

VOL. VI

NO. 2

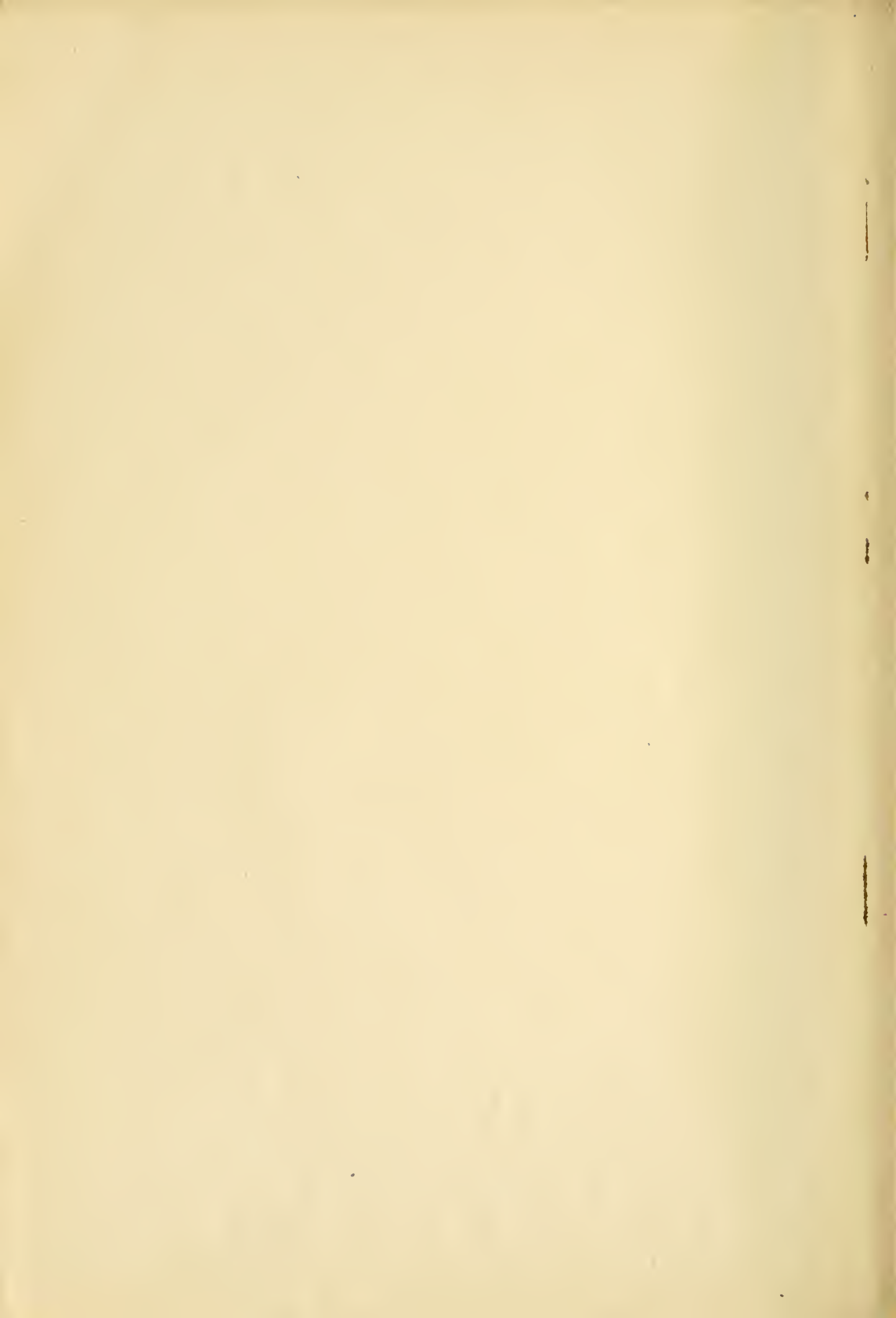
Madge Bradley

THE ORION



DECEMBER 1921

ANDERSON COLLEGE, ANDERSON, S. C.



Anderson College Ideal:

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

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CHRISTMAS DAY

MADGE E. BRADLEY

Awake on this glorious morning!
Christmas time is here!
Awake, to joys unbounded,
On this day we hold so dear.

Go sing to the poor and needy
The songs of joy sublime;
Make some heart radiantly happy,
At this sweet Christmas time.

For many, many long years ago
The Lord of the world was born
In the little town of Bethlehem,
On the first glad Christmas morn.

