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Duplicate

The Focus

March, 1916

6/2

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



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THE FOCUS

VOL. VI

FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1916

NO. 2

A Toast

HERE'S to the Class we love so well,
Here's to the Faculty too,
Here's to the School which we love to tell
Bettered us thru and thru.

Here's to the days that have been,
Here's to the days that are,
Here's to the future that we're to win,
With never a frown to mar.

Cupid's Gone to War

Thelma Parker

PERHAPS we'll hear from Pam today. Ever since she and sister have been kept in Germany by that horrid war I've been scared to death for fear she'll do something rash. She's likely to sell her best evening dress to get money for the poor people! There's the postman now," and Mrs. Traylor rushed to the door, returning with a big foreign-marked letter which she proceeded to read to her husband.

"Dear sister," (it ran), "If I tell you that your daughter is her same old self, you needn't be surprised at what's to follow. I did my best but she would do it and there's no telling what will happen. But let me tell you—Pam's gone to the front as a nurse!!! Can you beat it? I know you'll be uneasy, but really, my dear, there's no danger unless she should happen to fall in love with her first patient, which I don't doubt she will do.

"If we could only get home, where I could hand her over to you and end my vigilant and motherly chaperonage, it would be all I'd ask in the world! I'll have to grin and bear it, I suppose, and wait to write you further developments. Don't be anxious, Pam always lands on top."

"As if I could help being anxious," blurted Pam's mother, "with my only daughter right there in the midst of those terrible cannon and sure to be blown up any minute. Send her a cablegram this minute, Jack, and tell her to go back to sister!" And Jack obeyed, for he had learned by this time the husband's lesson.

In a few days the answer came: "Don't worry. Your darling daughter doesn't. Pam."

"That's Pam all right," laughed her father.

There was nothing to do but wait, so Mrs. Traylor waited, but in such anxiety that her husband began to share her fears, for a month passed and no word from the

wilful daughter across the ocean. Mail was often delayed but never as long as this and suppose something had happened to Pamela! Horrors! The very word war gave her hysterics.

"Here's a letter at last, so cheer up," called her husband one day entering the room where she sat imagining all sorts of horrible things happening to Pam. "It's dated three weeks ago too, so evidently she wasn't dead then." The heartless man was always ready to tease his little wife.

Together they read the letter:

"Dearest folksies—

"Don't be blaming your poor child too hard. You know, I really had to do it. The *sweetest* lady was here trying to get nurses for those poor suffering men and I couldn't refuse. Really, you would both have gone if you could have heard her talk. I've been on the job for a week now and it's not so bad after all. Smashed limbs, broken ribs, and crushed heads are ordinary occurrences, and even if I did faint the first time I wrapped up a broken finger, your girl is quite brave now. The head doctor told her only yesterday that her pluck and clear-headedness saved one poor soldier from death. Aren't you proud of me?

"One queer thing happened while I was in the room waiting for a man to come from under the influence of the ether. I noticed a picture on the floor which had probably fallen from his coat, and on picking it up found it to be a picture of a young girl. Her face seems to be familiar, but of course, that's impossible for he's probably from some little village 'way down yonder somewhere.' He doesn't look so very 'Germanish' though, but he was in the trenches so he must be. I was surprised to find a girl's picture belonging to him, for although he's young (don't be alarmed, he's at least thirty-five), he looks like he's down on the world and not as if he would be one to carry around a girl's picture in his pocket to make love to in spare moments. I can't get over the familiar look of that girl's face, however. I hope I have helped him to

live, so he can go back to her. I'd be the 'good fairy' then, wouldn't I?

"The doctor's calling now, so I'll have to stop, but mind! don't you worry about me, for it's all too novel for me to be bored, and there's not one bit of danger either to my life or heart (as you seem to fear). Love and kisses from your own,
"Pam."

"Now, how do you feel, mumsie?" asked Mr. Traylor teasingly.

"As if I want my daughter worse than ever," retorted his wife. "Think of her speaking of poor mangled men as if they were as common as—as moving-pictures!"

"They are over there," chuckled her husband.

"Oh, well! Don't try to be funny," answered Mrs. Traylor scornfully, but her eyes were wet when she thought that he might be among those men should the United States be forced into war.

Fears about Pam were quieted for awhile although the last letter had been written three weeks before and it was now time for another. At last it came. Among other things she wrote:

"I have a great big bundle of news to tell you. You remember my telling you of finding the girl's picture which the wounded man had lost and of its haunting familiarity? Some great things have happened since! The patient (his name is Parkes) went off in a delirium one day and in it called repeatedly for his picture. When I gave it to him, he kissed it again and again, murmuring something about a quarrel and someone dying. Several times I caught the name 'Carrie Brooks.' It startled me, as you know that is Aunt's name, and I wondered how a German came to know one of that name.

"Aunt came down to visit me a day or two, incidentally to see that I wasn't being entangled in any affairs of the heart. I was taking her on my rounds with me one morning and we had just entered the ward where Mr. Parkes, whom I had told her of, was rapidly recovering, when I saw him staring at Aunt as if she were a ghost. Imagine my feelings when she rushed to him crying 'Phillip!' and fell

down beside the cot. I wondered if she had lost her senses but on looking at her face I understood a little, for I saw now why that picture had looked familiar.

