1-1913

The Focus, Volume ll Number 9, January 1913

Longwood University

Training School Number

THE FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

JANUARY

1913

Board of Editors

PRESTON AMBLER ..... *Editor-in-Chief*

PARKE MORRIS ..... *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*

WINNIE HINER ..... *Literary Editor*

MARIA BRISTOW ..... *Assistant Literary Editor*

ANTOINETTE DAVIS ..... *News Editor*

NATALIE TERRY ..... *Assistant News Editor*

ALICE LEMMON ..... *Business Manager*

RUTH PERCIVALL ..... *1st Assistant Business Manager*

RUTH HARDING ..... *2nd Assistant Business Manager*

ANNIE LAURIE STONE ..... *Exchange Editor*

JUANITA MANNING ..... *Assistant Exchange Editor*

EVA LARMOUR ..... *Art Editor*

MRS. W. A. MADDOX (Class 1902) ..... *Alumnae Editor*

JULIA MAY PAULETTE (Class 1910) ..... *Assistant Alumnae Editor*

Table of Contents

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
B. D SMITH & BROS., PULASKI, VA

THE FOCUS

VOL. II FARMVILLE, VA., JANUARY, 1913 NO. 9

To the Supervisors

Oh! would I were some bard of old,
Who with soft tones and harp of gold
Sang of heroic deeds and love
Till sounding fame reached high above—
E'en to Olympus,—
That I might sing in accents true
And echo even in heaven's blue,
Or else pour forth in lofty rhyme
Words to be graven deep on Time,
Of praise to you,
Our dearest friends.

Oh! would I had the magic hand
To weave into eternal band
Your kindnesses in beauteous flow'rs
To wear in memory of the hours
Spent with you.
For your hand touched our hidden soul,
Made us see life steadily and whole;
In duty's path our footsteps led,
And showed us how we firm might tread
Life cheerfully
And in love.

So lovingly and with hearts true
We dedicate our book to you.

—*Antoinette Davis.*

The New Training School Building

THE new building for the Training School is now in the process of erection. It occupies the block just back of the present Training School building and faces on Pine street. There is a competent force employed and Dr. Jarman says that he expects to move the Training School over, "bag and baggage," by the first of April.

As teachers and prospective teachers, we naturally want to know the essentials of a model elementary school. The new Training School is planned to embody as many of these essentials as the funds available will allow.

The front of the building is one hundred and fifty feet long. There are two floors and a basement and two wings ninety feet long running back. The rooms are all well ventilated and well lighted in accordance with the most approved plans. They are high-pitched and the cubic capacity is in excess of the amount required by the children, provision being made for observers.

All young ladies who have taught or expect to teach in the Training School will be glad to know that hereafter student teachers are to have a work room of their own. This room is to be in the basement of the building and will be so equipped that practice teachers may sit there and work while awaiting classes. Opening into this there will be a cozy little rest room.

Adjoining each grade-room the supervisor of that grade has a private office. This is, indeed, something unusually helpful, for long, quiet and private conferences with supervisors are of more help to student teachers than any other one thing. For from these conferences they get the real, practical, usable methods which are of greatest help to teachers.

Heretofore the Juvenile Library has been run in connection with the Normal School library. This arrangement, of course, created a very considerable amount of work, such as taking one lot of books from the library,

charging them out in one grade and then returning that lot to get another. The need for a separate library in the Training School has been supplied in the new building.

Another long-felt want will be supplied by the museum. One of the greatest helps to teachers and pupils is some standard by which they may judge their work and see if it is falling below or exceeding the mark. In the museum will be exhibited particularly typical samples of the children's work, including the results of their training not only in manual arts and drawing, but also in arithmetic, language, history, and each of the other common school branches. By these exhibits the new student teachers from year to year will be able to judge their work and see how it may be improved. In this room provision will also be made for samples of the very best text books, maps and other kinds of school apparatus. Publishers will be invited to contribute to this collection.

The director, as well as the principal, will have his private office on the first floor of the building. This, too, is an advantage as the director will be better able to keep in close touch with the work of the practice teachers and in that way to help them more.

The new building will provide much more room than the old for recreation. In the old Training School on bad days the children are forced to stay in the grade rooms or corridors and this, of course, means a great deal of monotony to them as well as disorder and confusion in the school. In the basement of the new building there will be two large play rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls. These rooms will be used not only for recreation but also for gymnastics.

The sun parlor, which is connected with the kindergarten, is doubly advantageous. There the children may take sun baths or it may serve as an open air school.

Grades I, II, III and IV have three rooms each while Grades V, VI, and VII have two rooms. This division of the grades has been planned because each year the senior class in the Normal School is larger than the one of the preceding year and this means that provision must be made for the professional training of more girls. By

dividing the grades more teachers are provided for. This fact was taken into consideration, too, when the eighth and ninth grades, (which will really be equivalent to first and second years of High School work) were added. By the addition of these upper grades the student teachers will be afforded an opportunity for practice work with older children. This is something indeed good for now more Normal graduates will be considered competent to fill high school positions.

All of the grade rooms will be large, for in a school like this a good many so called "model" lessons necessarily have to be taught. It is unreasonable to expect children to be as responsive or as natural when they are taken from their own rooms and put on the stage in the auditorium, or in some other place just as strange. The observations cannot be really useful unless the children are natural; therefore, all of the rooms are large enough to accommodate from thirty to forty observers at one time. The corridors are wide—this being necessary where there is a large number of children. The cloak rooms are ample and well ventilated. They are planned so that in them wet wraps are easily dried.

The desks are individual and self-adjustable. The floors have been selected with reference to durability and are of material which is easily kept sanitary. The grade rooms and corridors will contain a good many pictures, which will be classical, educative, and historical. It is an acknowledged fact that pictures are one of the greatest helps not only in beautifying the school room but also in the educative process. Last year the senior class gave one hundred dollars to be used for pictures in the new Training School.

Provision is made for a large school auditorium which will be added in the course of the next few years and will be used for Training School assemblies, entertainments, parents' meetings, etc. When this is completed the new Training School will realize fully our long cherished dream of a model elementary school building. Future graduates of the Farmville Normal will then have the advantage of having known what it is to teach under ideal conditions.

—*Alice Lemmon.*

Evolution of the Training School

HE TRAINING SCHOOL has passed through many stages and has had many abiding places in the course of its evolution into the modern, up-to-date, well-equipped structure which is at present in process of construction and is soon to be occupied. It is the purpose of this article to outline in brief the most important of these stages of growth.

When the State Normal School was established in 1884, the future teachers had to gain their experience in teaching in a small building which boasted but one room and which was situated on the present site of Dr. Jarman's office. Mrs. Bartkowska was the first teacher the Training School, then called the Practice School, ever knew, and she presided in this building. Miss Miner was the next principal.

In 1887, the Practice School was moved into a two-story frame building which occupied the present site of the dining room annex. Miss Reynolds was the principal when the school was in this building, and she was known as the "critic teacher." Here the school remained until it was moved into a building known as the "Fleming House" from the fact of its being a residence owned by Mr. Fleming. This was situated just in front of the present Training School and constituted, with the addition of one room in the rear, amply commodious quarters for the number of pupils at that time. On the right of this building there was a small flower garden, and some distance behind it there was a small brick cottage occupied by "Uncle Robert." On the roof of this cottage, the "big bell" was hung, and there it remained until its removal to its present position on the roof of the gymnasium.

While the Practice School was in the Fleming House, Dr. Frazer, then president, had an office on the right of the entrance, and Mr. Cox, one on the left. This office he shared with Miss Woodruff, who was at that time the principal. Mr. Elmer E. Jones was then director. The

heads of the departments in those days took a much more active part in supervision than they do now.

The Practice School outgrew these quarters, and it became apparent that a new building was needed. The foundations of the present school were laid in the summer of 1902, and while it was being built, the overflow was accommodated anywhere there was room for it, one grade being taught in the present Focus office. In the spring of 1903 the school was moved into its present home.

