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Longwood University

THE

FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

MAY

1913

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THE FOCUS

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May

Come, fairy sprites,
And crown the May,
Come, dancing light
Upon the way.

Bring garlands green,
Her path bespread,
Bring flowery wreaths
And crown her head.

Deck out her throne
With daffodils,
With daisies fair
And gold jonquils.

Bring buttercups
And bluets small,
Bring apple blooms
And dogwood tall.

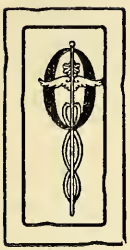
Bring everything
That Nature gives,
Bring everything
That breathes and lives.

Bring happiness
And joy and love;
Bring fresh green grass,
Blue skies above.

Make mortals *live*
And with you say,
"Be glad, 'tis Spring,
Rejoice, 'tis May!"

—*M. A. B.*

Three May Days



N the vine-covered porch, Jacqueline and Dick Ashford stood that morning. It was an ideal spring morning in May, the happy birds were twittering outside, the sunshine came flickering through the leaves of the fragrant clematis vine.

But very much in contrast with the brightness of this outside scene was the one on the porch—it was a parting, perhaps forever. The young husband, looking so handsome in his gray uniform, was trying to be brave for "Jack's" sake.

"Oh, Dick, I just know I shall never see you again, think how very, very happy we would have been if this cruel war had not come to separate us. Oh, dear, I know I shall die!"

"Dear little Jack, don't look at it like that; won't you try to be brave? I shall come back, I know and feel that I shall. Try to remember how happy our two months together have been. I am going to write you just as often as I can, and you must let me know how you are getting on too.

At mention of at least hearing from him, Jacqueline cheered up a little, and began to dry her tears, for it was time for Dick to leave. Old Uncle Jake had already brought his horse, a fine-looking black steed, and tied him to the gate post at the gateway.

"It is past six now, so I must leave you. You know I promised to meet Bob Farrar and John Bayton down at the crossroads. Be brave, dear." With a lingering kiss, he left her.

. . . . . .

Two years of anxiety had served to develop the care-free, girlish Jacqueline into a woman. Much havoc had been wrought around the once beautiful "Hill Park," the old Lane homestead.

It was a May morning that came flickering through the clematis vine, just like the one that had shone on the same porch that day of the parting. Jacqueline, dressed in deep mourning, was out on the porch, looking into the distance with unseeing eyes. She looked up, however, on hearing an approaching horse. The rider, a young boy, rode up to the porch and jumped off, holding a letter in his hand. She fairly snatched it from his hand and tore it open eagerly; but at sight of the unfamiliar handwriting, her cheeks paled—what did it matter to her—the praise of Dick's bravery? After a while, perhaps, it might soften the blow, but now, nothing mattered, except that Dick was dead!

. . . . . .

In the one room of the little school-house things were going much as usual. Outside, the May sunshine lay warm upon the ground, the hum and drone of the bees echoed in the hum of the children as they laboriously prepared their next lesson. The teacher's tired voice was endeavoring to portray to the minds of the children, the scenes of the battle of Gettysburg. It was as a memorial to him who had fought and fallen on that field that she was trying to instill in the breasts of the children a feeling of love and admiration for those who had fought for the lost cause.

The awakened interests of the children as they glanced toward the door, caused her to turn, and she saw in the doorway the gray figure of a man outlined against the sky.

"Come in, sir," she urged.

"Jacqueline, my little 'Jack!' " he cried hoarsely.

She started at hearing again the old name in tones that had made it dear to her. She peered into his face for a moment and with a little cry, she threw herself into his arms.

"Ever since the day that I lay on the battlefield, all the weary months I spent in prison, I have been wondering what my little 'Jack' has been doing and how she has been getting on. It's been a long time, dear, but didn't I tell you I would come back?"

—Emily Davis.

In the Old Arbor

UMMER with all its joy and brightness had fled and the tinted leaves and dying flowers proclaimed autumn. Autumn, the time when the squirrels begin to store nuts for the winter and the singing birds seek a warmer clime. Twas time for the hunters too and in this beautiful land of Virginia this sport was in full sway. From the cities came men of the fashionable world, and merchants who tired with the season's strain sought refuge in the cool and peaceful woods.

Among those who had left the din and noise of the city, was Stover Cheatwood, a promising young lawyer. He had plunged into the woods with whole-hearted intentions for solitude and quiet. Several excursions had he made through these woods of the Blue Ridge and as yet had met no one. Today, he was tired and out-of-sorts, and to use the feminine term, "blue." He wanted some one to talk to, and there was nobody within reach—nothing to hear but the birds' wild notes and the hum of insects.

Aimlessly he walked on and on and finally being exhausted flung his knapsack on the ground and lay down beside it. He had not been there long when he was aroused by the distant, yet distinct, tones of a violin floating out into the autumn air. Cheatwood was keenly alive now and held his breath to listen for fear of losing even one note. Then a voice rang out into the stillness, a woman's voice of wonderful sweetness and clearness. A woman in this wilderness! He instantly determined to trace the sound until he found the singer and player of the violin.

With much energy he began his search and it was not long before he saw, nestled among the trees, a quaint little house. Just back of it, and nearer to him than he knew, was an old arbor. As he approached; the sounds grew more distinct. Then he paused, for within a few

yards of him, reclining on an old rustic bench beneath the arbor, sat a young woman, scarcely more than a girl in looks. She held in her arms an old violin, her face was pressed against it as she played. Nothing but her head could be seen at first and its wonderful hair of bronze. Coming nearer he saw that she was clothed in white with a coat of blue thrown about her shoulders. Interest and curiosity took possession of him and still nearer he came. Suddenly she raised her head and he saw a face peculiarly and entrancingly lovely. She was very fair—perhaps too white for perfect health—and her eyes, from where he stood, were dark blue pools of wonder. Cheatwood marveled at the oval face and faultlessness of its features, and the hair of gold and red mingled, when the sun played through it. She seemed restless and conscious of the nearness of some one. Presently she looked up and, on seeing the stalwart figure of a man, dropped her violin and ran quickly into the house. Cheatwood stood amazed and motionless. He was very eager to speak to the girl. But, after waiting a few minutes, he turned and slowly retraced his steps to where his gun and knapsack lay.

Romance filled Stover Cheatwood's soul, which had heretofore been asleep to such things. He *must* think of some way to communicate with her without causing her to run away. An idea struck him. He would write a note and send it to the arbor, just when he thought she would be there, asking her to play for him. He would be near and come without an answer. As impulse directed, he proceeded, and the next afternoon found him on his way, all the time dreaming of the maid of yesterday and wondering what her name could be—it must be some quaint, sweet name for her. After sending the note he waited for a few moments and then saw a tall white, willowy figure in the entrance of the arbor. With an eager face he hurried on and found that she had taken her place there and was playing. Cheatwood stood at the entrance and waited for her to speak, but she did not. Only a wave of her hand to where another bench stood was her greeting. As he listened to the music which

came from her soul he was lifted toward ethereal realms. Watching her, he became more aware of her great beauty and mysteriousness. She had said no word to him and he was restless lest she should leave after she had finished the music he had asked for.

The music ceased and she rose to go, but the man in him asserted itself and he told her who he was. In the conversation that followed she told him that he must not come again for her mother would be very angry. Cheatwood pleaded but she was firm and he had to yield.

Sick at heart he went away and for days was restless and worried. Then he determined to see her again. He went to the arbor where he had first and last seen her.

As Cheatwood neared the place the notes of "Traumerei" breathed on the evening air. She appeared hurt that he had come again yet there was a welcome in her manner. Before he was conscious of himself he was before her telling her of his love. The girl was silent a while then said, "You do not even know my name, my family or anything about me. You cannot mean all you have said. You are just letting your enthusiasm and the spirit of the music lead you on."

Again the qualities of manhood arose as he said, "I have never loved any woman before—never cared to, and I do not care what your name is or who you are, I love you. Give me a chance to overcome your mother's anger, to come here to be with you and I shall be happy."

The girl knew he was in earnest, but woman-like she must be firm. "I will tell you my name and also a story of my home life if you will listen, then you must decide what can be done. Yonder behind those trees is my home, where I was born. My mother was the only daughter of my grandparents and their idol. At eighteen she went away to school and while there fell in love with my father who was a musician and a teacher in the school. She married him against her parents' wishes. My father was much older than she and soon grew tired of her. Bearing a broken heart she came home after a year and in a few months I was born. In a few years she heard that my father was dead. Mother has never let me get out of her

sight even for a day and has educated me herself. Her life has been very sad and she does not want me to endure what she has. I have inherited my father's talent for music and I come here to play so as not to disturb her. She would rather see me die than marry and be heart broken, so I suppose, Mr. Cheatwood, you must go. My name is Elizabeth Carene."

