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THE ORION



MAY, 1917

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WOMAN'S PART.

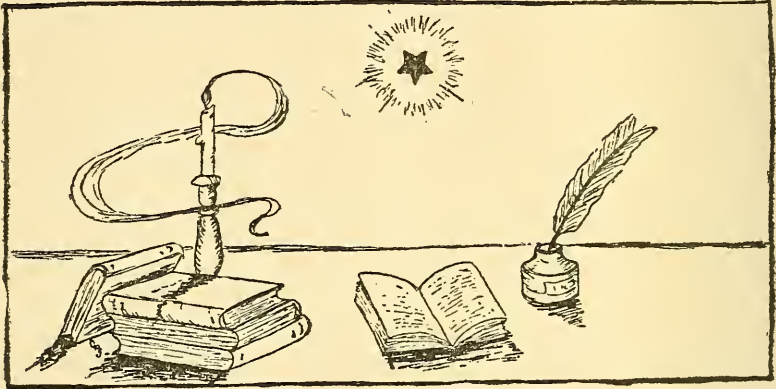
There's a clear call to the woman
Just as there is to the man
In this great world war that's raging fierce today.
To heal the bleeding wounded,
Or stay home and work the land
"With a heart for every fate" as one would say.

Shall we be less strong my sisters?
Less courageous in the fray?
Shall we hesitate and shudder and turn pale?
No! we'll urge them on to victory—
Fighting with them every day,
And they know we'll do our share 'till life doth fail.

RUTH BROWNLEE, '18.

Literary Department

Lura King
Emly Sullivan
Editors



MOTTO: AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

THE OCEAN CALL.

OUR crew was stationed for the time on the island of St. Francis, a lonely God-forsaken place it was. *The Helena* would probably lie over some time, awaiting further orders. New recruits of midshipmen to our number added at least a little variety and new characters to our monotonous life, but we soon became accustomed to these, and being human, the interest and newness of their characters soon wore off, or dwindled into mediocrity. Of the twenty-one new midshipmen who came to us, twenty of them were just like us, nothing unusual about them at all. It was the twenty-first who was different. I singled him out as such when they reported to first inspection. His appearance for one thing, and, well he was just different altogether. His lofty white brow, his dark

bright eyes with such a meditative expression, his youthful countenance, one that gave promise of wide extent of learning and lofty ideals, all were different. You would never have taken him for a man of the sea, and I doubted if he had ever been on the sea before.

His character had its effect on the boys, too. I wondered if it would, and at noon that day (I was on duty as quarter master sergeant then) I heard this twenty-first member discussed *pro* and *con*. I found that I was not alone in my thoughts. They said he was not of the navy style, his high brow, his scholarly air, and most of all, his non-use of Biblical phrases (which is common with most sailors), all went against him. So they summed him up as I had, until they said he would not make good, and there we disagreed, for I believed he would. They set him down as a high-brow, as an up-start, but I pitied them in their poor judgment of human character.

From the first I had liked the boy, a boy I call him, for he seemed so boyish, so youthful, so innocent. Before long, a deep friendship had developed. At recreation time we took long tramps together over the hills and meadows of the island. The place which had before seemed desolate, was soon transformed into a sort of celestial garden of nature. It was Pedro (that was what we called him) that brought the revelation to me. He was a deep and close communist with nature. Every flower seemed to him a human soul, a link between God and man. Sometimes his thoughts about God and humanity were so far away from me, so vague that I couldn't understand him. But although he was a little too deep for me, I appreciated, valued his friendship none the less. As I think of it now, his friendship was like the perfume of some flower, a flower that is so sweet, though vague, as if it were veiled so that we cannot tell where it is and from whence the fragrance comes, and then about the time we from its perfume have almost distinguished what it is, the perfume seems to diffuse into varied other sensations.

In those tramps together, he never talked much. His nature was not of that kind. His thoughts seemed to speak, to fill the vacancy. It was only the noisy breakers when they came roaring and clashing against the shore that would wake him from his revery. How often have I heard him as he looked out at the turbulent waters, quote lines beginning:

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.”

I do not remember the rest, but I knew that he loved the ocean. We were rivals there, for from earliest childhood the love for the sea has been a passion with me. My parents were drowned at sea, and sometimes I think it was a grim fate that saved me from the disastrous storm that took from me both my parents and little brother. It seems that I should almost hate the sea, hate it as some dreadful monster which has devoured all the dearest that life gave me, but I do not. I love it for its masterfulness, its unbridledness, its very uncontrollableness. I spent many hours of my childhood on the shore near my foster father's home, building, not castles in the air, but ships on the sea. In my rosy dreams I saw my great ship come into the harbor. The sea became my companion, my playmate, my joy and life.

I suppose it was this mutual love for the sea that linked our lives together in a sort of brotherhood, but beyond this, I was unable to understand, to know Pedro. When I had begun to think I knew him, I found myself farther from him. He never referred to his past life; I never asked about it. The boys had doubted; what, they did not know. I was willing to accept him as he was, and then I knew he was far too noble and great to be a companion for a seaman. How they could doubt anything about him, I did not understand; his brow suggested divinity to me. But since the beginning, men have been given to doubting.

About the middle of the month we sailed. We eagerly



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Literary Editor



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Ass't. Editor



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Social Editor



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Religious Editor



MYRTLE WORKMAN
Ass't. Editor

assumed duties again. For days I did not see Pedro, his new place was taking all his time, but it did me good to know that he was fulfilling my highest hopes of him. It delighted my very soul, not only because of my wager among the boys, but because, well, because of my love for the boy.

On the deck one day, we met. Pedro looked very pale and sad.

"My boy," I said, with a slap on the shoulder, "you're working too hard."

In answer, he only smiled, and the smile died away on his lips with a nervous quiver. I saw he was really ill.

"Do you believe in dreams, Mr. Vaughn?"

"In dreams!" I laughed, but the very seriousness soon settled me. There is some mystery and psychical relation between life and dreams that I have never understood. He had dreamed of the death of a dear friend the night before, and it worried him.

I had hoped that he would be more specific about his dreams, but he was not. I gathered no more from his life. It was as fathomless as the ocean upon which we sailed.

After this, I caught only glimpses of Pedro, and then for weeks I did not see him at all; I supposed that he was busy. One day he sent for me to come to his cabin. I found him ill and delirious. He told me he had been so ever since the night of his dream. The doctor told me it was fever, a very unusual and strange case.

I was hopeful until one morning I found Pedro feverish, and talking wildly. The doctor said the crisis was near. A change came for the worse the next day; we knew Pedro's days were numbered. Sitting by his bedside one day, I told him of his condition. He only smiled faintly, and sighed. The window was open and the fresh sea breeze floated in. I thought the breeze rather strong, and suggested closing the window, but he begged me not to, and

he listened to the ruffling waves as the music lover listens to the strains of beautiful notes, but he was so weak that he closed his eyes, and his face looked as if he were dreaming some fair elusive dream of a celestial land with meadows of bright flowers and singing birds; with brooklets of clear water, hurrying laughingly toward the sea, and the great sea responding to the mingled songs of the brooks with mighty undertone from the distant breakers coming in. He looked so happy, yet so much like death, that I felt the end was near. He feebly inhaled the soft air, with a sort of delirious intoxication, as if drinking draughts of precious wine.

There is something so sad about death, so mysterious. I had never before had any association with it, and I dreaded and avoided thoughts of it. But with Pedro it was different. He seemed a link between the mortal and the immortal, the earthly and the Heavenly. He had nothing to fear, nothing to lose in death. It would not be death for him, but complete life, a realization of earthly dreams. But being myself a Catholic, I thought of a priest for the death-bed at the passing hour of this noble soul.

"Pedro," I asked softly, "Of what faith are you?"

Catholic, he told me, and I was distressed, for the chaplain of the ship was not a priest. I told him, but the fact did not seem to worry him. He said that it was all right, all was well with his soul, and the great sea breezes would blow away his sins, and the mighty waters would cleanse his soul, that was the only absolution he needed. I thought him delirious, talking so strangely.

"Are you happy, Pedro?" I asked.

The answer came without hesitation, "Never happier in my life. To think that I am going to be buried in the ocean, fulfilling the last wish of my life!"

"Pedro," I asked, "Is there anyone to whom you wish to leave a message?"

The smile died away on his lips. "No, well—yes;



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CATHERINE SULLIVAN
Alumnae Editor

there is one, Mr. John Dukes, of Boston. Write him of my death. That is all."

"All? Pedro, you have no people?"

He only shook his head sadly, and I bit my lip to suppress the tears in my eyes. He too, had known the loneliness of a life similar to mine. He had never known the fond caresses of a mother, the advice of a father. I took his hand in mine and held it. For a moment he looked as if he were going to say something, something that was a burden on his mind, but the first word died away before it formed on his lips.

Again he turned to me and from the feverish uncertain words I put together this story: Pedro's parents also had been drowned at sea. His foster father, Mr. Dukes, a wealthy man of Boston, was a devout Catholic. It had been his one ambition to educate this adopted son to become a priest. For that end, Pedro was educated, but ever since a mere child he had had an intense longing and desire for the sea. It had not only been a love with him, but a passion. To go to sea was the dominating desire of his life. In the last year at the university, within a month of taking his priestly vows and separating himself from everything except the sins and absolutions of men's tarnished souls, he felt more and more the call of the sea, and realized his unfitness for a being a priest. He wanted to live, to grow, to love—a priestly life would exclude all these. He wanted the open air, the fields, the flowers, all these and most of all, the sea. He wanted to sail upon it, to hear the great waves roar over the deep. This was the supreme ambition of his life, but his father insisted that he become a priest. Pedro's desire soon reached a climax, his wish assumed action. He left the university and his priestly intentions behind, and came to sea. And now the end of his sea-faring life had come, and although brief, it was the happiest time of his life. The great ocean had filled the longings of his childhood days, bringing to him joy, peace and comfort.

When he finished this sad story, he took a small gold bracelet from his neck. It was of an antique design, and in the centre a cross stood out. He pressed it into my hand and told me to keep it. It was the only remembrance of his mother he had.

And now he closed his eyes. The end was quiet, tranquil and peaceful; there was a lull on the waters, the great breakers subsided and the winds quieted, and the dark clouds of night changed into the rosy tints of dawn. It was a glorious dawn, one of the rare kind that comes after the tempest, with soft grey, and gold and rose. We buried Pedro in the waters of the deep, and the waves of the ocean seemed to join together into a sort of harmonious melody, sounding like the strains of music from some far-away land—not a violin, not a flute, nor a harp, but a sort of unison of all musical instruments, vague and elusive, yet satisfying and soothing to the soul.

After it was all over and the loneliness and realization of the separation first came to me, I wandered off on deck, not being on duty. The length of the solitary hours was more than I could stand. I walked to and fro in a fitful fever. I went to my room, sat down to write to Mr. Dukes, but my restlessness was so great that I left off to finish it some other time. The entire day was spent in trying to do something to get it off my mind, but nightfall found me with my purpose unaccomplished. On deck that night, alone in the bright moonlight and pleasant summer breezes, I thought over our friendship, recalling every day of it. The future of life is always misty with a veil of uncertainty. The present has not perspective nor background enough for an artistic picture; it is the past that glows and glimmers in the imagination, the little sharp corners, or the unpleasanties are worn off by time, and memory hoards the pleasant part, giving soft and tender touches to the picture.

In my mind's eye, undisturbed, I recalled it all to the very end, and then I looked at the little gold locket, and

for the first time, I opened it. Until then I had not known there was a picture in it. But the face that I looked at was so familiar, so well-known to me, that I thought for once I was dreaming or else I was mad. I held the miniature closer, and I was sure—and when I saw on the other side of the locket the engraved words, “To Marie from William,” I knew it was the one and the same person as the small hand-painted ivory picture in my trunk—the only one that I had ever had to remind me of the dearest thing life gave me—my mother.

I stood there I do not know how long. Oh! that Pedro might be there with me, that he might know, and that together we might have once looked at the picture of our mother. And in my sorrow I stretched out my arms for the little brother that I had known only in death. Why should he have been taken from me? I did not understand.

In answer, the soft winds of the ocean blew back a tender and beautiful symphony, far more beautiful than I had ever heard, and a gust of playful wind filled my outstretched arms.

MARGARET BYRUM, '17.

DAT CIRCUS.

“LAW’ bless my soul, if dar hain’t Mis’ Hatty. I sho’ is glad ter see ye’ Mis’ Hatty. Seems ter me lack I hain’t seed ye’ in uh coon’s age. Guess it’s caze I’ze been so unpashent ter git ter tell ye’ ’bout dat circus.”

“Yessum, Mis’ Hanna, Laud knows I’ze been tryin’ ter git ober here fur de longes’ kind o’ time, but I jist ain’t got here. Dat’s all de why I knows, ’caze I hain’t come. Now, jist ’ceed Mis’ Hanna an’ tell me all ’bout dat circus, ’caze I’ze allers ’tensely in’ersted in sich eberlastin’ splendacious occashuns.”

