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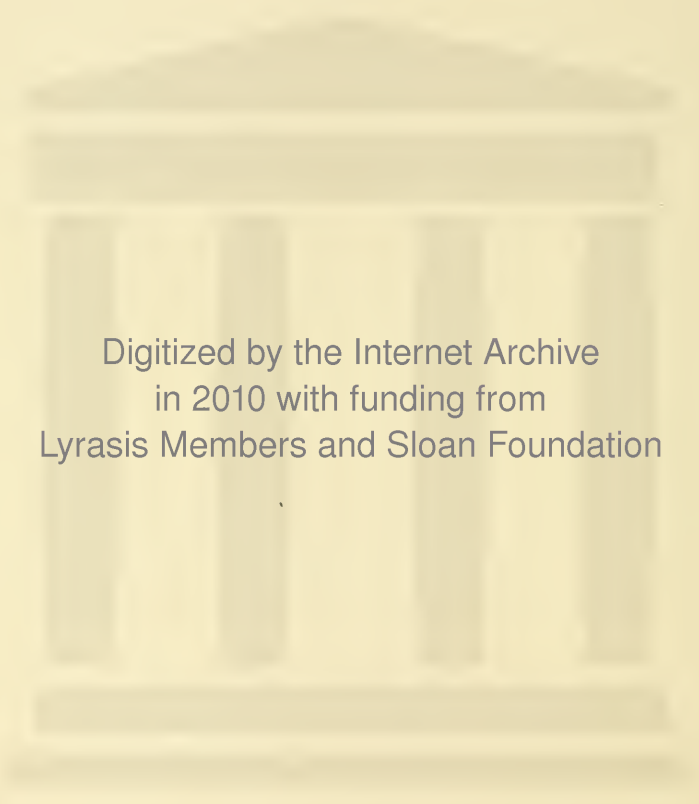
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THE
FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

MARCH

1912



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THE FOCUS

Vol. 11

FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1912

No. 2

The Christ of Hope

Not just to the great and noble
Did the risen Lord appear,
But to anxious, troubled women,
Watching in doubt and fear.
'Twas the Christ himself did meet them,
In the dewy, vernal morn;
His greeting was the sweet "All hail,"
That radiant Easter dawn.
So, I fear not; He goeth before me
Into Galilee.

'Twas not just the beloved disciple
Who the Radiant Vision saw,
But he who grievously suffered,
In that he broke the law,
'Twas the Christ himself did speak them,
In the dewy, vernal morn,
"Why dost thou weep, whom dost thou seek?"
As the pascal day did dawn.
So, I fear not; He goeth before me
Into Galilee.

Not just for the pure and noble
Was the dark stone rolled away,
Or the coming of God's strong angel,
With the countenance like the day.
But the Christ himself shall meet *them*,
Some dewy, vernal morn,
All who for sin have suffered,
Some radiant Easter dawn.
So, I fear not; He goeth before me
Into Galilee.

JANIE C. SLAUGHTER.

The Tables Turned



QUIET succeeded the clatter of the landlady's heels on the bare hall floor. I gulped down my first realization of my surroundings. When I responded to the summons of the dinner bell, stony depression had displaced nervous apprehensiveness. I took my seat at the long narrow table with the oak chairs almost touching each other and glanced around at my associates in this scheme of living. Opposite was a pale-eyed girl with an enormous pompadour, giggling incessantly at the ogling swain beside her. Next was an angular maiden long past the age of discretion, who divided her time between jealous glares at the flirtatious blonde and amorous glances at the self-proclaimed drummer of the usual bulk on her left. Then came the long-legged, freckle-faced child of the house regarding me with candid curiosity in her mischievous eyes. The father, a little bald-headed, toothless old man, graced the head of the table with his unflinching cheerful presence. Beside me sat the invalid, proud possessor of an imaginary ailment with the inevitable companion. Twins, one with a mustache and one clean-shaven to distinguish Tom from Dick, completed the list.

Through the tedious weeks that followed, when back and eyes ached in unison over the computation of eternal rows of figures, only a high and mighty pride and an innate tenacity of purpose could have held me to my self-appointed task. By force of sheer necessity I grew reconciled and marshalled my faculties to combat the ever present loneliness. Its only antidote I found in music; for this was the dream that had lured me to seek independence. As I played the notes were like fairy hammers building castles in the air.

At meal time I soon learned to be heedless alike of the road jokes, the spinster's shrill laugh, the invalid's whining, the senseless chatter and silly cackling. In the old life I had deplored my inability to make talk, but now I gathered silence around me as a welcome garment. Meanwhile I speculated about the vacant chair at the foot of the table beside me. When its occupant appeared I knew my interest had been justified. Furtively I studied his profile, high forehead, large nose and square chin. The keen eyes and stern mouth betokened a thinker. Here was a man equally as silent, as unsociable as I, but his attitude was accepted as a matter of course. One and all treated him with an indulgent deference in striking contrast to the criticism and resentment I knew my attitude aroused.

The landlady's pert little daughter introduced us in her own original way. Lingered behind my chair one day, she piped in a high staccato voice:

“Are you deaf, are you dumb?
Are you afflicted in your tongue?”

The justice of her rebuke did not mitigate my mortification. Despite heroic efforts of control I added two tear-drops to the already salty soup. When I finally found courage to raise my eyes I met full and fair a look of compassion. From a pocket my interesting neighbor produced a pad and pencil. Quick as a flash I decided to adopt the rôle he attributed to me. I soon wrote, “I am not deaf.” I did not wish to abuse his good-nature and wanted to hear his voice. To my surprise he replied on paper, “Neither am I,” and continued to use the pencil. I attributed this whim of his as quixotic consideration of me, and secretly revered the spirit of it. He proved very proficient in our mode of converse; indeed by comparison I was so slow and awkward that whenever it was possible I simply smiled an assent or shook my head in negation. Then, as we had more and more to say to each other, I would jot down my thoughts during idle half-hours at the office

and request enlightenment on any and every subject that happened to enter my head. Whatever it might be, he was never at a loss for detailed information. His brilliant mind was a continual delight to me. Fellowship with such a personality could not but be an inspiration and solace.

He formed an audience of one at my nightly recitals in the parlor, which had formerly been deserted. I determined that through music he should know me, and that by its medium I would speak to him. I believed, yes I knew, he understood the language. Often I played from memory, but about this time I began to pick out melodies by ear, at first haltingly, then gradually more successfully, until I could perform correctly difficult productions I had heard but never studied. When, one night, wonder of wonders! As my fingers glided over the keys beautiful harmonies absolutely unknown to me thrilled the air. My foolish little head grew dizzy as I stood on the height with the great composers. I touched earth with a shock when my companion with the pad and pencil volunteered, "How well you execute compositions you do not know!"

I lay awake that night wondering greatly over my acquisition of talent utterly lacking in me before. I pondered his enigmatic remark and recalled his peculiar expression of triumph. The puzzle only grew more obscure until suddenly I remembered his kindling eyes over a discussion on hypnotism. I had the key to the mystery! Next morning, try as I would, I could not repeat what I had accomplished with ease the night before. Ah! where was my Svengali?

After dinner, as usual, he followed me into the parlor. Deliberately I gave myself up to his influence. I was a most astonishing subject! After a grand finale I looked up into the intent gaze of those wonderful, deep eyes. Then I drew near to him as a bird approaches the cat charming it. I sat down in front of him and immediately stiffened out straight and rigid after the most approved manner of hypnotized heroines. Instantly his complacency vanished. Jumping up, he rush-

ed around, snapping his fingers frantically in my face. Not a muscle did I relax until the ridiculousness of the situation vanquished my composure and I became convulsed with hysterical laughter. Heaving a mighty sigh of relief, he joined me heartily.

In our glee I forgot my part, and impulsive speech found utterance, demanding explanation. In denying hypnotism he confessed mental telepathy. According to his version he had discovered how quick I was to catch the meaning underlying thought afar off and how responsive I was to the inexpressible variations of the atmosphere of mentality. As an experiment he had brought to bear upon my sympathetic susceptibility all the force and concentration of his powerful intellect. His extraordinary memory had rendered it possible for him to transmit to my consciousness, measure by measure, every note and rest, with their time values, of the many pieces I had played, by an unconscious introspective perusal of a reflected cognition.

