

10-1915

The Focus, Volume V, Number 6, October 1915

Longwood University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special_studentpubs

Recommended Citation

Longwood University, "The Focus, Volume V, Number 6, October 1915" (1915). *Student Publications*. 61.
http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special_studentpubs/61


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

The Focus

Oct. 1915

5/6

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



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

Board of Editors

<i>Helen Gray</i>	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
<i>Virginia Watkins</i>	<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief</i>
<i>Ruth Robinson</i>	<i>Literary Editor</i>
<i>Frances Stover</i>	<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>
<i>Jonnie Hiner</i>	<i>Business Manager</i>
<i>Katie Edmunds</i>	<i>1st Assistant Business Manager</i>
<i>Frances Moomaw</i>	<i>2nd Assistant Business Manager</i>
<i>Eunice Logwood</i>	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
<i>Lillian Obenchain</i>	<i>Assistant Exchange Editor</i>
<i>Nancy Lewis</i>	<i>News Editor</i>
<i>Edith Miles</i>	<i>Assistant News Editor</i>
<i>Thelma Blanton ('13)</i>	<i>Alumnae Editor</i>
<i>Gertrude Welker ('15)</i>	<i>Assistant Alumnae Editor</i>

Table of Contents

LITERARY DEPARTMENT:

Autum (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>Emma White</i>	291
A Gunpowder Plot	<i>Frances Stover</i>	292
Indian Summer	<i>Elizabeth Malcolm</i>	295
A Penny Saved	<i>Juliet Mayo</i>	296
Dreaming (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>Gordon Seamon</i>	298
Destiny (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>Ruth Hankins</i>	298
The Unheeded Warning	<i>Elizabeth Rowe</i>	299
My Lady (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>Ruth Hankins</i>	303
Good Night (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>Anonymous</i>	303
One of the Old Tales	<i>Nancy Ritsch, '15</i>	304
Age (<i>Poem</i>)	<i>G. M. W., '15</i>	306
Courtin'	<i>Ava Marshall</i>	307
Her World	<i>G. M. W., '15</i>	310
The Tyranny of Fashion in Dres.	<i>M. Louise Bondurant</i>	312

SKETCHES:

Little Teacher	<i>Helene Nichols</i>	316
Faith	<i>Madeline Warburton</i>	317

BOOK REVIEWS:

"So Much Good in the Worst of Us"	<i>Madeline Warburton</i>	319
"The Ruling Passion"	<i>Ruth Hankins</i>	320

EDITORIALS:

Loyalty	<i>V. M. W.</i>	323
Regarding Our New Study Hour Regulations	<i>M. M. W.</i>	325

EXCHANGES 328

HERE AND THERE 330

HIT OR MIS:

Psychology	<i>Juliet Mayo</i>	331
How Times Do Change	<i>Gordon Seamon</i>	331

DIRECTORY OF STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS 334

ADVERTIZEMENTS 336

THE FOCUS

VOL. V FARMVILLE, VA., OCTOBER, 1915 NO. 6

Autum

Emma White

IN the autum,
In the autum,
While the leavs ar softly falling;
In the evening,
In the evening,
Memories ar gently calling.

Leavs ar falling,
Softly, gently,
Day is drawing to its close;
Daylight fades,
Darkness falls,
Fades to darkness sunset's rose.

Summer's dying,
Life is ebbing,
And o'er the earth dim shadows roll.
Sweet and sad,
Sweet and sad,
Falls a hush upon the soul.

A Gunpowder Plot

Frances Stover

TWO BOYS wer lingering on a certain street corner, apparently waiting for something, yet one of them seemd a little more anxius than the other from his frequent glances in a certain direction. Soon, a little negro boy came running up to the more anxius looking-one, and handed him a small, white note. The little "nig" was dismist clasping a dime tightly in his black fist, and the boy proceeded to tear open the note. He eagerly red it—or rather the beginning of it—with a smiling countenance. Evidently he was not exactly pleasd with the rest of it, for his smile relaxd and changed into a frown as he finisht.

"Just my luck!" he exclaimd, crushing the note between his fingers. "What do you reckon the fair damsel has done?"

"Let me see it!" said Henry, his companion.

"Oh! No!" said the other, as he pocketed the crumpld ball. "I can *tel* you easily enuf. Stung me! that's all!"

"Oh, well, 'Les,' plenty *more* fish in the sea," venturd Henry.

"They can *stay* there too!" answerd Leslie grufly.

The two boys strolld on down the street together, and met "Old Skid" coming up the street.

"Hey, Skid! Come, go our way?"

"Can't, thanks, but say, want the latest? 'Little Buck' is going to take Polly to the recital tonight. I suppose," he added, "to giv her the benefit of hearing him interpret 'Tales of Hoffman' on the piano. Hope it won't affect her like it does *me*. Wel! so long!" and "Skid" continued his way.

Leslie drew out a cigaret, savagely struck a match, and lit it. "Oh, yes!" he drawld between puffs, "I catch the drift, *now!* So that's Polly's *other engagement!* Our *Little Sister Buck* got ahead of me, did he? I wish him many happy returns!"

Only a week remained before Christmas holidays, and as Henry and Leslie past a store window there before them was a big display of many and various kinds of fireworks for Christmas.

"I wish I had one of those cannon crackers in one hand and 'Buck' in the other!" exclaimed Leslie.

"Seems to me you'r sort of peeved yet," said Henry.

Suddenly Leslie grabbed Henry by the arm and jerked him into the store. The next thing Henry heard was Lester's "Giv me the biggest cannon cracker you hav—right quick!"

In a moment they were on the street again. "Say!" panted Henry, "can't you at least giv me an *idea* of what you'r *up* to?"

Leslie laughed. "It's simple," he said. "I mean, with your permission and assistance of course, to manage tonight to blend Buck's 'Tale of Hoffman' with a tale of a fire-cracker."

"Yes, but, in giving orders, 'one should be more definite,' as my professor always says to me."

"Oh! I don't wish any harm to 'Buck,' you know. I merely want to splinter the piano stool!"

"I see!" ejaculated Henry, "we just want to fix up a harmless little gunpowder plot so that it will *go off* nicely, eh?"

"Correct!" said Leslie. "Are you *with me*?"

"Done!" said Henry, and they solemnly shook hands on it.

That night the college auditorium was crowded with school girls and boys, and many town people. The program had begun when Henry and Leslie walked in the door, shuffled down the aisle, found a seat and somewhat noisily sat down. Henry quickly began studying the program, and ran his finger down the numbers till it rested on "Buck's" name. He nudged Leslie, whispering "*Fourth* from the end." Leslie nodded and glanced carelessly over the audience. He stopped, leaned toward Henry, notifying him softly in his ear that one of the professors was sitting three seats behind with a young lady. "Aw! he won't notice. He's too much absorbed," said Henry.

They sat through half a dozen numbers of music and rounds of applause, till there were only five numbers left.

"Come on, 'Les,' let's *hike* it, now," said Henry.

They got up quietly and proceeded down the aisle. Henry, in his eagerness to make a hasty exit, didn't notice the professor's foot in the aisle. He stumbled over it, and almost fell, but Leslie caught him, and in two more seconds they were on the outside of the door, Henry ejaculating, "I hope I made it good while I was about it!"

The professor looked up in time to see the departing figures. He had learned from long and hard experience that Henry and Leslie together spelled mischief. Perhaps he had a vague idea that he had better do some investigating. Anyway he waited until the close of that number, whispered something to the young lady beside him and hastily left the room.

The suspicious professor descended the stairs to the hall below, stopped in the main hall and listened. He heard nothing. He hurried down the next hall, which was only dimly lighted and stopped outside one of the classroom doors listening. There were footsteps within. The door was ajar and the professor silently pushed it open. Just as he did so a voice came from the other end of the room, "The darned old thing's gone out! Here—hand me—."

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," said a familiar voice that every boy in school knew and dreaded alike, "but I'll have to interrupt you for a few minutes." Adding, "If you want a match I think you'll find plenty over at the office!"

Out into the hall went the three—two crestfallen, sheepish looking boys and a triumphant professor. The professor smiled; the boys—*didn't* smile.

Just then a loud applause burst forth from the auditorium as the "fourth from the end" number came to a close.

Indian Summer

Elizabeth C. F. Malcolm

WHEN the goldenrod is tarnisht
And leavs so bright ar found,
When the gentian's fringed petals
Lie all scatterd on the ground;

When the squirrels chatter loudly,
And the nuts drop one by one,
When the moon is large and yello,
And the harvesting's most done,

Then the ling'ring wraith of summer,
Paler groing day by day,
In the midst of early morning,
With the star-light fades away.

But her smile is stil reflected
In the mildness of the sky;
And the zephyrs, idly straying,
Echo stil her faint good-bye.

