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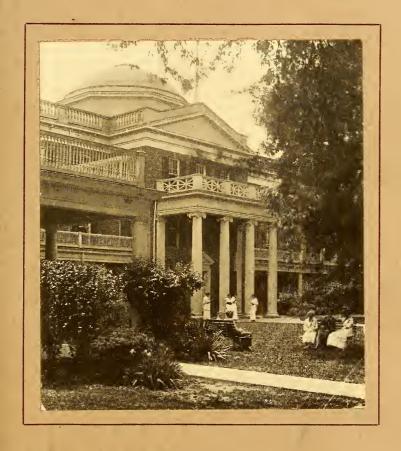
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THE FOCUS

MARCH - 1915 5/2





STATE NORMAL SCHOOL FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA







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THE FOCUS

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No. 2

Awake, Awake!

Emma White

ODDESS of Spring, awake, awake!
Bid soft slumbers now forsake
The imprisond brook;
And in each cranny and nook,
Now barren, gleam
The freshest, richest green.

Demeter, bid winter now depart;
Inspire at once the dormant hart
Of Flora to spring
Into life; and bring—
As is thy sacred duty—
Love, life, and beauty.

O Ceres, paint the petals pale, And over hil and over dale Scatter the flowers, In delicate showers, Make each gloing tint Like gem-lights glint.

Earth-mother, thou who giveth
Life to each flower that liveth,
Thou 'wakest us,
Making the pulse
Throb wild and high
When thou art nigh.

My Uncle's Gost Story

Jane C. Slaughter

HAD BEEN READING aloud from "The Long Roll." My old uncle and I wer sitting under the shade of the big "Stuart Poplar Tree," on the lawn at "Buena Vista," in old Virginia.

It was cool and sweet there, out under the great tree. There was no tree like it for magnificence in all the cuntryside. It towerd a sheer hundred feet above our heds, while long pendant branches almost tucht the gras on every side save one. On this side we could see a beautiful vista of hils, medoes, a silver river, and lofty mountains, bathed in azure haze.

We would pause in the reading now and then as something in the story recald an incident of "long ago." It was these delightful pauses and the anecdotes—sad, humorous or pathetic—which they recald that made the charm of reading to my uncle.

They wer old, old friends—my Uncle and the tree—for when Jeb Stuart had pitcht his tent there beneath its branches it was hardly more than a sapling, and my Uncle Ralph was a dashing yung cavalry officer attacht to the general's staf.

This had been a signal station. Mt. Pony lay to the north of it and at our very feet was the great pile of stones whence had floated the signal long ago. Above our heads high amid the glistening gray-green branches the mocking-bird sang his song of retrospection; the limpid blue of the June sky was cloudless; afar off the Bobwhites cald and whistled in the golden wheat. On the wooded blufs acros the river delicate wreaths of mist hung about the tops of the tall trees of "Wood Park" whose red roof gleamd amid the sheltering branches.

Many a romantic association hung about that steep roof and the memory of them added a glamor to the lovely scene. My Uncle Ralph's dim eyes gazed wistfully acros to the purple heights beyond the river, as if he sought his vanisht yuth.

"It takes me back again," he said, "oh how it takes me back to boyhood days." Then with unconscius pathos, "We ar changed as a vesture, but Nature is so faithful—.

"They wer the most charming people who livd there in that old house when I was young. The house, you tel me, is empty, deserted, dismantled now—the stately widoed mother interesting and kindly; the eldest daughter, Miss Lelia, beautiful in her youthful bloom; Miss Katherine, dark-eyed and ful of a certain gracius dignity; Miss Jessie entering her early teens but gay and loving all kinds of pets, something of the tom-boy too. Ah! how I loved to visit them!"

"It is like a house in a book," I said. "It looks as if it had a story to it, Uncle, and I always want to read the story. I am sure there is one."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "there wer many stories. I recall one now, in particular, a ghost story." And a little smile played over the worn, gray face that lit it like a gleam of sunset glory.

"Real?" I cried, "Real? Oh! tel it to me I love your stories, Uncle."

"Yes, very real." And again his dim eyes brightend with the merry hazel light which made you see how handsum they had been fifty years ago.

"Tired one day of keeping close in camp I forded the river down there where you see the water gleam against the rocks at the German ford. I climbd my horse up, goat fashion, on the steep mountain-side, hidden from view by the thick pine and laurel, and rejoicing all the while in the risk of my adventure, for we wer beset by the enemy. I thought, if the coast was clear, to make a vanishing cal, as it wer, upon the the yung ladies.

"Arriving at the top of the bluf, I tied my horse, Selim, at the rear of the house beneath a pine which completely conceald him, in the fast falling summer

twilight. I then stole acros the lawn, to the house. When there, I became suddenly aware that the hospitable front door which usually stood wide open was fast closed and that there was crepe upon it Not being able to conjecture what had happend, I stood in perplexity and anxiety and nocked softly.

"Not one of the yung ladies was visible nor the servants, but the wido herself opend the door, and in anser to my anxius inquiries, told me that 'Cousin Blair,' an old gentleman from Fredericksburg who livd with her as her protector, had died quite suddenly and was then lying in the great parlor awaiting the arrival of his coffin, for which she had been forced to send to Fredericksburg.

"Knoing that Philip, her son, was only a lad of some twelve or fifteen years, I askt if there was anything that I or my comrades in the regiment could do for her and the yung ladies.

"She replied that she had thus far been unable to get any gentleman to sit up with the body, as all the grown men of the vicinity wer absent—in the army—and she would be very glad if I and several of my friends would take this frendly offis upon us til the coffin arrived the next day and the funeral could take place, in the garden of the estate.

"Of course I gladly acquiesced, and promist for my friends as wel, and took my leave, returning down the darkening bridle path as I came, at the risk of life and limb to man and horse. At camp I redily procured leav for a party of us to spend the night at the old mansion.

"This time we went on foot up the "Heights of Abraham" as we lafingly dubd our climb. Arriving safely at our destination we prepared to defend the castle against any foe, be he Sathanus in person.

"The body of the old gentleman was lying in state in the great octagonal parlor; and the shrouded form, so cold and stil, was coverd with a sno-white pall, which hung to the polisht floor. At the further side of the room there was a large bay windo with inside blinds the upper haf of which wer open. The ful moon shone directly on the white covering of the departed one. It was war-time, and candles wer scarce, so besides the moon there was no light in the room. The parlor was furnisht in the French style of the Second Empire, and several handsum plate-glas mirrors in hevy gilt frames hung in the octagonal panels and reflected all that past. Folding doors connected the parlor with the large reception hall of the house; the library was on the left-hand side and the dining room on the right-hand side of the main entrance.

"The watchers wer to sit in the library where a single tallo candle in a tall silver candlestick reflected the poverty of the war-times. On a table wine and a cold collation wer thoughtfully placed for our comfort during the night.

"Thru the night we sat there talking in lo, subdued tones, the boys and I, until between two and three in the morning—the time when the gayest spirit is apt to flag and gro dul.

"The horse-hair chairs wer hard and slippery; we had grown child and crampt; our lims felt wofully hevy in our great cavalry boots. We had long ago eaten our refreshments, and the night dragd.

"At last one of the boys took a book from the great bookcase in the corner of the room, snuft the flaring tallo dip and proposed that I should read them a story. Poe was our prime favorite at that time in the regiment, so he had chosen a volume of Poe's short stories.

"Turning the leavs in that freakish, mischeivus mood that sometimes unaccountably flashes acros our moods of deepest solemnity, I chose that weird tale, 'The Black Cat.'

"On and on I red in my deepest tones until we came to the scene in the cellar, where the officers ar seeking the body of the murderd woman, and tap upon the wall of the chimney.

"In the earlier part of the night we had, from sheer nonsense, been rather bragging of our personal courage, and now having in pure mischief sought to stir that of my comrades, I had all unconsciusly stirrd in myself the latent superstition implanted years ago in my brest by my nurse, old Cinthia. Mischievus deviltry was uppermost when at the point where the imprisoned cat, perishing for want of water, screams from behind the wall of the chimney, in the story, I arose, laid down the book impressivly and said,—

"Boys, I dare you to go and see how the old gentle-

man comes on.'

"My frends at once accepted the implied challenge, and taking up our only light they departed with slo, solem tred, and marchd down the hall, leaving me alone with my wayward conscience and the weird and grusum ecoes of my nurseling days.

"But in les than two minutes they rusht back jostling each other, slipping and sliding along the waxt floor,

eyes popt, hair bristling, candle gone.

"'The old gentleman,' they gaspt, 'is a-moving—he really is—You, Ralph you, you ar the leader of this expedition, and it is up to you to see after him.'"

"Not to be daunted in my vainglory by such whiteliverd yungsters as they, I groped my way along the long dark hall to the tall white door of the parlor, which stood ajar, and thru which the far-off shrilling of a little lonesum owl came to my ear.

"The setting moon shone thru the flickering leaves of the poplar trees with an unearthly light, pale and warm, upon the silent figure of the dead man, so stil—stil? No, Shade of Aunt Cinthia, it was not stil, it moved, the figure moved, with a swaying motion, tremulus, sidelong,—moved, it moved, and to render the situation more gastly each movement was given back by the great gilt mirror, which reflected it to the opposite one, which reflected it to the third.

"I had not known that I, Ralph Peyton, was nervus, superstitius. The other felloes might be, but I—I was a grown man, cool-heded, daring, brave, had I not seen and faced deth on the battlefield? I shut my eyes—perhaps the moonlight deceived me, perhaps I had taken

too much wine—. I, the boldest scout on Stuart's staf. I feared neither man nor devil. Why should I fear this kind old gentleman, harmless in life—? It moved again. The effect was weird, gostly; I quaked in my boots, my hair rose, the goose-flesh came out, cold perspiration stood on my brow, a chilly shudder went down my back, my teeth chatterd to my spurs. The horror of the ded was upon me.

"Then I became suddenly conscius that the boys who stood at the door elboing each other, tho quaking themselves, wer convulsed at my terror, so summoning all my nerve I advanst to the table and lifted the corner of the white pall, which shook like a leaf.

"Just then a something rose up, rose from belo, leapt, thud! against the underside of the table, rusht by, and out between my legs, nocking me to the floor, then bounding over me into the air, and with wild glaring yello eyes scamperd thru the squad of lafing boys, butting them to right and left. Uttering a doleful tremulus ba-a-a-a it fled, tackety, tackety, tackety, down the slippery hall!