Heretofore intense interest and force of habit had prevented me from objecting to our usual method of communication which he still employed. "Now," I cried, "the play is over, the curtain has descended. Let us talk and be glad!" With a gentle smile he wrote, and through a mist of tears I read, "I am not a counterfeit mute."

FANNIE BLAND.

Lilies

So pale and pure like sifted snow,
And robed in mantles all of white,
You lift your heads up from below
To light a place of night.

That such a splendor from the soil
Could to this gloomy earth be sent
Seems strange; but in this world of toil
You bring to some content.

And though your place is small at best
Within a world so sad and old,
Yet one lone soul you lulled to rest,
For God's own love you told.

JUDSON ROBINSON.

Rosa Bonheur



ONE OF the unique personalities in the world of modern French art was Marie Rosalie Bonheur, known to all lovers of animal painting as Rosa Bonheur.

Born in Bordeaux on October 22, 1822, she gave early indication of artistic talent, which she inherited from her father, Raymond Bonheur, who was a master of drawing. Almost all her playtime was given up to drawing, cutting out paper animals and to doing juvenile modeling in her father's studio. As the eldest of four children, she was expected to set a good example at school, but she early gained an unenviable reputation there. The culmination came when she made caricatures of all her teachers and attached them to the ceiling of the school-room by bits of softened bread. It is said that the teachers did not properly appreciate the artistic merit of the work, and so the little Rosa Bonheur was permitted to discontinue her school and to enter the studio of her father.

There she worked earnestly and hard. She was now in her proper element, and from a mischievous girl she was soon transformed into an earnest, hard-working, and enthusiastic student. Much credit should be given her father, for it was he who guided her aright in her study and lavished upon her the greatest care. She drew and modelled early and late, she was the first to enter and last to leave the studio.

Later, animals and outdoor life called for her attention, and the young artist, clad in male attire to avoid attracting the disagreeable attentions of the workmen, went to the great horse markets and fairs and even to the abattoirs on the outskirts of Paris. She was not satisfied to confine herself to the exterior forms of her models but made most exhaustive and complete studies of

the anatomy and general structure of all the animals she painted. This careful work was broadened by copying from the masterpieces of different schools to which she had access in the Louvre. Such devotion to her art brought its reward, and in 1841, when she was nineteen years old, two small pictures by her, "Two Rabbits" and "Sheep and Goats," were selected by the committee of the Salon for exhibition in that famous gallery.

The "Horse Fair" has been generally accepted as Rosa Bonheur's masterpiece. It was painted when the artist was thirty years old, and in many ways shows the strength and ability of its creator. The picture is fully defined by its title; it depicts a scene at one of the great French fairs where the magnificent Percheron draft horses are shown; it is full of movement; the tense muscles of the riders and the tremendous power of the horses are remarkably well delineated. She offered this to her native city of Bordeaux for twenty-four hundred dollars; the offer was not accepted so she sold it in England for eight thousand dollars. It was finally bought for the Metropolitan Museum in New York for fifty-five thousand dollars.

She was at this time a teacher of drawing in a girl's school in Paris, a position she held ten years as successor to her father, who passed away when she was twenty-six years old. After the death of her mother, to whose influence she attributed her every good, her life with her father was a mixture of comedy and tragedy.

When her pictures began to sell he advised her to sign them "Raymond" declaring that Bonheur (happiness) for one so poor had an air of derision. But when the Salon in 1848 awarded to his beloved Rosa a gold medal and the government commissioned her to paint for the Luxembourg Gallery, "Plowing in the Nivernais," what he dreamed for himself was more than realized in his daughter's achievement. The money she received from that painting, three thousand francs or six hundred dollars ("I had never seen so much money before," said the painter to her American confidante) went to pay her father's funeral expenses.

Half forgotten, if it were ever wholly known, is the fact that it was the success of the "Horse Fair" in the United States that drove Rosa Bonheur from Paris to the Forest of Fontainbleau, where she lived and worked for forty years, bequeathing at her death on May 22, 1899, her fortune and her splendid chateau to an American woman who continues to live there.

What greater proof of her love for the New World could be asked than her choice of an American woman to paint her portrait for posterity; to write the intimate chronicle of her life and to inherit her estate?

Among the honors bestowed upon her, the Empress Eugenia pinned the "Cross of the Legion of Honor" upon her, and also she received the "Leopold Cross of Honor" and "Commander's Cross of Royal Order of Isabella the Catholic" in 1880.

ANNIE LEE BOWLES.

A Morning Prayer

Dear Heavenly Father, Maker, Friend,
Keep me from sin this day
And let Thy blessings now descend
And help me on my way.

Dear Heavenly Father, Maker, Friend,
Help me, for I am weak,
Show Thou me how my ways to mend,
For Thy advice I seek.

Dear Heavenly Father, Maker, Friend,
Help me Thy home to find
And let Thy mercies now descend
And make me always Thine.

MARGARET HUDDLE

The Man Across the Hall



ANCY was cross beyond a doubt! She was scolding to herself as she mounted the stairs to her room. "Of what use is it to have a perfectly good man right across the hall from you, if the creature persists in keeping himself hid? I declare if I couldn't do better than some men do, I'd stop playing this game of life and go in for something heavy!"

By this time she had reached her "sanctum" and was busily putting it in order.

"Miss Nancy," called a voice from the hall below, "here's yo' ice-cream done come."

Nancy flew to the door, all excitement, "All right, Nellie," she cried; "bring it up, and then bring those plates I borrowed, and we'll prepare the refreshments for the party now."

"I just hope that man will stay out in town today," she mused, turning back into the room. "Anybody as unappreciative of blessings as he is might—might—might run off with my ice-cream freezer," she concluded, paradoxically.

It was provoking, to be sure! For four months now Nancy had been boarding with a private family in the suburbs of town and walking to her work every morning.

Now, everybody knows that girls are nice, and it's an equally indisputable statement that men are also—and when the two are put together 'tis sometimes "a combination devoutly to be wished." Especially does it please one little fellow, who, tho' blind, is endowed with quite a malicious sense of humor, and flies around among mortals on moonlit nights, chuckling to himself over the mischief he has wrought.

But just now Cupid himself was vexed! Never had his plans been balked by quite such an obdurate chain of circumstances.

Nancy's room, you see, was in the south wing of a great, big, old-fashioned, brick house. There were two exits from her room, one leading into a large hall which separated the north and south wings of the house, and one into a tiny newly-cut hall that joined the big one about half way down the staircase.

About two weeks after Nancy's arrival, another boarder came—a man! young, tall, reputedly good-looking!—and took up his abode in the north wing.

“Oh, goody!” sang Cupid, waving his tiny wings in childish glee! “Now won't I make these mortals stand around! What stupid things they are to put material right into my hands!”

But now, in spite of all his joyous anticipations, something was going wrong! The machinery so cunningly set in order apparently needed some lubricating oil, and for once in his existence, Cupid was at a loss to know where he could find it. He had, despite Nancy's belief in the man's indifference, aroused the new-comer's interest in the Girl across the Hall, to the extent that the man had made several ineffectual attempts to meet his fellow-boarder. But so far the Fates had proved obdurate! He had never even passed Nancy on the staircase, for she always used the little side hall while he used the large one, and they were rarely coming in or going out at anywhere near the same time.

As for Nancy, Cupid had whispered in her ear until she had revived an interest in romance and adventure! He had sent her dreams of handsome youths who should protest life-long devotion while sliding recklessly down banisters; had done everything a man—a small man with wings!—could do, and still—“Nellie!” Nancy's voice startled the little boy-god and made him almost fall over into the water pitcher from the top of the big pennant where he had perched musing on the ways of a man with a maid.

"Nellie," came the clear voice again, this time a trifle more peremptorily, "bring me those boxes of wafers from the hall, please."

"Thank you," she said, as the little darkey arrived; "now you can help me put these wafers around on the plates, and when the girls come I'll have nothing to do but dish out the cream."

When Nancy had gone back in her room, quiet reigned once more, and Cupid commenced to doze. His slumbers were broken suddenly by the sound of manly footsteps coming up the stairs. The footsteps paused in the hall; the Creature, as Nancy had contemptuously dubbed him, audibly looked around, finally remarked, "Pretty dangerous place to leave things to eat," apparently to the air, and passed on into the north wing.

