned Mary when young, with the ambition of becoming Elizabeth's husband; failing that, he now returns to Mary's aid to get himself in line for the throne. His cowardice renders Mortimer, the bold and daring, wary of giving

confidence to this "court puppet." We do not even feel sorry for Leicester when he talks so forlornly of how Elizabeth has dealt with him, for we feel that he deserves even more than he has received. When danger comes, he forsakes Mary and turns his cunning efforts toward becoming Elizabeth's lover again. Mortimer stands faithful to Mary, and even when all is lost, remains to seek some small, last chance by which she may live. It is Mortimer's misfortune that he allows his love for Mary to become personal, and thus causes himself to be repulsed by her. The long-smoldering fire is set ablaze by Leicester when he betrays Mortimer. The crafty Burleigh unwittingly rewards Leicester by appointing him to escort Mary to the block. Leicester is overwhelmed by her kindness, and reaches such depths of humiliation that he leaves for France.

We may thus measure the innocence or guilt of Mary, the shame of Leicester, the cruelty of Burleigh, the deceit of Elizabeth, but what words can tell adequately of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury? In this character we discern a *man*. He seeks nothing for himself, nor does he interpret the welfare of England as Burleigh is wont. His words

> "England's not the world, nor is
> Thy parliament the focus, which collects
> The vast opinion of the human race"

show how much wider a view he has, how much more of real patriotism he entertains for his country. He is aware that although good sometimes results of evil, that does not excuse the evil deed; therefore does he plead with Elizabeth, in nowise forcing advice upon her, but merely asking her to obey the "dictates of her heart," and to consider that "mercy, not severity, is the best virtue to adorn a crown." He appeals to the queen's better self, and is ever attempting to reconcile the two cousins. For his uprightness, and loyalty to justice, for his bravery in reminding Elizabeth that she is "but mortal and canst not now ascend the judgment seat," we admire him; for his fatherly

protection and kindness to Mary and Elizabeth alike, for his true chivalry, gentleness and strength, we love him. If for nothing else, the play is worth reading to know Shrewsbury.

This brief sketch gives but small idea of what is considered Schiller's masterpiece. If it may, however, lead only one to read "Mary Stuart," and find therein the boundless pleasure and enjoyment, practical as well as aesthetic, which is certainly in store for the seeker, efforts will not have been in vain. It takes more than one reading and desultory study to do "Mary Stuart" justice, fully to appreciate all the good points, and successfully to present them. But he who takes the opportunity of interpreting for himself the thoughts of the great German who is second, in German literature, only to Goethe, is sure to be more than fully repaid.

MARY RILEY, '17.

THE MILL.

Over the way, just under the hill,
Is a quiet, calm, easy rolling mill.
To linger by, when thoughts are weary,
Will pass the time, which is otherwise dreary.

Can you conceive of a more pleasing sound,
Than that of the weel as it makes each round?
Come, see the water rushing still,
Even on, after it passes the mill.

Sitting near on a mossy log,
You hear the call of an old green frog.
But as he sings, he has some fear,
So stay close by, but not too near.

The jolly old miller, with never a frown,
Stands in the doorway as evening comes down.
Now linger longer, by the mill,
And you'll see the sun sink under the hill. J. B., '17.

HIS CHOICE.

Well, it was all over now, although she had been a most interesting sort of girl, and had been no end of a good athlete, not to mention a fine "little pal." Oh, well, summer was gone—Norcross Beach was gone, and—yes—he liked to think of her and the pleasant hours they had spent together on the tennis courts, in the surf, swimming, diving, and rowing.

The clock struck eight—"Good gracious! I had no idea it was so late. Guess if I don't get a hustle on me, dear Miriam will have to wait; and gee! how mad she'd be if we missed the first act of the play. It is out of sight, out of mind for you, Anne," Gordon Pate remarked to the little snapshot of a very lithe young woman in tennis flannels with her racket flung carelessly over her shoulder. "Just now, I am spending my spare time with Miriam Langley, dining with her at Platt's, seeing all the good plays with her, riding, dancing, and oh ——————."

Was he flirting with her? Perhaps he was—perhaps she was—most of the set said neither were—he did not say.

Just here he bounded up the steps of the massive grey stone house, which sheltered Miriam; the dainty, frivolous, adorably bewitching Miriam.

Of course she was mad, she had every right to be—here he was fifteen minutes late and they would surely miss the first act.

He remarked that she looked as pretty as a picture, and that he had thought of her all day—every single minute—before she had the good grace to smile, blush, and oh . . . . forget that they would be a few minutes late for the best show on the road.