Let every heart be happy
On this birthday of our King,
Let our lives be filled with his glory,
And our voices with praises ring.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

KATHLEEN COOKE

As the great train rushed headlong through the darkness, the young man in the parlor car smoked meditatively on, his thoughts apparently miles away. He was a thoughtful-looking young fellow; he might have been a lawyer or doctor going home for a vacation. Perhaps he was now thinking of the warm welcome he would get on his arrival.

His pipe-dreams, whatever they might have been, were interrupted by a new arrival in the car,—a dapper young man immaculately dressed in the latest Broadway style; but what struck the observer most was the highly bored expression on his face.

“Got a match?” the newcomer asked with that bon camaraderie that one often finds on trains where strangers are thrown together for any length of time.

“Why yes,” answered the other, and produced it.

The dapper young man drew from his pocket a silver cigarette case of very ornamental design and extended it.

“Have one?” he asked.

“No thanks; I don’t smoke cigarettes,” came the reply.

Thereupon the new arrival lighted his own, and threw himself into the next chair.

“Deucedly monotonous, traveling,” he begun conversationally.

"Yes, but I find it rather entertaining watching the people about me," answered the other. "That old gentleman in the third seat, for instance, might be a pauper or a millionaire, for all we know."

The second young man leaned forward confidentially.

"You are right," he said. "Now look at me—who would you think I am?"

The first smiled slightly.

"Why, I could not say exactly, but you seem to be in highly comfortable circumstances."

"You are right;—you will perhaps be surprised to learn that I am George Clinton Caswell."

"What! Not George Clinton Caswell, the famous multimillionaire and society man?"

"I certainly am."

"Well, well, well!" The first young man leaned forward in his chair. "I have often wondered how it would feel to talk to a famous millionaire; I never realized that I would ever have the opportunity. Tell me—is it as wonderful to have so much money as everybody says?"

"To tell you the truth," said Caswell, "it is an awful bore. You can't imagine how monotonous it is to be the lion of society, and it is so disgusting to have all the women throw themselves at your head."

"Is that so? I never thought of its being as annoying as all that."

"Even now I am running away from three of the most beautiful girls in America simply because they are trying to marry me for my money. Why, I remember one occasion—"

But his sentence at this point was cut short by the entrance of an elderly Englishman, evidently a valet, who said to the quiet young man, "Your berth is made up, sir."

"All right Briggs," he answered briefly, then turning to Caswell he added, "I have enjoyed talking to you very much. It has been quite an experience for

me, for, as I said before, one can never tell who the stranger in the next seat may be. Here is my card. Good night."

The dapper young man sat staring stupidly at the bit of cardboard in his hand. On it was engraved in small, neat script,

"Mr. George Clinton Caswell."

NOTEBOOK LEAVES

I.

A BARGAIN SALE

MARY DELL STEWART

Last summer as we were passing through a small town in North Carolina, a noisy group of people gathered in front of a small store caught our attention. In the crowd were people of all descriptions—it was interesting to sit and watch the different types, with their various costumes and expressions. Directly over the door of the store was a large sign, on which was painted in red letters—"The Big Six Day Bargain Sale!"

Some few feet away from the door was a huge goods-box, and on it stood a salesman giving away some articles which he had with him; and as he tossed them into the air, everyone made a mad rush to get them. The first thing that went up was a pair of trousers. They flapped heavily in the air and fell in the rear of the crowd into the hands of two mischievous boys, each catching hold of a leg. They held tight to the trousers, debating hotly as to which one should have them. What the decision was I know not, but suddenly they gave a vigorous jerk, and the trousers were no more trousers, but legs. The continually moving, bustling crowd hid them from my sight.

My eyes began to wander around the crowd, and on one side I caught sight of two dirty little boys mocking the salesman. Near them two little girls were playing

tag. On the other side stood two old women who seemed to be gossiping. As we drove away, I looked back at them all, sorry to leave before the sale was over. I do not know how it all turned out, but I hope the Storekeeper made a good profit.

II**AN OLD HOMESTEAD**

MABEL DILLINGHAM

Aunt Cynthia lifted the rusty latch on the sagging lattice gate, stepped in the middle of the mossy brick walk and gazed at the scene before her. The old tumble-down house had not been occupied for a long time, except by industrious spiders who had spun many wheels of network over the shutters; and by numerous birds who chirped in their nests in the gutter running around the roof. At the steps of the porch the brick walk divided and circled around the house, while clustering around the edge of the porch Dorothy Perkins roses were trailing. The one step was rotten, and little shoots of grass were struggling for a footing in its damp crevices.