"Humph, I'm glad to find he has a voice," sniffed Nancy; "it upsets my preconceived ideas to imagine anything in the semblance of a man that couldn't say something on occasion—Oh! there come the girls!"

Down she flew to meet them, and as they returned, chattering gaily, to the "Den," met the Creature face to face on the stairs! He flashed her an amused glance from a pair of very nice brown eyes!—and Nancy fled, precipitately, to hide the twinkle in her own eyes!

When refreshment time arrived, and Nancy went in search of the cream, there was an envelop on top of the freezer and scribbled across it, the very writing looking quizzical!—"I think you might have invited me."

"Such bravery shall not pass unrewarded," Nancy chuckled, and calling Nellie, she bade her place a generous saucer of cream on the Creature's table.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Cupid; "I knew these mortals couldn't withstand my wishes forever. Things are at last beginning to happen! Now, I'll be off and whisper in that boy's ear."

Whisper he apparently did; to such good purpose that when Nancy returned to the Den the following afternoon she found a box of chocolates with a note, just within her door.

“Verily the Creature is not so bad, after all; he’s waking up,” quoth Miss Nancy, “I’ll now see what he says.” Just a few lines met her delighted gaze!

“Burns! on my honor as a gentlewoman,” she breathed, and read:

“I’ll ne’er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist that Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.”

“In faith, you’re over bold, sir!” she said to herself sternly with sparkling eyes. “I’ll not countenance any such remarks as these! I’ll fix you; just wait.”

The next day was Tuesday, and Nancy knew, having observed the Creature’s peregrinations from behind a protecting window curtain, that he always took his suit case with him on Tuesday mornings; from which fact she brilliantly argued that he left town for “parts unknown” on that day. Therefore, when Mr. Gordon Durrand returned to his room on Wednesday evening, he found, just inside his door, a tiny Billikin. Raising it, in some amusement, he found after careful examination that the head slipped out, and down in the tiny body was a scroll. “The oracle is about to speak—praise be!” he ejaculated, hastily unrolling the small paper. This is what he read: “Billikin, the god of things as they ought to be, brings to you thanks from his mistress—he may serve you well some day, so protect him”—; and then, “Indeed, indeed, devotion oft before you swore, but were you sober when you swore?”

“The little witch! She’s a born tease!” Gordon said to himself; “I’m going to meet her now if I have to stay in this dinky little town a whole year to do it! I believe she’s dodging an introduction, for something has always managed to call her away from the house on the nights when I had it all fixed up with Mrs. Lewis to play cards! But four months is long enough time to waste; I’ll ask Mrs. Lewis to call her into the sitting room tonight when she comes in from her supper—I’ll

be there quite accidentally, and at last I reckon I'll meet her!" All very well, young man, but when Nancy once finds out you're really interested—well, you're in for a lively experience, as several young men might testify!

The Lewises had supper rather early that night and consequently the whole family had finished eating and were back in the sitting room when Gordon heard light footsteps coming down the stairs.

"Please, Mrs. Lewis," he said rather hastily, "call that young lady that rooms here and ask her to play some for us—I'm fairly hungry for music."

"Why certainly, dear; Nancy loves to play, and entertains us quite often," assented the gentle little lady.

"Nancy," she called, "Oh, Nancy!"

"Yes'm," answered a deceptively meek voice from the hall without.

"Can't you come in and play some for us, dearie?" continued Mrs. Lewis.

There followed a moment's silence; then the door opened slightly, and through the crack Nancy thrust a small hand, one finger of which was wrapped in a bandage patently made from a handkerchief; simultaneously came Nancy's voice, a little plaintive, yet—Gordon fancied—with an undercurrent of mischief.

"Why, I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Lewis; I'd love to—but I hurt my finger most terribly this afternoon, and it's so sore I can't use it; I will some other night surely. Auf wiedersehen, now!"

The door swung open wider. Nancy's face appeared, nodded gaily to them, and with a second laughing "Auf wiedersehen" and a mocking glance at the man on the hearthrug, that young woman ran gaily on down the steps. "Alack a day!" groaned Gordon. "Was ever girl so bewitching or so elusive before! Never mind, young lady; I'll meet you yet—also I've a notion I'm going to fall head over heels in love with you when I do!"

But Fate fairly mocked him during the next month.

One morning he thought he had her. 'Twas a lovely morning in April, and Gordon had arisen early and had

gone down to the front porch, to which point of vantage he presently inveigled Mrs. Lewis with enticing remarks concerning the glorious sunshine and the greenness of the grass! He knew Nancy had to go out that way to her breakfast, and was rejoicing in this brilliant stratagem.

Suddenly his remarks were interrupted by a demure, "Good morning, Mrs. Lewis," apparently from mid-air, and Nancy dropped from the low-hanging limb of a massive oak that stood by her window at the end of the porch. "I've always wondered how I would escape if this were a convent," that astonishing young maiden concluded calmly, as she stuck in a loosened hair-pin and walked out of the front gate!

That evening, in disgust, Gordon turned Billikin's face to the wall! "Stay there, you old fake!" he said, half whimsically, half earnestly; "there isn't any such thing as Luck, and Fate's gone on a spree. I'll go burn incense at another shrine. There are lots of girls in the world, and all of them aren't so everlastingly provoking."

Yet he knew as he spoke, that he liked Nancy's provoking independence; that the more she ran, the more he wanted to follow. The tantalizing glimpses of her that were vouchsafed him left him with a strong sense of the allure of her personality, with a haunting memory of the distracting way her hair curled around her face; of the sparkle of her blue eyes, that yet seemed to hold within their depths a hint of dreams and tenderness—"Oh, pshaw!" he would mutter crossly to himself at this juncture; "I'm losing my mind about an Irish smile and hair and eyes that came straight from Erin—it's ridiculous. I'll go worship at other shrines."

But the gods have a sense of humor, as is proved when they so often give us the thing we asked for just when we decide to do without it.

Billikin, face to face with the wall, favored it with a derisive wink. "No such thing as luck, eh? I believe I'll just show that young man that all power doesn't lie in him; I'll pull a few wires myself before long."

Maybe one of those wires twitched at Mrs. Harland's pen and made her write invitations to a masque ball on the night of May 30th. Maybe another one was connected with Gordon's brain in some occult way, and made him decide to go to the ball against his established custom.

All you who believe in Luck will be sure the above is true, while Cupid's devotees will insist that the little blind god came around to take a hand in affairs.

Gordon was to escort Miss Betty Carrington that night, and was in high feather at the prospect. Miss Betty was a mighty popular young lady, and it gave a fellow a pleasant feeling to know he was being envied.

The dance was gay and glorious! Miss Betty was not unkind, and altogether Gordon was very glad he had come.

All the dancers were to remain masked until twelve, when promptly at the stroke of the hour, all features should be revealed.

At a quarter to twelve Gordon sought the arbor where Miss Betty had said he would find her. There was no one there; he stared helplessly around for a few minutes, and was starting back to the house when a voice at his elbow said, "Are you looking for something, or some one, sir?"

Gordon whirled, to find himself confronting a petite, sparkling fairy—a shimmer of gauze and dew-drops—with a tiny black mask effectually concealing her features.

"Ye-es," he stammered, slightly confused, "I was to find her here at twelve."

"Oh, but it's not quite twelve," said the Vision. "She'll probably be here on time; in the meantime, can't I amuse you, or is Lancelot impatient of amusement away from his Guinevere?"

"Not when Titania is around," laughed Gordon, recovering his self-possession; "and if you will but play Juliet to my Romeo, I'll try to keep you from regretting the absence of your fairy king. Is it a compact?"

"Done, on the instant! Sir Romeo!" approved the Vision; adding with a languid sigh, "I'll sit upon this

rustic throne, and do you sit at my feet and quote me poetry. I'm a-weary, and would fain be amused!"

"And what would you have, sweet flower o' my heart? Shall it be 'Illileo', or 'My Love's like a Red, Red Rose?'—

"Yes, yes! 'Illileo'!" the Vision interrupted eagerly; "I've memories of a man's voice repeating it; and I'd fain have the memory freshened."

