

12-1914

# The Focus, Volume IV Number 8, December 1914

Longwood University

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special\\_studentpubs](http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special_studentpubs)

---

## Recommended Citation

Longwood University, "The Focus, Volume IV Number 8, December 1914" (1914). *Student Publications*. 52.  
[http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special\\_studentpubs/52](http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special_studentpubs/52)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Library, Special Collections, and Archives at Digital Commons @ Longwood University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Student Publications by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Longwood University. For more information, please contact [hinestm@longwood.edu](mailto:hinestm@longwood.edu).

# THE FOCUS

DECEMBER - 1914


4/8



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL  
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

## Board of Editors

<i>Gertrude Welker</i> .....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
<i>Madeline Warburton</i> .....	<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief</i>
<i>Mary Belle Frantz</i> .....	<i>Literary Editor</i>
<i>Louise Harvey</i> .....	<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>
<i>Gertrude Turnbull</i> .....	<i>News Editor</i>
<i>Evelyn Dinwiddie</i> .....	<i>Assistant News Editor</i>
<i>Helene Nichols</i> .....	<i>Business Manager</i>
<i>Martha Christian</i> .....	<i>1st Assistant Business Manager</i>
<i>Elizabeth Ewald</i> .....	<i>2nd Assistant Business Manager</i>
<i>Mary Rumbough</i> .....	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
<i>Jessie Dugger</i> .....	<i>Assistant Exchange Editor</i>
<i>Julia Johnson ('10)</i> .....	<i>Alumnae Editor</i>
<i>Thelma Blanton ('13)</i> .....	<i>Assistant Alumnae Editor</i>

## Table of Contents

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT:

A Farewel ( <i>Vers</i> ).....	<i>J. R. D.</i> ... 374
Love—The Christmas Spirit.....	<i>Catherine Hill</i> ... 375
A Winter Sunset.....	<i>Emma White</i> ... 377
Christmas Eve at the Glove Counter.....	<i>Mary Morris</i> ... 378
Let There Be Peace ( <i>Vers</i> ).....	<i>G. M. W.</i> ... 381
The Hague Peace Conference.....	<i>Lucile Wood</i> ... 382
The Star ( <i>Vers</i> ).....	<i>Olivia Compton</i> ... 386
The Effect of a Dream.....	<i>Hazel Terry</i> ... 387
Lives ( <i>Vers</i> ).....	<i>Eva Orr</i> ... 389
The Christmas Sprites.....	<i>Josephine Wayts</i> ... 390
Christmas ( <i>Vers</i> ).....	<i>Emma White</i> ... 395
Sandy.....	<i>G. M. W.</i> ... 396
A Christmas Memory ( <i>Vers</i> ).....	*... 400
Trix Plays Cupid.....	<i>Lena Cohen</i> ... 401
Peace.....	<i>Vivia W. Carr</i> ... 404
Uncle John's Christmas.....	<i>M. M. W.</i> ... 405

### SKETCHES:

When They Had Saved Enuf Extra.....	<i>Temple Snelling</i> ... 409
The Psychological Moment.....	<i>Ruth Robinson</i> ... 411
Alkon.....	<i>Elizabeth Painter</i> ... 411

### TRAINING SCOOOL DEPARTMENT:

Christmas at the Old Farm.....	<i>Ava Marshall</i> ... 413
Home for Christmas.....	<i>Irma Rice</i> ... 415
My Home Coming.....	<i>Pattie Buford</i> ... 416
An Old Maid's Christmas.....	<i>Ida Lee Gray</i> ... 417
The Christmas Gift.....	<i>Nellie Garrett</i> ... 418

EXCHANGES..... 420

EDITORIALS..... 422

HERE AND THERE..... 425

HIT OR MIS..... 430

ADVERTISEMENTS..... 432

# THE FOCUS

---

---

VOL. IV FARMVILLE, VA., DECEMBER, 1914 NO. 8

---

---

## A Farewel

*J. P. D.*

**F**AREWEL, OLD YEAR, the New Year is nigh,  
The moon and stars gleam in the sky;  
The old year is dying in the night,  
The New Year dawns with the morning light;  
The old year is gone.

Farewel, Old Year, thy work is done;  
Thou wilt come no more with the rising sun:  
The erth with sadness sees thee go,  
With lingering footsteps, faltering, slo—  
But the New Year comes!



## Love—The Christmas Spirit

*Catherine Hill*

“**L**ADY, is there something I can do for you?”  
Almost an hour before, I had seen the little bent figure making her way to the counter, but took little notice of her, for at that moment an old dorky who had been my mother’s nurse came upon me with a “Lord bless de chile, yo’ sho does look like yo’ mammy,” and she launcht forth with questions and comments about my mother which kept me until my uncle cald me to help a negro woman find something suitable to trim a green and red checkt gingham dres. I came in very wel for od jobs like that, for you kno there ar not many clerks in a cuntry store even on Christmas eve and when a customer began to waste more time than she was worth it was very convenient to hand her over to me. This was the first Christmas I had ever spent at my uncle’s and it was quite a novelty to me to stand behind the counters and watch the crowds—so different from the city crowds I had seen—come and go, and to giv them what little assistance I could in selecting their Christmas gifts.

I had just succeeded in finding a piece of blue braid which the negro woman was very much pleased with, when, looking up, I saw the little old woman again start toward the counter where my uncle was, only to turn back when she saw some one had got there before her. I could not see her face, which was hid by an old black bonnet, but I felt sure she must be disappointed and tired after so many unsuccessful attempts and such a long waiting. I might attempt to let her hav what she wanted and at least keep her from feeling so lonely, I thot.

But I was mistaken. When I spoke to her she turnd toward me, and pushing back her bonnet brot into view a face which I shal never forget. It was small and deeply lined with wrinkles. Long, decayd teeth protruded from her mouth. But with the first look into her eyes the rest

of her face was almost forgotten. Disappointment! Weariness! They may have been stamped upon her face, but those eyes gave no hint of either. Joy, joy, joy seemed to pour from some inner source which could not be exhausted.

"Yes'm, I'm in a right big hurry. I got some eggs here—twenty-seven, I think," she said.

I took the basket and as I counted out the eggs I kept wondering how that poor, ugly, and thinly clad old woman could be so perfectly happy.

As I announced to her that the eggs came to fifty-six and a quarter cents I half expected to see the happiness fade from her eyes. But not so. She evidently was not dreaming, I decided. She handed out fifty cents, saying, "I want a poke o' meal, and—"

"All right, I'll have Jack take it out."

"Just let it be. I've toted that much many a time all the way home. I come down here right often."

"Oh! how far is your house from here?" I asked.

"'Bout three miles," she answered, and as the glow in her eyes faded slightly, "We ain't got much house—it leaks, but it's better'n the poor-house. Mandy lives with me, you know. Yes, I want to get a handkerchief. You got any five-cent ones?"

As I showed her these, she seemed encouraged and talked on. "Mandy, she's older'n me and can't do much. I put the bread and things on the stove and then she can't tend to it. She's nearly blind and can't get about much. I get up every mornin' at four o'clock and go up to the house (I live on Mrs. Rix's place) to milk the cows 'n build the fires. I get home in time to put things on the stove and then I get out to work. Last summer I made a crop and laid up enough to last us all winter. I couldn't plow but I worked two days in Mr. Rix's corn field to pay him for havin' my field plowed. I'd work my fingers off to get a house of our own, so we wouldn't have to be beholden to nobody. But I'm that thankful for the house, even if it ain't much account, so long as I can pay for it. Nobody'll ever know the misery we went through at the poor-house, and the nights I cried all night long. I just had to get out.

Billy—he's my boy—he's stil there. Her eyes became misty. "They let him come to stay with us once but some folks got scared of him and they took him back. They ain't nothin' th' matter with him. He's a good boy, just talks foolish sometimes. But (the light flasht back into her eyes brighter than before, if possible) he's goin' to stay with us all day tomorro. It's Christmas day, you kno. I think that one with the black around it wil do. Mandy don't never go to church but she'l like to hav it just the same. Now give me a tie—a pretty one—and half the balance of the eg money in coffee and half in sugar—get a pretty one, please."

And I knew why her eyes shone so.

---

## A Winter Sunset

*Emma White*

**S**OLY, in the gloing west,  
The flaming sun sinks to its rest,  
Lighting the heavens with mingled hues  
Of golden red and shaded blues.

Far in the east the dying light  
Fades in the darkness of the night;  
The clouds reflect the last bright ray—  
God's promis of another day.

## Christmas Eve at the Glove Counter

*M. E. Morris*

**I**T WAS CHRISTMAS EVE and the big department store of Cranston & Myers was crowded and jamd to overflowing. Everyone was rushing around, trying to buy something that had been put off til the last minute.

Over behind the glove counter poor little Bess Cameron was just "tired to deth." All day long she had sold gloves—white gloves, tan gloves, black ones, pink, blue—every color, size and price—and stil she was besieged, as it seemd to her, by a perfect mob wanting more gloves.

"What kind of gloves may I sho you, madam?" she askt of the lady standing nearest her.

"Kid gloves."

"What price?"

"Oh, I hadn't decided on the price. You may sho me some of different prices."

"What color, length and size did you want?"

"Well, I don't kno about that either. You see, I want them for a girl fend of mine. I decided on gloves but don't kno what kind to get, so you wil hav to help me out. I believe, tho, that my hand was always considered smaller than hers, so you can go somewhat by that."

This was what Bess had herd all day. No customer knew what she wanted, and stil Bess had to smile and endure it all.

The clock began to strike. It was eleven, and there wer exactly fifteen more customers.

"If another man, woman, or child dares to come to this place tonight—wel, I'm going to hide under the counter," she mutterd as she hunted for a pair of dollar blacks for Mr. Smith to give his wife's half-sister's mother-in-law.

After she had disposd of each of the fifteen she began clearing up for the night. The crowd had dwindld until the store was comparatively empty. Just as Bess put

the last box on the shelf she saw a man come sauntering down the aisle looking as if he was headed for her counter.

"I bet that's some cuntry Jake wanting a pair of pink gloves for his best lady friend," she said as she dropt in despair on the stool.

The man walkt slowly and Bess waited patiently, when suddenly a look of surprise crossed her face, then delight, which gradually changed into a sad little frown.

"Bill Norton, how dare you come here?" she said as he came up.

"Wel, I like that! When a fello is going to get married can't he come to town and buy himself some gloves?"

She stepped back as if she had been struck.

"You might hav gone somewhere else," she said with a catch in her voice as she turned and began to arrange boxes.

"Wel, you see, Bess, I wanted to get a pair for the bride, too, while I was at it, so I thot you might help me."

"I guess you had better get white kids for her. What size?" She tried to use her best professional voice.

"About the same you wear I suppose."

She took down a box and showed him the gloves.

"Try one on, Bess, and let me see how they look. I hav to be awfully particular, you know."

Bess pulled the glove on tremblingly and then held out her hand. He caught it in his and pulled her nearer to him.

"Look me straight in the eyes, Bess," he said in a low voice, "and answer the truth. When you left home over a year ago you remember we made an agreement. You were to hav a year's try-out in New York, and during that time I was to leav you alone. If at the end of the year you had not made the progress or had the good time you expected you were to rite for me and then—wel—why didn't you rite?"