Aunt Cynthia slowly followed the walk around the left of the house and stopped to pick a cluster of lilacs from an enormous bush which grew half in the yard and half in the porch. She gathered the flowers thoughtfully, for they, and indeed the whole place, were redolent of the sweet memories of the past. She made a beautiful picture with the lavender flowers against her soft gray dress, as she turned and once again followed the brick path, this time to the right, which led her through an old arbor, where she stood for a few moments, letting the odor of the old-fashioned roses permeate her whole being. Following the path around a small flower-bed in the shape of a star, she passed out of sight through the side gate which hung to one corner by a single hinge.

SKETCHES FROM SHAKESPEARE

MADELINE KELLY

I

THE FOOL—A STUDY

The Fool is by no means an insignificant type in Shakespeare's plays. Often, as in King Lear, he plays one of the most important parts. In Lear, he is a man of high intellect and intelligence and of an admirable character. "The Fool is Lear's familiar spirit," his constant companion, aiding and guiding him during his darkest hours. When all others seem to fail Lear, the Fool clings to him. Indeed, the Fool is no ordinary man, but one of exceptional ability; his many witty sayings are one of the chief means of keeping up Lear's courage and of holding the play from lapsing into tragic gloominess, for his remarks frequently have a deeper and subtler meaning than appears on the surface.

Many pathetic instances of the Fool's devotion are given in the darkest scenes. But for him, the tragedy would have been almost unbearable. He should not fail to be awarded a high place among the characters of the play.

II

TWO CHARACTER TESTS

Try the base and cruel by the touchstone of power, and the noble and true by the touchstone of adversity. In the former test, a base and cruel nature cannot stand power, and usually exercises this power in a low

and selfish way. This is well illustrated by Goneril, Regan and Edmond in King Lear, who were made narrower, lower and more selfishly cruel when power was put into their hands.

On the other hand, when the really noble and true are tried by the touchstone of adversity, a good moral effect results. The true metal of the man or woman is tried, and higher natures come through untarnished, and still ring true. One of the best examples we have of this is Job, who endured innumerable trials and yet was better for it. This is also illustrated by the character Cordelia, who suffered much, and yet in the end was a finer and better woman in spite of, or perhaps because of, her trials.

III

THE OUTSTANDING ETHICAL LESSON OF OTHELLO

No thinking man or woman can study Othello without realizing that it teaches the ultimate triumph of truth. Iago's plot seemed to overcome the character of Desdemona, yet Othello always loved and revered Desdemona, though one thinks for a time that his love is dead. Iago was discovered in the end, and even if this had not taken place one could scarcely say that he triumphed, for he could have gained no happiness of contentment; only, perhaps a momentary joy of revenge, while the love of Othello and Desdemona lived on after their lives were ended. A noble character never loses in the fight with wrong. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

BYRON'S TRAVELS

ETHEL MEDLOCK

“Still must I on, for I am as a weed
Flung from the rocks, on ocean's foam to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest
breath prevail.”

On account of the excommunicating voice of society, Lord Byron left England April 25, 1816, never to return. After bidding farewell to his few remaining relatives and friends, he went to Dover to sail for the continent. His route lay through the low countries, down the Rhine to Switzerland and on to Italy.

In his travels the first place he visited was “the grave of France, the deadly Waterloo,” Only one year had passed since this was the scene of the great battle where Wellington defeated Napoleon.

After leaving Brussels he sailed down the winding Rhine to Genoa, where

“He gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain,
vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray leafy walls, where Ruin greenly
dwells.”

At every turn of the Rhine an old feudal castle disclosed itself. Chief among these were Drachenfels and Ehrenbreitstein. Then the Alps came into view, and in Geneva Byron spent six months in company with the Shelleys, collecting material for *The Prisoner*

of Chillon. The mountains seemed to exert a wonderful influence on him, for as he himself said,

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling."

He also visited while here "Clarens, birthplace of deep love"—a small village at the foot of the Alps.

Upon leaving Switzerland he made a tour of Italy, "the throne and grave of empires." In November, 1816, Byron reached Venice, where he remained for three years. This city, once the most beautiful of Italy, then lay comparatively in ruins, and here, visiting The Bridge of Sighs, The Rialto, Saint Mark's Cathedral, The Prison and the Lion, he pictures his Aequa, a village among the Eugonian Hills, where broken life as a ruin among ruins. He also went to Aequa, a village among the Eugonian Hills, where Petrarch, exiled from Florence, died and was buried. At last he arrived in Florence, the home of art, and from here, by the Appian way, he went to Rome, "the Niobe of Nations"—

"Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Here he spent some time, living among the shadows of the past. The Coliseum, where once spectacles and gladiatorial shows were held, especially impressed him with its silence and its memories—

"On the arena void—seats crushed—walls
bowed—
And galleries where my steps seem to echo
strangely loud."

