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Longwood University

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THE FOCUS

Volume I FARMVILLE, VA., MAY, 1911 Number 4

A Hymn of Spring

The flowers awake from their long winter's sleep,
And out of the ground their myriad heads peep.
They left Mother Earth when the days grew chill,
To return when the winter's furies are still.
We were lonely without them the long months through,
And we welcome with gladness their faces anew.

The robins fly north when bidden by spring,
And they cheer every heart as they twitter and sing.
They, too, no longer fear winter's chill blast,
But are happy and gay until summer is past.
We join our hearts with the birds as they sing
To praise evermore the Giver of Spring.

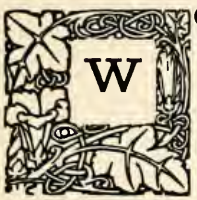
The stream breaks forth from its cold crystal case,
And flows on its course as if running a race.
It turns the mill wheels that long have been still,
And sings to the children that romp on the hill.
Winter once held it in his cold, icy grasp—
But now Spring has come and released his grim clasp.

The flowers, the birds and the streams make us glad;
With all this to cheer us how can we be sad?
We'll join hand and heart to make the world bright,
And live in the sunshine of Spring's glowing light.
We'll welcome the season, we'll praise, and we'll sing
To our blessed Redeemer, the Giver of Spring.

TRESSIE OLA JONES, '12.

Wordsworth's Ideas about Education

I.



ORDSWORTH thought that the best education was not to be obtained through books; that the mind was to be fed "in a wise passiveness." He reasoned it out in this way: Every organ of the body and every sense and faculty of the mind gains its best education from actual experience and contact with external things.

> "The eye—it cannot choose but see;
> We cannot bid the ear be still;
> Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
> Against, or with our will."

> "Nor less I deem that there are powers
> Which of themselves our minds impress."

With all of these capacities awake and interpreting for us, he reasons that knowledge "of itself will come," without our forever seeking it. He says we learn things in this way, and act upon the knowledge of it, though "we know it not."

Wordsworth was one of the first and most emphatic proclaimers that it was the duty of the State to have every child taught to read, yet when an educational impulse to strengthen the primary schools was abroad, he was opposed to the movement. He considered all mental requirements as of small value to moral progress, and in themselves of little value. He objected to a system that taught general knowledge through reading matter; he objected to the dissociation of home and school life, not wanting to see domestic interests

and duties subordinated to higher culture. "The Spartan," he said, "might disregard domestic ties," since they had substituted country, but "our course is to supplant domestic attachments."

Wordsworth is known as "Nature's great interpreter." He absorbed so much from the teachings of nature himself, and received such valuable instruction from her, that he would suppose all men endowed with an ability like his own, and would base their education upon foundations similar to his own. In a description of a boy's education in *The Excursion* he tells how the boy, born among the hills, lived with nature, "tended cattle on the hills" and learned so much of things, substances, causes and effects from nature that, "thus informed, he had small need of books." This was the principle he advocated, upon which the foundations of the mind were to be laid.

Wordworth's idea was that the best education the mind could receive came through its own active development.

RUTH BUTTON, '12.

II.

Wordsworth's own experience, no doubt, inculcated in him his ideas concerning education. During his school life, possibly more profitable than the time he actually spent in school, was that part of the time when he was free to do as he chose. Notwithstanding the fact that he was required to write verse upon various subjects, most of his inspiration was drawn from the scenes around him. He found college life exceedingly distasteful. Besides the narrowness of the course of study, as it appeared to him, he did not believe in the spirit of emulation. "Education was, in his view, not a race, but a quiet, steady growth, wherein the mind should be left to unfold itself naturally and without artificial stimulation."

The true aim of education, in Wordsworth's view, is, as Professor Fulton tells us, "to inculcate a habit of steady dependence upon voluntary and self-originating effort." "The child is father of the man; as the child grows, so will the man become. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the development of the mental and moral life should continue as it began, in a natural way." Nature is a great factor in bringing about the proper development of mind and character:

> "The eye—it cannot choose but see;
> We cannot bid the ear be still;
> Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
> Against, or with our will."

Wordsworth did not believe that school life and home life should be dissociated, but thought that the influence of school life should foster in children home affections and home duties.

He was a strong advocate for giving people in crowded cities opportunities of getting into touch with nature, and the influence he exerted in this respect has been far-reaching. The numerous parks opened by cities for the recreation of their population and the fact that nature study has an important place in the school curriculum to-day, are largely due, not directly, but ultimately, to the teachings of Wordsworth.

To him nature was an informing spirit, which, if duly sought, instructs and elevates the mind.

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Pearl D. Matthews,
Argus, '12.

"Marse Gawge Goes a-Courtin'"

AS, marm, dis sho' is been a most profitant trip to Marse Gawge," said Uncle Bishop, as he came into his cabin after he and Washington had returned from a business journey to Williamsburg.

"What is you talkin' 'bout, Bish? What you know 'bout Marse Gawge's 'fairs?" Aunt Eliza asked as she bustled about. Getting the children out of the way and pulling a chair to the old log fire, she commanded, "Now, set down dar and 'splain yourself."

Uncle Bishop seated himself and began his story.

"Well, if you done been dar wid me holdin' dem horses two or three hours at one time, you'd 'spicion somethin', too, honey. You know we took dinner at de Major Chamberlayne's on de first day arter we lef' here, and who should be dar but a spry young widow, Missus Custis, who promenced cuttin' her eyes at Marse Gawge time she seed him, and he took to her, too. She was jes' as intractive as she knowed how to be. As soon's I hearn how dey was carryin' on, I 'cided I must see 'em, so dat night I hid 'hind one de bushes an' watch as dey come on de piazzy. Dey stroll up and down, she jes' looking in his face and smilin', and he looking down on her like he's 'pletely capavated.

"Nex' arternoon arter I done stood wid dem horses by dat gate for 'bout three hours, we started to Williamsburg, but I knowed we gwine to come back dar, and sho' 'nough, nex' day when we got to de lane, Marse Gawge said, 'Well, Bishop, I 'spose we jes' as well turn in dar for awhile, enyhow.'

"Den I say, 'I'm sho' de Major would like to know how you done got on wid yore business up town,' but all de time I knowed 'twa'n't de Major he been thinkin' on. When we reach de house de Major comed on out and 'spressed his

pleasure at seeing de Marster and took him in, while I went to de stables, 'cause I knowed 'twa'n't no use fer me to stand out dar. I knowed I wa'n't gwine see my Marster eny more dat night.

"One de sarvants dat wait on de table tole me how Marse Gawge was all 'tention to Missus Custis; how he look like he don' see nobody 'ceptin' her, an' how she look at him an' kinder-like smile.