“Wal, ter ’gin wid, Mis’ Hatty, I neber is witnessid such uh—wel, I mought say, sich a ‘meetin’ ob de ani-

mules' in all my bawn days. I specs ye's jist a ichin' ter know how we'uns got dar an' all de particklers ov it too, ain't ye, Mis' Hatty?"

"Yes, I is, Mis' Hanna—tell um."

"Wal, we got eberthing fixed de night afore, an' all dar wuz ter do in de mornin' wuz ter rouze up all de younguns—jist eight ov um—an' hitch up ter de wagon an' go. But bles' my soul, Mis' Hatty, w'en I got in bed dar warn't no sleep in me. Ole Jacob, dot's my husban', jist slep' lack er log; an' de littul younguns jist snorin' on eber side, an' I wuz just wishin' ez how I cud sleep, but no—dar warn't no sleep in me. By'n by it comed 'bout half ater 'leben o'clock an' we dun ben in bed since seben o'clock, an' I 'gin ter git inveous ov all de res' ob 'um—'n I sez, 'Jacob, git up, hain't it bout time we 'uz gittin' ready ter go?' Old Jacob jist slep' rite on an' played lack 'he ain't heered me. At twelve, I got up an' give him a punch an' sez, 'Jacob, git up frum dar if ye's gwine ter de circus wid me.' At dat, old Jacob hopped out dat bed an' begin ter call de younguns one at uh time, 'an he fin'ly got um all up. Jist think, dar I wuz, ain't slept narey wink. Don' know wot wuz de matter, less'n twuz dat I'ze tryin' ter be at de circus fore eber I got dar.

"Wal, by half ater twelve we got started. It wuz twenty-free miles we had ter ride 'fore eber we got dar, so ye knows us had ter git uh early start. We jist rode an' rode, an' it seem lak we neber wud lan' at de distina-shun—oh, Mis' Hatty, I mean at de circus, ye know.

"Fin'ly we got dar at six o'clock, but bles' goodness, Whar's de circus?" I sez ter Jacob, an' Jacob sez, 'Now Hannah, ye'll jist haf ter 'hol' yer pashunce 'til I hitch dese mules an' see whar it 'tiz sho' nuf.' Den he hitched, an' he tuck Peter, James, John an' Andrew wif him ter larn de wher'bouts ov de circus, an' lef de four littul uns wif me. An' 'cose I hain't gwine ter stay 'roun dar an' not see nothin,' so I takes de chillun wif me, an' we goes in de city ter—wal, de fust ting dat we dun wuz ter buy

us some fish an' red lemonade. I jist tell yer de truf Mis' Hatty, dat red lemonade wuz de bes' drink I eber drunk. It taste so—so circused.

"By de time we'ud dun dis, an' walked on a littul piece, I seed Jacob a comin', an' de fust ting he sez, wuz, 'Hannah, I los' Andrew.' Wal, dat had such a curius sensashun ober me dat I nearly wushed suddenly I ain't come. Den I brightened up an' sed, 'Wal, Jacob, ef we don't fin' 'im, we got seben more lef.'

"It wuz time fer de parade. It wuz comin', 'caze I heerd it. De closer it got, de better I heerd it, an' direc'ly I seed it. 'Lawsy me,' sez I, 'I dun fergot all my troubles in a time lack dis.' Watch out dar, Peter, ef dat ellefant wuz ter step on ye, he'd smash ye inter dumplins,' sez I ter Peter who wuz 'bout as 'thused ez me. We seed all kinds er animules an' people 'til we felt right cross-eyed. Presen'ly here comed some kind o' organ dat finished up de parade—an' who do ye reckon I seed rite at de back ov dat? Andrew—our boy, Andrew. I neber wuz so glad ter see a youngun in my life ez I wuz him, eben if I wuz all cross-eyed, an' balled up, 'n 'thused. So, instead uv him jinin' us, us jined him an' follered dat parade on down ter de sho' ground.

"W'en we got dar, Jacob buyed us sum tickets an' we went in an' seed de bes' sho' we eber seed in all our born days, in fac, de only one we eber seed. Dem clowns made me laf' 'til my sides aked. Some men 'ud git on horses an' 'ud jist make 'um fly mos.' Den, some white wimmin ud git out der an' skin cats, an' do all kines o' things. We jist looked an' looked an' lookeu 'til we got cross-eyeder dan eber, but it wuz time ter go, so me an' Jacob 'gin ter git de younguns togeder ter start. We bought us some more o' dat red lemonade, an' den we went to'ds de wagon.

"By de time we got hitch up an' started, I jist den think I ain't slep none since night afore las', so I gits in de bottom uh dat wagon an' snoozed *some*. I drempt I

'longed to de circus, but wen we comed ter a big bump in de road an' wake me up, I wuz rite glad it wuz me instead uv a circus person. An' dat's 'bout all dar is ter tell, Mis' Hatty."

"How interestin,' Miss Hanna," sez Miss Hatty, and picks up her bonnet to go.

LESSIE MOORE.

SUMMER.

In the meadow on beds of green
 Daisies and buttercups may be seen,
 With pretty faces upturned to the sky,
 Their cups filled with honey for bee and butterfly.

While at the foot of the sloping hill
 Where it is shady, quiet and still,
 A little brook goes cheerily along,
 Singing a low and sleepy song.

In the field 'neath the sun's hot glow,
 The farmer ploughs row after row,
 Whistling loud an old-time song,
 As he and his team plod slowly along.

The old crow caws-caws sad and forlorn,
 As he lazily looks around for corn.
 A sleepy feeling pervades the air,
 That tells us that June-time is almost here.

FLORIDE PRUITT, '18.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE East and the West, the Orient and the Occident, have never been closely united by bonds of sympathy and understanding; there are so many differences to be overcome and forgotten. But Rabindranath Tagore is one who has carried us far in realization of the

desired friendship and understanding. The East has long been misunderstood and misrepresented by our Western people, but the day has come, when through the influence of such men as Tagore, the West is coming to really appreciate the East.

Rabindranath Tagore, the modern Indian mystic, comes from the royal family of India. In his family we find men famous in every phase of life—editors, musicians, artists, philanthropists, social reformers. But for all their greatness, his is a family of plain living and high thinking.

Like many of our poets, Tagore, as a boy, found school life very irksome; his teachers thought him stupid. But later, much to their surprise he carried the honors of the class. Even as early as five or six years of age, he was writing rhymes; his father found him deeply interested in poetry. At this early age, he was impressed with the sublimity, grandeur, mystery and wonders of the great world about him.

He was allowed to roam at will in the great Himalayas; there he felt everywhere in nature, something mystical; birds, animals and flowers were but different expressions of the same universal being.

In his boyhood, he was punished by being locked in a room; and he tells us how, at that time, there was born in him a love and aspiration for freedom, as he would gaze out of the window at lovely nature, and long to be out with the trees, birds and flowers.

At an early age, he found mere pleasures artificial, lacking food for the soul, and he gave himself up to the study of the great problems of life and death. His brothers, disgusted with his giving up school, sent him to London to study law; but he loved India far too well to stay away from her mountains and trees. Later, he returned to London, and while there this second time, he decided upon poetry as a profession.

At the age of twenty, a change came over him, and he

gave up his mystic life—became a good liver, an epicure and a dresser. For a period he yielded his life to wildness, love and romance filled his life; he became a realist and a worshipper of the sensuous in nature and in life. In his works of this period, we find mostly love poems, impassioned, yet with great delicacy, beauty and refinement.

In his "Self-Reliance" we have a beautiful expression of the necessity of self-reliance, and of quenchless aspiration. "We have only ourselves, our true selves, to depend upon after all," he asserts.

Then one morning, as he watched the sunrise, he instantly saw the world, sky and humanity, in a new and glorious light. With this came the realization that all that had seemed trivial and useless in the past was important, as part of one great whole; the smallest, most insignificant thing became a part of this great universal life. This ecstasy of experience lasted for a period of ten days; as it calmed down, he still retained this new point of view. At this time, his writings became deeper, more spiritual, and his one theme became, Love of Soul for the Infinite, of the Individual for the Universal. He treats, in a symbolical manner, the hunger of the soul for the eternal, for the infinite; a being is universal, not apart from, but one with the whole.

In a poem written during this period, we find these words:

"Something inexpressible has happened,
I feel the call of the great ocean of life.

The true rays of the sun have entered my heart today." And this "inexpressible something" made of him the great mystic that he is.

Mysticism, in the past, had meant to the people of India the eschewing of pleasures for monasteries, convents, hermit life. But Tagore gave a new interpretation; mysticism does not consist in closing the door of the senses to all that is joy giving, but to him, it means realization, rather than renunciation.

He loves this world and life with a passionate, burning love, and his poems have a deep, devotional note.

His next great experience came when he took up the superintendency of his father's estate. He was left alone with nature much of the time, yet he was a busy man. He worked for the uplift of the poorer class, and did much good along that line; he continued to write poetry, writing a great deal of music besides.

Indian poetry is essentially national, never really individualistic. We see this in Tagore's poetry. He wants to preserve the integrity of India—to preserve her art, her music, her literature—the expressions of her real life. He is the leading part of India's national self; his national songs are sung everywhere—by the boatman on the river; by the flower girls in the streets. He cries out, "Into that Heaven of freedom, my God, let my country wake."

From 1903-1907, Tagore worked for the political up-build and integrity of his country—using his pen, through poetry, as his power.

About 1907, he began working out his philosophy of life. He holds that each nation should preserve its own integrity, its art, literature, etc., and at the same time, should recognize itself as a part in a vast unity—a link in the life universal, all in tune with the infinite.

At a banquet in London, he said, "I have learned that though our tongues and our habits are different, our hearts are one. Oh, East is East, and West is West, but the twain must meet in unity and mutual understanding."

Feeling that the government schools of India were making machines, not men, of the youth of the country, he founded a school. So successful is this school, so attractive are the studies, such an atmosphere of love pervades the school, that when vacation comes, the students are loath to go home. The aim is to make life *real*, to lead out what is in a boy or girl, especially to develop the spiritual life.

The modern mystics convince us that our deepest in-

sight into truth comes from intuitive insight, rather than from records and logic. Such men as Tagore, Maeterlinck, Walt Whitman, and Edward Carpenter, may, through their writings and actual experience, work a basis of reformation of religion, founded, not on dogmas and creeds, but in terms of life. The present tragic war is helping to prepare the minds of the people for the message of these four great mystic philosophers—the message of unity and universality.

—From notes on the lecture by Dr. Hermann Randall.

AND IT HAPPENED IN THE MULBERRY TREE.

TIME: Summer in Linden. PLACE: In the Mulberry Tree.

CHARACTERS: Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird and the little Bluebirds. Tom, the yellow cat, who isn't important. Miss Patience Hope, the owner of Tom. Richard King, the mean old thing that keeps Miss Patience waiting.

Story:

IT was mulberry time in Linden, and especially mulberry time in Miss Patience's front yard. There was a veritable orchard of mulberry trees growing around her front yard, right up close to the old stone steps they grew, and waved their thick branches in the windows. The mulberries always ripened soon after the coming of spring. Miss Patience Hope was always happy when mulberry time came, very happy, and yet with all of the coming of spring's beauty, something else came into her heart—bitterness.

I am sure we should never have found bitterness in the thing Miss Patience found it in, but—then, we are not Miss Patience. Ever since she could remember, it seemed, the coming of the mulberries meant also the coming of the Bluebirds, and that's where the bitter part came in. Miss

Patience did not love the Bluebirds. I am certain if the dear little Bluebirds had known how Miss Patience felt toward them, they would never have made their nest in her largest mulberry tree. But happy, unconscious little Bluebirds! they didn't know that Miss Patience didn't love them. They did not look for anything besides love, and that's all they found. God loved them, they felt that; and the wind loved them, and surely the spring did, and they knew the big mulberry tree cared for them, because it had sheltered their great-great-great-grandfather and grandmother.

But Miss Patience did not love the Bluebird family. Oh, it's awful to say it, but Miss Patience *hated* the Bluebirds! She really hated them. It did look as if she could have loved the *little* Bluebirds, but they were the ones she disliked most. But wait—it was because she was jealous. Twelve years ago, she loved the Bluebirds as much as you and I—but that was twelve years ago and—oh, don't you see why she was jealous of the Bluebirds? Well, I do. Listen!

The Bluebirds were young, Miss Patience was not. The Bluebirds were busy and happy, Miss Patience was neither. They were love-mated, she was not. Don't you see the Bluebirds had everything, and Miss Patience had only the mulberry trees? Who could love and cherish and hope for mulberry trees?