A Penny Saved

Juliette Mayo

"BILLIE will be so proud of me," breathd Olive contentedly, as she sipt the ice cream soda with which she was refreshing herself before starting on the long car ride to her suburban home.

"As long as chocolate sodas ar my only extravagance, I believ I'l get one more. It's so hot on that dusty ride to Roland Park," she further soliloquized. "Besides," she excused herself as she opend her purse, "I'v found so many bargains today."

Alas for Olive, her satisfaction was short-livd, for as she opend her purse four lone pennies met her startld gaze, and after a desperate serch only those same four pennies could she find. "Maybe I'd better add up my purchases, and see how much I'v lost," she decided after a moment spent in vain imaginings. So, suiting action to the word, she hastily set down a list of her purchases on the back of an old envelop which she found in her pocket.

She had left home that morning with five crisp five dollar bills and her husband after, riding with her as far as his office, had laffingly warnd, as he transferd her to the down going car:

"Be sure and save enuf for your carfare home, and don't lose your hart and hed over every bargain you see markt down from two dollars to one-ninety-eight."

Now, as she frantically added, Crepe de chine and shoes, eau de cologne and gloves, try as she might her purchases amounted to the appalling sum of twenty-four dollars and ninety-six cents.

"How wil I ever get home?" she thought in despair, as she gatherd up the few small packages that she had preferd to carry. After a hopeless glance around to see if there chanct to be any acquaintance near to whom she might appeal for help, she made what she considerd, under the circumstances, a very dignified exit.

"One thing is certain," she thought, "I can never walk home. It must be miles. Why didn't I think before? I'll go to a drug store and fone Billy to meet me!" she decided exultantly. "What a silly goose I've been!"

Hardly had this brilliant thought presented itself to Olive, and chased away the clouds on her pretty face, when she was brought back to earth with the realization that access to a telephone booth would necessitate the payment of five cents.

"Well!" she sighed, and the tears were coming perilously near the surface. "I guess I can sit in the rest room at High's Department Store, after all of my money that they have gotten today. Maybe I can think of some way out of my difficulty."

Things didn't seem quite so bad to Olive when she was comfortably seated in the dainty rest room. After a look at her watch, however, all her fears and uneasiness returned twofold.

"It will soon be six o'clock and the stores will be closed. I'll be turned out on the street penniless. Maybe I'll be arrested for vagrancy. I wonder if I'd better pawn my ring?" These were some of the thoughts that flitted thru Olive's troubled mind. When one is only twenty-two and spoiled, small difficulties loom up large on one's horizon.

Suddenly, Olive was roused from her deep reverie by something that struck her small boot with a metallic clink. A furtive glance revealed a penny only an inch from the heel. With a quick movement she covered the coin with her foot, and as she did so she heard a well-dressed woman near her remark carelessly to her companion:

"Oh! well, it wasn't more than five or ten cents. The woman who sweeps will be glad enough to find it, tonight."

Olive was one of the last of the belated shoppers to leave the store that afternoon, and as she coolly paid her fare on entering the car a few moments later, only a slightly heightened color gave evidence of the severe mental strain from which she had been rescued.

Dreaming

Gordon Seamon

THE golden sunset gilds the sky,
 The roses ar in bloom;
 But o'er my being steals a sigh
 That night has come so soon.

Quietly the great moon rises
 And smiles down from abov;
 Thru my hart, with glad surprizes,
 Steals the melody of love.

The gentle zephyrs stir the air,
 And solitude is blis,
 I dream sweet dreams of my lady fair—
 Ah! would 'tw'er e'er like this.

Destiny

Ruth Hankins

WE, seeing how these erthly ties ar rent—
 How all our hastening leads but to one goal—
 How days and years and decades by us roll,
 And leav us old and useless, loly bent,
 Ask ourselves if life does giv content
 And recompense for labor here belo;
 Or shall we not til after death behold
 The real worth of this life, by His consent?
 Replying to this question, I surmize
 That no one can make answer, as our fate
 Beyond this erthly sphere is now supprest;
 But one thing we can answer that is wise,
 That God is just, and he wil e'er relate
 But deeds of kindness, that man shal be blesst.

An Unheeded Warning

Elizabeth Rowe

“WEL, BOB, I suppose you ar stil bent on sailing Friday, ar you? Taking the *Victory* again?”
“Yes, sure I’m going, but see here—the biggest joke ever. This morning I had this letter from goodness knos who signd ‘A German.’ He says, ‘For the sake of millions of lives don’t sail for Liverpool Friday, thirty-first, as an American citizen. Grave danger is lurking in the voyage of the *Victory*’”

“Wel, what about it? I believ you are getting scared, Bob; bet you five you change your mind yet, old man.”

“Oh! no, I’m going without a dout even if I wer sure I’d be blown sky-high before I got there. This note *is* funny, isn’t it? Think I’ll keep it at any rate; the thing was post-markt New Orleans too, by the way. For some reason I can’t help from thinking of the Holt case and his alleged associates together with those mysterius hold fires which seem so hard to suppress and trace up. But there’s nothing to it; I must get away from it and I wil.”

“That reminds me, hav you seen this?” His frend handed him a morning paper. “Here, on the third page I believ—there you ar.”

“Lordy, white folks, the German Ambassador, too, reminds us Americans to stay where we ar while we can. Nothing to it—can’t be—just some more of their tomfoolery; next thing they’ll want the war zone to our three-mile limit I suppose. Say, did you see that clever cartoon in the *Outlook* awhile back? The scene was out in the ocean. English submarines had Germany up a pole all right. True, England couldn’t get much further but old Germany was up there crying for something to eat in earnest. Uncle Sam was over on our coast seeing goods shipt to England; a few boxes for Germany wer on the shore and he was calling to the Germans to come after them, but they could only yel, they couldn’t get down.”

"Ha! ha! about the truth, isn't it? Wel, so long. Hope you'll hav a good trip and get back O. K."

"Oh, yes, I'l be back in about six weeks; just a little law business taking me over. Regards to your sister."

* * * * *

Bob Dunford walkt up to the captain the seventh day out.

"Wel, Capt', we'r in ten miles of landing and havn't seen a German apprehension yet, eh?"

"No, and not likely to according to my way of thinking. There is no getting around it, we'v got them pretty well bottld up."

"Yes, out in the ocean we'l soon be able to do some peaceful yachting, but you ar not sure of this war zone yet, ar you?"

"War zone! What did that amount to? Just a shabby sham trying to assume big national dignity in the eyes of you Americans when they found themselves about to be blockaded—a thing they themselves brought down on their own heds."

"How is that?"

"Why don't you kno England would never have blockaded until she had to? She was forct into it. We didn't care to starve the civilian population, but the minute their 'most exalted' Kaiser declared imported alms sent charitably for the support of the starving women and children seizable for the German soldiers we had to block it down."

* * * * *

Bob had just left the captain and was on his way to the saloon, when an awful shock knockt him rather clumsily against the same girl he had admired so deeply and gazed at (almost unconsciously) the first days out.

She pardond him most graciously with a smile and he in his confusion turnd to see the captain again.

At first some few men had shoutd "A torpedo!" but the ship saild on at about the same speed so all settld down again. Bob kept on; he had seen that hedlight in the distance

and watcht its movements for an hour, but the captain could not be warnd in ten miles of the coast.

Another shock!

The captain shouted "Full speed to Hollyhead!" down the funnel.

Then another awful jar! The boat tilted to starboard and settld a few feet.

The captain shouted to port side, "Lower no boats there! All to starboard!"

The seamen misunderstood the command. A few boats fild with frantic women were lowerd and about two got safely over the swiftly slanting side of the vessel; others were capsizd or smasht.

Bob Dunford saw the precius moments lost. At starboard he had already fild one boat which was rowing off, was filng another, and shouting commands.

Across, in the next boat, he saw that the girl he had bluntly stumbl'd upon after the first shock, had fild a boat and helpt in launching it, but now with barely five minutes left she stood there refusing to go in it herself

She was left. There was no time for persuasion as the boatmen wer rowing with utmost strength to avoid the suction.

A minute later a yung man emergd from the saloon with three life preservers. He thrust one at her, another to a steerage passenger, and the third he kept for himself.

Just as they leapt off into the sea the boat gave one final lurch, stood erect about two minutes and with a great plunge went down stern first.

Both Bob Dunford and Eleanor Thornton went under, drawn down with the current. After what had seemd a lifetime to both, they came up. His first thought was to rescue her; her's to save others. She calld to him to swim with her and perhaps both together could reach a collapsibl boat about five hundred yards away floating from them.

They swam with rythmic strokes and soon found themselves seated together in the boat trying to save the few survivors who wer clinging to the wreckage here and there.

