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# THE FOCUS



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

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VOL. III

FARMVILLE, VA., APRIL, 1913

No. 3

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## **My Spirit of the Springtime**

Springtime once more!  
Oh thou harbinger of all things young  
And all things perfect to me,  
Come thou, let me be the flowers among,  
And once more Fairyland see!

Again I smell the blossoms,  
And again I feel the thrill  
That used to steal all through me,  
When I heard the robin's trill.  
For he'd grant me sweetest wishes,  
If only I'd faithful be  
And listen for his first song  
As it came from the apple tree.

And the flowers in my kingdom  
Were to me goddesses fair;  
The rose was queen of the flowers  
And she reigned without a care.  
The other plants around her  
Were courtiers, proud to serve—  
They granted her slightest wishes,  
Which my queen did so deserve.

Then, when these dreams were over  
And I sought the dreams more true,  
Then came my queen of all-time,  
With her eyes of deepest blue.



And as I'd drift to dreamland  
'Twas not my rose queen I'd see,  
But grandmother with her smiles,  
As she'd come and call to me.

But the smiles no longer greet me  
With their cheery, happy morn,  
The robin sings no longer—  
The tree is withered and gone.  
All things on earth seem fading,  
The flowers no longer bloom—  
Spring in my heart has vanished  
And left it shadowed with gloom.

For, alas, I am grown older  
And have changed, as all things do.  
I think no more of robins  
That call when the Spring is new.  
But ever my Springtime Spirit  
Will come again unto me,  
As those eyes smile down from heaven  
When the evening star I see.

—George Bailey.

## Jimmy



WE WERE known in college as the "Hot Air Club," a group of the jolliest and best fellows in school, if I do say it. But on this particular evening if a stranger had happened in accidentally he would never have guessed the name we were wont to go by. There were eleven of us there all lounging around in our usual way, but not laughing and talking as we always did, for every single one of us was wretched, and we showed it more than men are accustomed to showing their feelings. Every face wore an expression of sadness and foreboding.

It was just this way. Jimmy was gone! Jimmy, who made up the round dozen and who had been a favorite of us all.

This was the greatest shock that had ever come into the lives of most of us, certainly mine, for Jimmy was my chum and room-mate. We had fished and fought, hunted and played ball together as little fellows, and had come up through school together until here we were in our senior year at college. I have never in my life, before or since Jimmy's accident, had anything to come so near killing me. Even after these years I can hardly bring myself to tell you about it.

As I said, all the fellows were heartbroken. Even Pip, my faithful fox terrier, lay before the fire with a most disconsolate air. We had sat thus for nearly an hour when Billy Towns broke the silence.

"Just a week ago! Little did we think what would happen before our next meeting!"

"Oh, shut up," growled Tom Shelby. "Haven't you any sense left?"

"I can't help it! I can't stand it another minute. For heaven's sake, fellows, let's talk it over if we can. It won't be half so hard."

Fred Black, the club comedian and the big-heartedest

fellow in the world, came to and sat up. "Jimmy wouldn't want us to carry on so. Heaven knows he was ready to go if ever a man was."

At the sound of Jimmy's name, Pip cocked his ears and showed the first signs of life that evening. He raised himself up on his front feet and looked around enquiringly, then his ears flopped and he sank down on the rug with a whine that made the fellows wince.

"Just look how that dog misses him! Strange how he loved him, wasn't it?"

"Not at all!" called a half dozen voices in a chorus.

"Who wouldn't have?" added John.

Billy began again, "Say, fellows, you remember how we were talking about spiritualism and making fun of old James, who said that if he could he was coming back?"

Of course none of us had forgotten. Every incident of that last meeting was indelibly impressed upon our minds. We were in a particularly happy mood that night—all except Jimmy.

"Yes," Big John replied. "You remember we were joking at a high rate and were saying that we would do the same if we could, and Billy said he didn't want any spirits roaming around him—"

"And Jimmy didn't join in with the rest of us," said Frank. "He was so quiet all the time. Just sat and smoked and blew rings into the air. When we chided him he turned on us with 'There may be something in that, boys. Who knows? Somehow I feel as if I might be the first to go and if I am, I am going to try to come back to you fellows.'"

"Yes," added Billy, "what a feeling he gave us. We laughed and guyed him, but all the same I believe we all felt curious and almost a sense of foreboding. I wasn't nearly so shocked when I heard of the accident."

Not being able to stand any more, I got up hastily, bade them all good night and went up to my room, followed by Pip. I hated to go for I had been so lonely and could hardly bear the room any more. It was hard to stay there without Jimmy. When I opened the door and turned

the light on I found Pip walking around Jimmy's chair, sniffing and peering in a most peculiar way. Suddenly he began to jump up and down with delight, wagging his tail and licking at something with his little red tongue, between the little barks and yelps that he was sending out very rapidly. He acted just as he used to when he had been away from Jimmy for a few days. I stood by and watched, thinking the poor little fellow had gone crazy. But he kept this up, going through with all the little noises and antics that a dog can perform when he is pleased. Then he backed off, still barking, and turning, seemed to follow something across the room to the open window, where he jumped up and put his paws on the sill and his whole attitude changed. He whined and howled in distress as he did when we left him locked up in the room alone. I stood aghast. Finally when he had barked until his little throat nearly split he dropped down on the floor exhausted, and when I called to him he came and rubbed up against me in the most pathetic way. I picked him up and sank down in my chair. A sense of relief came over me. I patted him and said, "Pip, boy, he said he would come back, didn't he?" Here he licked my hand as if he understood, and I sighed and went on—"And you saw him and I didn't."

—*Kathleen Browning.*

## The Fairy Godmother



ANN WAS a peculiar child, so everybody said. Mrs. White, who lived next door and who had no children, frequently called Ann's mother's attention to the fact. "Aren't you worried about Ann, Mrs. Baker?" she would say. "It seems positively unnatural to me to see a child sit up in an apple tree and tell you with the most solemn face in the world that it is a magic tower and you must not come near it."

The one all-absorbing interest of Ann's life was a passionate love for fairy tales. Nothing delighted her more than the wonderful journeys and adventures that the Prince would undertake to win the Princess, and when he finally overcame them all and the Fairy Godmother brought him back to the Princess and they lived happily ever after she experienced a joy that nothing else could give her.

Next door lived a young lady whom Ann's childish eyes invested with all the glories of a fairy princess. Day after day she would climb up in her apple tree, which overhung the young lady's garden, and wait patiently for hours to gain one glimpse of the Princess Beautiful. And very often a young man would walk down the path beside her, but he was not the Prince, Ann decided.

One day when everything seemed bursting to tell that spring had come,—when the yellow daffodils were blooming and the birds were singing and the apple tree was in blossom, Ann saw them coming down the path.

The young man was talking very seriously and just when they were under the apple tree he stopped and said, "Alice, I can't say any more, but you know, you must know how I love you." And his face looked so changed that it made Ann think of her mother's face when she bent over her to kiss her good night. She knew then that he was the Prince and her heart started a little song of gladness.

"Yes," she heard the Princess Beautiful say, "I do know," and she gave him her hand and the Prince bent down and kissed it and then put a beautiful ring on it. Ann wished she had not been there then. She felt as she did one night when mother didn't kiss her good night because she had been rude to little brother.

But after this a new fairyland opened up to her in the apple tree. Every day the Prince and the Princess Beautiful walked in the garden and sometimes they would sit under the tree and tell each other how happy they were and talk about a bungalow where they would live. Ann didn't know what a bungalow was but she thought it must be another name for the castle where the Prince and Princess always lived happily ever after.

The spring passed, the blossoms fell from the tree and fresh green leaves came instead, which made a bower to conceal Ann. For her dream had not once faded. Always still they were the Prince and Princess.

Summer had almost gone, when one day Ann climbed into the tree and confided softly, "Something's going to happen today. I feel it. There they come. Oh—it has happened." For tears seemed to be in the Prince's voice and she heard him say, "Alice, this is foolish. You know that there has never been anybody that counted except you. Here you are bringing up a mere summer flirtation and allowing it to ruin our happiness. It is not like you, Alice."

Ann waited breathlessly, and she heard the Princess say, in a hard little voice that did not sound at all like hers, "How do I know that this is not a 'mere summer flirtation?' " And then—she gave him back his beautiful ring and went away.

Ann gave a sigh, then a sob, then began crying bitterly. She had not known that princes and princesses behaved like this. And the Fairy Godmother had not come at exactly the right minute to tell the Princess that this was not a "summer flirtation," whatever that was.

A keen sorrow shook the little girl's figure. The saddest of all sorrows is disillusionment and Ann had been disillusioned. The Princess was not a princess. She was only

a lady like all other ladies. The Prince was not a prince. He was only a man like all other men. The tree was not a magic tower but only an apple tree and worst of all there were no fairy godmothers.

The young man heard the sobs and looked up. There, high up in the tree, was a forlorn little heap. In a minute he was over the fence, up in the tree and had her in his arms.

"What is the matter, child?"

"The fair-air-y god-moth-er did-did-n't come," she sobbed and it was not long before he knew the whole story.

The young man thought quickly, then he said, "Why don't you be the Fairy Godmother?"

"I? How could I be one?" Ann stopped sobbing in her awakened interest.

The young man whispered something in her ear. Ann was very excited. She climbed down the tree and ran up the path. Near the house she found her Princess of so many days, and her eyes looked as if she had been crying. She climbed into her lap and delivered the message.

The young girl gathered Ann in her arms and held her tightly. She was crying again but smiling at the same time, and when Ann looked up her eyes were bright and soft and shining as she said, "You are a little Fairy Godmother. Tell him I say you are."

—Grace Welker.



## Time

Grand monarch of the universe!  
The birth of all its sway, its end.  
No mortals can thy path direct,  
But in thy hands their fates depend.

Strong winds sweep by, the rain descends,  
The oceans dash with wondrous power,  
Great snow heaps block the mountain pass,  
But lovest thou one single hour?

Apollo takes his daily course  
With all but time beneath his sway;  
Diana, fair, controls the tides,  
But Time sweeps on without delay.

And make us thou, O Time, like thee,  
While in this worldly body pent.  
Thou art dependent on no name  
But that of God omnipotent.

—M. A. B.



## M. R. M.

1912

Longsville, Arizona, March 22, 1912.

Dear Tom:

Several good pinches were required this morning to convince me that I was really in Longsville, Arizona. As soon as I was convinced, I dressed hurriedly and went down stairs to breakfast. Mrs. Paterson is a dear, motherly old lady and made me feel very much at home. She treats me as if I were sixteen instead of twenty-two. It is very nice to be petted so, but I am afraid that she will spoil me.

Tom, I wish that I could describe this country to you, but I haven't the words at my command. It far surpasses the most extravagant fancy of my imagination. You know I have always loved hills. Here, I shall be able to revel in them to my heart's content.

