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THE FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

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NOVEMBER, 1913

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THE FOCUS

VOL. III FARMVILLE, VA., NOVEMBER, 1913 NO. 7

"For What We are About to Receive—"

Mary Belle Frantz

THANKSGIVING was just four days distant. Each day found the air at Maple Grove a little more festive. Each morning the old rooster crowed more lustily to announce Thanksgiving a day nearer, and every evening the shouts of the school children rang in greater glee as they romped home from school with scarlet cheeks and tingling finger-tips. The great bronze gobbler strutted ever more pompously defying impending doom. The dead leaves whirled down from the big maples that grew in the yard and went dancing and rustling down the path. Even the sparrows, like so many little brown puff-balls, perched on the roof's edge, scolded with greater vigor and chirped incessantly. Within the great living room the fire, too, made merry. It popped and cracked and sang and sent out tiny showers of sparks and perhaps in a teasing mood threw a bit of glowing coal on the back of Tobias, the great Tabby cat, and crackled more derisively to see him give a terrified "meow!" and beat a hasty retreat from the hearth to rub his singed coat against Daisy's skirt and renew his purring at her sympathetic stroke of his head.

But, while the birds and the leaves and the fire made merry, Daisy's face had been losing its joyous look. Her feet, usually as swift and light as the pattering leaves, had come to walk more and more slowly around the house and the merry dimples that were wont to play hide and seek around her mouth showed now very rarely.

Granny Pennington noticed the girl's weary appearance and with a wise look climbed slowly to the attic, where great fragrant bunches of herbs dangled in festoons from the rafters, and selecting carefully a bunch took them down to prepare a bitter tea.

Daddy Pennington saw her growing paler, and attributed it to lack of exercise, "too much dallying around the house," and ordered Raven, the little black saddle horse, to be brought to the door each day for a gallop.

Only Uncle James, shrewd and observing, guessed the real trouble and held his own counsel.

So Daisy spent the most of her time these cold days sitting by the fire knitting gloves for the charity bazaar and thinking. It had all happened so differently from the way she had dreamed it would. There had been the party at the Bedinger's. Tom Cary's Aunt Margaret was Mrs. Bedinger. Tom, her old chum, took her. Fred Eastman, a friend of Frank Bedinger, had been visiting him. He was handsome, attractive, and very witty, and he and Daisy had found a mutual liking for each other and had amused the whole company with their sallies. Then, on the way home, Daisy had chattered gaily and Tom, usually so responsive, sat rigidly silent. Finally, in the midst of telling an anecdote, Daisy stopped short.

"Tom Cary! I don't believe you heard a word I was saying. I'd as soon talk to a fence post! You never before had to drive old Nancy so carefully that you couldn't even be polite."

Tom looked at her in silence, a hurt look on his face.

"Why, Tom!" she cried. "What is the matter? Did someone hurt your feelings at the party?"

"It is simply that I don't like to see you on such intimate terms with Fred Eastman—that is all."

"What? I think he is the most fascinating man I ever met. We are giong to be great friends."

"Great friends! Daisy, you aren't using your judgment. Please let him alone. You can't know him. You don't know what you are doing."

"I don't understand you at all. Don't know what I'm doing? I never minded your advising me, but you never talked to me like that before, or in that tone of voice."

He looked at her this time with a new look in his eyes, so intense that she looked away in embarrassment.

"Daisy," he said simply, "you know I love you. Can't you tell me you return that love; can't you promise me tonight that you will be my wife?"

She had looked out over the bare, wind-swept fields, bright as day in the flood of revealing moonlight, and felt a keen sense of disappointment that it should have come thus. She had dreamed that it should happen in the rose garden. She had often pictured it all. The beautiful dreamy rose garden, touched by the moonlight with silver; the fragrance, the charm of it all had been her favorite fancy.

"Why did you ask me now and here?" she cried a trifle impatiently.

Tom misunderstood. "Forgive me, dear," he said regretfully, "I was too abrupt. But I thought you could tell me. In two weeks I have to go North on some business for father, and I can't tell when I will get back. Next Thursday, Thanksgiving night, I will come for my answer. In the meanwhile, I will pray that I may have a thankful heart on that night."

Daisy, looking at his strong face, with the earnest gray eyes, could not help comparing it with the half cynical, handsome face of Fred Eastman.

"You do not understand me, Tom," she said a trifle sadly. "I will try and give you a just answer Thanksgiving night."

They had now come to the lane that turned into "Maple Grove" and the silence remained unbroken save for the creak of the wheels, the heavy footfalls of Nancy and the hoot of a night owl, until old Rover boomed forth his deep-voiced welcome at the gate.

. . . . . .

And now tomorrow was Thanksgiving, and he was going to fail her. She burned with the humiliation of it.

She could have borne his departure cheerfully, if it was necessary, but he had left her no word. Monday evening she had been horseback riding with Fred. He had joked her about Tom, asking if she were heartbroken over his departure.

"I don't understand you," she had answered coldly.

"He had to go sooner than he expected, I guess. He and his father were at the station this morning, and he told me to tell Cousin Margaret he was sorry he didn't get to see her."

"I don't see that it is anything to be heartbroken over," said Daisy, and she had chattered gaily during the rest of the ride.

Daisy let her knitting slide to her lap, and a large tear splashed on her hand. She jerked up the needles and brushed away the tear.

"No Pennington ever let a man make a goose of her," she said sharply, "and I won't be the first."

The next morning in the chill dawn she rose languidly at Granny's call. Going to the window she looked out. Mother Nature had laid a reverent white mantle over the earth. The sparrows had not awakened to break the stillness with their chirping. She crept down stairs to help with the busy day's work.

After morning prayer, Daddy asked each one to name something for which he was thankful. When Daisy's turn came she hesitated, then said she was thankful she was a Pennington. Daddy looked up sharply at her hard voice, but said nothing.

All day the house was in a flutter. Savory odors issued from the kitchen. Tobias hovered around Daisy and with plaintive cries besought scraps. The great gobbler, laid low in his prime, was roasting in the oven. Granny Pennington stirred a pudding in the blue bowl and sang a hymn in her high, quavering voice. Daddy sat by the uproaring fire and looking into the glowing coals, reconstructed past Thanksgivings with tender reminiscences on his strong old face.

The Thanksgiving repast at the Pennington's was supper. This was in order to give some old friends of

Daddy's time to make the long trip without rising early, and to get there in time for the merry-making and spend the night.

At last supper was ready. The snowy table cloth was laden with a glorious repast. The turkey, now in the fulfilment of his destiny, was delicious looking in his bed of parsley; the pumpkin pies, like golden moons, shone from the sideboard; the cranberry sauce, with its scarlet color brightened the feast. Daddy was at the foot, his cherry old face beaming. Granny was at the head, her face sweet and peaceful. "Wait, Daddy!" she cried. "Daisy, run bring the carving knife."

Daisy hurried to the kitchen. She wore a soft red woolen dress with lace at the throat. She was very lovely in spite of the lurking sadness in her face. She looked about for the knife. A knock came at the door and she went timidly to it, wondering who would come to the kitchen door.

She threw the door open. Tom stood there smiling merrily! "I came to the front door and hearing no sound of life thought I'd sneak in this way."

