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Room 8


THE
FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

LEAP-YEAR NUMBER

FEBRUARY, 1912

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THE FOCUS

Vol. 11

FARMVILLE, VA., FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 1

Jus Mulierium

Dread Zeus in anger tore his hair:
Minerva sage and Venus fair
Before him plead for woman's right;
Maintained for it that they would fight.
Minerva proved in logical way
That women should vote and hold some sway;
But Venus smiled through tearful eyes
And shook her curls and uttered sighs;
Yet these, indeed, were not her woes,
But why was it a maid ne'er chose
Her lover?

Zeus smote upon his imperial throne
And heaven echoed from dome to dome;
He veiled Olympus in darksome night
And pierced it with his lightning bright;
"Minerva thou hast grieved me much;
Of thee I never dreaméd such.
Ah me! I must forgive thee; yet
In thee I create the suffragette
That is to be."

Zeus shook from his mantle each heavy fold,
Straightened his crown of purest gold;
Then, peal on peal, rang kingly laughter;
It dawned on him what Venus was after.
"Fair maid," said he, "be of right good cheer.
For thee I'll make a nice leap year,
When thou to Adonis may'st propose—
Then smile, my child; gone are thy woes—
Thou hast thy chance!"

ANTOINETTE DAVIS

When a Little Lady Loves



T WAS in the depths of an uncleared forest, untouched by the hand of man, where things were as they were meant to be. It was like a great, God-made cathedral with the locked branches of the noble trees for arches—a place fit to worship in.

The golden light sifted through the leaves and fell wavering on the thick green carpet of moss. There was the busy hum of the thieving bee as he took his toll from the sweet-faced flowers. There was much gayety among the birds for this was the mating season of the little people of the air.

And here the little gray lady awaited the coming of her lover. Dainty she looked in her Quaker dress, and very winsome. 'Twould not be long before he came and well she knew. She heard his voice ringing through the forest stillness; he was calling her, calling her, but an imp of perversity seized her. She would make him hunt for her and he would be all the gladder when he found her. Very slim and demure, she sat in the crotch of an old tree. Her bright brown eyes danced mischievously as he called, first with only love in his voice, then anxiously, then with a frantic appeal that softened her heart, but before she could answer there came a timid reply from away in the cool dimness of the forest gloom.

And now the little gray lady sat up very straight while the brown eyes flashed. Why the very *idea*, some horrid creature trying to flirt with her *own* lover; why—

But she did not have time to get *very* jealous, for just then he espied her, and swooped toward her, fussing and petting, scolding and making love, and then—then he wanted to kiss her. But not so fast—

because of the timid voice from the forest gloom, my Lady Gray would have him beg for that kiss.

And so he did. Never did cavalier make more ardent love. Never did coquette flirt more outrageously. There she sat on the old limb and swung herself; she tilted her little head, and watched him teasingly (he was well worth the looking at, this impassioned lover of hers in his scarlet uniform. Did he know, she wondered, that red was her favorite color?) He was so dear and funny and so in earnest about it all! Why of course she loved him, how could she help it, but he was so anxious—and what fun it was! Then when he would have kissed her she shrieked a little and pretended to edge away, but was careful to stay tantalizingly near.

And then when he was through, when he had told her all about the little brown home, and how he couldn't live without her, and how she was the dearest, sweetest little lady a fellow ever knew, and how madly he loved her, and how madly he loved her, and—how mad—well when he had said it all and rested a minute before beginning over again, she—she didn't mean to be mean, but just for fun she—she tittered. Just a little nervous, proud, loving titter, but he didn't understand. He was so in earnest and he loved her so. Overcome with anger, chagrin, and love (mostly love) he dashed off.

And when she peeped over her shoulder to see why he did not take his kiss, she saw him and his scarlet cloak swinging into the green pine depths. Startled she watched a moment, then the horrid thought struck her that he was going to that timid voice which had answered his loving call.

Bewildered, confused, distressed, she watched another instant and then set off in swift pursuit. She must tell him she was only fooling, that she loved him, loved him; that other creature should not have him, he *must* be hers, hers, she would *make* him.

Did she stop to wonder if this was leap year? Well, perhaps she did.

But after him she darted as he flashed in and out of the trees. She followed him across a splashing brook, panting, breathless, and with a fluttering heart. She called him, at first timidly, then more loudly, at last she screamed to him to come back to her, that she was just fooling, honest, only teasing!

And there she lost sight of him and dashed wildly about looking for him, while her lover hid wickedly behind a mossgrown oak, taking his part at hiding in the little game of hide-and-seek they seemed to be playing.

Then when she found him!—well he felt amply repaid. Oh, yes, she gave him *the* kiss and many more too, and told him all about it, and ended up with a nervous glance into the pine gloom and the suggestion that they'd better go to house-keeping right away.

Now you say, "Well she *was* a 'bird'." Yes, she *was* a bird, and so was he too the very gayest sort of a bird,—the Cardinal Grossbeak. There's not a more ardent or charming lover in all the world than he, nor a more fascinating flirt than his little gray lady.

But take this advice, ladies, don't go so far as she did, unless you're very sure it's Leap Year.

Z. E. D.

"It's an Ill Wind---"



LOIS HAD drifted back to consciousness. She could neither account for her surroundings, nor tell where Frank was.

But gradually she began to remember, vaguely, as in a dream, the fright of the horse, the beginning of the run-away. In his swift flight, the animal had run over a boulder, and she had been thrown out of the sleigh.

She sat up and began to look around. Snow covered everything, and rose in drifts in the corners of the zigzag fence by the roadside. She started as her eye fell on the form of a man lying half buried in one of these drifts.

Going to him, as he lay unconscious, she called softly, "Frank." But with no effect.

"Frank," this was a little louder, but again it was in vain. She knew then she would have to do something, as they were on a lonely road-side with no houses in sight.

Breaking the crust from over the snow, she quickly rubbed his face with it. At first her efforts had no effect but finally, after she had nearly exhausted her strength, he showed signs of returning life.

Gradually he came to.

"Lois, what has happened, and where am I?"

"Why, on Green's Turnpike. The horse ran away," she answered.

The first thing that came into her unsettled thoughts, after bringing him to, was what was uppermost in her heart—to settle things. She and he had grown up from childhood together, and had loved each other from the beginning, but they had never quite come to the point of a proposal. This flashed through her vague consciousness and she, still dazed, decided to take matters into her own hands,

"I'm awfully sorry I brought you." He was standing now.

"Are you? Well you need not have asked me unless you wanted to," she retorted.

