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THE FOCUS

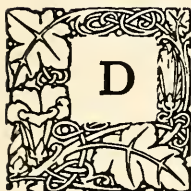
Volume I

FARMVILLE, VA., NOVEMBER, 1911

Number 7

August Theodor Schemmel, Doctor of Music

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won,
The song of triumph is begun,
Alleluia!"



DR. AUGUST THEODOR SCHEMMELE, pianist, organist, composer, and teacher, died at his home in Farmville on October 8, 1911. The news of his sudden death came as a real sorrow to all connected with the School. So closely was his work associated with that of the institution, and so cordial were the relations existing between the Conservatory and the School, that Dr. Schemmel was regarded almost as a member of the faculty.

Dr. Schemmel was born in Berlin, June 12, 1851, and began his musical education at the early age of three years. He was a pupil of Kullak and a warm, personal friend of Xaver Scharwenka, and received the degree of Doctor of Music at Leipzig. Although only twenty-four years old at the time of the opening of the Wagner Theater in Baireuth, he was sent as representative of the Berlin Musical Society to present Richard Wagner with an offering from that organization.

Dr. Schemmel was a profound student in literature as well as in music, and the recipient of many distinctions. His compositions were well received both in this country and

abroad. Owing to the fact that his health made necessary frequent changes of climate, he was connected with a number of schools and colleges. He was the founder of the well-known Nashville Conservatory of Music.

Not only did Dr. Schemmel merit a place in the front rank of musicians, but his power to discern and develop the best that was in his pupils put him on a plane with the great teachers.

During the four years that he spent in Farmville, Dr. Schemmel built up a most successful Conservatory of Music, and was greatly beloved by all with whom he came in contact. It was his wish and plan that his work should not stop when his busy life should end; hence, his wife and daughter, who were associated with him in the work of teaching music for many years, will continue the Conservatory in accordance with his desire.

.

Mid Sabbath light and joy of sweet home ties,
 God's world around him bright with autumn tints,
 A loving smile upon his gentle face,
 He bade farewell to earth and its unrest.
 His spirit, filled with songs and melodies
 Too sweet for earth, took quiet flight
 To join the "Choir Invisible" above.
 Great Shakespeare says, "The evil that men do
 Lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."
 Not so with him—his songs shall live
 In many a heart that knew and loved him well.
 His noble life, so generous, kind, and true,
 Will leave its impress on the lives of those
 With whom he came in contact. Who can say
 That such an one is *dead*? "He's just away!"
 And though our eyes are filled with tears, we know
 That in our hearts he *lives*—and all is well.

Chrysanthemums

I.

When frosts have laid all verdure low,
And leaf and flower alike must go
To join their comrades lying low
Along the stricken garden bed,
A fragrant glory—gold and red,
And snowy whiteness—greet my eyes!
In radiant guise, a new surprise;
Lo! Christ's sweet flowers grow.

II.

When frosts have laid life's flowers low,
And joys and pleasures both must go
To join their comrades fading slow
Along life's stricken garden bed,
May Faith's bright glory, Love's deep red,
With Hope's pure whiteness, greet our eyes
In peaceful guise, a new surprise—
May Christ's sweet flowers blow.

JANIE SLAUGHTER,
Pierian, '12.

A Little Famine Sufferer



LITTLE Chaio Tsi, or little Bright-eyed Bird, lay stretched on his pile of straw. He had lain there for days, and even now he had no inclination to move, but he wished that a certain cornstalk did not stick into his side, and that a stone somewhere in the straw under his back might be removed, but he had neither the strength nor the desire to do it himself. He also wished that his little sister would stop her weak little cries—what was crying but a waste of breath?—and that the flies and bugs would stop crawling on his naked body. But after painful consideration he thought he could better endure flies than the heat of even the thinnest cover, and the exertion of covering himself.

In his semiconsciousness he went back to the days before the famine started. Could he be the same boy who had been wont to swim for hours in the canal at his home, mischievously ducking and splattering his comrades, and being ducked and splattered in return? He thought of the blissful days spent perched on some ancestor's grave, flying a kite marvelously large, with the great wind-harp fastened to it, buzzing until he was sure that his was the finest kite of the season. He remembered the festive occasions when his father had taken him to the religious celebrations in the town. How excited he had been by the firecrackers and the wonders of the procession! Now he could almost smell the incense that the priest had swung along in censurs. He remembered climbing the great flight of steps to the temple, and how he had lost count before halfway up; how he had been awed and frightened by the rows of fierce and hideous

gods or idols; and how glad he was to be out and get back to his supper of rice, eggs, bread, pork, and—but he *must* stop thinking of food, for it made that dreadful pain in his body throb so much harder.

Then his mind wandered on to the failure of crops, when hard times began. Everything had to be sold, and just when the father was desperate there came the rumor that help was to be had in the city. So the family packed up and set hopefully off to the city. Now there came to Little Bird's tired brain the incidents of that trip, when he had run barefoot beside his mother and gathered flowers and birds' nest, while his father plodded on ahead, pushing the wheelbarrow which bore his little sister and the household remnants.

But, alas! there had been too many to take the trip before them, and they felt fortunate to get anywhere near the city. There was a multitude encamped a mile deep around the city, and outside this circle was a line more sinister, the line of bodies, stark and decaying, which had been carted out and dumped there. At last the little family settled themselves. Their only protection from the blistering sun was a mat ten feet square crowded among hundreds of other mats. There was absolutely no sanitation, and the air was fetid and reeking with vile odors.

Little Bird, used to the fresh country and sweet breath of apple blossoms, had been taken with fever, but now the fever had left him, and so had everything else but skin and bones, and enough consciousness to realize the biting pain which made him think constantly of food, and remember every time he had refused it.

Suddenly a shadow darkened the opening, a haggard, wolfish face, with gleaming eyes and unkempt beard, peered in. Little Bird quivered and remembered the talk he had heard that morning of the men who snatched babies and

carried them out of the city. But the frenzied face disappeared, and the child breathed easier. How he wished that it were night! For even malodorous night, with its howling dogs, cursing men, screaming children, and moaning women, was better than the breathless, oppressing heat, and the clamor of the day. He wondered vaguely why his father did not give them the powders which the family under the next mat had taken, with the result that there were now five stiff, lifeless bodies stretched upon the ground.

A rattling at the side of the mat nearest him attracted him. He saw a white hand push in a small bag, and heard a voice say, "Eat this, but mention it not, if you hope for more."

