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Longwood University

THE FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

FARMVILLE, VA.

DECEMBER, 1913

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THE FOCUS

VOL. III FARMVILLE, VA., DECEMBER, 1913 NO. 8

Winter

Margaret R. Porter

WINTER, with winds a-brooding o'er the land,
While gaunt and bare the giant oak trees stand
Lifting their arms in piteous appeal
Up to the leaden sky's unyielding span.

Winter, with snow's enchanting lace-work spread
O'er hill and vale, o'er pond and lily bed,
A veil of beauty, pure and chill and fair,
Clothing the world, from whence the flowers are fled.

Winter, with stars' cold, scintillating light
A-gleaming through the chillness of the night,
Bright jewels sparkling, red and gold and green,
Above the sleeping world of drifted white.

How Micky Kept the Peace

Mary Belle Frantz

MICHAEL CARTER, JR., familiarly called "Micky" by his friends, and "Red" by his enemies of Small's Alley, "Red" or "Reddy" being derived from the ruddy hue of his locks,—Micky Carter sat in his "study" and thought over the happenings of the day before.

He sat by the tiny window on the best dry goods box and rested his elbows on the wobbly little table. A pale sunbeam making a final tour of inspection before retiring for the night, surprised itself by penetrating the cloudy window pane and stole in to make discoveries in the unfamiliar quarters. It paused for a moment on Micky's tangled hair and called forth a dull gleam from the burnished mass, then crept on to see further.

Let us follow the sunbeam and see the place in which Micky, the philosopher, the terror of Small's Alley, and captain of Rick's Alley gang, planned his campaigns and dreamed his dreams. I said Micky sat in his study—not that he knew he possessed a study in what he designated as the "top attic,"—but a study it was at this particular time. As for the room itself it put our modern invention to shame in its many-sided usefulness. We all know the peddler that comes regularly with his wonderful money-saving device—potato parer, apple corer, nutmeg grater, and other things too numerous to mention, and all in one, "and only fifty cents for this wonder, madam." We all know the marvelous knife that belongs to the boy across the way with its button hook, screw driver, cork remover, and what not, all included.

However, if the most incorrigible seller of money-saving devices could have looked into this room of Micky's, he would have retired from business in sheer despair. When Micky invited his friends to discuss current affairs it was fitting parlor for his uproarious guests. It was ample

library for his battered books, and as a bed room, the mattress in the corner, with its covering of sacks, was a couch on which the sleeper might cast himself in sheer weariness and be borne off to dreamland to the music of the rats' pattering feet or the noisy squeaking of baby mice. These are only a few of the uses of this apartment of Micky's. It served many other needs—as cabinet room, store house, dining room—this last being put to too brief a use for us to mention.

Micky thought of Miss Helen and the things she had said to them in Sunday school yesterday. Why hadn't she told them before? He had heard of them vaguely but had never dreamed that they could concern him in any way in particular.

She had told them of the star of Bethlehem and the Child in the manger. She had told them that Friday was Christmas day because it was the birthday of the Child. Then she had talked about how there should be peace and good will toward all men on that day. She said that meant to love everybody and not do anything to hurt anybody's feelings and not to quarrel but to be happy and try to help those poorer than yourself to be happy. Micky had not listened very attentively at first. He was planning a campaign against the rival gang in Small's Alley if it snowed.

Then he had become absorbed in her story and listened eagerly. He had grown very uncomfortable when she told about the peace and good will, as he thought of the good licking he had planned for Jakey Cline. When the others filed out Micky waited, as was his custom, for a word with Miss Helen. She had asked him if he were glad Christmas was coming. He guessed he was—there was always some fun then if father didn't get very drunk. He told her he was going to try to keep the peace in his gang as she said. Miss Helen had smiled a little wistfully.

"It is hard not to get angry, isn't it?" she said.

"Why, do you get angry?" Micky asked in surprise. How could such a radiant creature, with such soft brown eyes, get mad?

"Yes, Micky, I do get mad, sometimes."

"I guess you'll be glad now too, won't you—now it's Christmas time?"

Miss Helen smiled again and told him with the same wistfulness in her tone to remember what she had told him. And then, joy of joys, she had asked him to come around Christmas eve and help her distribute some baskets.

He had an inspiration—he would buy her a present he had seen the most beautiful pin in Paxton's window—it had a green set in it and would just go with her green dress. Then Micky had another thought—was he helping somebody poorer than himself?

He thought of little Katie Cassidy. She was lots poorer than he was. Her mother and father both got drunk and even beat her and used the money she made by hard work. His father didn't get really drunk more than once a week. As a matter of fact Michael Carter, Senior, although a victim to drink, brought his son up in a very rigorous manner, and laid the principles of total abstinence upon him with no gentle hand. However, he didn't stay at home very much, and Micky, with the remembrance of his gentle, patient little mother, fared very well as to some things—very well in comparison with Katie Cassidy anyhow.

Micky knew now how he could get the money for his gifts. This was Monday. There would be no more night school until next week and he could sell papers after factory hours in the evening.

Wednesday he had very good luck, but Thursday dawned without the required amount in Micky's pocket. The air was chill and damp and the streets were slippery with melting snow—but the holiday gladness shone through the gloom and in the face of the passers-by could be read the season's cheer.

Micky waited outside the big National Bank building for men to come to their offices. A chilly little gust of wind swept around the corner and catching up his top-most paper whirled it into the street. Micky, unmindful of the traffic about him—with the alertness of the street urchin, dived for it, but for once the inevitable accident happened. A fleeing dog pursued by a ragged child

dived for the side-walk at the same moment that Micky made his plunge and as Dr. Max Konrad's car slowed up at the curb it stretched a limp little body on the street.

The chauffeur instantly leaped out and stooped over the child. The doctor, leaning out to see the cause of the excitement, did not wait to question but gave quick orders:

"Put him in here with me. Lift him easy. Now to the hospital."

"City?"

"No; mine."

So it was that Micky Carter was escorted to the big Bayview hospital, where only the rich in the wealth of this world generally went to be cured of their ills.

Micky found himself floating in a dark mist. He tossed and sailed upon it and dazzling lights spun on his sight. Slowly, slowly, he was recovering his balance; the light was growing brighter and brighter. A terrible pain rushed over him and, seizing his shoulder, wrenched it fiercely. Micky cried out, and struggled to move. Something gently grasped him and held him like a vise, then something cold as ice was laid on his head; again the pains came stinging in his shoulder. The fog was clearing, out of it appeared a head—a very interesting head. Micky wondered at the deep blue eyes with the straight black brows. Then a voice issued from the mouth—a low, soothing man's voice.

"There, now that's a good sport. Grit your teeth and try to hold still and it will soon be all right. Micky looked into the eyes and tried to speak, but gasped in pain, as the shoulder gave another fierce throb."

"Where are my papers?" said Micky, languidly—then a sickening realization swept over him.

"Where am I? Oh, where is Miss Helen? I have to go." Micky struggled to sit up and again he was laid low and lay faint from the severe pain. Sobs shook the frail shoulders as Micky no longer able to hold the tears back, poured forth his trouble.

"Can't you tell her for me?" asked Micky. "Don't tell her—don't tell her I got hurt and can't come."

"What is her whole name?" said Dr. Konrad, a queer look on his face.

"Miss Helen Conway. She lives—oh, I don't know her phone number, but she lives"—here Micky had to stop, too weak to continue.

"Never mind, old man. I think we can find her," said Dr. Konrad. Calling a nurse, he came over and took Micky's arm. Presently Micky felt a little pinch on his arm, then the doctor smiled at him and turned away.

Micky tried to think what had happened. The pain was easier now. Soon he felt warm and happy. Why he would see Miss Helen after all. He saw Jakey standing on the foot of the bed throwing snow-balls at him, only he always missed. Soon Micky felt himself floating again in the heavy mist and then he was plunged into merciful oblivion.

Helen Conway, in the cozy living room, glanced a little impatiently at the clock. It was growing late. She heard the phone ring and went into the hall.

"Hello!"

"What—Bayview Hospital?"

"Who?"

"Oh—Doctor Konrad!"

"Yes."

"Micky hurt?"

"When?"

"Now!"

"Yes—I'll be right down."

"No, indeed—I can walk the distance in five minutes."

"Oh, well—if Micky is ill, I had better."

"All right."

"Good-bye."

Helen's cheeks burned. It was terribly embarrassing—this situation. Poor Micky—how had he gotten hurt? How did Dr. Konrad ever find him? What on earth did it mean? She heard the honk of the car at the door and hastened out into the twilight.