"Only Miss Jennie's big black pet lamb—grown now into a ram, but which had never outgrown its spoilt habits of family life. Taking advantage of the cool shado of the pall the evening before, it had crept under and gone to sleep. Now roused from a prolongd nap by the boys' entrance, was rubbing its woolly back against the table legs, which gave rise to the shuddering motion of the pall, and the apparant movement of the ded man."

Lost and Found

Ethel Bland

OMER WAS TO MARRY a girl in Baltimore, Maryland. The day for this event arrived. He arose early, packt his suitcase carefully, ate an early brekfast, and hurried to the depot. It was raining, but this did not dampen his spirits and he whistled cheerily as he paced up and down in front of the ticket windo waiting for the train. Suddenly he stopt short and an icy chil ran down his back bone.

"What hav I done with my suitcase?" he askt himself. He lookt around but it was nowhere in sight. Realizing his loss, he rusht up to a uniformd official who bore the title, "Station Master," on his cap.

"Where's my suitcase?" he askt.

The station master lookt at him carefully and said, "What do I kno about your suitcase?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," anserd Homer, excitedly, "because my clothes and my money ar locked in that suitcase, and I'v lost it."

"If that's tru," returnd the officer, "I advize you to find it."

And he walkt away, but Homer ran after him and said, "I havn't the least idea where it is, and I'm going to be married."

"That so?" replied the officer pausing.

"Yes, it is. And I can't get married without any money, can I?"

"Wel, that depends on the girl," returnd the man with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, I might just as wel not try to get married," exclaimd Homer. "We wer going to the Exposition, too. Dear me!"

The officer suddenly thought of a long time ago.

"Young man," he said somewhat kindly, "if your suitcase is in the station I'l find it. But don't depend too much on me for there may be some thieves here. I'l do all I can. Hav you got your ticket yet?"

"In my pocket," anserd Homer. "I bought it yesterday."

"What time is the wedding to be?"

"At noon."

"Then you'v got to catch this next train," said the man firmly; "there isn't another until ten o'clock! Ar you sure you didn't leav it in the street car?"

"Absolutely sure," anserd Homer. Then a horrible thought struck him. "But I might hav left it in the restaurant where I had breakfast," he gaspt excitedly.

"Go there and see," advized the officer. "Your train is due in fifteen minutes. You'l hav to hurry."

Homer ran all the way up the hil to the car barn, where the street cars stopt, and then he rememberd that all his money was in his suitcase and he couldn't ride. He began to run faster now, for it was a ful half mile to the restaurant, and he might hav to run all the way back again.

The rain was falling faster and seemd to hav taken an unusual fancy for the back of Homer's neck. Several streams seemd bent on an exploration and oozed sloly down his back. But he hurried on in his despair. Wet and hot, he at last bolted through the door of the lunch room and askt the cashier if a suitcase had been left there.

The cashier pointed to a corner of the room and said, "There it is." Homer's hart almost burst with joy. He lookt at his watch. Eight minutes left!

He grabbd the suitcase and without even thanking the pretty cashier, sprang out of the restaurant like a mile runner on his last lap, sped acros the street and down the narro alley leading to the station. He had gone a block when he realized that, now he had the suitcase safe once more, there was really no reason why he should not take a car. So he entered the car and sat down with the purpose of getting his money, and then he made the startling discovery that the suitcase was not his but a totally unfamiliar one, the property of another man. He might be arrested for theft.

He ground and puld out his watch. He had six minutes left. If he returnd to the lunch room he would mis his train and—horrible thought—never be married. This was out of the question. So he ground his teeth firmly and set the suitcase in the corner.

When the conductor approacht Homer almost broke down. "I havn't any money," he mutterd, "and I'm going to be married, and I must catch the next train that is due in one minute, and all my money is in my suitcase, and I'v lost it."

"What do you call this?" askt the conductor, pointing to the suit case with his foot.

"That isn't mine. I dont' kno who it belongs to. I thought it was mine when I got it but I didn't look at it very carefully, and now I'm sure it isn't mine, because mine was trimd with pink ribbons by the folks up at my boarding house."

The conductor lookt at him pityingly, "You'r crazy, all right," he said, "but I'll let you go this time and pay the fare myself." He rang up fare on the register. "But I'l keep this suitcase, as it isn't yours."

"I don't care what you do with it," replied Homer, taking note that the conductor's number was 96, with an idea of befrending him sometime in the future.

"Lots of time," said the station master as Homer ran into the depot. "Your train is five minutes late, and your suitcase is found."

"Thank heven!" cried Homer, sinking into a seat. exhausted.

"It's right up at the top of the hil. I'l send a porter for it immediately. Strange how it happend,—just before you got in I received a telephone message from the car barn saying Conductor 96 had just brought in a suitcase that ansers your description."

Homer staggerd to his feet. "Don't send for it!" he gaspd, "Don't send for it; it isn't mine."

"Not yours?"

"No, that's the car I came down on. I—I—saw the suitcase on that car myself and—and it isn't mine." A lo whistle was heard in the station.

"Here's your train young man," said the officer, you'd better go anyway."

"Yes," replied Homer gathering himself together manfully. He took the man's hand in his. "I want to thank you for all you'v done for me," he stammerd. "I appreciate it very much. I am going to get married, if I hav to do it in my pajamas, and if you happen to find that suitcase of mine send it to my offis. I hav a card in my pocket somewhere."

And he fisht out a ragged piece of pasteboard. The station master looked stunnd for a second.

"That isn't a card, man; that's a baggage check." Homer's face lightend up and he exclaimed "Why, of course it is. I remember now, I checkt my suitcase."

Comfortably seated in the train, Homer was at last off for Baltimore, and as farm fences flu past the windo he sighd in great relief, "I'm glad a fello doesn't get married every day."

My Wild Rose

Temple Snelling

WILD ROSE in a garden gru.
How came it there I cannot see;
'Twas out of place, it sadly knew.
When other flowers lookt at me,
All kindly raised their heds in glee;

But this dear child of rare perfume, Which gazed upon a purple bed Of boldly smiling pansy bloom, Ne'er raised her blushing bended hed; Whereon my blithesum joy soon fled.

I raised her face in hopes that she Would tos and dance and smile around To see the airy blu clouds flee; But scathingly the sun shone down And stole her rosy fairy's gown.

The dainty petals then unfurld
To proudly sho her golden hart,
And shed sweet fragrance on the world.
That joyus day the bees did dart
To glean her nectar, then depart.

At chilling gray of dawn arose A little breeze. With hurried sweep It shook my wild, worn rose. All scatterd, the weary petals sleep, A dew drop fell. Ah! did it weep?

What Our Student Association Should Mean to Us

L. C. H.

WONDER if it has ever occurrd to many of us to pause and think what the constitution and government of the United States really does mean to the proud people who liv under it. Under whose rule would we be today wer it not for this government? Where would we be in the advancing scale of civilization? What freedom would be ours? What kind of people would we be and what happiness would we enjoy?

Should not these same questions arise in our minds in regard to our student government? While we ar here in scool can we not be compared to a miniature United States? Do we not represent the highest type of democracy? Should we not be vitally concernd about our statute books and officers?

Wordsworth says that the child is father of the man. Ar we not children here and ar not the tendencies that we sho here most likely to be the tendencies that wil develop into permanent caracteristics that wil govern our future life? This is the place where we should learn to take the initiativ and to assume responsibilities. It is true that we may sometimes find ourselves in the dark and perhaps stumble and fall; but insted of becoming discouraged by that we should rise and profit by our fall.

The spirit of our Student Association should be the main cornerstone and supporting pillar of our scool spirit. For after all what is scool spirit but the pure, unalloyd interest and devotion which we bear to the organizations and activities that compose our scool life. And what organization deserves our unreserved interest and devotion more than our Student Association does?

We hav learnd that co-operation is one of the fundamental bases of our modern civilization. And thru the organization of college students is it not possible to develop a more perfect and more effectiv system of co-operation which the students wil carry with them when they pas from the college walls into the business of life?

Our Student Government should bring us to a realization not only of our co-operativ responsibility but also of our individual responsibility. We should learn that as mere individuals we hav a vast influence on those around us and the question for us to decide is what that influence shal be.

We may sometimes think that our student government is not what it should be and we do not hesitate to criticize it freely. Would it not be better if, insted of merely gossiping about its rongs, we would use our time and influence to make it what it should be and hav it so perfect that it would be a monument to our scool?

The Spirit of the Mountains

Ruth Robinson

KNOWD that all yer gallivantin' down to that thar hotel warn't goin' to do you no good; and now this here Mrs. Chalkley, as you'v been talkin' about so much, has put this ornery, high falutin' notion in yer hed. The idee! A-takin' them little wild flowers, as I call weeds, down to the hotel to out around in folks's way! No, Missy! What's good enuf fer yer mammy and yer pappy is good enuf fer you. I let you go to the scool in the valley and you larnd to read and rite and figger, and I reckon that is about enuf edication fer a little girl your size. And talkin' about teachin' you to sing! You kin sing good enuf now to make these here mountain folks listen to you, and that is enuf for me. You better talk about staying here with ver mammy and me. 'cause all the other children hav gone and got married. Now you jest get that notion out of yer hed. You is good enuf fer these folks around here. I don't see no call fer you to go out to that thar fancy boardin' scool. Mrs. Chalkely may be a right nice sort o' 'oman, but you'd better 'sociate with yer own kind of folks," growld Mr. Turner as he put his pipe in his mouth and settled his feet more firmly on the porch railing of the little log cabin.

"But, Pappy, I do so want to go. Mrs. Chalkley wil take good care of me. You kno you'v got plenty of money that you got for the coal lands. Please, Pappy! I may never hav such a chance again," despairingly cried Peggy.

"No! I done made up my mind, and when a Turner makes up his mind he most generally lets it stay. You jest stay here and help yer ma."

Peggy angrily dasht the tears from her eyes, jumpt up from the steps where she had been sitting, and ran away from the little log cabin, on and on thru the gathering twilight until at length she sank down, exhausted, on a bank of mos beside a tiny brook that leapt merrily down the mountainside in its hurry to see what might be in the vally belo.

"Oh, oh," she moand miserably. "She said I could learn to sing so as to make thousands of people happy, and now Pappy won't let me go. Mammy is on my side, but what use is that? Pappy is just like stone."