Cautiously they pickt up the half ded until an added ounce would hav taken them to the bottom it seemd, and then together they rowd in the direction of a res-cue fishing schooner.

As the last one had been lifted to safety Bob Dunford stood belo in the rocking ship and watcht what he knew to be his long sought ideal climb the shaky rope ladder to a hard won safety.

My Lady

Ruth Hankins

SHAL I compare thee to a ful blown rose,
 To gentl summer winds, or lily fair?
 Thy deep blu eyes, thy charms, thy golden hair
 Surpass the beauty of each flower that groes.
 Thy voice is softer than the breeze that bloes
 The nodding leavs. Oh, thee I shal compare
 To music—melodies that seem to tear
 Your soul in twain, or strains that heven knoes.
 Oh, thou, who art so lovely and so loved,
 Must beauty needs be proud, impassive, cold
 To keep tru place among her humbler kin;
 Oh, can by any means thy soul be moved
 To smile upon, e'en pity, love untold,
 And pray, may I thy haughty hart e'er win?

Good Night

Anonymous

ODARLING, now the night is here
 And sleepy time has come;
 Then close your eyes, O sweetest one,
 Then close your eyes, O love'd one,
 And let the dream-ship come.
 Let the dream-ship come from that beautiful land
 'Way over the sleepy seas,
 For it brings my love all bound for you,
 All woven and wrought and made for you,
 All wafted there afar to you
 In the form of a beautiful dream.

Just One of the Old Stories

Nancy Ritsch, '15

“**G**ES, war times wer times,” said Aunt Mag, “and they wer times when we had times.”

The old lady was fond of story telling and there wer great nieces and great nefews who wer fond of her stories, too. Time and again we would hear the same old tale, and listen with the same sparkling eyes and wait on her words.

“We livd right up the street here in the old brick house and Anne livd across the street from us. Mollie and Tillie and I always spent our evenings with Anne or Anne with us. For the most part, we could consider ourselvs safe from the Yankees but there wer often bands of them passing thru. So about the neighborhood there wer always Rebel spies, whom, of course, we harbord, and who wer always in readiness to flee in time of danger.

“We owd a lot to our old county bridge, and so did our spies, for not to save them, could Yankee cavalry, or any other for that matter, cross the bridge without our hearing their approach all over town. And we girls wer mighty glad of that on the occasion I am going to tel you of.

“Max Gale had been in and around town for several days trying to locate the Yankees, and altho he knew them to be near he riskt that night in town to go to see Anne. I suppose you might call Anne a martyr to ‘the cause’ for she hadn’t the hart not to let a Rebel soldier, if a spy, come. But don’t you ever think that Anne had the slightest idea of spending that whole evening with Mr. Max Gale, a Confederate spy. Not so. We girls had always found a way and you could just count on us for once more. We promist to help Anne out and we did.

“Night came and Max came, but we had it all pland. I suppose Max was just beginning to converse in his usual monotonus way when from our house acros the way came the sound of tramping and stamping. We did the job wel.

Our floors wer hard and we three did not lack the power to raise a racket. Anne jumped up, caught Max by the arm, and screamed so loud that we could hear her over home, 'The Yankees ar coming acros the bridge!'

"I can't blame Max for thinking it was quite a number of the cavalry, for I think we almost overdid our part.

"Max was out of the back door in les time than a jiffy—but the clothes line was also out of the back door and Max met it right under the chin.

"Poor Max! He did hav hard luck. As soon as he had untangld himself, he was up the mountain side and off into the woods to hide himself. I don't kno how long he stayd but I kno that the next day Max took himself to another town and Anne had not the favor of a farewel word.

"But we had our evening together and Anne joined in, too, you may bet."

Age

G. M. W., '15.

AN AGED MAN—I lookt into his eyes,
Half-wond'ring what should I find hidden there;
Would there be happiness and sweet content,
And love of this good world God made so fair?

Or would I find a lingering regret
That Life's brief journey would so soon be o'er,
Regret that joys untasted could not be
E'er his falt'ring footsteps reacht the other shore?

I lookt into his eyes and turned away—
There was a glory there I dared not see—
A glory telling me that God was near,
A light that told me of Eternity.

I turned, and, musing, wonderd why,
Glad in my youth, I oft had pitied age;
For I had seen deep in those dimming-eyes
The vision of re-birth—our heritage.

Courtin'

(A True Story)

Ava Marshall

THE BOYS wer in high glee for they wer going to see *Her*. They had been to see her last Sunday, and she had sat on the front porch and talkt to them until late into the night. To be sure she was in her black silk petticoat, and did not go in to dres, but they soon forgot their embarrassment over this fact in the delight of sitting there and listening to her talk. She had to do most of the talking for they wer "just turnd out" and very bashful. Her mother, too, came out and talkt to them for a long time. They knew she drest just for them, because they herd her call one of the children to bring her something from another room. They had not notist that when they finally dragd themselves away neither mother nor daughter had askt them to "come again." They wer soaring far too high in the heights of blis to take notis of such trivial things. And so they wer going again tonight, happy in the thought of sitting on the vine-coverd porch, listening to the sound of her lo, sweet voice, and hearing now and then the silvery tinkl of her laughter.

As I hav before remarkt, these two yuths wer "just turnd out," and this was their first courting experience. Not that they had not wanted to try it before, but it takes a lot of courage to enter upon so momentus an undertaking; with them it had taken some time to get their courage "screwd up to the right pitch," yet no one would deny that they had courage—plenty of it. But having at last "screwd up," they wer fully resolvd to make up for lost time—and they fondly imagind that they wer doing it.

The colts wer as ful of spirit as their masters, and friskt gaily along over the red, winding road. They wer almost at the crosroads now, and Bill loosend his reins.

"Say, Luper, I'm goin' to see if she'l remember the way. Reckon she wil?"

"Dunno," replied Luper. "Believe I'll try it, too. If they don't we c'n sho 'em mighty quick."

To their delight both horses rememberd the road they had taken the week before.

"Say, Bill, what d'you feel like?" askt Luper. "Like you did this time las' Sunday?"

"Whe-e-ee-ew!" Bill whistld loud and long. "Like I did las' Sunday? No sir-ree! I didn't kno' what 'twould be like then, but I ain't skeered a bit now, ar you?"

"Me skeerd? Wonder what y' take me fer? I wan't skeerd befo'. I could tel you wuz, tho."

"Wel, I ain't saying I wan't, but seems like I r'member you had to do a mighty lot o' whistlin' after we turnd down this road."

"Huh! I whistl any old time. Bill, ain't she purty?"

"Purty? She's more'n that! She's jest *be-yutiful*, an' jes' as sweet as she's be-yutiful, too. What we goin' to talk about, Luper? You kno, we'l hafter say sumpn'."

"Dunno. Let's see. I'l ax her is she got many little chickens. That's whut I herd Ma'y Jane's feller ax her?"

"Fool! Don' y'kno' the chickens all b'longs ter the ol' lady? That mought do fer a question ter git her started, now. Say, I'l ax her if she ever clum ter the top o' that mountain over yonder, an' if she hain't, I'm goin' ter ax her ter let me take her up thar some day. I c'n tel her all 'bout the view from up thar, an' how purty it all is. That'l keep us talkin' fer a long time, an' while we'r goin' you c'n talk to the ole lady."

"See myself! See her on the mountain, too! Whut would that little del'kit thing do clim'in' a mountain? Why she couldn't do it. It's you I take fer the fool."

"Wal, then, what you go'nter talk about. She mought not wanter do it all ag'in."

"Shut up. Yonder's one o' the little gals out in the yard, an' she mought hear you."

"There goes the ole lady 'round the house. Bet she sees us an' 's goin' ter dres. Wonder whut the little gal's comin' down here fer? Say, Luper, s'pose she's seen us, an' sent her little sister ter open the gate."

"I betcher she did. Say, Bill, I b'liev I gotter holler."

"Shut up, she'l hear you."

The little sister was sloly and apparently very unwillingly advancing toward the gate, with her hed tuckt down and her finger in her mouth. The boys reacht the gate first, and Luper rolld off his horse to open it before she could reach it. Just as his hand raisd the latch she stuterd, "Sister s-said ter t-t-tel y'all as how ma wuz s-sick, an' s-she couldn't a-ax y'all in today," and before either of them could recover his breth she was flying to the house as fast as her spindling little legs would carry her.

They gallopt away without a word. When they came to the crosroads the humor of the situation suddenly struck Bill, and he laft. "Say, Luper," he askt, "how you feel? Like you did comin' 'long here las' Sunday night?"

Luper struck his horse fiercely with the whip and jerkd out thru clencht teeth, "Dog gon you! I feel like s-sayin' the ugliest cuss-word I c-c'n think of—'s what I feel like."