"Well, dat night Marse Gawge sent me wud, jes' 'fo' 'tirin', to hab de horses at de gate nex' mornin' 'bout nine; he an' someone was gwine fer a ride. Well, I was up by time rubbin' dem horses 'til dey look jes' as slick, 'cause I 'spicioned who dat somebody was, an' sho' 'nuff, here dey come, Missus Custis a-trippin' 'longside of him, lookin' 'jes as han'some in her ridin' suit. Marse Gawge lif' her up by inches an' put her in de saddle, an' off dey go a-flyin'. He was lookin' jes' as gran'. I thinks to myself, 'If she don' hab dat man, well, I don't know what all's de matter wid her,' 'cause I done see frum his eyes he's gwine ax her.

"I watch an' I watch fer dem, an' 'fo' long I see dem comin' kinder slowish-like, an' 'pears like dey ain' sayin' one thing. When dey got to de gate he took her down real nice, han's de reins to me an' says, 'Bishop, hab de horses at de gate by half arter three.'

"At dat time dar I was, but no Marse Gawge. I wait an' I wait. I says to myself, 'I sho'ly thought Marster done been on han' dis time. 'Peared to me like all was ober 'tween dem dis mornin.'

" 'Long arter six here he come; I knowed he done got what he wanted by dat 'spression on his face. He said, 'Sorry, Bishop, to keep you waitin' so long, but I was 'tained, jes' couldn't help it.'

"I say, 'Sartinly, Marse Gawge, I'se at you sarvice. When's de Mistis comin' ober?' "

Sallie E. Hargrave,
Argus, '13.

From the Life of a Child

OT far from our house and opposite to the old church with the golden cross, there stood a large building. It was larger than the church and had many steeples. It, too, looked very gray and old, but it did not have a golden cross on it. Instead, a stone eagle sat on the spire and a large white and blue flag waved above the highest steeple just over the lofty gateway, where the steps ascended, and where, on each side, two soldiers on horseback kept guard. The house had many windows, and through the windows one could see red silk curtains with gold tassels, and in the court old linden trees stood all around. In summer they overshadowed the gray masonry with their green arches and sprinkled the lawn with their white fragrant blossoms. I had often looked into the house, and in the evening when the lindens exhaled their fragrance and the windows were illuminated, I saw many forms moving to and fro like shadows, and the music from above softly resounded below. A carriage often drew up before the door, and ladies and gentlemen alighted and hastened up the steps. They all looked very beautiful and the gentlemen had stars on their breasts and the ladies had fresh flowers in their hair. I often thought, "Why could I not go in, too?"

Then one day my father took me by the hand and said, "We will go to the palace, but you must be very polite when the Princess speaks to you, and you must kiss her hand."

I was nearly six years old, and it delighted me as only one can be delighted when one is six years old. I had already had many silent thoughts about the shadows, which I had seen in the evening through the illuminated windows, and I had heard from my father and mother so much about

the kindness of the Prince and the Princess—how very gracious they were to the poor and how much help and comfort they gave to the sick! In addition to this, God had entrusted to them the power to protect the good and to punish the wicked. I had been picturing to myself for a long time how everything must go on in the palace, so the Prince and Princess were to me already old acquaintances. I knew them just as well as I knew my nut cracker and leaden soldiers.

How my heart throbbed as I mounted the high steps with my father, and all the while he kept saying to me that I must call the Princess "Your Highness," and the Prince "Your Serene Highness." The door was already open and I saw before me a tall, gracious lady with kindly sparkling eyes. She came straight toward me and offered me her hand. On her face was the same expression which I had already known so long, and a mysterious smile played about her mouth. Then I lost all thought of myself and could not understand why my father stood at the door and bowed so low. All at once my heart became very full and I ran to the beautiful lady, and clasping my arms about her neck, I kissed her as I would have kissed my mother. The beautiful lady seemed to like it and stroked my hair and smiled. My father, however, took me by the hand and led me away, saying that I was very naughty and that he would never bring me to the castle again. Then I became utterly bewildered and the blood rushed to my cheeks. I felt that my father had been unjust, and I looked at the Princess, thinking that she would take up for me, but there was a gentle expression of seriousness on her face. Then I thought that the ladies and gentlemen who were in the room would protect me, but when I looked at them I saw that they were laughing. Tears sprang into my eyes and I ran away, out of the door, down the steps, past the linden trees in the castle court and toward our

own home until I came to my mother and threw myself into her arms and sobbed and wept.

"And what has happened to you?" she said.

"Oh, mother," I cried, "I was with the Princess and she was such a good and beautiful lady, so much like you, my dear mother, that I just had to throw my arms around her neck and kiss her."

"Yes," said my mother, "but you should not have done this, for they are strange people and high-born lords and ladies."

"Who are strange people?"I asked. "May I not love every one who looks at me lovingly and kindly?"

"You may love them, my son, but you must not show it to them."

"Is it wrong for me to love everybody," I asked, "and why is it that I must not show it to them?"

"That is all right," she said, "but you must do as your father says, and when you are older you will understand why you must not throw your arms around the neck of every beautiful woman who has lovely and kindly eyes."

That was a sad day. My father came home and said that I had been naughty. In the evening my mother took me to bed and I said my prayers, but I could not go to sleep and kept thinking, "Who are strange people whom one may not love?"

(Translation from Max Mueller's *Deutsche Liebe.*)

Ruth Phelps,
Ruffner, '12.

A Morning Prayer

Dear Heavenly Father, Maker, Friend,
  Guide Thou my life this day;
Let Thine own blessings now descend
  And lead me in Thy way.

Help me the Heavenly home to find,
  And with the angels shout;
Let others enter first my mind,
  And thoughts of self stay out.

Teach me to do unto others
  As I'd have them do to me;
To love my neighbors as brothers,
  And stand in fear of Thee.

Make me, O Lord, I beg this day,
  More Christ-like than before,
And teach me, Lord, to live Thy way—
  Thou couldst not grant me more.

Maria A. Bristow,
Athenian, '13.

"All's Well That Ends Well"

EX-GOVERNOR SANDERLIN and Honorable Benjamin Horton had been life-long neighbors. They were members of the same church and of the same party, and when Randolph Sanderlin was in knickerbockers and Jane Horton wore her hair in curls, the fathers hinted to each other the possibilities.

As a natural consequence, when Randolph was twenty and Jane eighteen, Cupid began his wiles. Things were progressing just as the fathers had hoped.

They were not aware of a shadow, but, alas, it existed. Neither man had been an ambitious politician. If such had been the case the shadow would have existed long before. Friendship does not mix with politics as graft does.

