

VOL. VI

*Madge F. Bradley*

NO. 3

# THE ORION

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MARCH 1922

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ANDERSON COLLEGE, ANDERSON, S. C.



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Anderson College Ideal:

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

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# THE ORION

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Vol. VI.

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## TO THE RIVER

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CORA IRENE BRIGGS

---

I stand upon the sandy shore  
And watch the waves go by,  
Dashing, whirling, gurgling, swirling,  
It seems they almost fly.  
Each tiny ripple falls and rises  
Then rushes down the stream,  
But Look! Away down yonder  
It rises in one gleam.

I stand upon life's rocky shore,  
I see great waves, I dream,  
I wonder what's in store for me,  
Away down this dark stream.  
But what have I, His child  
To fear, as life's dark billows roll,  
A mighty hand doth lead me on,  
And Lo! He keeps my soul.

## THE GODDESS

---

CAROLINE PARNELL

---

Pell Graham gazed around him with a deep sense of satisfaction. Somehow, he seemed to feel, at last at home. England had bored him exceedingly, and after graduating from an art school in Paris, England had bored him still more. So after talking things over with his highly aristocratic family, he had decided to go to Japan for a year, where, he believed he could do his work among new surroundings and new people, and here he was.

Walking over to the window, he gazed out. Even the artist Pell was not downcast here. Beauty and brilliancy was everywhere. The grounds around the house fell away greenly to the highway. Behind the little house his Japanese servant Sanko-Sho was throwing a glistening spray of water over a terraced garden. There was a low hum of insects over everything. An occasional dragon fly, orange and black, hung motionless on invisible wings, then darted away. Tall, strange flowers bloomed everywhere. The whole place seemed smothered in exotic beauty. Pell felt that he had a right to feel content.

As he sat painting one day, he was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a strange face, for a moment, through the thick shrubbery. Jumping up, he gave chase, but after nozing around all over the garden, he went back to his work, puzzled over what had happened. He called Sanko-Sho, and asked if he had

noticed anyone around the place. Sanko assured him that he was the only one on the place besides "The Honorable Pell".

Nothing strange happened; two weeks passed, and one day, as Pell came up into the porch and started into his studio, he was again unexpectedly arrested by the shadow of someone on the paper screens. Pushing them aside he stepped quietly into the room, and saw a girl, strikingly beautiful and tiny. She appeared almost a child. Strange blue eyes gazed shrinkingly at him from under arched eyebrows. The red lips were parted over pearly teeth, and a soft, frightened "O" came from between them. Pell, fearing that she would vanish, moved forward and caught her arm. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Ming Toy", she replied.

"Why are you here?"

"I only come to see "the much pretty painting", she answered in her broken English. Pell laughed, relieved. Then he was suddenly struck with a thought.

"I'll tell you what", he exclaimed, "let me paint you, won't you—as the goddess of the water?"

At first she demurred, but Pell finally overcame her objections, and she agreed to pose for him. The next day she came for her first sitting.

Days passed, days spent with Ming Toy, and Pell came to realize that his interest had deepened into love. A year ago, he would have scoffed at the idea, that he, the son of a noble English house, would fall in love with a Japanese girl, of whom he knew practically nothing, except her father owned a curio shop. Now he only smiled, and went to seek Miss Toy. He found her gazing at the half finished portrait of herself, and walking up to her, he quietly took her in his arms, and kissed her. Then speaking quietly, he told of his love for her and his desire that she marry him. The girl lay relaxed in his arms for a moment, then one small hand slid up to his shoulder, and she hid her



blushing face in his arms. Several days later they were married at the mission, for Pell insisted on an English ceremony.

Two years passed, years spent happily there in the lovely old Japanese garden, far from the rest of the world. And then the serpent came into the garden of Eden. Word came of war in Europe, and also news of England's call for volunteers. What was he to do? His love for his country and his love for Ming Toy, which should rule him? He couldn't take her to England, because he knew his mother would never receive her as his wife, and he couldn't leave her in Japan alone. So Pell, at last, decided to stay here with her. Anyway, he argued, one man could make no difference in the scales of war, one man could neither win nor lose the final victory. He attempted to quiet his conscience with these arguments, but every once in a while he would feel a gentle, but sharp, prick. Ming Toy, only half understanding the struggle going on in his heart, waited in silence, heart-broken. She readily understood that Pell's country needed him. And when he announced that he would not go back to England, she plead with him to go, fearing all the time that he would go. But Pell absolutely refused to leave her. Ming Toy knew that he must go. So, she made up her mind and decided to leave him. This was not a rash or hasty decision. She had spent many sleepless and unhappy nights, fighting out her own battle. And she knew, too, that she was acting right, Pell must go back to England and keep his honor clean and shining.

