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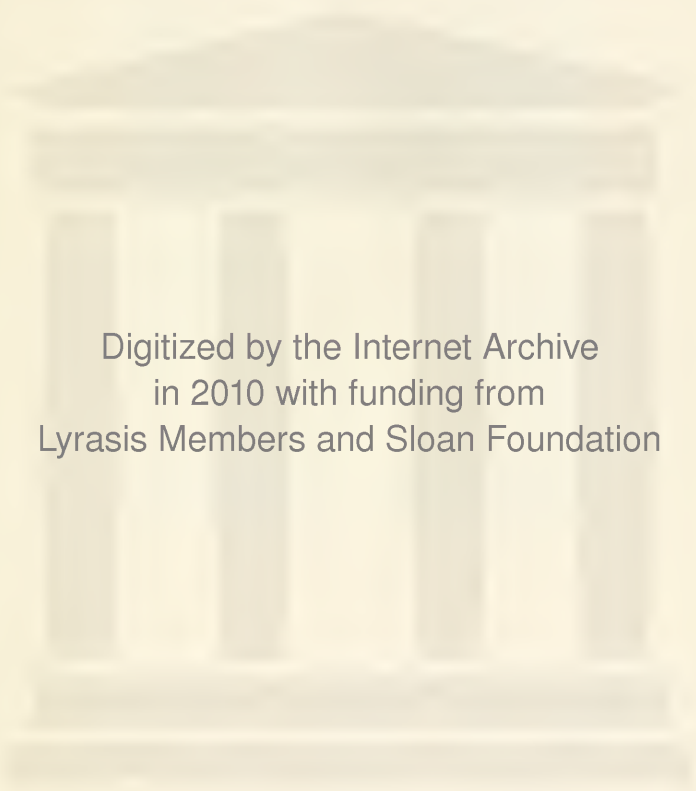
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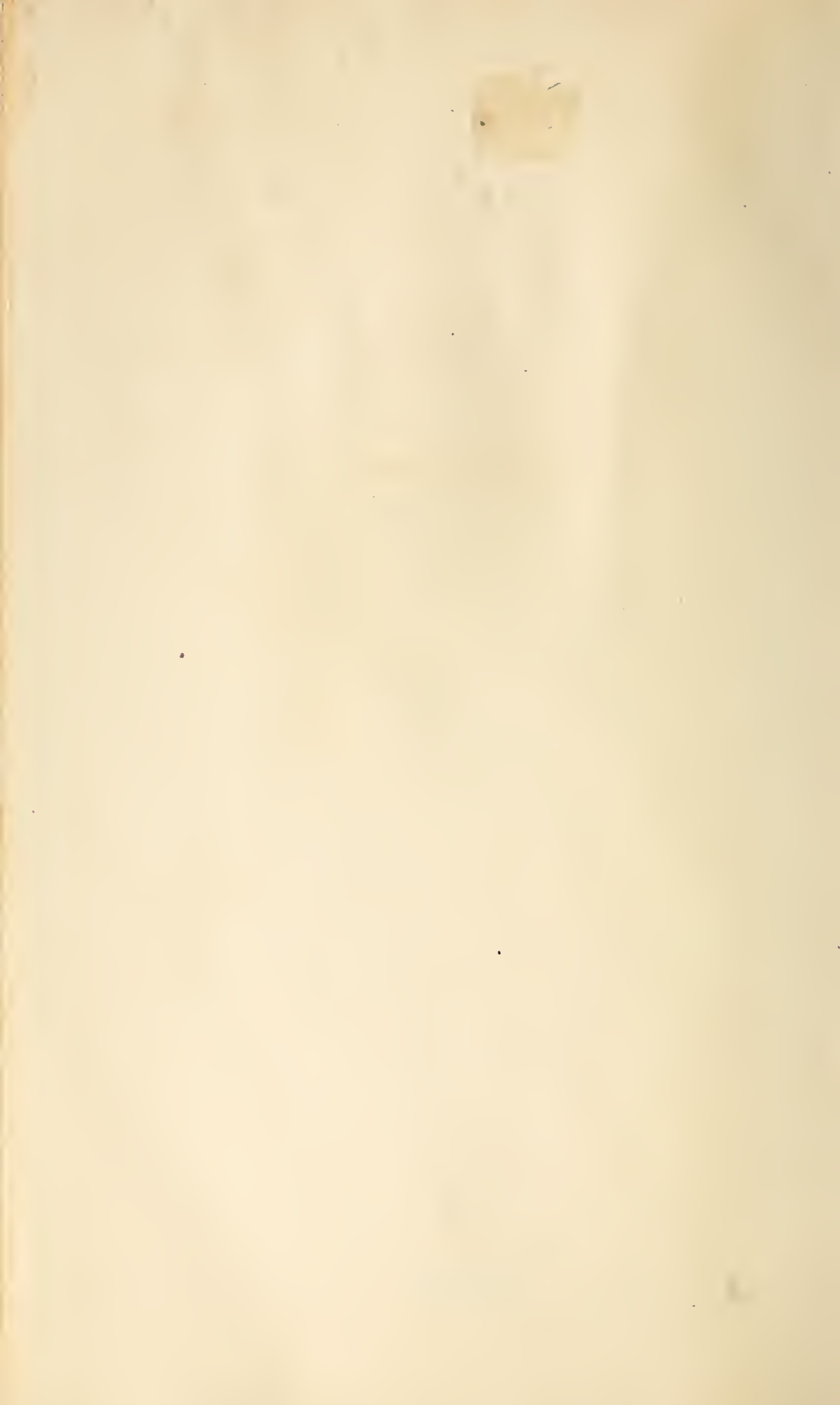
FEBRUARY, 1914

41

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.



81827



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THE FOCUS

VOL. IV FARMVILLE, VA., FEBRUARY, 1914 No. 1

To Our Secretary

R. J. M.

MISS DODGE, we gladly greet you here,
Our ideal woman strong!
Memories of you will help and cheer
Us through our whole life long.

You take long tramps o'er field and height,
Fast followed by us girls.
You are so hard to keep in sight—
We fail—with dizzy whirls.

When we are worried over things
And feel most awful blue,
Our troubles literally take wings
If you give them a "shoo!"

We wish for you a joyous life
In works that you love best;
A life with golden pleasures rife.
Words fail us for the rest.

The Student Volunteer Convention

By G. C. McKown, Princeton University

This paper won the twenty-five-dollar prize offered by *The North American Student* for the best 1,000 word "story" of the Volunteer Convention, written by one of the college journalists present at the conference of college editors during the Convention held in Kansas City, December 31st, 1913, to January 4th, 1914. Dr. Talcott Williams, Director of the School of Journalism, Columbia University, very generously acted as judge in the contest.—*Editor.*

Five thousand delegates from institutions of learning in the United States and Canada gathered at Kansas City for a convention lasting from December 31 to January 4, in the interests of the Student Volunteer Movement. The gathering stood out as a living testimonial to the power of Christianity which was strong enough to draw these young people away from the good times at their homes during the holidays to "this mount of inspiration," as the meeting was often characterized in the addresses.

In addition to being a source of religious inspiration, the Convention in its effects showed that the age of miracles has not passed. Delegates there saw with their own eyes conversions of young men and women who had much to give and who, under the power of the dominant note of the whole period,—“the evangelization of the world in this generation,”—which is the motto of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave it up willingly. The work was done quietly and without undue emotion. The array of speakers included the best in the country,—all men with a message. The emphasis was, of course, put on the need of men and women,—volunteers,—in the foreign field but the need at home, in Christian work and in the various professions, was not overlooked. The aim of the whole meeting was, first of all, to get the Christian's outlook.

Dr. John R. Mott presided over the public meetings, and also made two of the public addresses. Dr. Robert E. Speer, the associate with Dr. Mott in the Student Volun-

teer Movement in America, was one of the leaders, and among the other speakers were Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, Dr. S. M. Zehmer (who came all the way from Egypt expressly to present the needs of the Moslem world to the Convention), Dr. Sherwood Eddy, an associate with Dr. Mott in the trip around the world in the interests of Missions made during the past year. Public meetings occupied the morning and evening hours, while the afternoons were given over to sectional and denominational conferences.

In actual results the informal, the personal, and delegation meetings held at times convenient for those interested accomplished the most. It was here that the power of God in transforming lives made itself visible in an unmistakable manner.

In one group from one of the larger Eastern universities, there was a young student who came to the final delegation meeting of the period, held on Sunday night following the big meeting. His impression of the Convention and its power had not been favorable. He owned to being impressed by the "bigness" of the thing, but his own soul had failed to get its inspiration. He confessed to the need of men in the foreign fields, he saw the immediate character of the demand, but for him it had stopped there. The link connecting *him* with this need had not appeared. He came into this delegation meeting half discouraged. It came his turn to speak,—to tell frankly and plainly just what the Convention had meant to him. There was a hesitating pause,—and then these simple sentences:

"Fellows, I don't know what's the matter with me, haven't had tears in my eyes for ten years—not since one of my very dear friends died. But I can't keep them back tonight. I am all at sea. I want you to pray for me and with me. I am going to pray now, and I want you to help me."