Well, to come down to earthly things, I think that I am going to enjoy my work very much. The idea of managing a cattle ranch and having so many men looking up to me, a mere woman, for directions appeals to me. You mustn't get the idea, though, that I am taking my work as a joke, for I am not. I realize the responsibility of my position and I am going to do my very best to make the "Lucky Star" the finest cattle ranch in the country.

In the summer, when you come to Longsville, I hope that I can show you a model cattle ranch. I am expecting a letter real soon.

Your loving sister,  
Nell.

Eleanor Page gave this letter to a young man who had been waiting for it for several minutes, and then watched him as he rode off in the direction of the postoffice. William Radcliff, foreman of the "Lucky Star," was a magnificent rider. Eleanor was a good rider herself and watched with admiration the beautiful black horse and his rider until they disappeared over the brow of the hill.

Just as William Radcliff was about to mail the letters his eye was arrested by the name, Thomas Page. The letter almost fell from his hand when he discovered that it was addressed to the University of Virginia.

The letters were mailed and the horse and his rider returned slowly in the stillness of the evening. The moon

flooded the woods with its silvery light and one by one the golden stars began to appear. The only sounds heard were the occasional hooting of an owl and the ringing of the horse's hoofs against the stones.

William Radcliff's mind was greatly agitated. Eleanor Page was Tom's sister. There was no doubt of that. He had often heard Tom speak of this sister and the good times that they had together. Just three years ago tonight he had promised Tom that he would visit him in the summer. They had sat up late that night, planning what good times they would have. The next day it was all ended. Well, at least there were two people in the world who believed in him, Tom Page and his aunt in Richmond. For did he not have letters in his trunk which said as much? It is true that he did not have a letter from Tom, but Tom had gone to see his aunt and begged her to give him Billy's address so that he might write to him and tell him that he still believed in him. Billy had made his aunt promise that she would not reveal his address to anyone, and so Tom could not write. It was a comfort to know that he had wished to do so.

Longsville, Arizona, April 15, 1912.

Dearest Tom:

I was delighted to hear that Captain Page's team won the game. I congratulate you. I wish that I could have seen the game. Your account of it was the next best thing to seeing it.

Please let me know right away how the debate turns out. I am glad that you are on the negative side.

Tom, last night I was sitting out on the porch in the moonlight with Mrs. Paterson, thinking of you and of home, when away off down in the valley I heard the sound of a violin. I thought for a while that I had conjured up one of the old masters in my imagination, but as soon as the music ceased Mrs. Paterson told me that the musician was my foreman, Mr. Radcliff. I had already half guessed that it was he.

Imagine my surprise! when, a few minutes later, he began to sing your Freshman Class song. There is certainly some mystery about this man. I must admit that my curiosity is aroused, but I do not think that it will be

satisfied, for he is a man whom one would not dare to ask a personal question.

Wishing you great success in the debate, as ever yours,  
Nellie.

Longsville, Arizona, June 3, 1912.

Dearest Tom:

I can hardly realize that your days at the University are almost ended. I should like so much to see you graduate, but of course it is impossible. You know that I am happy with you, and that I am just as proud of you as I can be. My sincere wish is that the twelfth of June may be a true commencement for you.

A strange thing happened yesterday evening. I had been out for a long ride and was returning about sunset. For a wonder, I was looking down at the ground instead of at the clouds, when I saw something sparkling in the sand. I got down and picked it up. I am sure that you could never guess what it was. It was a Kappa Sigma pin, with the initials, 'W. R. M.,' and the date, 1907, on the back. I was certainly surprised when I found this pin.

You must not fail to come to Arizona in July. I can hardly wait for the time to come.

As ever, your loving  
Nellie.

Thomas Page received this letter a few days before graduating. He was very much surprised to hear that his sister had found a Kappa Sigma pin out in the wild hills of Arizona. The initials, W. R. M., puzzled him, but during the finals he had more important things to attend to and they almost slipped from his memory.

The night after Tom received his diploma he was sitting in his room smoking and building air castles. He began to think how much his diploma meant to him, of the many hours of toil and of pleasure which had been spent in securing it. And then he thought of another who should have been in his class. Dear old Billy Montgomery! William Radcliff Montgomery! Radcliff—Radcliff, where had he heard that name lately? Why, of course, Radcliff was Eleanor's foreman. Tom jumped up from his lounging position in the morris chair, his cigar falling from his hand. The initials, W. R. M., were Billy's initials! The pin which Eleanor found was Billy's.

Just as Thomas Page reached this conclusion a servant knocked on the door and handed him a telegram. He tore it open and read hastily,

Come at once. Foreman ill. Asks for you. A mystery.  
Eleanor Page.

Tom wrote in reply,

Am leaving now. I think I can solve the mystery.  
Tom.

The foreman of "Lucky Star" was indeed a very ill man. Mrs. Paterson nursed him with all the tender care that a mother would bestow upon her son. In his delirium he talked of many things which this kind old lady could not understand. One day he asked for Eleanor Page. Mrs. Paterson sent for Eleanor. As soon as Eleanor entered the room, Radcliff exclaimed, in feverish tones, "I did not do it, Tom Page." Eleanor jumped when she heard her brother's name. "I shall never forget that you believed in me when all the world was against me. I didn't do it, Tom. I couldn't tell on Fred Baker. Baker copied from my paper. I couldn't sign the pledge for some one had received help from me."

William Radcliff's brown eyes shone with an intense brightness as he raved in his delirium. Mrs. Paterson gently pushed the hair from his forehead and placed an ice cap upon it.

The sound of wheels was heard outside. Eleanor ran to the window and looked out. There was a well-known figure standing at the gate. Eleanor ran out and was soon held tightly in the embrace of her brother. They went very quietly into the room of the sick man. Tom was by no means surprised to find that Eleanor's foreman and Billy Montgomery were one and the same. The doctor had driven up just a few minutes after Tom and now he entered the room. Eleanor introduced her brother to Mrs. Paterson and the doctor, then she and Tom quietly left the room.

"What is the matter, Tom?" Eleanor asked in anxious tones, for she had noticed that he was very pale.

"Come, Nell, let us go out under that big tree and I shall tell you everything."

Tom told his sister that her foreman was an old school mate of his, and that they had roomed together, and were in the same fraternity.

"Then it was his pin that I found?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"But, the initials were W. R. M."

"Your foreman's initials are also W. R. M. His name is William Radcliff Montgomery."

Eleanor saw it all very clearly now. This was the man who had been expelled from the University because he had not signed a pledge to an examination, and would give no explanation. She remembered now how in his delirium Radcliff had begged Tom to believe in him.

"Tom," said Eleanor, "do you remember Fred Baker?"

"Yes," replied Tom.

"Well, Mr. Radcliff said that Fred Baker had copied from his paper."

\* \* \* \* \*

In September two tall, athletic looking men boarded a train for the East. Their destination was Charlottesville, Virginia. Montgomery was to be reinstated at the University. And a girl was waiting out in Arizona.

—*Virginia R. Field.*

### To a Crab

Oh, hard-shelled dweller of the creek,  
I hate to lure you from your home of mud  
With hook and line and tempting bait;  
But, friend, I must have sport, and what  
Could finer be than catching crabs  
From out Metompkin Bay?

My sorrow though would be tenfold  
As great, if you had not, with cruel claws,  
Pinched the first finger of my bony hand  
While I was helping you from out the net,  
And caused me to give vent to howls of pain,  
So now my grief for you is not so marked.

But you will not be captive long,  
For, Jimmy Crab, I'll take you home and cast  
You into a red hot stove to bake and roast  
And make you fit for human carrions,  
Who'll pick the meat from off your bones  
And leave your carcass to posterity.

—*Mary Cary Taylor.*



## A Visit to Jamestown



T SEEMS to me that even the sightseer most lacking in sentiment must feel some thrill of emotion as he gazes on the ruins of old Jamestown. Surely few, indeed, can be so unimaginative as not to feel the very atmosphere of romance which seems to hover over the island and the most callous visitor cannot regard with indifference the still decaying remnants of the first permanent English settlement in America, and the birthplace of American civilization.

And yet, as the average sightseer gazes on the grand old tower, a steadfast monument to the religious spirit which actuated the first settlers of Virginia, and as he comments on its state of preservation, how little he knows of the romantic associations which cling to the tower as does its beautiful dress of ivy. And as he looks on the mounds in the little graveyard and reads the names on the sunken stones he, perhaps, wonders what parts the originals of these names played in the great drama once enacted on the famous old island.

The place around which most of the sentiment seems to hover is the church and the little graveyard where the early settlers are quietly sleeping. It is here that Lady Blair is buried. She was born at Jamestown and was married in the church to an Englishman of high birth. They lived in Jamestown for some time, but finally went to Williamsburg, where he founded William and Mary College. He was its president for fifty years, and when he died, Lady Blair brought him back to Jamestown and buried him beneath the rustling leaves of a sycamore they had planted when they were lovers. Afterwards, when she died, she was buried on the other side of the tree. Its roots eventually grew around their tombs and now it rears its giant height from the ruins of their tablets as if in protest against the storms which have wrecked it.

Here also are the graves of Philip Ludwell and Lady Frances Berkeley. It was for a long time that the young commoner wooed the haughty Lady Frances, but love conquered at last and she consented, though only on condition that he would allow her to have precedence over him still and retain her title of nobility. He agreed and they were married, but even in her death she was proud and her marble bears the inscription, "Lady Berkeley;" his, "Philip Ludwell."

Let us leave the graves of the sleepers in the shadows of the little churchyard and enter the church. Here, also, is a romantic tomb—the only tomb in America with inlaid brasses. It is the full length figure of a knight, with a pointed helmet on his head and a scroll in his hand. A skeleton has been found beneath this stone with gold lace still clinging to its shoulders and though it cannot be definitely known whose it is, it is generally supposed to be that of Sir George Yeardley, once governor of Virginia.

It is often regarded as a wonder that this tomb was not destroyed when the church was burned by Nathaniel Bacon. Poor Nathaniel Bacon! His short, brilliant life was like a meteor. Many criticise his course of action, but few can resist the charm of his personality. Stern old Governor Berkeley was one of these few. He was a brave soldier and a gallant gentleman but he was unsympathetic, harsh and proud, and when he tried to put the traditions of the old world into effect in the new, Bacon and his followers rose in rebellion. His young, brave-hearted wife sympathized with him in all his plans. She was Elizabeth Duke and there are many romantic incidents connected with their marriage. Sir Edward Duke, her father, sternly opposed the match, saying that if she persisted in marrying Bacon she must forfeit the two thousand pounds he intended leaving her. But Mistress Elizabeth, too, felt strongly the charm of Bacon's personality, so she married him, giving up her fortune for his sake, and they lived very happily until his tragic death.

