

10-1911

The Focus, Volume I Number 6, October 1911

Longwood University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special_studentpubs


Recommended Citation

Longwood University, "The Focus, Volume I Number 6, October 1911" (1911). *Student Publications*. 45.
http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special_studentpubs/45

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Library, Special Collections, and Archives at Digital Commons @ Longwood University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Student Publications by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Longwood University. For more information, please contact hinestm@longwood.edu.

★ CLASS *AP* BOOK *F68* ★
★
★ LIBRARY ★
★
★ OF ★
★ STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL ★
★
★ ACCESSION *6739* ★





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

Board of Editors

GRACE I. WOODHOUSE.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
KATHERINE COOK	<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief</i>
MAMIE L. AUERBACH	<i>Literary Editor</i>
ANNE CONWAY	<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>
ANNIE BANKS	<i>News Editor</i>
IVEY WHITLEY	<i>Assistant News Editor</i>
THURZETTA THOMAS	<i>Business Manager</i>
ELIZABETH HAWTHORNE	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
EVA LARMOUR	<i>Art Editor</i>
ANNIE LAURIE STONE	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
AMENTA MATTHEWS	<i>Assistant Exchange Editor</i>
MRS. J. L. BUGG.....	<i>Alumnæ Editor</i>
GLADYS J. BELL.....	<i>Assistant Alumnæ Editor</i>

Contents

	PAGE
DAWN. <i>Poem</i>	3
MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF S. N. S.....	4
SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDSHIPS. <i>Essay</i>	6
THE TAMING OF THE TEN. <i>Story</i>	9
A QUEER HUNT. <i>French Translation</i>	14
A SNAPSHOT. <i>Sketch</i>	17
EDITORIALS	19
ALUMNÆ	21
HERE AND THERE	24
HIT OR MISS	30
EXCHANGES	34

THE FOCUS

Volume I

FARMVILLE, VA., OCTOBER, 1911

Number 6

Dawn

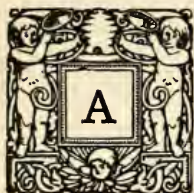
Awake! awake! Another day is dawning,
Far o'er the hills the sky is growing red—
The joyful heralds of the day are soaring
Upward through the dark mists that night has spread.

Sunbeams now with trembling silence brighten
The world, with golden rays of light so pure,
That piercing through the gloom disperse the shadows,
And bring to view the thoughts of God so sure.

Awake! awake! Another day is dawning;
Arise! and meet it with a grateful heart,
Returning praise to God for His great mercies;
Be humbly thankful, each, and bear your part!

JUANITA MANNING,
Jefferson, '14.

My First Impressions of S. N. S.



As the train pulled in at Farmville on September the fifth, I hurried out with the rest of the crowd, impatient to get my first glimpse of the school. Crowds of girls were at the station to greet us, but not knowing them I felt as though I had arrived in a new world—a world of girls—in which I was a mere unit. I followed one of the white-ribbon girls closely, pounding her with questions, and expecting every minute to come in sight of the building.

When we did reach the school I gasped a little. Oh! no one can rightly imagine how I felt. The impressiveness of the place—even the columns seemed to be filled with magnetic power, and as I walked along past them into Room I I began to realize that my dream of college life was actually going to come true.

I took my seat among a lot of other “rats,” and for a while I was very much interested in studying the girls around me. Never had I seen such a “Duke’s Mixture,”—some already longing to go home—others eager with anticipation—while the old girls were almost doing “The Merry Widow Waltz” in their joy of meeting again.

It seemed to me that I waited for ages in that room. Finally, I wandered toward the door and began to get acquainted with the doorkeeper, undoubtedly worrying her, too, with—“When do you reckon I’ll get in to get my room?”

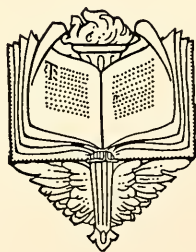
It was not long after this before I was ushered in to be assigned to my room. I gave a sigh of relief as I stood there waiting before the table, but my conscience seemed to emphasize the fact, “Oh, the greenness of a freshman when she’s green,” for I hadn’t the faintest idea what to do or say.

"Number 131. Here, Aunt Lou, take her up," came the voice across the table, and grabbing up my suit case, I started out.

That whole day seems almost like a dream as I look upon it—everything in confusion, so many strangers, the hugeness of the building and all, dazed me. I thought I would "follow the crowd," as they say, but lo! the crowd was everywhere and going nowhere. I realized that I had come into a new world, as it were, and it was "up to me" to get acquainted not only with the surroundings, but also with the *surrounders*.

So, as I closed my eyes that night my mind was full of new thoughts and anticipations such as only a "rat" can have at S. N. S.

ANNE MILLER WOODROOF, 13.



School-Girl Friendships



IRL friendship is one of the rarest and most beautiful gifts that life can bestow. To have a friend is to feel that your joys and sorrows are in common. A friend is one whom we can trust to understand us and believe in us. To be a friend is to have a "solemn and tender education of soul from day to day."

There is a foolish sentiment, especially among school girls, which is often mistaken for friendship. They form violent attachments for each other on scant acquaintance and become for a time inseparable. We have all seen instances of this kind. They hang about one another's necks as they walk, they loll on beds with arms entwined, holding whispered consultations interspersed with caresses. We come upon them in secluded nooks and dark corners of the hall where they sit in lover-like attitudes holding one another's hands and fondling each other, murmuring endearing names and protestations of their affections which might well have been cribbed from some dime-novel courtship. They can not endure being separated and are willing to break any number of rules to be together, or else weep in uncontrollable grief if they are absent from each other, and talk pitifully of being so lonely and miserable until we are positively sickened.

How can such an association be uplifting or ennobling? It is rather degrading, as it is a waste of time and sentiment, and weakens the ability to form true friendship, for in a few months they will have had a quarrel and pass each other on the halls as mere acquaintances, while each lavishes her mawkish sentiment on another victim.

