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M. Stone

The Focus

.... Senior Number


March
1913

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia

*Why pay more
when Ten Cents
will do?*



ROY MATHEWSON
Nothing Over Ten Cents



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THE FOCUS

VOL. III

FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1913

No. 2

My Star

Just where the blue begins
And smouldering fire dies
Your ever changing censor swings,
A lone priest in the skies
 With prayers for night.

Recaller of the summer air
All heavy with the rose,
A trembling song, a twilight prayer,
The weary eyes of day you close
 With memory.

You see the world I cannot know,
The heights I can but dream,
As you drift where the pale clouds blow
Aloft 'twixt heaven and me,
 A silver keel.

Bathed in misty light,
I float adrift with thee
O'er the red crater of the sun
In the blueness of a shining sea
 Of sunset sky,

Forgetting, like the lark, the world below.
Only the widening song of heaven
Let the gentle night wind blow
On silv'ry moonlit clouds
 Adrift with thee.

I am alone with thee,
My life lilts out afar.
Calm spirit of the evening sky,
Thou art to me no star,
 Thou art a soul!

—Parke Morris.

The Schools and the Peace Movement.



THIS IS the age of progress. The motto of this century seems to be, "Out with the old, in with the new." Yet the solution of this problem which stands before us today and which would mean such a step from the old order has been dreamed of by the greatest minds of times past—the problem of universal peace.

It is the duty, as well as the opportunity, of the public schools of this generation to help solve this problem.

The question before the schools today is not, "Shall we educate for citizenship?" but rather, "What kind of citizens shall we educate our children to be?" For whether it wishes to assume the responsibility of education for citizenship or not, the school has the responsibility thrust upon it. And so it is clearly the duty of the school to see that the citizen it produces be of the best possible quality.

In the trudging school boy of today we behold the merchant, inventor, politician, or statesman of tomorrow. In a few years he will hold the power of this nation in his hands. It is, therefore, the duty of the school, which is one of the greatest factors in the child's development, to see that the power he wields will be for good.

The opportunities of the school for the development of the idea of universal peace are many and varied. There is scarcely a subject in the school curriculum which will not lend itself to the furtherance of this idea.

A debate, taking up some phase of this subject, could be arranged as a program for May 18, Peace Day. It should be kept in mind, however, that the question for debate should not necessitate either side to debate in favor of war. For if a person does not believe in the beginning in the position he has assumed, he certainly does before he finishes and, therefore, it would defeat the aim of the debate to have one side a firm believer in war because of the debate. Also, an essay on a subject such

as, "The Development of Peace" or "The Work of the Hague Peace Conferences," could be written for such a program.

As one of the great problems of universal peace and of the establishing of an international tribunal is to get some good practical plan that will be fair to and satisfy all nations, a prize might be awarded to the pupil who brought in the best practical plan. In this way not only the pupils but also the patrons of the school would be reached. The children of a family always get the rest of the family interested in any contest they are working on and so the attention of the parents would certainly be called to this great problem. If in this plan, that the children bring in, the countries are to be represented according to population, in the Geography class the teacher could have the children find out how many representatives each country should have.

The History class is full of opportunities for developing this subject. The effect of war on a race can be traced. The fall of Rome was due chiefly to the fact that the highest type of Roman civilization was sent to the wars and killed, while the inferior type remained at home to have charge of affairs. It is also said that the average height of Frenchmen was reduced one inch by the Napoleonic wars. While the teacher should not under value the greatness of Caesar, Napoleon, and Washington, she should at least raise to as high a pinnacle such men as Luther, Jefferson, and Edison. She can show that civilization advances only in times of peace.

In the play ground, the children could have a tribunal to settle their disputes. In this way, fighting would be done away with and the children would be putting into practice the principles learned. It would also teach the children self-control and submission to right rather than might. And certainly individuals must learn this theory before a nation should be expected to have it, because a nation is made up of individuals.

The teacher must be very tactful in the way she treats this subject. It should be kept in mind by the teacher in all of her work and touched upon incidentally whenever

the opportunity offers, but it should not be harped upon continually lest the children grow not only tired but openly antagonistic toward it.

Today the nations are not ready for universal peace. They have accepted it in theory, but it will take education to make them proficient in the practical application of these theories. It is, therefore, the opportunity and duty of the schools to prepare the nation for the acceptance of this idea, so that it will not be many years before all nations will be living together in universal brotherhood and thus actually be fulfilling the highest plan of their Creator.

—*Annie Banks.*

A Tragedy of Errors

Scene I. Senior Class Meeting

(Chaos and confusion)

Sallie (jumping up)—Does anyone know what this meeting is for? Who knows?

Fannie—Hope it isn't about those old invitations.

Chorus of Voices—I do too!

Another Senior—I bet it's to elect some officers for the annual.

Still another Senior—What are you talking about? We've elected enough officers for anything on earth!

Antoinette (gleefully)—You are all wrong! I know exactly what it's for, because Eva told me, but I'm not going to tell a soul.

Fannie (sarcastically)—It's a wonder.

Chorus of Voices (excitedly)—Is it about the Seniors talking with Hampden-Sidney boys down town? Is it statistics?

Antoinette—Here comes Eva.

(Enter President.)

President—Please everybody be quiet and don't everyone try to talk at once. First of all, we are going to vote on statistics. The list is on the blackboard and opposite each put the girl you want.

Evelyn H.—I move that we nominate the girls.

Jennie—I second the motion.

President—It has been moved and seconded that we nominate the girls. All in favor of this will please rise. (*Girls rise.*) All in favor of the first way will now rise. (*Crowd rises.*) The first way has it, so you may proceed to vote. (*Buzz ensues and much voting goes on.*)

Fannie S.—Who are you voting for—the prettiest?

Evelyn—I haven't quite decided. I don't think there are lots of pretty girls in the class.

Fannie G.—Who was that said I was the best all round?

Antoinette—They didn't say you; they said me. I distinctly heard them. (*Squabble begins.*)

President—I guess everyone has finished voting. Kathryn, you and Margaret collect the votes.

One Senior (to several others)—I don't see why you think she's so smart. She studies all the time.

Other Senior—Well, how are you going to be smart down here if you don't study. Please tell me that.

President—The next matter is very important. The play's the thing, you know.

Chorus—Are we going to have a play?

President—That's what you decided on last meeting. I'm going to appoint a committee to work it up. These are the ones: Parke, Chairman; Antoinette, Lucy, Fannie, Elsie, and Sallie.

Girls (horrified)—You mean for us to write the play?

President—Yes, all of you are capable. If there is no other business, the meeting is now adjourned.

(All is confusion again, as girls go out. One girl starts tune, "We're the Seniors," and all take it up.)

We're the Seniors,
We're the Seniors,
We're the Seniors
Of this old school.

Scene II. School girl's room.

(Several girls sitting around table, writing busily; one on trunk, another one in front of mirror.)

Parke (looking up from writing)—I don't see why I was put on this thing. I don't know any more about a play than—

Antoinette—Somebody's fishin'. But it's a shallow pool, my dear.

Sallie—Oh, do come on, girls. Stop your talking and get to work.

Elsie (in front of mirror)—Have you all heard the latest?

(All look at Elsie)—What is it?

Elsie—It's a secret and I ought not to tell it. *(In a stage whisper)*—Two of the Seniors have had their privileges taken away!

Lucy—Chestnuts! I heard about that this morning. They deserve it; they shouldn't be always running after those Hampden—

Parke—Oh, do stop gossiping and think about this play. We only have a week and besides I've got that debate on hand.

Antoinette—Speaking of debates, the Juniors think they are doing great things. That's a wonderful debate they are going—

Sallie—Sh! Here come some of them. Put up your work. Don't let them see. (*Knock is heard at door.*)

(*String of girls bursts into room while Seniors are busily putting away writing.*)

Junior—What are you all doing? You look dreadfully mysterious. (*Turns to others.*) I bet they are fixing something for the annual. (*Girls crowd around table and try to find out what the Seniors are doing.*)

Sallie (with much spirit)—I don't see what you all want to do this way for. Yes, we are busy about something and we'll be perfectly frank and tell you we don't want you to see it. So there!

Mary (haughtily)—I'm sure we haven't the least desire. Come on, girls, let's go. (*All sail out with their noses stuck in the air.*)

Elsie—Now, Sallie, look what you've gone and done. Of course the whole Junior class will be furious with us.

Lucy—And they'll try to find the play! Oh! Horrors! Suppose they do!

