

12-1911

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THE FOCUS

Volume I

FARMVILLE, VA., DECEMBER, 1911

Number 8

The Christmas Spirit

From ev'ry nation priceless gifts they bring,
Longing to serve the Child of Bethlehem.
O'er all the earth wickedness now condemn;
Rejoice—obey and honor Christ your King!
Ever sing on the song which angels sing,
Never withholding your most precious gem;
Come, kneel down, and offer it unto Him.
E'er let the bells their joyful anthem sing;
Bear peace to all, ye merry Christmas chimes!
O'er all the world, echo the welcome sound—
Stir all the people to proclaim their Lord;
Teach all to *know* Him, e'en in heathen climes.
Onward, to encircle the earth around,
Nazareth proclaiming, and Christ the Lord!

JUANITA MANNING,
Jefferson, '14.

A Pair of Doves



RIGHT in all its majesty settled down over the hills. Darkness long ago had wrapped the vales in obscurity when Morab, with his mantle flung over his shoulder, plodded wearily up the path, his shepherd's staff in his hands, toward his smoky clay hut. At last the door was reached and he entered.

"Ah, Rachel," he said, "the time is slow a-coming when the Prince shall come."

"Aye, Morab, but when He does come—in all His glory, then will the Jews have a King indeed;" and Rachel's dark face lighted up in anticipation of the coming of her Prince, as she went forward to meet her husband.

"What hast thou under thy mantle, Morab?"

"Only a pair of young doves that I had hoped to carry to the temple, but, alas, they are nearly frozen and we shall be without a gift."

"What dost thou think—that we have offended Jehovah—that this has been brought upon us?"

"Nay, Rachel, I know not. Maybe we have omitted some offering?"

"Father, father, give them to me," pleaded a sweet, weak voice from the corner, where the firelight flickered over a small, wasted form, and a little girl rose and came towards her father.

"Knowest thou, Zillah, my daughter, that these doves must be without blemish?"

"Yea, father, yea; only let me tend them, for I can do so little for Adonai;" and tears beamed in the dusky eyes of Zillah as she held out her little arms to receive the doves.

Morab handed them to her as he sternly admonished, "Without blemish, pure, strong and white."

Then Rachel turned back to her work and Morab went to house his flocks.

Zillah crouched before the fire, tenderly warming and feeding her birds as she murmured, "Without blemish, pure, strong and white. Yea, yea, for Jehovah! Little doves, ye shall be all that, yet I can not go even to see my King, when He will come in all His glory, for I'm little and lame."

Days came and went and the doves grew strong, and fed from Zillah's loving hand. Ah, how she loved them, and even Rachel trembled in dread of the time when the gentle doves must be taken from the child by the stern father.

"Mother, mother, I love my white, pure doves," murmured the lonely child as her eyes beamed in tenderness.

Then Morab called from the next room: "To-morrow I shall take the doves to the temple."

"Nay, father, nay——"

"Child, wouldst thou blaspheme?" and Morab in his wrath entered the room. Then Zillah became silent and the doves cooed lovingly.

That night when the hut was quiet, Zillah stole from her bed and out on the hill with her cage of doves, so that she could talk to them without being afraid of waking her parents. The night was cold and clear, and a wonderful star shone in the east. Zillah bent over her cage, whispering words of endearment and farewell to her precious pets. Down in the valley huddled the sheep, watched over by their shepherds. Soon a strange, sweet music sounded round about, and Zillah gazed in wonderment. Then she heard the rush of wings, and angels' voices singing—

"Glory to God,
Glory to God!
Peace on earth,
Good will to men!"

"The Messiah has come, the Son of Man, and I can not go to pay my adoration at His feet."

Then in haste, Zillah loosed the door of the cage with trembling hands. The doves lingered a moment on Zillah's shoulder; then winged their way toward the east.

"A gift to my King," she cried.

Then she turned and entered the hut. But suddenly her heart misgave her. The temple doves! Her father would never understand.

Morab had risen to replenish the fire; he turned sternly: "Daughter, where hast thou been? Where are the doves of the temple?"

"Father, father, I have given my doves away. I have given them to my King."

"But, thou—how knowest thou of a King?"

"Oh, father, a light shone around me and angels filled the skies, saying as they chanted their hallelujah—

'The Messiah has come,
Glory to Him!'"

and her face lighted with the remembered vision. Then, to Zillah's astonishment, Morab clasped her in his arms, kissing her again and again, murmuring proudly, "Not unto me was the vision given, but unto this, my daughter, who is my daughter indeed!"

ANTOINETTE DAVIS,
Argus, '13.

The Holy Night

'Twas long, long ago, that night,
The hills lay brown and cold and bare,
When, suddenly, there came a light;
Warm music filled the air!

The shepherds watched the sheep that night,
They knew not, neither did they care,
For the meaning of that wondrous light,
Nor the sound of the music there.

What reeked they, that before that night
The world was worn with sin and care.
But for its dark had come a light,
For its discord, music fair.

So the coming Christ doth bring a light,
When life lies dark and cold and bare,
And should we take His gift aright,
Charmed music fills the air.

JANIE SLAUGHTER.

The White Chapel



TELL me again, Suzon, about the beautiful midnight mass; tell me again!"

It was the night before Christmas. Pierrot's parents had returned from the field; his mother was milking the cows; his father was putting the farming implements away in the barn, and Pierrot, while waiting for his supper, was sitting on his stool in the corner of the large chimney in the kitchen, opposite his sister, Suzon. He stretched out his little hands over the bright, crackling fire. His hands and little round face were as red as roses, and his hair was golden. Suzon, very grave, sat knitting a blue woolen stocking. Over the large fire, a kettle was singing and the lid let escape a little of the white vapor which was scented with the odor of cabbage.

"Tell me again, Suzon, how beautiful it is!"

"Oh!" said Suzon, "there are so many burning candles that you would think you were in heaven. Then we sing such beautiful, beautiful carols! And there is the little Child Jesus in such beautiful clothes, oh! so beautiful, lying in the manger on some straw; and the Holy Virgin in a blue robe. Then there is Saint Joseph, all in red, with his plane; the shepherds with so many sheep; the donkey; the oxen; the three wise men, dressed like soldiers, with long, flowing beards, and they are offering to the Child Jesus such beautiful gifts; and the shepherds, too, are bringing beautiful gifts. Then the shepherds, the three wise men, the priest, the donkey, the oxen, the children of the choir, and the sheep, all bow down before the Child Jesus for His blessing. And then there are the angels who are holding up a part of the sky filled with stars."

Suzon had been, the year before, to the midnight mass, and she could see all this as clearly now as she did then. Pierrot listened with an air of rapture, and when she had finished:

"I am going to the midnight mass to-night," he cried excitedly.

"You are too little," said his mother, who had just entered. "You can go when you are as large as Suzon."

"I am going to-night," said Pierrot with a frown.

"But, my poor little boy, the church is too far and the ground is all covered with snow. If you are a good boy, and if you will go to sleep, you will see the midnight mass all in your little bed, in your own white chapel."

"I am going to-night," repeated Pierrot, clenching his little fist.

"Who said 'I am going to-night'?" asked a gruff voice.

It was his father, and Pierrot did not insist any longer. He had already learned that it was better to obey when he could not do otherwise.

They sat down to the supper-table. Pierrot had no appetite. He did not say anything, but sat silent, as if thinking.

"Suzon, go put your little brother to bed," said her mother, when supper was over.

The child in bed, and the cover all tucked in, Suzon closed the white curtains of Pierrot's bed.

