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State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia

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Advent of Spring

M. E. D., '14.

DON'T YOU HEAR that distant noise,
The insects humming?
Flower and tree the happy thought enjoy—
Spring is coming!

The fairy elves from hills and brooks
No longer fear
Old winter's icy touch and frosty looks—
Spring is near!

The call of thrush and song of nightingale
Heard far and near;
Verdant breezes waft o'er hill and dale—
Spring is here!

High School Needs and the Teacher

M. B. Coyner

THE ORIGIN and growth of a State system of education, from kindergarten to university, furnishes many interesting points of study to one who is concerned from day to day with the more practical and immediate problems of education. It is the purpose of this article to present some of the phases of high school growth and needs that most intimately concern Normal School students and graduates.

The beginning of the State system of education was made by Jefferson, when he established the University in 1819. This stood alone until after the Civil War, when, under the influence of Dr. Ruffner, the first President of our Normal School, and other far-seeing men, the public elementary school came into existence. Until near the close of the century no successful attempt had been made to connect these upper and lower limits of the system with well organized high schools. As late as 1905 the State Reports give the number as only forty-four, with 341 pupils, while the colleges of the State had over a thousand students.

The students in the colleges were prepared for their work not in high schools but academies, which had as their main purpose the preparation for college. The high schools copied them and the result was that the idea of preparing for college dominated, and practically only those subjects were taught which the colleges demanded. The academies either consciously or unconsciously, directed the pupils to college. The high school too often has tried to do the same thing.

The injustice of this is evident when we know what becomes of the pupils who enter the high schools. Nearly half of all high school pupils in this State are in the first year; three-fourths are in the first two years and not one-tenth of all are in the fourth year. In the United States as a whole only one of every six high school pupils ever goes to college—the proportion is less in Virginia.

Another point to be considered in determining what a high school should do is the fact that four hundred of the five hundred high schools of the State are in rural districts. Nearly ten years ago the State gave funds, supplemented by funds from the National Government, for the establishing of an agricultural high school in each Congressional District of the State. These have had a very beneficial effect in their immediate neighborhoods and in addition have set up new standards for high school work throughout the State. Although the agriculture and domestic science course given in these high schools have been paralleled by classical courses designed especially for those who wish to enter college, the college preparation idea has not held such strong sway in the agricultural high schools.

The supply of teachers has not kept pace with the almost phenomenal growth of the high school in Virginia; only 427 of the 1,222 teachers in the high schools have had the requisite collegiate training, that is, about one-third. In the elementary school five-eighths of the white teachers have first grade, or higher, certificates.

Dr. Jarman has seen this need for a long time and has taken steps to meet it by instituting the new course for the preparation of teachers for two years of high school work. He had a bill introduced into the Legislature to give our School authority to offer a four-year course of college grade for the preparation of high school teachers, on the basis of which a degree would be given. The name of the school was to be changed to State Normal College for Women.

At the same time that this Normal College bill was before the Legislature another older bill was there also which provided for the establishment of a Co-ordinate College for Women at or near the University of Virginia. One argument in favor of this college was that it would supply teachers for our high schools. Both bills were passed in the Senate. The Co-ordinate College bill was defeated in the House, and the Normal College bill was not reached before the final adjournment on March 14, so that neither

college is a possibility before the next meeting of the Legislature.

As Normal School students we will be interested in seeing the relative advantages of the two institutions as far as the teacher problem is concerned. I do not mean here to make an argument on the right of Virginia women to higher education—we are viewing the Co-ordinate College simply as a training school for teachers. The Co-ordinate College would give academic ideas—ideas opposed to rural life, and the rural population would not attend, if we can judge by other women's colleges. The immediate needs of the State would not be met nearly so soon by the Co-ordinate College because the plant would have to grow from the beginning and it would be at least six years before a class could be graduated.

On the other hand, Farmville is not only prepared to do this work but is already doing two years of it; moreover, the practice teaching is done in a Training School in which the high school is correlated with the elementary school, thus giving the student-teacher an opportunity for studying the system as a whole—a very essential part of her training, no matter in what grade she teaches.

Those who have elected the high school course will be interested in any phase of high school work, the subjects taught there, the aim of the work, and the preparation of the teachers. Teachers in the elementary school are interested in the high school because it is the place where all of them have been prepared, and because it exerts a strong influence over the elementary school. They can help to make it meet the needs of the people better than it has done in the past, and hold it up as a goal toward which the child in the grades should work.

There is still another reason for bringing up high school problems: before the Legislature meets again the present Juniors and Seniors will be alumnae. The school will expect you to study the State's need for high school teachers, and it is sure that you will decide that Farmville is the logical place for a college for teachers on account of its equipment, spirit, and traditions. When you have decided this, propagate the idea religiously, until every legislator shall see your vision and act accordingly.

The Everlasting Joke

Marrow Davis

A CROWD OF GIRLS had gathered in Polly's room. They were seated on beds, trunks, in windows, and wherever they could get. They were just like all college girls—full of fun and always ready for a joke. The central figure, however, was Polly. She was always first to join in a joke, first to help in any kind deed; in short, she was the leader of the school.

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed as she established herself comfortably on the window seat, "I hardly know whether to tell you or not, but I guess I will. Don't you know Clarence can't come to see me, as he expected."

"Why?" asked several in one breath.

"I don't know, he just said something about being so busy and that he would have to come some other time. I don't believe he is coming at all."

"That is too bad," said sympathetic little Rose, "maybe he'll come any way."

"Miss Polly," said Aunt Lou, poking her head into the door, "Miss Lane wants yer in the office jes as soon as yer can git thar."

"All right, Aunt Lou, I'll come right away. I'll be back in a minute, girls," she called back as she left the room.

As Polly entered the office Miss Lane handed her a telegram. It read thus:

"Changed my mind; will be there at eight tonight."

"Clarence."

As she was going back to her room she was thinking how surprised the girls would be at the telegam, but her thoughts were suddenly checked on reaching her door by the sounds of loud talking.

"I don't see why we can't do it," one of the girls was saying.

"Well, Polly is mighty quick at a joke, but I'll do my part," came from another.

While Polly was wondering what they were going to do Mildred began speaking. "I have a plan," she said. "If we tell Aunt Lou the joke she will help us carry it out. About half past seven she can come up and tell Polly that Clarence is in the parlor waiting to see her. That will give her plenty of time to dress and get down there before the other boys come. One of us can dress up like a boy and be in the parlor waiting for her when she comes down. My! won't it be fun!"

"Fine! grand! dandy!" came from the girls in a chorus.

"Mildred, you suggested the plan, suppose you be Clarence. I think you will be fine because you are right tall. You can be standing at the window with your back toward the door and she will never in the world tell it is not he."

"Well, I don't expect to miss all that fun; I'm going to hide behind the curtains," said one of the girls.

"And so am I," came from several others.

Polly waited to hear no more but rushed down stairs to find Aunt Lou. She explained the joke to her and got her promise to carry it out just as the girls had planned. But she told her to take Clarence to the sitting room instead of the parlor when he came.

"Now, Aunt Lou," she called back in parting, "do your part well and I'll see that you don't regret it."