Eat! To eat meant *food*, and food meant the staying of his pain. A minute ago he was almost passive in his suffering, now he was wild at the prospect of its alleviation. With an effort he snatched something from the bag. It was bread! He filled his mouth full, but he was weak, and it was hard work to chew, but at last he succeeded in swallowing something. After eating a considerable amount he remembered his mother and sister, so grasping the bag he crawled painfully to where they lay, his sister now a lifeless burden on his mother's arm. After many calls he aroused his mother and held food to her. With the look of a wild animal in her hollow eyes she snatched it from him, but only to find that she *could not swallow*. She knew then that her death was near, and at the same time she realized that when the wagon came around and found two dead bodies and one apparently almost dead, that Little Bird's living body would be carted out with the vile load if he were found there. With a supreme effort of mother-love she roused herself and told Little Bird that he *must* go at once to the city and carry the bread.

And so it happened that hours afterward, footsore and utterly exhausted, Little Bird turned into an alley in the

great city, hoping to rid himself of the two gaunt dogs that had followed him through the streets. At the end of the alley he sank down by a great iron gate, and the two dogs sat down a few feet off. These dogs frightened him; he had seen them snarl over what looked very like a human body. And now they watched him patiently, and every movement that he made, made them quiver, eye each other, lick their lean chops, and edge closer. At last he had forgotten them: he was wondering what death was like. He wondered what sort of people there were in the other world, and if it would hurt to die.

Then he fell into a half stupor, and the dogs came so close that their fetid breath was on his face. But he was aroused by a shrill, sweet voice, and opening his eyes he beheld the vision of a tiny figure, clad in a rumpled pink frock, and possessing a wonderfully white face, big eyes that were friendly and pitying, and tumbled brown curls. Little Bird gazed upon her rather pensively, ignoring the little girl's questions.

"So now I am dead," he mused, "and this is the sort of people one meets after death. Well, it is not so bad after ——" but now a larger figure appeared, evidently the child's mother.

In answer to her questions he told his story passively, asking neither aid nor sympathy. But there was something so boyishly wistful in his little pinched face when he remarked that "Even death can not take away the pain here," placing his thin hand on his stomach, that the Lady ordered a servant to carry him to the orphanage within the iron gates, and she herself bathed, clothed, and fed him.

Little Bird is to-day an inmate of that orphanage. He is a sturdy, helpful little fellow, with a bright face and winning manners, and the Lady has never regretted the sympathy that made her take him in.

FRANCES M. GRAHAM,
Cunningham, '13.

A Lullaby

Sleep, my acusha!
Why should you cry,
While I am singing
A sweet lullaby?
Sleep!

Dream, oh, acusha!
Dream on my arm;
Hush, hush, hush-a-by,
You're safe from harm—
Dream!

My own acusha,
Sleep now and dream
Of golden moonlight
And star's soft gleam,
Sleep—and dream!

ANTOINETTE DAVIS,
Argus, '13.

Her First Thanksgiving

A Sketch



THE brilliant colors of the early autumn were changing into the somber tones of November. Most of the trees, so lately robed in royal hues, had lost their gay apparel, and only a few brown leaves—so dry that their soft rustling accompanied the whistling of the wind—were clinging to the dark branches.

A tall girl, dressed in a black gown with a snowy white kerchief over her shoulders, slowly walked along a leafy path through the partly cleared woods. Her thin white hands were clasped in front of her; she wore an expression of sad thoughtfulness on her beautiful face, and the far-away look in her dark eyes suggested that her heart for a few moments had gone from the strange new country back to the home-land.

One year ago to-day she had sat in the drawing-room of her beautiful home across the seas. By her side had sat her lover, a devout young clergyman of the Church of England. Now as she thought of the happenings of that day, she tried in vain to check the wild beating of her heart. It was then that she had decided that two persons holding religious views so antagonistic could never be united, for neither of them would sacrifice conscience to love. Accordingly, in spite of the wishes of their parents, they had parted, expecting never to meet again.

A few weeks later, as a pilgrim on the *Mayflower*, she had left the England she loved; she had left her friends, her boundless wealth, all her earthly possessions, for the

American wilderness where she could worship as she believed.

Hardships had come thick and heavy. Could she ever forget that awful winter when so many of the faithful band, worn out by the strenuous life, had been called to their "long, long home?" How bravely and how patiently she had nursed the sick and dying, night and day! It seemed sometimes as if the hand of the Father, for whom they had left England, were turned against them, but her faith and courage never failed, and her strength inspired the others. The following summer, during the very dry period, they had come together and prayed for rain and their prayers were answered. Rain came and the crops were saved. And now she was so thankful after the harvest was over and provisions were gathered in for the coming winter. Three days had been set apart for thanksgiving, and to-day, the last of those days, was drawing to a close. She had been thinking of the past all day, and of the change that the last year had made in her life. The sound of music! It was a Thanksgiving hymn, arousing her from her reverie, and slowly she turned and walked back toward her new home.

"It's worth it; yes, it's worth it all," she musingly said; "after all I have suffered I am thankful to-day that I came to America."

JANIE COUCH,
Cunningham, '14.

A Narrow Escape



UTH, dear, set the table and straighten the dining-room. I will not be gone long," said Mrs. Wallace, as she opened the door and started to a neighboring farmhouse.

"Yes, mother," replied Ruth happily, glancing at her brother with a look of admiration and love as she hastened to do her mother's bidding.

Great was the joy and happiness in the Wallace home to-day. Howard had come home at last, and was to stay for three days. How quickly the time would pass—and then he must go back and continue to fight in the defense of his home and his country! He had been gone for three months, and how they had missed him! For was he not always ready, in his kind and pleasing way, to show his love and devotion for his mother and his sister?

Ruth set about her task cheerfully, listening to her brother relate many exciting incidents which had occurred during the war. As she placed the last plate on the table, she stopped suddenly and listened, for she heard many voices in the distance and the sound of the iron gate swinging on its rusty hinges. Perhaps it was the Union soldiers—but, no, that would be impossible. Had not her brother just arrived? And were they not going to have such a happy time in the evening?

She ran, however, to a window in the front room, and, glancing down the long, narrow lane leading to the road, she saw that her fears had been confirmed. The Union soldiers were at the gate. Her only thought, now, was of her brother. She must save him.

"Oh, if mother were only here!" she cried, "or even Aunt Maria!"

Her last wish was gratified, for just at that moment an old negro woman came in from the garden, greatly frightened, her basket swinging on her arm.

"Aunt Maria," Ruth cried in despair, "what can we do?"

The old woman was too frightened to offer any advice, however. Seeing that she could not receive any assistance there, Ruth began to think and work out her own plan. She had not a moment to lose, for again she glanced out of the window—the enemy was halfway down the lane. She must do something immediately.