I want you to know right from the start that I am *for* Miss Patience, even if she did hate Bluebirds, and even if she did "sic" yellow Tom after them. I guess you would not have liked Miss Patience at all, and would have called some things about her bad, but it would have been because you didn't understand her. She had ways about her that were originally her best—you see they had just been perverted, misdirected, sent into the wrong channels. Something came along and tried to sour her sweetness, but the sourness never really reached her heart.

Some of the bad things rated against Miss Patience

were that she never "mixed" with her neighbors, that she rather held aloof, and especially if there were children present. And so people said she was queer and selfish. She never allowed a child around her, in her house or yard, and people said more about her.

Let me tell you, though, the truth of the whole matter. Miss Patience loved children. Oh, she loved, loved them. But she fought and fought against her love, her wants and longings until she thought she hated them. And yet the very fact that she fought against and abhorred them so, only strengthened and accentuated the fact that she loved and wanted them.

Miss Patience was jealous of Mrs. Bluebird because she had little Bluebirds calling her all the time, and because Mr. Bluebird was so attentive and tender to his wife and little birdlings. She had sat at her window twelve springs, and watched twelve generations of Bluebirds bid goodbye to the old mulberry tree; and always after the passing of each, she had a little more bitterness added to her life.

Twelve years ago, when Miss Patience was a lovely, live, spontaneous girl, with eager, wide-awake, hopeful brown eyes, and a sweet, girlish, confiding disposition, she was the joy of Linden. She was in youth's crown time, and she wore her crown innocently, and unaffectedly as a child would. She was a child then, just a dear, natural girl-child. But something came along, and made the child, the girl, a woman.

Richard King had always existed in Patience's mind in a hazy, brotherly kind of way—only just a little differently—but after the something came, he came to be in her heart, really. Now he was a man, and Patience, the woman, knew him to be her man. Patience thought they were to be married when she was twenty-four and he twenty-seven, but alas! Here at thirty-seven, she was a prim, stingy, old maid, they said, jealous of the Bluebirds, and hating children. It would take too long to tell you all that

happened in the between years, so let me relate just the facts.

Miss Patience loved Richard, and wanted him, just as he was, but—I have not told you anything about Richard, because I do not like him—no, I don't! He kept Patience waiting for him until her youth passed, all to satisfy his ambition. Oh, he was cruel to her! Holding her to her promise to marry him, but, "in just another year or two, we can marry, dear, and live easily and happily all our lives," he would tell her. And when he talked like that to Miss Patience it made her heart ache, for oh, she didn't want to wait, she didn't want to live *easily*! He was starving her heart, her soul, slowly to death, by just prolonging his promise.

And now he was forty, and still he promised. It would be "next year," he had written her from his busy life out yonder in the city. But although Miss Patience had ceased to hope for the things she once longed for, she still loved Richard, and wrote him the strangest, deepest letters of love. Her continued love had kind of kept her sweet about the heart, but she wouldn't have dared to let her neighbors know that she still loved him. She appeared cold, indifferent, and unresponsive to them, so they never guessed what she hid.

Twice a year, Richard came to see her. But her neighbors had ceased to attach any significance to his visits. It was purely out of politeness that he called, but the faint hope yet lingered in Miss Patience's heart that he still loved her, that it only needed to be rekindled. There was *one* time he loved her, she knew, when he first went away to be gone for a year. But during his absence, a barrier grew up, and when he came back, they both felt the estrangement, and neither of them could approach the other.

Thus their relations had remained through all the years—strained. And again it was springtime—mulberry time in Linden, about time for Richard to be coming again;

he always came when mulberries were ripening—that was why Miss Patience loved mulberry time.

Today, as Miss Patience sat crocheting, the Bluebirds kept up such a chattering, that she could stand it no longer, so she called yellow Tom and began to “sic” him up the mulberry tree after the Bluebirds. Yellow Tom had been with Miss Patience for such a long time, that he knew her commands perfectly, and he knew, too, that she only meant for him to scare the noisy birds into quietness, not to hurt them. For a time, the birds were silent; when, all of a sudden, they burst into such wild, excited shrieks, Miss Patience was so irritated by the disturbance that she left her seat and went out into the yard under the tree to ascertain the cause of so much commotion, and to try to scare the excited birds again into quietness. But she had no sooner reached the tree, when she felt and heard a flapping and fluttering of wings about her head, and the terrified screams of the mother and father Bluebirds. Then above the din of their loud chattering, she heard a weak little bird voice from the ground, and looking down at her feet, she discovered a poor, naked little baby bluebird, that had fallen from its nest. It was squirming all about in the sand, covering its tender little body with the coarse grains of sand. A pitiful object it was, and somehow it suddenly went straight to the heart of Miss Patience, with its dumb appeal for help. She stooped and picked it up in her hands, and lightly brushed away the sand from its tender little red wings. It trembled, timidly frightened, in her hand. Then she thought of Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird, how anxious they were for the fate of their baby. Miss Patience knew that she must return it to its nest; its parents were calling, oh, so distressingly for their baby! But how in the world could she replace it in its nest? That was the problem. The nest was far up in the tree—a dizzy height to Miss Patience—but it *must* be put back, and no one was there but Miss Patience and yellow Tom.

Now, Miss Patience had not climbed a tree since she

was—oh it was a long, long time ago, but here was this baby Bluebird wanting to go home; so what was there to do, but try? And no one was looking, and if she once got up among the thick branches, no one could see her. Oh, it was terrible to have to do, but—it was crying, and Miss Patience was still a woman, you know—and the trembling bird was wakening things in her heart.

Climbing up in a tree is sometimes easier than climbing down. Miss Patience, with many slips, slides and falls, succeeded in reaching the tiny brown nest and replaced the baby bird, with only a scratched nose, elbow, and a very much dishevelled head, but—glowing cheeks.

She looked back to earth, and, oh merciful heavens, she nearly fell! oh goodness, she mustn't ever look down again, it was awful! How in the world was she to get down? It was getting serious, as well as late; and the chickens must be fed, and there was the cow to milk, and oh! oh! every door in the house was *open!* Oh! why did she ever climb that tree? She would never, never get down; oh, merciful saints! if only she had a ladder, or even a rope to swing down on.

Miss Patience was in a *bad* predicament, and I suspect a weaker person than she would have cried, but there's where Miss Patience showed her—her colors. She didn't shed a tear, no sir. She just resigned herself to fate—and the mulberry tree for the night. Her imagination began to play, and she thought how romantic it would be to spend the night in the mulberry tree with the Bluebird family. She felt friendly toward the Bluebirds now; and "I can eat mulberries when I get hungry," she mused; but, if only the chickens were fed and the cow milked, and even the *front* door was shut.

The sun sank lower and lower behind the dark line of green trees. At last it disappeared, and only a spray of beams played across the clear deep sky. Beginning with the deepest red-gold, and passing through the milder, softer, colors of orange, pale gold, and finally ending in a

glorious profusion of delicate shadings, deep pink, green, blue and suggestions of purple and lavender—never had Miss Patience witnessed a more beautiful sunset. She began feeling glad that she was above the earth, it somehow seemed as if she were above it in spirit also, more than she had been before. It was a great calm, serene, majestic feeling she had, as the sun went down—a feeling of elation, ecstasy.

Soon the stars came, followed by the big, full moon. Night! It needs no description—those who have eyes, and have been out under the moon and stars, know what it is.

And this was a night of nights! The soft, languorous breezes occasionally permitted the soothing moonbeams to pierce the inter-spaces of the large mulberry leaves, and fall on the nest of the sleeping birds, and the wide-eyed, charmed woman.

Suddenly, Miss Patience heard someone coming up the path to her front door. She thought it must be someone of the neighbors, but she didn't recognize the step. Then the person knocked at the door. Miss Patience held her breath, tense. Another knock was followed by a voice, "Patience!" Oh, it was Richard! Oh, oh! it was he!

Miss Patience never knew how her voice sounded from the tree-top. She didn't even know what she said. She just knew that *he* was down there, and that she almost fell from the tree in her joy and astonishment.

In a few minutes he was in the tree beside her. He took her in his arms as best he could and kissed her. I am sure it wouldn't have happened if she had met him at the door, but you see all this was up in the mulberry tree, and the moonlight was dancing in on them, and oh, he just had to.

She told him about the poor little fallen bird, and together they climbed over to the quiet, happy little nest. Just then the breeze parted the leaves, and the moonshine fell full upon them—the mother, the father and the babies.

Something in Miss Patiences' heart passed to Rich-

ard's. Their eyes met, and he understood. The waiting was over. It was late, and youth had gone, but Miss Patience was still *his* woman, for she had waited for him, and he was her man. He began to see the things they had missed, and then—then he saw the joys yet to be for them.

NELLE WILLIAMSON. '19.

EVERYMAN'S JOURNEY.

EVERYMAN, with his companions, Youth and Innocence, started on the road of life. Everybody smiled on Everyman because he loved Youth and everyone admired Innocence. But Everyman was not destined to be so loved for always, for after a time, Innocence left him. He was not discouraged, however, for he found a new acquaintance, Experience. The new friend was a wise one, but he annoyed Youth very much, for he was a good teacher and wished to show Everyman the straight and narrow path. The rock of Ignorance at first appalled Everyman, because it was so large he could not go around, but must needs climb over. Experience taught him to climb little by little each day, reaching a higher plane. As he struggled on, enjoying the gay company of Youth, and the wise counsel of Experience, he learned to know something of Youth's friends. These were Gaiety and Fun, two cousins who quarrelled in their frolicking with Gloom and Discouragement. Another friend was Love, whom Youth and Everyman liked best of all. There was also the sister of Love, Service, who introduced Everyman to Happiness. Music and Art, too, were among his chums. On and on they went, each day clambering over some rocks, climbing some hill, wading some stream. Together they overcame the enemies, Embarrassment, Thoughtlessness, Envy and innumerable other obstacles. But Youth was growing old. Gaiety was weary, only Love, Service and Happiness were the same. Then Manhood joined Everyman and Youth fled.

Manhood brought with him his companions, Self-Control, Character, Ambition, Gentleness and Self-Sacrifice. New hardships appeared. The lake of Selfishness came suddenly in their way. There the friends, Self-Sacrifice and Character helped Everyman over. But then, there was the ravine of Laziness, Ambition and Service, which later inspired Happiness, built a bridge of Accomplishments and the party passed on. A huge tree of Conceit, grew directly in the road; but Love and Service came to their aid. They cut the tree, which fell with a crash. When the wreck was cleared away, Ambition was found lying prostrate on the ground, dying. Happiness, at the head of Ambition watched him draw his last breath, then turned to Service and said, "Let us go." Now when the death of Ambition came to Everyman he was well in his prime. He had learned to love Gentleness more, and to care more for Youth, Jr., the son of his old friend. Of all his friends, Service, Love and Happiness stayed closest, and he learned to regard Service as the guardian angel of his journey.

He welcomed Old Age cheerfully, and they became good comrades. He often told Youth that Old Age was really one of the best fellows he knew. Everyman rejoiced in knowing Peace. Later, when the journey was growing tiresome to Everyman, Old Age sent for his friend, Death. The latter came, a sad and sorrowful guest, but Everyman welcomed even him, and together they walked into the forest of the Unknown.

MARY ABRAMS, '19.

"GREY GRIEF."

I see her now, as she stood,
 Standing by the window over there;
I see her now, as she looked
 With the moonlight in her hair,

So sad and weary, with the pain
That filled those large grey eyes,
So filled with grief, a broken heart
That broke from Gossip's lies.

I see her now, as she knelt
By the flowers over there,
And raised her eyes, as she sobbed
A heart-rending, broken prayer;
So filled with grief, she suddenly froze,
And became a ghost of night;
So wild with pain, a shattered hope,
And there she died—among flowers white.

I see her grave, where she sleeps,
In the moonlight over there;
Sweet, beautiful flowers seem to creep
Over the low mound, everywhere.
So faint and weary stirs the breeze,
So filled with black despair;
A paling, spectral moon, its ghastly light
Once gleamed upon her golden hair.

A. A., '17.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.

WE clearly perceive that this is a problem novel. In the first lines of the book we are introduced to the heroine, Domini Enfielden, and so thoroughly do we become acquainted with her, and so complete an insight do we gain into her character and her religious views that, when, after having pursued the novel, we are confronted with the knowledge that her husband, Boris Androvsky, had once taken the vows of eternal priesthood, we are deeply and vitally concerned about the method of action that she will pursue. And when we realize how great her devotion, to and her belief in, the laws that govern the Roman Catholic church are, we cannot prohibit

ourselves from possessing a deep admiration and great respect for the woman's true faith and devotion to her religion, whether we possess her beliefs or are prejudiced against them.