"I managed to get an explanation from them after patiently waiting for fifty-nine minutes! He is an American to whom Aunt was once engaged, but they had a stupid little quarrel and they parted—he for parts unknown, yet still loving her. The report that she was dead turned him from a successful business man to a cynic, tired of life and everything concerned. Traveling was his only relief, and caught in Germany by the war, he decided to join the ranks and die a soldier's death. He would have, too, if it hadn't been for me; the doctor said so. So here he is, courting worse than ever. The picture is of Aunt when she was eighteen. All romance isn't dead yet!

"I'm afraid so much news at once will not be good for you, so will just add that I've met Mr. Parkes' brother, who will be here a few days, and he's the most *attractive* man! Get the orange blossoms ready, we're *all* coming home soon.

"Bushels of love,

"Pam."

To "Bugs"

G. B. A.

WHO is it that is most renowned
 Of all the girls at the Normal found?
 Who's just the very best all-round?
 It's "Bugs."

Who is it that we all adore?
 Who's every day loved more and more?
 Who's worth of other girls a score?
 Just "Bugs!"

Who's president of what we call
 Our "Student Government," loved by all?
 Whom will we e'er with love recall?
 Our "Bugs."

In after years when we recall
 Sweet mem'ries of this dear old hall,
 On you our fondest thoughts will fall,
 Dear "Bugs."

Little Drops of Water

Ellen Goodwin

HATE AT NIGHT, on the lonely front porch of the boarding house, a solitary man walked back and forth, slowly, deliberately, in the darkness. His smouldering cigar was his only company. Mrs. McKenny, his landlady, knew he was out there keeping a lonely night vigil—but she was accustomed to that now.

“I sometimes think men like him oughter git married so as to have somebody to take care of ’em,” she used to say, complacently, innocent of the principles of grammar, “but then, I always thinks how lonesome the wife of a big lawyer like him would be while he’s a-thinking over them law cases.”

The affairs of this lonely young man were a source of great concern and curiosity to Mrs. McKenny. He seldom or never received a letter that looked unbusiness-like. To her questionings he had answered that he had no immediate family, and ever since he had taken up his abode with her a few years ago, he had lived much by himself, devoting his time to pondering over his law affairs, for, though young, he was a successful lawyer.

This particular night, therefore, when she heard the ominous footsteps begin to pace to and fro at a late hour, Mrs. McKenny settled herself comfortably for rest with the thought, “He’s got another hard case on. I always knows the sign when he walks all night. In my opinion a good night’s rest would do him more good.”

It was not a “hard case,” however, that worried the lawyer on this night. He was pondering something else.

“Why should I not do it?” he asked himself. “There is no one who would be affected either by my misfortune or good luck, and if I agree to treat the case in *that* way it will save both Andrews and me from a humiliating financial situation. If I refuse I shall lose my partnership with Andrews and shall have to start all over again.

Is it because I am chicken-hearted tonight that I cannot decide to sign that paper or am I losing faith in Andrews? He has been a kind friend to me and has helped me up the ladder step by step. I hate to fail him—yet—sometimes, it seems to me—I hate to think it of him—yet I have noticed little lapses of his honor—so slight that before I realized them he had covered them over with his bland manner and they were forgotten. Can it be that he has thought out this thing? He wants me to do it and has evidently worked out the consequences. Perhaps I owe it to him as an old friend to do it—but still—”

The shortest possible stump of the cigar had been reached and he reluctantly threw it away. Sitting down on the top step he gazed away through the darkness to the next street, which was still brightly lighted and from which sounds of revelry were still to be heard. While he crouched in this position it suddenly flashed into his mind that once before at some time in his life he had been crouched in just the same position on a front doorstep, looking toward a brightly lighted street with a lump in his throat. Just as now, there had been a pressure of something unpleasant on his mind, and that bright street had some way seemed to increase the load. Oh, yes! He remembered now.

When he was about five years old his father had to go down to the business part of the city one night. Freddie (that was his name then. Now it was always Lawyer Hawkins) wanted to go too and started off, but father said, “Freddie, did you ask mother?”

Now Freddie had a foreboding that mother did not want him to go down town. He had no definite idea of right and wrong at that time but his mind was already of that shrewd quality which was to fit him so well for becoming a lawyer. Mother said “No,” but Freddie had a scheme.

“What did she say?” asked father.

“She said I might go,” answered Freddie in a firm little voice. He even felt a little bit triumphant because he had won his point by strategy. The show windows never had looked so bright before and he met Lame Harry, who gave him a whistle.

When he and his father came back together mother looked a little puzzled and pretty soon father did too. Freddie had forgotten all about his strategy now that all the fun was over and was engaged in a rolling contest with his baby brother on the floor. He did not notice the gravity of his parents until his mother called him to his side.

"Did our little boy tell his father a story tonight?"

Then and not until then did he realize that he had done wrong. He never could forget that grieved, disappointed expression on his mother's face. After her gentle talk with him he had gone out on the front doorstep and cried all by himself. Since that time he had always had a horror of doing anything that would hurt his parents. That little event had set his moral sense to work and had taught him what was right. From that first lesson had come his sense of right and wrong all through childhood. If he decided in favor of the temptation now before him, might not that set the standard of his future down instead of up?