Another type of school-girl affinities is the one-sided adoration. It is usually a younger girl who adores and

worships, from a distance, one older than she is. She builds up an ideal and tries to fit it to this girl and sets her on a pedestal. Often she does not try to become acquainted with the older girl, but is content to offer flowers, fruit and candy at the shrine of her divinity or to walk for hours in front of the building, or to sit in the reception hall in hopes of seeing her pass. She thinks of nothing else, and her roommates and friends are wearied by her constant ravings.

This is not true friendship, for it does not help the younger girl, and bores the older girl.

I used to have the idea that friendship was merely a mutual love and pleasure in one another's company, and the desire to be loved. I thought a friend was one with whom to exchange confidences, one who overlooked or was blind to my failings, and fully appreciated my good qualities.

But I have found that friendship is more. It means love, yes, but a love that "suffereth long and is kind," a love that is built upon the firm foundation of acquaintance with one another's true qualities. It means pleasure in one another's company, but also the willingness to forego that company if it is for the best interest of the friend. Nor is our best friend blind to our faults, but is fully alive to them, and if there are remedies, strives with us to overcome them; or if they can not be helped she forgives us and loves on in spite of the fault. We do not feel cut or hurt by the correction of a friend.

Over-sensitiveness must be fought against hard, for who wants to be always walking softly for fear of hurting one's feelings? Over-sensitiveness is merely self-consciousness and selfishness. To be a friend means self-sacrifice, forbearing much and forgiving much.

We never find a person who makes a perfect friend; we shall always be disappointed in friends at times, but we must make allowances for them and be tender with their weaknesses, and patient always. It takes a soul above petty

meannesses to be capable of true friendship and a willingness to give of time, love and patience. If we love truly it is not hard to give. God loved the world—therefore He gave His only begotten Son. Christ loved us, therefore He gave *Himself* for us.

It is not necessary for friends to be sentimental or gushing, or always making protestations of their love for each other. If it comes so easily it is apt to be on the surface.

They should never for a minute doubt each other's love. Even if separated and cut off for years, friends will not drift apart and become cold; if they should meet again there would be the old loving handclasp, for true love is eternal.

This love is rather rare, but since it is for eternity let us be careful and slow to make friends, for to be disappointed in a friend is the *bitterest thing on earth*. And once we have a friend may neither *life* nor *death* nor anything come between us. For if we lose a friend we lose that which gives us confidence and trust in human nature. If we have *one friend*, then life is worth living. Then let us not let go of friendship, or, in Shakespeare's words, "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy heart with hoops of steel."

FRANCES GRAHAM,
Cunningham, '13.

The Taming of the Ten



HE door closed softly behind the matron and left the "Ten" staring solemnly into each other's faces.

"Called up!" gasped Polly.

"Warned!" exclaimed Jean.

"We completely disregard the rules!"

wailed Helen.

"We have no respect for the Home Department!" put in Louise.

"We are not prompt in our obedience to bells!" added Roberta, better known to the "Ten" as Bobby.

"As upper classmen, we should make our influence *for good* be felt in the school!" sighed Peggy dismally.

"Oh! that's hitting Elizabeth and me harder than it is the rest of you—we're Seniors," said Katherine.

"Yes, it is," admitted Elizabeth; "I can see my diploma fading in the distance."

"And we're campussed!" wailed Nancy, "given thirty days!"

"It doesn't seem to me that we've been so much worse than anybody else," said Peggy. "What have we done?"

"It isn't that we've done such terrible things," explained Nancy, as she seated herself on the table and drew from her coat pocket several cakes of nut chocolate. "It's just that the things we do are no more noticeable. Now, young ladies, allow me to enumerate your transgressions, and I pray you, take not offense." (Nancy had been studying Shakespeare.)

"Proceed."

"Well," began Nancy, "taken as a whole, the Ten, as 'teachers of the men and women of the great to-morrow,' are creating the wrong atmosphere in the school. Katherine, you 'have a great deal of influence among the lower classmen, and this influence you are misdirecting, throwing your might

against the common good instead of coöperating with those in authority.' The matron told you that, and I can't improve on it. Elizabeth, you *will* come in late to meals. Garnett, you go down-town without permission. Polly, you and Bobby, and Helen and Peggy persist in going out on the halls after light bell."

Nancy paused and looked around to see what effect her narrative had had upon her listeners.

"But what about us?" chimed Louise and Jean.

"Oh!" explained Nancy, "you are usually good, merely having been misled by the perverting influence of the rest of us."

"And what about yourself? You have told our crimes; now tell your own."

"Oh!" said Nancy good-naturedly, "I'm everything that the rest of you are, only more so."

"But, Nancy," objected Peggy, "do you think that we were called up merely for those little things? I know they are provoking, but I really don't think they would warrant our being called up."

"Indeed, I don't," averred Elizabeth.

"Then what was it?" demanded Bobby.

"Well," began Elizabeth, with a reminiscent smile, as she counted off the deeds on her fingers, "there's the night we went down the fire-escape and couldn't get back; the time we put that sunbonnet on the Confederate statue; the night we rolled the trash-barrel down the steps—"

"But we didn't do that," broke in Jean indignantly.

"Well, we got the blame for it; so it's all the same. Then," continued Elizabeth, "there's the time we caught the rat and put it under the waste-basket in Miss Thornton's room; the time we sprinkled cologne all over Professor Reynolds' overcoat; the time we 'swiped' Mr. Steiff's hat and returned it

in a band-box. And then, the final blow was that midnight feast on the roof."

"And now it has reached that point where we just *have* to reform," said Garnett.

"Well," said Katherine, "we can if we want to!"

"How?" they demanded in unison.