Parke—We will just have to keep it under lock and key and no one must let out the secret.

Elsie—You hear that, Antoinette?

Antoinette (indignantly)—I guess I can keep a secret as well as you.

(*Seniors resume writing.*)

Fannie—I'm getting a dandy plot worked out here but I don't know how it's going to fit into the play.

Sallie—I say, let's get a name before we go any further. How about "Love vs. Honor?"

Lucy—I don't like that. I thought of one. Let's call it "The Senior's Awakening," and let it be about a Senior

awakening to her duty, or something like that—and—and
(*she halts*).

Parke—What next?

Lucy—That's as far as my train of thought could go.
Can't think of any more. Let's call in Florence and Louise
to help. They might give us some ideas.

Fannie—Keen! Go get them.

(*Lucy departs and returns with Florence and Louise.*)

Florence—What do you want with us?

Girls—We want you to help us suggest a name and plot
for the Senior play.

Louise (*sarcastically*)—You'd just as well have an "Old
Maids' Convention" because you can't have any men
in it.

Florence—How about a mid-night feast?

Girls—No, no, that subject is too worn out. We want
something purely original.

Parke—Eureka! I have it. Let's call it "The Chas-
tisement of Betty." I'll outline the plot for you.

(*All crowd around her.*)

Elsie—Great!

Antoinette—Love-a-ly!

Girls—You're a trump, Parke. That's going to be the
hit of the season.

Sallie—I'm so glad you brought in "Germs."

(*Bell is heard ringing. All jump up and begin rushing
around.*)

Lucy—I had no idea it was so near supper time and you
don't have any time to get there now. Girls, hurry!
hurry!

(*All make a mad rush out of the room, laughing and scream-
ing as they go.*)

Scene III. Same as before

(*Two girls in room.*)

Sallie (*busily searching*)—I'm positive I put the play in
this bureau.

Elizabeth—I'll look on the book-shelf. Maybe it's
there. (*Begins pulling down books, etc.*) I don't see any-
thing of it.

Sallie—I'm getting desperate.

Elizabeth—The girls are all waiting for the play and it has to be sent to the printer this week to have the copies made. (*Begins pulling up rugs, chairs, etc.*) It's not under any of these. I'll look out of the window. (*Looks.*) No, it's not out there. That play is gone!

(*Elizabeth sinks down on the cozy corner; Sallie follows suit, and both burst into violent weeping.*)

(*Knock is heard at door.*)

Sallie—Here they come! what shall I tell them? Come in!

(*Enter Antoinette.*)

Antoinette—Why on earth don't you bring the play? There we've been waiting an hour and here you are up here—(*looks at them*). Crying! (*runs over to cozy corner*). Please tell we what it's about.

Sallie (*between sobs*)—It's—it's—about—that—old p—play (*weeps more*).

Antoinette—The play! Why that's all right. It's going to be simply grand.

Elizabeth—That's just what we are crying about. It's—

Sallie—Gone! We've searched this room from the cracks of the floor to the ceiling and there's not a sign of the play.

Antoinette—Oh, goodness, whoever heard of such a calamity? Let me go call the rest of the crowd.

(*Exit Antoinette. Sallie and Elizabeth continue to weep. Parke, Lucy, Fannie and Antoinette all burst into room, looking very desperate. Everyone asking questions at once.*)

Parke—We simply haven't time to write another play. We'll just have to find this one. Have any of you any ideas?

(*All look aghast.*)

Fannie—It's the worst thing that ever happened to the Senior class. Wonder where it can be!

Elizabeth—Maybe the rats chewed it up.

Lucy (*very dramatic*)—Do you all remember what we said about the Juniors? Do you think they could be playing a joke on us?

Antoinette—I bet they are.

Parke—I hardly think they would have meddled with the play. Anyway we can investigate. I'm at my wit's end.

(*All look very disconsolate; some begin to weep.*)

Sallie—Girls, don't let's take it so hard. I believe we are going to find the play, and if we don't—

Fannie—Let's get a detective! Won't that be fun! A young and good-looking one.

Lucy—We'll be just like people in a book. And somebody must fall in love with him.

Antoinette—I speak to be the one.

Fannie—No, let me. I thought of getting him.

Parke—For heaven's sake be quiet! You are worse than the men of Gotham (*disgustedly*). Who wants a detective?

Elizabeth—Well, we've got to act and act quickly, detective or not. If the Juniors stole—

Sallie—No, not stole.

Elizabeth—Swiped, then.

Sallie—That's a little better.

Antoinette—Some Seniors, smart,
To do their part,
Wrote a play so nice.
Some Juniors gay
Swiped the play
And hid it in a trice.

Girls—Very poetical!

Elizabeth—As I was going to say, if the Juniors swiped the play, let's send for the Junior President and ask her to investigate.

Fannie—Don't let's do anything of the kind. Let's get that detective.

Sallie—I second the motion! We can wire to a detective agency this evening. But I don't think it would be very nice to ask for a good-looking one.

Girls—Horrors! What can we do.

Elizabeth—We'll just have to trust to luck.

Girls—Come on and let's all go down and wire to get one.

Antoinette and Fannie—This is going to be great!
(*All rush out of room, Lucy falling over a chair in the get-away.*)

Scene IV. Same room

(*Several hours later. Enter Elizabeth.*)

Elizabeth (looking around room)—Wonder where everyone is? People seem to be scarce around here.

(*Enter Antoinette and Sallie.*)

Antoinette (breathless)—Just listen to this. The detective wires back that he will come on the next train. Glory!

Sallie—Isn't it grand! I'm thrilled to death. If tomorrow would only come.

Antoinette—If he only is young and good-looking.

(*Enter Parke and several Seniors.*)

Parke—Who is young and good-looking?

Girls—The detective, of course.

Lucy—I read a story once about a detective—

Annie (a Senior)—I haven't time to listen to any stories now; I'm going to curl my hair.

Sallie—I'm going to find something to wear; he might come this afternoon.

Scene V. Several hours later

(*Girls all gathered in Sallie's room.*)

Sallie—I'm so excited! To think he's down stairs.

Parke—How does my dress look? I'm so glad I had a new one for the occasion. Antoinette must be talking her head off to that man.

Elizabeth—I wouldn't have been in Antoinette's shoes for anything, to have met him first.

Sallie—I think that would have been oodles of fun.

(*Enter Antoinette. Girls crowd around her, very excitedly.*)

Girls—What is he like? Is he good-looking? Hurry up and tell us.

Antoinette—Please give me room to breathe. (*She sinks down into a chair.*)

Girls—What's the matter. (*All look thunderstruck.*)

Sallie—Have you lost your heart already? Is he very good-looking?

Antoinette (sarcastically)—Good-looking! I wish you could see him.

Girls (looking sorrowful)—What?

Antoinette (reminiscently)—Yes, I believe he's the ugliest man I ever saw. He's positively scary! (*The last with much emphasis.*)

(*Girls look more downcast than ever.*)

Sallie—Isn't this too bad? (*Begins to weep.*)

Parke—And my hopes had risen so high. (*Puts handkerchief to eyes.*)

Antoinette—It's no use crying over spilt milk. You will just have to go down and be nice to him; he may be a fine detective in spite of his looks.

Parke—Fiddle sticks!

Fannie—Oh! Bosh!

Sallie—I, for one, won't see him.

(*Enter Lucy frantically waving something aloft in her hand.*)

Lucy—Look! Look! what I have.

Girls (excitedly)—It's the play! Sherlock Holmes the 2nd, where did you find it? Did the Juniors have it?

Lucy—I'll answer your last question first. No, the Juniors haven't touched it. I found it —

Parke—Don't let's bother about where she found it now that we have it. Somebody take it to the printer's at once before we lose it again.

Sallie—Oh! that man, we've forgotten all about him.

Girls—Dear! Dear! What shall we do with him?

Fannie—Oh, we can dispose of him. But remember, a man's a man, for a' that! Come on girls, we'll attend to the play later. (*Exit girls.*)

(CURTAIN.)

—Willie Guthrie.

Lullabies

I

The sun's gone to sleep
And the moon's in the sky,
The stars wink and peep,
While I croon lullaby,
Croon, croon.

Slow swinging moon,
My babe's in her nest
And I'll lull her to rest—
Croon, croon.

The day's gone to sleep
While the shadows do sway
And the night watch doth keep
O'er the sweet dreams at play—
Croon, croon.

Great silver moon,
My babe's in her nest,
And I'll soothe her to rest—
Croon, croon.

