

VOL. IV

NO. 4


THE ORION



Estherian Number

March, 1920

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Anderson College Ideal:

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

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FANTASIES

RUTH BROWNLEE

It was just as the twilight descended
On the swift gray wings of the night
And I sat, solitary and thotful
In the glow of the soft firelight,
When there silently glided before me
A vary-hued Fantasy fair,
And it bended its bright self above me,
And whispered soft words in my ear,
"I will give you the wealth of the ages,
Bright diamonds and glittering gold,
I will heap you with fortune's rare treasure
Wealth such as has never been told,
I am Wealth—I am Riches—Come, choose me,
I am yours, you shall never regret."
Then as softly and silently entered
My room still a Fantasy yet,
She was clothed in the robes of the morning,
Bright scarlet and opal and gold,
And her musical voice held me spell-bound
As she babbled of pleasure untold.
I was stirred to my depths, I would follow,
I would walk in their radiant way,
But a being in pearl white detained me
And the radiant ones vanished away.
"Who art thou?" I asked of the Vision,

“And why dost thou stand in my path?
I would go after Riches and Pleasure,
I will go!” I exclaimed in my wrath.
But she held me—so gently she pleaded,
“Oh, Mortal, Why, why wilt thou go?
They are Fancies, mere insincere Fancies,
Trust in me, for I tell you I know.”
“But who art thou, thou sweet gentle creature?
Thou art pure as the heavens above.
I would have thee, but tell me, who art thou?”
And she whispered, “Dear One, I am Love.”

THE WOMAN

CLARICE TOWNSEND

"This is the first time you have ever visited this asylum, isn't it?"

"Yes, and you have no idea how greatly I appreciate your taking me over the grounds. Have you any especially interesting cases here?"

"Oh, yes! lots of them. There is one who fancies himself to be a chicken. We contradict no fancies, you know, for that only makes them worse. There is another who believes that he is a great author and writes incessantly, and—oh! so many more that I could mention. However, we have two cases that are exceedingly extraordinary. There they are now!"

My attention was directed to a very wild-eyed little woman, seemingly about thirty years of age. Her rather shabby clothes loosely draped her frail frame. In her pretty chestnut hair, which hung carelessly about her shoulders, the man at her side had placed a few flowers and a great many leaves.

"Is this the queen of May?" I jested.

"Oh, no, that's Josephine."

"And the man at her side is Napoleon?" I presume.

"The man is Major Lee Bryan."

"What!" I gasped. "Surely not the Major Lee Bryan that——"

"Exactly the same. His excavations have made him famous. You remember the story that all the newspapers carried."

"Yes, he was shell-shocked, and very ill for a long time."

"And insanity followed," finished my companion.

"His brother was anxious to keep that part out of the papers," I rejoined.

"Well, the woman, where did she come from?"

"Why, Josephine has been an inmate here for years. Their meeting was indeed strange. There is an interesting story about those two. Would you like to hear it?"

He nodded assent, and I began—

"His brother brought him here last March, and just as he entered the gate his eyes fell upon Josephine, dancing gracefully in the sun. He stopped perfectly still, ridded himself of his brother's arm, and gazed long at her. We tried to stir him but he would not be moved. 'Look! I see an angel,' he cried wildly.

"Josephine ceased her dancing and crept a little nearer. His strong grey eyes seemed to cast a spell over her, for she was quivering like a bird when charmed by a snake. With his eyes still fixed in a steady gaze, he walked slowly yet deliberately towards her. I called for help and started after him, but his brother restrained me, saying, 'He's harmless, he won't hurt her. For the past week he has been raving something about an angel.' When he reached her his eyes lost their dreadful stare and took on a look of real compassion, his eyebrows raised slightly, and his firm lips curved into a smile, then he stroked her pretty hair tenderly.

"And since that moment they have been inseparable. Sometimes romping, playing like children, laughing merrily, and again calm and self-possessed, talking earnestly over some very queer subject; but always hand in hand. She advises him in everything he does. A rather amusing incident occurred not so long ago. We gave him a wheelbarrow and told him to haul bricks from the back shelter to the warehouse. He worked splendidly for a while, but Josephine advised him to turn the wheelbarrow over—upside down. This he did and would sing merrily as he dragged the heavy wheelbarrow to and from the warehouse. I went to him and tried in a very simple manner to con-

vince him that it would be much easier to turn the wheelbarrow over and roll it. But he laughed and laughed,—then said, ‘You think I’m crazy, don’t you? Well, I turned it up that way and they filled it with bricks.’

“But, back to my story. Dr. Rudolph, our inspector, became very much interested in Josephine, and said to me one day: ‘I thoroughly believe I could cure that woman. You see her wisdom teeth are impacted and I believe responsible for her being here. By abstracting them and giving her the famous “Covant” treatment, I believe I could restore her to her right mind.’

“‘Anyhow, it’s worth trying,’ I rejoined. I’ll send for her,’ and I called Richard, the orderly.

“In a few minutes he returned, breathlessly saying as he entered the door: ‘Boss, I can’t do nothin’ wid dat man. He grabbed da’ ’oman an’ helt her to de tree an’ wuz a mutterin’ som’tin’ ’bout I wuz de black debbel an’ at he knewed it, an’ at I didn’t have no business acomin’ to pester angels.’

“‘I guess that means I must go after her. I can manage him all right. He thinks I’m Woodrow Wilson and trusts me implicitly.’

“I found them just as the darky had said. He was holding her tightly to the tree, and the rough bark, pressing so closely to the tender skin, had caused the blood to trickle down her cheek.

“When he saw me, he ran quickly to meet me, and, taking my arm, entreated help.

“‘That’s all right,’ I assured him; ‘let me take care of her.’

“Obediently, he ran a little in advance to Josephine, and taking her hand led her to me.

“Dr. Rudolph made a final, thorough examination, then turning to me remarked: ‘I’m satisfied as to the result. Here, take a look at those teeth! Get her ready and I will call for her about noon tomorrow. I’ll take her to Balti-

more and will be away about three weeks. Don't forget, tomorrow noon.'

The next day I heaved a sigh of relief as I watched his automobile speedily turn the corner out of sight, taking Josephine away.

"I wondered more than once about Bryan, so when my nightly chores had been performed, I went over to see him. I found him lying on the floor with outstretched arms sobbing and muttering.

"'Why, old man, what's your trouble?'

"'Ha, stop! Who art thou, and convince me as to your errand. You have taken my fair angel from my fortified castle. What seek you next, my life?'

"By this time he had arisen and fastened his eyes upon me. His gigantic form relaxed, the clenched hands opened, the heavy knitted eyebrows parted. 'You don't know me?' I asked.