She lay there sobbing as if her hart would break. Gradually her eyes gru heavier and heavier until the long lashes lay caressing on her softly-rounded cheeks. The last golden rays of the setting sun stole softly over the mossy bank and playd on the beautiful mas of curls until they shone like burnisht copper. Her green cotton dres seemd to blend with the green of the mos until it lookt as if Mother Nature wer holding her dauter close in her arms, protecting and guarding her from any possible harm.

As it gru darker and darker, Mrs. Turner anxiusly straind her eyes and ears for signs of Peggy. "Now, John, look what you'v did! Peggy has run up the mountain, and you don't kno what might happen to her. She might fall down over the clif, it is so dark. It wouldn't hav hurt you none to let her hav her own way this once. Do you remember when we was yung how we would go to them dances and dance 'til daybreak? Wel, this is jest like that, and, John, she is yung and purty. I'm willin' to do without her. Won't you let her go?"

"Wel, mebbe I was a little bit hasty in my judgment. I'l see what can be did. Now don't you go and get scairt, 'cause Peggy has livd here in these mountains all her life and she is able to take keer of herself. Mebbe she is asleep somewhere. Come on, let's go to bed, 'tis plum dark."

"I came up here to paint this gorgeus mountain sunrise, but I didn't expect to find the spirit of the mountains asleep by a brook. I wish I could see her eyes. I wonder what they ar like. She is the most perfect example of girlhood I ever saw," thought yung David Grayson as he stood staring at Peggy, utterly oblivius of everything else around him. "I wish I might paint her just as she is, but it would not be right." As he sloly past along, the picture of Peggy haunted him. He wonderd who she was, where she lived and what she was doing asleep on the mountain so early in the morning.

Months afterwards when sitting by his crackling wood fire he would dream pipe dreams, and always there would come up before him a vision of a beautiful dryad lying asleep by a clear, sparkling brook with the rays of the early morning sun streaming on her glorius hair which far surpast Titian's wildest dreams. He tried to shake off this feeling, asking himself why he should be haunted by a pretty unknown mountain girl. But stil the dream was his, and he was afraid it would vanish, leaving him desolate.

"Why where hav I been? Oh yes, I remember," exclaimd Peggy, sitting up and rubbing her eyes. "I reckon I must hav dropt off to sleep last night. Wel, I s'pose its time to get breakfast, so here goes!" She jumpt up, dasht the cold mountain water in her face; then, skipping merrily down towards the wisp of smoke that markt the little log cabin, she suddenly burst into a song as spontaneus as that of the birds.

"Didn't I tel ye not to worry none, Mammy? Here she comes. I hear her singing. You tel her, 'cause I was so almighty positive last night; and you kno, don't no Turner like to giv in once their minds is made up."

When Peggy herd that her father had changed his mind she thru both arms around his neck and exclaimd, "Oh, Pappy, somehow I knew when I woke up this morning you'd let me do it. You ar so good to me and I do love you so!"

"Wel, the yung must hav their fling I s'pose. Run along now and help yer ma git breakfast. That bacon sholy does smel good!"

The carefree summer days came rapidly to an end. It was a day late in August that Peggy went down the mountainside to kind Mrs. Chalkley. When she came to the bend in the crooked little footpath she turnd for one last long look at the only home she had ever known. The ram-

bler had climbed over the quaint rustic porch and had crept almost up to the roof. The yard was a mas of color, each flower trying to outdo the other in gorgeusness. In the doorway stood her mother, careworn and bent with the hard years of toil, a pathetic figure, determind not tocry, but having a hard struggle to keep back the tears. Beside her with his arm thrown protectingly around her shoulders, stood Peggy's tall, grizzled father, trying tocomfort her as best he could. Throing a farewel kisto them, Peggy started on her way, sorry to leave her own people but glad of the wonderful opportunity which was now hers.

"Hello there, David!" hartily exclaimd Billy Carruthers, as he enterd the Bachelor's Club. "Where hav you been? It does sore eyes good to see you. You'r looking as handsum as ever, I see. Say, where hav you been, old boy?"

"If you'l just giv me time I'l tel you all about it, Billy," laft Grayson. "I'v been over in Spain for the last few months painting pictures of ruind, ivy-coverd castles. Mighty enchanting, but New York certainly looks good to me!"

"I suppose you'v come back to be lionized some more. It is a pity all of us can't be lions," pensivly sighd Billy. "I kno I'd make a beauty—but such is life. Ar you going to Aunt Sally's reception?"

"Yes, I gues I'l look in for a little while. What is the attraction going to be? Anything special?"

"Why, havn't you heard about her? She is creating quite a furore. Aunt Sally's protegé is going to sing. She is a little girl from somewhere down in the mountains of Virginia, and it is needless to say that Aunt Sally idolizes her; and she isn't the only one either! Old man, she is a beauty, but don't let her 'bowl you over.' We would hate to lose you as a member of the Bachelor's Club."

"Don't worry, Billy. I've withstood the charms of the fair ladies this long, and I'v seen some lovely ones too."

"Huh! You talk like Methuselah. You ar only twentyfive, so don't be so cocksure of yourself. Just wait til you see her."

"I wonder," thought David Grayson, as he fild his pipe, "—but it couldn't be. She was only a little ignorant mountain girl. I'm a fool to keep thinking about her. Stil—"

The night to which Peggy Turner had lookt forward so eagerly was now at hand. She was half frightend and half triumphant as she sat waiting behind the screen of palms. David Grayson enterd just as a violin began to play softly the music of the morning! Brooks babbled over pebbles, birds began to chirp sleepily, and the soft colors of the sunrise began to tint the sky when out stept a beautiful girl, radiant with youth. In her clinging green gown, which left bare her lovely white neck, she reminded David of a tall, stately lily. On her hed the mases of coppery curls wer piled high, while a delicate color tinted her cheeks; but most beautiful of all wer the deep, brown, velvety eyes which shone like pools of night with a star gloing in each one. She sang of youth and joy and love; and David Grayson listend as one in Paradise.

"Why, what is the matter with you, David?" exclaimd Mrs. Chalkley, coming up behind him. "You look as if you wer getting ready to paint another picture."

"I'm thinking of a picture I saw once, painted by the hand of Nature. Your singer reminded me of it."

"If you wil stop your dreaming and come on with me, I'l introduce you to my singer."

When Mrs. Chalkley left them alone, he told her of the morning on the mountain. "It seems that I hav known you all along," he added, for you hav been an inspiring vision to me for years."

Afterwards they—but that is another story.

A Prayer

H, GIV ME some way to express
The thoughts that come to me;
I kno not how to others tel
Of all my love for Thee.

Perhaps I could sho that love In doing some small deed. Oh, giv me grace and strength, dear Lord, To help another's need.

If only I could giv a smile
To someone tired and sad,
Perhaps I'd lift a burden great
And make one worn hart glad.

In each day that I liv, O God, Let some good deed be done; Or let a sweet and loving smile Win someone to Thy throne.

The Belgian Girl

Ruth Davis

"CAN DO NOTHING," said the man in despair, as he paced the floor unsteadily. "That is what hurts so. God knows how gladly I would giv my poor useless life for my cuntry if I could."

"I kno—we all kno that, Carl. It is not your fault that you ar blind," said the fair-haird girl who was standing in the cottage door. "But it is no use to repine. The good God would not hav let your eyes be destroyd if no good could come of it.

"Think of me. If you wer with the Belgian army in the forts, perhaps—Oh, Carl, it may be selfish for me to say it, but I could not bear to lose you. Is it not enuf that you gav your eyes for your king? The German army is a great dragon breathing out fire to destroy our people and crushing them with its great body as it drags itself along. If you wer with our army, the dragon would consume you, and then what would I do?"

"Dearest and best," said the blind man, "you ar my good angel. If the accident had not taken my sight, I should not hav left the army and come home to liv. I should not hav known and loved you. I do not regret anything. I am proud to hav given my eyes for my king and cuntry, but—you hav not been a soldier; you do not kno what it is to hav to stay at home while all of your comrades ar giving their lives for Belgium and winning immortal glory for themselves. But I wil try to be patient.

"Ah! the guns hav begun to talk again. By the sound, they ar our guns. Can you see anything?"

"I cannot see very wel," anserd the girl, "but the neighbors say they ar firing at some Germans who ar in the tall church. But their range is not good and the shells strike beyond, among the houses."

"Hav any Germans been here?" askt the blind soldier.

"Yes, they stopt and lookt thru the open door but did not come in," replied the girl.

"If they disturb you, come with your mother to my home and I wil send you to some safe place. You ar not in any danger yet, since you ar out of the line of fire and far away from the center of the town where the Germans ar stationd.

"Now, farewel, dearest. I hear my father coming to help me home. Please go with me to the gate."

"Poor Carl," said the girl to herself when he was gon, "how hard it must be for him to hav to be led around by others. He is so good and patient. He would gladly giv his life for Belgium, but it would break my hart to giv him up. I must be more selfish and les brave than he. I wonder why?"

Her reverie was interrupted by her mother who had gon to the door and now came and stood by her.

"The enemy hav begun to fire on our forts," shouted the older woman above the din. "Thank God my husband is ded and I hav no sons to mourn for.

"The guns of our forts ar wasting their fire. The shells ar going over the church where the Germans ar stationd. It is a great pity that there is no way to let our men kno."

"No way to let them kno!" ecoed the girl. "Why does not someone telephone?"

"The telephones hav all been destroyed by the Germans." anserd her mother. "Besides they would shoot anyone caut helping our men. An old man was caut letting carrier pigeons fly and he was shot without mercy. They expect us to stand by quietly and let them slauter our people!"

"Our telephone has been overlookt," said the girl. "The Germans did not think we would hav one, our house is so small and poor. I wil find someone who wil kno how to tel the forts that they ar firing too high."

The mother clutcht her dauter's arm. "Don't! No one wil risk his life so. Besides it may harm you. Think of Carl."

"It is our duty to help our cuntry," said the girl, "and if no one else wil, I wil call the forts myself. Carl said that he would gladly sacrifice his life for Belgium. He loves me more than his life, and I believe he would willingly giv me for Belgium."

"If Carl would die, send for him and let him telephone."
"No. That would harm him and not save us. The
Germans would kno that a blind man could not see where
the shels fel."

The girl resolutely cald the nearest fort. Her hands trembled and her hed swam but she did not falter.

"For Carl's sake," she whisperd to herself.

In a few minutes she was explaining to an officer in the fort that the gun-fire was ineffectiv because of the bad aim. The officer thankt her and askt that she watch until the range was corrected and then report results.