Then he remembered that his mother had found him out on the porch in the dark and had taken him and tucked him lovingly to bed. Suppose she were there with him now. What would he decide to do? He sat on the step a long while and wondered.

* * * * *

As Mrs. McKenny scrubbed the front steps the next day her thoughts wandered to her departed lodger.

"I wonder what made him go," she thought. "I never saw him look so peaceful-like, just like he was glad about somethin' 'way down deep. All the time he was packing he looked like that. That Andrews man looked mighty glum when he went away down the steps. I wonder why?"

"Time Changeth All"

Alice Smith

(The Night Before)

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, roomy dear,
For tomorrow's to be the happiest day
Of all my Senior year—
Of all my Senior year, roomy,
And bright and clear's the way,
For I'm to start teaching that day, roomy,
I'm to start teaching that day.

(In the Morning)

I am nervous, give me courage,
Give me courage, roomy dear,
This morning starts the happiest day
Of all my Senior year—
Of all my Senior year, roomy,
And bright and clear's the way,
For I'm to start teaching today, roomy,
I'm to start teaching today.

(At Mid-day)

I am ill, oh! call the doctor,
Call the doctor, roomy dear,
Today's *not quite* the happiest day
Of all my Senior year—
Of all my Senior year, roomy,
And sad and dull's the way,
For I've been teaching today, roomy,
I've been teaching today.

(Night)

I am dying and I'm so glad,
I'm so glad, oh! roomy, dear,
Today has been the awfulest day
Of all my Senior year—
Of all my Senior year, roomy,
And hard and rough's the day,
I know, for I've taught an age, roomy,
I know, for I've taught one whole day.

The New Law of Nations

Elizabeth Rowe

FOR ONE YEAR and a half now the European war, the most awful the world has yet experienced, has demanded our strictest attention, both because of our foreign relations and the possibilities of a mistaken civilization.

Can we afford to stop for a minute and listen, reserving the privilege to criticize just as cynically as we please, to what the advocates of world federalism, who are shouting their policies so loudly and earnestly, have to say?

They claim to be able to give us a better means of establishing and guaranteeing international justice, a more civilized method and a plan which scientific and psychological evolution hand in hand with social and group progress will make neither impossible nor improbable.

On December 6 of last year the United States Congress convened for its present session. The most important issue of the administration will be the adoption or rejection of the President's plan for National Defense, *i. e.*, an increased army, a larger navy, more efficient officers and a volunteer call to military practice of one hundred thousand of America's young manhood, annually.

For the present let us dismiss entirely from our minds anything so meager as an added tax on gasoline, sentimentally objected to from the standpoint of our moonlight joys, a larger national debt, even national prestige or opened commercial possibilities, and ask what else this step would mean?

How often during these dull days have we had forced upon us that old pagan adage, "In time of peace prepare for war!!!" although right now the calamity which we are witnessing was caused and made possible by the most extensive, most scientific as well as the most expensive preparation the world has ever known?

Von Hindenburg justifies his course by declaring: "War is a biological and moral necessity." But at the same time we recall that in Charleston in 1860 Alexander Stephens said: "Slavery is a positive good, the cornerstone of civilization." It was just at the moment witchcraft was disappearing from the earth that John Wesley remarked: "Give up witchcraft and you give up the Bible." At the time dueling was doomed William Wilberforce stated that "but for dueling personal honor will vanish."

Today we are standing on the morrow of a great catastrophe. For the time being civilization has failed in about one-half of the world, and it is for us to ask: "How did this thing happen?" "Why did it happen?" And "Is there anything we can do to prevent another like it?"

Germany answers: "The reason we are in this difficult position is that after all we were not sufficiently prepared." Such are the answers of the belligerent nations, which will avail us nothing. Why not face facts as they really are? We have before us two fighting factions involved in this great tragedy of mankind. Both are prepared to throw their lives away for a just, legitimate cause from their individual standpoints. What shall they do about it? In effect the militants say: "To preserve the peace you must be stronger than your enemy." The enemy says the selfsame thing. So here is our problem—two nations or groups of nations likely to quarrel, how shall they maintain peace and establish justice? The present solution is, each must prepare to kill the other and both will remain neutral as long as each is stronger than the other.

We are forced to recognize and realize such a situation a farce. There is plainly for all persons who have the welfare of society and the progress of humanity at heart but one outlet, and that—to find some means by which the genuine difference of opinion between the two conflicting views of right shall be established.

In society, concerning cases rising between individuals we settle it by court procedure. The day is prophesied when international disputes, too, will be settled sanely in an international tribunal.

Before we can advance very far with any remedy we will be forced to decide where the trouble lies in the present system. What is that marvelous, almost superhuman force which compels the civilians of these warring nations to give up the best of life, sacrifice all future hope and face death by bullets and poisoned gases without knowing why they fight?

With one moment's reflection, I think we will all agree that the magic word—the compelling ambition—is “patriotism.” What is patriotism? Someone has stamped it, “an unalterable fact of human nature.” We will conveniently call it instinct—an instinct “born of war,” evolved from the struggle for existence, and necessitated by union for common defense. And although perhaps we feel other dominant sensations when the word is spoken, still without doubt the basic sentiment is rivalry which carried to a certain point is that state of affairs called war.