Alas! The fickleness of man!

Two weeks passed and found Gordon Pate, the prosperous young lawyer, reading and discussing Tennyson, Browning and Wordsworth with Lucile, the daughter of

his law partner. He had not realized until lately how interesting she was, and how much he really enjoyed reading good poetry. He was not, strictly speaking, a dreamer, but under the influence of Lucile, a good book, and the comfortable atmosphere of the city home, he found himself spending more and more time building air castles, attempting to express his creations in words, and in short, bordering on the realms of a real dreamer.

Miriam complained of his abstraction, and decided that he was not so charming as she had once thought him.

"Well, old boy, what do you think of her—of Lucile, I mean?" he inquired of his friend Harry Lanier, one day in late November.

"To be very frank, Gordon, I don't choose her," was the reply, as he poked the glowing embers.

"She's all right, don't you know, but she's not practical enough or pretty enough. Now, Miriam Langley is no so very practical, I'll admit, but she'd make some little dame. I wouldn't mind having a hand in changing her name myself. As for that breezy girl, whom you met on the beach, and whose praises you have sung with such diligence ever since—well, I think she must be a good "egg," don't you know—but oh—come off, Gordon, old chap, don't put the responsibility of deciding who shall hold the winning hand with me. I'm a dead goner myself, and since there's not another girl in the world who can touch my little queen, I'll advise you to "play quits all round." And with this kindly advice he lighted a cigar, reached for his derby, and took his leave, bidding his friend good night and pleasant dreams.

The next day, Gordon had occasion to visit a nearby mill with his old college friend, Mac Jacobs, and while Mr. Jacobs was talking with the mill superintendent, concerning some important business, Gordon was thrown upon his own resources for a half hour's amusement, so he thought to look over the plant. It was the noon-hour and as he

turned a corner of the big building he came upon a group of women, and in the middle of the group was a young woman about twenty-two or three, evidently not of the mill people; and as she spoke to the women around her, he could not but notice the manner in which they hung upon her words and nodded their heads in assent to all that she said, and the reluctance with which they left her when the shrill whistle called them to their duties again.

Then as the crowd dispersed and the girl motioned for the approach of a waiting motor, Gordon re-lit his pipe, which had, all unobservedly gone out, and walked on around the building where he came upon another group—this time of children, who laughed and played as though there were never a care in the world.

"Say, youngster," he addressed one precocious looking lad, "why aren't you at work in the mill?"

"Why, I ain't quite fourteen yet, mister," he answered, "an' our folks don't make us go to work 'till we are sixteen and have been to school a long time." You see—he went on to explain, "since Miss 'Lizabeth been havin' meetins' out here en tol' our ma's not to let us go to work yet—we gets to play en go to school for a long time."

"Who is this Miss Elizabeth?," Gordon inquired, interested.

"You don't know her?" came from six or eight children at once. "Why she's a sufferrige worker, en' comes out here every day en shows us how to keep our houses nice en clean, en teaches the girls how to sew pretty things, en all of us is crazy 'bout Miss 'Lizabeth."

Meanwhile, Mr. Jacobs was waiting impatiently for Gordon, and a long, angry honk of the big motor horn caused that interested person to bid farewell to the boys and sprint for the car.

"My lands, Mac, that Miss Elizabeth something or other seems to be some favorite with your mill folks!"

"Betty's a fine girl, Gordon; she's my sister-in-law, you know, and she is a regular live wire. The mill people

fairly worship her and she has done quite a lot for them. I'll tell you, she's a hustler. By-the-way, she's going to talk on suffrage for women in the new Murray Hall to-morrow night. She'll have a crowd, too." So they talked till they reached Gordon's apartments, where they bade each other adieu.

The next night, Gordon made it convenient to drop in for a few minutes at the Murray Hall just as Miss Elizabeth Rodney began her simple, straight-forward talk to a large and appreciative crowd; and as he was coming out, at the close of the address, he had the good fortune to meet Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs and the young speaker in question, and so it happened——

For some reason or other he had never given woman suffrage very deep thought, but since it had been presented to him in such a logical manner and since some very interesting proof of its good had so lately come under his observation, he somehow wondered why he had never upheld it before. If she could do so much without the vote for the more unfortunate in life—what could she not do with it?

Except for a mere glimpse of her as she passed his office one afternoon, Gordon did not see Elizabeth again until the night of the Bainbridge Club dance, and it was not until the middle of the seventh dance he saw her laughing gayly with a little group gathered around the punch bowl. He could not but let his glance follow her as she turned and moved away in the direction of the door, and he feared she was leaving.