Let us pass quietly through the grass-grown ruins of the old Confederate forts and enter the small museum. Here is a variety of objects—beads, pot-hooks, pieces of



dishes, apparently brought from all parts of the world, buttons, a piece of gold lace still intact from the shoulders of a buried knight, a corroded silver thimble that once had graced the finger of a fair worker of old Jamestown, a pair of scissors, some erect copper candlesticks that had lighted some stately dame to bed, and even a silver stirrup, found in the cellar of one of the statehouses near the river, that had probably once been worn by one of the habitues of the governor's famous hunting parties. How rich is this little building with its wealth of romantic associations. As we gaze on these famous old relics, and then up and down the waters of the beautiful James River, our thoughts naturally revert to the time when Jamestown was a prosperous colony; when stately dames and lovely young ladies trod its shores and when brave and gallant gentlemen defended these fair ones from treacherous Indians. How natural it is that we should think of the past as we visit this historic island, of the time when Jamestown was young and fresh, and as we realize the wonderful outcome of this first English colony, we, too, realize that "The true past departs not but lives and works through endless changes."

But there are several other points of interest we must visit before we leave Jamestown, and so, leaving the little museum with its wonderful treasures of the past, we come to the American Pompeii—the foundations of the state house near the river. Here played Pocahontas, the little Indian who brought the first message of good will from her stern chieftain father. The warmest affection existed between her and John Smith, and through him she met John Rolfe, whom she afterwards married.

One other place of interest and we will leave Jamestown—the old Ambler house. Here lived the first sweetheart of George Washington, Mary Carey Ambler. He loved her, but he was then only a poor soldier surveyor and her father scoffed at the idea of a poor young man asking for her hand. She, he said, must marry some one who could give her a coach to ride in. So the hand of the first president of the United States was refused because he couldn't

afford a coach for his bride. Today, perhaps, an automobile may stand between a future president and his wife.

Our steamer can be seen in the distance, our visit to Jamestown is now over, and we leave this dear, romantic spot with the last rays of the setting sun illuminating the lonely cypress far out in the river—a memento of the time before the noble James took its first colony to itself—feeling that we are leaving behind “historic records of the past, but each, also, an index of the world’s progress.”

—Grace Welker.

### Beside the Stream

We wandered through the shady lane,  
Just as the sun was set.  
(I never shall forget the day,  
'Tis in my mem'ry yet.)

Till all at once we reached a stream  
And sat beside its flow;  
It seemed that Nature loved the world  
By making flowers grow.

We sat there till the twilight went  
And talked of days gone by,  
Of how we played together then  
And made the moments fly.

Now I am eighteen summers old  
And he as old as I;  
Sometimes we fuss and quarrel too,  
But soon the storms pass by.

But now I have grown serious,  
And he knows not why I sigh,  
While we are sitting by the stream,  
Alone—my thoughts and I.

—M. A. B.

## The Beautiful Ghost



THE CLOCK was striking ten when Mrs. Graham ushered the four girls into the guest chamber.

"Are you afraid to sleep on the lower floor?" she asked.

"Of course not," four merry voices assured her.

"Then I must bid you good night, for Miss Carrie strictly charged me to send you to bed early."

"Well, of all things!" Elsie Cameron said as the door closed behind Mrs. Graham. "Miss Carrie is afraid that we shall break down before exams. and I, for one, say it is a wonder that she let us come here tonight."

"Miss Carrie is right there, but, girls, this room is so big that it is positively ghostly."

"You are always harping on ghosts, Susan Long."

"But there is a ghost story connected with this very room," said Mary Cameron. "I have been here before and I know."

"Then tell it to us."

"All right. Only allow me to give the proper setting. Have you noticed that if you open the door only a little way on coming into the room, you can be seen by a person at the bureau and cannot be seen from this bed?"

"Of course! The bureau is so close to the door that you can almost touch anyone standing by it as you come in. Besides, the door opens toward the bureau, but that doesn't sound ghostly."

"Just wait. Do you know why Miss Martin had to stop teaching?"

"Oh, a nervous breakdown, but the ghosts—"

"Please be patient. About one month ago Miss Martin and Louise White spent the night in this very room. Louise was sitting on this bed and Miss Martin was standing by the bureau when the door opened a little way, then quickly

closed. Miss Martin screamed as the door opened. Aunt Jane, the servant, came to see what was the matter and said that the wind very often made the door do that way as the catch in the lock was not good, but Miss Martin was sure that she had seen a figure in white there."

"Then why did Mrs. Graham put us in here?"

"She knows nothing of it. Aunt Jane and her daughter, Lindy, stayed in here that night and asked Miss Martin and Louise not to tell, since Mrs. Graham is very nervous and easily excited. I can tell you other incidents in which the same thing has happened."

"Please don't. I wish that you hadn't told us that," said Susan.

"Go away, child!" exclaimed Julia Morris. "Don't you be afraid. I will capture your ghost."

"Come! Let's have a pillow fight to decide who will sleep where you can't see the ghosts," and Elsie threw a pillow at Susan. The missile was quickly returned and soon the air was thick with flying pillows.

Julia, who was combing her hair, ignored those sent in her direction, and as she stood by the bureau she thought of the story she had just heard. She knew that it would take something more than the wind to shake Miss Martin's courage. "What could have been at the door that night? Why had the servants not been afraid?"

The girls were becoming very noisy and Julia was on the point of telling them to be quiet when, through a lull in the fight, she heard a light step in the hall.

"Mrs. Graham is coming to send us to bed and we ought to be ashamed," she thought.

Just then the door opened and, for a second, Julia stood spellbound. In the half-open doorway, outlined against the inky background of the dark hall, was a figure clad in a simple white robe. The face was that of a young girl, lovely beyond Julia's wildest dreams. The brown curls, which hung halfway to the floor, shone in the lamplight. The eyes were brown also and the pale face was very sweet. Julia's love of beauty made her forget to be afraid, so she smiled at the girl, who then held out her hands. Julia

caught them in her own. She drew the apparition into the room, then called, "Susan, I have caught your ghost."

The fight stopped and three startled girls so far forgot themselves as to turn an open-mouthed stare upon the stranger.

"Who are you?" demanded Elsie.

The newcomer looked shyly at them. Then, addressing Julia, she said, "My name is Emily Graham and I have a strange story. Do you wish to hear it?"

Julia placed the girl in a chair and introduced her friends.

"Now we are ready," she said gently.

The four dropped to the floor in front of the chair and waited. For a moment Emily looked as if she would run away.

Then she began, "This house was built by my grandfather in the days when there was a feud between him and a neighbor, so you needn't be surprised when I tell you that there is a secret room below this one. That room has been mine ever since I was seven."

She paused and Elsie asked, "How did you get there?"

"Grandfather felt himself far above the simple mountaineers who used to live in this section so he sent his only child, my father, away for an education. When father came back he brought his young bride. Grandfather was displeased because he had not been consulted and my mother's life here was not the most pleasant. When I was a year old she died.

"At first grandfather was very fond of me, but, as I daily became more like mother, he grew to dislike me and at last, in a fit of anger, imprisoned me in the secret room. My father was afraid of grandfather, so he did not dare to object, but he was very kind to me and did all he could to make me happy.

"We took long walks together after night, for grandfather wouldn't let me come out in the daytime. You see he wanted himself and everyone else to forget me and he had his desire. The neighbors had never known me very well and they soon forgot or thought that I was dead, so no questions were asked.

"Father was everything to me. He taught me all he had learned at college and, having nothing else to do, I learned rapidly. Four years ago he died. Then two years later grandfather died, but he left the place to my cousin on the condition that Aunt Jane and Lindy should always live in the cottage at the foot of the hill. My room is connected with that cottage and they were to care for me. I was not to leave my prison till I found some girl who was not afraid of me, and every time there were guests here Aunt Jane sent me to this room. They have always been frightened before."

She turned to Julia. "You have freed me," she said, "and you can never know how grateful I am."

Julia was too overcome to speak, but Elsie asked, "Why didn't you leave the room when your grandfather died?"

Emily looked at her blankly. "I never thought of that, besides grandfather threatened to haunt Aunt Jane if we did not do as he said."

"How did you spend your time?" was Elsie's next question.

For an answer Emily led them to the hall. She opened a trap-door which was skillfully hidden beneath the stairs and the four followed her into the secret room. It lay under the guest chamber and hall and was, therefore, very large. Two sides of the room were lined with books while a third contained stands of beautiful flowers. Above the flowers were windows, but they were almost entirely hidden by the ivy which covered the outside walls.

"Isn't it awfully dark here in the daytime?" asked Susan.

In reply Emily blew out the light and the moonbeams stole softly through the leaves, making strange shadows on the floor.

"Girls, we must go to bed," said Julia. "Emily is to sleep with me."

Reader, if you should ever go to ——— County, you will probably meet Emily Graham, who lives with her cousins. She is happy and has a host of friends to make up for her loneliness. The chief of these is Julia Morris.

—Elizabeth Painter.



## The Value of Reading



WHY READ at all? As members of a community we need to know what others are doing. We cannot live to ourselves alone. Ordinary intelligence demands a knowledge of contemporary events. Therefore we read to obtain knowledge of the life about us, in countries near and remote. Moreover an intelligent judgment of the events of the present involves a knowledge of the past.

We read to obtain practical guidance in everyday affairs; to enrich our lives with the experience of our neighbors; to share the wisdom resulting from the experience of the past; to gain pleasure, insight and spiritual direction. If we imagine ourselves as seated by the study table, reading our favorite poem, we shall recognize that it has been through the reading of literature that much of our highest inspiration has come to us.

However, in order to realize the advantages we possess in the present day, in the diffusion of education and the ready access to literature, we must first understand and appreciate to what education is to lead and literature to teach. Reading leads us to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate which is, according to Ruskin, in the truest sense, kingly. It imparts to us a superior quality, more to be desired and sought for than material wealth or worldly fame.

Good reading will help us in matters of earnest difficulty. To use books rightly is to go to them for help and guidance, when our own limited knowledge and power of thought fails; to be led by them into wider sight, into a purer conception of Nature and all her wonderful work: for, in good reading, we receive the united opinion and judgment of the wisest and noblest of all ages. In our happy moments they show us how to enjoy our happiness. In our sad moments they teach us to beguile our sorrow. In



all the changes and vicissitudes of our lives, amidst the sunshine and shadow of existence, they are ever the guides which help us to lead purer, nobler, and more useful lives, for "without books, God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a standstill, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness."

—*Rosa Rosenthal.*

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### Th—

My precious flower, God's gift from Heaven to me,  
So beautiful, so sweet—so patient sweet,  
As the last lovely rose I chanced to meet  
In Nature's garden. So, in you I see  
A subtle fragrance that will sweeter be  
As days go by. For, as the rose so sweet,  
In budding days, when her I chanced to meet,—  
I found her sweeter far when o'er the lea  
The south wind oped her petals, and the air  
Around her breathed the perfume of her soul.  
And so, unselfishly she gave her all  
To make life brighter for the hearts she loved.  
I love you, precious flower, rose of my heart,—  
And you have made me better by your love.