Max Eastman, the writer of an article in one of the January surveys, says “Patriotism is made of pugnacity and group loyalty. These two tendencies are backed by two others still more compelling—self love and baby love.” What he termed baby-love “was the disposition of men to return in times of trouble to the affections and passions which swayed them when young.” Possibly some of us who have experienced it could best appreciate the forceableness of this factor by associating this bigger “baby-love,” which captivates the sternest of men and sways them unexpectedly with the misery of homesickness. After all the reason some of us have given up for a while, and met our friends with the saddest, most miserable of counterances or else shut ourselves entirely away from them, was because we wanted to get back to the things we were sure of, the things we loved and had leaned on in former days when life did not present the present difficulties. Each war has made plainer to us the fact that a man will pour out his life for this as for no other cause.

Is it necessary to discuss how far self-love will carry a person? I agree with Mr. Eastman, “We all are alike,

quite familiar with the noble task of increasing our own importance."

To our question—What explains the queer, blind, puppy-like, almost chemical way in which otherwise intelligent minds will cleave to the proposition that their native land is right no matter what it does?—the answer comes, Patriotism is negative to reason in that it combines the appeal of childhood memories, with the strongest appeal to egoism and is founded upon the ground of group loyalty and instinct to fight.

Instead of trying any longer to change an instinctive impulse of man, what world federalism has before it is to tame that nature, direct it into right channels and to construct a device through which the unalterable facts of that instinct may function in international affairs as they have operated in national government.

What shall we do about it? Has Congress any power to help us? Certainly it can maintain minimum armaments, put down preparedness policies, remove economic drawbacks, establish popular control (let women help vote) encourage Pan-Americanism, and above all advance world federation.

The United States has had forced upon it the great and inspiring task of leading in the understanding of nations; replacing fear, distrust, and hatred by sympathy and cooperation, expanding the theory of personal, state and national ethics into an international theory; even more, showing that any code which does not include the world view is only half ethical, that "righteousness and good will apply to nations as well as to individuals," aiding in the development of not only an international mind but a world conscience.

Unlike other nations, we are not without a working model, a familiar model afforded by our own personal experience, which, when applied and backed by an international police force, would solve this world problem. The cause of world federalism must in essentials and principles be like our early union of the thirteen separate, independent, sovereign American colonies.

The issue is clean-cut, shall the program of this country be "might is right," or "right is might?" It is quite probable that the coming of peace in Europe may bring entirely different conditions. Besides the economic disorganizations at home the Germans will find suddenly the walls now separating them from other nations torn entirely down. What will the men who compose these armies do when their most exalted rulers call the game off and order them back to face the devastated conditions which will meet them? Will they be different from the men who have composed similar armies in the past?

Would a defeated German army, for example, go quietly back, each man to whatever employment his Kaiser might find for him and begin again to make ready for the day when another monarch might send his children forth in another effort to make his nation dominant and to enhance world power?

Or will not the old systems be in serious danger of breaking down under the weight of the burdens now piling up? These are questions which the future will find hard to evade and must eventually answer.

It is to be hoped that society will readjust itself to the new conditions. Suffice it to say, tomorrow is going to be radically different from the yesterday which we lived. The change is being made today.

We all realize a vast amount of the tragedy of the world is due to the fact that men do not equip themselves to meet the things that are coming but rather the things that have already past. Nations as well as individuals must look into the future. As Dr. Jefferson, the pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., says: "Crises come in the history of the world, and only the nation prepared stands. Doors into new epochs open and only the nations which are ready go in."

Europe is today weltering in a caldron of blood because she was not prepared to keep peace, instead she was trained for war. For a generation, Europe has called upon her young men to fight sham battles, now they fight in earnest on land and sea.

If America then is to be the peacemaker of the world she cannot afford to follow Europe's example, for it has been demonstrated that the way of Europe leads to death.

Certainly, no matter what the object of military preparedness may be, nations will fight as long as they load themselves with battle weapons. The word for the day is not "To arms" but "Justice."

Our preparedness advocates tell us that we prepare only for defense. When, therefore, we proceed to increase our military and navel budgets and to push our war preparation beyond anything known in our history, just now when all of Europe's defense is about to go up in smoke and flame, we clearly declare to all the world that some of our neighbors are not to be trusted; we want to get a step ahead of them; we are afraid that unless we arm to the teeth against them they will at their first opportunity rob us of our possessions and we believe stab us in the dark.

What happens? Expressing so emphatically our suspicions of them, they become increasingly suspicious of us, and as they desire nothing but peace and justice they begin to arm for defense. Thus we see the falsity of the philosophy of preparation.

We realize human nature is inflammable, and that terrific explosions have occurred and may occur again and for that reason we are eager that our government should suppress every possible means of ditching America like Europe.

So, in conclusion, I say, let the armies of construction go forward. As the bugle call to battle resounds through the Eastern hemisphere, let a higher call be heard in the Western half. Let us have visions to see beyond the clouds of the present into a future which nothing but our own blindness and thick-headedness can obscure.

As a writer in the *Craftsman* has written: "Real patriotism prefers the laying of water mains and building of schools for the living to the digging of graves for the dead."