Neither of the men had ever before expressed a desire to go to Congress. Why should such a wish be manifested now? Because in every human breast there exists a spirit of rivalry. Each heard of the honor conferred upon the other. Yet each began their next interview in a most brotherly spirit. During the next few minutes each offered to stand aside for the other. During the next few each decided that he ought to accept. At the end of thirty minutes there was acrimony. The men parted in wrath. Their party members winked at the situation, for they understood that with the two opposed the battle would be lost, and finally another was nominated. But the harm had been done. The ex-Governor and the Honorable were saying harsh things about each other.

The Honorable said to his daughter: "I always liked Randolph, but I think you had better discourage his visits here. You can not expect to marry a son of my enemy. Who is Governor Sanderlin, I'd like to know, to think himself the

only man in the district worthy of representing it in the House? The impudence of it!"

When Randolph, coming home from college, spoke of his marriage as if the parents' break had nothing to do with the lovers, the ex-Governor was prompt in saying: "Jane is a splendid girl, a sweet girl, but she must have inherited more or less of her father's disposition. He was insolent to me, Randolph, to your father! After consideration, I believe you must give Jane up."

After due consideration on his own part, Randolph decided to do no such thing. He was not forbidden from calling, though all of the family except Jane avoided him.

Just how or when matters would mend was worrying the lovers when things took a most unexpected change.

The ex-Governor invited his son into the library to say to him, "Randolph, you seem slow in giving Jane up?"

"Yes, sir" was the prompt and firm reply.

"The Honorable will never give his consent."

"We shall wait and hope."

"Humph! I believe I have a surer plan. I have nothing against the girl, but I would like to get even with her father. I'm sure he's just waiting to refuse you her hand. Wasn't it the case when I married your mother? And what did I do? Got her to elope with me."

"But, father, you don't mean——"

"Yes, I do. The father objects—therefore, marry her."

The same evening, and very likely at the same hour, the Honorable, after scolding his daughter for moping around with tearful eyes, said, "Jane, the Governor thinks that son of his too good for you, and if he should know that you are worrying, how he would glory!"

"I don't think he feels that way, daddy," was the humble reply.

"But I know the old man. He has been spoiled beyond endurance with politics. I think, however, Randolph takes after his mother. You are engaged to him?"

"Y—yes, sir."

"Then I wouldn't let his father spoil your life. I'd marry Randolph in spite of the Governor."

"Oh, daddy, but how?" exclaimed Jane, springing from her chair.

"What did your mother and I do when my father objected?"

"You eloped! She's told me about it. Oh, daddy, if Randolph only would!"

Randolph was willing, as he informed her on the following night. His only fears had been that she would not consent, and now his cup of happiness was overflowing to know that she would.

For good reasons neither lover mentioned the fact that their respective fathers had counseled elopement as a means of revenge.

A few days later the Governor spoke:

"Randolph, in regard to that little affair—you might extend the honeymoon trip to Europe and give that mule of a father of hers time to recuperate. Better take this check now, as there will be no time for farewells."

The same evening and at the same hour the Honorable led his daughter to a seat on the lawn.

"Jane, my dear, you remember the matter I mentioned a few days ago?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Have you any report to make? Did you hint to Randolph that if I continued obdurate you would brave my wrath by consenting to an elopement?"

"Yes, sir, I *hinted* something like that. You know I could not come right out and say so."

"Of course not—and how did he take it?"

"He—he said he was ready to brave his father's wrath, too."

"Good! I trust the Governor will get a jar one of these fine mornings. If you are getting a lot of new garments and trunks, just have the bills sent to me. If I were in Randolph's place I would make a tour of Europe. His father will howl dreadfully and it will take a while for him to regain his breath. You might kiss me, now, Jane, as I'm a rather sound sleeper, you know. And here's a check—it's a birthday present, or something of that sort."

The elopement came off according to careful plans. There was a visit to the minister's house and after the twain had been made one, they were driven to the station.

No enraged parents pursued, nor was the telegraph employed to stop them. The whole affair was rather tame for an elopement.

At breakfast next morning at one house it was announced that Randolph was gone, and in the other that Jane could not be found. Two mothers wept—and two fathers chuckled. An hour later the two fathers met on the street.

"Well, Randolph has her, sir, in spite of you."

"No—no, sir. She has Randolph in spite of you."

"But I knew they were going to elope!"

"And I knew the same, sir!"

Then two sensible men and fathers suddenly laughed and shook hands, and later forwarded a joint telegram of congratulations.

Mertie Edith McDonald,
Cunningham, '11.

"One Touch of Nature"

DOWN in Mexico, where the big ranches are so numerous, there is a one-story ranch house, with big verandas. The little home seems to nestle down amid the clumps of cactus, and, within, all is roomy and comfortable.

It was just after the supper hour and Ruth Evans was clearing the table, assisted by little six-year-old Jean, who was chattering happily to the young woman and calling her "Mother." The red, crackling fire threw flickering shadows on the simple furnishings of the room, furnishings heavy and crude, but dusted and scoured until they almost shone.

Little Jean had been talking gaily to Ruth, but now she stopped suddenly and remained silent a long time, resting her head in her chubby little hands. At last she spoke, and Ruth listened attentively to her unusually low voice as she asked, "Mother, where is father?"

Ruth turned suddenly.

"Why do you ask, Jean? The Sheriff's out with the rest of 'em, trying to hunt down some poor criminal. But don't worry yourself about him, child, he'll be here 'fore long."

"Who is father huntin', mother?"

"Well, now, I don't know his name, but he's a good-for-nothin' man, tho', I reckon; a cattle thief always is that."

"And—and what will they do with him if they get him?" Jean's voice trembled in her excitement.

"They'll hang him, child, if they catch him."

"Poor, poor man," sobbed Jean. "Mother, don't let 'em kill him—please don't, mother; poor man—poor man."

"But, Jean, s'pose he ought not to live, and he oughtn't if he's bad."

"But—but maybe he ain't got a mother like I have to tell him when he's bad, nor any little girl to love an' make him happy."

Her eyes filled with tears, and Ruth, kissing the child, bade her go to bed. As the little form disappeared through the door, Ruth's eyes followed her lovingly.

"Now, if she ain't the strangest child I ever saw, and as bright as a pin."

After straightening a few objects in the room, Ruth called, "Jean!"

"Ma'am?"

"Jean, I'll be back in a little while, just as soon as I can get some wood to keep the fire goin' till the Sheriff comes."

"All right, mother."

. . . . . .

Soon the little white-robed form appeared in the door, swinging in her arms an old rag doll.