That night she put her plan into action. As she kissed him good-bye a burning tear fell on his forehead, and he stirred in his sleep. Jumping up, Ming Toy quietly stole out, and walked hastily down to the big pool. Leaving on the banks one small slipper, she walked around the narrow bridge and vanished like a spirit into the night.

Morning brought to Pell the knowledge of her absence, and he immediately began to search for her.



When, at last he discovered the pitiful little slipper on the pool's banks, he was frantic, and but for Sanko-Sho's interference would have cast himself into the pool, where he believed Ming Toy's body rested.

After a few weeks of horror, he decided that he could stand it no longer. He packed up and went back to England. Joining the army, he was almost immediately sent to France, for which he was grateful. Three years there, in the midst of the horror, bloodshed, and fearfulness of war, failed to erase the face of his wife from his memory.

The end of the struggle came and Pell, broken and sick, received his discharge, Miserable, he seemed almost an alien in another land. After months of trying to get "used" to it all, he decided to go back to Japan. Once started it seemed to him the ship crawled—but finally the day came when the S. S. Alexandria docked and Pell engaged a rickshaw and went out to the little house.

He walked to the gate, pushed it open and started down the long walk. Turning a corner he stopped and stared. Brushing his hand doggedly across his eyes, he looked again. Did his eyes deceive him? No! In the center of the walk, a bunch of huge chrysanthemum's in her arms, stood Ming Toy! Her eyes wide, she could only stare. Pell dropped his bag, sprang forward, and caught her, flowers and all, in his arms.

## THE TRIUMPHANT DANCE

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FRANCES MATTOX

---

The steamer "Baltic" dropped anchor at Ellis Island early one morning in September. The passengers hurried ashore anxious to be inspected and on their way to New York. Among the third class passengers was a forlorn looking girl traveling alone. She carried a small hand bag and umbrella. The most striking thing about her was her pretty face. She had a clear olive complexion, big brown mischievous eyes and rosy cheeks. Her hair was very black and curly.

After the inspection Vanka Petrovich was allowed to catch the ferry for New York. She arrived there about dusk. And as she had never been there before of course she did not know how to find a hotel. She walked around on the streets until late that night. Finally she came to a fairly decent looking hotel, went in and engaged a room for the night. The next morning she paid her bill and then found she had only four dollars and fifty cents, what should she do? She could live hardly a week on this—"I just must find some work—but where?" said she.

Vanka walked all that day in search of work but every where she received the same reply—"No Help Wanted". For a week she wandered around, sleeping in the park at night. She had spent every cent and now she was in despair.

One day she was passing down a side street and noticed a crowd of girls filing in a stage door. She noticed also a large sign saying "Dancing Girls Wanted." Vanka thought, "I must live even if it comes to this."

So she straightened up and went in the door. But she was timid and stayed at the back of the crowd. The manager tried out several and shook his head in anger—"No you will not do, you girls can't dance—My play is ruined, Oh! what shall I do?"

He told the orchestra to play the pieces in hopes someone would be inspired. The music was so weird and beautiful it filled Vanka's heart. And something in her seemed to respond. She pushed herself to the front and danced as she had never danced before. The manager was delighted. He clapped his hands with joy for his play was bound to be a success. Vanka was given the place and rehearsals began immediately.

After many weeks of hard work and scolding by the manager the play was ready. The opening night of "The Triumphant Dance" starring Vanka Petrovich had come. Vanka was seated in her dressing room very much excited waiting for her last dance, "The dance of Sorrow and Gladness". Vanka was called and went out on the stage. All was dark except the light that played on her. The first part of the dance went well until suddenly Vanka lifted her eyes and saw a man's face in the middle aisle, first seat, third row. She was startled at first then she smiled and threw her whole soul and body into her dance. She was filled with joy and seemed to dance as one possessed. The audience was overcome—enthralled. She was encored again and again and each time she seemed to dance better than before.

The next morning, "The Triumphant Dance" was the sensation of New York. A leading daily wrote it up in big head lines. "The Triumphant Dance" staged last evening at the theatre a thrilling success.

The play of the Season. Starring Miss Vanka Petrovich in the Dance of Sorrow and Gladness. A Big Romance Attached.