Sonnet

X X

REVIEW those scenes where once
Thou loved to wander in by-gone days,
Where in life's fresh bloom,
Youth, the happy hours sped.
And there 'waken in thy breast
A power that strangely sways
Thy maturer wisdom. Gloom
Descends, weariness and loss,
A vague foreboding whispers,
That thy adventurous tread
Hath already desecrated
Those emotions that are sacred
Things to youth. Ghosts arise
With haunted eyes, beseech thee, go.

The Trials (?) of a Twin

Alice Smith

“**W**AY I SEE you a moment in my office, Richard?” The Commandant’s steely voice sounded unusually cold and awe-inspiring as he uttered those words of doom. The Commandant usually sealed a fellow’s doom when he called him into his office.

A crowd of boys were with Dick when he received this sentence and you may be sure that they weren’t very anxious to change boots with him. They each had enough coming to him through his own pranks without taking Dick’s for him. But then they felt sorry for Dick—he was such a jolly good fellow and they wished that he hadn’t got caught at what he’d been up to—but even they didn’t know what it was. Jack Van Arsdon, Dick’s twin brother, was with the crowd and he and several others immediately set out for town to get some “eats” to tempt poor Dick’s appetite. Not that it would need much tempting, though, Dick wasn’t noted for being anemic, but then, they knew he’d get hungry—in coventry for about a week with nothing but bread and milk.

And in the meantime Dick had followed the Commandant with knees trembling. What on earth had he done? His mind went back and reviewed everything he had done since he had entered, the scarest of the “Fresh’s” he thought.

“Please be seated.” Mechanically Dick sat down, but still his thoughts ran on. It must have been when he set the fire-alarm and had the whole school in an uproar in the middle of the night. But, oh no, it couldn’t have been that. None of the faculty could have possibly known that he did it, for he was sure that he was the most innocent looking victim of all. But, oh, another light dawned. They must have found out that he was the one who put the frogs in old “Crabby’s” bed. Yet that was ages ago. Try as he might, Dick could think of nothing

he had done recently to make "the old man" look so sullen and glum—not that he ever looked especially facetious, though—Dick's mind had almost refused to work any more—yes, he had smiled at Dot the other day—such an awful crime.—

"Well, Mr. Van Arsdén, I'm very sorry to have to confront you with all of these misdemeanors," he held a slip in his hand, "but you were seen slipping a package to some one in coventry yesterday."

"Why—"

"Don't interrupt, please. You are aware that that is positively against orders."

"But, Captain—"

"Silence—not a word until I finish."

"Gee," thought Dick, "he's on the wrong track, all right, and yet I'm led to the guillotine without the right of saying a word."

The Commandant continued, "You have also been reported by the teachers as failing in all your work and seeming not at all concerned about it."

"That's funny," thought Dick, "I'm sure I don't stand exactly at the foot of any of my classes." And that was very true, too, for he was very near head in all of his classes. Not that he owed this to any special exercise on his part, but Dick was naturally bright and could learn in ten minutes what took some fellows hours. Then Dick saw it all. They had him mixed up with Jack. He remembered now that Jack had carried something down to Tom the night before and he was also plainly aware of the fact that Jack never cracked a book and never knew a lesson. Reprimands seemed to be like water on a duck's back when poured on Jack.

The Commandant continued, "Now, if it were your brother Jack, it wouldn't seem so incongruous, but you, a Senior, should set an example for the younger boys and—"

Then Dick laughed—right in the presence of the Dread of the school. It was so funny, taking *him* for Jack.

"I'm glad you find it funny."

"But it is. Don't you see? You *all* think I am Jack." Then suddenly realizing that he was telling on Jack, he added confusedly—"Oh, no—I mean—You see"—

And then the Commandant laughed, "Oh, yes, I see. But don't worry about Jack. Of course, I know you didn't tell on him purposely and I'll not punish him for what I learned accidentally—and you—well, could you go home with me to supper tonight? I really want you."

"Why, yes, sir, I'd be delighted," Dick managed he gasp out. He was stupified. And so they passed through the campus in good companionship and met Dick with an arm full of packages.

Dick took a step towards his stupified brother and said with a broad wink, "Thanks, old boy, but never mind the 'eats.' Keep 'em for yourself—and, say, it's jolly good fun being a twin."

You and I

G. A.

WE ROAM the hills together
In the glorious spring weather,
You and I,
And we gather wild flowers
From shady woodland bowers
Refreshed by April showers,
You and I.

I wish that we might ever
Roam o'er the hills together,
You and I.
But soon these happy hours
Will fade like woodland flowers—
Then will break these hearts of ours,
Yours and mine.

The First Easter Lily

Charlotte Crawly

ONCE UPON A TIME, years and years ago, there lived a simple shepherd. Now, this shepherd had heard wonderful stories of a great Teacher in a distant country, and he wished to learn more about him that he might understand him better.

One day, while the shepherd was watching his sheep, he saw a strange figure coming over the hill toward him. As it came nearer, he recognized the old witch who lived in the community.

"Good morning, friend," said the hag.

"Good morning," answered the shepherd.

"Why art thou looking so serious this beautiful day?"