"Then shalt have it, fair lady"—

"Illileo, the moonlight seemed lost across
the vales,
The stars but strewed the azure as an
armor's scattered scales;
The airs of night were quiet as the breath
of silken sails,
And all your whispers sweeter than the
notes of nightingales.'"

The Vision sat very still till the man had finished, when "Bravo, bravo, Sir Romeo," she cried; "I've a notion you could be quite charming to a really truly Juliet."

"And suppose there is no Juliet, Titania? Then what is poor Romeo to do?"

"Ah, but surely there is a Juliet—remember: For every boy that's lonely there's a girl that's lonely too!"

"Titania, Queen of Fairies! What do you know of lonesomeness? You've never been lonely in all your spangled existence."

"Oh, haven't I, Sir Romeo?" laughed the Vision with just the tiniest catch in her gay young voice; "but here comes your lady. Ah, Miss Betty!" she continued, turning to that lady, who had just come up on the arm of a gentleman, "I've been hard pressed to amuse your Cavalier till your return."

"I'll warrant he's been content," came Miss Betty's slow, drawling voice. "But don't you children know it's twelve o'clock? Off with your masks, this instant, and let me present you, if 'tis needful."

Obediently the Vision dropped her mask as Gordon doffed his, when to Miss Betty's astonishment they, with one accord cried, "You!" in tones which, on Gordon's part at least, ran the gamut of all the emotions from surprise to delight!

"Well, it seems you know each other, however unexpected that discovery may be," laughed Miss Betty. "Come, Mr. Kane, let's leave these two to amuse each other, and find our way back to the card-tables." And with a gay "Au revoir, Nancy!" Miss Betty departed.

When her footsteps had died away, Gordon found his voice. "The real Juliet, by all that's wonderful! And I've been looking for you all these years. You shall not escape now, though I'm forced to rash measures to prevent it. Why have you made the chase so hard, Juliet?"

"Mr. Durrand! Is this modest and timid demeanor?"

Nancy strove to speak jestingly, but the light in Gordon's eyes was doing strange things to her composure. "Come, sir, you're Romeo no longer and we must join the others; let's go back to the house—the play is over!" But was it?

Aloft in the trees a whir of wings was heard and Cupid's mocking laughter as he chuckled over a deed well done.

Easter-Tide

The sun in splendor sent its rays
To a world, where Mother Nature says,
"Now cast your coat of brown aside,
Let spring come with her joys serene,
And clothe this earth in trimmings green,
To welcome Easter-tide."

The heavens heard, an azure sky
Echoed the word to passers by,
And the eager world replied;
The hill-tops clothed themselves with flowers,
The pathways changed to leafy bowers,
To welcome Easter-tide.

The meadows fresh with clovers sweet,
And tattling daisies, trim and neat,
With joyful tidings cried,
"We made a soft green carpet, new,
And on it dainty wild-flowers grew
To welcome Easter-tide."

The babbling brooklets wound their way,
And sang new songs this glorious day,
Melodious tunes they tried.
The birdies joined the brooks and sang,
'Till all the world with gladness rang,
To welcome Easter-tide.

The lily raised a snow white bell,
No blush of shame its petals tell,
In the breeze its perfumes ride;
For purity this flower stands,
And all due reverence it demands,
At welcome Easter-tide.

Hark! from a distance far away
An Easter anthem floated astray,
And the village choir then cried,
"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Let all the world with gladness say,
We welcome Easter-tide."

EVELYN TURNBULL.

The Tale of Two Letters



MY DEAR,

What a farce words are, to be sure. That "my dear" for instance. You know, Peggy, I would like the whole love of my whole heart in those words.

Well, here I am bag and baggage, in the fifth story, room 553—in case you should happen to call you know—on the street which bears the aristocratic name of Hanover. There is a match factory girl on one side and a night seamstress on the other. When not at work, both of them live, literally live—eat, drink, sleep, and walk within the four walls of their rooms eight by seven. Could any one have a better opportunity than I for becoming acquainted with the members of the United Daughters of Labor?

The girl who promised to meet me at the train came up tonight to say that her superintendent wouldn't let her off to come to the station. Oh, what a pitiful sight she was with eyes of all-world sorrow and a smile far worse than tears.

No, please Peggy, don't say I could have done as much good with my money at home as I can here. Since I have come here and have seen all, I am the more convinced that here is where I should be. Then, am I not one of them? I would have been in the truest sense, if one of the Rich had not saved one of the Poor from the gutter and left his wealth to her.

When I have at least helped to redeem my people, then, and only then, will I return home to you to be able to say that I have done what I could. It may seem a foolish duty, but that duty is mine to perform.

Tomorrow night I am going with Sarah Neeman, the match girl, to a meeting of the United Daughters of Labor. It is to be held in the packing room of the old disused Seward Factory down by the river. It is rather

off from the rest of the buildings, so Sarah says, and out of the watchman's way, so that there will be less danger of arrest. It would be against the ordinances of the city to hold such a meeting. The date of the rumored strike is to be settled. That is the only way left. They don't know anything else. There is not a single leader as to intellect among them; like wild things they know only the instinct to fight. If we could only get a bill through Congress! The cry is "shorter hours, better ventilation, safer buildings."

Every time the bill is presented it is buried in the committee and never heard from again. There is no one to help us; the corporations are against us, the press, the people, and the government. I think that once the newspapers favored us, the bill is passed. A strike, that awful monster strike, will shake this old city to its foundations, and yet it is inevitable unless the press comes to our aid.

Would it be possible for me to write anything, Peggy, which would awaken them? If I only could—if I only could! It would seem the climax of my little life. A strike means suffering, intense suffering, weeks of hunger, weary nights on which break yet wearier dawns the sun, rising on crowds asleep along park benches, door steps, in prisons. There is no sympathy for the crowd. It is a thing which keeps worthy people indoors with scandalized faces and uplifted hands. It is only a crowd seeking to break the laws of our good country! If the strike could be averted—if it could be! The press is the only hope of escape. It could show the people that "better humanity" is not a purposeless call and when the people are won will not their representatives heed? They dare not go against the press for it is really the power behind the throne. Elizabeth.

P. S. I am just back from the meeting in the condemned warehouse. The whole atmosphere was *electrified* with strike. Women, and men too, crept in as quietly as the night settling across the river. Only a kerosene lamp was lighted here and there along the walls, revealing the white uplifted faces of those assem-

bled. It seemed to me like some ghostly meeting—the still dark forms, the flickering, smoky light sifting over the old packing boxes and rafters hanging with dusty cobwebs.

Many and wild were the speeches made by women who knew no laws but those of their own hearts. I hardly remember a word said. Every one was for the strike. It seemed to thrill across the long foul room in a ghastly threat, a whisper, yet with the foreboding of the low rumblings which precede the storm.

It was decided at last to try once more to get the bill passed. A committee was appointed, and I was one. You know they knew me through the letters I had written their leader. I said that I wanted—we all wanted—a peaceful adjustment of affairs, but if that could not be, all I had was theirs to use in the strike.

Oh, if you only could have seen their faces. The crowd seemed like an ill-treated dog when one pats him on the head. Then I said—I don't know what I said, it seemed the natural thing to forget—something about our being all sisters and that I loved them. Before I got through my throat ached, fairly ached, with the hopelessness of it all. Suppose the bill were not to pass, suppose the strike failed. No one but those who have experienced it knows what it is to trust to a "drowning man's straw."

Now, Peggy, you mustn't worry if I don't write again for a long time. My work will be chiefly to get some article into the daily press which will change public opinion as to the true condition of the factory girl. Speed me on in it, Peggy, and remember

Your Worry.

Peggy, Peggy,

Don't congratulate me, don't. Wait until you hear the whole before you judge the part. I merely wrote it down. Now see, it was this way: You remember in my last letter (two months ago) that the date of the strike had been settled. Two months is a long time for a friend to wait to write, isn't it? In the meantime I

had tried every possible way to stop the strike. The night after the meeting we, the committee, formed the bill and mailed it to the representative from this district. To make it all the more pressing I went to see the man—the beast rather—himself. He was coolly polite. He said that of course it was his duty, etc., to present the petition, but he had small hopes of getting the bill passed. He said that in the first place the factories seemed well enough equipped and the bill didn't seem to express the desire of the majority. I replied that it was the wish of the factory workers, and as the bill concerned them alone, it did not need the majority of the other people. He became quite frank and remarked that the newspapers of the city were against the measure and, he continued, "One who went against the press might fail of election next time." The beast! To value his puny ambition above the lives of thousands. I own I was angry. Who wouldn't have been? It flashed upon me all at once how hopeless it was to talk to this man without the support of a greater power than simple humanity. Why I said it, I don't know. Perhaps it was the same reason which makes the deer stand the pack at bay. I said, "If the newspaper is what you are afraid of I guarantee that it will be the first to condemn you if this petition is not passed." As the door was ajar I went out and gave it a slam to express my feelings for him in a mild way.