When she reached the hospital her cheeks were very hot and she felt strangely shaken.

One of the nurses led her to the little white room and she was startled at the pale, drawn little face on the pillow.

"Is—is he alive?" she faltered.

"Yes indeed, he'll wake most any moment now," said a quiet voice behind her and Helen moved nearer the bed to hide the warmer color in her cheeks.

She looked fixedly at the little white face and the bright tear making a warm spot on the spotless white of the pillow. Slowly the heavy eyelids lifted and Micky looked around. He looked into Miss Helen's brown eyes and they were brighter than he had ever seen them.

"I got hurt," he said in a whisper. "I wanted to help you and I am going to have a surprise for you and—oh!—I feel all wobbly and queer."

Miss Helen came over and put her head down on the pillow and smiled. Micky adored her.

"Don't go yet, Miss Helen. I did want to be good and I wasn't going to fight no more, nor nothin', 'cause you told us about the peace and good will."

Micky heard a suppressed cough and turned to see the doctor standing by him. It was the same head he had seen that evening and he could see all of him now—dressed in white. And Micky too loved Dr. Konrad.

"She will come back to you, Micky. She had better go now," he said.

Micky turned to Miss Helen. Her eyes were starry.

"Yes, Micky; I will come back tomorrow." Then—"Dr. Konrad will bring me to see you on Christmas Day."

As the Star Appears

Caralyn Pope

'TIS OFT in winter's afterglow,
When looking o'er the purple hill,
A wondrous impulse fills my soul
And vibrates: sets it all a-thrill.

Perhaps 'tis 'wakened reverence
For Him who is omnipotent;
Perhaps 'tis just my soul's unrest
That's tired of being body pent.

Perhaps, again, 'tis some great awe
That rises as the star appears,
When thoughts turn toward ethereal things
And God is smiling through His tears.

But whatsoever the cause may be
My thoughts drift to a lovelier sphere,
I dream I'm there at Bethlehem
And see the Christ-child's star appear.

My Yesterdays

Frances Goldman

THE EARLIEST recollections to which, in a review of my yesterdays, I should attach significance, are of events when I was four or five years old. They were connected with my annual visits to the Christmas pantomime in the city of Baltimore where I was born. On the first occasion the play had reached that point where the harlequin had laid low the clown and his antics for a moment with a blow from his magic wand. It was a breathless moment for all the children present. Then it was that I rose from my seat and distinguished myself by my first public utterance. Pointing tragically to our outraged hero, I cried with as much solemnity as I could muster in my childish voice: "He's deaded him, poor clown!" And a wail went up from all the babes present.

There were certain dolls, I remember, which helped in the shaping of my dramatic imagination as a little girl. These I would sit up in a row upon the table in the nursery, and make chatter among themselves as make-believe ladies in improvised dialogue, which I am very much afraid was my childish satire upon the grown-ups of the household, especially certain older boy relations who used to affect toward me the scorn of their superior age. The dolls composed a strangely assorted company. There was my tragic heroine, christened by me most romantically as "Miss Araminta Bell." She shed copious sawdust tears from one punctured cheek. She sagged a little on the weeping side, but kept up a brave smile for the world on the other. As for "Nellie Rag-bag," she could not stand without assistance; she always drooped; nevertheless, she came in most serviceably for the more sensational parts, in which she flopped about in pensive attitude and "thought." My sailor-boy was grand; so was my clown—he squeaked! And I always had a soft spot in my heart for my darkey boy, who was of wax. A pet dog and cat also took part in these nursery theatricals; they were, indeed

conspicuous actors in these performances of mine but they lacked the repose of their comrades and, developing a mania for "starring" outside the nursery, they wandered away and I lost the benefit of their support at a very early period.

My first attempts at writing were inspired by the discovery in the attic of our house of an old chest containing a bewildering assortment of books, all of which belonged to an old friend of father's, who was a poet of no little repute. Upon the death of this friend, this old chest of "properties" came to my father. We children—myself, two sisters, and brother—were all too young to realize the full sadness of our friend's death. Our sorrow was soon dispelled in the sunshine of new and unexpected happiness in the inheritance of this fairy-like treasure. Had we rubbed the lamp of Aladdin we could not have wished for a more splendid spectacular windfall. In this we found everything that our dramatic dreams and ambitions could desire. How we revelled in all this untold wealth of lore!

About the same time, too, I found in my domestic rummagings some dusty old copies of Shakespeare and Tennyson. The drawings, crude, old-fashioned wood cuts, ornamenting these cheap editions, especially attracted my fancy. I feasted upon these pictures, rather than upon the words. Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" became straightway my ideal heroine. She replaced the last lingering memories of "Miss Araminta Bell," the tragic doll, in my affections.

The serious dramatic studies of my girlhood were made at Symes-Eaton Academy in Hampton, a school not unknown to fame. Miss Carr, who was the head of the English department, initiated me into a new world of thought and striving. The dramatic feeling I had in an untutored yearning, but this admirable teacher opened up new vistas to my youthful gaze. She introduced me to Shakespeare for the first time in his true genius. The dramatic as well as academic values of that great poet were elucidated by her, and from the moment her influence began in my life, my girlhood may be said to have been nourished upon Shakespeare.

"One of the Least of These"

Mary Putney

TOM PACKARD groped his way through one of Chicago's "beastly fall fogs," as he called it, reached the corner just as the car started, and very grudgingly settled himself to wait for another, all the while beating an impatient tattoo on the curb with his umbrella. Just across the street he could discern through the mist the form of a little girl and beside her the stooping form of an old man.

He watched them with a feeling of mingled pity and disdain. "Wonder why that child doesn't keep the old codger at home on a day like this. Seems to me they'd stay in at least till it clears up."

A minute later his car came and he made his way toward the crowded building, on whose seventh floor the law office of "Packard and Kale" was located. There, he seated himself at his desk and slowly, methodically began to open his mail. One, two, three letters he opened indifferently, casting them aside, then his eye fell on an advertisement that lay on the desk before him.

"By George! Is it possible that Christmas has come again already?" he exclaimed half aloud.

"It certainly is possible," his partner responded from his desk across the room. "Why, it seems ages since I played Santa Claus—and tomorrow's the day!"

The partner was thinking of a cozy little suburban home in which a sweet-faced wife and a yellow-haired little boy were already breathless with anticipation. But the other man had no such picture, he thought only of the dull business season, the added expense and the boring holiday spent loafing about the city. He was one of the unfortunates, who, having drifted on and on, farther and farther from the little home town, till now only an occasional, yellow, waveringly addressed little envelope bearing the post mark, "Carsons," reminded him that

he was not altogether alone in the world. Then he remembered that somewhere back in old Virginia his mother was living at the home of her sister. He knew she had the best of attention and he sometimes stopped long enough to send her a generous check, but otherwise he forgot her.

Today he closed the roller-top desk a little sooner than usual, put on his overcoat and started for his room, intending to dress and spend the evening at the club. As he alighted at the corner he saw the same couple he had noticed in the morning. This time the girl had left her companion standing on the edge of the sidewalk while she was waving a bunch of handkerchiefs in the air and eagerly urging a young lady to buy. The crowd of homegoers pushed on and Tom saw the old man carried almost off his feet and borne along with the crowd, and then left standing, a helpless figure in the middle of the car track. A gong sounded and Tom saw a car sweeping down toward the old man. In an instant Tom had seized the stooping shoulders and almost hurled the old man to safety, and then he saw the stranger was blind.

"A close call, old friend," he was saying as the girl ran up and seized her charge protectingly.

He hardly knew why he spoke so kindly except that something in the faces of both the man and the child told him that these were no ordinary beggars.

"Come with me," he said impulsively, "you're trembling yet."

He looked up and down the street for a place to take them out of the cold. Just then his eye fell on a little iron gate, half a block away and he remembered that the new minister lived there.

The motherly old housekeeper told them the pastor was out, but they accepted her invitation to come into the sitting room and get warm. Here it was that Packard by means of a few clever questions learned the story.

Old Dressler had once held a responsible position in a well-known jewelry store. There he was able to earn a good living for himself and granddaughter, but a long illness had not only used up his savings but had left him

almost totally blind. Since then Lola had supported them by selling fancy work.

Tom reflected a moment.

"A doctor told us once that grandfather's sight could be brought back but the operation was too expensive."