"Yes, Miss Polly, I shore will do jes' as yer tell me."

Polly hastily wrote a note and sent it to Clarence's hotel, telling him the joke and asking him to come early. She then went up to her room. She found the girls all sitting around in a circle on the floor pretending to study a lesson for the following day.

"What industrious girls," said Polly as she came in.

"What on earth did Miss Lane want with you, Polly?" asked Mildred. "You've been such a long time."

"Oh, she just wanted to see me about going down town without permission. Come, let's go for a walk," said Polly, attempting to avoid further questioning.

Soon after supper that night Polly went up to study her lessons. This was very unusual for her.

"Hey, Pol," called Mildred, poking her head in the door. "Well, of all things, she is really studying. Girls come on, I guess we had better leave when Polly begins studying."

The girls worked hard that evening, getting Mildred ready and I am almost sure Polly would have been fooled if she hadn't overheard the joke.

Promptly at seven-thirty Aunt Lou came up to Polly's room and announced Clarence's arrival. Polly dressed hastily and went down to the sitting room.

"Well, Clarence," she cried as she entered the room, "isn't this a joke though? I just tiptoed by the parlor door and everything was just as quiet except for a titter now and then. Those girls expect to have a lot of fun."

"Come on," said Clarence, rising, "I feel just ready for a joke."

"No," interposed Polly, "let them wait a little longer. Now, listen, you walk on in the parlor and I will stand at the door and see that none of them get away. I can just see old Mildred now. My! what fun!"

"Capital!" cried Clarence.

Having everything planned, Clarence now entered the parlor. Mildred was standing by a picture, pretending to admire it.

"What a beautiful pict— Well!" she exclaimed in a horrified voice.

"Good evening," said Clarence, "and whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"

But she was saved from answering, for at this moment Polly burst in the door.

"Mr. Clarence Brown, let me introduce you to my friend, Clarence," she laughingly cried.

"Well, if you don't beat all, but I won't bear all the joke, just look behind the curtains," Mildred called back as she ran from the room.

With a laugh, ten girls stepped out from their hiding places.

"Well, Polly, I see there's no use in trying to fool you, but how you ever find things out is beyond me," came from all the girls at once.

"You see," laughed Polly "it's not always the ones that plan the joke who get the most fun out of it."

School Song

A. H.

OH! FROM north, from south, from east and west,
To the Farmville Normal we come,
For 'tis here we work and play,
Gaining knowledge all the day,
For a time calling Alma Mater "home."

Oh! dear old Farmville Normal,
How majestic now you stand,
You're a credit to Virginia
And a blessing to the land.
May your glory never weaken,
May your children e'er be true,
God bless you, Farmville Normal.
Here's a student's love for you!

Simplicity vs. Complexity

Phyllis Bailey

THE JOYS and sorrows, work and play, trials and goodwill of our school days have come to a close. We have come to the place where the brook and river meet. Before we go out into the world would it not be well to ask ourselves this question, Shall we follow the lines of simplicity which bring us to perfection or shall we follow the lines of complexity which bring us to confusion? True power and attractiveness lie in simplicity and in simplicity lies perfection.

Great lives are always lives of simplicity. From biographies we learn that Socrates, Michael Angelo, Knox, Washington, Wordsworth, and many others have lived sweet, simple lives thus fitting them to be a blessing to humanity.

The greatest paintings are those that emphasize some one great theme: not complexity or confusion of subjects. The greatest statues are not those of complex poses and lines and colors, but simple, unornamented ones. We are told that the fine arts entered upon their decline when the Venetians began to ornament their statues. Each Apollo wore a simple crown; the marble cheek of Aphrodite was stained with red; the Dying Gladiator flamed with a bright flesh color; all beauty fled away before this complexity.

Thus, too, in life the fewest complications in it make it the most perfect.

Thoreau has said, "In proportion as man simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex and solitude will not be solitude; nor poverty, poverty; nor weakness, weakness." The best society, that which produces the best men and most beautiful women, morally and physically, is not the complex or the conventional, but that which is marked by simplicity. "In their garb the Greek women understood that simplicity is beauty.

Outdoor life and perfect health lent each maiden a brow of marble and cheek of purest rose. With distinctive grace the girl draped herself in one color—white, in a robe falling to the ground in a straight line—a line with one flower at the throat—a red rose. But when art had declined, in the fifteenth century, the ladies of the French court asked Jacques to weave in each robe of silk a full hundred roses."

And, again, we see that the people who have lived simple lives are the ones that have done more for the true advancement of civilization in the way of promoting liberty, commerce, education and religion.

Let us look to history for some examples of simplicity. The home-loving Hollanders in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were pre-eminent in the arts of peace, leading the world in educational pursuits, being foremost in physical research, in rational medicine. For this they are the "admiration, the envy, the example of nations." So, too, the simple Scotch with their "plain living and high thinking" made possible such pictures as Burns gives us in "Cotter's Saturday Night." And criticize them as you may, the Puritans with their severe, simple living made possible the establishment of this great nation.

In literature the same holds true. Pfranstiehl says, "The literature that touches the human heart and goes singing down the ages, a perennial spring of joy, is not the complex, rhetorical writing, but the simple, homely kind."

An Oxford professor is quoted as saying that Longfellow had a hundred readers in England where Browning had one. He explains this by saying that "the American poet seemed like a single pasture-grown oak, while the Englishman was a tangled forest where the very richness of the vines hid all the trees."

So in this age in which we live there comes a note of warning for a return to simplicity, and in the present-day schools the whole trend is towards simplicity.

How the Potato Bug Got His Spots

Ira McAlpin

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a family of honey-bugs who lived on a little farm away out in the country. This family consisted of four members, mamma-bug, papa-bug, Johnny-bug and Billy-bug. Naturally, Johnny-bug and Billy-bug were very fond of honey.

One day they were out running and playing but it was so hot they had to give up in despair. So they sat down in the shade of an old oak tree and played heads-and-tails with their pennies.

"Oh, Billy, let's get some honey. I am so hungry," cried Johnny, jumping up quickly.

"Now, you know mamma won't give us honey until dinner, but if you will bring the pantry key I will climb up to the honey dish while you hold the chair," answered Billy.

"All right," said Johnny, as he skipped off to his mother's key-board and secured the pantry key.

At the pantry door Billy stood waiting. "Don't make so much noise, Johnny. I know I could unlock that door without making all that noise," boasted Billy. The next minute they were placing the chair under the shelf on which was their favorite dish.

"Now, don't you fall," whispered Johnny as Billy began climbing. Up up, he went. In a few seconds he had reached the top, and in another second he had the dish of honey and syrup in his hands.

Just as he began to climb down again they heard their mother's footsteps in the hall. What should they do! Evidently she was coming that way. In his hurry to get down, Billy missed one of the rungs, and oh! what happened? He tilted the dish of honey and sticky syrup and it ran right down on Johnny's back. At the same time he drop-

ped all his pennies and they, too, fell on Johnny's back. There they stuck and Billy couldn't pull them off.