In 1903, the Training School force was strengthened by the addition of Miss Haliburton, who supervised the first and second grades, and Miss Dunn, who supervised the third and fourth. Miss Woodruff, who was principal, supervised the last four grades. In 1905, Miss Pierce became supervisor of the fifth and sixth grades. The next step was the addition of four assistant supervisors, who, with the four supervisors, did nearly the same work that the eight supervisors now do.

The Training School is at present crowded for room, and some classes are held in the "Smith House." Such a condition of affairs will not be of long duration, however, as the new building, an account of which appears in this issue, will soon be ready for occupancy.

—*Preston Ambler.*

Reminiscences of a Training School Teacher

"OW it do carry you back," as old Aunt Hester used to say. I can see now the long, green slope back of the "old Fleming house," with Uncle Robert's house at the foot. The Fleming house was the first Training School, then called the Practice School. (By the way, it was a hard matter, too, to change the name.)

On the left hand side, as you go in the back door, the front being reserved for the Faculty, was the first and second grade room; on the right hand, the third and fourth, while the upper regions belonged to the high and mighty upper grades.

The mystery of mysteries lay in the front of the building —a place where small boys went in like Jack Johnsons, and came out crying. I used to think that it was a dark room with only one window and that in the ceiling, through which the light shone on him whose chief business was to wield the rod.

Our grade room, the first and second, will claim your attention a moment. In tracing the growth or development of the Training School I shall just carry you along with me. Our grade was called the Gypsy grade because it was forever on the move, so in going with me you will see the most of the changes that the school has undergone.

Now, to return to our grade room. The windows were painted white as far up as half way. In straight rows the desks stood, the two-in-a-desk kind, two little boys being sandwiched between two little girls whose curls were in constant danger of being hammered under broken pen points.

Those two years, however, were indeed peaceful as compared with the following. When I became a third grader the Practice School had entirely outgrown its building, so we were moved next door to what is now "The Focus" office. The building was the gym, set far back and sep-

arated from the other buildings. You may see the junction now, if you only look close enough.

I think the third grade knew more about "Jim" than the average Normal girl does now. From early morn until late at noon we could hear them pounding away up stairs.

The laundry pipe came up just outside our windows, and ever and anon the teacher would stop the class for a general sneezing contest. I remember two things I learned in that grade: one, that whatever one could see through was called transparent; the other, that all paper could not be used as a blotter. We had only one supervisor then, which in a measure accounts for such a learning.

The hope of a new Training School was forever held up to us to comfort us in our misery. As a fourth grade we were settled in the new school. Not for long; the school was yet in a state of changes, both revolutionary and evolutionary. The fifth grade, we found ourselves in what is now the book room. We were sitting on benches like those the Normal girls use, and you were supposed to keep all books in the small space under the armpiece, between you and the next child. Oh, awful existence! short children, long children, fat children, lean children, were all seated side by side with no regard to the height or width of the seats.

The same existence continued in the principal's office where next the grade was moved. We were taught writing—indeed the school went wild on the subject—in those seats with the pad rest, and no means of adjustment.

But "it is a long lane which has no turning." The Gypsy at last came to a room which was in most ways model. The new Training School was working, while in not a perfect manner, yet the ideals of its makers were in a large measure being realized.

Now, when I see that grand new, new Training School going up back of us I feel like joining in with the poet who reminds us to "leave our low-vaulted past, to make each temple nobler than the last." Surely this applies to the Training School. May this new temple, nobler than the last, fulfil more completely the ideals for which it was built. —*Parke Morris.*

My Changing Conceptions of the Training School

"BACKWARD turn backward, O Time, in your flight." This was the vain sentence that dwelt with me constantly during my first few days as a teacher in the Training School. Why should not these words be in my thoughts for I was returning to the realms of the Training School after five years absence. Upon my return memories of my pupil days in this school fairly flooded my troubled mind.

So it was that even in the midst of the world of confusion and unrest common to beginning teachers in the Training School, I was forced to stop long enough to make a certain comparison. The Training School, of course, was the subject, and my different conceptions of it—the things to be compared.

One conception was that of a careless child's mind, pupil in the said school for nine short years. My idea of the Training School during this time varied slightly from year to year. The gradually changing conception made the Training School in my estimation a little better place to be in at each degree of change. But at first—the horrible brick house with a prison-like air, was the best that it meant for a long time. Very fitting it was that it meant gloom to me then, for had not my free and barefoot days been suddenly intruded upon by books backed with a bunch of switches? (Of course the switches were home stimulus.) Added to this was the awful experience of being sent to the principal's office for missing arithmetic that I just could not learn.

This idea of the Training School extended through the fourth grade. Then for the first time I became able to recite history without having committed it to memory beforehand. Also I began to understand two or three simple operations in arithmetic. These two facts were

responsible for a great portion of the unpleasant being cut out of my conception of the Training School.

I am sure that my idea of *better* in connection with the Training School at the beginning of my fifth year there was not the true interpretation of the word. To me, while in the fifth and sixth grades, my idea of the Training School was that it was the place to have a good time. It was hiding or some such game for recess, and note-writing or talking in school when the supervisor was not in the room. Yes, we fifth and sixth graders thought that we could have a big time when nobody but the student teacher was in the room. We weren't scared of her, for she, as we realized, was just a school girl herself.

In the seventh, and particularly the eighth grade, the evolution taking place in my conception of the Training School, was affixing in my mind the real true meaning of it—my best conception of it. It was the place to learn—to do—to help. My eighth grade conception of the Training School was the one recalled from memory that brought to mind the sentence whose keynote is "backward."

After cherishing this splendid conception of the Training School for seven years, I was suddenly awakened to the realization that it was about to be shattered. The occasion was my return to the Training School after five years' absence to see if it could make of me a teacher. For all that it had given to me in the past I was duly thankful, but somehow I felt that the dose it was about to give was hard—cruel. Under the influence of a fear that was awful, my conception of the Training School that meant peace and satisfaction was torn down. In its place was built up, in a flash, that meant trouble and uncertainty.

—*Annie Laurie Stone.*

The Training School Course of Study

URING the last few years a great deal of work has been done on the formulation of the Training School Course of Study. When the work was first begun the formulation embraced only a few pages of the Normal School catalogue. Two years ago a tentative formulation had been so well worked out that the Training School was given a complete catalogue in itself. In the old form there were, of course, many deficiencies, chief among which was a lack of definiteness. This deficiency has been corrected by the use of additional space and by the two-fold formulation. The first statement in the two-fold formulation is the customary statement by departments showing the arrangement and progress of each subject. The second statement is given on charts, one for each grade, showing the relationship of the subjects in a grade to each other and to the centers of interest, seasonal changes, and special days.

The work on the formulation of the course of study has all been done by committees. The point of view held by the committees in making this course of study is that education is a process of developing rather than building, that the child learns by growing from within rather than by impression from without. The course of study then must be regarded as a means of promoting child development.

That the work of the committee has been a success and has been appreciated is shown by the way the course of study has been received by prominent educators. The following extracts from letters serve to show that they regard it as a complete and helpful piece of work and as meeting the actual needs of the child:

> It is the first serious and extensive plan which I have seen to carry out the fundamental principles so well stated.
>
> EDWARD O. SISSON,
> *Head of Department of Education,*
> *University of Washington.*

It seems to me that you have brought out with exceptional clearness the distinction between life activities, as represented either by the individual or by the race, and the formal classifications of knowledge, which, for the most part, have been the basis for all our curricula. The tendency has doubtless been too much to teach subjects rather than life and certainly to ignore activity, exalting knowledge in the abstract to an altogether artificial pinnacle.

DEAN DAVENPORT,
University of Illinois.

With regard to the Course in general, it is undoubtedly the most valuable thing of the sort I have gotten hold of yet and we are not hesitating to make use of it in framing our own course.

H. E. BENNETT,
Department of Education,
William and Mary College.

Other extracts are:

It is surprisingly complete and detailed. It is a fine piece of work.

On the whole I think you have made a definite contribution in the organization you have offered.