He dropped to his knees and prayed in broken sentences to a God who lifted him up later a changed man,—with his outlook cleared completely.

At one of the luncheons given jointly by two of the delegations the subject under discussion in the after-dinner

speeches was, "Why I Volunteered to Go to the Foreign Field." There sat by the side of the chairman a young man from the East who had signed a "volunteer" card that morning, but his signature had failed to produce in him any enthusiasm. While the speeches were in progress, this man leaned over and asked the chairman if he might speak. When he arose,—as he expressed it afterwards,—he "knew positively that I was not speaking but that it was someone speaking through me." This man had given up a future which promised him medical study abroad for three years and a New York practice, had given up a big fortune which until that time he had planned to use for his own pleasure, and had set his will against the will of his parents, who were very much opposed to his devoting his life to work in foreign missions.

Instances of this sort are being told by all the delegates to the Convention. Christianity did not win in every case, however. There was a young Jew,—an orthodox Hebrew,—from an Eastern university also who went to the Convention with a complete understanding of what the appeal was to be. He went at the request of the Christian Society leader of his university to test out his Jewish faith and measure it with Christianity. He stuck it out for four days. He roomed with one of the strongest young Christian Volunteers, and the latter told after the young Jew had gone that some of the sessions which they had had together in the privacy of their room after others had gone to sleep were harrowing in their intensity. On Sunday morning the young Hebrew left quietly for home. He left a message for his fellows to this effect,—that he had given Christianity an honest and a fair trial; that he could agree with Christianity in all but one particular,—he could not accept the belief that Christ was the Son of God in body. On Saturday he had wired his family in the East, "I have fought and I have won." In a spirit of prayer his fellows in the delegation thanked God that the young man had gone to Kansas City, and they returned to their Alma Mater with unstinted admiration and fellowship for him.

The atmosphere about the Convention was charged with the spirit and influence of "Service." The leaders re-

requested the delegates to keep the "Morning Watch Hour," a short time devoted to prayer and quiet communion. With this quiet introduction of devotion the whole proceedings were in tune. The visible effects in their quantity were not startling, but the more quiet, although not less powerful in the lives which they touched, personal results are certain to be left in the universities to which these thousands of delegates returned, and through them later on in the Christianization of the World.

“Speed Away!”

Maria Bristow

“I KNOW I don’t deserve it, but it’s all so great and I am so happy about it.”

The Y. W. C. A. had elected Janie as delegate to the Student Volunteer Convention to be held in Kansas City, and she was as happy as anybody could be. She was packing her suit-case for six weeks before time and every thought, every dollar and every dress was saved for the great trip.

Two days before the eventful day arrived the postman handed her a very thin letter from Tom. “I don’t see why he should write me such a thin, snippy letter as this especially since I am so happy and going away too. He needn’t let going to Randolph-Macon stick him up so!” She tore open the letter and read:

Randolph-Macon,
Saturday.

Dear Jane: The Y. M. C. A. boys have elected me to go to Kansas City. Can’t write much but will meet you in Clifton Forge Monday night on the special. Look out for me.

Yours, Tom.

“Oh, he’s an angel,” screamed Jane. “Everything is happening so divine!”

Monday came and with it came more joy for Jane, for that very night she would see Tom and be on her way to the Convention too. She could hardly wait, but finally she started and at eleven that night Tom met her on the special from Richmond.

The whole trip was wonderful; the traveling, the scenery, the people and everything. They stopped in Louisville and St. Louis, and reached Kansas City in the afternoon of Wednesday.

People from all over the world were there: Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, Koreans, Turks, Egyptians, Russians, Germans, and people of every nationality. The large

Convention hall seated fifteen thousand people and Jane and Tom were two of that number large. They did not feel quite so big as they did at college but they were happier and felt perfectly at home.

At the first meeting, on Wednesday afternoon, Dr. Mott told of what it meant to attend a Student Volunteer Convention, the purpose of it, the attitude the delegate should have toward it. The night meeting on Mohammedanism was especially impressive and Jane wondered if everything the great speakers said could every bit be true. Tom wondered if it would be worth his while to go out and "tell them something."

As they left the hall that night a different spirit had begun to take hold of them, but neither said a word about it to the other. They talked of the quartette which had so beautifully sung, "The Treasure of Love in Jesus Christ," and of how cold it was and how beautiful they thought Kansas City was.

Twenty-four hours passed and, as the two Virginians were leaving the hall, Tom said, "Jane, we have so much more in common than we did before, don't you think?"

"So much more of what?" Jane asked, though she really knew.

"Oh, the real spirit of everything, the spirit of Christ. Don't you really feel that He's more real and more like a brother than ever before? Don't you wish you could be like Dr. Mott and give yourself right up to Him?"

Jane did wish it, but she did not answer for she was thinking and the spell must not be broken.

Another day had passed and in the great Convention hall the greatest men in the world were bringing to the world what it needed most—the teachings of Jesus Christ and how He would have us carry them out. When Mr. Speer finished his talk on "The Messenger" and the last hymn was being sung, Jane whispered to Tom, "I'm going to be a messenger. Are you?"

Saturday came and with it brought the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, our Secretary of State, to talk at the Convention that night.

"Tom, has Mr. Bryan time for such things as this. It seems to me he'd be too busy to come to a Student Volunteer Convention."

"Indeed he isn't too busy, Jane. Don't you know Christ's work is as much his work as the work of the State Department is his work? Remember, Jane, the greatest men of our nation and of the world are engaged in Christ's work."

Sunday night was the last of the great meetings and at its close the thousands who had gathered together in Christ's name were to separate and go into all parts of the world to carry his name to those who do not know.

Those who were to sail to foreign fields within a year were seated on the left side of the large platform, and as all arose reverently and bowed their heads in silent prayer the quartette sang, "Speed Away."

Every heart was touched, and when the volunteer cards were given out to be signed, Jane and Tom signed them together.

A History of the Y. W. C. A. at S. N. S.

Constance Rumbough

HAVE YOU ever noticed a little framed certificate hanging in our Association room? If you have not, read it and be proud of it because it testifies that our Y. W. C. A. here at the Normal School at Farmville, Virginia, is a charter member of the National Y. W. C. A. of the United States.

It was in the spring of 1896 that some of the girls assisted by the faculty organized a Young Woman's Christian Association and made Mary Lawson their first president. Not long afterwards the King's Daughters, which had first been in school, joined with it, taking as its special share of the work the social duties. Meetings were held every Sunday afternoon and many interesting and helpful talks were listened to. Ever since that time it has grown and grown, meeting more and more the needs of the girls, until now there is hardly one in school who is not influenced in some way by it.

In the early years of its history, when it hadn't had as much experience as it has today, different members of the faculty helped it to make a good start by serving as chairmen of committees or leaders of Bible and Mission classes. Mrs. Morrison, a town friend of the girls, led the first mission class. Most of the members of the faculty and a good many girls belonged to this popular class, so it was not long before Miss Smithey was called upon to assist. This first class had no actual affiliation with the Y. W. C. A., though probably all the members were active workers in it too. Gradually, as the Association grew, Mission classes were given over to its entire charge until now it conducts nine or ten every fall and spring. Bible classes too, at first led by faculty members, gradually passed into the hands of the students. Several years ago it was decided to abandon all those carried on in school and concentrate all effort on Bible study done in the Sunday schools.

Among the first presidents was a girl whose interest in Y. W. C. A. work has continued ever since she was a member of the Association here. After Miss Fannie Smith had been graduated here and had taken her degree in English at Columbia University she became General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at the Industrial School, Montevallo, Alabama, and now she is a traveling secretary for Kentucky and Tennessee. It may have been, perhaps, that she received her first interest in Association work while here. It may have been too that Miss Bessie Carper, now Mrs. U. D. Shelby, was influenced in her decision to become a missionary through Mrs. Morrison's class. However that may be, she is now a medical missionary in Canton, China. An organization that sends such women as these out into the world is really worth while, isn't it?

It has always been the purpose of the Association to provide wholesome pleasure and recreation for its members. So in a very attractive way, for several years it met the social needs of the girls by giving a birthday party each month to the girls who had birthdays that month.

In all the years of the history of its growth 1911 probably marked the greatest step of its progress, for it was then that the Association welcomed Miss Eleanor Richardson, the first general secretary. The Y. W. C. A. had been looking forward for many years to having a secretary who should give them all her time to help them increase the good of the Association in every way. With her coming, the workers among the faculty no longer needed to remain chairmen of standing committees. It seemed, however, wise for the Association to still seek them out in questions of policy. Consequently the advisory board was formed, Miss Coulling, Miss Foreman, Mrs. Jarman, Miss Rice and Miss Rohr consenting to serve. To them the cabinet and secretary turn for counsel and consultation.

As for the practical good the Y. W. C. A. does for those outside of school, every Thanksgiving and Christmas it sends baskets to the poor in the neighborhood. Christmas 1912 the girls dressed dolls and sent them with other things to some little children in the mill district of North Carolina. Besides these things the Association supports

a little girl in India while at school and sends a Chinese boy to the University of Peking.