Johnny was afraid to let his mother see him so he jumped out of the window and ran miles and miles away. Finally he reached a potato patch and there he stopped. Since he couldn't get honey out of potatoes he never did eat any more honey. Now he is called the potato-bug and has a lot of little brown spots on his back.

Why the Snail Carries His House on His Back

Carrie Galusha

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a snail. At that time snails did not carry their houses on their backs as they do now, and they could go around very rapidly.

One time this little snail was going along across the fields and he came to a turtle. Now the turtle was going along very slowly, because he had such a big house to carry.

The little snail was very naughty and loved to tease, so when he saw the turtle creeping along he laughed and jeered at him.

"Oh, Mr. Turtle, why don't you walk faster?" he called to him. He kept teasing until the turtle crept under his shell, and then the snail went away.

But the next day he came back and, on finding the turtle very near the place he had been the day before, started teasing him again.

"Is that as far as you can walk in a day?" he exclaimed and teased him still more than he had the day before.

On the third day when he came to tease the turtle, the snail, while he was romping around, suddenly felt himself becoming very heavy and clumsy. He tried to walk, but could only do so very slowly. He looked around and saw that he too had his house on his back. And ever since then snails have had to carry their houses on their backs.

The Close of Day

R. J. M.

THERE'S a golden glow in the western sky,
Making opal-turned lights o'erhead;
There's a drowsy stir in the new green leaves—
The birdies are going to bed.

There's a cricket's chirp by the side of the road,
A cheerfully said good-night;
There's a swaying mist of gnats in the air,
Dimming yet more the mellow light.

There's a breathing stillness that reigns supreme
In this passing away of the day;
There's a sadness sweeter than joys fulfilled
In the twilight of its way.

"Pretty Boy"

Grace Welker

"OH, LOOK! Here comes 'Pretty Boy.' I wish you would look at the rose in his buttonhole. And those white cuffs! Let's go and speak to him and see him lift his hat," and a number of laughing, chattering school-girls turned with one accord down the street.

I was a stranger in the town and followed them with my eyes, curious to know who could attract them from the hundred things each girl always has to do the minute she is free from classes. And what a name—"Pretty Boy!" What was its significance and why should they all laugh?

I have always been interested in extraordinary people who attracted attention, as this person whoever he might be, had—wondering what it was that made them different from ordinary human beings. Because of this absorbing interest I like to call myself a student of humanity, though to the people of the little village where I was born I am so commonplace a thing as a "traveling salesman."

And then I saw "Pretty Boy"— a man of about thirty-five—I should imagine—with pink cheeks and a florid nose, long arms that hung straight down from stooped shoulders and a peculiar walk, bending his knees far down at every step. His clothes were old and shabby, but his collar and cuffs were clean and white, his necktie was in place, and a rose was in his buttonhole.

He passed the groups of giggling girls along the walk, raised his hat gallantly and went on up the street, while the girls turned back to look and laugh.

I stayed in the town for some time and found out that he delivered packages for the various merchants, seeming to have no mind beyond that and raising his hat to all the ladies he passed. I saw him every day—with his same peculiar walk, his same gallantry, his same obliviousness

to everything else—except the delivering of his packages. He never seemed to notice that the girls spoke to him to make fun and laughed and imitated him when he had passed—that the boys threw at him to see what he would do—always hoping that he might, though he never did do anything.

I asked the people of the town about him. He was an idiot they said—he did not seem to have any mind—the mothers were afraid that he might hurt their children and always called them in when they saw him coming.

But still I knew—knew because I had never yet found a person who did not have—that there must be something in the man, and wondered if I, or anybody, should ever find it out.

One afternoon—it was some time after school had been dismissed—I saw him coming. He had a fresh rose pinned on his coat, a flaming red one, and I marveled at the man's love of flowers. That, at least, I had discovered about him, and then I thought of all those blooming and going to waste during the long summer and of how one—one red rose—could brighten an existence so pitiable as his. People laughed at "Pretty Boy's" flower, but why should they? To me it was infinitely more pathetic than laughable.

A small group of little children had lingered on their way home to jump rope, and just after he had passed one of them—a little, light-haired girl—tripped and fell. She began to cry and I started to go to her and comfort her and then I stopped, for "Pretty Boy" had turned, looked about to see that nobody was near, and then went to her. The child would run, I thought—she would be afraid of him, but I wanted to see what he would do. Perhaps, just perhaps, I should get some clue toward his character at last.

I waited. He lifted her carefully, almost tenderly, from the ground, took a spotless handkerchief from his pocket and wiped away her tears, then took off his rose and gave it to her—and the child took it and laughed and was not afraid.

Waiting

R. J. M.

I SIT AND WAIT oft' glancing at the clock
That ticks so slowly—counting off the time,
The time for you to come, my love—to come.

The lamp is low. The fire in leaping light
Is where I form the pictures of my dreams—
While I sit waiting, dear, for you to come.

. . . . . .

'Tis after years—and yet beside the fire
I sit and wait for you to come—for me,
To be with you through all eternity—
I, dreaming, wait, my love, for you to come.

A Declaration of Independence

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one person to dissolve the bonds of affection which have connected her with another, and to assume among the beings of the earth the independent and equal station to which the laws of Nature entitle her, a decent respect to the opinions of womankind requires that she should declare the causes which impel her to the separation.

I hold these truths to be self evident: that all women are created equal and that casing is an evil designed to reduce them to absolute imbecility. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

1. Undue affection for another makes the sufferer a fool.

2. It is injurious to her physical welfare, in that she neither eats nor sleeps.

3. It makes her a mere puppet, desirous of gaining the esteem of the beloved.

4. It ruins her disposition, making her jealous of all more fortunate than herself.

5. In short, it makes her a thoroughly miserable, sickly idiot.

I therefore do solemnly publish and declare that I shall be heart-free and independent, absolved from all allegiances to cases and heart smashers, and that as such I shall act in all things as a peace-loving, sane citizen. For the support of this declaration I do hereby pledge my life, my fortune and my sacred honor.

Signed: —*Crook.*

Eyes

A. H.

'TIS OFTEN at twilight that lonesomeness comes
And a longing that hath no cure,
To look into brown eyes that make the heart glad,
So big, and so soft, and so pure!

When blame and disaster come hand in hand
As imps some mischief to brew,
'Tis then to gray eyes for comfort we turn,
And in them there's sympathy too.

But when clouds hide the light of the beautiful sun;
And in darkness loom anxious fears,
'Tis then in the wonderful eyes of blue
We find the love that cheers.

Sketches

WHEN THE SENIORS SIT UP TO STUDY

No sooner had the teacher announced a test for the next day than Mary and Elizabeth exchanged nods. Now to one well-versed in Senior mannerisms, so to speak, those nods meant that Mary and Elizabeth would sit up for half an hour after light bell to study together in the drawing room that night.

Sure enough, just the minute study hour was over one girl rushed down to the room of the other and both together promenaded down the hall to get the necessary permission. Having been granted this, they entered the drawing room. They chose a table in a remote corner of the room and the following conversation broke the silence:

"Indeed, I'm glad they let us sit up tonight, for I'm desperate over this test!"