"Why, Tom," she faltered. "When did you come back?"

"Didn't you expect me, Daisy?"

"Why you went away and never left any word—and—and—" Tears were very near the surface.

"I went to town to get something I wanted before I went North. How could you think I wasn't coming back?"

"Why you sent word to Mrs. Bedinger that you were sorry not to have seen her."

Tom's face hardened, then suddenly relaxed.

"She heard I was going and asked me to stop if I had time and see her about getting some material for her. I got word too late to see her about it.

Daisy said nothing, but the warm color flamed in her cheeks.

"Daisy," he said very tenderly, taking her hands. "I bring you my love—the best I can give; what have you for me?"

Just then Daddy's deep voice—he couldn't wait any longer—boomed forth. "For what we are about to receive make us truly thankful."

The long-hidden dimple peeped out then, and her face grew tender.

"I give you," she said simply, "my willing hands and thankful heart to keep forever and forever."

"Daisy," came Granny's gentle voice.

Uncle James' round face appeared in the doorway.

"Why hello, Tom!" he cried. "Come on in and taste the turkey. Come, Daisy," he added, with twinkling eyes, "I see the kitchen is too warm for you."

"Wait," said Tom. He slipped the lovely pearl ring on her finger. "Let's go in together and give thanks."

To a Friend

YOU ARE to me a soul wherein my soul can rest,
And feel the presence of His soul;
A mind wherein my mind can think
And clear the doubtings lurking there;
An eye wherein my eye can see
The insight into depths unknown;
A heart wherein my heart can beat
And feel the pulse of passing life;
A hand wherein my hand can feel
The warmth of others made by God,
And life wherein my life can be
The better for the knowing thee

—*M. A. B.*

Stevenson's Studies in Child Life

Ruth Robinson

STEVENSON did not make a cut-and-dried study of child life. He studied it through remembering his own childhood. Balfour says in his "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," "It may be seen that Stevenson alike at two-and-twenty and five-and-thirty remembered his own child life as it is given to few grown men and women to remember." He, himself, writes in his "Letters," "I am one of the few people who do not forget their own lives."

To show that most of his writings for children are reminiscences we may bear in mind the following instance: His mother wrote in her diary, "Smout (that was her pet name for him) can't understand the days getting longer, and says he 'would rather go to bed at the seven o'clock that used to be.'" Then in the "Child's Garden of Verse" we have the familiar little poem called "Bed in Summer,"

> In winter I get up at night
> And dress by yellow candle-light.
> In summer, quite the other way,
> I have to go to bed by day.
>
> I have to go to bed and see
> The birds still hopping on the tree,
> Or hear the grown-up people's feet
> Still going past me in the street.
>
> And does it not seem hard to you,
> When all the sky is clear and blue,
> And I should like so much to play,
> To have to go to bed by day.

Not only is this selection written in the first person, but nearly all of the "Child's Garden of Verse" is the same way. Of course this does not prove that all of these things happened in his own life, but it points in that direction very strongly.

There is another one of his writings which does not give us this view. It leads us to think that he really made a study of child life. In his "Notes on the Movements of Small Children" he seems to watch the children, and then write down his observations. He tells us that he was in a hotel one evening when some young ladies began to lead a dance in which were two little children about eight years old. These little girls were so graceful that Stevenson noticed them particularly. He says that they danced beautifully, but at times they would get so enthusiastic as to part with the regular figures and make up variations of their own. After these had stopped the music kept up, and a little tot about two or three years old toddled out in the midst of the floor. She had a wonderful ear for music and just danced as the music prompted. Sometimes there would be only disconnected attitudes and then again it looked as if she were really carrying out a figure. Stevenson writes that the unstudied movements of the small child pleased him far more than the grace of the older girls.

But another very pretty little sketch of his, called "Child's Play," is about half way between these two attitudes. In it he says, "To grown people, cold mutton is simply mutton the world over, but to a child it is still possible to weave enchantments over eatables. A child may call it red venison and tell himself a hunter's story about it; or if he has read of a dish in a book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week. A grown person may make up the most adventuresome stories and do the most daring deeds while sitting quietly in a chair, but a child must have his stage settings. If he makes up a story about a battle he must provide himself with a sword and have a bloody encounter with some piece of furniture; or if he is playing the king's messenger he must bestride a chair, which he will so belabor and on which he will so furiously bemean himself that the messenger will arrive, if not bloody with spurring, at least fiery red with haste. Again, taking a tub for a fortified town and a shaving brush for a deadly stiletto, he will have a most furious and bloody battle."

Making believe is the gist of his whole life. Stevenson said that he could not sit down to his book and learn the alphabet without playing that he was a business man in his office. Then he said that he remembered the dignity and self reliance that came with a pair of burnt cork mustachios.

While he was visiting at his grandfather's there were usually several cousins there also. One of these he especially had a good time with. They usually would have porridge for breakfast. Stevenson would take his with milk and his cousin would have sugar on his. The porridge with the sugar on it would be snow-covered land with mountains and valleys. There would be the most dreadful landslides and hundreds of people would be killed. That with milk would be a land which was gradually being covered with water. In one place there would be an island, and as it sank from view the cries of the people would be heard. So these daily occurrences would be most tragic.

But better than all of this was the calves' feet jelly. He thought that he would find Red Beard, the forty thieves, or maybe Aladdin's cave in the tiny crevices. He says that it tasted better with milk, but he was afraid that he might miss some of these wonders if the jelly was covered with milk. If he did not find all of these marvelous things his faith was not shaken the least bit; he would patiently wait until next time.

Stevenson says in speaking of children, "They walk in a vain show and among mists and rainbows. They are passionate after dreams and unconcerned about realities." He writes, "Don't wake a child from its pretty dreams too soon, because it will have to deal with the stern realities soon enough."

My Creed

George Bailey

TO ever see the sunbeam
That breaks through tiny cracks,
To ever feel the wonder
That music often lacks,
To ever hear the sweetness
In voices that are hard,
To ever smell the perfume
Though dead be flower yard,
To ever think of others
Not as they think of me,
To ever be and always
What Chirst would have me be.

When I Was Just a Little Boy

Emily Eley

WHEN I was just a little boy
I'd lie on the rug at night;
I'd tell my little doggie stories,
And hug him good and tight.

I'd rest my head upon his back,
And when of this I'd tire
I could see bright, dancing fairies
As I looked into the fire.

Soon papa would come into the room,
And then he'd say to me:
"Is sonny tired of playing now?
Come sit on papa's knee."

Then he'd tell me 'bout when he was little
And played hookie once from school,

And said the marks made on his hands
Were not of the *golden* rule.

Soon he'd tell me 'bout my mother
And how she loved him so,
When she was his best sweetheart
And he her bestest beau.

It must be nice to be a sweetheart
Or some one's bestest beau.
I'd like to know which one is best;
Papa says some day I'll know.

As he sits and talks to me gently
Of my little mother dear,
I seem to fade so far away,
And nothing seems just clear.

I see my mother's lovely face,
I feel her clasp my hand;
I feel the sea winds blowing soft,
As we walk along the sand.

It's so nice to be walking thus,
But it all must fade away.
I hear my papa calling me,
"Wake up, kiddie, it is day."