Her World

G. M. W., '15

RECESS at last! Ah, it had seemd that it never would come. Her hed had throbd with thoughts, but she could not allow them to come uppermost in her mind—she could not let them interfere. But now that recess had come she could think. The children troopt noisily out to the playground and Miss Wills let her hed drop until it rested on her arms folded on her desk. She must make her decision, her final decision. With enthusiasm kindling anew she reviewd the events of the past night. She heard again the gifted evangelist giving to them the words of the gospel, "Go ye forth into all the world." He had told them how great a need there was for missionaries, what a field there was to work in, for there wer millions of souls waiting to be saved. He told of how restless harts had receivd peace, of missionaries whose empty lives had been fild by the consciousness of being able to do some good in the world, some service to humanity, had made their lives count for something. What had she done, what could she do, here in this great city scool, that would amount to anything? She was swallowd up in the System, the mechanical process and working of it all. She taut what she was supposed to teach as outlined in the Course of Study for the year. She gave them the first precepts of the knowledge in books, but she could not giv them of that greater knowledge which with her very soul she longd to giv them; it was not included in the Course of Study. She was merely a tool of an Educational System. Sometimes she felt that she could bear it no longer, but thru it all came the beating consciousness that she must keep on. She was part of the mechanism, and she dared not stop.

"Go ye forth into all the world." The evangelist had said that those who wer really ment for the great work would feel the call. She seemd to feel it, but yet—something held her back, a little intangible something she could

not define or explain. Was the call ment for her? She could not tell, but as she thought it seemd that all the greater things wer in this work. There would be results that she could not see with her own eyes; she would be encouraged to giv more and more of herself. Her life would really count for something there, and she would make others' lives count too. She saw again the picture the evangelist had painted—the heathen nations rising from the dust, their chains broken, lifting freed hands to a new heaven, a new God.

The soft breeze wafted the lafter of happy children thru the open windo and lifted the curly tendrils around Miss Wills's hed. Why had it been so hard to decide? It seemd easy now. She would go—. Suddenly there was a cry from the playground. Miss Wills jumpt to her feet and ran to the door. She was not thinking of heathen nations now; she was thinking of her own little First Graders. The cry was a cry of pain, and altho the cause was only a small scratch, Miss Wills took the child in her arms and soothed her. Then the little arms stole up around her neck and the sobs ceased.

When recess was over Miss Wills went back into the scool-room with her little First Graders. There was a smile on her lips and a new gladness in her hart. The children crowded around her eagerly, and as she went to her desk one reacht up to her with a witherd rose in his small, dirty hand. Miss Wills took the rose and pind it at her throat, and the smile in the eyes of the child anserd that in her own. "Go ye forth into all the world"—and Miss Wills' hart sang joyfully because she had found her world.

The Tyranny of Fashion in Dress

M. Louise Bondurant

IN this age of progress and freedom one can scarcely conceive of such a thing as tyranny existing. Tho there ar no tyrants in a political sense, there exists one even more powerful—more powerful because it has more peple in its bondage than ever human tyrant had, more powerful because its slavery is self imposd—the slavery of Dame Fashion. She is the tyrant to whom thousands ar bowing today, and from whom they seem powerless to free themselves.

When I was a smal child, I remember seeing a picture which represented the state of Fashion's slaves. It was a picture of the powerful tyrant, Fashion, seatd on a splendid chariot drawn by men and women harnessd in the bonds of slavery. Some had fallen in the way from exhaustion, and others wer almost broken down from pulling their heavy loads.

Today the world is fild with women slaves—women who seem never to tire of the discussion of dres, the change of styles, who make themselves mentally and physically weary in their efforts to keep their sleeves as large or as small as they ought to be, their skirts as ful or as scant as fashion dictates, and who judge their fello women from the richness or scantiness of their dres.

One of the causes of these everchanging styles lies in the fact that manufacturers, designers, and retailers ar combind in the effort to make us fear we ar not dresing correctly. They must get control of fashion, itself, and see to it that peple ar not permitted to continue to use garments until they wear out. Before a garment can wear out an entirely new model must be presented that wil make the old one appear ridiculus by comparison.

But sometimes this scheme of changing styles works the designer and retailer harm. "Swing the fashion my way" is the cry of those who make trimmings, and often

it means success or bankruptcy to the manufacturers whether or not buttons are used.

If change of fashion leaves one trade without employment, then lack of trade surely is death to the mills. For instance: In 1911-12 fashions were changed slightly. The textile mills lost thousands of dollars, and soon began a campaign to alter conditions. They offered bribes to designers. "Draw full skirts," they said. When it was taking only six or seven yards to make a dress, the obvious way to get rid of their overstock was to require twelve or fourteen yards to make a dress, and above all things to require styles which old dresses could not be remodelled to imitate.

The effect of changing fashions on the laborers in these factories is an ill one. They are compelled to work long hours, so great is the demand; they are overworked and underpaid until they are unable to cope with disease.

One result of changing fashions to those who would follow them is the waste of money. Year after year people put money they begrudge, and which they had rather spend in another way, into that particular skirt, or coat, or hat which will make them look as ridiculous as their neighbor, at the same time saving them from her criticism.

There is also waste of time and thought in trying to follow fashion. There are many hours in a day, but if twenty-five per cent of a woman's time is spent in rushing after the latest fashion, there is little time left to devote to the more important things of life. How unimportant the question of clothes seems, compared with the big things in life—those things which make for happiness and peace and progress.

While we are discussing the subject of fashion let us mention some cruel and absurd fashions of the past and present. Even going back to the early Romans we find styles that were unsuitable, for long flowing garments were much in the way of walking. During the Elizabethan period in England, fashion was strictly followed. The men wore high-heeled slippers and dressed in gorgeous velvets. The women, following Elizabeth's example, wore basques and stiff ruffs, which were means of great discomfort. One would

scarcely expect a weakness for dress with the strong will and brilliant intellect which Elizabeth possessed; yet, it is said that she never wore a dress twice. Think what an example this was for Elizabethan England!

Our grandmothers wore hoopskirts, which surely must have been troublesome and unmanageable. Within the last few years, skirts on the other extreme have been worn—hoopless skirts and slit skirts. If we have ever seen a woman in a hurry dressed in these styles, we can know how ridiculous she appears. With a tight skirt, it is almost impossible to move quickly, and even people's lives are endangered in this way. Another extreme fashion which comes within our memory is that of the "Merry Widow" hat. All of us have had the experience of trying to see over a hat a yard, more or less, in circumference.

One of the most queer and cruel customs that has ever been practiced is that in China of binding the feet. These people's idea that, by deforming the human foot by wearing, for months and even years, tight straps, they were making it beautiful, was surely a queer one. With the bones of the feet bent under, every step must cause excruciating pain. I am glad to say that under the influence of Christian missionaries, this form of slavery to fashion is fast disappearing.

But the Chinese could not have had a more peculiar idea of footwear than did the English in the fifteenth century. The long taper shoe did not follow the form of the foot. The longer the toe could be made, the more aristocratic the foot appeared, so the wearer stuffed the surplus length with hay. The foot appeared very slender but with danger to everybody's life.

In the nineteenth century French-heeled slippers became popular. Low people wore them because they made one look taller, and they did make the foot appear considerably smaller. These shoes were exceedingly uncomfortable through throwing one out of balance and pitching one forward.

If we are not to follow such fashions, let us not go to the other extreme and say that dress is not important. It is important, in its place. Dress should be appropriate

to the lives we liv, the work we do. For instance: It is inappropriate for a shop girl to wear high heels, or a stenographer to wear lace frills; and for a cook or house worker, silk and satin ar unsuitabl. Why do we admire the blue gingham dres, the large white apron and the spotless cap of the trained nurse? It is not solely because of sentiment, nor on account of the costliness of her dres, but the suitability to the use for which it was made.

Our dres should combine comfort with beauty. We should be able to move freely and comfortably and gracefully; we should be able to do our work in it, to be at our best in it. In designing our dreses we should not think of the fashions of Vienna and London and Paris, but should plan them to suit our own needs and desires. Some one has said, "To shelter our bodies, to express our personalities, to make bright the lives of those who must look upon us—for these ends, let us make clothes."

A change of attitude toward fashion cannot come thru some one's presenting a dres reform. This change, like all others, must come thru education, and not so much education in school, but in the home, by the mother. Some one has said that the mother is the only great reformer of any age or time, because she has impressionable youth in her hands. She has charge of the instruction; not only can she dres her children sensibly, but she can train them to understand why she does it, and to appreciate her wisdom.