As they were needed, new committees have been added. Only this year one was formed for the town girls. The chairman of this committee will meet with the cabinet, in this way bringing the town girls in closer touch with the Association. It has become the policy of the Y. W. C. A. to draw as many girls as possible into active work. Every year hundreds are used in some definite way. Some may wonder how. Some have led evening prayers, some have written papers, others collected dues, or sold sandwiches for the Asheville Fund, or sung a solo or delivered topic cards or taught a class or edited the hand book or served refreshments or planned socials and distributed necessary envelopes each week, cared for the bulletin board and so on. As a result many girls have been enabled to take advantage of the opportunities which the Association affords.

It is not hard to see the development of the activities of the Association during the eighteen years of its growth, but to recognize the extent of its influence upon individual lives is more difficult. But think, we may feel sure that the girls have gone out every year from school better and nobler for the influence of the Y. W. C. A.

All for a Piece of Gingham

Frances Goldman

* * * * *
 * SUMMER SALE *
 * GREAT SACRIFICE *
 * FRENCH GINGHAMS REDUCED ONE-HALF *
 * * * * *

I HAD BEEN to the dressmaker's and was turning the corner of Sixth Avenue, on my way home, when the above sign, displayed in the window of a dry-goods store, caught my eye.

If there is one thing I cannot resist it's a sale. I looked again at the placard, joined the crowd of women entering the store, and followed them to the gingham counter.

"Keep to the right, ladies!" came a rasping voice. Of course it was one of those uniformed creatures talking. No one else ever wasted so much breath and talked so uselessly. As the gingham were on the right, everybody was going that way who wished to, but he kept repeating, "Keep to the right, ladies!"

If I'm rushing my fastest to be one of the first aboard a train to obtain a seat, and I hear the annoying, "Step lively!" I wouldn't hurry if my life depended on it. My steps just naturally slow down to a snail's pace. And now, as "Keep to the right!" was drummed in my ears, I instinctively stepped to the left.

Of course I collided with several people, but they were no more annoyed than I. It stopped my progress, and I knew if I didn't get into the front row of women pretty soon all the gingham would be gone.

It wasn't long before I had a front standing-place, and had picked out half dozen pieces of gingham, holding on to them and making a rapid mental calculation as to how much I could buy and which piece I wanted.

I had just one dollar, nine cents, and a postage stamp. The gingham was twenty cents a yard, and I had to save

five cents to get home with, so I could buy five yards and still have some change left. I never like to be absolutely penniless.

The goods were a bargain all right—genuine imported French gingham. But they were ugly in color, and I was hesitating as to which was the least offensive pattern to choose, and had decided on the green-and-purple plaid, when a very pushing woman snatched the black-and-white piece out of my hand.

"Pardon me, madam," I said politely but firmly, as I regained it with a quick movement.

"I'll take *this* one," I said, handing the rescued piece, with the money, to the clerk.

"Won't you choose another piece?" she asked. "It just matches my dress skirt."

"It matches my hair," I answered.

Not having any more money to invest, I worked my way out of the mob just in time to hear, "To the left, ladies!"

The flow having ceased the officious one guided the ebb. As that way led to the exit, my path was obvious. I was too elated over my purchase to be annoyed this time, and hurried into the street in a very happy frame of mind.

"Please to help a blind man, lady."

I looked at the beggar holding out the hat. What an outrage on humanity to have such a face thrust upon me. I quickly reached in my purse for a penny, dropped it in the hat, and passed on with a shudder. It was a blessing, I thought, that the man couldn't see the horror on people's faces when they passed him. Still, why did he say, "lady?"

I paused at the vexing thought, and my eyes rested on the dial of a clock opposite. The hands were at a quarter to six. How the time had flown since I had left the dress-maker's!

What would my daughter, Caroline, think? I had promised to be home at six. We lived at One Hundred and Fourth Street. I could never make it.

Fortunately, I had almost reached the elevated. I hurried to the stairs leading to it, rushed up them, taking

out my nickel on the way. I exchanged it for a ticket at the window and ran for the car.

At last I threw myself into a seat and thanked my stars it was not later. It was quite necessary that I should be home early to have the dinner things out of the way as soon as possible and my evening gown on.

John Sowers, Caroline's fiancé, had asked to bring his mother over in the evening. We had never met her, as she lived some distance away, and I was very anxious to have everything go off nicely. We expected them at nine and I would easily reach home by six thirty. I had loads of time.

Opposite me sat such a fascinating couple: I couldn't keep my eyes away from them. They were both foreigners—East Indians, I decided. We passed a few stations, and then, to my grief, they left the car. I turned around to watch them on the platform, and saw the sign, "Houston Street," staring at me. I simply stopped breathing for a moment, and the car was in motion before I was on my feet and out on the car platform.

"Conductor," I cried hysterically, "I'm going in the wrong direction! What shall I do?"

"We're near the end. Change over and go the other way."

After all, I wouldn't lose more than thirty minutes, for I had taken the car at 23rd street, and that was not so very far from the terminal. I was sure to catch an outgoing car at once, and seven o'clock would give me ample time.

I left the car at the last stop, walked the length of the platform and stepped up to a guard. "Will you tell me where the Sixth Avenue car starts from?"

"Just around the corner, through the gate, madam."

I walked around the corner and found the ticket-seller there. "Ticket, madam," he said, and held out his hand.

"I came the wrong way. I want to go north," I explained.

"Ticket, madam," he repeated automatically.

"I've paid once," I explained.

"It's only a matter of five cents, madam," he said.

"It's a matter of principle with me."

I looked at him superciliously. He was not at all affected. I felt like charging the gate and passing through by main force. Only a sense of propriety prevented me.

I had three cents and a postage stamp, but I would not humble myself to the extent of asking a favor of an overbearing ticket seller or taker.

If I were only sure that a stamp was legal tender, and I could compel him to accept it, but my knowledge was too hazy to act upon. I went down the street and walked rapidly to the next station. Here I climbed the steps, and paused near the ticket window. There were so many people about I didn't have the courage to go up to it. I don't know just how I characterized the man at the window, but I felt the people passing by to be more human. I watched several faces pass. Finally an alert, kindly looking elderly man approached.

"Sir," I began in a smothered tone.

He looked at me curiously, as though I were a new species of beggar, and passed on hurriedly.

I bit my lip to keep back the tears of anger. How a real beggar must suffer! My heart expanded as I thought of the blind man, and remembered I had noticed him.

A young girl came along briskly. I stopped her. "Do you want to give me two cents for a stamp?"

"Beg pardon?" she said in such a weak voice, and with such a frightened face, I could only with difficulty resist touching her and crying "tag."

I let her pass. I felt I could not approach another one. I would probably have to stay there for the rest of my natural life. I could never walk home; it was despair that suggested the possibility. It was a good six miles to 104th street.

I hadn't money to telephone—but I might have the charge reversed! The thought transformed me. I started for the stairs at full speed. Oh! the blessed telephone! My feet suddenly lagged; memory had been quicker. Everything was conspiring against me. I had left word that very morning for a man to repair the phone.

I looked at the clock again. It was seven-thirty. Caroline would be wild. She would have all the police in New

York searching for me. They would never find me, though. They always searched in morgues and other dreadful places. I laughed hysterically.

"Are you ill, dearie?"

Blinking away the extra moisture my eyes had gathered, I looked into the sweet, frank face of a wholesome woman from the country. I could have thrown myself into her arms and cried for pure ecstasy of joy and gladness. I seized her hand, and laughingly explained my situation and want. Then, reaching into my purse, I drew out the stamp and gave it to her. As I did so I noticed for the first time that it was green. I flushed and caught my breath. How could I have mistaken a one-cent stamp for a two-cent, when the color was so different. It really didn't matter now, was my relieved thought. I wouldn't in the least mind asking her for an extra penny, or several. Again I wanted to express the pleasure it gave me to look into such a kindly countenance. But what was she saying! Dazed I listened.

"I'm glad it's only a penny you need. I have just six cents left," she laughed merrily. "Lucky I didn't buy a penny paper.

"I don't get to town often, and when I do I always shop as far as my money will go." Her eyes twinkled and beamed on me as she gave me the coin.

"There's my car. Good-bye," she cried.

I watched her despairingly until she entered the car and passed out of sight. Then I looked at the coin. One penny added to the three could in no way be stretched to five.

This capped the climax. Nothing could be worse. I had felt before the independence of giving as much as I would receive, believing the stamp a two-cent one. If I hadn't given that penny to the blind man, I would be on my way home now. Now I would have to beg. I would ask the ticket seller to give me a ticket for four cents. I stepped to the window with a do-or-die air, then hesitated.

Why was it so hard to ask such a little favor? I swallowed a few times to make the words come easier. Several people rushed up the stairs and pushed back of me.

"Don't block the passage, madam," the ticket man ordered. "Pay your fare and move on."

I made another wretchedly futile attempt at speech.

"Move out of the way, madam," the man repeated irritably. "Can't you see you're blocking the passage?"