"I didn't mean that, but you know it isn't pleasant to be away out here without a horse and sleigh, and not a single house in sight."

"It depends entirely on whom you are with, I suppose," she responded.

"Of course," Frank answered after walking down the road about ten yards.

"Lois, here is a comfortable rock, come let us wait for some one to pass, and take us up." So she strolled over to the rock and sat down.

"Frank, who was the girl you had out riding last Sunday afternoon?"

"Why, my cousin," he answered placidly.

"They are all cousins, or sister's friends usually," she said.

"You have dropped the violets Jack gave you. Allow me to return them to you."

"Don't trouble yourself, I don't want them. But how do you like your cousin?"

"Why do you want to talk about her? I like her very much."

"I suppose I haven't quite recovered my senses yet, after my fall, is the reason I am so silly. But, Frank, if I were to propose to you, what would you do?"

"Do? Accept of course," he returned calmly.

"Would you? Well then here goes. Frank Lawson, will you marry me?" She was outwardly calm, but her heart seemed to leave its proper place.

"Lois, I said I would accept, but as I well know you don't love me, I don't think you can be serious."

"Serious? Never more serious in my life." She was frightened now that she had really asked him.

"You know well, that I have been in love with you ever since you were a little girl, but I know you have never returned my affections."

"Oh!" He almost took her breath away with his reasonings. "I know a few things, too. One is, you never told me before that you loved me, and another, you never asked me if I returned your love either."

"That's true," he spoke slowly. "But I never thought it possible for you to love me. Lois, don't play with me. Do you love me?"

"I've been thinking so for a long time, Frank, but it took this fall to knock it into my head, that if you had died—well, I reckon I would have died too."

Intermission. Finally she was brought back to earth.

"Frank, I hear the sound of wheels. Is my hat on straight?"

"Straight enough. Tell me once more you love me."

"I won't. Say, Frank, you haven't promised to marry me," she said laughingly.

"I won't either unless you promise not to wear any more of Jack's violets."

"I promise. And you won't make me jealous over your cousin anymore?"

"Never again, sweetheart. But here are some folks we know, and we'll get home safe. I think I will buy that horse that ran away with us if he is ever found again, because if it had not been for him, we would both of us never been brought to our senses."

JUDSON ROBINSON.

Leap-Year and---a Name



IT WAS the last night of 1911. Mazie and Deb were waiting to welcome the New Year when Deb broke the silence. "Well, Mazie, 1912 will give you girls a chance." Then he added in a teasing tone, "Come now, Mazie, who are you going to get on your knees to?"

Mazie ignored the question for some time, but then she proved herself equal to the occasion. "Oh, Deb! do you know I had fully intended proposing to you. Now say, what would you do if a girl actually did propose to you?"

Deb laughed at the very idea. "I would just like to see a girl try. Do you know what I would do. I would—"

"Yes," interrupted Mazie, "what would you do? Go on, Deb, anybody would think you a veritable old Blue-beard."

Just at that moment the clock in the hall joined in the conversation and spoke twelve times to the young people seated at the foot of the stairs. Deb jerked up his cap. "I must be going," he said; "you know I go back to college to-morrow."

Mazie extended her hand. "Good-bye, Deb," she whispered, then with a mischievous little toss of her head, "Don't be alarmed if all the girls in the country should propose to you before the year is over."

"Oh! quit your teasing, Mazie." With that he was off, calling back, "Happy New Year to you."

Mazie watched his tall athletic figure until it disappeared in the darkness far down the walk. Then she closed the door, went bounding up the steps two at a time, for Mazie had already planned what

she was going to do some time during the coming year and it was something that would surprise Deb Reynolds.

II.

It was a cold afternoon in January. Dick Reynolds sat before the bright open fire in his room at the frat house reading "The Rosary." At first he did not hear a rap at the door, but when it was again repeated he answered in anything but a pleasant voice, "Come in."

In filed a number of college boys. "Say, Dick, you heard the news?" Dick was at once interested, thinking perhaps that some pretty girl was coming out to college, for Dick Reynolds' thoughts these days were generally of the fairer sex.

Then he added, "Boys, you don't mean to say that 'calico' has been sighted in the distance?"

"No!" grumbled all the boys in unison. "Why, Dick, haven't you heard all of us cheering. Coach was down in the gymnasium picking his quint, and say—that cousin of yours, Deb Reynolds, made the team. He's a good sort anyway. Tell us, Dick, how did both of you happen to have the same name?"

"Oh! some infernal relative. We were both named after my uncle—Uncle Richard Reynolds. No one ever gets us confused though as my cousin is always called by his nickname 'Deb,' and as you know everybody speaks of me as Dick."

About that time the college bell sounded and the boys ran out across the campus to a small insignificant building which they termed the Post Office. Dick was one of the first to reach the place, for he felt confident that somewhere in the mail bag there was a letter for him. Somehow he expected a letter from the pretty blonde he had met while home Christmas. Just then he heard the old mail man call out the name—"Richard Reynolds."

"Yes, sir—right here," answered Dick, and thereupon he was handed a pale blue envelope. A glance at the writing showed that it was not from the pretty blonde.

But as for that matter Dick didn't care—it was from a girl and that was enough. He hastily tore it open saying to himself, "I wonder who this is from." He turned the page and glanced at the end of the letter. Here he was more mystified than ever for the writer had signed herself as "One who loves you still."

Many of the boys noticed the various different expressions on Dick's face as he sauntered along reading the letter. One minute a smile would play around the corners of his mouth, the next he would draw down his brows into a puzzled frown. One of the boys, seeing the smile, yelled out, "Say, Dick, did your dad send you a check?"

No response came from Dick, who was too much absorbed in the letter to notice anything else. He walked rapidly back to his room, went in, and after drawing up a chair before the fire sat down to read the letter again. He read as follows:

"January 10, 1912.

Richard dear—

You will probably be surprised to get this; but as for that, I like to surprise people. Richard, do you remember that terrible surprise I gave you once? Oh! probably you have forgotten it; men never remember such things, but I shall never forget it. Isn't it strange sometimes you try so hard to remember things and can't do it? And here I am trying to forget something and just can't do it. Perhaps you have already forgotten me and had no trouble in doing it either. Richard, you cannot understand. Once back in those dear old days you did care, yes, but then I was young and couldn't understand. Now the situation is reversed. Dear, I don't ask if you care in the same old way, but I do ask, do you care at all?

One Who Loves You Still."

III.

After reading the letter several times he leaned back in his chair completely dumfounded. Who could have written it? Just what did it all mean? From the letter

it was evidently a girl he had loved. Dick tried to count over all the girls he knew.