"O Emily," she sighed, shaking her head and pointing her finger at the door, "I can't go to sleep, can you?"

With slow, short steps she neared the hearth, wriggled into a chair and hugged Emily close. Presently, Jean swayed the dolly in her arms to and fro, to and fro, and crooned to it in a low, sweet voice:

"By, baby, by—yeo-o,
By, ba-by, by—y——"

Jean glanced up in the direction of the front door, and was startled to see standing there, his head bowed, his hands clasped, a man, rough and poorly clad, listening almost in reverence to the strain of the lullaby. When the music hushed, Flint, for such was the name by which he was known in those parts, lifted his head and stepped into the

room. Realizing that he had frightened the child, he walked up to her, put his hand on her head, and said kindly, "Little girl, I'm hungry; could you get me something to eat?"

"Oo-ooh, yes," answered Jean, her voice trembling, her face, nevertheless, bearing an expression of relief. "Are you really, truly hungry?"

"Yes, little girl," he said smiling, "I haven't had anything to eat for three days on a stretch."

"Oo—ooh!" exclaimed Jean, her big brown eyes growing larger still. "Three whole days, and nothin' to eat?"

Jean stood staring at him a moment, then suddenly putting Emily upright in her chair, she ran to the table, took one of the chairs, placed it in front of the cupboard, and, jumping up into it, began reaching with both hands to the highest shelves, taking down everything she could find, and handing the dishes one by one to the stranger, who, in his turn, set them upon the table. When she had given him all the cold meat and bread in the safe, Jean got down from the chair and watched him as he sat at the table, devouring his food greedily.

"You eat an awful lot, don't you?" she asked innocently.

"Well, I reckon," he laughed.

She went to the cupboard again, took something carefully in her hands and held it behind her, saying, "You can't guess what is in my hands."

"Somethin' to eat?" he guessed.

"Ye-as, somethin' re-al good."

"Beans?" guessed Flint.

"No-oo, somethin' better'n that."

"Lord, child," he said indignantly, "there ain't nothin' better'n beans."

"It's jam!" shrieked Jean delightedly, holding the jar before his eyes.

Flint laughed merrily—ah! when had he laughed like that before?

When he had finished his supper, he pushed his chair back from the table, and, after looking cautiously through the door by which he had entered, he sat down again and began talking to Jean.

"Are you all alone?" he asked her.

"No, mother'll be back in a little while."

"An' where is your father?"

"Oo-oh," said Jean, her eyes growing bright again, "he's—he's out trying to catch a—a—cattle stealer—an'—an' he's a mean man, an' father is goin' to kill him." Her voice grew loud with excitement, "An' his name is—er—er—mother didn't know his name."

Flint uttered a stifled sigh.

"But—but," and Jean's baby lips quivered, "I hope they won't get him. Poor man!"

Ah! how sweet it was to know that this pure little child did not wish him harm; there was at least one person who cared what became of him. How the thought stirred him! What if his little girl had lived?—how different things might have been! Maybe—maybe—but, no, even she would have been against him. Absorbed in his reflections, Flint hardly heard Jean when she spoke again:

"Have you a little girl?"

"Have I a little girl?" repeated Flint. "No, I ain't got nothin' now," he said bitterly, "I did have a little girl once—she's dead now."

"An' was she as big as I am?" Jean asked.

"She would be, if she was livin' now."

Jean looked at him as he sat there, and wondered why he was so sad. "An' what was the little girl's name?"

"What was my little girl's name? Why, we always called her plain 'Jean.'"

"Jean," she mused, "that's my name."

Flint started. "How strange!"

Footsteps were heard outside, and springing to his feet, Flint turned toward the door, and drew out his pistol, only to come face to face with Ruth Evans.

"God!" exclaimed the man hoarsely.

Ruth dropped her hands to her side and stared at him, surprise and uncertainty stamped on every feature.

"Bill Flint!" she ejaculated, "why have you come here?"

"God knows!" Flint sank wearily into a chair and pushed back from his forehead the thick raven locks.

"Where have you been all these years, Bill?"

"Ruth," he answered, "talking don't do any good now; I've gone to the bad, an' there ain't any help for it." He started up, then stopped and asked, "When—when did she die, Ruth?" His voice choked.

"What right have you to ask, Bill Flint, when she died? You had better ask why she died. You killed her, that's what you did, left your wife and your child to be talked about, an' to bear your disgrace for you. Why did you do it, Bill? Why did you?" Sobs shook her frame.

"Ruth," he whispered, "do you know who I am? I am Bill Flint," he sneered, "the noted cattle thief, the coward your husband is out looking for to-night."

She clutched the back of his chair, and set her teeth hard. Glancing hurriedly about the room, she started to the door, but checked herself when she saw Flint's bowed figure—so thin, so changed, his clothes ragged and dirty; her anger gave way to pity and compassion and she went to him.

"Tell me about it, Bill; tell me all about it."

Standing before him, she heard him tell how, when he found that all his money was lost, he had stayed out all night with a rough set of fellows drinking and gambling, dreading to go home and tell his wife that everything was gone; how he was influenced by bad men, and then left the country with them, thus beginning his life as a cattle thief; and, worst of

all, when he heard of the death of his wife and child, he became more reckless still, and plunged headlong into wickedness.

Ruth's face grew pale as she heard the story, and for the first time in years she sympathized with this man, who had left his wife, her sister, to die broken-hearted.

"Bill," she spoke slowly, "the child didn't die. I took Jean myself. She thinks that I am her mother."

Flint sprang up. "Jean? my Jean?" He spoke in a hoarse whisper.

Both turned and saw Jean, whom they had almost forgotten, sitting on the floor in front of the fire, tears rolling down each cheek. Flint started to her, but stopped suddenly. Could he, a thief, a scoundrel, touch her? Was she his any longer, this pure, innocent little child?

Ruth saw his hesitation and put her hand on his shoulder. "It ain't too late, boy; give it all up, and start again."

Flint's face hardened and his laugh was hard and cynical.

"It's easy enough to talk," he answered, "but a man can't stop what's been goin' on for years; he's got to keep goin', keep goin' to the end; there ain't nothin' else to do."

"Yes, there is," Ruth interrupted. "You——"

"Listen, Ruth, if I gave up my trade as cattle thief 'twouldn't do any good; they'd kill me just the same. Jean couldn't be proud of it if she knew it; better for me to go on in the old way, and never let her know she had a father and mother other than you an' the Sheriff."

The sound of approaching horsemen came to their ears. Flint ran to the door, but stopped there, and, with a yearning heart, looked at Jean—Jean his own child, whom he was leaving forever.