The girl and her mother hastend thru the town until they could see the tall bildings that held the Germans. The Belgian fire stopt for a short time and then recommenst. The first shot struck the church squarely. The girl hurried home and reported success to the forts.

As she hung up the receiver, a voice said to her in bad French, "Consider yourself under arrest, if you please."

Two German officers wer standing at her elbo. The girl knew her doom and prepared for it. She was to share the fate of all civilians who interferd with the terrible game of war.

The Germans, themselves, pitied her but their inflexible laws allowd no mercy. She must face a firing squad at sunrise, was the officer's stern sentence.

"Mother," the girl said, "don't let Carl kno til tomorro. "I shal rite a note. Read it to him at noon tomorro."

The note: "Carl, you grieved that you could not giv your life for Belgium. We love each other more than life itself, so in our joint gift to our country you ar giving more than I. May this thought help you. You hav my love always."

What's in a Nickname

Fitzhugh Shelor

HE HYENAS" was a fraternity. It was not organized but just happend. It was not

exclusiv to the point that the members never associated with boys who wer not members. but there wer certain adventures and undertakings in which only members in good standing wer allowd to participate. The rather ferocius name was achieved in the folloing manner: There live in Millwood a certain farmer Brown who it seemd had an unreasonable aversion to boys' pranks, which aversion made him the star victim of all the jokes and pranks of the younger boys then residents of Millwood. They had caned his cows and placed pebbles under the saddle of his gentlest mare which made her act like a wild and dangerus horse. They tied a long string to his door bel and would ring it long and often in the evening just when the old farmer and his wife had settled down for a quiet hour or two of reading the "Farm Journal." They had disguized themselves as beggars in order to impose upon his generosity and compassion. They had even stolen into his chicken house and started the hens to cackling in the middle of the night so as to awake the old farmer and make him get up and get his gun, while they hid behind the fence to see what happend. In so many ways had they continually tormented the old man that it was small wonder that in his anger he had cald them hyenas. The name

This club numberd among its members many important and unusual individuals. There was "Rusty" Kotes, who was sixteen and whose father had on his last birthday given him a gold watch. There was "Shorty" Long, the best natured of the crowd; "Skinny" Walters, "Monk" Langly, and "Smiley" Pierce, who wer famus for playing baseball. There was "Kid" McCoy, the best swimmer in

appeald to the boys and from thenceforth they cald them-

selves "The Hyenas."

the bunch, and "Dude" McFarley, who always had his clothes prest and wore a high collar. Besides these wer the faithful "Captain" Landon and "Doc" Adams.

But this story concerns chiefly one member, John Hylton Allen, whose one and only grievance against the fraternity was that never had a nickname been conferd upon him. This was a source of much distres to him, for was not one's nickname a badge of the esteem in which he was held by his chum? What a terrible slight it was to be the only one in the club who didn't posses one! "John" was quite a meaningles name; it indicated neither one's personality nor accomplishments. Whose fault was it that he had not been honord in the same way as the other felloes? In the first place John was a perfectly normal boy; he could not be cald "Fatty," "Shorty," or "Skinny."

He sat one Friday afternoon and thought again: Some ar born with nicknames, some achieve them, and some hav nicknames thrust upon them. He would belong to the second clas. The idea had first enterd his mind that morn ing in English clas, when the teacher red a portion of Bacon's Essay, and had stayd there. He must achieve his nickname—and tonight.

"The Hyenas" had a plan on foot to enter very stelthily Farmer Brown's orchard and steal his first June apples, which had just begun to ripen and grow mello. Ah, he had a scheme! He dropt his geografy which he had been trying to study and went whistling in the direction of farmer Brown's.

On the way he recald all the famus heros of history and how they gaind their nicknames. It would be unnatural to think of them by any other. Jackson must hav been proud when his soldiers cald him "Stonewall." To be rememberd as "The Little Corporal" or "The Lion-hearted" was much more honor than to be thought of as just Napoleon and Richard I. Altho he could not be as great as any of the he was going to—

But just then he herd voices and looking up he found he was near Farmer Brown's gate. Mrs. Brown and Susan, the colord girl, wer talking, so John slipt in the back yard and listend.

"Be sure, Susan, not to tel anybody that Hiram is going to stay in town til tomorro, for no tellin, what devilment those boys would do if they knew he was to be away."

"Yasm," said Susan and the two past on to the milking gap at the foot of the hil on the said opposite the orchard. John pickt up a sack he saw hanging on the cellar door, shook all the apples off the June apple tree, and sneakt away before anybody saw him.

At the appointed hour "The Hyenas" met behind the barn on Farmer Brown's place, but John refused flatly to accompany them.

"What's the matter, John, you ain't goin' to desert us. ar you?" askt "Captain" Landon.

"No," anserd John quickly.

"Wel, hav you got too good to belong to our club?"

"Oh, no! It ain't that."

"Wel, what is it, then?"

"Good gracius, Cap, can't a fello do a little as he pleases sometimes?"

"All right then, if you don't want to," said "Captain" impatiently; and, as John gav no reason for his attitude, the boys left him to himself and started on the adventure.

No sooner had they enterd the orchard than they herd two pistol reports and a gruf voice ordering them to leav the place at once. Not one obeyd "Captain" Landon's previus order to fall silently in the tall gras if there should be any cause for alarm; but all fled down the road and gatherd under an ancient oak tree for a council of war. "Doc" Adams was the first to get his breath.

"Say, Cap, the old fello must hav been on the lookout tonight."

"S'pose so," said "Captain" dejectedly.

"And I was most up the tree when he fired. Gee, didn't he get mad tho?" put in "Kid" McCoy.

"We'd better leav him alone for a while, I think," said "Dude" McFarley, brushing off his suit.

"Let him alone! Who's afraid of a few pistol shots? I tel you, boys, I'v thot of a plan. We'l get it back on him all right." At these words each one was attentiv while "Captain" Landon mapt out a terrible revenge for Farmer Brown.

"Every Wednesday he goes to town and don't get back til late at night. Now, let's all meet down at the fork of the road and when he comes by one of us will step out and demand his money and then—"

"Sounds pretty good," said a voice from somewhere in the dark. "Can I get in on that?"

In a moment they wer greatly surprisd by the approach of a dark and silent figure. All croucht lo, thinking it was Farmer Brown. It was only John.

"That's a dandy good pistol of my brother's," he said lafingly, "even if I did hav to use blank cartridges."

"So it was you?" askt "Captain" angrily. "And that's why you didn't want to go with us."

John didn't anser, but went behind some bushes nearby and returnd in a few minutes dragging his bag of mello June apples. "Here, boys, help yourselves," he said.

When he told them how easily he had slipt the apples away, all laft hartily at the joke turnd on them. And John won his victory, for the "Hyenas" immediately dubd him "Sneak" Allen.

The Call of Spring

Viva W. Carr

ARCH HAS COME and spring is here.

The days gro long,
Fild with song,
We feel her, see her everywhere.

Tulips she brings, and blossoms fair;
From winter's sleep
The violets peep,
Their fragrance filling all the air.

The bright blu sky bends from above;
While in the trees
Swayd by the breeze,
The little birds sing their songs of love.

O harts awake and anser her call, The call of the flowers, The birds in the bowers, And the wonderful joy of it all.

Billie's Mother

Lena F. Cohen

"ILLIE, BILL-I-E! Dear me, where is that child! Oh, there you ar! Come here at once. I hav been calling you for the past twenty minutes. You didn't hear me? The child must be def!

"Hurry now, and get drest, and I'l take you down town with me. Take you to the moving pictures? Maybe. We'l see about it. Children ar just more trouble than they ar worth.

"Come here and let me brush your hair. There—and there—I gues you look all right now. Come on.

"Mercy! Where is my latch key? It isn't here in my bag. Billie, run back and look in my work bag in my left-hand top dreser drawer. Hurry, now, we don't want to mis the car. It isn't there? Oh, here it is in my coat pocket. Come on. There is the car. Oh, that child wil be the deth of me yet!

"Does this car go down Main Street? All right, Billie, come on. Did you say hurry up, sir? Do you realize this child is a mere infant? Step up, dear.

"Wel, it's a wonder we got a seat. These cars ar usually so crowded. Yes, you may sit by the windo, but for heven's sake, don't stick out your hed or arms. I havenuf trouble now without seeing you mangled before my very eyes. Billie, remind mamma to get the steak. I told papa, but men ar so forgetful.

"Why, there is Mrs. Hopkins! I havn't seen her for months. Billie, stay here while I go over and speak to Mrs. Hopkins a moment, and don't you dare budge!

"My dear Mrs. Hopkins, how ar you and your dear family? I am so glad. Yes, we ar very wel, thank you, except my husband. He hasn't been feeling wel lately. I think it is the wether.

"You don't tel me? I hadn't herd that. Isn't it scandlus? I don't kno what the world is coming to. As I was saying to my husband the other night—Oh, look! Bargain sale! You say they ar selling children's clothes at a reduced price? I must see about some for Billie. Very few women kno how to economize. I often tel Tom it's a mercy he didn't marry that—. You say there ar just one or two suits left? Here, quick! I must get there right away. Ar you going to get off too? Hurry before that truck gets in the way."

There sat Billie, absorbed in the wonderful sights. Wasn't that policeman handsum with his big bras buttons shining? Never in all his six short years had Billie seen such a fello. There was the ice-cream parlor too, and the moving picture theater. He must remind mother of this. Here he lookt about. Mother was nowhere in sight! And Mrs. Hopkins was gone too. His hart sank as he got down from his seat and sloly made his way down the aile to the back of the car. Then he stept down on the platform, and lookt gravely up at the conductor.

"Hello, sonny," said that individual, smiling kindly on

him.

"Ha—hav you seen anyfing of my muver?" queried Billie, a tear coursing down his chubby cheek.

"Looks like she left you, sonny, doesn't it? There, there, don't cry," pulling the bel to stop the car. "Hey, officer, here's a lost child. There, sonny, he'l find your mother for you. All aboard!"

Meanwhile Billie's mother had enterd the crowded department store, and was happy over the bargain table of boys' suits. Suddenly she turnd white, and caut at the table for support.

"Oh, Mrs. Hopkins," she gaspt, "where is Billie? I must hav left him on the car. Oh, the poor angel child wil be kindnapt! That conductor had a villainus expression on his face. Help me to find my precius darling!"

"Here," said Mrs. Hopkins, excitedly, "bring some smelling salts." With the help of a floor-walker, she conveyd the fainting woman to the rest room, where she soon revived.