First there came "Peggy," his first love. How well he could remember the laughing little school girl. Would he ever forget what a mischievous little tomboy she used to be, always playing jokes on some one. "Peggy" must have written it, he thought, as he read over again the first paragraph:

"You will probably be surprised to get this. But as for that matter I like to surprise people." That was exactly like "Peggy;" she often surprised people by asking them the most embarrassing questions. Dick chuckled as he remembered the time she asked the groceryman whether he had a wig on or not for she said she always had wanted to see a real wig.

"I certainly would like to see little 'Peggy' once again. I wonder if she has changed any," he said and again picked up the letter. That one sentence, "I shall never forget you," caught his eye.

"No! Peggy never wrote that," then he laughed at the very idea of "Peggy" ever getting the least bit sentimental.

Second, could it be Anne? He remembered her the night she graduated, how sweet she looked in her dainty white dress with her arms laden with flowers. No, it could not be Anne; she was far too clever to have written such a letter.

Next he thought of Gay, she was a jolly girl all right. He often spoke of her as his beach girl for it was at the seashore he had met her. There wasn't a doubt in Dick's mind as to whether she would have done it or not, for Gay would do anything once. She was one of those bright impulsive girls that never once thought of the consequences. But the letter was not altogether like Gay—there was a certain serious strain running all through it, and Gay was never in all her life serious about anything.

Dick sat for a long time thinking. Fleeting visions of the girls he knew came to him. There was Lunette, the tennis girl; Ruth, the girl with whom he had danced

many cotillions; Marguerite, the girl who rode at the horse show, and Miss Elizabeth, the older girl who had come out to college where he had instantly fallen in love with her. You know how boys of a certain age are attracted by girls older than themselves. All of these seemed to pass, as it were, in a long procession before him.

Dick was more puzzled than ever. Like a flash a thought came to him: perhaps it was Virginia, that pretty dark-eyed girl he met while staying down South. He had first seen her at a masquerade ball dressed as a gypsy. Would he ever forget how bright her eyes were the night she told his fortune. Dick at first was lost in thought, then he began humming softly to himself—

“Slumber on my little gypsy sweetheart,
Dream of the woods and of the grove.
Can you hear me, in that dreamland
Where my fancies rove?
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart.”

Dick drew his chair nearer the fire and sat for a long time gazing into the dying embers. It seemed as though he could not arouse himself from memories of the past. Wherever he turned, her wonderful eyes seemed to haunt him. Dick could stand it no longer; he arose, went to his desk and sat there rummaging through his letters in the hope of finding one from Virginia. At last he remembered there were none. He had returned them all the night after the quarrel. “That foolish quarrel!” he sighed to himself, “that was the cause of my losing her love.” For a while Dick sat thinking; yes, her love was more to him than anything else in the world and he had lost it on account of a foolish quarrel. Could it be true that she had let by-gones be by-gones and did she really care? He argued with himself a long time, then he drew out his pen and began to answer the letter.

III.

Late that afternoon Virginia came tripping down the steps and found, to her great surprise, that the postman

had left a letter for her. She hastily broke the seal and was glancing over it when she was stopped by a small hand being clapped directly across her eyes and a girlish voice cried out, "Guess who this is."

"It's Mazie," laughed Virginia. "I'm so glad that you have come. I was just waiting for you. Mother says she is so glad you are going to spend the night with us."

"Thank both of you so much!" Then she added, "Come, dear, let's go in there. It's too dark out here to read, you will put your eyes out trying to puzzle out those hieroglyphics," said Mazie nodding toward the letter. But as Virginia proceeded to put it away Mazie added, "Read your letter, dear, don't let me keep you. Evidently it is some sentimental epistle penned by one of your numerous admirers and they must be read immediately," laughed Mazie in high spirits.

"No," sighed Virginia, "it is from one that used to be but is not now."

"A 'has been' then," teased Mazie. Virginia paid no attention to that remark but went on reading; from time to time Mazie glanced up and saw a puzzled look come into Virginia's eyes as she read.

"If I am not too inquisitive," exclaimed Mazie, "may I ask what is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Virginia, "only I think there must be some mistake. I don't exactly understand, for here he says," and she proceeded to read a part of the letter: "Since the quarrel he never dreamed I cared. If only he had known sooner, things would have been different. I don't understand at all," said Virginia. "Since then I have neither written nor spoken to him."

"He must be a mind reader—whatever he is," laughed Mazie. "Virginia, you know we are old confidantes; come now, who is he?"

Virginia hesitated a moment, "Richard Reynolds is his name."

"Richard Reynolds!" exclaimed Mazie in utter astonishment.

"Yes," spoke up Virginia. "What do you know about him?"

"Oh! nothing, only I thought maybe you were speaking of Deb Reynolds."

Virginia took the letter up and suddenly she let it fall. "Well, of all strange things, here Dick says that in the last letter I wrote him I asked whether he cared in the same old way [or whether he cared at all?]" She read the next paragraph aloud, which was:

"Yes, dear. I care, not in the same old way, but in a new way—the way I have never cared for any other girl before." Virginia sank into the nearest chair in order to collect her senses.

Mazie jumped up. "Oh, Virginia! You don't suppose my letter went to him, do you?"

Virginia was more puzzled than ever. "What letter, Mazie?"

"Oh! the letter I wrote to Deb. It never occurred to me that they had the same name, that they were cousins and that both of them went to the same college," sobbed Mazie in utter despair.

Virginia went over and tried to quiet her. "Don't you worry, dear, I'll write to Dick and explain and it will be all right about the letter."

"No it won't, wailed Mazie. I only meant it as a joke, and he won't understand. He'll think that it is A L-E-A-P Y-E-A-R P-R-O-P-O-S-A-L."

It was all right, as predicted, about the letter. That had accomplished its purpose, for both the Richards Reynolds understood. One of them declared that Mazie was the only girl he knew that had enough spunk to propose to a boy and that he fully intended to accept the proposal, while the other Richard whispered something in Virginia's ear (something evidently quoted from the letter), for she raised her eyes slowly to his, saying, "Yes, Dick, I do care."

FANNIE SMITH.

Advice for Leap-Year

Lives Sally, Maud, or Mary Ann
Whose heart has gone astray
To bashful youth, or stupid man?
If so—awake! away!

No longer need you sit and pine,
And wait for him to say,
“I love you, honey; be thou mine,
Then life will be all May.”