"I was thinking," replied the shepherd, "how much I would like to learn more of the wonderful Teacher of whom I hear so much. But alas! I have no means of doing so."

"I can help thee," responded the witch.

"Pray thee do, friend."

Lifting her shawl, the old woman disclosed a small, dark brown bulb buried in a rock which had been hollowed out and filled with soil.

"This," she said, "I have been keeping for just such a person as you. And this," said she, filling a tiger skin bottle from the brook near by, will help the bulb in its work. And last of all my gifts is a skin of a black goat which will keep the bulb warm and dark until it begins to awake. As you begin to understand the great Teacher, the bulb will become beautiful and more beautiful." With these words, she suddenly disappeared and left the shepherd gazing in bewilderment at his gift.

The next day he sold his sheep and bought him a camel and such provisions as he needed for his weary journey across the desert. Before sunrise the following day, he started to the distant land.

About noon, he discovered something at a little distance from him. When he came near he saw that it was a

human being. On alighting, he found that the man was a Jew and, by his dress, a citizen of Jerusalem. The poor Jew was perishing of thirst. The shepherd looked at his bottle of water. What was he to do? He could not let the poor Jew lie there and die—yet he dared not give away the precious water. At last, however, he opened the bottle and gave the dying man drink. Finally, the Jew recovered, and opened his eyes, whereupon, the shepherd placed him upon the camel.

They had journeyed only a few yards, when the shepherd beheld the brown bulb no longer an ugly dark mass, but a lovely green plant.

The next day, the travelers found a poor camel lying groaning by the wayside.

"Poor beast," said the Jew, "when I left you here I had no idea of ever seeing you again."

They looked at the camel, and found that he had fallen upon his head twisting his neck in such a way that it was badly sprained. The shepherd thought a moment about his goat skin. With some reluctance, he took it, and bandaged the spain so skillfully that camels have had long, hairy necks ever since. Soon the Jew mounted his camel and started on his way once more.

When the shepherd started on his journey again, he was much surprised to find the green plant very tall and with many more leaves than it had previously had.

At the end of a fortnight the shepherd arrived at Jerusalem.

"Will you show me the way to the great Teacher?" he asked of the first man he met.

"Have you not heard? He was crucified two days ago, and his body now lies in the tomb of Joseph of Aramathea."

The shepherd's heart sank. Were all his hopes in vain?

"Come, I will show you the way to the tomb," said the stranger.

When the sad couple reached the garden they found it barren, as it had been newly made and the vegetation was undeveloped.

The poor shepherd was in the act of placing his precious plant by the entrance of the tomb, that it might beautify

the place somewhat, when he discovered to his astonishment that the stone was rolled away. The two men softly entered the tomb, and there they saw an angel with smiling face and flowing white robes.

"We came to see the face of the Great Teacher," said the shepherd.

"He is not here, he is risen," answered the angel.

Just then it happened that the shepherd glanced at his plant. It was a beautiful white flower.

"Ah!" he murmured, "just as the Great Teacher has come from the brown earth, pure and clean, and just as he is too great for my understanding, so thou hast come from the brown bulb and so art thou beyond my understanding. May many people see thee and love thy purity."

So, once a year, on Easter Sunday, we see the lovely white lily. For this is the origin of the Easter lily.

+ + + Book Review + + +

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

THE *Tale of Two Cities* is one of the more tragic productions of the later life of Dickens. Before giving this book to a class as parallel reading the pupils should know something about the life of Dickens and his usual style and treatment of his novels. This is the only instance of deliberate departure from the method of treatment which had been the source of his popularity as a novelist. Heretofore he had relied more upon character than on incident and had let his actors express themselves by dialogue rather than be expressed by the story. The merit of this book lies elsewhere than in human and remarkable figures. Though it is full of sadness it is full also of enthusiasm.

It is necessary for the students to know that Dickens never understood the Continent; that to him London was the center of the universe. He knew practically nothing about Paris. Yet his description of the city he did not know is almost better than his description of the city he did know. Only through this can we understand what a really remarkable thing he did in the *Tale of Two Cities*.

It would be interesting for the students to know that Dickens was inspired to the study of the French Revolution and to the writing of the romance about it by the example of Carlyle. Carlyle had searchingly and carefully studied the French Revolution and was acquainted with France. Dickens had collected his ideas from the people on the streets and was an Englishman who knew nothing about France. Yet Dickens' French Revolution is more true than Carlyle's. By studying the difference in the two stories of the French Revolution we can trace the difference in the characters of the two authors also. Chesterton

says, "That Carlyle was a perfect type of the grumbling servant who followed the aristocracy, but Dickens was the type of the man who might really have rebelled instead of grumbling." Dickens knew less of the Revolution but he had more of it in him. He did not make the Revolution itself a tragedy as Carlyle did. "All the real tragedies are silent." He knew that a rebellion is seldom a tragedy—usually it is the avoidance of tragedy.

From the very beginning we are made to feel the spirit of the impending Revolution. In the first chapter he creates an atmosphere of mystery foreboding evil. The chapter about the broken wine cask especially is an important episode and is significant in that it foreshadows the Revolution. We have especially fine literary touches in the destruction of the Chateau and the description of Tellesen's Bank of the Coins.