The mother, in these days, can be reacht by lecture, sermon, story and drama, and can gain much from each. Improvement in dres cannot come thru organization alone; it is the individual who counts in every movement. Not until individuals understand the meaning of dres and wil decide for themselves what they want and refuse to wear anything else, wil this slavery to fashion cease to exist.



✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ Sketches ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

“LITTLE TEACHER”

“Me and Sue hav always been good frends. I guess it’s just because Sue’s got a step-mama and I hav one too.”

“But why does that make Sue your frend?” askt the tall, wel-drest lady bending down to catch the reply of the little girl who sat on the sidewalk.

“Wel, you see it was just like this. Me and Sue wer in Children’s Day so we wantd new dreses with lots and lots of ribbon and lace on them. Sue’s mama gave her the prettiest one you ’most ever saw, but my mama said that one of my old ones would do. I cried, and then she told me that a long, long time from now nobody would kno whether mine was new or not.

“Me and Sue got Dorothy and Polly—them’s our dolls—and went out under the big tree to see if we couldn’t find out what the trouble was with my mama. Sue said that step-mamas don’t understand like real, sure enuf mamas.

“But I told her that her step-mama had given her a pretty dres. Then we just didn’t kno what the trouble was. Sue’s mama has a little girl and a little boy besides Sue, while my mama had only me, so it did seem as if I could hav a new dres.

“The next day I went to stay with my grandma for a week. When I came home Mammy—you kno she cooks for us and lets me help her if I’m good—showd me a little baby better than my doll Dorothy, and even nicer than Sue’s little brother. I was so glad when Mammy told me that this was my very own sister ’cause I could play with both her and Dorothy.

“Wel, it was nearly time for Children’s Day when one night mama calld me to her and told me that I could hav

a new dres with all the lace and ribbon I wanted. She kist me and then she kist Baby Sister.

"The next day me and Sue and Dorothy and Polly went out under the big tree to talk it over. I told Sue just what had happend and how mama kist both me and Baby Sister. Sue said that now there wer two of us, and when there ar more than one mamas get sort of used to giving things. That she guesit it was the reason her mama had given her a dres right away 'cause she had a sister and a brother. I told Mrs. Watkins about it and she hugd me as she said to Mrs. Peck, 'It's wonderful how 'Baby Sister' has widend Mrs. Johnson's horizon.' Mrs. Johnson is my step-mama, you kno.

"Step-mamas ar a whole heap of troubl but now mine is almost as good as a real mama. Sue's got a step-mama and I'v got one so we stick together to take care of them."

The tall woman was silent for a moment as she lookt at the seven-year-old who was taking care of mother. Next she stoopt and kist her as she murmurd, "Good-bye, Little Teacher."

—*Helene Nichols.*

FAITH

The child sat alone behind the haystack, watching the clouds. Every day there was something different in the sky. Now there was a great lion; now a dōg chasing a rabbit. Sometimes, an Indian chief with his feathery hed-dres; sometimes a great fish, that would change into a bird and then disappear. And once there was a big cedar tree, so like the one at the foot of the lane that the child left this favord spot to see if the big cedar stil stood in its place. When he returned, satisfied that the real cedar was stil there, the cedar of the clouds was gone; and the child wonderd if the real cedar had been taken up in the clouds and then put back at the foot of the lane when he went to look for it. Who could tell?

God could do greater things than that. For didn't he bring a lot of little stars from the sky and scatter them over the meados one night making the golden dandelions?

Didn't he take the ded flowers and little dry seed and make them into lovely green plants? Mother said so; and mother knew.

Today the child was sad. God had taken mother away. The child did not know where she had gone; but he thought he knew. He wanderd off lonely to his favord spot. In the west wer his frendly clouds; but today there was no Indian, no dog, no lion, no fish, no cedar tree—only a black mas; the child felt lonelier. Gradually the black mas took shape as a series of huge hils. A pale narro golden rim began to form about it. The rim gru wider and brighter and longer.

The child's eyes beamd with the light of hopefulness. "It is the golden street," he thought. "It is groing bigger and brighter; it is getting nearer. Mother wil walk along 't here presently, and I shal see her. And then God wil put her back in her room as he put the cedar back by the gate." The child thought he knew, but who could tel?

The "golden streets" gru dim again. They faded away. And as the "golden streets" faded, so did the light of hope in the child's eyes gro dim. Tears began to creep in. But no—the child was braver than that, and he trusted his clouds. The light came back to his eyes as he thought, "but she wil come tomorro."

—*Madeline Warburton.*

✦ ✦ ✦ **Book Reviews** ✦ ✦ ✦

"THERE'S SO MUCH GOOD IN THE
WORST OF US"

In Bret Harte's short stories we come in close contact with the outcasts of society, the lawless and the simpl-minded. We not only see them, but are drawn to know and to love them. We no longer condemn the gambler of the wild Western miners' camp as utterly heartless and cruel after reading "Luck of Roaring Camp." We no longer scorn and ignore weak and fallen manhood and womanhood after knowing "Mother Shipton" in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," or "Sandy" and Tommy's mother in "The Idyl of Red Gulch." We are brought to realize that there is some good in the lowest and seemingly most wicked human beings.

One of the most interesting, but most pathetic of all of his stories of the outcast is "M'liss." In this we meet, know and love—not mildly, but intensely, fiercely—a wild, neglected, ragged, dirty, impulsiv, high-temperd, but truthful child of Nature; a child who was expelled from Sunday school because she fought the boys in class, a child who declared that she hated all the school girls, and whom all the girls hated, but who went to school because she "wanted to be teached;" whom Bret Harte describes as a "bent little figure" that staggered down a narrow moon-lighted path, turned, and stood for a moment on the curve of the hill, "a mere atom of suffering outlined against the far-off, patient stars."

This "atom of suffering" was taken into the protecting care of the kind school-master and "tached" at her own request, and the teaching was not in vain.

This little black-haired, black-eyed, headstrong waif was blunt and plainspoken. What she thought she said—if

she got in a close place—and her thoughts wer not idle and worthless. She was fearless and kind at hart. The “parson” was kild. His murderer was shut up in a dilapidated jail, threatend by the blood-thirsty mob outside. M’liss forcd her way into the jail, and dasht by the guards into the prisoner’s room. “Are you the chap that kild the parson?” she askt.

He curst and swore at her. Nothing daunted, however, she continud, “If you was the man that killed McSnarley, I’ve brought you something; it’s brandy.” Why she brought brandy, and whether she set fire to the jail purposely or by accident is left for the reader’s own imagination—as ar many other things of equal importance in this and nearly all of Bret Harte’s stories. At any rate, she helpt the man, condemd by the whole town, to escape.

When the scool-master askt her why she did it, she anserd, “They were going to kill him.”

“Well, didn’t he kill McSnarley?”

“Yes,” anserd the child, “but McSnarley ought to hav been killed long ago.” And the reader is almost forct to agree with her.

This story takes us thru only a short part of M’liss’s life. We see her rescued from degradation, and, by the love and sympathy of the “master,” brought to right thinking and a nobler life. We see her come into her just inheritance; we see her at last in the protecting care of a mother. But we are not satisfid; we want to kno more of her; we want to follo her thru her entire life; and we close the book with a feeling of sadness that we must be separated from a frend so soon, and with the wish in our harts that Bret Harte had written “one more chapter, anyway.”

—*Madeline Warburton.*

THE RULING PASSION

In every life there is a ruling passion. Sometimes it is romantic love. That interests almost everybody so it is the usual theme of the riter. But we hav other passions just as real in life. We find the power of personal passion in music, nature, honor, strife, revenge, money, pride, frend-

ship, duty, and other things. Life unconsciously folloes these passions, just as a stream will follo its course. No matter what circumstances cros the ruling passion, thru it is reveald the soul of the person.

In "The Ruling Passion" Henry Van Dyke tels us of some of these passions, in simpl, clear, and concrete manner. The caracters ar chosen among plain people because their feelings can be exprest with greater simplicity and truth.

In each one of the eight parts of "The Ruling Passion" the author sets forth some passion that predominates the life of the caracter portrayd. In "The Gentle Life" we cannot help but feel its spirit of peace and gentleness when we read: "There is more of God in the peaceful beauty of this little wood-violet than in all the angry disputations of the sects. We are nearer heaven when we listen to the birds than when we quarrel with our fellowmen. I am sure that men can not enter into the spirit of Christ, his evangel, save those who willingly follow his invitation when he says, 'Come ye yourselves³ apart into a lonely place, and rest a while.' For since his blessed kingdom was first establish-ed in the green fields by the lakeside, with humble fisher-men for its subjects, the easiest way into it hath ever been through the wicket-gate of a lowly and grateful fellowship with Nature. He that feels not the beauty and blessed-ness and peace of the woods and meadows that God hath bedecked with flowers for him even while he is yet a sinner, how shall he enjoy the unfading bloom of the celestial country if he ever becomes a saint?"