No! For these days men are so slow,
Perhaps 'tis lack of grit.
Behold! 'tis up to you to show
What they do who have it.

So to thy lover—when it's time—
Just whisper in his ear,
“Oh, dearie, be my Valentine,”
Then blush and shed a tear.

Be not afraid! You're in the right;
Now is your time to share
The chance men had in Cupid's fight:
It's really naught but fair.

ANNIE LAURIE STONE.

A Dissertation upon Woman's Right to Make the Offer of Marriage During Leap-Year



HERE ARE few who know the origin of Leap-Year proposals, and how woman obtained her right to such. Nevertheless it is worthy to be recorded in history. It is a very simple story which reads as follows:

“One day, St. Patrick was walking along the shores of Ireland when he was accosted by St. Bridget, in tears, and was told that a mutiny had broken out in the nunnery over which she presided, the ladies claiming the right of ‘popping the question.’ St. Patrick said he would concede them the right every seventh year, when Bridget threw her arms around his neck and exclaimed,

“ ‘Oh, Patrick, jewel, I dare not go back to the girls with such a proposal. Make it one year in four.’ ”

“St. Patrick replied, ‘Bridget, my achushla, squeeze me that way again and I’ll give you LEAP-YEAR, the longest of the lot.’ ”

“Bridget upon this popped the question to St. Patrick himself, who of course could not marry, so he patched up the difficulty with a kiss and a silk dress.”

Ladies, take my advice and propose, while you have the privilege, and if not accepted, claim a silk dress. Every maiden, widow or divorcee has, therefore, the opportunity this year to replenish her wardrobe even if she fails to satisfy her affections.

Again, history speaks of leap-year, showing the antiquity of woman’s right in the matter of popping the question. I quote the following passage from a law passed in Scotland, in 1288:

“It is ordained, that, during the year known as leap-year, the maiden lady, of both high and low estate, shall have the liberty to propose to the man she loves”

Leap-year has only 366 days. Already a whole month has gone by. It will be 1816 before it comes again, and by that time many of us will be older than we now are. Delays are dangerous. Women, we must hurry! Young men are getting more skittish every year, and the competition is greater, rents are high, automobiles are expensive articles, and hard times are near. The life of an old-maid school-teacher faces the majority of us. Take your opportunity while you have the right and—

“Gather ye husbands while ye may,
 Old time is still a-flying;
 And this same love that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow may be dying.
 Then be not slow, but use your time,
 And while you may, go marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may forever tarry.”

There is no doubt about woman's right to propose in leap-year. It is confirmed by the custom of centuries. We have it stated as follows, in a work on “Courtship, Love, and Marriage”:

“Albeit, it has now become a part of the common law, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies shall have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they do, either by words or by looks, as it seems proper to them; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal slightly.”

Our courts have held in innumerable cases, that the “common law” holds in the United States, and there is no evidence that this has been repealed.

Why, my readers, does not the very term “bissextile year” obviously refer to the fact that, on that year both sexes have the privilege of opening matrimonial negotiations?

The pretence that women do not have the initiative is part of the farce. Why, the whole world is strewn

with snares, traps, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women. Give woman the vote, and in five years there will be a crushing tax on bachelors. Man, on the other hand, attaches penalties to marriage, depriving woman of property, of the franchise, of free use of her tongue, of everything he can force woman to dispense with, without compelling himself to dispense with her.

Is woman going to stand for this?

No! She is a privileged character and man himself has given her the right to propose, and because of its importance, he gave it first place in the amendments to the constitution of the United States, which says:

“Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech.”

It is a wonder that our one-sided way of making matches results in as many happy marriages as it does. I may venture to say that the man of to-day takes proposals too lightly. He does not look at marriage from the same standpoint that a woman does. He is merely going through the form of proposing when he kneels, and with outstretched arms utters his words of love—

“Will you be mine,
Two for a dime,
Superfine,
How’s that for a rhyme?”

Man does not seem to think that it is as important for a woman to get the husband of her choice as it is for him to get the woman of his choice. Does not a woman’s happiness after marriage depend upon her husband? Then this privilege of popping the question should be given her, not only once in four years, but every year.

MARGARET BOATWRIGHT.

My Valentine

O Cupid,
To him whom I regard most fair,
This bit of rosemary take;
And on his sunny golden hair
Bind it gently lest he wake.
And dreams, dreams, dreams, may it bring!
Let fond remembrance sweetly ring
In his dear heart!

O Cupid,
Each year to my Valentine
Take all the joys of earthly bliss
And every pleasure most divine;
Yet, 'mid all these I send a kiss,
One for each hour within the day,
And may fresh roses strew his way,
Yet, without thorns.

O Cupid,
Capture every sunbeam bright
And flowers of every hue;
To his blue eyes bring all delight,
Press to his lips the honey dew;
With gayest laughter fill his life,
And banish from him pain and strife,
For he's my love.

ANTOINETTE DAVIS.

How Grandmother Proposed'



LD DR. AND MRS. WILSON sat serenely smiling at each other from their big arm chairs. They were in the old sitting room, which was lighted only by the cheerful blaze of the fire as it leaped over the huge oak logs.

Every leap-year, for forty long years, it had been their custom to watch the old year out and welcome the new year, for leap-year was held sacred in their memory.

Just as the old hall clock struck the last of the twelve strokes, the door opened and a tall, dainty girl, just entering her teens, tip-toed into the room, took her seat on the stool at her grandmother's feet, and looked wistfully into the dear old wrinkled face.

"What is it you wish now, my precious?" asked Mrs. Wilson as she leaned forward and kissed her granddaughter.

"The same old story, grandmother! The same old story, of how you proposed to grandfather that leap-year, forty years ago."

"Well, it was just this way, my dear. Robert's parents and my parents were the best of friends and when Robert and I, two curly headed, mischievous babies, played together they cherished the hope that when we grew up we would love one another and marry.

"For years we played together, went to school together, studied together, and called each other sweetheart.

"Then when I entered my teens, I grew bashful and stubborn and was tired of people teasing me about Rob, Rob, and nobody but Rob. So by degrees I cherished in my heart what I thought to be hatred towards him.

"Everybody told me how handsome and good Robert was, while I became furious and I shocked them by saying I thought he was detestable. Robert adored me,

every one said, and was sorely grieved over the way I treated him. I told myself I didn't care if he was grieving, because I hated him.

"My parents were greatly distressed over my conduct, and I often saw tears gather in their eyes when they were carrying on a whispered conversation about us; while I sat, with a defiant look on my face, pretending to be reading the latest novel.