II

Rock-a-bye, close your eyes, baby dear,
Hush-a-bye, never cry! don't you hear
The whippoorwill calling to the moon?
Old sand-man will be here pretty soon,
On a zephyr light he'll ride,
And in this moon he'll glide,
Then into your eyes' bright glow
A handful of sand he will throw,
Then you'll wink
And you'll blink
But you'll go to sleep, I think,
Baby, mine.

Rock-a-bye, close your eyes, baby dear,
Hush-a-bye, never cry! don't you hear

The song the dream fairies are singing
While sweet visions to you they are bringing?
Around they come a-tipping,
O'er your pillow now a-slipping
And those dimples they will kiss
Until a smile of sweetest bliss
Twinkles there,
So beware
For they have you in their care,
 Baby, mine.

—*R. Antoinette Davis.*

The Home of Youth



H," said Youth, "now that I have a house of my own, I shall do just as I please. I shall have no one bothering me at every turn."

"Yes," replied Wisdom, "you shall have a nice new home of your own, and Conscience shall be your house-keeper."

"I am afraid she will be a nuisance," said Youth.

"She won't bother you if you don't give her cause, and you must, you know, have some one to help you look after your home."

"All right," agreed Youth, "but come on and show it to me. I am in a hurry."

And so Wisdom took Youth to his nice clean new home and there in the fire-place was Ambition sending up such bright ideas that the whole room was aglow with them. Youth was so delighted that he hardly noticed the little gray woman sitting in the chimney corner. When he did, he laughingly asked, "Who is this little woman?"

"Oh, that is Conscience," replied Wisdom.

"My," laughed Youth, "think of my being afraid of her." You see Youth was very young and he thought he was rather a brave fellow.

"Do you like it?" asked Wisdom. Rather a foolish question for Wisdom to ask!

"Well, I should say I do." And he added as an afterthought, "This Conscience here seems to be a sleepy, unobtrusive kind of person."

"Don't be too sure. Don't press her too far. And be sure to keep a neat, clean house." For Wisdom couldn't refrain from giving advice.

"Trust me," replied Youth. Then Wisdom left.

Youth enjoyed himself hugely. He and Ambition had such cheery talks, planning for the future, and Conscience sat back and seemed to dream. At least, she didn't pay any attention to them.

One night some one knocked. Then Conscience roused herself and asked who it was.

"Let me in and you will see," called the stranger.

"Well," replied Conscience, "lift the latch-string, Conventionality, and come in."

"But I can't lift the latch-string," replied the visitor. "You will have to open the door for me."

Youth started to the door, but Conscience interfered.

"No," said Conscience, "if he can't lift the latch-string he must not get in. He is not fit a guest for your new home."

Youth demurred, but at last he said, "Oh, well, have your own way," and he settled back down before the fire, but he was not quite as happy as before the visitor came.

The next night the visitor came again and knocked. This time Conscience was wide awake as if she had been expecting some one.

"Who is it?" she asked.

She received the same answer, "Open the door and see."

Again she told him to lift the latch-string and again he said he could not.

This time Youth got up with rather a determined air. "Oh, say," he said, "I am a sociable fellow and it is rather stupid to stay here with just you; for you know, you are not the gayest of company."

"But," said Conscience, "he would soil your clean house."

"Whose house is this, anyhow? It is my house and I will have whom I please. How do I know he is dirty before I have even seen him?" angrily asked Youth.

"I am here to protect you, and I tell you the fellow should not come in," answered Conscience.

"And I tell you he shall, for this is my house," and so saying, Youth went to the door and opened it.

"Ah," said Hypocrisy, "Conscience is touchy and did not want you to let me in, did she?"

"She said you would soil my clean house," answered Youth. "But you seem to be quite a respectable person."

"Thanks," said Hypocrisy and then they talked of many and varied things. Youth enjoyed himself greatly and was sorry when Hypocrisy left.

The next night a knock came again and this time Youth did not have quite such a hard time with Conscience, although she protested greatly about letting the visitor in.

While Youth and Hypocrisy were talking there came another knock. Conscience again protested, but Youth and Hypocrisy overcame her and let the stranger in. The stranger was rather shabby, and Youth looked hard at him but Hypocrisy only laughed and said, "Oh, you are too careful of your old house even to enjoy it. Why, this Selfishness is the best fellow in the world; why he will think only of your pleasure. And what is the use of a home of your own if you can't have whom you want to make it enjoyable." And so Selfishness was let in.

Sarcasm, Cynicism, and many others came to Youth's home. Conscience still protested against them but so many were on the other side she was hardly heard.

One night such a dirty visitor came and Conscience protested so loudly that Youth would not let Untruth in—for that was the name of the visitor. Conscience seemed to gain strength and demanded that the others be put out. Then they all turned on her and in their anger threw her out. After this even Youth himself had little to say about who should be admitted. Untruth, Cheat, Cruelty, and many others whom he had once refused entrance now came and went at will. And Youth did not even notice the ugliness of them. The fire seemed to smolder and then go out. And so Youth lived, he knew not how long.

Until one day a beautiful woman stood on the threshold; then of a sudden Youth beheld his house—his once new, clean house, now made hideous by the presence of his friends. He dared not look again at the woman.

She seemed to see only him in his loneliness and turning towards him she said, "Drive them out so that I may come and live with you."

"Oh," he cried in anguish, "I can not; they are too strong for me."

"But I will help you," she answered. And then he saw not only how beautiful she was but how strong and powerful. She seemed to breathe strength and courage into

him. And his guests, seeing the strength against them, soon departed.

Then she went over to the seemingly dead fire and kneeling before it, she soon fanned it so that the embers glowed with life.

"Oh," cried Youth, "that only shows up more plainly the tracks and scars. You can not live here in this house. Oh, that I might have known that you were coming. Then they should never have entered, but it was lonesome and you waited so long. Will they never come off?" he asked, looking at the scars, and even as he asked he knew the answer.

"No," answered the woman, "but I can cover them with this drugget of Charity."

"But will not the drugget wear out, then you will see the stains and leave me?" he asked pleadingly.

"I shall always know of the stains," answered the woman. "I am Love," she continued, "and the drugget will last as long as I live. But go now and bring in Conscience, your housekeeper, to help us keep it clean."

—*Katharine Diggs.*

The Ugly Duckling



THE little village of Phoenix boasted of one hotel, half a dozen stores, several churches and one very dilapidated building, where everyone assembled three times a day to get the mail and also to discuss the affairs of the nation. For, in truth, if there was one thing of which Phoenix was proud it was of its gossiping old men and women. Colonel and Mrs. Henderson walked slowly up to the post-office, but there they did not linger, as was their general custom, for they seemed particularly anxious to get home early tonight.

As they walked on in silence, many disturbing thoughts entered the Colonel's head; business was bad. All his money was going out and none coming in. His wife, with her arms full of bundles, was the first to break the silence.

"It is almost impossible to get what you want in a little place like Phoenix. Here I have spent the whole day trying to get a shade of blue to match Nan's dress."

Colonel Henderson had expected this outburst. As it inevitably came, he merely acquiesced by saying, "Well, we can't always have exactly what we want."

"Pshaw!" said his wife, irritated by his reply, "if only you would make some more money I wouldn't have to spend my whole life trying to make both ends meet."

Thus they quarreled until they reached home. There they found their three daughters making vast preparations for the dance to be given that night. As concerned them, it was to be a great affair. The eldest daughter, with her hair done up in curl papers, stood before the mirror, wielding the powder puff vigorously; Nan, the second daughter, was in the process of hooking her thin party dress, while Carrie stood by with an admiring glance and watched the others. If only she too could look as they did! If only she too were beautiful! But, alas! No amount of powder would ever improve her pug nose.

No curling irons would ever make her red hair look any better. She alas, was painfully ugly.

Colonel Henderson lingered a minute on the threshold to admire his daughters, for to him they were all equally beautiful. Then he went on down stairs to read the newspaper. Mrs. Henderson, in the meantime, busied herself dressing the girls, arranging Elizabeth's dress here and there and also adding a finishing touch to Nan's. She took little notice of Carrie where she sat reading "A Tale of Two Cities."

"Oh! mother, do try and fix Carrie; she looks such a sight. If she would spend more time reading the fashion books and less time reading Dickens, Thackeray, Milton, and all those other old men who lived long ago, she'd be so much better off. What she can find in them is more than I can see," remarked Nan, as she regarded herself in the mirror with an air of satisfaction.