No more was heard from the petition. The days slipped off the calendar like beads from off a broken chain. It was only five days before the date set for the strike. We would know in two whether the petition had passed. As yet it had not been presented.

It was night. I had just come in from the street where all seemed vaguely disturbed and restless. Never had matters seemed so hopeless as now. Everyone was tense with anxiety and dread. A tiny breeze was puffing up from the river where I could see, from my loop hole of a window, the boats beginning to light up for the night. The river mists were pouring along the narrow streets below, dimming the street lights, so

that I seemed like one on another planet gazing down upon the people of a world.

The longing, the inexpressible longing, to hinder the strike, to do something which would make the newspaper men order Congress to send the measure through with a rush, came over me. Before I knew it I had lighted the little smoky lamp, snatched up the paper from around the bread and was writing, writing, writing. You have seen the results? It was only a poem, a second "Song of the Shirt," some say, and it belongs rather to the misty, dirty street and to those who travel on it than to me. You know the rest, how it was published by the *Daily News* and aroused the people at last. The press applauded the measure, and Congress passed it at last, and I may rest along with the others. The factory girl is redeemed. Congress wonders why it had not passed the measure before. My work is finished. Welcome me home, Peggy, welcome me home!

Yours in the heights,

"Elizabeth."

PARKE MORRIS.

Le Ruitelet

CHANSON

I.

IL me semble que le jour sourit,
Au Printemps!
Sur nous le soleil toujours brille,
En veillant!
Le ciel est bleu et rarement gris,
Je crois que tout le temps s'enfuit,
Chaque moment!
Les fleurs réveillent fraîches, douces, jolies,
Au monde enchantant!
Et moi, je ris! je ris! je ris! je ris!
Au Printemps!

II.

Je vois les oiseaux tous s'enfuient,
Au Printemps!
Aux arbres faisant leurs jolis nids,
En volant.
J'entends les agneaux souvent crient,
Cabriolant,
Autours des sages et blanches brebis
Chaque agneau gai la mère réduit,
En bêlant!
Les arbres, le gazon, tous sourient
Au Printemps!
Et moi, je ris! je ris! je ris! je ris!
Au Printemps.

JANIE C. SLAUGHTER.

THE FOCUS

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WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARD!

We wish to call attention to the criticisms that appear from time to time on the bulletin board. These, the exchange editor has clipped from other magazines and placed there for your benefit. If those who are far away are enough interested in us to notice us in their columns, and by their suggestions, criticisms, or encouragements, as the case may be, seek to help us, should we not read them? And not only read them, but let us profit by them. In order to do this, keep your eye on the bulletin board!

ANNUAL VS. FOCUS

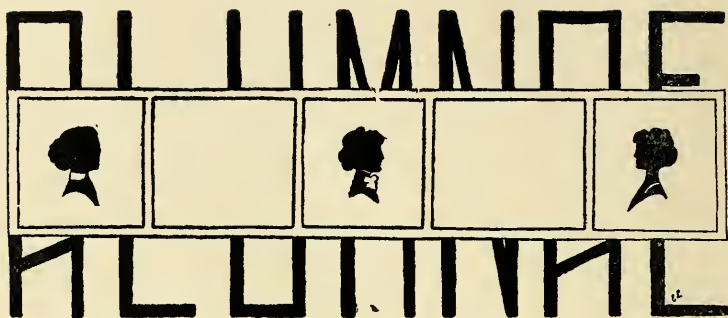
Every one is interested in the Annual, or should be, and from present prospects it will be carried through successfully. But since the Annual has claimed so much attention, in many cases the Focus has had to suffer. With the January issue a good many subscriptions expired which have not been renewed, and the cry when these delinquents have been approached on the matter has been, "The Annual!" Now the Annual is a fine thing, but should it take the place of THE FOCUS? Is not a monthly magazine more vital in school life? It is one of the best outlets for literary talent, giving us training, and also keeping us awake on school activities and events. Since January we have only 310 girls in school who are subscribers. Not 50 per cent! And would it sur-

prise you to know that many of the non-subscribers are Seniors ? This is a sad state of affairs, and unless the tide is turned the question next year may be, FOCUS or Annual—which?

Y. W. C. A.

A recent convention of Y. W. C. A. workers and leaders held at R. M. W. C. in Lynchburg, Va., brings our own Association into notice. It is a vital part of our school life and it is hoped that, with seven enthusiastic delegates who went from S. N. S., the Association will do even greater things this year. It has a large membership, a very earnest, able and enthusiastic General Secretary, and S. N. S. has justly a right to be proud of her Association. In no other kind of school or college should a Y. W. C. A. be more encouraged than in a normal school. We, who are to be the future teachers of Virginia and other states, are the ones to unite in standing for all that is noble and true, and in no other branch of school life can we take such a stand as this, as in the Y. W. C. A.

Help it all you can! You need it, and it needs you!



It is interesting to find that of the January Class, 1912, all except one member have already secured positions and are regularly at work as teachers putting to proof the theories and training they received here.

Frances Merryman, Sue Duval Adams, and Jean Boatwright are teaching in Lynchburg, Thurzetta Thomas and Katherine Cook in Roanoke, Bessie Wynne and Honor Price in Henrico County, Blanch Hedrick in Middleburg, Loudoun County; Florence Garbee in Chester, Irene Briggs in Charlottesville, and Flora Redd at Zero. Virginia Paulett is assistant Librarian in the State Normal School, Farmville, Va., and Caroline McCraw is at home resting for the remainder of the term. She has recently enjoyed a visit to Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg.

Honor Price, whose exact address is Glen Allen, Virginia, writes that her pupils come largely from a mining settlement and some have not yet learned to speak English. She says, "I make signs and gesticulate to explain my remarks till I feel like the proverbial Frenchman."

Mrs. T. K. Young, nee Hattie Cox, class 1908, is visiting her parents in Farmville.

Claudine Kizer, class 1902, is in Laurel, Mississippi. She is supervisor of study hall in the High School of that city.

Among our graduates teaching in Emporia, Virginia, are Elizabeth Rice, class 1900, Marjorie Atkinson, class 1905, Florence Jayne, class 1911, and Cornelia Sterrett.

Cora Su Cole, class 1902, of Fredericksburg, has applied to members of the faculty here for her credentials to enter Columbia University, New York City.

Mrs. Maury Hundley, nee Laura Carter, who has been living in Norfolk, has moved to her country home in Dunnsville, Virginia. Mr. Hundley is in business there.

Susie Chilton, class 1906, is a community center in her home town, Lancaster Courthouse, Va. She is teaching mathematics in the local High School and housekeeping for her father. She writes, "I am still a dreamer of dreams, and just now the dream that is delighting me most is that of going to Columbia University next year."

Married: On October 18, 1911, at Arvonnia, Va., Florence Edwards to Mr. Owen Jeffrey.

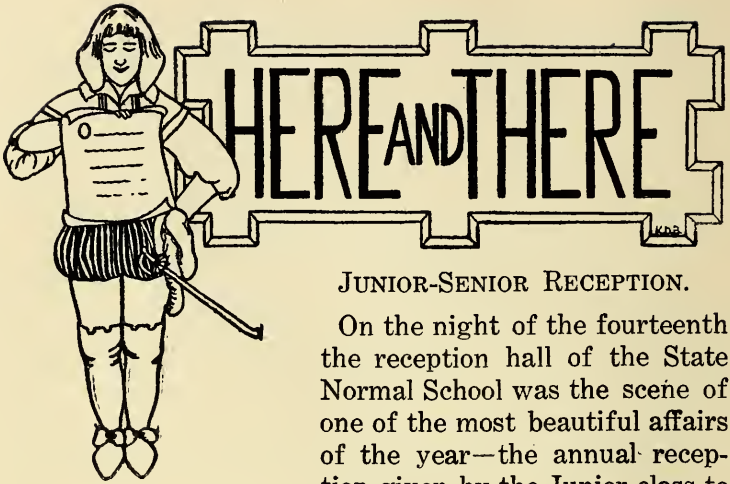
Annie L. Lancaster, class 1908, who is teaching in the John Fox School, Richmond, recently visited Miss Eloise Harrison and other friends in Farmville.