"'Yes, oh, yes! I'm not crazy; it all comes back to me now. I'm glad you've come, I knew you would. The Germans have just made a raid and have carried off my angel as a prize.' And on and on he raved. Instead of forgetting, he grew worse and even violent. Indeed some of his actions frightened me. Finally, in exasperation, I had him confined. Then his strength seemed to leave him, and he was as manageable as a child. He usually sat peering out of the small window, cradling his chin in his hands and constantly wailing pitifully.

"At last Dr. Rudolph returned. 'Well, I knew she would,' he declared, triumphantly. You never saw such a change in your life. She pulled through beautifully, and the difference in her appearance! Her eyes lost that wild look and seemed to have a depth of feeling, yet always very sad. She arranged her pretty hair becomingly in a loose knot at the nape of her neck. But the strange part to me was, that she lost all of that rosy color and animation she had. I feel right sorry for the little woman, though—she keeps saying

in a pitiful tone, 'I want him; I'm so empty—I mean my life is.' I took her home yesterday and it seems that her people are very much ashamed of her. I cautioned them to be very careful with her, for you know the least little thing might undo all my work.'

"About a month later we had one of the worst storms I've ever witnessed. The rain came down in a furious, never-ceasing stream, the wind, blowing through the naked limbs of the trees, made ghastly wailings. But above this I heard a wailing more pitiful, more human. I peered long out of my window, but the darkness was impenetrable. The lightning flashed once, twice, and the second flash revealed a slender figure just outside my window. I hurried outside, the rain beating me in the face, the wind blowing me on and the water oozing and splashing with every step I made. At length I stumbled over the fallen figure and with much difficulty reached the house again with a very limp and very wet person in my arms. Exhausted, I rang for the nurse, then turning again uncovered the face and recognized—Josephine. She had come out of her sane world of loneliness back into her insane world of bliss."

EXTRACTS FROM DR. WHITE'S CHAPEL TALKS

MYRA ANDERSON

From "The Devil is to Pay"

"'The devil is to pay', whether you believe in the devil or not." You must be on the look-out for the devil's toll. He is in the pulpit. He is always by our side when we are doing our best. Every one has to face him. It is a part of our business. It is not to be taken lightly. He would like to get not only his toll, but the whole soul. You have to look at life as a battle. Out of all experiences—when we come into contact with evil, let us call it what it is. "The devil is to pay." When your life comes to be measured, the sort of standing that you have will depend upon how much you have kept the devil from getting of that which belongs to God.

From "The Lincoln Memorial"

One of the things that impresses one most about the Lincoln Memorial is its white sternness. Its lines are straight. There is a simplicity about its grandeur. We are in the habit of thinking that architecture and art and literature must be full of attractive colors, but one of the most artistic things ever drawn was a straight line. It is a beautiful thing, but such a commonplace matter that we hardly admire it. Our ideals must be invariable. When an ideal begins to bend, it begins to break. Ideals are for character. Some of the stern ideals that any worthy heart must love and see are represented in the Lincoln Memorial. The first is the ideal of truth itself. It is a precious possession. You can trace the whole struggle of humanity as a struggle against a lie. I can hear my father say, "I can bear for

you to disobey me, but it cuts me to the soul for you to lie to me about it." Truth is a stern ideal and it requires us to be true. It is an ideal which no human being can afford to miss. Lying is common, but that does not improve its character. The problem of education and of culture is to teach us that it is never an escape, but it always brings reaction.

From "The Lost Bible"

Where the Bible circulates freely there is progress and morality, but where that Book is not found you will find morality depressed. The lost Bible would be the lost world. It is such a pity to have a light and not turn it on. Our peril and our sin is that we take the Bible only partly and we deal with it imperfectly. It is sometimes turned to only purely secular uses. It is used to boost selfish causes. We lose the Bible by mutilating it. We have seen the example of how it works out in Germany. The Germans dropped the sanctity of the Bible and now Germany is ruined—the very name is a stench in the nostril. You had better not lose the Bible by mistreating it.

From "Ups and Downs"

Your life will be a success if you stand on top of your troubles and sing this song—a foolish sort of song, but that sort of song sometimes carries with it a great significance. This is the song I would have you sing to some one:

"I'm going to get well,
 I'm going to get well,
 If you can live with a face like that,
 I'm going to get well."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SUNBEAMS

EDITH HUBBARD

Now old King Winter, so hoary and grim,
Sat aloft on his icy throne,
And shook his white locks o'er the shivering land
While he called the world his own.

Till one frosty morn some sunbeams gay
Scampered over his blanket of snow,
As they flung out their signal of mellow light
For the warm South Wind to blow.

They danced along o'er the hill-tops bleak
And routed the snowflakes white,
And chased old Winter with all his train
In reckless and headlong flight.

Then they beckoned to Spring with their fairy wand
That she might their victory see;
And she flung out her robes to her courtiers small
As she bade them deck garden and tree.

Up, up through the long-frozen ground peeps at last
The army of wee growing things,
Then come the buds on the gaunt, gloomy trees
And the whirring of strong little wings.

And the courtiers wee in their sunshiny way
Gaze long on their fairy-like work,
As they sing out to Spring, bubbling over with joy,
That her service they did not shirk.

For the brook gurgles forth on its rapturous way
And the tiny waves dance in a whirl,
While Nature proclaims with each tiny voice
"God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world."

CLEAN UP

BERNICE SHIELDS

"This is such an uncertain old world," sighed Minnie, throwing a newspaper aside.

"What is the matter now, little pessimist?" asked her good-natured sister, Elnora, as she dropped her sewing to her lap. "Yesterday it was queer to you why all people were not born musical geniuses, since music was an art that even a baby loved, and now I guess you wish that everybody was born your ideal."

Both of the Judd sisters had finished a Home Economics course at college, even though Minnie, the younger sister, had always taken more interest in her music than in her other studies. This was their first year out of college, and they were teaching in the small town of Rubyville. Although they were very unlike in disposition, they made capable teachers and had won a good name from all those with whom they had come in contact.

Minnie was a rather small girl with bright brown eyes whose expressions were as changing as were the thoughts that passed through her mind. She was very impulsive, but had good intentions. As a leader she was energetic and ambitious, especially in doing the things that appealed to her. Elnora was a taller girl with mild blue eyes that indicated her gentle disposition. She was idolized by her younger sister, and knowing this, she tried to do the right thing always and had become the little philosopher of the small family. Minnie accepted every statement made by Elnora and often in the high school things that were suggested by Elnora were carried out by the ambitious Minnie. They won a reputation that made their parents proud of them.