We note Dickens' method of dealing with the period of the time from such types of character as Monsieur le Marquis, Monsieur Defarge and The Vengeance. Sidney Carton is the hero of the story. He is the only character that shows change and development in action. The sin of Sidney Carton is a sin of habit, not of Revolution. He is a real character that undergoes a complete change. He is never so happy as he is when dying. "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

The closing of the story, the execution of Sidney Carton, is well managed. It is told in a short and simple manner, the most effective way possible.

In William Lyon Phelps' "Genius of Dickens" he says: "Bigness of Dickens' heart, its great throbbing love and sympathy are the most obvious and salient characteristics of his books. They are obsessed by religious and moral forces. Take Christianity and immortality out of Dickens' and his fire straightway becomes ashes." The moral grasp of a novelist is shown in his attitude toward his characters. Tolstoi said, "That an artist need not write a book with a moral purpose, least of all with the main object of enforcing some particular truth that might be

dear to him, but his attitude towards his own characters should always be absolutely clear." The attitude of Dickens towards his characters, though sometimes unnecessarily evident, was always clear. Dickens saw a various humanity of a great group of people who had never been adequately portrayed in literature, and for love of humanity in them and with freedom of humor he brought them within the range of art without the self-consciousness of a reformer who makes his characters preach for him instead of letting life teach its own lessons. The student who does not read and study Dickens loses a great deal of the wealth of literature.

—*Ruth Hankins.*

Only a Frail White Hyacinth

Madeline Warburton, '16

ONLY a frail white hyacinth,
Dropped beside the way,
Trodden by passing footfalls,
To wither and decay.

Only two waxy white blossoms,
On a bruised and withered stem,
But the perfume was there, the soul of the flower;
And it had a message for men.

A wanderer sad, with an aching heart,
Passed along that way.
His soul had been lonely, and weary, and worn
With sorrows for many a day.

His eyes were turned from the skies above;
And fixed on the path at his feet.
He could not see the great heavens wide,
But he saw—the frail flower, so sweet.

He stooped, without thought, and picked it up.
Its fragrance some message bore,
His heart grew lighter; his soul looked up;
And he saw the skies as of yore.

A smile crept over his saddened face;
A light gleamed from his eye.
“Little flower,” he whispered, “you a truth unfold:
Though crushed, the soul can not die.”

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ **Sketches** ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

CECELIA AT THE ORGAN

Sunday afternoon as I was in church listening to Miss Ross play that wonderful organ, I would think about her as Cecelia. Everything was in tune with the music. The organ recitals were always in late afternoon when for beautiful tranquil thoughts Nature was most suggestive, That glow of the passing day shining through the windows, the wonderful beauty and solemnity of the church, the passionate, yet calm responsiveness of the audience was all in keeping with the music of the hour.

What mellow harmony! a soft adagio
 Of tones that blend and hold the earthly ear
 As those celestial sounds held angels' ears!
 What contemplation and repose portrayed
 In every graceful line, on every shade!
 The player in the thoughtful leisure hour
 Before her instrument, permits anon
 Unguided fingers press the sweet voiced keys,
 Her spirit on an humble pilgrimage
 To heaven's gates beholds them open wide.
 The world below is left to nurse its care,
 Cecelia's eye, her calm and gentle brow
 And peaceful lips, tranquility declare;
 Her sweet and contemplative pose bespeaks
 A vision past the stars, a silent prayer.
 The peace that passes knowledge surely finds
 The cherubim anear, whose baby lips
 Frame dimpled smiles of perfect purity,
 Her soul-inspired rhapsody is filled
 With added sweet—perfumed with roses fresh
 With dew from far Elysian bowers, brought thence
 And dropped by cherub hands to grace,
 On earth, unearthly harmony.—*Ruth Hankins.*

THE "BETTER BABY"

"Honey chile, don't you worry if you haid ain't covered over wif cy'ly locks." Uncle Josh comforted the little girlie, "Ef you jes ac's half as purty as you looks, you be doin' alright kase, don' you know, 'pretty is as pretty does'."

After pausing a few moments he continued, "Yessir, hit's jes lak I be'n tellin' you. It was long, long time ago—yes, I 'members it all de same. De animals up in de Big Woods was gettin' powerful p'ogressive—O honey, neber you min' what dat word mean; dey was gettin' dat way all the samey;— an' dey 'cided as how they'd have er 'Better Babies' corntes' an' have Mr. Man for the jedge.

"Lots er the ladies was jes nachilly tickled to death to get ter show off their child'ens. Old Missy Lion she up an' say, 'Well I neber. You don't need no corntes' to let you know dat *my* baby is de bes.' 'The ide, Mis' Lion, you kno's wery well dat my child is de more beautifuller,' say Mis' Tiger. And dat's jes de way dey all went jiratin' roun', till 'long comes little Mis' Dog and she so modest all she say is, 'I know you'se babies is more prettier en mine kase it ain't got no stripes er spots er sich but I lubs my baby jes er same, kase it's so good ter me an' to Mr. Man too, an' Mr. Man, he lubs my baby kase it helps him, so it do.'