Last evening the Triumphant Dance was successfully staged at the theatre. Its success was due to the beautiful dancing of Vanka Petrovich. Miss Petrovich

has kindly given her consent for us to publish the following story: Miss Petrovich is a lady of noble birth. Her father and mother were killed during the late war and all their money and property confiscated. During the war she served as a nurse on the front—while there she met Gerald Huntington, the son of one of New York's wealthiest merchants. They loved each other and were married. But one day a raid was made and they were separated. Both thought each other dead. After the armistice was signed Jerry remained in France searching for her. But no word could he hear, until last evening at the theatre they recognized each other while she danced.

## TO MISS MAY PETERSON

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MOSELLE JONES

---

Oh! What a joy it is to hear you sing  
Thou precious one that's gained our truest love.  
We could not find a fairer, purer dove  
Than you, who bears the beauty of the Spring;  
And evermore may our all powerful King  
To you give joy and peace from heaven above.  
Your wond'rous voice and beaming face of love  
To us, a radiant inspiration bring.  
May Peterson, thou art the fairest flower,  
Oh, yes, the loveliest e'er yet kissed by dew,  
Thy voice is sweeter far than that of bird.  
May God on you his richest blessing shower.  
Oh; noble one, so beautiful and true,  
A sweeter voice will ne'er on earth be heard.

### THE DOCTOR'S JOKE

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MARY CLEMENT

---

I was dreaming of my trip to the mountains when I heard the impatient call of my sister down stairs; "Jane, Jane! This is the third time that I have called you to get up. Have you forgotten that this is the day for George and James to come home?" "No, I haven't I shot back with a guilty conscience and jumped out of bed and ran across the room to look at the calendar. Yes it really was there—June 21st. My brothers had written a week before this that they would be home from the navy today. In three hours they would be here. The house had to be cleaned, dinner to be cooked and a thousand other things to do before their arrival.

At twelve-thirty everything was ready except the ice cream. This we decided to make while the others were eating dinner. I would barely have time to dress before they came at 1:15.

I slipped on a cool pink organdie and tried with all my might to arrange my hair in the latest fashion. (My brothers had not been home since I had worn my hair in pigtails and ribbons and I wanted to stress the fact that I had grown up) I was arranging the last hair pin when the door bell rang in three loud jerks and I knew it was George. This had been one of our signal codes when we were all children.

I ran down the steps but mother, father and sister were already at the door welcoming them. But instead of my two brothers there were three in the company.



George had brought his new bride as a surprise. She was a lovely girl showing in every gesture the signs of high culture.

"I'm famished", called James, after the introductions, can't someone show us the way to the dining-room?"

Dear old brothers of mine. They hadn't changed a bit. "Yes," replied George, "and Virginia is hungry too, tho she is too modest to admit it." This brought us to our senses and Mother led the way to the table.

The dinner progressed beautifully and the time came to bring in the desert. Sister had put in some beautiful cake coloring besides the flavoring and the cream really looked delicious. Everything had gone on so unusually well that we did hope that Father wouldn't make any of his usual breaks, such as remarking on the gayety of the coloring or talking with his mouth full of food.

We served them all, Mother last. It was her hobby to want her cream from the bottom of the churn. Everyone had eaten quite a bit of their cream when Mother finally received hers. She took one spoonful and then I saw her make a wry face.

"You Margaret, you Jane! Come here," she called as we were passing thru the door to the kitchen. What had we done? We sneaked back. "Stop eating at once you all", she then said.

"What kind of flavoring did you use in this cream?"

"Pineapple", remarked Margaret astounded that Mother should talk so before company.

"Well it isn't," she said, "I bet you've used something else. Whatever it is its very peculiar tasting. I want to find out".

Everyone showed signs of disturbance now. It was really serious. We followed Mother to the kitchen.

"I used the flavoring in this bottle right here where it always stays," I said, and pointed to a small bottle labeled "Pineapple", on the kitchen shelf. "I found



it in the medicine chest this morning", said Margaret", as I was cleaning up.

"That was a funny place to put extract I'll say!"

"That solves it," cried Mother. "The extract gave out last week and when Father was sick two nights ago I had to use this extract bottle for strychine".

"Horrors!" I cried, for I had really put in a generous amount. Here I had poisoned the family—the new bride and all!

They all came running in from the dining-room.

"You're everyone poisoned!" cried Mother excitedly. "Call for the doctor at one!" I wanted to faint when dear old Father chimed in as if all this was an everyday occurrence. "Oh pshaw, there's no use in all this. The cream was good after all and I don't believe we've eaten enough to hurt us."

But James had already phoned for the doctor and now I heard the "Honk-Honk", of his well known horn. Dr. Blake came in in his blustering business-like manner and here we all surrendered the occasion to him. We showed him how much we had eaten and he began giving doses of medicine to all of us. We were all made extremely sick for about fifteen minutes but in an hour we were beginning to feel quite normal again. Then we told Dr. Blake how it all happened and we could not help but join in his merry laughter.