"Go upstairs quickly and get in bed, brother," she commanded, now become quite calm.

Howard obeyed, knowing that she had some definite plan in view, and feeling confident that she could save him. He, also, had been striving to think of a way to escape, but try as he might it was of no avail. He saw only the narrow prison walls, within which his father had died.

Ruth did not have time to explain fully to Aunt Maria what she intended doing, so she simply said, "Remember one thing, Aunt Maria, Howard has the smallpox."

She snatched a bottle of red ink from the desk and rushed upstairs. It required only a few minutes to cover his face with small splotches of ink. Then, pulling down the curtains to make it still darker, for it was then twilight, she closed the door, and was downstairs standing by Aunt Maria when the soldiers reached the porch.

"I am very sorry to disturb you, Miss Wallace," said the lieutenant, as he stepped up to the door, "but we have positive proof that your brother is here, and we would like to see him immediately."

"Certainly," replied Ruth very gently, "if you do not fear the smallpox."

"Poor boy!" sighed Aunt Maria, venturing a word at last.

The lieutenant and the soldiers were both surprised and amused at the girl's answer. They had expected to see her frightened, but, on the contrary, they found her very calm, declaring in quiet but earnest tones that her brother had the smallpox.

"I do not like to say that it is false," exclaimed the lieutenant, "but I can not believe anything so absurd."

"Very well, then, you may go upstairs and see," was the reply.

Three of them did as they were told, but one glance was sufficient. Their horror of the disease was so great, that in less than ten minutes all the intruders had passed out and closed the rusty iron gate.

The grating sound of the rusty gate was this time a relief. The next few minutes found Ruth and Howard on the back porch, vigorously applying soap and water in order to cure the supposed smallpox, and gratefully rejoicing over his escape.

ETHEL AYERS,
Pierian, '12.



Satisfied

Sudden swallows swiftly skimming,
Sun sets slowly, spreading shade;
Silvery songsters, sweetly singing
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson stood surveying
Summer's slowly setting sun;
Splendid spruces slowly swaying
Silken snarlets spiders spun.

Spiritless she strode sedately,
Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs;
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately,
Soon she stopped—soon showed surprise.

"Speak," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher,
Say, shall Stephen spouselss stay?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shyer,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches—
Susan Simpson Slocum, she;
So she signs some simple sketches,
Soul sought soul successfully.

Six Septembers Susan sweetened,
Six sharp seasons snow supplied;
Susan's satin sofa shelters
Six small Slocums side-by-side.

ANNETTE LIEBMAN, '13.

Language and Character



THE supreme end of all literary and linguistic training is character. This includes and transcends all other aims; and it is because it is an aim which can be more effectually realized by language and literature than by any other study, that they, by almost common consent, must hold the central and dominating place in our school curriculum.”* The teacher must realize that what she has on her hands in teaching language is, first of all, a character, and only secondarily an intelligence.

Language is nothing else than communicated thought, and to know the thoughts of another is to know his life. Language and composition, to be real, must be self-expression, and here again is the truth illustrated, “A man’s speech betrayeth him.” Since thought and language are readily recognized as twin products, they must both depend for their very inspiration upon the character of the person who creates the thoughts. There is no other subject, then, so closely related to the gospel of life as language, since it reveals the solidity and tests the depths of one’s nature. When one’s life is pure, and one’s ideals are the highest set for man, how beautiful may his language be!

Emerson, in his address on “The American Scholar,” says: “In proportion as I have lived, is the richness and fulness of my thought, either written or spoken.” That is, one speaks and writes in proportion to the diameter of his intellectual horizon. The springs of a man’s character are in his loves and hates, his tastes and desires, his ideals and inspirations, and these must depend for their very inspira-

*Percival Chubb: *The Teaching of English*, p. 378.

tion upon the perspective into which they are thrown by the intellect. The growth of a child's power to understand and to use language measures his assimilation of the life about him. In other words, his language grows with himself and he with it, and its quality and range depend upon his self-development.

In literature, the language must reveal the true life of the author; for what is literature but the written form of language, and what is language but the spoken form of one's thoughts? Literature, whether expressed in poetry or in lofty prose, comes from the innermost parts of the author, the deepest recesses of his spirit. It is a necessity of his whole being, a pouring out of his nature, a revelation of his real self. It is, as it were, an electric current coming straight from his heart to the heart of the reader.

The very words that we use in speaking of language are almost identical with the terms used in describing character. All the finer forces of character, the love of order, of power, of beauty, of fairness and courtesy—are involved in language study. "What is 'unity' but a special application of integrity? What is 'accuracy' but truth-telling? What is 'selection' but wisdom and judgment, restraint and temperance? What is 'method' but law and order?"* The students must be brought to realize that in striving for the art of self-expression, they are striving for self-comprehension, self-mastery, and self-origination, and that self-command is promoted through the cultivation of power over the tongue.

Language and literature are not primarily information studies, but they aim to develop power, imaginative sympathy, sensibility, and admiration. We do not educate primarily for knowledge; all education is only a means to an end, and that end is the development of the human soul.

*Scott and Denney: *Aphorisms for Teachers*.

We must bring home to the pupils the fact that language involves the training of the eye to see, the mind to discriminate, its objects and impressions; the heart to report its feelings of beauty and delight; the conscience and memory to be true to fact; and that the road to this character development lies through self-expression.

Language, when taught as it should be, nourishes the mind both intellectually and morally; and trains the mind by carrying it through the processes of thinking, which find their concrete embodiment in the forms of utterance. More than any other school subject, it will tend to stimulate individual thought, self-direction, and independence of opinion. The pupil has a right to his own beliefs and ideas, and the more clearly and definitely he can give expression to them, the more effective and worthy a member of society he may become. Moreover, he finds that utterance helps to clear his thoughts, to strengthen his beliefs, to engender new ideas, to make him more self-reliant. In order to gain these character-values by the language work—the clear, observing eye, a large way of conceiving things, fineness and resonance of sensibility, moral insight, and scrupulousness—the teacher must necessarily give a great deal of individual thought and time to her pupils.

In literature, through the medium of language, are expressed the highest fruits of the ethical and religious consciousness of man. What more effective way than by the study of literature is there of instilling into a child's mind the proper ideals of thought and goals for conduct! Above all, then, we should give the child the companionship of the great, the true, and the tried; we should surround him with a cloud of nobility and glory. Our intellectual horizon may be broadened by entering appreciatively into such fantasies as "The Tempest," or "Midsummer Night's Dream," or by learning from "Romola" and "Jean Valjean" that in losing

our life we find it. By the aid of literature we are enabled to view life with a clearer and more sympathetic gaze, thus helping us on to a life which is freer, deeper, and more unselfish.