—*J. M.*

## Sketches

### THE CAMPUS AT NOON—AN IMPRESSION

At the sound of the bell the dog, even Gyp, languidly rose and wobbled across the grassy campus to the front door. He stood there patiently, yet expectantly, and waited, but only for an instant. The door was thrown violently open and—

"Oh! isn't it glorious?" joyously exclaimed the first girl.

"Simply perfect!" rapturously.

"Yes, I do wish I didn't have to study for a class right after dinner," grumbled the third.

Though they were unconscious of the fact, Gyp accompanied them part of the way down the walk until, becoming disgusted at their conversation, he changed his mind, reversed his steps, and was once more back at the door ready to greet a second group.

And how the girls did come! And such girls! Pretty girls and still prettier girls, carefree girls and still more rollicking damsels, a few serious ones, some athletic looking; in fact, girls of every kind and description. And still they came—in twos and threes, and groups of many more, until the campus, which a moment before had been a restful expanse of green, was now almost concealed by irresponsible, chattering masses of color. A few little girls, fewer small boys, wended their way along the curbstone—training school children, the victims of these groups of sometime-in-the-near-future-would-be-pedagogues who mold the little plastic brains to suit their own fancy, or the wishes of the supervisors.

Another bell rang—this time peremptory summons in every loud peal. The groups of girls, some hurriedly, some reluctantly, but all certainly and surely, moved up the walk and disappeared behind the door. Again the campus appeared deserted. But—no! The dog, even Gyp, wobbled across the grass.

—*Marguerite S. Archambault.*

“WE SHALL REST, AND, FAITH WE SHALL NEED  
IT”

“Sunday morning paper! Times-Dispatch! Times! Times! Times-Dispatch!” was the cry of the little ragged boy as he passed down Broad Street.

It was Easter morning, and the time for the dawn of spring, but Nature, like people, has a way of postponing—just a kind of inherent quality, you know. But spring, according to the calendar or according to the temperature, it really makes no difference, it *was* *Easter*. A chilly, damp, gray mist hung over the city causing involuntary shivers to pass over those who were wearing winter garments, while those in gay spring attire looked pinched and indulged in forced smiles.

“Paper, mister?” was the personal greeting given as many of those passing as the boy could reach. But the bundle of papers under his arm did not grow much lighter and the scattered coin in his trousers’ pocket much heavier, yet, on he trudged.

“Gee, but this is a beastly day!” was his thought. “Looks like all the skirts are advertising the florists too. Wish mother was well and I could get some Easter junk for Jim.”

In his walk the boy had reached Tenth Street, and being tired, he sat down to rest a moment on the curbstone. A policeman turned the corner and said to him, “Beat it, kid—this here corner ain’t no hanging up place. Don’t you see that church?” The policeman pointed his thumb back of him.

The boy wearily arose and beheld Broad Street Church.

“Wonder if them cops ever gets tired?” he murmured, as he slowly plodded on.

—J. M.

## THE TELEGRAM

Mrs. Crowd rushed up again.

"Oh, wasn't that telegram for me? Surely it was." She turned away with a sigh as the exasperated operator shook his head for the tenth or twelfth time within an hour. She stooped and hastily picked up a remnant of what had been a handkerchief, but was now only linen shreds. She resumed her nervous, quick walk, rung her hands and began murmuring in an incoherent and frantic fashion.

"Oh will it never, never come? I would not feel so anxious if I did not know it should be here. Oh, if it would only come. Why didn't I stay in Washington? Why did Jack send me on this wild-goose chase?" She gave a succession of hard gasps.

"But I couldn't, couldn't bear the shame of what I am positive the sentence will be." She gave a long, low wail, like an animal brought to bay. She picked up the magazine and hastily turned the pages. "How much that does look like dear papa. I wonder if Jack will send the telegram as he promised? Surely, surely he wouldn't forget his sister in a time of this kind. Jack said though, he knew papa would be convicted. Oh, I know all hope is up. Will Harry stop loving me, and will he be sorry that he ever saw me? It will kill me, I know it will. I can't—can't stand it. But how can he love me, with a father that is either to be hanged or given a sentence for life."

The girl paced up and down the little station, weeping bitterly and giving little screams, never appearing to notice the station agent, or the people of the village. They would take it by turns in coming to the little fly-specked window, and would shake their heads and declare she was crazy.

"Oh, I hadn't given up until now. But it is all over, I know. If he hadn't told me that there was absolutely no hope, unless I came down here to be sure that the old man was dead. But he is dead and poor papa will die. He didn't do it. He didn't."

The telegraph instrument clicked.

"Surely that must be for me; something tells me that it is. God will not keep me on the rack any longer. Surely I have been tortured enough. No it wasn't," she murmured, as she fell faint and lifeless on the bench. Soft, gentle moans; she had come again to the full realization of her mental suffering.

"If Harry only hadn't gone to Europe before this thing happened. I am so glad he is coming tomorrow. But, how will he take this? My fathers, I haven't heard since yesterday. In a little while I know I will be stark raving mad."

Again the telegraph instrument clicked. She sprang up in a flash and rushed over. The operator handed her the little yellow slip. She read breathlessly, "Everything cleared up. Father not guilty. Come home at once. Jack." The train pulled into the station. "All aboard for Washington." And she stepped on.

*Blanche Adams*

## A SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE

Farmville, Virginia, June 23, 1913.

Dear little "Germs:"

I must write you some of the news of our city for I am sure you are glad to hear of us. I have been very, very lonely since you left and often wished to have a good discussion of our private affairs.

Things surely are dull since all the girls are gone. I don't have any one to pet me now and no one to follow around to class rooms.

You never see Uncle Robert or Aunt Lou smile any more nor does the big bell clang and give poor old Bob a chance to howl. The campus is nice and green and nobody ever has to yell, "Keep off the grass," because you see there is no one to yell to.

I saw a big, bright star the other night and went racing down the street as fast as my short legs could carry me; then I remembered Dr. Millidge wasn't here and I couldn't find out whether it was Venus or Mars.

We don't have much good singing now. I suppose Miss Perkins didn't leave us any pitch pipe.

I saw Mr. Lear on the street yesterday, but I didn't get to discuss anything for he was handing another man a greenback and saying, "The statistics for 1909 show —"

I was out looking at a glorious sunset the other evening and someone was saying, "Yes, the idea is good, but it isn't very well expressed. I think we can do better than that." I turned around, but I suppose I was dreaming for Miss Coulling wasn't anywhere to be seen.

We had a big race here the other day. It was as far as Hampden-Sidney. Miss Blackiston won; think Mr. Baldwin's car broke down, but I don't remember exactly.

I haven't seen any of the supervisors for a long time. I guess they have all gone away too, for I never find any more Lesson Plans on the sidewalks or in the trash-piles. By the way, I overheard a remark that all the Seniors last term got "E" on teaching, but I think it must be a mistake.

I saw Miss Mary White yesterday. She is looking very happy and I don't think she has had any one to "mortify" her for a long time.

I went with Mrs. Harris to the train. The last I saw of her she was looking in the car and said to the conductor, "Is there anyone in here don't belong in here?"

Tell your master that no one in Farmville has had a cold since he left.

Well, I guess I must close now and take a nap. With the best of little dog love, I am,

Your fat friend,

"Gyp" Jarman.

P. S.—As I am writing, my master is sitting on the porch smoking, and I think I see in his kind eyes that far-a-way look which means that he'll be glad too when we're all together again.

"Gyp."

—B. P.



## GRANDMOTHER'S ROSES

There was once a garden of pink and yellow and white roses. They all bloomed in a row, where they were planted by grandmother long ago when she was a little girl. She planted them there in the sunshine and as she planted them she sang a quaint little song. Every day she would water them and as they grew she grew to maidenhood fair.

One day in June-time, as she was singing and watering her roses, a rider passed by, and when he saw her he stretched forth his hand and said, in a tone as if giving a command, "Mistress, the best of them all!"

Grandmother's head drooped and her cheeks grew pink and she said nothing; but upon the second command, she raised her head and, smiling, said, "I know not the best; get down, sir, and choose for yourself."

He got down and tied his horse, then crossed the pathway to grandmother's side and, taking her hand, he said, "Am I to choose the best of them all? Then you are my rose, the best of all. Come, as my bride."

She kissed him and they gathered some rosebuds as they passed towards the horse. He helped her into his saddle and carried her away. She threw a farewell kiss to her roses as she passed out of sight and they seemed to nod in return.

They lived together to be old and gray, and one day the rider, so bold, was taken ill and died. He was buried in this garden of roses planted by grandmother.

Now grandmother ever seems to be dreaming of the one that has gone from her sight, and waiting for that voice to call, "My rose, I am coming for you." When she goes to rejoin her knight she will wear one of each of these roses, the yellow, the pink and the white. —R. G.

## SKETCHES FROM BILL'S DIARY

April 23.—Wonder what is the matter with you, Bill Morgan! Are you going crazy? Oh, perhaps its spring fever! But why is it that every time that new girl visiting

at Judge Clark's turns her blue eyes and glances at you your heart just turns around, flops and sits down? I guess it must be trying to skin the cat. Gosh, but this is a funny world! Of course you like all girls, I mean pretty ones, but why is it that this one makes your heart do so silly? That girl—well, she is pretty, but no prettier than some you have seen! Guess it must be those blue eyes, for they seem to look right down to the bottom of your heart. I believe she can see my heart performing all kinds of gymnastics. Goodness, but I wish I could see something but blue eyes. They are all over this page. I am awfully afraid I will write on one with my pen and hurt it! Honest, Bill Morgan, you are the biggest idiot there is—so stop!

April 24.—Guess they will be sending you to the asylum soon, Bill, for I believe you are getting crazier every day! Spring fever surely does affect you funny. Perhaps you had better go to the Doctor and get a tonic. Now listen here, Bill, you are going to be sensible tonight and write something in your diary but "Blue Eyes."

Well, here it goes—! I got up this morning at 8.30; ate breakfast; took a spin, and went by Judge Clark's house;drove past about a dozen times before I could get nerve to go in. Finally I mustered up enough courage to ask her to come out in the car for a ride. She went! I just couldn't think of anything to say and it seemed that I couldn't guide the machine at all straight. I nearly ran over a cow, just couldn't see it for blue eyes!

Billy Morgan, I don't believe you can talk about any thing but "Blue Eyes"—Can't you stop?

April 25.—Disgusted! With everything too! Haven't seen "Blue Eyes" today. I believe I have the heart trouble. My symptoms are: can't eat, see nothing but blue eyes, heart jumps all around. Bill's awfully blue!