Later he visited the Pantheon—"shrine of all saints and temple of all gods and the pride of Rome," and on to the Vatican where he saw the Laocoon, struggling

"Vain against the coiling strain
And gripe and deepening of the dragon's grasp,"
and the statue of Apollo, "lord of the unerring bow."

At length, tired with his journeying, Byron went one day to the summit of the Alban Hills, overlooking Lake Nemi and the sea. Looking over the broad blue expanse, away into the infinite distances, he felt that his wanderings were nearly done, and that his journeys would soon reach their goal. And he ends thus,

“My task is done—and what is writ is writ;
Would it were worthier; but I am not now
That which I have been,— and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the flow
Which is my spirit dwelt is fluttering faint and
low.”

THE ORION

Vol. VI.

December 1921

No. 2.

Founded 1916

Subscription Rates_____ \$1.50 per Scholastic Year
Single copies \$0.35.

Entered as second-class matter, November 28, 1916, at
the Postoffice at Anderson, S. C., under Act
of March 3, 1879.

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

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

"Lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them—and stood over where the young child was.

"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Nineteen hundred years ago the Wise Men from the East saw the star, and we are told that they rejoiced, and bearing with them the treasures of the Orient they followed it till it "stood over where the young child was." And at their journey's end they fell down and worshiped, offering homage to Him who had come to set up the Kingdom among men.

The Wise Men are gone, but today every one of us stands in the light of the star. It is leading us onward; let us follow it with willing footsteps. Through all our lives we can see its gleam ahead of us to point the path. The Christ-Child is waiting to receive us. At this Christmas season, let us leave behind the sordid things that have held us down, and bearing the treasures of our hearts with us, let us follow the star.

"Two men looked through prison bars,
One saw mud—the other, stars."

We are all looking out. But what do we see?

Two girls, members of the same class and literary society, rooming in the same dormitory, were asked how they liked their college.

"This hole?" said the first. "Good heavens—jail; and the sooner I get away the better."

"Oh, I love it," exclaimed the second. "I've been here two years—two of the fullest and happiest years I ever spent, and I love it better than anywhere except home."

What we see does not depend on what lies before us, but on how we look. We all see something, and surely we are happier when we see the nobler things of life than when we keep our eyes open only to the mud beneath us. The mud is there, and all the stars in the sky will not take it away, but why spend our days gazing at it, oblivious to the things above it?

Learn to look out on life gladly, confident that there are stars to be seen from your window. There is mud enough, but what are we here for, if not to gain a clearer outlook and the ability to point the stars to others? Look up; you will surely see the mud if you don't.

While we are here at college, we study math and psychology,—and sometimes we don't study them, and reap the consequences—but do we realize that we must get something else here besides an education? A girl who spends four years at college does not necessarily come forth an educated woman, but four years at college do give something else—an intangible thing that is no more to be escaped than the changes of the weather or the coming of dark after sunset. This is the ineradicable imprint made upon her life and character, the thing that remains long after the rules of square roots and the date of the battle of Austerlitz are forgotten.

You must get something out of college. No one can take a diploma from any school and come out exactly the same girl who went in, the first day of her freshman year. Is college leaving upon your character the imprint of habits of petty jealousies, prying curiosity, selfishness, and small, useless traits of character incompatible with true development, or is it making you the girl your mother wants you to be? College can mean to every one of us just what we make it mean. A girl who comes to school with the intention of putting into her work the best that is in her and gaining

all that her college has to offer, will make her college days one of the epochs of her life. It has often been said that we get out of life just what we put into it, and this is essentially true of college.

“For life is the mirror of king and slave,
It is just what you are and do,
So give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.”

LITERARY SOCIETIES

ESTHERIAN SOCIETY

The Etherians programs this fall have been especially interesting. The first meeting in November was opened with a humorous reading by Mabel Dillingham, after which came a Japanese love-song sung by Lila Sisk, with Evelyn Cunningham impersonating the Japanese maiden. A short story was read by Gena Gwin, and Bertha Masters, dressed as an old woman, read Mother, by Riley. The program was ended with a song by Norma Bass, Doris Jeffreys, Lila Sisk and Gladys Atkinson.

The program for November 26th was unusually attractive, being entirely by the faculty. First came a playlet—The Girls—given in “A B. C. language” with the following cast:

Great-aunt Charlotte	-----	Miss Taylor
Aunt Carrie	-----	Miss Burriss
The Flapper, Charlie	-----	Miss Kenyon

Miss Burleigh gave several violin solos, Miss Young entertained us with a humorous reading, assisted by Miss Tuttle, and Miss Stephens sang No, John, No! We all enjoyed My Man, in French, sung by Mademoiselle, and Dean Whyte's monologue and Scotch readings. We think the faculty would make good literary society members, and can't see why they don't join.