Since the highest language ideals are found in literature, and since there is a world of literature which appeals to the child, to fail to make this a part of his growing life is to miss the greatest factor in his language development. Literature has done more than any other one thing to bring us to that crowning feature of creation—a human soul. Literature is an indispensable aid in the formation of right ideals. In it the lives of men and women are so presented as to become types of manhood and womanhood, to be shunned, or aspired to. It has the advantage of substituting ideal concrete personality for abstract instruction, and it may be expected to impel to like status of habit all who submit themselves teachably to its influence. Therefore the literature which is used in the school-room should be the creation of the highest spirit that is in man, and should breathe the beauty, power, and wisdom of that spirit in its noblest hours of thinking and feeling.

The chief purpose of educating a child, then, is to train his judgment that he may reject the evil and choose that which is ennobling, that which goes to make an honorable, upright life. Therefore, in all our language work, let us aim to cultivate more and more the moral side of the pupil's nature; and to keep before us always the chief end of education—the molding of character.

THERESE JOHNSON,
Argus, '12.

A Song

When o'er the eastern sky
 A rosy blush is seen,
And then the sun, as with a sigh,
 Lets forth each brilliant beam;
I thank my Maker—thank and praise—
 Who made such beauty rare;
For He alone the sun can raise,
 And make it beam more fair.

Then when the sun is set,
 And all is hushed and still;
When each small nestled bird has let
 Its song end with a trill;
I think again of my dear God,
 And how each thing, so small,
Tries each to bless His ruling rod,
 Which He sways gently o'er us all.

JUDSON ROBINSON,
Jefferson, '14.

Chaperon Number Two



E must go to Blank's and get something good to eat, even if the store is five miles away and the road hot. I'm tired of substantial, and, great day! can't you all walk five miles?"

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the crowd was trudging along down the dusty road.

"But it's so hot! I'm nearly roasting. Please let's stop under that tree yonder. I believe we're on the wrong road anyway. Ask at that house."

The girl who had spoken sat down under a tree, while the chaperon and two or three others quickly followed, glad of an excuse to rest.

"All right; come on, girls! Camp life agrees with us. Everybody in this country knows we are camping here and so they'll be glad to get a good look at us. I don't mind going up there!" and Jack tossed his soft felt hat in the air as if to emphasize his determination.

The campers had "roughed it" for nearly a week, but to-day a sudden desire seemed to have taken hold of the young people to get some "sweets" to such an extent that they were willing to walk five miles after it, even on a hot day.

As they neared the gate, an aristocratic looking gentleman walked out of the massive doorway and greeted the campers very cordially. After introducing themselves, they told him of their intention to walk to Blank's, and of the rest of the campers waiting for them up the road. They noticed his sudden alertness at the mention of the chaperon.

"Mrs. Howard Elson, your chaperon?" he exclaimed. "Why, she is an old acquaintance of mine. I knew her when

she was quite a girl. Yes, I heard she was a widow," he went on, "and I guess a rather charming one, too. Eh?"

"Sure! We'll go back after her. I know she'll be interested when she finds out *you* live here," exclaimed Jack, and all the boys started out in a trot.

"Oh, don't tell her who I am," he interrupted, "she has no idea that I live in this section. Now, girls, come up on the porch and make yourselves at home. I will go in and tell the housekeeper you will all be here for dinner. Just one minute," he assured them as he disappeared in the doorway.

The girls looked at each other with astonishment and seized this opportunity to straighten their ribbons and knock a little of the dust from their walking shoes.

Mr. Willard not only stayed one minute, but several more, and when he appeared again he was, as the girls expressed it, "spruced up," and was somewhat nervous, although quite jolly.

"I have ordered Sampson to hitch up my wagon and drive you all over to Blank's," he announced. "My housekeeper has to go anyway, and you can all go in the wagon."

"Oh, grand! Won't that be delightful!"

"Don't mention it! You and the boys just be ready to hop in when it comes. By the way, that reminds me of a joke I heard the other day."

It was in the midst of this, his favorite joke, that Mrs. Elson and the boys appeared.

"Yes, Mrs. Elson, he said he was an old beau of yours," whispered Jack, teasingly, as he opened the iron gate, which barred the entrance to the spacious old colonial mansion.

"What?" gasped Mrs. Elson, but it was too late to turn back now, for the host had arisen and was coming down the steps to meet them.

"So this is Mrs. Howard Elson, is it? So glad to welcome you and the crowd here for dinner. Come right up and take this rocker."

"But, girls, what are you all doing here? If you mean to go to Blank's to-day it is high time you were on the way."

Mr. Willard looked at her with a look of mingled wonder and anxiety. Not a word had she addressed to him. His presence was completely ignored, and a discerning eye might have seen that his heart fluttered as he waited to see what her attitude toward him would be.

Ten years ago, as we learned afterward, he had been fascinated—no, desperately in love with her, then a lovely girl of twenty years, and he had tried to tell her so. Could he ever forget that night, as they had sat together in the rose-covered arbor with the moonbeams playing through the leaves on her pale satin dress, and now and then kissing her sparkling fillet; how she had listened to his pleas and then in a gentle way had calmly announced to him her engagement to Mr. Elson! Thus she had, in a moment, dashed to pieces his hopes and longings, and left him wondering—dazed. He had waited too long, and it was too late. But, no, he would wait still longer, even till death, if necessary. He had been true to his vow, and now as he stood there, a middle-aged bachelor, the love in his heart flamed up anew, and he thought that time had made her only more beautiful. He had not seen her since that night, ten years ago, but all during these years he had been alert for news of her, and read with eagerness the news of her husband's death. He had written to her then, but had never received a reply. Now the day had arrived. He stood there gazing at the group as she repeated her words of warning.

"It is high time you were going, if you intend to go to Blank's to-day."

The group arose.

"Oh, we are going in a wagon!"

"In a wagon?" echoed the boys.

"Yes; Mr. Willard says his wagon will be here in a minute and we can all go with the housekeeper."

"Hurrah! Come on, girls," shouted Jack, "let's hit the high-ball. You stay here and rest a while, Mrs. Elson. We have got the housekeeper to go with us and we are off."

He shouted the last words as he followed the rest, running toward the wagon, which had just come rumbling into sight.

"But, wait, I must go too!" screamed Mrs. Elson, as Mr. Willard calmly stood before the closed gate, and the wagon started off.