April 26.—Hopeless! Bill Morgan, where did you get this rose? You don't usually dream over a rose! Well, Bill went to Judge Clark's tonight. "Blue Eyes" wore roses, one dropped. She unintentionally stepped on it and bruised it. Bill picked it up and said something about it being like her. A social blunder! "Blue Eyes" got



mad and almost cried. Then Bill didn't know what to say. His heart just jumped up in his throat and he couldn't say a word, so left in despair!

May 1.—Hope dead! Haven't seen "Blue Eyes" for years. Can't write any in my diary tonight. Am still suffering from my heart!

May 3.—Not quite lost! "Blue Eyes" spoke today. Maybe she isn't very mad!

May 5.—Oh, joy! "Blue Eyes"—I mean I went to see Judge Clark tonight; he wasn't in. "Blue Eyes" came out on the porch and talked. It was too cool for the older people, so they went in the house and played Rook. And well, I wonder what happened to your tongue, Bill Morgan. Guess something must have loosened it up! Bill said—And now you know she isn't mad!

May 6.—No time to write. Only joy!

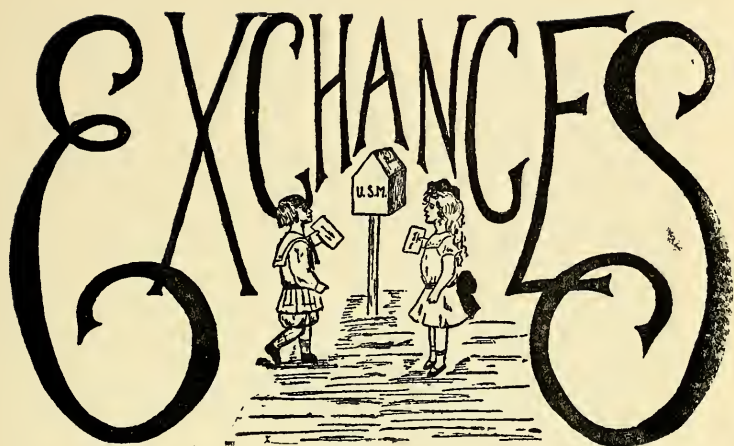
May 7.—Happy, happy, happy.

May 8.—"Blue Eyes," well she is the dearest, prettiest, loveliest and the best girl in the world. And she knows that Bill thinks so, too!

May 9.—Joy, happiness forever!

All's well that ends well!

—M. M.



Heretofore we have been following the general order of exchange departments. We have read each magazine through and then we have given our opinion of its general tone, taking up usually a few specific stories, essays, or poems, trying to show wherein they excelled or wherein their fault lay. But, since our space is limited we could deal only briefly with these specific cases and so confined ourselves to saying, "This essay is not well-expressed—this verse cannot be considered good poetry—this plot is not effective," and so on.

It is only from experience that knowledge comes, and so, when one of our stories was criticized thus: "It is not good because the plot is weak," the questions came up, "Wherein is the plot weak? How might it be bettered?" The criticism answered neither of these questions.

We gave the matter a great deal of thought and finally the realization came that so long as an exchange department confines itself to such broad, indefinite terms, so long as it criticises without telling the "why and wherefores" it is not accomplishing enough good for its space in the magazine. What we need is to go deep into the heart of the matter.

It takes no large amount of skill to say in a general way that a certain article is not good, because, after one reading, we can see that it lacks something. We do not know exactly what and so we use a broad term that might fit a dozen or more other articles and then we pass on to the next. But to tell in what particular it is lacking, to give suggestions towards bettering it, to state why it is well written, if such should be the case,—therein lies the skill, therein lies the need for “thought, fasting, and prayer.”

And so we are going to alter our exchange policy. This is our plan. There are many different types of literature in a school publication—stories, essays, poems, editorials, exchanges. Each month we intend to take up one of these types, give all of our attention to examples of this type in recent exchanges and discuss them as thoroughly as possible. By thus concentrating all of our efforts on one thing instead of scattering them over many, we hope to benefit those whom we criticize in the real sense of the word—not merely stating, but giving our reasons for so doing—not merely advising but helping.

We realize that we are undertaking a large task. We know, as do others, that it is far easier to generalize than to particularize. But we set about our task with a brave spirit, sincerely hoping that our work may not be in vain, and if in any instance we succeed in helping to raise the literary standard of a school we shall feel amply repaid.

Finally, if in our large endeavor we do not do at first as well as may be expected, we ask you to remember this—that we are transgressing from the regular order of exchanges and that “the way of the transgressor is hard.”

## THE SHORT STORY

Almost every type of literature has had its day and now it is the short story which is in vogue,—so much in vogue that the crowd of eager young authors is becoming almost alarming. There are so many short stories offered to the public that it is difficult to discriminate and say which ones are good and which ones are not good, and so in order that we may have some standard by which to judge, let

us consider what it is that makes up a good short story.

First and foremost, a single effect must be gained. There must be a central, definite thought around which are grouped the supporting details. Each detail must help to carry out the general effect, otherwise, no matter how amusing it is, no matter how cleverly arranged, the lack of unity of effect will detract from the story as a whole.

There are many effects to be gained. There may be a quick succession of humorous incidents, there may be a quick comedy or an equally swift tragedy. The effect may be that of a portrait cleverly drawn in a character sketch, or a brief glimpse of social life, but whatever effect is selected it must be carried throughout the entire story.

The novel and the drama contain three great elements—plot, characters, and setting, all of which may be of equal importance. In the short story, however, one of these must be emphasized. If it is to be plot, then the action must proceed rapidly from the first. If it is to be character portrayal, then it is well to start out with some bit of dialogue or description which is so characteristic that we gain an idea of the character immediately. If it is to be setting then the writer must have descriptive powers. Of course it is not a hard and fast rule that only one of these elements be used, but in general one must have enough emphasis to stand forth clearly.

Also in a short story the climax and the element of suspense are both very important. The climax should be somewhere near the end and the element of suspense must be sustained until the climax is reached—otherwise the reader will lose interest. The end of a story should leave us with a certain satisfaction; that is, it should make us realize that it is the inevitable result of the incidents in the story. Likewise the beginning must be well planned for it strikes the keynote and suggests the tone of the whole story.

Many young writers in seeking novelty of theme impose upon themselves unusual and difficult circumstances. The good short story should have human interest and meaning and it cannot have this unless the material is

familiar to the writer—unless he has made it his own experience through sympathy.

Lastly, we want to say something about the title. It should be short and suggestive. It should not tell how the story is going to end as a title such as this does, "How I was Saved from Drowning." We know then that the person lived to tell the tale and therefore the element of suspense is taken away. Neither should it be too general, as "An Adventure" or "An Incident," because titles such as these do not arouse interest. A good title has much to do in arousing the reader's interest.

This is not a thorough discussion of the short story, but enough to give us some standard by which we may judge. We will attempt to judge the stories taken up according to the essentials of the short story as shown in this discussion.

"The Trail of the Silent Land," in *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, may be considered well written, with regard to unity of effect. It deals entirely with a boy who was "liberally endowed with that mysterious, indefinable thing known as temperament." It gives us a portrait of the boy and each detail enables us to see this portrait more clearly. We feel at the end as if we really know the boy—we sympathize with him, tossed about as he is—the victim of his temperament, with his "shattered ideals, his friendships of long ago, his failures and his disappointments" returning to mock him.

There is practically no plot. Setting is emphasized. The great world of nature is brought into play as a setting for the boy's character. We can almost hear the "myriad voices of the wild and the far-reaching silences of the fields" as they call him ever away from the haunts of men. It is a terrible storm that changes the "entire course of his life." But what this changed course was is not very plain. If there had been a more decided change the story would have been better. Then after the change has been announced to the reader the story is too long drawn out. To be really well written the events resulting from the change should have led in a straight course on to the climax. The element of suspense diminishes while the boy "pur-



sues his accustomed ways," whereas it should be sustained until the climax is disclosed.

The ending is good because we have that feeling that it could not have ended in any other way and been consistent with the story up to this point. The boy would never have been happy again even if the world had smiled upon him. His extreme sensitiveness would have made it impossible, and so we feel a certain gladness when his broken spirit leaves "to wander forever and ever the trails of the Silent Land."

As a whole the story is one of the best specimens of the short story in our recent exchanges.

The March number of *The Emory and Henry Era* contains a story, entitled "Clerk Saunders." The title tells us at once what the author intends to be the dominating element—character portrayal. It is often true in character stories that the writer has to go back some distance and bring out little incidents in order to give the reader a greater conception of the character. But in this story so many little things are told that the reader rather tires of them and wishes that the writer would leave some of Clerk's character to be unfolded by his actions.

However he is a unique person and by his foolishness arouses our interest. Not every one could have thought out a plan by which to free himself from such a dilemma as Clerk's and his way of handling the situation gives us an idea of the ingeniousness of his character.

There are many useless details. For instance, the descriptions of Clerk's friends. This was unnecessary, because the friends have no very important bearing on the story and all the details should center around the chief character and his actions.

The element of suspense is well developed. We wonder until the disclosure how Clerk will manage to disentangle himself, and what will be the results of his method of doing it.

The ending, as it is, is weak. The story would have been better had it ended something like this, "But it was useless to ask that question for he knew what she thought already. He sighed but the sigh was cut short, for No. 11

was rolling in and Marion French got off with his dogs," etc.—using the final sentence of the story.

The kicking machine incident had better have been left out for it is so ridiculously foolish that we cannot imagine even Clerk writing the letter. Of course it all depends on the point of view, but according to our opinion no action should be attributed to a character unless he has been previously so drawn that it seems to be consistent, and we do not think the kicking machine incident is consistent with Clerk's character.

"The Workings of Fate," in *The Furman Echo*, is a short story well worthy of mention for several reasons. First, the title is one that would naturally interest the dullest of readers, for fate does so many wonderful and surprising things that we are sure if the story is worked out as it should be that we will not regret having read it afterwards. Then, the first picture that is presented to the mind of the reader is a beautiful one: "As the sun sank slowly behind the distant hill it sent a few shimmering streams of gold through the cracks of a little hut, partially scattering the darkness within"—thus encouraging the reader to continue the story, for as we know, much depends on our very first impression of anything, no matter what that thing may be. Also, there is *the* one essential element that stands out clearly—the plot; it is not confused with either of the other two elements. The plot itself is not impossible—such things do happen even though they remain unknown to the vast majority of us. But we would question whether the consideration and other "grown up" qualities of Tommy are consistent with a five-year-old boy; for instance, how, when he laid his hand upon his mother's brow, the full realization of the horrors of death came to him; how he staid by the bedside of his dead mother to protect her from the creatures of the night, the whole night through without the least fear for himself and more curious than all. "Not a moment did he sleep and early in the morning he crept out to break the news to Mrs. Brown, his mother's closest friend." Aside from this the plot is well developed. The conclusion of the



story is one that leaves us with the feeling that one experiences when first awakened from sleep to find a sad dream untrue—we are glad that Tommy's life is not to be ruined as was his mother's and we rejoice that Mr. Roper became a changed man. Therefore the ending may be considered a good one.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the usual exchanges.