In "A Lover of Music" we especially notis how the pas-sion of music influenst the whole life of Jacques. He confides all of his joys and sorros to his fiddl and it is only his love for music that comforts him in his darkest moments. All of the passions of his nature ar pourd forth by the faithful old fiddl. When Jacques is wooing Serene and he plays to her hour after hour we feel the very spirit of love in the guise of sound. Then when Serene marries another, again we hav the hart throbs of Jacques told us by the fiddl. It has become a part of himself and thru its music we see the inner life of Jacques.

Henry Van Dyke thinks clearly to the end before he touches his pen, and whatever he does he does with his whole nature. In each of the stories in "The Ruling Passion" we feel his wonderful integrity of intellect and poise of nature. He loves all life and strives to make his readers love it too.

—*Ruth Hankins.*

THE FOCUS

VOL. V FARMVILLE, VA., OCTOBER, 1915 NO. 6

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

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

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

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

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

Editorial

LOYALTY

Do not we remember as children how we fought Tom or John because he said that our home or our father or mother wasn't very nice? We would stand up for them to the last notch, and we hav kept it up. As we hav grown up and gained new possessions, we hav protected and supported them. In the grammar scool, high scool, and in our social lives we hav put forward every effort with a desire to giv of ourselves to them—we hav love in our harts—a pride and joy in them—ever there was loyalty.

Now as we enter life in a higher scool, the Normal, and ar thinking seriously of just what our life calling is and preparing to meet it wel equipt, we look about us, and find that more loyalty is needed now than ever before. First there ar ourselves. Shakespeare says, "To thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." But we may ask, "What does it mean to be loyal to self"? First it means to be what we really ar—to be able to truthfully say, "By God's grace, I am what I am," in every activity of scool

life. Then it means to act because our consciences tell us that what we do is right—to withstand those temptations which meet us every day firmly, keeping in the right—these are some of the ways in which we may be loyal to ourselves.

Then there is a need of being loyal to our school. We should give our best to the school. Each of us has her peculiar characteristics, and here we surely may find expression for them. We should become school spirited, become interested in things regarding our school. We should realize that a school is made by the girls, and the class of girls that attend largely determines the atmosphere of the school; likewise the conduct of the girls attending gives to the onlooker his opinion of what the school is. Cannot we feel that this responsibility is on us—and each one bear her share of it?

The several definite ways of being loyal to the whole school is by standing by the Home Department and Student Government. They are here for us—to give us advantages—for *our* well-being. Should not we appreciate this enough to give them our support? And would not co-operation with them lift our school to a higher level? We have learned that in every activity of life co-operation is needed—that is, a working together of individuals, each sharing with the others the best that she has.

Then, to our literary societies, clubs, and to the friends in each of these let us look. How many people can you remember making the following remark about?

“Oh! I like her all right, but she certainly has queer taste in dress.” Do we stop to think before we say it that perhaps in that queer looking somebody there dwells one of God’s purest souls? It would be lovely if we would train our eyes to overlook the thorns and see only the roses in the lives of others. This habit of criticizing unjustly is very easily made, and stays when once it is with us—so let’s fight it, and instead of saying something mean say something pleasant, something helpful. To be a true friend, a loyal friend to another is something to live for. Some one has said for us;

"If I can let into some soul a little light,
If I some pathway dark and drear can render light,
If I to one in gloom can show the sunny side,
Though no reward I win, I shall be satisfied."

Thru this loyalty and friendship we ar developing our better selves, enlarging our characters, and adjusting ourselves so that we may be big enuf to fit into a big situation.

—V. W. W.

REGARDING OUR NEW STUDY HOUR REGULATIONS

There is truly a *something* at work in our scool this year—call it what you please. At any rate, the scool is wide awake and student organizations seem really more activ than they hav been for a number of years. Everything is working and apparently in the right direction. Things ar being *done*.

"The old order changeth,
Yielding place to new."

And the most important, the most far-reaching change that has been made by any organization is that made by the Student Association, the student body as a whole, regarding study hour.

There has been a felt need for some time for a better study period at night. Girls realized that with the many interruptions that would occur during the two hours and fifteen minutes set aside for studying that they could not do their best work. They wisht conditions wer different—but *wishing* was as far as they went. This fall the girls seemd to feel the defects in study hour more than ever before. In fact, the existing privileges of study hour wer apparently abused more than ever before. Those who had work to do, and who really wanted to do it, could not do it to the best advantage. They attributed mist lessons to some other girl's abuse of the privilege of visiting during study hour. They complaind to the Faculty, and to the Student Government Committee. The students discust it among themselves.

"What can be done to remedy conditions?" was the question before the Faculty, the Home Department and the Student Association. Public opinion demanded some reform in the study hour regulations. What reform could or should be made?

This question was put before each clas in meetings of their own, and each clas was urged to make suggestions and requests to the Student Committee for some definit means of improving study hour. The thoughtful girls in the clases *thought*. and, as a result, most of the clases requested, and some even urged, that *all visiting during study hour should be eliminated*.

The adoption of such a measure would necessarily work hardships on some girls—in fact, on a great many—especially the old girls who had become so accustomed to running to their neighbors during study hour for help on this, a suggestion about that, or information regarding something else, that it really seemd impossible to get along without this neighborly assistance during study hour. So this point was discust and argued on both sides, by the students themselves, and finally put to the vote of the student body. And we ar glad—yes, proud—that the majority—the big majority—of the girls in scool wer willing to giv up these personal conveniences, these seemingly indispensabl privileges, for the sake of making study period a period *for study* indeed for the great mas of girls who would be benefitd by it.

We hav now had about three weeks' experience under these new regulations; and we dare say that not one girl in fifty would vote to go back to the old way. We hav found out that it is not so hard after all to get along two hours and fifteen minutes without our neighbors. And if we *just hav* to see them about a lesson or other affairs we manage to do so before study hour begins. It only requires a little thought and foresight. To some of us it may not hav seemd possible that we could do this; but we hav tried now and found that we *can*. And, because we *can*, we ar glad we tried it—glad that we were willing to make just a little sacrifice, perhaps, for the sake of the welfare of the student body, of the scool; glad that we gave up

old seeming conveniences for new, real ones. For it brings exceeding peace of mind to us individually to feel that we can study undisturbed; and when every girl in school is enabled to work to a better advantage the standard of the school has surely been raised.

—*M. M. W.*

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ Exchanges ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

One of the most interesting magazines we have received this year is the *Emory and Henry Era*. We note with interest that this magazine has become purely literary, and if the October issue is an index to those following we feel the policy will prove thoroughly successful. "The Special War Tax" is an interesting essay. It shows good understanding of the subject and is written in a clear-cut forceful manner. We are pleased to see that your choice of essay subjects are vital questions of modern times rather than Lazaruses of antiquity. We live in the present, therefore it behooves us to study present day problems.

Your stories, too, are interesting. They are of pleasing variety and well written. We should suggest, however, that you "pull up a bit" on your poetry. There is little of it and what you have lacks thought.

Where *The Era* is improving in fiction the *Trinity Archive* is falling back. It lacks stories, having only two short ones in the October issue. "The Strange Kidnapper" is the best of these, giving a very accurate sketch of mountain life. "Miss Sherlock Holmes" starts out very well, but falls flat toward the end. It lacks plot. Poetry also is lacking.

The essay work, however, is much better. Time spent in reading "An Analysis" will not be wasted. There is also a book review of the *Pentecost of Calamity*—an excellent review of an excellent book.

The *Southern Collegian* is a well-balanced and interesting college magazine. In "The Flight of Years" we get a picture of many a boy who has just been graduated. He has been to college just to be able to say he had been, without any aim or ambition in life. If every one could

be made to realize that he must hold before him an ideal, and that he must strive toward attaining this ideal, how much better off would the world be! Such a person is certain to hav a reward after "The Flight of Years." It is interesting to read of our Southern riters. There ar some of whom the South should rightly be proud, altho there is a tendency among a great many people to overlook our own riters and spend their time reading the literature of other countries. Edgar Allan Poe is truly a prominent Southern riter. We recognize in all his works his wonderful originality, and in his short stories his skil in handling a plot. The poem entitled "The Tale of the Captain" is very good. Your miscellaneus department is attractiv as wel as interesting.

The most interesting article in *The Missile* is "The Legend of the Blood-Red Rose." Myths appeal generally to all readers, and this one is very good indeed. The poem, "A Prayer," is wel exprest. You are rather weak in your literary department, however. We would suggest that you have more stories and at least one essay, and that these should be longer than the ones you have this month.