"No; do stay here and rest a while. You must be quite exhausted looking after that bunch. Besides, my housekeeper is going with them and everything will be all right. Now, come up and take this rocker."

.
They were sitting in the hammock under one of the large oaks when the wagon again rumbled into view, but they were so interested in one another that only the cheers of the campers, as they tumbled out, aroused them.

"I knew it," whispered Sue to Jack, as they gazed at the two smiling faces in the hammock.

Mr. Willard arose.

"Campers, how would you like *two* chaperons instead of one?"

"Fine, fine!" instantly came the reply.

"Well, then, congratulate *me* on being chaperon number *two*."

ANNE MILLER WOODROOF,
Cunningham, '13.

The Eternal Feminine



TITELLE, as she walked up Esplanade Avenue, could not realize that she was not going home at all, but to the headquarters of the Northern General, which, until the day before, had been her home. The general had been kind enough to permit some of the family to come back for a few necessities, but the removal of silver, or anything valuable, he had prohibited.

This duty had fallen to Titelle. While she was thinking of these things, she had come up to the house. Her heart almost misgave her as she saw the officer at the door, but gathering up her skirts and lifting her head high, she mounted to the spacious veranda. The soldier threw open the door for her, which courtesy she acknowledged with a curt nod.

Titelle soon finished her packing and came downstairs. As she passed through the empty dining-room, her eye fell upon a silver coffee pot. Now, Titelle loved this very pot more than all the beautiful furniture and pictures. She looked hastily around, and, seeing no one, grabbed it, and, tying it to her hoops, marched out the door.

As she stepped to the porch, she was almost petrified at hearing a suspicious clank. A feeling of despair seized her, for she realized that the soldier was obliged to hear the sound as she went down the steps. A resolution formed itself in her mind—she would keep him talking to her so he would not notice it!

The handsome young officer was delighted beyond measure, when, instead of an indifferent, "Yes, thank you," the charming girl, when asked if she had got all she wished, looked up with a smile, and thanked him for his kindness in a

most grateful manner. Though pleased at this change of manner, he was somewhat confused, and while he was stammering a reply, Titelle slowly took a downward step. From her vantage ground she said, "We Southerners are a lot of trouble to you!"

He understood her double meaning, and with a flattering glance responded, as Titelle took another step, "Yes, but, don't you know, I am beginning to almost like them!"

With a blush the young lady looked down.

This unlooked-for answer had embarrassed her so that she could not think of another word to say. She was about to give up the whole scheme as hopeless, when another presented itself.

She felt at her waist, and with a pretty gesture of dismay exclaimed, "What could have become of my lace handkerchief?"

The soldier was seriously tempted to say, "Why, you must have lost it!" but somehow he refrained, and, instead, offered to go and look for it. At this her face lit up perceptibly, but before she could answer he was in the house.

She ran lightly down the steps. She had only a few minutes to wait, for he came with disappointment depicted on his face, and suggested that perhaps she had lost it on her way up. She agreed.

As she went hastily down the avenue, the poor innocent officer could have been heard chuckling to himself, "I always had a way with the ladies!"

LOUISE BALTHIS,
Argus, '12.

THE FOCUS

Published monthly during the school year by The Students' Association of The State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year.

The Thanksgiving season is near. We have much to be thankful for! First, THE FOCUS is now under the direct control of the Student Association of the State Normal School, and we are expecting this association to do great things for our magazine.

Secondly, we have nearly reached the top of our subscription thermometer, and about one hundred new subscribers have been added to the list.

We wish to thank you, girls, for the interest you have shown in this number of THE FOCUS, and also to congratulate you on the manner in which you have responded to the calls of the Literary Editors and the Business Managers. But do not stop responding, for there are still seven more numbers to come out this year, and there are still 296 girls in school who do not subscribe.

We know you will expect the next number to suggest Christmas, so "get busy." Write some Christmas stories and some Christmas verses.

△ △ △

The Literary and Debating societies have, in a sense, just entered upon their work for the term of 1911-12. Shall we make this year the most successful, the most fruitful, or shall we at the end of the term look back upon a hopeless failure? For either success or failure we, the members of these organizations, are alone responsible. How, then, you ask, may we attain the success for which each member strives in behalf of her society?

The underlying principles of each society, the purposes of each society, are identical with that of each of the others. Each was founded because the girls lacked self-reliance, and ability to think on their feet, and needed experience in the work done by such organizations. The purpose of each is to attain proficiency along these lines. We were all founded for the same cause; we have the same purpose; all, therefore, have the same end. How much more quickly and surely we would reach this end would we but strive toward the attainment of it, side by side, helping each other over the rough places, forgetting the petty differences which are often fancied, but which in either case breed jealousy, spitefulness, discontent, and antagonism. Not only does such a state of affairs retard our progress, but success, won under such conditions, is not one-half so pleasurable as that gained through coöperation and friendly rivalry.

Coöperation and friendly rivalry we *must* have, if we would reap the benefits offered us by virtue of our membership in these organizations. Heretofore we have not had the coöperation we should, nor have all of our relations been pervaded by a spirit of friendliness and good will. What better could we work for this year than a more thorough and sympathetic understanding of each other? If each member strives earnestly toward the attainment of this end, our success is assured.



Mollie Byerly, class '09, is spending the winter in Mississippi.

Mrs. David Winfree Reed's (née Edith Brent Duvall, class '05) home address is 502 14th Avenue, Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Edward Roberts, née Jennie Jackson, class '01, is a frequent visitor to Farmville.

Lelia Jackson, class '06, has the same position in Wilmington, N. C., that she has held for several years.

Mary Farthing, class '02, teaches at Charlotte Court-House, Va.

Frances Y. Smith, class '02, attended the National Training School for Y. W. C. A. secretaries in New York during the summer, and is in Montevallo, Ala., for the coming year as Y. W. C. A. Secretary.

Elizabeth Curtis, class '96, attended the summer school at Columbia University.

Bernie Smith, class '06, is at Memorial Hospital, Richmond, Va., for training.

Nellie Johnson, class '08, is teaching in Rivermont, Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. Geoffrey Creykt, née Alice Paulett, class '05, has moved to 2417 Mozart Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. D. B. Blanton, née Fanny Bugg, class '86, of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent the month of October with her mother in Farmville, Va.

Bessie McCraw, class '06, teaches in Fincastle, Va.

Helen Jordan, class '08, returned to the school where she taught last winter, in Norwood, Va.

Friends of Hattie Kelly, class '06, regret to learn of her illness, in Covington, Va.

Imogen Hutter, class '08, and Beverly Andrews, class '08, of Lynchburg, Va., were visitors to the Normal during October.