A cursory review tells me it is something great

The distinctive feature of this course of study is the prominence given to the child's centers of interest, and this is the most valuable feature . . . The two-fold formulation is worth while. It gives prominence to an idea that is significant in education, and that we are too slow to recognize in school practice.

In the *Atlantic Educational Journal* for December, 1911, a review of the Course of Study is found under the subject, "Books for Teachers." To quote from this: "The material is arranged both by grades and by subjects, so that the usual compromises caused by the elimination of one or the other arrangement are avoided.

The committee, since the publication of the Course of Study two years ago, has been at work revising it. The course of study for the kindergarten, which had not been formulated before, has been definitely worked out and will be included in the revision. The values of this part of the course are that it will show definitely what the kindergarten does for the children; and that it will help articulate the kindergarten and primary grades. The committee, after considering the merits of the chart and outline in the statement by grades, has decided to use the outline form. A supplement containing the new group and grade statement

and kindergarten formulation will probably be printed for use during the present school year as an aid to the juniors in their observation and to the seniors in their teaching and philosophy of education. The prospect is that the work of the present revision will practically be completed by the end of the present school year and one of the plans of the committee is to make available the parts of the Course of Study which are centered around special days and seasonal interests. These will be published in bulletins. The committee also looks forward to publication of bulletins which shall deal more in detail with each of the subjects than is possible in the Course of Study. These bulletins will treat of the methods as well as subject matter and include full lists of helps, devices, and illustrative lessons.

—*Winnie Hiner.*

Training School Days

"SENIORS who are to teach in Grades III and IV will please meet Miss Lane at 3.30 today."

At last! We had hung around the Training School bulletin board for three or four days for some sign of recognition from that far-off being, our new supervisor, and now the summons had come.

At three o'clock a very nervous crowd of Seniors found themselves whispering outside Miss Lane's office door. After long waiting that lady, with a very pleasant smile on her face, opened the door, and was surprised to find us all gathered there, waiting for admission. Long breaths of relief were heard as we saw that our supervisor could smile. Heretofore she had been the one who "gave me an awful criticism," or "observed me the whole period today, and I don't know what I *didn't* tell those poor little children."

We were ushered in and took our seats, and were just beginning to feel relieved when "Miss Gray, after being

advised by the art teacher, I have decided that you shall take our Third Grade Drawing." Now I had taken Drawing for at least ten years, but had never yet had the art teacher make a remark in favor of any drawing I had as yet produced. I made this plain to Miss Lane, and she advised Music instead. Now Miss Lane was evidently not near when our Music teacher had me teach the methods class in Music. My failure had not been for lack of study, but I never could tell when my voice is going to sing high and when low. In a crowd I manage to strike one note and faithfully chant the remainder of the song. However, this time there was nothing to be said so *I* was Music teacher for Grade III.

My other subjects were just what I wanted—Reading, Language and Spelling, but Music, five periods per week, *every day*, was the bugbear of my existence.

The next day we *observed*. The Third Grade children were called the "fishingworms" by the Fourth Grade teachers, a name very appropriately given as we soon realized. We walked in with dignity and took our seats. One of our fortunate classmates, who was finishing up in the Training School, was teaching Reading. Such a lesson! I wished no more to teach Reading. However I soon found that this was the dullest section, B and C reciting in other classrooms. Soon they came filing in. Were there ever so many children in one grade before. A little boy on the front seat turned around and deliberately winked at me. I was delighted. He would never give me any trouble. I had won his heart. I gave him a very superior and reproving smile, and thought I had done well. This was another disappointment. I later found that Newton was probably getting rid of some stored up energy. At any rate his conduct certainly did not come up to my expectations. Children are generally very fickle.

The first day of teaching will *always* seem awful to the girl just entering the Training School. I was very much afraid that I'd be frightened and the children would know it. I recalled my own Training School days and remembered so many of the thoughtless and *planned* troubles we had given our new teachers. If I had known of the

terror she must have felt I believe I should have been a little more considerate. Now, as I entered under the same conditions, I expected to be paid back in full. I was relieved indeed to find at the close of my first lesson, that there had been such a feeling of responsibility placed upon me, that I had forgotten how very frightened I had expected to be. In fact, the lesson, which was Reading, went off very well.

After this I had no more fear of the children, but now the terror lay in the visits from the "Heads." This is something which I never became used to, though of course there wasn't quite so much terror when they came during the latter part of the session.

It was after my first attempt to teach a new song in my Music class that Miss Lane came and told me she had decided to give the Music class to Miss Martin, who did not seem to have enough work to keep her busy. I was glad to be rid of it and did not feel hurt at all.

There were other troubles, also. The Principal surprises you in the midst of a friendly talk with your Reading class—you have forgotten the lesson in a long talk about "Hiawatha" in whom the children have become interested. With him the Principal brings the Superintendent from the very county you had hoped to teach in. You are delighted when that same superintendent congratulates you on your manner with your class, and asks if you will be old enough to teach next year, and would you like a position in ———?

Another time you tell Wallace, whom you have known since he was a baby, to stop talking, and he says, "I ain't talking, old Mary." The long expected time when one of those children would lose control and call you by your name. This was a problem which was hard to deal with, but finally settled when he is "sorry he was rude, and is there anything else Miss Gray would like for him to do?"

Now as I look back on those few months, in spite of all its ups and downs I realize that I enjoyed it and would be glad to go through it again—for our school days are truly the happiest of our lives, and our *Training* School days are not nearly the worst. —*Alumna*, '05.

Training School Assemblies

THE weekly Training School Assemblies have been an interesting feature of school life during the fall term. The first one of the Assembly programs was given on October 18, and was participated in by all of the upper five grades. On the following Friday, Grade III entertained with an attractive little dramatization, suggestive of the harvest season, in which the different stages through which wheat passes from the time of the sowing until it leaves the mill were simply represented. Thursday of the next week being Hallowe'en, Grade VII gave on that day an enjoyable Hallowe'en program in which ghosts and jack o' lanterns figured largely.

The girls of Grade VIII next had charge, and they presented in finished style their own dramatization of "Horatius at the Bridge." The program by Grade II the following week consisted of a recital by different members of the class of the work of the grade during the fall, and an exhibition of samples of the work. The ease and cleverness with which these little folks did their parts won well-deserved praise. The Town Council Meeting, admirably played by Grade V on November 22, was unique and amusing. The following week, being Thanksgiving, all the grades participated in the program, which consisted of some harvest songs and games by the Kindergarten, songs by all the other grades in groups, and a scene from "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Grade VI. The next program was in the hands of the Fourth Grade children, who gave their own dramatization of the Greek story of Jason and the Golden Fleece. It was well done in every particular, the Greek dance to the tune of the national song of Greece being a fitting climax. On the next Friday the first part of the program was given by Grade VI, who, having just studied Scotland, told interesting stories of

the Scotch and sang some of the noted Scotch songs. Following this, Grades V and III played some of the games and went through some of the folk-dances they learned in the physical training class. This brought the Assembly program to a close, but the patrons were invited to remain to hear a talk by Dr. Heck, of the University of Virginia.

The next program was the last before Christmas, and consisted of a little Christmas play by Grade III, in which Santa Claus and many of the familiar Mother Goose characters were very cleverly and amusingly represented. The first program after the holidays was given January 10 by the boys and girls of Grade I, who recited and gave dramatizations of many of the Mother Goose rhymes. These little people acquitted themselves with credit, and received much commendation.

Jason and the Golden Fleece Dramatized

The story of Jason and the Golden Fleece was dramatized and presented by the fourth grade at an assembly.

The idea of dramatizing a Greek story originated from the fact that the children had been studying Greek stories in their history. Having once heard a short form of the story they liked it and thought it would be a good one to dramatize. The story was presented to the class orally. By the help of the teacher they selected the big points in the story, made an outline on the board, at the same time having the idea in mind as to the parts that they could play. This helped them in telling the story also. After hearing several children tell the story, they decided by voting, which one should tell it at the entertainment. We went over the outline, selecting and naming the scenes which were practically the same as the topics. The scenes were taken up one by one and the children decided what should be done in each scene. Just at this point, they selected the people from the story that they needed to help out the scenes planned.