Retracing his steps, Flint bent low over her. Reverently he kissed her brow, and with a groan of anguish, sprang out into the darkness of the night.

Elise Leckie, '13.

Good Roads

HIS is a day of revolution—revolution along many lines. Scores of questions are uppermost. Our magazines are filled with discussions of them, debates are constantly entered into concerning them; in fact, every American's interest is aroused in the present-day progress of his native land. Probably yesterday we read an interesting article on the parcels post; this is to help the farmer have his ordered goods delivered at his door at a low rate of transportation. To-day, probably, we have just perused a most eloquent article on the consolidation of country schools. Undoubtedly, this is one of the best ways to help our future farmers, upon whom the world is dependent. There are many other agitations to improve the rural life of America, but what can go further toward reaching this aim than anything else? Upon what do the rural conditions mostly depend? The answer can be given in two words—"Good roads." It is the question that lies nearest every farmer's heart. Surely, it is the question that he discusses most. How can his goods be delivered to him satisfactorily through the parcels post system, if the carrier's horse and wagon are hindered by bad roads? How are the pupils to reach the well-equipped, consolidated schools at a reasonable hour, if rough roads have to be traveled? With a few exceptions, the improvements of rural life depends to a large extent upon the improvement of rural roads.

How often while visiting in the country have we observed large farms falling into neglect and depreciating in value, simply because of the condition of the neighboring highways! On our next visit to that community we found the same

farms flourishing; they seemed once more places of plenty. Why? Because those neighboring highways had been improved. Before, only those products were raised which could be held until the roads were passable, and then they were hauled long distances and sold at a profit. Land further away from the markets than this must be left untilled or used for grazing land and timber.

This neglect of roads is the cause of sparsely settled communities and waste land all over our country. Improve the roads, and at once families from adjoining counties and states come to purchase farms on the good roads. There are not, of course, enough of these farms to satisfy everybody, but there is no great objection to buying a farm as much as six miles back from these roads, paying largely increased prices. If such a good influence could be exerted upon a community, apply it to the whole nation, and approximate the result.

Surely, every dweller in the city realizes how dependent he is upon the farmer. Seldom do we find any of our neighbors devoting themselves to a garden of vegetables. We order our vegetables from the market or grocer, not appreciating the fact that they are generally there, but often becoming irritated if they are not there. We forget the obstacles in the way of the wagon of that farmer who brings them. Imagine a team of horses struggling along a muddy road to draw half a load. It is estimated that the cost of hauling on roads in the United States is twenty-three cents per ton the mile, and the average length of haul nine and four-tenths miles. Compare this with the average cost of hauling in France, England, and Germany, which is reported to be about ten cents per ton the mile. If the cost of hauling in the United States be diminished to this extent, the items

of hauling and road administration can be reduced $290,000,000 a year.

Then, again, statistics show that 27.7 per cent. more of our population dwelt in cities in 1900 than in 1790. The roads have affected this phase of life. In counties where the roads are good the population has increased, but where they are bad it has decreased; the fertile lands remained untilled, and all has become desolate and dreary. It is only natural that our liberty-loving citizens will not be cut off from communication with society.

Our many miles of bad, dusty roads cause a great deal of disease. By means of the flying dust, disease germs enter the human system, particularly in the case of tuberculosis germs.

Now, since good roads are best, the next question is how to get them. The first thing is money. The present system of unfair taxation can not be expected to produce the best results. All people, wherever they live and whatever their professions are, are affected by the roads. Distribute the burden, so that each and every one of these may bear a part; this, of course, will cause a revision of road laws. Then centralize authority and supervision in the hands of a state official.

The next thing to be considered is the making of the good roads. Classify them and improve them according to traffic requirements. "This will do away with many unnecessary miles of country roads, and many more miles by re-location, straightening of curves, and various other expedients." After this, our roads are ready to be built and kept in repair by trained men, and trained men alone. New York has provided for a civil service examination to test the candidates for the positions of highway superintendent and engineer of road construction.

It will, undoubtedly, cost a great deal to give our country new roads, but, when our health and educational development are involved, is the price to be considered? Push the work on, help the cause, and, in a few more years, our Utopia may be realized. It constitutes a problem which demands our fullest attention.

LUCY B. LEAKE,
Pierian, '11.

EDITORIALS

Student Self-Government.

Student self-government was the subject of the address made by Dr. W. W. Smith, of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, to us several weeks ago. His address touched a very vital point with all of the students present, for it is such a system as he outlined which was instituted in our school last year. It was instituted in accordance with the belief that self-government must be granted to the capable, and with the belief that the students of our school are capable of self-control.

All over the educational field a period of coöperation between the students and teachers has taken the place of the former age of rebellion against rules, which the teacher alone endeavored to enforce. The South is chiefly indebted to the University of Virginia for the establishment of the honor system, thus beginning the student self-government system.

To quote from Dr. Smith, "As soon as teachers began to take the word of honor of a student as final in any matter touching his own conduct, a new relation of confidence and respect was established, under which the student body could be relied upon to respond to any invitation for coöperation for the common welfare." It all hinges upon the belief that if you trust a boy or a girl he will prove trustworthy. That

part of Dr. Smith's address which appealed to us most was that in reference to girls. He said that it was his belief that girls don't have to be watched and guarded and suspected any more than boys, and that they can prove just as honorable, and just as capable of self-control. However, our school is one of the fortunate few in which the girls are not sent down town and to church under the wings of chaperons.

To have government by the students there must not only be coöperation between the students and the teachers, but there must be coöperation among the students themselves. The rules must be made by all of the students and enforced by all of the students, or by their representatives. Each student should feel his part of the responsibility and work, as a member of both the governing and the governed body.

But should the Student Government Association be looked upon as simply a police force to carry out the rules and laws of the association? Compare it to the Government of the United States, and you will find that that government is not simply an organization providing for the good conduct of the citizens, but that it also conducts the postoffice, national banks, money systems, etc., all of which contribute to the pleasure and comfort of the citizens. In such a way, if every girl could be made to feel that she is a part of the association, could the association take under its supervision THE FOCUS, the Athletic Association, literary and debating societies, etc., and so become devoted to all the interest of the students. If all student activities were included under one organization of the whole, a better distribution of the labor could be effected and the association could see that no girl gets more than her share of work, responsibility, or labor, by being elected to the leading place in too many different organizations. By broadening the scope of the Student Government Association in this way, the whole student body could become interested in all the various sorts of work, and united in the

support of them and in the support of the association, whereas now interests are badly split up. If the organization were broadened in such a way as to include all the interests and activities of the students, it would seem best to call it simply the Student Association rather than the Student Government Association, and so rid it of that implied idea of a police organization.