He arose and with one movement took her in his arms, and folding her close for a moment started to leave. All her love for him rushed over her and she said, "Stover, you must go but I must tell you that I love you. Give me your address for, perhaps, I may send you a message to let you know that I have not forgotten. Now, good-bye"—and with a little impulsive movement, she fled from his sight.

Heavy of heart and weary of life, he took the train for the city next day. Months passed and he had received only a very few messages from Elizabeth. One day as he sat in his office trying to read an office boy entered with a special delivery letter. He saw the writing was unfamiliar and a woman's. Tearing it open in haste, he found these words:

Dear Mr. Cheatwood:

I am writing without my daughters' knowledge. I knew nothing of your meetings and my little girl did not tell me. She has grieved for you these months and kept it all to herself. She stayed in the arbor most of the time. A few days ago I went there and saw her crying as she played. I took her in my arms and, after a while she told me the whole story, and I know she loves you. I believe you must be worthy, and now she is ill and so unhappy. If you love her come Tuesday, for it is her birthday and I must give her the best present possible. Come to the arbor in the evening and she will be there.

Jean Carene.

Tuesday arrived, the most glorious of spring days. Stover Cheatwood was happy. Evening, and Elizabeth daintily gowned in white, sat beneath the arbor with her

violin. Her dark blue eyes were pathetic and the little mouth drooped at the corners. She had prayed most that he might come on her birthday, but why? Had she not told him he could not? Then, with her whole soul she began to play "The Last Rose of Summer," one of Stover's favorites. The tones fell on the evening air, reaching the restless mother in the house and the approaching lover. With a sigh, she finished and looked up and saw him in the doorway. A smile lit up the little white face and she held out her hands.

"Stover!"

With that word he clasped her in his arms and refused to let her go. A woman's figure was seen in the doorway. She came over and took her daughter's hand and said, "My little girl, he is your birthday present. I hope you will love him. Then turning to Stover, she said, "I give you Elizabeth. She is all I have. Take her and love her."

Stover Cheatwood stooped and kissed her hand and she left as softly as she had come.

—*Mary Bruce.*

A Formal Call

THE sun was nearing the western horizon. A youth, just entering the first stages of manhood, walked irresolutely down the road. His highly polished boots and neatly laundried neckwear seemed to afford him great uneasiness. A small cane was clutched in his nervous fingers. Glancing down the road, he saw a sandy-haired, freckle-faced boy, somewhat older than himself, leisurely approaching.

"Hello there, Steve!"

"Hey, old boy; but where are you going, Abe, and so spruced up at that?"

"I'm out for a formal call."

"For a formal call?"

"Yes, a call on the girls, you know, or at least that's what 'Hints and Helps' calls it. Come, go with me."

"But where are you going to do your calling?"

"Oh! I am on my way to see Enid Elliot."

"Why, of course, I know her. If you will run with me by home and wait until I can get on my Sunday things I'll go along too."

The boys soon reached Steve's home. After a hastily prepared toilet Steve was dressed to his satisfaction. Then they started on the call.

"Abe," said Steve, suddenly, "I don't exactly know what to do on these formal calls."

"Why that's easy enough. I know every one of the rules letter for letter, just as they are printed in 'Hints and Helps.' Pay strict attention and I'll give you some of the most important points that 'formal callers should observe.' "

"I'll listen; go on with it."

"First we must give our cards to the servant who answers the bell and tell her to present them to Miss Enid."

"Cards! What kind of cards?"

"Oh! I have that all fixed. Here is yours." At this he drew from his pocket a large card on which was written, in bold letters: "Mr. H. L. Emerson, Esq."

Steve seemed satisfied for a moment, then another cloud stole over his boyish features.

"Abe, I don't even know what is proper to talk about to girls. I always get so confuddled."

"Don't be a baby, Steve. When Enid first comes down you can remark to her that she is looking well. Then, if the conversation begins to drag ask her who her favorite composer is, and with a few general remarks on the weather, you can keep a rich stream of conversation flowing."

"Abe," said Steve, "you've got it down fine."

By this time the boys could plainly discern the crest of the Elliot homestead. It seemed that an electrical shock might have passed over Abe. He was instantly overcome with fear and excitement. His knees shook like an autumn leaf in the breeze. At last he sank down on a friendly rock and said with a sob, "I can't go a step farther." Steve persuaded and begged until Abe recovered a part of his composure and consented to resume the trip.

They suddenly came in plain view of the Elliot house. Imagine their amazement and consternation when they beheld Mrs. Elliot placidly rocking on the front porch. They had not prepared for this. Immediately they realized that all of their plans were of no avail. How under the sun were they to make Mrs. Elliot understand that they were calling on Enid. Doubtless both boys would have solved the problem by a homeward flight had they not known that they had already been detected.

"Good evening, boys," said Mrs. Elliot, placidly. "How are you today, and where are your mothers? I have been expecting them over."

To these remarks Steve murmured something about his favorite composer and Abe remained silent. They had already sunk down on the bottom step of the porch.

"Boys, don't you wish to hear grandfather read some stories from the Bible? I know all children are fond of reading. Abe and Steve, of course, said they would be delighted.

At last the supper bell rang. "Abe," whispered Steve, "let's go home." As they had reached the dining room by this time they deemed it best to postpone their departure until later.

After supper things moved on worse than before. Much to the boy's regret all of the family assembled in the drawing room and grandfather resumed his reading. Enid sat quietly by her mother. She seemed to be deeply absorbed in the story.

The evening became far advanced. The reading ceased. Still the boys said nothing about leaving. Gradually, one by one, the family left the room. Almost before the boys realized it they were alone with the exception of Mr. Elliot.

"I understand that you are to spend the night, "remarked that gentleman

Abe and Steve didn't know what reply to make. Ere they realized what was taking place they were ensconced in a neat, comfortable little bed-room.

"Haven't we played the fool, Steve?" groaned Abe. "I never was in such a hole before."

"It's disgusting to think that anyone as old as you and I can't tell an old man that we came to call on Miss Enid," replied the unhappy boy.

"If I didn't know our gang would guy me about it I'd commit suicide and end it all," said Steve, desperately.

The next morning, after breakfast was over, the Elliot family, with Abe and Steve, assembled on the spacious veranda. Yes; Enid was there. She looked more beautiful than ever before. Oh! for a little nerve, thought the two boys.

The conversation was growing weak. All were eager to know when the boys would leave. It seemed that they hadn't even enough courage to say good-bye.

It is hard to say when they would have gone had not a strange thing suddenly happened. A little black face peeped around the corner of the house. A small voice piped out in ringing tones: "Mr Steve, your ma says if you don't come home, she's coming after you."

Both boys grabbed their hats and struck a straight line

for the gate, amid the smiles of all present. They were so relieved that a means of escape had presented itself that they felt no anger in their hearts toward the strange messenger.

—*Lobelia Drinkard.*

The Harbor of Peace

'Tis rosy dawn on the quick, sparkling river
For Aurora her glow has just spread,—
The new-born sunbeams gloriously light
My path, which holds naught of dread;
This path is my course down the river of life
Aglow with the warmth of thy love,
And the sunbeams gold, my bright young hopes
Made strong by help from above.

And born anew of thy love,
Out of chaos and dark,
I seek the Harbor of Peace.

'Tis sunset now on the slow-flowing river,
The last light of the lingering beams
Falls soft, and so lovingly over thy face,
And makes thy dear eyes gleam,
With that same sweet faith in life and love.
And over and over comes this to me—
What though the river of life run slow
Since hearts like thine can be!

For safe thy love hath brought me
Out of chaos and dark,
Into the Harbor of Peace.

—*Grace Welker.*

The Little Star-Gazer

HILDA lay curled up in bed, her little tear-stained face buried in her arms, her hands tightly clasping the covering. The moon shone palely into the room and a moon-beam stole over to the pillow and rested caressingly on the little tangled head, but Hilda only burrowed deeper into the covers and moved away from the intruding ray.

Hilda was eight years, eleven months, and thirty days old,—and now on the eve of her ninth birthday, she set her teeth and fought back the tears but they would come. Hilda was not a cry-baby. She had put her arms around mother's neck just a month (it seemed a year) ago, and had promised to be brave and helpful and she had tried; but Hilda was not accustomed to the ways of these practical farm folk and there had been misunderstandings.