They thought that they could do the work better by several working together, so the class was divided in committees of three with one scene assigned to each committee to write. This gave opportunity for group work. The class then went over the scenes with special reference to what each character had to do, before selecting the children for the different characters. They voted upon the child they thought would best suit each character.

The play being ready to dramatize and the characters chosen, it was reviewed in order that the children might get a clear conception of it as a whole. They were supplied with copies of the play, their parts being typewritten and pasted on. They were then ready to practice. They did this in language and reading periods. The time taken for the work in language was three weeks.

In industrial work Greek costumes were studied. They selected the pattern for their special costume. A committee

was chosen to buy the material. They purchased samples of material and discussed the colors that would go together, deciding the costumes for each person.

The immediate problem that confronted them before they could make the purchase, was, how much material should they need? Their measures were taken in the industrial work. These were passed to the arithmetic class where the children spent two periods in finding the amount of material. Each child first found the amount of material for his own individual costume, and then they added all the individual amounts making the total. The committee bought the material.

When they began to make the costumes each child had to measure off his own material and make the costume.

They found that they needed borders on their costumes; this gave rise to the study of Greek designs in drawing as well as original designing. Having made the design preferred, they put them on with colored crayons.

In a part of the story the people were rejoicing; the children had learned that the Greeks danced for joy, therefore, they must know a Greek dance to carry out this idea of dancing. This was taught them in the physical training periods and accompanied by "The National Airs of Greece" on the piano. The time used in teaching the dance was one week.

In connection with the play the children were taught two Greek songs in the music. —*Varina Bailey*

Below we print the text of the little play as given by the Fourth Grade. It makes no undue pretense as a composition; but stands simply as an example of what any fourth grade may do with such a story. The story was first told in a connected way by one of the children, somewhat after the manner of the Elizabethan Prologue. The little play followed.—*The Editors.*

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Scene 1. The Court of Pelias. Pelias on his throne; people standing to the side. Enter *Servant.*

Servant—Your majesty, a man wearing only one sandal is at the gate.

Pelias—Bring him in.

Servant goes out and returns with *Jason*.

Jason (courageously)—Now I am a man; I have come to take possession of the throne which you have unjustly claimed.

Pelias (pretending to be ready to give it up)—But you are a young man, and before you settle down to the cares of a kingdom should you not like to win a little glory? How would it please you to engage in some wonderful adventure, so that your subjects may tell of your achievements hundreds of years after you are dead?

Jason—Very well, sir.

Pelias—The Quest of the Golden Fleece is the most glorious adventure one could engage in.

Jason—I shall set to work at once to prepare a vessel that will hold fifty men. I shall get Argus to build it and name it "Argo." The men shall be called Argonauts. (Exit.)

(*Curtain.*)

Scene 2. A crowd of people at the shore watching the departure of the Argonauts. Song, "The Young Jasons."

Pelias (pretending to be troubled)—He'll never, never come back, and the kingdom will be mine.

(*Curtain.*)

Scene 3. Court of *Aeetes* in Colchis. Enter *Jason*.

Jason—Your majesty, I have come for the Golden Fleece.

Aeetes (having no idea of giving it up)—It is only fair though, that you should do two little favors for me first, and then you are welcome to fight the dragon and carry away the fleece—and the Grove too, if you will. The two little favors I ask are that you yoke to the plow two fire-breathing bulls and plant the teeth of the dragon that Cadmus has slain.

(*Medea* listens attentively. Goes to room adjoining.)

(*Curtain.*)

Scene 4. Adjoining room. *Medea* stands mixing something in a vessel. *Jason* enters, on his way out of the palace.

Medea—Here is a charm that will make the bulls gentle. When the teeth spring up throw a handful of sand among them. (*Jason* gratefully takes the charm.)

Jason—If this charm works I shall come back to take you to Iolcus to be queen.

Medea (sings)—"I'm Thinking of Jason."

(*Curtain.*)

Scene 5. Same room. *Jason* returns to the palace to tell *Medea* of his success.

Enter *Jason*, followed by his men. Bows low before *Medea*.

Jason—Princess, I come to thank you again for the aid you gave to me. When I yoked the fire-breathing bulls, plowed the field and sowed the teeth of the dragon, ranks of giants in full armor sprang up. Remembering what you said, I threw a handful of dust in their faces. Blinded with the sand, the giants attacked one another and in a short time were killed.

The magic charm put the dragon to sleep and I drew near enough to sever his head, then tore the fleece from the branch where it had hung for many years. Here it is. (Holding up the fleece.) And now I ask the greatest favor of all—that you come with me to my country to help me when I am king of Iolcus, that you will be our queen.

Medea—I am glad you had such great success. Yes, I will go with you and be your queen.

(*Curtain.*)

Scene 6. The court of *Pelias*, Iolcus. *Pelias* on his throne. *Jason*, *Medea*, and the *Argonauts* enter the court.

Jason—I have captured the Golden Fleece—the throne is mine. (*Curtain.*)

Scene 7. *Jason* on the throne. *Medea* at his side. Enter *Argonauts*, bearing branches of evergreen, followed by maidens. Dances. (*Curtain.*)

David's Visit to Toyland

THIS happened one Christmas Eve when Davy was about eight years old. This particular Christmas Eve was a snowy one. In the city where David lived the wind was playing many pranks, swooping down upon old gentlemen, turning their umbrellas wrong side out, and sometimes blowing their hats out of sight.

But David had gone to spend Christmas with his dear old grandmother in the country, and the weather couldn't be too blustery for him. He had been out with his sled trying to have a little fun with the weather, and because he was a bit cold he went into the house to lay his mittens by the kitchen fire to dry. He was soon warm but the mittens were so slow drying that he found the time hanging heavy on his hands. He wandered about the house for some time and, after sliding down the bannisters, and teasing the old gray cat for a while, he saw evening was drawing near, so he gave up going out again, at his grandmother's suggestion, and curled himself in the great easy leather chair facing a large roaring wood fire. He took up a book and began reading some more of the adventures of Alice in Wonderland.

It began to grow darker so David laid aside the book and listened to the ticking of the old Dutch clock, standing in one corner of this large room. As he was sitting here there stole from down stairs a delicious odor of the Christmas dinner. Roasted turkey, baked sweet potatoes, cranberries, gravy and pie—things to make any little boy's mouth water. He was thinking over what he would choose for Christmas, when he suddenly discovered a little man perched upon the fender smiling at him with all his might.

This little man was a queer little elf, indeed. He was about a foot tall with a head about as large as a small size cocoanut and with great eyes like a frog. His legs were very slender and small. He asked David in a small voice

if he wanted to go to Toy-land. David, in a half-frightened voice, said he would. So taking David by one hand, he waved the other, and they were taken up the chimney with the flames.

Away and away they went over villages, fields, and rivers with their running waters frozen over as white as crystals. David, all this while, was looking at the queer little man who was smiling at him still. After traveling a long time over this beautiful land the goblin said, "We are very near to Toy-land."

In the distance David saw a large brick building covered with snow. As they drew closer, they heard the merry tinkle of the sleigh bells. The goblin said Santa Claus was calling his reindeer to tell them of the long trip they must take. Then the little goblin waved his hand and they were instantly put down upon the ground, right at Santa Claus's door, and there stood the dear old fellow himself. Now David had never before seen Santa Claus and this is the way he looked: He was a very fat old man, dressed in a red suit decked with fur. From all appearances, he was a very jolly old man. He must have been cordial for he told David to go in and make himself at home and to choose what he wanted that Christmas.

David went into the house and found many little goblins all exactly like the one who had brought him there and they were busy at work on little wagons, balls, bats, and all kinds of games. He went from one room to the other choosing what he wanted. Finally he entered one very large room, in which there was nothing but dolls. In one corner of the room sat an old lady, busy at work, putting dolls' wigs on. There were several little brownies in there, some bringing wigs to her and some taking the dolls as she finished them. David went up and asked her who she was and what she was doing with those dolls. She told him she was Mrs. Santa Claus and that she was getting ready for Mr. Santa Claus to begin his visit to all the homes of the good little boys and girls that night. "My, but you'll have to hurry!" said David.