MARRIED

Matilda Moore Jones, class '99, to Mr. Gardiner Spring Plumley, November 8, 1911.

Florence Edwards, class '05, to Mr. O. R. Jeffrey, October 18.

Kathleen Baldwin, class '11, to Mr. W. E. D. MacDonald, November 15.





CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

The Cunningham Literary Society held its first open meeting in the auditorium on the night of Friday, October 12. At 8:30 promptly, the curtain rose on a stage beautifully decorated in ferns and palms, with a bunch of white carnations, the Cunningham flower, arranged in a vase on the rostrum. The program rendered marked the beginning of the study of Schubert and Raphael, and was indeed an attractive one. We were honored by having as our guest Miss Hannah Cook, from Roanoke, who, accompanied by Miss Andrews, introduced the musical program with a beautiful violin solo. Then followed two very enjoyable papers, one "The Life of Raphael, by Miss Aletha Burroughs, the other "Raphael's Paintings," by Miss Mary Towson.

As an introduction to Schubert, Miss Grace Woodhouse next gave us a vocal solo, "Who is Sylvia?"—which lines the great musician set to such exquisite music. Then came a piano solo, Schubert's "Am Meer," by Miss Elizabeth Downey, followed by an interesting paper, "Schubert's Life," by Miss Lucy Strother.

After this, with the lights turned low, the Cunningham Glee Club sang "Night," and then that bright and beautiful selection, "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" Lastly, as a fitting

climax to the beauty of the whole program, Miss Cook and Miss Andrews gave us an impressive rendering of that most famous of all the great master's compositions—"Schubert's Serenade."

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

An open meeting of the Athenian Literary Society was held in the auditorium on Saturday, the 21st of October, at 8:30 o'clock.

Our subject, in accordance with our study of Southern Prose and Poetry, was "Life in the Old South as Reflected in its Literature."

Anne Wilkinson, dressed as a Southern girl, sat in the library of her home, reading. In the meanwhile the following scenes, representing what she read, were enacted on the opposite side of the stage:

"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia"—Athenian Choral Club.

"A Land Without Ruins," Ryan—Alice Janney.

Story, Harris—Lily Percivall.

"Tenting To-night"—Thurzetta Thomas and Choral Club.

Selection from Chapter XVII of "The Long Roll," Johnston—Eunice Watkins and Lady May Holt.

Violin Solo—Willie Stebbins.

"Furl That Banner," Ryan—Clara Helen Porter.

Selection from "Christmas Night in the Quarters," Russell—Joe Warren.

"Kentucky Babe"—Ada Bierbower and quartet.

On Wednesday, November 1, the following girls were enrolled as new member of the society: Caroline Pope, Ella Pope, Lucy Maclin, Ruth Harding, Ruth Percivall, Ethel Combs, Marjorie Combs, Mary T. Turnbull, Evelyn Turnbull, Maggie Lee Upchurch, George Bailey, Wallace Moir, Alice Baskerville, and Ethel Boyd.

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The first open meeting of the Pierian Literary Society was given October 6, in the auditorium. We are studying the modern authors, and the first part of our program was given to Thomas Nelson Page.

"A Sketch of Page's Life"—Leta Christian.

Southern Airs Medley—Choral Club.

Recitation, "Uncle Gabe's White Folks"—Elizabeth Hawthorne.

Duet, "In the Gloaming"—Ruth Garnett and Bessie Williamson.

After this a play of one act, "Six Cups of Chocolate," was given by the following girls: Bessie Trevvett, Mary Lloyd, Mary Kent, Sallie Blankenship, Zulieme DuVal, and Anne Taylor Cole.

Wednesday, November 1, was pledge day, and as usual there were seen groups of old literary society girls all along the halls, talking of their "prospectives," wondering who would accept, and who would turn down. We consider ourselves very fortunate in getting the following girls: Ruby Barker, Kerah Cole, Georgie Bonham, Sadie Butler, Mattie Ould, Madeline Askew, Jane Morehead, Annie Jones, Pete Parrish, Annie Lee Bowles, Mildred Potts, Adelia Williamson, Elsie Stull, and Evelyn Hurff.

On the following Friday we entertained our new girls in the drawing-room. It was decorated in our colors, orange and green. Candy of all kinds was made, and despite the fact that there were many cooks the "broth" was seldom spoiled. There was music, and several contests during the evening. The prizes for the contest were won by Annie Myers and Elizabeth Field.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

The first fall meeting of the Argus Literary Society was held October 13. In accordance with our course of study, the program consisted of short stories by authors of to-day, original stories and music.

The first number on the program was a mandolin solo, "Wild Flowers," by Elizabeth Walkup, accompanied by Belle Spatig. Helen Rosenberg had prepared a very interesting sketch of the lives of modern dramatists, which was well read by Belle Spatig. In her usual sweet voice, Edna Landrum sang "I've Something Sweet to Tell You." We were much pleased with Mary Putney's selection for reading, "By Courier," one of O. Henry's charming stories. Anne Conway delighted us with one of her original stories, "A Season of Mirth." Lucile Baldwin's recitation, "High Culture in Dixie," was greatly enjoyed.

The open meeting of the society was held in the auditorium, October 25. As our course of study includes modern drama, the program of the evening consisted of an original play, "Dolly Did and Dolly Didn't," by Aileen Poole. We found the experiment quite successful.

RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

The regular meeting of the Ruffner Debating Society was held Friday night, October 20. The subject for the debate was: "Resolved, That war pensions should be abolished." Those on the affirmative were Ruth Phelps and Mary Wall, while Nannie Crowder and Maggie Gilliam upheld the negative. After a very interesting and heated discussion, the decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

JEFFERSON DEBATING SOCIETY

The last meeting of the Jefferson Debating Society was held in the kindergarten, October 13. The program consisted of:

"A Sketch of Jefferson's Life"—Louise Davis.

"Jefferson as a Man of Letters"—Grezilda Cox.

Reading from Jefferson's Works—Susie Phillipi.

"Jefferson as a Debater"—Juanita Manning.

"Jefferson's Ideas of Religion"—Nellie Gates.

Ada Southworth rendered an enjoyable piano solo.

The society is to study famous debates of former days, and current questions of importance.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Y. W. C. A. have this month centered about the Missionary Committee. Eight mission classes for students have begun their fall study with an enrollment of one hundred and fourteen, besides the faculty class, with its twenty-one members. The Y. W. C. A. girls are responding splendidly to the committee's plan for supporting the benevolences of the Association; already the weekly envelopes are finding their way into the box on the bulletin board, and at the same time the thermometer is rising gradually and surely. The Missionary Committee also has charge of prayers every Wednesday night, and presents current events of the world then.