Today as Elnora mused over Minnie's remark she concluded that it was true and that there must be uncertain people in the world to make it an uncertain world.

"What did you see that makes you think that the world is uncertain?" she asked finally when she noticed Minnie's unusual silence.

"Why, a little vile gossip has broken up the happiest couple I know of in town. It has been reported that Mrs. Dalrymple went to a dance the other night with that good-for-nothing Sam Ramsey, and you know that she hasn't thought of such a thing," exploded Minnie, as she thought of her confidant little friend, Susie Dalrymple.

Elnora looked up suddenly and exclaimed, "I know exactly where that started! Miss Priscilla Allen has what she calls a sewing club that meets every week. And such a Hen Party! I went there one day to see if they could help me in my sewing and I never heard such gossiping in all my life. The ones that had nothing to say were just like an old trash pile just outside of the city that has up a sign "Free Dump." They accepted all that was thrown into their shallow minds with a smile. I wish you would go one time and see for yourself just how it is."

And so it happened that at the next meeting of the sewing club, Minnie Judd was present. She could scarcely keep her face straight when she was cordially welcomed by Miss Priscilla, who was a typical old maid. She was tall and severely dressed, wearing a high collar and spectacles, and every hair was in its respective place, terminating in a small ball on the top of her head. After the six members present were seated with their sewing, Miss Allen began on the subject of Leap Year. She said that it was such an exciting time and some of the old bachelors had a hopeful gleam in their eyes that had not been there for years. She ended by saying that it might help the community if some of the women would encourage the timid men a bit.

"That strikes me as being a good idea," mumbled Miss Lizzie Speck. "Maybe the change for the double harness would help us. I know that there are some old maids that would have been married long ago if fate had favored them."

"Holy Fire!" came Miss Cynthia in her thin voice. "I would have you know that here is a woman that is an old maid from choice."

Miss Allen, looking over the spectacles on her nose, began: "You are not the only one who says she was an old maid by choice, for I happen to know of a certain woman, I won't call any names, who lives here in town. She called herself an old maid by choice until one day she shocked the community by marrying a certain man who had plenty of money but not much grey matter to go with it. However, she was shrewd enough to flatter him into marrying her. I have a cousin whose aunt told her that this very couple couldn't get along because the wife nags at him so much. I heard her myself tell him one Sunday that if he didn't stop coughing she was going to cram her handkerchief down his throat, and——"

"Oh, Miss Allen," interrupted Minnie, "I know who you are talking about for I was with her that day, and she said that in fun and Bob took it in fun. I know myself that she is as innocent as she is pretty."

"Very well, but remember, pretty is as pretty does," retorted Miss Allen with one of her many maxims.

"Holy Fire!" said Miss Cynthia again, "she would not be called pretty then."

And so on, the conversation progressed from one such topic to another until poor Minnie, in despair, decided to go home. As she went home she kept trying to think of a way to break up such an organization as the sewing club, but how? She had not the remotest idea, but when she thought of Elnora her face brightened.

On reaching home the two sisters began to plan their crusade against their older sisters. Elnora suggested having a club of their own, but what difference would there be in having two clubs, one for girls and one for the older women? Maybe a little rivalry, but that was not the point. They must break up the latter, and do it in a tactful way.

"I know what we can do," solved Elnora at last. "Let us organize our club and have such a high standard that it will be quite an honor to be in it. We can have little socials after each meeting and occasionally serve refreshments. Then, too, you can give some special music sometimes."

Minnie, eagerly: "And later on we can anticipate various other amusements. Won't it be delightful?"

"After several meetings we will insist on a joint meeting of the two sewing clubs and make friends with these women."

Therefore in a few weeks the big day came when the two clubs met. The members of the older were a little prejudiced at first, but they were soon fascinated by the young girls, so congenial and so full of enthusiasm. In due time they had all been won over to the new club where there was no time for gossiping but a great deal for work and pure and helpful fun. They found more interest in their sewing than ever before, a more kindly feeling toward everybody, and more joy for themselves, for there was always a helpful and entertaining program planned by the gifted girls whose prime motive was to eradicate all the malice, indolence, and uncertainty from the women of their own community.

The motto of Elnora and Minnie Judd evidently was "Clean Up." The intelligent people of the community recognized it as such anyway.

FATE

LUCY PRIMROSE WHYTE

Fate was to blame for it all. Otherwise it would never have happened. It was the fifteenth of May, the night of the big Junior dance.

He, Winston Kinard, was an ex-first lieutenant who had come back from his eighteen months in France to the big Western University to complete his course in engineering; he had also made a bet that he would propose to the third girl he met at this particular Junior dance.

She, Janet Robins, was a dancing-eyed, merry-hearted junior and as pledge of the $\Sigma\Lambda\pi$ Sorority. One of her duties as pledge of this sorority was to accept any proposal she might have during the month of May and to remain engaged for a month.

The dance was progressing gloriously and Janet was having the fourth, a fox-trot, with Tommy Penrose. As they passed the door onto the veranda Winston Kinard hurried up to Tommy, saying, "Been looking everywhere for you, Penrose. You're wanted on a very urgent long-distance down at the frat house."

"Thanks so much, Kinard; Miss Dobins, Mr. Kinard. I'll leave you to finish this with Kinard, Janet, if you'll allow me. The call is probably from dad, about my sister Dorothea, who's pretty sick, so I guess I'd better get it."

"Go right ahead, Tommy. I hope it's no bad news. I'll be delighted to finish this with Mr. Kinard." As she said this she smiled up at him. He forgot Tommy and realized that he was looking into a pair of violet-blue, black-lashed eyes that belonged to a small person with golden hair, wearing a wonderful sort of cool green dress that reminded him of the sea. He smiled back. "I thank you for allowing me to act as substitute for a few minutes."

By this time Janet, too, had forgotten Tommy and was thinking, "He certainly is good looking and a perfect giant."

They danced on in silence for a little, then Janet said, "Please let's sit out a while. Last fall I turned my ankle dreadfully, and it's still weak."

They walked out onto the wide porch and around toward the lake. Soon Kinard heard himself saying, "Why not go down to that little Japanese affair on the lake? It's bound to be cool and you can be more comfortable down there than up here in this crowd."

As they walked slowly down the steps they passed a friend of Kinard's, Bill Jaeckel, who muttered as he passed, "Remember the Alamo."