"Put down that book. For goodness's sake, Carrie, can't you stop reading long enough to dress yourself. You look a perfect sight. Come here to me," came from Mrs. Henderson, as she regarded her.

Poor Carrie came timidly forward and stood before her three critics as they in turn passed judgment on her appearance. Carrie had always before had to stand back for her pretty sisters, but now, wonder of wonders, she was actually going to a dance. She was to make her first appearance in the society of the little town of Phoenix. Nor could a debutante in the big city of New York be any more elated. What a delightful little thrill crept over her at the thought. For, the truth be known, Carrie had always longed to go out and have a good time, yet on account of her unsightly appearance she had before never been invited. Somehow she felt that people out in society would be kinder or else too polite to remark on her ugliness. Little thrills of excitement crept over her as she listened to her mother's parting advice, "Don't forget to tell your hostess what a pleasant time you had. Speak to everyone but above all be nice to Mrs. Connor. She has lots of money, you know. Hold your shoulders up," etc.

Carrie was repeating, over and over, her mother's advice when her father announced that her escort, Archie Randolph, had come. Her father announced this with great pride, for young Randolph was very good looking and beside this he was heir to the Randolph estate. This, of course, made him much sought after by ambitious parents.

Carrie rose and ran to kiss her mother good-bye. As she did this she overheard her sisters whispering together, "Won't Archie be surprised when he finds which Miss Henderson he is to escort. Poor boy! I am sure he thought he was asking one of us when he called for Carrie over the telephone."

Then she saw her mother pat Nan on the shoulder and say, "Yes, of course, dear, he couldn't have known. I am sure he didn't remember as he has been away at college for so long, or else he never would have chosen poor Carrie" (drawing a deep sigh), "for she is so homely."

Carrie was somewhat dumfounded when the truth of this statement came to her. She had often wondered why Archie had asked her and had actually been foolish enough to believe that he had not thought of her as being so terribly ugly. What a little fool she was after all! Of course, he had forgotten her and what was even worse he had asked her thinking that she was one of the pretty Henderson girls.

Thus she stood for a long time, undecided whether to go in. Which should she do? Should she go in and thrust herself on him, when she knew it was all a mistake? Or was she to stay away from the dance? No, for here was the opportunity for which she had so long waited? Only a soul starved for pleasure can appreciate her feelings. At last she decided to go in, and timidly she opened the door. A dead silence fell; presently she heard her father's voice introducing the young man while she only stood and stared. She could think of nothing to say. It seemed as if all the blood in her body was rushing to her head and thus making her face as red as her hair. When, however, she did get up enough courage to face her escort she saw too plainly disappointment pictured on his face.

Archie was at no loss for words. He mentioned something about its being late and that they had better be going. So he and Carrie went out to his machine. Archie was the only boy in the village that owned an auto and this was the first time Carrie had ever been in one. But not even the pleasure of riding in a machine could remove that awful lump in her throat, which made her want to cry. All during the ride she could not trust herself to speak, but from time to time stole a furtive glance in the direction of her handsome escort. How splendidly he held his head! What broad shoulders he had! Oh! if only she were not so painfully ugly—but she had no time now in which to think of herself for they had drawn up in front of a large house from whence came strains of music, and through the open windows of which could be seen figures gliding gracefully over the polished floor.

Carrie's heart leaped up within her. Just to think she, too, would soon be dancing gaily over the floor. On entering the house a maid conducted her to a small dressing room where she was divested of her wraps. Carrie spent little time in "prinking." Different from other girls, she very seldom looked into the mirror, in fact she preferred not. Tonight she glanced once in that direction and hurried down stairs.

Of course Carrie had the first dance with her partner, but after that she found to her disappointment that all the young men and girls had paired off and that she was left all alone. She felt at first that surely some one would finally come, but as she waited and waited and no one appeared, her fears began to increase. As none of the young men seemed inclined to ask her, she naturally turned to Archie, but found him engaged in a low conversation with Dora Connor. Now and then Dora would throw back her head and engage in a hearty laugh; then glance over in the direction where Carrie sat against the wall.

Why had no one asked her to dance? Had she forgotten to do the things her mother had told her expressly to remember? Yes, she had not been especially nice to Mrs. Connor, so she decided to go over and talk to that pompous lady. Carrie walked across the room to where sat the long line

of chaperons. As she approached Mrs. Connor that lady regarded her as little more than the dirt beneath her feet, in fact she kept her eyes turned in an opposite direction. She was watching, with satisfaction, her own daughter, Dora, when she heard a feeble voice at her side saying, "I have heard my mother speak of you, Mrs. Connor."

Mrs. Connor slowly adjusted her lorgnettes and regarded the small figure at her side, "Oh! to be sure. And just who can your mother be?"

"Mrs. Henderson," answered Carrie, somewhat taken back.

"Of course, of course," said that elegant lady. "You don't mean to say that Elizabeth and Nan are your sisters?" Then in a laughing way she drawled out, "Your mother is so fortunate to have three such pretty daughters."

As she said this Carrie could not but detect from her manner that she meant not a word she said. This enraged Carrie beyond expression. She felt that this elegant lady was laughing at her.

Just then the music stopped. Dora and Archie strolled over to where Mrs. Connor sat and as they drew near she heard Dora's voice saying, "Oh! mother, Mr. Randolph has consented to come tomorrow night to tea."

Mrs. Connor gave the young man an admiring glance. "I am so glad you will come, to be sure, you two must see more of each other. Some one was just saying how well you danced together."

Archie bowed and thanked her for the pretty compliment, then turned to where poor Carrie sat, "Why I thought you were dancing, that's why I didn't look you up," he lied politely.

"Oh! its all right," confessed Carrie, ducking her head as she spoke for she knew only too well that Archie had never had the slightest intention of looking her up. As the night wore on no one came up to claim a dance; she sat there motionless, secretly praying that some one would come. Finally she saw her hostess, Mrs. Baker, get up and walk over to where a group of young men stood smoking by the door and whisper something in her son's ear.

Then she saw William being virtually dragged across the room to where she sat cold and nervous.

William stammered out, "Say—you—got—the next dance?"

Naturally Carrie gave a negative answer, whereupon William asked her to dance and they went stumbling over the floor.

That was her last and only dance, so in a few minutes a very sad, dejected little girl stole quietly away and slipped unnoticed, into the dressing room. There, among the various wraps and bags of the dancers, she cried her very heart out. "If only she had stayed at home! She had first intended to stay, but her craving for a good time was too great for her and she had come only to be embarrassed by not having anyone to dance with her. It only served her right for being so foolish. What a little fool she was after all to think that by her forgetting her own ugliness she could make others forget it. She herself had been unconscious of it, but it was almost hopeless to make others forget. She had often read of people who while not possessing beauty in their outward appearance, yet they had a far higher form of beauty—beauty of the soul. Was it possible for her to develop this inner beauty?" With these thoughts in her mind, she remained until the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" floated up to her.

II

The next morning Carrie arose early. Her first appearance in society had been a failure. Yet she made the most of it. She hustled about the house helping her mother here and there. Mrs. Henderson, however, did not seem very appreciative of her help, in fact, she seemed more irritable than usual. Everything seemed to have gone wrong with her. She and her husband had been much disturbed about business affairs and no less than last night the Colonel had told her that no longer they could live as they were living. The girls must get to work. This naturally broke Mrs. Henderson's heart; she had been very ambitious for her daughters and had brought them up with a positive aversion to work of all kinds. Of course

they would marry well. Therefore it nearly broke the poor mother's heart to find all her hopes crushed to the ground and trampled under foot by poverty. To think of her pretty Elizabeth and Nan becoming mere school teachers and stenographers! It didn't matter so much about Carrie, and the cold, hard truth began to dawn more and more clearly upon her. She became more and more incensed and vented all of her rage on the poor unfortunate Carrie.

Carrie bore it all good naturedly; she was accustomed to her mother's outbursts of temper and could stand this far better than she could the flattery and artificiality of the estimable Mrs. Connor.

After her mother had become a little more quiet Carrie ran upstairs and there found her two sisters crying as if their hearts would break. She naturally wanted to know the cause and was told the whole story of how their father had failed and that no longer they could live as they were now living. Every now and then Elizabeth would break out fresh, "Isn't it too dreadful? We shall never again have any more good times. Oh!—"

Then Nan would burst out in a tirade against her father, "What on earth is a father good for if he can't make money?"

Elizabeth's answer to this was, "Papa just wants us to work, that is all. It is cruel of him to do it. Of course we needn't live quite like we used to. I need not get a new set of furs or buy that chain of seed pearls, but there is no reason why we should go to work. None whatever."