"You will see the beautiful midnight mass in your little white chapel," said Suzon.

Pierrot answered not a word. He did not go to sleep at all. He did not wish to do so; but remained with his large eyes open. He listened to the going and coming of his parents in the kitchen, and the shrill voice of Suzon stammering out the stories in an old almanac. Then it seemed to him that some one was eating chestnuts and he became still sadder.

A few minutes later, his mother entered the room, opened the curtains of Pierrot's bed, and leaned over him; but he closed his eyes and did not move.

Finally, he heard them go out and lock the door behind them and then all was silent. Pierrot got up at once and looked for his clothes in the dark. It was a hard task; at last he found his trousers and blouse; but he could not find his vest anywhere. He dressed himself as best he could, but he put his blouse on wrong side out, and although his little fingers tried very hard no button would go through its buttonhole. He could find but one of his stockings, and, supporting himself against the wall, he pulled it on with the heel on top, making a knot so that his foot went only halfway in one of his little wooden shoes, while the little bare foot slipped loosely in the other shoe.

Groping about, he found the door of the room. Then he crossed over to the kitchen which, through a window without curtains, was dimly lighted by the cold gleam of the snowy night. Pierrot would not go toward the door that led from the front of the house, remembering that it was locked, but he opened easily the one that led from the kitchen into the stable. A cow stirred in her warm bed. A goat raised up, and, pulling on its cord, licked Pierrot's hands and said, "Mee," in a sweet and plaintive tone. It seemed to say to him, "Stay with us where it is warm; where are you going in all this snow, you poor little child?"

By the feeble light of a dormer window, curtained with spider webs, Pierrot, standing on tiptoe, was able to see how to draw back the inner bolt of the stable door. Suddenly, he found himself out in the intense whiteness of the icy snow.

Pierrot's home was in an out-of-way place, about a quarter of a mile from the church. To reach the village, you must follow the road bordered by the orchard, and then turn to

the right, and by keeping straight ahead you saw the steeple of the village. Without hesitation, Pierrot set out on his journey.

All was white with snow—the road, and the bushes, and the trees in the enclosure. The apple trees were white, all covered over with a thick mantle of snow. The snow whirled in the air like the light chaff that is blown about by a winnowing mill.

Pierrot sank in the snow up to his ankles, and his little shoes grew heavy. The snow powdered his hair and shoulders, but he was conscious of none of this; for he saw at the end of his journey, in a radiance of golden light, the Child Jesus, the Virgin Mary, the three wise men, and the angels holding a canopy filled with stars. He kept on going, as if drawn by this vision, but already he walked less rapidly. The snow blinded him. Heaven and earth were filled with the soft, white down. He could recognize nothing, and he no longer knew where he was. Now, his little feet were as heavy as lead, his hands were stiff with cold, and his nose and ears were tingling with pain. The snow went down his neck, and his blouse and shirt were all wet.

He fell over a stone and lost one of his shoes. Kneeling in the snow, he looked for it a long time, feeling about with his benumbed hands. He no longer saw the Child Jesus, nor the Virgin Mary, nor the three wise men, nor the angels carrying the stars. He was afraid of the trees veiled in white, cracking here and there under the immense mantle of snow. They did not look like trees, but like towering phantoms. His heart burst in anguish. He wept and cried out:

“Mama! mama!”

The snow ceased to fall. Pierrot, looking all around him, at last saw the pointed steeple and the windows of the church all ablaze in the night. His vision returned to him,

his strength, and his courage. There! It was there—the wonderful desire, the beautiful sight of heaven! He did not follow the crooked road but he tried to cut straight ahead to the lighted church. Just as he left the road he fell in a ditch, and, striking against a stump, he lost his other shoe.

Hobbling along, he crossed the field with his eyes fixed on the light, but he went ever slower and slower. The church grew larger as he drew nearer, and just as he was nearly there he heard voices sing out:

“Come, divine Messiah!”

His hands before him, his eyes dilated with rapture, sustained only by the beauty of the dream so near him, he entered the cemetery which surrounded the church. The large arched window above the portal was resplendent with light. There, right before him, something inexpressibly divine was taking place. The voices sang:

“I see far below in the plains
Angels descending the heavens.”

Commanding all the strength which remained in his poor little worn-out body, Pierrot went stumbling on towards this glory and towards this song.

Suddenly, he fell at the foot of a bush hooded with snow. As he fell, smiling at the song of the angels, his eyes closed in sleep. The voices sang again:

“He is born; the divine Child.”

At the same moment, the soft and silent fall of snowflakes began again. The snow covered the little body and its drapery slowly thickened. The midnight mass in the white chapel was over.

(Translated from the French of J. Lemaître.)

ALICE BELLE MARTIN, '13.

The Christ-Child

Not in a wonderful castle was this, the Christ-Child, born;
But in a lowly manger, at the breaking of the dawn.

Not in costly raiment was this, the Christ-Child, 'rayed;
But in a swaddling blanket that was from soft wool made.

Not in a golden cradle was this, the Christ-Child, laid;
But in a cradle of peace and love that was by the angels made.

Not by a king's great swords were the Wise Men to
Bethlehem led,
But by an Eastern Star, that shone o'er the Christ-Child's
head.

Not anthems did the Wise Men sing as the Christ-Child
they did see,
But "Peace on earth, good will to men!" with hearts so
glad and free.

Not only for the prosperous was this, the Christ-Child, born;
But for the weak and lowly and helpless and forlorn.

Not a time of fear and sorrow did the Christ mean
Christmas to be;
But a time of praise and thanksgiving, by which we the
Christ might see.

GEORGE BAILEY,
Athenian, '13.

Letters to Santa Claus

DOG KENNEL, FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA,

Christmas Eve.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I'm a poor little dog, living at the Normal School here. My master is very kind to me, but somehow he has an intense objection to my singing in chapel.

Now, I want to get you to do a lot of things for me, but first of all, please bring me a room, all to myself, with a piano, and some one to play accompaniments, where I may go and sing to my heart's content, and not have any girls to worry me.

And, O Santa Claus, there's something else for you to put in my stocking—a bottle of anti-fat.

Your friend,

“GYP” JARMAN.

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA,

December 7, 1911.

Dear Santa:—

When you are traveling this way at Christmas time, please bring me a collar with “Bob” engraved on it, because the girls up here don't call me anything but “Germs.” Now, don't you think that name is enough to make a dog sick, even if he is a pretty healthy “specimen” (I learned the big word from my master)?

And, please, Santa Claus, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, bring every girl in this Normal School a great big package of politeness for them to practice on us poor “species” around the neighborhood of the zoölogical laboratory.

I hope this communication will not get lost when it goes up your mail route, the chimney, because 'tis very important to my future welfare.

Your little,
BOB, *alias* "GERMS."

Dear Santa Claus:—

My position at the Normal School makes me want a great deal more this Christmas than I did last.

Please bring the girls a desire to go to bed at ten o'clock at night, and a desire not to go on midnight feasts, and not to hide in the closets. And, Santa, bring them all alarm clocks, set to go off at five o'clock, A. M.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. SLATER.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA,

December 6, 1911.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I am assistant librarian here, and I have such a hard time trying to get the girls to walk quietly! I just want to ask you to bring me three dozen pairs of attachable rubber soles, ranging from number twos to sixes. I want to make one more effort to have silence in the library.

Please don't think I am a bad girl to ask for so much. A merry Christmas to you from

Your little friend,
MAUDE TALIAFERRO.

WORKSHOP,

December 7, 1911.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I have told over and over again, to the girls, all the jokes in the book you brought me last year. Won't you please

bring me another large volume to start the New Year on? Please put the book on the desk in my workshop Christmas morning.