Then Winston remembered his bet, and here was the third girl he had met. Confound it! what should he do! He could not be a quitter, but this wasn't the sort of girl a fellow proposed to right off the bat, even if he did want to. By this time they had reached the little thatched-roof Japanese pagoda, built on a pile of rocks at the edge of the lake. It was a beautiful scene, the soft blue night and the big golden moon, the wise old moon, making a gleaming pathway across the water. They talked at random for some time, then Winston, determined to do or die, commenced abruptly.

"Miss Robins, do you believe in love at first sight?"

Janet thought, "Good gracious, if he proposes I'll have to accept and that would be awful!" So she answered quietly, "Why, no, Mr. Kinard; I can't say that I do."

"But don't you think that very strong impressions can be created?" he persisted.

"We—I—But you know that impressions are very often misleading."

"Sure, some are, but now just prove that you are what I think you are. I'm going to put the strangest request ever up to you, and if you're the good sport I think you are,

you'll grant it. I dare you to be engaged to me until after commencement. After that you needn't ever see me again. I only ask, that you allow me to call you my fiancée until then."

"Oh, dear, there it is," Janet thought. "There is nothing else I can do. Anyway, it will be fun." Aloud she said, "That surely is the strangest dare I ever had. I haven't the slightest idea what your reason can be for asking me, but if you can assure me that there's nothing criminal in it, I'll accept. We'll be engaged from now until commencement night. Let's see—that's four weeks from tomorrow."

"You're a peach! By that time I can explain the whole thing to you and you'll have no cause to be sorry."

The last month at the University whirled by in a mad rush of gaiety and fun. Commencement night arrived. Winston was in his place in the graduating class, feeling very happy because that morning he had received an offer of a splendid position with M. D. Enwright, one of the leading engineers in the West. Janet was smiling up at him over an enormous corsage of roses and whenever she moved her left hand something on her third finger flashed brilliantly.

THE WAGES OF SIN——!

CAROLYN PARNELL

Jean and Elizabeth had been trying to study for the last twenty minutes, but a sad failure was the result. Elizabeth looked at Jean; Jean looked at Elizabeth and both laughed.

"It's no use, Elizabeth, I simply can't put my mind on this trig," said Jean.

"Me either," returned Elizabeth. "I tell you what let's do. Let's get Margaret, Jane, Ethel and Catherine and let's make——"

"Candy! Glorious! I'm with you," cut in Jean. "You go after Jane and Catherine. I'll go get Margaret and Ethel. Oh, yes, be sure to tell Catherine to bring her chafing dish. And, Elizabeth, if you love me," she pleaded, "don't make any noise."

They opened the door and slipped down the hall noiselessly. In a few minutes both returned with the girls, Catherine bringing her chafing dish.

"Lock that door, Ethel, and be sure to put up the transom so the proctor can't smell the candy cooking," ordered Jean.

"Good gracious! we haven't any milk, Jean," moaned Elizabeth.

"What do we care? Use water," put in resourceful Jane. "It'll be most as good."

"Where's the sugar?" asked Elizabeth.

"In the closet," retorted Jean.

"Find it," ordered Elizabeth.

Out came the sugar and went into the pan. "Gee! doesn't it smell good!" exclaimed Catherine, hungrily.

"I wish it would hurry up and cook, 'cause I'm fearfully hun——", began Jean.

"Rap, rap," on the door.

“Good night! it’s the proctor!” whispered Jean. “Open that trunk, Ethel.”

Down went the chafing dish and the still cooking candy into the bottom tray.

“Jane, you and Margaret get under the bed. Ethel, get in the closet, you and Catherine.” And with these orders, Jean closed down the trunk and calmly seated herself on the top. The proctor, in the meantime, was getting impatient.

“Hurry and open the door,” she ordered.

“You go to blazes,” yelled quick-tempered Jean.

“Shut up, Jean; how many points do you want? Blow in”—unlocking the door.

“I want to know how to do this trig. Can you all work it?” asked the proctor.

“No,” returned Jean. “Never could do the old stuff.”

“Believe I’ll go down to Jane’s room. She’s good on trig,” declared the proctor.

“Er—I—er—don’t think I would. She—er—told me she couldn’t do——”, stuttered Jean, and stopped.

“What’s the matter?” inquired the proctor.

“Er—nothing t’all,” returned Jean. But there was. She had forgotten the candy and it was still cooking, evidently, for the trunk top was getting too hot for her to continue to sit there comfortably. She got up hurriedly, praying that if the proctor sat down she would sit in a chair, and not on the trunk.

“What you all reading?” inquired the proctor. ‘The Altar of Sacrifice.’ Hum, sounds like a ten-cent novel. Is it good?” she continued, picking it up.

“Yes, come over here and sit down,” pleaded Jean hurriedly.

“Haven’t got time. Just want to see what the hero and heroine’s names are. I’ll sit here on the trunk.”

“Don’t do that,” snapped Elizabeth. Changing her tone, she said, “Come on over here.”

"No, this will do," and she seated herself thereupon. But she arose quickly.

"Good Land!! What makes that top so hot?" she yelled, looking suspiciously at the girls.

"You all have been making candy? Open that trunk and let me see," ordered the proctor.

"No—I—er—declare we haven't," pleaded Jean.

"Open that trunk. No, wait, I will." Up went the trunk top, and—there was the candy, still cooking.

"Uh-huh. Young girls! Cooking during study period," accused the proctor, "three points each."

Just then Jane sneezed!

"Oh, some more bad ones, eh! Come on out, girls. Anybody under the bed?" She reached down and caught one unfortunate young lady by her foot.

"Three points for cooking, one for being out of room without permission," declared the proctor.

"Better watch your steps hereafter." She gave this parting advice as she went out the door.

"The wages of sin are—four points. Never again," declared Jean wisely, as four "broken" girls trooped out her door and to their rooms—and the candy—cooked on!

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**Construction
and
Destruction**

Are you a constructor or a destructor? Do you solve geometric problems upon your college walls, scale chips from the table and chairs, throw paper on the campus and step on the flower beds; or do you condemn these acts yourself and scold another fellow when he performs them? If you belong to the former class, do you not think that it is time you were learning the right attitude one should have toward property that is not his? To be sure you are paying for the use of your room, your furniture, the halls and the campus, but soon some one else will be paying for the use of those identical things which you now enjoy. It is only fair that your successor finds them as you found them. The question is—can you not leave them in a better condition? Walls unscratched remain white, furniture continually polished grows brighter, flower beds untrampled grow prettier. Are you helping or hindering these improvements?