Ethel La Boyteaux, class '10, is teaching at Barton Heights, Va. Her address is 904 Lamb Avenue.

Nellie Johnson, class '08, is at Lovingston, Va., teaching in the High School.

Mary E. Turpin, class '10, has charge of the third grade at Boydton, Va.

Isabelle Flournoy, class '09, is teaching in the first grade at Bedford City, Va.

Bernice Howard, class '08, Caroline Bayley, class '07, and Myra Howard, class '05, are teaching in the High School of Graham, Va.

Julia Kent, class '07, teaches in Adsit, Virginia, Brunswick County.

Louise Farinholt, class '07, has a position at Barhamsville, Va.

Mrs. N. E. Baylor, née Annie Doughty, class '03, is living at Cedar Bluff, Va.

In the High School of Pocahontas, Va., we find the following alumnæ: Cassandra Laird, class '09, second grade; Mary Dupuy, class '09, fourth grade; Lucy Anderson, class '05, seventh grade; Sallie Fitzgerald, class '09, fifth grade, and Frances Stoner, class '09.

Mrs. L. C. Painter, née Ellen Painter, class '04, is at home in Tazewell, Va.

Lillian Thompson, class '06, and Marjorie Thompson, class '10, are members of the faculty of Columbia College, Lake City, Fla.

Mrs. Henry, née Melvina Moorehead, class '04, is living at Tip Top, Va.

Mrs. B. H. Martin, née Neville Watkins, class '03, has a daughter, Frances Marion.

Elizabeth Haynes, class '08; Carrie Hix, class '02; Jennie Bracey, class '02, and Hallie McCormick, class '09, are teaching in the High School of Bluefield, W. Va.

Married, April 18, 1911, Ethel May Topping, class '04, to Mr. William Wiatt Folkes. Home address, Ambury, Va.

Mrs. Maury Hundley, née Laura Carter, class '03, is living at Dunnsville, Virginia, Essex County.

Missie Mease, class '98, whose home address is Sandy Level, Va., is teaching in Arkansas.

Janie Williams, class '01, is in the merchandise business at Diana Mills, Va.

Mrs. J. R. Brown, née Lola Somers, class '99, is living in Bloxom, Va.

Mrs. E. R. Parsons, née Josephine Goodwin, lives at Massie Mills, Va. She was a member of the class of '01.

Mrs. David Saunders, née Elizabeth Palmer. Home address, 1730 Lamar Avenue, Selma, Ala.

Mrs. R. B. Tuggle, of Atlanta, is visiting her mother in Farmville, Va.

Argus Literary Society

Having been kept in a state of expectation during the previous week, on Saturday, April 1, we completed Ibsen's drama, "The Doll's House," the beginning of which we had enjoyed at an earlier meeting. The reading was interesting, and made us more ambitious to see and hear more of the modern drama.

On Saturday, April 8, we were introduced to O. Henry in the most charming manner, through his short stories, full of humor, sudden changes, and unexpected happening. He is indeed a jolly companion with whom to spend an hour in conversation, but, by all means. let him do the talking! He is inimitable.

The program consisted of a sketch of his life by Pearl Matthews, and two of his short stories which were read in a most attractive manner by Mary Putney and Belle Spatig. A solo by Edna Landrum gave an additional charm to the program. We left with the same agreeable sensation which remains after a visit with people whom we love and admire.

Pierian Literary Society

On Saturday evening, April 1, an open meeting of the Pierian Literary Society was held in the auditorium. The roll call was answered by quotations suitable to the occasion, after which the following program was enjoyed:

Duet, "Chopsticks".....M. Colbert and B. Trevett
Reading, "Agnes, I Love Thee".....Elizabeth Hawthorne
Duet, "Blind Pig".....R. Garnett and E. Field
Recitation, "Vas Marriage a Failure?"....Daisy Swetnam
Selection by the chorus.

Athenian Literary Society

After studying Shakespeare and his plays throughout the winter, the members of the Athenian Literary Society have decided to spend the spring months in studying some of the more illustrious of Shakespeare's contemporaries. This subject, coming after the study of Shakespeare, does much to throw light on his works and to give a richer and more vivid setting to this greatest writer of the Elizabethan age. Several interesting and helpful programs have already been given upon this subject.

Perhaps the most enjoyable and novel meeting of the month was the Easter meeting, which was held in the auditorium on April 15. This meeting seemed to bring to all a true realization of the spirit of Easter.

Cunningham Literary Society

On March 24, an open meeting of the Cunningham Literary Society was held in the auditorium. The very interesting program consisted of: "The Story of Nicholas Nickleby," by Honor Price; "The Purpose and Value of the Book," by Genevieve Hopkins; a Reading from Nicholas Nickleby, by Louise Fergusson, the portion selected being the account of Miss Squeers' droll tea-party. Special music, rendered by Elizabeth Downey and Grace Woodhouse, added much to the pleasure of the evening.

On April 7, the Cunningham Literary Society commenced the study of Thackeray. The subjects were "Thack-

eray's Aim," by Elizabeth Downey, and "Thackeray as an Artist," by Mary Anderson.

There was no meeting on April 14 on account of the absence of many of the members for the Easter holiday.

On April 21, the meeting was held in the auditorium. The program consisted of: "London at the Time of Vanity Fair," by Bessie Price; "The Story of Vanity Fair," by Annie Banks; "Character Sketch of Becky Sharp," by Louise Rowe; dialogues and special music by the Glee Club.

Ruffner Debating Society

On March 31 our last regular meeting was held and the following officers were elected:

President.....Mabel Peterson
Vice-President.....Germania Wingo
Corresponding Secretary.....Amenta Matthews
Recording Secretary.....Elizabeth Haskins
Treasurer.....Nannie Watkins
Critic.....Anna Briggs
News Reporter.....Ruth Mason

Glee Club

On April 28, the Glee Club, assisted by the Kindergarten Training Class and the Game Class, gave a delightful concert. The program was as follows:

PART I

Kindergarten Songs and Games — *Training Class*

Getting Acquainted—
Choosing Game

Sense Games—
Listening.....Bell Ringer
Seeing.....Ball

Fall—

Clouds of Gray

Farmer ..... Peterquickly Go
Baker ..... Come, My Baby
Thanksgiving ..... Father, Thou Who Carest

Winter—

(a) Jack Frost ..... Way up North
Toyman's Shop ..... Babe Jesus
Every Night ..... Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