I moved away, my little spurt of spirit spent. If I had read of a person being in such a plight as mine I would have thought it impossible. I was physically and mentally exhausted. My weight grew unbearable to my feet. My head ached frightfully. The package of gingham on my arm was heavy as lead. The package! I felt like throwing it as far as my strength would allow; it had brought me all my trouble. If I hadn't purchased it I would have had enough money to have ridden home in a taxicab, had I chosen.

How I wished I had let the woman have the black-and-white piece. Still, it wouldn't have changed things if I had, for I would have then bought the purple-and-green plaid. No, I couldn't blame any one but myself for my present trouble. A bargain had always lured me and this was the bitter end.

I sat down on the upper step of the stairs. I had to; I couldn't bear my weight any longer. My eyes closed a brief period, my body relaxed.

"Did you drop this parcel?" a pleasant voice aroused me.

As I rose I bumped into the woman who had just aroused me.

"I beg your pardon," I cried.

"Don't mention it," she returned. Then our eyes met. It was the woman who had annoyed me about the black-and-white gingham. We recognized each other simultaneously.

"Oh, it's you!" she turned from me with an angry gleam in her eyes.

"Wait a moment, please," I cried imploringly, a sudden inspiration seizing me.

She stopped and looked at me curiously.

"Do you still want that piece of gingham?"

"I don't know that I do," she answered coldly.

"Would—would you give me fifty cents for it?"

"Is it damaged? Why have you changed your mind?"

"Oh, no," I said earnestly. "But black-and-white does not become me."

"Fifty cents is a good price to pay just to accommodate you." She watched me, her eyes narrowing. I was in her power. She knew it, but not the reason.

"Thirty would be all right."

"I will give you twenty-five."

I handed her the goods exultingly in exchange for the coveted coin.

Springtide

Emma White

SPRING anew hath clothed the wood,
And started forth the forest blood,
The dogwood's spray of snowy white,
The forest tree with leaf so bright,
A green carpet growing o'er
Earth's uneven floor,
The violet lifts her shy, sweet head,
How fresh is the beauty on earth now shed!

Why the Grasshopper Hops

Elizabeth Echols Walkup

ONCE upon a time many years ago there lived a family of grasshoppers, the mother grasshopper, the father grasshopper and three little grasshoppers. They lived in a field in which a lot of bushes grew, and they crawled just as ants do now.

One day the farmer who owned the field was walking through it and he said to himself, "Why couldn't I cut all of these bushes and burn them and make some use of this field?"

So the next morning he got two men and they went into the field and began cutting down the bushes. When they had cut down a lot of them they piled them up and set them on fire.

About this time the mother grasshopper, the father grasshopper and the three little grasshoppers were out taking their morning walk. Soon they saw the fire burning and one little grasshopper said to the others, "Come on, let us get some sticks and play in the fire."

So they crawled on as fast they could ahead of the mother and father grasshopper.

"You children must not play in the fire, you will surely get burned," called the mother grasshopper.

The little grasshoppers did not pay any attention to the mother grasshopper, but went on up to where the fire was and began playing in it. When they were tired of this, one said to the others, "Let us see who can run closest to the fire and not get burned."

So the first one ran just as close to the edge of the fire as he could, then the second one ran just a little closer until he scorched his feet. The third one wouldn't let the others get ahead of him so he ran still nearer until he stepped right in the fire and burned his feet so badly that he gave three hops and landed out in the field crying with pain. The other two grasshoppers were so afraid

that he had gone closer in than they had that they did not notice he had been burnt and was crying. So they went just as fast as they could right through the red hot coals, and they too were burned so badly that they gave three hops and landed in the field crying with pain.

By this time the mother and father grasshopper had gotten to the place where the fire was and heard their babies crying. When they saw them they hardly recognized them because they were hopping around everywhere and crying just as loudly as they could. Their feet were so sore that they had to hop instead of crawl, and they were sore so long that they forgot how to crawl and hopped all the time.

So from that day to this the grasshopper hops instead of crawling.

Why the Humming Bird Hums

Marrow Davis

LONG TIME AGO the humming bird was large and very vicious. He was of such a color that he could hide himself easily from other birds and he also had the power of imitating their songs. He was always playing pranks on them. While they were busy getting food he would get up in a tree top near by and give a call of one of their mates. Then as the bird was looking for his mate, he would rush up behind him, have a big fight and finally capture his food and eat it himself.

The birds got very tired of being treated in this shameful way. So they had a big bird meeting to decide what they would do with him. When all were gathered at the meeting house, they put guards at every window and door so that the humming-bird couldn't possibly get in.

"Well," said Mr. Crow, "what on earth are you going to do with him? He is so big we dare not try to fight him."

"I don't see any way either," piped up Mrs. Crow, who was always ready, like Mr. Crow, to give discouragement.

"I have a plan," cried little Mr. Blue-bird.

"What is it?" they all asked in a chorus.

"Well, it's this way," he began, "we can make a large net which can hardly be seen. Then early in the morning two of us can stretch it across the sky near his house. Mr. Sparrow can fly beside the net with a big fat worm in his mouth. When Mr. Humming-bird comes out to get breakfast he will see Mr. Sparrow with the worm and come to get it. When he is in the net Mr. Sparrow is so small he can fly through one of the holes and get away while we tie up the net with Mr. Humming-bird in it."

"Fine, fine!" they all cried.

"What will we do with him then?" asked Mr. Sparrow.

"Oh! that is easy enough," said Mr. Robin, "all of us can be in a tree near by and when he is safe in the net we

can fly with him away up near the sun and tie the net and the sun will burn him up."

"Good!" said Mr. Red-bird, the president, "now let us set to work at once."

By the next morning they had the net all ready for use.

"What a pretty morning," said Mr. Humming-bird, as he jumped out of bed, "I will have to find a nice fat worm for breakfast."

So he started on his way. He had not gone far however when he saw Mr. Sparrow with the very thing he was looking for.

"Well, well," he chuckled to himself, "if there isn't Mr. Sparrow with a big worm. Guess I shall have a fine breakfast after all."

So saying he flew into the trap. As soon as he was in, Mr. Blue-bird and Mr. Robin, who had been holding the net, drew it up tightly, making it impossible for him to escape. Mr. Sparrow had no trouble getting through a hole in the net, and was soon on the outside eating the nice fat worm right before Mr. Humming-bird's eyes.

Mr. Humming-bird screamed and cried for help. He promised never to trouble them again, but they would not listen to him. All the birds flew with him up in the air and fastened him where the sun could burn him. Then they flew happily away, never expecting to see him again.

Later on in the day Mr. Sparrow, feeling very sorry for Mr. Humming-bird, flew up to see how he was getting along. But when he got to the net he did not see the large dark bird they had left, but a tiny bird of very brilliant color in his place. The sun had been so hot that it had melted him to a tiny bird and changed him to a very brilliant color.

"Well, Mr. Humming-bird, you look much prettier. Come, fly through a hole in the net and go along with me," he said.

Mr. Humming-bird did as he was told and so was soon set free. As he flew towards earth he hummed a little tune, for that was the only way he could express his joy at being set free, because speech had been taken away from him as a punishment. And ever afterwards, instead of

taking other birds' food from them, he fed on the nectar from the flowers.

And this is why the humming bird hums instead of singing like other birds.

Little Jo

Ruth Davis

“ONLY a few mo’ hours and then Johnny an’ Mammy an’ Lill will come. I wish they would come now. I wish t’want no such thing as a factory. Maybe ef I go ter sleep they will be here when I wake up.” The speaker, a frail, crippled child of apparently four or five years, lay back in the poor bed and closed his big blue eyes. The sweltering heat brought tiny beads of perspiration to his forehead and curled up the soft brown hair.

“My, ef it ain’t hot! Wish’t Mammy er Lill was here to fan me. Wish’t Miss Rose would bring me some lemonade like she did once fo’ she stopped teaching Sunday school an’ went away. Well, the factory whistle will blow in a few minutes.” Jo closed his eyes and gradually lost consciousness. Suddenly he gave a gasp and sat up. There was a sound of roaring in his ears. His eyes refused to see for a few seconds, then saw clearly the blazing, leaping flames already seizing the bed clothing.

“Gawd,” he said, “if the house ain’t on fire! Jesus hep me get outer the winder.”

Pulling himself along by his frail little arms, gasping and choking, he dragged himself over the footboard of the wooden bed and on to the tiny window ledge, six feet above the ground. Unable to hold on, or climb down, he fell.

A moment later, the alarm having been sent in by some loafers at the little grocery store not far away, the fire engine arrived, but the cheap wooden house was already too far gone to be saved. One of the men, however, saw the tiny figure lying under the blazing window, and brought little Jo to safety.

When Jo came to himself, he was lying on a white bed in a strange place. He tried to move, but pain stopped him and he gave a low moan. A white-capped hospital nurse

came swiftly to him and said, "Don't try to move. Just be still, dear."

"Where is Mammy? I want her. Please, Mammy!"

"No harm will be done," said the doctor, "he cannot possibly live over an hour. He is not burned seriously, but the fall from the window was too much for him, crippled as he was. Poor little chap. Tell his mother gently."

"Mammy," a frightened, exhausted little woman, had no need to be told.