"Oh, for goodness sake! Gordon, are you asleep or merely dreaming? I've asked you three times how you liked the heroine last night, and you haven't deigned to answer," exclaimed the dainty little Miriam, as the last strains of the dance died away, and dancers and musicians alike sought the cooler atmosphere of the veranda for a few moments' rest.

Gordon and Miriam found a nook on the far side of

the veranda where the faint odor of lavendar assailed them and the soft glow of a japanese lantern lent an oriental touch to the scene.

"You remember Caroline and George Fair from Boston—they visited Mrs. Long last fall,—don't you, Gordon? Well, they are coming over in their new car next week and they have invited me to go on with them to Gull Island with Mrs. Long to chaperone, but I'm not sure that I'll go. You see I'm going to Canada next month and I have got so many things to do between now and then, with the series of parties I am giving at the club and several private dances and, oh, yes! Martha's coming-out party too—Think of that child in society! Makes me feel ancient even if I am just a year older than she."

"You'll have a lovely time in Montreal, Miriam. I am sure you—ah"—— just then he caught the glimpse of Elizabeth talking in low, earnest tones to young Dr. Morton and he noted the worried expression that took the place of the laugh of a few minutes ago.

"There's the music—let's go in," he said, and when he had watched Miriam dance away with someone else, he made his way toward Elizabeth.

"Why, yes, Mr. Pate, I would love to dance with you," and so they waltzed away to the tune of the dreamy "Blue Danube."

"Why the frown a moment ago, Miss Rodney? Nothing serious, I hope."

"Why, yes, Mr. Pate, it is very serious just now. You know there is an epidemic of diphtheria out at the mill and the people are having a dreadful time. It doesn't seem exactly right for us to be here frolicking, while there is so much suffering all around us."

"Suppose we go out where it is cooler and talk it all over," suggested Gordon, and so for the second time that evening he left the over-heated ball-room and sought the little nook on the veranda.

"Mr. Pate, you who have not known them can't un-

derstand what they are going through in the mill village. I was out there all the afternoon, and I'll tell you—it is criminal for our state to allow its people to be so ravaged by disease and not raise a hand to help. Why, the government has just appropriated twenty thousand dollars for the stamping out of hog cholera, and there are little children dying by the score and scarcely a dollar for their relief! Why can't our men see the importance of it? Why don't our lawyers use their gift of oratory to appeal to them? Because they do not know—they do not undertand—and they will not until one of their little ones has been taken—then they will repent!"

During this tirade, Elizabeth had become excited and flushed, and now that she had spoken her thoughts, she felt a keen sense of relief.

After a sleepless night, Gordon went, early in the morning, to the home of Elizabeth and thence to the mill village with her.

Just as they were turning into the upper street of the village, a lad, whom Gordon immediately recognized as one of the group who first aroused his interest in Miss Elizabeth, ran out in front of the car and waving his hands wildly, cried, "Miss 'Lizabeth, Miss 'Lizabeth, stop quick!" As the big car came to a standstill he jumped on the running board and explained in excited tones, "Mother said she knew you'd come. Nancy's dying and she wants you so bad—she's been crying and crying for you," and he rubbed a dirty sleeve across his little tear-stained face.

Gordon and Elizabeth followed the child into the old dingy house. There in the farthest corner on a cot lay the little Nancy.

When the baby, for she was hardly four, saw Elizabeth kneeling by her bed, she held out her little hands toward her and whispered in scarcely audible tones, "Miss 'Lizbeff comed—to—see——Nancy—she comed—she comed —kiss— —Nan— —" and the little voice ceased, and the fluttering eyelids closed forever.

For two weeks Elizabeth spent every day and many nights in the sick rooms of the little fevered patients, and in her efforts to make them comfortable and happy, she forgot herself entirely and so contracted the dread disease.

For four, long, anxious weeks she hovered between life and death, and when she had fought her way back almost from death itself, and was able to sit up and read a few minutes each day, the first article that caught her attention was one written by young Dr. Morton, treating of the work of the "young and eminent lawyer who is arousing the people all over the State to a greater interest in our mill sections. Mr. Pate is an ardent believer in woman suffrage."

A warm glow spread over her white features, and she uttered a little cry of joy as she read the last words of the article. "What a man he is!" she exclaimed.

Meanwhile Gordon Pate had done a great deal of thinking and working as the magazine article had shown. As he lounged in front of a big open fire in his own rooms and blew smoke rings into the air, on the very day on which Elizabeth had read of his work, he talked freely to his friend, Harry, who, having heard of Pate's arrival in the city after three weeks absence, dropped by for a few minutes' talk.