I hope you won't forget me. Good-bye, Santa.

Your friend,

J. C. MATTOON.

Dear Santa Claus:—

May I help you to select a few presents for the State Normal School, since you may not know how it has improved?

Now, this year we think Miss Tabb will need two Black Beauties, for she is taking down our good qualities, also, you see.

Please bring Dr. Jarman an automatic fountain pen; then he won't dislike writing absence excuses, we hope.

Please send a carload of new brooms—not because of the condition of our rooms, but because the girls have worn out the old ones by being so tidy.

Please, if Miss Mary White breaks her glasses, don't bring her any more; she can see clearly enough without them.

Dear Santa, don't think I'm extravagant, but there is one more thing needed. It is ink. You see, Miss Andrews needs a double quantity—bright red is her favorite color.

Thank you, Santa, for it all.

Your loving friend,

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA,

December 7, 1911.

Dear Santa Claus:—

Please, when you comes by here, don't fergit to stop at my little house (you know where 'tis), 'cause I wants a few things so bad:

Please bring me a nice new, long broom, to sweep de hall wid. Now, Santa, if you have one, I'd like it very much if you'd bring me one wid a reel long handle, 'cause my back is gittin' awfully stiff to bend like I has to.

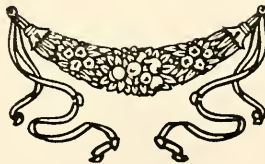
The next thin' I wants you to bring me, is some beaux for these here girls, what will come on time Sunday nights, 'cause I sets and sets a-waitin' for dem some times, till I wishes there'd never been a beau.

Now, Santa, please don't think I'm a big beggar, but I shore would be glad if you'd bring me a nice new apron. I like them kind what has bibs in front and strings behind. Be shore and have it white.

I hopes you'll make your trips all right, and bring eb'rybody eb'rything what dey wants.

Yours truly,

"AUNT LOU."



"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"



JACKSON, if Mrs. Palmer does not pay her rent by to-morrow night, you must turn her out, and sell her property. She has not paid her rent for three months, and I can't wait any longer."

"But, Mr. Ryburn, Mrs. Palmer is very poor, and can not even keep her children in enough food and clothes."

"Stop! That is not my affair. I must have my money."

"But——"

"If you say another word, I shall discharge you."

Mr. Ryburn, the wealthy banker and landlord, stepped into his automobile, and was taken home; Jackson, the steward, walked away with tears of sympathy in his eyes for the poor widow, whom he could not help.

When Mr. Ryburn reached home, he was greeted by a golden-haired little girl, who was his niece, and the idol of his heart.

"Uncle, do hurry. I have lots of things to tell you," she cried, dancing around him, as he removed his fur coat.

Mr. Ryburn drew his chair up before the fire, and took her on his lap.

"I am ready now, pet," he said.

"Santa Claus is coming to-morrow night, and I am so glad! Don't you love Santa Claus?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mama said that Santa couldn't get down Mrs. Palmer's chimney, because it is so small; so we are going to play Santa, and take her lots of things. Won't that be fun?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think it would be awful to live in such a little house that Santa Claus couldn't get down the chimney?"

"Yes."

"Mama says that those little children haven't enough to eat, and they are cold all the time, because they can't keep a fire all day. Their clothes are all old, and the wind just blows right through the broken windowpanes. You wouldn't let me wear old clothes, and stay cold all the time, would you?"

"No, darling."

"We are going to take them lots of clothes, toys, and something to eat. Won't they be happy? Don't you expect they will love us as much as we love Santa?"

"I guess they will, dear."

"Don't you want to play Santa, too?"

Mr. Ryburn walked to the telephone, and a few minutes later he said, "Jackson, don't call for Mrs. Palmer's rent at all. It has been settled all right. I hope you will have a happy Christmas."

ELIZABETH PAINTER, '14.



The Star

Long miles they came, across the world,
Through desert realms afar,
On camels borne, wise men of old,
At the guiding of a star.
Led by a shining Heavenly light,
That through the dark came gleaming bright,
And the guiding of a star!

Grant, Lord, to us that Thou unfold,
In the deserts where we are,
The wonder of that story old;
Send us the guiding star.
Lead hearts with shining Heavenly light,
That through sad lives comes gleaming bright,
And the guiding of Christ's star!

JANIE SLAUGHTER.

The Little Crucifix



IT was Christmas Eve. The summer before, my father had bought a little black crucifix, on which hung a leaden image of Christ. This crucifix he had kept put away until Christmas Eve, when he took it from its case and hung it above the family altar. My parents and the other people were busy outside in the barns and in the kitchen, preparing for the holy evening; I took the little crucifix from the wall, at risk of my limbs, seated myself with it near the stove, and began taking it to pieces. It was a very peculiar pleasure for me, as with my knife I unfastened first the upright, then the cross piece, then the cock of Saint Peter, and at last the image of the holy Christ himself from the cross. The pieces seemed much more interesting to me than before. Still, when I wished to put them together again, and could not, a strange feeling of fear arose in my breast. But I said to myself: "The black cross is much more beautiful than before, a black cross is in the chapel, too, and all the people go there to pray, and who uses a crucified Christ at Christmas? Our priest says that He is then in a manger, and I will put him in a manger."

I bent the arms of the leaden image of Christ over its breast and laid it in mother's workbasket, and placed my manger on the family altar, while I hid the cross in the straw of my parents' bed, without thinking that the basket would betray me.

Fate was soon fulfilled. Mother first noticed how absurd the workbasket looked on the altar. Father came to me and asked if I did not know where the cross was. I stood in front of him and gazed into his face. He repeated his

question, and I pointed to the bed with my hand; the tears came into my eyes, but I think, however, that I moved no feature.

Father brought out the hidden object and placed the mutilated cross on the table.

"Now, I see very well," he said, with all calmness, and took his hat from the nail; "now, I see very well, you must at last be punished. If God himself is not respected——! Stay here!" and out of the door he went.

"Run to him and beg his forgiveness," said my mother; "he is going to cut birch rods."

Mother went back to her work; I stood all alone in the darkening room, and before me on the table was the defaced crucifix. I was greatly frightened by each noise. The tall, black, wooden clock, which stood against the wall, struck the hour of five. Finally I heard father's footsteps outside. When he walked into the room with the birch rods, I disappeared into the clock-case.

He went to the kitchen and asked with an angry voice where I was. Then such a search began! I heard the command that some one should search the hay and straw barns and straightway bring me to my father—as long as he lives he shall remember this Christmas Eve! Two servants were sent in the neighborhood, but my mother said if I had gone to a neighbor over fields and wood that I would be frozen, for my coat and hat were in the room.

They went away and the house was left empty again; and, in the dark room nothing was seen but the little square windowpane. I stood in the clock-case and could peep out through its joints.

What fear I had to endure in this hiding-place! I soon realized that it could come to no good end. I blamed the workbasket that had first betrayed me; I blamed the crucifix; I forgot to blame myself for my own folly. Hours went by, while I remained in my narrow prison.

Finally, my parents came back into the room, made a light, and began to talk.

"I know nowhere else to look," my father said, and, exhausted, sank down upon a chair.

"If he has lost his way in the wood or is lying under the snow!" cried mother, and she began to weep loudly.

"Be quiet!" said father, "I want to hear nothing about it!"

"You do not want to hear it, and you have driven him away by your sternness! People must love their children if they want to make anything of them."