The quality of the contents of *The Hollins Magazine* is very good and much enjoyd by our readers. Altho you havn't many poems, the ones you hav ar wel ritten and sho talent on the part of the authoress. The poem entitled "Gray Peace" would appeal to any lover of Nature. Words ar chosen that express exactly the thought suggested in the title. It is interesting to see you hav several essays in your literary department. They ar a reflection of the excellent work done in the scool. And, too, we feel that we hav been benefitd when we hav red an article such as the one on Dugald Stewart Walker, the artist. "The House of Mystery" is also interesting and contains a good plot. The length of this story is certainly a characteristic to be praisd.

✦ ✦ ✦ **Here and There** ✦ ✦ ✦

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

Since Fannie Meade Brooke and Alma Craddock, our president and critic elected for the fall term, did not return to school this year we have elected, in their places, Lucile Shepherd and Lucile Woodson, respectively.

We feel certain that we shall enjoy as well as derive great benefit from our course of study for this year, which will be a study of folk-lore of the Chinese, Japanese, Persians, Celts, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Anglo-Saxons, Normans, English, Indian and Negro.

The following new members have been taken into the Jefferson Debating Society this fall: Catherine Armstrong, Ida Barnhart, Ethel Bland, Mattie Clark, Matilda Clarke, Eddie Copps, Catherine Cover, Gertrude Dolen, Gladys Duncan, Marie Edmunds, Sudie Greenwood, Hazel Heatwole, Conway Howard, Julia Key, Elizabeth Malcolm, Ava Marshall, Verna Marshall, Elizabeth Morris, Louise Morris, Agnes Murphy, Ruth Reynolds, Hattie Robinson, Mary Soyars, Mary Thompson, Miss Janie Slaughter, and Mary Tidwell.

A business meeting of the Southwest Virginia Club was held on the afternoon of September 27, for the purpose of deciding on the club motto, flower, and electing officers for the year. As we were from the mountains we selected trailing arbutus for our flower and "Climb, for we have Mountains to Climb" as our motto. The following officers were elected:

President.....	Margaret Byrom
Vice-President.....	Josephine Gleaves
Secretary.....	Conway Howard
Treasurer.....	Kate Woolridge
Reporter.....	Alice Rakes

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ **Hit or Miss** ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

PSYCHOLOGY

I thought when I'd lern'd about percept's
 That all of my troubles wer o'er,
 But now as the weeks ar progressing
 They ar numbering more and more.

I'v been taught—tho it's hard to believ it,
 That the mind has mental states,
 And to analyze their attributes
 Is worse than lerning dates.

I liv'd in fair contentment,
 'Til I herd that every thought
 Is focal, complex, personal,
 And all such tommy-rot.

And what's the fun of wishing things,
 When impulse, motives, choice,
 And half a dozen other things
 All want to hav a voice?

—*Juliette Mayo.*

HOW TIMES DO CHANGE

Not so many years ago, there liv'd a maiden wise;
 Golden was her curly hair, and violet wer her eyes.
 And yuths for miles around worshipt at her feet.
 They rote her rymes because she was so very, very
 sweet.

Alas, 'twas *very* long ago and times have changed since
 then:

Now it is the maidens who rite verses to the men.

—*Gordon Seamon.*

THE LAST STRAW

Three-year-old David had been unusually unruly. He had received reprimands, threats, and finally mild corporal punishment from his father. With wounded dignity David mounted the stairs to his mother's room. "Mother," he said in a voice of exasperation, "I can't stand that husband of yours any longer." —*Normal Instructor.*

LEFT OUT OF HIS ANATOMY

Young Arthur had the study of anatomy at school, and had shown interest in the course. One morning at breakfast he asked his mother in grave perplexity, "Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"

—*Normal Instructor.*

Miss Winston (to chemistry clas)—"That's why so many cuntry people get kild with gas. They go to a city hotel, and instead of *turning* the light out they *blo* it out just as they do at home. And the next morning they wake up ded."

Lu (reading poetry)—What is De-meter?

Mag—Let's see? De means from, and meter means to measure, doesn't it?

Teaching Senior (saying prayers after the worry of the day)—"Grant us, O Lord, an evening blessing on our food."

WAITING FOR BETTER TIMES

"How much did you pay for thim eggs, Biddy?" inquired Pat.

"Forty-foive cints a dozen, Pat," replied Biddy.

"Oh, wirra!" exclaimed Pat. "We can't afford to ate eggs at thot price. Put thim in the cellar til they get chaper, an' thim we'll ate them."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

QUICK-WITTED

Dr. S. P. Henson once delivered his lecture on "Fools" at the New York Chautauqua. Introducing him, Bishop Vincent said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now going to listen to a lecture on 'Fools' by one—" (and the audience broke into a roar of laughter, and, after it had died away, Bishop Vincent added)—"by the greatest man in America."

Dr. Henson rose, and with a genial smile, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so great a fool as Bishop Vincent—" (another roar of laughter, after which the speaker added)—"would have you believe." — *Normal Instructor.*

PUTTING IT UP TO FATHER

After several unsuccessful attempts to draw her husband into conversation at the restaurant, the wife discovered the cause of his distraction to be a beautiful girl-dressed in black and seated at a nearby table.

"An attractive widow," observed the wife coolly.

"Yes, indeed, a very attractive widow," agreed the husband enthusiastically.

"Yes," sighed the wife. "I wish I were one."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Directory of Student Organizations

STUDENT ASSOCIATION

President.....Marie Noel
 Senior Vice-President.....Mary Macon
 Junior Vice-Presidents.....Conway Howard and Esther Covington
 Secretary.....Katie Giddens

Y. W. C. A.

President.....Helene Nichols
 Vice-President.....Carrie Wood
 Secretary.....Eva Brooks
 Treasurer.....Cornelia Seabury

SENIOR CLAS

President.....Louise Chiles
 Vice-President.....Julia Phillips
 Secretary.....Lula Jones
 Treasurer.....Virginia Watkins
 Reporter.....Margaret Byrom

JUNIOR CLAS

President.....Noami Duncan
 Vice-President.....Lena Somers
 Secretary.....Ethel Emswiler
 Treasurer.....Marion Sinton
 Reporter.....Pauline Bloxton

FOURTH YEAR

President.....Josephine Gleaves
 Vice-President.....Douglas Arthur
 Secretary.....Pauline Bloxton
 Treasurer.....Josephine Daniels
 Reporter.....Elizabeth Harris

THIRD YEAR

President.....Agnes Miles
 Vice-President.....Mary Tidwell
 Secretary.....Hennie Harrison
 Treasurer.....Vivian Boone
 Reporter.....Sally Wilkins

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

President.....Lucile Shepherd
 First Vice-President.....Lena Cohen
 Second Vice-President.....Ruth B. Robinson
 Recording Secretary.....Willie Harris

Corresponding Secretary.....	Louise Chiles
Treasurer.....	Nan Stuart
Critic.....	Lucile Woodson
Censor.....	Josephine Gleaves
Reporter.....	Rille Harris

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

President.....	Margaret Byrom
Vice-President.....	Evelyn Brooks
Recording Secretary.....	Amelia Baine
Corresponding Secretary.....	Marie Noel
Treasurer.....	Julia Phillips
Critic.....	Mae Cox
Censor.....	Charlotte Dadmun
Reporter.....	Rille Burgher

CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

President.....	Lula Jones
Vice-President.....	Mary Darby
Recording Secretary.....	Lois Smoot
Corresponding Secretary.....	Esther Kline
Treasurer.....	Gypsie Johnson
Critic.....	Ellen Goodwin
Censor.....	Nora Storchiker
Reporter.....	