"Harry, old boy," said Pate, "'that girl is the most wonderful little woman in the world, why, man, she's not on the same level with Lucile or Ann or little frivolous Miriam. She is "the woman", and she's not going to remain much longer in ignorance of that very important fact, let me tell you! Have a cigar!"

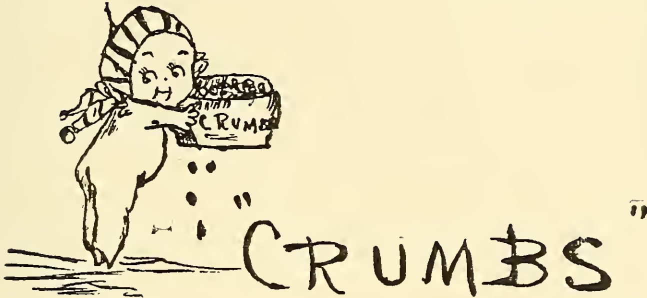
RUTH BROWNLEE, '18.

O, TALL LEAFLESS TREES.

O, tall leafless trees, standing bare in the face of Heaven,
Your branches opposing the wild angry winds,
Come with your dignity, majesty, poise,
And to me impart whence the force you exhibit;
For I am weak, tempest-tost,
And would know whence the strength that endures,
Without pity life's storms have lashed me.
Have crushed my spirit, alas!
And left me lifeless and broken.

O high, rugged rocks, jutting far out into the sea,
Your craggy sides washed by its wild, dashing waves,
Come with your strength, endurance and power,
And give me the secret and charm of your force;
For I am now weak and a-weary.
O, give me the strength that endures;
The billows of life have swept o'er me,
Have shattered my spirit, alas!
And have left me lifeless and broken.

MARIE NELSON, '18.



A COLLEGE ELOPEMENT.

IF you had happened to enter a room on the second floor of ——— College about ten o'clock one night, you would have been surprised to find a young lady dressed for the street and a very closely veiled, apparently waiting for someone. But such was the case.

At last a low whistle was heard outside the window. Slowly she raised it. Below, a man was standing, looking up at her. His cap was pulled far down over his eyes.

"Are you ready?," he asked softly.

"Yes, hurry up and get the ladder."

He left the window and soon returned with a long ladder, which he placed against the wall.

Slowly she descended. "I'm so glad to have you safe at last, away from that horrid Miss Smith. She certainly is a spiteful old cat. She watches you girls like a cat watches a mouse."

The girl said nothing and they hurried off the campus and got into a taxi which he had waiting. They were soon riding over the paved streets.

"Lift your veil, dear," said he, "so I can look into your blue eyes."

The girl only shook her head. She had not spoken, except to answer his question, and then only in monosyllables. For a while they rode on in silence. Soon the car stopped in front of the rectory. The rector came out

to meet them. After they had entered the parlor the girl lifted her veil. It was then that Jack Van Olt (for this was the boy's name) received one of the greatest surprises of his life, for, instead of his sweetheart Lucile De Vere, Miss Smith, the lady principal of the college stood before him.

"The next time you attempt to elope with a college girl, Mr. Van Olt, be sure you don't run off with a spiteful old cat, by mistake. And you had better caution Miss De Vere not to tell her secrets where I can hear her, said Miss Smith." And she hurried back to the taxi, ordered the driver to take her home quickly to look after those trying girls.

GERTRUDE JONES, '17.

LONGINGS.

High up in the pines,
  Three little doves
Lie, sheltered by mother's breast and love;
  Rocked by the breezes, in the tree's boughs,
Crooned to sleep while the wind howls,
  Or whispers its message of love.

High up in the pines,
  Like the three little doves,
Would that I could lie;
  While the breezes make love
To the stars or the low hanging moon—
  Or sing to the soft white clouds above.

L. K., '17.

EXAMS.

Exams are the most effective forms of slow torture that the combined faculties of all ages have been able to invent. They are prepared and kept in store until a dark

rainy week comes, then they are inflicted upon the helpless students.

They last for four or five days, being applied in doses of three hours, twice on each of these days. The torture is barbarous. Many of the long-suffering pupils cannot endure the prolonged agony, and are given "D's" as a mark of shame.

"D's" are applied in a round-about way, being secretly forwarded to our fond parents, who urge us to allow the faculty to dispose of its "D's" without our valuable assistance.

There is one remedy for the dreadful "D" disease. Go to your room, lock yourself in; then, deliver an oration against Exams. Do it. It cannot hurt anyone, and it will do you lots of good.

ANNIE BRADDY, '19.