Anderson College lives upon the constructive policy. Her buildings are new. The classes that have gone out have been considerate. They have left a surface not only untarnished, but beautified by improvements. Each year the senior class has dedicated to its Alma Mater an artistic as well as useful gift. This year, their gift is a loggia which has been completed and awaits only the breath of spring in order to be used. But while the blustery March winds continue to blow, a cheerful fire blazes upon the hearthstone of a fireplace in west colonnade given by the 1920 freshmen. And soon there will be a swimming pool, recreation hall, society halls and a new dormitory to grace our campus. Are you, as an individual, taking an interest in the constructive work of your college? Do something for those who are to follow and later you will look back and say, "that was my part in the upbuilding of my Alma Mater."

At the beginning of the 1919-20 session there was introduced into the senior class of Anderson College a crook. Attached to this crook is the simple legend: "Once upon a time a college girl, who wore upon her shoulders the dignity of a senior, became tired of the duties and responsibilities of that position and sought to free her mind for an hour by communing alone with nature. Spring had touched the world. The bursting buds, the shy flowers just peeping out, the merry song of a brook lured this girl away. Across the hills and meadows she wandered and ere long the shadows of night began to fall. Realizing this, the girl turned to retrace her steps only to find that the walls of her college were no longer in sight, and the very path over which she had come had vanished. The shadows crept closer about her and like a frightened child, she leaned her head upon the trunk of a tree and cried. Soon she heard a voice saying, 'What ails thee, child? Cease thy weeping and let me help you.' The girl raised her head and there before her stood a shepherd's crook. She told her story and the crook had compassion. It took the girl gently by her hand and led her back to the fold of her college home. In parting it said, 'You have erred, my child, by answering to the voice of temptation. Be careful lest you err again at a time when I cannot help you.'"

The crook has become our symbol. It stands for the purity, the honor, the dignity, the knowledge of the senior class, and under no condition must we lose it. There is a chance of its being lost, for the junior class desires this crook above all else; and for that reason we have to keep it hidden. Certain rules are laid down for its hiding and for the searching for it, and he who breaks a rule must forfeit the crook.

Why do we have the crook? Because it is a fit symbol to represent the standard of the senior class, and is an incentive to each member as an individual.

Because it represents a spirit of friendly rivalry between the junior and senior classes. It maintains the life, the vim, the pep of the two classes and binds their spirits together in a common bond of comradeship.

And finally because it teaches a lesson in "playing fair." There are many ways in which unfairness might be employed in this game of the crook, and should one be tempted, the fact that a breach of disloyalty forfeits the emblem quells the temptation. Loyalty to the spirit of your class and to your comrades is a strong headlight, and one which should guide the footsteps of each person thru his college career.

**Dr. White's
Chapel Talks** Dr. White's chapel talks are one of the institutions of Anderson College. The subjects are intensely attractive and the talks are given in such a vivid way that they make a deep impression on us all. For indeed who among us does not remember "Susanna and Her Two Adjectives" or "The Devil's to Pay"? These and numerous others we will remember long after the ninth formula in trigonometry (on which the universe revolves, some say), or the ghastly irregularities of some of our pet foreign verbs have been wafted from our brains by the winds of Time.

Please take the humble suggestions of one of THE ORION janitors and let's do something towards making these remarkable Chapel Talks a permanent asset. Why not appoint some one as "Chapel Stenographer" to take these talks down, and each year they could be published in book form. A little book of this sort all of us would be glad to have in later years as a remembrance of one of the most noteworthy and vital elements of our college life.

Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT

MYRTLE WORKMAN, Editor.

Sacrifice

There was one word that sounded the depths of the spiritual power of the Des Moines Convention. Sacrifice! The sacrificial spirit is the only means through which we may attain the deepest, truest and most uplifting spirituality. To breathe the word Sacrifice carries us to Calvary and flings us prostrate on our knees before our dying Lord as he hangs upon the cross. He alone knows the true spirit of sacrifice. Look reverently and searchingly upon the scene as I talk with you. There He hangs. His dear face bears the marks of grief and suffering, yet His mission to earth goes far deeper and a sweet heavenly expression of love greets our souls. But why did they pierce His forehead with a crown of thorns? Oh, yes, can't you see the picture and understand its meaning?

Yes, and there are His blessed hands pierced and torn with those cruel nails. And His precious feet, they are the same feet that trod the shores of Galilee, Judea and Samaria. But, why have they thrust a sword into His side, how could they have done so? He poured out His precious blood on Calvary for you and me, and the blood that pours from His wounded side is flowing from a heart that bears the burden of this great big world. He gave His all, and poured out His life's blood for all humanity, then surely we can give Him back the life we owe, and the very best within our lives.

In the great address on "The Sacrificial Spirit" Dr. Vance spoke these words: "We'll never feel evolution through execution. Some one has got to elect to lay down his life for his brethren. Can we find those who are willing to stand with the nails in their hands and thorns on their brow?"

If the sacrifice of our Lord on Calvary cannot stir the most sacred chords within our souls with a quicker vibration of love and sacrifice for Him and humanity, then our ship of service is floating and drifting out into the sea of failure and discouragement.

The Des Moines Convention should be a great asset to the deepening of life's purpose, and a new consecration of heart and life. Let us pray that the Convention will be the means of lifting our students of America into a higher realm of spirituality, creating within them a new zeal and determination to penetrate through the walls of sin and indifference, both in our colleges and distant lands; never wavering, but carrying the name of Jesus Christ, the Great Life Giver, through victoriously.

Miss Herbert, a Y. W. C. A. secretary from Richmond, Va., talked to us on Sunday evening, February 8th. She told in an interesting and inspiring manner of the work which the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. did during the war, and are now doing in the reconstruction days.

The Y. W. C. A. held its regular meeting Thursday evening, Jan. 29th, in the auditorium. The following program was rendered:

Subject: "What the Convention reports have meant to us."

Leader: Maude McDaniel.

Hymn.

"What the Convention reports have meant to me as a Volunteer"—Sara Lou Bobo.

"What inspiration and vision have I gathered from the reports; how has it given me a new vigor and energy for religious work at college and home"—Viola Trogdon.

Hymn.

"What effect have these reports had upon the student body as a whole"—Stella Nixon.

Prayer.

Myself

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of a man I really am;
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I can never hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know;
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

—Edgar A. Guest.

LITERARY SOCIETY DEPARTMENT

MOSELLE JONES, MYRA ANDERSON, Editors.

Lanier

The Lanier Literary Society has adopted the plan of meeting every Saturday night rather than every other Saturday night. This makes it possible to have more varied programs and also of having each member serve more often. Recent programs have been upon "War Poetry," "Present Day Topics," "Old Fashioned Songs" and two very entertaining debates.