"We were both sent off to college the same year. Robert was going to study medicine, but I do not know what they were educating me for, unless it was to be a lady.

"Not long after reaching college I received a long letter from Robert begging me to write to him, but I stubbornly refused to pay any attention to it. He did not write again. Mother's letters were often filled with praises of him but I never mentioned him in mine to her.

"Whenever we came home on a vacation, I always managed some way to see just as little of him as possible. I took pains to be away when he came to visit mother and always visited his mother when I knew he was away.

"Years flew by and Rob and I finished college. He returned to our home town to practice medicine and I went abroad to study music.

"One day, as I sat at the piano, a telegram was handed me. I seized it and tore it open with trembling hands and read these words: 'Your mother is ill; come at once.'

"Several weeks later I reached home tired and worn out from my long journey. Rob met me at the door and after shaking hands with me said in the gentle but authoritative voice of the physician in attendance, 'Your mother is a little better. Go to your room and refresh yourself and then come down to see her.' I obeyed and was soon with my mother. She was looking thin, but smiled and talked very cheerfully. She told

me how kind and faithful Rob had been to her, and I smiled, but said nothing.

“Robert came several times a day to see her, but not once during the whole time did he try to carry on a conversation with me except to give directions. For I had insisted on nursing mother.

“One morning when I followed him into the hall, as usual to receive directions for the day, he turned to me and said quietly, ‘Your mother is worse this morning. She cannot live much longer. If you find she grows worse before time for my next call, just ’phone for me.’

“I did not leave my mother’s bedside for a single minute that morning, and about one o’clock I noticed that whenever I turned unexpectedly and looked at her I found her gazing wistfully after me. I loved my mother better than I did any one else in the world and I felt as if I could sacrifice anything just to make her last days a little more pleasant. So I knelt by her bed and, taking her dear thin face in my hands, I begged her to tell me something I could do to make her happy.

“She smiled and said, ‘My precious child, you have done everything in your power to make your mother’s last days happy, except—except perhaps one thing, but then there is no need to mention that.’

“‘What is it?’ I asked eagerly.

“She hesitated for a minute and then replied, ‘Rob has been so kind and good to me ever since I have been sick, I wish you would try to treat him a little better.’ I promised her that I would treat Robert hereafter as if he were my own brother, but I could see that she wasn’t entirely satisfied, although she tried hard to make me think she was.

“As I sat holding her soft white hands and thinking of how kind Robert had always been to us, especially since the day father was brought home a corpse, I realized for the first time how very much I would miss seeing his kind, handsome face after mother’s death, for I knew Robert well enough to know that he was not the kind to push in where he thought he was not

entirely welcome. While I sat thus, dreaming, a sudden inspiration came to me. I got up and quietly left the room. As soon as I reached the hall I rushed down the stairs, jerked the receiver up and called for number 1249 West. Robert answered the phone. I told him to come at once, and hung up the receiver without further explanation.

“In less than five minutes he rushed into the hall, threw his overcoat on the rack and was about to hurry up the stairs when I opened the parlor door and beckoned to him to enter. As I closed the door and looked up into his anxious face, for no doubt he thought mother was worse, a strange feeling crept over me and I could not meet his gaze. I felt the blood rush to my face and then it was that I realized that I loved him with the strong, true love with which only a woman can love.

“For a minute I was speechless and he broke the silence with, “ ‘What is it, Nell? Tell me quick what I can do for you.’

“ ‘Rob,’ I said, ‘you know mother cannot live until morning. She is devoted to us both and there is nothing we ought not to be willing to sacrifice for her happiness. There is nothing that would please her more than to see us happily married before she dies. So, Rob, O Rob! won’t you marry me just to please mother?’

“His big frame trembled as he drew me to him and said, ‘Nell, there is nothing in this world that I possess that I would not gladly sacrifice for your mother’s happiness, but what you ask, little girl, won’t be any sacrifice on my part.’ Then his face grew serious and his voice trembled as he said, ‘But think of what a serious step you would be taking, Nell. I do not think your mother would wish her daughter to sacrifice her own life, happiness and all just to make the last few hours of her life supremely happy. Do you?’

“ ‘But Rob,’ I said as I hid my blushing face on his

broad shoulder, 'I don't believe I would be making a sacrifice either.'

"Rob at once sent for our pastor and we were married, that very evening, standing by mother's bedside. I did not even take time to remove the nurse's costume which I wore.

"After the ceremony was over we knelt by mother's bed to receive her blessing. She placed her hands on our heads, blessed and kissed us and then passed into eternal sleep, with a peaceful smile on her face.

"That was in 1872 and Rob often tries to tease me by saying I would be a cross old maid if it hadn't been leap-year. But I think I would have proposed to him that day if I had never heard of leap-year."

MARIA T. GREGORY, '13.

A Yearning

Bind thee more dear;
The deep green shadows on the grass,
The glimmering leaves in sunlight steeped,
And languid noonday overhead
Bring clouds that weep.

Oh, home of mine!
The very flowers breathe of peace,
Safe sheltered in the strength
of mountains blue.
Bulwark of the east, thy strength remain
And make me, like thee— true.

PARKE MORRIS.

The Bad Boy in School and Out



LET US distinguish between the bad boy and the mischievous boy. Every one likes and admires the mischievous boy and considers a boy without some mischief in him a pretty dead character. It is only when the spirit of mischief in the boy turns to hard-heartedness and malice that we are confronted with the bad boy. James Whitcomb Riley has said:

“I believe all children’s good
 Ef they’re only understood,
 Even bad ones ’pears to me
 ’S jes as good as they can be.”

Yet almost every one will agree that there are some bad children; and the problem is, what makes them bad and how can they be made good?

Judge Ben Lindsey states that three out of four of all the crimes committed in the United States are committed by boys under twenty-three, thus bringing before us forcibly the seriousness of the bad boy problem.

What is the cause of this delinquency? Knowing that environment has more influence on man than heredity we rightly attribute the cause of the bad boy’s being bad to his environment, although there are some instances in which hereditary instincts proved too strong for the person to overcome. For example, a case came up in the court concerning a boy who stole knives in large numbers. As the child was of a sane mind they were at a loss to account for it, but upon investigation found that for two generations back his ancestors had been mechanics, and this inherited tendency had made him steal in order to get some tools. By giving that boy the right tools that trait was guided along proper channels and the would-be thief was reformed. Thus

even if a boy is sometimes influenced for the bad by heredity, his case is not hopeless.

In considering now the unfavorable environment that makes the bad boy, the environment outside of the school will be considered first. Outside of the school the boy's environment consists chiefly of the home and the church.