The old man trembled so he could hardly speak and the girl acted as spokesman. "He said it would perhaps come back naturally some day, but it never has," she added chokingly.

The next day was Christmas eve and eight o'clock found Tom Packard picking his way up a nameless street to the little basement room where he had left the two the night before, after having given them both a hot supper and wrapping the old man in his own warm overcoat. However as he hurried on, carrying a large bundle under each arm, the sunny smile he wore kept his heart warmer than his great coat had ever been able to. For the first time in all the thirty-four years of his life, Tom Packard was feeling the joy of giving—real, unselfish giving.

A little later he was seen piloting a stumbling old man and an eager-eyed girl toward the famous doctor's office on Lincoln Street.

As the trio entered the pleasant waiting room, several patients rose to offer their seats. Tom placed his friend in the most comfortable one, and sat down to wait his turn. Soon a maid came in and motioned them to follow.

In the operating room the great specialist looked long and earnestly into the old man's eyes. Then he took Tom aside and said in an undertone, "It's a delicate operation and a very expensive one, but it's his only chance."

"Then try it," the lawyer answered promptly.

The next day the three were again in the white room. This time the old man lay stretched upon the table while the nurse was preparaing to administer the anesthetic. Tom pressed the wrinkled old hand sympathetically. Just then the patient turned feebly toward his granddaughter and asked, "Lola, that verse you read yesterday—what was it?"

The girl swallowed hard, and Tom turned away as she

repeated, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

"That's it, the least of these," was the trembling whisper, as the doctor came toward him with the cloth, and the nurse motioned the others toward the door.

. . . . . .

And when he awoke—he saw!

Song of Christmas Time

Juliette Mayo

OUR CASH is scant, but well outlaid,
Our gifts are fresh and bright,
For we have worked this end in view
'Til way into the night.
Our storehouse is the good old trunk,
Our tools are silk and thread.
And oh! we labor over the a
'Til we are nearly dead.
We know the possiblilties
Each piece of lace displays;
And how we strive to finish all
Before the holidays.

But woe! in nights of sleeplessness,
As Christmas time draws near,
On us there dawns at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
For a friend has been forgotten,
One to whom a gift is due.
And a gift must be provided,
Though our resources are few.
We rouse,—to think the matter out,—
With here and there a twist,
We fashion her a dainty bag,
To wear upon her wrist.

Then, sweet the hour that brings release,
Our planning is all done,
We sit about the fire-place,
And comment on the fun.
The whole house rings with laugh and shout,
Of happy children's joy,
As the little cousins revel
O'er some candy or a toy.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That roars amid the night,
And slumber long and sweetly,
With minds contented quite.

The Awakening

Grace Welker

THAT IT ALL should have happened just when she had thought that this would be the happiest Christmas of her whole life! And she had placed so much confidence in her mother. It was very hard to have to confess to Tommy that he was right—that her mother had deceived her. She would never have believed it unless she had seen it with her own eyes.

Tommy's mother had deceived him too, but then it had not been as hard for him. He had found out the truth from the boys a year ago and had confessed to her that he had begun to be doubtful for at least a year before that. So he had not had all his faith taken away in one great, terrible blow. He had been prepared—but it had burst upon her white tower of faith in everything without any warning and had shaken every stone. Besides—this made it even worse for her—her mother had curly hair and a face like an angel's, while Tommy's mother's hair was straight and she wore glasses—so he could not possibly have had as much confidence in her as she had had in her mother.

Yes, she had had a beautiful faith in her mother, but it was all gone now. She had seen with her own eyes—in a box in her mother's room—the very doll that she had written to Santa Claus about. At least she had supposed that she was writing to Santa Claus, but now that she knew the truth it was really only her mother that she had written about it and she had gotten it for her.

It was very, very hard. When Tommy had first told her she had not believed it. She had told him fairly and squarely that if his mother did tell stories *hers* didn't. Why she had been writing to Santa Claus ever since she could remember.

Tommy had gotten angry then. "You just go and look around and see if you can't find some of your presents,"

he had scoffed. "Santa Claus bring them! Don't you believe it. Daddies and mothers are Santa Claus."

"I won't be a sneak," she had said and walked proudly away.

But she could not get rid of the lurking thought—what if it should be true? Of course it was not. Still she would go to her mother's room and look around just to satisfy herself that Tommy was wrong. And then she had come upon the doll. She did not look farther. That was enough. It *was* true after all. Her mother was not any better than Tommy's—she had deceived her. She could never any more put trust in her.

And she would have to tell Tommy that he was right. If she only did not have to do that. It was bad enough to have a mother who told you things that were not true—but then to have to go to your best friend and acknowledge to him that he had known her all the time better than you yourself did—it was too much.

Besides—the overwhelming evidence that there was no Santa Claus. No jolly-faced, white-bearded old man drove his reindeer over the snowy roofs on Christmas eve and climbed down the chimney and filled her stockings. It was only mother and daddy. No more trying to be good for weeks before Christmas—no more early going to bed and pulling up the covers to keep out the light so as to dream of the thrilling joy of the morrow—no more fearful expectancy lest she wake and find him at his task—it was all over for her and along with it her faith in her mother and the world.

She thought that probably it would be best to go away from home. She might not find as good a one as this and they would be sorry to lose her—but then she could not stay with people who told her things that were not true and made her be laughed at. Tommy had laughed at her, and if she grew into a big girl and kept on believing things they told her, people would laugh at her then even more.

She would have to go but first it was only fair to tell them why. She would find her mother and tell her.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Blair was sitting by the fire thinking over what

she and her husband had been talking about that morning.

"Do you think it would take away her pleasure in Christmas if we told her about Santa Claus?" Mr. Blair had said. "I would hate for her to find out from Tommy or any of the other children and think we had been deceiving her."

"Yes, and I too," she had said. "But Margaret is so young. Let her believe in it a little longer. I didn't take one-half the pleasure in Christmas after somebody told me there was no Santa Claus."

"Well, perhaps you are right. You generally are," and Mr. Blair had kissed her and gone away.

But she could not help thinking about it all day. It would be too bad if Margaret should find out from some other source than herself. She would not understand why they had let her believe in Santa Claus.

She heard someone coming into the room and, turning, she saw a small, forlorn-looking object. In one glance she saw that Margaret knew and, holding out her arms, she gathered the little girl into them and hugged her tightly.

"I know, dearie," she said. "Mother knows," and she held the sobbing child even closer. "It is not a story, but more beautiful than anything you know of now."

And there—in the firelit room—Mrs. Blair told her of how Santa Claus was the embodiment of the love that the Christ-child meant for parents to feel for their children at all times, and especially at Christmas time—the time of His birth—of how fathers and mothers all over the world had made Santa Claus out of their love for their children because they knew that he would make them happy—and that he was real and living so long as the love of parents lasted—which would be till the end of the world.

She waited when she had finished to hear what Margaret would say. Suppose her child had lost faith in her.

And then she heard in a glad, tearful little voice, "I wish—I wish that Tommy knew."

'Maginin' Things

Frances Goldman

WHAT GIVES us all our splendid books,
'Bout love and war and famous crooks?
Some fellow sits and looks and looks,
'Maginin' things.

What makes young boys all whistle so
And often to the florist's go,
And smiling, greet a former foe,
'Maginin' things?

What makes Bill Bryan's smile so bright,
A mellow gleam of happy light?
Does he too sit up late at night
'Maginin' things?

What makes us feel that the world is blest
With the secrets of love and all that's best?
Why is it our thoughts are never at rest,
'Maginin' things?

In Quest of Beauty

Lucile E. Baldwin

CHARACTERS

Sallie Pratt, a bookworm who secretly searches for beauty.
Miss Priscilla Prince, chaperon and housekeeper.
Daphne Prince, the seventeen-year-old hostess.
Caryl, Margaret, Lelia, Bob, who loves to eat, Ned, Ernest, Jack, house guests.

Scene—"The Oaks," country home of the Princes where a house party is in order. Sitting room of "The Oaks." Girls and boys sitting around talking. Sallie absorbed in her reading, as usual.

Daphne (*in a half whisper to Bob*)—I don't see why I had to have Sallie on my house party, anyway. Aunt Priscilla said I must because she's my cousin and never has much fun, but it's her fault. Why on earth does she keep her head stuck in a book all the time? She doesn't suit for a jolly company like us. She can't do anything—can't play tennis, can't swim or row. She's too proper, too literary and—and—*too ugly*.

Bob—Why, come now, Daph, nobody said you were such a beauty.