"Ah, Jo! My little son, forgive me for leaving you! O God, give me back my baby!"

"Quiet," urged the nurse.

"Why, Mammy, you had ter go ter the fact'ry since daddy died. 'Twant your fault I got hurt. The house caught on fire, an' I crawled through the window." Jo's voice was slipping away from him, but he caught at it bravely.

"Mammy, tell me, is I goin' to die like little Mary what got caught in the fact'ry last year?"

Jo's "Mammy" threw her apron over her head and struggled to repress her sobs. Jo looked pleadingly at the nurse.

"Is I?" he asked.

The nurse took his tiny hands in her's and whispered, "Yes, dear, our Father is taking you to Him in heaven."

A sudden light flashed in Jo's blue eyes.

"Mammy," he cried, "if I goes to heaven I'll see Jesus and I'll tell Him ter give you enough money so you an' Johnny an' Lill can stay at home an' not go ter the fact'ry a-tall. An' I'll tell Him to give some to Mrs. Brown so she can stay at home with her baby—an'—an'—I'll"—
But the next minute Jo was gone.

Twilight

Mary Belle Frantz

THE FRAGRANCE of the rose steals through the gloom;
The rose is drooping now her head so fair
To hide the little bud that nestling there
Will come some day to be a fairer bloom.

The white moth flutters daintily, and hear,
An owl hooting in the distant wood,
The robin nestles close to her brood;
The brooklet's murmuring with its treble clear.

I hear the night breeze whisper in the pine;
I see the moon send down a silver ray,
And then, oh! miracle, at close of day
I feel your little heart beat close to mine.

Night

THE tall smokestacks rise grim against the blue
Of summer skies and gold of sunset glow;
The tired earth under falling dew
Sinks into sleep;

And circling swallows fly at eve to rest,
The dying sun's life-blood fills all the sky;
And little children, factory slaves at best,
Lie down and die.

The Night

Jessie Duggar

THE TWILIGHT deepens into night,
The stars look down with golden light,
And from the eastern sky so clear,
The silver moonbeams gather near.

The hooting owl begins his song,
And keeps it up the whole night long.
The mocking bird breathes his plaintive lay
When he sees the shadows of breaking day.

A Prayer

Jessie Duggar

HATHER ABOVE!
At this evening hour I come kneeling,
To Thee my sins and hopes revealing,
In whose pure presence the glad angels bend,
Awed by the light Thy dazzling glories lend.
I faithfully implore Thee to hear and remove
All sin and sorrow from a heart defiled,
And help me forever—I am Thy child.

#	Sketches	#
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A SKETCH FROM FACTORY LIFE

Out in the gray dawn the gaunt outlines of the row of tenements began to steal, like grim ghosts, into the day. Little Tim awoke with a start from a dream of wealth and ease to find himself on his same little hard cot in the cold bare room which he and his widowed mother shared together.

As he watched the mists lift from the great city his active little mind wandered away from the drear tenements, away over the tall chimneys and smokestacks of the city to the beautiful country where he was born, and where he and his mother and father had lived till his father died two years ago and he and his mother came to the city.

How blue the skies were there, and the little laughing, riotous stream through the meadows where the speckled trout rose to the bait, and the flowers and the grass—Tim fairly shivered with delight as again he saw in memory the beautiful things in the country, and the beautiful little white cottage with roses glowing in— With raucous noise the whistles of the great factories broke in upon Tim's dreams, recalling him to the present. The duties of the day, relentless and racking to soul and body, rose before him and stared him in the face with cruel eyes.

With a hurried but loving kiss to his mother he dashed from the room and along the alleys and crossed into one of the dreary factories.

"The work is hard of course," thought Tim, "but maybe soon I can get a better place and mother can have more things and maybe we can go back to the country." Again Tim was dreaming of the country, how the doves used to coo and the low wind blow as it whispered about the eaves of the little cottage.

—*Mary Bennett.*

A SKETCH

It was a glorious spring morning in a small Southern village. The fresh, sweet smell of the dew-moistened grass mingled with the fragrant scent of honeysuckle. The first golden rays of the sun were just visible over the hills. The birds were chanting happy songs and everything seemed in harmony with the beautiful morning.

Just then the factory whistle began to blow, and in a few moments the workers both young and old began to come from various directions on their way to work. My attention was called to a small, frail boy about twelve years old, with large childish eyes and a sallow complexion, who was lagging behind the other workers. His careworn face and his weary footsteps revealed his previous life, and I afterwards learned that he was helping to support his widowed mother and little sister. Soon he had passed out of sight, and the sky then turned softly gray and a cloud came over the great golden sun.

—*Jessie P. Duggar.*

A DREAM

Yes, it was really so, for Dr. Jarman had said so in chapel that very morning.

It was I who was to see at last my hopes and ambitions realized, yes, more than realized.

It had been the decision of the faculty that I was entitled to the first honor of the class of nineteen hundred and fifteen and it was I who had been overwhelmed the whole day by congratulations.

How happy I was! and how happy my home people would be when, in June, they would gather around to hear me deliver the valedictory.

Oh, I know I had worked hard and long but all such horrors were blotted out by my present glory. Would I ever be so happy again? Just then some one called softly, "Mariam," and I turned to receive another congratulation, but the voice called again, "Mariam, are you going to get up?"

"Yes, Mrs. Slater," and I rolled out of bed, rubbing my eyes,

—*L. C. H.*

OUR HOSTESS

The splendid "Lady from Georgia" stood on the porch of Robert E. Lee Hall, at Blue Ridge. Her hair was beautiful and gray and was piled in curls high on her head. With a face animated with "welcome" shining all over it, she held out both hands to us—the poor, weary, dusty, but enthusiastic Normalites.

"Why how are you? Come right on in! No, don't get by till I see you. Tell me your names, too. Farmville Normal? Lovely! I love Virginia next to Georgia." We learned later that that was one of her highest compliments.

Of course we forgot how tired we were. That night she gave us a formal welcome in the auditorium.

"Things are going wrong sometimes while you are here, but we shall have ten of the most wonderful days of our lives. If things go crooked, smile. Just hook the corners of your mouth around your ears and you'll have to smile. Smile! Smile! Smile! That's what the world needs, anyway. Smile!"

This is Miss Rutherford's philosophy. *R. J. M.*

Never Mind

Frances Goldman

WHAT'S THE USE of always fretting
 At the trials we shall find
 Ever strewn along our pathway?
 Travel on, and never mind.

Travel onward, working, hoping,
 Cast no lingering look behind
 At the trials once encountered;
 Look ahead, and never mind.

What is past is past forever;
 Let all the fretting be resigned;
 It will never help the matter—
 Look ahead, and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you,
 Whom the ties of nature bind,
 Should refuse to do their duty,
 Look to heaven, and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken
 When the feelings are unkind;
 Take them for their real values,
 Pass them on, and never mind.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
 Enemies may be combined;
 If your trust in God is steadfast,
 He will keep you—never mind.

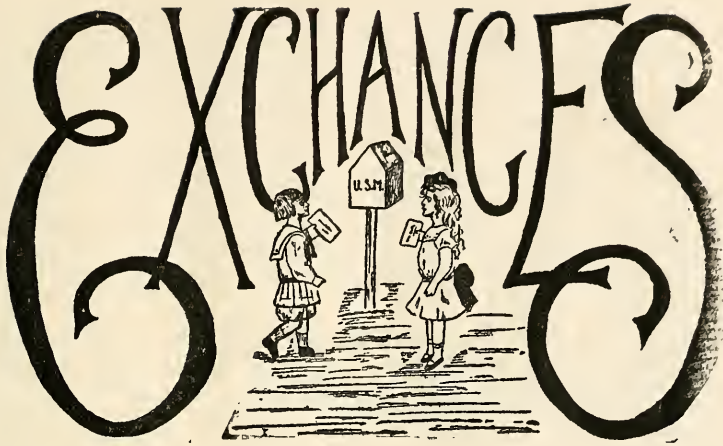
Who?

Frances Goldman

WHO, then, is the aristocrat,
And who the proletariat?

"There's Willie Smith," says Johnnie Jones,
In lofty condescending tones.
"His father only peddles rags;
My father makes them into bags."
"Yer bags ain't much," says Willie Moore;
"My father buys them for his store."
"Your grocery's such an awful place,"
With lifted nose, said Billy Case.
And then to Billy, Harry yells,
"It's my pa's books your father sells."
"Oh, that ain't such a much," Brad cries.
"My father reads your father's lies,
And he don't work at all, you know."
"He plays the races," whispered Joe,
Whose father never earned his "dough."
His father was a rich "nouveau"
And while Joe looks with scorn at Brad
Young Wilson says right to his dad,
"I never play with Joe, you see,
Or Clarence wouldn't speak to me."
And Clarence lords it over all
Because his ma and Joe's don't call;
But even Clarence can't see why
Young Bishop Lee passed him by.
But that proud scion of a billion
Looked proudly down on paltry million.
Yet even he evolves a plan
Whereby to meet a titled man,
And all the while the poet sings
Of the real joy of little things.
And here's a question for the wise
That know all things from earth to skies:

Who, then, is the aristocrat
And who the proletariat?