One man, in writing on the "bad boy," says, "The reformers who are trying to make better homes are right, there is the tap root of the mischief." It certainly seems at present that the child's environment in the home is unfavorable. For instance, in our large cities and even in the smaller ones, the children are turned into the streets and "the street and gutter do their worst." The play-ground movement sweeping the country is trying to remedy this evil. Every boy has a certain amount of energy that he is going to use, and if not directed to do so in an orderly way he will do so in any way he can; and yet how often the parent, irritated by the child's ceaseless activity, represses it and thus prepares the starting point of a lazy disposition or turns that energy from a right channel into a wrong one! Then, too, children really enjoy helping in doing real things around home; and often, too, in this case does the thoughtless person, because of a little bother perhaps, refuse to let them help; and thus the tendencies to industry and helpfulness are both checked, and the child, in seeking something else to do just to be doing, very often does the wrong thing. "There are few enough opportunities," says one writer, "for the child to get practical training in the home, and a great deal of harm is done when some one refuses the child an opportunity to get this practical training."

Likewise in this age people do not seem to cultivate the sweet intimacy between parents and children that used to exist and was reflected in the lives of many great and good men.

Then, too, the church and Sunday-school do not seem to correlate their work very well with real boy

life, and thus have not very much influence over him, for if a boy is influenced he must be appreciated by the one who is influencing and the boy must be interested in the one who is influencing him.

It is also interesting to note here that delinquency is greater among working children than others, so more stringent laws should be passed to improve the condition of child labor.

Now let us consider the unfavorable environment of the boy in school. First, the curriculum and methods are not always suited to the boy's developing mind; and, losing interest, he often looks for other things to arouse him. Then he is probably called "bad," when the so-called badness is only a demand from the growing mind that it be given a chance to grow. A child naturally tends to order, as has been previously stated, but if an attractive chance for being orderly does not present itself he will be disorderly. Then teachers need to practice more suggestions and substitutions than repressions, as the same danger, of repressed energy going off along more harmful lines, exists in the school as in the home. Again, we find the boy is not trusted absolutely often enough in school; his honor is not appealed to very much; and very frequently the teacher is not in sympathy with him and his efforts to do the right thing. All of these things tend to make the boy's environment in school unfavorable.

Thus we can readily see what is making the boy bad; and from Judge Lindsey's statement we know that the situation demands attention. For the results of the boy's being bad are many. Some of them are: the wrecking of happiness in many homes, the breaking of many hearts, especially those of devoted mothers. Then there is the contamination of others, the retardation of progress in school and community. Every one knows the results are serious enough and the question arises, where is the remedy for this evil in our midst?

In order to instigate the needed reforms anywhere the people will have to be educated to appreciate child

nature more fully. Let the course of study in the schools and the methods be changed as educators are working now to change them; so that the processes will suit the child mind. Let the teacher trust the boy until he proves unworthy of her trust. Superintendent J. P. Byers is trying this plan now at the Reform School for Boys, of which he has control, and so far it has proved very successful. Out of 17,000 boys liberated on the probation system and put on their honor, 63 per cent. are doing well. Let the teacher be as sympathetic as she can be and not let it ever be possible for a bad boy, one of her pupils, to say after being taught by her that "Nobody cares for me; why should I care for myself?" as they often do say in the Juvenile Courts.

Many are looking forward to the Boy Scout movement now sweeping the country, with 300,000 boys already enrolled within it, with great hope for the bad boy. Too much cannot be said in favor of the movement, and every teacher should get all of her pupils interested in it and especially the bad boys. The organization is an outward expression that children are not miniature men and women and that human beings are changing creatures and need guidance more than repression, though sometimes repression is needed as a part of guidance. The scout movement is an outdoor organization of boy life for skill, vigor, and moral courage, instilling into the boy's mind a love for those manly virtues that a boy is so apt to count least, such as gentleness, courtesy, and thoughtfulness of others. Every scout is taught the importance of keeping his body clean, his mind wholesome, and his life pure. The idea is to lead the boy by the attractive practices called scouting to teach himself character.

Scouting gives the boy a chance to work off that native energy in the right direction, and it invests him with the responsibility of power under which there is hardly anything he would not attempt to do. A Boy Scout is pledged to do a good turn whenever he has a chance; and the great moral effect of one always look-

ing about to do some one a good turn is very evident. Scouting calls to the open and meets a ready response in the life of every real boy, for there is a fascination for him in starting at the beginning of things and learning to do for himself.

A Scout is loyal, trustworthy, helpful, friendly, kind, cheerful, courteous, obedient, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. The call of scouting is so attractive that the boy answers quickly and gives of the best he has within him.

Then let home people, church people, educators and governmental authorities look forward to and aid this movement, which has such high standards and appeals so strongly to boys as the agency which promises to solve the problem of the "Bad Boy in School and Out."

MARY A. HOLT.

(A paper prepared for class in Philosophy of Education.)

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.

Another year in the history of THE FOCUS has rolled around bringing with it the sad word, Farewell: to its former staff. Long and faithfully have they worked over it and their results are notably marked by much success and credit. "Mr. Focus" wishes to express his hearty appreciation to them and to wish each a most successful career, saying as he parts,

"Forget me not
Whate'er your lot—
Forget me not!"

And now with new hands at the helm, we, the new staff, need your support, fellow students, and it remains largely with YOU what THIS year's history will be. Will you help to make it one of the best?

We have provided a little box under the bulletin board into which you may put any suggestions you may have for editorials, or any news items. Use this box! If you cannot write stories or poems you can, by helping us in this small way, make the magazine prove more interesting and beneficial to all.

LEAP-YEAR POSSIBILITIES.

Well, girls, here is our Leap-Year number at last! May it prove rich in suggestions to many of us, and open before us possibilities as yet only dreamed of. Do you know that one of the Faculty in the Department of Education recently made the startling announcement that of all the girls who have been graduated from the State

Female Normal School in the last ten years less than twenty per cent are married? Now, this is a deplorable state, and should be remedied without fail and speedily. Fortunately, there is one year in four in which we girls may take the matter in hand ourselves, and so avoid the danger of being left stranded high and dry without a soul to pay the milliner's bills.

However, many a girl who possesses a desire thus to better her condition is at a loss to know just how to proceed in order to make sure of "bringing down the game."

But, as always, THE FOCUS is "on the spot" to offer helpful and practical suggestions. As you peruse its words of weighty wisdom, gentle reader, we trust that you may rouse yourself, shake off your lethargy and profit by the examples herein set forth, so that no more may the scornful critics say of higher education that it tends to decrease the marriage rate among the fair sex. At least let us do our part!