Elizabeth Justice, class 1906, is teaching this session for the first time near Blackstone, Virginia.

Born to Mrs. Clayton Gaver, nee Ruth Clendenning, class 1903, a son, February 20, 1912.

Ruth Kizer, class 1908, is teaching in Midlothian, Va.

Among the Alumnae who have recently visited the Normal are Janie Gaines, Maria Mapp, Gordon Baskerville.



JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION.

On the night of the fourteenth the reception hall of the State Normal School was the scene of one of the most beautiful affairs of the year—the annual reception given by the Junior class to the Senior class. This was fully

the equal of the former entertainments of the kind, both in beauty and originality. The receiving line was composed of the officers of both classes, who graciously welcomed the faculty, the home department, the juniors and the guests of honor, the seniors.

A canopy made of the colors of the two classes showed that harmony prevailed. The rest of the decorations, entertainment, and menu were dedicated to the God of Love, whose presence was evident everywhere. Tiny Cupids fluttered high in the air, each with arrow pointed at a different mark. From top to bottom of the columns in the reception hall a gay spiral of Cupids marched joyfully. Everywhere Cupids and hearts and symbols of the festive St. Valentine showed that even a girl's school could pay proper homage to the Saint. The white dresses of the third and fourth year presidents, who were dispensing punch to the dancers, were gay with beautiful red hearts. The most effective part of the entertainment was the four tableaux with valentine and leap year subjects. When these tableaux were over the guests went to different contests in

the sitting room and parlors, which were a maze of hearts. Then the little Cupid program said, "Supper," and the dining room doors were thrown open, revealing a picture of beauty and brilliance. At each table the little waitresses of the third and fourth year classes ministered to the comfort and pleasure of the guests. Their white dresses, with the quaint Dutch caps and heart-shaped aprons of crimson, made pretty pictures as they flitted to and fro. The prevailing idea was carried out in both the decorations and menu. After the toasts were read and the responses made, dancing was begun again under the rose-shaded lights which cast a soft glow over the reception hall. At 12 o'clock the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," rang out and the dancers awoke to the realization that there were rules to be kept and laws to be obeyed.

The Wilbur Starr Quartette gave an entertainment in the auditorium February 23, 1912. The music was the dominant feature and the company rendered many attractive selections.

MICE AND MEN

The play, "Mice and Men," given by the Dramatic Club, under the direction of Miss Wheeler, in the auditorium, the night of the sixteenth, was very much enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience. For weeks there had been rumors of a play to be given in the auditorium, by the Dramatic Club, so when the evening of February sixteenth arrived, three-fourths of the Normal School population arrayed themselves in plumage gay and sauntered forth to test Madam Rumor's reports. "The proof of the pudding was in the tasting," they thought, and the "tasting" of this "pudding" was evidently entirely satisfactory judging from the marked and vigorous applause. India White made a charming heroine. As for the hero, or heroes as there were two, where is the girl that cannot be moved to tears or laughter or flutterings of the heart, by a mere glance from a "leading man" in a play?

Misses Keister and Graham as co-heroes in "Mice and Men," proved no exception to the rule usually applied to "leading men," in fact they were irresistible.

Each member of the cast played her part most naturally and pleasingly.

We wish to thank Miss Wheeler for a very enjoyable evening and for giving the Normal school girls something worth while to talk about.

The play is by Madeline Lucette Riley, and the cast was as follows:

Mark Embury	Gertrude Keister
Roger Goodlake	Belle Spatig
Captain George Lovell	Frances Graham
Sir Harry Trimbleston	Elizabeth Field
Kit Barniger	Marie Bristow
Peter	Alice Lemmon
Joanna Goodlake	*Therese Johnson
Mrs. Deborah	Grace Woodhouse
Peggy	India White
Matron	Sallie Blankenship
Beadle	Ethel Combs
Molly	Anne Walker

The play was presented in colonial costumes.

*Margaret Archambault took the place of Therese Johnson in the cast.

CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

Auditorium, February 9, 1912

Subject *Kipling*

Piano Duet	Rose Parrott and Eleanor Parrott
Life of Kipling	Thelma Blanton
Recitation	Fannie Smith
Story of the Light that Failed	Lucy Strother
Solo	Frances Graham

The program was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and especially the solo by Frances Graham and the recitation by Fannie Smith.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

Auditorium, February 24, 1912

Subject . . . *Actors and Actresses*

Lullaby	Glee Club
What the Actor Really Earns	Lou Geddy
Solo	Edna Landrum
Sarah Bernhardt	Jennie Earnest
Recitation	Bessie Marshall
What the Actor Would Like to Do	Julia Rollins
Instrumental Solo	Ruth Dabney

This program was attended by an appreciative audience, and from the applause and expressions of approval, was thoroughly enjoyed. The paper on "Sarah Bernhardt" was especially good, and the musical numbers added to the attractive program.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Auditorium, February 15, 1912

Subject, *The Short Story*

A Love Story	Clara Helen Porter
Trio . Eunice Watkins, Ruth Harding, Marjorie Combs	
Story—A Ghost	Alice Lemmon
Instrumental Solo	Anne Wilkinson
Uncle Remus Story	George Bailey
Duet	Ruth Harding and Ethel Combs

All the numbers on the program were very good. Special mention should be made of the Uncle Remus story, told by George Bailey in a very animated and attractive manner.

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Auditorium, February 10, 1912

Subject, *The Harvester*

Character Sketch of Gene Stratton Porter, Sadie Butler	
Piano Solo	Annie Myers
An Introduction to "The Harvester"	Leta Christian

Song—"My Lass"	Glee Club
Readings from "The Harvester"	Mattie Ould, Ruth Garnett, Harriet Parrish
Vocal Solo	Lucile Bowden

The program was cleverly executed and showed much thought and careful preparation.

RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

Auditorium, February 10, 1912

Resolved: That girls should take part in athletics

Affirmative	Beulah Jamison, Elizabeth Chappell
Negative	Susie Holt, Elizabeth Wall

This was a very spirited debate, in which each speaker endeavored to show up her side to the best advantage. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

JEFFERSON DEBATING SOCIETY

An open meeting of the Jefferson Society was held in the auditorium February 9, 1912. The program for the evening was a debate, the question being, "Resolved: That men and women in Virginia should have equal suffrage." The speakers were Susie Phillippi and Pattie Hargrave on the affirmative, and Clara Nye and Juanita Manning on the negative. Madeline Willett played a very enjoyable solo while the judges, Miss Dugger, Mr. Grainger and Mr. Lear, were making their decision, which was rendered in favor of the negative.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

The last meeting of "Le Cercle Francais" was held in room J, February 21, 1912, and the following officers were elected:

Mary T. Turnbull	President
Anne Clark	Vice-President
Ethel Combs	Secretary
Margaret Helm	Treasurer
Mattie Ould	Reporter

We are hoping to derive more benefit from this spring's work than ever before, and consequently desire a full attendance at each meeting.

By an oversight the names of the officers of the Pierian Literary Society were omitted from the Directory of Student Organizations published in the February number. The Editors of THE FOCUS regret that the omission occurred. The officers are as follows:

President	Zulieme DuVal
First Vice-President	Winnie Hiner
Second Vice-President	Leah Haller
Recording Secretary	Sallie Blankenship
Corresponding Secretary	Elizabeth Hawthorne
Treasurer	Madeline Askew
Critic	Grace Freeman
Reporter	Leta Christian
Censor	Lucille Bowden

Y. W. C. A.

The annual business meeting of the Association was held February 10. Reports from the President, the General Secretary, and the Treasurer were read and new members were recognized. The officers for the year 1912-1913 were elected.