As we said in the October number of *The Focus*, it is hard to obtain a standard by which to judge the poetry in college magazines. Of course, it cannot be judged by the poetry of famous authors, though there is a possibility of our college poets becoming famous in the future. There is one quality, however, that is essential in all poetry, whether it be written by amateurs or the world's poets, and that is sincerity. This, then, will be the basis of our criticism.

The *Gallowegian* of last month is chiefly conspicuous for the lack of poetry and literary material. Don't you think it would be better to omit some of the "notes" and work up more stories and poems that would be of interest to outsiders?

The opening sonnet is good from the standpoint of a sonnet, and the thought is also suitable. "A chance to fail; a chance to try again!" The last line is the theme of the whole. It is an encouraging thought when we have failed in some way, to think that it is through our failures that we learn.

The January number of the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany* contains several pleasing verses. We notice that two out of three of these and also a story are written by the same person. From this it would seem that the other girls are not trying.

The poem entitled "Joy" is especially attractive. It has a poetic touch which the others lack and although the thought is simply that a little bird's song or a happy smile will bring joy to the heart, it is well worth reading.

Among the poems in the December number of the *Emory and Henry Era*, there is one called "To Whom Will Nature Speak?" The title is not very attractive, but we are pleasantly surprised in the poem. "The children of nature," "the modest violet," the "babbling brook," etc., are described beautifully, yet with a simplicity that adds to their charm. Then the question comes, "To whom in the mood of perfection teach the lessons of constancy, purity, truth?" Are these lessons given to only one particular class of people, such as "the maiden, the aged or youth," or are they given to all, regardless of whether they earnestly desire and deserve them? The answer is,

"Indeed, not to these are the secrets given
Which lift up the soul to the plane of heaven.
What, then, must man do to obtain the right,
To share, as he should, all the gold he might?
To hear with the ears, with the eyes to see,
To love with the heart all good things that be—
This, above all, is the secret within;
This will make nature and human akin."

Not only is the thought poetic and well expressed, but it is full of a sincerity that makes its appeal to all.

The meaning is not very clear in the last stanza. "Uncouth" is not a very suitable adjective to use in the description of a storm. It seems to be used because it rhymes with truth, instead of being used for its meaning.

The December number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* contains only one poem—and that one can be hardly classed as poetry, though it is a very attractive little rhyme. These "Little Rules" are found to be rather difficult and important when we try to obey them.

Probably the best thought in it is,

"Triumph comes from trouble,
And not from mortal might."

If we could only learn to realize and appreciate this we would not look upon work and trouble with such distaste.

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

The first *Focus* from the new staff! And how we realize that we have not come up to the standard the old staff set us, but we can work, and finally, perhaps, our efforts may accomplish the results theirs have done. We will try to make *The Focus* fulfill its purpose—to be in reality a focus of our life here, our aims and ambitions, and if we succeed in this you will have only to read *The Focus* to learn what State Normal School life is. In these hopes and aims of ours we will need your leniency and sympathy and trust you will grant them to us who have so recently started on our career.

Very few girls in school realize what the Y. W. C. A. is doing. To some it may seem to be doing little, but it is continuously accomplishing some great good in the lives of its members which will bring forth fruit hereafter. Its work is similar to that of nature as Arnold pictures it to us in "Quiet Work." It makes no boast or great display of its work, but continually works on

quietly but steadfastly. Its predominant purpose is to develop the spiritual life. This purpose runs through all its work.

The Y. W. C. A. has been called a "laboratory for the practice of Christianity," and so it is. It gives us many opportunities of Christian study and work which we may never have again. It gives us our Bible and Mission studies; gives us practice in leading meetings; teaches us to pray in public, and affords a systematic way of giving as a part of worship. In the Bible and Mission study classes we get real knowledge that we cannot get in a Sunday school because of lack of time. And knowledge of the Bible is useful in nearly all school work, especially history, music, and English. It contains the very best type of every form of literature.

Many people are shy about discussing Bible questions. In these classes every girl soon begins to feel that she knows every other girl. She loses her timidity and all discuss freely the topics of the lesson. The girls become interested in it, find out that they really can discuss Bible questions, and soon begin to do it out of class as well as in it.

When we go out in the world to teach we shall be called upon for many other things. We should equip ourselves while in school so that we shall be able to do well whatever may fall to our lot to do. We are most likely to have to teach Sunday school, lead the children in prayer, and lead meetings of various kinds. The Y. W. C. A. gives us the opportunity to learn how to do these things and to practice doing them, and is therefore essential to our school training. We are here training for intellectual leadership among the children of our State; but to be intellectual leaders in the truest sense we must have spiritual power. The influences of the Y. W. C. A. develop this spiritual power and therefore supplement our work and correct the influences of school life.

Another great value of the Y. W. C. A. is its social influence. It is democratic in spirit and tries to convey this spirit to all who come under its influences. It endeavors to make every person the same in the sight of man

as he is in the sight of God. It tries to give every girl the capacity and willingness to be a friend to every other girl. It is also democratic in a larger sense; for it tries to make every girl capable of being a friend to the world. The Y. W. C. A. tends to break down all social barriers; to unite all its members into a great sisterhood; and to unite the world in a fraternity of love and friendship.

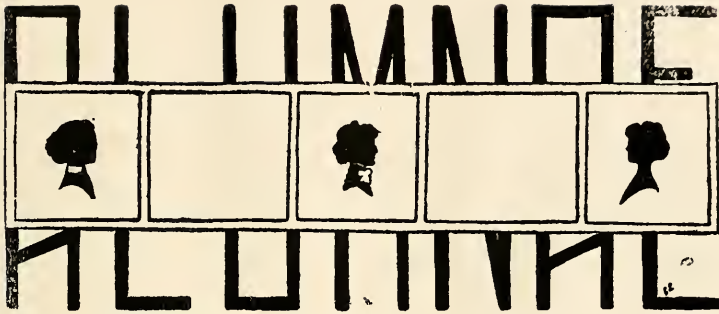
We are apt to think that this great work of the Y. W. C. A. is far from us—in some other school, perhaps. We are mistaken, however, in thinking all is somewhere else. This work is being carried on successfully here in our own school, but it is up to us to make it more successful. We can do it too, if we only take more interest in it and use our influence in carrying on the work.

No girl can afford to go through school and not be a member of the Y. W. C. A. She needs its influence and help, and it needs her's.

I am sure that those of us who have mistreated our Y. W. C. A. room have done it unintentionally and without thinking of what it should mean to us. Though so lately finished it has become a part of our life here, and the privilege of enjoying its calm restfulness is already taken for granted. And it is there for us to use and to enjoy but not to mistreat. And what does mistreatment mean in this case? For one thing, the room ought not be used as a lunch room. We can easily see how quickly the furniture would be spoiled and the appearance of cleanliness and quiet restfulness gone.

Another thing, we ought to be more careful with the magazines and not throw them carelessly on the table or on the floor. If they are in the Y. W. C. A. room they are good reading matter and we must treat them as such.

And then, we remember, our Y. W. C. A. secretary, Miss Dodge, brought the Y. W. C. A. room from a probability to a possibility and then to a reality, and naturally she should take a great pride in it—and she does, and wants us to take pride in it too. And now that we know that Miss Dodge wishes it, we will, I am sure, try to keep it up to her standard of what it should be.



We wish to correct the following misstatements made in our last issue:

Wanda Harkrader is teaching in Wythe County, not in a kindergarten in Roanoke. We think in some way her name was confused with that of Eva Larmour, who is doing kindergarten work in Roanoke.

Fanny and Mary Sterling Smith are teaching in Petersburg, Va., not Wakefield.

Some of our 1913 graduates and where they are teaching:

Ethel Abbitt is teaching at Highland Park, Richmond.

Madeline Askew is teaching at Bristol, Va.

Preston Ambler is teaching at Lawrenceville, Va.

Josephine Allison is teaching at West View, Va.

Eva Anderson is teaching at Smithfield, Va.

Varina Bailey is teaching at Wakefield, Va.

Ruth Campbell is teaching at Homeland, Va.

Elsie Gay, Ballie Daughtry and Elizabeth Downey are teaching at Portsmouth, Va.

Ruth Garnett is teaching at Barton Heights, Richmond.

Florence Garbee is teaching in Richmond.

Madge Gwaltney is teaching at Drewryville, Va.

Grace Hancock is teaching at Beaver Dam, Va.

Ruth Harding is teaching at Sussex Court House, Va.

Sallie Hargrave is teaching at Sedley, Va.

Annie Warren Jones is teaching at Green Bay, Va.

Ruby Lee Keller is teaching at Grundy, Va.

Alice Lemmon is teaching at Amelia, Va.

Annie Moss is teaching at Bridgetown, Va.

Parke Morris is teaching at Barton Heights, Richmond.

Lucy Maclin is teaching at Dendron, Va.

Mattie Ould is teaching in Campbell County, Va.

Mildred Potts is teaching in Richmond, Va.

Ruth Percival is also teaching in Richmond.