"Really, I am not prepared to say on the spur of the moment," said Katherine in a dignified voice, "but *something* must be done."

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Nancy suddenly.

"Keep it," was the advice she received; "your ideas always get us into trouble."

"That's gratitude!" said Nancy imperturbed, "but really, this idea is *good*."

"Then go on and tell it," said Elizabeth, "go ahead and tell it."

Nancy hesitated a moment, glanced around at her audience, and then plunged enthusiastically in: "It is said that 'opportunity knocks once at every man's door.' Girls, I think that this is opportunity's knock. This is our chance to come out and show the Faculty and Home Department just what stuff we are made of. Consequently, I move that we appoint ourselves a committee of ten to keep every rule of this school!" Nancy finished breathlessly, and sat down amid the applause of her fellows.

"Second the motion!" cried they with one accord.

"Now," said practical Helen, "the first thing to do after forming a committee, is to have a committee meeting. When shall we meet, and where?"

"We'll meet in the gym to-night after light-bell. There we can make and perfect all our plans for reform."

And a minute later the Ten were lined up on the campus, one behind the other, marching ten steps one way, wheeling abruptly, and marching ten steps in the other direction, each

repeating to herself meanwhile: "Students must take outdoor exercise for one-half hour each day." For, reasoned the Ten, if said exercise could not be taken *off* the campus, it must, perforce, be taken on it.

.

Light-bell had rung, and the school was just settling down for the night, when ten kimono-clad figures slipped stealthily along the halls, into the friendly shadows of the darkened gymnasium.

"Is everybody here?" queried Katherine in a tomb-like voice.

"Here!" answered the others.

"Well, let's get together over here on these benches and discuss things."

They moved silently across the floor toward the darkest corner. But the floor had been newly waxed, and the temptation was great. The Ten were not in the habit of withstanding temptation if it stood in the way of a good time, so Polly, humming a lilting melody, grasped Katherine firmly around the waist, and together they glided across the floor in a rollicking two-step. This was too much for the others. Forgotten were their faithful resolves, forgotten their late lecture, and the consequent promises. In a twinkling ten phantom-like figures were whirling joyously over the floor in complete abandon, humming in unison the lilting melody started by Polly.

Then, in a flash, the gymnasium was brilliantly lighted, and the Ten, vainly trying to slink back into the shadow of the gallery, turned blinking eyes to the figure of the night matron, standing with one hand on the electric switch, and the other upheld in unfeigned horror at the scene which met her eyes.

"Oh!" sobbed Jean, as the very much subdued Ten filed silently into the the office, with the matron bringing up the

rear. "Nothing will ever make them believe that we really intended to reform."

But after a short talk, the matron sent the "Committee for the Observance of Rules" back to their rooms, each harboring in her bosom the firm resolve to begin the next day to *really* reform.

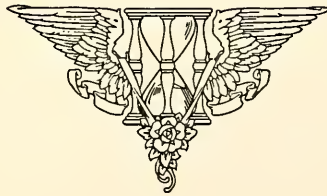
•

"Nancy," said Elizabeth the next morning, as she reached for a copy of Miller's "Psychology of Thinking," did I understand you to say that 'opportunity knocks once on every man's door?'"

"Yes," admitted Nancy, sullenly.

"Well, Nancy," observed Elizabeth with a reflective smile, "opportunity certainly did land us a hard knock that time!"

ANNE CONWAY,
Argus, '12.



A Queer Hunt



AM going to tell you a story of the chase which, without doubt, will astonish you. It is authentic. I have it from my grandfather, a worthy man, a great hunter, and a man who never lied. You will see how we have hunted the bear in our country for about fifty years, and when there were still bears in the Little Alps. You will hear nothing exciting or heroic. To describe the shaggy monster, his large teeth, his long claws, to portray a hand-to-hand struggle, the torn doublets, the shining knives, the blood running red upon the snow, all this certainly would be easy, if I would embroider it ever so little; but my grandfather had no imagination, and I am only going to repeat his naïve story.

This was a queer chase. A chase by the peasants, without knives, pikes or guns, a chase in which the hunter contented himself with giving the beast a cord and inviting him to kill himself.

I will commence the story. One ought to chase bears. My grandfather, being invited to, had carried his gun, naturally. The peasants said to him—

“Powder costs dearly, and shot ruins the skin. It is worth more to have the beast without all these contrivances.”

The peasants knew well what they wanted to do. These mountaineers had from time immemorial determined two things: first, that the bear is at the same time a reasoner and stubborn; second, that he likes, above all things, to dine upon boiled pears. He regales himself willingly from the tree and crunches them raw, when he can not get them otherwise, but he prefers them cooked to a honey.

They had, therefore, prepared for the bear in question, a large plate of cooked pears, and had placed the plate nose high in the hollow of an old wild pear tree, where the animal

had been accustomed to come each day at the peep of dawn to assuage his appetite with green pears.

A running noose was suspended before the opening in the trunk—a noose attached at the end to a heavy log, heavy enough to hinder the bear when he would have to drag it by his neck, but not heavy enough to strangle him. That done, the men sat down and commenced to smoke their pipes.

At the break of day, a thing foreseen, the bear appeared coming out of the little woods. He walked slowly and stretched himself occasionally as one who has just awakened. Arriving at the tree he stopped, looked at the branches, and sniffed in the hollow. Evidently he said to himself, "Who has taken the trouble to cook my pears?" Then having, without doubt, reflected that cooked pears are better than raw ones, he decided to do honor, without any more ceremony, to the juicy breakfast served to him thus by the providence of bears.

When his meal was finished he licked himself; then he started toward a stream, which ran near by, to drink. The log, as had been divined, commenced to run after him at the end of the rope. The bear came back to the log and growled. In bear language he said—

"You annoy me!"

Then persuaded that the log understood he took up his interrupted trot. The log followed as before.