Ruby Venable, class '96, who is a trained nurse in Washington, D. C., has been a recent visitor to Farmville.

Mrs. T. M. Morgan, nee Ella Burger, class '04, of Brookwood, Ala., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Burger.

Mollie Byerley, class '09, who has been spending the winter in Mississippi, is visiting in Arkansas.

Martha Blanton, class '09, who spent two weeks with her mother during January, has returned to her school in Abingdon, Va.

Mrs. Fred Hanbury, nee Virginia Blanton, class '08, is living at Townsville, N. C.

Three members of the class of 1907 visited the Normal during the last part of January: Lois Gillespie, of Temperanceville; Sidney Guy, of Blackstone, and Rebecca Vaughan, of Cumberland.

Mrs. William Horner, nee Maude Jones, class '00, of Rosemary, N. C., is spending January and February in Florida.

The address of Mrs. Charles Taylor, nee Claudia Perkins, class '04, is 3001 Main street, Richmond, Va.

Marion Forbes, class '88, is head of the home at the Fredericksburg State Normal School.

Mattie Parlett, class '95, was graduated from Teachers' College in Domestic Science during February.

Vivian Boisseau, class '07, teaches in Chase City, Va.

Ruth Dabney, class '11, is at the Normal, doing some work in observation in the first grade.

Mary Henley Spencer, class '08, teaches in Williamsburg, Va.

Maude Wicker, class '96, teaches in Buford, S. C.

Nellie Wicker's (class '95) address is Columbia Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.

Otelia Garland Harvie, class '03, is studying music in Richmond, Va.

Josephine Luck, class '01, teaches in Doswell, Va.

Winnie Parsons, class '09, has charge of the Normal Training Class at Onancock, Va.

Inez L. Clary's (class '04) address is 111 E. 8th street, South Richmond.



(It has been decided by THE FOCUS staff that instead of the reports from the Literary Societies, we will print the program of the Auditorium meetings with some criticism of each meeting.)

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

Subject, Peter Pan

Author of Peter Pan	Margarett Woodward
Solo	Antoinette Davis
Story of Peter Pan	Jacqueline Epps
Recitation	Gertrude Keister
Maude Adams	India White
Solo	Sarah Russell

The "Story of Peter Pan" was, perhaps, the best number on this program. The musical features were very good. The program, on the whole, was entertaining and instructive.

CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

Subject, Debate

Resolved: That it is perfectly permissible for a woman to propose during Leap Year.

Affirmative
 Margaret Boatwright
 Alma Poindexter

Negative
 Anne Woodroof
 Janie Couch

The decision was rendered in favor of the Negative.

The debate, as the subject would suggest, was very interesting.

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Subject . . .	Joel Chandler Harris
Piano Duet . . .	Madeline Askew— Ruby Barker
Characteristics of Joel Chandler Harris . . .	Mattie Ould
“The Tar Baby”	Georgie Bonham
Song	Glee Club
“Why Br’er Rabbit Has No Tail”	{ Elizabeth Hawthorne
	{ Anne Jones
Vocal Duet	{ Lucile Bowden
	{ Bessie Williamson

The Piano Duet was very good and the rendition of “The Tar Baby” was splendid.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Subject	Virginia Writers
The Bells	{ Ruth Harding
	{ Mary T. Turnbull
	{ Alice Janey
	{ Ruth Percival
A Review of “Lewis Rand”	Etta Bailey
A Comparison of Mary Johnston and Ellen Glasgow	Evelyn Turnbull
Solo	Ethel Combs
Enshrined	Roche Watkins
The Land We Love	Margaret Upchurch
Uncle Daniel’s Sermon	Lilly Percival
Song	Glee Club

This was a very attractive programme. The subject is one that appeals to all.

The literary and debating societies have elected new officers for the B term. The names are given in the Directory of Student Organizations.

On January 17, Wm. S. Battis gave a representation of some of Dickens' characters. The scenes were taken from Nicholas Nickleby. This was a very educational programme and was highly enjoyed by all.

The Tyrolean Alpine Yodlers visited the school during the past month. This was a very unique entertainment. It so took possession of the girls that our ears have been assailed by many yodels since their departure.

THE SENIOR MINSTRELS

The Seniors had a minstrel
Which we did much enjoy,
For with their faces blackened
They all looked very coy.

With laughter and much music
They acted very funny,
And when that play was over
They had just heaps of money.

'T was highly entertaining
And funny as could be.
'T was only seventeen cents
Marked down from twenty-three!

THE MASQUERADE

Come, listen to me now one and all
And I'll tell you about the Masquerade Ball.
There were knights and ladies grand and gay,
And clowns and cowboys in bright array.
And everything was so entrancing
You could not keep yourself from dancing.



While we sit, judge-like, in the midst of Exchanges, ready to pass judgment after a perusal from cover to cover, we are made to stop and think with regard to our past criticisms, and better resolve to try at least to bring about an improvement in the future ones. After reading what "Blue Pencil" has to say, we too are inclined to think that the exchange departments of most of our magazines are lagging behind. That they fail is proven by the fact that they are not read with the same interest and pleasure (if read at all) with which the other departments are read. And what is the trouble with our criticisms? Why, all we ever have to say is the article in question is either poorly expressed or interesting, or has a bad plot, or is not worked up well. And, of course, the reader gets tired of such sameness. What the majority of us exchange editors need to do is to depart as far as possible from the narrow, beaten path that we have been walking back and forth. Its stepping stones, our old expressions, are worn out. To succeed we must venture out into new fields and find something less familiar.

A great improvement in the cover of *The Critic!* It is neat, simple and certainly attractive. Congratula-

tions for this, but why not evoke congratulations, young friend, by as great an improvement inside the cover. Begin by having more material and a greater variety—lack of variety was especially noticeable in the last number. The poetry, with the exception of one short piece, being absent altogether. Of the two stories, "A New Year's Story" and "An Old Coin," we would say that the second one is the better. The first one could hardly be termed a story—for how about the plot? It is a pretty shallow article. It has nothing new in store for the reader, but rather drags him along as it were over a way so worn and familiar that one feels relieved when it is ended. We would suggest that the author try again—next time selecting a more interesting theme and working it up into a plot. We feel that she can do better. In the second one the theme is good and could have been made into an exceedingly bright little story. But the author failed to bring out the principal parts as he should. The climax was what we might term "luke-warm." The title "John Fox, Jr." was not suitable for the article under that head. The article deals almost entirely with the scene and characters of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Very little is told concerning John Fox himself. Aside from the title it is a worthy essay—particularly enjoyable to lovers of that book.