Hilda's father had been an artist with an ideal and a talent, but death had claimed him before the ideal was reached and had left pretty, delicate Mrs. Gaspard with three lovely children and a slender pittance on which to bring them up.

Mrs. Gaspard had taken to sewing and worked faithfully, but the work was hard and she, who had never learned to sew well, was unaccustomed to it, so she had a hard time keeping the wolf from the door. Then kind, honest Uncle John had offered little Hilda a home, and though Mrs. Gaspard was loath to give up any of the children, she saw the wisdom of putting the child in their care, where she would be well fed and clothed and surrounded by a helpful atmosphere.

Hilda adored her mother, and though she was almost heart-broken, she smiled through her tears and went bravely forth. There was but one child in Uncle John's family—Molly—a wholesome, hearty little girl of twelve, who looked on Hilda with some scorn as a "fraid cat." Hilda was terribly frightened when she saw a cow and when she first met up with the pigs and the geese. But all this

Hilda bore bravely. This was trivial. Now her last comfort was taken away and a strange one it was. This last comfort was what Uncle John laughingly termed Hilda's star-gazing. Each night Hilda would creep out of bed, stand at the window and gaze out at the heavens. But one particular star held her fancy, a beautiful sparkling, silvery star, just over the dark mountain peak. There, thought Hilda, is where father lives—handsome, brave, true father, for Hilda had been taught to look upon her father as a veritable fairy prince endowed with kingly qualities—as indeed he had been. Perhaps she inherited the ideal. So though she had never looked beneath the covers of an astronomy she had named the star and she loved it dearly. She wondered if father knew she was looking at him. Of course he did and he loved her, so she was comforted. But now Molly had discovered this way of looking at the skies and had told Aunt Jane of Hilda's queer "doings." When Hilda was laughingly asked by Uncle John what she meant by her star-gazing, she had nothing to say and shrank from telling her fancy to these people who were so kind but who thought her ideas queer and foolish.

"Well, little girl," Uncle John had said, "you must give up your star-gazing. Little girls must sleep at night. Star-gazing is for little owls to do."

So Hilda lay in bed and was so very lonely. Perhaps it may seem queer for so small a thing to cause such misery but Hilda was a brave child and she had loved her father so much, and this was her comfort—however fanciful it may seem. She thought of mother and how she loved her and then she tried to go to sleep, but sleep would not come. If only she could have just a peep at the star. Would father miss her tonight? Would he know she could not come? Hilda sat up in bed and listened. All was quiet save for Molly's regular breathing. Would she wake? Hilda now crept softly out of bed, stole to the window and looked out. A white soft cloud covered the face of the star. Was father ashamed because Hilda was being disobedient? The cloud was passing. She would wait

just a little while. Her gaze fell from the cloud to the moonlit landscape.

There was the brook where the water fairies lived, gleaming in the moon light. There the road—and there the great black barn, like an ogre's castle. But what was that light? Through a small window in the rear of the barn was a small flickering light. Maybe some of the hired men were still at the stable—but no! a little red tongue of flame burst into sparks and Hilda knew what it was. She shook Molly, eliciting only a faint moan. She sped down the steps and pounded on Uncle John's door.

"What is the matter?" cried Uncle John, springing out of bed.

"The barn!" cried Hilda. "It is on fire; do look!"

"Oh no, I hope not," said Uncle John, as he stumbled to the window. All was in darkness at the barn, but no! there was the little red tongue licking eagerly at the manger. Now there was a stir. Uncle John called the hired men. Then phoned a neighbor for help. The men rushed for the barn and the fight began. Desperately they fought one hour—two hours—and they won. Tired and grimy, they tramped in, leaving one to watch till morning. At breakfast the next morning the neighbors trooped in to congratulate Uncle John on his narrow escape from such a loss.

"How came the child to see it that time of night?" asked big Tom Sanders.

Hilda's heart sank. She turned crimson. Her food seemed to be choking her. She had forgotten that she would be asked this question. She had been so happy over the barn being saved she had forgotten her disobedience. Now fear overwhelmed her and she was silent waiting for Uncle John's reply, in misery.

"How did it happen?" he said. "Why Hilda, here, is an astronomer. She knows about the stars and while she was studying them, she saw the fire. I'm proud of my little star-gazer!"

Up came Hilda's head. The corners of her mouth curved upward and the dimples in her cheeks deepened. How happy she was. That morning a long letter came

from mother and in it a bright hair-ribbon for the curly hair. Then that night in the twilight Uncle John took her on his knee and she told him of her fancy and how she loved the star, and of her dreams. There were tears in the old man's eyes when he put the child down at last and he and Aunt Jane kissed her very tenderly. Going up the stairs Molly took her hand and whispered, "I like you lots even if you are afraid of cows."

A brighter day had dawned for Hilda and as she looked at the beautiful star it seemed to share her joy as it sparkled.

Mary B. Frantz.

Winning a Bet

HE sun was sinking, and looking to sea from Windteague Beach, it seemed as though a path of gold reached out indefinitely. All the beauty of the setting sun was lost, however, on the two young people sitting on the beach. They were too deeply engrossed in conversation to notice the beautiful sunset or even their teasing friends who were trying to entice them into the water.

"No," Nancy was saying, "Zack, I can't marry you. I don't feel in the right way about you. The man I marry must be great and brave so I can look up to him."

"But," Zack replied, "how do you know I'm not brave. I'm not trying to be an exponent of self-praise, but I don't think you have a right to say that about a fellow unless you have some proof to show."

"Oh, I don't mean you'd show the white feather. What I mean is you've never lived in danger like—"

"Like whom, may I ask?"

"Well, like Ensign Brent, for instance. He spends most of his time on board ship and that requires bravery, I think, to stay on the sea all the time. He was telling me only last night that while out in the Pacific the waves washed over the ship sometimes. Don't you think he's brave after going through that?"

"Well, Nancy, you have a right to your opinion. I certainly hope that your ideal of bravery may be realized in Ensign James Brent."

After this little speech, Zack rose to his feet and assisted Miss Lewis to hers. As they walked down the beach the conversation was decidedly strained and the atmosphere equally electric. On reaching the wharf, both boarded the launch where their friends were waiting for them. When the boat started Nancy Lewis, unusually gay and witty, was seated in the prow with Ensign Brent and

several other gallants and girls. In the other end of the boat, seemingly deeply engrossed in steering, sat Zack, the scion of the House of Nicholas, scowling industriously. It is to be surmised that the chief thought in his mind was that Nancy was leaving on the early morning train, that she had given him the mitten and that she was right then within ten feet of him, talking to his rival.

Several weeks after that memorable beach party some young men were standing on the postoffice corner in the village of Windsburg. They were discussing whether any one of the representatives of the aristocracy there present would have the nerve, spunk, courage, or whatever you choose to call it, to spend a winter as member of the Life Saving Crew on Windteague Island. Billy Cary, thinking to win a bet easily, said, "Nick, I bet you a ten spot that you won't join the crew and stay on the island a season." Cary felt safe in making this bet because he knew Nicholas' love of luxury. He was surprised, therefore, when Zack answered, "Well, I'll take you up."

Nicholas being, I am afraid, very lovesick, anything seemed superior to staying (a polite word for loafing) around home all the winter.

"In fact," he continued, "since I come to think of it, the examinations take place next week and I shall try."

Heading the list of those who passed the civil service examination for serf men, was Zachary Breckinbridge Nicholas, mark 98.

Zack took his assigned place at the station and, after the first homesickness of a spoiled child, settled to the routine of service life with equanimity. One night in January, pulled up from a pleasant nap to go on his watch, he was haunted more than usual with memories of the past summer when he and Nancy had had such pleasant times and then he remembered the end when she had—but no, he would banish those thoughts from his mind, for the patrol of a lonely beach on a dark, stormy night is never a pleasurable task and when this kind of walk is coupled with gloomy reminiscences it becomes actually spooky. Arriving at the key house, he took down the key, fixed his clock and started back up the beach. Suddenly, as

he was walking along, looking out to sea, the black expanse was broken by the blaze of a discharged rocket. Nicholas recognized it at once as a distress signal. Having given the coustern signal to let the ship in distress know they had been sighted he started off at a quick trot for the station house. Every now and then he would slip and slide like a bear on roller skates; once he tumbled on a piece of drift wood and was partially stunned, but quickly coming to his senses, he pushed on to the station house and gave word of the ship.