"If there was no reason for it, I'm sure father wouldn't require us to do it," answered Carrie, who was loyal to her father always.

"Listen to that," sneered Nan. "I don't suppose you would mind. You are a perfect old book-worm anyway. Then too you will have an excellent opportunity to teach the children some of those sickening poems you write and with which you used to litter up this house. Only yesterday I saw one of them, entitled 'The Cry of the Soul.' Bah! if I couldn't find anything else to do better than that, I believe I, too, would be a school teacher." Then turning to Elizabeth, she added sarcastically, "Seems to me Carrie

would just be fine in that line of profession. You know all school teachers are ugly as sin."

III

Several months passed. Carrie was in Richmond, where she was to meet a superintendent of schools. She had gone some distance to see him, and now as she stood fingering the knob, she felt cold with fear. Finally she mustered up enough courage to go in. As she entered the office the superintendent regarded her critically for a few minutes and then told her sharply to take a seat and proceeded to cross examine her. Asking first, from what school she had been graduated and also if she had had any experience in teaching. To these questions she gave a simple answer. He then asked, "Eh! Do you think you can teach?" all the while observing her more and more critically, and then added, "Teaching is an art; no ordinary person can do it. For in order to teach you must have a striking personality, you must be a force in the community in which you are situated. Then too you must have a marked degree of originality and above all you must have the patience of Job."

Carrie had hardly time to think whether or not she possessed all these qualities before he added, "I and the teachers I employ have these characteristics and if you do not possess them why you are no good to us or to the world at large. We and the world—ha! ha!" and he chuckled to himself for half an hour or more.

Carrie sat perfectly still. She was so dazed that she did not know what to say, so said nothing.

Finally the superintendent added in a condescending tone, "Well, well—that is—perhaps—we will try you—provided that—at the end of your week of trial—you meet the necessary requirements. Eh! and by the way, let me add as a word of advice, it would be very valuable to you if you read that great book by Dr. McMurry, 'How to Study,' and learn as it were how to make good assignments."

With all these points confused in her brain, Carrie left the office. Yes, she would do the best she could. She was determined not to give up so soon.

IV

Some time passed by. Carrie worked hard, yet she realized that never could she become a good teacher, for she did not possess all those qualities which her superintendent had said that he and the world needed. But Carrie, as she taught, was not working chiefly for the money she would get out of it but she was working for her own good and for the good of the individual children with whom she had to deal. She herself derived much benefit by close observation of the children. Thus she studied human nature.

One day late in December as she sat before an open fire reading, a thought came to her—that same old longing to be beautiful. If she could but cast off her ugliness as she would a battered garment and become beautiful like the heroine in the novel, how happy she would be!

After a few moments' reverie, she arose and looked sadly into the dying embers. "Yes," she said, "I will cast off my ugliness and shall become beautiful for I will lose myself in the character of another. Thus she did as she began to weave in her imagination the story of a character, beautiful not only in appearance but beautiful in every act and deed. It was by this story that Carrie Henderson won fame as a novelist. As the ugly duckling she had been scorned, laughed at and jeered, but this had only helped her by broadening her sympathies and helped her all the better to know human nature.

V

The snow had been falling all day and now the little town of Phoenix was about to wrap itself in its fluffy white blanket and doze off to sleep as was its general custom, when a carriage drove up to Colonel Henderson's door and Carrie jumped out and ran up the walk to her old home. She had often longed to go back to the little town of Phoenix and see all of the people she had known. These people now welcomed her back with open arms. The rich Mrs. Connor was extremely proud of ever having sat by the noted novelist at a dance. Randolph boasted

of having escorted her to her first dance, and now fell very much in love with her.

All of this, however, did not turn Carrie's head. She was the same sweet girl she had always been, and to all not gifted with beauty she would cheer them by these words: "It matters not if you were born in a duck-yard if only you have lain in a swan's egg."

—*Fannie W. N. Smith.*

Sketches

SENIOR REMINISCENCES

It is almost twilight. Softly the last glow of the sun rests and lingers upon the girlish white-clad figures as, with arms entwined, they stroll around the campus. One touches a bush, a tree and there seems to be almost a caress in the lingering touch. Yes, it *is* a caress for on the morrow, our diplomas received, we leave old S. N. S., as students, forever.

As I gaze at the girls from my window and feel, rather than see the note of sadness, an uncomfortable feeling comes in my throat, and a desire to kick something, anything, in order to relieve that lump. Goodness, I do love this place! Why I had no idea it meant so very much to me until—until. And again that hateful lump and the poor little white bed received another scar to add to its already rather marred history. Just think! Four years ago! Why, it seems that always I have lived here; that always in the gloaming have the girls been walking by twos and threes on the campus. As the dark descended somehow it aroused their musical talents and I could hear anything from third soprano to almost second bass. But now even the different parts are all harmonizing, at least to my ear, for I hear only the appeal of girls' hearts, the girls I love.

Yes, it has been four years. Will you ever forget the first mid-night feast, the first family talk, the first real match game of basketball? With all my heart I was crying out for these things which I had only read of in books. Now to see them, to be a part of them, why I still feel the thrill. Then after the first year of surprises, when things began to look more serious—when school was not quite all play and you would have a dim, very faraway thought of the happenings of the training school, there would be a sigh, then the thought flung aside for something more immediate. Then Junior year came. What a feel-

ing of pride as we sat in chapel as close as we possibly could get to the Seniors and still not be one. Now, the Training School did not seem so very distant. Once in a while we were within the walls themselves—observing. And yet we could never really get there. Many of our thoughts and much of our time was filled in preparation for the coming event—that of being a Senior. I remember distinctly the hot day in September when we came back from summer vacation. I found myself still wishing to be a Senior! What a start as I looked down and the ground no farther away than ever, not an inch added to my stature—*and yet I was a Senior.*

Slowly at first the days pass, then more rapidly, and as each one is gone there is a desire to hold it back—to keep it—for now I am beginning to understand a little what our school days are. The old rotunda, more familiarly known as the well-hole, has a new interest; the seats in the hall are more inviting and comfortable than ever. I stifle the impulse to say a word or give a pat to each girl I see, for I am going—going away from them for always and always.

Yes, the training school is at last a reality and very, very much of a one too. Some of us may say we do not like it, yet look deep in that girl's heart. You will see a tiny flame just starting, a flame of joy, the joy of helping fellow men especially when they are such tiny fellow men. As you look the flame grows, for you are having a vision of the senior in her own school, watching, guiding and helping with every method and theory which she ever received, the development of her little fellow men. Now the flame is no longer only in the heart, it envelopes her whole being and the joy of it all shines through her eyes.

“What in the world are you doing, Meg? Dreaming, of course, and as usual and as always and forever—dreaming ing.” This from my room-mate in a disgusted tone. She gives me a searching glance, “Are those tears, Meg?”

“For goodness' sake, no!” And the white bed's history is added to again—for the last time.

—F. B.

MAMMY SUE

Just after breakfast, when Robert and Billy were playing in the big nursery, Mammy Sue saw about fifty negroes, with knives and guns, riding down the lane. She knew instantly that Nat Turner had come.

"It is lucky that Marster and Missus is gone, but Lawsy! what must I do wid Marse Robert?" she cried, in much distress.

Her mind was working quickly, for almost immediately she said, "Marse Robert, come here quick; hold your face this way, chile."

She blacked his face and hands with soot out of the chimney, thrust an old cap on his head, and sent him back, bewildered, to play with Billy. But before he reached Billy a loud noise was heard outside.

"Where's de white folks?" Nat Turner cried.

"They have gone to see Mr. Frances," was Mammy's reply.

The men didn't believe her, and began to plunder everywhere. At last they came to the nursery where Robert was playing with Billy, but they thought he was a negro, so he escaped the dreadful fate of others who had had their brains crushed out that very day.

Next day, when Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave came home, and heard the story of the faithful old Sue, they shuddered with horror at the thought of the boy's grave danger. They were so grateful to her that they gave her her freedom, but when she heard it, the faithful old friend begged, "Marster, I loves you all; let me stay with you all de time!"

—E. B. P.

HUMANITY

Across his stooped shoulder the Traveler carried a heavy burden.

"Come," said the Guide, "you have not yet reached the end of your journey."

"Do let me rest here a while," begged the Traveler; "I can go no farther." But the Guide urged him forward.