"And I am too! I only made 'Fair' on the last one. Let's try to get over the hundred pages before time to go."

Silence for a few moments, both girls apparently intent upon their work. Then—

"Say—oh! I didn't mean to interrupt, but can you realize that just one month from today we'll be at home seein' our folks?"

"You don't say! It isn't that close really, is it?"

"Humph! haven't I been counting the time ever since January? I guess I ought to know."

"Goodness! aren't you thrilled?"

"But this test!!"

Silence for two minutes.

"Mary, do you suppose Dr. Jarman is going to let us leave on Friday?"

"Of course he will, goose. He wouldn't be Dr. Jarman if he didn't."

"Just as you say, but I have my doubts."

More silence, this time for three minutes.

"Say, what train do you leave on for the Easter holidays?"

"Indeed I don't know. I guess maybe on the 3.18. I'm not particular what train I take just so I go on Friday."

Uninterrupted study for another minute or two.

"Elizabeth, how many pages have you been over?"

"Ten—I've been thinking about Easter the whole time. How many have you?"

"Only six and a half, and I know it's most time to go. Oh! I know this test'll be the end of me."

Just then the night matron peeped in the door and said, "Girls, your half hour is up."

Both girls threw up their hands in horror, and, departing, wondered where their half hour had gone.

—*Bessie Bucher.*

THE LAST DAY AT S. N. S.

They were disconsolately sitting on a bench near a frame of pink rambler roses. The faint odor of the roses made the campus, now darkening with the twilight shadows, an ideal place to go for reminiscences. It was the day before the girls would go home, and the Seniors seeming to grow more serious with the thought, were strolling about before time to go to the auditorium, talking in low tones. It is said that a drowning man reviews his whole life with that last desperate clutch at a straw, and certain it was that to almost every Senior's mind came mental pictures of her whole school life.

When they were very small one of the favorite things that these two girls loved to do was to measure their height upon a sturdy oak and notching the place say mysteriously, "Now, let's see how much taller we are next year this time, and see what we'll be doing one year from today!" The old desire came back and one of them murmured softly, "I wonder what we'll be doing a year from today!"

"Well, certainly we won't be here; we'll be out somewhere trying to be dignified. Ah me!"

Then followed a series of "Don't you remembers," and as each escapade was mentioned merry laughter would

begin, to be checked suddenly with the thought, "It will all be over tomorrow!" Yes, the place had grown dear through all these years and the very struggles, tears, and moments when one wished she were dead had only served to make the sun shine brighter when it did shine.

A little way off two mothers, with happy, smiling faces, were discussing girls in general. One of them said, "Yes, I know Mary has wasted time and frolicked away plenty of study hours when she should have been studying, but then she has only one life to live."

"If Mary has wasted time what have I done?" the thought came to both girls and with it an added seriousness.

"Well, anyway we can come back next commencement," was the consolation one offered.

"I shan't come back. You know perfectly well what we think of those old alumnae who go stalking about here like lost sheep of Israel,—I'll tell the world I won't be one!"

"Well, then," the other argued, "whenever they make this a college we'll come back and lead the old maids a chase. Can't you see them?"

"No, I can't see anything but you and me, old and toothless, trying to act like infants—we'd be put down as *freaks*!"

Just then a gay voice called, "Mooning are you, old sports? Come and let's have one more gay time. Partners on the floor for the first set of 'Puss in the Corner!' And these serious (?) seniors, scrambling through rose bushes and over benches, were the first to reach the desired trees where the rat resided until such a time as Puss should chase him off. —*George Bailey.*

APPERCEPTION

I have often wondered when I began a new study or read a new book, why it was I didn't like it or wasn't as interested as I should be. I knew I wasn't prejudiced against it as I knew nothing about it. I must admit I was puzzled and it was really a relief when I found out that it was because I didn't know anything about the study or book and couldn't relate it or compare it with anything I had had before. In other words I didn't have an apperceptive basis or mass.

No wonder children are often bored and uninterested with their studies. We, older people, in our egotism, think because we know a little something about a subject, of course the children do too, but more than often I'm afraid we don't think at all. I look back on my early school days and think how much more interested we would have all been in our school work if it had been related with something that we knew something of. I remember I thought geography was concerned entirely with foreign countries. It never occurred to me that it was in any way connected with my surroundings. I didn't know anything about foreign countries and it meant very little, if anything, to me.

I think the law of apperception a most important law for the teacher. If she understood it all she would only have to realize the very limited experience of the children and so arrange the material she had to teach that it would be related to something the children knew and liked.

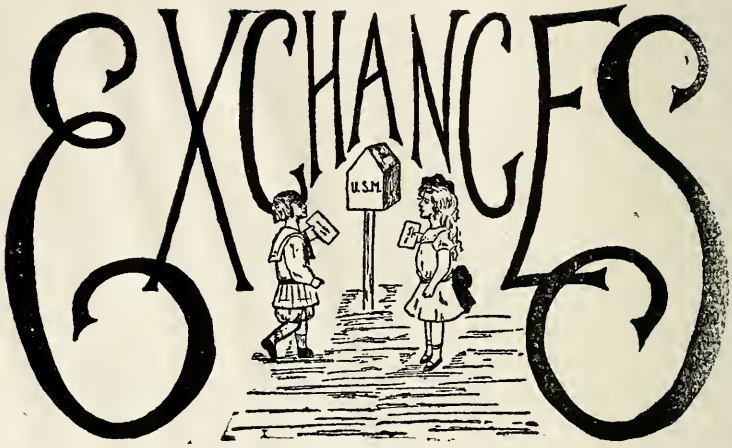
—*Margaret Jackson.*

THE RAINDROP AND THE THOUGHT

A little raindrop came to earth one day
With a dance and flutter on its way,
To tiny flowers with their open arms
Guarding raindrops 'gainst a heat that harms.
But flowers are so young, the sun so old,
That they could never ward off this tyrant bold.
So the little raindrops that were once so gay
Felt the cruel sun and went away.

A little kind thought came to earth one day,
With a smile and music on its way,
To tiny children with wee, happy hearts,
Guarding kind thought against sharp sting and smarts.
But little lives grow weary, hearts grow weak,
They can't forever guard 'gainst those who seek,
So the little kind thought that was once so gay
Felt the cruel world and went away.

—*George Bailey.*



Short stories again! We are always glad when it is their turn to be given special reference, for they are usually the most numerous as well as the most interesting form of literature found in our magazines. Many of them are unusually good this month and it is a real pleasure to read them.

In the January number of the *Sweet Briar Magazine* there is an attractive story called "Billy and the Switch." It has very little plot but it is worked out in an amusing and entertaining manner.

The two mischievous little boys in it are very true to life and they talk just as real little boys do. It would be better if only one of the games they played with sister's switch were described, and that one given a more detailed description, instead of telling briefly about several.

The story is well written, the ending being especially good, for it leaves the reader thoroughly amused.

The lack of stories in the February number of *The Record* is very evident. While there are many essays, it contains only one story, "The Mountain Violinist," and

the plot of this isn't deep enough to be interesting. There is really no point in it that can be called a climax. The reader is not held in suspense at all for from the beginning we can see how the story is to end.