After all what was the use! no one could "cry over spilt milk"—and as the doctor rode off he said: It's a good thing I used only a few grains of strychine in that bottle of aqua pura!

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Vol. VI.

MARCH 1922

No. 3.

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Founded 1916

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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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Athletics - - - - - Lillian Huff  
Exchange Topics - - - - Nettie McCuen  
Jokes - - - - - Mabel Dillingham

### EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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Girls! I knew you'd do it. You would not be an Anderson College girl if you hadn't backed 'em up. I never saw you throw your whole selves into anything with better spirit, and that is what it took to win the game. The team played well, but they didn't do their part one whit better than you who were on the side lines yelling. You were all full of "Pep" and showed good sportmanship. You did not limit yourselves to your team alone but cheered the good play of the game. You've made a good start, keep it up!

---

Not only the leading statesmen of the world are interested in the Washington Conference but the students of America as well. We are the ones who will rule the United States in the future. In order to stimulate and arouse interest in the Conference the National Student Committee for the Limitation of Armaments was organized. It was felt that we should have a voice in this great question. Through cooperation between the students of 235 colleges and universities and the National Student Committee collegiate opinion has been aroused and formulated by means of debates, mass meetings and publicity in the college press. Many of the colleges have organized to arouse a sense of responsibility in the international affairs among the student body. The Union Theological Seminary, realizing that the students of America are less active than those of other nations on voicing their opinion on public events, sent out deputations to speak on Internationalism. So important was the National Student Commit-

tee for the Limitation of Armaments that a delegation was received by President Harding on February 20th. At this time he received the six regional representatives at the White House who representing the students of America submitted to him a complete file of the original resolutions. A report from the National Student Committee for the Limitation of Armaments came to us. The following is a summary of the resolutions passed:

The students of the United States believe that the Senate should ratify the series of treaties drawn by Washington Conference so that the world may more successfully work to internationalism. They also commend the spirit which prompted Mr. Wilson to propose the League of Nations and the similar spirit which moved Mr. Harding to call the Washington Conference because it manifests a not distant possibility of an organization of nations adequately prepared peaceably to adjust international difficulties. I hope that you will realize the great potential importance of a college movement such as this. It is the first time that the opinion of college students has been crystallized and given expression on so large a scope as this report. It is hoped to make use of such an organization to educate college students so that they may constitute a group of intelligent citizens.

### LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

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The Laniers have entered upon the second semester's work with renewed interest. The programs have been both instructive and entertaining. The installation of new officers and informal discussion of plans for the spring term constituted the program of the first meeting. Debates of much interest have been given since then by debators who showed that they had given time and study to the subjects. Some of the subjects were, "Resolved: That there should be an Educational Test for Voters," upheld on affirmative by Madge Bradley and Eleise King and on negative by Lura Ellis and Wadine Settle; the affirmative winning. Another, "Resolved: That the present prohibition law as it is now being enforced is a failure and should be repealed." Sudie Creech and Malvina Hopper debators of negative side with Roberta Crawford and Mozelle Jones of affirmative, pleased the society with a "hot" discussion of this question. The negative won. "Resolved: That motion pictures are more harmful than beneficial", was the subject of debate when Elizabeth Cowherd and Annie Brock on negative side won over Lola Williams and Irene Briggs on the affirmative.

The New Officers Elected at our First Meeting Are:

|                  |       |                    |
|------------------|-------|--------------------|
| President        | ----- | Lula Lee Leathers  |
| V. President     | ----- | Mattie Lou Simmons |
| Secretary        | ----- | Roberta Crawford   |
| Treasurer        | ----- | Edith Herlong      |
| Critic           | ----- | Ollie Barton       |
| Sergeant-at-arms | ----- | Gladys Nixon       |
| Orion Reporter   | ----- | Mary Kendrick      |

## ESTHERIAN SOCIETY NEWS

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On Tuesday night, January 31st, the Estherian Society gave its annual public entertainment. This year the society chose as its program, a minstrel. The following is the personnel:

Interlocutor—Camile Wood.

Circle—Doris Jefferies, Margaret Wickliffe, Hilda Wolfe, Eloise Royall, Octavia Jefferies, Babbie Sullivan, Katherine Hagood, Sylvene Glenn, Norma Bass, Helen Foster, Isabel Cunningham, Frances Mattox, Sara Frances Stephens, Ruth Cunningham, Martha White, Viola Pearman, Lila Sisk, Gladys Atkinson, Helen Watkins, Mary Watt.