In what would have seemed to an onlooker, hardly a second after receiving the news the captain, crew, and apparatus were on the beach opposite the vessel preparing for the work of rescue. Windteague beach soon looked as though it were on fire so brilliant were the calcium lights around everywhere. The captain fired the cannon, and the projectile on which so much depended, went off. Moments seemed like hours to those who were looking for some sign that the line was being pulled on board the ship. Then they saw it being drawn out; it was fascinating to watch loop after loop of the line go out. To know that it would be the means of saving so many lives seemed wonderful, especially to Zack, who was having his first experience at a wreck. After they knew that the tackle block had made fast on the vessel the britches buoy was brought into use, playing back and forth on the endless rope that had been sent out. A sputtering woman was the first one landed and she, having given the information, "Mallory steamer . . . . twenty people," began applying herself to the task of relieving her lungs and head of salt water. She was put in a place of safety and then the work of rescue went on harder than ever, for they realized what a fight with the elements meant to save that score of people out on shipboard.

The last woman to be brought to shore was a little curly-headed blonde, the eyes were closed and their owner seemed only a limp mass, so exhausted was she from cold and exposure. As Nicholas took her from the buoy and was about to take her up on shore, the tackle struck him full in the chest. He paused for a moment, breathless.

Then with renewed effort started up the shore with this survivor whom he recognized as Nancy Lewis. He gave her over to the women to resuscitate and then went back to his work with the crew, though he had nearly been laid out by the experience of the past five minutes. To Zack had come, however, during these months on beach, the full meaning of a word which is more than his life to the brave men who patrol our coasts; that word is "duty."

By the time all the rescue work was ended the east was beginning to be streaked with light and as the rescued men and rescuers walked up the beach in their black slickers, they looked like so many drenched rats. By the time they reached the station house the women ,who had preceded them up the beach in the cart, had taken charge and those who had stood the ordeal best were busying themselves, making their more unfortunate sisters comfortable and preparing for the men. It was well they had recovered to such a degree because the men were unspeakably tired from their hard night. Hot coffee and bread was soon distributed around and dry clothing given out. After this the people repaired to their different quarters to get a few hours' sleep.

One boat load of people had been sent off to the main land and the rest were to follow in an hour or so. In the melee surrounding the departure of the boats, Nancy and Zack managed to steal off for a walk up the beach. Nancy seemed very nervous and when they reached the place they both remembered from last year's happenings, Nancy stopped short and, turning to Zack, said:

"Zack Nicholas, I want to apologize to you at this spot. Last summer I insulted you here. I never realized until that night what an awful thing I had accused you of, that of not being brave. And the idea of my comparing you to Jimmy Brent." Here Nicholas tried to stop her but she had gotten to such a nervous state she insisted upon going on.

"No, don't try to stop me. I say, the idea of comparing you to Jim Brent is sacrilegious. I heard soon after I left here how, for fear of risking his worthless neck, he let

one of his companions drown. The idea of my ever comparing you to such a coward as that." By this time she was crying as though her heart would break.

"You are s-so brave and grand. Can you ever forg-give me?" she sobbed.

"Can I! Well, I reckon! Will you let me, you mean." At this point, Nicholas began drying the tears from Nancy's eyes. I really would'nt like to say what else they said. It was too confidential. A little light may be thrown on the matter when it is known that within a month cards were sent out announcing the engagement of Miss Nancy Lewis to Zachary Nicholas. It is rumored that the wedding will be the first of July, after the Life Saving Crew's vacation begins, for Nicholas has a feeling that he would like to win that bet from Cary.

—*Mary Cary Taylor.*

Little Stars

As the sun is slowly setting
And the flowers the dew is wetting,
Little stars are brightly peeping,
And the earth is softly sleeping.

They smile upon the little flowers
All their silent, sleeping hours,
They guide the wanderer by their light,
Little stars, so pure and bright!

—*Jessie P. Dugger.*

The Joys of Being Late

OW, in being late there is more pleasure than your methodical man of business may think. I can remember how, even as a child I found a deep delight in being late—late to school, late to play—late in all the thousand and one duties and pleasures which crowd in over each other in every child's day. I know not by what happy chance I first came to be late. It will suffice to say that gradually it was borne to my childish consciousness that the best in life fell to him who was late. I can see my mother now, as she put the most comfortable chair in front of the fire and hear her as she said, "Poor father, he is always late. We must have his slippers and his paper ready for him when he comes," and I made up my mind then that when I was a grown up man, with gray hair and a family like father's, I would always be late so I could have everybody do something for me as we did for father.

This resolution, so early made, I have followed all my life, and now, since I am old and can look back on the many years made happy by the joys of being late, I lift my heart in thankfulness that there can be a joy so cosmopolitan—one that can be enjoyed by all, old and young, rich and poor. For anyone can be late, once he cultivates the habit and if, after he has tasted of its joys he does not ever afterward accept with a relish every opportunity to indulge himself, then I say he is no friend of mine.

Let us consider some of these manifold joys. Notice this: Whenever you come in a room late and all the chairs are taken, everybody in the room rises and offers you his chair. Thus you have your choice of all the chairs, wheras if you had come on time you would have felt a delicacy in taking the best one which is, in this way, forced upon you. And then when you come in late you know that people are observing you—you know that they are noting your good points and your bad ones, while if you had not been

late you would have been a mere nonentity—one among many—and who, if he speak honestly, does not abhor being a nonentity. For myself, I confess, I prefer to be considered apart from the ordinary run of mortals—either a little better or a little worse.

Then, being late enables a man to have that much more time for his own, and one can never gain too much time for oneself. It is one of the greatest of joys to have your time your own with nothing to do, and since, after you have cultivated the habit of being late, it is no difficult task to forget, for the time being, the duty calling, you have an hour—perhaps more or less—gained in which to commune with your own thoughts. And very often suppose you are going to a large affair to which many people are going, instead of losing your patience and your sweet temper, attempting to keep your place in the crowd, you can, by being an hour or two late, secure for yourself comparative solitude and retain your peace of mind.

Being late also gives you the joy of knowing that you are improving your mental condition. For instance, I am very often late to a play. The first act is over—the second just beginning. There is a rich field for my imagination. I allow it full play. I decide what the first act must have been. An incident in the act now going on makes me change this decision. Finally when it is settled in my mind to my own satisfaction I settle back in my seat with the supreme joy of a creator—and all this joy because I have cultivated the simple habit of being late.

Then, again, this being late gives a joy to one of the most sordid affairs of our lives—that of paying debts. Suppose you pay your debts on time. Well and good. There is no special pleasure in the act. Now suppose you do not pay them when they are due—suppose you put them off and put them off until your creditor despairs of ever getting his money and you, yourself, begin to doubt whether he ever will. Then pay. Your creditor seizes the money with a joy that he would not have given to twice the amount had you paid him on time and you, yourself, have the joy of feeling that you have done a noble act in paying him when he had given up all hope.

But, perhaps, the sweetest joy of being late comes to you when you realize that you are cultivating your friends' patience. For when you are late often somebody else has to wait, and there is no one separate act known which does so much to develop patience as does waiting.

And now, I beg, that that same methodical man of business try for himself the joys of this blessing so beneficial for oneself and for others, and see if he does not, then, quite agree with me.

—*Grace Welker.*

My Star

Oh, lovely little bright-eyed thing,
I've wondered if you'll e'er take wing,
And some still evening float away,
Just about the close of day,
And join the stars above thee.

Oh, precious little tinted flower,
Blushing like rose leaves after a shower,
I fear some day a summer wind
Will lure thee where I cannot find,
Then I perhaps may lose thee.

Oh, promise me, my love, my all,
That you will answer this—love's call,
Oh! do not send me off—afar,
But tell me you will be my star,
And shine for me alone.

—*Mary E. Morris.*

Tin Angel

OUTSIDE the little school house Tin Angel turned with one quick, desparate look toward the South Room. Through the narrow window she could just see the top of Big Boy's dark head as he lifted his geography higher in front of him to hide a fast disappearing apple.

One look was enough. "I can't, I *won't* stand it!" the one outside murmured. Quick as a flash she had turned and was dashing madly down the broad slope that lay behind the little gray building. On and on she ran, her yellow braids bobbing about the freckled face and her faded gingham apron flying in the wind. On and on, faster and faster! She hardly knew where she was going, certainly not home, for her steps were turned in the other direction.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty," she was furiously counting the cedar posts which helped to shut in the field. She didn't care how many posts there were, but it kept back the tears so she counted on frantically.

When she reached the stile, she stumbled over it into the plowed field beyond, then dashed blindly on, neither knowing nor caring that her worn shoes were gathering a weighty load of the soft mud which three days' of steady March rain had produced. Soon she could hardly lift one foot before the other, and it was only then that she slackened her pace and finally stopped. Where was she?