Weary and footsore the Traveler journeyed slowly on. The way seemed long and hard and beset with many trials,

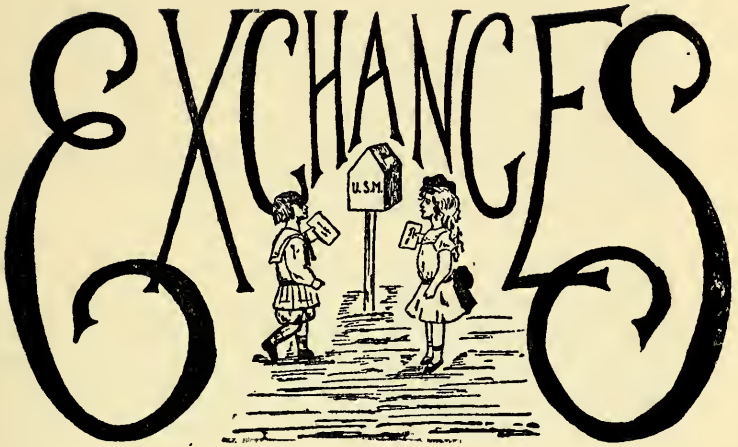
and his burden was great. His tattered garments gave no protection from the biting cold and he was faint from hunger.

Finally, when he could go no farther, he sank upon the ground and, thinking of the waste of his fellowman, he cursed man for his thoughtlessness and cried aloud, in his agony, "Oh, why do men sin so?"

"Oh, do they sin?" asked the Guide. "Why they never thought."

And when the Traveler turned to answer the guide, he saw that the road he had travelled lay through a pleasant country, but his head had been bowed so low by the burden of his own sin that he had not seen its beauty.

—K. D.



A number of exchanges came this month and we enjoyed reading them. Now-a-days when so many eager young writers are coming forward we need to use a great deal of discrimination in judging what is good and what is not good. Many exchange editors use their department for playing the game "tit for tat." If another magazine criticises their magazine unfavorably, straightway they retaliate. But this petty retaliation is narrowing and not for the best good of the publication. We want to know your opinion of us so that we may be helped by it. We do not want to move in one small circle. And so we ask for your criticisms, and hope, too, by our suggestions to aid you. This is what an exchange department is for, and only when it is used for this purpose is it accomplishing its aim.

The Chronicle is an improvement over the last number. "The Mountaineer" is an interesting article which tells of a great work waiting to be done. The mountaineers are "a brave, generous, liberty-loving people" and before putting most of our efforts on the countries over the sea, we should do more to help these people right here in our own land. The other essay, "Inventions," is well written,

but we wonder if the author realized what a broad subject he was taking. With such a subject he might well have kept on until he had written a book and even then he would not have exhausted his subject. We think the exchange department should be lengthened. We like the editorials because they do not deal with some far-away subject in the abstract, but take up vital problems, and bring before the public eye needed suggestions which would otherwise be passed over in the daily round of duties.

Many improvements could be made in *The Oracle*. We should really be pleased to see something pertaining to the literary side of life in it. The "Poet's Corner" is the best thing along this line; it always contains something interesting and although we are not such great and good mathematicians as to like interest above everything else, we shall be frank enough to say that interest carries us half the distance when reading in either prose or poetry. The joke department overbalances the others. We admit that the jokes are exceedingly amusing but there is such a thing as too much amusement, as some of the S. N. S. girls have experienced while on mid-night feasts. Especially does the joke department overbalance the exchange department. We should like to see more and longer exchanges. We began to read the exchanges and before we really knew it we were reading jokes and wondering why such exchanges were written. "Billy" knows well enough how to compose interesting letters. It is with pleasure that we look forward to his letters which we hope will be continued in the next issue of *The Oracle*.

Why are we always so pleased when the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany* comes to us? Does any one suspect the reason why? There are many reasons; we will not attempt to enumerate them. It is the most attractive little magazine that we have the pleasure of criticizing. The defects are "few and far between." The cover could not be more attractive. "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" is rather an old and well-worn topic yet the story is full of originality. The little boy by his love for the poor children and by

doing as his mother would have him do, makes many folks happy—the example is an exceedingly good one for every one to follow. “A Trick of Fate”—how unreal! Perhaps when some of us have experienced a like fate, we shall be better prepared to appreciate this article, but I fear our experience, in this line, will forever be limited. We like the conclusion of this story—the novelty of the fact that the hero and heroine did not “marry and live happy ever after.” We notice in the January number of this magazine that the exchange editor wrote the best article in it.

We enjoyed reading the January number of the *Southwestern University Magazine* immensely; the material is exceptionally interesting and most of it seems to have been well thought out before it was recorded. Although “A Prayer” is short, it is worthy of special mention—“short but sweet,” in other words:

“God help me to know, to be, to stand
In truthfulness, uprightness, ever a man,
And help me, O Father, thy laws to meet,
To crush empty-mindedness, scorn deceit.
Help me, O God! in the peril I stand,
To be, as my mother would, ever a man.”

If all of us would pray this prayer with earnestness and would try to live up to it, our lives would be more worth the living. The editorial department is always well worth our time to read; we do not think of the time while we are reading them for at the time being all of our attention is concentrated on the editorials themselves. One great defect in the magazine is its cover. A “different” cover would add much to the attraction of it. A “different” one, I say, because it seems that any cover would be more attractive than the one the magazine has now. Perhaps it is typical of the University and the surrounding country, but we sincerely hope it isn't. At any rate, we advise the editor to try a new cover and then note the effect.

We acknowledge with thanks *The Hollins Magazine*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Critic*, *State Normal Magazine*(Greensboro, N. C.), *The Student*, *The East Tennessee Teacher*, *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, and *The Oracle*.

THE FOCUS

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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

SCHOOL PROPERTY

The preservation of school property is a question with which we should all be concerned. We have heard lecture after lecture about scribbling on walls and columns, and every fall the Home Department wages war on us for the unwise use of pins, tacks, and even chewing gum to hang pictures in our rooms. These are serious points, but others have recently been brought to our attention.

The furniture in the reception hall has been there about two years and a half, and it is showing the marks of time now. Only last week the two most comfortable sofas were removed. We used to find it very pleasant to rest on them by the half dozen, but it was very deleterious to the sofas. And when we were told, "Girls, don't sit *two* deep on those sofas," we laughed and said, "How deep is *too* deep?" And there we lingered. Whoever is in the home office sees no peace for having to make two-minute rounds through the hall and almost assist us to rise from the arms of the chairs. Isn't this childish in us?

The grass is as much school property as anything else. We have been informed in various ways that it is not to walk and play on. It is there to grow and make a beautiful setting for our school and to give our hearts joy when we gaze thereon, and so to deepen our esthetic appreciation. The student committee has been asked to help take care of the campus, and the student committee needs everyone of us to help it.

Let us take as much pride in everything about our school home as if it were our real homes, and not forget that Virginia is full of girls, and will be full of girls after we are forgotten, who will come here to school. So, in thinking of these future Normalites, let us remember their comfort, and the treasury of our State, and during our stay here let us do all we can to preserve our school property.

* * *

Which do we have at heart, our personal prejudice or our school? our literary society or our school? The test comes when an election of any school officer is before us. Have we our school enough at heart to vote for the girl who is most capable for the office, or, if a less capable girl who is a member of our own literary society happens to be in nomination, do we favor our own society, regardless of whether our fellow member is the best one for the position? The same principle is involved in voting in the Congress of the United States. Should a representative vote for his country or his own particular section? We can all answer, "Favor your section when you can, but never at the expense of the whole country."

Girls, literary society spirit is a splendid feature of our school, but shall the school suffer for its sake? No! Be sure you aid your society when you can, but don't fail to guard the interests of your school. Likewise, let us guard against personal prejudice. Have you ever heard a girl remark, "Oh, I don't like her; I'm not going to vote for her?" This is the spirit that will quench the flame of school enthusiasm quicker than anything else. If we would make our school

a permeating power, we shall have to throw aside personal prejudice when its good is involved.

Do we, as individuals and as a student body, feel an indebtedness to the State for the training and privileges that we receive here? It is certain that this feeling has never come to many of us, but stop and consider the question a while. This school has been put here to train us for teachers, has been fitted out with the best course of instruction possible under the circumstances. All this we receive for practically nothing. Let your gratitude to your State increase and remember that some day it is your duty to return to her some of the benefits derived here. How are you going to do this? It is the custom of each Senior class to raise a sum of money for our new Student Building. Why not make the amount of this class exceed that of other classes? This building would not only be an addition to the school but to the State as well. You can find no better way to show your gratitude than to subscribe to this fund. See that you do credit to the class of 1913!