While he was talking to Mrs. Santa Claus, her husband came in, sat down in a very large chair and took David

on his knee. He asked him what he wanted old Santa Claus to bring him. David told him he wanted the great big drum in the room across the hall; a ball, bat, and an Indian suit, and lots and lots of candy, nuts, and toys.

Old Santa Claus said, "Well, I think you have been a good little boy so maybe he will bring—"

But old Santa Claus stopped in the middle of a sentence. David said, "Did anybody call you?"

He said, "No, I was just thinking how about teasing your grandmother's gray cat?"

Tears came into David's eyes and a lump was in his throat. Then good, jolly old Santa Claus, seeing his eyes, said, "Now don't cry; I can make that all right, for I know you have tried to be a good little boy."

David said, "If you only bring me what I ask I will not tease the cat again."

Santa Claus told a little working goblin to go and tell the little messenger to come and take David home so he could hang up his stocking. In came the little goblin, hopping and skipping, as jolly as could be. David said good-bye, and set off homeward. Away and away they traveled, over village, river and town.

At last they neared David's home. The goblin told David to hold tight to his hand for he was going to take him down the chimney like old Santa Claus goes. The goblin set David in the large chair and hopped back on the fender. After wishing David a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, he slowly vanished, still smiling.

David heard the sweet voice of his mother calling him, to come down to see who had come to spend Christmas with them. He immediately ran, realizing that he had been asleep and had this dream. He was met in the doorway by his father who came from the city. His arms were loaded with holly, mistletoe, and a large Christmas package for everyone. And what do you think was in David's? Why the very Indian suit that he had been wishing for.

Christmas morning when he awoke he found that Santa Claus had visited him and had left just what he wanted.

—Portia Spencer, Grade VII.

Phidias

ABOUT five hundred years before the birth of Christ, there was born, in Greece, a boy named Phidias. History tells us very little of his early life, but we do know that he was interested in all kinds of games and in statues.

Phidias took great interest, even when he was young, in Olympic games. In those days it was the custom to have set up in public places the images of victors in those games. Phidias would go to these places and study these statues.

At this time, sculpture was being encouraged by Pericles. Phidias was then appointed chief sculptor of Greece, by Pericles, who had seen some of his work.

About five hundred years before Christ, the Parthenon, a temple to Athena, was built. It was two hundred and twenty-four feet long and one hundred feet wide. On the front of this temple Phidias carved an Olympic procession.

The best piece of sculpture in the temple of Athena was his statue of the goddess, which was forty feet high, the body was made of ivory, and other parts made of pure gold.

Another one of his works was the statue of Olympic Zeus, which was sixty feet high and was also made of gold and ivory.

Sad to say, about four hundred and thirty-two years before Christ, Phidias was accused of dishonesty and was thrown into prison, where he soon afterwards died. He was the world's greatest sculptor.

—Dallas Dahl, Grade V.

A Transplanted Peggy

I

"TELL ME again, brother, what you think it will be like."

The clear, girlish voice had a note of anxiety in it. She had just brought herself to consent to this plan of her father's to become a boarder in an Eastern college.

Nobody would ever associate Peggy with a boarding school. She had lived an open and care-free life on the western plains since her babyhood, with no restrictions whatever, and only one companion—her tall, athletic brother, now nineteen years old.

Harold himself had been two years in college, and therefore in his sister's eyes seemed the highest authority on all worldly affairs.

Peggy was lolling lazily in her hammock, swinging herself with one foot, while the other was tucked snugly under her. Her thoughtful eyes were turned full upon her brother who was measuring his length on the ground beside her. She never tired of hearing about the pranks and good times that Harold had had with his college chums; only it made her wish the more vehemently that she had been a boy, rather than "only a girl."

At the end of a long conversation which followed her question, Harold arose, shook himself and meandered off. But Peggy swung on contentedly, with her thoughts thousands of miles away from her little home on the hot, sandy plain.

Suddenly she started, as she heard a thud on the open book in her lap. A look of abject terror shot into her eyes as she gazed on the fat, shiny worm writhing on the page. With a scream she bounded out of the hammock and turned, fleeing toward the house, but instead, ran squarely into Harold, whose eyes were twinkling with mischief and amusement. Peggy's face flushed angrily, and

when she found her voice she blurted out, "You hateful boy, I—I—I'll *never* forgive you," and strode haughtily on toward the house.

Peggy's violent aversion, or rather positive terror of worms was her particular point, and Harold, knowing this, rarely ever tortured her; but it was more than any fun-loving boy could withstand to dig a great big "juicy" one up with his toe by mere accident, and then not put it to the most effective use.

II

"Laura, who under the canopy do you reckon *that* Freshie is?"

The same question was in the minds of both of the girls as they watched from the rose arbor the steady stream of girls from all classes and conditions pouring into the campus of the big Normal College.

Laura and her "pal" Helen, who were beginning their senior year, were absorbed with interest in the scene they saw from their view-point. Old girls rushed into each other's arms with ecstatic greetings, while the new girls, shy and awkward, looked as though they wished themselves anywhere but at St. Mary's.

It was no wonder that Peggy attracted their attention, for her whole "get up" was different from that of most girls. She held herself well and walked with a free and easy step; there was certainly no hint of cowardice to be found about her.

"You'll have to go farther to find out about her,—but I know one thing, I somehow like her already, don't you?" Laura said in answer to Helen's question.

A short pause followed, then Helen said, "I don't care about disagreeing with you, but I must admit I am not prepossessed. In fact I think she's terribly bold and bossy looking." With that she jumped up, plumped her hair into place and motioned to her friend to follow.

That night after supper Helen and Laura collided in the hall on their way to one another's room. Laura found her voice first and managed to gasp out, "Guess who is to be my room-mate? Why, little one, it is none other

than that adorable girl who turned out to be from the wild and woolly Texas."

"Laura, you do act so childishly, I thought something worth while had happened. And besides," she said with an air of injury, "you declared so emphatically that since I couldn't be your room-mate, it was a matter of indifference to you who you would have."

"Well it *is* something worth while," Laura said, ignoring Helen's last remark. "I bet a drink that within a week or two she will be the most popular girl in this school. It's foolish of you to prejudice yourself against her like this. But there, let's don't fall out over it," and with arms entwined they strolled into the large hall where the girls were dancing to the latest "rag."

III

Two weeks later and Laura's prophecy was fulfilled. Rarely ever was No. 14 devoid of a visitor during the free periods of the busy school days. Peggy's lasso-rope was an object which rendered never-ceasing enjoyment. Little flocks of girls would tear around the campus like little children of ten, for the mere pleasure of seeing Peggy lasso them with a skillful hand which never missed its victim.

Three months later the sororities had their initiation of new members. Peggy had received a violent rush from both of them, but after considerable "pow-wowing" decided to take the one which Laura belonged to.

My! how big and important the old members felt, and how absolutely terrified the poor members-to-be were as they were blindfolded and led into the big room which was to be thier "chamber of horrors!" The girls were beside themselves with the hazing fever as is usually the case on such occasions. As a spacious handerchief was tied over Peggy's big brown eyes, the girls did their best to inspire her with fear of what was about to be done to her, but she always had a merry answer for their fruitless attempts. When she was commanded to get down and scramble like an egg, for instance, or to deliver an oration over the dead body of an imaginary caterpillar she did so

with such amusing originality that her hearers were convulsed with laughter and forgot to use their paddles with which each member was armed.

Finally she was told to open her mouth like a young bird, while they fed her. Unsuspectingly she crouched down with her mouth wide open, while the girl who was appointed to do the feeding wiggled the end of a soggy macaroni stick down her throat remarking, "Here is a nice fat worm for the little birdie." With an unearthly yell she sprang up, tore off her blindfold and with one wide-eyed glance around the room, shot through the nearest door.