She drew herself up hautily, "Bill Norton, I told you I wouldn't rite if I wanted to stay, and you had no right to come here."

"Bess, I waited two weeks over time for that letter I've been looking for a whole year, and when it didn't come—wel I came to see about you for myself. Listen, dear, we love you down in that little home town of yours, and we need you. Up here in New York you ar one of many thous-



and shop girls, but down home you ar our own little brown-eyed Bess."

Her lips began to quiver and two big tears rold down her cheeks, then sloly she lowerd her hed on her arms and began to cry softly.

"Bess, I'v bin over in that crowd most of the day and I'v watcht you every minute. I saw the tired look come into your eyes, and your brave struggle to keep up. Oh! it hurt me—you don't kno how much. It was pride that kept you from riting, and now you ar just 'down and out'."

"Oh, Bill! I *am* tired—I'm so tired I don't kno what to do, but I didn't want to giv up; I didn't want them to think I had faild. Honestly, I think I'v sold gloves to everybody in New York and all their kinspeople, til I feel like I'l turn to a glove. Oh! I'm so tired and home-sick and—and—" she ended in a sob.

With one leap Bill was over the counter and by her side. He took her coat and hat from the rack and helpt her put them on.

"Come on, Bess, we'r going to pay that boss of yours a visit and tel him you'v quit work for good."

Suddenly she glanst down and saw the white kid glove stil on her hand. She turnd a startld face to Bill.

"But, Bill, I thot you said you wer going to get married."

"So I am, little girl. I'v built a tiny bungalo away back there in the grove where the violets gro. That's to be your Christmas present, and on the first day of the New Year we'r going to hav that little house for a home, Bess—just you and I."

Her face was radiant as they past down the ile, but as she saw the tired, haggard look of the shop girls on all sides, she exclaimd, "Oh! Billy, just look at the unhappiness and tiredness in this one store, and think of all the other stores. It's Christmas eve, too. I'l tel you what—we'r going to buy our Christmas presents two months ahed, arn't we, Bill?"

"Bet your life, little girl, we'l do anything in the world you say."

## Let There Be Peace

G. M. W.

“**L**ET THERE BE PEACE.”  
It is a God-given command.  
Oh, nations warring,  
Bow 'neath His outstretcht hand  
And pray for peace.

Let there be peace;  
Let foe be changed to friend;  
Then on nations warring  
His own good wil He'l send,  
And strife wil be peace.

## The Hague Peace Conference

*Lucile Wood*

**I**N 1899, on the 18th of May, an event took place which will always be remembered as a landmark in the history of mankind. Unlike most of the world's happenings, this occurrence affected every civilized nation on the globe, and it is important therefore that everybody should understand its meaning. The anniversary of this event has already been observed in many countries, and like Christmas, the 18th of May is destined to become a great international day which will proclaim good will among all men, for this is destined to bring about the reign of peace on earth.

Curious as it may seem, it was the Czar of Russia, the ruler of the greatest military country in the world, who brot about this occurrence of world-wide beneficence, the scene of which was laid in Holland. In August, 1899, people all over the world were surprised by a letter which the Czar addressed to all the nations that were represented at the Russian court. This letter was an invitation to send delegates to a meeting which should consider what could be done to keep nations from going to war with each other. The Czar stated in his letter that for the welfare of the world the nations ought to restrict themselves in the expenditure of such enormous sums of money for armies and navies. From this resulted the first peace conference, which was held at the Hague, May 18 to July 29, 1899.

The Czar had been considering this whole matter for some time. He, however, was not the only ruler who had thought seriously about this condition of affairs, and his invitation to attend a peace conference met with a unanimous response. Every government invited, accepted, and this included all the nations of Europe, twenty in number, four from Asia, and two from America—the United States and Mexico.



On account of the unique nature of the conference, the Czar thot it best not to hold it in the captial of any one of the great powers, where so many political interests wer centerd. He felt that this might hinder the work in which all the cuntries of the world wer equally interested. Holland was selected as the cuntry most admirably adapted for such a meeting, the land of grand historic records, the "Battlefield of Europe," as it is sometimes cald, but as truly knon as the asylum of the world, where the opprest of every nation hav found refuge and encouragement. It was announst to the government that the Queen of the Netherlands would offer hospitality to the conference, and accordingly the Netherland's minister of foreign affairs sent out a formal invitation to the governments to meet at the Hague.

The young Queen, who was then only eighteen years old, to show her appreciation of the honor conferd on her cuntry, and the deep meaning of the conference, placd at its disposal the most beautiful and historical buildings in the land and the conference was held in the widely-famed House in the Woods, formerly the summer residence of the royal family, situated in a very beautiful park about a mile from the city. This was a most remarkable gathering, for each nation had sent its greatest statesmen. Then too, it was the first time in the world's history that a peace conference had been held by the nations. There wer discust methods of promoting world-wide peace and the prohibiting of the use of the usual destructive wepons and implements of warfare.

Baron De Staal, hed of the Russian delegation, was chosen president. Three main topics had been proposd for discussion, and these wer assignd to the three large committees. The first was in charge of the question of armaments. Tho the Czar had cald the conference chiefly to consider how the nations might be relievd from spending such vast sums of money for their armies and navies, the committee who had this matter in charge found that the time had not yet come for settling this question. The nations, they thot, must first agree not to go to war before they could be inducd to giv up their implements of warfare.

The second committee, that on the laws of war, adopted new rules which made war on land less barbarous and extended the Red Cross to naval warfare. A court of arbitration was instituted to settle disputes between states. Each power represented was allowed to nominate not more than four members to serve for a term of six years. But on account of the Russo-Japanese war the meeting was suspended until 1907.

The crowning glory of the committee on arbitration and, indeed, of the first peace conference, was the establishment of a court where nations in dispute could take their cases and have them tried just as people living in various countries can refer their controversies to the courts for settlement. This court was to be the umpire or arbiter, and therefore it was called the international court of arbitration. This institution has well proved its worth, for since it was opened in April, 1901, nearly every great nation of the earth has been before it; and the American people like to remember that it was the United States and Mexico that took the first case there.

In the second peace conference thirty states were represented, for knowledge of peace had become more widespread. In this conference more was done for the development of peaceable relations among the nations, and a general code of laws concerning war on land and sea was proposed and adopted.

The third peace conference is expected to meet in 1915. The new peace temple, to which Andrew Carnegie contributed \$1,500,000, is expected to be ready by that time. This building, whose cornerstone was laid in 1907 at the second peace conference, will stand on the site which was purchased by the government of the Netherlands for this purpose.

The use of this court is convincing the nations more and more that arbitration is the only sane and sensible way of settling international difficulties, and during the past few years about one hundred agreements have been made between nations to submit certain classes of disputes to arbitration. These are commonly spoken of as treaties of arbitration.

Tho there wer, at first, some objections to the establishment of an international court, all objections hav been overruled. First, as an argument in its favor, the cost of war is to be considerd. For many years Europe alone has spent on her armaments \$1,000,000,000 a year, while at the present time she is spending much more than that. The United States is now spending over two-thirds of her whole income for past wars and preparations for future ones. The cost of a first-class battleship is as much as all the land and the one hundred buildings which belong to the Harvard University plus all the land and buildings of Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes.

It costs \$1,000,000 a year to maintain a modern battleship, while in fifteen years it becomes practically useless. How many boys and girls could receive a good education out of this sum. Just the firing of a big cannon a single time costs \$1,700, which is as much as a four years' college education would cost at \$425 a year.

Second, the impracticability of war is to be considerd. Wil one nation be enricht by sacking another? If the Germans go over and sack London and destroy the Bank of England ar the Germans richer or the English poorer as nations? So far from enriching Germany, such a proceeding would upset the commerce of the world and the reactionary effect upon Germany would be fully as great as that injury to the English so closely united ar the interests of the civilized world.

A third argument in favor of the court is that the cruelty of war would be done away with. Many wars, by a little extra precaution, might be prevented. Take for an instance the French Revolution, one of the bloodiest wars in history. Think of the millions of men that were mercilessly put to deth by the stronger side merely because they possesst the right of might. This case is one of many which might hav been avoided if self restraint had been used.

Longfellow has said:

Wer half the power that fils the mind with terror,  
Wer half the worth bestowd on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error—  
There would be no need for arms and forts.”

From this we may conclude that men need to be taught of peace. The greatest of all teachers gav to us the gospel of “peace on erth.” For long years we wer content to seek for peace of mind, as it wer, and interpreted the great behest with a limited meaning, but as the minds of men ar broadend with the “process of the suns,” we begin to hope that “earth at last a warless world may be realizd.”

---

## The Star

*Olivia Compton*

**O**BLESSED LAND of shining stars,  
Two thousand years ago  
The brightest star of all arose  
To mitigate our wo.

It seemd to set; but then its ray  
Burst fresh o'er all the erth,  
Showing travelers the way,  
Bringing to all new birth.

Ever folloing where it leads,  
Lifting another's load,  
That star, our guide in all our deeds,  
Wil bring us home to God.

## The Effect of a Dream

*Hazel Terry*

"**K**ATHERINE, do you realize that in three more weeks we'l be on our way home?" askt Mary, as she glanst up from her book.

"Yes, isn't it perfectly grand? Father rote for me to come the eighteenth. I do hope I can get permission to go. You see I'm going to spend part of my vacation at Uncle Roger's, and of course I want to see the home folks too. Oh, there's the bel!"

"Goodnes!" Katherine was alredy at the door. "Do you 'spose I'l get caught? Goodbye, Mary, see you tomorro."

Mary turnd out the light quickly and got into bed. Her eyes closed dreamily, and she went to sleep counting, "Twenty-three more days til Christmas."

.....

"Mudder, won't St. Nich'lis come this year?" a little, pale-faced boy enquired as he lookt pathetically up into the face of a tall, thinly clad woman.

"No, dear, I—am—afraid not," the mother anserd as she turnd her hed to hide the tears.

"Why, do St. Nich'lis hav to fight too?"

"Perhaps he does, dear, and I don't expect he could find us anyway, since we havn't any home." She silenst the childish questions by taking him in her arms and kissing his little cheeks which wer blue from cold and lack of food.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and two little children entered the bare, cold room, carrying between them a small pail, half ful of coal,

"Mother, we didn't find much, and sister cried all the time because she was so cold," explaind a very small, ragged boy as he lookt at his sister's tear-staind face.

"Wel, dears, we'l go to bed and try to keep warm until morning. Perhaps we can find some more coal then."



The three small children prepar'd for bed, and when they had kist their mother good night they lay down on a straw pallet in one corner of the room. The mother took off her hev'y woolen dress and added it to the thin torn blanket which scarcely coverd them. Then she staggerd across the room and croucht down on the floor.

"Oh, God" she prayd, "save my children, and stop the terrible war," and the whistling night wind took up the cry. Then all was stil in the little bare room.

"Oh, is that the bel? Was it a dream? How horrible," cried Mary as she sat strait up in bed. She drest quickly and went to breakfast.

"What's the matter with you, Mary?" inquired Louise, who had notist that Mary lookt troubl'd.

"Oh, nothing much. I don't feel very wel," Mary replied evasivly.