Each day brings us nearer the annual inter-society debate and also increases our confidence of victory. We have been victorious for two years—why not for three? The query accepted for debate is: "*Resolved*, That the world is growing better." Affirmative: Estherian Literary Society; Negative: Lanier Literary Society.

We invite you to come, listen to the discussion, and, if you will, wear the purple and white of Lanier.

Estherian

The last two meetings of the Estherian Literary Society have been especially instructive and entertaining. On January 31 the subject of Spiritualism was vividly brought to our minds by the reading of several selected articles and poems. All of us may not believe in spiritualism to a great extent, but today, more than ever before, it has laid its fascinating grip upon some of our great scientists and it is well for us to learn something of their theories, whether or not we care to adopt them for our own.

On February 14 one of our modern poets, Robert W. Service, whose poems are always inspirational, was studied.

The following selections were read: "The Fool", "On the Wild", "Carry On", "The Battle of Hard Luck Henry", "Cheer", and "Young Fellow, My Lad."

It is our purpose to make quite an intensive study of modern literature, as we feel that this subject is one of the many which we, as a literary society, need to familiarize ourselves with.

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

EDNA SUMMERALL, Editor.

Music

On Friday evening, January 30, the advanced piano students gave a concert to a most appreciative audience. The program was made up of interesting and difficult compositions of Beethoven, Jensen, Schubert, Charminade and Leschetizky.

The College Glee Club appeared as a closing number, rendering the chorus, "My Little Pretty One."

The piano pupils of Misses Hall and Denmark gave a recital on Thursday, February 12th, in Miss Denmark's studio. The accuracy and interpretation which was shown in the performance of each number was most remarkable, thereby marking the progress of the piano department.

Expression

On the 12th of December the first-year girls of the Expression Department had the pleasure of attending a recital given by the advanced pupils, Stella Nixon and Annie Pearl Shirley. Both read with fine and keen appreciation. The characters in their respective stories lived before us. What more can we say?

We are looking forward to another recital given by these two.

The monthly recital of the first-year girls will take place on the 25th of February. A program of Kipling and James Whitcomb Riley has been arranged.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

CLELL BRANHAM, Editor.

The Home Economics dining room was the scene of a beautiful colonial buffet luncheon given to the faculty by the Second Year Cookery Class on Saturday, February 21.

The color scheme was carried attractively in red and white decorations, and the committee in charge, as well as Miss Doddridge, wore powdered hair and quaint costumes of gay colors.

Twenty-four guests enjoyed the delicious menu, consisting of:

	Cherry Ice
Manhattan Mousse de Poulet Salad	
	Creamed Shrimp and Peas in Potato Croustades
	Rolled Celery Sandwiches
	Drop Biscuits
Angel Cake	Tea with Candied Cherries
Glaced Nuts	Candied Orange Peel

The luncheon was left entirely with a committee, who planned in detail every feature of the luncheon as well as acted as hostesses for the occasion. This committee was composed of Hattie Ruth Cannon, Catherine Ransey, Maud Ballentine, Edna Welborne, and Lillian Deck. The remaining number of the class were busy as chief cooks and housekeepers for this luncheon. It can be said without hesitation that this first luncheon was a remarkable success, due to the splendid work of the committee and the many helpful suggestions offered by Miss Doddridge.

In March Edna Welborne and Margery England will serve a breakfast; also Lila Washington, Ellen Butler and Alice Miller will serve a luncheon. In April Ellie Mooney-

ham and Nettie Hubbard will serve a dinner. In May Clell Branham and Edith Fincken will serve a formal dinner.

Before any girl in the Second Year Cookery Class can receive her certificate she must give a breakfast, luncheon or dinner. The girls forming these committees not only serve these meals but select the menus, do the marketing and take charge of the whole affair. They also figure up the cost and furnish to the class a complete statement of the cost of serving each guest. This gives each girl splendid practice in buying, planning and serving.

The time has come when the preparation of the food for the family is the most important subject with which the housewife has to deal. Health in modern cities must be retained. Life is hasty and complex and pleasures lead to unnatural living. Food should be properly prepared with an understanding of primitive man's development and with an interest in selection and combinations, knowing that these alone give better results in promoting race betterment than any other factors.

The fad time in eating is past and the housewife has come to realize that proper eating and the right nutrition are essential points to the success of any life. Wants and desires arise and with no end in view the non-nutritious foods are served and eaten—just to have what is being eaten by some one else.

Food should be selected according to its use to the body as well as because of its palatability. Simple fare correctly prepared will keep the human body in excellent working order and leave the human mind free for the concentration. After all it may be said that man is the sum total of what he eats. It is necessary, then, to have properly balanced menus for tissue building and energy giving as well as for body regulating to keep this human machine in best possible condition. We know that starchy foods and sweets tend to make fat, but since they also produce energy they should be eaten

in moderation. Protein foods build tissue, but an excess of meats, eggs, cheese (protein) is undesirable. With very little study the housewife may learn food values and standards and how to wisely select well balanced menus, taking into consideration the conditions under which her family lives.

Below are three well balanced meals that would be good for any day in March:

Breakfast

Farina with dates
Eggs cooked in shell
Muffins
Coffee Orange Marmalade

Luncheon

Cream of tomato soup
Cheese Souffle
Baked apple tarts and hard sauce

Dinner

Baked bluefish
Scalloped tomatoes Baked potatoes on half shell
Lettuce and French dressing
Hot rolls
Ginger Bavarian cream

Dresses! Dresses! Dresses!

These come with spring.

The second year Domestic Art class is now busy making silk and georgette dresses for the spring.

The first year girls are planning and selecting material for gingham, linen and voile dresses and expect to begin work on these soon.

With our thought bent on our clothes for spring, let us be just as economical as possible and not do as Rose does in the following selected poem:

“Extremists

“There was once a young maiden named Rose,
Fond of fashion’s extreme furbelows.
And a new ‘Silhouette’
Though she knew silly, yet
She would straightway adopt it if she chose.

“So by freaks which old Dame Fashion hath
Rose would sometimes seem thin as a lath
In some style like the willow,
Then again like a pillow
She would look as she walked down the path.

“When it came to the waist line—Ah, me!
You could never tell where her’s might be,
For one day it would soar
And the next it would lower
From perhaps ‘F’ in alt to low ‘G’.

“And no wonder it was, I suppose,
At the opera then all the beaus
Who regard with esteem
Girls who wear the extreme
At the sight of Miss Rose, rose in rows.”

COLLEGE NEWS

EDNA BLUME, Editor.

On the night of Feb. 13, the student body and faculty gave a "Stunt Night" in the college auditorium for the purpose of raising funds for the "Soldiers' Memorial." Even tho the entertainment occurred on Friday, the thirteenth, and there were thirteen stunts on the program, it was a great success.