The Christmas program, which was in the form of a playlet, was especially enjoyed. The first scene was laid in Santa's Toy Shop, where toys of various descriptions were displayed to the admiring eyes of a number of children. The second scene showed the children in bed, early Christmas morning, with the gayly decorated tree in the background; and showed their delight over their Christmas surprises.

LANIER SOCIETY

The Lanier programs have been unusual in their distinctive features this year, and have been much enjoyed by the members. Several debates have been held, which have shown careful thought on the part of the girls, and have aroused much interest. We feel that there has never been a more loyal group of members than those belonging to the society this year; every one seems to be filled with society patriotism and ready to "go and do and dare" for the sake of the Laniers.

On Thanksgiving Eve the Laniers gave a mock-faculty party in the auditorium, to which both faculty and Estherians were invited, and which was a rousing success. Deafening applause greeted the mock-faculty members as they entered, dressed to perfection in costumes borrowed from the teachers. Especially funny was the conversation, which rapped the foibles and hobbies of the faculty members till the auditorium rang with laughter of students and teachers alike. No one could sober down afterwards, and all were glad that the next day was a holiday, so that no studying was required.

At one of our recent meetings an impromptu program was given, very humorous and greatly enjoyed. First came an aesthetic dance by Bessie Garvin, accompanied on the piano by Helen Wallace. After a debate, in which Malvina Hopper and Ethel Medlock won from Martha Dyches and Madeline Kelly, Stella Nixon made a talk on The Best Way to Make a Bashful Man Propose, and Janie Strickland explained why custom should sanction the proposal of marriage by women.

On November 26th the Laniers gave a "tacky party" in the gym. The costumes were fearfully and wonderfully made—even Pa Gibson lost his dignity and came all dressed up. The music rendered by the Jazz Band from Caledonia and the hula dances given to the guitar accompaniment brought forth tumultuous applause, but best of all were the refreshments—sticks of peppermint candy stuck into oranges, served with animal crackers. We would love to have a party every Saturday night.

FINE ARTS

MARY DELL STEWART, Editor

MUSIC

The violin recital given by Miss Margaret Burleigh in the college auditorium on November 21 evidently pleased the audience greatly, judging by the rousing applause after certain numbers. The encore granted was the most exquisitely played of all the program and exhibited a refinement of taste and tone coloring that commanded genuine admiration.

Miss Burleigh has possibilities of an unusual order as a violinist and has the very best wishes of the students and people of the community for a brilliant future.

Miss Burleigh was assisted by Miss Frances Young, who gave an original reading, a true story told her during a visit to Hillsboro, N. C. Miss Young is an interesting reader, and the fact that the selection was her own writing adds to the quality of her ability as an impersonator.

A rare treat it was to listen to the inspired performance which John Powell of Virginia gave to those who attended the Piano Recital at the College on the evening of October 31st. He played Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, and his own music; and charmed us to a tear, without robbing us of a smile. He cannot play a dull note, and when he chooses he can paint pictures that blaze with color. He is also a scholar, however, and there were many passages of pure intellectuality when one was reminded of his technical equipment. Many requested a return engagement.

EXPRESSION

An evening that was greatly enjoyed by the students and town people was the recital of Enoch Arden, given by Miss Young and Miss Denmark in the College auditorium. Miss Young is an impersonator of rare skill, and Miss Denmark's accompaniment on the piano made an exquisite background for her reading. The music was made especially impressive by the fact that the composer had written it with a motif for each character in the poem—an Annie Lee motif, a Philip Gray motif, and an Enoch Arden motif—and the constant recurrence of these motifs made the pictures beautifully complete. The audience was both moved and impressed, and a breathless silence throughout the recital showed how the listeners were hanging on every word, while their deafening applause proved their appreciation. It is hoped by all that Miss Young will have a number of recitals this year, as a great deal of interest has been aroused in the work of her department.

The Dramatic Club has begun rehearsals on *The Wrong Package*, a play which will be presented the first week-end after the return from the Christmas holidays. The girls are much interested in their work and are finding it both pleasant and valuable. This is to be the first of a series of entertainments given by the Dramatic Club, which are expected to be of interest both to the Department of Expression and the student body as a whole.

HOME ECONOMIC NEWS

Decided progress is being made in the Home Economics Department, and this fact was shown when, out of eight entries made at the County Fair by the Art Department six premiums were awarded—four first prizes received by Mary Dillard, Martha Rast, Helen Gassaway and Anna Dean West, and two second prizes won by Veola Bridges and Merdel Nix. The garments handed in were those made in class and no special preparation was made to get up the exhibit. The department is doing a great deal in a practical way for girls and their work is both interesting and practicable. The Science Department made four entries and Merdel Nix took first prize for light rolls and Vera Thornhill second prize for rolls.