The echoes of her flying footsteps were distinctly heard by those she had left, as they stood in absolute silence, overcome by surprise and the sudden turn affairs had taken. As the last echoes died away, every girl started talking at once. Those who had been jealous of her, launched forth the idea that of course she was a "cad," otherwise she couldn't have acted so cowardly over nothing, while those who were really devoted to her could not explain things satisfactorily to themselves.

IV

The next week was a trying one for Peggy. The whole atmosphere of the school life seemed different to her. Laura and her other standbys had never changed toward her, but the many girls who had showered her with attention for popularity's sake suddenly ceased these and lacked even common cordiality.

Peggy really had a sensitive nature, and uncongeniality was impossible to her happiness, so after pondering the matter for a while, and standing the state of affairs as long as possible, she decided to telegraph home to expect her in a few days. She let no one in her secret, and packed her suitcase and trunk at dusk when she wouldn't be noticed.

Her plan was to get away during study hour. So after everyone was well settled in the study hall, she got permission to leave the room, and ran up to prepare for her flight. She turned the light on and gave a long look around

the room where she had once been so happy, but in a moment switched it off again as she felt her courage failing. She determinedly pulled her toque down over her eyes, and after leaving a note of directions for her trunk, picked up her suitcase and tipped across the room. As she passed through the door she jumped nervously as she felt a bristly something swing against her cheek. In an instant she remembered, and whispered to herself, "You dear old lasso,—and I almost forgot you."

She didn't stop to put it in her suitcase then, but carried it in her empty hand and proceeded on her way, creeping silently through the halls and down the stairs. As she passed the last bed-room, a noise inside made her stop short. She tried to persuade herself that she only imagined she heard something, but she was not satisfied. There was only a dim light burning in the other end of the hall, so she dared set her suitcase down and tip to the door. It took every particle of her self-possession to suppress a terrified scream when she saw the large figure of a man silhouetted against the bright moonlight outside, as he bent intently over something on the windowsill. Peggy stood as if petrified a moment, but almost chuckled out loud as she thought of a daring idea.

From force of habit she had coiled her lasso ready for use,—what was there to prevent her from encircling this intruder's neck with it? There was not a moment to waste, so with a deft fling the noose was slipped over his head, and a strong jerk brought him heavily to the floor. She took advantage of his dazed and helpless condition to scream to the watchman who was within calling distance. Fortunately the college president had stopped just then to speak to the watchman, and they both rushed in the direction of the screams and reached the spot just in time to protect Peggy from the plunge the enraged man was making toward her.

V

The next morning at chapel, one could have heard a pin drop as President Anderson told the whole story almost word for word as Peggy had sobbed it out to him.

As he dismissed the girls, every one of them turned in a body and made their way to Peggy's room, where she was perched disconsolately on a trunk, still undetermined whether to go or not. In a moment Peggy found herself surrounded by crying and laughing girls, and in imminent danger of being smothered. Certainly no doubt could be in Peggy's mind now, for she couldn't have "budged" had she wanted to!

—*Sophie Graham.*

An Ending

Day gleams over the city,
Red in the west,
The star of the dusk shines out
As a sign of rest.
To the hearts of the workers of the day
Flock home thoughts from the dim far away,
As day dies over the city.

Night gleams over the city.
Night is best,
The flickering lights blink out in the dark,
The din is turned to rest,
For God swings wide His peace o'er the world,
As far in blue depths dim stars whirl
And night spreads over the city.

Love reigns over the city,
Love that is peace,
And the silences that bless and lull
Bid strivings cease.
God and night and stars have won,
The fiery day and toil is done,
For love reigns over the city.

—*X.*

A Child of the Forest

PHILLIPPE DEVEREUX, with something of chagrin and a good deal of dismay on his face, parted the bushes on the bank, and looked out on the clear river as it swirled past. It was growing painfully apparent to him that he had hopelessly lost his way, for this was the third time today that he had stood on the bank of this river, try as he might to steer away from it. He glanced apprehensively at the sunset sky. In a few hours he would be in total darkness, and Devereux did not relish the idea of a night alone in the wild, unsettled woods of the new country.

Just as he was about to withdraw, a slender canoe shot around the curve of the river. Devereux, peering through the branches, discovered that its single occupant was an Indian girl, and that it was making straight for an overhanging tree near where he stood on the bank. He watched the canoe as it glided with scarcely a ripple up to the bank. The Indian girl sprang lightly to the ground and drew the canoe up after her. Then, straightening up, she stood motionless, gazing at the turbid river, now gorgeous with the reflected light of the flaming sunset. Devereux watched a moment the slim, straight figure, then gladly hurried forward. Surely this Indian girl could direct him to the hunters' and traders' camp from the eastern shore. Startled by his footsteps, the girl flashed around and faced him. But it was Devereux who ejaculated with astonishment.

"Mon Dieu," he caught his breath, "what a face!"

And truly his surprise was warrantable. For this girl, with her clear olive skin, startled black eyes and delicate features, was no ordinary Indian maiden. Recovering himself, Devereux tried to make the girl understand by signs that he had lost his way and wished to be directed to the camp.

A flicker of amusement lighted the dark face for an instant as she responded in perfect French:

"Perhaps if monsieur should speak one would better understand his wishes."

"You—you speak French?" gasped Phillippe.

"A little," demurely; "what can I do for monsieur?"

"Parbleu? What eyes!—that is—can you tell me the quickest way to reach the camp of fur traders?"

The girl considered for a moment. "You have wandered many miles from camp. The night will have fallen long before you can reach it. You are not used to traveling in the woods at night." It was not a question but a calm statement of facts delivered in a clear musical voice. "But if monsieur's presence at the camp is urgent, it would be a simple matter to guide him there. However, the dwelling of my father is near, and his joy will be great if monsieur will honor it with his presence tonight."

Phillippe Devereux, worn out with his wanderings, eagerly accepted the girl's invitation, and followed close, as she set off through the forest. He watched the lithe gracefulness of his young guide with the same pleasure with which an art connoisseur notes the excellencies of some great painting. He wondered at the long black hair that fell softly about her face. And what a voice!—never, even in the courts of France, had he heard a voice so strangely musical and—

"Monsieur is welcome to the home of my father, and if he will pardon me a moment, I will go and call my father."

Devereux looked about him with interest. He found himself in a little clearing with one wigwam, a little larger than the average, in the center. The girl had darted into the wigwam and was now emerging, followed by a small, rather stooped, old man in Indian dress, but with features distinctly French.

"Father, this is Monsieur —"

"Devereux," supplied Phillippe.

"Monsieur Devereux, from the traders' camp. He has consented to honour us with his presence tonight."

The old man welcomed him in a few words and they

entered the wigwam together. Inside supper was being served by a fat, slatternly squaw, and it was something of a shock to Devereux when he heard the girl address her as "mother." Was it possible that this slender wood-nymph was the daughter of the coarse-featured squaw?

The meal was a silent one. The father scarcely spoke, Devereux was too weary to exert himself, and the girl and the squaw were busy with the cooking. After supper the two women disappeared, and Devereux was left alone with the old Frenchman. He studied the old man's face with interest. It might once have been almost a handsome face, he reflected, though now it wore a sullen, almost brutal expression. The broad, intellectual brow was belied by the dull, listless eyes, and there were lines of discontent about the mouth. His speech, however, was easy and fluent, and his accent was that of a gentleman.

After an hour's conversation the host, seeing that Devereux was worn out, turned to his wife, who had come in and was squatting by the fire, and spoke in a tone of harsh command, presumably bidding her prepare a place for the stranger to sleep. She rose in stolid silence to do his bidding. In a few minutes good-nights were said and Devereux retired to his improvised bed-room, which was made by curtaining off part of the living room.