As soon as brekfast was over Mary went to her room. "That terrible dream—I wish I could forget it," she said as she straitend the books on her table. At this moment, as if struck by a sudden impulse, she seized her pen and hastily rote:

"Dear father—I have decided not to come home, but wil you please send me my check for railroad fare, and my Christmas money, too? I am going to send it to help some poor Belgian to hav a merry Christmas. Please let Uncle Roger kno that I am not coming home.

"With best Christmas wishes, and love to all.

"Your devoted daughter,

"Mary."

"Whatever has possest that child," Mr. Ogden exclaim'd as he red the letter in astonishment. "I shal mis not having her at home, but I am really glad she is so unselfish." A tear dropt on the open letter. "I shal ad a ten dollar bil to the check I intended sending her, and make it forty dollars," he murmurd as he reacht for his pen.

"Why, Mary, arn't you going home?" askt Evelyn,

surprised to see that Mary was not joining the merry throng going to the depot.

"No, I am not going this year," answered Mary as she glanced up from the letter she was reading.

"Hab anybody seen Miss Mary Ogden," inquired Aunt Lou, as she shuffled up the hall. "I's got a tel'gram fo' her."

"Here I am, Aunt Lou!" shouted Mary in an excited voice. She seized the telegram and tore it open and read:

"We want you to spend Christmas with us. Wil send my car for you today. "Uncle Roger."

## Lives

*Eva A. Orr*

**S**OME LIVES ar like a melody  
 Thru which there runs some wild, sweet strain  
 That stirs the harts of all who hear  
 With a joy akin to pain.

Some ar like the evening song  
 That's softly sung and lo,  
 Or sweet old-fashiond melodies  
 Lovd and sung so long ago.

And some ar like the sadder strains  
 That always cause quick tears to start,  
 And some like simple little lays  
 That linger longest in the hart.

## The Christmas Sprites

*Josephine Ways*

**I**T WAS the coming back home after seven long years that did it. Christmas always affects the returned wanderer with a certain uncontrollable madness, and Christmas sprites often make him the object of their merriest pranks.

As Edward Thamel stepped down to the platform of the station at Hammond, one could see that Christmas tingled in every nerve of his body. Here was a fine chance for the Christmas fairies to make mischief, and right well did they improve the opportunity.

His brother Jim stood waiting for him; Jim, his confidante of boyhood days, ready to become again his comrade. As they hurried homeward, question and answer flew fast between them. Edward was eager to know all that Jim could tell him about his friends.

"And what of Louise Marden?"

"Oh, Louise! Well, she's just returned from a visit to her cousin; and now she's no longer our Louise, but Miss Marden," said Jim.

So Louise had changed. His boyhood's idol was no longer the gay, light-haired child he remembered; but, apparently, she had become a vain and frivolous young woman. Another ideal shattered. Still it was Christmas—one couldn't dwell too long on shattered ideals at Christmas. There were more folks in the world than Louise, anyway—for instance, what about Esther Law, his high school chum? Here another disappointment awaited him. Trouble had visited Esther, and she was now a woman grown, bearing the sorrows and trials of one older than her years. Poor Esther! Still it was Christmas; and surely sorrow could not reign at Christmas.

Next morning, Ned strolled thru the little village. Yes, it was the same; here the court-house, there the post-office, yonder the store. Had he not gazed at those same decorations in the store windows ever since he could remember?



Each year, about two weeks before Christmas, they were brot out, the same each year. He started toward the post-office. How many Santa Claus letters he had mailed there in the years gone by!

Entering, he stopt suddenly. There, before him stood a tall, dark-haired girl drest in black. She was talking with a little blond beauty who was fashionably attird. He recognizd them as Esther and Louise. They greeted him cordially and he walkt with them a short distance, chatting about old times. Would he see them tonight at Mrs. Chapman's? Certainly, they would both be sure to attend the first Christmas party.

Yes, they were there. The Christmas sprites had managed it. They managed too, very cleverly, that Ned should spend most of the evening with the charming Louise. A yung man, finding himself at home after seven long years in the West, and once more meeting the girl who had been his idol in boyhood, might be guilty of any folly. To be sure, he begged her to return west with him. Don't ask him the reason he did it; he doesn't kno. "Christmas!" would probably be his anser, if you did inquire into wherefores. And Louise? Her anser was given hesitatingly, for she was a practist coquette. "Ned, I don't kno. I'll tel you Christmas eve."

At home, he told Jim all about it. There was no keeping anything from Jim.

"Old boy, Louise is all right. Hope it'll be 'yes' on Christmas eve."

"Funny part is, Jim, I had no idea of such a thing when I left home tonight."

"Unpland things always turn out best."

"Hope so, yet I feel something dreful is going to happen."

Something dreful was approaching. Something so near disaster that the most wicked of Kriss Kringle's sprites must hav spent hours planning it, and yet it took only one moment to bring it about.

The next night was beautiful. The moon peept down upon a genuine December scene. The sno sparkld invitingly, and the wicked little stars winkt over the follies of the

erth people. Ned was walking home with Esther from another of their little neighborhood gatherings. Again the unexpected happnd. Ask him the reason. This time he wil tel you, "The combination of moonlight and sno." Oh, Christmas sprites, what hav ye done? When one has not pland a proposal at all, suddenly to make two in rapid succession, each brot about by some power outside of his own wil, can he be blamd if all at once he loses his conversational powers? Ned sed but little more to Esther on that homeward walk. She probably set it down to his intense earnestness.

In a state of mental confusion, he at length reacht home. When he went to his room, there was Jim.

"How is the fair Louise tonight?"

"Kid, I'v done it. I'v just askt Esther to marry me."

At that Jim threw himself on the couch and roard. It is sad, but how natural, that often when we ar opprest by what seems a great personal trouble, some frend sees the elements of comedy in our story, and unfeelingly lafs.

"Stop that; let me think."

He thot all right, but always in a circle. He started at the prospect of two girls giving him the same reply on Christmas eve—the one word, "Yes," and whichever way he considered it, he was stil confronted by that unavoidable "Yes." So he whirld and whirld around this circle thru-out the night. On thru the next day he seemd always to see before him one big "Yes." There was no avoiding it.

Then it came upon him that each girl would expect some remembrance at Christmas, especially as each was undoutedly preparing to grant him future happiness on Christmas eve. So it was that Edward Thamel enterd the only jewelry store in the town and immediately saw just the thing for Louise. Quickly the order was given, Louise's name written, and his card handed to the clerk. After Ned had walkt a short way, he again rememberd his unusual plight. Why, he had forgotten Esther! Dear Esther, who, after all, was the finest girl in the world. He returnd and hunted for something to please her; but found he could not do better than to buy a counterpart of the present he was sending Louise. Another salesman waited upon him

and to this one he gave the second order without mentioning the first.

The work of the Christmas demons was not yet finished. It was the business of the first clerk to send out packages. He puzzled long over the two orders, exactly alike but for the difference in address. Finally, he decided that Ned Thamel, whom he knew quite well, had made a mistake in the first address he gave and had come back to correct it. He filed the order and sent the package to Miss Esther Law, laughing over the mistakes young men make at Christmas time.

This was the reason that, on the afternoon before Christmas, a package reached Miss Law and none like it found its way to Miss Marden. Certainly, now the sprites were sorry for their deed and planned to unravel the tangle. Was it they who caused Louise to choose a time some few minutes after the arrival of that package to call upon her friend, Esther Law, in order to consult with her over some holiday plans? Did they make her, when Esther was out of the room a moment, glance carelessly at the table by her side and see Mr. Edward Thamel's card and his gift to Esther? Is it any use to attempt a description of her feelings? Louise was vain. Ned's proposal had flattered her, and she was seriously planning to answer "yes," for she wanted to go West and see more of life. Now she felt that she had discovered treachery. Just anger possessed her. She hastily concluded her business with Esther and departed.

In Hammond, the Christmas eve entertainment was the event of the year. Everybody went. Ned well knew that both Esther and Louise would be there. Ignorant of the change in his affairs since noon, he made his preparations with a slow hand. He dreaded the approaching ordeal. Of course, if he hadn't been a fool this would never have happened; but even a fool can not help worrying sometimes. He was in this state of mind when Jim entered.

"Important occasion, isn't it? I tell you, if ever I ask two ladies to become your sisters-in-law—"

"Shut up, you idiot."

"If you need any help call on me and I'll take one of them off your hands."

Jim dodgd the clothes brush thrown at him, and retired, choking with lafter, behind the door.

All too soon Ned was redy. He must go. As wel get it over with! By the time he reacht the building where the entertainment was given Ned had formd a resolution: "If I ever get thru this I'l never propose to another woman as long as I liv."

Oh, there was Esther. Now or never. Thus he felt as he sloly approacht her. They withdrew from the crowd, and he reminded her of her promis to let him kno tonight. Tremblingly, he waited for her anser. When he herd her gently spoken "Yes," the word lost all its terrors, and, for the moment, he forgot Louise.

Presently, however, he rememberd her with a sinking hart. Wel, he wouldn't think about it. He would think of the present; and then, later, he'd hav to see Louise, and probably hav to tel her that—oh, wel, something to keep her off the subject.

Thus it came about that, after a short time, he managed to leave Esther and to look about for Louise. Ah, there she was, coming toward him; but there was another man with her. He'd hav to wait a little longer. No, she was coming directly to him. Why in the world didn't she leave that fello? But here Louise interrupted him.

"Ned, you remember, I promist to let you kno tonight whether the anser to that conundrum is yes or no. Wel, it is 'no'."

Not until later, when the jeweler's bil was sent in with only one gift recorded upon it, did Ned realize why Louise had given him her anser in such a strange fashion.

And the Christmas fairies? You had better look out or they wil play some of their queerest pranks on you this very Christmas.

## Christmas

*Emma White*

**T**HE TIME is swiftly drawing near  
That brings once more the Christmas cheer,  
The mistletoe's sweet folly  
And the crimson-berried holly.

Baubles deck the tree of green  
Til its limbs can scarce be seen;  
Oh; the time is drawing near,  
Bringing fast the Christmas cheer!

## Sandy

G. M. W.

**S**ANDY stood on the corner selling his papers and whistling. The whistling was to keep him from thinking about how awfully cold it was and to make him forget the stinging, biting winds that swept around the corner. Why should he bother about the cold? There was an extra ten cents in his pocket and that ment something for Mumsey's present. He had thot and thot of what it should be, and had finally decided on a large china vase that would gladden Mumsey's hart to put in the center of the table. He could see it now, as he glanst over his shoulder into the brilliantly-lighted five-and-ten-cent store. What if someone would get it before he could sel all his papers!

Just as the last copy was sold, and he was turning with a whoop to go into the store, he felt a touch on his sleeve, and he turnd and lookt down into the tear-stained face of little Sarah Jane, his next-door neighbor. Sandy had always been Sarah Jane's champion, and all the "fellers" had shown great deference to Sarah Jane on this account, for Sandy had tuf little fists and no small amount of muscle. Therefore he could not imagin what had happend to make Sarah Jane cry.

"Did anyone hurt you?" he askt tenderly, catching Sarah Jane's arm. "Did Willie Smith hit you?"