QUERIES

"Will you kindly send me what you consider the correct form of a teacher's application for a school."

So far as possible a letter of application should express truly the individuality of the writer. As the applicant will be judged largely by her letter, nothing is more essential than that it be really her own in every respect. For this reason I should not undertake to write the correct form of a letter of application for any one but myself.

Yet I can tell you some half dozen specific things that every letter of application should do. (1) It should state simply that the writer wishes to apply for the particular position under consideration. (Some applicants forget to do this.) (2) It should state the age of the applicant, what diploma, degrees, or certificates she holds and what her education has been, especially the training she has had for the particular position desired. (3) It should give a clear idea of her experience and success in similar positions, both in discipline and in instruction, and her reason for desiring a change from present position. (4) It should contain references to two or three responsible persons who will testify as to this success and as to the character and education of the applicant. Address and position of each person should be given. If the applicant wishes to send testimonials, she should send typewritten copies—not the originals. (5) A photograph of the appli-

cant, with postage for its return, should generally accompany the letter. (6) Finally, the letter should express sincerely and frankly the attitude the applicant expects to maintain toward her work, if given the position.

The letter should be written in the applicant's own handwriting and on a good quality of correspondence paper with envelope to match. The language should be simple and natural and the idea should be put in as few words as possible. The usual forms for correct letter-writing, such as those given in Woolley's *Handbook of Composition* or any standard handbook on this subject, should be observed. Of course correctness in spelling, grammar, and other mechanical details is an absolute requisite.

—J. M. G.

Farmville, Virginia.

AT THE "S. N. S."

The girls are nowhere half so sweet
 As at the Normal;
 And nowhere are they so elite
 As at the Normal.
 I hold it true—the angels fair
 That ever throng the Golden Stair
 Are not more lovely than they there—
 In dear old Farmville!

—*An Admirer of S. N. S. and the Alumnae.*

Martha Taylor, class '12, is teaching in Accomac High School.

Mrs. Hoye (Elizabeth Edwards), class '07, is living in Richmond, Va.

Mary Savedge, class '10, is principal of Homeville High School, this year, and is doing good work. She has organ-

ized two literary societies among the pupils which have aroused great interest.

Pearl Justice, class '11, has primary work in Stoney Creek High School.

India White, class '12, is spending the winter at home.

Anne Taylor Cole, class '12, visited the school the last of February.

Ruth Ward, class '12, spent several weeks recently with Mrs. Willie Redd, of Farmville.

Beverly Andrews, class '08, was married on Feb. 12, to Mr. Tom Hastings. Alma Mater wishes them a long, happy, and prosperous life.

Mrs. McDonald (Kathleen Baldwin), class '11, is living in Ithaca, N. Y., this year, doing light housekeeping while Mr. McDonald is taking a special course at Cornell.

Nellie Bristow, class '12, spent the week end (Feb. 28) with home people in Farmville.

Clair Burton and Imogen Hutter, class '08, came to S. N. S. in February, to assist in the play given by the Lynchburg High School.

Minnie Blanton, class Jan. '09, and Nora Garrett, class '08, are teaching in the Farmville High School.

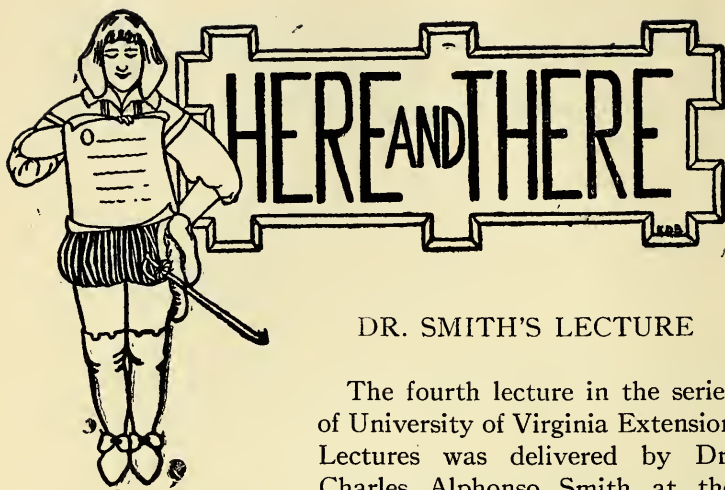
Nellie Johnson, class '09, is teaching in Rivermont School, Lynchburg.

Virginia Paulette, class Jan. '13, has accepted a school in Bristol for the remainder of the session.

Olive Swecker, one of our classmates, has recently gone to Catawba for treatment. We all hope she will improve rapidly and soon be with us again.

Lelia Robertson, one of our last year graduates, is visiting in Farmville.

Julia May Paulette, class '10, the assistant alumnae editor of "The Focus," spent the fourth in Washington, and reports the best inauguration we have had for sixteen years.



DR. SMITH'S LECTURE

The fourth lecture in the series of University of Virginia Extension Lectures was delivered by Dr. Charles Alphonso Smith at the Normal School Auditorium on last Friday evening. Dr. Smith spoke on the Old English and Scottish Popular Ballads, with the aim of arousing the interest of his audience in an effort he is now making to collect the survivals of the ballads that are still being sung by people in Virginia.

In order to show what a ballad is he recited the one called "The Hangman's Tree," or "The Maid Freed from the Gallows." Though he said the ballad is the most elusive of all types of literature and has been found by students to be the most difficult to define, he ventured to define it as "A poem for the people, of the people, and by the people."

He next propounded three theories held by scholars as to the origin of the ballad. After explaining and illustrating these theories in a delightfully entertaining way, Dr. Smith traced rapidly the history of ballad literature in America. He showed that although Virginia perhaps has a richer heritage of ballads among her people than any other State, less has been done to collect them. Normal School students, he said, have an especially good opportunity to help in collecting this poetry of the people because they are going out into all parts of the State as

teachers and will come in close touch with the very people who still sing the old songs. He urged all those present to write down and try to trace the history of all the old ballads they could find and to see that they were published so that they would not be lost when the generation that knows them by heart passes away.

Dr. Smith's talk, which was quite free and informal, was followed with intense interest by every one present and will result, it is believed, in real efforts being made to collect and publish ballads. A ballad club is being formed at the school under the direction of Mr. Grainger.

After the lecture, the Third Year Music Class sang two ballads to the old style music and the Eighth Grade of the Training School gave one of the Scotch folks dances, the Highland Schottish, with very pretty effect. Dr. Smith was delighted with this addition to his program.

On Saturday morning Dr. Smith spoke informally to all those interested in the teaching of English and being a master-teacher himself, he was able to give some most helpful and inspiring suggestions.

Those who wished to join an organization to study and collect ballads were called together Wednesday afternoon, March 5, and first steps were taken toward organization. The Ballad Club will perhaps have about fifty members. "The Focus" will publish the ballads that are found by the club.

To Miss Marrow Davis belongs the distinction of having brought in the first specimen of a real ballad that is still sung in Virginia. It is a variant of "The Maid Freed from the Gallows, or The Hangman's Tree."

"Hangman, hangman, hold the rope,
Hold it for a while;
I think I see my father coming many a mile.

"Father, father, did you bring me gold?
Or will you set me free?
Or have you come to see me hang
Upon the gallows tree?"

“I did not bring you gold,
 I will not set you free,
 But I have come to see you hang
 Upon the gallows tree.”

(Repeat these three stanzas four times. At the first repetition substitute *mother* for *father*, *sister* at the second, and *brother* at the third. At the fourth repetition substitute *sweetheart* for *father* in the first and second and let the last stanza read:

“I have brought you gold,
 I will set you free,
 And I have come to cut the rope
 And carry you home with me.”

The following was submitted by Miss Lemma Garrett, to whom it was sent by her sister. It is apparently a negro version of part of “The Lass of Rock Royal.” (See English and Scottish Popular Ballads, p. 163.)

I who gwine to shoe my foot?
 I who gwine to glove my hand?
 I who gwine to kiss my red ruby lips?
 For I'm gwine to a far distant land.

Daddy gwine to shoe my foot,
 Mammy gwine to glove my hand,
 My true love will kiss my red ruby lips,
 For I'm gwine to a far distant land.

DER DEUTSCHE SPRACHVEREIN

On Friday, February 15, Der Deutsche Sprachverein had a very interesting entertainment. The meeting was well attended. Several members of the faculty were present as special guests.