"Wait a little; if it is to be like this, I will set the pace."

And quitting his trot this time he started gaily on the gallop. The log followed at his heels, razing bushes, mowing grass, striking against trees and rocks and describing formidable bounds in the air. The bear stopped, sighed and spoke to the log again, rolling it from right to left with his feet, then he seated himself with a meditative and annoyed air, searching for some way to rid himself of so importune a personage. Finally he rubbed his feet as if to say, "I have

found it." The bear, in fact, had his idea, an idea of bears, as you will see.

He took the log in his arms and carried it, walking gravely upon his hind feet. He crossed in this way a wood, a plain and a stream, all the village following. He passed wells, looking in as he went by. They were not deep enough to suit his purpose. A chalky bank, terminating the plateau, engaged his attention, but after reflection he renounced that also. The incline was a little too gentle and the log would be able to come back.

Finally he found a spot admirably suited in which to kill the log. It was a perpendicular precipice, a hundred feet high, at the bottom of which ran a stream.

"*Bon voyage!*" the bear seemed to say in hurling it.

The log started, the rope became taut and the bear, probably astonished, plunged head first after it. My grandfather, clinging to a large bush, watched them. The bear was not killed; he remounted across the rocks, limping a little, bloody at the nostrils, but obstinate in his idea, and carrying in his arms the log which he intended to precipitate anew. Three times he hurled it, the village watching in great joy. The fourth time . . . but there, enough! I see you laughing, reader. You wish to know what became of the bear? I am not going to tell you. Perhaps at this hour he is following his log from the height of the precipice.

[Translation from *Une Drôle de Chasse*, by P. Arène.]

ANNIE BANKS CUNNINGHAM, '13.

A Snapshot



HERE is not a more quaint or familiar figure around the Normal School than Aunt Lou, with her very dignified "specs" and spotless white apron.

Aunt Lou is by no means an unimportant factor in school life. Answering the door-bell and keeping the reception hall in a perfect condition are her especial duties and delights. On rainy days she discourses energetically to the other servants about how useless and even hopeless it is to try to keep "dis 'ception hall lookin' nice when all dese girls comes a-trompin' in an' doan even stop to wipe dey feets."

But the door-bell is her greatest pleasure, and she shows her decided displeasure if any one else answers it. When the bell rings Aunt Lou goes across the hall like a ship under full sail, card receiver in hand, apron strings fluttering out behind, and her face beaming with importance. With many little bows and courtesies she ushers the visitor into "de parlor or de settin'-room." Then she goes upstairs with the card, muttering about how "books an' de boys doan go to-gedder," but secretly very much pleased, especially if she has been given a tip.

One afternoon the bell rang and Aunt Lou did not appear. It rang again and still she did not come, so, just to see who the caller was, two of the girls started out for a stroll. They opened the door and there stood a tall, handsome young man who lifted his hat very politely and said, "I beg your pardon, but may I see Miss Blank?" The astonished girls were about to say, "Why, certainly," when Aunt Lou bore down upon them, an anxious frown upon her kindly face, and, much to the amusement of the spectators, almost "shooed"

the girls out and the caller in. All the way to the parlor door she was excusing herself for keeping him waiting.

“Has you bin standin’ out dar long? Well, I declar’! You see, sir, I jist didn’t hab my cyard deceiver rale handy an’ I plum disremembered whar ’twas, but I had ter find it afore I cud cum to de do’; yas, sir, dat I did. But you hadn’t oughter talked ter de young ladies—naw, sir, dat you hadn’t!—leastwise ’less you wuz er gwine ter call on ’em. Now, you jist cum rite in de settin’-room, an’ I’se gwine ter carry dis cyard upstairs an’ hev Miss Blank down here afore you gits sot down rale good. Yas, sir, dat I is. Thankee, sir!”

And Aunt Lou, pocketing the coin, carried the card upstairs with a broad smile on her wrinkled old face.



EDITORIALS



The Responsibilities of the New Girl. The new girl often feels that because she has so recently become a citizen of our little community that she has no responsibilities. But, new girls, you have. Just as you have become a citizen, so you have assumed the responsibilities of citizenship. Be a *good* citizen. Have the well-being of our community at heart; abide by its laws and regulations. The number of our new citizens is almost twice the number of our old ones. Therefore, upon *you*, to even a greater extent than upon the old girl, the success of this year and the reputation of this school depend. You are just as much a member of the student body as the girl who has been here three years. The Faculty and Home Department are as interested in you, as a new girl, as they are in the old girl as an old girl. Your privileges are the same. Why, then, should not your responsibilities be equally as great? Be a good citizen!

△ △ △

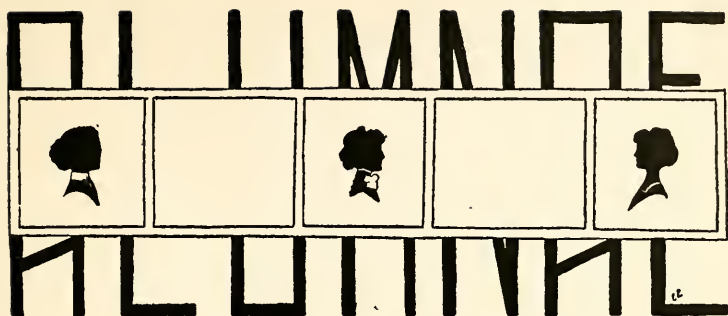
An Appeal for Literary Material. It has been said that smouldering somewhere in the make-up of nine-tenths of us is a belief that we can write. We can write,—at least those of us who think. It should be just as easy to send our thoughts out through our pens as

through our mouths; therefore a confession that we can not write is an admission that we do not think.

The ability to write consists in being able to think, and the object of education is to teach us to think. But thought has its perfecting in writing, and our magazine should contain the very best thoughts of our students. The main purpose for which *THE FOCUS* is published is to increase literary activity among the students, and also to improve the quality of the literary work done.