Not more than a stone's throw ahead, the Little Grange River, swollen with the recent rains, was rushing and rolling onward as if to boast of its unaccustomed power. Almost on the brink Tin Angel saw a tiny shack and remembered that farmer Hankins kept his implements here when he wasn't using them to work the low grounds that stretched along on either side of the river.

The little girl pushed open the shaky door and, seating

herself on a rusty plow, buried her face in her hands. "I can't, I *won't* stand it," she repeated. Evidently that mad half-mile dash had not served to relieve her feelings. "I'll never go back, never!" Tears were welling in the big gray eyes and falling in the brown lap. "It's not fair! I ain't a tin angel and it's mean, *mean* to call me one."

She sobbed on till she was almost exhausted. Why did they call her Tin Angel? 'Twas true her name sounded very much like that—Fanny Angle—but the sensitive nature felt that it wasn't this resemblance that made them call her that. It was because the little Westerner was not like the other boys and girls and couldn't bring herself to do as they did. So she sat and quietly looked on, always listless, yet always eagerly awaiting an invitation to join the fun. Just because she knew her lessons and never ate apples or wrote notes or made faces behind teacher's back, they said she was "no good" and excluded her from all their plans. On the first day of school Big Boy had called her Tin Angel and the hated nickname had stuck by her.

The immediate cause for the little sufferer's distress lay in a conversation she had overheard that morning. Big Boy and the rest of the bunch were planning a candy stew to take place the following Friday and somebody had suggested that it seemed a shame for Tin Angel to be left out. Then Big Boy remarked, "Aw, shucks, she can't do nothin'. She'd spoil the fun. I ain't goin' if she goes." That settled it. There could be no candy stew without Big Boy and so the thought of including Tin Angel was forgotten.

Not so with the victim. It tormented her all the morning. She could think of nothing else. One by one she missed every question teacher asked her. When she could stand it no longer, she noticed that it had stopped raining and asked permission to get a drink of water. As she passed down the aisle, Big Boy turned in his seat to look at her in surprise. Tin Angel had missed a lesson!

Now as she crouched there in her hiding place with the roar of Little Grange in her ears, it seemed that her heart would break. Nobody loved her, nobody understood!

So absorbed was she in her suffering that she didn't realize that hours had passed and Little Grange had spread itself over the low-grounds, surrounding the knoll on which the plow-house stood and rushing madly past it.

Still she sat there unsuspecting. Nearer and nearer came the seething torrent. A tiny stream crept in through a crack in the door. Even then she was lost in thought. Presently she felt something cold touch her foot. She looked down and saw that the mud was fast disappearing from her shoes. With a cry of alarm, she sprang up. The strength of the current now pushed the door open and the water rushed in with an exultant gurgle. She looked about her frantically. For a moment she felt faint. What could she do? She stood ankle-deep in the muddy foam. She knew if she attempted to cross that broad expanse which lay between her and safety the current would sweep her from her feet and seize her frail little body.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," she was praying the only prayer she had ever been taught, repeating it fervently over and over again. Why didn't somebody come! "Help! she screamed till she almost collapsed with very weakness. But the roar of Little Grange drowned her voice and mocked at her feeble attempts. . . . . .

Back in the South Room classes were over and Big Boy was strapping his books together, humming softly to himself. Across the aisle a folded scrap of paper could be seen, sticking out between the lids of the big geography. On it was written, in Big Boy's bold characters, "Who'd a thought you had the nerve to play hooky? Want to go to the party with me?"

Big Boy strode down the hill toward the river. His way home lay along the fence that separated the sloping pasture from the low-grounds. "Gee! look at Little Grange. Call it little if you want to!"

The water had now reached within a few feet of the fence. Fascinated, he stood there a minute, leaning on the stile and watching the eddying chaos of sticks, and brush, and leaves. "There goes that old plow house of farmer Hankin's. He might 'a known 'twould be washed away some day." Big Boy watched it as it was borne

over by the force of the current and whirled along to destruction. Turning over and over in the madly rushing waters, it drifted farther and farther down the stream. When it had disappeared, the boy turned on his heel and made his way homeward, whistling as he went.

He thought of the note he had just written, and wondered why Tin Angel had left school so suddenly. He knew Teacher hadn't given her permission. His conscience smote him for the way he had treated the timid little Westerner. His boyish heart relented and he said to himself, "I'm goin' to stop it. We won't never call her Tin Angel no more. No, never again Tin Angel!"

—*Mary F. Putney.*

Sketches

THROUGH THE THICKET

"Six o'clock! Will night never come?" The man creeping through the rhododendron thicket breathed an impatient exclamation. Concealment was almost impossible, for the low April sun poured its rays even under the thick glossy leaves of the rhododendrons and the whole western side of the ridge was bathed in brightness. How he longed to be on the eastern side in the dark shadow, but the thicket ran parallel to the ridge and was far from the top. To be sure, there were other trees and bushes on the slope, but most of them were still asleep and the pines could cast only a small shadow beneath those slanting rays. To venture into the open was almost certain death, for "Big Dan" Crawford, his most deadly enemy, was following somewhere in those green depths. It was only a question of who should see the other first as to which would die.

Ever since three o'clock Robert Dixon had crept through the deep shadow. Before three all had been peaceful until a neighbor dashed into the Dixon clearing with the news that the Crawfords were on the warpath.

There had been a feud between these two families for so long that no one knew how it began. The men of each generation had killed each other off and had left the quarrel to their sons as far back as anyone could remember. Although the present heirs had apparently been at peace, the fires of distrust and hatred still burned. Nor did they need a great breeze to fan them into open flame.

The cause of the uprising, however, was great enough. Earlier in the day Dan Crawford, at work in his own clearing, had received a message from his wife that his little boy was lost. He and his friends had searched the country for a reasonable distance around, but five-year-old Dannie,

his father's chief treasure, had not been found. Then the fire burst into flame. Naturally the Crawfords' first thought was of their old enemies, especially since Robert Dixon's uncle had shot "Big Dan's" father and burned the home while "Big Dan," then a boy of six, was hiding in the mountains. The mention of this added fuel to the flames, and someone suggested that they end the feud forever by surprising the Dixons.

This plan would have been carried out, but, fortunately, the news spread rapidly and the Dixons were warned. Since peace had continued so long, each side had grown careless and all except three of the Dixons' men were at work in the mines across the ridge. Hastily collecting the women and children into the strongest house, Robert, the fleetest and most cautious of the clan, started to the mines for help. He was going under the cover of the rhododendrons to a gap in the ridge, through which he could slip after dark. He knew that "Big Dan" would try to prevent him and "prevent" could have but one meaning in this case, so he was on a sharp lookout.

Suddenly he stopped. In an open space below the thododendrons he saw a golden-haired child. It was Dannie, but the expression on the boy's usually laughing face was one of absolute terror. Robert Dixon's eyes followed Dannie's and his own expression changed. Noiselessly, but swiftly a huge mountain lion was circling around the child. Dixon started forward, then stopped. Something whispered, "Why not let the panther take the kid? It caused all this trouble, besides he will be an enemy to your own children when it grows up. This is the easiest way to get rid of it. If you fire, how many shots will be in your own body the next second. If you miss your aim the panther will kill you before you can reload."

The next instant he stepped into the open and fired at the crouching beast. The great cat sprang into the air and Robert snatched the child out of danger just in time. With the sobbing Dannie clinging to him, he reloaded and fired another shot which stilled the writhing form. Then he dropped his gun and knelt to comfort Dannie. In a

moment "Big Dan" burst from the thicket and levelled his rifle on the kneeling figure, but his quick eyes fell on the lion and child. The rifle was thrown aside and Dannie was gathered into his father's arms.

"Big Dan" turned to his former foe and silently the men clasped hands over the great body, while the setting sun lit the mountains with a smile of eternal peace.

—*Elizabeth Painter.*

QUID EST

On my way east from San Francisco, I had about two hours to wait in one of the cities of the mid-west. While waiting for my train I was amusing myself as best I might, by noting the people as they hurried hither and thither. Who could know the feelings surging in each breast? Who could know the hope, ambition, despair even, which found refuge in each heart! All by converging paths had come to this place, and all by diverging paths would go from it. Each, by his outward appearance, gave a hint of the walk in life into which his feet had strayed. But does not despair, fear, love, hope, lurk in every path that human feet may tread?

As the station door was pushed open, a woman entered She was frail and slight and it required all of her strength to push open the heavy door. Against the dark background of her hat the pallor of her face was startling. Her features wore a strained expression. She looked as one who has been kept awake during the long hours of the night by gnawing anxiety. With quick, nervous steps, she crossed the space to the barred window of the telegraph office.