At this, he said, "Who says that I do not love the child? God knows I love him with my whole heart; but I can not tell him; I ought not to tell him; and I must not do it. But I know that when I have to punish him, it hurts me far more than it does him."

"I am going to look once more," said mother. "You must eat a warm supper."

"I want nothing to eat," said father, kneeling by the table and beginning silently to pray.

Mother went into the kitchen to get my warm clothes ready in case they found me half frozen.

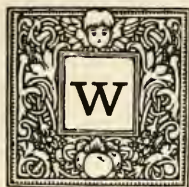
In the room everything became still once again, and in the clock-case it seemed to me that my heart must break of pain and sorrow. Suddenly, my father began to sob in his prayer. His head fell down on his arm and his whole frame shook.

I gave a loud cry. After a few seconds I was out of the clock-case before mother and father, lying at father's feet and clasping his knees. "Father, father!" was the only word I could utter. Finally he held out both arms and lifted me to his breast. My hair was wet with his tears.

(Translated from the German of P. K. Rosegger.)

ELSIE MILDRED STULL,
Pierian, '13.

Another Suzanne



WHAT a dismal morning it was! Mrs. Cloud was having washing-day, and a great deal of work was being done, too, if one might judge from the amount of water that was squeezed from the clothes. Suzanne, John, and Edith LeGrande felt that they had been much wronged by the state of affairs. They had planned a picnic for the day. As usual, they poured their woe into Aunty's willing ear; then, with dismal faces, they started off to the nursery.

"Wait, children. How would you like to hear a story? I know one about another Suzanne, who once owned the locket that Suzanne now wears."

Immediately the weather was forgotten, and with a war-whoop from John, a little shriek from tiny Edith, and a satisfied, "O Aunty!" from dignified Suzanne, they settled for the tale. John sprawled out on a rug, Edith climbed into Aunty's lap and leaned comfortably on her shoulder, while Suzanne sat on a stool at her feet. The children looked expectantly at Aunty, who, with a thoughtful smile, started on her story.

"More than two hundred years ago, across the ocean in France, there lived a beautiful little girl. Suzanne, she was just your age, thirteen years. Like you, also, she had soft, glossy, brown curls and large, hazel eyes. Her name was Suzanne Roché. Her parents were called Huguenots, because of the way they worshiped God. She was taught by them to love Him and to be kind to everybody.

"'What a lady she is!' her neighbors said. This was very true, for Suzanne was so dignified, so wise, and such a help

to her mother, one might have thought she was grown. Her sweet, unselfish spirit won for her many friends. One of them had been her playmate and lover ever since she could remember. This was Abraham Michaux, a fine, sturdy youth of eighteen years.

"Suzanne would have been exceedingly happy but for one thing. The cruel ruler of France did not like the way her family and friends worshiped God, and tried to make them change. This they would not do. There were many hopes that things would improve; but, instead, they grew worse. Finally, all of their liberties were taken away. Even their lives were in danger and they were not allowed to leave France. The parents of Abraham and Suzanne were anxious for their children to be out of the peril. At last, Abraham had a good idea. He confided it to Suzanne and they thought it would work, so at the right time it was tried."

"Why, look!" exclaimed Suzanne LeGrande, "Edith is asleep."

"Dear child," said Aunty, "I was afraid she would not be interested. I shall tell her about it when she is older."

"What did Abraham do?" asked John.

"His plan was fine," continued Aunty. "He and Suzanne were married at once. A great ship was in the harbor, bound for Holland. Abraham disguised himself as an old man and changed his name. He obtained passage for himself and a hogshead of wine. He had saved enough money to pay this and his parents gave him more. Suzanne, with many tears, bade her parents and friends good-bye. She took her bundle of clothes and food, and got into the empty hogshead. Holes had been made in it so that she could breathe. Abraham nailed it up and saw that it was carefully handled when put on the ship. No one dreamed of such a brave, daring scheme, and so they were not caught, but reached Holland safely in a few days.

"Suzanne was very much afraid in this strange country, and was often homesick. She longed to see her dear parents again. But she tried to be brave, and the people were kind to her. She and Abraham remained in Holland for three years. Then they thought, 'If we remain here our children will absorb the ways and religion of the Dutch.' So they decided to bring their two sons to this country. They knew that many dangers and hardships would have to be faced, but they were brave enough to come, because they knew it was right.

"The little family left Holland with a number of Huguenots, and finally sailed up the James River. Abraham built a little log cabin not far from this very spot. The landing on the river was named Michaux's Ferry in memory of this courageous man. He cultivated these river lowlands, and protected his family from the cruel Indian tomahawk. Above all, he and his family lived in the fear of the Lord, and they prospered.

"Now, guess why I told you about this, Suzanne."

"Because our names are alike," said Suzanne LeGrande.

"Good, dear; you guessed the first time; but I shall tell you more. She was your great-great-grandmother, and you were named for her."

"Hurrah!" cried the children, so loudly that little Edith awoke.

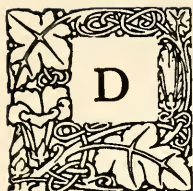
"Where did she get the locket?" asked John.

"Oh, I had forgotten the locket entirely," said Aunty, rising. "It was her bridal gift from your great-great-grandfather, Abraham Michaux."

EUNICE WATKINS,
Athenian, '12.

Her Answer

I.



DICK REYNOLDS raised the old-fashioned knocker somewhat nervously, and, as he waited for an answer to its summons, he seemed to be repeating something to himself. And this was exactly the case. He had made up his mind to propose to Marjorie, and, as he often made awkward mistakes in conversation when he was excited, he had written off a proposal and memorized it. He was in the middle of it when the door opened and Marjorie herself appeared, warmly clad, for he had come to take her sleighing.

"How do you do, Dick? Isn't the weather *grand*? Don't you know, we had a letter from Bob and he may be home Christmas. Just about a month, and he'll be here. I'm so anxious to see him. He's the best brother you ever saw, and I do hope he will come. Don't you?" So she chattered on, as he helped her into the sleigh and they started off through the village.

When they got to the open country, he began to wish she would stop and give him a chance, but when she finally did, consternation overtook him. He couldn't to save his life remember how the thing began. But he must say something, for his courage was rapidly oozing away. "Now or never," he said to himself, and, clearing his throat, plunged boldly in.

"Marjorie, my heart is—I mean, I—you know—I care lots for you; you're the dearest—can't you love me—oh, I don't know how to say it, but, won't you marry me, Marjorie?"

He turned suddenly and looked at her, only to be answered by a giggle. She had been trying to keep her face straight, but had laughed, she hardly knew why. It was a short laugh, but enough for him, and with a strained, "Don't you think we'd better go back?" he turned the horse around so suddenly that the sleigh was almost upset, and started back toward town. Marjorie laid her hand on his arm.

"Dick," she began, "I'm so sorry——"

"Never mind, Marjorie. Please don't say any more about it."

"But——"

"No, Marjorie, you needn't apologize. I know I made a fool of myself, but it's over now, and I can't help it. Let's forget it. When did you say Bob was expected?" And so they talked of trivial matters till he helped her out of the sleigh at her gate.

"I've had a lovely ride, Dick, and now I want to tell——"

"That's all right, Marjorie. I don't see how I could have expected you to love me. It's all right—and—good-bye." He was into the sleigh and off before Marjorie could realize it. She looked after the sleigh with a degree of dismay which changed to laughter.

"You, old goose," she said, shaking her little fist at his departing form, and then ran laughing into the house.

II.