Let all the students write, both old girls and new. Do not be discouraged if your first articles do not meet with success. Keep writing—and profit by criticism.

Many of us get as far as “What shall I write?” Do you know how to do anything particularly well? We want that bit of knowledge. Is there anything wrong with our student government? If so, won’t you give us some suggestion by which we may perhaps correct it? Can you write a practical article on the needs of our school? Then do it, for we are waiting for your message.



Sadie Leary, class '04, is teaching at Deep Creek, Va.

Annie Bidgood, class '09, teaches in the New London Academy, at Forest, Va.

Mrs. Ernest Shawen, née Annie Laurie Kinzer, class '02, is living in Richmond, Va., where Mr. Shawen is principal of the Bellevue School.

Myrtle Rea, class '07, is supervisor of rural schools in Henrico County.

The home address of Mrs. R. W. Price, née Fannie Bidgood, class '93, is 234 Hinton Street, Petersburg, Va.

Germania Wingo, class '11, teaches in Crewe, Va.

Frank Jones, class '07, returned to the school she taught in last year, at Portsmouth, Va.

Martha Blanton, class '09, teaches again this session in Abingdon, Va.

Emma Blanton, class '08; Mattie Fretwell, class '09; Julia Spain, class '08, and May Smith, class '06, are all in Ashland, Va.

Margaret Davis, class '07; Mildred Richardson, class '09; Carrie Caruthers, class '09, and Louise Ford, class '11, all teach in the same school at Dumbarton and are boarding with Mrs. A. B. Gathright, née Mary Ford, class '06.

Anne Richardson, class '07, returned to the school in Roanoke, where she taught last winter.

Georgia Newbey, class '08, and Mary Perkins, are teaching in Warrenton, Va., and Mrs. Newbey, Georgia's mother, keeps house for them.

Charlie Jones, class '10, teaches in Hot Springs, Va.

The following girls are teaching in Richmond:

Carrie Mason, class '07, Nicholson School; Bessie Brooke, class '10, Nicholson School; Virgie Stubblefield, class '07, Springfield School; Helen Childrey, class '06, Fairmont School; Annie Lancaster, class '08, Lizzie Kizer, class '06, Lillian Cook and Bert Myers, class '11, are in the W. F. Fox School; Charlotte Wray, class '97, is critic teacher and supervisor in this school; Lucy Rice, class '07, Ginter Park School; Carrie and Bessie McGeorge, class '04, Inez Clary, class '04, and Bessie Sampson, Powhatan and Bainbridge Schools; Lillian Byrd, class '11, does high-school work in the Barton Heights School; Louise Ford is principal of the school at Dumbarton.

Edith Dickey and Carlotta Lewis, class '05, are teaching again this winter in the Covington graded school.

Virginia Stone, class '97, has primary methods and is a supervisor in the training-school of the Fredericksburg State Normal.

Olive M. Hinman, class '05, has charge of manual training and drawing at the Fredericksburg State Normal.

Mittie Batten, class '10, Isabelle Harrison, class '09, and Betty Wright, class '09, are teaching in Smithfield, Va.

Florence Rawlings, class '09, after spending the summer abroad, has returned to Norfolk, Va., where she is teaching this year.

Jemima Hurt, class '04, is assistant principal of the Commerce Street School in Roanoke, Va.

Florence Edwards, class '05, who was given the third grade in the Arvonnia High School, has decided not to teach this winter.

Marie Ferguson, class '10, has English, geography and literature in the eighth grade at Sistersville, W. Va.

Virginia Garrison, class '08, teaches primary work in Norfolk. Her address is 421 W. Westover Avenue.

Pattie Epes, class '11, is going to teach in Burkeville this winter.

Minnie Blanton, class '09, and Nora Garrett, class '08, are teaching in the public school at Farmville.

△ △ △

MARRIED

Mary Virginia Eppes, class '03, to Mr. John Frederic Maclin, July 11.

Blanche King Nidermaier, class '09, to Mr. Charles E. Vermillion, July 5.

Rosa Caldwell, class '08, to Mr. George Mann, September 12. Home address, Fort Summers, New Mexico.

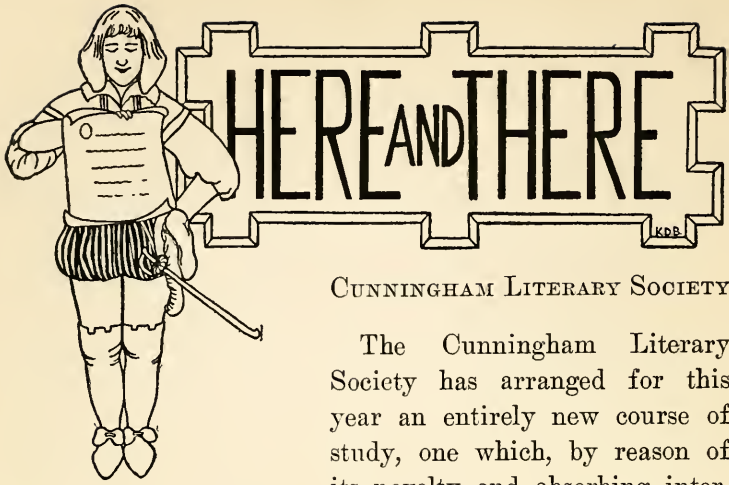
Hattie Rebecca Cox, class '09, to Rev. Thomas Kay Young, September 21. Home address, Holden, W. Va.

Nellie Tyler Boatwright, class '09, to Mr. George Armistead Scott, October. Home address, Fredericksburg, Va.

Edith Brent Duvall, class '05, to Mr. David Winfree Reed, October 19.

Bessie Carter, class '04, to Mr. Bennett Terrell Taylor, October 18.