"Oh! "waild Billie's mother, "find my little lamb! What can I tel his father if anything has happend to him!"

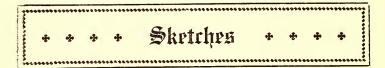
"There, there," comforted Mrs. Hopkins, "the floor-walker has gone to fone the police station. Here he comes now."

"Yes, madam," said the floor-walker, politely, "they hav a child ansering the description at the police station, and say for you to come there at once."

"Bles you, my good man. Mrs. Hopkins, please come with me to rescue my darling boy—and in the police station at such an early age, too." And they rusht pel-mel down the street to the amusement of several pedestrians.

"There he is, the precius cherub."

As he was sobbing out his story on his mother's shoulder, "Did his mother run off and forget her little man? What shal mother do to make it up. Yes, you shal hav the moving pictures and ice-cream, too, afterwards, and dear kind Mrs. Hopkins shal go with us too, dear. But mind, Billie, not a word of this to father."



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

(A Folk-Lore Tale)

In the hart of a great forest stood an old colonial stone house, seemingly cut off from the rest of the world by a great stretch of pines. At sunset every night, the stately pines moand and roard, as they swayd back and forth, and the owl joind in the chorus of the pines with its supernatural note. When darkness hoverd over the house, the wind would how! around the corners and keep up its horrible moaning until daybreak.

In days gone by the old mansion had been the center of joyus times, but now no one dared stay in it over-night. The owner offerd to give the house to anyone who would stay there, but no one was able to do it. Scores of people had tried, and succeeded very wel in the day time, but when night came on bringing with it the roaring of the pines, conbined with the howling of the wind and the owl's hooting, they could stand it no longer. At midnight strange cries would come up from the basement, and the most grotesque figure would appear. No wonder the people left the house nearly crazy when the first night was over.

Years past and stil no one was able to endure the noises and apparitions of the haunted house. At last a wido and her little son came to the vicinity. As the wido was very poor she accepted the free offer of the house, and declared she was not afraid. The people warnd her against going to the house, and told her that she need not unpack her furniture, for she would not remain in the house more than one night. She did not pay any attention to the talk of the people, but busied

herself all day fixing up the house. When night and all of its mysterius sounds came, she did not feel exactly at ease but stil she did not become frightend.

After supper she took her little son, and went up stairs to retire. She was sitting down before the fireplace when she heard footsteps approaching, and then she heard the door nob turn. In walkt the most terrible, grotesque, weird-looking creature she had ever beheld.

The wido arose and askt, "What do you want?" in a very pleasant tone.

The creature anserd, "You ar the first person who has ever spoken to me and I have been coming here for twenty years. I hav wanted to tel somebody that there is a tremendus sum of money hid in this house, but nobody ever gave me the chance, for every living person always ran from me. The money is hid in the basement under the stone steps which lead to the kitchen. Just remove a few of the stones and you wil find an iron pot which contains the money. I hav now accomplisht my purpose, and I shal never again visit this house. The charm is broken."

Before the wido could utter a word of gratefulness, the figure had disappeard;—forever—.

She found the large pot of gold. The house remaind hers and she livd there in comfort and happiness ever afterwards.

—Jessie P. Dugger.

THE VICTORY

"You ar my slave," calmly stated the Coffee to Tom one morning.

"I am not!" stoutly denied Tom, for what boy of fourteen years cares to be cald a slave to anybody?

"Yes you ar. You hav very little wil power now. Some day you wil hav none. You hav to hav me to stimulate you—to urge you on. I foresee the day when I shal hav destroyed all of your wil power and weakend you fysically and mentally. Then I shal hav no more use for you so I shal stop stimulating you and acting as

wil power for you. You wil become the slave of anyone or anything."

"I don't believe that. I am sure I can do without you," declared Tom.

"Ha! ha! we'l see. Suppose you try to do without me for a week. If you can I wil set you free."

"All right, that's a bargain," said Tom.

The Coffee smiled as tho he wer rather sure of himself.

The next morning Mrs. Fay was astonisht when Tom said he didn't care for any coffee. Tom lookt at the coffee expecting an expression of disappointment but the coffee lookt at him calmly as the he was not discouraged.

Tom was surprized that day when he felt rather stupid at scool and his hed aked so badly. Once or twice he caut himself wishing that he had not refused the coffee at breakfast. He managed to get thru the day tho and that night he went to sleep better satisfied with himself than he had ever been before.

The next few fays he had somewhat the same experience that he had had the first day—the same stupid feeling, the same hedake, the same fight with his desire. On the seventh day as Tom refused the coffee, the coffee said, "Tom, allow me the honor of congratulating you altho I hav lost a slave for once in my life I hav done a good deed—I hav helpt to save—a man."

-Rose Caplan.

AT NOON RECESS

Sno had fallen all day the day before and it was frozen just right for coasting. Some of the large boys had found planks in the yard, which had accidentally come off the fence at exactly the right time. Acros the road from the scool was a steep hil which had been plowd and sown in wheat the fall before. Thus it was smooth and made an ideal place for that winter sport. At recess, the pupils hardly took time to eat their lunch, but hurried immediately to the hil-side.

The teacher was yung, small, and timid, and tried to be dignified. She could not think of going out to engage in such tomboy sports; for suppose a patron, or a trustee, or the awful superintendent should come and find her playing in the sno with the children. She resolutely went to a windo on the opposite side of the room, ate her lunch, then tried to read. But the sound of childish lafter was irresistible, and she crost the room to another windo, only to see if one of the dear children was hurt. No one had been hurt. She stood there a few minutes, then went to the door. "Teacher," came from the hil "come out and play with us. The sno is grand."

That was too much for frail humanity to resist. Patron, trustee, superintendent, all wer forgotten, and the teacher soon became the merriest in the group.

When they returnd to the scool, it was three o'clock, and time to dismis for the day.

I said at first that the teacher was yung.

-Olivia Compton.

BEHIND TIME

Wel, I'l tel you just how it was. You see, we had to hand the story in Tuesday, and I had thought and thought, and tried and tried to get an inspiration, but nothing came from all my thinking and trying. Let me see, we had a list of suggested subjects, "An Indian Legend," "What the Baby Did when Left Alone," "Why They All Laft," and—oh, just lots of others, and I tried to direct my line of thought toward each one but it would not be directed.

Finally I decided—this was Saturday night—that since I couldn't succeed in getting an inspiration I would put it out of my mind entirely until Monday afternoon, as I had the whole afternoon free from clases, and I hoped that my sub-conscius mind would be thinking up a story for me which would come to light the moment my conscius mind cald for it.

Wel Monday afternoon came, and with it "The Man From the Sea," at the "Movies." If was too tempting, I yielded to the entreaties of the crowd and went. My conscience prickt a little, but anyway, I was giving my sub-conscius mind a little more time to work up that story. Tuesday isn't a very ful day for me either and I thought I would hav the whole study hour Monday night to rite my story in, and save the preparation for my other clases for my vacant periods Tuesday morning.

So, Monday night, at the first tap of the bel, out came my plan, book and pencil, all redy to begin. Enuf to say, I wil never again put any trust what so ever in sub-conscius minds, especially in the story line. Just as I had realized my mistake I herd a nock at my door. I said, "Come in" very faintly, for there flasht thru my mind a promise I had made to rite a topic plan on "Sectionalism and Nationality." Anyone who has ever ritten a topic plan knoes that it is nothing that can be done in a hurry. The 9.45 bel rang before we had half finisht.

"Oh, wel "I thought resignedly, "I'l think of a plot after I get in bed, and I'l rite it out in that vacant period tomorro morning." Then I rememberd regretfully that I had gotten up earlier than usual Monday morning to take a walk before breakfast, which accounted for my unusual sleepiness.

"It has to be done, however," I kept assuring myself and my purpose was clear, and my resolve firm.

Finally, everything got quiet and I found myself arranging and re-arranging the suggested subjects according to their possibilities. "Why They All Laft," "An Indian Legend," "What the Baby Did when Left Alone," "The Old Clock's Story"—there, that sounded interesting; I would put that one first. They must all be arranged over again. "The Old Clock's Story," "An Indian Legend," (I could hear my room-mates breathing deeply and peacefully), "What the Baby Did when Left Alone". Wel, the next thing I knew Monday had become Tuesday, and that's why my story wasn't handed in on time.

"TISH"

Rosalie dasht into her chum's room and, throing herself on the bed, burst into tears.

"What's the matter, dearie?" Letitia inquired sympathetically.

"O, Tish," she sobd, "I can't go to the dance. That horrid dresmaker won't let me hav my dres until I finish paying for it. And I havn't the money."

"How much do you owe her, Rose?" askt Letitia.

"Ten dollars," sighd her frend. "And that old Adelaide Norton wil cut me out tonight. I just kno she wil." Whereupon Rosalie wept afresh.

Letitia hesitated a second and then, drawing the golden head against her shoulder, she said gently, "Don't worry about it any more, little girl. I can lend you the money."

"Can you really!" exclaimd the reviving Rose. "Tish, you ar a perfect angel. I don't kno what I would do without you." She bestoed an impulsiv squeeze on her benefactress and then began bathing her eyes, preparatory to going for the dres.

Letitia fastend the last hook on the fluffy little pink chiffon and stood back to survey the lovely fairy that stood before her.

"You look adorable, dearest," she said, as she kist the radiant child-like face upturnd to hers. "I kno Antony wil fall in love with you all over again tonight."

"Do you think so?" beamd Rosalie. "I hope he wil. Good-bye, Tish. Does the cape look all right?"

Being assured that it did, Rose left. After she had gone, Letitia put on her hat and walkt rapidly down the street, where the stores wer stil open, for it was Saturday night. She paused before one of them and gazed long and wistfully at a charming blue crepe-de-chine displayed in the windo, bearing the alluring card: "Reduced from \$20 to \$11.98." Tears came into her eyes as her fingers closed over the lonesome two dollar bil in her pocket.

"Rose, herself, wouldn't hav felt like calling me 'Tish' in that," she thought, "and I do believe John would hav liked

me." Then she dru herself up sharply. "Silly old goose, the idea of your crying over such nonsense. You'l be cald 'Tish' as long as you liv, and the name wil suit you, too."

Her reflections wer suddenly brought to an end, however, by familiar voices close beside her. Antony Davis was speaking. "Old man," he said, "I'l never forget you for lending me your dres suit."