The plot is laid in Egypt, and the vast Sahara Desert called "The Garden of Allah" by Mr. Hichens, is often the back-ground used. The author fairly revels in describing to us the famous and minor scenes to the most minute detail. When we have completed this novel, we possess as complete a store of information concerning the Sahara and Egypt as if we had read an account in an encyclopedia; but we are not merely presented with descriptions; they are closely allied with the plot, and are interwoven with the story by the hand of a true artist. In these descriptions there are often such mad, wild, throbbing, pulsating scenes of the desert, sunsets, storm, the dancing houses and even the local adventures, that we find ourselves eagerly yearning to visit Egypt with its "Garden of Allah" and Beni-Mora, and observe these scenes with the natural eye. This novel abounds in such wonderful local scenes that we may be counted correct in calling it a descriptive problem novel.

Mr. Hichen is said to have been traveling in Egypt with no definite plot in mind, save to obtain material for a novel; he had already planned the skeleton and main plot, but he was extremely lacking in minor points and characteristics, and the result of this tour was so successful that he immediately began on "The Garden of Allah," and the native characters that we find in this novel are all more or less taken from life. The sand diviner forms a special class in the sections of Egypt, and the old man that we see in the story carefully assorting his precious glittering grains of golden sand, whereby he can make known the fates and destinies of all who so desire, is a very real old Arab to us, and we are not surprised to know that he is a character taken from life. In Count Anteoni, who believes in all things true and beautiful, and yet possesses

no sanctional religious creed, but roams from faith to faith, from Catholicism to Mohammedanism, and yet fails to find the true faith, we feel that we have found a man distinctly characteristic of a vast multitude of men. We, who are not believers in the Catholic faith, find it easy and natural to sympathize with the trappist-monk who deserted his cold monastery cell to answer the call of the world—the world of nature—of bustling busy people—the world of love and freedom that called to him each day, and with outstretched arms beckoned “Come! Come!” We sympathize with him and seem able to understand him readily; but in his wife, Domini, we realize a superior source of moral strength, even though she had doubted her religion at times; the truth of it was with her in the great crisis when she knew that she was called upon to do the thing that would rend her heart into tiny pieces, make herself husbandless and her child fatherless; yet she did not desert her religion, and the knowledge that she was doing the only right thing in returning her husband to the monastery made her more of a supernatural creature.

The plot is so well constructed that we are vitally concerned and consciously feel a deep satisfaction or disapproval in the events as they occur. Nothing is omitted—not even the smallest detail. On reflecting upon the plot, it seems to loom large like a massive, strong framework, which is clothed with well-chosen words and artistically presented thoughts. The scenes that seem so significant of the novel are: that of the dancers in the street of the Ouled Nails, the scene in which the character of Count Anteonj is portrayed, the love scene between Domini and Boris, the scene in which the priest confesses his identity to Domini, and the last scene in which Domini makes the great decision.

Thus the book succeeds by its plot and characterization—both of which are strong and great in every respect.

MARIE NELSON, '18.

“SARAH SPENDS A FORTNIGHT WITH HER AUNTIE.”

Dear Ray:—

Sarah arrived safe and sound—that is, sound, but I have yet to learn of the safe part, for Jane, that refined “rice field” negro had bought everything on the train for “her child.”

When Sarah and Jane stepped from the train, they attracted the attention of everyone. Sarah was carrying a pink parasol (I know you didn’t start her with it) in one hand and in the other, a large toy dog. Behind Sarah, waddled Jane, with her arms full of various and sundry packages—her black face barely showing above the many bundles.

How that child has lived through four years of Jane, I don’t know. Really, Ray, I don’t see how I can stand that refined Ethiopian much longer. She said today in that high falsetto she affects (do Charleston ladies use that tone? Anyhow, Jane thinks she’s giving a good imitation), “Miss Ray always insists on my charge’s having a bath as soon as she arrives.” My “charge,” indeed!

Well, I never let her see I’m outdone in elegant phrases, so I said, “Why yes, Jane, I knew the child would need a bath as soon as she came, and then a siesta.” I thought that furrin’ word would bring her down, but she said, (Jane has sporting blood—the never-say-die kind, you know), “Yes, ma’am, I always carries some of it (meaning siesta) with me, in case she needs it.”

Well, I couldn’t laugh at the negro—she had done her best. She was determined to stick to her Charleston grandlady airs, I saw.

Ray, you should hear Jane talk to our cook and “colored boy.” She was “holding forth” today when I was lying down. I could hear her, but I know she was not aware of the fact. “At home, Miss Ray and Mr. Mac don’t get up ’til ten o’clock.” Jane neglected to add that Mac is a newspaper man, and therefore, does not get in

until the "wee sma' hours." "Our house has twenty rooms." (I could imagine the look Jane cast around at our house—ten rooms, and we think that's too big!) I noticed Jane neglected a fact or two here—for instance, that "youall" inherited the house, and would really prefer a little home.

She kept on bragging until she got on my nerves (Yes, I have nerves, Jane developed them for me. I rose up from my weary couch and marched into the kitchen and said, "Mary, go after the milk; Mat, sweep the front porch, and Jane, wash the baby's socks." Its hard to believe, but it worked. Since then, I have not heard one word about "down at my house.")

Little Sarah is beautiful, Ray, but why don't you make her wear a hat? Excuse me—there I go, just like any bossie auntie, also sister-in-law. I must stop now and think up something else for your aristocratic servant to do, that will take her out of my sight. All these marks and lines little Sarah says to tell you are kisses to her darling mumsie, Miss Ray, and her daddy.

Lovingly,

Sybilla.

Dearest Sybilla:—

I am exceedingly grateful to you for writing to me so soon. I don't see how I ever parted from little Sarah. Mac and I are simply bereft, and I am so lonesome, with just the servant, while Mac is gone all day.

Nobody misses Sarah more than Lizzie, the cook. She used to take the greatest pride in her cooking, but since Sarah has gone, Lizzie, just to use her own words, "slaps up" anything for us to eat.

How long did I say Sarah could stay—a month? It has only been three days since baby left and here I am, moping about the house like an old grandmother. Sarah must come home soon, very soon.

Sybilla, child, if Jane troubles you, why just send her back and get a nurse up there. But Sarah loves old Jane, and I am afraid you would have trouble parting them.

Well, I will rest in peace until I hear from you again, as I know my baby is in the safest of hands.

But write me often, every day if you can.

Lovingly,

Ray.

P. S.—Mac sends his love to his little sister (meaning you, I guess; did you know you were little?) and enclosed you will find a note for Sarah from her daddy and mumsie. Please read it to her at bedtime.

Lovingly,

Ray.

Dearest Ray:—

I live in fear of myself. I know I shall murder that nurse if she stays much longer. Last night she took a notion that she and the baby must take a "constitutional." Well, she walked the baby's legs off, I'm afraid.

This morning, little Sarah came paddling into my room and woke me up about five o'clock. "Miss Ray always takes me in with her. She's got a gr-r-r-eat big bed with curtains on it," Sarah said as she snuggled down beside me. Such a dear, dear child, Ray. No wonder you and Mac are lonesome. But what is such a marvel to me, is how you managed to teach her to talk without a bit of baby-prattle. She told me just before she dropped off to sleep, "Do you know 'Bella, I don't do like I used to do—I do like I did!"

At breakfast, Sarah embarrassed the colored boy very much by saying, "Hello Mat! We're going to play paper-dolls after breakfast, aren't we? Pick up my 'pusher'!" Mat, in a very dignified manner, stooped to pick up the pusher, and Sarah grabbed a chicken 'drum stick' off the table and beat it on the Ethiopian's curly locks. Poor Mat, he straightened up in a hurry, but such a grin as his ebony face wore!

Sarah's hair needed cutting, so I sent her to the barber shop with Jane. She came back in tears, because the barber would not let her help him shave the men while

she waited for her turn in the chair. Elizabeth came downstairs dressed in an old lingerie dress. Sarah remarked, "Huh, that's a 'fancy' dress! Miss Ray don't wear her party dresses in the morning!"

Today sees the end of Jane, figuratively speaking. We had "words", and Jane said in her most refined voice, (it was hardly a full-grown whisper) "When is the next train for Charleston?" I told her.

Tomorrow, Sarah is to go with her grandfather to Barnes Station to look at some land; I know she will come back with entirely too much cake, jelly, etc., in her little inside; but Ray, I can't help it. Father *will* take her, and Sarah *will* go.

I had thirteen kittens when little Sarah arrived. I have only ten now. Sarah gave one a bath and forgot to take it out, so I found my poor "Muff" drowned in the horse-trough. She sat on the other two and crushed them to death.

Our water has been tasting mighty funny here of late. Mat let himself down into the well, and there was Sarah's pink parasol floating in the water.

Really, you mustn't worry, Ray, because Sarah is just a normal active child.

Write to me soon.

Lovingly,
Sybilla.

Dearest Ray:—

Sarah went to Sunday School today. She created quite a little excitement. When the organ began to play, the children marched past the table and gave their offering. Well, Sarah marched past and grabbed up a handful of pennies. She turned around to the teacher with the sweetest little smile and said, "Now can I get some chewing gum just like Mat's." Who could do anything with a little golden-haired angel like that? She would have rearranged the toilettes of several little girls, but they vigorously frustrated her attempts.

You say you are coming after Sarah, Sunday? Why, Ray, you mustn't! I just can't let the baby go. Well, if you must, why come on.

Lovingly,
Sybilla.

Of course the young auntie meant all she wrote, but it was a very relieved person who handed over her charge the following Sunday.

MOLLY HORTON, '18.

THE WOMAN AT THE GATE.

IT was one of those stifling early afternoons that come in July. The efforts occasioned by the demands of the midday meal were over, and my "natural self" began looking around for a nice, cool place for a nap. In my room the heat was unbearable, the hungry little flower-bugs in the garden were too insistent; and the lounge in the rear hall was, perforce, left me. I lay down, relaxed, and tried to think of nothing. Immediately, everything came into my head. The problems of a tired young school-teacher are none too few, even in the summer time.

Presently, my thoughts were caught and held by a little bit of wandering breeze, evidently not securely tied at home, for breezes are seldom allowed to be out on July afternoons. But this one glided away, somehow, and happened through the hall on its journey, and such a delicious odor it brought on its wings, for it had just a moment before lingered in the garden, and had stolen from the little wilderness of blooms a most wonderful fragrance. It reminded my dreamy brain of my first experience with that garden-spot.

The house in front was one of the tiniest of cottages, a good distance from the street, and placed so primly behind straight rows of hedge, a few stately oaks, and a plot of thick blue grass, that if you were weary to the soul of spending vacations at hotels and summer resorts, you would set your heart on staying at least a week in this

calm, quiet place. It would be a case of "love at first sight." It was that way with me, for I literally found myself going up the walk and tapping at the door.

At length, it was opened by a woman of large build, slender, apparently some forty years of age.

"Good morning," I said in my best manner.

"Good morning," came with a small rising inflection. The mouth was kind, but on the high forehead and between the fine brown eyes there was the suggestion of a frown. That was puzzling; why should she take a dislike to me before I had hardly spoken? She was standing behind the screen door, which she had not opened the slightest bit. Then my glance happened to fall on the books I was carrying. I smiled. "She must think I'm a book-agent," I thought to myself. I turned, walked to the edge of the piazza, and deposited the books.

"I am Ruth Gray," going back and looking her straight in the eye, "a school teacher recently annexed to Diana's train; that is," I added hastily, "I am hunting, not for a good time, but for a place to rest a month or two. I like the looks of this corner so much that I thought I'd ask you if you wouldn't let me come here."

Before I was half through, she began shaking her head slowly. "I am sorry, Miss Gray, but I don't take boarders. I'd like right well to have you because you look like the right sort of person, but I never have boarded anybody, and I don't know that I want to begin now. You might try Mrs. Wright, farther down the street. She has a fine——"

"Oh!" I said almost in desperation, and making one last effort, "but Mrs. Wright hasn't such a lovely garden as you. I couldn't help seeing it through the fence, and admiring it. I would like so much to come. Of course I know all those beautiful flowers don't go to waste, but——"

"No, they don't go to waste, ma'am," she said quietly. The screen door opened suddenly. "Would you really like to see them closer?"

"Would I?" And I followed her through the small

bare hall and the porch out into the yard. There I stood still, gasping at the loveliness of the old-fashioned flowers. I realized as I bent in silent happiness over the pinks, flags, roses, lady-slippers, sweet Williams, and all the rest, that they had been planted and tended as carefully as if they had been replete with human life. And there they were, smiling up into our faces as sweetly and happily as anyone could wish. Not a word was said until we were going back through the house.

"How very happy you must be," I ventured, "with all this."

"Yes," she answered, though I could detect just the faintest sort of sigh behind the word.

Now, I thought, the case is hopeless. I may as well go.

"Well, I'm sorry," aloud, "but I suppose"——

"Where are your things?" the lady asked, her eyes resting on the gate.

"At the hotel," I replied, a little surprised at her curiosity.

"Well, you can go tell 'em to send 'em up right away."