A GENTLEMAN'S HONOR.

THE moonlight filtered through the window and threw long, ghostly, silver threads across a big white bed in which a very wide-awake little boy lay. This was extremely extraordinary,—not the moonlight, that was very common,—the fact that the little boy was awake, was the extraordinary thing. As a rule he went to sleep almost as soon as he nestled his wiry little body in the snowy softness of the big bed; but tonight—that was another matter. His body was tense, and his big blue eyes stared straight in front of him. Outside on the white coverlet his tough little hands clenched and unclenhced as his anger and feeling of injuredness swelled.

"So they had called him 'fraid-cat,' had they, and said he was a coward, just because he wouldn't fight Jimmy Hollins. Had said he was scared he would get beat."

Billy Parke became so excited and indignant over his wrongs that he could no longer silently think of them, but had to put his feelings in words.

"Said I was scared," he muttered between clinched teeth, putting a word of contempt on the word "scared." "And I was just itchin' to get one good swipe at that big stiff. Why I could lick him with one hand, and just because I promised mama to let him alone, they got to go and say I'm scared."

Tears slowly formed in the eyes of Billy Parke, and overflowed, unheeded, in thin streamlets, down his sunburned cheeks as he, in his vivid imagination could see his honor trailing in the dust of cowardice. These thoughts were too much for him, so he resolved right then to go to his mother and politely, but never-the-less firmly, insist that he be absolved from his promise, and firmly announce his intentions of beating up Jimmy Hollins and by so doing, again elevate himself in the esteem of "the fellows."

Again, the following night, the moonlight filtered through the window and threw long, ghostly, silver threads across a big white bed, in which a very wide-awake little boy lay. To all external appearances, it was a very different little boy from the one who had lain there the night before. A wide white bandage was so wrapped around his head that it completely covered his left eye, and his lips were blue and swollen. His "good right hand," which lay on the outside of the coverlet, was swathed in gauze and court-plaster. The odor of an antiseptic pervaded the air. Strange to say, his expression did not at all tally with his battered appearance. His bruised features were lighted up so as to fairly beam with joy and satisfaction, and why not? Had he not met Jimmy Hollins in fair and open battle? And, though he did not come from the fray unscathed, he had completely defeated the enemy and made him "holler 'nuff." Slowly his limbs relaxed and a dreamy expression came into his visible eye, and he went to sleep with the sweet music of, "Let up, Billy Park, I've had 'nuff," ringing in his ears.

ANN MURDAUGH, '20.

A PSALM OF COLLEGE LIFE.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

Exams are real! Exams are earnest!
  And the stars are not their goal,
C's thou wert, to C's returnest,
  Is the lesson that they hold.

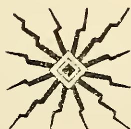
Trust no mark howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead past bury its dead,
Cram—Cram in the living present,
  Naught within, and all ahead.

Marks of A. B. and Ph. D., all remind us
  We can make our marks with chalk
And departing leave behind us,
  Foot-prints on the narrow walk.

Foot-prints that perhaps a Sophomore,
  Sailing o'er Anderson's main,
A truly disgusted sister
  Seeing shall lose heart again.

Freshies, all be up and doing,
  With a smile for any fate;
Still a-working, still "a-cramming."
  But for stars you'll learn to wait.

NORAH McALISTER, '17.



Editorial Department

Mary Riley
Editor in Chief
Gertrude Jones
Associate Editor

THE PASSING.

With a galaxy of great names is disappearing from the lists of the living! It seems indeed that the harvest is being reaped, and it is for the coming generation—now in college or likewise employed—to supply the lines for modern growth and development. Prominent men all over the world are leaving their deeds and accomplishments to speak for them. This means a calling for younger men into positions of initiative and responsibility. It will be hard, we think, to find those who will carry their banners as high and far as the men who have forged ahead, and really won for themselves some fame by their own unselfish effort and energy. Yet, who knows?

Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, Franz Joseph, the Austrian leader through years of misfortune, Kitchener of Khartum, the silent figure almost idolized by England, are among those of national office and international fame, now passed beyond. Colonel Cody, "Buffalo Bill," stood for a class of his own. Metchkinoff represented those who strive, for the good of mankind, to find means of prolonging the average life and of having it better while it does last. Philip Boileau and William Merritt Chase were artists of some real note and value. Munsterberg was being of great service to humanity in taking psychology from the book and technical laboratory and putting it into the home and shop. Salvini and Ada Rehan, whom, it was said, "Shakespeare foresaw," left us the unfading memories of their dramatic capabilities and success.