And John's voice anserd, "You ar welcome to it, Antony. You had better be hurrying on to the dance now tho, or Rose wil hav her card fild before you get there."

Then he turnd, and an expression of delight and surprize came over his face as he recognized Letitia. "Why, I thought you would be at the dance tonight," he cried, "that was the only reason I regretted I couldn't go."

"I decided this afternoon not to go," she murmurd.

"Wel, I'm awfully glad you did, Lettie," he replied. "You don't mind if I call you that, do you? You don't kno how long I'v been wanting to."

"Mind?" cried Letitia. "Mind? Wel I gues I don't! I was scared to death you would call me 'Tish.'"

-Fannie Meade Brooke.

+ + + Book Reviews + + +

"THE LIFE OF HELEN KELLER"

"Mark Twain has said that the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller. The admiration with which the world has regarded her is more than justified by what she has done." and this very fact leads me to say that every high scool boy and girl should read and be familiar with the story of her life, just as a matter of general knoledge and information, if for no other reason. I am sure that a knoledge of her life would be a continual inspiration to any student. When we think of all that she has accomplisht with her many handicaps, being both def and blind, and for a number of years dum; and yet with all this being bright, cheerful, and very optimistic, it should inspire us to do greater things with our talents and blessings. It would create in the students a greater interest, knoing that she is now living and has the same difficulties, and many more, to overcome that they hav. She once rote while at college, "I find that I have four things to learn in my school life here, and indeed in life-to think clearly, without hurry or confusion, to love everybody sincerely, to act in everything with the highest motives, and to trust in God unhesitatingly,"—and indeed these ar four things that every boy and girl has to learn; and it seems that the realization that these very things hav been striven for and finally gained by Helen Keller and others, wil better inspire others also to accomplish them.

Chubb, in his "Teaching of English," says, "The literature read in the high school should above all have a humanizing effect, and should aid our young men and women to interpret life, to see life, to respond to the spectacle and drama of life." In my opinion this book has all of these

effects. It shows us the hardships and difficulties that we hav to undergo and it tends to create in the reader a deeper sympathy and understanding of others. Chubb also tells us that the literature (of the adolescent period) should develop the higher emotional and rational nature, its sympathies and visions, loves and hates, and should provide food and outlet for the religius and ethical instincts. This autobiografy does all of these, and ansers the many questions that confront the child of this age concerning God and religion. Of Helen Keller, Charles Dudley Warner, once said, "I believe she is the purestminded human being ever in existence. The world is to her what her own mind is. She has not even learned that exhibition on which so many pride themselves, of 'righteous indignation.'"

Chubb, furthermore, says that "the literature should feed the feeling for nature which is one of the commonest of the instincts of the adolescent period." And again this book mesures up to the requirements. Helen Keller has a strong feeling for nature, and gives us beautiful descriptions of nature; and tho she cannot see nature as we do, her descriptions ar accurate and vivid. In reality she does see, tho not with her eyes, but "through the inner faculty to serve which eyes were given to us."

Helen Keller had another tendency to fight against that often confronts the high scool boy and girl when riting their themes—that of imitating or reproducing the thoughts of others in their own words. This tendency to remember other's thoughts and afterwards to reproduce them, clothed in her own words, is illustrated by Helen Keller's story entitled, "The Frost King," reproduced, tho unconsciously, from Margaret Canby's story of "The Frost Fairies."

This story caused her a great deal of sorro and taut her a lesson that she never forgot. All her life she has had this tendency to reproduce other's thoughts to fight against, and it has had the effect upon her of making her uncertain whether she is using her own ideas or those of others clothed in her own words.

"ALICE FREEMAN PALMER"

If, after reading "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," one is not inspired to be something and to do something in the world, then that one must be inhuman. Never hav I red a book which I felt to hav influenced me more than this biografy. In every page we seem to be in Mrs. Palmer's very presence, to feel that she is encouraging us to a higher goal, as she was constantly doing to everyone who came in touch with her in life. Her unselfishness and thoughtfulness, her sympathy and tact make her lovable; her intellectual ability, her capacity for leadership, organization and mastering of those things which wer then thought to be without a woman's scope, make us respect her and, gripping us with an unseen power, bear us up and let us catch a glimpse of what we might do "if only—;" perhaps there may not be an "if" in the lives of some of us.

Thru her girlhood, her life was much like that of any other yung girl. In her years at scool and in the university she met many of the problems that we encounter and had similar experiences. Her teaching should hav an interest for all of us who are preparing to follo that profession and her high attainments should awaken in us an ambition for better things.

Yet in all of her wonderful career there is a human element that makes such a career seem possible for each of us. How much better if a book like "Alice Freeman Palmer" could be put in the hands of the yung girl or boy, insted of the popular Alger books or stories of that type. Here is a striking contrast, for while in each there is the rise of the main caracter from obscurity to fame, there is not the unnatural, improbable, and highly exaggerated element in "Alice Freeman Palmer" that is found in books of the latter kind. In the life of Mrs. Palmer, each step forward is but a natural growth out of the former, caused by her own caracter and abilities, not by outside "good-luck."

"The supreme aim of literature and linguistic training is to form character. It should aim to develop imaginative sympathy, sensibility and admiration;" and in "Alice Freeman Palmer" these aims ar realized.

-Thelma Parker.

IF YOU WANT TO LAF

"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," by Stockton, is one of the most amusing books I hav red for a long time. Altho I knew the story to be utterly improbable, yet I enjoyd reading about the many interesting maneuvers of these two old women and their pilot, especially while they wer floating around in water six miles deep. I often caut myself wondering what Mrs. Lecks or Mrs. Aleshine would say next. They always seemd perfectly satisfied, no matter what befel them; and when they at last reacht land after being in water for days Mrs. Lecks calmly said, "Now I know how dreadful a fish feels on dry land after being in water so long." It is indeed interesting to read the account of these two old women keeping house out on a desert island and all the while they ar expecting the owner back. But their meeting with the owner comes about in a most unexpected way as does everything else in the book. -Annie Fulton.

WHY "NANCY STAIR" SHOULD BE RED IN HIGH SCOOL

After reading "Nancy Stair," by Elinor Macartney Lane, I came to the conclusion that it should be read by pupils in the high scool, on one condition, that being that they had studied the life of Robert Burns and had learned to appreciate his works at some time prior to the reading of this book. For, if they hav alredy studied Burns, it wil giv a clearer insight into his caracter and help them to understand his temptations and weaknesses.

I think this book is suitable for high scool reading, first, because it is very interesting and I am sure the

pupils wil enjoy it, and secondly, because the descriptions ar so good. Lastly, this book should be red because the heroine of the story was a real child of Nature. She acted upon the impulse of the moment, never thinking of what other people would think of her. With her, the emotions always led. Chubb says, "In this period (of adolescence) it is especially obvious that the emotions lead, and it is out of the seething emotional life of the youth that the ethical and intellectual interests and proclivities are to be kindled." With Nancy Stair, the "ethical and intellectual interests and proclivities" wer not only kindled by her emotions but wer made to burn and in their burning brought comfort to those within her reach.

-Fannie Haskins.

J. M. SYNGE'S "RIDERS TO THE SEA"

The drama has returnd to literature and the study of it should find its place in the high scool course of English. J. M. Synge's "Riders to the Sea" might well be used in the fourth year when the students ar introduced to some extent to modern authors and their works. Before the play itself is taken up, the students need to kno something of the movement of the Irish Renaissance and the caracter of the Irish plays. In the list of the Irish players, Clayton Hamilton says "Their plays are written eloquently and they repeat this written eloquence with an affectionate regard for rhythm and the harmony of words. Character not action is the dominant element in Irish plays." Lady Gregory speaks of the Irish Renaissance as "a movement for keeping Irish language a spoken one with the preserving of the nationality as a chief end."

When the pupils hav some knoledge of the caracter of the Irish plays then they wil be able to take "Riders to the Sea" and grasp its significance. It should be red by the teacher to the clas and presented as one of the greatest modern tragedies. She should tel them why this highly developed civilization is not conduciv to the riting of a great drama and why Synge gaind his inspiration from the Aran Islands. She must giv them a sympathetic description of the Aran Islands, the setting of the play; they too must feel the sense of isolation and self-dependence and the influence of the elements on the people so that they may grasp the secret of the play's power—"the capacity for standing afar off and mingling sympathy with relentlessness."

All that Synge thought and felt when he livd with nature on the Aran Isles he has conveyd in his "Riders to the Sea," which is without dout his greatest achievement. Synge did not set out to teach anything. For him the end of the drama was reality and joy, and he found both in the life of the pesants of whom he rote. Synge says "all art is a collaboration." "His own collaborators are a whole peasantry, poor in dollars, but rich in words and imagination." Mr. Weygandt pronounces Synge's "Riders to the Sea" as tru to life when he says, "It is in character, in ideals, in atmosphere, in color, that drama must be native: and in color, atmosphere, in ideals and in character, the 'Riders to the Sea' is Irish." —Ruth Hankins.

* * * * Exchanges * * * *

Exchanges should be for mutual helpfulness. If we see a good point in another magazine, we should let them kno it; and if we see wherein a magazine could be improved we should giv a frendly suggestion to that effect. We should remember that exchanges ar to help to bild up and not to tear to pieces.

Our criticisms ar sometimes adverse but they ar given in a frendly spirit and with the desire of helping; and we hope other magazines accept them in this spirit.

The Southwestern University Magazine, which comes to us from Georgetown, Texas, posesses many qualities which go to make up a good magazine. "Evelina's World" is an unusual story in its structure. The author has command of good diction, and the story as a whole is to be commended. In the introductory paragraf is askt a series of questions which put the reader in the atmosfere of the story and in sympathy with the main caracter. Evelina is an innocent girl, and having livd in retirement and seclusion all her life she knoes nothing of the corruption of the world, and places implicit confidence in all men. She goes on a trip to London, with all of its splendor and corruption; she is not always thrown with the right kind of people and does not know how to protect herself; but at last she goes to the one who understands her best, and it is natural "that she lost her heart to him whose excellent sense and refined good breeding accompanied every word he uttered and gave value and weight to whatever he said." The article concerning "Religion and Theology of Stoics and Epicurians" is interesting, instructiv and wel ritten. The poem, "A Winter's Night," is beautiful and inspiring. "Rural

School Hygiene" is very instructiv, and contains excellent points. We commend the magazine on the whole for its variety of material. Why not, tho, ad athletic and literary society departments to your magazine?