The first number on the program was the distribution of valentines from a Brief-Schachtel. The sentiment of the season was well expressed in short original valentines.

The reading of the German verses upon the valentines, which followed, afforded much amusement. Fraulein Garhee then sang "Sing Mir Dein Lied" with piano and violin accompaniment by Fraulein Wynne and Fraulein Frantz, respectively.

Later delicious refreshments were served. General conversation in German among the members and guests added to the pleasure of the evening.

—M. B. F.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Those who have once felt the influence of some wonderful French poem and grasped a part of its thought—such thought as is common to both French and American, but only to find adequate expression in the French—desire a deeper feeling for that language as well as a more practical knowledge of it. Such a desire has given rise to the organization of Le Cercle Francais. This club meets every Monday evening in the kindergarten. During the last few weeks the chief subject of study has been Victor Hugo and his poems, while a lighter phase of the entertainment has been a game, *Le Jeu des Auteurs*.

On the evening of the 14th of February Le Cercle Francais gave a valentine party. Those present amused themselves conversing in French until Miss Smithey, the director, opened the program by reciting several stanzas of original French poetry which was very much applauded. Then each member of the club in turn recited an original rhyme, all of which had one characteristic of poetry, a suitable subject for Valentine verses—love. The refreshment committee served a delicious luncheon after which the members of the club joined in singing several French songs, closing with "Fais Dodo."

At the end of the term of the following officers: Mary T. Turnbull, President; Rosa Rosenthal, Vice-President; Evelyn Purcell, Secretary; Marguerite Helm, Treasurer; Mattie Ould, Reporter; new officers were elected, namely: Rosa Rosenthal, President; Annie Banks, Vice-President; Mattie Ould, Secretary; Margaret Helm, Treasurer; Janie Couch, Reporter.

JUNIOR DEBATE

The time of statesmanship, warriorhood, poetic fancy and most of all, oratorical ability, is not over, as every one who was present at the Junior Debate on the night of February 14 can testify. The subject was "Resolved, that the soldier has done more for his country than either the statesman or the poet." Mary Furgeson and Belva Potter, in strong, warlike language, argued that the soldier has been of most value to his country, while Juanita Manning and Grace Welker beautifully expressed their opinions as to what part the poet has played in the history of his country. But Alice Howison and Mary T. Turnbull, by their persuasive eloquence, convinced the judges that the statesman has undoubtedly benefited his country more than either the poet or soldier and the decision was made in their favor.

The judges were Mr. Grainger, Mr. Lear, Mr. Coyner, Mr. Eason and Miss Eva Larmour.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Pandora

Pandora	Marie Noell
Epimetheus (husband of Pandora)	Evelyn Turnbull
Minerva	Ruth Percival
Mercury	Eva Larmour
Vulcan	Vergie Fuller
Iris	Mary Moylan Banks
Slave	George Bailey
Pianist	Lettye Wynne

Chorus girls: Mary Wynne, Carolyn Pope, Ruth Harding, May Arnold, Maria Bristow, Lynette Brock, Emma Webb.

MRS. LAWSON'S RECITAL

Mrs. Franceska Kasper Lawson, of Washington, rendered a delightful musical in the auditorium of the Normal School, under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music, Thursday, February 13. Mrs. Elsa Schemmel Schmidt was her accompanist. The program was as follows:

RICHMOND COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

On February 11, the Richmond College Mandolin and Glee Club entertained the girls with a very enjoyable program, which was as follows:

Part I

"Honey, I Wants Yer Now"	<i>Dudley Buck</i>
Glee Club	
"You're My Baby"	<i>Ayer</i>
Mandolin Club	
"Who Bilt de Ark"	<i>Buck</i>
Quartette	
Reading	<i>Selected</i>
Mr. Hall	
March of the Guard	<i>Adam Geibel</i>
Glee Club	
Piano Solo	<i>Selected</i>
Professor Abrusted	

Part II

Stein Song	<i>Frederick Bullard</i>
Glee Club	
By the Light of the Jungle Moon	<i>Atkinson</i>
Mandolin	
Medley	<i>Original Arrangement</i>
Quartette	
Reading	<i>Selected</i>
Mr. Hall	
Violin Solo	<i>Selected</i>
Mr. Underwood	
Richmond College Medley, <i>Arranged by J. M. R. Olmsted</i>	
Glee Club	

JEFFERSON SOCIETY

The officers for the third term of the Jefferson Society were elected on February 21, and are as follows:

Margaret Godby	President
Madeline Willett	Vice-President

Elizabeth Barham	Cor. Secretary
Lockey E. Delp	Recording Secretary
Ella Lester	Treasurer
Ruth Fulton	Critic

PYGMALION AND GALATEA

On Saturday night, February 22, the Dramatic Club of the Lynchburg High School gave "Pygmalion and Galatea," a well-known comedy, in the auditorium under the auspices of the Lynchburg Alumnae Chapter of S. N. S. The entire cast, numbering twelve, Prof. Eckerson, the director, Misses Wiggins, Burton, Hutter and a few friends arrived on the morning train and spent the day, preparing for the play, looking over the school and in meeting the girls. They felt very much indebted to the Home Department, who spared no pains in preparation for their comfort while here.

The play was given in a way that would do credit to any High School and was enthusiastically received. The entire cast showed careful and skillful training and each part was well taken.

After the play, the Lynchburg Club entertained the cast and Lynchburg friends in the drawing room, with an informal reception. Punch was served, after which several flash-light pictures were taken. Later on other refreshments were served, little red hatchets tied with ribbon, as menu favors, topping off each plate. The drawing room was appropriately decorated in red, white and blue crepe paper and flags for the 22nd, and here and there were divans covered with college pillows. As the midnight hour approached, after several rousing yells, both from the cast and from the girls, and many congratulations, the cast boarded the 12:42 train for Lynchburg.

—A. M. W.

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Jokes

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

Miss M-r-t-r—By a square.

Mr. Coyner—Won't a circle do?

Miss M-r-t-r—Oh yes, that's all right, just so it has four sides.

S.—Fashion says that skirts are to be worn longer than ever.

H.—I've worn this one of mine two years already.

A-o-s-e T-r-i-n—Wasn't last week's Life bum?

F-n-i-e-m B-o-k-s—It surely was the longest, bummiest week I ever saw.

Uncle Robert (to Mr. Eason)—Miss Tompson says she wants yo' bones, suh.

E-l-y M-n-d-e—Why on earth are you in such a hurry?

A-tt-e D-a-s (madly rushing up stairs after Sunday School)—I've got to go and take off my suit and give it to another girl to wear to church!

R-b-c-a R-b-n-on—Miss Sutherlin, who were Robert Lee's feline friends?

Miss S.—Who were they, class?

R-b-c-a—They must have been Presbyterians.

Mr. G. (after political discussion)—Mr. L., I think you had better read Mr. Roosevelt's autobiography.

Mr. L.—Who wrote that thing anyway?

GERM PROOF LAUGHTER

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

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With the stories and the rhymes?

Just to keep up with the ads,
And the merchants' latest fads?

Just to keep up with the facts
That are happening at our backs?

Just to pay that extra cash,
So it won't be spent on trash?

Just to read the stories? Never!
Our text-books are more clever.

Who will fall down through his collar
When we suggest that big round dollar?

We take "The Focus," isn't it strange?
For our dollar in exchange.

Hocus, pocus, dominocus,
That is why we take "The Focus."

—*Fanny Wilson.*

RIGHT BACK

"Does your mother allow you to have things charged at the stores?" asked an inquisitive Senior of a Junior.

"Oh, I think she would, but—"

"But the stores wouldn't—is that what you were going to add?"

"Oh, no. I was going to say that she gives me plenty of money with which to pay cash. Does yours?"

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DIFFICULT WALKING

“Help! Help!” cried an Italian laborer, near the mud flats of the Sacramento River.

“What’s the matter there?” came a voice from the construction shanty.

“Queek! Bringa da shovel! Bringa da peek! Biovanni’s stuck in da mud.”

“How far in?”

“Up to his knees.”

“Oh, let him walk out.”

“No, no. He no canna walk. He wronga end up.”

AT A DISADVANTAGE

Two boys, who managed to be rather unruly in school, so exasperated their teacher that she ordered them to remain after school and write their names five hundred times.

They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began watching his companion in despair.

Suddenly the watcher burst out between his sobs and said, “‘Tain’t fair, mum; his name’s Buck and mine’s Schkuttermeyer.”

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