# THE FOCUS

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VOL. III

FARMVILLE, VA., APRIL, 1913

No. 3

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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.

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## Editorial

March 8 was the time of our second inter-society debate. The live question and the splendor of each girl made it a very exciting event. The spirit of the societies was noticeably broader and better than it was at the first debate. We are glad to see this, and hope that it may be the beginning of even still larger principles. Too long has "party" spirit been emphasized. Too long have we lost sight of the more important thing because of dwelling on petty, party points.

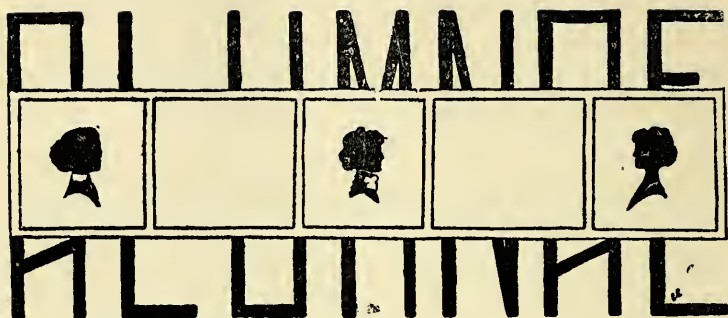
Society spirit is admirable and beautiful. It is our duty to be loyal to our societies in every way possible, but there are spirits that are more admirable and more beautiful because they are themselves greater in their nature and influence.

Our attention has been called to the neat "silence" cards which have been posted on the halls. Now those cards would not have been put there if it had not been necessary that something be done to stop the unnecessary noise that prevailed at the wrong time.

"Speech is silvern, silence is golden," is true in this as well as in other things. If you can think of a better way than the use of these cards to foster quiet, suggest it to the Student Committee. But if you can't, do not then criticize unfairly the step that they have taken. It isn't fair to criticize unless it is accompanied by an effort to improve conditions.

Girls, now that spring is here, and the splendid weather invites us out doors, let us wake up the spirit of our school. If you feel dull and lifeless get out and take a long walk, or play tennis or anything of an athletic nature. Why not make our school noted for its athletics? In the history of other schools you will find that athletics is the life and spirit of the school, and has done more to spread a wholesome atmosphere than anything else.

Tennis clubs, come out and challenge each other, and let there be friendly rivalry between you. You will be surprised how interested you will become in your school, classmates and surroundings if you enter these contests. Every year you have had a tennis tournament. Don't fail to keep up the splendid work this year. A field day has been mentioned. Why not carry out the suggestion and have a big time, involving all forms of athletics just as other big schools do? There is no reason in the world why we could not have this, and, girls, now is the time to use your school spirit to accomplish it. We feel that the whole school would be alive to the scheme and delighted to carry it through.



*'Tis better to have been and gone  
Than never to have been at all*

### QUERY

Dr. C. W. Stone:

I have been asked to prepare a paper on "Child characteristics and their uses in school." Will you refer me to some book or magazine from which I might get some thoughts.

Yours very truly,  
(Miss) Moodie Williams.

Dear Miss Williams:

In Dr. Stone's absence your letter was handed to me. I am sending you a copy of Kirkpatrick's "Fundamentals of Child Study," which has a good general bibliography and a list of references at the end of each chapter. I hope you will find the book of some value to you.

Yours very truly,  
M. Boyd Coyner.

Note: The Training School Course of Study, which is now in preparation, will contain a detailed answer to the question asked in the request.

Among the Alumnae who visited their homes in Farmville during the Easter holidays were Bessie Gordon

Jones, '11; Mildred Richardson, '09; Willie Hurd, '09; Nell Bristow, '12.

Vera Tignor, Aletha Burroughs, Clara Helen Porter, and Kate Porter, of the class of 1912, and Mary Mills, of this year's January class, are all teaching in their home town, Portsmouth, Virginia.

Mattie Lee Grigg, Anne Taylor Cole, Emily Peebles, and Lou Geddy are teaching at Dendron, Virginia.

Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnson, (Lizzie Batten) visited her sisters, Dorothy and Selma Batten, during the Easter holidays.

Edna Landrum ('12) is teaching in Fredericksburg.

Elsie Landrum ('11) is teaching this year in Lynchburg.

The announcement of the approaching marriage of Susie Ford (class '06) to Mr. J. L. Dickinson has just reached Alma Mater.

Ola Abbitt ('10) spent a day with us Easter.

Carrie Rennie, a former S. N. S. student, spent a few days with us recently.

The staff wishes to announce that the June number will be an Alumnae number, and we shall be glad to receive any literary material that you may send.

## Training School Department

### DOROTHY AND RICHARD'S DISCUSSION

Dorothy and Richard were two little motherless children who lived with their father in a small town. They had all they wanted and could wish for except a mother.

One day Dorothy casually said to her playmates that she wished she had a mother. Then all the children told her (as all children do) what an awful thing a step-mother was, and if her daddy would get married that she wouldn't have good times at all. So Dorothy, not knowing any better, went straight home and told Richard all about it. Richard was nine years old and Dorothy only seven but this wrought them up, and they decided that they would rather not have a mother if that was the way it would be.

After a few days, Mr. Foster called Richard and said, "Son, come here a moment, I have something to tell you." Richard obeyed and walked into the house with his father. "Richard," said he, "Dorothy and you have told me that you wanted a mother—"

"No daddy, no," interrupted Richard, "we don't want any. We were just playing."

"But," said Mr. Foster, "I—I am thinking of marrying Miss Betty Hamilton."

"Well, if you do, I am not going to live with you any longer," said Richard, stamping his little foot and bursting into a cry, "and I'm not gonna call her mamma neither, you see if I do."

Mr. Foster was very much worried for he thought that the children would be pleased at his idea.

Meanwhile Richard had told Dorothy all about their father's plans and they both became more and more dissatisfied and planned to run away from home if he got married.

A few days afterwards Mr. Foster told the children that he was to be married the next day. "Now," said he, "I would like you to put on clean clothes and go

over to see Miss Bettie and tell her that you are glad that she is going to be your mother."

So they started off and Dicky said, "Now is our chance to run," to which Dorothy agreed. Then off they went as fast as they could run and when twilight came they began to be frightened but when it became black dark, as Dorothy afterwards expressed it, she began to cry and said, "Oh, Dicky, I would almost rather call Miss Betty mamma than to be out here without any supper."

"Well," said Richard, "we must stay until in the morning and then we can go back home."

By this time everybody in the village was looking for the children. The next morning Miss Betty herself found the children and she was so sweet and lovely that they were perfectly willing to call her mamma.

—*Virginia Richardson.*

*Grade VIII.*

## AN EASTER STORY

There once lived on the edge of a forest a poor old woman who never could go anywhere outside of the house. She sat at her window every morning and watched the children as they went by to school, and as she looked at them she wished so much that she too could go out of doors and enjoy life and the flowers as they did.

Bettie, a little girl who lived a little distance from her, as she passed the house one day, heard her talking to herself about how lonesome she was, so she thought of a plan to make the old woman happy. "Tomorrow is Easter, and I shall go, while she is asleep, and carry her some beautiful Easter lilies."

When she reached home her mother was sitting on the front porch. She ran up to her and told her of her plans. "Bless your heart," said her mother; "you are always thinking of something good to make someone happy. I will get the flowers ready for you by night, and your father will go with you to take them."

When night came, she and her father walked through the woods until they came to the house. They crept



noiselessly up stairs, set the flowers upon the table and slipped out again.

When Bettie reached home she went to bed, and went to sleep, happy because she had tried to make another's life brighter.

The next morning when the old woman woke up she was very happy. She thought that a fairy had been there while she slept and had brought her the beautiful lilies. She smelled the flowers all day and was as happy as could be.

When she said her prayers that night she thanked God for them and kissed them good night.

—*Mamie Fretwell.*

*Grade V.*

## THE PLOT

One morning Mary and John, who lived in Holland, said they were going to have a battle with the tin soldiers. Mary said she would blow the horn, which would be the band. They were sitting near the gate, talking and planning how they would begin.

In a few minutes, Frank, Elsie, Walter, and Ben, their playmates, came into the yard to play. Frank was sitting on the fence when he noticed Mary and John planning what they would do. He ran to the three other children and said, "I have a plot, Mary and John are playing they are soldiers. You see that bucket of water, well mother is going to wash some clothes. You all pour that water on them while I watch for the best time to pour it." So Frank peeped around the gate so that when his mother came she would not think he was in it. Little Ben and Elsie were laughing, but Walter thought he had the hardest work.

Just as they poured the water their mother came down the steps and saw what they had done. Frank stole out of the gate which made Ben, Elsie, and Walter get the blame.

*Rebekah Lipscomb.*

*Grade IV.*

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**GRACE WALTHALL MARTIN**

**Born, May 12, 1900**  
**Died, March 31, 1913**

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On Saturday evening, March 8, the second of the Inter-society Debates was given in the Auditorium. The question was, Resolved: That municipalities in the United States should own and operate plants for supplying water, lights, and surface transportation.

The affirmative side was upheld by Miss Etta Bailey of the Athenian Literary Society, Miss Ruth Fulton of the Jefferson Debating Society, and Miss Jessie Pribble of the Pierian Literary Society. The negative side of the question was ably defended by Miss Anne Woodroof of the Cunningham Literary Society, Miss Lillian Trotter of the Argus Literary Society, and Miss Elizabeth Gildea of the Ruffner Debating Society.

Mr. J. M. Lear acted as chairman and the judges were Dr. A. C. McWhorter of Hampden-Sidney College, Prof. W. R. Smithey, principal of the Petersburg High School, and Dr. H. C. Lipscomb of Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

The decision, though not unanimous, was rendered in favor of the negative.

On Friday evening, March twenty-first, the Glee Club gave a program of sacred music. This is the second program of the kind that has been given by the Glee Club. The former one, a Christmas program, was given in December 1911, with the assistance of the training school. The one presented Easter week was a holy week program en-

titled "His Last Week" illustrated with colored stereopticon slides of famous paintings of Christ by Plockhorst, Dore, Tissot, Hoffman, Gerome, and other noted artists. These slides were accompanied by descriptions of the pictures and appropriate musical selections from two sacred cantatas, "The Prince of Life" and "From Olivet to Calvary."

The solos, "Jerusalem," Parker; "The Garden of Prayer," Vernon Rey; and "Hosanna," Grainer, were effectively rendered by Misses Frances Graham, Alice Howison, and May Arnold.

The success of the program was largely due to the assistance of Mr. Mattoon in the skillful operation of the stereopticon.

### SENIOR SHOW

March 14 should go down in history as a great big day; because it was the day that the Seniors made themselves famous by presenting to the world the theatrical production, "Death in a Peanut," which was followed by a connected trial. Both were sprinkled with fascinating songs from the Floradora chorus girls.