End Men:—

Mabel Dillingham as "Rastus".

Evelyn Cunningham as "Hambones".

Zoe Hill as "Sugar-foot".

Colie Blease as "Coffee-Dog Bones".

Mary Inez Tolar as "Skinny".

Elizabeth Harris as "Fertilizer".

Several amusing local jokes were "pulled", besides the other "stand-bys" of a mixture. The songs were the latest out, well-sung and well selected.

Following are some of the songs:

"Tuck me to Sleep in my old Tucky Home"—Circle.

"My Sunny Tennessee"—Octavia Jefferies.

"I ain't nobody's Darlin"—Gladys Atkinson.

"Ma" and dance—End Men.

"Teach me"—Lila Sisk.

"Love Ship"—M. Wickliffe and G. Atkinson.

"Dangerous Blues"—"Coffee-Dog Bones".

"Everybody's Baby"—Alice Pope Harris.

"Angels"—Norma Bass.



“Sleep Kentucky Babe” quartette—Norma Bass, Gladys Atkinson, Katherine Hagood, Sylvene Glenn.

“Weep no more my Mammy”—Martha White.

“Wabash Blues”—“Rastus”.

“Ten little Fingers”—Circle.

Between the first scene and the farce, the audience was entertained by several miscellaneous numbers. A dance “The Shiek”—Dorothy Prevost. Also aesthetic dances by the little daughters of Mrs. Wever, Lena Miles and Frances.

The farce proved very intertaining. It was titled, “The Coon Town Millionaire”.

CAST:—

General Pill Previous—Mabel Dillingham.

Lady Queen Sheba—Evelyn Cunningham.

Perfumer Previous—Camile Wood.

Highbrown—Bertha Masters.

Lucius Hamm—Emily Watt.

Officer Hunks—Connie Berry.



## EXCHANGE TOPICS

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NETTIE McCUEN, Editor

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The Carolinian for December is one of the best magazines that reached our desk this month. It shows careful thought and planning on the part of the contributors. The Short Stories are well written and have good plots. "Joy Cometh in the Morning" merits special mention. The writer relates the story in an interesting way and maintains the attention of the reader throughout.

The Right Angle is not as good a literary magazine as it could be. There is no system for the arrangement of the material, and on the whole, the topics seem to be crowded. The contributions show lack of thought and time.

The Winthrop Journal does not lack variety in authorship. We are glad to see such a number interested in it, for this indicates that the majority of students assume the responsibility of their College magazine. The Journal has a neat and attractive appearance. We, however, believe that the addition of a Joke Department would enlarge the humorous section and supply the lacking jest and fun.

The December Chronicle is excellent. The space allotted to Short-Stories, essays, and verse is well proportioned. "Christmas in the Thatcher Cottage" is an extraordinary piece of work. The author had a good plot and he developed it splendidly. Such stories are really an inspiration and help to the readers.

The Collegian imparts too much space to "The Forgotten Woman." Why not have more Short-stories and

essays? Give each student the opportunity to unfold his personality and to do his share toward supporting the Collegian.

The Blue and Gray is too common-place. It resembles an ordinary paper too much, and does not reach the standard of a College Magazine.

We acknowledge with thanks the following: The Acorn, The College of Charleston magazine, and the Criterion.

## HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

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BESSIE GARVIN, Editor

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The girls of the Costume Design Class have been studying correct dress for the school girl so that she might improve her personal appearance thereby living up to the college ideal. "A healthy Christian gentlewoman doing her work accurately, completely and happily".

The girls put on a show for the college girls entitled—"Strive to live up to Anderson College Ideal", December 1st, and the following points were brought out.

The first purpose of clothes was not for warmth or decency, but ornament. "What changes are wrought, not by time, yet in time". Perhaps the most needful work to be done in costume is to kindle in the minds of college girls a sentiment for appropriate dress which fits not only the person, but the purse as well. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy; for the apparel oft proclaims the man".

It is said of the A. C. girl that she has ability to do things and is always happy. Why not make ourselves happier? This we can do if we will take a little bit more time each day in caring for our school dresses by putting them on well and artistically.

The thing that was stressed most in the afternoon and evening clothes was the need of a sane, sensible, well balanced attitude toward dress. Afternoon frocks for a college girl should express beauty and simplicity. The desire to manifest beauty is legitimate for it is God given. They should be simple because there is often

imitation. A girl manifests a degree of native coarseness when she wears a cheap reproduction of brilliant colors and jewels. Girls should learn that simplicity is not plainness, stupidity, nor poverty but the very foundation of beauty and refinement. A girl should create for herself a standard which is distinctive and characteristic. When she has done this, the girl of fine taste will avoid all ludicrous expression because her choice is based upon her silent obedience to the principles of appropriate dress.