Lois Leonard, class '07, to Mr. Harry Shawen, September. Home address, Newport News, Va.



CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

The Cunningham Literary Society has arranged for this year an entirely new course of study, one which, by reason of its novelty and absorbing interest, we think will prove of great value to our members. Instead of selecting, as usual, a study of noted authors, we have chosen a study of the lives of the world's greatest musical composers and artists. In each program we shall consider together, according to rank and time, an artist and a musician, not only making a study of their lives, but familiarizing ourselves with their masterpieces.

Our program committee regards this course as especially beneficial, because it deals with subjects which hold no place in the ordinary school curriculum, and, therefore, will give us important knowledge which we should not otherwise receive.

Thus we begin our new year, full of vigor and enthusiasm, hoping that before its close we may become somewhat at home in the realm of art and music.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Athenian Literary Society was held on Friday, September 8. We were greeted by the president, who also welcomed the return of an old member, Mary Holt.

On September 10, a business meeting was held, at which Annie Laurie Stone's resignation as corresponding secretary was presented and accepted. On account of Anne Howard Lawson's failure to return to school, Ada Bierbower was elected reporter.

The course of study decided upon is Southern Prose and Poetry. The literary committee has worked out a plan which, it is hoped, will be beneficial and enjoyable.

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A large number of our girls returned, but the Seniors of 1911 are greatly missed. We were very glad to see again three of our members, Bessie Williamson, Lucy Heath, and Winnie Hiner, who have been away for a year or more.

We were also glad to receive our new and attractive members of the faculty as honorary members, and hope that they will attend and enjoy our meetings.

As yet no active literary work has been done, our first program being planned for October 6.

ANNE TAYLOR COLE, Reporter.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

The last open meeting of the Argus Literary Society was held in the Auditorium, May 6. The program was composed of music and comic pantomime.

Frances Davis rendered an enjoyable piano solo, after which the Argus trio, Helen Massie, Nannie Wimbish, and Flora Redd, by their interpretation made us realize the pathos of "Alsene." Edna Landrum, in her usual sweet voice, sang the amusing comedy of "Miss Betsy McPherson," which was ably acted by the following young ladies: Aline Gleaves, who made an attractive young country lover; Louise Balthis, a typical Priscilla; Pearl Matthews, a charming old

man, and Elizabeth Hart, who was all that could be desired as "Miss Betsy."

As Frances Davis is studying at the University of Alabama this session, we have elected Louise Balthis first vice-president. Aline Gleaves did not come back, so Margaret Alfriend is now our recording secretary.

We miss our Seniors a great deal, but we hope that we can do as noble work as they.

Finding the study of modern drama so fascinating, we have decided to pursue this course again throughout this term. At present we are studying the interesting lives and works of Ibsen, Tolstoi, and Bernard Shaw.

SALLIE E. HARGRAVE, Reporter.

RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

Besides debates upon the popular questions of to-day, the society has planned some interesting literary and social programs for the coming session.

On September 30, a meeting was held in Room I. The subject was, "An Evening with Thackeray." The following papers were read: "A Sketch of Thackeray's Life," by Beulah Jamison; "A Brief Account of His Works," by Margaret Garnet. A short selection from his "Miscellaneous Works" was read by Elizabeth Wall, after which a piano solo was rendered by Nannie Crowder.

THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

This organization was formed in the spring of 1910 in accordance with the wishes of the student body. "The purpose of the association shall be to preserve the student honor and to further the interests of the students of the school so far as lies within its power."

Considering the fact that the past year was the first time our school has tried student self-government, the results were most promising.

According to the constitution, the election of officers for this term should have been held in May, 1911. Since this was unavoidably postponed, the election will be held in the second week of October.

At present the Senior Committee is in charge of affairs, the temporary officers having been chosen from this committee. The following girls constitute this committee:

Chairman, Leta Christian; Mary Armistead, Grace Howell, Sallie Jackson, Therese Johnson, Lillie Percival, Katie Porter, Eunice Watkins, Grace Woodhouse.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

On Friday night, September 15, the Y. W. C. A. gave the reception to the new girls. Refreshments were served in the drawing-room.

The Centipede Party was the pay-day social for the old members. Cake and lemonade were served, and many comical stunts were done. Lillie Percival was awarded the prize for earning her Y. W. C. A. dollar in the most original way.

GLEE CLUB REPORT

This year the Glee Club has become a distinct organization in school, with the usual officers. Besides special programs, the club hopes to introduce some new musical features from a distance, for the benefit of the student body.

REPORT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Profiting by the experience of those who have gone before us, the Seniors decided to organize early in the term, and so get their affairs in working order, without having to rush things at the last moment. Consequently, on September 14, a meeting was called and the officers were elected.

At the meeting of October 2, the flowers, colors, and motto were decided upon. And, last, but not least, Mr. J. Merritt Lear was elected honorary member of the class.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At the close of the basket-ball season last spring the standing of the Red and the Green teams were as follows: Reds, 19 points; Greens, 32 points.

The Reds won the first game of the season, with the score of 13 to 5, but in the next game the Greens came to the front and wiped out the stain of defeat by a score of 8 to 2. At the final contest the Greens carried off the victory and the handsome silver cup that goes with it, the score card reading 19 to 4.

The class teams also managed to get in some splendid work before the end of the season.

In the tennis tournament, which held the interest at the close of the last session, the first prize was won by Archie Blain, and the second by Pattie Epps.

We are looking forward to especially good work this season.

There will be no Greens and Reds this year, but the class basket-ball teams are to be organized as soon as possible, and the tennis clubs are already taking shape.

TERESE JOHNSON, Reporter.