My books, which I had picked up preparatory to bidding her good day, dropped to the floor with a bang. "Do you really mean it, Miss ——?"

"Mahaly—Mahaly Worth," she supplied. "Yes, and you'd better hurry, for dinner is 'most ready."

And that was how I came to Miss Mahaly. Not only did I come, but I also followed and went beyond the example of the immortal Caesar. I saw. And then, I think, we mutually conquered—that is, Miss Mahaly and I did. She came, I believe, really to like me very much, and I know I was fond of her. As the languid summer days passed, the character of this woman impressed itself on me more and more. I couldn't help regretting that more people did not know her. She was very kind and helpful to her neighbors, but lived a rather secluded life, moving about her little domain with the quiet dignity and reserve

that were the outward signs of her personality. I felt sometimes that she was struggling to lift the veil of reserve, but did not know exactly how to go about it. For the very reason that she seemed to be in comfortable circumstances, I thought she must be the happiest woman in the world; and it surprised me to find that she seemed almost restless, always wanting something else to do.

"Having a nice nap? Or is it too hot?" A voice merged into my reveries. I could not say "broke into," because Miss Mahaly's voice never broke into anything. Its coolness and depth was refreshing, especially on a warm day, and it brought up mental pictures of the shaded recesses of a mountain spring.

"Rather," I replied, smiling. "I'm just thinking."

"Well, here's a fan to keep you from thinking too much, teacher." And lightly placing a blue sunbonnet on her head, she turned and went softly out into the garden—and I knew exactly what time it was.

From the first, I had noticed that Miss Mahaly had a rather peculiar habit. I thought it accidental at first, but when it occurred regularly, it became nothing short of a puzzle. Of course I didn't say anything, I just wondered, and at that, lazily. Every day, whether the sun shone his hottest, or the gray sky poured its hardest, or the lightning flashed its brightest, exactly at two o'clock, Miss Mahaly walked to her garden gate, stood there for a few moments, and then returned to the house. Had she done this early in the morning or late in the afternoon, Miss Mahaly might merely have been taking exercise—but at two o'clock! No being, I thought, in her right senses would like "taking exercise" at this part which is the climax of a summer afternoon, when everybody else was enjoying temporary relief from the intense heat.

The fan slipped from my hand and for the thousandth time the Pandora in me woke up, "Why does she do it?" My better self was just rising in righteous indignation and replying, "Why mayn't she have a hobby, if she wants

one?" when my attention was turned to the garden gate.

"Where are you going, Harry?" Miss Mahaly was asking a small boy who had just come running up the street in the biggest sort of hurry.

"I'm—uh—ma, she sent me fer the doctor,—does he live here with you'uns?" he inquired breathlessly.

"No, he lives next door, but I saw him go out just a minute ago, so there's not much use going after him. Who's sick?"

"It's that widdler-lady what lives jest the t'other side of us. What you reck'n I better do?"

"Harry," came almost instantly, "you go for that doctor over on Earle Street, and I'll go right down to Mrs. Brown's myself. Hurry!" And as the boy left more hurriedly than he had come, Miss Mahaly came quickly into the house, explaining as she gathered up a few necessaries she always had on hand.

"Miss Ruth, I'll be back d'rectly. Harry says Mrs. Brown, down the street, is bad off, and I'm going to see if I can do anything. Harry's ma is not much on doctorin', and Mrs. Brown's got a year-old baby, and I know she'll be needin' somebody." The last word came to me over her broad shoulder as she shut the gate. "Efficiency at work," I thought, turned over, and confident that the case was in good hands, dropped off to sleep.

At early twilight I was roused by the click of the gate, and I looked up to behold Miss Mahaly with a bundle in her arms. On inspection I found it to be the Brown baby, fast asleep, and I held out my arms to take her to bed. But Miss Mahaly shook her head.

"No, I'm going to hold her, she's mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes, I got to Mrs. Brown in time to make her a little easy, and then when the doctor came, I left her to him and took the baby out for a walk." She gave the child a little glance that, all unsuspecting, told me what had happened during that walk. "We hadn't been back any time before

the doctor called me in, and said Mrs. Brown had something to tell me. The poor lady was very weak and it was all she could do to tell me that all her relatives were dead, and asked me please to see after her baby. She didn't want her to go to any orphanage. And so I was real glad that I could say I'd take the baby myself, for it seemed to make her happy and peaceful to the end."

"And—are you really going to keep her?"

"Keep her? Of course I will. Why I have been waitin' for this all my life." And she looked up at me with a smile that transformed her features; the light in her eyes seemed to come from her very soul.

"You don't understand," she went on, "but I'm going to tell you all about it, Ruth." I looked at her again, for it was the first time she had called me plain Ruth. "It is the first time I have ever spoken to anybody"——

"Oh, don't—you mustn't tell me if——"

"But I want to," and she pulled me down on the seat by her and made the child more comfortable. "And I will. You'll be surprised to know that this common, everyday life of mine has been run by fancies, a dream. It came when I was very little.

"I was the only child, and we three lived here and were very happy until on my sixth birthday, my mother died. I had always looked forward to Christmas and the gifts Santa Claus would bring, so I was greatly disappointed when he passed me by the first Christmas after my mother's death. I was just young enough for it to hurt me, and too young to understand that my father, who had got very weak, was not well enough to think at all about the little things my mother never forgot.

"That Christmas morning I woke up long before day and jumped out of my little bed, in a hurry to get to my new things. I ran into the little sittin' room, where I always put my stocking. At first I hung back, with a sort of funny-feeling hope, and then I felt along the wall for the big bulging stocking—but it was hanging all slim and

limp. First, I couldn't believe it, and I felt around on the floor for my shoes, thinking something must be there. But they were empty. I stumbled back to bed, and cried myself to sleep. Oh, how I wanted my mother!

"Then I dreamed—oh, such a beautiful dream. I can remember it as plain as if it had happened last night. I thought I was lying in the middle of a dusty road, and hurting all over. All of a sudden somebody picked me up, and carried me away off. We seemed to float on and sometimes up, just as if we had wings. When I turned to look at the one who was going with me, at first I couldn't see anybody; but finally sight came to me, and there was the loveliest person in all the world, prettier than a fairy god-mother. And after awhile she took me to a very large place where all the people looked so happy, and showed me things so beautiful that I could hardly look at them. Then she told me that I had not seen the most precious thing in the world, but some day I would get it and have it for my own. She said though, that I must watch all the time, to be patient, and it would come.

"Then she changed suddenly, and there stood my mother, just as she used to look. 'Will you get the mail for me, little girl?' she said, just as she used to when the postman came around to our gate at two o'clock. I was running to her as fast as I could, but I woke just then. I never did forget that dream, nor what she said, 'Will you get the mail for me, little girl?'"

She paused, with her eyes fixed on the garden gate, evidently hearing again in imagination those words that had been so potent in her life.

"I never mentioned it to my father or any one else, for I was always too timid to talk about what I thought in the 'deepest corner of me.' But, strange to say, those words made me go to that gate every day at two o'clock.

"I never went out to work, for my grand-father left us a comfortable income, and I had to give all my attention, anyhow, to my father. And so I have never gone out with

people very much, yet I've always felt that there was something else for me to do besides staying here by myself and doing the same things day in and day out. Several times I have thought that the precious thing had come at last. Once, at the gate, I found a flower, the prettiest and sweetest I've ever seen, and I took good care of it, but it withered. It was at the same gate in the garden that I met a girl I afterwards loved very much. The only girlish friendship I ever had was with her. But she married and moved away, and since then I've never even heard of her. I was to be married, but—he died." Again she paused, and, in respect, I turned my head away. I felt that in those few words lay all she had suffered. "And this is why I have not been contented; it seemed to me that there must be something else for me to do and I have never found it until——".

At that moment the little girl heaved a great sigh, opened her big blue eyes, and tried to sit erect. I glanced at Miss Mahaly, and then I understood.

"My gracious me!" Miss Mahaly jumped up. "There's the grocer's boy. I must hurry my orders off. Ruth, will you take her for a minute?"

I held out my arms, but the glasses I was wearing were evidently a new experience to the tiny creature, who turned with a shriek, and clinging tightly, buried her bright little head on Miss Mahaly's shoulder.

"Well," smiled Miss Mahaly, proud that the baby had refused to leave her, "I'll warrant that's the first time you've been refused. You'll have to leave off those glasses when this lady's around, won't she, honey? Ruth, it was worth waiting for, wasn't it? How true it is that everything comes to him who waits!"

But I was thinking that the reward was not for her patience, but for that big heart and unselfish spirit of hers.

"Oh no, Miss Mahaly," I murmured, as I ran to head

off the grocer's boy, "everything comes to him who goes after it."

M. R., '17.

A JUNIOR MEDLEY.

I.

The blossoms are dying; the swallows are flying
High in the still, blue air;
The leaves that are falling, to our minds are recalling
That a change is everywhere.
The squirrel chatters with a noisy clatter,
As he hoards his treasured nut;
And the farmer smiles as his wood he piles
By the door of his simple hut.
Then as the fall days blend with the bleak November wind,
We reflect with sombre reason,
For we realize that in preparation lies,
The success of the coming season.

II.

And so the first year of our school life so dear
Is the year in which we prepare
For the struggles to follow and the "pills" we're to swallow
And our foundation we lay with care.
So struggling and fighting, in holidays delighting,
We pass from the greenest division
To the class that is rated sophisticated,
Which the Seniors deny in derision.

III.

On a chilly white-morn, frosty winter is born,
When the air is still and high,
And the trees, leafless, stand with outstretched hands
To the blue, but merciless sky.
But the squirrel in the tree, where no one can see,
Is warm, snug and secure;
His work, though not done, was rightly begun,

His motto, "Procure and endure."
And the farmer plans, making ready his lands
For the planting in early spring;
Though the winter is gruff, and the weather is rough,
He *works* for the harvest he'll bring.

IV.

Eagerly opening the door to the Hall of Sophomore,
We bargain for nine months of trouble;
Hard work that is based on our Fresh work, and traced
By teachers whose names are not doubled.
Teachers wise, teachers strong; teachers right but *never*
wrong,
Always present, ever haunting,
"Eyes to the front of them, eyes to the back of them,"
And of ears they're never wanting.
"Work 'em early, work 'em late,
Show 'em how we reached our fate.
Teach 'em how to work, *work, work,*
And having learned, then never to shirk."
They taught us, and we, by experience, learned
That a pass from the Hall is dearly earned.

V.

In the soft air is heard the return of the birds;
And the unfolding leaves gently shaking,
And the peach and the plum, and the thrifty bees' hum—
All show that spring is awaking.
The squirrel in the tree ventures forth to see
How nature hath lavished her art.
Then in his wise way, he may as well say
That "all's well"; he understands her heart.
And the farmer, as he plows 'neath skies without a cloud
Seems to join with nature and sing,
For the whole world without seems to herald and shout
That summer will follow the spring.

VI.

As Juniors, we look back on the time-beaten track,

And we thank our lucky star,
 That through thick and thin, we plunged straight in
 And have gained our way thus far.
 We have studied and read, our minds we have fed,
 As o'er books we daily did toil,
 And on many a night our battles did fight,
 As we burned the midnight oil.
 So now filled with hope, we dare trust to cope
 With the problems the next year shall bring,
 Which, solved, win the slip which we know as the "Dip"
 Accompanied by the senior ring.

VII.

But, tell me, tell me, Alma Mater,
 Can it really be
 That 'tis only one year longer
 Ere we part from thee?

Ere we leave these college haunts
 That have proved endearing
 Ere we leave the friends we love,
 As our goal we're nearing?

Ere we reap the harvest planted
 In the early years in college;
 Ere we with the Seniors stand
 The outward sign of knowledge?

And now, ere the summer follows spring, the last comer,
 Together, let's make a toast—
 "To our faculty and friends, whom we love without end,
 And the *college* we'll cherish the most."

R. HEMBREE, '18.

 THE HEART OF A WOMAN.

SHE stood strangely still. The deep, mysterious violet eyes, wherein the dew slept, were sweet and mournful. They stared straight ahead out into the gathering gloom. Shadows dwelt beneath those eyes, which

made them appear sadder and larger. Her face was of marble-whiteness, set in a halo of soft, golden hair.

The endless drip, drip of rain had played a dreary requiem the entire day.

Night's ghastly wings were slowly folding themselves about the earth, with a velvety blackness, casting oppressive shadows in the lonely, still room, where the awful ghost of remembrance lurked, and leered out from those shadows, cruelly laughing at the still figure at the window.

The scent of perfume was heavy in the room. A huge box of white roses lay unnoticed on a table near the woman.

Suddenly, a laugh, akin to a sob, fell from her lips. Wearily she turned, slowly crossed to the flowers and took them up. For an instant she stared at them, then a frozen smile crossed her lips.