Still we should take into consideration that this is a high school magazine whereas the others we have criticized are from colleges.

"The Tale of the Buried Manuscript," in the February number of the *Richmond College Messenger*, is an unusual sort of story to find in a college magazine. The plot is very improbable, but it is a good story nevertheless. It reminds us of some of Poe's stories in its weirdness, though of course we cannot go too far in the comparison. The opening description is too long. It would be better if the second, third, and fourth paragraphs had been left out as they do not bear on the story.

The scene is well laid, for we always connect mystery and intrigue with the East. With the beginning of the manuscript, the plot works out rapidly. From the time the thoughtless English youth joins the terrible secret order known as the "Eye" we feel that he is doomed, but we are kept in suspense as to what will happen to him next. Thus our interest is held to the end.

Most of the details are well chosen, with the exception of a few that we would hardly expect to find in a document written in 1844, the date of the manuscript. Slang is always changing, and such expressions as "we led a ripping life of it" and "young English blades" sound more like 1914 than 1844.

The ending is good—"Good bye. Yet, one thing more, if you will look deep and steadily into the ruby "Eye" you will find—," and here the manuscript ends, leaving full scope for the reader's imagination.

We read with pleasure the *Hollins Magazine* for February. The stories have not only original and interesting plots but the thoughts are well expressed and the words well chosen. In the story entitled "Renunciation," Dr. McIntyre is put to a test when he finds that his sweetheart

is in love with another man whom he deems worthless. This same man comes to him in trouble and the doctor proves his great love for the girl by forgetting himself in securing her happiness.

As a whole a fine school spirit is evident in this magazine.

A LITANY

From teachers who teach not themselves,

From teachers who do not take several educational journals,

From teachers who have forgotten their youth,

From teachers who call curiosity CUSSEDNESS,

From teachers who have lost (or have never had) faith in God and little children,

From teachers whose work is merely thought out, but never *felt* out,

From teachers whose zeal is not above refrigerator temperature,

From teachers who see another's prosperity through green spectacles,

From teachers who tell themselves that the needs of their pupils are proportional to their salaries,

From teachers whose thunder is not preceded by lightning,

From teachers whose voices have but one key and but one inflection,

From teachers who take off their hats in their own presence,

From teachers who are threshing last year's straw (and damning the harvest),

From teachers whose vocabulary does not contain the terms *good will, good digestion, system, professional courtesy, My Country 'Tis of Thee, and Unification,*

From teachers whose units of measure are not authorized by reason nor common sense,

From teachers who sit and shiver in their own shadow,

From teachers who affirm that "morning exercises" are unnecessary, that "rest periods" consume too much

time, that "America" is worn threadbare, that the daily display of our country's flag renders it too common,

From teachers who behold the Stars and Stripes without a quicker pulse and a more erect spinal column,

Good Lord Deliver Us.

Amos W. Farnham, in New York Education.

THE FOCUS

VOL. IV FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1914 NO. 2

Published monthly during the school year by the Students' Association of the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Subscription price, $1.00 per year.

The Focus is published nine times a year at Farmville, Va., by the Students' Association of the State Normal School. There are no stockholders, no bond-holders, mortgagees, nor other security holders.

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

ON SEEING OTHERS AS WE SEE OURSELVES

Have we ever thought of looking upon others and thinking of them as we do ourselves? Has it ever occurred to us that they need to be thought of and considered just as much as we think about and consider ourselves—or perhaps more so? I suppose there have been many, many times when we have wished for a little time alone—just an hour away from noise and hurry and confusion, just time enough to have a chance to think a little or to study uninterreuptedly for a test. But it seems that in this large school of ours this has come to be an almost impossible thing. The interruptions are all unintentional and are made unthinkingly, but we must bring ourselves to think about them as they are. We are together most of the day, at chapel, in classes, at meals and at prayers, and though I do not mean that we must restrict ourselves from all visiting, it seems as if we ought always to think whether the "other person" is busy or not before we interrupt. How can we really concentrate our minds if we are constantly on the alert for someone to come in?

Before we rush into a girl's room to see if she doesn't want to go down the street or take a walk, let us first consider if she has the time to waste—just as we would consider ourselves if placed in a like position. Not many of us can resist an urgent plea to have a good time and with an almost unconscious sigh she leaves her despaired-of solitude and joins the crowd.

Solitude is the best thought producer we have, and to have great thoughts we must have more time to ourselves. We realize this fact, but do we always realize that it is true for others as well as for ourselves?

L'ENVOI

(Apologies to Kipling.)

When earth's last poem has been written
And the pen is rusty and dried,
When the oldest poet has passed on
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it,
And rest for an aeon or two,
Till the masters of all good verses
Shall set us to work anew.

Then those who have writ shall be happy,
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall write on a ten-league parchment
With pens made of comet's hair;
They shall have real visions to "scribble,"
Dreams—deep and broad and tall;
They shall write for an age at a sitting
And never get tired at all.

And only the masters shall praise them,
And only the masters shall blame.
No poet shall write for money,
No poet shall write for fame;
But each one shall write for *The Focus*,
And each in his separate star,
Shall write of the dream as he dreams it,
For the masters of dreams as they are.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

When our business managers go out to solicit advertisements for *The Focus*, they have to convince the merchants that we will patronize them in preference to other merchants "if you give us your ad."

Now, do we patronize our advertisers as we should? When the merchants give us their advertisements there is a mutual agreement made. They agree to help support our magazine and we agree to help support their business. Now, since they keep their part of the agreement, it is up to us to keep our part. Watch the advertising columns closely; become thoroughly familiar with our patrons; and, when you go down town, keep them in mind and see that you buy from them.

To a great extent it is due to our advertisers that we are able to publish *The Focus*. We need their support financially. Now, we cannot expect to receive the support of anyone whom we do not also support. We want to keep every one of our advertisers, and with their help keep up our magazine. More than this, we want to get more advertisers so that we may be able to make our magazine better. When the merchants who do not advertise with us see what an advantage their fellow merchants who do advertise with us have, they will go and do likewise. Let us patronize our advertisers, keep up *The Focus*, get more advertisers, and improve our magazine.

GOOD TASTE IN READING

What is good taste in reading? We hear a great deal about good taste in decoration, gardening, and dressing, but we seldom hear anything about good taste in reading and in some of the other worth-while things. You know the girl who plans to the full extent of her time and money how to be tastily gowned. She values this expression of her ideas as an art and is proud. Often, though, the same young lady is ignorant of the fact that good taste in literature is one of the finest arts to cultivate and that this art is one of the truest marks of culture. Turn to "Sesame

and Lilies" and read what Ruskin says about gossiping "with your housemaid and stable boy when you may talk with queens and kings."