The Advanced Cookery Class entertained the Faculty at an Autumn Tea Thursday afternoon, October 13th. The table at which tea and chocolate were poured was centered with a basket of vari-colored leaves and red candles unshaded added to the autumn effect. The crystal compotes held red and yellow mints. Sandwiches and cookies were passed by the girls who were attractively dressed as maids.

Euripides said in the fifth century B C, "Who so neglects learning in his youth loses the past and neglects the future."

The girls of the Domestic Art department realized that "We are the heirs of all the ages" on their recent visit to the Textile Exhibit in Greenville. It was a revelation to some of us, who had never before realized how far the art of weaving had progressed.

Upon our arrival in Greenville Miss Gassaway took us to the Textile Hall, where we were introduced to

the manager of the Textile Convention, and he took us to the men in charge of the various exhibits. They explained to us the different phases of textile work. One of the most interesting booths showed the processes through which cotton passes from the time the seed are planted until the garments are made. Many were exhibits from almost every mill in this vicinity, and these exhibits were very attractively and interestingly arranged. The manager of the Exhibit aided us in getting cotton and woolen studies to take back to the college.

RELIGIOUS NEWS

LURA ELLIS, Editor

Provision for the Y. W. A. has not been left out of the plans for our religious work. This organization, the missionary branch of the Y. W. C. A., will have one program a month, and by presenting actual needs and conditions we are hoping to make these programs not only interesting but very profitable as well. We want Anderson to have a real missionary spirit. Too many of us are ignorant on the subject of missions, and we owe it to ourselves to broaden our knowledge of this work at every possible opportunity.

Our programs so far have been very inspiring and helpful. At the first meeting of the Y. W. A. we received much benefit from the talks made by the students on the self-sacrificial lives of Judson and his wife and David Livingstone. On November 4th, Mrs. George Davis, State Y. W. C. A. worker and college correspondent, with Miss Mather, a mission secretary, came to visit our college. They had many plans to offer to make the work of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. W. A. more effective. On Saturday morning, November 5th, Miss Mather spoke to the Student Volunteers, urging each member of the Band to live a more consecrated life and to do her work so as to better serve the Master.

The president and cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. are working very hard to arrange interesting, helpful programs, and are succeeding wonderfully well. The students look forward to the weekly meetings, for they are all new and beneficial. One program which was

especially enjoyed was an old-time "sing". The subject of another was "Keeping Open House", and the girls discussed keeping an "open house" for God, for others, and for one's self. On Thursday evening, November 17, a playlet, entitled "Judging by Looks" was given and was much enjoyed.

Miss Mabel Dillingham, Miss Camille Wood, and Miss Evelyn Cunningham, together with Miss Taylor, represented the religious organizations at Anderson at the State W. M. U. Convention in Spartanburg November 8-10. On Friday morning, November 18th, these delegates gave us reports of this convention.

The week of November 13-19 was observed as a special week of prayer. The attendance on the services was encouraging, and showed that most of the girls at Anderson realize the importance of such services in our college life.

COLLEGE NEWS

ELOISE ROYALL, Editor

On October 19th, Hollywood was transported to Anderson, and every Anderson College girl had the chance that she had been longing for all of her young life—that of being a movie actress. The campus furnished the setting. Pictures were made of the chapel exercises, Home Economics Departments, the Athletic Department, the various classes, the day students and the “Boulevard Regulars.”

Three recent marriages of interest to the college were those of Misses Lois Anderson, Marguerite Henry and Lillie Gregory, all former students of Anderson.

The Estherians and Laniers came together peacefully on Saturday evening, October 29, and had a real party. The gymnasium was decked with Hallowe'en decorations, and games, fortune-telling and various Hallowe'en sports furnished the amusement. Cakes, sticks of candy thrust into lemons, and apple cider were the refreshments.

Well, finally the time came for the Seniors to take their table—the Saturday night before Hallowe'en. The table looked very attractive decked with autumn leaves and Hallowe'en decorations—and—oh, well, it would make your mouth water to tell you what else, because Mrs. Stanford did her best that night. The class, in costumes of old gold and black, marched into the dining-room singing their class song. The mascot, little Elizabeth Brown, marched in front carrying the crook, the symbol of good fellowship between the junior and senior classes. Then followed the presi-

dent, the sponsor, and the other members of the class.