"And he called me his jewel of Torture, his own glittering sapphire. Then slowly and cruelly, he died, because he knew that I was coldly false. Even my smile was wicked and false. The folly of love amused me, and he paid with his death. Oh! my fair white roses, you are sent from his friend, daily, merely to remind me. To scorn! To drug my very soul with your wild perfume! Will you always come? Oh! I would the sender would suddenly sleep, or else cease to remind me of the death—white roses I wore for him, the roses that lulled his soul to sleep. It was I who closed those white lids, over the brown, unseeing eyes, I, who faced cruel realization in the chill waking morning, the dawn of sorrow. The rain beats upon me. The snows fall upon me and yet—I—cannot die, I cannot go."

The slender form swayed. The head dropped upon the flowers in her arms, and yet no tears lingered along the long lashes, resting heavily upon the white cheek. The fount was pent up, frozen, barred.

The room now held fitting, fitful shadows, which the smoldering fire sent forth. An old man tottered into the

room—an old priest. He gazed in pity at the forlorn figure, as he stood near her. She slowly lifted her head. The soft violet eyes where sorrow dwelt, were raised to his. “Father Gray,” she breathed softly, “do you come to daunt me or really to pity me? I often wonder.”

The old priest was acquainted with people of sorrow, but never in his life had he ever known anyone so completely shrouded in grief as the exquisite form before him. He had loved her, like a daughter, since she was a child, and it pained and broke his heart to watch her grow into womanhood, so cruelly cold and hard of heart. She, who was so flower-like, so lovely, and who possessed a rare and beautiful voice, one that, however, was bereft of feeling. It had been his one hope to have that heart and soul to live, to feel, and paint great soul-throbbing pictures with her voice, to sing for God. These thoughts were passing through his mind even now. She must weep before that sweet soul of hers can sing. To her, he said gravely, “My dear, I come because I love you. I see the great inner beauty of you. And when it *does* assert itself, your days will be like spring time—ah, glorious, wondrous spring!

“Hush, Father Gray.” She smiled faintly. “Spring the dawn of love, music, light and laughter and tender awakening plant-life, you say? Oh then, tell me why has each glowing sunrise dawned but to bring me pain?—and tell me why has each last prismatic ray of sunset left its shadows upon my heart? Oh no, Father I’ve lost, I’m beaten, and with springtime, *oh spring!* How my starved soul cries out against the infinite, for I shall never feel springtime—never meet the soul that throbs in unison with my own. Do not show surprise, for I am and have always been a lonely woman, seeking that which is denied me, just *love.*” She seated herself beside the priest. In her arms gathered close to her cheek, she held the flowers. The old priest shaded his eyes with his hand. His tears were falling for the broken heart beside him.

“My little flower, God put you here to send forth perfume, love, and sunshine. He has caused the cold snows to fall upon your heart, and the rain upon your face, for he knows what is best. You have grieved Him, and have sinned deeply, but he begs you to give him that aching heart of yours. He will love you, and forgive the past, and heal the wound.

“My child, I was with the man, who died a year ago, for several hours before his death, and he gave himself to God.”

The woman sat still, and turned as white as the flowers in her arms. The sweet eyes closed slowly, in pain, and a moan of the bitterest anguish fell from her lips. Slowly she rose and walked to the piano. The old priest followed. She turned, and with never a word, gave the roses to him. She opened the great piano and commenced to sing. Father Gray looked on in astonishment—he could not understand. She struck the chord of an old familiar hymn, and the perfect voice rang through the room in the most exquisite tones. Depth and feeling crept into the song, a soul lay bare. She gave her inner loneliness music and language. Finally, the song died away into a sob. Then rising, she faced the priest. “Father Gray,” she said, “You are forgiven for having kept me in ignorance of his last hours, but I am glad, for now I can weep and spring, the dawn of tears, has come.” She swayed and fell headlong with her beautiful arms extended, as though seeking. Heart-rending sobs shook the slight frame.

The old man stood dazed, so sudden was this change. He dropped the roses in his excitement, and they fell about the woman, striving to caress the tear-stained cheek, and entwine themselves in the soft golden-brown hair. The glorious sun began to wake and flood the earth in wondrous light. Somewhere a bird awoke and began to sing, and the dew slept on, undisturbed, upon the flowers.

The woman stood in her flower garden. The key to understanding lay in those violet eyes, and a smile, sad as

death, clung to her lips. She slowly turned, and touched a white rose. Long and sorrowfully she looked at it. "Ah me, too late, too late," she murmured, brokenly, have I found out my love for him who sleeps. I see his face in the river depths, in the passing clouds, and mirrored in your dear eyes, sweet rose. He smiles and calls me! Oh my sweetheart, will you never know that I love you?—and that your death brought me Spring, Morning and my divine Savior?"

The violet, sorrow-laden eyes were lifted Heavenward, and in their wonderful depths, glowed a light divine. The flush of morn kissed the white face, and the heart of a woman lay bare.

ANNIE C. ANDERSON.

The officers of Student Government for 1917-18 as duly elected by the student body of Anderson College, are:

President—Marie Nelson.

Vice-President—Anne Welborne.

Secretary—Lucy McPhail.

Treasurer—Nelle Williamson.

These, with the following, compose the new Board:

Myrtle Workman.

Edith Hutchinson.

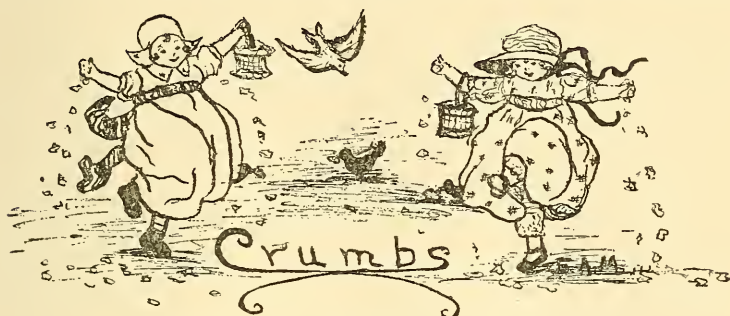
Anne Murdaugh.

Oreita Rice.

Nannie Smith.

Nancy King.





A POEM.

(Dedicated to Mr. Edge's Ford.)

Hark! What is that noise I hear
 Far away, and now quite near?
 'Tis a thumping, jumping noise,
 Now a grumbling, rumbling noise,
 Aw! 'Tain't nothin' but the Ford.

All is quiet within the room,
 But outside I hear a boom,
 An awful hissing, sissing sound,
 A roaring, highly soaring sound,
 Still 'tain't nothin' but the Ford.

Now it comes within my view,
 It is anything but new;
 With its rattling, clattering fuss,
 'Nuff to make a feller cuss,
 Yet 'tain't nothin' but the Ford.
 M. P. A., '19.

UKULELES.

AMONG the most rare and expensive musical instruments, we find the Ukulele. The aforementioned instrument is guaranteed to be capable of producing the most unearthly sounds, and the most inharmonious

tones, at the worst time possible, in the most rapid succession, of any similar instrument of torture yet produced. All of this has been successfully proven by the music-loving student body of Anderson College.

Not only is the Ukulele famous for the qualities just named, but even for the uplifting influence it has on the life of its mistress (men are too practical to own one). It creates endurance on your part as well as on the part of your hearers. When you can hardly bear the miserable invested, and continue to "go to it." Your poor hearers screech any longer, you think of the ten dollars you have too, as I have said, learn to understand the lesson of self-control. They have long since learned that your ten dollars lost will make you keep your priceless instrument, in spite of all tears, prayers, bribes and entreaties on their part, so, meekly they declare that you are wonderful, that you have the real Hawaiian touch, that you must teach them your wonderful gift; while, secretly they are planning to buy themselves one, in order that they may get revenge.

A great many of our dear girls have become revengeful, and Anderson is swarming with Ukuleles. Oh that a Hawaiian would fall from heaven and give lessons, or that Mademoiselle Common Tenderness would teach our torturers how greatly we suffer, and induce them to forego further punishment.

P. S.—With due apologies to the original inventor of the Ukulele, who is not responsible for the music (?) that issues from those in the possession of our college girls.

A. BRADDY, '19.

SONG OF THE BORROWER.

Hon, I've dropped in for a second,
 I'm going to town, and d'ye know,
 My pocket-book is empty—
 I haven't the tiniest piece of dough?

Say, can you lend me a dollar?
And may I wear your coat?
If I don't get some new rags
I declare, I know I'll croak.

Your new hat looks so good on me—
It's simply adorably divine.
How about a smidge of powder?
I'll pay you back some time.

By the way, have you some hairpins?
These locks of mine will stray,
And do lend me a handkerchief—
I'll give it back some day.

You know I've lost my club pen;
Please, honey, let me wear yours.
These stockings of yours are cuter 'n mine,
Have I time to change my hose?

Oh, thank you, thank you, cutie!
Good-bye! You look so neat and trim.
O, horrors! it's feeling shaky—
Please lend me another hat pin?

And so it goes—ad infinitum.

M. NELSON, '18.

THE DORMITORY.

(With Apologies to H. L. R.)

THE dormitory is usually a red brick-building in which the college girls secure a minimum amount both of food and of sleep.

The real object of the dormitory is to provide a quiet, docile retreat for girls who have been losing sleep at home in rectangular chunks. This is almost always due to the nocturnal depredations of the male butterfly, with a laven-

der necktie for which he rolled out three wheels. He does not yet have to pay the electric light bill. When a depressed father has endured this for some time, he places his daughter in a dormitory, where he supposes, she secures a *maximum* amount of sleep. But does she?

When she stands firm on this point: "I do not let studying interfere with my regular college course," she naturally falls behind her classes, and must necessarily make up her work some time. She sits up until the prescribed hour of ten bells, studying. If she has not, by this time, finished her nineteen problems in Mathematics or her twenty-seven pages of Virgil, or her thirty chapters of Genesis in the Bible, she looks to Big Ben to help her out in her predicament. She sets the alarm for twelve o'clock, and after sleeping two hours, rises in the cold of the new morning and vainly tries to finish her work. Anyone who has backbone enough to rise at this nightly hour, is given the privilege of doing so, provided she spends her time studying quietly, without disturbing her peacefully snoring room-mate. Hence, the *minimum* instead of the *maximum* amount of sleep.

The dormitory is a splendid place in which to train the appetite down to a fine tapering point, and prevent it from engrossing the attention of the student. It is run on the principle that nothing interferes with ripe scholarship more than an appetite which is always breaking out in some new spot, and demanding some high-priced delicacy, like chicken or ice cream. The average dormitory menu is as follows:

BREAKFAST:

Fresh Air

Powdered Milk

Wonder

Gravy Zip

Hot Biscuits

LUNCHEON:

Thin Soup

Crackers

Wonder

Fresh Air

Butter, a la ten years

Gravy
DINNER:

Grace
Paste
Thin Gravy

Politeness
More Wonder
Baked Apples

Water

The main part of any meal depends on the blessing, the politeness, and the amen. Thus, on such menus as are given, the student leaves the table without an oppressive sense of fullness or much of anything else.

But, you ask the question: "Who superintends this glorious Paradise (Lost)?" A kind-hearted matron straightens the girls out when they get crooked. It is her duty to act as mother to all the girls, giving them asperins for the headache, cocaine for the toothache, and a hot water bottle for any other kind of ache. Of course, she is obliged to be severe, but she is very sweet and loving at times, when she lets her heart become master of her, and she kisses the girl who has a nervous break down.

The dormitory is usually free of two pests. One is flies; the other, young men butterflies. There are no flies, because all the students are sent home for spring holidays, while the screens are put in. Now, no fly enters the domain of a dormitory, nor is it infected by young men butterflies, except at stated hours, and as this is between meals, no harm is done.

CARO GEER, '19.

EXAMS.

Oh! gee, the many miseries
I bear while studying quizzes.
I will flunk,
Unless I use my spunk.
Oh, no! gee! ha!
I'll make a double star.
It would be marvelous to have ken,

And also be skilled with a pen.
But here I suggest
That Latin is a pest;
Even though I did cram,
I made only A on exam.
I now evolve my tale:
I never intend to fail;
Even though I burn the midnight oil,
And sleepless over my book do toil,
For never to sleep can I go
Expecting to make a zero.
"I had rather pay gas dollars
Than to have no learned scholars
And no degrees of A. B.
Granted to students of A. C."
LUCY PINSON, '19.



Editorial Department

Mary Riley
Editor in Chief
Gertrude Jones
Associate Editor

THE MISSION OF A WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

Yes, a broad subject, and one whose possibilities of development are infinite, whose interpretations may be divided and sub-divided and yet fail to be exhaustible. Briefly, it is the professed mission to prepare a girl intellectually, morally, physically, socially, for the world where the remainder of her life will be spent. Her mind is to be trained for clear, decisive thinking, her rational nature to be exercised, her moral sense to be cultivated, she is to inculcate the most vital principles on which civilization stands, her body is to be fitted for the turning "as the soul knows how, of an earthly gift to an end divine," she is to learn how to live with people outside the family circle.