I could hear her low voice eagerly inquiring for a message. Disappointment was written on her face as she turned away. She paced up and down for a few times and again approached the window. Receiving a negative answer to her query, she again took up her weary, monotonous tread. This interval before she again went to the window was longer. Her hope was deserting her.

The call boy, during this time, announced, "Train for the west, all aboard for Springfield, Chicago, and St. Paul."

For the third time the woman rushed to the window. This time she received a yellow envelope in answer to her question. She tore it open with trembling fingers. Hope returned to her face.

"Thank God!" she breathed. "He will live, and I can go on." —*Annie Banks.*

A SKETCH

He staggers home!
A drunken man made brute-like by the vice
Of drink. No longer straight and free from fear
As once he was, because of Saxon blood
Within his veins. His eye no longer clear
To squarely look the whole world soul to soul.
His wife and children hungry, wan, and pale,
Shrink in dread fear of this demon man,
And walk with cringing steps about the house.
While he, with growling oaths and idiot mirth
Alternate, fiend-like—litters up the room
With broken dishes and with vomit rank,
And with stumps of blackened, half-burnt cigarettes.
'Tis so his life-fire glows, smoulders, and smokes,
And passes—blackened, only half-burnt out.

R. J. M.

FIFTH ON THE COMMITTEE

The Auditorium was filled with excited Seniors, for this was the night to elect the chairman of the play committee. The class seemed to be broken up into two groups, one of which was strongly in favor of Madge Ralston, the most original and dignified Senior that had ever presented herself at St. Mary's. The other was made up of a circle of Jacqueline Walford's admirers, and it was a large one, for everybody loved Jacqueline and had great confidence in her.

When every vote had been handed in, silence reigned supreme. While they were being counted, Jacqueline's

cheeks burned and her eyes shone, for in her heart there was nothing that she wished more than to be chosen to write the class play. The last vote made Ralston tally but it was of no use—Jacqueline had won.

"O Jack! I knew you'd do it, and who in all the school could write us a cuter play than you?" and with that she was completely hidden by a bear of a hug and borne away, amid much hilarity, by her choicest friends.

Once in her room, they came by fours—Dot, Betty, Deborah, Helen—in fact all those who nestled in the warmth of Jacqueline's love.

"Jack, don't you think you could possibly manage it so that I might wear the stunning riding habit Aunt Jane sent me this spring, in one act. Fine! old pal, I knew you would."

"And, Jack, will that hat with poppies on it do at all? It's so becoming—"

"You'll just have to have some kind of a sea nymph in it because Sophy's golden curls refuse to go unacknowledged a bit longer—"

Poor Jacqueline! How was she to live through it! Patty, her obliging room-mate, stopped her incessant chatter long enough to take a note to Madge, asking her to be first on the committee. Madge refused to serve, on the plea that she had too much work and couldn't find time.

At last the play was written and after one or two rehearsals, Jack looked worried and was cross. The scenery didn't exactly fit and the movement lagged and Jacqueline wondered what it was the play needed. Surely it wasn't the plot, for all the girls were crazy about that—well what was it then? She beckoned to Miss Barton, a member of the faculty, who was passing, and asked her to watch the rehearsal and see if she could find wherein the trouble lay.

The last act was finished and the girls were all gone but Jacqueline. "Well, dear," said Miss Barton, "I think your plot is splendid, but there is something dull about the whole thing and it needs enlivenment—I have it—

Madge Ralston is just the girl to do it. Why don't you get her to pick it up a bit?"

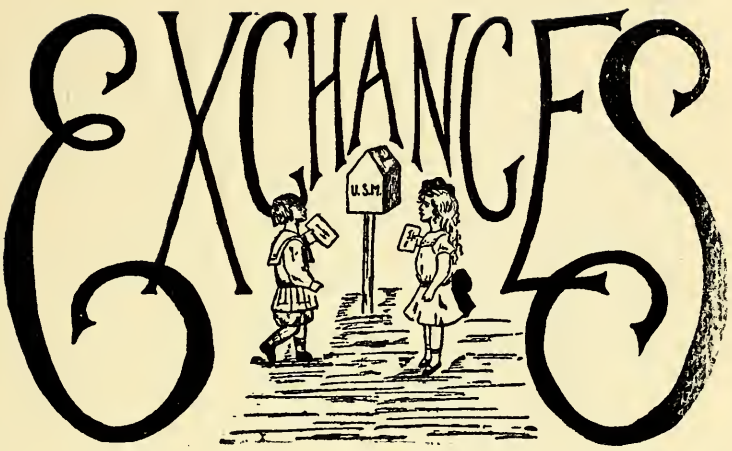
It was twilight and Jacqueline was alone in her room, crying softly, her head pillowed in a big sofa pillow on the window seat. "It is hard, I know, but the girls have trusted me and I have failed—'Madge Ralston—just the one!' " Those words burnt like coals. "But she is, for Miss Barton saw it too." She arose quietly, brushed away a lingering tear and crossed the hall to Room 40, Madge's room. She knocked and the voice within bade her enter. Could she do this? Her knees trembled but she murmured under her breath, "For the sake of St. Mary's I must and I will." She opened the door and went in.

"Madge, I've failed utterly in the play I've written, and I've resigned as chairman. Won't you take my place?"

For a moment, there was silence and then Jack felt two soft arms around her neck and her whole heart went out to the girl of whom she had been so jealous.

"Dear, it must have taken you a long time to come to me thus, but I love you for it, Jack, and I will help you all I can, but you must still be chairman and my name can go down as fifth on the committee."

—*Nan Gray.*



The essay as a type of literature in college magazines is difficult to discuss because it is so seldom that we find in these publications anything besides the informational essay. The informational essay is good in its place, but why spend time on something which would be found just as well in some encyclopedia or dictionary made especially for that purpose?

What we need is the literary essay—the essay that is lighter and deals more informally with its subject. We find practically none of this type and yet every one of us will acknowledge that there is nothing more delightful than essays such as Lamb's—the kind that tell just what the writer honestly thinks about the subject—the kind that make you feel that the author is having a personal talk with you—and not telling you what he thinks will be good for you to know.

The personal element is what is so sadly lacking. Why does not the essay writer realize that it is impossible for him to say all there is to be said on his subject in his short space and so write down *his* thoughts on it—following them wherever they may lead and showing the man behind the words? After all nothing can be more interesting

than the man if he be interesting at all and we want to see him through his thoughts.

We do not want so many essays stating facts that have already been found out by people far more capable than the average college writer. Not that essays of this kind have no value. They have—in that they give us the information in a form that we probably could not get otherwise. But they give so little opportunity for real literary ability that it does seem as if we ought to see more of the literary type of essay. Why not try it, writers? Why not have some essays really worthy from the standpoint of originality, skill, and charm?

We promise you that your readers will be eager to read the article called in the table of contents, "An Essay."

In the April number of the *Gallowegian* there is an essay called "Fools in General . . . Some in Particular." We supposed from the title and the name of the author—"One of Them"—that here we had a prodigious amount of amusement. But as we read on, our interest grew less and less until when we, at last, had finished we could not help saying, "What a disappointment!" The writer should never have taken his subject seriously. It is far too serious to be taken in any light except a humorous one, and the writer seems to be entirely devoid of a sense of humor unless we have not attained that "broad-minded, tolerant attitude where we could see the funny element."

And then why say, "The world has been cursed with 'funny men?' It has not been cursed—it has been blessed with them for the world needs her "funny men."

We wish we could understand exactly what the author intended to bring out. Surely he did not mean to make a careful study of his kind and then show us the results and yet that is what it seems to be. There is no personal element and the name of the author, as it was, gave a great scope for a fine development of this element. It lacks charm, it does not give useful information and is altogether a very disappointing piece of work.

"Staunton's Gift to the Nation" is an essay in the March number of the *Record*. It gives a great deal of useful

information concerning President Wilson in a condensed form, is well organized, well-expressed, and is altogether a very good essay of its kind. But, we ask, why did the writer spend his time collecting these facts about President Wilson when we could just as well have gotten them from some encyclopedia or from the newspapers which, during his campaign, told us everyone of the facts here stated and even more? Would we not rather know of Wilson as a man? We ask you—if you had the opportunity of talking to Wilson would you not rather he told you of his aims, of his hopes, in fact, shown you himself as a man—would you not prefer this to hearing all the facts about him, who his father and mother were, etc.? The essay has not one spark of originality. Still we own that an essay of this type does not give the writer much opportunity to use his originality.