The best books are those that the greatest thinkers have culled from the vast field of reading matter for their beauty, ideals, knowledge, or other great values to human life. These "best books" may yet be divided into two classes, known as the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The world of poetry comes under the latter. But it is not natural that these books are just what you ought to read because they are called the "classics." Your own reading will depend upon your own thoughts. Simply because "Paradise Lost" is a classic is no reason that you will enjoy it nor should you be embarrassed to confess that you don't like "Les Miserables." Good taste in reading may be good and also broad. There are only two positive limits: first, you cannot afford to read poorly written books any more than you can afford to wear a botched-up dress, and second you cannot afford to read the wildly improbable books any more than you can afford to wear a wildly improbable dress. Perfectly impossible books are often very good. Here we have our loved fairy stories. And let's remember what Bacon says, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention." When we are able to make these discriminations wisely in our reading, we may say that our reading taste is good.

Training School Work under Student Teachers

OUR CLUB

Ruby Woosley

ONE OF THE RULES in the Normal School is to open all clubs and societies only to the girls in the second year or above. So we, the first year girls, decided that we would organize a club too, also with restrictions. We have decided to keep everybody in the second year and above out of ours.

We need this club especially because we are class mates, and want something stronger than a class organization to bind us together. The aims of this club are to be threefold, namely, to promote social life, to encourage athletics, and to give us a deeper appreciation of literature.

In this club we also want to have a jolly good time. So we are going to have victrola parties, bacon parties, and teas. Our aim is also to cultivate the social spirit by having literary entertainments, and by doing everything in our power for the advancement of athletics.

Our first meeting was held February 22, in the eighth grade room of the Training School. In this meeting we appointed committees for the purpose of drawing up the constitution and by-laws, and also for naming the club. These committees were to be ready to report at our next meeting, which was held on the following Friday. At this meeting many names were handed in, namely: "The Lamron Club," "The First Class Club," "The Namraj Club," and "The Ambitious Beginners Club."

Finally after much discussion we decided on the "Namraj Club," not only because we thought it suitable, but because it was a name which would be in honor of our beloved President Jarman.

We also decided on dividing our club into several small groups and under each group we would have an Indian

name, or merely the Campfire Girls. The purpose in doing this was to give each individual an opportunity to become a Campfire Girl, and also to get out and have a jolly good time.

The constitution ad by-laws were then read and adopted by a majority vote.

Our last meeting was held March 3, and the following officers were elected: Mary Tidwell, President; Bessie Chick and Elizabeth Cunningham, Vice-Presidents; Ruby Woosley, Secretary; Ethel Foster, Treasurer; Portia Spencer Reporter; Byrd Michaux, Censor; and Philippa Spencer, Critic.

OUR CLUB

Ethel Foster

HERE WE WERE, the whole first year class, with nothing to bind us together, nothing to bring us into friendly relations with each other, nothing to bring us into closer contact or make us sociable class mates. At the first of the year we organized a class, hoping that in this each girl would feel herself a part of the whole group, or in other words, that we might all become one united body. But later the question arose, "Was the class carrying out this intention? And we, coming to a positive decision that it was not, decided that something else must be done. So we have formed a club. The purpose of our club, the "Namraj," is to encourage physical and social life and give us a deeper appreciation of literature.

At our first meeting we appointed committees to look after the different business matters, such as a name, flower, color and motto suitable for the club, also a committee on the constitution and by-laws. Then we divided into different groups, having the Campfire Girls. To each of these different divisions we gave an Indian name, one of which is, "Wohelo," meaning work, health, and love.

The duties of the Campfire Girls consist chiefly of living as much as possible an out-door life, which of course includes such games as basketball and tennis, in which everyone becomes interested.

At our next meeting we nominated and elected the officers for our club. The different officers consist of president, two vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, reporter, censor and critic. Three girls, whom we thought capable, experienced and best fitted for office, we nominated for each position. Then by ballot we elected the different officers.

This club has meant a great deal to us and it has been interesting as well as beneficial.

Daisy Swetnam, '11, is teaching at Strasburg, Va.

Louise Ford, '11, is teaching at Front Royal, Va.

Flora Lessie Lea, '12, is now principal of the Laurel Reformatory, Richmond, Va.

Fannie Belle Shorter, '07, is teaching at Sewell's Point, Norfolk, Va.

Emily K. Peebles, '12, is teaching at Prince George Courthouse.

Mary Allen Shaw, '11, is teaching at Beaver Dam.

Mary Preston, '06, is teaching at Salem, Va.

Mary Sidney Guy, '07, is teaching at Alliance, Va.

Louise Ferguson, '11, is teaching at Lebanon, Va.

Aileen Poole, '10, is teaching in a kindergarten in Pittsburg.

Ada B. Smith, '06, is teaching at Newport News, Va.

Blanche Hedrick, '12, is teaching in the Callao High School.

Abbie Conduff, '11, is teaching at Cloverdale, Va.

Wirt Davidson, '08, is teaching at Woodlawn, Va.

May Wilkinson, '12, is teaching at Pamplin, Va.

Sallie Drinkard, '11, is teaching at Raleigh, N. C.

Nellie Maupin, '11, is teaching in a private school at Culpeper, Va.

Louise Balthis, '13, is teaching at Stoddert, Va.

N. Louise Lowe, '12, is teaching at Dendron, Va.

Marietta King, '10, is teaching at Honaker, Va.

Leona Jordan, '10, is teaching at Marion, Va.

Nell Ingram, '06, is teaching at Danville, Va.

Emma Farish, '09, is teaching at Charlottesville, Va.

Louise Davis, '12, is teaching at the Graham High School.

Carrie Dungan, '06, is teaching at Bristol, Va.

CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL

(A Letter to the Farmville Division of the State Normal Alumnae Association.)

Dr. John A. Cunningham, president of the State Normal School at Farmville from 1887 to 1897, gave to that school the best thought and energy of the ten best years of his useful life. He came to it in the prime of a vigorous manhood, enthusiastic, original, sympathetic, wise and far-seeing in his policy.

Those teachers who came from under his guiding hand have realized as the years have gone the wonder of his influence. They have seen ideas he gave them, then but little emphasized by others, now the foundation of many texts, the accepted creed of the pedagogical world; and they have known that it was given them in those years to sit at the feet of a great teacher. They remember him, not only as a teacher, but best as a friend, just, generous, kind, sympathetic. No man had more sympathy with honest endeavor, no man was ever more ready to lend a helping hand. To the girls of Virginia, who often in the face of poverty and inadequate preparation, set their faces towards the higher things of the spirit, he gave the love of a friend and the inspiration of a master mind. Such girls he delighted to gather around him. He understood their longings, he gave his best efforts for them that the Normal School might be the best school possible.

So he did not spare himself and he died at the height of his usefulness. But he had laid foundations broad and deep. He had given the school its character: it stood for thorough scholarship and for helpfulness. As a student in his time once said, "The school seemed to have a *heart*."

The year following his death his students took up heartily the work of a memorial to him. What should it be? They asked their memories of his life, and with one accord the answer came, that to best honor him was to found a permanent scholarship, that every year at the Normal School some young woman should in his name find the realization of her hopes and struggles towards a higher and wiser life. Towards this end it was decided to raise the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars.

Some of those who read these words knew him personally. They need no incentive to do their best for the completion of this fund. To those who did not, we say that a life like his does not die and a love like his lives always in the hearts of those who love their fellow men. No memorial is needed to make his influence live; but to each is given the opportunity to add her part towards the widening of that influence, in making a force for good that shall increase in geometrical ratio as the years go by.