Weary though he was, sleep did not come to him. He was thinking of the strange family he had left—the sometime French gentleman with his native wife and their beautiful daughter. Most of all he thought of the beautiful daughter. During the years spent in the gay society of the French court he had known intimately many beautiful and accomplished women. But here, in the solitude of an unexplored forest, to find beauty and grace to rival any he had seen. This was enough to interest even one who had been embittered against womankind as Phillippe had been. As he lay there in the dark his mind went back to another woman, beautiful, sparkling, brilliant,—the King's ward and favorite,—whom he had audaciously presumed to love. How clearly he remembered the evening he had rashly declared his love and had learned that he was loved

in return. Would he ever forget the anger of the King when their secret was discovered and his stern command that his ward put aside this folly and marry the Duc de Villarien. Then had come the curt note of dismissal from her, and a very little later the announcement of her engagement to the Duke. Small wonder that he had become a voluntary exile from his homeland and had come to this new country with a heart embittered yet restless.

A slight noise without disturbed his thoughts. Lifting the corner of the curtain he looked into the room. A moment ago it had been empty, but now, seated before the fire, chin in hand, was the girl. Again the charm of her strange beauty seized him. He wondered of what she was dreaming as she gazed with wide, dark eyes into the fire, which threw a flickering light over her delicate, clear-cut features, and the heavy braids of hair which hung over her shoulders. Unconsciously he compared her with the King's ward. The Indian girl was surely even her equal in beauty and grace. But that which attracted Phillippe to her most was a certain impression she gave of frankness and quiet courage. Suddenly he was startled by hearing his name murmured in a low voice—

"Phillippe Devereux."

At first he thought she had called him. But she had only murmured his name to herself. Hastily he dropped the curtain, with a mean feeling that he had intruded upon her thoughts. His last thought before he dropped into unconsciousness was one of pleasant anticipation of his trip to the camp on the morrow with Gabrielle as his guide.

During the weeks that followed there sprang up a comradeship between the two. To the man the girl was a study as well as a delightful companion. At times her innocence was almost childlike, and in her total lack of coquetry she was different from any woman he had ever known.

And now the time was near when the party of hunters must go north. On this, one of their last evenings together, Devereux and the Indian girl had wandered far from the little clearing. Gabrielle looked anxiously at the rapidly blackening sky. Long before they could reach the wig-

wam the storm burst upon them. The wind roared through the trees like a demon. Thunder pealed and crashed overhead. The man and girl struggled on through the darkening woods. To Devereux, who was unaccustomed to such storms, the experience was terrific. Flashes of light showed him the girl's still, white face. A lock of her long hair blew across his forehead. He found himself wondering that she did not scream or faint as all the other women he knew would have done. She seemed rather to take a wild delight in battling against the storm. With her glowing eyes, streaming hair and fluttering garments she might have been the spirit of the storm itself.

Suddenly there came a flash so blinding that the man and girl reeled together. There was a sound of crashing and splitting, and a towering tree rushed groaning to the earth straight across the path of the white-faced pair below. The girl's quicker eye saw the danger first. With a cry she tried to hurl the man from her out of harm's way, but with almost superhuman strength he snatched her in his arms and leaped clear of the falling tree. Another instant and it lay at their feet. And the storm swept past them in all its majesty, leaving a stillness that was almost unearthly.

Then in the still, storm-wrecked forest there came to the man the realization that to him the life of the girl he held in his arms was far dearer than his own, that he loved her madly, and with a tenderness he had never known before. There was no need for many words. His answer was easy to read in the girl's eyes, eloquent with tenderness. Together they strayed back to the wigwam, back to the old father who had grown anxious for the safety of his daughter, his one joy in life.

On the edge of the clearing the girl hesitated, then, "You, Phillippe, must tell my father," she whispered and slipped away into the darkening woods. But it was some time before Phillippe could summon the courage to tell the old man that he loved Gabrielle and wished to take her from him.

When at last the words were out Devereux watched the old man's face grow a shade greyer. The slender, nervous

hands twitched spasmodically but there was no other sign that he had heard, save a hunted look that began to dawn in his eyes. The seconds slipped silently into minutes before the old man spoke in a gruff voice that startled them both.

"I will never give my consent, sir, to a marriage between you and my daughter."

The young man started. Gabrielle, who was about to enter the wigwam, let fall the tent flap and leaned, pale and shaking, against the tent pole. She heard the low demand of her lover.

"Your reasons, sir?"

"I should rather not give my reasons."

"But I must have them."

The old man pondered a minute and replied, "Perhaps it is best you should know my reasons. You may have guessed that I have not given you my real name. It is ——" He leaned forward and whispered in the young man's ear. Devereux started violently and looked his companion over incredulously.

"You," he exclaimed, "you are ——"

"Yes," the old man interrupted with a short, bitter laugh, "I am he. A sorry enough object now. When the discovery of the intrigue necessitated my flight, I came to this country. In the wilderness I became careless of those things which count for much in the civilized world. I took for a wife an Indian woman, daughter of a Cherokee chief. I tried to educate her up to my standard of living, with what result? Bah! look at her! A slovenly squaw is my wife, and I? I have sunk to her level, or nearly. What good did my culture do me? I have become more degraded than the Indians, hopelessly without ambition, and why? Because I was ashamed to live with my wife among my own people. I was looked upon as a squaw man and regarded with contempt. For the sake of my little girl I would not leave her, and so I have become what you see me. And, sir, your experience would be the same. If you married my daughter you would want to dress her up and turn her into a court lady. Even if she succeeded in pleasing you

the restrictions of the new life would kill her, accustomed as she is to unlimited freedom. The chances are that you would grow ashamed of your wife. Your love would be turned into weariness, for the unsophisticated Indian girl would lose her charms in other surroundings. You would either desert her or chain yourself down to a miserable existence like my own. No happiness, I say, can result from such a union. The only chance for either of you to be happy now is for you to go away while there is yet hope for both of you to forget. For your own sake, for the sake of my daughter whom you think now that you love, I beg you to go!" The old man ceased speaking. The girl without waited breathless and with drawn face for her lover's answer. At last it came in a strained, husky voice.

"Perhaps you are right. I—I don't know."

The girl's clinched hand went to her heart. Without waiting to hear more she turned away unsteadily. So he would give her up so easily? Suddenly the moonlight seemed unbearable, and she slipped away into the gloom of her woods.

A short time later Devereux emerged from the wigwam. He had made his decision, and now he could scarcely wait to find his Gabrielle. She was not in the clearing. He went to the woods and whistled and searched again in vain. At length he returned to the clearing to find her standing motionless in the moonlight. He caught his breath as he saw her. The white light lent a spiritual beauty to her lovely face.

"Gabrielle! my darling ——"

The girl started. "Don't, Phillippe, do not come near me."

"Gabrielle!"

"I overheard your conversation with my father, now I know you do not love me. To have been so easily convinced!"

"Gabrielle! It was only for an instant that I hesitated. In another minute I knew that what your father said would never be true of you, and that I could not live now without you. Tell me, Gabrielle, that you love me!"

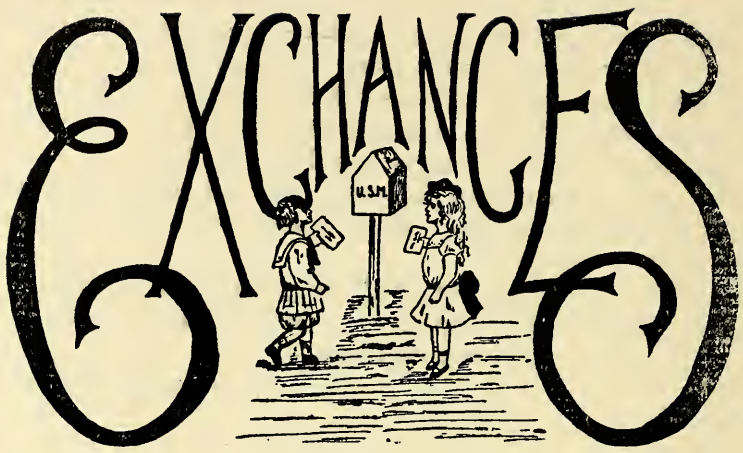
"Ah, Phillippe," the sweet voice trembled, "if you could even hesitate now when your love is greatest, do you think in later years it would stand any test? How do I know that what my father says will not be true? No, I would shame you before your friends. Your love would grow cold. I will never marry you, Phillippe."