Have you ever come face to face with the fact that, besides all these desirable benefits, it is as well the mission of a college to *prepare the heart* of a girl? It is at the most crucial point in her young life that she leaves home and parents for college. Here she is thrust upon her own resources, she must depend on herself, no one else can decide for her. She spends from four to six of her most precious years within the classic halls of some institution of learning. What she does here determines her future success or failure. At a time when she is finding herself, becoming intensely interested in personalities, starting out to seek and place one of her own, building countless air-castles about a few other people, but principally for herself, viewing life through the roseate glasses of inexperienced youth—at such a time, we say, a college finds its highest and grandest purpose. For "out of the heart are the issues of life."

A girl must be provided with teachers of the most inspirational type, instructors who will command, in the silent, powerful speech of character, her deepest esteem and trusting affection. On these, her first conscious ideals will be based.

She learns to distinguish so-called "crushes" from real friendship. She finds out the true value of lasting qualities, and leaves aside the shams and deceptions that may come up. She discovers the purest joys of which she is capable, and is willing to forego for them the temporary, petty excitements. She comes to recognize and admire the best traits in her school-mates.

Further, through her study and reading, she meets the accomplishments, visualizes the lives, of the world's great men and women. She enriches her own thought life, and increases the stature of her ideals by aspiring to the soul-culture of a true woman.

But the best thing by which a college prepares the heart of a girl is love for the college itself. It sometimes happens not to be, but if she is worthy of the name "young woman," there comes a day when, she knows not why, nor can she put the feeling into words, her soul is filled with the strongest and tenderest love for her Alma Mater. The wonder of this revelation is unspeakable, and as the attachment grows, she develops. It keeps her nearer to the spiritual plane of conduct; it guides the narrow individualism, toward which she naturally tends, into wide channels; it teaches her the lessons of sacrifice, self-denial, self-control; it leads her to understand the relation she as an individual bears to humanity, to realize how she may best use her God-given talents. In short, the deep-lying passion shows a girl the path to the mountain top, and opens her eyes to the "big things" of life, to the broad outlook, without which she could never hope to live fully, to appreciate the joys that will be hers, to go through the inevitable valleys and shadows, to believe that "we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

ADIEU.

With this May number, the first year of The Orion closes, and the first staff of officers retires. The goal we could not so clearly see at the beginning is at hand, and we are "making an end" to the activities which at their commencement seemed large and extensive enough of themselves to fill the whole future. They have taken their place with other engagements, and have passed in time all too short.

It is permissible for us to say, on the part of the staff, that the experience connected with The Orion has proven ultra-valuable. The work has been hard, the duties none too light, but all our labors have been performed with interest and enthusiasm. We have learned how to cooperate as we might never have under other circumstances. Every burden—and there are real burdens in college life, though those outside may not so think—has been cheerfully borne and successfully dealt with.

Every appeal to the loyal people of our city has been answered with such willingness, fullness, and liberality, that it has bound us closer to them. We could say here nothing better in place than that we love Anderson people with all our hearts, not only for giving us such a wonderful Alma Mater, but also for being always ready to aid us to the utmost in all our plans. A member of the present faculty has said repeatedly that in all his experiences—and they are many—with colleges and college towns, never has he found a place so unfailingly interested in, so responsive to, the needs of the institution there, as Anderson. Thus, it is largely to the town people that we owe our success in launching The Orion.

We wish to convey our thanks to those of the faculty who have so efficiently helped us to bury our personal interests for the good of our magazine, and to formulate the working basis of our standard, "*tout bien ou rien.*"

Whether it is because of the novelty, or for some other

reason, we know not, but it is a fact that the girls of the college have responded splendidly to the demands for material for the magazine. The college publication has its own peculiar place in the regular scholastic curriculum; it exists only for the development of the power to express, and it has thus as its primary principle one of the most vital psychological truths. On this very account, composing material for the periodical should never be allowed to degenerate to the plane of forced and reluctant action. Above all things, spontaneity is what keeps the college magazine alive. We hope earnestly that The Orion will never have to be made of "conscripted" matter. We believe with all sincerity that the future of The Orion is as bright as that of all other interests connected with Anderson College.

With pleasure we now entrust The Orion to new hands for the next year of its life. We say *with pleasure* because our attention must now be turned to other things, other obstacles are to be surmounted, and because only we know how much joy and real benefit the incoming staff will receive in the process through which we have been. The head officers of the staff for 1917-18 as elected by the student body on May 1st, are:

Editor-in-chief	Miss Ruth Brownlee
Associate Editor	Miss Nelle Williamson
Business Manager	Miss Lucy McPhail
Asst. Business Manager	Miss Floride Pruitt

The remaining positions will be filled by election at a meeting of the students in September, 1917.



Religious Department

Janet Bolt
Myrtle Workman
Editors

Thoughts from a sermon by Dr. John F. Vines, preached before the W. M. U. of the First Baptist Church, Sunday, April 22nd. Isaiah, 52:1: "Put on thy beautiful garments."

One of the most widely discussed subjects of this modern day is, "How to dress beautifully." Most of us consider how we will appear before the world, rather than how we appear before God. It is human nature that we all want to be noticed, but we should judge what characteristics we desire others to notice in us. God wants us to be beautiful within first, and then the outward appearance will, by reflection, become more beautiful.

All Christians should put on the beautiful garments of God's weaving, the garments of salvation. This is where the Christian's life begins. No woman tries to be beautiful, without occasionally glancing into a mirror; but some Christians try to grow beautiful, spiritually, without a mirror. Simon Peter used Jesus' face as his mirror, where he saw his awful sins. Jesus should be the mirror of every Christian's soul: he should be the standard by which we measure our lives.

Then, we should wear the garments of service and sacrifice, laying off the garments of selfishness. The Woman's Missionary Societies today cause the light of God to shine in the darkest places. The real Christian, is the one who ever serves and works for the Master. We don't want the "sun-dial" type of Christians, the kind that works only when all is beautiful and bright; but we want the "watch" Christian, who will serve through sunshine and shadow, through days of happiness and nights of trouble and sorrow.

Too, the Christian should have the garments of love and

sympathy. Love goes all the way; and sympathy and love combined will bridge vast chasms. And with love and sympathy, we find forgiveness.

In this world, the Christian must needs be strong for the right, so our Father gives us the garments of strength to wear in the struggle for the kingdom of God on earth.

God is ever looking for transformation: He wants our lives to be pure and white. If we grant His wishes, and allow Him to live in us, He will make us truly beautiful. Just as one takes a rough piece of carbon, ugly and unnoticed, and polishes, cuts, and makes it a beautiful, sparkling diamond; so Jesus can take our distorted, misshapen lives, and so change our lives that we are beautiful—a Christian is only a sinner, polished by God.

So let us catch a vision, put on the garments of Christianity and live a *real* life.

A special meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Friday evening, April 13th, 1917. The purpose of the meeting was the election of officers for the year 1917-18. The new officers were: Miss Marie Nelson, President; Miss Myra Anderson, Vice-President; Miss Nannie Smith, Treasurer; Miss Floride Pruitt, Secretary. The following cabinet members were appointed by the president:

Social Service Committee—Edith Hubbard.

Publicity Committee—Annie Belle Strickland.

Bible Study Committee—Nelle Williamson.

Program Committee—Caro Geer.

Social Committee—Annie Braddy.

Morning Watch Committee—Anne Welborne.

Finance Committee—Nannie Smith.

Membership Committee—Myra Anderson.

A very enjoyable meeting of the Y. W. A. was held Thursday evening, April 20th, on the campus. The following program was prepared by Miss Janet Bolt:

Song.

Prayer—Miss Wilma Ervin.

Scripture reading—Miss Janet Bolt.

“The Principle of Home Missions”—Miss Nelle Williamson.

Prayer—Miss Janet Bolt.

Song.

“Believe I’ll Take a Bloom”—Miss Annie Belle Strickland.

THE HOME PRINCIPLE IN MISSIONS.

I suppose we all have a feeble knowledge of what “Home Missions” means, but I dare say our interpretation is very vague and indefinite.

Our word, missions, came from the word, *mitto*, meaning *I send*. We are too apt to take the term literally, and not only the term, but also the idea. *Missions* is sending, but don’t stop there, it is more! When we think of Missions only as sending the Gospel, we are sure to go wrong. Truly it is that, but a “Mission” that does not settle down and make itself at home, once it has arrived, will surely meet its fate in defeat. All missions worthy the effort are Home Missions, and their real effectiveness will begin just when they do become Home Missions. We were once prone blindly to think that there was a conflict between Home and Foreign Missions, but we have been awakened to the falsity of that belief, and can now plainly see that there is no antagonism between the two. They embody the same idea, that it is the holy right of every one of God’s people to hear and know and believe the beauty, power, and truth of Christian religion. Foreign Missions are only an extension of Home Missions, and the Home principle should run through all Missions.

Our Lord Jesus Christ showed in his teaching and preaching this fundamental phase of missions. He carried the Home idea with him on every mission he undertook. He was never a stranger, He never made religion

strange; He brought its meaning home to the people by making them feel that it was theirs by right, that it was the natural thing for them—the *home* thing.

We too often fall into the mistake of magnifying the condescension of Christ, as if He belonged to other worlds, other fields of work; and of feeling that he did not ever grow accustomed to being what he was, and living and serving where he did. That is such a serious mistake. When we think that, we take the most vital meaning out of the Gospel scheme. There was no one more truly at home than Christ. He belonged where he was, and knew what He did. He saved the world by being a Home Missionary. True, He sent his followers into all the world to preach, but—do you suppose He meant for them to forget his method, his example?

The reason that so many fail today in the Mission Fields is because they have failed to read the true meaning into Missions. They have missed the one important fundamental; they have left out the Home idea, and without it, Missions are no longer Missions, but an elaborate, cloaked, sham. It is impossible to carry on Missions successfully when there is back of the movement the idea, "Well, I am here on a mission. I really belong somewhere else, but I will ladle out to these poor people, very generously, all that I have brought along." Something is wrong when that idea creeps in. The heart is not there, Christ is not there.

The Home principle in Missions does not cultivate narrowness and selfishness, either. Indeed it has a broadening effect. It is true that there are those who use the cloak of Home Missions to corner their selfishness in Foreign Missions. Many will refuse to aid in Foreign Missions on the ground that there is so much to do at home; but, mind you, they are the least aid that Home Missions have.

The place, perhaps, where Home Missions are needed most, is in the churches. As a result of this need, we hear

the lament that the church is losing its grip on the life and times of our society. Whether true or not, we do know that the church *could* emphasize the Home in Missions more, and to its betterment. The church is trying to do something wholesome and desperately needed by the people away off somewhere, but the people who are moving into its town, into its vicinity, it forgets. Those far away compose the great object, those near, the minor. The church or society which is not gripping the life of its own community, and is not preaching and working out a gospel that will renew the life immediately about it, must always make a poor success of bearing an effective gospel message to other communities.

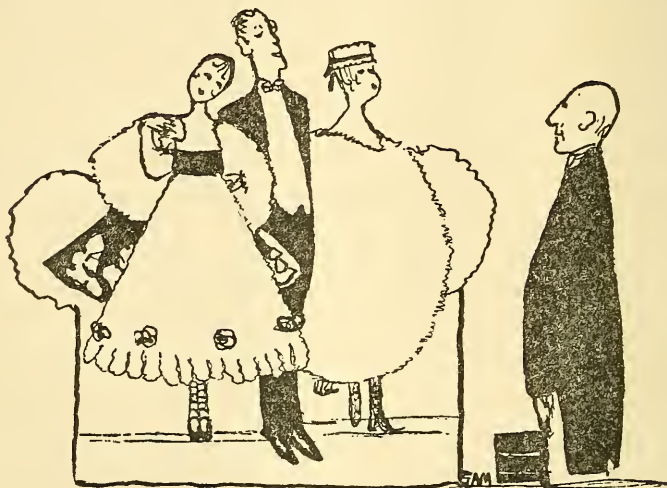
Missions are a good thing, there is an optimistic something about them that attracts, when we are able to attach the correct meaning to them. They should embody enthusiasm, zeal, love of Christ and of our fellowmen, the feeling of realization that wherever man is found, God can be found, and lastly, that where God is, there also is Home. And hence the Home in Missions.

NELLE WILLIAMSON.



Social Department

Sarah Sanders
Editor



On Saturday evening, April the fourteenth, the Anderson College faculty entertained Mr. and Mrs. Z. J. Edge at a banquet, at the Chiquola Hotel. In a private room prepared for them, they enjoyed a delightful dinner. A merry crowd it was gathered around the table, and despite the fact that it was composed of dignified pedagogues, fun and jollity was at its height. The table was beautifully arranged in decorations of pink and white carnations and tulips.