Daphne—And I don't want *you* to say so, Bob Ingram. I wish I hadn't invited *you*.

Bob (*languidly*)—My, my, what a little spitfire you are! Yet, methinks 'twould have made little difference, Miss Daphne, my dear, I'd have come along anyway. Couldn't have missed this chance to get some of Martha's good doughnuts. But gee! when you get mad, you're not so ugly after all.

Daphne (*laughing*)—You're such a tease, Bob, but I appreciate that, coming from you. You're generally too lazy to make the effort to flatter. But, holy smoke, will you look at Aunt Pris! Something must have happened.

(*Aunt Priscilla enters and drops dejectedly into a chair.*)

Aunt P.—Well, she's gone.

Everyone (*except Sallie, who is absorbed in her reading*)—Who? Are you sick? Can we do anything?

Aunt P.—No, no, I'm not sick. I'm worried. But I just had to discharge her.

Daphne—Who, Aunt Pris? Who did you discharge?

Aunt P.—Why, Martha, of course.

Everyone (*except Sallie*)—Martha? The cook? The prop of the household? Oh!

Daphne—But why, Aunt Priscilla? What on earth could she have done? Martha is an old angel.

Aunt P.—That's what I thought, too, Daphne, and I can't tell you how grieved I was to find out—

Sallie (*aroused from her reading*)—Will you all please be more quiet. I'm in the midst of Hamlet's soliloquy.

Jack (*emphatically*)—Hamlet's soliloquy can go to grass.

Margaret—What do we care about Hamlet's soliloquy when Aunt Pris has fired the cook?

Sallie—What? Fired who?

Lelia—Martha, the only, only, only.

Sallie—Aunt Priscilla has fired Martha? Pray what for?

Ned—That's exactly what we were trying to find out Sal, when you butted in.

Aunt P.—Well, listen. I stood it as long as I could but when it got so bad that there wasn't enough butter for the table I just had to discharge her.

(*Sallie starts, and then covers her face with her hands.*)

Ernest—Great day, Aunt Pris, what has butter got to do with the price of eggs?

Aunt P.—You just keep quiet, Ernest, and let somebody talk who can use the English language properly. (*Aunt P. lowers her voice to a stage whisper.*) I have come down stairs every morning for the last week to find every bit of the cream skimmed off of the milk and Martha is the only servant we have now. You see, as she took the cream she may have been taking other things we hadn't missed, so I just had to discharge her.

(*A smothered sob came from Sallie.*)

Caryl—Why Sallie is *crying*!

Aunt P.—Sallie, dear, whatever *is* the matter?

Sallie (*embarrassed*)—Oh, I—I—was—a—just—a—cr—crying because—a—a because Martha has gone.

Aunt P.—I'll admit it's right bad with ten hungry people here in the house, but I never thought of your crying over it, Sallie.

Sallie (*brightening*)—Aunt Priscilla, *do* let me take Martha's place.

Daphne—*You* cook? You know you can't.

Jack—What on earth do you want to do that for?

Bob—Can you make doughnuts, Sallie?

Sallie—Yes indeed, Bob, dandy ones. You see, I went to cooking school last winter and honestly, I *can* cook. You just wait half an hour and see if I don't have some dinner ready.

(*Exit Sallie.*)

Daphne—What has come over Sallie? Never before have I seen her stop reading long enough to do anything.

Lelia—And what possessed her to offer to do the cooking?

(*Sallie appears in the door with an apron on and a pan of potatoes.*)

Sallie—Here, people, you've got to help. Let's all sit on the floor and the one who peels the most may have the first doughnut I make.

(*Young people exchange wondering glances, then sit down laughing and talking. Telephone rings.*)

Aunt P. (*at the telephone*)—Hello! Yes, this is Miss Prince. Oh, Mrs. Rich, how do you do? What's that? Martha? Oh, yes, the servant I discharged this morning. Yes, Mrs. Rich, she *is* a good servant but I can't recommend her. I hate to say so but I found—

Sallie (*jumping up*)—Oh, Aunt Pris, Martha didn't take the cream.

Everybody (*rising*)—What!

Aunt P. (*at the telephone*)—Oh, Mrs. Rich, can you wait about five minutes. I'll call you up then. Good-bye. Now, what is it, Sallie

Sallie—Martha didn't take the cream. I took it.

Everybody—You!

Aunt P.—You, Sallie?

Sallie (*hurriedly*)—Yes, Aunt Priscilla, I took it. I read that cream was good for freckles and I decided to try it.

I was ashamed to tell you that I—that I didn't like my freckles.

Everyone (*dropping back in their seats*)—Well!

Aunt P. (*fanning herself*)—"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

Bob (*recovering himself*)—But why didn't you tell us just now?

Sallie—I wanted so bad to show you all that I could do something and as there were just two more days to the house party I thought 'twould be lovely to prove that I could cook just as good as Martha, but of course I never thought about it keeping her from getting another place.

Everyone—Good for you, Sallie! Three cheers!

Bob (*waving his arms in oratorical fashion*)—Ladies and gentlemen, Viola, Sallie and Daphne! Freckles versus beauty, doughnuts versus fiery speeches! Freckles and doughnuts! They win! Sallie for mine!

Daphne (*laughing*)—Our other cook's gone, but—

Eeveryone (*forming a circle around Sallie and singing,*)—

"We've got a better one, chum, chum-a-loo,
We've got a better one, chum, chum-a-loo,
We've got a better one, chum, chum-a-loo,
Chum, chum-a-loo, my darling!"

Elaine's Reformed Christmas

Juliet Mayo

ELAINE HARRIS breathlessly entered the room after a long walk, in the clear, crisp, coolness of the December afternoon, and almost stumbled as she confronted a huge, bulky package directly in her path. For an instant she was bewildered—then she laughed delightedly.

"They are here!" she exclaimed, and quickly throwing aside her wraps, she knelt and began removing the wrapping with fingers that trembled with excitement. Soon a handsome pair of brass andirons were revealed, and the girl, joy shining in her features, revelled in the gleaming polish of their surface.

"I'm glad I decided on these. Mother will be so pleased. They quite make up for being my only offering," she mused half aloud.

Yes, this was the only gift which she intended to give. Perhaps her views on the subject can best be explained by repeating a conversation which had taken place only a few days before.

"You may all agree or not," Elaine had said with finality. "My plans are made and nothing can change them."

"Very well," replied Agnes resignedly. Agnes had been teaching school for six years and had long since learned to answer resignedly.

"Though it does seem a pity for you not to use your ability when you do such pretty needlework," she added.

"It's merely the principle of the thing that prevents me from wearing myself out on that endless array of pincushions, slippers, aprons, fans, jabots, ties, scarfs, and hat pin holders that to you seem inevitable. People don't appreciate them, and I, for my part, am going to stop my Christmas giving on the principle that you've got to return every gift that is given to you. It lacks the true Christmas spirit." However I'm willing to help you all in my leisure."

Suiting action to the word, she picked up a dainty yoke, upon which her mother had been working, and soon her needle was flying as busily as any, and the subject seemed closed.

She had determined to give her mother some beautiful and useful gift;—something which would serve as a pleasure to the entire family. To the rest of the family as well as to all her friends she would give a Christmas card, carefully selected, with due consideration of the taste of each recipient, each with an appropriate Christmas message—still merely a Christmas card.

It was now Christmas eve and there only remained the selection of "appropriate" cards for the members of the family out of fifty or more remaining ones. The others had been duly mailed. Having done this, cards in hand, she stole softly down the back stairs leading to the kitchen, and came upon Molly, the faithful cook, who was making final preparations for the Christmas feast.

"Molly! I want you to do something for me," she whispered.

"And what will you have, Miss 'Laine?"

"I just want you to put these cards under the plates in the morning, Molly. I don't want any mistake made, and the names are all on the back. Can you do it for me?"

"Laws! honey chile! I'se done been in this heah fambly evah since you war knee-high to a grass hoppah. You knows I'd do anything for you, your old ant nachelly would, don't you?"

Elaine satisfied the old woman's doubts—returned to her room and soon fell asleep.

It was in the gray cold dawn that she was awakened by a noise in the next room, and raising herself slightly on one elbow, she espied a bulky stocking at the foot of her bed. Forgetting all about her firm resolutions, she became a child again, taking great delight in each gift, embodied as it was with the loving thoughts of the family circle. Here was a tiny bracelet, the kind she had always admired in the down-town windows; next she produced an exquisitely bound copy of "The Rubaiyat," a gift from Agnes who alone realized what a treasure it would be to her. Dainty

collars and delicately tinted ties presented themselves each plainly showing the identity of the giver.