Mrs. Elsworth's Christmas Eve party was in full swing when Dick entered. He was almost instantly introduced to a distractingly pretty girl. This would have been a pleasure to him once, but it was distinctly tiresome just now. "What in thunder is Harry Johnston talking to Marjorie Grey for?" he was thinking, when suddenly he realized that the girl to whom he had just been introduced was asking:

"Who is that girl over there? Oh, yes, Marjorie Grey. Why did I want to know? Oh, I just heard they were

engaged, that's all. I wonder if they're going to dance. Oh, I believe they are." He came to himself just in time to ask her if he might have the first dance. All during the evening he was very attentive to her, so much so, in fact, that he attracted no little attention. Mrs. Elsworth, stopping by Marjorie and Harry, spoke to them as they went out to the conservatory.

"Dick seems to be very much taken with May, doesn't he?" she observed. "Don't they make a splendid-looking pair?"

"Yes, I've noticed them several times this evening," replied Marjorie. "Certainly I'll dance. Isn't the music perfect, Harry?"

III.

"I don't care, I just had to get off to myself," thought Marjorie as she ran down the hill to the river with her skates over her shoulder. Her mother's words were still ringing in her ears: "Henry Johnston is a fine young man, and if I were you, Marjorie, I think I would consider his offer." She was thinking of it now as she ran along, but when she got to the river the smoothness of the ice almost drove such thoughts from her mind. In a few minutes, however, her thoughts again turned to her own affairs.

"It was hateful to leave, when Bob's just home and it's Christmas Day besides, but I've got to think it out," she soliloquized.

So she skated along, scarcely noticing where she was going, till suddenly she heard an ominous crack—but too late! At once, she found herself in the icy water, with no one in sight. She called, at the same time trying to get out on the ice, which broke through each time. She was almost exhausted when she heard a voice:

"Hold on just a minute longer, I'm coming." One of the hired men ran out with a rail he had picked up. She managed to get hold of it, and he pulled her out and helped her to her feet.

"Gee, Miss, but you had a narrer escape. Here, take my——"

"Marjorie, what is the matter?" came a voice from behind her. She had almost reached the bank by now, and turned to see Dick running toward her.

"I merely f-f-fell in the w-w-water," she replied, her teeth chattering.

Before she had finished speaking he had taken off his overcoat and had wrapped it around her. In a moment they were hurrying toward the house.

"How did it happen?"

"Oh, I was just thinking so hard I didn't see that airhole. Ugh, but the water was cold!"

"Marjorie, if you had——"

"It wouldn't have made any particular difference to you. Now, if it had been May Shelburne."

"What do I care for May Shelburne? You're worth a dozen of her. You know I love you, Marjorie. I haven't any right to say it, I know, but I do, even if you are engaged to Harry."

A sudden light dawned in Marjorie's face. "Dick," she said softly, "I'm not engaged to any one—yet. Do you realize that you've never asked for my answer to that question you asked me when we went sleighing?"

They were on the porch by this time, and he turned toward her, a faint hope in his eyes.

"Marjorie!" trying to catch her hands, but she ran to the door, and just inside it she turned:

"If you'll come around to-night, Dick, I'll give it to you, and I think," a slight pause, during which a wave of color swept over her face, "I think it will be satisfactory to us both."

MARY WARE WEISER, '13.

“Inasmuch”



FEW years ago, Theodore Douglass, a bright young lawyer, began the practice of his profession in El Dorado, an attractive and beautiful little town in the center of a wealthy farming community.

Far from his relatives, Theodore began to relieve the loneliness of his life by seeking out opportunities for making others happier, especially children and the very poor, for the gentle and compassionate spirit of the Saviour found in him a true follower.

In this prosperous county seat, there were some great department stores, with magnificent stocks of Christmas goods for more than a million people inhabited the county and traded in El Dorado. But a small shop of toys and books was passed unnoticed by the Christmas shoppers, and the day before Christmas Theodore heard that the poor widow, Mrs. Gillespie, who kept the shop, had not made enough sales to keep her from want during the holidays.

“It is a great pity,” said Theodore. “Some one must help her without subjecting her to the humiliation she would feel if she were offered charity. There is little time for arrangements to-day, but I believe I can spare Mrs. Gillespie’s feelings and yet manage to supply the money she needs immediately.”

Hastening to the Delmonico restaurant, Theodore ordered a fine Christmas dinner for a dozen people to be sent to his rooms the next day. Then, taking his horse, he went to the poorest district of the town.

His acquaintance with the poor enabled him to choose those really destitute of all hope of giving their children the cheer and happiness of the Christmas time.

With smiling friendliness of manner, he begged of each mother that she would let him have her child for Christmas Day (since he was lonely) to spend the entire day in his rooms with some other little friends whom he was intending to entertain, and he excused the late invitations by saying that business had tied him to his office so late he had no opportunity to come before.

Last of all, as it was growing dark, Theodore went to Mrs. Gillespie's little shop.

"Mrs. Gillespie," he said, "I have asked some little friends to spend Christmas Day with me. Would you be willing to help me as a very great favor to me? I want to give them a happy time, and would like each child to have a gift as a reminder of this Christmas. There are so many toys, Mrs. Gillespie, that I can't decide what to give my little friends; and it occurred to me that your shop is very near my office and that you might be willing to oblige me by opening it for one hour on Christmas Day, so that I may bring my little guests in to choose what they would like. Besides that, Mrs. Gillespie, I may need some help in amusing so many children all day, so I shall appreciate it very much if you will come up to my rooms and assist in entertaining them. All my friends have families, or are invited out to dinner, and, you know, I am almost a stranger, with no relatives here; so you are the only one of whom I can ask such a favor for Christmas."

"Indeed, I will be delighted to come!" exclaimed Mrs. Gillespie. "It is such a beautiful plan! I will do all I can to help you, and will be glad, indeed, to open the shop for them, besides."

"That is very kind of you," said Theodore, with a smile. "Now I am sure the children will enjoy the day the same as if my mother were helping me entertain."

His expectations were fulfilled, for ten happier children could not have been found in El Dorado that Christmas Day.

The visit to the toy shop filled their hearts with delight, for some of them had looked longingly through the windows before.

"Little friends," said Theodore, "I want each of you to choose the one thing you would rather have than anything else in this shop; you shall have it for your Christmas present from me."

"May we? Do you mean it?" clamored the children.

"Yes, anything in this shop," promised Theodore.

The children eagerly selected dolls and other toys, until all but one little girl had chosen gifts. She stood, hesitating, before a beautiful little Testament, and, at last, as Theodore came to her side, she asked timidly, "Would it cost too much?"

"Would you not rather have this nice big doll?" asked the surprised young man.

But the child answered, "I would like the Testament, for we have no Bible at home."

Tears came into Theodore's eyes as he said kindly: "Certainly, my dear little girl, you shall have the book."

Mrs. Gillespie had enough money from the sales to last several weeks, and never did she suspect that the children's party had been planned to relieve her from want.

The children returned to the lawyer's rooms to spend a happy afternoon in playing with their new toys, and listening to the stories Theodore told them. Some of these little girls now had their first dolls, and each child was entirely happy with her present.

"More than all the others," said Theodore afterward, "the child who chose a Testament because there was no Bible at home touched my heart. She was little enough to like a doll."

OLIVE ALTIZER.

The Reason Why

I thought I'd write a poem, and a Christmas one, at that;
So I got a pen and paper—in a rocking-chair I sat,
And I wrote one line and pondered. But I couldn't think
at all,

For my roommate was a-eatin' of a luscious popcorn ball.
And I simply had to help her; I's afraid that she'd get sick.
Now that sounds just real solicitous, but I didn't care a lick
Whether she got sick or didn't, but I simply couldn't see
All that lovely popcorn swallowed without some help from
me.