The department has played quite a more important part this year than heretofore. The aim of the girls in the department has been not only to do good and efficient work, but to be the leaders among the other girls in their dress.

On December 14th, we decided to give our town friends an opportunity to see just what we could do. There was quite a display of pretty and useful garments; the freshman had made many pretty undergarments while the costume design class of seniors had waists, dresses, shirts, and other things on exhibit.

Also the various Cookery Classes had a pretty display of cakes and candies while the Dietetics class had a balanced menu worked out for a girl who was under weight, thus showing how she might gain.

On the morning of February 9th, the Second Year Cookery Class served a delicious breakfast to the Presidents of the four classes. Vera Thornhill acted as hostess; and Mary Kendrick and Jenny Ruth Stevenson as the skillful waitresses.

#### MENU

|              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| Wheatena     | Whole Cream    |
| Egg on Toast | Butter         |
| Pop-overs    | Pear Marmalade |
| Coffee       |                |

On March the 2nd the Second Year Class entertained Dean and Mrs. Whyte, Miss Taylor and Miss Jones with a Daffodil luncheon.

The table was centered with a low arrangement of the yellow daffodils and the same flowers were used on the lovely painted place cards on which this quotation was written:

“Daffodils,

That come before the Swallow dares and takes  
The winds of March with beauty”

The following menu was served carrying out the yellow color scheme:

Fruit cocktail in grapefruit cups

Salmon loaf

Green peas

Potato chips

Corn meal muffins

Cheese salad

Crackers

Snow pudding

Custard sauce

Sponge cake

## RELIGIOUS NEWS

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LURA ELLIS, Editor.

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There is always something to be thankful for, and we could truly say on last Thanksgiving Day that we were thankful for our Y. W. C. A. president and her faithful cabinet. They, by their untiring efforts, have planned and carried out programs that have been interesting and helpful. Helpful, in that they have inspired us to do better and more sincere work for our Master.

As the close of the fall of 1921 drew near, and we were thinking of the Christmas holidays that would be spent with loved ones, the Y. W. C. A. strove to instill into the heart of every girl the desire to be of service in every way possible during the holidays. In other words, we were urged to be true members of a Y. W. C. A., and live up to all that the blue triangle stands for everywhere.

On Thursday evening, January the 5th., the Y. W. C. A., met for its first meetings of the New Year. The girls returned after the holidays with new enthusiasm for work in every department, including that of the religious department.

The meetings of the Y. W. A. are always enjoyed. On the evening of January 19th, this division of the Y. W. C. A. rendered its first program of the year 1922. At this meeting three girls discussed the following topics: The early missionaries and their work, the present missionaries and their work, and the opportunities of future missionaries.



Anderson College still has a Student Volunteer band. Last year, five of our volunteers were seniors, so we came back this year with only ten members. However, we are glad to say that two more have joined this band of girls who are willing to listen to and obey the still, small voice which pleads with them to spend their lives abroad in His service. Our earnest prayer is that more will heed the voice that may be calling.

We remember how the Student Volunteer Conference which met last spring inspired our girls to do nobler work. As the time for that Conference again draws near, we are hoping that many of the girls of Anderson College will have the privilege of attending and that they will be able to bring back to us some more of the spirit of sacrifice which we gained from that body of young men and young women which met in our own college last spring to discuss the work of the Master.



### ATHLETIC NEWS

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"Who's that coming down the field  
 Fast as can be?  
 Who's got steam and pep o'sight  
 Just watch and see!  
 Who's gonna win, girls?  
 Just get me told  
 Old Black and Gold, Girls,  
 Old Black and Gold."

Why it's our own Anderson College team coming down the field of course! And a finer bunch could not be found anywhere. Have they got steam and pep o'sight? Well, I should say they have. Since February 9th we don't have to ask "Who's gonna win" either for we know. On that never-to-be-forgotten evening our team met the team from the College of Charleston and waged one of the most exciting basket-ball battles ever witnessed. The teams were unusually well matched and so our girls undoubtedly won a fought-for victory. They did not have it given to them by any means. To watch Edith Herlong toss goals would delight any person. Gee! but she's a peach. Really it seems to have become a habit with her to drop the ball in the goal every time she gets it in her hands. As for Moselle—well, every one of us was there, so we'll all agree that she's a wonder—the way she literally picked that ball up and handed it over to Edith was great. And when it comes to "shooting" fouls, well, you certainly have accomplished the art, Moselle.