In the *State Normal Magazine*, of North Carolina, "Patrick Henry's Christmas Turkey" is an attractive piece of narration, displaying a delightful bit of humor. "The Victory" deserves mention as being vivid and alive.

The University Magazine contains an excellent variety of material. It is also well arranged, and both the staff and the authors are to be congratulated.

We welcome with pleasure the Christian Association number of *The Southern Co-Ed*. "Sunset" is a poem of meditation, and is well expressed. "The Ashe-

ville Conference" gives a good idea of what being a delegate to Asheville really means.

The Chathamite, on the whole, is very entertaining. The poetry is good, but a little out of season. "Cardinal Beaupere" keeps the reader's interest until he reaches the last sentence, but there—alas! it is lost in a hopelessly weak ending. "Cases" brings to our minds many familiar scenes. It is well written—every sentence going straight to a point.

We are glad to see *The Autocrat*. The stories and essays are good, but perhaps an earnest conference with the "Muse" might be advantageous to stir up more poetic activity. "Fall" could be improved upon by the correction of several faulty rhymes. This is the best stanza in the poem:

"In the meadow by the brooklet,
Where the daisies sprinkled the sod,
There now, in all her glory
Stands the stately golden rod."

The stories and sketches in *The Hollins Magazine* are very good. The essay "Hawthorne: The Embodiment of the Old and the New" also deserves mention. The magazine, however, shows the weakness of most magazines, "not enough poetry."

Directory of Organizations.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY.

FLOWER: White Rose COLORS: Olive Green and Gray
MOTTO: "To see the better."

- THERESE JOHNSON..... *President*
- LOUISE BALTHIS..... *First Vice-President*
- PARKE MORRIS *Second Vice-President*
- BESSIE MARSHALL *Recording Secretary*
- ANTOINETTE DAVIS *Corresponding Secretary*
- EEME HOWELL..... *Treasurer*
- ANNE CONWAY..... *Critic*
- MARGARET WOODWARD *Censor*
- GERTRUDE KEISTER..... *Reporter*

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

FLOWER: Yellow Chyrsanthemum COLORS: Gold and White
MOTTO: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."

- MARY A. HOLT..... *President*
- GERTRUDE MARTIN..... *Vice-President*
- EVELYN TURNBULL... *Recording Secretary*
- ANNIE LAURIE STONE..... *Corresponding Secretary*
- MARIA BRISTOW..... *Treasurer*
- ADA BIERBOWER..... *Critic*
- LILY PERCIVALL..... *Censor*
- ETTA BAILEY *Reporter*

CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY.

FLOWER: White Carnation COLORS: Green and White
MOTTO: "Carpe diem."

- MAMIE AUERBACH *President*
- SUSIE CRUMP..... *Vice-President*
- HONOR PRICE *Recording-Secretary*
- FRANCES ANDREWS..... *Treasurer*
- ROSE PARROTT..... *Censor*
- JANIE COUCH *Corresponding Secretary*
- ELIZABETH DOWNEY *Critic*
- ANNIE BANKS *Joke Reporter*
- MABELLE CLARK *Reporter*

JEFFERSON DEBATING SOCIETY.

FLOWER: Carnation COLORS: Buff and Middle Blue
MOTTO: "Equal and exact justice to all."

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- PATTIE HARGRAVES..... *Vice-President*
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- MARY RING CORNETTE..... *Corresponding Secretary*
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- ELLA LESTER..... *Reporter*
- JUANITA MANNING *Critic*
- MYRTLE HUDDLE *Censor*

RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY.

COLORS: "Old Rose and Gray."

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

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COLORS: Royal Purple and Gold.

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HALLIE HUTCHESON	Secretary
SALLIE HARGRAVE	Reporter

SENIOR CLASS.

FLOWER: American Beauty COLORS: Red and Green

MOTTO: *Non sibi, sed omnibus.*

LETA CHRISTIAN	President
EUNICE WATKINS	Vice-President
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JUNIOR CLASS.

FLOWER: Nasturtium COLORS: Brown and Gold

MOTTO: *Non bonum, sed optimum.*

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THIRD YEAR CLASS.

FLOWER: Daisy COLORS: Gold and White

MOTTO: *En evant*

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FLOWER: Daisy COLORS: Gold and White

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

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IT OR MISS

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS BY
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Who was the greatest poultry killer?

Macbeth, because "he did murder most foul."

Who originated the meat trust?

Skylock; he lent Antonio money and accepted a pound of flesh as security.

Who wished to borrow a certain portion of other people's bodies.

Mark Antony. He said, "Lend me your ears."

What hero's name suggests pork rented out?

Hamlet.

When was England put up for barter?

When Richard III offered his kingdom for a horse.

Why is a pug dog like the ghost of Hamlet's father?
Because "it could a tale unfold."

Which play contains in its title a good rule for seasoning cookery?

"As You Like It."

When Aaron dropped his rod before Pharaoh, what

Shakespearean character might he have named?
 "Falstaff."

A poultry raiser, who was fond of Shakespeare,
 named one of his hens Macduff—why?
 So he could say, "Lay on, Macduff."

What heroine tried to purchase ideas?
 Ophelia, who offered "pansies for thought."

MR C.: We have finished the required work for this term. Is there any additional topic you would like to discuss? This is leap year, you know.

CLASS: (General hubbub).

MR. C. (nervously): You may be excused, girls, I can't do anything for you.

DR M.: What constellation do you see if you look toward the north?

M-R. U-B-R-E: The north pole.

DR. M: What do the people in Iowa do with their corn?

A-I-E R-E-A-D-O: Manufacture it.

M-R. T-W-O: I love striking things.

A-I-E B-S-E-V-L-E: You must like matches.

MISS J: Now, girls, put that proof in your note book. If you haven't it with you, put it in mentally, and when you go to your room, put it in orally in writing.

F-N-I W-L-O (with sore throat): I certainly wish that I had something for my tonsils.

E-V-L-N P-R-E-L (kind heartedly): Use some of my iodine—that will take the information out.

E-V-L-N S-U-D-E (shopping): Please give me some tan shoe blacking,

E-D-E A-B-T: You should have been in chapel this morning to hear those three girls sing a triplet—it was fine.

A LEAP YEAR WOOING.

“Love is a tender thing,” said he,

The while he deeply sighed,

“Then why not tender it to me?”

The coy young miss replied.

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