The application thus seems wide. As in no other field, however, it seems that America has suffered most in the loss of some of her best producers of literature. Alan

Seeger, a promising young poet, died fighting for France. Richard Harding Davis died as became a newspapre correspondent, with his ear at the telephone. His gift in the newspaper line was unusual and vigorous, he attributed his success here and in writing popular fiction to the following of three of his own rules. The first was to use similes that could be understood; second, to tell of an event as it impressed him when he first saw it, and third, to tell the thing that interested him most. Hamilton W. Mabie was known everywhere for being the great compiler and editor that he was. Jack London left faithful and striking portrayals of life of the Alaskan type. Henry James, we claim as our own, although he lived in England and there received of the king an Order of Merit. His psychological and analytical stories and novels have not yet been accorded their fullest share of popular enjoyment and approval; his fame will continue to rise. Strange as it may seem, it is true that William Sydney Porter, "known as "O. Henry, the greatest short story writer of his generation," was imprisoned for over three years on the charge of embezzlement. It was in prison that he began his career as a writer, and while there he jotted down material enough to furnish good plots for later stories. Few men could have, as he did, transformed so serious an obstacle into such a highway to renown.

Of all the poets, perhaps we miss most James Whitcomb Riley. The underlying truths as well as the simple charm of his thoughts, and sweetness of expression, catch and hold our love and deepest affection. He was considered the greatest living American poet.

The Orion wishes editorially to acknowledge the receipt of an exchange from Candler College of Habana, Cuba. The name of the magazine is "The Heredia," evidently so-called in honor of some prominent official connected with the college. It is unusual that so young a magazine as The Orion, only "two issues old," should have its

name travel so far. As yet we do not know whom we have to thank for it; however that may be, we certainly appreciate being known so far away from home.

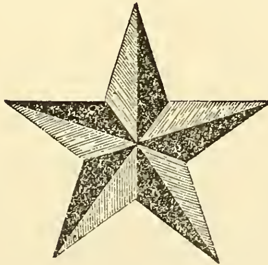
We frequently think of college as being a place where we are prepared for life. When we come down to the real truth of the matter, however, we find that here we do not prepare—we *live*. It is only by living that we can learn to live. Every habit formed now has a special significance for life in the outside world. In college, as nowhere else, situations and problems arise that call for responsibility, cooperation, expenditure of energy and practice of reasoning powers. It is really a sort of world in itself, being only more concentrated, and thereby demanding more strictly the ability to live with, by, and for our fellowmen.

February is the bleakest of months, but it is glorified and honored in having within its short twenty-eight days two dates of intensive meaning to Americans.

We pray that Lincoln's kindly spirit may hover over our country, and that just the thought of his clearness of insight and uprightness of character may guide us aright through the mazes of national and individual life.

On the twenty-second, our thoughts naturally, rightfully turn to the "Father of the Country" to whom we owe so much, not only politically and socially, but also educationally. Washington looked toward education as the proper means of making good citizens, and advocated its rulings to be thought and acted upon by the Legislature. He foresaw the need for and existence of many educational institutions from which we now derive untold benefit. He also stood for the founding of a national university. This is an idea which should be provocative of clear consideration and judgment. Would it be too large an undertaking? Is the national life too varied and changing? Do we really need such a centralizing agency? These are questions

whose solution might prove the great man's prophetic power, and might reveal to us a course of action by which we could experience a truer general and international unity.



Religious Department

Janet Bolt
Myrtle Workman
Editors

Interest in the religious life of the college has increased to a great extent. More girls have become interested in both Y. W. C. A. and Y. W. A., and in becoming interested in these two organizations, they have become more enthusiastic over our morning watch. Our aim, however, is *to have every girl in Anderson College a regular attendant at Morning Watch.*

One of our most interesting meetings of the Y. W. C. A. was held February the second. The following program was prepared by Miss Annie Braddy.

Subject—"Opportunity."

Hymn—"Stand up, Stand up for Jesus."

Prayer.

Talk—"Real Opportunities," Miss Lura King.

Talk—"What We Do with Our Opportunities," Miss Nettie Richardson.

Vocal Solo—Miss Goode Burton.

Opportunities at College along four lines. "Y. W. C. A."—Miss Mary Bowie.

"Athletics"—Miss Ann Murdaugh.

"Literary Societies"—Miss Ruth Brownlee.

"Y. W. C. A."—Miss Mabel Jones.

Hymn—"Come, Thou Almighty King."

Prayer.