It far surpassed the star course numbers in duration, mirth, favorable frills, title, and company. Nothing so thoroughly laughable has ever produced such a tickling effect upon an audience.

Being based on local happenings, of both town and school, the "show" was equally enjoyed by the entire audience.

Besides being a musical comedy with an invisible plot, there were two very decided tragedies intermingling, the first was drawn from the title of "Death in a Peanut," the second was the effect on the Faculty of seeing themselves as others see them.

But gathering all points in a focus, everybody had one grand big time and went his way rejoicing.

Dr. Jarman entertained the girls in chapel the morning after his return from the inauguration, by telling them of the events that took place there. We were especi-

ally interested in the suffragettes, and with unbounded admiration (?) applauded the name of the one woman who marched with all that forty thousand men! As Dr. Jarman described the parade to us, we saw each regiment as it marched by with colors flying and drums beating. When any of our own Virginians passed we cheered wildly, while our hearts warmed with pride for the Richmond Blues, and the rest of the Virginians who made such a noble show in all that mass of Americans.

The Fourth Year Class gave a very creditable two act comedy called "An Open Secret," on the night of March 7th. The cast was as follows:

Madge Apthorpe, a Senior.....	Elizabeth Barham
Jean, her cousin .....	Mabel Spratley
Grace Apthorpe, her sister, age ten.....	Norma Brook
Mrs. Apthorpe, her mother.....	Carrie White
Edith } Friends of Madge.....	{ Josie Guy
Elinor } .....	{ Edith Abbitt
Carrie } .....	{ Mary Currell
May } .....	{ E. Lovelace
Kate } .....	{ Ellen Vaughn
Agatha Meade, out of the secret .....	Jacqueline Epes

On Monday evening, March 10, der Deutsche Sprachverein enjoyed an evening with Goethe. Several guests were present from among the Faculty as well as the students. An interesting program was given, composed of the songs and poems of Goethe. The program was as follows:

1. Heidenroslein ..... Lied von dem Verein
2. Gedicht..... Vortrag..... Nan Hughes
3. Mailed..... Vortrag..... Averill Sledd
4. Erlkonig..... Vortrag..... Ellen Vaughan
5. Erlkonig..... Klavierstück..... Altha Duvall
6. Wanderer's Nachtlid... Vortrag..... Temple Snelling
7. Ein Gleiches (Nachtlid) Vortrag..... Charlotte Dodmun
8. Dasselber..... Duet..... { Elizabeth Walkup  
Florence Garbee
9. Das Veilchen ..... Vortrag ..... Mary B. Frantz
10. Mignon's Lied..... Solo..... Altha Duvall

At the close of the program an interesting and instructive talk in German was given by Dr. Millidge. He told of his visit to Goethe's home at Weimar. Attractive souvenirs were provided by the committee on entertainment. The rest of the evening was spent in conversation in the tongue of the Fatherland. The next program will be from Schiller.

Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp, of the Emerson School of Oratory, presented Henry IV in the auditorium on the night of March 4, under the auspices of the Literary and Debating Societies. After the recital Mr. Tripp was entertained by the Dramatic Club and the presidents of the Literary and Debating Societies.

With the coming of the spring time comes a revival of the interest in basketball, tennis, and all outdoor sports. For many years the girls have been working for a track so that they might organize a track team. The outlook is very hopeful now, and we are anticipating a track team that will rival the one of our wildest dreams.

#### ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Saturday, March 29, 1913.

1. The Story of Diana and Apollo.....George Bailey
2. Solo ..... Mary Wynne
3. The Myth of Endymion.....Mary T. Turnbull
4. Instrumental Duet.....Lillian Wynne and Ruth Harding
5. Recitation, The Shepherd of King Admetus.....Maria  
Bristow
6. Solo ..... May Arnold
7. The Story of Niobe ..... Lelia Kabler
8. Trio.....May Arnold, Lynette Brock, Ruth Harding

The Athenian music, as usual, was especially beautiful.

## PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

## An Evening in Spain

## Program

## Part I

Life of Bizet.....	Rachel Beal
Story of the Opera Carmen.....	Mattie Ould
Toreador's Song.....	Mr. Eason
Calve, as the greatest Carmen .....	Mabel Spratley

## Part II

Spanish Group Dance: Ira McAlpin, Margaret Hiner,  
Annie Jones, Carrie Hudgins, Lucy Heath, Myrtle  
Heath, Claiborne Perrow, Minnie Butler.

Bolero Dance .....	Carrie Hudgins
Vocal Duet.....	Mildred Potts and Annie Stone
Pianist .....	Rosa Rosenthal

The fifth number of the Star Course Series of entertainments was given on the night of March 17. The program was very varied and highly entertaining.

## RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

On March 7, the Ruffner Debating Society held a regular business meeting, and elected the following officers for the new term:

President.....	Elizabeth Gildea
Vice-President.....	Mary Wall
Recording Secretary.....	Lula Berger
Corresponding Secretary.....	Lucy Graham
Treasurer.....	Sadie Phillips
Critic.....	Rosa Allen
Reporter.....	Nannie Berger

On account of Susan Minton's being elected president of the Y. W. C. A., "The Focus" Staff has lost one of its valuable members. We are glad, however, to welcome Eleanor Parrott who will take Miss Minton's place.

## GLEE CLUB CANTATA

The Glee Club will present the cantata, "A Midsummer Night," about the middle of May. This will be an attractively costumed cantata, and no one should miss it.



## BALLAD CLUB

The Ballad Club held a regular meeting on March 26. There was a business session in which the final motion was taken to adopt the constitution and the committees were appointed. The literary program consisted of a report of new versions of ballads that have been brought in by the members of the club, and an interesting discussion by Miss Lillie Hughes of the movement now on foot in this country and in England to replace rag-time music with the old ballad tunes. The club voted that a committee should be appointed which should investigate the possibility of collecting the ballad tunes as well as ballad verses in Virginia.

A new version of "Giles Collins," called "George Collins," has been brought in by Miss Ella Lester. "Giles Collins" will be found in the Cambridge Edition on page 182, where it is printed as one of the versions of "Lady Alice." A folk characteristic that may be noted frequently in this ballad is the use of assonance instead of rhyme. This peculiarity is also noticeable in the Child versions of the ballad along with other peculiarities in the rhyme, e. g., "green" and "hisn," and "shourn" and "yourn." Note also the altered and effective envoy of the Virginia version. That it is indigenous to this country is evidenced by the pine tree.

Miss Lester says of this version: "George Collins came from Patrick County. I first heard it in the public school when all of the country girls sang it for pure love of singing. None of us had any idea where it originated."

## GEORGE COLLINS

George Collins rode home one cold winter night,  
George Collins rode home so fine;  
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,  
And was taken sick and died.

His maid was sitting in yonders room,  
A-sewing on her silks so fine,  
And when she heard George Collins was dead  
She laid her silks aside.

She followed him up, she followed him down;  
She followed him to his grave,  
And down upon her bended knees,  
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

"Set down the coffin, take off the lid;  
Lay back the linen so fine,  
For I want to kiss his cold, white lips,  
For I'm sure they'll never kiss mine."

"O daughter, dear daughter, what makes you weep so?  
There are more young men than George."

"O mother, dear mother, he has won my heart;  
And now he is dead and gone.

"O don't you see that turtle dove  
A-sitting on yonder's pine?  
He's mourning for his own true love,  
Just like I mourn for mine."

Miss Elizabeth Painter has brought in another interesting version of the late ballad quoted by Dr. Smith in his lecture on the ballads, as "Old Grumble," or formerly "Old Cromwell." In this new version the leading character has become "Old Grundy" and changed gender—now evidently Mrs. Grundy. Miss Painter is from Pulaski County and says that her father used to sing this ballad to her when she was a small child.

Old Grundy is dead and in her grave, and in her grave, and  
in her grave, um huh, um huh.  
An apple tree hangs right over her head, etc;  
The apples got ripe and ready to fall, etc.,  
Along came an old woman and gathered them all, etc.  
Poor Grundy got up right out of her grave, etc.,

And with a stick she gave her a lick, etc.

The old woman hobbled and hobbled to the strawberry  
patch, etc.,

There she sat down and wrote her will, etc:

Johnny Cuckoo may have the gray horse, etc.;

The bridle and saddle are on the shelf, etc.;

If you want any more just sing it yourself, etc.

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## THE FOCUS

F-l-t-h-r B-i-l-y (at dentist's, with Mrs. Haines. Mrs. Harris comes in.)—I can go home by myself, can't I, Mrs. Haines? I thought you'd better stay with Mrs. Harris.

The Traveling Man—Say, old man, why don't you give that horse a little corn?

The Farmer—Well, you see that's the trouble. I've given him so much now, that he's gotten fat on the inside and pushed out all the bones.

G-a-c W-l-e-r—Don't you know, I wish I knew a twin brother to that man, only just a little bit younger.

Dr. Millidge—Young ladies, will you please answer my questions with a little sense, and save your imaginations for "The Focus?"

A.—If we had a track team here, where would we put the track?

S.—We wouldn't put the track at all, we would leave the track where we took our feet up.

If I boo-hoo because I'm homesick, would a basket ball?

New Girl—What do the servants wear those little white caps for?

Old Girl—To distinguish them from the Normal School girls.

Mr. Mattoon—Annie Moss, if you don't hand in your knife there is going to be some animosity here.

Annie Seymour—Oh, Mr. Mattoon, I don't see how to do this.

Mr. M.—Annie, you ought to Seymour.

A-i-e H-w-s-n (to Mary Moylan Banks)—Mary Moylan, have you a middle name?

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Farmville, Va.

## THE FOCUS

News Ed. Focus (writing account of Dr. Jarman's inauguration report)—“When any of our own Virginians passed we cheered wildly, while our hearts warmed with pride for the Richmond Blues, *West Point Cadets* and the rest of the Virginians.”

## NONSENSE VERSE

There were two young ladies from Trocus,  
Who did not subscribe to the Focus.  
When asked to explain,  
They replied with disdain,  
“We took it one year and it broke us.”

—*Mary Dornin.*

Editor-in-Chief—Please let's everyone be very quiet,  
and talk all we can.

(With apologies to Mr. Shakespeare.)

The inspiration of writing is most strained;  
It resulteth in a scant production after work  
From the writer's cranium. It is twice cursed.  
It curseth him who reads and him who writes;  
'Tis littlest in the littlest; it becomes  
The Normal School girl no better than her dress.

A three-year-old's version of a popular ballad:

“Peter, Peter, Pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,—  
So he let her go home.”



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JUST A MERE LIKENESS IS NOT SUFFICIENT IN PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE . . . . .

There must be *CHARACTER* shown, or in other words—Art, Originality and Life.