"This is madness, Gabrielle. Do not think that I will give you up like this. I shall marry you. I will prove my love to you ——"

"I will never marry you," the girl repeated, wearily.

She turned swiftly to the woods, paused a moment in the moonlight—then vanished.

—*Frances Graham.*



We are glad to form an acquaintance with *The St. Mary's Muse.* The October number is right good for the first of the session, and for so small a school. It adds interest to publish a list of the students where it is practicable. The literary articles, however, are rather short. Why not have at least one good short story and some verse?

Another interesting arrival to our exchange table is the *Southwestern University Magazine.* It hails from the Lone Star State. It is well arranged in its departments. "Summer's Last Eve" is not so smooth in a few places as it might be, but it is very beautiful in thought, and is filled with pretty pictures. An essay like "The Description of George Eliot" is always instructive, but we would suggest that probably a little better title would be more suited to the article. "Twilight" is a vivid sketch. Don't you think the introduction of a sketch department would be a good thing?

The Student ranks high in our list of high-school magazines. The stories are interesting and very well written. The editorials are good. But some of the lines in "Christmas" are commonplace and weak. The whole poem needs polishing. Then, too, it would be more appropriate to have a joke department than to have jokes tacked on to the bottom of almost every page.

THE FOCUS

VOL. II FARMVILLE, VA., JANUARY, 1913 No. 9

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

The Focus is published nine times a year at Farmville, Va., by the Students' Association of the State Normal School. There are no stockholders, no bond-holders, mortgagees, nor other security holders.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

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

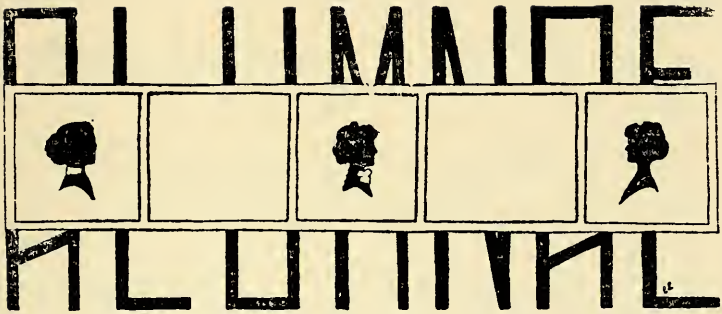
Editorial

Another New Year! What does it mean to us? Merely another batch of good resolutions to tide us over the first three weeks of January, perhaps, in a righteous frame of mind? Or an opportunity to be seized with eager hands and made the most of with unfailing zeal and enthusiasm? Alas, I fear that too often making a good resolution is practically synonymous with breaking it, for it has not the moral impetus behind it that will cause it to wear for twelve long months and become established in our lives as a habit. But when we look upon it as an opportunity —surely the thing is as good as done.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Long live the Training School! We have no doubt it will, as long as there are timid young recruits who dread

its terrors, for when it no longer causes the heart of a Senior to fear and tremble, it will have accomplished its purpose and become useless. But as one is not naturally gifted with experience of things pedagogic, it seems probable that the Training School is a permanent institution. This being so, may it continue nobly to fulfill its mission, and change the timid girls from raw recruits to resourceful teachers. Many girls going out to schools of their own have had cause to be thankful for what they have received here, however unwillingly they may have availed themselves of its advantages.



A REVIEW OF "EDUCATIVE SEAT WORK."*

The members of the Alumnae, in common with all progressive teachers, will welcome the book, "Educative Seat Work," which the Normal School has just published. This book is the product of Miss Dunn's experience as a supervisor both in the Training School and in the Rural Schools of Nottoway and Amelia Counties. It is especially designed to help teachers of rural schools, but will be found of great value to all teachers of lower grade pupils. Although but recently published, and as yet reviewed in only one educational journal, letters have been received from six different states asking for copies. Supervisors of wide experience are pronouncing it the best they have ever seen. The following selections from the table of contents show some of the topics covered:

Suggestions for making seat work self-educative.

Types of seat work in each of the public school subjects.

Suggestive daily programs with special reference to utilization of seat work periods.

References and addresses for helpful books and materials.

---

*"Educative Seat Work." By Fannie W. Dunn, Lecturer on Education, State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Published by the Farmville Normal. Pp 77. Sold at the Book Room at cost of printing, 35c.

TRAINING SCHOOL ALUMNAE

Luckin Bugg, of the class of 1889, is now cashier in the People's National Bank.

Mary White Cox ('90) is head of the Home of this institution.

Herbert Stokes, of the class of 1890, is head of the firm of Stokes & Davidson. He recently married Miss Overall, of the Normal School faculty.

Maxwell Robeson ('89) is an Episcopal minister. He is married and has several children.

Vennie Cox, a graduate of both the Training and the Normal Schools, is now Mrs. J. C. Mattoon. Mr. Mattoon is the Manual Training teacher at the Normal School.

Warren Wall is now practicing law in Farmville.

Charlie Crute is a medical doctor, and practices in his home town.

There have been several marriages among the old Training School students. Charlie Crute and Bessie Martin were married in 1905; Mattie Lee Cunningham and John Walker, in 1904; and Mary Boothe Walker and Scott Martin, in 1907.

Essie Paulett (Mrs. F. Clark) and Pearle Venable (Mrs. W. Anderson), of the first class, 1888, have daughters, Emily Clark and Laura Anderson, who have gone through the Training School as far as the Sixth Grade. Others who have children in the Training School are Elliott Booker, Elva Barrow, May Paulett, Louis Paulett, Mattie Cunningham.

Strachan Staher was graduated at Hampden-Sidney and is with R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Archer Davidson was graduated from V. P. I. and is now an engineer.

Emerson Jarman and Charles Bugg are now in Hampden-Sidney College.

Alfred Morrison is a Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins and has been professor of Latin at Hampden-Sidney. He prepared a history of Hampden-Sidney College. He was at one time in the Congressional Library in Washington, and is now following literary pursuits.

G. Chapin Robeson, who died in March, 1912, was a graduate in Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the faculty of Georgia School of Technology at Atlanta. He made a prospective drawing of the Normal School as it is to be, which was published in the Jarman number of The Focus, January, 1912.

George Richardson is now studying law.

Walter Richardson was a student at V. P. I. last year.

Eddie Wade is a student at Columbia University, New York.

HERE AND THERE

DRAMATIC CLUB NEWS

The play given by the Dramatic Club, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope, was attended by a large and appreciative audience on Dec. 6, 1912.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Earl of Hassenden . . . . . Evelyn Turnbull
(Part taken by Josephine Allison.)
Sir George Sylvester . . . . . Lillian Trotter
The Rev. Mr. Blimboe . . . . . Maria Bristow
Mr. Dent . . . . . Mattie Love Doyne
Mr. Devereux . . . . . May Arnold
Mr. Ward . . . . . Josephine White
Quilton . . . . . Natalie Terry
Mills . . . . . George Bailey
Mrs. Fenton, aunt to Dorothy Fenton, Mary Cary Taylor
Dorothy Fenton, betrothed to Lord Hassenden
. . . . Kathleen Browning
The Lady Ursula Barrington, sister to Lord Hassenden
. . . . . Frances Graham

The whole play was a real success; among those who were especially fine were Lillian Trotter, Frances Graham, and Maria Bristow.

The success of the play was largely due to Miss Wheeler, who gave so much of her time and energy to its preparation.

—*Josephine White.*

The International Operatic Company presented a most pleasing program on the evening of December 18, 1912. Among the numbers was a selection from Martha, which was especially enjoyable on account of its familiarity to the audience.

The first of the series of Inter-society debates was held Friday, December 13, in the auditorium. The subject was, Resolved, That an international tribunal should be established which shall have final jurisdiction in all matters of international disagreement.

The affirmative side was supported by representatives from the Argus, Pierian, and Ruffner Societies; those for the negative being from the Athenian, Cunningham, and Jefferson Societies.

Affirmative—Parke Morris, Madeline Askew, Natalie Terry.

Negative—Evelyn Turnbull, Annie Banks, Juanita Manning.

The judges' decision was in favor of the affirmative.