After the girls had found their places, several songs were sung by the juniors and seniors, and the history of the crook was read by the class historian, after which the junior and senior presidents, in behalf of their respective classes, pledged themselves to keep all rules regarding the crook.

Then the lights went out and an awful noise preceded the entrance of a ghost, who in sepulchral tones told a scary tale to frighten the stoutest hearts.

Just as the lights were turned on again the doorbell rang loud and long and the senior president presented to the junior president—a tiny crook, for the real crook was already hidden.

A week later the juniors triumphantly bore the crook back into the dining room with shouts of exultation, but almost before their rejoicing was over the seniors had given it a new resting place. How long it will be allowed to rest in peace remains still a question.

On Monday afternoon, November 7, Mr. Walter H. Keese entertained the entire student body and faculty at a delightful reception at his jewelry store. Cream and cake were served, and the reception was followed by a Theater party at the Strand.

The week of November 8-12 is one that Anderson College girls will not soon forget, for we were allowed to go to the Anderson County Fair every afternoon. Even if we were properly chaperoned and our dear old Boulevard was out of bounds for the week, we did have lots of fun.

On Armistice Day after a memorial service in the chapel, we all marched down to the fair grounds and sang several songs. After that we were given a half holiday.

ATHLETIC EVENTS

On Thanksgiving Day were held the annual inter-class basket-ball and tennis games. The games were unusually well played, and aroused interest and pep that would have brought about an unprecedented series of A's in the class-room. The players displayed training and good sportsmanship that was a credit both to the girls themselves and to their coach.

In the first game, the Junior-Senior, the Seniors were victorious, and in the second the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores. Then came the big tug-of-war—the contest between the two winners. Juniors and Sophomores yelled valiantly for their sister classes, and most of the faculty members forgot their dignity and took sides. The second third ended with the Freshman score one point ahead of that of the Seniors; nobody was willing to allow the teams rest, for nobody wanted to prolong the agony of uncertainty. At the end of the last third the score was a tie, so the referee announced that the first team to make a score would win the game. Such playing had not been seen in Anderson for a long time, or such suspense on the side lines. At last, the Seniors won by a free throw, and the shrieks of delight that rent the air were ample recompense for any wounds of battle.

The Freshman won the tennis tournament, their representatives being Emily Watts and Ophelia Smith.

The athletic training table now has a place in the dining-room, and all the players are dieting vigorously.

The following have been chosen for the varsity team:

Forwards:

Edith Herlong,
Moselle Jones,
Lillian Huff, Sub.

Guards:

Claudia Bobo,
Lila Sisk,
Annie Laurie Keasler.

J. Center:

Lula Lee Leathers,
Ruth Todd, Sub.

R. Center:

Sara Power.

Challenges are already being arranged with other colleges for games after Christmas.

EXCHANGE TOPICS

BERNICE SHIELDS, Editor

We are glad indeed to receive the exchanges that came to our desk this month, and to note that each magazine is glad to co-operate with the others in what we hope will be helpful criticisms.

The Collegian greets us with a serial that is well written and very interesting. We wonder, however, if it is democratic for any college magazine to publish a serial. It necessarily covers much space that could otherwise be given to the material of other contributors. The editorial on Educated Fools is very good indeed.

The October number of the Wofford Journal has some good contributions; "Retribution" especially contains some striking and vivid descriptions. In The Long and the Cithera a great deal of originality is shown. We would suggest to The Journal that less verse and an added essay would help to balance the literary department. Also, so much "tragic material" makes one rather gloomy.

The literary work of The Carolinian for October is good and well arranged. True Idealism of Citizenship is good both in thought and structure. We find that The Carolinian is lacking in departments. Of course, colleges publishing both papers and magazines are less in need of the magazine departments than their less fortunate sisters, but we would like to see some exchange topics, at least.

The Chronicle has assumed a new appearance, probably with advantages, but not with any added

neatness. The outstanding contribution in the October number is Freda's Romance, which has a very fascinating plot, but a very improbable one. The editorial To the Freshman is worthy of note. Students and Student Publications could have been put in the editorial department.

The Acorn is to be congratulated on having a September issue. It is a neat magazine with well-arranged departments.

We noticed in several of the magazines some errors in spelling—due to faults of the press—which the proof-readers may remedy.

In addition to the above, we acknowledge receipt of the following: The William and Mary Magazine; The Furman Echo; The Blue and Gray; The Newberry Stylus; The College of Charleston Magazine; The Wake Forest Student; The Winthrop Journal; and The Converse Concept.

BRILLIANTS AND BONELETS

Edith: Oh, here's a picture of Caruso.

Linda: Why I've heard of her—let me see her picture.

Miss Burriss: Gladys, where is Stella's friend, Mrs. Roper, from?