One of the best magazines that we received last month was the *Furman Echo*. The literary department is especially good. The descriptions in the article entitled, "Siberia" ar very vivid, and make a person wish to visit that cuntry. The plot in "The Traitor" is wel worked out. It is hard for one student to report another for doing rong, especially when that other is his frend. This story shows the reason why the student body should select a strong and capable person to represent them—one who wil not let his prejudis and jealusies interfere with his decision.

We should like to see you hav more articles which would really be a credit to your literary department. Your poetry is to be commended. The thought exprest in the poem, "Faith's Triumph," is uplifting and inspiring. "Bumble Bee Maiden" is wel ritten and the plot is good. On the whole your magazine is enjoyd by all of us.

We ar very glad to get *The Trigonian News*, especially since it comes from such a distance. The paper is interesting thruout. We like to see a scool take so much interest in athletics, for athletics develop scool spirit as much as any student activity. The article entitled, "Benefits of Education," is indeed good. If pupils would keep their future vocation in mind while they ar in scool there would not be so many failures in life. You seem to hav a large number of contributions. This is much to your credit.

The outward appearance of *The Oracle* is particularly striking, and is very suggestiv of the season and also the month of February. We like your motto, "Esse quam videre." "To be rather than to seem" is a good motto anywhere, but it is especially appropriate in this instance. We found the letter from the Paris high scool student

very interesting and neutral in tone. She said, "I still have three lessons a week at school in English and two at home with an English lady. I am happy to learn English, and I pity the pupils who are learning German. Now it is painful and sad for French girls, but they began to learn some German before the war, and now they must go on with it."

The poem, "The Night Before Exams," a parody on "The Night Before Christmas," is good and tru to human nature. We sympathize with Jim very much when he is cald from under the windo to go coasting the night before exams; for the hil was as slick as glas, and he had the assurance that he was "dead sure to pass." But our sympathy is stil more with Jim when the night after exams arrives, and

"Fierce visions of exams now danced in his head.

He knew he had failed, all his courage was gone;

He wished that he never again would see dawn."

The magazine is strong in the great variety of departments, but it could be improved by having *more* stories, essays, and poems.

We like the freshness and vigor of *The William and Mary Magazine* and always look anxiusly forward to its coming. The March issue is ful of unusual interest and good material. The stories, poems, essays, and notes ar wel distributed in the magazine and the variety of material is wel balanst. "Imitating the Great" is a good story and an excellent portrayal of human nature. The poetry in the magazine is particularly good. "To the First Violets of Spring" contains lovely thoughts. We are glad to note that one of your alumni offers a medal each year to encourage the literary work of the students. It is an excellent plan for accomplishing this purpose. The conditions for the prose medal contest are that: (1) no one who has received the medal in previus years can compete for it; (2) no one can compete for the medal who is not a member of a literary society and a paid-up subscriber to the magazine; (3) no article which

has been previously used as a public speech or address can enter the contest.

We wer greatly interested in the sketch of your alumnus, Mr. H. Jackson Davis, as he came to this scool a short while ago in the interest of negro education. He deliverd a very instructiv illustrated lecture here on that subject.

Evidently our opinions differ regarding the function of an exchange department. The business side of a publication is a most important one, and as such we feel that it should receive notis as wel as the literary department. The exchanges should be for mutual helpfulness along all lines; and if one magazine can see how the business side of another magazine could be improved, we believe the first should let the other kno it. For this reason we purposely had our business manager rite our exchange notes one month and criticize the different magazines from purely a business standpoint, and thus giv to them some of the results of her experience.

We gratefully acknoledge the folloing magazines: William amd Mary Magazine, The Student, University of North Carolina Magazine, Shamokin High School Review, The Trigonian News, Greensboro State Normal Magazine, The Oracle, The Record, Southwestern University Magazine, Micrometer, The Critic, Furman Echo, Tattler, Mary Baldwin Miscellany and Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

WHAT OUR CRITICS HAV TO SAY.

The Focus for January has a wealth of interesting stories. But why not enlarge your exchange department and acknoledge all magazines received?—The Student.

Perhaps we are very old-fashioned, but we do not care for the revised spelling used in *The Focus*. It is very trouble-some to the reader, and looks very strange in print, particularly when used in verse. The stories in both the November and December numbers are very entertaining and we are glad to see that poetry gets its share of attention also.—*Mary Baldwin Miscellany*.

When the editor-in-chief penciled "rot" on the Farmville Focus and passed it to the exchange table, the exchange editor proceeded to suffix "ten" to the "rot" and place a "not" before it, culminating in "not rotten but defective." Now we do not mean to be too harsh in our criticism of this magazine, for it does have its redeeming qualities. While we greatly enjoyed reading the five stroies, especially "Thanksgiving Pies" and "The Thanksgiving Message," if for nothing more than the "littles" appearing thereine. g., "little home," "little red gate," "little village street," "little boys," "little fright," and "little fire," "little room," "little sputter," "little figure," "little face," "little squeak," "little arm," "little dog," "little back," "little fire," "little fibur'," "little rainbows," "little fire" (three more times), "little self," "little chin," "little love," "little whine," and "little flame"—and the four short poems, yet let us, with due allowance for our ignorance, ask what purd and cald spell? How those Farmville M. D.'s must vowl when they are branded fysicians. But do not misunderstand us. We admire the dauntless spirit of our sister institution in her endeavor to establish such a precedent among Southern colleges; we reverently doff our caps to her priorities; but, holy saints, deliver us from the swing of the Big Stick! And another feature of *The Focus* we can not reconcile ourselves to: the policy of your exchange department. Now what reader of a college publication has time or cares to spend his leisure moments in perusing two full pages of comments on "good-looking ads," "splendid ads," and "quarter-" and "whole-page ads?" Why not criticize the supposed-to-be *literary* parts of a magazine, and not spend so much time in cataloging merchants' and farmers' ads? Frankly, The Focus lacks its former quality, the most redeeming thing about it being the Ballad Club Department. This we hope to see expand.—The William and Mary Literary Magazine.

The Focus comes to us from the State Normal School of Farmville, Virginia. The outward appearance of this magazine is very attractive, while the content is also worthy of commendation. The valedictory of the Class of 1914,

entitled "The Heart of the Normal School," shows much real thought on the part of the author and a correct comprehension of the Normal School's part in preparing its students for joy in unselfish service. Although we do not, as a rule, approve of the plan of publishing commencement addresses by the students, yet the valedictory mentioned above, and likewise the salutatory of the Class of 1914, are both so entertaining that we can readily pardon their existence. Stories are, however, noticeably scarce. The one entitled "Billy and Others" is lacking in originality, but possesses certain characteristics which make it fairly readable.—State Normal Magazine, Greensboro, N. C.

The December number of The Focus is very attractive in appearance and is well gotten up. We note that the greater part of the contributions are Christmas stories. This feature is a good one, and is quite suitable for a December number. The poem "A Farewell," is a pretty little poem, but there is not too much thought attached to it. "Lives," while weak in meter, is, nevertheless, rich in thought. The plot of "The Christmas Sprites," while not so well handled as it should be, is good. "Trix Plays Cupid" is original, and well handled; the plot is strong. The one essay, "The Hague Peace Conference," contains fine, practical, common-sense argument in favor of peace. The simplified system of spelling used in this number is an improvement upon our present system. We are all familiar with the old adage, "Be not the first," etc., and yet if some one does not take the initiative no improvement upon the existing order of things will ever be made. We wish to commend the management for their courage in breaking the ice.—The Furman Echo,

THE FOCUS

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

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

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

Editorial

CONFLICTING ELECTIONS

It seems that in a scool of six hundred there would be enuf leaders, enuf strong caracters, enuf workers, to provide officers for all the student activities of the without the different elections conflicting with each other. If this is not the case, if there ar not enuf girls who could be leaders, it stands to reason that there ar too many student activities; and, for some to reach their best development, others must be left out. Before we come to a decision, however, and say that one or the other of our organizations should be dropt, we must take into consideration the fact that capacity for leadership is not always evident at first sight. When we do not look deeper to find it, but take only that which is redy to our hand, that undiscoverd, unnotist capacity remains undevelopt and the burden of the work of the different organizations in scool is put on the few girls whose ability has been seen and recognized.

It is a mistake of ours, that only a certan girl wil do for a certain position and that no other could do the work as wel. On account of this belief of ours, girls who alredy hav responsible positions ar elected to another responsible position in another student organization. Consequently, such a girl has to resign from the first offis when she has just become accustomed to the work and when things ar in fair, running order. Getting into a new thing takes time, and the resignation of one officer means the breaking in of a new one, and that particular student activity suffers. Is this fair?

The Y. W. C. A. and the Student Government Association need, perhaps, girls who ar more peculiarly fitted for those particular offises than any other organizations. Since this is so, why not hav the time for the elections of these officers come sooner than the other elections, so there would hav to be no resignations from other positions? It is regarded a particular honor to be elected as a Y. W. C. A. officer or a Student Government officer, and a girl feels perhaps that it is in those positions that she can do most good, because she does come in more direct *personal contact* with the other girls and her influence for good can be more keenly felt. Considering this she cannot be blamed for resigning a position on the *Annual* staff or on *The Focus* staff, for instance, to fil Y. W. C. A. or Student Government offises.

These conflicts can be avoided. First, since it is a generally accepted fact that a girl resigns other positions to accept a position in the Y. W. C. A. or Student Government Association, let these elections come before all others; second, look more deeply into this great student body and discover ability that has never been brought to light, and which wil never be brought to light unless we find it and develop it. It is there. Place responsibility on weak shoulders, and they become strong to bear the burden. Nature rises to meet demands. It remains for us to make the demands.

—G. M. W.

THE BLUE RIDGE COTTAGE.

Just what is Blue Ridge, anyway? We'v heard of it at chapel, at prayers, at Y. W. C. A. meetings, to say nothing of the redy-made speeches which the girls canvassing for money for our Blue Ridge Cottage make in our own rooms. Stil we continue to hav only a hazy idea about all this, and we scarcely see how closely this Blue Ridge Cottage is connected with us.

In the first place, the Blue Ridge Convention is composed of delegates from the varius branches of the Young Women's Christian Association in the South, who ar sent to attend the Christian conferences held there every summer. In order that a greater number of people may be accommodated and liv more comfortably while there, the Blue Ridge Association has askt those scools which could afford it, to giv a sum of money with which a cottage wil be built to accommodate the delegates from that scool. We have united our contribution with that of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and in this way hav secured enuf for a cottage. Our delegates attend the convention of the Young Women's Christian Association in June. Later on in the summer the Young Men's Christian Association holds its conference there, and the delegates from V. P. I. wil use the same cottage.