There were several motives that occasioned this banquet. First, the faculty of Anderson College wished to express in a small measure their appreciation to Mr. Edge for the many kindnesses he has shown them this year; again, because of the fact that Mr. Edge has recently refused the offer of the presidency of Beuford College, to remain with Anderson College. Some way was needed to cele-

brate our good fortune, so this banquet was devised as a love-feast.

Mrs. Emma Scarce, lady principal, sat at the head of the table, and in her own gracious way, acted as "Madame Toast master."—introducing each speaker with a most fitting verse. Mrs. Scarce called upon several of the members of the faculty for toasts. Miss Hightower responded with a toast to Dr. White. Dr. White raised a *hearty* toast to Mr. Edge. Dr. Dunford gave a toast to the married members of the faculty, while Mr. von Hasseln, in a most fitting manner, toasted the unmarried members of the faculty. Other appropriate toasts were given by Miss Goode, Miss Jordan and Mr. Miller.

The hour was enlivened and made even more bright by songs, Miss Poole leading, and everyone joining in merry roundelays.

All too soon the hours sped by, and lest Sunday should find them still feasting, the gay party unwillingly broke up.

On Saturday afternoon, April 28th, Miss Cody, sponsor of the Senior class, entertained that class at a delightful picnic at Haynie's Mill. The Seniors left their dignity (?) at home, and once again were "kids", determining to make the most of their opportunity, and have a "cuttin' up" time. Wading was the feature of the evening. Now everyone knows it isn't a *real* picnic unless something exciting happens—and happen it did. To begin with, two or three of the crowd (one a member of the faculty, too, by the way) not satisfied with mere wading, went so far as to sit down in the water—and learned a lesson in walking on slippery rocks in water. Roaming in the woods was more appealing to some than wading, and they came back with armsful of mountain laurel and other wild flowers.

Then came *the feature*, namely, the dinner: a *real*, "sho-nuff" picnic dinner, too, it was, with fried chicken, plenty of it, sandwiches, cakes, etc., etc.

It was with many backward glances, and many re-

grets, that the happy crowd finally left the mill—yet still happy, for not once did they cease singing until they were on the car—and then they didn't stop altogether. The evening was closed with fifteen Rah's for Cody, and the crowd dispersed, singing:

“Oh, hail, Cody, hail—hail Cody hail

Sponsor best of all the rest, our praises never fail.”

On the evening of Tuesday, May 2nd, Misses Gertrude Jones and Bernice Turner, gave a Graduate Expression Recital. The young ladies were introduced by Miss Mary E. Goode, head of Expression Department, and throughout the program not only demonstrated their own powers of dramatic presentation, but also embodied the high standards by which they have been trained. The rendering of every selection met with hearty applause and great appreciation. “The Quarrel between Brutus and Cassius,” “For God and Country” (Miss Jones), and “How Ruby Played” (Miss Turner) were especially good; but the last number, scenes from “Ingomar, the Barbarian,” was voted to be the climax of the whole program, and a fitting close of an evening of charming entertainment.

On Monday evening, March the twelfth, the students gave a music recital in the college auditorium. Many were present for the occasion and everyone enjoyed the program, which was well carried out. The program was as follows:

- 1 “Scene de Ballet”—Alvin Scott.....*Smith*
- 2 “To a Wild Rose”—Martha Rast.....*Macdowell*
- 3 Song, “Canzonetta”—Myrtle Workman.....*Jeane Boyd*
- 4 “Danish Country Wedding”—Mary Wallace
.....*Emil Christiani*
- 5 “Dance Pittoresque”—Kathleen Holland.....*Egging*
- 6 “Minuet in E Flat”—Goode Burton.....*Mozart*
- 7 Reading, “Helen Thamra”—Mr. Bradley
.....*Elizabeth Phelps*
- 8 (a) “Solfeggio”.....*P. E. Bach*



Miss Hightower (Education)—“Give an example of teaching an arithmetical process by means of objects.”

Margaret B.—“You could teach subtraction with apples or candy.”

Maude (night before spring holidays.)—“Annie Belle, what on earth are you doing?”

Annie Belle.—“Oh! I’m packing my suitcase, fixing to go to bed.”

Ruth B.—“I don’t think you ought to study hard. If I sit down and study hard for an hour, my head aches fierce.”

Mr. M.—“Perhaps you’re about to have a thought.”

Mr. Miller.—“Do you think there’s anyone supremely happy in this world?”

Marie.—“Oh, yes, sir! I think lots of married women look like they’re supremely happy!!!”

Dr. Dunford.—“Miss Sanders, what is ground glass?”

Sarah.—“Why, that’s glass that has been ground to pieces.”

Dr. Dunford.—“Miss Cartee, what is one of the uses of carbondioxide?”

Ina.—“It is used in fire distinguishers.”

Anne.—“Girls, if you had a real good beau, would you marry him before the war?”

Bernice.—“No, he’d go off and get killed and then I’d be a grass-widow.”

Edna.—“Oh, these are dried pies.”

Flossie.—“You goose! you didn’t expect them to be wet, did you?”

Ina.—“Sally, I wish you would quit talking all of that nonsense. You make one feel so silly.”

Sally.—“Oh, I just want to make you feel natural.”

Blanche.—“Dr. Vines is certainly an optimist, all right.”

B. T.—“Aw! I thought he was a preacher—I didn’t know he fitted glasses.”

Flossy (in dentist chair, Dr. T’s. office.)—“Oh, Dr. Thompson, I’m going into Lyceum work next year, and give readings, as well as sing. Isn’t that great?”

Dr. T. (after reflection.)—“Yes, but er—er—what are you going to read?”

Wanted:—Expert on making out schedules—daily work given. Apply, Miss Goode, at once.

Book Review

Blanche Dalrymple
Editor

"Then I'll Come Back to You" concerns itself chiefly with character development. We see a poor, little fatherless, motherless boy of the big woods, who said "I never seed more'n three houses together in a clearin' before . . . but aim to see more, naow, before I git done," surmount obstacle after obstacle, and despite various adverse circumstances, grow into a competent and successful man. But how, we ask, did he do this? Well, Stephen O'Mara had a goal toward which he was striving; he had a vision and a purpose in life, and only by will power and determination was he able to materialize his dream.

On the very first day Steve came into the city, he "lost his heart," so to speak. His inclinations were directed toward a beautiful little girl who lived in luxury and refinement. At length the romantic little lover played as her Knight, and defeated his rival, but the cruel little coquette chose the vanquished. Steve, in anguish, realized his inferiority, and determined to acquire those accomplishments he lacked so painfully; then, he told her, "I'll come back to you." This he did; and Barbara Allison, entangled in another love affair, hampered by social conventions, scarcely knew her own heart; but after many tests and much hesitancy, she at last willingly gave up her old superficial life.

Larry Evans paints a vivid picture of the life of Caleb Hunter and his maiden sister in their efforts and yearning to assist the uncouth little stranger, in whose very appearance there was the stamp of worthiness and gentility. The long standing friendship of this good old man and Dexter Allison, though the latter is lacking in many of the most admirable qualities, is given sufficient reason for existing under the author's skillful treatment. Even though

Allison was familiar with Wickersham's plots for Steve's destruction, he took no active part in them, and most of the blame is justly placed on the unscrupulous Englishman.

Joe Morgan is a type infrequently found among laborers. His unalloyed devotion and faithfulness to Steve differentiated him from the rebellious group of rivermen, who were constantly making trouble for the chief of the East Coast Company. "Fat Joe's" humor and wit was astonishingly effective as a tonic. It played not a small part in the recovery of the diseased soul of Garry Devereau. Though unschooled in the popular sense of the word, he had a philosophy to which much credence must be given.

Throughout the entire book, interest is well retained by the unrevealed outcome of business enterprises and rivalries in connection with two love affairs. The descriptions are vivid, and the choice of language excellent. The action moves steadily and swiftly, yet sufficient time is allowed for the characters to develop. The author sets forth quite forcefully that we may make out of ourselves what we will, even in the face of adversity.



Exchange Department

Myra Anderson
Editor

We again welcome The Carolinian to our desk, with its short stories, poems, and essays. "On the Altar of an Ideal," is unusual for a college magazine, and shows much thought. It puts the German-American in a better light than he has appeared to most of us. "Cross Questions and Crooked Answers," is a humorous story of a college man who borrowed too much for his own good. The conversation in the story is typical, and shows that the author is thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the usual college man. The poems in this number are very well written indeed, and add much to the make-up of the magazine. We would suggest that the addition of a joke department would bring more life and interest to the magazine.

The stories in "The Criterion" are rather disappointing; none of them containing a plot of any importance. "Margaret's Prayer" is childish and stilted in conversation, and should not have found a place in a college magazine. The essay on Robert Gonzales is excellent, and indicates that the author spent much time in the preparation of it. This is the kind of essay that fills one full of inspiration and enthusiasm.

"A Freshman's Letter to a Chum" in "The Chimes," begins with the homesick girl, who has just come to college, and is thoroughly disgusted with everything, and ends with her having fallen deeply in love with the place. The letters are very original and true to college life. The "Freshies" should be congratulated upon this interesting and well-arranged copy of "The Chimes."

We acknowledge the following:

"The Chimes," "St. Mary's Muse," "Ouachita Ripples," "Carolinian," "Newberry Stylus," "Criterion," "Heredia," and "Clemson Chronicle."

Alumnae Department

Catherine Sullivan
Editor

The Alumnae Association held its regular meeting in March, at the residence of Miss Margaret Clinkscales. The association has chosen as a topic for study, "The Modern Drama." At this meeting a discussion of William Vaughn Moody's "Great Divide," was given by Miss Nelle Gentry. A piano selection was rendered by Mrs. R. R. King. Later in the afternoon, most enjoyable refreshments were served.

Miss Nelle Darracott entertained the members of the Alumnae at her home South of the city, April the fourteenth. The program for the afternoon was the drama, "The Truth," discussed by Miss Margaret Clinkscales; and a piano solo, by Miss Marguerite Henry. After the program, many plans for the coming year were talked over. The hostess then served her guests most dainty refreshments.

The Alumnae Association will be entertained May 21st, by Misses Marguerite and Louise Henry, Catherine Sullivan and Lou Nelle McGee, in the college parlors. At this meeting the Senior class of 1917 will be taken into the Association.

During commencement, one night will be set apart as Alumnae Night, and a banquet will be given at this time by the members of the Alumnae Association. This is expected to be a great occasion, and many of the girls will return to be present at this affair.

Although Anderson College has proven most successful along many lines, although she has sent from her walls many daughters that have indeed brought to her honor, even though she gazes back over her work and her eyes fill with pride, along one line we are bound to admit that she has failed—yes failed—utterly and completely.

The first year of Anderson College's career, three young ladies were granted diplomas. The second year, degrees were awarded to six young women. At the close of the third year, eight young ladies left to return no more. This year, her halls have been less bright, by the fact that eighteen lights went out with the session's close. ✓

Then what is wrong? Is it something she, herself has failed in, or has one of those whom she has served so faithfully, ungratefully turned and bitten the hand that so untiringly ministered to her?

Of all these thirty and more young ladies, who once appeared so full of promises, there are only three to whom these words have no significance, only three to whom these words do not apply. Of all these thirty and more young ladies, when charged with their Alma Mater's failure, there are only three who are found "not guilty."

But the sentence, and what is the charge. Of all these thirty and more who have graduated from her walls, Anderson College has had only three of her daughters to matriculate at Hymen's Altar in the school of matrimony!

To any prospective student it is hoped these above remarks may not prove a discouragement. On the other hand, if there may be any possibility of their so doing, we believe it will be counter-balanced, for when the parents of these fair daughters examine these statistics, we feel that, though some may come with a lagging and unwilling step, yet a tear-dimmed eye, Anderson College will be forced to double her accommodation when next she opens her doors for admittance.

(As some recompense for the foregoing remarks, we are glad to announce the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Lawrence, of Duluth, Minnesota, to Mr. William S. Doughty, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Miss Lawrence is a graduate of the class of 1915.)

College Directory

ANDERSON COLLEGE, ANDERSON SOUTH CAROLINA

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Z. J. Edge

DEAN

John T. Miller

LADY PRINCIPAL

Mrs. Emma B. Scearce

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

Marie Nelson, President; Lucy McPhail, Secretary

DAY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Margaret Byrum, President

ESTHERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

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LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

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Blanche Dalrymple, President; Mary Bowie, Secretary

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Marie Nelson, President; Annie Welborn, Secretary

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SPECIAL CLASS

Gladys White, President; Sarah Sanders, Secretary

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

Norma Myres, President; Laurie Dowling, Secretary

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.

We take this means of expressing to you our gratitude for the hearty response which you have given us in making possible the publication of *The Orion*. We trust that the returns from these advertisements may increase your business and become a source of ever increasing profitableness.

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