"No-o-o," sobd Sarah Jane, "but he's gone an' told little Tommy all 'bout ther' ain't bein' no Santa Claus, an' everything, an' I was a-plannin' on havin' him hang up his stockin' an' I was goin' to put a great big apple 'at Mrs. Smith giv' me in it, an' now he's gone and spoilt it all," and Sarah Jane's sobs broke forth afresh.

Sandy's fists clencht menacingly. "Don't you cry, Sarah Jane," he said comfortingly, "I'l get that Willie Smith, all right. I tel you what let's do. Let's go in here an' see all the Christmas fixin's and you can help me buy Mumsey's present—want to?"



For anser Sarah Jane slipt her hand trustingly into his, and together they entered the store fild with all kinds of Christmas toys. Sarah Jane stopt at the dol counter.

"Oh, ain't they beauties, Sandy?" she whisperd, as she gazed entrant at those beings which ar the idols of every little girl's hart. "And here ar the boy dolls. Wouldn't it be jes' grand, Sandy, if Santa Claus *could* bring little Tommy one of these—you kno, jes' to sho him 'at they really *is* one? There ar *so* many here. So you 'spose *one* man really owns 'em al, Sandy, do you?"

And Sandy, looking down at her eager little face, was suddenly confronted with the question, "Why was it that some had so very much and others so very little? It didn't seem fair, but he hadn't thot about it before. Just one dol would make little Tommy happy. Should he? Should he take the money for Mumsey's present to buy a dol for Tommy? No, he just couldn't do it. Surely the store people wouldn't mis one, just one, from the many, many dolls on the counter, and Mumsey did love vases so. One dol would make Sarah Jane and little Tommy so happy. With a sudden movement he caught up one of the little boy dolls and thrust it into Sarah Jane's astonisht arms. "Here, take this to Tommy," he said in a lo voice, and he caught her arm and hurried to the door. But just as he thot they wer safely outside Sandy felt a hand grip his shoulder ruffy and herd a gruf voice hail a passing policeman.

"I kno your kind," the gruf voice said, "get along with you. I hope you'l see that he gets the ful thirty days, officer," and the floor-walker went back into the store, leaving Sandy in the hands of the big, burly, unsympathetic-looking "cop." Sandy's hart almost stopt beating. Would they send him to the penitentiary?

"It'l likely go hard wid you, kid," said the big policeman. "The cap's in the devil of a humor tonight. Your kind gives 'im the hedache."

Sandy did not anser for a moment, then, looking up timidly into the policeman's face, he venturd tremblingly, "Say, mister, *does* one man own 'em all?"

"Eh?" queried the policeman.

"All the dols, I mean," explained Sandy.

"I guess he docs," said the "cop," beginning to be interested, as he lookt down into the serius little face, "You got anything to say against it?"

"No," said Sandy, trying manfully to stedy his voice, "but would *you* hav taken Mumsey's present money to get that dol so Tommy could see they *really* is a Santa Claus?"

It seems, at least to small boys like Sandy, that "cops" ar always big; but they do not see that the inside corresponds to the outside. Just as in this case, it was not until the policeman had taken him under the projecting roof of a doorway to shelter them from the whirling sno, and the whole pitiful little story came out, that Sandy knew he had a sympathetic listener.

The rest of the way Sandy's cold little hand was held tightly in the big, fur-mittend one of the policeman. He took Sandy right thru the cold, dreary hall of the jail to the chief's office—a large, cheerfully-lighted room with a roaring fire in the big fireplace. If the chief was "in the devil of a humor" surely he did not look the part. His broad smile seemed rather to reveal the fact that he was fully satisfied with the world in general. Large and fat, he was stretcht comfortably before the blazing fire, and his ruddy cheeks beamed forth the spirit of Christmas.

As Sandy and the policeman enterd the room, the chief's smile grew even broader and his eyes twinkld merrily.

Indeed the picture was striking in its contrast—the very small boy, with his white, scared face, and the very large officer.

"Wel, Williams, looks like you've brot in a tuf customer," said the chief. "What's the charge?"

Williams hesitated, and moved uncomfortably, then, "No charge, sir," he said, looking the chief strait in the eye, "I found 'im just outside, sir, and he lookt so cold I thot I'd just bring 'im in to get a little warm, sir."

"Certainly, Williams, certainly," said the chief cordially. "Come right along up to the fire. It *is* a cold night out-



side, isn't it"? he added, and as the others were drawing up their chairs he succeeded in hiding a smile behind his hand.

It was a merry little party, and when the clock struck eleven Sandy jumped.

"Oh," he said, "Mumsey's present! I had almost forgotten!"

Without a word the chief got up and walked to the big overcoat hanging on a hook in the corner. He reached down into the pocket and took out a roll of bills. Sandy's eyes grew larger and larger with surprise as the officer counted out five from the roll.

"Merry Christmas to you and Mumsey," he said as he tucked them into Sandy's hand and led him to the door.

When Sandy had disappeared, a happy little figure, into the night, Williams turned toward his superior officer, and in their exchanged looks there was mutual understanding.

"I—I've got a little feller at home, sir," Williams began hesitatingly.

"Me too," said the chief, and smiled.

## A Christmas Memory

**O**H, TAKE ME BACK to childhood's days,  
When Christmas-time has rold around;  
The yule-log's fire leaps on the harth  
And mystery is in every sound.

Let me neel down by mother's nee  
And hear again how the Christchild came,  
A babe, to clense the world from sin,  
To take upon Himself the blame.

How shepherds watcht their flocks by night,  
How angels of His glory sang,  
How Wise Men from the East brot gifts,  
And how the world with praises rang.

And then she'l tel of Santa Claus,  
That saint to childish hart so dear,  
Who comes with sleigh and reindeer fleet,  
To bring to us our Christmas cheer.

Let me once more rise with the dawn  
And gather up my tresurd toys;  
Oh, let me be a child again  
And taste once more those Christmas joys.

## Trix Plays Cupid

*Lena Cohen*

ONCE UPON A TIME I red somewhere that it's an il wind that blos nobody good, and about good coming unawares. But, I hav only recently realizd the ful import of this, and Trix was the "dea ex machina" in the case.

The whole thing happend thus. Trix had promist to go to the Christmas dance with Bob Stanley. But when John Darby rote her that he was coming to town she wanted me to go with Bob. Then she would be free to go with John.

This didn't suit me at all because I hadn't spoken to Bob for almost a year, since he said that I—Oh, wel, that's ancient history, and it's no use bringing it up again.

But Trix had her way, just as she always does. The folloing Tuesday Trix'phoned me to come over, and I went, unsuspecting lamb that I was!

When I ran into her living room, panting and with my hair all disheveld, there was Bob, looking just as he had in the old days. Trix introduced us as if nothing had happend, and he was as calm as could be. For a moment I was too furious to speak, then I managed to stammer, "Glad to know you." Trix coverd up an awkward pause, and Bob commenst talking about the Monroe doctrine, the war, or something like that.

The conversation drifted on, and before I knew what was happening Bob had askt me to go to the Christmas dance on Friday night. I lookt at Trix, but her expression was as innocent as a cherub, so I accepted.

After a few minutes, which seemd ages to me, I got away somehow. I only remember that I ran out before Bob or Trix could say anything, and raced all the way home. Then I ran up to my room and cried myself to sleep.

Mother was surprisd when I told her that I was going to the dance with Bob, but she didn't say anything. Mothers

always know when not to ask questions. But Ned teased me—just as all big brothers think it their duty to do—and I thought I never would feel the same toward Ned after that.

The days past somehow. I was too busy with Christmas presents and all the hustle and bustle of Christmas tide to waste any time with vain regrets.

Finally Friday came. About one o'clock I received a note by a messenger. I recognized Bob's writing and I must confess my hands trembled as I opened the envelope.

"Dear Nell," it ran; "After thinking the matter over I have come to the conclusion that we took rather an unfair advantage of you the other night, so if you don't want to keep it up, say the word and I won't come.

"Faithfully,

"Bob."

I could feel my mouth tighten as I sat down and commented "Dear Bob," then I decided that wasn't distant enough, and began all over again:

"Mr. R. Stanley,

"Dear Sir—Of course I wasn't treated exactly fairly the other night, but I said I would go, and I've always made a practice of keeping my word.

"Sincerely,

"Nell V. Waldron."

"I guess that will fix him," I said as I addressed the envelope.

Later in the afternoon I received a lovely bunch of American Beauties, and I *do* love American Beauties. There was an envelope containing a small card. On this was written, "Thanks."

I said very little to Bob when he finally came, and conversation languished on the way to the dance.

"The moon is very large tonight," began Bob, hopefully.

"Yes," from my corner.

Silence for a few minutes.

"That is a very pretty dress you have on."

"I'm glad you like it," coldly.

Again silence reigned.

"Nell, little girl, you're crying," said Bob suddenly.

"I'm not either," I replied trying to keep the tremble out of my voice.

I searcht in vain for my handkerchief. Then the next thing I knew Bob was trying to wipe away the fast falling tears.

"Oh," I waild, "I can't find my handkerchief, and—" sniff—"I look a fright and—" my voice trailed away in utter despair.

"Nell, dear," said Bob, "it was mean, but I've been feeling so miserable lately that when Trix offerd to fix things up I jumpt at the chance. I never knew until lately what you were angry about, and I hope you wil believe me when I say it was all a mistake. You do care, don't you, Nell?"

My only anser was a nod and a smile. Then we both remarkt what a lovely night it was, and wonderd why we hadn't notist it before.

When we finally arrived at our destination the folks had given us up as lost. Trix lookt questioningly at us, but seemd satisfied with our happy faces, so wisely said nothing.

When I was dancing my ninth with Bob, for he virtually fild up my program, he whisperd, "I'm coming around tomorro with a Christmas present for the dearest girl in the world."

So he did, and here it is. See how it sparkles when the light shines on it! When is it to be? Oh, I don't kno; we'l hav to wait a while, but I've always thot June was the month for brides. And Trix has promist to be my maid of honor.

## Peace

*Vivia W. Carr*

**P**EACE, PEACE, wonderful peace,  
Come on this Christmas day;  
Come from above on the wings of love  
And abide in our harts alway.

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago,  
On that first Christmas morn,  
God gav His son, and life was won  
While peace in the world was born.

And so today 'mid war and strife,  
'Mid battle, toil and pain,  
God's holy wil is working stil  
And peace wil reign again.

## Uncle John's Christmas

M. M. W.

**T**HE BLEAK NORTH WIND whistled mournfully and furiously around the corner of Uncle John's little log cabin, as if it wer determind to drive the fast falling sno thru the cracks in the one little windo. But try as it may there wer no cracks to be found in the windo or elsewhere, for every one had been carefully chinckt before the sno began to fall.

It was Christmas eve and Uncle John had made ample preparations for it, for Sam would come tonight and every-thing must be warm and comfortable for him. The old man had gone over his one little room every day for a week and chinckt every crack with cotton and then seald the cracks with old newspapers. He was careful that nothing should be lacking for Sam's comfort. In one corner of the room wer piled huge oak and smaller hickory logs. Under the bed was a cracker box ful of fat lightwood, waiting its turn to be of service to the old man. His meal box was ful and there was a goodly supply of pork and navy beans in the queer little three-cornerd cupboard. A bag of sweet potatoes, wrapt in an old quilt, nestld close to the wal near the big open fire to keep from the cold. Two big potatoes from that bag lay roasting in the hot ashes. A fat, juicy 'possum swung roasting before the roaring oak fire, and another peacefully rested in a pan of salt water. The little table was puld from its usual place against the wall and set for two, tonight.