The Cabinet as it now stands is as follows:

President	Florence Boston
Recording Secretary	Winnie Hiner
Chairman Membership Committee	Evelyn Turnbull
Chairman Intercollegiate Committee	Preston Ambler
Chairman Devotional Committee	Thelma Blanton
Chairman Finance Committee	Elsie Gay
Chairman Social Committee	Sallie Hargrave
Chairman Music Committee	Frances Andrews
Chairman Missionary Committee	Rebecca Coleman
Chairman Missionary Giving Committee	Anne Woodroof
Chairman Social Service Committee	Madeline Askew
Chairman Bible Study Committee	Janie Couch
Chairman Room Committee	Lucy Maclin

Seven delegates were sent to the Group Council at Randolph-Macon Woman's College. Their reports were very much enjoyed.

The visit from Miss Burner and Miss Crane the week of March 11, is looked forward to with pleasure.

The thermometer stands, March 9, at \$79.

Sketches



WITH this issue THE FOCUS inaugurates a new department to appear monthly under the above heading. This month the sketches published are gathered from our exchanges, and are intended to show the kind of writing that is suitable for this department. It is hoped that S. N. S. students will realize the wealth of material we have right at hand for treatment in brief sketches and will turn some of it to account for the benefit of our Sketch Department.

THE PUNISHMENT OF UNCLE SID

"Darn this way of goin' to preachin' every purty Sunday that comes," said Uncle Sid as he leaned against the lot fence in the warm spring sunshine. "The' ain't no sense in it—'specially when a fellow wants ter be at home restin' and lookin' around for places ter plant."

No one was listening but Nell, who was quietly cropping the green sprigs of mustard and turf grass which the few warm days just past had caused to spring up in the fence corners. She lifted her head when the old man spoke and laid back her ears playfully.

"The' ain't no sense in it, Nell," repeated Uncle Sid, stroking the mare's mane. "But women," he continued, in a troubled voice, "the' ain't no doin' nothin' with them. It's go ter preachin' when Sunday comes, or it's a row."

"Sid-n-e-y," called the authoritative voice of portly Aunt Sarah from the back door. "Don't you know it's after ten o'clock, and here you ain't ever hitched up, nor put on your clothes, nor nothin'."

The back door slammed.

Uncle Sid sighed as he turned toward the house. What did it matter that the peach trees were in full bloom and that lazy bees were droning about fragrant

white plum bushes—in fact, what did anything matter to a fellow who had to put on starched clothes and sit in a musty church while old Parson Thirdly multiplied mossy “argyments” indefinitely? Such a bill of fare might “go” on a rainy winter Sunday. But on a Sunday like this?—It was a little too much to ask.

“If it wa’n’t fer the women,” mused Uncle Sid, brokenly—though he meant only Aunt Sarah—“if it wa’n’t fer the women, I wouldn’t do it. I would—”

He stopped suddenly at the lot gate, reflected a moment, and then drew out the wooden pin that held the gate shut. He smiled guiltily as the old gate glided open with a loud creak.

When he reached the house, Aunt Sarah, with her hat on, was sitting in the front room, calmly defiant in her readiness to start.

“Where’s that stri-ped shirt o’ mine?” he demanded, searching the nails behind the door. He had not received an answer when Dolly burst in from the kitchen.

“Lor’, Miss Sary, Nell’s done got out an’ runned clean away”—

“What?” exclaimed Uncle Sid, who was standing with his hands full of miscellaneous garments and who looked rather sheepish in his surprise.

Aunt Sarah rose majestically. “Just as I expected. I knowed it—I know from the way you wus a-pokin around here that somethin’ would happen for to keep me from goin to church,—it’s just like you. Now if I’d’a fastened that horse up, I’ll bet she wouldn’t’a’ got out. If it ain’t the out-doin’est thin—” For a moment Aunt Sarah’s power of speech was gone, but only for a moment. “Well,” she continued, “the’ ain’t no use waitin’ for you to ketch that horse. I reckon I can go out to Martha’s and go to church with her. *She* don’t have no such to put up with—*she* goes an’ comes when she gits ready. An’ you can just stay right here, or go by yourself. It’s a punishment for your triflin’, no ’count way o’ doin’—that’s what it is.”

There was a touch of compunction in Aunt Sarah's voice, when she turned around at the gate and said: "An' if you want any dinner the's some cold potatoes in the bottom o' the cupboard an' some buttermilk in that jar on the the water shelf."

Uncle Sid laughed as he took the path that led out along the hedge-row of plum bushes.

LA CHIQUITA

It was the quaint little Mexican town of Parras, with its low adobe houses and iron-barred windows, and the tall cactus plants, brilliant with the ripening fruit, standing sentinels to every home. In its wide, sunny street tiny brown children romped with their puppies on the freshly sprinkled road, while their mothers, squatting in groups along the sidewalks, discussed the arrival of the new "Americano." A door across the street opened slowly, and a tiny girl scrambled over the high threshold. She stood on the walk watching with wide-open blue eyes the brown babies, fearing to join them lest she soil her fresh white dress.

While she stood there, the road was suddenly cleared of babies and puppies, for far up the street the grape-carriers' chant was heard. Laden with fruit ripe for the waiting vat, they came from the large vineyards surrounding the little town. Soon the long line wound into view,—tall, brown, muscular men, marching single file down the center of the street keeping time to the low minor-toned chant of thanksgiving for the abundant grape harvest. Each one carried on his head a huge basket piled to a pyramid with luscious, purple grapes; and topping each load was a small bunch of flowers.

The child, standing there so bright in the warm afternoon sun, gravely watched the line as it drew near, then went out to the middle of the street and extended her hand to the first carrier.

"Quo chiquita,"¹ he exclaimed, stopping. He stood looking down on her, uncertain what to do, then sol-

¹What a tiny child.

emly shook the little hand and passed on, each one following his example. They saw nothing amusing in the procedure, but to one watching it was a funny picture,—the serious faced child solemnly shaking hands with each lusty peon. As the last one stooped to grasp the little one's hand, she pointed to the flowers and said, "Dame."²

Without hesitation he reached up and handed her the little bouquet of pansies, tube roses and heliotrope.

This was the story of the faded bunch of flowers which had fallen out of my diary. Looking down at its open pages I read the little incident written by my mother's own hand and loved her for saving the little bunch of flowers.

L. C. R.

THE COMMAND OF PERSONALITY

The howling in Gerrard Hall was fierce. The president of the association could secure no hearing. Nor did the noise stop, indeed, when a little fellow jumped on a chair in the front and waved his long baton as a sign that a yell was wanted. But he was laughing, and all the howls were turned toward him until it seemed, for a moment, that the roof must go. Just then, however, the smiling face of the little fellow became stern. The lips were tightly drawn, the eyes blazed, and without a wave from the stick, without a word from him, with nothing indeed but the commanding look on his face, every sound ceased, and a deep quiet fell over the whole crowd. Surveying the faces a moment he said: "Fellows, let's give a yell for the team. Spell Carolina. Ready: 1-2, 1-2."

A PHONE MESSAGE HOME

Two years ago I spent some months with an engineering squad near Lexington, Kentucky. Sunday nights were always very lonesome for me. We had rested all day and were not tired. The only thing to do in the little town where we were stopping was to do nothing

²Give me.

or go to sleep. I was truly lonesome. One Sunday night in a fit of the blues I determined to have a talk with the home people. Some little time passed after I had given the call before I was summoned to the 'phone.

"Hold your 'phone, sir, we'll have them in a minute," said a very shrill voiced central. "All right, Lexington."

Lexington had a very deep bass voice. He fairly made the 'phone rattle when he thundered out, "Are you ready, Nashville?"

"All-right-Bell-Buc-k-le," drawled out Nashville.

Then Bell Buckle with a quick nervous voice, "The line is open, Miss Susie."

"Hello!" I heard sister say distinctly.

"Hello, sister!" I cried.

"Who is it?" she said.

"Don't you know me, sister?"

"Central, I can't hear a thing," she said.

"Hello, sister! how's Dad?" I shouted.

"What is that?" she said.

All this time I could hear very distinctly everything that any one said; but sister could not hear a thing.

"How is everybody?" I tried again.

"I can't understand you."

I thought to myself, "I'll bet I make her hear this time."

"Who is that up there to see you to-night?"

"Central, you will have to repeat," she said.