THE NONPAREIL TENNIS CLUB

On Tuesday morning, September 22, 1911, the Nonpareil Tennis Club was organized, with great enthusiasm, by the following girls: Sue Adams, Bessie Cooper, Antoinette Davis, Mary Dornin, Louise Geddy, Willie Guthrie, Sallie Hargrave, Esme Howell, Hallie Hutcheson, Ruth Hutchinson, Therese Johnson, Bessie Marshall, Harriett Parrish, Sallie Redd, Anne Walker, May Wilkinson, and Helen Wimbish.

SALLIE E. HARGRAVE, Reporter.

NEWS ITEMS

"The Vassar Girls" began the season's Star Course with an enjoyable program of music and readings.

The Farmville band gave a delightful serenade to the girls on Friday night, September 22. They had a highly appreciative audience.

The members of the Cotillion Club, on Friday night, September 22, enjoyed a lovely German. Moreover, they danced until the unheard-of hour—10:30.

There are two hundred and thirty new girls in school this year. They have readily acquired the ways of the school and have not put tacks in the walls. They are realizing that the six o'clock bell does not mean to rise. The total enrollment is now six hundred and sixteen.

There are several new members of the faculty, and two of the old members have returned to their posts of duty. We are glad to have all of them. The attractiveness and youthfulness of some of them make our hearts go pit-a-pat.



HIT OR MISS

Mr. C-y-er: "What other poet was studied besides Homer in the early Greek period?"

Bright Senior: "Odyssey."

△ △ △

Miss W-n-t-n: "Maggie, how do you divide a right angle into two angles of forty-five degrees?"

M-g-i- G-l-i-m: "Dissect it."

△ △ △

Dr. M-l-i-g: "Why is an egg like a coward?"

M-m-e A-e-b-c: "I don't know."

Dr. M-l-i-g: "It hits you and then runs."

△ △ △

Miss J-n-s: "What organs obstruct the breath from pronouncing the vowels?"

E-i-y M-n-i-e-o-e: "The consonants."

△ △ △

Mr. Eason has never had better order than he has here, but he has been in some mighty rough places.

△ △ △

Bright Senior: The Greeks had high ideals of warships (warfare).

Our new night matron said she had been minding lunatics before, and she had seen very little difference since she had been here.

△ △ △

Teacher (in Grade VIII.): "What is the meaning of *upheave*?"

Pupil: "To lift or raise up."

Teacher: "Give me a sentence using the word."

Pupil: "'The teacher upheaved the book.'"

△ △ △

Mr. M-t-n: "Who wants *green raffia*?"

F-n-i- G-a-am: "What color is it?"

△ △ △

M-m-e A-e-b-c-: "Mr. Lear is a man of *merit* if he is a *J*!"

△ △ △

IN HISTORY OF EDUCATION CLASS

Teacher: "Who accompanied the Greek youths to school?"

Original Senior: "*Epilogues* (pedagogues)."

Teacher: "What important period in history began with Aristotle?"

Senior (waving her hand frantically): "Renaissance."

△ △ △

Teacher: "Give me a sentence using the word *excavate*."

Johnny: "I stuck a pin in Willie and he excavated."

Teacher: "What does the word mean?"

Johnny: "To holler out."

AN INTRODUCTION TO "GERMS"

Seated one day on the campus,
 I was weary and ill at ease;
 When "Bob" sat down beside me,
 And greeted me with a sneeze.

The look on his face was pathetic,
 His tail had a doleful droop.
 Says I, "Bob, old fellow,
 You look like you're in the soup."

"Why, what's the matter, old fellow?"
 I asked, and my heart grew cold,
 As he said, with his eyes fixed on me,
 "I will a tale unfold.

"To begin, my name was Bob,
 I am owned by—you know who,
 And until I came to S. N. S.,
 My troubles they were few.

"To live a joyful life," says he,
 "I've always tried my best,
 But I haven't done much on the job
 Since young Lochinvar came out of the West."

I stared at the pup with a look of surprise,
 And addressed him in questioning terms.
 Says I, "What's the matter now, Bob?"
 Says he, "They call me 'Germs.'

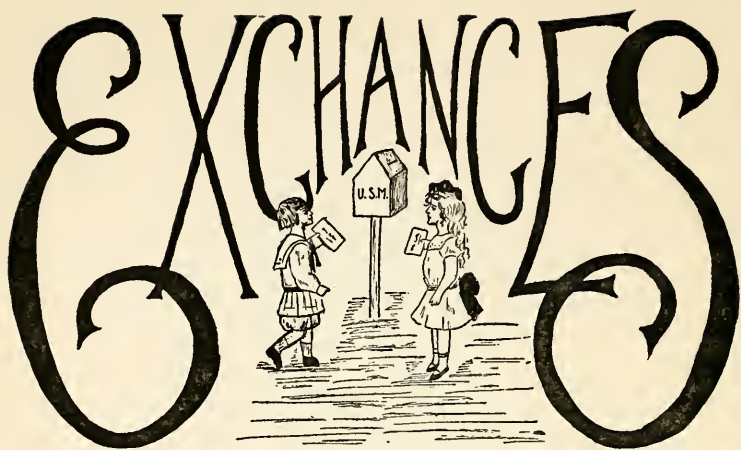
"They carve it on my collar,
 They tie it to me, too—
 My master can only laugh at it,
 He knows not what to do.

“He doesn’t know who did it,
And all he has as a clue
Is circumstantial evidence,
Which doesn’t *always* do.”

Then the pup arose with dignity,
And betook himself away.
“Well, I must go to Hygiene,
I’ll see you another day.”

ANONYMOUS.





At this, the beginning of a new school year, the exchange editors of *THE FOCUS* wish to greet their fellow-exchanges with a hearty Godspeed in the work before them.

First of all, we wish to say that we hope to see our list of exchanges grow considerably this year, as last year's list was extremely short. *THE FOCUS* will gladly welcome any school magazine that has not as yet found its way to our school.