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

President.....	Lucy Powell
First Vice-President.....	
Second Vice-President.....	
Recording Secretary.....	
Corresponding Secretary.....	Julia Brittingham
Treasurer.....	Elizabeth White
Critic.....	Marjorie Matthews
Censor.....	Pauline Bloxton
Reporter.....	Mattie Sinclair

DRAMATIC CLUB

President.....	Willie Harris
Secretary.....	Mary Ellen White
Treasurer.....	Pauline Bloxton

GLEE CLUB

President.....	Marcella Barnes
Vice-President.....	Nancy Lewis
Secretary.....	Naomi Duncan
Treasurer.....	Beulah Sedgwick
Librarian.....	Edith Miles
Assistant Librarian.....	Annie Loving
Reporter.....	Agnes Miles

OUR ADVERTISERS

Baker & Taylor Book Co.
Baldwin's Department Store
Barrow Coal Company
Chas. Bugg & Son.
C. E. Chappell Company
W. T. Doyne
Electric Shoe Shop
W. E. England
A. H. Fetting
Farmville Pharmacy
First National Bank
Garland & McIntosh
R. W. Garnett & Company
D. W. Gilliam
G. L. Hall Optical Company
W. J. Hillsman & Company
Mrs. H. H. Hunt
Mrs. L. L. Keister
MacMillan & Company
Martin Bros.
L. C. Martin
Paulett Crockery Company
Peoples National Bank
Planters Bank
Richardson & Cralle
State Normal School for Women
B. D. Smith & Bros.
Virginia Cafe
Virginia School Supply Company
A. V. Wade
Miss Clara Wesler
White Drug Company



VIRGINIA CAFE

Food of the Best Quality

PROMPT SERVICE

POLITE ATTENTION

307 Main St. - - - - FARMVILLE, VA.

PHONE 229



Farmville Pharmacy

INCORPORATED

The Rexall Store



A REGISTERED DRUGGIST ALWAYS IN CHARGE

Our line of Stationery and Toilet Articles, is un-
excelled in the city

COLD AND HOT DRINKS AT THE FOUNTAIN

CUT FLOWERS A SPECIALTY

CALL ON US OR TELEPHONE NO. 56

R. W. Garnett & Co.

Leaders of Fashion in Ladies'
Tailored Suits and
Millinery



Agents for the famous guaranteed BLACK CAT
HOSIERY, the DREW SHOE and the best MIDDY
SUITS on the market.

Our aim is to serve you. If we haven't what
you want we will get it quick.



If It Is

SODA WATER OR ICE CREAM

If It Is

NORRIS or HUYLER'S CANDIES

If It Is

BASEBALL or TENNIS GOODS



You will find them at

C. E. Chappell & Co's

FARMVILLE, VA.

GO TO

Garland & McIntosh

For Toilet Articles

Kodaks, Films and Supplies

Monogram Literary Paper

The Best \$1 Fountain Pen Made

Visiting Cards Engraved

You will find **WHAT YOU WANT HERE**

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

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

The MacMillan Company

PUBLISHERS - NEW YORK

Representative, W. S. GOOCH, University, Virginia

A. H. FETTING

MANUFACTURER OF

**GREEK LETTER
FRATERNITY JEWELRY**

213 N. Liberty St.

Baltimore, Md.

Factory 212 Little Sharp Street

Paulett Crockery Company

TRADE MARK THE QUEENSWARE STORE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

FINE CHINA, CUT CLASS, BRIC-A-BRAC, SILVERWARE, and BRASS GOODS, CROCKERY GLASSWARE, TINWARE, WOODENWARE HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, Etc.

BRIDAL PRESENTS A SPECIALTY

H. LINDSEY & COMPANY

DRY CLEANERS FARMVILLE, VA.

We are the exclusive cleaners for the Normal School students. Our Modern Plant assures you that the best results in Dry Cleaning is obtained at all times. Our garments are finished on the American Steam Press, which is absolutely sanitary. Call for our agent at the school. All work called for and delivered promptly. **WE CLEAN ANYTHING**

LET THE AIM OF EVERY TEACHER be to advance the material as well as the educational interests of the communities in which they work. One of the best ways is to teach children to save their earnings and become independent.

First National Bank

FARMVILLE : : : : VIRGINIA

MRS. H. H. HUNT

Millinery

You are cordially invited to inspect my stock

L. C. MARTIN

Commercial Printer

Perforating Staple Binding
High-Grade Work Lowest Prices

PROMPT SERVICE

Phone 160 -:- -:- -:- Farmville, Va.

Are You Hungry, Girls?

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

All Kinds of Good Things

D. W. GILLIAM

W. T. DOYNE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND FURNITURE DEALER

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

TRY ME BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

BOOKS

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

Quotations and Bids on Contracts Furnished Promptly

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

W. J. HILLSMAN

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

LADIES FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY

AGENCIES { "REGAL," "*The Shoe That Proves*,"
"THE SOROSIS" : : : : AND
UNION SHOE COMPANY

The teachers and scholars are invited to inspect
our lines

W. J. HILLSMAN

School and Church Furniture

MAPS, GLOBES, CHARTS, LIBRARY BOOK
CASES, WINDOW SHADES, OLD DOMINION
PATENT HEATING AND VENTILATING
SYSTEMS, WATER COOLERS, WIRE WINDOW
GUARDS, SCHOOL DESKS, BLACKBOARDS.

Write for Catalogue

Virginia School Supply Co.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Baldwin's Department Store

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

R. A. BALDWIN & SONS, Inc.

QUALITY, PRICE AND SERVICE STORE

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded

We invite you to inspect our stocks.

BARROW COAL CO.

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

FARMVILLE - - - VIRGINIA

Carry your shoes to the—

ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

where they use the BEST Leather and work-
manship.

We can fix them while you wait

State Normal School for Women

Farmville : Virginia

Graduates of accredited four-year high schools are admitted without examination to the Junior Year of any of the following courses:

PROFESSIONAL COURSE I, leading to Kindergarten work.

PROFESSIONAL COURSE II, leading to Primary work.

PROFESSIONAL COURSE III, leading to Intermediate and Grammar Grade work.

PROFESSIONAL COURSE IV, leading to High School work.

PROFESSIONAL COURSE V, leading to work in Rural Graded Schools.

Courses I, II, III and V are two-year courses; Course IV is a three-year course.

State students who pledge themselves to teach for two years in the public schools of Virginia pay no tuition.

J. L. JARMAN, President.

For catalogue, address, Registrar,
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

When Robin Hood Wanted a Pen

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

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

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

White Drug Company

THE LEADERS FOR FIFTY YEARS



MRS. L. L. KEISTER

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods
AND LADIES' GOODS GENERALLY

Farmville - - - Virginia

IF SEEKING ADVICE
—ON—

The Latest and Most Up-to-Date

MILLINERY IDEAS

—CALL ON—

Miss Clara Wesler

106 1-2 Third Street

A FULL LINE OF THE MOST STYLISH
HATS ALWAYS ON EXHIBITION

THE
Planters Bank of Farmville
FARMVILLE, VA.



Capital and Surplus, \$100,000

City and County Depository

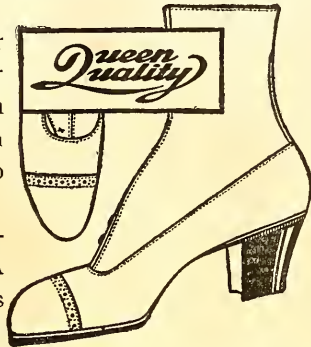
Nearly a half-century of experience enables this Bank to offer a service and security that is unexcelled

WALTER SCOTT, Cashier

Queen Quality Shoes

fit well, feel well, wear well. Designs built for women, to please women and demanded by women the world over. \$3.50 to \$5.00

We also carry a complete line of NIAGARA SILK HOSIERY—always the Best.



Richardson & Cralle

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF NORMAL SCHOOL JEWELRY. YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED FOR CLASS AND SORORITY PINS, RINGS, AND JEWELRY

MARTIN BROS.

FARMVILLE :: :: :: :: VIRGINIA

W. E. ENGLAND

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

Work done in a Satisfactory Manner or you can return and have same done Free of Cost

DRY CLEANING A SPECIALTY

All work for Normal Girls at reduced rates

W. E. ENGLAND

Third Street

Normal School Supplies

Make WADE'S Your Headquarters

DEALER IN

CONFECTIONERIES, FRUITS, STATIONERY
CANNED GOODS, OLIVES, PICKLES

HOT AND COLD
FOUNTAIN DRINKS

Waiting to serve you

A. V. WADE

Kodaks and Kodak Supplies

Special Attention to Kodak Finishing

WE DEVELOP YOUR FILMS FREE

MAIL US YOUR ORDERS

William Freeman, Bookseller and Stationer
304-306 Main Street NORFOLK, VA.



OUR GLASSES

Made from the finest materials, in our own workshop, by skilled experts. They are the Acme of Excellence, and are made to fit your face as well as your eyes. Occulists' Prescriptions Filled Accurately.

K O D A K S A N D S U P P L I E S

G. L. HALL OPTICAL CO., INC., "EYEGLOSS AND
KODAK EXPERTS"
Also Lynchburg and Norfolk 211 E. Broad St., RICHMOND, VA.

Patronize Your Advertisers
BUY OF US

OLIVES

PICKLES

CANNED GOODS

CAKES AND CANDY

FRUITS

Hot Peanuts all the time

All kinds of Shelled Nuts

Chas. Bugg & Son
THE PURE FOOD STORE

Peoples National Bank

FARMVILLE, VA.

Under Supervision of the U. S. Government

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00

We respectfully solicit accounts from the
Faculty and Students of the State Normal
School * * * * *

G. M. ROBESON, President

E. T. BONDURANT, V.-Pres.

J. L. BUGG, Cashier