These conferences ar attended and conducted by the leaders in the religius work of the South. With prayer and thought, these leaders here plan greater and better ways of reaching each person and of bringing them into closer relationship to Christ. The people who attend these conferences become refresht, and begin again with renewd effort to work for their Master. The lectures ar so appealing, so impressiv and so clear a call for work from each one, that each individual is inspired to do greater things.

Thus the Blue Ridge Convention brings to these girls inspirations that they would perhaps never feel otherwise—rendering them a great servis. When they leave the Conference they hav become refresht fysically, as well as spiritually, and start out to fulfil their ambitions. So, now

we can see what a great cause we hav helpt in making it possible that more girls may go to these conferences.

Surely every girl would wish with all her hart that she could actually attend these meetings, insted of only hearing of them, and their influence, thru others. Therefore it is our earnest hope that the State Normal Scool wil hav the largest delegation there this year that it has ever had and that this opportunity wil prove of much value to the girls and those with whom they come in contact.

-V, W,

+ + + Here and There + + +

The Ruffner Debating Society held its regular meeting on the evening of Febuary 15. The chief feature of the program was a debate: "Resolved, that the Ruffner Debating Society should join the Woman's Peace Society." Misses Ellen Goodwin and Myra Bryant supported the affirmativ, while Misses Lena Cohen and Louise Fletcher upheld the negativ. Excellent arguments wer given on both sides, but the judges renderd the decision in favor of the affirmativ. After the debate Jessie Dugger recited a humorus lecture entitled "Uncle Rastus' Midnight Visit to the Watermelon Patch."

We ar contemplating challenging one of the other normal scools for a debate, but no definit plans hav been reachd yet.

At a call meeting of Ruffner Debating Society held March 3, the folloing officers wer elected for the spring term:

President	Lena Cohen
1st Vice-President	Josie Guy
2nd Vice-President	Jessie Dugger
Recording Secretary	Gladys Cooley
Corresponding Secretary	Virginia Watkins
Critic	Tilly Jacobson
Tresurer	Myra Bryant
Reporter	Sadye Lypkin

The new year of the Y. W. C. A. began March 10. The new officers and cabinet (chairmen of committees) ar as folloes:

PresidentHelen	e Nichols
Vice-PresidentCar	rrie Wood
Recording SecretaryEv	a Brooks

Corresponding SecretaryLucy Parks
TresurerCornelia Seabury
Missionary Giving Esther Covington
Missionary
SocialLucile Shepherd
Bible StudyFlorence Hall
DevotionalEllen Lash
Social Servis
MusicMarcella Barnes
Morning Watch
LibrarianLucile Woodson

COMPTE-RENDU DU CERCLE FRANCAIS.

Il y avait une réunion du Cercle Français mardi le quinze février. On a celebre le jour de la Saint Valentin. Chaque membre a recu une petite valentin sur laquelle etait ecrit le mot "Saint Valentin." Il y avait un concours pour en faire autant mots français que possible. Mademoiselle Annie Fulton a fait le plus grand nombre de mots français et elle a gagné le prix. Puis on a serve des re fraîchements et chaque membre a recu un petite valentin comme souvenir. On a passe une soiree bien agreable.

On the evening of February 12, the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Munoz, presented an "Evening of Old Songs." The players and singers all showd careful training, and the entertainment was one of the most enjoyable held in the auditorium this year.

The Annual Junior-Senior Reception was held February 13. The Reception Hall and parlors wer very prettily and artistically decorated with red harts and garlands in keeping with the season of St. Valentine. The officers of both clases received the guests. A number of interesting contests wer carried on during the evening, for which Miss Willie Harris received the prize, a hart-shaped box of candy. Refreshments wer served by the Fourth Year girls.

Those who faild to see "Miss Fearless and Company," which was given by the Junior clas in the auditorium March 6, mist an evening or real, genuin fun. The gales of lafter which accompanied almost every action and every word spoken showd that the audience thoroly enjoyd it. When you feel sad, and hav the blues, we advise you, if possible, to visit "Miss Fearless and Company" on "Spook Island."

The Richmond College Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a delightful concert in the auditorium Monday, February 22. The program was very good and was hartily enjoyd by all present. After the concert the performers werentertained by the Cotillion Club.

During the week beginning with February 22, Miss Tingling a wel knon lecturer of the W. C. T. U., delivered to the students—especially to the Juniors and Seniors—a series of talks on "The Place of Temperance in the Public Scools." These talks wer wel attended and we feel sure that each person who heard Miss Tingling derived some lasting benefit from what she said.

RICHMOND CLUB

The Richmond Club, which was organized last fall, has the interest of Richmond at hart. One of the chief aims of the club is to boost the city, and the members hav been having an intensiv study of the interesting fases of the city socially, geografically, historically, and commercially. Several meetings hav been recently held for the discussion of historic Richmond.

The next series wil be a study of the social conditions, consisting of the advantages the scools offer; the child labor problem; city amusements and their effect upon home life, and the organizations now working for the betterment of the city welfare.

The folloing officers hav been elected for the spring term:

PresidentKatherine King
Vice-PresidentFrancis T. Goldman
SecretaryAnnie Allen
TresurerGrace Armstrong
CriticMary Smith
Art EditorTemple Snelling
Reporter
Mr. S. P. Duke has been elected honorary member.

On the retirement of President J. L. Jarman from the State Board of Education, a committee of the Board consisting of Dr. J. M. Page, of the University, Mr. Harris Hart, Superintendent of Scools in Roanoke, and Mr. Evan R. Chesterman, Secretary of the Board, wer appointed to draw up resolutions expressing the Board's appreciation of Dr. Jarman's servis. These resolutions ar printed belo. Dr. Jarman was succeeded on the board by President J. D Eggleston, of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va.

Whereas, Dr. J. L. Jarman retires from the State Board of Education on February 28, 1915, after eight years of faithful service, during which time he has not missed a single meeting of this body; and

Whereas, during all the period of his long association with the Board his labors have been marked alike by constructive ability and by unselfish devotion to the interests of this Commonwealth; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of the State Board of Education avail themselves of this occasion to spread upon the records a testimonial of their high appreciation of his work.

This work, which owes its effectiveness not only to Dr. Jarman's unflagging zeal in the cause of Virginia's schools but also to his ripe scholarship and long experience as an educator, has been in no small measure a contributing cause in the great educational revival of today. It has made itself felt for years past and well might occasion pride on the part of Dr. Jarman for many years to come.

It is especially pleasing to the members of the Board to record the fact that along with his widely recognized usefulness as a public servant, Dr. Jarman has exhibited unfailing sympathy and consideration for the views of others. His colleagues will hold in grateful memory the uniform courtesy and kindness which have marked his conduct. They feel, too, that much of their own enthusiasm and energy has been imparted by his example and that his connection with the Board has been a distinct and constant influence for good.

In his future walks of life Dr. Jarman has the kindest wishes of all his present and former associates on the Board. They will rejoice to see him receive that meed of recognition which is his due and they entertain the hope that happiness and prosperity may long be his lot.

E. R. Chesterman, Secretary State Board of Education.

February 26, 1915.

+ + + + Hit or Mis + + + +

"THIS IS THE LIFE"

Nock, nock, nock! On my door in the midst of the night; And a girl flu into the closet Hoping for chance of flight.

"O, yes," the matron said sharply,
"There ar more in this room than three."
And then I felt very lonely
For all had vanisht 'cept me.

I, too, dived under the cover, And pretended that I was asleep; But she puld me out by the shoulder, And I tel you, I sure did feel cheap!

I stood there and lookt at her blankly, Wishing that words would come; But the room was in utter silence, And for once in my life I was dum.

Then all of a sudden a clatter!
The soap dish fel to the floor;
And the girl who was back in the closet
Dasht by us, out thru the door.

Around the rotunda she circled,
The matron folloing fast;
But, hard luck for the matron, she stumbled;
And the girl got away at last.

-H. G. S.

A SCHOOL PAPER IS A WONDERFUL INVENTION

The school gets all the fame,

The printer gets all the money,

And the staff gets all the blame.

—The Trigonian News.

TEMPTED

Teacher—I am almost tempted to give you a test. Voice from the rear—Yield not to temptation.

—Interlude.

The folloing was handed in by a little boy who was told by his teacher to rite a composition on his favorite caracter in "Treasure Island:"

"My favorit caracter is the Admiral Benbow. I don't kno nothing about him except he has a wooden leg and wears a sign."

Extract from a letter of congratulations:

"Please *except* my hartiest congratulations, along with those of your other frends here."

1st Latin pupil (reading)—Haud ignarus mali—not ignorant of an apple.

2nd Latin pupil—What on earth does that mean?
1st Latin pupil—Don't interrupt me! I suppose the fello who rote this was raising Albemarle pippins.

HE WERE

A prominent western attorney tels of a boy who once

applied at his offis for work.

"'Now, my boy,' I said, 'if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages, hence a pretty good degree of schooling is necessary. Are you fairly well educated?"

"The boy smiled confidently, 'I be,' he said."

-Harper's Monthly.

Teacher—Give one of Shakespeare's most popular plays. High Scool Junior—Tempest and Sunshine, ma'am.

WHAT AR WE?

Announcement in chapel by Mr. L-r—The Richmond College Glee Club wil be here on Monday night. Admission: Thirty-five cents for people, twenty-five for normal scool girls.

In the good old days when it was customary to line the hyms—that is, read several lines, and when these wer sung, read several more, and so on thru the hym—a good old Presbyterian minister, in a tone of deep solemnity, announst the folloing:

"Number four hundred and seventy-four.

"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

"Elder Brown will raise the tune please."

Clearing his throat, the said elder began in a weak, trembly voice, "I love to-o ste-e-al—." He broke down, cleared his throat and began again, "I lo-ove to-o steal—." The same result. A titter of supprest amusement ran thru the congregation, but clearing his throat again, loudly and vigorusly, the elder made a third attempt. "I-i lo-o-ve to ste-e-al—." The minister arose, extended his hands, and, bowing his head, said in a sadly solem voice, "Brethren and sisters, owing to the unfortunate propensity of our brother, let us all engage in prayer."

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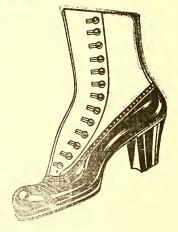
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