And the next time—but, good gracious! how unlucky, then
am I,

For I've used up all my paper, and my fountain pen is dry!

MARY WARE WEISER, '13.



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.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas, which is observed universally by all Christianized countries, is almost here. The word itself means Christ's mass, or the day upon which we commemorate His birth by paying to Him due homage and honor.

Does Christmas have, for us, this meaning, or is its significance lost in a whirlpool of pleasures and a giving to and receiving of gifts from our friends? This abuse of the greatest of all Christian festivals is entirely too prevalent among us. Shall we not, this year, try to celebrate more fittingly the birth of Christ? You ask how we may do this. Not by spending the entire day in prayerful meditation, nor yet, going to the other extreme, in thinking of our own pleasures to the exclusion of all else. But rather let us try to live this one day as Christ would have us; give to others generously of our love, kindness and sympathy, help those less fortunate than we. If all of us would make this our resolution Christmas would, to all, be truly Christ's mass.

△ △ △

THE CHRISTMAS OF THE PAST

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
And make me a child again just for to-night.”

It is true that Christmas brings with it numberless pleasures, but it has lost that mythical charm it possessed when our minds were young and innocent.

How good we were a few days before Christmas, lest our names should be written in that big book and Santa Claus should pass us by without leaving any gifts! How we listened, spellbound, to the stories of Santa Claus and his wonderful reindeer team! How we trembled with fear at the thought of the chimney being too hot or too small, and Santa unable to get through it! How we would lie awake Christmas night, starting at every noise, however slight, and wondering if Christmas morning would never come! And when it did come, that great tree, in all its splendor and glory!

Those days of true, simple child-faith, trust, and love are past, but their influence must still be felt in our lives. Let us profit by it.

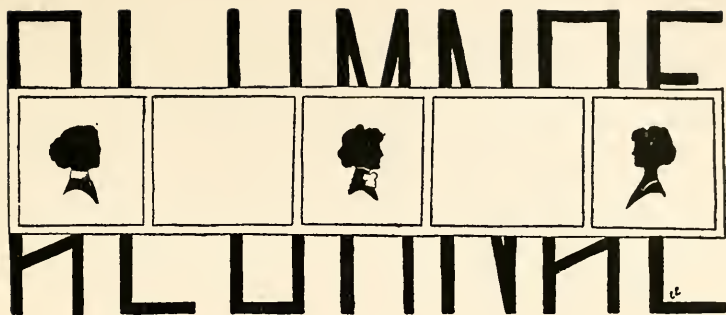
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MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

To all the girls, the Faculty, and Home Department, we wish a Merry Christmas. For those who remain here, we wish the pleasant remembrances of past Christmases, and, feeling the true meaning of Christmas, to banish all the gloom of a lonely holiday.

△ △ △

“Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.”



Among the alumnae who spent Thanksgiving at the Normal were: Nannie Wimbish, Lula Driver, Helen Massie, Pattie Turnbull, Louise Ford, Roberta Saunders, Janie Gaines, Myrtle Townes, Lillian Cook, Bert Myers, and Louise Eubank, all of '10; and Margaret Davis, Mildred Richardson, '09; Louise Adams, '06; Grace Adams, '03; and Sadie Armstrong, 1900.

Ola Abbitt, '10, and Grace Adams, '03, attended the Educational Conference at Norfolk.

Carrie Kyle, '07, and Elizabeth Richardson, '05, spent Thanksgiving with Miss Lila London, at Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. C. L. Yancey, née Eleanor C. White, '03, is living in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Geoffrey Creyke, née Alice Paulette, '05, has been a recent visitor to Farmville.

Roy Rogers, '05, is teaching at Arvonnia, Va.

Born to Mrs. Jas. G. Nesbit, née Bevie Cox, '06, on December 5th, a son—Benjamin Lewis Nesbit.

Mrs. W. A. Maddox, née Susie Warner, '02, attended, with Mr. Maddox, the celebration of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity, at Williamsburg, Va.

Mary Dupuy, '09, who is spending the winter at home, was with us December 5th, at an Alumnae Tea.

Mary Coleman's ('06) home address is Sassafras, Va.

Lillian Thompson, '06, who has been teaching in Lake City, Fla., is in Richmond with her father, he being there under the care of a physician.

Mrs. George Armistead Scott, née Nellie Boatwright, '09, has moved into her new home on Charles Street, Fredericksburg, Va.

Mrs. David Winfree Reed, née Edith Duvall, '05, spent Thanksgiving with her parents.

Mrs. Wallace Burnet, née Robbie Blair Berkeley, '96, of Savannah, Ga., is registered at the Ebbitt Hotel, in Washington, D. C., Mr. Burnet being stationed there as an expert in the pure-food department.

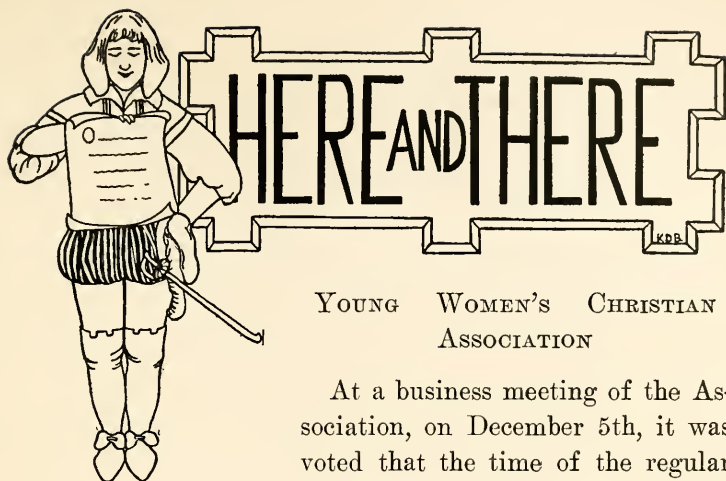
Mrs. R. D. Morrison, née Eula Young, '03, is teaching in Big Stone Gap, Va.

Mrs. C. M. Simpson, née Lucy Manson, '05, attended the Educational Conference in Norfolk.

Mrs. E. P. Parsons, née Josephine Goodwin, '01, spent Thanksgiving in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. C. A. Taylor, née Claudia Perkins, '04, spent Thanksgiving in Newport News.

There was a delightful tea given in the Normal School parlors on the afternoon of December 5th, to the Farmville alumnae. As a result of this meeting, an alumnae chapter was organized with the following officers: President, Mary Jackson, '98; vice-president, Grace Watton, '06; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. A. A. Cox, '92.



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION

At a business meeting of the Association, on December 5th, it was voted that the time of the regular meetings be changed from five to two o'clock on Saturday afternoons during the month of January, as a test as to whether meetings held at that time would not be better attended. It would seem as though it would be a more convenient time both for the members in the building and for those in town, and an increased attendance is eagerly anticipated.

Attention is just now centered upon the coming debate under the auspices of the Missionary Committee. The subject is: "Resolved, That Islam is waging a more creditable missionary propaganda in Africa than is Christianity." Invitations have been extended to the missionary societies of the town churches. Judge J. M. Crute, Rev. H. T. Graham, and Dr. Millidge have consented to act as judges, and Mr. Grainger will preside.

The bi-weekly sewing and reading circle proves that two things can be done at once; for Christmas presents are fast taking shape there, and at the same time a very interesting book is being read—"A Blue Stocking in India." The circle is a "drop-in" social affair, and more girls are invited to make use of the opportunity it affords.