Antoinette Davis and Catherine Diggs, who are teaching in Lynchburg, visited the school last month.

While some of the following marriages took place several months ago, all of our readers may not have heard of them, and will be interested in reading about them:

Mary Henley Spencer, class '08, was married on the 24th of January to Dr. George G. Hankins, in the Bruton Parish Church at Williamsburg, Va.

Ethel Lee Sandidge, class '09, was married last June to Mr. Charles R. Thomas, in Lynchburg, Va.

Lucy Anderson, class '05, was also married last June to Mr. Ballard E. Ward, in Ivy, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Ward are now living in Pocahontas, Va.

Nancy Walkup, class '10, was married last June to Mr. James S. Wills, in Gala, Va.

Lucy Rice, class '07, was married on October 7, to Mr. Pollard English, in Richmond, Va.

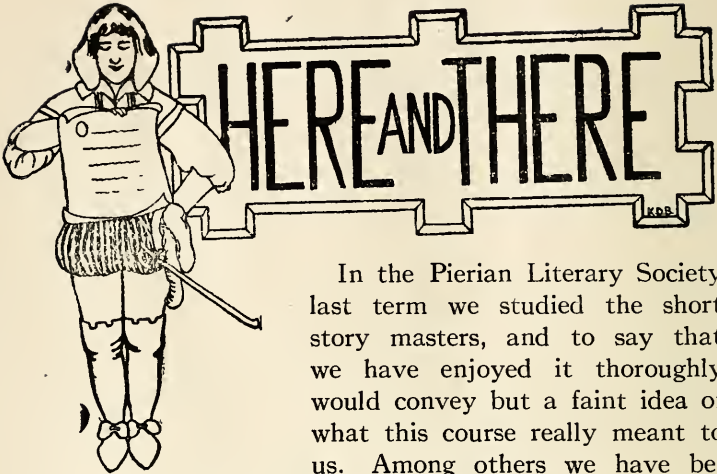
Frank Jones, class '07, was married on June 25, to Dr. Albert H. Hoge, in Farmville, Va. Dr. and Mrs. Hoge are now living in Bluefield, W. Va.

Mary Turpin, class '10, was married on November 18, to Mr. Haskins Williams, in Boydton, Va.

Susan Emily Ford, class '06, was married last June to Mr. J. L. Dickenson at Front Royal, Va.

Irma Phillips, class '11, was married on December 23, to Mr. James M. Wallace, at Baskerville, Va.

Mary Mercer Scofield, class '07, was married to Mr. Benjamin C. Watkins on January 3, at Alexandria, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins are now living at Midlothian, Va.



In the Pierian Literary Society last term we studied the short story masters, and to say that we have enjoyed it thoroughly would convey but a faint idea of what this course really meant to us. Among others we have become acquainted with Kipling, O. Henry, Bret Harte and Maupassant. That we have had good attendance and a real interest in the programs throughout the term is proof of the value of the course.

The short story appeals to everybody because it reveals much in little—like gold it contains much value in small space. Besides it enables you to see yourself as if in a mirror. Your character is reflected in such a way that you can't help both feeling and seeing it. Being brief and condensed, it shows at a glance the world with all its tragedies and comedies to our veiled eyes and we cannot help being grateful for the revelation. When you read O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi," or Kipling's "Without the Benefit of Clergy," you feel that your soul has been touched by a human hand which leads you to live cheerfully and with love—and what wonderful real self sacrificing love! When you read "The Luck of Roaring Camp," even though you despair of the characters, you can't help looking at life hopefully because through all the struggles of the characters the great writer gives you the power to detect in each human heart the spark of divine goodness which makes life worth living.

The mere fact that the short story holds such an important place in literature at the present time proves that it contains what the public wants and needs, and we believe this is the reason why it was a good subject for our literary society to study.

STEVENSON AS STUDIED BY THE ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

After much serious deliberation (in fact we were told to deliberate all summer long), we began our study of Robert Louis Stevenson on the evening of September 26, 1913. We thought him to be a man well worth our study, not only because of his literary ability, but also because of his noble character.

This broad subject was divided into seven phases as follows:

1. The Life and Character of Stevenson.
2. Stevenson and Children.
3. A visit to the "Child's Garden of Verse."
4. Stevenson as a Master of the Short Story.
5. Stevenson as a Novelist.
6. Stevenson as a Man of Letters.
7. Stevenson as a Teacher.

We took these and like bees gleaned from them the sweetness and the best. These topics we used as the subjects of our regular meetings, each having several sub-heads under it.

Our supplementary readings for this term were "Kidnapped" and two selections from "Familiar Studies of Men and Books;" "David Balfour" and four poems from the "Child's Garden of Verse;" "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or the "Master of Ballantrae," and two essays from "Virginibus Puerisque," entitled "Child's Play," and "Notes on the Movements of Young Children." These were chosen because they were typical of Stevenson's whole work.

For our open meeting we used "A Visit to the Child's Garden of Verse." This was in dramatic form as a portrayal of Stevenson's childhood fancies. He was seated

in his study, and as he fell a'dreaming there was a little garden with its walls, its paths, and its flowers, while in it appeared those long-ago boys and girls with the perplexing problem of "My Shadow" and many other of his poems. "The Swing" was sung with its beautiful, lilting melody; and finally "Leerie," the old lamp-lighter, came along, sending little gleams of light far out into the surrounding darkness.

We enjoyed the study of this wonderful, many-sided man—this man who could write "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and in direct contrast the "Child's Garden of Verse;" who, even when racked with pain, could compose such beautiful prayers as he did in the last few months on the island of Samoa. We enjoyed reading "Treasure Island" with its wonderful imaginative power—so strong that we seemed to be ever-present with those bold buccaneers and taking part in all of their thrilling adventures. He has taught us to love adventure even if it is no more than "Travels with a Donkey."

From the study of this many-sided man—so versatile, so lovable, so unceasingly gentle—we have gained numbers of things. We have received new ideals, making us want to do higher and better things—to

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!

To look forward bravely, never fearing what Fate may have in store for us; thoughts of noble womanhood—these are some of the things. And yet beside all these solemn musings we have thoughts of little children—their loves, their joys, and their sorrows.

But more than all of this he has become so real to us that we love him. We have received from meeting to meeting all the beautiful things in his life, and have garnered them up into a sheaf of pleasant memories to be stored in our mind's treasure house, where we put all of our other possessions beautiful and good.

ATHENIAN COURSE OF STUDY

The course of study of the Athenian Literary Society for the fall term of 1913 was entitled "North American

Fiction." This subject proved to be as interesting as it was broad. In the very beginning the following questions arose: (1) Is American literature distinctly American? (2) Why have women not taken a more important part in American fiction? (3) Has the greatest American novel been yet produced?

In answer to the first question, we came to the conclusion that our fiction is distinctly American. We think that American fiction will always be popular on account of its keen sense of humor, if for nothing else. Surely this is not an unworthy attribute. As Colvin says, "In its highest expression humor becomes a philosophy. The true philosopher is neither an optimist nor a pessimist; he is a humorist." Mark Twain was the most interesting humorist that we studied.

In regard to the second question, we believe that the reason women have not taken part in American fiction is partly due to the fact that the men have made fiction writing a profession while women have taken it up, along with their numerous duties, more as a side issue. Will the women become more prominent in fiction now that they are entering the professional fields? That remains to be seen.

We decided concerning the third question that the greatest American novel has not yet been produced. We believe that our "Golden Age" in fiction is yet to come. We believe, however, that its advent is close at hand, and we can well understand how some people can believe that the greatest American novel has even been produced, when they read "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes."

Among the authors whom we studied with much interest and pleasure, are Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, Jean Stratton Porter, Henry Sydnor Harrison, John Fox, Harold Bell Wright, Joel Chandler Harris, Owen Wister, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and O. Henry.

REPORT OF CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

Perhaps one of the hardest things to truthfully express is our appreciation of any certain subject or phase of life that we have studied. There are so many new ideas and

new fields of thought opened to us that in a short time of study we cannot begin to apply or appreciate new experiences which all through our later life form a basis for judging worth and interpreting new experiences.

In our study of "Modern Drama" as provided by the course of study we have discovered many new and wonderful things in the dramatic realm.

Problem plays, child plays, drama in the movies, folk lore plays, of the Irish particularly, and the master productions of many renowned playwrights have given us food to chew, digest and assimilate. Sometimes we have been taken to dreamland, where everything is worth while and the good is obvious in every common, ordinary phase of life. And again we have been confronted with the problems and conflicts which every thinking man or woman must meet, only to turn aside baffled but ready to fight better. We have been with Ibsen, and like him, have dared to face public opinion on the support of our own convictions. Rostand and Maeterlinck have given us an all-seeing eye and thoughts we shall not soon forget have been unveiled in the charming manner of interesting perusal of such as "The Bluebird," "The Chanticleer."

Through Shaw we have seen dressed up in modern costumes, human nature, and there has remained through his influence a wish to recreate or reconstruct out of the shattered bits of what might be.