After a few moments, spent in revelling in her gifts, Elaine arose—horror plainly visible on her countenance, the tears very near the surface. "This will never do. Think of the dear people giving me all these beautiful presents and I giving them nothing."

It was a time for action. Quickly dressing, she stole down the stairs and out into the frosty air, firmly grasping in her hand a tiny mesh bag. She reached a jewelry store, and knocking on the door, she roused the kind old gentleman who lived bachelor-fashion in a small room at the rear of the store. He was an old friend of the family, and kindly appeared not to see anything strange in Elaine's early mission. Instead he helped her select dainty gifts for each of her sisters, and for Stuart, the young brother, who felt his importance in being the only man in the family

Concealing her purchases in the recesses of her deep pockets, she thanked the merchant, and wishing him a "Merry Christmas," she hurried home. There she tiptoed into the cheery dining room and slipped her purchases under the plates without being detected.

When summoned to breakfast by Molly's "Christmas gift! Miss 'Laine; come to breakfast," she entered with a well affected air of nonchalance.

"You all misunderstood me when I said I intended to give no presents. Of course you know I could not slight my own family," explained Elaine, in answer to the bewildered look of inquiry which she saw pictured on the faces of the group surrounding the table.

Breakfast over the family hastened to the cheery living room, where the bulkiest presents had been left and where a promising box from a wealthy artist uncle awaited inspection. Elaine's gift to her mother was soon opened and the entire family openly expressed their admiration of the andirons, and placed them in the fire-place at the end of the room. Soon a blazing log fire crackled over them and the room was brightened by their presence.

When Uncle Bob's box was opened all breathlessly awaited the treat they knew to be forthcoming. Several

beautiful engravings for her room fell to Elaine's lot and a handsome muff, the kind that she had always secretly coveted

Again dismay, rather than true Christmas joy, was seen on her countenance. What could she do? It would be dreadful not to give him anything but a Christmas card after these handsome presents.

"Mother," she said soberly, "may I borrow your andirons until after the holidays? Uncle's studio is so dreary, and a pair of andirons would cheer up the gloomy fireplace. I can order you some more tomorrow."

Mrs. Harris rather reluctantly gave assent, whereupon Elaine went in search of Molly, first having asked Stuart to rescue her gift from the flames. She found Molly basting the Christmas goose, from whence floated delicious odors.

"I want to know if you will polish a pair of brass andirons for me so they'll look like new?"

"Sho', Miss 'Laine, I kin jist take a few draps of vinegar and a dab of salt, and rub them there andirons of your'n till they'll look heaps gooder'n new. I'll be ready in about three shakes."

As Elaine rather shamefacedly returned to the family group, the door bell rang and the postman with a "Merry Christmas to you all!" left a package addressed to Miss Elaine Harris. She took it while the color rushed to her face, and she gazed blankly around the room.

In mock alarm the family fled to the kitchen, crowding in on the privacy of Molly's domain lest she borrow their presents to reciprocate.

Sketches

"HE MUST HAVE JUST FORGOT"

The cow-boy suit had held a dominant place in his mind all summer.

"Perhaps," mother said, "old Santa will bring you one at Christmas time."

This was the gleam he followed loyally. For, though only seven in years, he knew what the fight for life meant well enough not to ask mother for the suit. But his sweet blue eyes grew more wistful the nearer Christmas came. On Christmas eve he hung his little stocking by the chimney, wondering whether the things Santa brought would slip out through the holes.

"I guess they won't if he puts an orange in first, will it sister?" he asked thoughtfully. "But the cowboy suit won't go into the stocking, so where do you think he will put that?"

"On a chair, perhaps," sister replied. "Good-night, sweet child—kiss me, dear."

The child smiled hopefully and closed his eyes. Sister's heart ached. He slept and dreamed that Santa Claus, all in red and white, with cheeks like apples, came down the chimney and dressed him in a splendid cowboy suit, trimmed in real fur. There was a hat, a pistol, a knife, a belt, and a lasso too, to go with it. How grand he felt—how happy! Santa laughed and he laughed with him.

Christ's birthday dawned. The sun smiled. The child opened his eyes—and smiled too.

. . . . . .

Then he put on his ragged stocking, patched knickerbockers, and frayed jacket—squared his shoulders, choked back the tears, and said, "He didn't mean to do it, I know. He must have just forgot." *R. J. M.*

AT THE STATION

A crowd? Why it was a *jam!* A perfectly glorious jam! As the train rushed up to the depot, a wave of human motion passed through the crowd. They surged nearer the train. Anticipation was expressed in the glowing of each rosy cheek and the lively twinkle of each sparkling eye. Merry voices contrived to set the air into musical vibration in spite of the roar of the engine. A boy swathed to the neck in a red sweater was chatting gaily to a little tow-headed girl at the train window. A stream of friends, parents, cousins, aunts, and uncles, and relatives of all degrees were streaming out the train. On reaching the ground, they promptly proceeded to tumble over each other in their eagerness to embrace their friends and give them a hearty handshake. Everybody fairly radiated with joyfulness. Even the rasping train bell, as it clanged its warning, seemed to possess a degree of joyfulness and music that day! And why not? For it was Christmas!

Caralyn Pope.

WHO GOT LEFT?

"I saw it first!"

"You did not!"

"I think I ought to have it 'cause I'm the oldest."

These were some of the sounds one might have heard as little Helen, clutching victoriously in her chubby hand a penny, emerged from the center of the group of little children.

"H-m-m! you might as well throw it down," said Charlotte, with seeming contempt; thinking she had hit upon a plan whereby the coveted coin might become hers. "The store men won't take old dirty green pennies like that."

"I don't care, and I'm going home," calmly remarked Helen, as she left the children.

Soon she reached a tiny store and, upon entering, with quaking heart she demanded, "A penny's worf of chewing dum."

After receiving her package, she quickly dropped it inside her dress and never daring to look back, ran for many blocks toward her home, always fearing that the "store man" had discovered the unclean condition of her penny.

Upon reaching her home, tired out, she explored in vain the recesses of her blouse for the hard-earned chewing gum.

In vain, alas, it had dropped through her blouse and disappeared. —*J. G. M.*,'16.

JACK'S CHRISTMAS

The weather was freezing cold and it was Christmas eve. Such a crowd! Little Jack was pushed from one side of the street to the other. He was tired, dirty, sick and, above all, hungry. He had had no food all day except one little biscuit; the truth was he had had scarcely anything for days, really weeks.

Jack walked from window to window, peeping in, wishing for just one of those big, red, juicy apples, or a pop-corn ball, and how he longed for an orange; that which he hadn't had in months. He could bear these tempting scenes no longer.

The miserable little fellow buttoned his ragged coat more tightly about his neck, pulled what was left of his old stocking cap down over his ears more closely, to keep out the biting wind, and started, he knew not where.

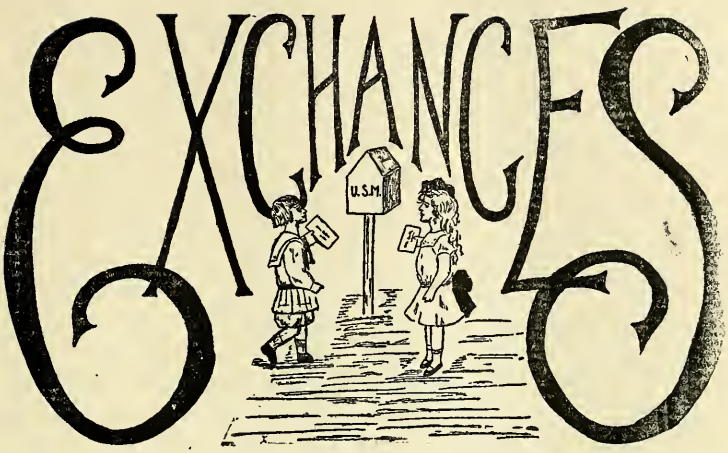
Something led him on and, as he passed through the principal streets of the village, he could hear gay music and voices of happy children. At last he could go no farther. He was ill. Unconsciously the poor little fellow dropped upon the steps of a tall, handsome house.

He had been lying there a long time, perhaps an hour, when he felt himself being lifted by a great strong hand.

"What is the matter, little fellow?" asked the gentleman, carrying him up the step into the beautiful house.