"All right, Mr. Webb," said my keen voiced lady, "I will repeat for you."

I was so frustrated by this time that I could not think of a thing to say. Finally I thought of our little dog.

"How is Jacob?" I said.

"How is Jacob?" the keen-voiced lady repeated.

"How is Jacob?" jarred the bass.

"How-is-Jacob?" drawled out Nashville.

"How's Jacob?" said Bell Buckle.

Then I heard sister laugh out as she said:

“Jacob’s in the kitchen asleep.”

“Jacob’s in the kitchen asleep,” said Bell Buckle.

“Ja-cob-is-in-the-kit-chen-sleep,” drawled out Nashville.

“Jacob’s in the kitchen asleep,” thundered the next.

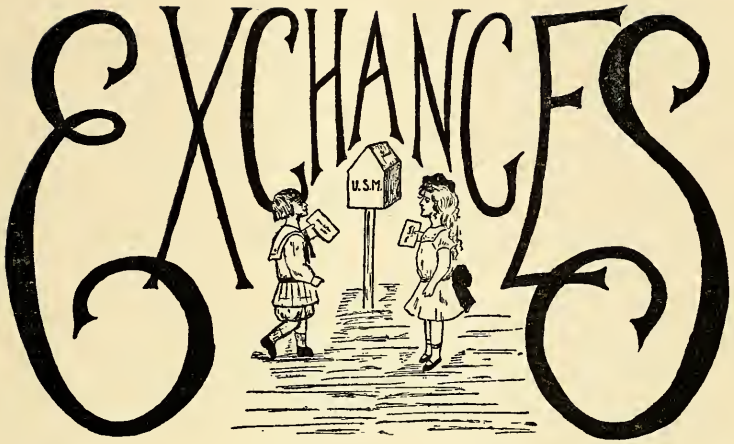
“Jacob’s in the kitchen asleep,” piped out the lady.

Before I had time to say more, she added:

“Your three minutes are up.”

There are two kinds of foolish questions: those which are necessary and those which are thrust upon us. We couldn’t do without some questions. We see a big, stout fellow, the very picture of health and happiness, but as we must say something we ask, “How are you?” We see another fellow with a love-letter-light in his eyes, making a bee line for the post-office, but as we are not well acquainted and want to say something we ask, “Going to the post-office?” Such interrogative expressions are necessities. However, there is another kind of foolish questions. These questions are thrust upon us; they are silly and nauseating. Perhaps we have a troublesome boil conspicuously situated on the end of our nose. Half a dozen or half a hundred inquisitive ones inquire, “Why, hello, here; have you got a boil on your nose?” Again we come in out of the rain, dripping wet from head to foot, and some one ventures, “Why, you’re wet, aren’t you?” But we believe the limit has been reached. Some days ago one of our fellow students was lying in the infirmary suffering from the effects of a ten foot dive into a cement floor. One demure little fellow came in and innocently inquired, “Did it hurt?”

G.



On the whole the exchanges of this month seem to have fallen somewhat below the mark. We feel that there is an excuse for this, however, as school work is unusually heavy now— then too, it's hard to do your best writing when icicles hang from the roof and it just seems to get colder and colder. Then, too, the inspiration necessary is lacking. With the coming of spring breezes and blue skies we hope to see improvement in every magazine of our exchange list.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* reached our exchange table in time to be looked over leisurely before so many others came. After reading, we leave the magazine with the impression that more material would have made it a success. One or two more good stories, another essay and some good jokes would have made it so. "A Friend" is the title of some verse that is indeed worthy. Another portion of verse, "The Youth of Sixteen," can best be described in the author's own words, "just a little nonsense rhyme." The article entitled "Wealth and Progress" is a combination of good style and substantial thought.

"Some American Homes" is about the best article that the *Gallowegian* contains. In it the author has pictured in a vivid manner the grand old homes of some of America's greatest men. "With My Rosary and You" contains the germ of a splendid story but has been hidden and not been allowed to develop. As it stands the action is so slow that it is tiresome to read. More than a mere event or two was needed to make the story what it was intended to be by the author. "Recompense" is a clever poem that has in it an element of real poetry.

Almost the first headline to attract the eye in glancing through *The Critic* was "Woman Proposes," so it was plunged into with high hopes of something lively. In a way, after reading, the reader felt satisfied: the woman did propose, rather nicely too. But it took a long time to get to the interesting part—the first of it was a drag. "Ginger's Doctor" is an improvement over the first article.

"The Hero of the Mill," found in *The Record*, must be mentioned as a wide-awake, interesting short story.

The Southern Collegian contains an admirable assortment of material. The essays are splendid and contain some very original ideas. The stories are well written, but the poetry is excellent. The following is taken from "When the Ice is on the River," which suggests the "Riley" atmosphere.

"When the hillsides are a-shining
 With a sparkling, spangly sheen,
 And the ice sends out a color
 That's a kind of gleamy green,
 And you get your skates and hustle,
 For there is going to be a show,
 When the ice is on the river
 And the land is white with snow.

When the ice it answers to you
With a crackling kind of stir,
And the skates they go a-whistling
With a steely kind of whir;
There's a kind of stinging gladness
In the very winds that blow,
When the ice is on the river
And the land is white with snow."

We enjoyed the *Furman Echo*, but the general tone of the magazine leaves an impression of sadness.

We welcome the coming of *The Missile*. Not being of a great age ourselves, we can appreciate the attitude with which it is making its appearance in the literary field of school magazines. Here's wishing it great success!

We found *The Sweetbriar Magazine* very attractive both in material and appearance. The stories are all good, and each has local color, especially "The Legend of the Sangre Christo."

We enjoyed reading *The State Normal Magazine*, *The Oracle*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Richmond College Magazine*, and *The Gold Bug*.



HIT OR MISS

NO MATTER WHERE I GO

No matter where I go I hear,
'Tis everywhere the same,
Before my eyes and in my
ear—

I'm sure I'm not to blame,
Oh, what crime have I com-
mitted!

Sure, I am, I'll be half-
witted

Unless for it I am acquitted,
"Oh, have you yet sub-
scribed?"

On the hall they ask you this

When you would like to chat,

In class, it seems, it's always this;

And now it's come to that—

They break into your study hour,

No one cares; you have no power,

That phrase I hear, just makes me cower,

"Oh, have you yet subscribed?"

"A NON-SUBSCRIBER."

F-n-e -G-a-a-m: Who is this paper by?

M-m-e- A-r-b-e. It's not signed, I guess it's unani-
mous.

Dr. Milledge: Give some idea of the size of the ice that covered North America during the "Ice Age."

Bright Junior: It weighed two thousand pounds and was ten feet long and twenty feet wide.

Miss Andrews: We should lean upon our subject in writing. What do we very often lean upon?

Junior: Oh, the table.

Mr. Eason: Miss D-r-i-n, name the organs in the body.

M. D.: Heart, lungs, liver and gizzard.

E-v-l-n: Let's go down town and get some perforated sugar and make some candy; we don't have to cook that kind.

F-n-i-e: Perforated sugar! I suppose if you can make candy out of perforated sugar, you can cut out a dress by a pulverized pattern.

Mr. Coyner: Miss M., how would you illustrate this?

Miss M-r-t-n: By a square.

Mr. Coyner: Wouldn't a circle do?

Miss M-r-t-n: Oh, yes, that's all right, just so you have four sides.

C-a-r-n-e: Where did Dr. Stone take supper, in the dining room?

A-n-e H-r-er: I think he sat in the alto.

GERM PROOF LAUGHTER

Biology Pupil: When I got out of that room I just fell into peroxide of laughter.

WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream!
Test on test disturbs my slumbers,
Chaos where my brains have been.

Life's been real! life's been earnest!
Make the grade, or get a note
Is the slogan of the teachers,
And to this end do they devote
All the arts and keen devices
To endue our minds with care.
Junior Math. to cap the climax!
Oh! the frantic, wild despair!

We see depicted on the faces
As they meet when test is done;
We hear the question, "How many 'd-y' get?"
With mournful answer, "Only one!"
Thus it is with fear and trembling
That we journey on our way,
Trying to bear in mind the lessons
As we learn them, day by day.

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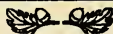
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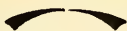
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