During the Students' Week of Prayer, special services for its observance were held each day.

The Saturday afternoon meetings of the Association have been unusually interesting this month. In offering them to us, the Devotional Committee deserves in return the loyal support of every girl in the Association. Why not stand

behind them and at the same time foster a spirit of *esprit de corp* to purify and deepen school life? We can do it if we will, by coming out in a body to the Saturday meetings.

REPORT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

The rapidly organizing Senior Class has at last begun to direct its energies to something besides business matters—they have got their basket-ball team together, and are going into stiff practice in preparation for the Thanksgiving match game with the Juniors. We are finding it hard, however, to keep up the class spirit, for while one-half of our number are writing papers and gathering “specimens,” the others are endeavoring to instruct the “men and women of the great to-morrow.” Our bi-weekly class meetings, however, are doing much to consolidate the class of 1912, and we hope by Thanksgiving to present to the serried ranks of the Juniors an impregnable team. Therefore, Seniors, if ye have cheers, prepare to shed them now.

JANUARY CLASS

At our last meeting we decided upon the following:

FLOWER: Double Violet COLORS: Purple and Gold

MOTTO: “Ending, yet beginning”

And the following officers were elected:

KATHERINE COOK.....	<i>President</i>
THURZETTA THOMAS	<i>Vice-President</i>
IRENE BRIGGS.	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
BESSIE M. WYNNE.....	<i>Reporter</i>
W. ARTHUR MADDOX.....	<i>Honorary Member</i>

ELEMENTARY PROFESSIONAL CLASS

At the last meeting of our class the flower, colors and motto were decided upon, and also the officers:

FLOWER: Jonquil COLORS: Light Blue and Gold

MOTTO: "Greater afflictions await us"

SARAH WYCHE.....*President*

FLORENCE STEVENSON.....*Vice-President*

WILLIE STEBBINS.....*Secretary*

LUCILE BLOOD.....*Treasurer*

VIRGINIA BASKERVILLE.....*Reporter*

MISS ELOISE HARRISON.....*Honorary Member*

FOURTH YEAR CLASS

The Fourth Year Class met October 10, and chose the following:

FLOWER: Poppy COLORS: Red and Grey

MOTTO: *Dux mihi veritas*

MARIA BRISTOW.....*President*

ELEANOR PARROTT.....*Vice-President*

ELLA POPE.....*Secretary*

MARY TURNBULL.....*Treasurer*

HARRIETT JOHNS.....*Reporter*

NEWS ITEMS

October 26-27-28 were made lively by the presence of the Fair. Because of the many inducements offered, the S. N. S. girls flocked in great numbers. This was also made possible by the holiday which Dr. Jarman gave us. The Fair exhibits were very good, and we are sure every one enjoyed the Ferris wheel.

The Litchfields favored us with a performance again this year. No doubt all who went enjoyed a hearty laugh, as they are very good comedians.

There is plenty of room in the "gym," now that the literary society rush is over. Congratulations, societies, on your new girls! Congratulations, girls, on your societies!

On October 11, we were given a holiday to go to the circus. The first number of the day's program was a parade. When the band began to play a spirit of frolic took possession of the girls, and they immediately began to make preparations to follow it to the circus grounds, which were just outside of town. Here they found pink lemonade, popcorn, and peanuts galore, and they feasted to their hearts' content. Inside the tent the fun was fast and furious. After enjoying this, the girls returned to school well pleased with the day's outing.

Our new infirmary is rapidly nearing completion. It will be quite an improvement to the Normal School. It is going to be so attractive that we are quite sure that Dr. Field will have many excuses to write when it is finished.





IT OR MISS

One of the County Superintendents wanted some papers looked over and graded, so he brought them to Mr. Maddox to have it done at the Normal School. He said that he didn't want the Faculty to do it, and he didn't want the Supervisors to do it. He wanted it done by "the children themselves." Mr. Maddox got the teaching Seniors to do it.

△ △ △

Miss Andrews: "Analyze this sentence, 'I have nothing to say'."

Bright Junior: "It means that you have nothing to say."

△ △ △

M-u-d F-n-r-s- (in Civics): "A coroner's inquest is held when a person is killed unexpectedly."

△ △ △

Mr. Lear: "I do not write for the *Virginia Journal of Education*. I want to help it all I can."

△ △ △

L-u-s- R-w- (at the table): "What are we waiting for?"

S-l-i- R-d: "What women usually wait for—the mail."

M. C. (hearing an interesting conversation in her room while saying her prayers): "Excuse me, Lord. What did you say, girls?"

Δ Δ Δ

A-n- C-n-a- says her supervisor reminds her of revenge. (Revenge is sweet.)

Δ Δ Δ

Mr. Eason: "How do we know that tuberculosis was common among the Egyptians?"

Bright Senior: "Because a treatise was written on it by Hypocrite [Hippocrates]."

Δ Δ Δ

R-t- H-t-h-n-o- (in Civics): "The President is elected by an electrical college."

Δ Δ Δ

Mr. Coyner: "What is the pituitary body?"

P-r- M-r-i-: "Satan."

Δ Δ Δ

Mr. Eason: "Why is consumption called the Great White Plague?"

Another Bright Senior: "Because white people have it."

Δ Δ Δ

Uncle Robert (to Mr. Eason): "Miss Thompson say she want yo' bones, suh."

Δ Δ Δ

A student (interested in Focus): "Have you paid your Focus prescription yet?"

Δ Δ Δ

E-i-h W-l-i-: "King William was ordained in 1066."

Miss Bugg: "You mean crowned, Edith."

E-i-h: "Yes'm, ordained."

Mr. Coyner: "What is the difference between Greek and Roman women?"

Senior: "The Roman women believed in going with their husbands."

△ △ △

A "MYSTERY"

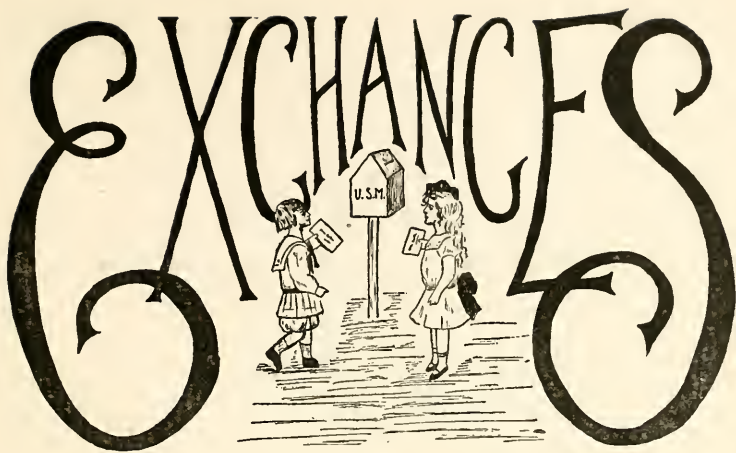
A gentle miss, by name Miss Mister, came to this school in September. Her father, Mister Mister, who missed Miss Mister when she left home, desired our registrar to list her as a student in the school.