Thanksgiving Reflections

Ruth Robinson

STRANGE how a habit grows upon one. For years now I have spent my Thanksgiving in the same way. As there was no necessity for early rising I have had my breakfast brought to my door at ten o'clock. The same little maid brings it—for I have not changed my place of living, and she—poor little maid—it may be because she has not had time—never seems to have grown any older. The rest of the morning I spend writing to Mary, telling her that I am sorry that I must decline her invitation to spend the day with her and her family—and hoping that this Thanksgiving Day will find them all as well and happy as they were on the last. It takes me a long time to write this yearly letter because—ah, because—I cannot tell why—you would not understand.

Then there is always dinner in the boarding house with the other boarders, who, like myself—being neither fathers nor grandfathers nor uncles—are not present at the various family gatherings. We laugh and talk and appear to be very jovial, but each one—secretly—is glad when the dinner is over. On all other days we have a fellow feeling—we boarders—but on this day we wish the other did not know how much of a farce it is to pretend to be happy on Thanksgiving day when one has no family ties.

Several, no doubt, like myself, receive invitations, but one feels that entrance into the family circle on such a day is an intrusion. Mary's invitation regularly tells me that I am "just like one of the family" and that "George and the children" join her in desiring me to come, but somehow—even though George is my adopted brother and Mary his wife—I never can quite bring myself to consent.

The afternoon I spend taking a short walk—short because I dislike the changed, subdued look of streets so

full of life on other days—and alternate dozing and reading. After supper it is much the same, and when it is time to retire I have a feeling of relief—I might even say thankfulness, which is not inappropriate to the day—that it does not come again for another year.

But this year—you may not believe it—I scarcely can believe it myself—but this year it is quite—quite different, for I accepted Mary's invitation. Why, I do not know; perhaps because of a strange—almost irresistible longing to see her and her family once more. I do not regret now that I came for they all seem glad to see me and the children ran to meet me and called me "Uncle John." Mary—a Thanksgiving blessing on her dear, kind heart!—must have told them. The oldest is very like her mother once was—impudent, gay, tender, and with eyes so unfathomably deep that no man could ever look into them without wishing that he alone might find their depths.

It has been long—long since I have enjoyed a day as I have this one. There was the dinner—so unlike the dinners with the boarders that I almost felt that they had never been—that this was the only Thanksgiving dinner I had had for years. There were the games afterward with the children and—most delicious of all—the time when, after supper, the children came to me and wanted a story of the time when "mama and papa and you were young like we are."

I told them of the day when their father came to live with us. It was one day when Mary and I were playing under the trees in the yard—Mary lived on the next farm and her father and my father were the best of friends. We had been expecting him all day, for the day before we had received a message telling of the death of father's only brother, leaving a boy of about my age alone in the world. Of course father sent for him at once and this was the day on which we looked for him to come.

At last we saw them coming—father and mother both had gone to meet him—and we ran—eagerly—to see our new playfellow. He was a handsome boy—here little George straightened his shoulders and looked around, for he had been told that he was very like his father at his age—

but crying so bitterly that nothing we could say or do could stop him. At last Mary grew impatient and, stamping her foot, cried, "I hate boys that cry. John never cries."

Then it was that George looked up and saw her. It was not long before he brushed his tears away and was playing with us.

"And he loved mama then and all the time until they were married, didn't he?" asked Mary eagerly.

"Yes," I said. "He did."

"But you—didn't you love our mother, too?" chimed in little George. "I don't see how you could have helped it."

I was silent for a moment, then—"Yes," I replied, "I did."

A hush fell upon the children. They could not understand—but Mary climbed into my lap and rubbed her soft cheek lovingly against mine. Then they all slipped out and left me—alone.

I sat looking into the fire for so long that it startled me when Mary came to the door and told me that the children had made her promise to beg me to stay another night. I said I would think about it and then she too left me—alone.

It was all very sweet and very wonderful—I thank God for it—but tomorrow I must go.

A Prayer

Grace Welker

O THOU, who art the splendor of the storm,
And Thou, who art the spirit of the wind,
The life within the tiny, rustling leaves,
The color in the heart of every rose,
The glory in each tinted sunset cloud,
The rippling music in each child's sweet laugh,
The pathos in its trembling heart-felt tears,—
Hear Thou, my soul's one prayer:

Help me to want to work with heart of love
For glorious nature,—precious mother tears,
And little toiling children of the slums;
To love all these,—and through all these find Thee.

Tom the Ticker

R. J. M.

KNOXIE rolled the rubber in her fingers into a soft ball, flattened it and kneaded it again. At last she pounded it on the table before her in disgust.

"That rubber is exactly like some people," she remarked vehemently, apparently addressing the little black-rimmed clock that stood on the table before her.

"Now, isn't it so?" But the little timekeeper only looked solemn and kept on counting off seconds. Knoxie evidently took the silence for consent for presently she proceeded: "There's Aunt Bess—was there ever anybody as soft and pliable as that dear old soul? Why, she lets Uncle do anything he pleases with her. Before I'd be like that—oh!"

Knoxie had been so absorbed in her thoughts that she had not heard her room-mate enter and it was only when Emma laid her hand on the girl's shoulder that she realized she had been thinking aloud.

"Well!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Of all things! I never dreamed I had a room-mate who talked to herself. Tell me, what's the subject of conversation? Perhaps I can get up an argument with my better self on the same subject some day when I'm lonesome." Then she saw the tears in the little Westerner's eyes and her manner changed from one of careless railery to one of sympathetic concern.

"Tell me, dear, what has happened. You look as if—as if you had just flunked on an algebra exam."

"Nothing like that," Knoxie wailed. "I wish it were. I'm just heartsick, that's all;" and more tears ensued.

Heartsickness, Emma knew in this case to be the same as homesickness, but never having suffered with either, she found it difficult to account for this violent fit of weeping.

"Come, tell me all about it!" she coaxed as she drew the girl beside her to the window-seat. But Knoxie refused to

be coaxed and it was only after a great deal of questioning and much guessing that she learned the story.

Knoxie Alston was a new girl at the Institute. Her aunt and uncle with whom she lived out in Kansas were typical Westerners and had sent their charge East to get her acquainted with eastern manners and customs as well as to give her an education. At least so Emma had thought, but she found there was something else that influenced the staunch old guardians even more than the love for polish and culture. This something else was Tom Ives, a farmer's only son, with whom Knoxie had gone to Sunday school ever since she could walk. Later when she became interested in other things besides Sunday school, Tom Ives had suddenly discovered that he was interested, too. And so it happened that they two saw a great deal of each other. But it was not until late in August of Knoxie's eighteenth summer that any notice was taken of the fact.

Uncle Abram rode up to the door that morning and handed Aunt Bess a bundle of meal bags. "Get Knox to see that they're all right," he said, as he started on toward the barn.

"She and Tom went to the mail box. I'll tell her when she comes."

The old man reined in his horse suddenly, frowned, and exclaimed, "Look here, Bess, it looks to me like those two go to the box mighty often. This thing's got to stop!"