(b) Trades—

Blacksmith Carpenter Wheelwright

(c) Heroism—

King of France ..... Soldier Boy

Knights

Spring—

Wind ..... I Saw You Toss the Kites on High

Kite Game

Sun—

Wake, Says the Sunshine

Rain—

To the Great Brown House
Shall We Show You How the Farmer
Little Brown Seed

Nature—

Come, Children, to the Garden
Butterflies
Barnyard Animals
Sandman

PART II

Glee Club and Game Class

Italy—

Santa Lucia ..... Neapolitan Boat Song

Glee Club

Germany—

How Can I Leave Thee?.....Kucken
Ethel Combs

Russia—

The Red Sarafan.....Folk Song
Helen Stoneham, Eva Larmour

Katinka .....Folk Song
Glee Club

Haymaker's Dance
Game Class

Wales—

All Through the Night.....Old Melody
Glee Club

Scotland—

I'm Wearin' Awa' to the Land o' the Leal.....Foote
Susie Crump, Helen Massie, Joe Warren

Loch Lomond.....Jacobite Air
Frances Graham

Ireland—

The Last Rose of Summer.....Arranged by Vogrich
Glee Club

My Love's an Arbutus.....Arranged by Stanford
Grace Woodhouse

England—

Cornish May Dance
Game Class

The Sprig of Thyme.....Arranged by Brown
Lettie Doak

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes
.....Composer Unknown
Glee Club

America—

Indian Love Song.....Zuni Indian
Nellie Bristow

My Lady Chlo'.....Clough-Leiter
Glee Club
Skip to Ma Lou
Game Class
Swanee River.....Foster
Club and Audience

Young Women's Christian Association

The weekly meetings of our Association have been unusually interesting and helpful during this month. It was a great pleasure to have Mr. Grainger address the association at the meeting held on April 8 on the subject: "Literature That Has Helped toward Right Living." At the Easter Song Service, which took the place of the regular weekly meeting, April 15, the carefully planned musical program was much enjoyed by all of those present.

All Association workers are much interested now in plans for raising money to help send delegates to the Asheville Conference, and the plans of selling sandwiches and candy to the schoolgirls have proved very profitable.

The circus, given in the gymnasium on Friday evening, April 7, was also for the benefit of the Asheville Fund. This circus, which had with it large numbers of wild animals captured in all parts of the world, and several wonderful sideshows, drew a large crowd to see it, and was a great success.

In addition to the usual number of committees, one new one has recently been formed. This is an Extension Committee for the purpose of carrying on work outside our own association.

An Advisory Board, consisting of six members of the faculty, has also been organized during this month to advise

and assist the students in carrying on the Association work in our school.

This committee is as follows:

Miss Andrews.....For three years
Miss Rice.....For three years
Miss Coulling.....For two years
Miss Rohr.....For two years
Miss Hiner.....For one year
Mrs. Jarman.....For one year

IT OR MISS

L-t- C.: "I wish that I had written my story for Language."

W-l-i- R-b-r-s-n: "I think some of the girls are just writing antidotes."

△ △ △

T-e-e-e J-h-s-n: "How do you like the idea of M-r- K-p-s being a fake?"

E-m- H-w-l-: "That doesn't apply to her at all. She doesn't pad."

△ △ △

S-r-h S-u-r- (looking at a ring): "What kind of a stone is this, Joe?"

J-e W-r-e-: "A bloodstone."

S-r-h: "Oh, yes; these little red things are the capsules, aren't they?"

△ △ △

Miss B-gg: "Name some of the manufactured products exported by the colonies."

M-r-: "Grain, cotton, and mules."

T-e-e-e J-h-s-n: "The halls have been polished until I can hardly keep from slipping up on them."

M-r- M-r-i-: "I'd like to see any one *slip* up. You'll do well to get *up* after you slip *down*."

△ △ △

Senior: "Dr. Millidge, do you ever get tired of talking?"

Dr. M-l-i-g-: "No, not to *intelligent* people."

△ △ △

April 1, 9:55 P. M.

L-u-s D-v-s: "What is the matter with the bell to-night? It hasn't rung yet."

P-u-i-e W-t-s: "It is tongue-tied."

△ △ △

A Voluble Ear

Professor: "That sentence is not incorrect, but it sounds odd to the English-speaking ear."—*Ex.*

△ △ △

E-e-y- P-r-l: "What do you call a person who studies insects and bugs?"

M-r- D-r-i- (in fun): "Etymologists."

E-e-y-: "Yes, that is right. I don't know why I couldn't think of it."

△ △ △

A Leap-Year Wooing

"Love is a tender thing," said he,
The while he deeply sighed.
"Then why not tender it to me?"
The coy young miss replied.

—*Ex.*

△ △ △

The Latest Discovery

We are glad to inform the girls that leap years will now have 367 days instead of 366. Miss T. has revised our calendar, for just lately did she charge a book out until March 32.

Uncertain

Mr. L-a-: "Why was the Valley of Virginia such an aid to the Confederate soldiers?"

M-r-u-r-t- P-m-l-n: "It was so marshy that the Federals couldn't march through it."

Mr. L-a-: "Do you live in the Valley of Virginia?"

M-r-u-r-t-: "I think so."

Mr. L-a-: "Where is your home?"

M-r-u-r-t-: "In South Carolina."

△ △ △

The Alfriend's Club

On last Wednesday evening the last regular meeting of the Alfriend's Club was held in their own Hall. Owing to the absence of the president the meeting was called to order by the chief Justice. While the roll was being called the Lackey and the Marshalls went to close the Gates. During this time we noticed several changes in our place of meeting, one of the most notable of which is the nice new Woodhouse, which is on one of the Banks of the Brook. On the Wall there is a very good Mapp, which was made by the Painter.

Suddenly a small Byrd flew into the room, and we had quite a discussion as to whether it was a Martin or a Wrenn.

Louise came in late; she said she could not Rowe across the L(e)ake, and the Rhodes by the Mills were hard to follow.

The first thing on the progam was a prayer by the Pope, after which the Parsons all said a few words of welcome. We were very glad we had so many Christians among us.

Next we discussed the Crymes, but not one of the accused was made a Freeman. However, there is still room to Foster Hope.

We next heard the reports from the Townes, the ones from Richmond, London and Boston being of special interest,

while we were glad to know that the ones from Pamphlin and Rice were very enjoyable.

The next question that arose was as to where we should spend our Summers. The villa Montague, which is on the West Bank of the James, just below the Falls, was chosen as the best place.

We then had a paper on "Why We Age," but no one was able to say what made Mattie Ould.

Just at this time the Justice announced the loss of a very valuable Pearl. A Hunt was at once started, and after searching from the cellar to the Garrett, Carrie proved the best Hunter of the crowd.