It would never have done for Miss Mister to have missed her chance to have us assist her in her studies.

When Mister Mister took Miss Mister to the train at her home station, Miss Mister's sister, Miss Mister No. 2, went along to assist Mister Mister to assist her sister Miss Mister on the train.

Since her arrival I have wondered if Miss Mister has missed her sister and Mister Mister very much, and, after Mister Mister had kissed Miss Mister good-bye, did Miss Mister's father, Mister Mister, and Miss Mister's sister miss Miss Mister more than Miss Mister missed Mister Mister and her sister Miss Mister No. 2.

ANONYMOUS.



The October magazines are coming slowly to our exchange table—so slowly that it is feared that the exchanges of *THE FOCUS* for November will be sadly lacking in its number of mentions, criticisms, etc. So far, two exchanges have been received—*The University of Virginia Magazine* and *The Critic*. That they were doubly appreciated is shown by the fact that they have been most carefully read.



In *The University of Virginia Magazine* there are several articles deserving not only mention, but the authors are to be congratulated for their *good success*. Among these are "The Salutation," a poem written in pleasing style, possessing the true poetic spirit. "The Little Gods" is a wide-awake story; although short it is well developed and intensely interesting. "He That Increaseth Knowledge" is to be recommended for the attractive manner in which it is written. And may we compliment the exchanges? Somehow, after reading them we can not help but feel that *THE FOCUS* has indeed a friend—an older, strong friend, ready to lend a helping hand by giving it friendly suggestions and

criticisms. THE FOCUS needs them. Its contributors are new in the game. Therefore, they need to be shown the pitfalls where in the past others have fallen, and the paths that have taken them a step further up the height.

Δ Δ Δ

As to *The Critic*, its contents as a whole are too light. However, "The Return to School" is *especially* good.

Δ Δ Δ

The following magazines were received too late to be mentioned in the October number of THE FOCUS; nevertheless they were accepted with gratitude, and enjoyed by their readers. They are: *The Emory and Henry*, *The Skirmisher*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *The State Normal Magazine*, and *The Critic*.

Directory of Organizations

CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

FLOWER: White Carnation

COLORS: Green and White

MOTTO: "*Carpe diem*"

MAMIE AUERBACH	<i>President</i>
KATHERINE COOK	<i>Vice-President</i>
SALLIE JACKSON	<i>Secretary</i>
LOUISE ROWE	<i>Treasurer</i>
ROSE PARROTT	<i>Censor</i>
HONOR PRICE	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
GRACE WOODHOUSE	<i>Critic</i>
FRANCES GRAHAM	<i>Joke Reporter</i>
ELIZABETH DOWNEY	<i>Reporter</i>

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

FLOWER: Yellow Chrysanthemum

COLORS: Gold and White

MOTTO: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control"

THURZETTA THOMAS	<i>President</i>
EUNICE WATKINS	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY HOLT	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
LILLIE PERCIVAL	<i>Secretary</i>
FLORENCE BUFORD	<i>Treasurer</i>
GERTRUDE MARTIN	<i>Critic</i>
IRENE BRIGGS	<i>Censor</i>
ADA BIERBOWER	<i>Reporter</i>

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

FLOWER: Marechal Niel

COLORS: Green and Gold

MOTTO: "Light, more light!"

ELIZABETH FIELD	<i>President</i>
LUCILE BOWDEN	<i>Vice-President</i>
BESSIE TREVETT	<i>Secretary</i>
ZULIEME DUVAL	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
IVEY WHITLEY	<i>Treasurer</i>
LULU LEE	<i>Censor</i>
LETA CHRISTIAN	<i>Critic</i>
ANNE T. COLE	<i>Reporter</i>

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

FLOWER: White Rose

COLORS: Olive Green and Gray

MOTTO: "To see the better"

THERESE JOHNSON	<i>President</i>
LOUISE BALTHIS	<i>First Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH HART	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
LOUISE GEDDY	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET ALFRIEND	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
ESME HOWELL	<i>Treasurer</i>
ANNE CONWAY	<i>Critic</i>
FLORA REDD	<i>Censor</i>
SALLIE HARGRAVE	<i>Reporter</i>

JEFFERSON DEBATING SOCIETY

FLOWER: Carnation

COLORS: Buff and Middle Blue

MOTTO: "Equal and exact justice to all"

JUANITA MANNING	<i>President</i>
GREZILDA COX	<i>Vice-President</i>
NELLIE GATES	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
MARTHA JOHNSTON	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
BLANCHE BURKS	<i>Treasurer</i>
SUSIE PHILLIPPI	<i>Critic</i>
LOUISE DAVIS	<i>Reporter</i>

RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

COLORS: Old Rose and Gray

MOTTO: "Much as we value knowledge we value mental training more."

AMENTA MATTHEWS	<i>President</i>
FRANCES MERRYMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
SUSIE HOLT	<i>Secretary</i>
EDNA EWART	<i>Treasurer</i>
RUTH PHELPS	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
NANNIE CROWDER	<i>Critic</i>
AUGUSTA SUTHERLAND	<i>Reporter</i>

GLEE CLUB

NELLIE BRISTOW	<i>President</i>
ETHEL COMBS	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH WALKUP	<i>Secretary</i>
EVA LARMOUR	<i>Treasurer</i>
GRACE WOODHOUSE	<i>Librarian</i>
ALICE DADMUN	<i>Assistant Librarian</i>
EUNICE WATKINS	<i>Reporter</i>

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	<i>President</i>
SALLIE HARGRAVE	<i>Vice-President</i>
THELMA BLANTON	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE LAURIE STONE	<i>Treasurer</i>
ROSE PARROTT	<i>Reporter</i>

THIRD A CLASS

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Gold and White

MOTTO: *En evant*

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

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	<i>President</i>
BESSIE MARSHALL	<i>Vice-President</i>
CAROLIENE MCCRAW	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
LETA CHRISTIAN	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
PEARL MATTHEWS	<i>Treasurer</i>
BESSIE WYNNE	<i>Librarian</i>

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

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

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