"Come, Mary!" he called, when inside. "Look what I have found. It's a Christmas present for you. Take him to bed while I phone Santa Claus he is here."

—*Aurelia Kayton.*



Why is it that in reading our college magazines so many of us shun the essay, while we turn gladly to the verse or short story? The chief reason for this is the lack of originality in many of the essays. The writer often chooses a subject that he has no personal knowledge of and, instead of writing what he thinks about it, he gives a bare statement of facts. *Your* views are what we are interested in, young writer. If we were seeking information alone we would turn to an encyclopedia.

Why not put more of your own personality into your essay? Try it, and see if the attitude of the reader does not change.

It is very well, while absorbed in the whirl of mighty national problems and modern studies of all the various sorts that are pressed upon us in these wide-awake times, to pause and listen to the voices of the great teachers of men; who, having given their deepest devotion to the interpretation of life's secrets have left to us their faithfully earned treasure from which we may draw strength in our own battles. *The Furman Echo*, in the essay entitled "Wordsworth's Attitude Toward Man and Nature," points us to the teaching of a great poet. We think that if the author had put more of his own personality into the essay and if he had pursued his subject a little further his writing might have been of more value from a literary

standpoint. The style is a little stiff and mechanical in the first part of the essay, but on the whole the writer has succeeded well in the wording of his manuscript. We feel as if his attempt at the literary essay is very refreshing in its helpful ideas.

The *Hollins Magazine* for November contains three very good essays. Probably the best of these is "Virginia's Debt to the Red Man." It gives us a new way of thinking of the Indian. We have heard so much about his cruelty and the destruction that he wrought that we are apt to forget the things for which we should thank him. This essay brings these points out very forcefully. Practically all of us know that we are indebted to the Indian for several material things—such as corn and tobacco—but we overlook the far greater gifts—such as strength, endurance and foresight, which, according to the author, he indirectly gave our countrymen. That the red man is responsible for Virginia's noted hospitality is certainly an original idea, yet the statement is backed up by some very convincing arguments. The thought is not only good, it is well expressed.

The title might have been "America's Debt to the Red Man" for, with one or two exceptions, the "blessings in disguise" came to all the colonies.

If, instead of ending by adding "one more item to our list of indebtedness to the red brothers," the author had summed up the important points of the essay the ending would have been stronger.

Though we may not entirely agree with the author we will all admit that the essay is well worth careful reading. It shows careful thought, and it sets us to thinking too. As a whole, it is one of the best essays in our exchanges for this month.

We need more essays like "Socialism and Religion," which *The Southern Collegian* presents. In the boundless enthusiasm of modern enterprise we are too apt to identify ourselves with whatever movement is being talked in our midst. Whether or not we agree with the author he certainly speaks with conviction and one seldom

speaks with such intensity and is not sure of himself. Certainly we need to look thoroughly into the meaning of any great movement before we declare ourselves representatives of it and into a movement which the author declares is inconsistent with the very source of our moral existence we should look well before we take on its colors. This essay is very forceful and should be studied thoroughly.

In the October number of the *State Normal Magazine* (N.C.) there is an essay called "The Croatan Indians of Robeson County." As the title suggests, it is an historical essay, the first two or three pages dealing principally with historical dates and facts. None of these are interesting and some of them are entirely unnecessary. For instance, the paragraph beginning "In 1583 Queen Elizabeth granted Sir Walter Raleigh a patent, etc.," which tells of Raleigh's lost colony, is familiar to most people. If we are not familiar with it, it would not affect our enjoyment of the essay, for it is not the colony we are interested in. If a part of it were omitted, beginning with the third paragraph down to the one commencing "we believe that the Croatans now living in Robeson county are descendants of Raleigh's lost colony and the Cherokee Indians," the essay would be better.

The last pages give us a very interesting description of the Indians. The last two paragraphs are especially good. They deal with the benefit North Carolina will receive from these citizens if she provides for their educational advancement.

The closing sentence should be declarative instead of interrogative.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: *Richmond College Messenger, The Oracle, The Firing Line, Mary Baldwin Miscellany, State Normal Magazine, Gallowegian, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Student, The Southern Collegian, The Furman Echo, The Record, The St. Mary's Muse, The College Message, Chronicle, Southwestern University Magazine, The Missile, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, William and Mary Literary Magazine.*

THE FOCUS

VOL. III FARMVILLE, VA., DECEMBER, 1913 NO. 8

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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

The Christmas Spirit

"AH," you have heard some people say, "Christmas is no longer what it used to be. Now it means simply the exchange of gifts. One person gives because another gives to him. There is no longer the heartfelt fellowship—the spirit of loving and giving and sharing that used to come with Christmas." Is this true? Then the fault lies with ourselves. Carlyle says, "We should look to ourselves; there is great merit here in the 'duty of staying at home.'" And so there is. We have only our own spirit of Christmas to look after, and if each one of us looks to her own there will be no such thing as the spirit of Christmas dying. The thing to do is to make it live in the hearts of everyone of us—this spirit of giving for the pure love of giving; this spirit of loving for the pure love of loving. Then, indeed will our Christmas season be a time of "peace on earth, good will to men."

The Focus Christmas Gift

It is Christmas time—the giving time—the time when, above all others, we want to give just to be giving. So why not give to *The Focus?* There is one thing it wants more than anything else—one thing—and once this is obtained we feel that it can go straight on to success. What is it? It is this—the deep, heartfelt interest of the students—an interest that will extend through all the magazine, to every one of the de-departments. One department especially we want the girls to feel that they have a share in, and that is the editorial department. Somehow there is always the feeling that it is for the editor alone—that it is reserved for her as a space wherein she can "preach" to the readers of the magazine. But an ideal editorial department is one in which the girls express their thoughts and feelings. We want you to do that. We want you to write editorials for us as you would write stories and poems and other articles, and once the girls write them, the girls will read them—interest will be aroused, and one department at least will be on the road to success. This is what *The Focus* wants for a Christmas gift, and who can refuse to give at Christmas time?

Our Sense of Duty

Do we ever stop to think whether we are doing our duty toward the school? For we have a duty toward the school. In years after we have graduated we look back to the time spent here and call it "our school." We feel that wherever we may be there is some tie that binds us to it. we wish that we had done more for it while we were here—we think of the many things we might have done, and—now that we think of it—things that it was really our duty to do. We think that if we had our life here to live over we would fulfill our duties toward the different school organizations, toward each other and toward ourselves.

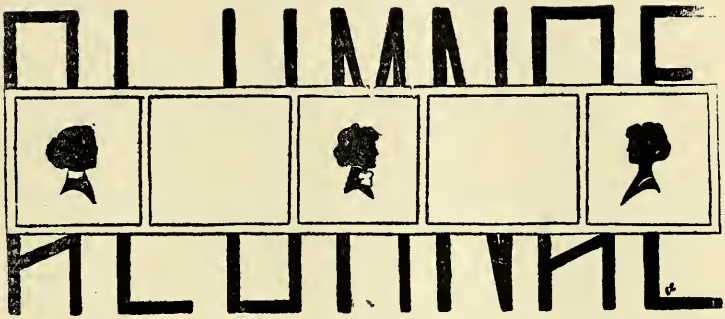
There is our duty toward the Literary Societies. When we join a society we promise to become a helpful member to the best of our ability, but when there is a program to

be gotten up we do all in our power to keep from doing our share. Then as to the dues and fines. We see nothing really wrong in trying to evade them as long as possible, and yet—we know when we join that we are supposed to pay them as soon as they are due. In this, as in the other school organizations there is the failure to support what we have pledged ourselves to support.

Then there is our sense of duty toward each other. We are here to help others live their lives as well as live our own, and so many girls have become discouraged and disheartened from the lack of kind words and a little interest and help. So many begin to feel that they do not "belong." We can so easily remedy this if we just think of the duty each one of us owes the other.

Lastly, there is the sense of duty toward ourselves. We are given our faculties to work with—to make the most of. We owe it to ourselves to develop the best that is in us. We may be inspired and helped by some one else, but the hard, real work falls to each of us individually.

We need only to have a "vision" of what a well-developed sense of duty will mean to us to make us realize that duty is not a stern voice bidding us to overcome distasteful tasks, but rather a voice that lures us onward with its very possibilities—that makes us feel that the farther we go the greater will be the reward.



Miss Pauline Williamson, '06, who has been teaching in Roanoke, is now Assistant Supervisor of the fifth grade in the Training School of the State Normal School, Farmville, Va.