As far as bodily comforts go Uncle John could wish for no better. With a smile of satisfaction and hopefulness he sat down in his old arm chair to enjoy his good old corn-cob pipe and watch his supper cook, while awaiting the coming of Sam. As he smokt away with only his own thots and a sleeping dog for companions there stole over him a creeping fear. It was getting late. Was it possible that Sam couldn't find his way? Was he cold? Was



he hungry? If he wer only here! But surely he would come. He had waited for him so long.

"I can't be mistaken," he said, "for there ar eight notches in my ole cane—one for each Christmas eve since they took 'im from me. And they said he'd be gon only five. Sum-pin' has kep' him away from me. But surely he'l come tonight. He won't stay away any longer."

The old man's mind traveled back to just such a night as this twenty years ago. Yes, Sam was with him then, and Sam's mother. The three had sat around the same old fireplace, before just such a fire as this—he, picking the banjo and singing the old plantation melodies, while the mother rockt Sam to sleep crooning her own little lullabies.

The scene changed, and in its place crept those of later years. Sam's mother was sick. The sno had lasted longer than usual. The little room was warm and comfortable, but there was very little bred and meat and no money. He had spent the last cent for medicine, but stil she needed more. He couldn't leave her to work for more. He had talkt it over with her in the presence of Sam, but they couldn't decide what to do.

One evening when it was warmer, Sam took down the old gun—he was a sturdy boy of eleven then—and went hunting with the hope of bringing back a rabbit, 'possum, or perhaps some birds. Night came on and the boy did not return. Ten o'clock came; twelve; one; and finally daybreak, but stil Sam did not come. Oh, the agony of those hours! He shudderd as he recald them. They didn't kno whether he was lost or had shot himself, or what! They couldn't imagin. Everything horrible seemd possible.

In the morning his wife was worse but he could see nothing else to do but leave her and look for the boy. He had made everything as comfortable for her as he could and was on the woodpile cutting one more log for the fire when Joe, Sam's playmate, rusht up and exclaimd, "Sam's stole money from Mister Miller an's bin 'rested, and they's goin' to try him nex' week in the courts. He went in th' house when no one was there, an' Mister Miller an' th'



sheriff, who'd bin huntin', came up an' caught 'im comin' thru th' winder."

The first that was of the sick mother. Should he tel her or not? Yes, he decided it would be best. So as gently as he knew how he told her all—what Sam had done and where he was, but reassurd her with the hope that he would be home in a few days, for the court wouldn't do anything to him since he had taken the money for the good of some one else.

She clung to the same hope that he felt, but grew weaker and weaker in body, and five days later he left her lying in the little graveyard behind the garden, while he went to the court to plead for his boy.

He told the court all about it. How they had taught Sam to be honest, how Sam's mother was sick, and had no medicine and no money, and how Sam had gone hunting to get something to eat, and had tried to get the money without telling them what he was going to do.

All his pleadings, however, wer useless against the witness of the most prominent men of the cuntryside. They had seen him take the money. But they could not see the hart that prompted his hand. Again the old man saw the trembling form of his boy facing the stern judge. Again he herd the earnest voice of his boy say, "I axt Mister James to len' me th' muney, but he wouldn't. Den I axt Mister Miller, an' he wouldn't. An', judge, I was jus' bound to hav it. I couldn't let her suffer no longer."

And tears crept to the old man's eyes as again he felt his boy's arms around his neck and herd him say, "Good-bye, Daddy. I don't kno what they're goin' to do to me, but I'l come back. Tel mammy I did it for her." He hadn't told the boy his mother was ded, and couldn't then. The boy could bear it better when he was older.

"He'l be disappointed tonight when he fin's she's not here," the old man mutterd, "but he can stan' it better tonight than he could then."

The old man's reverie was interrupted by a scraping sound on the little platform outside the door, and a gentle nock.

"That's him!" gaspt Uncle John. "Nobody but Sam can nock jus' like dat."

In an instant the door was open and he stood gazing out—into the darkness. Maybe Sam was just trying to fool him and had hid around the corner as he used to do when a child. He bent lo to listen and in the soft sno on the platform he saw the tracks of a dog that had trotted up to his door and off again.

Sloly he shut the door and walkt back to his chair by the fire. The hands of the old clock had past the twelve o'clock mark. Blankly he glanst at it, took the old nife from his pocket, pickt up the cane and cut another notch.



## Sketches

### WHEN THEY HAD SAVED ENUF EXTRA

"At last we can giv the children a real Christmas. Just think—thirty dollars wil buy the new overcoats, the wagon, dol and Indian suits. Then there wil be some left for emergencies. Mariam, you hav done it all. What a wonder you ar. Won't the children be happy, but—"

Mariam lifted her head from the sewing, surprisd that her husband should begin the conversation. "What, Jake? Isn't everything all right?"

"Don't stop sewing, Mariam, I just want to ask you something. You kno the children wil be so happy. Ah—ahem."

"Wel, Jake, you always do require your own time to talk in; perhaps I can help you this once, dear. I hav been cleaning up in the pack room this week. It looks so nice and cozy. The children said they would like it for their room. That wil leave a vacancy. Don't you think it seems a pity to hav a five-room house with one room vacant? Especially when there ar those who hav no home at all."

"Yes, I was just thinking that."

"You wer? Wel I thot that it would be so comfortable for Aunt Eliza."

"Oh, Mariam, Mariam, you hav red my thots."

Moving his chair closer to hers he lifted the sewing from her lap and graspt both her hands in his with a deep feeling of comradeship. "But I thot that on account of the children. Then too she isn't really our aunt after all. I just did not like to begin the subject."

"Yes, the children ar to be considered," she lookt proudly up at his happy smiling face. "They can be askt. Come, let's go for them if you wish. Sh—we won't trouble them

if they ar asleep." On opening the door they stood hand in hand for a moment listening to the childish prattle.

"I hav prayd that Santa Claus may bring whatever nice things he thinks we had better hav. That's what mother said I should do. Did you, Louise?"

"No. Sh! I hear somebody," came in whispemd accents.

"Ofer!" No reply. "Ofer, I want to ask you and sister something," said the mother, bending over the unusually stil little forms.

"Yes'm, we'r awake as can be." Ofer was out of the bed with a bound. Daddy bundld the little girl of four in his arms and followd the mother and little son into the kitchen. Jake held the soft white bunch with the curly head protruding in his lap, while the manly little fello leand on his mother's chair.

"My dears, your father and I hav been thinking that it would be best for Santa to bring you just a few goodies to eat and some other time bring the other things. Then we could hav Aunt Eliza come to stay with us all the time. She has not had anyone to take care of her and love her like we hav."

"Oh, 'Anta'l bring my pretty dol too."

"I can tote my wood in my arms," said Ofer, little man that he was, and his mother's eyes beamd with pride. "And when I get to be a big man I'l make a wagon and pul sister to scool in it."

Ofer lookt thotful for a moment. "Mamma," he said, "I prayd God to let Santa bring what was best for us. Maybe He thinks it's best to hav Aunt 'Liza."

"Bes to bing Aunt 'Liza," Louise piped in her childish treble.

The children wer seen to bed again and tuckt snugly in. Then concluding the decision, Jake said, "Yes, and Mrs. Johnson says she fears she can not accept farm products in place of board money any more for Aunt Eliza. Her son is going to farm next spring."

"My dear, good-harted husband," Mariam murmurd, her eyes shining mistily, "and little Ofer is just like you."

Two days later Aunt 'Liza was seen in Mariam's neat, shining kitchen. She was seated in a large arm chair

before the window, her white head pillowed comfortably on soft cushions. Her crochet needle had fallen into her lap and her work was forgotten. The rays of the setting sun shone through the window on the wrinkled face and revealed the smiles of happiness that played over it.

Then the rosy-cheeked children came to her for a story. With a great joy in her heart she told them the story of the "Three Wise Men," and when she had finished the children nelt to say their prayers at her knee.

"Dear Father God," said Ofer, "You need not send Santa Claus now, because we'd rather have Aunt 'Liza."

Jake and Mariam paused in the doorway, and stood, gazing with shining eyes on the beautiful picture.

"Jake," said Mariam, looking up at him, "you are the best man in the world."

For answer he took her in his arms and held her close.

—*Temple Snelling.*

### THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

I felt as if I were suddenly left alone in a cold, dark room. My hands grew cold and clammy; my knees began to shake; my hair seemed to be rising on end, and I felt as if the terrible thing was close upon me. I had a strange feeling that I would be the next victim, and I sat still in agony. My throat felt dry and parched and my teeth began to chatter. And then it came. Suddenly through all this suspense came the clear voice of Miss Powell saying, "Miss ———, you may stand and give your oral report now."

—*Ruth Robinson.*

### ALKON

A chilling wind swept down from the north, whipping tiny particles of ice from the snowy hills of Lapland and hurling them with telling force against anything which crossed its path. As these stinging pellets cut the cheeks of Alkon they roused him from the drowsiness which had gradually been creeping over him.

"Where am I?" he muttered, giving himself a shake and staring around.

To the north the aurora borealis was flashing its signals in restless, living colors across the sky. On all sides the sno-coverd hils stretcht away in a dim and awful whiteness. The stars overhed seemd more distant than they had ever been before. There was nothing to sho the boy where he was or from what place he had come except his footprints, which wer fast being fild by the drifting sno. The drowsiness was creeping over him again and he knew that he *must* move on, but where could he go? Should he retrace his steps, if he could, and return to his tribe which he had left so many hours before? "No?" The very thot causd him to cry aloud, tho nothing could hear, "I wil not go back, for they'l make me sacrifice to their gods, and what hav the gods done for me? Did they not let father get kild on the flo when he hunted the walrus? What hav the gods done for my tribe? Over half of them before the sun returns wil die of cold and sarvation, but stil my people serv their gods, and because I wil not do so they drive me away. There ar no gods. I can't go back. What must I do? Where shal I go?"

As if in answer to his question, Alkon's eyes fel on a bright star just above the suthern horizon. How warm, tender, and near its light seemd!

"It is the sign of a new God," Alkon whisperd, fild with a great hope. "I wil serv Him."

As he spoke the north wind ceast and a faint echo of distant music floated over the hils. Nearer it came, and nearer, til the boy caught the words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on erth peace, and good wil toward men."

With a flood of light and warmth a host of beautiful beings surrounded him, but the next instant the hils lay as cold and white as ever, the north wind howld by and the northern lights continued their wild play, but Alkon did not kno. The angels were singing around him stil.

For ten long centuries the medicine men in that northern land told the story of the boy Alkon, who, because he renounst the gods of his tribe, was driven from home and was found frozen beneath the drifted sno.

—*Elizabeth Painter.*



## Training School Department

### CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD FARM

My brother and I wer spending the Christmas holidays at the old home place; I say place, for it was not our old home. That had been torn down and a fine building with all the modern equipments erected in its sted.