The little woman didn't reply but hung her sunbonnet on its accustomed nail and went in to fix supper. That night, however, the subject was brought up again, and in less than an hour it had been decided that Knox was to be sent to the Institute. All the girl's impulsive protests and entreaties were in vain. So she had come very unwillingly to make her home among strangers.

Emma, though, was no stranger. From the very first she had made the timid girl welcome and it was only on occasions such as today, when school duties demanded her attention, that she even gave her little room-mate a chance to get homesick.

Today when she had found out all she could about the sufferer's grief she only smiled and applied her cure-all,

a real bear hug. "Don't you worry, dear. Thanksgiving is almost here and remember we have a week's holiday."

And nothing more was said then, but later Emma thought again of the girl's story. In fact, Knoxie's silence and occasional tears were a constant source of worry to the older girl. Her sympathetic heart yearned to do something to help.

It was several days later that Knoxie rushed into 21, threw an algebra at the dark head poring over a psychology, and executed an Indian war-dance in the middle of the bed.

"Oh, piffles, read that!" she cried as she succeeded in extracting an envelope from the sleeve of her middy blouse. "Wouldn't that jar your grandmother's preserves?"

Emma looked at her in astonishment. Was this her room-mate—the girl to whom she had done her worst, as she had expressed it, to impart some of her own fun-loving, prank-playing disposition? She smiled as she noted the sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks of the girl before her.

It was just what Emma had expected, a note from home in which Aunt Bess told all the news and said Uncle Abram was inclosing a check and hoped Knox would have sense enough not to waste it. Emma smiled to herself as she read that and wondered if Aunt Bess thought that was what she had meant when she wrote that Knox was a bit homesick and needed a little cheering up.

"No, I won't waste it," Knox announced convincingly. "The very day that I meet my last class before the holiday I board the train for Kansas and you're going with me. Hoop-la!" and another jig accompanied the words.

"Don't!" Emma cautioned. "I'm thinking."

"*Mirabile dictu!* What can be the meaning of such an unusual mental procedure?" was the good-natured rejoinder.

"Knox, I have it! Go right down to the office and send a telegram home. Say—'Meet me No. 4 Wednesday. Tom is with me.'"

"Emma King, are you crazy?"

"No, listen—" and five minutes later she had explained the plan and the younger girl was breathless with excited approval.

"Fine! It'll serve them right, dear old souls, for thinking I was in love with that impossible Tom Ives. He is nice but I couldn't love him in a thousand years!" and with a departing squeeze Knox rushed through the door and down the corridor.

But the excitement in Room 21 in no way equalled that created on the little farm down in Kansas when the message arrived.

"What do you suppose she means?" Uncle Abram asked for the fiftieth time.

And Aunt Bess's answer was the same she had given him each time. "It can mean only one thing. I heard Betty Ives say just yesterday that Tom had gone to St. Louis to get some machinery and I might a-known 'twas a fib. He's gone east and married Knox, that's all there is to it."

"Well, there's this much more to it," her companion ventured, "I won't have it said that your Uncle Abram don't know when he's beat. I'll drive the surrey over to Harmon tomorrow and meet 'em."

The next day as No. 4 pulled into the little station, a silent, care-worn old couple sat side by side in a rickety surrey which had been drawn up to the platform.

Very reluctantly, as if it regretted the interruption, the great St. Louis express slowed up and stopped just long enough to throw out two suitcases and allow two girls to alight.

With a bound Knoxie had reached the surrey and was hugging first one and then the other of the old people, talking rapidly, and weeping joyously.

"You precious old dears," she panted at last. "This is Em, my best chum," and having administered all the embraces the old people could stand she turned upon Emma and gave her an energetic squeeze.

All this time Uncle Abram and Aunt Bess had been so much out of breath and so surprised that neither of them had uttered a sound. It was only after they were well on their way homeward that the motherly old lady found the voice and the courage to ask about Tom.

"Tom!" Knoxie exclaimed. "Oh, I'd almost forgotten him. Here he is!" and from the bag at her feet she produced the solemn little round-faced timekeeper that had stood on the table in 21. "All the girls at school have their clocks named. They call mine Tom for short. His whole name is Tom the Ticker."

"Gid up!" Uncle Abram commanded, and his last word almost ended in a whistle.

Thanksgiving

Frances Goldman

NOW November's chilly blast
Tells us all that autumn's past,
And that winter's drawing near
With its gladness and its cheer,
Yet there's one day in the fall
Sacred to us one and all.

And o'er all this land of ours,
From its cottages and towers,
All rejoice, both far and near,
That Thanksgiving's nearly here,
And all mortals' praises should
Rise to the Giver of all good.

Thanks for sunshine and for shower,
Ripened grain, and fruit and flower,
Peace o'er this, our native land,
And the blessings hand in hand
We enjoy; for while we live
Gladly we Thanksgiving give.

Our Thanksgiving

Temple Snelling

FOR MANY DAYS previous to Thanksgiving I had been wondering why Grandfather was so much happier than usual. When Thanksgiving morning came, however, he received his morning greeting from me as usual, but directly became prepossessed and thoughtful. I had come down early that morning on purpose, for I wanted to forestall Auntie, in order to ask Grandfather some questions. I had been living with him ever since I could remember, some sixteen years, and during all of these years I had never been able to find out anything concerning my mother. Each time that I enquired, I had been gently put off and promised that perhaps some day I should know. Now I had determined to find out all. Therefore, the first thing I did, after seating myself by his side, was to ask if my mother were living. He seemed preoccupied, and did not answer. This discourged me at once, and before I could summon up the courage to repeat the query, Auntie had entered, and was waiting for us to take our places at the table. Breakfast was eaten very quietly that morning. On rising from the table, Auntie asked me rather pointedly if I did not think it a beautiful day to go horseback riding. I agreed, and expressed my desire to do so, with Grandpa's permission.

In less than half an hour I was ready, and coming out to the porch, saw Grandpa waiting to assist me to mount. The boy had been sent ahead to open the front gate. To my surprise it was suggested that I go by a beautiful woody, secluded little road along which I had been forbidden to go on all previous rides, and to my great delight I was to ride Grandpa's favorite horse, Prince, the best and prettiest horse in our stable. Prince must have liked the new road too, for often he had tried to turn in there and now he cantered along happily while I wondered why this pleasure should have been granted me

at last. Recalling the incident of the morning, however, I soon became angered at myself for not having stuck to my plan of finding out about mother. I longed to know something of her and my heart, I fear, grew bitter toward those gentle ones whom I thought should tell me.

The road led through bare fields, which a fence inclosed, to a clump of trees in the distance. Cedars were on either side, and as I rode along a robin now and then would fly up, half-frightened at my approach. Coming nearer I saw in the clump of trees a large, square stone house, so moss covered and gray it had the appearance of being a part of the trees and the encircling garden wall with its sleeping vines. When I arrived at the garden wall I found a large, rusty iron gate. Some one was standing there to open it for me, as though I were expected. Who should it be but Aunty's favorite servant, Jim, whom I had not seen for two days. This recalled a conversation I had heard in the kitchen at home, a few days before. Jim had been away for several days and was telling the cook about some one whose mind must have been affected, being better. I had tried at the time to find out what it was about, but both negroes were dumb as oysters. Nevertheless, I greeted him with a hearty "good morning."