"Dreams," in *The Tatler*, is the best essay in our exchanges for this month, though the subject is treated somewhat "matter-of-factly." We wonder if the writer has ever read "Dream Children." If he has he knows with what wonderful beauty and sweetness the subject can be treated. The chief fault with the essay is that it lacks the personality of its writer. It is written somewhat in the high school valedictorian style when the young boy or girl feels that he must give advice to the world to make it move as it should to fulfill his or her lofty ideals. So with this essay. We know that the writer is earnest and sincere about what he says, yet somehow we cannot help feeling that he is standing off and giving us advice. If we could only live in our essays—if we could write them as if we were talking over what we thought about the subject to an intimate friend. That is what we must work for, and when we do have essays of this type we will have accomplished something really worth working for.

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

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

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Editorial

TO THE ALUMNAE

Why are there not more chapters of the Alumnae organized? In every place where several of our graduates are there should be live, working chapters. Not only would it speak well for the school and help the school in other ways, but it would help the girls themselves. So many of our girls are graduated and never come back. Of course, there are some who can't and there are others who have lost interest in Alma Mater. This is not the true ideal. Perhaps if the Alumnae were better organized the spirit of the school would be kept burning bright in every heart. This is the true ideal.

Some of the Alumnae chapters are doing creditable work for the Normal League. This work should extend to the others. But remember that Alma Mater is always interested in you, and she wants that heart of yours to glow with love for her.

SNOBBISHNESS

What is your opinion in regard to snobs? Do you know that there are a few in our school? Do you know what to do about it? There are many types of snobs. Only a few types are prevalent here and we are glad. One of these types is the snob that has the impression that she is for some reason, better socially than anyone else, except the members of her own clique. So she snobs the rest of the students by not speaking to every girl in school on the halls. This is the social snob.

The emergency snob is the girl who takes neither the time nor the trouble to write papers for class work herself, but who flies around to any conscientious girl's room and copies the work she has done. She also, when a test is announced hastily makes a date with a girl who is considered very bright to study for that test with her. She goes to this girl's room then and is very pleasant and polite, but she would never enter there on a social call. Then, after this obliging student crams enough knowledge into the snob's head to enable her to pass on her test, the snob thanks her sweetly and goes her way. The next day when she meets the girl who has been kind enough to help her she, accidentally, of course, but surely just the same, does not see her. This is probably the worst form of snobbery.

A third type of snob is the one who reminds people on every occasion, suitable and unsuitable, that her great grandmother came from France, that her Aunt Mary married a noted lawyer in Philadelphia, or that some remote ancestor was an officer in the Revolutionary War. What difference does it make to the world who the family snob's ancestors were? Why should the snob use some other person's name to make herself appear to a better advantage? Would it not be far nobler for her to make her own name just what it should be? The individual is always the thing that counts any way. Why not take the individual always on her own worth and give her full credit *when she deserves it*? If we did this snobbishness in our school would soon become a part of history.

TO THE ALUMNAE

Don't forget that this is Alumnae year. Alma Mater is anxious to have as many of her children with her at this "family reunion" as she possibly can. Letters from Alumnae are coming in every day and many of them are looking forward to seeing their old friends again. We trust you will be with us.

We were glad to have with us for a week-end visit in April, Myrtle Rea, ('07), who is now Supervisor of Rural Education in Henrico County. She gave an interesting talk to the seniors on the problems of rural schools and the wonderful improvements which are now taking place in these schools.

Myrtle Grenels ('08) was also with us for a few days in April. She is principal of the Industrial School at Laurel, Va.

Anne Chewning, of the 1912 class, is teaching at Chilesburg, Va.

Therese Johnson ('12) is English teacher in the Oak Level High School at News Ferry, Va.

We are sorry to hear that Marjorie Thompson, of the class of 1910, has given up her school in Florida on account of ill health. She is now at her home near Danville, Va.

Emily Johnson, of the class of 1911, writes: "We have a nice four room school but as yet only three teachers. The school was built about three years ago. We have jacket stoves, a great many windows massed together, with light coming from the left and rear, and a four acre school ground.

"When the present teachers came there was a small library. Last year we bought a two hundred and fifty dollar piano which we have nearly finished paying for, nine large pictures, a large dictionary, a globe and other materials needed in the primary grades.

"We observed Patron's Day both years and had quite a number of stumps blown up from the school grounds. There are plenty left now which we are trying to have removed. We have reorganized the Patron's League.

"I have primary grades. Last year the people were greatly upset by my newfangled methods and I thought I would not get my place again, but the superintendent and the chairman of the board came to my rescue and told them that that was the way to teach, so they let me come back last year and now they say I must come back again next year."

The next issue of "The Focus" will be the Alumnae Number. Copies may be had at fifteen cents each. Address: Miss Marie Noel, Business Manager, "The Focus," State Normal School, Farmville, Va.

Training School Department

MAY

The trees are blossoming and budding,
The flowers are blooming gay,
Little blades of grass are seen,
Then soon comes the month of May.

May is called the month of flowers,
Who brings with her the cooling rain
To make the world look bright and gay—
May is with us once again.

—*Mary Barrow.*
Grade VIII.

A DRIVE IN THE SPRING IN THE COUNTRY

Once in the spring I went on a drive to the country and I saw many interesting things. As we started we saw, to the right, some apple trees laden with white blossoms, under which was a lake. We could see the shadow of the trees reflected in it. Near these trees, some little children were playing. We went on for about two miles when we passed through a large grove. Little birds seemed to fill the air with music. In this grove was everything beautiful you can imagine. Here and there were large beds of moss. There were also many wild flowers in bloom. As this was early in the spring everything seemed more beautiful than it would seem at other times. After a little while we passed the grove beyond which there was a long winding river. No sticks or logs of any kind were floating on it. A little bridge led across this river. It made a pretty picture.

—*Jonella Foster.*
Grade VI.

AURORA

The beautiful picture, Aurora, was painted by the great Italian artist, Guido Reni, about three hundred years ago.

This picture shows Aurora, the goddess of dawn, leading the way across the sky in front of the fiery horses of Apollo. Apollo, fearless and bold, is seated in the chariot, driving his spirited steed. The seven maidens around the chariot represent the seven happiest hours of the day. They bring joy and gladness to the people on the earth. The morning star is above the chariot, shedding light as they start on their journey across the sky. The blowing draperies show a swift forward movement. The whole picture expresses action.

The original of this picture is painted on the wall in the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome.

—Dallas Dahl.
Grade V.

HERE AND THERE

About forty girls attended the Y. W. C. A. Convention at Richmond last month and all of them reported a great time. Miss Helen Thomas, of New York, spoke here a few days before the Convention.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le Cercle Francais celebrated the first day of April by a special meeting in the drawing droom. Each person present taxed her credulity to the utmost in order to believe everything anyone told her, and consequently "poisson d'avril" followed every remarkable statement. Margaret Boatwright and Gay Pugh took part in a public contest which involved quickness of motion and of speech. Margaret Boatwright received the prize, a very large one. Ella Lester, Madeline Willett, and Janie Couch recited; Willie Guthrie, Margaret Boatwright, Madeline Willett, and Emily Davis sang. Then candy was served; and this "poisson d'avril" candy, without any adulteration whatever, was the most unexpected "poisson d'avril" of the evening.

DRAMATIC CLUB

We voice the sentiment of the whole school in extending to the Dramatic Club congratulations for their splendid work this spring culminating in the presentation of "The Rivals" in the Auditorium, Friday evening, April 25. Quite a number of town people were present and expressed

their appreciation also. The cast of characters, which was carefully selected, was as follows:

Sir Anthony Absolute	Josephine Allison
Captain Jack Absolute	Fannie Graham
Bob Acres	Maria Bristow
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Mattie Love Doyne
Falkland	Mary Cary Taylor
Fag	May Arnold
Thomas	Joe White
David	George Bailey
Boy	Annie Banks
Mrs. Malaprop	Katharine Diggs
Miss Lydia Languish	Mary Putney
Lucy	Gladys Parker

Perhaps special mention should be made of "Bob Acres," "Mrs. Malprop," and "Sir Lucius O'Trigger."

During the third week of April the Emery School of Art Company, of Boston, exhibited many beautiful pictures in the drawing room. These pictures were of great educational value and were very much enjoyed by all who saw them.

We greatly enjoyed the visit of Miss Eleanor Richardson, our former Y. W. C. A. Secretary, on April 18 and 19.

The Ruffner Debating Society presented "The Gentle Jury," a comedy in one act, in the auditorium, Saturday night, April 7.