The old log-bodied house, which had shelterd us all for so many years, had not been my sister Alice's idea of a home, neither did the barn, stable, and farming implements suit her husband, so they wer all replaced, one after another, with new ones, until everything was changed. All the old landmarks had disappeard; even the old pine woods next to the medo, in which we often wanderd, made play houses, and gatherd, in spring, the little blue and purple violets, had ben cut down, and in its place was a rolling field covered with ded stubble. Even mother's garden was not left, but where it had been was a large square laid off in beds with concrete walks winding among them.

It is useless to say that I was much grieved at all of these changes, but I did not tel Alice so, for she ,too, had changed. Insted of the merry, laughing Alice of old, I found a very prim, fashionably-drest yung woman, who thot it the proper thing to keep a cook, a parlor-maid, and a nurse, and who was never, under any circumstances, guilty of referring to the poverty of her childhood. All this I had found out on the day of my arrival, and I was much disappointed, for I had lookt forward with great plesure to this visit to the old farm—my first for fourteen years. And, Billy being the only one of us, besides myself, who had not married, I had prevaild upon him to join me there, hoping that together, he, Alice, and I might enjoy ourselves as of old.

It was now Christmas day; and Alice and Brother Thomas

having left us to attend to their various duties, and the children having been carried off by their nurse after a somewhat disinterested survey of their Christmas tree and presents, Billy and I began, as we sat before the glowing coal fire, to talk of the old days and the many happy Christmases we had spent on the old farm.

"I wish," said I, "that this wer a good old log fire like those we used to hav, and then I could imagine, if I did not look around, that I was a child again, sitting by the fire in mother's room, insted of in this spick and span sitting room of Alice's."

"Yes," said Billy, "remember how we used to roast chestnuts in the hot ashes?"

"Yes, and potatoes, and how we roasted apples on strings before the fire, and what good times we had popping corn. O, Billy! I wish the old days could come back, just for a little while!"

"Wel, they won't come, Ruthie, but let us imagine that we ar children again, and that these ar our stockings," and he pickt up the stockings that little Alice and Tom had thrown carelessly aside. "I wil hang them up again—let's see, yours hung here, didn't it? And mine here at this corner."

"But they don't look like our stockings, Billy. Don't you remember how mother used to nit for days and days before Christmas that she might hav enough pairs of little red stockings to go around?"

"Wel, let's pretend anyway. Shut your eyes. Now we are up stairs in our little white beds, asleep. Now its morning.

"Whoop-e-e! Christmas gift, everybody! I wonder what Santa brot me? Get up, girls! Ruth, I'l beat you down stairs. I'l bet mother has brekfast nearly redy.

"I'l get my stocking and see what's in it first. My! how it bulges. Why, Ruth, I almost expected to find some of mother's good molasses candy and tea-cakes in it!"

"Yes, and I almost expected to find my old rag dolly—dear old Peggy—but look, Billy! Isn't this a beautiful dol? If I could hav had such a one when I was a child I would

hav tresurd it highly; but poor little Alice has so many she doesn't care for it at all.

"Billy, can you imagin us throing aside our stockings as Alice and Tom did? Why, we wer so proud of our stockings and the home-made goodies they containd that we wanted to keep them right with us all the time. How proud you wer of your ball! What do you suppose little Tom would think of a ball made of an old worn-out stocking raveld and wound around a walnut?"

"Everything has changed so much. Even the old walnut trees that were in the back yard hav been cut down. Do you remember how we used to make walnut candy?"

Billy grunted. "I wish I had some of that candy now. It was far better than this highly colord stuf in Tom's stocking, and helthier too. We didn't know what store candy was like—but look at that tree, won't you, Ruth? It doesn't look like ours used to, does it? Ours was only a little cedar tree that father found in the woods, and he and mother decorated it with strings of popcorn, red apples, and fancy paper chains that mother made."

"Yes, but I am sure that we enjoyd our tree to the utmost. Everything has changed since we wer children. We would hav been beside ourselves with delight if we had receivd one such toy as these we see here, but these children hav so many that they ar tired of them."

"I'd like to find some way to give them real pleasure, for I don't believe—"

"Sh-h, there comes Alice. Alice, we wer enjoying this fire immensely. An open fire is always so cozy."

—Ava Marshall.

## HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

After nearly three weeks of a perilus voyage, I finally landed at Peking, China, and from there went to Shanghai, where I was to begin my new work. I was met at the station by another missionary frend, who had gone over a year ahed of me. When I notist the looks of everything about me, and the chatter of the people, I was glad to kno that I had one person I could understand and talk with.

I had not been there very long before it was nearly time for Christmas, and as this was the very first Christmas I was to spend in China I was very anxious for the days to hasten on. It is interesting to know that Christmas over there corresponds to our June. It was so amusing to watch the people decorate for Christmas. All of the windows were very artistically draped in red and green. Of course the toys were quite different from ours. There were all kinds of peculiar looking articles that I had yet to learn the names of, and their dolls, of course, were cunning little Chinese.

This was my first Christmas in China, and by the time I had passed fourteen there I was at last used to their customs. The time was now drawing near when I should come home for Christmas, and how happy I was! A month, two weeks—and now one more day! I went to Peking and there boarded the steamer for America. I reached home on Christmas eve, and enjoyed that night watching the children hang up their stockings for Santa Claus. This was so different from anything I had seen in such a long time that I almost felt that I was a child again myself. And the next morning while watching them run for their stockings, I realized that I really was in America again. Though I had enjoyed my work and stay in China, there was nothing like coming home for Christmas.

—*Irma M. Rice.*

### MY HOME COMING

Just as I stepped off the dock I was grabbed by my brother, who was hardly recognizable in his great fur coat and a hat that protected his face from the snow that was falling. He soon had me comfortable in the sleigh and the high-spirited horses were taking us out of the great city. I could hardly control my emotions when I passed by some familiar scene of my childhood. My brother told me of everything that had happened in my absence of ten years, and I was surprised to find so few changes. In almost no time I saw before us the old birthplace, where we had had such good times when we were children. As we passed the "tall and silent gate post," now covered with snow, I thought how scared I used to be of it in my childhood days. The wide gate was open,

and, as we drove up to the house, I saw my father standing on the porch redy to welcome me back. In the hall I was handed back and forth from one to the other, until mother finally came to my rescue. A few hours later, when I was lying before the large open fire, I seemd to be living my past over again; I was with my brothers and sisters, sitting before the fire gazing at our empty stockings that hung from the mantel and wondering what we would find in them in the morning. Each of us was busy writing a note to Santa Claus and teling him what we wanted. My oldest brother was teling us a Christmas story, when suddenly I felt some one pulling at my sleeve. So interested was I in the story that the pull went unheeded. Then I felt a soft hand on my shoulder, and looking around to see who it could be that was interrupting me, I saw the kind face of my mother bending over me, and asking me if I was going to dress for dinner. —*Pattie Buford.*

### AN OLD MAID'S CHRISTMAS

As I enterd the room made bright and attractiv by all kinds of Christmas decorations I saw children dancing and skipping around the brightly lighted Christmas tree which stood tall and stately over in the corner. Silver balls and Christmas bels wer dangling from all of the projecting boughs, while under and around the tree wer gifts of all descriptions—horns, bags of candy and popcorn, sno sleds, dol carriages and beds, and even great big, blu- and brown-eyed dollies. Hanging from the mantel-piece wer four little stockings so ful that they lookt redy to burst.

But, as I sat and gazd into the bright fire, my thots turnd back to my childhood when my old gray-haired mother would work so hard to make my Christmas a happy one and to decorate a Christmas tree for me, altho not so beautiful a one as this, and in a room not half so lavishly furnisht, yet I think I enjoyd it really as much as these children, because I did not kno of any better. On my tree wer only a few strings of popcorn and a little cotton sprinkld here and there. Only a few packages could be seen peep- ing from behind the boughs of my tree, while here theirs



was loaded down with gifts. As I sat gazing into the fire and seeing pictures of my childhood, little Hattie came skipping up to me and with a gloeing face cried, "Aunt Fannie, here is your present."  
—*Ida Lee Gray.*

### THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Many, many years ago all the people of Galilee wer summoned to Bethlehem on a certain day to be taxt. Now some livd many miles from the little place, and they knew it would take a whole day of travel, over ruf and sandy roads, to make the trip. So when the day came to go everybody was prepared. The provisions wer all redy and the great procession of camels crawld along as tho they, too, dreded the long journey which was before them.

Among those who wer going was a small golden-haired child of eight. She had no one but her father and brothers to take care of her. The mother died when she was but four, and the child, Elizabeth, could remember her mother only as she lay dying. She could not forget the sweet face and feeble hands which had placed the little golden chain she had loved so dearly around her neck.

Elizabeth was too young for such a trip, but she could not stay at home alone, so with a few clothes wrapt in a little bundle, she climbd upon the back of a large camel in front of her father and they started off with great courage.

They crost many mountains and forded large rivers. The day was hot and sultry. Elizabeth soon grew tired and weary but they traveld on, anxious to reach the little town of Bethlehem.

The sky was coverd with millions of stars when the tired travelers reacht the gate of the city. The weary camels lay down where they wer unloaded and Elizabeth followd her father in serch of a lodging place for the night. After walking for some time they found a crowded room in an old inn. The child, too tired to eat, fel asleep on a small pallet in a corner of the room.

She was awakened the next morning by the noise of the great crowd of people who had come to be taxt. The same story was on the lips of every one. A baby boy



whom they call the Savior had been born in the night and it was now with its mother in one of the stables of Bethlehem.

Elizabeth, anxious to see the baby, stole thru the crowd to the stable where she found the babe in the arms of its mother. It was then that Elizabeth realized that she had brought no present. Unconsciously her hands fell on the little gold chain around her neck. "I cannot," she thought. "I cannot give up my chain." Once more she looked into the eyes of the baby, then slowly her little fingers unfastened the chain and slowly they fastened it around the tiny neck of the Christ Child. She said not a word but left the room quietly.

— *Nellie Garrett.*

\* \* \* \* **Exchanges** \* \* \* \*

We consider the *University of North Carolina Magazine* one of our most enterprising exchanges. The weak point is in its lack of literary material, and especially vers, but it is particularly strong in sketches. Mr. R. B. House, in his "Hindrance to our Intellectual Growth as Students," makes some very truthful statements. We like the "Football Ramble." It shoos that the author is interested in athletics and has a remarkable capacity for "retailing," experiences. We should suggest that the advertisements on the cover be eliminated. It wil improve the appearance of the magazine. We hope to see more literary material.

On the whole, *The Furman Echo* is a splendid magazine, but we should like to kno if there isn't some literary talent buried in the student body that can be excavated? The edition is almost wholly by the staf. The contributions by Mr. Andrew Pickens deserv special mention; they reveal both talent and originality. We hope that the students wil wake up and sho their scool spirit by giving the magazine the benefit of their experiences, and making it representativ of them.

*The Tattler* is one of our most progressiv contemporaries. It is wel edited and its literary merit should be mentiond, altho the contributions of vers ar very limited. The essay entitled "Henry Sydnor Harrison; an Ideal Realist," is not only interesting but very instructive. The editorial on "Deference," in which is discust the proper observation of deference towards upper class men by lower class men, is interesting. We sincerely hope that the desired relationship may be establisht. The department cald "The Hammer" is different from most magazines, and forms an attractive part of it. From the outside the magazine is

very pleasing, but if there were no advertisements on the cover sheet it would be neater.