"Miss Addie, I done been speckin' yo' for de las' hour."

"How's that, Jim? You expecting me! I don't understand."

"Well, bless yo' heart, 'cose you 'members when I used to tell ob de fairy place dat hab your mudder in hit? And dat how I 'lowed dat sum day you'd find dat mudder, and she would be a shore nuff mudder for you, honey."

"Yes, yes, Jim, but has that anything to do with your being here, and expecting me?" I asked with eagerness.

"Not so hasty, Miss! Dat story done come true, sho' as de gospel!"

"Take this horse quick!" I exclaimed, dismounting and hastening toward the house, that now appeared strangely familiar to me. Then I learned through Uncle Jim's effective negro dialect how I had been taken from the place at the age of two, when my father died and mother's mind was affected, having been ill all during her husband's

illness and for a long time after his death. She had been led gradually to believe that I was dead, too, for the doctors had said that I must be kept away from her until her health improved. After fourteen long years in this lamentable condition, she had, by degrees, regained health and reason. Then it was that she was informed of the true state of affairs and of the lapse of time.

I was ushered into a cheerful little sitting room, much different from the cold, gray exterior of the house. Soon Jim re-appeared and showed me into a large, high-ceilinged library made homelike and comfortable by a brightly-burning fire. At a glance I knew my mother. Her delicately chiseled features, then so full of animation, and the dark brown eyes, which contrasted strangely with her lovely snow white hair, all went to show how long she had suffered.

She arose from her chair and stood as if stunned, and I remained in the doorway, still coated, with riding whip in hand, and my hat still on. Only a moment thus, and we were in each other's arms. Then she drew up a seat by the fire and I followed her example.

We had sat there talking for a long time of the past, and many proofs of Grandfather's goodness had been revealed to me before he and Aunty drove up. He it was who had guarded my sick mother and raised her child, and he had the crowning reward of being able to see them brought together in perfect health and happiness on a lovely Thanksgiving day.

Sketches

"DARN!"

The setting sun cast a long shadow in front of the tiny figure hurrying across the pumpkin-dotted fields to the woods nearby. Though such a small boy, Tommy had felt the need which small boys seldom feel—the need of being alone. The feeling that no one understood—no one sympathized, was growing and growing, until it overcame him and forced him away to the lonely woods where no one could intrude on his solitude.

This was unusual for Tommy—but then there had been an unusual cause. Never before had such a dark cloud hovered over the fair sky of Tommy's life. He pictured the whole scene over and over again in his mind—the "bunch" coming home from school, the stone in the road, the stumble, the fall, and—the awful word he had said. He hardly dared to think of it—those terrible letters stared at him from the sky; the very pumpkins in the fields seemed to smile at him mockingly. D-a-r-n—he could see those terrible letters everywhere, taunting, relentless. And the fellows had laughed! Oh, no one in the wide world could understand! He was lonely, so lonely in his wickedness. And tomorrow was Thanksgiving day. He had watched all the culinary preparations at the house with a sorrowful heart—what had he to be thankful for? How could he face the crowd of company that was coming, with his guilt showing so plainly in his face? At last, in overwhelming despair, he reached the woods and threw himself down on the fragrant pine-needles, and, unrestrained now, the tears flowed freely and sobs shook the small form. He could never go to heaven now, and mama and papa and sister and little brother would be there, and he would be all alone so very far away from them. Oh, if it could be unsaid! The world was too cruel and hard and no one

could understand. If only tomorrow were any other day but Thanksgiving day—he could feel a little reconciled if it were an ordinary Thursday, but now everyone had something to be thankful for and he had nothing. Suddenly he felt afraid to die and there was nothing to live for now. All the many, many years to come stretched out before him an interminable, empty blank—how could he live through it all? He felt that he hated everybody—everything, and—he rose and looked around him with round frightened eyes, and sobbed out in a strange half whisper, "I hate God." There! he had said it! He was as wicked as he could possibly be now. He had said he hated God, and tomorrow was Thanksgiving Day and he didn't have anything to be thankful for.

Tommy miserably crouched closer to the ground and buried his tear-stained face in the dead leaves. How still everything was now. All the little night sounds—the soft, contented twitter of the sleepy birds, the gentle rustling of the treetops in the cool night breeze, and the far-off lonely bark of a dog. Was it always to be like this? Would he always feel so lonely, so very, very much apart as he did now? He had no hope—no future—nothing any more. He almost wished he would die, but he didn't want to be burned, and that's what the preacher had said only last Sunday. "Burn in everlasting fire"—these were the words he had said.

Then a wave of self-pity swept over him and he pictured them finding him cold and stiff and dead, with his eyes staring and glassy, like Fluff's were when she had got in a fight with Towser. Then they wouldn't have anything to be thankful for either and the fellows would be sorry they had laughed. He pictured over again Fluff's mournful funeral, and, putting himself in the kitten's place, he saw his lifeless body let down into the ground and covered over and the dirt packed down tightly. Then he forgot all about this great trouble of his life and began to wonder and to doubt. How could he ever get to heaven anyway if they packed the dirt down hard? He couldn't—just couldn't. The doubt grew and grew until it took possession of his mind and became a certainty there. It was all a story—

there wasn't any God and there wasn't any heaven—it was just like when he had found out there wasn't any Santa Claus. Everything was a story—a big, awful story. What were people ever made for? what did they have Fluffs and Towsers and trees and woods and fields for, and where did they all come from?

With a strange new sense of freedom he stood up and looked around, his lips set in a straight line and his hands clenched determinedly. "Darn!" he said, "D-a-r-n!"

With shoulders squared and head high, Tommy walked home in the grayness and silence of the twilight, but satisfied that he knew. *Gertrude Welker.*

SARAH

Sarah, an old woman who lives near my home, is very masculine in appearance. Her hair, which is somewhat short and of a grizzly color, is always on the point of tumbling down.

Her skirts are always caught up about twelve or fifteen inches from the floor on each side with large brass pins, and are almost trailing in the back and front.

Usually she is barefooted but sometimes she wears old shoes, which are about three sizes too large. —*L. G.*

MY FIRST SKETCH FOR THE FOCUS

September 27, 1913, will always stand out as a landmark and a memorable date in my life. It was on that date that I stole down stealthily before breakfast, accompanied by a trustworthy companion to act as a spy, and with heart faint and knees trembling, stuffed into a small box on the door of *The Focus* office my first sketch.

The aspiration to have my thoughts recorded in a magazine of so much fame was by no means new to me. It had been inspired some several months before by a tall, shadowy blond of the faculty, who uses her time and energy to teach us English.

With this thought in my mind, I pleasantly whiled away the summer and in September returned to the Normal School with the determination that I should not let a

single month pass by without some effort on my part to be classed among the literary stars.

Having received no notification that my manuscript had passed the critical eyes of the editors, I lived daily in mortal agony. When at last the notice was given out to come for the new *Focus*, I immediately rushed toward *The Focus* office. When the business manager handed me a copy I grabbed it and with eager eyes scanned the table of contents.

At last! My aspirations were realized. My sketch had been published. Hurrying through the halls, not heeding the call of the editor-in-chief to come back and be congratulated, I fell overwhelmed inside the door of my room.