A marriage of interest to the Alumnae is that of Cora Brooking, '10, to Mr. William Parker, of Sussex County, which took place November 28, at the home of the bride, Orange, Va. Among those who attended the wedding were Mary Brooking, '10, a sister of the bride, and Sarah Johns, '10, who are teaching in Homeville, Va.

Mary Savedge, '10, principal of the school at Homeville, Va., was ill for some time this fall at the Johnson-Willis Hospital, in Richmond, but is now recovering.

A number of the "old girls" spent Thanksgiving with friends in the school, among them being Eleanor Jamison, '08; Flossie Rawlings, '09; Sarah Johns, Willie Moomaw, and Ola Abbitt, '10; Janie Gaines, Vera Tignor, and Pattie Prince Turnbull, '11.

The last two classes, '12 and '13, sent the majority of the visitors, there being Hallie Hucheson, Grace Woodhouse, Esme Howell, Clara Helen Porter, and Martha Taylor, of '12, and Eva Larmour, Frances Andrews, Annie Tignor, Elizabeth Downy, Josephine Allison, Letty Wynne, Ella

Pope, Ruth Percival, Florence Boston, Emily Minnegerode, Evelyn Turnbull, Jennie Earnest, Fannie Louise Rixey, Florence Buford, Annette Liebman, Alice Martin, Verna Reynolds, and Fannie Wilson, of '13.

A number of "old girls" who are not Alumnae also spent the holidays here, among them being Myrtle Watson, Belle Burke, Inez Reams, Mamie Ragsdale, Harriet Parrish, Aline Gleaves, Ella Lester, Rosa Rosenthal, Mary Gannaway, Gladys Parker, Mary Ferguson, Mary Currell, Willie Spain, and Bettie Lou Reams.

Vera Tignor, '11, and Florence Buford, '13, are not teaching this year.

Look Cheerful If You Don't Feel So

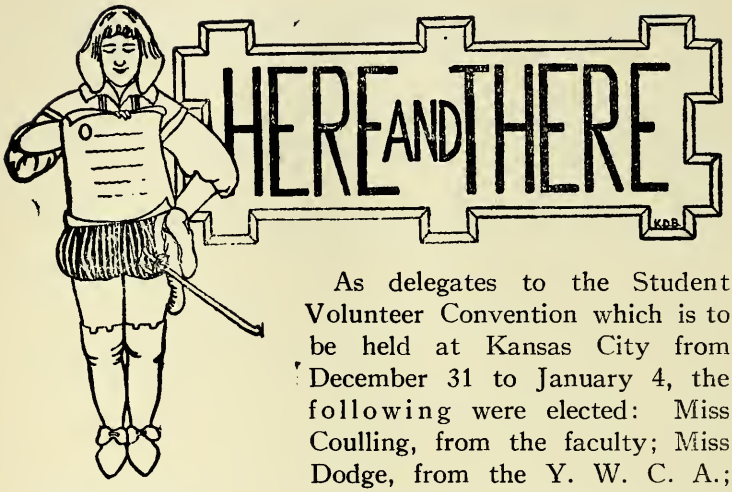
Alumna

SOMETIMES you're feeling tired,
And the world around looks blue,
Awful blue!
And it seems as if nobody
Was sick and tired but you—
Only you!

And you wish they'd quit their laughing
And their joking and their fun,
Such *silly* fun!
And you feel that no one loves you,
And you don't love anyone—
Nary one!

And your work is all distasteful,
And you feel it doesn't pay,
Ne'er will pay!
You're all out-of-heart and lonesome—
Do *you* ever feel that way?
Just that way?

If you do—just let me tell you,
Take your warning now from me,
Poor me!
Folks won't think you're *sad*—but just as
Disagreeable as can be!
See?



As delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention which is to be held at Kansas City from December 31 to January 4, the following were elected: Miss Coulling, from the faculty; Miss Dodge, from the Y. W. C. A.; Maria Bristow, from the Senior class; Mabel Spratley from the Junior class, and Marie Noell, from the 3rd and 4th year classes.

On Saturday evening, November 15, the Pierian Literary Society rendered the following program:

A COLONIAL PANTOMINE

Act I.—Time: Beginning of the Revolution. Scene: Breakfast room at Mr. Peyton's home. Betty receives flowers from Harry Vernon. He follows shortly and begs the promise of a number of dances, at a ball to be given in her honor. After his departure, Jack Dallas is announced.

Act II.—Time: That night. Scene: Ball room. Messenger enters announcing declaration of war.

Act III.—Time: One year later. Scene: Same as Act I. Betty conceals her lover during the search by a British officer.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Peyton, a Virginia planter.....Margaret Hiner
Betty, his daughter.....Myrtle Heath

Miss Priscilla, sister of Mr. Peyton....Mary Rumbough
Jack Dallas, Harry Vernon, Betty's lovers...
Jessie Pribble, Naomi Duncan
Mammy.....Nancy Johnson
The Butler.....Rachel Beale
Sally, the pickaninny.....Martha Christian
The Messenger.....Margaret Waterfield
The British Officer.....Margaret Waterfield
Guests at the ball: Corinne Kemper, Mary Mood, Frances Davis, Carrie Hudgins, Margaret Colverston.

CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

On November 22, at an open meeting, the Cunningham Literary Society gave the following program:

I Outlook of the Modern Drama.....Gertrude Welker
II Who is Silvia?—Duet..Alice Howison and Esther Ford
III Josephine Preston Peabody..Marguerite Archambault
IV Chorus .....Cunningham Glee Club
V Story of the Piper.....Juanita Manning
VI Instrumental Solo .....Didie Minton

At a regular meeting of the Cunningham Literary Society held on November 25, the following officers were elected for the mid-winter term:

President.....Grace Welker
Vice-President..... Belva Potter
Recording Secretary.....Edith Abbitt
Corresponding Secretary.....Gay Pugh
Treasurer..... Lily Harman
Censor ..... Mary Belle Frantz
Critic.....Juanita Manning
Reporter..... Marguerite Archambault

Under the auspices of the Ruffner and Jefferson Debating Societies, Dr. A. J. MacKelway, Southern Secretary for Child Labor, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in the auditorium on the night of November 21, on that subject. Stereopticon pictures of prevailing conditions in the factories of Virginia added much to the clearness and impressiveness of the lecture.

Dr. Coker wants the '13 girls to know that a part of their gift to the infirmary was received several weeks ago. There are all of O. Henry's stories, Sentimental Tommy, The Little Minister, The Just So Stories, Helen Keller's Autobiography and, of course, Queed and V. V.'s Eyes, eighteen volumes in all, filling one shelf of the new bookcase in the "upstairs" sunroom. The infirmary girls are getting a lot of pleasure from them every day, and undoubtedly these books have effected wonderful cures. It is an ideal hygenic arrangement when people can enjoy poor health and good literature at the same time.

The people at the infirmary, as well as the girls, have enjoyed very much the flowers sent by the Farmville W. C. T. U. and other friends.

BALLAD CLUB

The Ballad Club held two meetings in November, on the fifth and the nineteenth. At the first of these some interesting finds in the way of survivals of Old English ballads were reported and the study of the negro folk lore and songs was undertaken by the Club, which sang together as the last number on the program the old negro folk song called "Go down, Moses." At the second meeting, Miss Evelyn Purcell gave an entertaining report on the three ballads of "Little Harry Hughes," "Where Have You Been to, My Dear Son?" and "What is That on the End of Your Sword?" which are printed below. The president reported on "It Rained a Mist," another version of "Little Harry Hughes," brought in by Miss Ruth Sayers. The members then learned and sang together an old folk song entitled "Old Bange'm," which Miss Purcell and Miss Munoz had notated. Several new members have joined the Club and plans are being laid for broadening the scope of the work so as to include the study of folk products, the poetry, the stories, the folk lore, the music, and the dances, of both the white and the colored people of Virginia. Urgent as this work is in order to find and preserve the rapidly disappearing relics of the past, it is even more important

in preparing for the future production of literature and music in Virginia. For in every civilized age and country, the serious study of such products of the folk has always led to greater and increased production in the literature and music of the cultured race. Hence the Ballad Club hopes by its work to participate in the real revival of letters which seems imminent in Virginia.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Virginia Folk Lore Society in Lynchburg on November 28, the following program was carried out:

Report of the President—Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, University.

"Lord Lovell"—Sung by Miss Rosa Blake, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

Ballad Collecting—Miss Martha M. Davis, Harrisonburg.