Thus it was that the older members of the Alumnae decided that the John A. Cunningham Memorial should be a living and expanding one, a scholarship fund to be awarded to some Virginia girl whose resources were smaller than her aims and hopes. And, because he believed that the help most worth while was that extended to those best able to pass this helpfulness on to others, they decided that the scholarship should be awarded on a basis of intellectual merit.

Some earnest work has been done in the past, but this new awakening is needed. If every young woman who has been graduated from Farmville, for the honor due a life like his, for the love of the school that opened her eyes to better things, for the sake of a larger life to many a girl in the years to come as long as the old school stands, will do her best this year and before its end the Cunningham Memorial Scholarship Fund will be an accomplished fact.

Fannie Littleton Kline.
Lelia Jefferson Harvie Barnett.
Sadie J. Hardy Claiborne.
Lucy Boswell Montague.

The Farmville Division of the State Normal Alumnae, in session at Lynchburg, November 27, 1913, unanimously adopted the following:

"*Resolved*, that as Alumnae we regard it as our first duty and a labor of love to raise during the year 1914 eleven hundred and five dollars, that being the sum of money needed to complete the Cunningham Memorial Scholarship Fund."

Confident that this worthy cause will appeal to your love for your Alma Mater, and in accordance with this resolution, we request you to send one dollar at least, and such other contributions as you may be able to secure to the undersigned.

Yours faithfully,

Otelia Garland Harvie, Sec'y.

Address: Mattoax, Va.

February 25, 1914.

HERE AND THERE

An original dramatization of "Snowdrop" was given by the Cunningham Literary Society in the auditorium February 27. The cast of characters was as follows:

Snowdrop.....Alice Howison
Prince .....Gertrude Welker
Queen ..... Marguerite Archambault
Nurse ..... Lillie Harman
Huntsman ..... Belva Potter
Servant ..... Susie Hancock
Seven Dwarfs: Virgina Thomas, Gay Pugh, Virginia Howison, Ruth Blanton, Evelyn Dinwiddie, Elfie Meredith, Pauline Ward.
Court Ladies: Eleanor Abbitt, Elizabeth Haynes, Eleanor Parrott, Mildred Booker, Kathleen Browning.

The fourth of the Star Course entertainments, the Boston Music Club, rendered a very attractive program Febraury 25, in the auditorium.

Under the auspices of the literary and debating societies Mr. Tripp, a well known reader, presented to a large and attentive audience in the auditorium on Thursday night, March 5, selections from one of Charles Dickens' most popular novels, "David Copperfield." His dramatization of the love story of Little Emily was very touching

and pathetic, while the scenes between Mr. Heep and Mr. Micawber afforded much amusement.

On Wednesday, March 11, the Ruffner Debating Society met for the purpose of electing officers for the spring term. The following were elected:

President.....Madeline Warburton
Vice-President.....Mary Bennett
Critic.....Adelaide Storm
Recording Secretary.....Grace Gibb
Corresponding Secretary.....Jessie Dugger
Treasurer.....Jessie Kellam
Reporter.....Susan Minton

On Saturday, February 14, Der Deutsche Sprachverein met to celebrate Saint Valentine's Day.

The Cunningham Literary Society met on March 7 for the purpose of electing officers. The following were elected:

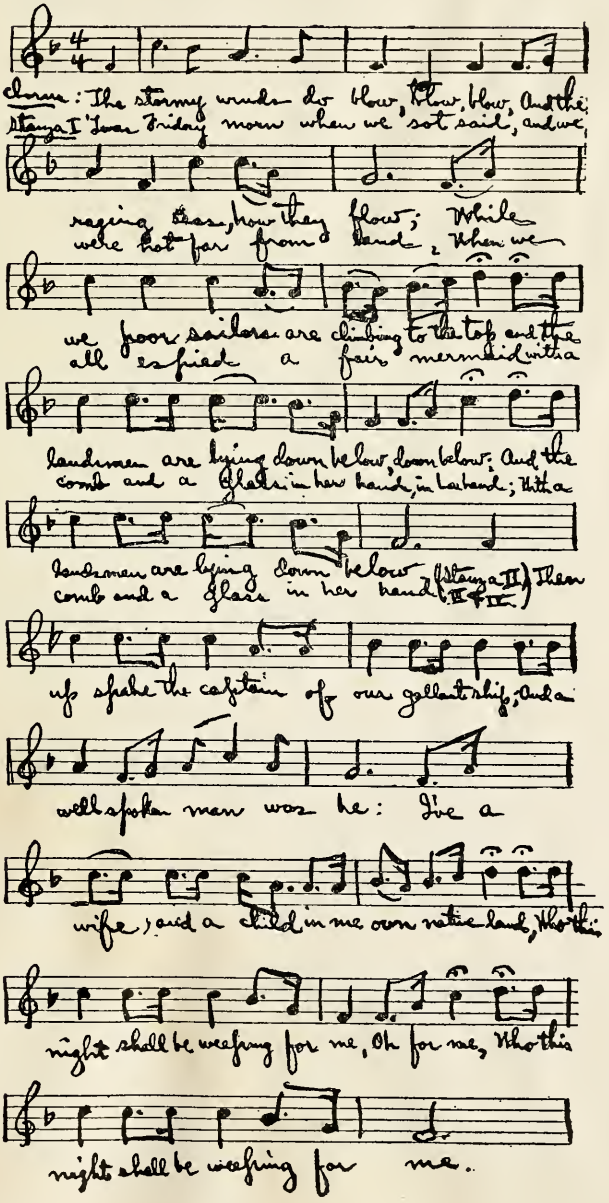
President.....Susan Minton
Vice-President.....Madeline Warburton
Recording Secretary.....Elfie Meredith
Corresponding Secretary.....Evelyn Dinwiddie
Treasurer.....Hattie Dickey
Critic.....Adelaide Storm
Censor.....Gay Pugh
Reporter.....Mary Belle Frantz

BALLAD CLUB

Enthusiastic meetings of the Ballad Club were held on February 25 and March 11. At the former several old songs were sung by Mrs. James Grainger, and Mr. Eason sang an old negro song in which the club joined.

Several variants of old ballads have been reported recently by the club. The version of "The Mermaid," (Child, No. 289) was sent in by Mr. Inslee Deadrich, of Knoxville, Tenn., whose daughter, Mrs. J. M. Grainger,

of Farmville, sang it at a recent meeting of the club to the tune given below:



THE STORMY WINDS

I

'Twas Friday morn when we sot sail,
And we were not far from land,
When we all espied a fair mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, in her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

The stormy winds do blow, blow, blow,
And the raging seas, how they flow,
While we poor sailors are climbing to the top,
The landsmen are lying down below, down below,
The landsmen are lying down below.

II

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken man was he,
I've a wife and a child in my own native land,
Who this night shall be weeping for me, oh, for me,
Who this night shall be weeping for me.

Chorus: The stormy winds, etc.

III

Then up spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken boy was he,
I've a father and a mother in my own native land,
Who this night childless shall be, oh, shall be,
Who this night childless shall be.