One of Charleston's forwards was heard to say "Lila Sisk must have a spring inside her, I never saw any

human cover floor so." She very nearly expressed the proper sentiments too. Lila is most assuredly there when it comes to keeping up with her opponent and putting 'em over. Speaking of level heads—well, that's where Claudia shines. Why she goes into a game as calm as a July day. Look at her in the midst of the game, there she is still calm of face but Oh! you forward look out—she means business. And when Claudia comes off the field that still calm, pleased, but "I didn't-do-anything" expression reminds you of a little freckled face chap who has just sampled Ma's best jam.

Our centers speak for themselves. Wonder where Lula Lee took lessons—"aerial stunts"? Never in my life saw anyone get off the floor as she does when the ball goes up in center. Then with such a "helping hand" as Keasler—why shouldn't that ball go straight to our forward?

We must slip Charleston a little compliment on their pass work. It was great and spoke a hard practice. Our girls have improved wonderfully in that art, too. They knew lots about it before but like good sports they took lessons from their opponents.

The two subs, Lillian Huff and Ruth Todd kept up good center work when Stella put them in for the last half.

All the girls were so intensely interested in the game that when the last quarter ended they just kept their seats and waited for an encore. The score 29 to 11 was a splendid beginning for our basket-ball season. Fifteen rabs for Team!

No one could doubt the sincerity of the Charleston girls when they declared with one accord that they had never played a cleaner game. Our girls won their true esteem and admiration. To have them go away feeling that every play in the game had been entirely fair—and being entirely satisfied with the outcome pleased us far more than merely a victory. It did our hearts good to hear our opponents boost Anderson to

the skies, and to see that they truly appreciated the many good qualities of Anderson College girls. We truly fell in love with them and it is our sincere hope that we may meet them again some day. Rumor says that several of them truly wish to join our ranks next year.

Every girl in school attended this game and contributed her allotment of "pep". Mabel and Gladys received the heartiest and best support possible in the yells and songs. When they gave the sign—the response almost lifted the roof. Girls—"You've got the pep"—dogone it, don't lose it"! Keep up this good work—this hearty cooperation, not only in basket-ball games but everything your college enters into—it's the thing that makes for sure success.

On the evening of Feb. 20th, our girls played the second game. This time they literally "mopped" Newberry up. The game was great, but the score, 39 to 3 was greater. The team gave Newberry a few lessons in pass work that night. As usual Edith was the "evening star". But not a girl on the team failed to shine in that game—in fact, as I have said, the game was a "brilliant" affair.

If all the compliments we've heard about Stella were roses she would have a whole florist shop by now. Our coach certainly comes in for her share of the praise. We thoroughly appreciate the interest and hard work she has put into our team to send them over the top with Anderson's colors flying high.

On Saturday, March 4, the team expects to leave for Charleston. They will play several games. We're all for you, girls, do your best and come back with State Championship. And wherever you go, remember to sing old Anderson's praises for—She's the best school in the land. Tell the girls if they want an education, lots of fun and recreation, to come join our happy band.

## FINE ARTS

---

MARY DELL STEWART, Editor

---

On November the 28th the McDowell Club held its second meeting, in Miss Cronkhite's studio. The meeting was a very interesting one, as it was given up to the telling of the latest events of the Musical World which proved to be both interesting and educational.

The students and people of Anderson enjoyed a Student Concert given in the College Auditorium, December 9th, in honor of the Music Club of Anderson. The program consisted chiefly of Beethoven's works.

"The Ensemble of Strings", directed by Miss Burleigh made its first appearance on this occasion and although most of the players were inexperienced in ensemble playing, the achievement remained one worthy of the most respectful attention.

The program also consisted of two voice numbers and a violin number, both of which displayed increasing efficiency in these departments.

On December 10th, the children of the Music Department, under the direction of Miss Hazel Tuttle gave a recital, to demonstrate "The D System of Improved Study for Beginners". About twenty children took part.

Besides the usual playing of piano solos, the children showed a knowledge of the department of music study. Ear training was demonstrated by a small girl who listened and wrote a melody on the blackboard, as it was played by another on the piano. Later the same was transposed into a key. A thorough knowledge of scales was shown by another who wrote any scale, Major or Minor, on the board.

Another wrote tonic and dominant seventh chords and intervals in any key.

The pleasure the children found in showing what they could do, made the hour very delightful for all.