—*L. C. H.*

A BAD MORNING

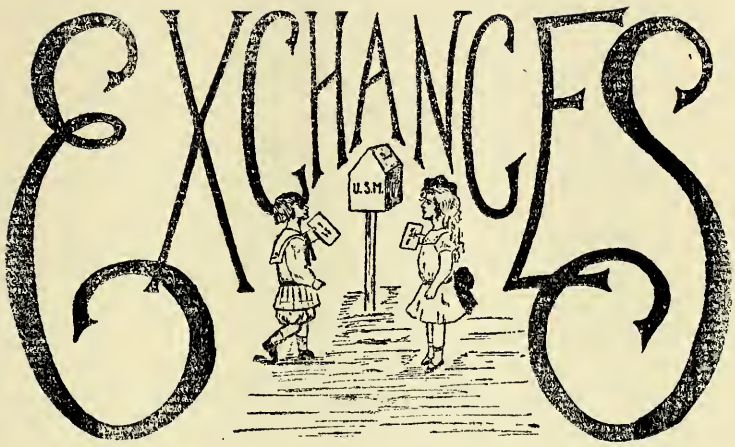
"Yes, I know I wanted to come, and even ventured to tell my sister one day when I was very angry because she would not answer me when I asked her advice, that I would be so much happier at school. Well, now I'm sorry I ever saw this place," said Florence, a freshman, as she entered her door after her third week at school.

"Well, what has gone wrong now?" asked her jolly room-mate. "I thought you told me you were beginning to like this place much better, and that you—"

"I know I did, but, Ethel, you listen to me two minutes and you will see why I hate this place so much. Well, this morning I don't know how, but it seems that I started the day wrong. It wasn't my fault though—I didn't hear the rising bell and when 7:30 came I was having the pleasantest dream, when I was awakened right at the most interesting point by the sound of the breakfast bell. I was awfully hungry, so I dressed as hurriedly as I could for I feared I should miss my breakfast. When I entered the door Miss Fannie touched me on the shoulder and asked me why my hair was arranged so poorly. I told her I just forgot to roll it up the night before, and much to my glory she let me go in. After breakfast I set to work to clean the room before going to chapel. I had just put all the books up in the book case and was standing off congratu-

lating myself for getting them in so quickly when the chapel bell rang. I rushed madly around for I had just five minutes to finish the room and get to chapel. I threw all the extra debris as far back in the closet as I could get it, thinking no one would ever see it, and left the room. I rushed back from chapel to spend my vacant period studying, thinking Mrs. Morris had been around, but in a second I heard her in the next room, so I ran and jumped into the closet. She then came pecking on my door and walked in. I was back in the closet rejoicing that she would not see me, but she quietly opened the door and looked in. 'Well, Florence,' she said, 'what are you doing in here? I am surprised at you. Your closet must be cleaner than this the next time or I will have to leave you a note.'

" 'Oh! Mrs. Morris, I will clean it at once, but I just didn't have time before chapel.' As she went out the door I said, 'Good-bye, Mrs. Morris,' just as sweet as I could. I then went to work to straighten it up. I had just finished and had sat down to look over my lesson when the bell rang for my first class. Well, what was I to do? I had not looked at my language lesson but I went on to class. As I entered the door I felt that something was going to happen—a minute later while I was buried in my book, I heard Miss Brown say, 'Books closed. We will write our lesson today.' I think I answered about two questions out of ten. After this I had two more written lessons and failed on one right after the other. Now did you ever hear of such luck? Did you ever have everything to go wrong all in one morning?" —*Grace Johnson.*



Begin over again. We can look on this sentence in two different ways. We can say, "Well, it has been done once, there is no use to put much time or thought on it again." Or we can say, "It has been done once and this time it is going to be done better." Of course there are some cases when a thing cannot be done better than it has been but we all know that such cases are few. So, since we have taken up in our exchanges short stories, essays, editorials, poetry, and exchanges we are going to begin over again with the short story, and have it for our aim—at least—to criticize more kindly, justly, and especially more helpfully than before.

The *Gallowegian* came this month and we looked over it eagerly to find the short stories, but not one could we find. You made a mistake, little magazine, for the short story is a very important element of the complete whole every college magazine should try to be. Why was it? We know that it is difficult to collect material for the first issue of the year because everybody then has so many other duties and there can be no magazine without support. Perhaps—it might be—that a number of stories were sent in and the literary editor deemed none of them worthy of being

published. If such was the true state of affairs you have much to be thankful for because it shows that you have "would-be" writers and these—properly directed and encouraged—may make good short-story writers. There is always this problem before the staff of a college magazine. Is it better to publish the magazine for the needs and benefit of those who contribute to it and are its readers and supporters, or to gain the commendation of other exchanges. It might have been better to publish one or two of these stories even at the risk of severe criticism in order to encourage and help these writers. Mind—we only say might have been. It is a question each staff must decide for itself.

There is a story in *The Critic* called "The Two Trails." The plot is not at all original. It is the same idea of the bad boy who does wrong, suffers for it and then repents. In this case the boy goes fishing in the dam after having been forbidden to do so, the line breaks and he falls in—but "after he had disappeared for the third time" he is saved by the man he had disobeyed—then repents.

The climax is not well worked out because we know from the very beginning what the end is going to be, for it almost inevitably follows when the story starts out as does "The Two Trails."

The unity of the story is good, however, and the details are well chosen except a few that have become time-worn and no longer add to the story, such as the phrase, "dived into the water just as Jack disappeared for the third time." No doubt the first writer of this phrase thought it added suspense to have the drowning person disappear the traditional three times before being rescued, but now the expression is ineffectual in gaining this end.

The conversation is rather stilted. We feel that the writer is making his people talk as they ought to—not as they would like to.

But we like the description at the end. We believe the writer has descriptive powers. After the boy has decided on the "right trail" the story ends thus: "The crickets in the nearby fields chirped in unison. Far up the river

from a tree-top a whip-poor-will sang its plaintive song. The drowsy frogs croaked on. They did not know that on that very night a traveler had left the wrong trail and found the right."

"The Masqueraders," in the *University of Virginia Magazine*, is an unusual story and a good one. The masqueraders "in the ball-room of one of our most popular country clubs" are not easy to manage and yet this author handles them very cleverly. There is the fool, the priest, the devil, the goddess, and if we look through the French windows we can see "a prim Priscilla swing lightly by on the arm of a convict; a cowboy and a fat Spanish danseuse turkeytrotted along" and other combinations quite as incongruous as these. The story deals with the "priest" and the "goddess." The priest had left the country five years before "swearing that no two eyes, however bright, should make a fool of him again." Of course we know that he is going to succumb to the graces of the goddess but how—we do not know until the end, nor do we know that she is the owner of the same pair of eyes that drove him away before. The conversation is good. It is difficult to make conversation natural, but this writer has accomplished it.

We might call it "a quick comedy"—the plot being the chief element. The climax is well worked out, the interest being sustained until the last. We like the story because it is different from so many others and because "the masqueraders" are so cleverly handled.

"Mary Helen's Triumph," in the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, is a short story on a subject which is of interest to school girls particularly. The title is not well chosen, however, for it tells us how the story is going to end, thus taking away the element of suspense.