Chorus: The stormy winds, etc.

IV

Then three times around turned our gallant ship,
And three times around turned she,
And as she turned the third time around,
She sank to the bottom of the sea, of the sea,
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus: The stormy winds, etc.

Miss Kathleen Hale secured the following versions of "Lord Randall" (No. 12) and "Barbara Allen"(No. 84) from her aunt, Mrs. E. W. Hale, of Pembroke, Va.

LORD RANDALL, OR A ROPE AND A GALLOWS

Where've you been, Billy Randall,
Billy Randall, my son?
Where've you been, Billy Randall,
My own dearest one?
A-courting, a-courting, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to the heart and feign to lie down.

What's the matter, Billy Randall,
Billy Randall, my son?
What's the matter, Billy Randall,
My own dearest one?
A potion of poison, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to the heart and feign to lie down.

What's your will for your father,
Billy Randall, my son?
What's your will for your father,
My own dearest one?
My land and houses, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to the heart and feign to lie down.

What's your will for your mother,
Billy Randall, my son?
What's your will for your mother,
My own dearest one?
My cattle and horses, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to the heart and feign to lie down.

What's your will for your brother,
Billy Randall, my son?
What's your will for your brother,
My own dearest one?
My clothes and my silver, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to the heart and feign to lie down.

What's your will for your sister,
Billy Randall, my son?
What's your will for your sister,
My own dearest one?
My books and my treasures, mother; make my bed down,
For I'm sick to the heart and feign to lie down.

What's your will for your sweetheart,
Billy Randall, my son?
What's your will for your sweetheart,
My own dearest one?
A rope and a gallows to stretch her neck long,
For she's the occasion for my lying down.

BARBARA ALLEN

'Twas in the early month of May,
When green buds were a-swelling,
Sweet Jimmie Grove on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town,
In which that she was dwelling;
"Say, my master's sick and sent for you,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Then slowly, slowly got she up,
And swiftly she went to him;
She softly walked the chamber round—
"Young man, I think you are dying."

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
And death is in my dwelling:
Oh, yes, I'm sick, and very sick
For the love of Barbara Allen."

"Do you not recall in yonder town,
While we were all a-drinking,
You treated all the ladies round
And slighted Barbara Allen?

"And tho' you are sick, and very sick,
Tho' death be in your dwelling,
Because of the slight you gave to me,
You'll never get Barbara Allen."

He turned his white face to the wall
And his back to Barbara Allen;
"Adieu, adieu to all my friends!
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

She hadn't gone more than a mile from the place
Till she heard his death bell ringing;
Nor had she gone more than five miles from the place,
Till she saw his corpse a-coming.

"Oh, lay him in the cold, cold clay,
And let me look upon him!
O mother dear, you caused all this;
You would not let me have him."

"And, father, father, dig my grave,
And dig it deep and narrow.
Sweet Jimmie dies for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

Sweet Jimmie was buried in the South church yard,
And Barbara in the other.
A rose bush sprang from one of their breasts,
A briar from the other.

They grew, they grew, till they reached the church-top;
They grew till they couldn't grow higher;
They grew and tied a true love-knot,
The rose wrapped 'round the briar.

The following version of the first ballad in the child collection was reported to Miss Smithey by a correspondent:

RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED

There was a knicht riding frae the east,
Jennifer gentle and rosemaree,
Who has been wooing at monie a place,
As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

He came unto a widow's door,
And speird whare her three dochters were.

"The auldest ane's to a wedding gane,
The second's to a baking gane.

"The youngest ane's to a wedding gane,
And it will be nicht or she be hame."

He sat him down upon a stane
Till this three lasses came tripping hame.

The auldest ane, she let him in
And pinned the door wi' a siller pin.

The second ane, she made his bed,
And laid soft pillows unto his head.

The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,
And she tarried for words wi' this unco knicht.

"Gin ye will answer me questions ten,
The morn ye shall be made my ain.

"O what is higher nor the tree?
And what is deeper nor the sea?

"Or what is heavier nor the lead?
And what is better nor the breid?

"Or what is whiter nor the milk?
Or what is softer nor the silk?

"Or what is sharper nor a thorn?
Or what is louder nor a horn?

"Or what is greener nor the grass?
Or what is waur nor woman was?"

"O heaven is higher nor the tree,
And hell is deeper nor the sea.

"O sin is heavier nor the lead,
The blessing's better nor the breid.

' The snow is whiter nor the milk,
And the down is softer nor the silk.

"Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,
And shame is louder nor a horn.

"The pies are greener nor the grass,
And Clootie's waur nor a woman was."

As soon as she the fiend did name,
Jennifer gentle and rosmaree,
He flew away in a blazing flame,
As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

Hit or Miss

Teacher—What is the earliest form of English poetry?
C.—Prose.

Miss R.—Annie, what is an owlet?
Annie—A little rabbit.

Jessie—Elizabeth, what did you go to Emporia for?
Elizabeth—I went to have some dental work done—on my teeth, you know.

Principal—Miss M., what is the area of a circle?
Miss M.—The area of a circle is 3.1416 plus 3.1416.

Why did Viola Wingo?
Because I made Elizabeth Walkup.

Why was Miss Mary White?
Because you didn't make Elizabeth Painter.

Why was Martha Bugg?
Didn't you see Gertrude Turnbull?

T-u-e T-r-b-l—More girls are having appendicitis up at Randolph-Macon. It seems to be an academic.

Tux—Mary M. is a D. A. R.
H-n W-m-i-h—Oh, is it a national frat?

T-u-e T-n-b-l—I'll just tell you that girl has got to treat me respectively.

Teacher—L—, what did Emerson write?
L.—"One and Another."

The Freshman knows not, but she knows not that she knows not.

The Sophomore knows not but she knows that she knows not.

The Junior knows but she knows not that she knows.

The Senior knows and she knows that she knows.

The conclusion that Latin scholars have reached:

All are dead who spoke it,
All are dead who wrote it,
All will die who learn it,
Blessed death, they will surely earn it.—*Ex.*

Teacher—What is Milton's greatest epic?
Senior—"Pilgrim's Progress."

Teacher (asking children)—What is "fat?"
Bright Pupil—Hogs is fat.

Room-mate (affectionately)—Mildred, you're so "feet."
Mildred—Yes, mostly.

L'ENVOI

Mollye Drinkard

When the 'rithmetic lessons are over, pencil and paper are both laid aside,
When the hardest problems are mastered and the longest rules applied,
We shall rest and faith we shall need it—be care-free a day or two,
Till the principal of the Training School shall set us to work anew.

And the good mathematicians shall be happy; they shall sit in a teacher's chair,
They shall explain percentage and banking, by assuming Miss London's air;

They shall find real models to draw from—Pestalozzi,
Grubble, and London,
They shall work for a day at a sitting without feeling
they're completely undone.

And only Miss London shall praise them, and only Miss
London shall blame,
And no one shall work for the answer and no one shall
work for the fame;
But each for the principle underlying and counting, each
idle day lost,
Shall solve the problem as she sees it: "find a certain per
cent of the cost."