Anderson College was represented at the "Student Volunteer Convention," which met in Louisville, Ky., January the thirty-first, through February the fourth, by Miss Catherine Sullivan and Miss Marie Nelson. A special meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Thursday evening, February the eighth, at which, interesting and very encouraging reports were given by our delegates.

MYRTLE WORKMAN.

INVESTING A LIFE.

(Talk given by Dr. J. F. Vickart at the Baptist Student Missionary Movement, held in Louisville, Ky., from Jan. 31st through Feb. 4th.)

Each of us has a life to invest, the investment and capital of which are to be considered. Each has his own individual capital. This individuality makes men capable of doing something that no one else can do, of contributing something to this world that no one else can add. Therefore, if one fails in doing his share in the world work, there is something left undone, there is not complete fulfillment.

God has so equipped and endowed every man, that through every life some divine and noble purpose runs.

Observe the youngster trying to pick out a tune at the piano, or the youth in his make-believe pulpit delivering a sermon. These are manifestations of their capital which is to develop in later life. The purpose of a college is to develop the capital of its students, which is later to be taken and invested.

But ere a capital is worthy of investing, there must be something added to it which will increase and enrich it beyond expression. There must be added the Grace of God, so that each individual may echo the words of the Apostle Paul, who had inherited a noble name, and large fortunes, but who attributed nothing to these possessions and said, "By the Grace of God, I am in part what I am."

Then there are three significant points:

1. Let a man know his capital.

2. Let a man invest his capital.

3. Let him know that there is something that can raise him to the highest pinnacle.

And when these things are done, the individual is ready for the largest and noblest investment. "As the Father sent me, even so I send you." The carrying on of the life and ministry of Jesus Christ is the Supreme In-

vestment. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

The returns of this investment are always good done and service rendered, never selfish gain.

We cannot hold anything back, else the investment be rebuked. The investment must be made without reserve. "Ye cannot be my disciple" were the words spoken to those who would give themselves to other interests as well.

Beggars of the great European countries have heard the cry of their King, and the challenge of other countries, and have donned their armor and marched into the fray to fight for their King, so may we, of this world, hear the greater and far more urgent call of our King. Accept the challenge of the Un-Christianized world and march bravely into the fray to win these countries for Jesus Christ.

The men and women who have yielded to this call of God are the noblest and best, but who will be their followers?

No earnest man can but regret that he has only one life to give to the great cause of service for his King. May we hear the great call, accept the great challenge, and answer it with our lives.

M. NELSON, '18.

Social Department

Sarah Sanders
Editor

BETWEEN BELLS.

The Clemson College Glee Club gave a delightful concert on Saturday evening, January the twentieth. The program was a very attractive one, and the large audience which had assembled in the college auditorium, enjoyed the excellently rendered numbers.

The College girls enjoyed a very interesting moving picture show, "Oliver Twist," on Monday afternoon, January the twenty-second, at the Bijou Theatre. The invitation which was extended to the student body and faculty by Mr. Tindal was appreciated very much.

The Sans Souci German Club gave a "German" on Saturday evening, January the twenty-seventh in the

gymnasium hall. The grand march was led by (Mr.) Jules Ledbetter and Miss Ruth Brownlee. The cards, which were simple, but very attractive, were then filled out, and during the intermission a delectable salad course was served. Everyone enjoyed the occasion very much, and all too soon the ten o'clock bell rang for the girls to go to their rooms.

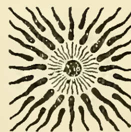
A large audience assembled in the college auditorium on Monday evening, January the twenty-ninth, to enjoy the recital given by the "DeVeney Quintette." The program was pleasurable and well carried out.

Misses Martha Owings and Lucy McPhail entertained the "Sigma Phi's" on Saturday evening, February the third. A course supper was served, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry entertained Misses Poole, Mason, Sullivan, Brewer, Louise Ligon, Rydont, Kathryn Stelling, and Marguerite and Louise Henry, at a delightful dinner on January the fourteenth.

The Domestic Science Department served a dinner to the music faculty of Anderson College on January the seventeenth.

The student body and faculty were invited on Friday, February the ninth, to the Anderson Theatre to see the moving picture, "Fifty-fifty."



Annie Bell—"Did you know that the Seniors were thinking of attending the inauguration March 4th?"

Miss Stripling—"Where is it to be?"

Prof. Miller (to Psychology class)—"What is faculty psychology?"

Bright Student—"It is a psychology written by members of the faculty."

Mary—"Ruth, we have to look up Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus and Arestophanes for the next English lesson!"

Ruth Brownlee—"Gee—ee! Where's the dictionary?"