*The Shamokin High School Review* is very interesting, and it is especially good in "Athletics" and "Knocks." The principal defect is the absence of literary material, such as essays, vers, and longer stories. The short stories are proper, yet longer stories add body to the magazine. It would be better if the students would change their themes to more serious subjects, and let sentimentality rest for a while. The typographical work of the magazine is beautiful.

*Petersburg High School*, why don't you respond to the editorial in the November issue of the *Missile*? Of course you read it (?) but responding to it is quite a different matter. This is the best article in the magazine and shows that real ambition and spirit lie behind it. We heartily agree with you, Mr. Editor, in saying that the members of the staff are not supposed to accomplish the work of the student body. It is up to the school to hand in material, and we should like to suggest that it be of a more substantial type. You have three short stories, all light and sentimental. They sound too much like our modern moving picture plays. The story called "The Railroad Accident" is very deceiving. We would naturally expect a great deal of movement and color, but instead it is a narrative without a line of conversation. It leads us from one event to the other without any change just as if someone were reading aloud in the same monotonous tone of voice. See if you can't liven up your writings a little more.

"Mr. Thompkin's Cuff Button" goes wearisome because there is so much sameness in all the points. The humor is exaggerated.

There is not a single sketch or essay in the magazine. The lack of any serious theme detracts from the magazine as a whole.

# THE FOCUS

---

---

VOL. IV FARMVILLE, VA., DECEMBER, 1914 NO. 8

---

---

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 bondholders, 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

### SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

As stated in an editorial in the November number, *The Focus* has made an experiment in the use of simplified spelling. We cannot hope to avoid criticism concerning this step—very probably unfavorable criticism—but we have made some study of the publications of the Simplified Spelling Board, and feel that the new way is a great improvement on the old forms of spelling. All who are interested will find the Simplified Spelling Board very willing to supply them with material on the subject. The address of the Board is 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

Christmas again! The happiest season in the year for most of us! Soon we will be within the dear familiar walls of home with those we love about us. We thrill with joy at the very thought! But—beneath our happiest thoughts must run as never before the undercurrent of sadness—sorrow for those who this year will be homeless and bereft of kindred and friends. None of us will escape this sadness as we sit at our own bright hearths amid the season's festivities—but

just what should this thot mean to us? We hav all red of terrible tragedies in books and perhaps hav wept over the sufferings of the people of the printed page, but never before hav we had a catastrophe like that of the present war to be enacted in our very presence, as it wer, and it requires the supremest faith and the deepest reverence for the divine spark in human nature for us to be able to attain any calmness of hart when thinking about these things. But now the question comes: Why think about these sad events? Shouldn't we put these tragedies from our minds during our holidays? We cannot help the situation in any way by dwelling on the horrors of the war and reviewing in our imaginations its awful scenes of cruelty and terror—we could only sadden our yacations and depress those about us by entertaining such disturbing thots. Yes, to dwel on the grim details of the battles in sentimental loathing is useless and harmful and can only distress and frighten us, but in the new light which must come to our minds thru this dark war cloud we cannot escape the duty of facing the facts firmly, and as Christians lending our practical aid to abate the sufferings of our neighbors across the water, there are manifold ways in which we can practis the self-denial that should characterize our spiritual belief. Never has the responsibility of the individual been so immense as it is today. Never has the result of the neglect of man's eternal birthright, or spiritual side of his nature, been brot home to us in such an awful way. Nations ar made up of men and women. If the men and women of a nation ar spending themselves for selfish gain that nation is materialistic and is at the mercy of circumstances—mostly in the form of other materialistic nations; if, on the other hand, the men and women of that nation ar strong in the fear of God and the love of their fellomen that nation is a stronghold of peace with a beneficent power over all other lands that cannot be over-estimated. We must come to the realization of our own personal responsibility in the building of our nation. Every citizen that does not strive to his utmost to become strong in mind and body and spirit is a hindrance to his country's development, and not only is his neglect of living his life at its completest attainment of

development detrimental to his own nation but it is a drawback to the establishment of human brotherhood. For in order to see this matter of deep and lasting peace in its true light one must come to realize that after all we are not just citizens of a little plot of ground called our native land but of the whole world and if we would understand the true meaning of human brotherhood the interests of the man across the seas should be as our own and his rights as sacred. Therefore as we gather at our homes with our loved ones let us, in this season of the year beloved to our hearts because it is the anniversary of the time when the Light of the World brought peace to all men, realize our nationwide brotherhood, and do our little part to help.



\* \* \* Here and There \* \* \*

On Thursday, November 26, the first of the Junior-Senior championship games was played, the Seniors winning with a score of nineteen to five. The Juniors are not despondent, however, and are still hoping to win.

A Senior-Alumnae basketball game was arranged for November 25. Even if the Seniors carried the score "way out of sight," so far that we lost count, the game was an interesting one, and proved that some of the Alumnae are still keeping up their practice in basketball.

Many of the old S. N. S. girls were back here for the Thanksgiving holidays. We were glad to see them all, of course, but we have to admit that they didn't look in the least "teacherfied." Among those who came back were Nan Gray, who gave us the pleasant bit of information that she is "pullin' sixty per;" Emmy Lou Davis, Phyllis Bailey, Lilly Harman, Florence Buford, Mary T. Turnbull, Nannie Wimbish, Rebecca Banks, Elizabeth Downey, Fannie Price, Josephine Allison, Maria Bristow, Susan Minton, Ethel Pedigo, Marguerite Archaumbault and Marguerite Wilson.

At a meeting of the Cunningham Literary Society on November 29, the following officers were elected for the mid-winter term:

President.....	Gay Pugh
Vice-President.....	Catherine Hill
Recording Secretary.....	Ruth Blanton
Corresponding Secretary.....	Elfie Meredith
Treasurer.....	Mildred Booker
Censor.....	Conway Howard
Critic.....	Mary Belle Frantz
Reporter.....	Emma White

## BALAD CLUB

Miss Mary Clay Hiner, who is now at the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, Tenn., has sent in the following version of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (Child 74, B). She secured the balad from her aunt, a Mrs. Bucher, of Augusta County, Virginia, who learned it from her grandmother, a nativ of Wales.

## SWEET WILLIAM

It was early one morning Sweet William arose;  
He dressed himself in blue:

"Now tell unto me that long, long love,  
That lies between Lady Margaret and you."

"Oh, I know nothing of Lady Margaret,  
And Lady Margaret knows nothing of me.  
But tomorrow morning before 'tis eight o'clock  
Lady Margaret my bride shall see."

Lady Margaret was standing in her bowing door  
A-combing back her hair,  
When who should she see but Sweet William and his bride  
A-going to the infair.  
Down she dashed her ivory comb,  
And back she threw her hair,  
And down she fell in her bowing door;  
Never more was she seen there.

But they rode on til they came there.  
This couple went to bed;  
And about midnight when they two awoke  
A ghost stood at their feet,  
Saying, "How, kind sir, do you like your bed,  
And how do you like your sheet,  
And how do you like that gay lady  
That lies in your arms and sleeps?"

"Oh, very well do I like my bed,  
Much better I like my sheet;  
But the best of all is that lady  
That stands at my bed's feet."

It was early next morning Sweet William arose,  
He rose to tell his dream.  
He dreamed that his courts were all filled with wine,

And his garments stained with blood.  
Sweet William asked his gay lady  
If Lady Margaret he might go and see;  
"Oh, yes," said she, "these twenty-four hours  
Lady Margaret you may go and see."

"He mounted on his milk-white steed,  
So gaily he rode away;  
Gold rings bursted off his fingers,  
And his nose began to bleed.  
But he rode on til he came there;  
So loudly he rattled the ring,  
But no one was so ready to rise and let him in  
As her own servant brother.

"Is Lady Margaret in her bowing door?  
Or is she in the hall,  
Or is she in her very fine room  
Among her merry maids all?"  
"Lady Margaret is not in her bowing door,  
Nor is she in her hall,  
But she is in her own coffin cold,  
A corpse against the wall."

"Unfold those winding sheets," said he,  
"Unfold from head to feet,  
That I may kiss those cold, cold cheeks  
That look so cold and sweet."  
First he kissed her cold, cold cheeks,  
And then he kissed her chin,  
And then he kissed her cold, ruby lips,  
That filled his heart within.

Lady Margaret was buried in the church yard,  
Sweet William by her side;  
And out of her grave grew a red rose  
And out of his a briar.  
They grew as high as the church top,  
Til they could grow no higher;  
And then they grew into a true lover's knot,  
And the rose wound round the briar.

The folloing typical lumberman's balad was brot in to

the Balad Club by Mis Blanche McClintick, whose father learned it in a Michigan lumber camp.

## SHANTY BOYS

Come, all you true born Shanty Boys,  
Wherever you may be,  
And listen to a story  
Which happened unto me.

It was one Sunday morning  
In the spring time of the year;  
Our logs they piled up mountain high,  
We could not keep them clear.

Til our boss he cried, "Turn out, brave boys,  
With courage void of fear,  
We'll brake the jam on Jerry's rock,  
To Saginaw town we'll steer."

Some of our boys were willing,  
While others they held back;  
To work upon a Sunday  
They knew it was not right.

But six of our brave Shanty Boys  
Did volunteer to go  
To break the jam on Jerry's rock,  
With their foreman, young Monroe.

They had not rolled many logs  
Til our boss to them did say,  
"I'll have you be upon your guards;  
This jam will soon give way."

These words were scarcely spoken  
Until the jam did break and go  
And carried away our six brave lads  
With their foreman, young Monroe.

When the rest of our brave Shanty Boys  
These tidings they did hear,  
In search of those dead bodies  
To the river they did steer.

They found one of those bodies,  
To their sad fate and woe.

All cut and mangled on the wreck  
Lay the form of young Monroe.

We took him from the riverside;  
Brushed back his wavy hair.  
There was a young form among us  
Whose screams did rend the air.

There was a young form among us,  
A girl from Saginaw town,  
Whose screams and cries did rend the skies,  
For her true-love had drowned.

We gave him a decent burial;  
'Twas on the sixth of May.  
"Come, all you true born Shanty Boys,  
For comrades let us pray."

It was engraved on a hemlock tree,  
Which at his feet does grow,  
The age, the date, and the drowning fate,  
Of our foreman, young Monroe.

Miss Clara did not serve life long,  
To her sad mother's grief,  
For less than six months after  
Death came to her relief.

For less than six months after  
Death called on her to go.  
Her last request was granted,  
To lay by young Monroe.

There are two little mounds side by side,  
Close by the hemlock tree.  
The boys have cut the pines all down  
Around where they used to grow.  
There sleeps Miss Clara so young and fair,  
By the side of young Monroe.

\* \* \* \* **Hit or Miss** \* \* \* \*

A QUERY

Dorothy—Bess, hav you herd the latest news?

Bess—No. What?

Dorothy—Why, I hav brand new twin nieces!

Bess—Oh, how grand! Ar they boys or girls?

“Johnny,” askt the teacher, “can you tel me anything about Christopher Columbus?”

“He discoverd America.”