The plot is very simple, but it is well worked out. The action proceeds from the first and the freshmen gain our sympathy at once. It would have been better if Mary Helen had forgotten her "efforts" in her enthusiasm over the victory of her class, instead of feeling "fully repaid" for them.

The story would have been more effective if the climax were nearer the end. The ending is good, for it leaves us with a sense of satisfaction. We are glad that the freshmen "came out on top."

The opening description of "Among the Spurs of Old Virginia," which appears in *The Record*, gives a beautiful picture of evening, but there are too many details crowded into the first sentence. Some of them should have been omitted, or two sentences should have been made.

The plot is the element of the story emphasized. The details are well arranged, giving unity of effect. Little Jack's story arouses our interest at once, making us eager to know what will become of the manly little fellow. It is not probable that the mountaineers, who were enraged by Jack's betraying them, would have waited several weeks to render their decision. It would have been better if they had waited several days.

We are glad that Jack's father was restored to him, therefore the ending is a very good one. Indeed we feel like cheering with the soldiers for "Uncle Sam's little secret service man."

THE FOCUS

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

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

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

Editorial

Y. W. C. A. Sitting Room

One of the things we have most to be thankful for is the new Y. W. C. A. sitting room. It is roomy, pretty, and artistically furnished. Here the girls can spend their leisure moments in a pleasant way at any time. It is the best place to become acquainted with each other and to discuss current topics of school interest as well as other subjects. We believe that a great deal of pleasure and good may be derived from the use of this room. Let's use it all we can—and keep it looking pretty!

* * *

Thankfulness

What is thankfulness? Is it just a feeling of happiness that some great good fortune has come to us, or is it a feeling that makes us recognize and appreciate the blessings of our every-day lives—that makes us search them out, even though the trials may seem more numerous, and be thankful for the very trials that make the blessings more

pronounced? This last is the way we should look at things, I think. We have our lives to live, so why fill them with complaints? We could not appreciate the good things of our lives if we had no acquaintance with its sadness and trials. We do not wish to lie always in a bed of roses—we want the thorns sometimes.

So let us try to be thankful for whatever has come to cheer or to sadden our lives. There is a purpose in it all that we with our little human minds cannot understand. Let us try to see the silver lining of every cloud—it is there and must show itself sometime.

Let us try the experiment of counting over a few of our blessings. So many of the free gifts God has given us have become so necessary to our lives that we cease to regard them as blessings and cease to be thankful for them. But let us remember that there is an all-enveloping kindness that surrounds us with these every-day blessings and keeps and guides our lives through good and evil. The trials that come to us are simply to prove our worthiness for greater happiness.

When we remember the Pilgrim fathers, how they experienced sore trials and hardships, and yet remained loving, trusting, thankful through it all—even set apart a special day for Thanksgiving—ought not our thankfulness to come from our heart of hearts—our soul of souls?

* * *

Independence

In the buzz and hustle of present day life there is a decided lack of many of the old virtues. Not the least among these is *independence*. There are several reasons for this, viz., a mistaken point of view, indolence, and cowardice.

A great many people train themselves to think that they are incapable of doing things. They underrate their own worth, and hypnotize themselves into believing that they lack judgment and strength to stand alone. Therefore, they blindly follow the common herd, often trusting to the decisions of people less capable than themselves.

Others are too lazy to be independent. In their opinion it is too much trouble to think, to decide, to act. They

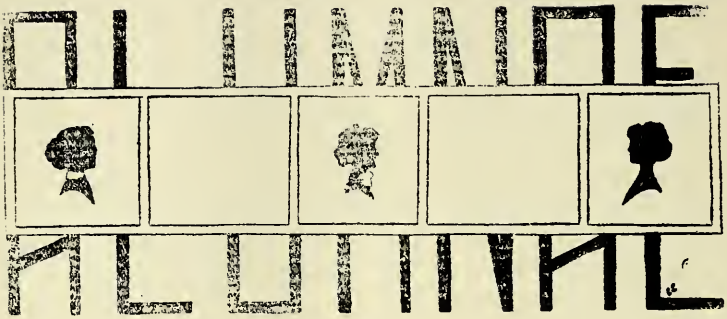
prefer to do as the world does, regardless of the right or wrong of the matter in hand. Such people never accomplish anything. They are merely the puppets of their associates.

The third class of dependents is composed of those who are afraid to disagree. Among these there are many independent thinkers, but no independent actors. They are too cowardly to live up to their light. Rather than be unpopular they allow themselves and others to be imposed upon without lifting a finger, overlooking the fact that the man who has not one enemy is unworthy of a friend. Mistaken in this respect they go through life too weak to uphold the right or to take a decided point of view.

This lack of independence is one of the greatest evils of the present day. Owing to the herding together of humanity, one person takes the lead in the wrong direction and many others follow, doing injustice to themselves and to their fellow men. There is another disadvantage even greater, the retardation of progress. Had not some one done a little original thinking, science would now be an unknown thing and America would never have been discovered. We may not consider ourselves capable of discovery or invention, but the resources of the human being are fathomless, and they deserve at least a chance to prove themselves.

We must strive to be independent. To this end it should be our endeavor to halt in the course of our daily lives and think whether we are living according to our own convictions, or only following those of our friends. By means of independence only the progress of the world will continue, and the development of the individual will truly exceed our expectations.

Margaret Franklin Snow.



To Alumnae of Normal Schools of Virginia:

Greeting—Considering the Educational Conference to be held at Lynchburg, November 26, 27, 28, a most opportune occasion, it has been thought advisable to bring before the combined Alumnae at that time the following vital questions:

How can proper recognition of Professional Training be secured?

State Normal Diplomas and Certificates versus Summer Normal Certificates.

Should the State confer degrees on State Normal School graduates?

Discussion of plan of U. S. Commissioners of Education for Administration of Rural Schools.

By co-operation with the Virginia State Teachers' Association an eminent speaker will be secured to present the cause.

The following program has been arranged:

Alumnae Banquet, Wednesday November 26th, 10 p. m.

State Alumnae Business Session, Thursday 11 a. m.

Alumnae and Teachers' Association Address, Thursday, November 27, 8 p. m.

Upon receipt of one dollar ($1.00) for plate, a badge of recognition will be sent you which you will please wear.

Kindly send this dollar by November 10 to *Miss Elizabeth Galloway*, 614 *Seventh St., Lynchburg, Va.*

Trusting that you will realize the importance of being present and of lending your voice in the promotion of questions so vital to you and to the profession, I am

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. P. MONTAGUE, President,

Virginia State Female Alumnae,

Farmville Normal School.

All Alumnae are asked to attend this meeting.

Blanche McClintic, class '13, visited the school in October.

Hattie Bugg, '06, became the bride of Mr. Clyde Duvall on October 22.

Katherine Diggs, '13, paid us a visit on October 10.

Ella Pope and Lettie Wynne, '13, are spending the winter at home, Drewryville.

Annie Laurie Stone, '13, is teaching in Goochland.

Louise Adams, '06, was married on October 29 to Rev. James Andrew Armstrong.