### Miss Peterson's Recital

May Peterson, the charming Metropolitan soprano, gave her third recital in three successive years in Anderson College auditorium, January 11, 1922. The audience which greeted her represented the musical people and Anderson College girls. The friends which Miss Peterson made in Anderson last year are now supplemented by many new ones.

The program was altogether delightful, both as to selections and performance. No one compares with May Peterson in her characteristic graciousness and generosity. She responded to the desire of her audience for more and more, until her program was decidedly lengthened by repetitions and additions.

After the concert her hearers were loathe to leave, and as she stood on the stairs, surrounded by the girls singing college songs to her, she again yielded to their enthusiasm and sang several songs. That her former recitals here had remained in the hearts of the people, found proof in the fact that most of her encores were songs which had been heard here before and which were given by special requests.

Miss Peterson possesses an inimitable personality. She says herself that she "was born with a smile" and surely she is doing great good as she goes about just singing and smiling and leaving inspiration wherever she goes. Her innate refinement, her beauty, and her singing are the medium through which she projects her goodness into the lives and souls of others. She is never aloof from her audience and this concert she felt keenly the interest, sympathy and appreciation manifested in the faces of her hearers.

Stuart Ross has always accompanied Miss Peterson in Anderson. Mr. Ross is widely known as an accompanist and his clean, brilliant technique, good taste and unassuming dignity fit him admirably for his chosen art. All this can be seen in the way in which he catches and follows Miss Peterson's spirit and interpretation in whatever style she sings.

## ART.

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The art department has commenced the second semester with renewed interest. Two awards are to be made the class. One a medal given by Mrs. Rufus Fant, Sr., for the best still life study done in the studio this year 1921-1922. The medal is to be known as the Rufus Fant Medal. Mrs. Fant intends to give it to the department every year, if the proper interest is shown in it this year, and she feels it is inspiring the girls to better work. This medal is quite an incentive to the girls to do their best and we feel sure will be a great aid in having splendid work done in the studio.

The other award is to be given by Gallant-Belk Department Store for the best piece of work done in the art room—this includes those working in the China Class, as well as those working from still life. There will be a first and second prize. These awards are greatly appreciated by the Art Department.

The Art Club feels fully organized now as their pins have come. Gold palette with tiny jewels around the edge, representing the point on the palette. A jewelled A is connected to the pin proper by a small gold chain. The pins are beautiful and each girl is proud to be a member of the club.

The second semester Miss Johnnie McGee, Charleston, came in to form the art class.

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**BRILLIANTS AND BONELETS**


---

MABEL DILLINGHAM, Editor

---

**WHY**

- Is Viola so fond of Tolly's furniture?
  - Is the back seat in church so popular?
  - Is Martha so fond of "Rose-y"?
  - Does Evelyn want to stay in Anderson?
  - Does Norma's heart miss a beat when she sees—?
  - Has Eloise quit a Ford for a Hudson? a Cadillac?
  - Is why, and why is it so?
- 

Norma: "Would you say she had haunting eyes?"

Frances: "How can you tell when she wore a mask?"

---

We have heard that a crowd of Donalds' boys came up to see us once and thought that the street cars were cigar stands.

---

Isabel while in Greenville, one time, asked the waiter to bring her another cream pitcher since the one she had did not have a handle.

---

Mary: "What newspaper are you going to buy?"

Ruth: "The Atlanta Home Journal."

---

Caroline wants to know if she may eat the foliage off the celery?"

---

Dr. Dunford: We will let P. C. stand for "period characteristics". Now Miss Dillingham what does P. C. stand for?

Mabel: (dreamily)—"Presbyterian College."



Moselle: "We will have to discuss the Irish question, I know".

Lila: "What is that, anything to do with us?"

---

Miss Fox: "If anyone is not here then please answer Absent".

---

Frances and Norma: "Ain't we smart, we got out of English Examination".

---

Viola: "I wonder if they have wild animals in China like Chickens or pigs"?

---

Broadus (a Clemson boy)—"You should have heard the Rosary, a violin solo".

Leon (another C. A. C. boy)—"Who sang it"?

---

Bertha: "Who made this cake"?

Sara: "O, you know Aunt Betty"

Bertha: "Who"!

Sara: "Why our cook".

---

Lula Lee: "Miss Fox sang a solo".

Edna: "What! by herself"?

---

Man: "Are you from Georgia?"

Sammie Harris: "Yes, how did you know?"

Man: "Because that is where all peaches come from".

---

Proctor: "Vi, where have you been?"

Vi (saucily)—"O, I have been in the Library. Where is Mabel?"

Proctor (sarcastically)—"She is in the Library".

---

Dean Whyte: "What does 'Amen' mean?"

Bertha: "We have finished".

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