Cast of Characters

Cyrus Hackett, Sheriff	Elizabeth Chappel
Mrs. Dingley (forewoman)	Sadie Phillips
Mrs Blake	Florence Riegel
Mrs. Dyer	Lula Berger
Mrs. Fritz	Ida Bowles
Mrs. Fort	Blanche Williams
Mrs. Fairley	Rosa Allen
Mrs. Jones	Lemma Garrett
Mrs. Small	Susie Hutt
Miss Smith	Janie Berger

Miss Jellyson . . . . . Edith Marshall
Miss Skinner . . . . . Lillian Miller
Miss Sharp . . . . . Elizabeth Gildea

PIANO RECITAL BY JOHN POWELL

April 24

Program

I. Beethoven.....Moonlight Sonate
II. Chopin.....Scherzo, B in minor
Impromptu, F. sharp maj.
Polonaise, A flat maj.
III. Powell.....Suite "At the Fair"
(Sketches of American Fun)
a. Hoochee Cooche Dance
b. Circassian Beauty
c. Merry-go-round
d. Clown
e. Snake Charmer
f. Banjo Picker
IV. Paganinni-Liszt..... The Bells
Schubert-Tausig... Marche Militaire

Mr. Powell is the greatest living American pianist.

On April 19 the Juniors entertained the Seniors in a very attractive manner. At 8:30 everyone went to the auditorium to witness the Junior-Senior debate, Resolved: That the commission form of government is better for towns and cities than the council form. Misses Evelyn Turnbull and Madeline Askew, of the Senior class, upheld the affirmative, while Misses Ethel Pedigo and Mary Cary Taylor, of the Junior class, defended the negative. The judges, Miss Wheeler, Miss Forman, and Mr. Coyner, decided in favor of the affirmative.

After the debate all were invited to the dining room, where refreshments were served in courses, toasts being given as follows:

Toast Master . . . . . Dr. Stone
Make Yourself at Home . . . Miss Maria Bristow
Thank You . . . . . Miss Eva Larmour

The Editor's Uneasy Chair	Miss Juanita Manning
Recitation	Miss Wheeler
Reminiscences	Mr. Grainger
Ain't It?	Miss Evelyn Turnbull
Making Wheels Go 'Round	Mr. Mattoon
School Mates	Miss Susan Minton
Monotones	Miss Perkins
Bromides and Sulphites	Mr. Eason
Bad Girls	Mrs. Harris
On General Principles	Miss Dodge
Good-Night	Dr. Stone

Girls from other classes served.

BALLAD CLUB

A regular meeting of the Ballad Club was held on April 23. Reports were heard from the different committees, and a plan for the vacation campaign was outlined by the chairman of the Research Committee. The program consisted of a very interesting talk by Miss Rice and the reading of several ballads handed in by members of the club.

Much enthusiasm is being manifested in the work of collecting ballads. Besides versions of English and Scottish ballads, a number of negro ballads have been collected. While the primary object of the club was to collect the English and Scottish ballads, it was decided also that splendid opportunity for preserving the negro folk songs should be taken advantage of and a record is being kept of the words, and wherever possible, the music, of all the ballads and folk songs found. Miss Perkins, the head of the music department, has taken charge of this work and the tunes of a number of ballads have already been transcribed.

In recognition of the good work being done by the Normal School Ballad Club, Mr. Grainger, the president of this club, has been elected a vice-president of the Virginia Ballad Society, of which Dr. C. Alfonso Smith is the president.

One of the most interesting ballads which came to the club this month is the following version of "Lord Thomas and Fair Anet"(see the Cambridge edition of Child's English and Scottish Ballads, page 152) which was handed in by Miss Ella Lester. Miss Lester says that it is still sung by the boys and girls of the country schools in Patrick County, they having heard it sung by their parents and grandparents.

"LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANET"

"O mother, O mother, come riddle this riddle,
Come riddle it all as one;
Whether I shall marry Fairelenda
Or bring the Brown girl home."

"The Brown girl she has house and land;
Fairelenda she has none.
Therefore I advise as your best friend,
To bring the Brown girl home."

"Go saddle me up my milk-white steed,
Go saddle him up in haste,
For I'm going to invite Fairelenda
To my wedding feast."

He rode and he rode till he came to the hall;
He tingled on the ring.
There was none so ready as Fairelenda
To rise and let him in.

"What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she cried.
"What news you bring to me?"
"I come to invite you to my wedding;
Is'nt that good news to thee?"

"Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas," she cried,
"Bad news you bring to me.
I thought that I was to be your bride
And you the bridegroom be."

"O mother, O mother, come riddle this riddle;
Come riddle it all as one:
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wedding
Or stay with thee at home."

She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her waiting maid in green;
And every town that she passed through
They took her to be some queen.

She rode and she rode till she came to the hall;
She tingled on the ring.
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas
To rise and let her in.

He took her by her lily white hand
And led her across the hall;
He sat her down at the head of the table
Amongst the ladies all.

"Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried;
"She is most wondrous brown.
You once could have married as fair young girl
As ever the sun shone on."

The Brown girl she had a little pen knife,
The point being both keen and sharp;
She stabbed it into Fairelenda's side
And plunged it to her heart.

"What's the matter, what's the matter, Fairelenda?"
he cried,
"What's the matter, what's the matter with thee?"
"Oh! don't you see my own heart blood
Come trickling down by me?"

He took the Brown girl by her hand;
He led her across the hall;
He drew a bright sword and cut her head off
And stove it against the wall.

"O mother, O mother, go dig my grave,
Go dig it both deep and wide;
And bury Fairelenda in my arms
And the Brown girl at my side."

And two brown eyes looked in my face—
I knew I loved them best.

I brushed the silky, wavy hair
From out its natural part,—
Just then we heard some footsteps come,
It made her jump and start.

But all was well, for it was naught,
And we were still together—
I wished that I might live with her
Through clear and stormy weather.

It seemed that all Olympic gods
A health to her would sup,
For yes, I love my best of friends—
My brown-eyed Collie pup.

—*M. A. B.*

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER—A TRAGEDY

We wandered gaily o'er the glen
To seek the four-leaf clover.
She was as gracious as a queen,
And I, her faithful lover.

The weeks went by, the months, the years—
She was sent to Dover,
And I shed many bitter tears,
Her foolish, pining lover.

I went to school, and studied well,
Hard types of Greek and Latin,
Yet dreamed of her, sweet Isabel,
My bride in lace and satin.

At last, a proud and happy boy,
I stood with honors laden,
But dreaming only of my joy,
This loved and lovely maiden.

For she was there, I saw her smile
And look at me with pleasure,
My precious belle! a little while
And I should claim my treasure.

At last she came with glances bright,
And clasped my hand so gladly,
My heart was filled with radiant light,
I loved her, Oh how madly!

"O John," she said, "you've done so well,
How glad I am to greet you!
I've something sweet and new to tell,
I've a dear friend here to meet you."

"So this is John," I heard him say,
"Who was once your faithful lover—
How nobly he has done today!
How proud must be his mother!"

The college band was playing then,
A gay and festive measure,
And he, the happiest of men
Departed with his treasure.

No more to wander in the glen,
To seek the four-leaf clover,
I, a cynic among men,
A *disappointed lover.*

You will never get rid of a bad temper by losing it.

Miss W-n-t-n (Monday morning, in Physics)—Girls, what on earth did you do yesterday? I never knew you to have such a poor lesson.

Girls (in a chorus)—We went to church.

TO WILLIE

Thine eyes are of an azure blue,
Thy hair is black as raven's hue,
Thy mouth is large, but then, 'twill do,
My precious, darling Willie.

Oh, wilt thou be my own true love?
And I will be thy cooing dove.
We'll fix our hope on things above,
My precious, darling Willie.

I hope that we right soon shall marry;
I would not longer single tarry.
I trust my plans will not miscarry,
My precious, darling Willie.

And when that happy day shall come,
I'll be no longer on the "bum"
When "Lohengrin" is gaily strum,
My precious, darling Willie.

So now no more from yours so truly,
Don't worry over things unduly,
For I will be your own quite fully,
My precious, darling Willie.

—*H. A. D.*

Not long ago when the vaccination scare was at its height, an old negro woman went to a doctor to be vaccinated. There were a few white women in the office to be vaccinated, too. When it came the old woman's turn, the doctor asked, "Where do you live?"

"Oh, a long ways, doctor; near Richmond, sar," she answered.

"Why then," the doctor said, "you'll have to be vaccinated in your own precinct," and he tried to explain what that meant.

Aunt Rachel turned off in disgust, "Why is it," she demanded, "all these white folks can be vaccinated on their arms and I have to be vaccinated in my precinct?"