Our study of Josephine Preston Peabody and "The Piper" has encouraged us to hope for the future of American drama; and the question, "Is the American theater degenerating?" has been faced and decided very conclusively, "No."

We have made a great effort to have original, individual, and personal work on our programs, and as a result they have been full of interest together with the information.

In summing up, we may safely say that we have gathered a store of knowledge, broadening, far-reaching and usable in life.

The Ruffner Debating Society held an open debate in the auditorium Saturday evening, January 31. The question discussed was, "Resolved, That Compulsory Education Laws should accompany or follow Child Labor Laws." Affirmative, Miss Laurice Glass, Miss Ola Channel; negative, Miss Mary T. Turnbull, Miss Fannie Pearcy. The judges' decision was in favor of the negative.

The Ruffner Debating Society has adopted as the course of study for the spring term, "Political Issues of Today," including "The Short Ballot," "The Initiative and Referendum," "Woman Suffrage," "Prohibition," etc. They will take up "The Short Ballot" first.

Tuesday night, February 10, a meeting of the Glee Club was held for the purpose of electing officers. The following were elected:

President	Louise Harvey
Vice-President	Elizabeth Bivens
Secretary	Alma Craddock
Treasurer	Mary Bennett
Librarian	Tillie Jacobson
Assistant Librarian	Gertrude Jones
Reporter	Mary Coverston

BALLAD CLUB

During the last month the work of the Ballad Club has received gratifying recognition from outside this State. Prof. G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard College, in a letter to the president of the Club, wrote recently:

"This report of your Ballad Club is extraordinarily interesting to me. You are doing wonderful work."

Prof. Kittredge edited the Cambridge edition of *Old English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, the most available edition for ordinary use, and in the Introduction to that volume wrote the best exposition of this type of literature. He is our leading ballad authority. In order to avail himself of the results of the Ballad Club's work, he has become a subscriber to *The Focus*, for he writes: "I cannot afford to miss any of this material."

The following variant of "Sir Lionel" (Child. No. 18) was brought in by Miss Evelyn Purcell, of Albemarle County. Miss Purcell's mother, Mrs. S. H. Purcell, learned it from her mother. It was handed down in her family from colonial times, when the first representatives of the family came to this country. The old tune to which Miss Purcell sings it was transcribed with the help of Miss Munoz, the head of the Department of Music.

The image shows five staves of handwritten musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes in cursive. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Old Bang'em would a hunting ride". The second staff continues: "dillum down dillum, Old Bang'em would a hunting ride". The third staff continues: "dillum down! Old Bang'em would a hunting ride". The fourth staff continues: "sword and pistol by his side, Cubby Ki Cuddle down,". The fifth staff concludes with: "Killy quo quam.".

OLD BANG'EM

Old Bang'em would a-hunting ride,
 Dillum down, dillum,
 Old Bang'em would a-hunting ride,
 Dillum down,
 Old Bang'em would a-hunting ride,
 Sword and pistol by his side,
 Cubby, ki, cuddle down, killy quo, quam.

There is a wild boar in this wood. Dillum, etc.
 There is a wild boar in this wood. Dillum down.
 There is a wild boar in this wood,
 Will eat your meat and suck your blood,
 Cubby, ki, etc.

"Oh, how shall I this wild boar see?" Dillum, etc.
 "Oh, how shall I this wild boar see?" Dillum down.
 "Oh, how shall I this wild boar see?"
 Blow a blast and he'll come to thee,
 Cubby, ki, etc.

Old Bang'em blew both loud and shrill. Dillum, etc.
 Old Bang'em blew both loud and shrill. Dillum down.
 Old Bang'em blew both loud and shrill,
 The wild boar heard on Temple Hill,
 Cubby, ki, etc.

The wild boar came with such a rush. Dillum, etc.
 The wild boar came with such a rush. Dillum down.
 The wild boar came with such a rush
 He tore down hickory, oak and ash,
 Cubby, ki, etc.

Old Bang'em drew his wooden knife,
 Dillum down, dillum, dillum;
 Old Bang'em drew his wooden knife,
 Dillum down;
 Old Bang'em drew his wooden knife,
 He said that he would take his life,
 Cubby, ki, etc.

Old Bang'em, did you win or lose? Dillum, etc.
 Old Bang'em, did you win or lose? Dillum down.
 Old Bang'em, did you win or lose?
 He said that he had won the shoes,
 Cubby, ki, etc.

The following fragment of a variant of "The Lass of Roch Royal" differs slightly from one previously printed in *The Focus*. It was reported by Miss Mae Cox.

LOVE GREGOR

Oh, who will shoe your foot, my dear?
 And who will glove your hand?
 And who will kiss your red rosy lips,
 When I am gone to the far-off land?

My papa will shoe my foot, my dear,
 My brother will glove my hand,
 My mamma will kiss my red rosy lips,
 When you have gone to the far-off land.

The following two variants of "Lady Alice" (Child. 85), illustrates the differences which may occur in the same ballad as sung in different places. The first was reported by Miss Elizabeth Painter, from Pulaski County, the second by Miss Dixie McCabe, from Patrick County:

GEORGE COLLINS

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

Miss May sat in yonder room,
Sewing her silk so fine,
But when she heard poor George was dead
She laid her silk aside.

She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave;
There she fell on her bending knees,
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

Set down the coffin, screw off the lid,
Spread back the linen so fine;
I want to kiss his pale, cold lips,
For I know he will never kiss mine.

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

"Oh, mamma, dear mamma, George won my heart,
And now he's dead and gone."

"Oh, don't you see that lonesome dove
A-flying from pine to pine?
It is mourning for its lost true love,
Just like I mourn for mine."

GEORGE COLLIE

George Collie rode up, George Collie rode down,
George Collie rode up so fine;
George Collie rode up one cold winter night,
And taken sick and died.

Sweet Mary was sitting in her room,
A-sewing on her silk so fine,
But when she heard that George was dead
She laid it down and cried.

"Oh! daughter, Oh! daughter, what makes you weep so?
 There are more young men than George."
 "Oh! mother, Oh! mother, he won my heart
 And now he's dead and gone."

She followed him up, she followed him down,
 She followed him to his grave,
 Weeping Mary on bended knee,
 She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

"Take down the coffin and lay back the lid,
 And spread out the linen so fine,
 And let me kiss his dear, cold lips,
 I'm sure they'll never kiss mine."

"Oh! mother, Oh! mother, don't you see those turtle-doves
 Sitting on yonder pine?
 They're weeping for their own true love,
 Why can't I weep for mine?"

At a recent meeting of the Ballad Club, Miss Adelia Dodge, the General Secretary of our Y. W. C. A., sang a version of "Lord Randal" (Child. 12) in recitative style, as she heard it sung by boys from the East Side of New York while in a summer camp in New York State. The mother of the boys being a vaudeville artist, the song had received a decidedly theatrical twist. It seems, however, to be a truly traditional version, and was sung by Miss Dodge in an affecting manner.

"Where have you been all day, Henry, my son?
 Where have you been all day, my loving one?"
 "Down at grandma's, down at grandma's!
 Make my bed, I've a pain in my head,
 And I want to lie down and die."

"What did you eat at grandma's, Henry, my son?
 What did you eat at grandma's, my loving one?"
 "Milk and poison, milk and poison!
 Make my bed, I've a pain in my head,
 And I want to lie down and die."

"What did you leave to your father, Henry, my son?
 What did you leave to your father, my loving one?"
 "Gold and silver, gold and silver!
 Make my bed, I've a pain in my head,
 And I want to lie down and die."

"What did you leave to your mother, Henry, my son?
What did you leave to your mother, my loving one?"

"Silks and satins, silks and satins!
Make my bed, I've a pain in my head,
And I want to lie down and die."

"What did you leave to the baby, Henry, my son?
What did you leave to the baby, my loving one?"

"A kiss from heaven, a kiss from heaven!
Make my bed, I've a pain in my head,
And I want to lie down and die."

"What did you leave to your brother, Henry, my son?"
What did you leave to your brother, my loving one?"

"A rope to hang him, a rope to hang him!
Make my bed, I've a pain in my head,
And I want to lie down and die."

#	Hit or Miss	#
---	--------------------	---

Miss Winston (to her physics class)—Girls, do you remember that lecture that was given here on liquified air about twelve years ago?

Ethel Cleek—I have Bible study in the fifth grade and have got to teach the Passover today.

Margaret Hiner—Oh, that is easy. You know all about the children of Israel passing over the Red Sea.

Miss Blackiston—What is the cause of cyclonic winds?
Virginia Howison—Cyclones.

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Lobelia Drinkard—I used to be pretty before I went to the Training School, but just look at me now.

(MISS) MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB (OR TRUE LOVE)

Mary had a little lamb,
Its name was M-r-s-l Maxey;
It followed her about all day
Unless she took a taxi.

It went with her about the halls,
It sat beside the door,
And if perhaps there was no chair
It sat upon the floor.

It goes into the home office
Upon the slightest pretense,
And who, oh, who could keep it out
Even with an iron fence.

A curious advertisement appeared lately on a Normal School girl's door—"Divinity for sale. 6 pieces for 5c."

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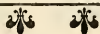
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