We also hope to see a great improvement in the contents of our school magazines. Wake up, contributors! see to it that your stories are more interesting, original, and enthusiastic in the future than they have been in the past. In your poetry endeavor to use unworn words and phrases, and new, refreshing thoughts. Right at this point is where the young writer of to-day generally fails—in his effort to secure musical sounding phrases he relies on an ancient, well-known list of much-abused adjectives. Naturally the results are bad. The phrases are not musical, because the reader is too tired of them to think that they are—and the thought conveyed by them is not worthy for the same reason, it is too stale.

Can we raise our standard of writing this year? Let us at least try—by seeking ever for new, unused thoughts, and with them fresh expressions.

△ △ △

Up to the time that THE FOCUS goes to press only two exchanges have been received since school opened—the June numbers of *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* and *The Danville Leader*.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, as a whole, is good, although it lacks variety. There is too much of the serious educational element for the amount of humor. The article deserving special mention is "The Individual and the State." It is attractively written and interesting. It reveals clearly the relationship that should exist between the individual and the state. "Death's Parallel" is not only a well-written poem, but it seems also to have been well thought out before an attempt was made to record it on paper.

In *The Danville Leader*, "The New Patriotism" is worthy of praise.

GERMAN CLUB

ELINE KRISCH	<i>President</i>
MAMIE AUERBACH	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELSIE STULL	<i>Secretary</i>
ETHEL COMBS	<i>Treasurer</i>
FLORENCE GARBEE	<i>Reporter</i>

FRENCH CLUB

MARY PUTNEY	<i>President</i>
ANNIE BANKS	<i>Vice-President</i>
NANNIE JOHNSON	<i>Treasurer</i>
LUCILE BALDWIN	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY T. TURNBULL	<i>Reporter</i>

COTILLION CLUB

FLOWER: American Beauty Rose	COLORS: Red and White
SUSIE CRUMP	<i>President</i>
SUSIE POWELL	<i>Leader</i>
EVA LARMOUR	<i>Assistant Leader</i>
LILLIE PERCIVAL	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
ANNE WILKINSON	<i>Reporter</i>

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

SALLIE REDD	<i>President</i>
LOUISE ROWE	<i>Basket-Ball Vice-President</i>
SALLIE HARGRAVE	<i>Tennis Vice-President</i>
BESSIE COOPER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
THERESE JOHNSON	<i>Reporter</i>

THE NONPAREIL TENNIS CLUB

COLORS: Royal Purple and Gold

SALLIE REDD	<i>President</i>
HALLIE HUTCHESON	<i>Secretary</i>
SALLIE HARGRAVE	<i>Reporter</i>

SENIOR CLASS

FLOWER: American Beauty	COLORS: Red and Green
MOTTO: <i>Non sibi, sed omnibus</i>	
LETA CHRISTIAN	<i>President</i>
EUNICE WATKINS	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH FIELD	<i>Secretary</i>
LILLIE PERCIVAL	<i>Treasurer</i>
ANNE CONWAY	<i>Reporter</i>
J. MERRITT LEAR	<i>Honorary Member</i>

JUNIOR CLASS

FLOWER: Nasturtium

COLORS: Brown and Gold

MOTTO: *Non bonum, sed optimum*

EVA LARMOUR	President
SALLIE HARGRAVE	Vice-President
THELMA BLANTON	Secretary
ANNIE LAURIE STONE	Treasurer
ROSE PARROTT	Reporter

THIRD A CLASS

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Gold and White

MOTTO: *En evant*

ELISE LECKIE	President
ALICE CLARK	Vice-President
ANNIE HARPER	Secretary
MARGARET HELM	Treasurer
JANIE COUCH	Reporter

Y. W. C. A.

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Gold and White

MOTTO: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith Jehovah of Hosts"

LELIA ROBERTSON	President
BESSIE MARSHALL	Vice-President
CAROLIENE McCRAW	Corresponding Secretary
LETA CHRISTIAN	Recording Secretary
PEARL MATTHEWS	Treasurer
BESSIE WYNNE	Librarian

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

LILLIE PERCIVAL	President
EUNICE WATKINS	Senior Vice-President
FLORENCE BOSTON	Junior Vice-President
IVEY WHITLEY	Junior Vice-President
JANIE COUCH	Secretary

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.

State Female Normal School.....	Farmville, Va.
Virginia School Supply Company.....	Richmond, Va.
Planters Bank of Farmville.....	Farmville, Va.
The Chas. H. Elliott Company.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Peoples National Bank.....	Farmville, Va.
Hunt's Studio	Farmville, Va.
S. O. Fisher.....	Lynchburg, Va.
Anderson Drug Company.....	Farmville, Va.
White Drug Company.....	Farmville, Va.
R. W. Garnett & Co.....	Farmville, Va.
Columbia Gymnasium Suit Company.....	Boston, Mass.
Chas. Bugg & Sons.....	Farmville, Va.
C. E. Chappell & Co.....	Farmville, Va.
E. B. Taylor Company.....	Richmond, Va.
Mrs. Keister	Farmville, Va.
Ideal Shoe Company.....	Farmville, Va.
W. J. Hillsman & Co.....	Farmville, Va.
Richardson & Cralle.....	Farmville, Va.
J. A. Garland.....	Farmville, Va.
Fleming & Clark	Farmville, Va.
A. V. Wade.....	Farmville, Va.
Misses Davidson.....	Farmville, Va.
R. A. Baldwin & Sons.....	Farmville, Va.
C. C. Cowan.....	Farmville, Va.
The Winston Drug Company.....	Farmville, Va.
D. W. Gilliam.....	Farmville, Va.
W. T. Doyne.....	Farmville, Va.
Virginia Café.....	Farmville, Va.
W. S. Gooch.....	University, Va.
A. H. Fetting.....	Baltimore, Md.
E. A. Wright.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Farmville Herald Job Printers.....	Farmville, Va.