“Yes. What else did he do?”

“I suppose he went home an’ lecturd about it.”

1st—I can prove that you ar a fool.

2nd—All right. You’l hav to do it now or I’l—

1st—Wait a minute—you’r either a fool or not a fool, arn’t you? Wel you’r not a fool therefore you ar a fool. See?

“Mary,” said the teacher, “give me three proofs that the world is actually round.”

Mary—“Yes’m; the book says so; father says so; and you say so.”—*Life*.

The teacher had workt that morning explaining the injustices done by Nero, and believd she had made an impression on the class. Then she askt questions:

“Now, class, what do you think of Nero? Do you think he was a good man?”

No one anserd. Then the teacher singld out one girl.

“Ruth, what do you think? Do you think he was all right?”

“Wel,” returnd Ruth, after a long wait, “he never done nuthin’ to me.”—*Life*.



Teacher—What ar the five senses?

Little Mabel—A nickel.

“Johnny,” said the teacher, “you may go to the board and rite the table of two’s”.

“All right’m,” said Johnny.

This is what he rote:

Tootums oner two.

Tootums tooer fo.

Tootums fiver ten.

Tootums sixer twelve.

Tootums sevener foteen, etc.

Mother—Frances, what did you lern in scool today?

Frances—Oh, about the myths and goddesses, and things.

Mother—And what about them?

Frances—I forgot them—all except Ceres.

Mother—And who was she?

Frances—Oh, she was the goddess of dressmaking.

Mother—Why, how in the world—

Frances—Wel, teacher said she was the goddess of ripping and sewing.—*Woman’s Home Companion*.

Willie—Pa?

Pa—Yes?

Willie—Teacher says we’r here to help others.

Pa—Of course we ar.

Willie—Wel, what ar the others here for?—*Life*.

# The Conservatory of Music

*Begs to announce that the*

*Spring Term*

*opens*

*January the 28th*

---

*Beginners are especially desired and will  
be given careful training by a Specialist.*

JUST A MERE LIKENESS IS NOT SUFFICIENT IN PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE . . . . .

There must be *CHARACTER* shown, or in other words—Art, Originality and Life.

Just *that* is my “calling”—

*Original Ideas in Artistic  
Portrait Photography*

You are always welcome in my studio to inspect the work, and will not be asked to buy.

**MATHEWSON**

Successor to

**H. H. HUNT**

Farmville, Virginia

ADVERTISEMENTS

## School and Auditorium Furniture and Supplies

Portable and Opera Chairs  
School Desks, Blackboards  
Old Dominion Patent Heating  
and Ventilating Systems  
Bookcases, Ladies' Desks and Chairs  
Maps, Globes, Charts  
Water Coolers, Window Shades, Etc., Etc.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

## Virginia School Supply Co.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

*Queen  
Quality* SHOE

BUSY?

Of course we are busy. The new autumn and winter "Queen Quality" styles have just come in. They're attracting the women of Farmville and vicinity to our store in shoals. Better drop in early today, if possible, to get your new fall styles while our assortment of these smart designs is at its best. ∴ ∴

RICHARDSON  
& CRALLE



# Are You Hungry, Girls?

---

---

If so, it is your own fault, because D. W. Gilliam's store is just across the street, supplied with

All Kinds of Good Things

D. W. GILLIAM

---

VIRGINIA CAFE

---

---



**BEST** Place in Town for Ladies  
Kind of Drinks at Our Fountain  
Things to Eat They is  
Attention to Normal School Girls

---

W. T. DOYNE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
AND FURNITURE DEALER

Full line of FURNITURE, PICTURES  
GRAPHOPHONE RECORDS, &c.

TRY ME BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

**BOOKS** ORDERS FROM BOARDS OF EDUCATION, Superintendents, and Principals solicited. Our facilities for promptly and completely filling orders for books of all kinds is unexcelled. Our location in the publishing center of the country enables us to render better service than any other wholesale dealer. Send for a "SCHOOL BOOK CATALOGUE" AND "LIBRARY CATALOGUE."

*Quotations and Bids on Contracts Furnished Promptly*

**THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.** Wholesale Dealers in Books  
33-37 E. 17th St., New York

**THE VICTROLA** Brings to your home all of the world's best in vocal and instrumental music, by the world's greatest artists. Nothing can give you so much real pleasure for so small an expense. Very interesting and instructive. Catalogs free. Please write for same. Victrolas, \$10 to \$200. Special terms.

**J. B. OGDEN**

210 Eighth Street

--

LYNCHBURG, VA.

---

**L. C. MARTIN**

Commercial Printer

Perforating

High-Grade Work

Staple Binding

Lowest Prices

**PROMPT SERVICE**

Phone 160

--

--

--

Farmville, Va.

---

GO TO

**Garland & McIntosh**

---

For Toilet Articles

Kodaks, Films and Supplies

Monogram Literary Paper

The Best \$1 Fountain Pen Made

Visiting Cards Engraved

You will find **WHAT YOU WANT HERE**





THE  
**Planters Bank of Farmville**  
FARMVILLE, VA.



Capital and Surplus, \$100,000  
City and County Depository

Nearly a half century of experience enables this Bank to offer a service and security that is unexcelled

WALTER SCOTT, Cashier

---

**BARROW COAL CO.**

---

Dealers in Raven Red Ash, Splint  
Pocahontas and Virginia City Coal  
Anthracite All Sizes.      ∴      ∴

---

FARMVILLE      -      -      -      VIRGINIA

---

Dyeing, Cleaning, Pressing  
Repairing and Special  
Laundry

**MRS. LULA B. COLES**

502 Main Street      ∴      Farmville, Virginia

PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL

Patronize Your Advertisers  
**BUY OF US**

---

OLIVES

PICKLES

CANNED GOODS

CAKES AND CRACKERS

**FRUITS**

---

Hot Peanuts all the time

All kinds of Shelled Nuts

---

**Chas. Bugg & Son**

THE PURE FOOD STORE

**Baldwin's Department Store**

**W**E have the largest store and the biggest stocks. Everything that is UP-TO-DATE in Notions, Dry Goods, Shoes, Millinery, and Ready-to-Wear Goods. Our prices are lower, and Quality Best. Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets, Buster Brown Hosiery, Newest and Best in Ladies' Suits, Skirts and Rain Coats. We make a specialty of Ready-to-Wear Goods.

---

---

**R. A. BALDWIN & SONS, Inc.**  
QUALITY, PRICE AND SERVICE STORE

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded

We invite you to inspect our stocks.

## JEWELRY FOR THE NORMAL GIRL AT MARTIN'S

---

---

A nice selection always on hand, suitable for all your wants. Special attention given orders for Class and Society Pins, Medals, Rings, etc.

ESTIMATES GIVEN UPON REQUEST

---

---

### William D. Martin

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

317 Main Street

Farmville, Va.

## When Robin Hood Wanted a Pen

For one of his rich prisoners to sign a cheque, he singled out a wild goose from a flock going overhead, and with a skillfully shot arrow laid the bird at his feet. But you can't do this, and the safest plan is to invest in one of our **FOUNTAIN PENS** and be ready for all emergencies. We are agents for "WATER-MAN'S IDEAL" and "REMEX"—prices from \$1 to \$10.

Anybody will tell you that our line of Stationery, Toilet Articles, Bristle Goods, Perfumes, Talcums, Manicure Sets is far and away ahead of any of our competitors.    ::    ::    ::    ::    ::    ::

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

---

---

## White Drug Company

THE LEADERS FOR FIFTY YEARS

## Where All the Normal Girls Go

THEY NEVER PASS US BY

Give us your order for your BRIDAL BOUQUET.  
We can furnish you with all kinds of Flowers and  
Ferns at reasonable prices. Don't miss us.



## Farmville Pharmacy, Inc.

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA



¶ A full line of Perfumes, Toilet Articles and everything  
necessary for the requirements of the most fastidious in this  
line. ¶ Hot and Cold Drinks served at our fountain.  
¶ Registered Druggist always in charge of Prescription  
Department. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

---

## W. J. Hillsman & Co.

---

Dry Goods, Notions and Dealers in Ladies'  
Ready-to-Wear Garments

Ladies' Fine Shoes a Specialty

Agencies { "REGAL," "The Shoe that Proves"  
"THE AMERICAN LADY," and  
UNION SHOE COMPANY

The teachers and scholars of the school are invited to  
inspect our lines.

---

## W. J. Hillsman & Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS

---

# C. E. CHAPPELL COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Confectioneries

Fruits

Blank Books

Stationery

---

AGENCY FOR

HUYLER'S CANDY

AND SHEPHERD'S CREAM

---

**BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!**

**B**OOKS of all kinds. For the Class Room, the Home Circle, the Farm, the Pupil, the Teacher. Books on Methods of Education a Specialty :: :: ::

**The MacMillan Company**

PUBLISHERS - NEW YORK

Representative, W. S. GOOCH, University, Virginia

---

**A. H. FETTING**

MANUFACTURER OF

**GREEK LETTER  
FRATERNITY JEWELRY**

213 N. Liberty St.

Baltimore, Md.

Factory 212 Little Sharp Street

# State Female Normal School

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Splendidly Equipped for the Training  
of Teachers



A Training School consisting of a Kindergarten and Eight Grades.

Every Graduate is an Experienced Teacher when she receives her Diploma.



## Courses :

FOUR-YEAR ACADEMIC COURSE

TWO-YEAR PROFESSIONAL COURSE  
(Based on High School Graduation)

TWO-YEAR KINDERGARTEN COURSE  
ELEMENTARY COURSE



The leading Universities, Colleges, and Normal Schools of the country are represented in the Faculty, and each Instructor has had special training for the work of his Department.



For information concerning State Scholarships, and details of the work offered, address

**J. L. JARMAN, President**

**Farmville, Va.**



# Normal School Supplies

Make WADE'S Your Headquarters

DEALER IN

CONFECTIONERIES, FRUITS, STATIONERY  
CANNED GOODS, OLIVES, PICKLES . . . .

HOT AND COLD  
FOUNTAIN DRINKS

---

Waiting to serve you

## A. V. WADE

---

# Paulett Crockery Co.

*The "Sta-Kleen" Store*

We ship all bills over \$3.00 to any place  
in the State



A Specialty of Bridal Presents

---

# Fresh Candies, Cakes and Fruits

SCHOOL STATIONERY A SPECIALTY

You will always find at

**C. S. BLUE'S** 600 HIGH STREET  
PHONE 187      -:-      FARMVILLE, VA.

ADVERTISEMENTS

I F S E E K I N G A D V I C E  
—ON—

The Latest and Most Up-to-Date

**MILLINERY IDEAS**

—CALL ON—

**Miss Clara Wesler**

106 1-2 Third Street

A FULL LINE OF THE MOST STYLISH  
HATS ALWAYS ON EXHIBITION

**Kodaks and Kodak Supplies**

Special Attention to Kodak Finishing

WE DEVELOP YOUR FILMS FREE

MAIL US YOUR ORDERS

**William Freeman, Bookseller and Stationer**

304-306 Main Street

NORFOLK, VA.

**MRS. L. L. KEISTER**

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods

AND LADIES' GOODS GENERALLY

Farmville

- - -

Virginia

ADVERTISEMENTS