Gladys: Wofford, I think.

Babbie: Oh, I'm so disappointed! I'd cry if the mascara wasn't on my eyes so good.

Miss Stephens: Marie, do try to sing in a higher pitch.

Marie: I am trying, but though I start right, it always comes out just the same.

Miss Adlene Jones: (in the dining-room) I would like to meet the biology students in the literature room after breakfast this afternoon.

Mademoiselle Breton: What do you Americans mean when you say **cute**?

Gwen: We mean clever or witty.

Mademoiselle: Yes—but when you say a dress is cute, you do not mean that it is clever or witty!

Anderson Will Close its Doors When—

Janie Strickland takes a midnight ride.

Sudie Creech bobs her hair.

Mr. Elmore goes bankrupt.

Stella Nixon gets fat.

The French table speaks French.

Edith Herlong teaches Math.

Merdel Nix giggles in board meeting.

The psychology classes read their parallel.

Everybody is on time to breakfast.

Malvina: Oh dear, he's gone back on me.

Mary Dell: Never mind—men are like street cars;
there'll be another one along after awhile.

Sara: When the heat is on, is it off?

Lula Lee: I wonder why those seniors wore their
hats to breakfast?

Mademoiselle: Perhaps they met Miss Taylor, and
did not have time to fix their hair.

Edna: What's the matter with Miss _____?

Gwen: She suffers from absence of the brain, and
when she walks her head rattles.

Gwen: Sylvene, tell me a joke on somebody to put
in the Orion.

Sylvene: I don't know any joke but myself, and I'm
one on the human race.

LOST—

- The Junior Pictures—by Mr. Wallace.
 Gravity—by Madeline Kelly.
 A pound and a half—by Bertha Masters.
 Sleep—by the girls above East Basement.
 The crook—by the Seniors.
 Ditto—by the Juniors.
-

Nettie: Every college senior should have a high and well-defined ambition.

Edith: I think so too. Mine is to belong to a real high-class Wild West show.

Miss McIntosh: Miss _____, tell me what you know about French government at this period.

Pupil: They kept the army standing in France for three years.

Edna: (in her Charleston brogue) I've just gotten **Felix Holt** from the library.

Dorothy: Why what's the library doing with Phoenix Hose?

LIBRARY AT A. C.

Les Miserables ____ Those Who Have to Read It
 The Pilgrim's Progress __ Four Years at College
 The Broad Highway _____ The Boulevard
 The Man Who Laughs _____ Dr. Dunford
 Love's Labor Lost _____ When He Kicks You
 As You Like It _____ Vacant Periods
 Innocents Abroad _____ Freshmen

Miss Kenyon: Questions should show intense interest.

Kathleen: Mine show intense ignorance.

Gwen: Are you going to the fair tonight with your beau-lover?

Sylvene: No, I'm not going anywhere with him till I find out whether he's got indigestion or real true love.

Miss Fox: How did you like Miss Young's recital of Enoch Arden last night?

Effusive Student: Oh, I think that was the best thing Shakespeare ever wrote!

Mademoiselle: The fortune-teller told me that if I marry I will get in trouble.

Ruth: And will you take his advice and be an old maid?

Mademoiselle: Oh, I may be an old maid—one can never tell—but if I am an old maid you will know it was in spite of me!

LEST WE FORGET

That we have got to pass on math somehow.

That Miss Taylor wants us to act like ladies on the way home Christmas.

That Malvina is in love.

That all things come to those who wait—even Christmas.

That Sara Frances lost her ukelele.

Vera Owen: Where is that passage of Scripture Miss Taylor told us to read?

Vera Thornhill: It's in Philippians—that book near Relations.

Edna: How did you manage to wake up if the clock stopped and didn't alarm?

Margaret: Why, I haven't been to sleep. I stayed awake to see if the old clock would alarm and it didn't!

SQUIBS

In reply to "Where do we go from here?" we all answer, "HOME!"

Somebody's always taking the joy out of life by reminding us that exams are the first things after Christmas.

Who said there was nothing new under the sun? We didn't have a test on psychology this morning.

Dr. Dunford says we are flunking on geometry. Oh, well, we never did want to be peculiar.

The elastic education we want is one that will be elastic enough to stretch over the holidays to exams.

Sometimes a heroine of history is one who passes on it.

Doesn't somebody want to take a mandate for the Executive Board?

An optimist is a freshman who thinks that teachers are going to correct the exam papers with a sympathetic heart.

"Plain" psychology seems rather a misnomer.

Oh, well, doughnuts have holes, and breakfasts have bacon,—but why worry? It's Christmas—and we are going home!

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