Just *that* is my “calling”—

*Original Ideas in Artistic  
Portrait Photography*

You are always welcome in my studio to inspect the work, and will not be asked to buy.

**MATHEWSON**

Successor to

**H. H. HUNT**

Farmville, Virginia

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## Anderson Drug Company

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**N**EW CATALOGUE daily, weekly or monthly. The goods you want most and want to get right away, are the goods you see advertised when you pick up a paper, monthly magazine or weekly. These periodicals really serve as our catalogues, because, if you see it advertised “we have it,” and will sell it to you for less than you can order it. Besides, you don’t want to “order”—you want it now. The very next time you see something advertised you want, come into our store and see if we have it.

---

“The Drug Store on the Corner”  
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

## College Work Our Specialty

*"A Man Without a Hobby is Like  
A Man Without a Home"*

**Q** OUR HOBBY is the intelligent handling of College Annuals, Magazines, Catalogs and Illustrated Booklets. We are thoroughly conversant with the special requirements of College Work, have an experienced organization and modern equipment. It will be to your advantage to let us handle your next order.

*Dulaney-Boatwright Co., Inc.*

*Printers—Binders—Designers—Engravers  
Lynchburg, Virginia*

*Queen  
Quality* SHOE

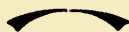
**BUSY?**

Of course we are busy. The new autumn and winter "Queen Quality" styles have just come in. They're attracting the women of Farmville and vicinity to our store in shoals. Better drop in early today, if possible, to get your new fall styles while our assortment of these smart designs is at its best. ∴ ∴ ∴

**RICHARDSON  
& CRALLE**



ALL OF THE GIRLS KNOW US  
BECAUSE WE ARE KNOWN TO PLEASE



## The MISSES DAVIDSON

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Carry your shoes to the—

### ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

where they use the BEST Leather and work-  
manship

---

We can fix them while you wait

---

## The Peoples National Bank

FARMVILLE, VA.

Capital - - - \$50,000.00



We respectfully solicit accounts from the  
Faculty and Students of the State Normal  
School    ✨   ✨   ✨   ✨   ✨   ✨

G. M. ROBESON, President  
E. T. BONDURANT, Vice-President

J. L. BUGG, Cashier  
J. W. HUBBARD, Asst. Cashier

## BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

BOOKS of all kinds. For the Class Room, the Home Circle, the Farm, the Pupil, the Teacher. Books on Methods of Education a Specialty :: :: ::

### The MacMillan Company

PUBLISHERS - NEW YORK

Representative, W. S. GOOCH, University, Virginia

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## A. H. FETTING

MANUFACTURER OF

GREEK LETTER  
FRATERNITY JEWELRY

213 N. Liberty St. Baltimore, Md.

Factory 212 Little Sharp Street

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## L. M. JONES & SON

The New Store



CANDIES, CAKES, FRUITS and SOFT DRINKS  
just as fresh as our store is new. ¶ This is the  
best place for school girls to buy.

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## C. E. CHAPPELL COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Confectioneries, Fruits  
Blank Books, Stationery

Agency for Huyler's Candy and Shepherd's Cream



# Are You Hungry, Girls?

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If so, it is your own fault, because D. W. Gilliam's store is just across the street, supplied with all kinds of good things

D. W. GILLIAM

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## VIRGINIA CAFE

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**BEST** Place in Town for Ladies  
Kind of Drinks at Our Fountain  
Things to Eat They is  
Attention to Normal School Girls

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## W. T. DOYNE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
AND FURNITURE DEALER

Full line of FURNITURE, PICTURES  
GRAPHOPHONE RECORDS, &c.

*Try me before buying elsewhere*

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Written for Lovers of Literature and of Travel

The Poet's New England—8 vo. Illustrated. Cloth. Boxed . .	\$2.50 Net
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## THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY

Wholesale Dealers in the Books of all Publishers

38-37 East 17th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Union Square North

## Colonial Shoes for Women ARE FAMOUS

NO MORE **\$2.50** NO LESS

Evening Slippers, all shades, the \$4 and \$6 kind,  
\$2.50. Mail orders filled promptly.

### COLONIAL SHOE SHOP

209 N. 6th Street

Richmond, Va.

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## BARROW COAL CO.

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Dealers in Raven Red Ash, Splint  
Pocahontas and Virginia City Coal  
Anthracite All Sizes.        ∴        ∴

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FARMVILLE       -       -       -       VIRGINIA

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Dyeing, Cleaning, Pressing  
Repairing and Special  
Laundry

MRS. LULA B. COLES

502 Main Street

∴

Farmville, Virginia

PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL

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## The Farmville Herald

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Is the best advertising medium in Southside  
Virginia. ¶The job printing department is the  
most complete of any outside the cities.  
¶Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

## REMEMBER

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You can always find a complete line of

Dry Goods, Notions, Hosiery  
Gloves and Shoes

AT

L. J. Verser & Son's



Our lines will compare with the best in

QUALITY, STYLE AND SERVICE

We solicit a share of your patronage.

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## The E. B. Taylor Co.

Importers and Manufacturers' Agents

China, Glassware and House-Furnishing Goods.  
Full line Cut Glass, Brass Goods and everything  
suitable for Wedding Presents.     ::     ::     ::

Hotel and School Supplies a Specialty

1011-1013 E. Main St.     23 W. Broad St.     1010-1012 E. Cary St.  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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## 5c to \$5.00 Store

.....The Most Attractive Store in Farmville.....

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The store that sells everything under the sun. We sell  
5c and 10c articles of every description that please the  
NORMAL GIRLS.

## 5c to \$5.00 Store

The House of Satisfaction

Established 1872

Excelled by None

## E. A. WRIGHT

ENGRAVER

PRINTER

STATIONER

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Dance Invitations

Programs, Menus

Fraternity Inserts, Stationery

Class Pins, Visiting Cards

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and Invitations

Photo Engraving and

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Philadelphia

# Freear's Drug Store

## Daggett's Chocolates

THE BEST YET

### "Necco Sweets"

Sweet as Honey from the Clover

## Stationery and

## Toilet Articles

EVERYTHING NEW

Bargains Every Saturday

## Here Comes the Bride

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Give us your order for your BRIDAL BOUQUET.  
We can furnish you with all kinds of Flowers and  
Ferns at reasonable prices. Don't miss us.



# A. T. Gray Drug Co.

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA



¶A full line of Perfumes, Toilet Articles and everything  
necessary for the requirements of the most fastidious in this  
line. ¶Hot and Cold Drinks served at our fountain.  
¶Registered Druggist always in charge of Prescription  
Department.      ..      ..      ..      ..      ..

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## W. J. Hillsman & Co.

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Dry Goods, Notions and Dealers in Ladies'  
Ready-to-Wear Garments

### Ladies' Fine Shoes a Specialty

Agencies { "REGAL," "The Shoe that Proves"  
"THE AMERICAN LADY," and  
UNION SHOE COMPANY

The teachers and scholars of the school are invited to  
inspect our lines.

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## W. J. Hillsman & Co.



**Patronize Your Advertisers**

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**BUY OF US**

**OLIVES**

**PICKLES**

**CANNED GOODS**

**CAKES AND CRACKERS**

**FRUITS**

**Hot Peanuts all the time**

**All kinds of Shelled Nuts**

**Chas. Bugg & Son**

**THE PURE FOOD STORE**

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**R. A. BALDWIN & SONS**

**QUALITY, PRICE and SERVICE STORE**

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**We cater to the wants of the S. N. S. Girls**

**We carry at all times a complete and up-to-the-minute stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, Fancy Goods, Corsete, Hosiery, Tailored Waists, Middies, etc. We are agents for the world-famous**

**Dorothy Dodd and Smith's Sterling Shoes**

**Priced from \$2.50 to \$4.50**

**Agents for Warner's Guaranteed Rust-Proof Corsets, Buster Brown and Quaker Maid Hosiery; agents for Butterick Patterns—all patterns in stock. Lady clerks to serve you. Bundles delivered promptly. If you buy at BALDWIN'S you get the BEST.**

**LADIES' COATS AND SUITS A SPECIALTY**

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**BALDWIN'S DEPARTMENT STORE, - Farmville, Va.**

# N. B. DAVIDSON'S

*Is THE place for Normal School Girls*

*It is THE place to buy*

*New styles are Never lacking*

*And prices are Never high*

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# R. W. GARNETT & CO.

CLOTHING

MILLINERY

Dry Goods, Notions and Shoes

FARMVILLE, - VIRGINIA

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# Paulett Crockery Co.

*The "Sta-Kleen" Store*

We ship all bills over \$3.00 to any place  
in the State



A Specialty of Bridal Presents

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A R E Y O U H U N G R Y ?

GOING TO ENTERTAIN?

Call at **THE HOME BAKERY**

Hot Rolls, Pies, Cakes

Cream Puffs, Doughnuts

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN SPECIAL ORDERS



# Normal School Supplies

Make WADE'S Your Headquarters

DEALER IN

CONFECTIONERIES, FRUITS, STATIONERY  
CANNED GOODS, OLIVES, PICKLES . . . .

HOT AND COLD  
FOUNTAIN DRINKS

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Waiting to serve you

## A. V. WADE

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DR. B. E. HAMLET and DR. J. H. COCKS

DENTISTS

Office over  
Bugg's Pure Food Store  
PHONE 197



Office Hours:  
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## B. D. SMITH & BROS.

PRINTERS



PULASKI, VIRGINIA

## GEO. RICHARDSON & CO.

Successors to Richardson & Davidson Co.

Dealers in

Staple and Fancy Groceries  
Dry Goods, Boots  
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## MILTON BRADLEY CO.

A few materials you will need for that Primary Industrial Work: Bradley Tinted Construction Paper; The Latshaw Rules; The Bradley Card Cutters; Adhezo, The New Paste Glue, Stickiest Ever Made; Industrial Weaving Mats; The Book, Primary Manual Work, Tells You How to Do it. Send for Catalogs.

MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY

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Philadelphia

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## MRS. L. L. KEISTER

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS  
AND LADIES' GOODS GENERALLY

Farmville, Virginia

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## WAS IT INSURED?

Everybody asks this question after a fire ? The next question, which is just as important, "WHAT COMPANY?" A great majority of property owners do not even know the NAME of the Company whose policy may be their only asset in case of disaster. Do YOU know ? If our label is on your policy you have "INSURANCE THAT INSURES," and do not have to worry.

GARLAND & MARTIN CO., Farmville, Va.

JOS. E. GARLAND

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Perforating

High-Grade Work

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Lowest Prices

PROMPT SERVICE

Phone 160

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Farmville, Va.

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**DR. P. W. BECKHAM**

DENTIST



Office Over White Drug Co.

Farmville, Va.

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**DR. M. POWELL TYNES**

DENTIST



Phone 251

8.30 to 1 p. m.

2 to 5.30 p. m.

Office over Peoples Bank

FARMVILLE, VA.