The Extension Committee sent Thanksgiving baskets to two families in town, a pair of blankets to a crippled girl,

and two of the members called upon a very old lady and left her a basket of fruit. The committee will continue to hold its Friday evening sales of hot chocolate and sandwiches, and helping to supplement the work of the Missionary Committee in distributing clothes among the needy at Christmas time.

A month ago, the Association girls in town elected a Town Girls' Committee, composed of twelve members (Sarah Estis, chairman), for the purpose of promoting greater Association activities among their number. As a result, evening prayer groups have been formed, and seven houses hold prayers regularly. Their first social will be held on December 15th.

December 14th is the date fixed by the Devotional Committee for its Christmas sale of fancy articles. The proceeds will go towards sending their own representative to Asheville in June.

The thermometer registers \$29.30 on December 6th. The majority of the pledges are being redeemed promptly, week by week.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On the evening of November 10th, a very interesting and profitable meeting of the Athenian Literary Society was held in Room D. In accordance with our study of Southern Prose and Poetry, the following program was rendered, which was a continuation of the study of Poe.

Humorous Reading of "The Raven"...FLORENCE BUFORD
 "The Raven".....MILDRED FLOURNOY
 "Annabel Lee".....EVA LARMOUR
 "Comparison of These Poems".....ISABELLE LACKEY
 "Secret of the Beauty of Poe's Poetry," ANNIE LAURIE STONE

Carrying out the weirdness and beauty of Poe's poetry, a piano solo, Schubert's "Serenade," was effectively rendered by May Wilkinson.

After the critic's report, our president announced that the meeting would then adjourn to the Kindergarten, where the regular reception of the society was given for the new members of the society, as well as for those of the Faculty.

The rest of the evening was spent in "Ye Old-Time Party," in which old games were played. "Going to Jerusalem" was the one which seemed to afford the most pleasure, and all entered into the spirit of the occasion most heartily.

The old girls sang several songs for the new girls. While the refreshments were being served, a most original and appropriate toast, written by Maria Bristow, was read.

The Virginia Reel concluded the merriment for the evening.

Our second open meeting in the auditorium was indefinitely postponed on account of the play given by the Training School pupils, and by the Thanksgiving Song Service coming when our meeting was to have been called.

JEFFERSON DEBATING SOCIETY

The Jefferson Debating Society entertained its new members November 10th, in the Kindergarten. The rooms were decorated in the society colors, middle blue and gold. The presence of several honorary members added a great deal to the enjoyment of the occasion.

A business meeting of the society was held November 16th, and the following officers were elected:

CLARA NYE	<i>President</i>
SUSIE PHILLIPPI	<i>Vice-President</i>
NANNIE LOU DELP	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
KATE REYNOLDS	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
MARY RING CORNETTE	<i>Treasurer</i>
JUDSON ROBINSON	<i>Critic</i>
JUANITA MANNING	<i>Reporter</i>
MYRTLE HUDDLE	<i>Censor</i>

A very interesting closed program was rendered November 24th, consisting of a debate on "Resolved, That an eight-hour working-day should be established in the United States by law."

THE RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

On December 6th, our last regular meeting was held, and the following officers were elected:

NANNIE CROWDER	<i>President</i>
RUTH PHELPS	<i>Vice-President</i>
SUSIE HOLT	<i>Trasurer</i>
LUCILE BLOOD	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
AMENTA MATTHEWS	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
MAGGIE GILLIAM	<i>Critic</i>
ELIZABETH CHAPPELL	<i>Reporter</i>

THE CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

The Cunningham Literary Society held a very enjoyable informal meeting in the Kindergarten on the night of October 30th. It was a typical Hallowe'en meeting, representing a reunion of old Cunningham ghosts. The room was decorated with pumpkins, Jack-o'-lanterns, leaves, and cornstalks; the lights were dim, and the girls talked in ghostly, sepulchral voices. At first, the roll was called and each member signified her presence by telling how she died. Then, the ghost of Miss Annie Banks gave her experiences on her return to the Normal School a hundred years hence. Her story was intensely interesting, as it showed us our new girls in many amusing situations. Next came a ghost story (which gave us a wild desire to run) by Miss Elizabeth Downey; then, Miss Lucy Strother, as a witch, told another story, followed by the witch scene from Macbeth, by Misses Frances Graham, Grace Woodhouse, and Honor Price. For a few minutes we really thought that the Coburn days of last

spring had returned. Miss Grace Woodhouse also gave us a solo, "Absence," and Miss Susie Crump entertained us with a very effective mandolin solo, "Little Alabama Pickaninny."

On November 1st, we had the pleasure of welcoming the following new members: Frances Andrews, Ethel Abbitt, Emily Minnegerode, Ruby Keith, Mary Brew, Margaret Boatwright, Alma Poindexter, Elsie Gay, May Bell Frantz, Ruby Keller, Anne Woodroof, Nema Lockridge, Janet Nicholson, Janie Couch, Margaret Jackson, Olie Hurt, Barbara Briton, Annie Tignor, Mary Sterling Smith, Frances Smith, and Margaret Rogers.

On the night of November 11th, we entertained the new Cunninghams. The drawing-room was beautifully decorated in green and white, Cunningham pillows and pennants, and cedar. The affair was entirely informal. Each member received a souvenir in the form of a Cunningham pennant, and each new girl entertained us by some particular "stunt." Then, we played "Conclusions," which immediately made us all laugh, and established a perfectly free relationship between the "new and the old." The rest of the evening we spent in dancing, and last, but not least, we drank *punch* to the health of our new members and sang the Cunningham song. From the standpoint of old members, will you think us conceited if we say that the new girls went away that night passionately in love with "Old Cunningham"?

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

On the evening of November the tenth, the Argus Literary Society entertained the girls whom they were so fortunate as to enroll as their new members.

Every one came arrayed in spinster costume the occasion being that of an "Old Maid's Tea." Each spinster brought some relic of an early romance, a fan, a faded flower, a

daguerreotype, or a love-letter. The alluring tone of some of the letters caused us to wonder why there is ever a bachelor-maid.

We received much valuable information from the committees who reported on the following subjects: "The Follies of Matrimony;" "The Pro and Con of Divorce;" "The Ensnaring of Blind Bachelors;" "The Advisability of Marrying for Revenue Only;" and "The Characteristics Likely to Charm Young Men." The treasurer's report showed that no money had been paid out lately for marriage licenses, the greater bulk having been spent for "matrimonial ads." The "Tea" seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by all, and most of the spinsters went home more hopeful for the future.

The society held its last regular meeting on Friday night, November the seventeenth, at 8:30. The short story was the feature of the evening. The program consisted of the following:

The Essentials of a Short Story.....	MARTHA KING BUGG
Vocal Solo	EDNA LANDRUM
Original Stories, "The Legend of the Trees,"	
	LUCILE BALDWIN
Piano Solo	RUTH MORAN
Original Story, "Marse Bob".....	FLORA REDD
Piano Solo	FANNIE LOUISE RIXEY
Recitation, "The Betrothed".....	GERTRUDE KEISTER
Original Poem	ELIZABETH HART

ATHLETIC REPORT

The first game of the school championship series came off Thanksgiving morning in a closely contested exhibition between the Juniors and Seniors.

The first-named put up the fight of their lives, and managed to keep the wearers of the Red and Green busy

most of the time. The Seniors, however, played a strenuous game, and the lively contest ended with the score card reading 8 to 0, with the Juniors holding down the zero.