"Little Harry Hughes"—Sung by Mrs. Paul Cheatham.

Our Ballad Club at Farmville—James M. Grainger, Farmville.

"Barbara Allen"—Sung by Miss Louise Howard, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

The report of the President consisted of a statement in regard to the number of ballads found in Virginia up to the present time. Among the thirty different variants of some twenty ballads reported at the present time these were reported by members of our Ballad Club: Miss Evelyn Purcell: "Where Have You Been to, My Dear Son?" (No. 12), "What Is That on the End of Your Sword?" (No. 12), "The Jew's Daughter" (No. 155); Miss Lemma Garrett: two stanzas of "The Lass of Roch Royal" (No. 76); Miss Ella Lester: "George Collins" (No. 85).

Below we print the variants of "Lord Randall," "Edward," and "Sir Hugh or the Jew's Daughter," reported by Miss Evelyn Purcell, of Albemarle County. Miss Purcell says these and other old ballads and songs which her mother has always sung to her, can be traced back as far as her great grandfather's time, a century and a half ago.

The following is another variant of "Sir Hugh," reported by Miss Ruth Sayers, from Patrick County:

It rained a mist, it rained a mist,
It rained all over the ground,
When two little boys went out to play
A-tossing their ball around, around,
A-tossing their ball around.

At first they tossed their ball too high,
And then they tossed it too low,
And then they tossed it in a general bound,
Where they weren't allowed to go, to go,
Where they weren't allowed to go.

On came a lady to the door,
All dressed in linen so fine,
"Come in, come in, you little one,
You shall have your ball again, again,
You shall have your ball again."

"I can't come in, I won't come in,
Unless my playmate comes too,
For I've often heard of little ones going in
And never coming out any more, any more,
And never coming out any more."

She first showed him a rose-red apple
And then she showed him a chain,
And then she showed him a diamond ring,
Which enticed the little one in, one in,
Which enticed the little one in.

She took him by his lily white hand
And led him across the hall,
She led him into the dining room,
Where no one could hear his call, his call,
Where no one could hear his call.

She pinned a napkin over his face,
She pinned it with a pin,
And then she took her little pen knife
And carved his little heart in, heart in,
And carved his little heart in.

"Please spare my life, please spare my life,
Please spare my life," he cried.
"If ever I live to be a man
My treasures shall all be thine, be thine,
My treasures shall all be thine.

"Please place the prayer book at my feet,
The Bible at my head
And when my play-mate calls for me
You can tell him that I am dead, am dead,
You can tell him that I am dead."

LORD RANDALL

"Where have you been to, my dear son?
Where have you been to, my dear son?"
"Courting, mother; courting, mother; make my bed smooth,
For I am sick at my heart and fain would lie down."

"What did you eat for your supper, my son?
What did you eat for your supper, my son?"
"Eel's broth, mother; eel's broth, mother; make my bed smooth,
For I am sick at my heart and fain would lie down."

"What sort of eel's broth was it, my son?
What sort of eel's broth was it, my son?"
"Black back, mother; speckled breast, mother; make my bed smooth,
For I am sick at my heart and fain would lie down.

"What will you leave to your father, my son?
What will you leave to your father, my son?"
"House and plantation, mother; make my bed smooth,
For I am sick at my heart and fain would lie down."

"What will you leave to your mother, my son?
What will you leave to your mother, my son?"
"Carriage and horses, mother; make my bed smooth,
For I am sick at my heart and fain would lie down."

"What will you leave to your sister, my son?
What will you leave to your sister, my son?"
"Hook, crook, and a bag net (bayonet), mother; make my bed smooth,
For I am sick at my heart and fain would lie down."

"What will you leave to your brother, my son?
What will you leave to your brother, my son?"
"Horse, saddle and bridle, mother; make my bed smooth,
For I am sick at my heart and fain would lie down."

"What will you leave to your sweetheart, my son?
What will you leave to your sweetheart, my son?"
'Brimstone and fire for to burn her heart brown,
For she was the cause of my lying down."

EDWARD

"What is that on the end of your sword,
My dear son, tell to me?
What is that on the end of your sword,
My dear son, tell to me?"
"'Tis the very blood of an English crane
My father sent to me.
'Tis the very blood of an English crane
My father sent to me."

"Crane's blood is not so red,
My dear son, tell to me?
Crane's blood is not so red,
My dear son, tell to me?"
"'Tis the very blood of my dear little brother,
And I wish it had never been.
'Tis the very blood of my dear little brother,
And I wish it had never been."

"What will your father say to you,
My dear son, tell to me?
What will your father say to you,
My dear son, tell to me?"
"I will put my foot in the bottom of the boat,
And sail away to sea.
I will put my foot in the bottom of the boat,
And sail away to sea."

"What will you do with your pretty little wife,
My dear son, tell to me?
What will you do with your pretty little wife,
My dear son, tell to me?"
"She shall put her foot in the bottom of the boat,
And sail away with me.
She shall put her foot in the bottom of the boat,
And sail away with me."

"What will you do with your dear little boy,
My dear son, tell to me?
What will you do with your dear little boy,
My dear son, tell to me?"
"I will leave him with his grandfather,
To make him think of me.
I will leave him with his grandfather,
To make him think of me."

"What will you do with your sweet little girl,
My dear son, tell to me?
What will you do with your sweet little girl,
My dear son, tell to me?"

"I will leave her with her grandmother,
To make her think of me.
I will leave her with her grandmother,
To make her think of me."

"When do you expect to return again,
My dear son, tell to me?
When do you expect to return again,
My dear son, tell to me?"
"When the sun and the moon set on yonder hill,
And that will never be.
When the sun and the moon set on yonder hill,
And that will never be."

SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

The little boy threw his ball so high;
The little boy threw it so low.
He threw it into a dusty garden,
Among some blades of snow.

"Come hither, come hither, my sweet little boy,
And you shall have your ball."
"I'll neither come hither, I'll neither come there,
Neither will I come for my ball."

She showed him an apple as yellow as gold;
She showed him a bright gold ring,
She showed him a cherry as red as blood,
And that enticed him in.

She enticed this little boy out of the hall;
She enticed him into the kitchen;
And there he met with his own dear nurse,
Picking of a chicken.

Pray spare my life, my own dear nurse,
Pray spare my life or else never,
For if ever I live to be a man,
We'll spend our remains together.

I'll neither spare your life, I'll neither spare your life,
For I minded you but when a babe.
I've been cleaning this basin the whole day long,
To catch your heart's blood in.

She sat him down in a golden chair,
She fed him with sugar and sweet,
She laid him down on a dusty board,
And stabbed him like a sheep.

Hit or Miss

Mr. Wood, a man very fond of playing jokes, met his friend Stone one day and at once inquired jocosely, "Hello, Stone! How are Mrs. Stone and the little pebbles?"

"Fine," said Mr. Stone, "all well I thank you," and then with a twinkle in his eye, "How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a cat boat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, leaving her to manage the sheet. A puff of wind came and he shouted in no uncertain tone, "Let go the sheet!"

No response.

Then again, "Let go that sheet quick!"

Still no movement. A few minutes later when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he asked, "Why didn't you turn loose the sheet, dear?"

"I would have," the bride said, "if you hadn't been so rough about it. You should be polite to your wife."

Miss Mix (in Industrial Arts)—Now, girls, I want to give you a few suggestions in dying.

"Yes," said the suffragist, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered for a thousand wrongs."

"There is one way they haven't suffered," said a weak-looking man behind her, "They haven't suffered in silence."

He—Do you approve of dancing?
She—No.
He—Why not?
She—Why, it's merely hugging set to music.
He—Well, what is there about that you don't like?
She—The music.

Magazine Editor—This is a splendid story but never heard of the author before, did you?

Assistant Editor—Never, shall I tear it up?

Magazine Editor—No, put it away until he becomes famous.

Old Girl—Where can I find a definition of "fat?"

New Girl—In Physics, of course.

Mr. G.—What is Milton's greatest epic?

Senior—Pilgrim's Progress.

She wrote sonorous Latin verse,
She knew French roots erratic;
She quickly solved equations, too,
Both simple and quadratic.
And she could read with greatest ease
Whole lines of hieroglyphic,
In fact her mind was quite a store
Of all things scientific.
She talked on topics most abstruse
With aplomb quite dumfounding,
Her fund of esoteric love
Was really most astounding.
But when she made a birthday cake—
I am a loath confessant—
Her friends who chanced to eat of it
Are not yet convalescent.

—*Frances Goldman.*