Lucile Devlin was trying Meyta Jackson's fortune with apple seed. It came out on the letter "L". Senior Turner standing nearby (who evidently couldn't spell), exclaimed quickly, "Frank! Frank!"

Do these expression sound familiar?

"Now, psychologically speaking————"

"Girls! Girls!—not so much noise!"

"I had rather see you girls buried beneath the sods —s—s—s——— than —————"

Kahtleen Burris (entering German class)—Mr. Von Hasseln, "I've lost my German book, and didn't get to write the sentences———"

Mr. Von H—"Very fine! very fine!"

> "If you were busy being glad
> And cheering people who are sad;
> Although your heart might ache a bit,
> You'd soon forget to notice it.
>
> If you were busy being kind,
> Before you knew it, you would find
> You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
> That someone was unkind to you."
>
> —Selected.

Rosada (studying for a Bible quiz)—"Tell of the building of the Tower of Babel?"

Mary—"Well—er—they wanted a 'Hightower,' so—"

Annie Anderson was reading aloud, and came across the word "guinea pig". She stopped, wondering why the girls were laughing, and found out that she had read it, "guano pig."

The way it is expressed, according to Virginia Watkins:—"Miss Cody can ask the *out-doingist* questions!"

Wilma (in spirit revival meeting)—"We will now sing our Alma Mater!"

Flossy (taking up hymn book)—"What number is it?"

Mary Dale—"We didn't have Morning Watch services where I was last year, we had Twilight Prayers."

Marie N—"When? At night?"

"A social person is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, uses it to bother someone who is busy."

Local Department

Julia Ledbetter
Editor

Misses Floride Pruitt and Birdie McClendon, have returned to the same old round of daily duties, after having a vacation of measles in the Anderson County Hospital.

Misses Norma Meyers and Sarah Sanders attended the Senior Dance at Clemson, January 26th.

Misses Lois Cody, Marguerite Brewer, Marguerite Henry, Catherine Sullivan, Louise Henry and Lou Nelle McGee, were guests at a very attractive Valentine dinner party given by Mr. Eugene Milford, February 10th.

Dr. White recently spent two weeks in Spartanburg, conducting a revival meeting in the First Baptist Church.

Misses Marie Nelson and Julia Ledbetter, attended the Thalian Valentine Dance at Clemson, February 16th.

Misses Catherine Sullivan and Marie Nelson, have returned from Louisville, Ky., having attended the Baptist Student Missionary Convention there.

Miss Janet Bolt spent a recent week-end at her home in Easley. Miss Frances Camp returned with her to take up her abode as a student at Anderson College.

Miss Mary Aiken, of Abbeville, S. C., has returned as a student for the rest of the year, and is living in the Model Home with the rest of the Domestic Science girls.

Mr. McCall of Clemson, was a dinner guest of Mrs. Scearce, February 12th.

Miss Virginia Barksdale of G. W. C. was a week-end guest of Miss Martha Owings recently.

The Estherian and Lanier Societies are very busy these days practicing for the entertainments which are to be given shortly. The Laniers are going to have an old time "Nigger Minstrel," and the Estherian a Divorce Case, "Jones vs. Jones."

Exchange Department

Myra Anderson
Editor

The Criterion, from Columbia College, came to us well-laden with stories of unusual originality of plot. "A Christmas at Glenwood," told in the simple language of the hired man, shows how a delightful change was brought about in "The Old Man" by the return of his long-lost son. Although the story "A Daughter Worth Having," is short, it contains a beautiful thought of how a frivolous and pleasure-loving girl is suddenly turned into a true and unselfish woman by her father's troubles in business. "The Way of Genius" is indeed original, and appeals strongly to the sense of humor. It contains a well-thought out plot and during the whole of it keeps our sympathies with "the poor inventor," whose lost invention, although a failure in the material sense of the word, taught him a long-to-be-remembered lesson.

The Carolinian has the credit for the longest essay, the one on Stonewall Jackson. Although it gives a beautiful picture of the character of Jackson, it occupies too much space by giving more dry historical facts than are needed for a college magazine. The Carolinian needs more lively stories to balance the Literary Department. The poems are well written, the best one being "An Old Man's Story," which is a monologue.

The Acorn, from Meredith, is brimful of stories. "Little Deeds of Kindness" is not a story such as one would expect from the title, but a little diversion is relished now and then. Where are your poems?

We acknowledge with thanks the following magazines: "The Carolinian," "The Criterion," "Bessie Tift Journal," "The Isaqueena," "The Furman Echo," "The Newberry Stylus," "The Erothesian," "The Acorn," and "Heredia," from Candler College, Habana.

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TO OUR FRIENDS:

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

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

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