One of the principal features of the game was the clock-like work of the grandstand. Just at the end of the fierce contest, on the very second, the grandstand folded up!

SENIOR CLASS.

Athletic activities for the present season ended with the game played Thanksgiving morning between the Seniors and Juniors, and the former have once more turned their attention to the serious business awaiting them. The matter demanding attention just at present is the Annual Staff. At the last class meeting the following members were elected:

ANNE CONWAY	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
MARY A. HOLT	<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief</i>
LOUISE BALTHIS	<i>Literary Editor</i>
SALLIE BLANKENSHIP	<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>
AVIS KEMP	<i>Art Editor</i>
ZULIEME DUVAL	<i>Assistant Art Editor</i>
BESSIE TREVETT	<i>Business Manager</i>
LOUISE ROWE	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>

NEWS ITEMS

The English Opera Singers made a visit to our school during the past month. This was a treat to all lovers of music.

The four upper grades of the Training School gave two very attractive Thanksgiving programmes. Tableaux and scenes from "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and "Hiawatha" were presented. These entertainments gave evidence of the fact that the Training School is doing fine work.

The game between the Seniors and Juniors came off Thanksgiving morning. Both sides were well supported by

numbers of "rooters." Those supporting the Seniors were in turn supported by a grandstand. But at the close of the game, when the score was registered 8 to 0, the shock was so great that the grandstand fell. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured.

The Annual Thanksgiving German was held Thursday night. The Reception Hall was beautifully decorated in red and black. Punch was served during the German and at eleven o'clock supper was served in the Drawing Room. The scene was enlivened by fair women and brave men(?).

We were delighted to welcome back to the school many of the girls of the Class of '10 who came to spend the holidays with us. We hope they may be able to visit us often, as their presence was greatly enjoyed.





HIT OR MISS

Miss O-e-a-l: "Straighten your ranks, girls!!"

New Girl (to her partner):
"What's your ranks?"

Partner: "I did not know that I had one, but perhaps it's a new name for your spinal column."

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At the dinner table: "I wish I could raise the window and let out some of this noise."

Dr. M-l-e-g- (in geography): "The swifter the slope, the steeper the water."

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New Girl: "What do the servants in the dining-room wear those little white caps for?"

Old Girl: "To distinguish them from Normal School girls."

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Miss Winston: "What happens when you put a tube in water, Lucy?"

L-c- H-a-h: "It gets wet."

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Mr. Lear: "What were some of the manufactured articles of the New England States in the eighteenth century?"

D-l-a W-l-i-m-o: "Rice and cattle."

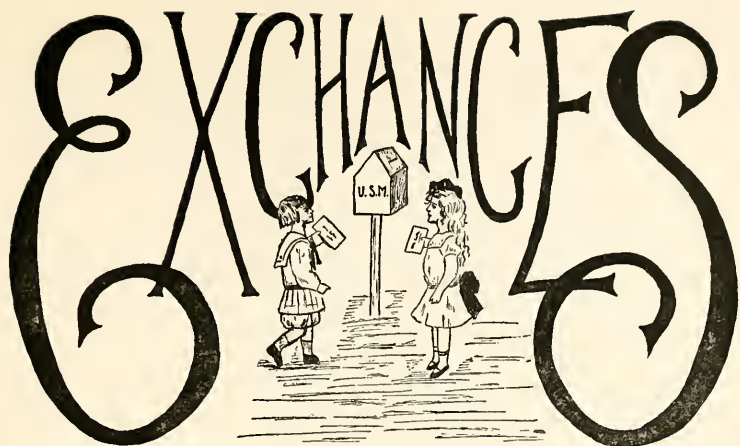
Mr. Lear: "What other day in the year comes on Sunday
as seldom as the fourth of March?"

Junior: "Thanksgiving."

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A little bird sat on a telegraph wire
And said to his mates gathered there,
"When wireless telegraphy comes into use
We will all have to sit on the air."





We feel that a treat is in store for us—yes, we are waiting, ever alert with hungry eyes, to peruse the December magazines. Thoughts of Christmas to the student are the gladdest, dearest, sweetest that possess his mind throughout the whole year. He thinks these thoughts by day (in the classroom, too), he dreams them at night. He seems to have *Christmas in his bones* more than any one else. His whole being is so saturated with Christmas—so filled with boundless thoughts concerning this greatest of holidays—that it is natural for a considerable portion of these to overflow on paper. How can the thinker retain them all? And these thoughts will furnish material for the best literature—for surely they are thoughts that are born of the heart, and issued from the depths of the soul.

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In looking over *The University of Virginia Magazine* we were glad to notice that “Life in the Old West” would be followed by other articles from this same series. The account of pioneer life as pictured in the article named is pleasing to the reader on account of the coloring it possesses. Apart from its style, the meaning itself is certainly not without value. “The Tunes That Told” is enjoyable from

start to finish. The story entitled "Priscilla Hobbled" is not so good. Somehow, there is a feeling of disappointment when the reader has finished it—the ending is weak.

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We are pleased to welcome to our exchange table *The Sweet Briar Magazine*. Among the articles contained in the November number, "A Yankee Defeat" stands out prominently as one of the best. It is interestingly told and the plot is well developed. "Ezra, the Progressive," brings out the ha! ha! loud and long from its readers. It is to be commended for this. We heartily recommend it to anyone having the blues.

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Are the contributors to *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* asleep? One would think so after looking over the magazine, for its lack in the number of stories, essays, etc., that it usually contains is noticeable. However, the one story (continued) that it contains, "Memoirs of a Bachelor," promise to be interesting. The essay, "Journalism and Authorship in the Ante-Bellum South," is well worth the reader's attention.

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The Randolph-Macon Monthly is rich in variety—a quality for which it deserves praise. It is not tiresome, a fault of which our school magazines are often guilty, because it has not that element of sameness throughout. However, some of the stories could be improved upon, especially the one entitled "The Welcome That Never Came." The author had material for a delightful story, but lack of strength in its form detracted greatly from it.

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The Emory and Henry Era is to be congratulated on its verse. "The Sweetness of the Other Fellow's Grass" is true to human nature. We advise all who get a chance, to read it.

“Dreams and Life” is among the best also. “The Plaster Cat” has a good plot and is highly interesting, but ends rather tragically.

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The Critic is a “wide awake” magazine. We are interested in “The Castle of Fulfillment.” “My Lady Fair” is an attractive little poem.

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The Hollins Magazine is rich in stories and other attractive articles. “Shakespeare and the Gifts of Stratford” is, indeed, worthy of praise. The description is so vivid the reader feels almost as if he had followed Shakespeare in his “haunts.” The poems are somewhat in the minority; and some cuts would greatly add to the attractiveness of the magazine.

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There is quality to *The Oracle*, if not quantity. We are eager to find out how “Splinter” will end.

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We gratefully acknowledge the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*. It came too late to be reported on in this number. It is very attractive looking, and we feel quite sure it will be greatly enjoyed by its readers.

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We would like to know what has become of *The Skirmisher*. We were delighted to find the June number on the exchange table on our return to school, but we fear we were left out when the exchange list was made out this year. We miss it.

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College men’s stories, essays, etc., are not usually masterpieces and everybody knows they are not before reading them; one first glances at the title, then at the length of the

story; if the title strikes the fancy and the article is short it will be read. But, woe to the *longissimum storium* (pardon the pedantry) which hath a beginning and yet hath no end, for divers men shall pass by it, and look the other way; they shall hurl upon it sundry maledictions, because it doth consume the whole magazine.—GEORGE P. WILSON in *University of North Carolina Magazine*.



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