The entertainment opened with the faculty stunt, "At the Movies." The usual class-room expressions had disappeared, and we saw the faculty in a new rôle. Miss Savage, usually so modest and shy, carried off the "vamp" to perfection, and made us realize that we have been sadly disillusioned in regard to her. Miss Taylor came up to our expectation as the "old maid aunt," while Miss McIntosh was splendid as the "ragged newsboy."

Each stunt was good and showed that the classes and clubs had spent much time and work upon them. At the close of the program the entire student body sang "Old King Cole", which was possibly the best stunt of the evening. Much credit is due Misses Steel, Hall and McIntosh for their efforts in making the entertainment a success.

We have been singing the "Flu" song:

"Shoo flu, don't bother me,
Shoo flu, don't bother me,
Shoo flu, don't bother me,
For I belong to the company."

And it has worked wonders. The germs have not been able to thrive in our midst. That is, not to a very large degree. There have been very few cases, and those of the mildest

type, and therefore the "bug bear" of a quarantine has not fallen upon us. We advise everybody to sing the "flu" song.

One of the most amusing incidents of the past month was the "affair of the crook." If any one chooses to find out more definitely concerning this, consult any member of the junior or senior class.

After surviving an attack of the flu, Professor Reid is now back in our midst. This is a source of much delight to the Ethics class, which has been very lonely without his bi-weekly impromptu quizzes.

Dr. Gordon Poteat had charge of the chapel exercises on Saturday morning, Feb. 21. We were delighted to have him and to listen to his message from the heart of China.

We, the members of the student body, extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved of our number—Miss Ruby McMillan in the loss of her father; Misses Margaret and Nancy Evans in the loss of their mother. With open arms and hearts full of love, we welcome these girls back into our circle.

We advise Miss Mildred Bearden to consult the oculist, for it is feared that she has strained her eyes after sitting up five nights looking for the crook.

Goats!!! Indeed we were goats, but such is the life of the new members before being taken into the Theta Kappa Sigma Sorority. There were costumes—all kinds of costumes—and stunts which we had to perform. In fact, there was hardly any absurd thing that escaped the minds of our "Most Worthy Superiors."

For a week eight pitiful and trembling goats submitted to the stern commands that were given—no matter how

hard they seemed. Each day increased our agony, caused by ignorance of what the future held in store for us. But 'tis only a short step from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the depths of despair and disillusion to the heights of hope and enchantment; so on Saturday night, January 27th, as the culmination of our sufferings we passed from the insignificance and torture of goathood to the glory of full-fledged Theta Kappa Sigmas.

The semi-monthly meeting of the Sigma Phi Club was held in the Misses Chenaults' room, where we were delightfully entertained by those fair members. A delicious salad course was served. Mrs. Eugene Watkins, our sponsor, and three alumnae members, Misses Ruth Brownlee, Emily Sullivan and Lola McPhail, were with us on this occasion.

They say the Junior Class is acting mighty queer,
But we have lots of work to finish up this year.
You see the Seniors hid the crook a day or two ago,
And so, of course, that means the Junior Class is on the go.
We've rummaged thru the cellar, and we've climbed on top
the house,
We've looked in every treetop in the land from north to
south.

So keep us working, Seniors, from the morn till setting sun,
For the crook will soon be ours to keep and guide us on.

ELIZABETH A. WOODLE.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

STELLA NIXON, Editor.

The intercollegiate basket ball games for this month have been postponed because of the influenza situation. Practice, also, has been interrupted, but we hope that at an early date regular work will begin again. The entire basket ball schedule will have to be planned anew, and in the arranging of a new schedule we desire to include a number of colleges not previously on our list.

With the coming of spring the field of sports enlarges. In April the class tennis tournaments will be held, and each class is expected to get busy.

The intersociety basket ball game will be played soon. If as much hard work, zeal and pep is put into this game as is generally put into the intersociety debate there will be a great time in store for each of us.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

LOIS ANDERSON, Editor.

Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o’ Auld Lang Syne?”

Alumnæ of Anderson College—Stop! Look! Listen! We who have not seen each other for years are going to meet again. We are going to have a great home-coming—a reunion. When? This very year, in the spring of 1920, at commencement time. Seven years our Alma Mater has been sending out her children, yet not once has she extended them an invitation to return. Her daughters have become indignant and their clamors for a reunion so insistent that she cannot turn deaf ears to them. Anderson College throws wide her doors. Her invitation is wide sweeping; it calls back all who have ever been of her number. Her welcome will be the warmest a mother can give.

Anderson College is to have a reunion. We, as alumnæ, have demanded it. We have asked for it, not only from a selfish motive, but because we believe that such a thing will prove of vital interest to our college welfare.

Why Should There Be a Reunion?

Why should there be a reunion? Many answers might be given, but of them all one appears uppermost—it is the united desire of all the students who have attended Anderson College once more to visit their Alma Mater. We, as alumnæ, wish to turn our steps homeward—for

“We’ve wandered many a weary foot
Sin’ Auld Lang Syne.”

Some have wandered far away and not once since their departure have they made a visit to their college. And now they want to come back. They would stroll once more thru the halls of the place which for four years was “home” to them; they would walk once again over the broad campus; they would revisit their old, familiar haunts.

Some there are who have not seen each other since parting. What a thrill there will be when classmates meet. How much there will be to talk over, the recollection of days gone by, the plans for the future.

The few brief days of commencement will be only too short. We will wish to see the changes that have taken place in our Alma Mater, observe the strides of progress she has made, behold the wonderful development which has been hers in the last few years.

The reunion will carry its two-fold interest—to the alumnae and to the college. We, as alumnae, do not consider our duties to our college discharged; nor do we intend to sit with hands folded while others carry on her work. The work is also ours. Our debt to our college yet remains unpaid. The good that she has done us will continue to enrich our lives from year to year, and as it does we must continue to render service to her. We will come together not only to rejuvenate our hearts, but to rejuvenate our college spirit, our college love and our college loyalty.

The Great “Get Together Spirit.”

The great “get together spirit” is the spirit of the reunion. It is this spirit which has always accomplished the great things. Taken on the large it was this spirit which won the war. It will continue to achieve great victories.

The reunion—the uniting of all of her children—will

mean much to Anderson College. Her children, young and old, will come together. Her older ones will meet the younger ones there, and together they will catch the spirit of the reunion. The older children will have their love for her strengthened and the younger ones their loyalty made more secure. And out of the great home-coming new hopes, new dreams, new visions will arise.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

DOROTHY BURNETT, Editor.