After this the Bell sounded, and so we passed into the dining room, which was just across the Hall. This room was beautifully decorated in Roses, Violets and Daisies, which were the pride of the Gardener's heart. In the center of the table was the Bull's head, garnished with Parsley (seasoned with Ayers). We had corn on the Cobb, and Rice in abundance. We regretted that we had no Ham, as we did last year. We also had a mess of Pottage, and when Mary A. wanted some Moore we regretted that the Peeple's demands were so great that she could not be supplied.

We were about to vote a card of thanks to the Cook, but were interrupted by a loud Rohr. It was Mayme. She had seen the Slaughter. This noise scared many of our members so that they ran away, but the Marshall succeeded in bring-in Mamie Auerback. When I asked where did Germania Wingo, some one said across the Fields. As we did not know the Rodes, the Driver went after her. The Driver had a Traylor, so did not have far to seek. We were very glad the Rohr was no Lowder.

The first thing on the afternoon program was in regard to the Parrot. She persisted in Peck-ing every Bugg she

came near. Brenda suggested killing the Parrot. Was Brenda Wright?

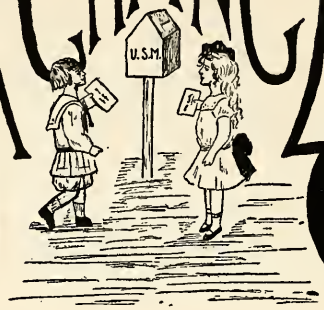
About this time some one jumped. It was Nellie. You know, Nellie Hurd Sarah Russell. The Cock began to crow, so a motion was made for adjournment. Before this motion was put into effect several Stories were told.

The following committee was appointed to decide on colors for our club:
Sallie Redd
Penelope White
Ruth Garnett
Julia Green
Katie Gray
Pearle Brown

When the crowd had started to their Homes, out through the Wynn and the Snow, I realized how Cole it was, so I threw myself upon my couch, and, pulling my Downey coverlid over me, I drifted off to dreamland.

Ruth Mason,
Ruffner, '12.

EXCHANGES



In the March and April magazines which have found their way to our exchange table, we are glad to notice an improvement in the character of the short stories. They, for the most part, consist of that happy combination of an interesting plot worked up in an attractive, entertaining style. Especially is this true of the stories in the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany,* and the *Hollins Magazine.*

The stories "Inquiring for the Justice of the Peace," and "Little Pockmark," are both worthy of mention. "The Wind Spirit" is a beautiful interpretation of the voice of the wind. However, there is a noticeable lack of good, original poetry in this number of the *Miscellany.*

△ △ △

In the *Hollins Magazine* there are three well-written articles, which stimulate thought and are interesting to read. "Ruskin's Ideal of Woman" shows careful preparation, and a good command of the subject. The "Duty of Service" is another article which is worth while, also the "Bible Wonder-Book." The editorial, "The Twentieth-Century Woman," is

strong, and makes the reader feel that after all the twentieth-century woman is not so utterly devoid of good qualities as she is sometimes painted. The poetry in this issue is especially good, notably the "Robin's Song" and "Morn," which seem to throb with the joyous spirit of spring. The stories, "A Brown Suit and Spectacles" and "The Legend of the Star of Dawn," tend to counteract the effect of formality, which the many essays would otherwise tend to produce.

△ △ △

Of the three stories in the April number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine,* "The Final Test" is worthy of mention. We regret to hear that the "Troubles of an Author" are still continuing. The Focus is justly proud of its consideration in furnishing the much-disturbed and discouraged "author" with a plot for the fourth installment of his "Love Story." Evidently the muse of Poetry and Romance failed to smile upon the literary aspirant at Hampden-Sidney, or is it because the debate on "local option" has taken up so much room in their magazine that there is no space in which the romancer may give vent to his pent-up feelings? Both sides of the debate are upheld forcefully and masterfully, but is it quite fair to the other departments of the magazine?

△ △ △

The reader of the *State Normal Magazine* enjoys very much the glimpses into the life of O. Henry, and the extract from his writings.

△ △ △

The Focus is also glad to acknowledge the receipt of *The Talisman,* which has just come.

Locals

"Maidens All Forlorn" was presented by the Dramatic Club on March 24. Congratulations, girls, on keeping the Doctor a secret so well.

On Saturday, March 8, the four literary societies presented the first act of "Midsummer Night's Dream." The following characters were selected by a committee of the faculty to give the whole play in May:

Theseus.....Thurzetta Thomas, Athenian
Hippolyta.....Annie Smith, Pierian
Lysander.....Bert Myers, Cunningham
Hermia.....Grace Woodhouse, Cunningham
Demetrius.....Carrie Rennie, Cunningham
Helena.....Pearl Berger, Athenian
Egeus.....Irma Phillips, Argus
Philostrate.....Ada Smith, Pierian
Bottom.....Joe Warren, Athenian
Quince.....Elizabeth Hawthorne, Pierian
Flute.....Anne Conway, Argus
Snout.....Lillian Byrd, Cunningham
Starveling.....Elizabeth Feild, Pierian
Snug.....Belle Spatig, Argus
Oberon.....Honor Price, Cunningham
Titania.....Pearl Justice, Cunningham
Puck.....Ruth Dabney, Argus
Fairy.....Kate Porter, Athenian

A Tomato Club has been organized, and the girls are vigorously planting seeds. Next year we suspect Mr. Cox will have the pleasure of buying home-grown tomatoes.

Confederate Memorial exercises were held in the auditorium on April 12, by the eighth grade, under the direction of Miss Woodruff. The program showed good work on the part of all concerned. It was well rendered and very impressive.

Anne Thom and Katharine Cox attended the Kappa Delta Convention in Atlanta, Ga., April 17-19.

Nannie Wimbish, Carrie Hunter, Eunice Watkins, Pattie Prince Turnbull, and Susie Powell attended the Sigma Sigma Sigma Convention in Richmond, April 12-14.

Mary Kipps spent Easter in Blacksburg.

Grace Woodhouse spent Easter at her home in Burkeville.

The V. P. I. Glee Club gave a concert here, Saturday, April 15. The program was well rendered and very entertaining. The concert was given for the benefit of the *Senior Class Book,* and the brass buttons created much excitement among those girls who are not on the *Class Book* staff.

Miss Mary White Cox gave a delightful reception for the Glee Club after the concert. The Senior Class officers and the staff were in the receiving line.

On Monday night, April 17, the German Club gave an informal german in the reception hall. The girls had a good time, even though they did have to heed the light bell's warning at ten o'clock.

Directory of Advertisers

Students, before you do your purchasing, read the advertisements, and patronize those who help you. Make the business men realize they are not wasting money when advertising with THE FOCUS.