Clara Fallwell, '07, was married in Aug. to Mr. ———

Mrs. W. H. Ferguson (Lizzie Davis, '07), of Richmond, is visiting her parents in Farmville, accompanied by her little son, William Henry, Jr.

Frances Andrews, '13, is teaching at Gaskins, Va.

Mamie Auerback, '12, attended Columbia University the past summer, giving especial attention to mathematics. She is supervisor of that subject in Barton Heights High School, Richmond, this year.

Ruth Percival, '13, is teaching at home this year, Petersburg.

Myrtle Huddle, '12, is teaching at Rocky Mount, Va.

India White and Louise Balthis, '12, and Effie Wrenn, '11, are teaching near Farmville.

Mrs. A. D. Kaylor (Alice Virginia Reynolds, '06) is living at Victoria.

The first number in the series of Star Course entertainments was given in the auditorium on the night of October 20, by the Chicago Glee Club. It was very much enjoyed by every one present.

As a means of securing a closer bond of sympathy between the Faculty and the students, the Faculty has instituted an advisory system. In accordance with this system each member of the Faculty has taken a certain number of girls—each girl being at liberty to go to her with any personal matter about which she needs advice.

Mrs. Valentine, one of the foremost woman suffragists of the State, addressed the girls briefly in chapel on Thursday morning, October 22. Her subject was "Preparing American Women for Citizenship."

In order to contribute to the cause of the Normal League, the Senior Class gave a very effective dramatization of "Mother Goose's Children" on Friday night, Oct. 24. Much of their success was due to the very able way in which the Faculty Senior heralded their coming.

The Y. W. C. A. has been given one of the rooms on the lower floor to hold all of their business and social meetings in. It has been furnished very attractively with mission

furniture, rugs, sofa pillows, etc. The girls have found it an ideal place to loaf at odd times.

The Ballad Club began its work for this year Wednesday, October 29. The ballads that the members had found during the summer were reported. The club expects to study and collect negro folk lore, especially, this year.

As a representative of this club, Mr. Grainger will speak at the Educational Conference in Lynchburg at Thanksgiving.

For its course of study this year, the Argus Literary Society has chosen the life, character and works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

On October 17, the following girls were enrolled as active members: Sallie Perkins, Christine Mekan, Elizabeth Ewall, Louise Harvey, Bessie Bivins, Mattie Love Doyne, Sallie Johnson, Louise Miller, Margaret Tarter, Alma Craddock, Louise Bondurant, Nancy Ritsch.

The Cunningham Literary Society has chosen for its course of study this year, "The Modern Drama." Especial attention will be paid to the dramatists of Norway, France, England and America. The following new members have been enrolled: Evelyn Peake, Evelyn Dinwiddie, Fannie Hosier, Mildred Booker, Pauline Ward, Margaret Collier, Virginia Howison, Ruth Jones, Gertrude Turnbull, Juanita Manning, Elfie Meredith, Margaret Helm, Helen Campbell, Madeline Warburton, Virginia Thomas, Didie Minton, Susie Hancock, Emily Eley, Gertrude Welker.

The Athenian Literary Society chose for its course of study this term, "American Fiction." The society welcomes the following new members: Mary Bell, Ruth Seyell, Bessie Bucher, Alice Smith, Mary Codd, Virginia Watkins, Genevieve Gresham, Margaret Wilson, Nellie Hurd, Elizabeth Jarratt, Marion Johnson, Aurelia Kayton, Elizabeth Kellam, Jessie Kellam, Lutie Lewis, Blair Maben, Mildred Moore, Elizabeth Painter, Vix Rucker, Beulah Scott.

The Pierian course of study for this term is "Short Stories," by American, English and French short story writers.

On October 15, 1913, the following were elected active members of the Society: Lucy Allen, Annie Blankenship, Sallie Cassidy, Margaret Coverston, Mary Coverston, Francis Davis, Nettie Davis, Naomi Duncan, Emma Jesser, Lottie Jennings, Martha Lee, Lelia Mackey, Pearl Moore, Mary Rumbaugh, Rebecca Rowland, Margaret Waterfield.

On Thursday evening, September 18, Der Deutsche Sprachverein held its first regular meeting this session in the new reception room. The new members were warmly welcomed in speeches by Miss Potter, Miss Smithey and Miss Banks. The walls of the pretty room were made to resound with the merry voices of the members as they played games and sang songs of the Fatherland. Later in the evening dainty refreshments were served. After more informal conversation the members adjourned.

The Dramatic Club was organized in October with the following members: Marguerite Archambault, George Bailey, Lucile Baldwin, Annie Banks, Maria Bristow, Mattie Love Doyne, Naomi Duncan, Nan Gray, Josie Guy, Alice Howison, Virginia Howison, Jessie Pribble, Mary Putney, Mary Rumbaugh, Lillian Trotter, Grace Welker. "Trelawney of the Wells," by A. W. Pinero, will be presented the middle of December.

Hit or Miss

The literary man stood at the postoffice window.

"Do you make any reduction for manuscript?" he asked.

"Why, no, why should we?" the postmaster inquired.

"Well then, give me stamps for this manuscript," he thundered hotly.

"Straight ticket or round trip?" the postmaster asked.

A group of bad boys in a Southern town once pasted the words of "My Wife's Gone to the Country," "Everybody's Doing It," and some others in an old darkey preacher's hymn book. When services began the old darkey said: "Let's sing hymn 26." But when he saw, "My Wife's Gone to the Country," he said, "Naw, brethren, we won't sing that. Let's sing 43." Yet when the congregation turned to that and the preacher saw what it was, he said, in disgust, "Well, we just won't sing anything. Some sassing somebody done cut out the Baptist hymns and put Episcopal ones in their place."

Mr. Coyner (in Hist. of Ed.)—Now what shall I put by Bacon?

M-r-a B-i-t-w—Eggs.

Hampden-Sidney Boy—Do you know the Normal School is nothing but a match factory?

S. N. S. Girl—Yes, the Normal School furnishes the heads and gets the sticks from Hampden-Sidney.

ECHOES FROM SENIOR PLAY

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cubbard to get her goose a piece of ham."

"Hey diddle diddle the cow and the moon, the spoon ran after the little dog."

J-u-i-a M-n-i-g (illustrating a moral question in Primary Ed. to Mr. Coyner)—"Now suppose you were going with a crowd of girls on a mid-night feast."

DAFFYDILS?

Why is Nonie Curling?
We made Elizabeth Painter.

When does Elva File?
When Alice Rakes.

On what does Lydia Muse?
On visiting Agnes Knightly.

When does Annie Bragg?
When Ida Helen Bowles.

Whom is Dorothy Loving?
Her Kathleen and Winifred Cousins.

Why did Ethel Pedigo?
Because she found Frances Strange.

How much is Nora Ashworth?
Enough to make Nannie Ritsch.

What makes Lillian Meeker?
To have Olivia Deisher.

What does Ellie Love?
To have Otelia Joyner.

Why does Kathleen Hale?
To cross the Esther Ford.

How does Florence Hunt?
On a Trotter.

Whom did Nellie Hurt?
She gave Obedience Payne.

Why did Ethel Cheatham?
To let Mary Wynne.

When does Elizabeth Cook?
While Josephine Wayts.

When does Cassie Pace?
When we make Virginia Driver.