The January number of The College of Charleston Magazine is the best that has reached us. "A Persian Fantasy" is unusual. Its author can well be said to have real genius.

The Winthrop Journal contains good material. "Modern American Essayists" is well written. This is a very interesting as well as an instructive article. We know too little about our American essayists.

The Sketch Department is the chief attraction in The Acorn. The magazine on the whole is well proportioned. However, there is a lack of verse.

The Right Angle is not up to the standard of a college magazine.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: The Furman Echo, The Bashaba, The Criterion, The Orange and Blue, The University of Virginia Magazine.

LOTTAFUN

FLORENCE HETRICK, Editor.

Prof. Reid: "What is pathology?"

Elizabeth Woodle: "Something ministers study."

Mildred B.: "What did the Treaty of Versailles close?"

Florence S.: "Some war, I think."

Julia Cade: "Virginia, couldn't you get on those slippers better if you had a screw driver?"

Marguerite S.: "Was it the Pilgrims or the Puritans that settled in Virginia?"

Dorothy B.: "Where are you going, Miss Cade?"

Miss Cade: "Going down to the street car line to get some fresh air."

Prof. Reid: "Miss Pearman, where is Gaul?"

Viola P.: "In Rome."

Sophie Callahan: "Eloise, come help me move this radiator, I want to sleep."

Tee Paschal (filling the card out for Annual): "What fraternity?"

Edith H.: "Oh, you belong to the Laniers."

Prof. Reid: "Where is Columbia University, Miss Hall?"
Opal H.: "In Columbia, S. C."

Bertha M. (reading a paper in English): "Charleymagne read Greek, Latin and Cicero."

Miss Doddridge, in Cookery Class: "Well, that is just an idiosyncrasy."

Edna W.: "Well, I never heard of that kind of a food before. Is it a carbohydrate or protein?"

Miss Dowling, in Comp. 2 Class: "Be prepared at any time on anything that I might ask you.

(This is no joke, either.)

Prof. Reid: "What is the population of New York, Miss Wood?"

Camille W.: "Well, I don't know exactly, but it is several thousand."

Why doesn't the faculty like the faculty table?

Because every one can't be served first.

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Anderson's greater Department Store sells everything in Ladies' Ready-to-Wear and Millinery. Men's and Boys' Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Dry Goods and Notions. This is one of the largest department stores in the State, and will not be undersold by any one. Is a one-price cash store to all, but we sell for less and appreciate your trade.

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ANDERSON, S. C.

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Have you visited
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Especially Chosen for
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THE HOME-LIKE SHOPPING PLACE

When you visit our place you can always
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COURTEOUS ATTENTION AND MERCHANDISE OF QUALITY

Our stocks are always complete with things that
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Very exclusive Outer and Under Garments, Dress
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Sells Shoes that satisfy. You always
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The Newest in Millinery

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OUR LAUNDRY, DRY CLEANING AND DYEING
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YOU can always find the **Style** you want,
can always find the **Finish** you want,
can always find the **Wood** you want,

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YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND ANY KIND OF FURNITURE
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THE CHEAPEST FURNITURE HOUSE IN
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College Girls. Best accommo-
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Faculty and Student Body of

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PAY YOUR BILLS BY CHECK

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*The Only National Bank in
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We pay the postage on every-
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Books, Stationery and Office Supplies

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OF THE BETTER GRADE AT POPULAR PRICES
FOR STREET, AFTERNOON AND EVENING WEAR

The woman who chooses her hats with discrimination will appreciate the expert workmanship and individuality of our models.

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The Farmers and Merchants Bank

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Will be pleased to have your bank account. Bring us your account. Interest paid on deposits.

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THE PEOPLE'S STORE

Dealer in

DRY GOODS, SHOES, HATS AND READY-TO-WEAR

The Quality Shop

We carry a complete line of high class Millinery, Coats, Suits, Skirts, Shirtwaists, Furs, Shoes, Hosiery and in fact anything that well dressed College girls wear. Our Shoes are fitted by the only scientific shoe man in the city.

Our motto is Quality, Courtesy and Price.

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Hardware, Mill Supplies
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We make a Specialty of Shoes for College Girls
and Young Women. And we fit them correctly to
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**THE MAN WHO FITS THE FEET AND SELLS
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Everything for the Home

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**Everything in Groceries
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How do the fine arts taught in our colleges of today fit into a home which is gaudily and cheaply furnished? The answer is easy—Not at all.

We are glad that Anderson College has adopted the idea that is gaining such popularity over the land of teaching interior decorating, thereby our ideals may be lifted and our homes made more beautiful and more liveable.

We hope to co-operate with these aspirants who are seeking to eliminate the lack of harmony and put in its place a thing of beauty which is truly a joy forever and invite them to let their eyes revel in the beautiful home furnishings to be found at the Fretwell-Alverson Furniture Company.

Fretwell-Alverson Furniture Co.

ONE PRICE CASH STORE

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We carry in stock all widely advertised Toilet Articles—including your favorite Extracts, Perfumery, Tooth Paste, Brushes, etc., and give all orders our personal attention.

If you are not a patron of our Fountain—no matter what the weather—sizzling hot or winter's worst—you have not experienced the real joy that should be yours.

COME IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Acme Cafe

G. D. ANTONAKOS, Prop.

When you visit this city don't forget that you are welcome at the **ACME CAFE**, where they feed you well.

ANDERSON, S. C.

GREENWOOD, S. C.

Girls, We Thank You

We want you to know we appreciate the business with which you have favored us, and trust that the service we have rendered has proven and will continue to prove satisfactory.

Bear us in mind when you need anything in the jewelry line.

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When you do
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And see a real Wild West
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Diamonds, Watches, Silver and Cut
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Expert Watch Repairing and Engraving done promptly

If You Have Beauty We take It.
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130 N. Main Street, Anderson, S. C.

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See us for the best in the Jewelry Line
Expert watch repairing

OFFICIAL INSPECTORS FOR THE C. & W. C. RAILROAD

Baskin Shoe Company

Anderson's New Shoe Store

If it is new we
have it

One Price

Spot Cash

Anderson College

Anderson, South Carolina

Information

*Ye shall know the truth
and the truth shall set
you free*

Accuracy In Work

*A workman that needeth not to
be ashamed*

Self Mastery

*The ruler of self is greater than he who
taketh a city*

Good Health

For the sake of personal happiness and the coming generations

Gentle Womanliness

The virtue that makes her loved by rich and poor

Christian Character

This is the foundation upon which our training is built

The Educational Ideals

*of our institution
Dr. Jno. E. White, President.*