"De days come and de days go an' a'ter while come de day for der 'Better Babies Corntes' and Mr. Man he wen' his way towa'd de show groun' and 'gan to look over the crap of younguns. Cou'se all de kids was dolled up in der glad rags and lookin' pow'ful pe'rt an' he smiles an' bow at 'em all.

"Then come time fer him ter cas' his vote an' he look f'om one to t'other fer a long time. then up and say, 'Well, dear frien's, you axes me ter say which is der bestes' baby an' I tell yer, it 'is hard ter do with all des here fine lookin' youngsters. But,' says he, 'bein's as looks don't count fo' ebery thin' I reckon as how I'll have to say as how I thinks Baby Dog is 'bout the very bestes' baby sence he allays be'n known as 'man's best frien'.'" —*Helen Gray.*

A TRANSFORMATION

Come, take a peep into "129" this bright Monday morning before breakfast. Horrors! What a room! The chairs, tables and beds seem to be dancing the "fox trot" or else "hesitating" as to whether they were meant for ordinary use or as a convenient place to catch everything that comes their way. Evidently it's the latter use for which they were intended. There are books on the bed, pillows on the chairs, and as for the table—words fail us for that, for it's a veritable "surprise-packet." You can put in your thumb and pull out—anything from "Vergil" to hair-curlers. Indeed, you will have to stand on a chair and your "tip-toes" too, to see over this collection of curiosities gathered from all parts of the—room. The dresser is concealed under boudoir caps, writing material, infirmity excuses, orange peel, toilet accessories and pictures, and on the summit of the conglomeration the waste-basket tilts at a dangerous angle. The remains of a mayonnaise feast repose on the radiator while on the trunks are an empty olive jar, a bottle of ink, a vase of flowers, and Tennyson's "Princess." What wonderful being could bring order out of such chaos?

Behold, however, the room at 9.00 a. m., and view the work of her whose week it is to sweep. Could you have believed it? But listen, a Presence approaches, and to us, waiting with bated breath, the verdict comes with the boom of a stentorian voice, "Some souvenirs under the bed this morning?"

—*Thelma Parker.*

+ + + + **Alumnæ** + + + +

The Fourth Congressional District of the Virginia State Teachers' Association met in the Auditorium of the State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia, March 16, 17, 18, 1916. Many interesting and instructive addresses were made including those made by several of our own faculty—Mr. J. M. Grainger, Miss Fanny Dunn, Mr. Thomas D. Eason, and Dr. Milledge, and those of many excellent speakers and teachers throughout this district.

The program of the meeting was as follows:

Opening Session, Normal School Auditorium, Thursday March 16, 8 o'clock p. m.

Invocation—Rev. Graham Lambeth, D. D., Pastor Methodist Church.

Addresses of Welcome—Mayor H. E. Barrow, President J. L. Jarman, Supt. P. Tulane Atkinson.

Address—Hon. R. C. Stearnes, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Address—Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, Superintendent Richmond Public Schools.

Friday Morning.—Observation of Teaching in the Farmville High School and the Training School of the State Normal School.

9.00-10.30—The teaching in the Training School was done by the Supervising or Critic teachers, in the Public School by the regular grade teachers. This teaching was planned to serve as a basis for the discussion which followed in the auditorium at 10.30.

Normal School Auditorium—10.30—General Topic—Much of our instruction in the classroom is not teaching but testing. Too much of the pupil's reaction to the

teacher's efforts consists in hunting through his storehouse of memorized text material for a ready-made answer to the teacher's questions. Are we equipping the pupil to meet the new situation for which he has no ready-made solution? The following discussed this question:

For the Primary Grades—Miss Minnie Lee Davis,
Primary Supervisor, Richmond Schools.

11.30—Training School Assembly, Third Grade—Miss Emery, Supervisor.

12.00—Above Discussion Continued.

For the Rural School—Miss Fannie W. Dunn, Head
Rural Arts Course, State Normal School, Farmville.

2.00-3.00—Motor Trip to Hampden-Sidney College.

3.00 p. m.—Normal School Auditorium—General Topic.—It appears that the High Schools of the rural districts in Virginia and to a certain extent those of the small towns are doing little to serve the interests of the communities in which they are located. The course usually given prepares for college or leaves those who are not going to college with little of practical value when related to their life needs in their own communities. In some instances it is questioned if certain high schools are not a real menace to the community they serve in inducing many of the most capable boys and girls to seek other fields where, perhaps, their education will function. Approximately 90 per cent of the total number of pupils enrolled in our high schools are not destined to enter higher institutions of learning. Are we giving them what they need?

Discussion: Prof. J. H. Binford, Supervisor of Rural Schools for the State of Virginia.

“Rural Club Work—a Source for Real Problems”—Prof. Charles G. Burr, Extension Lecturer Farmville Normal, and County Demonstrator Prince Edward County.

Talks postponed from the Friday morning meeting:

Mr. F. M. Martin, Superintendent Petersburg Public Schools.

"The European War"—A source of motivated problems in History and Geography—Dr. F. A. Milledge.

Friday, 7.30 p. m., Auditorium.

"Economy in Education"—Mr. Harris Hart, Superintendent Roanoke Schools.

9.00 p. m.—Clifford Devereux and Company in "The Comedy of Errors."

11.00.—Reception—State Normal School.

Saturday Morning, 9.00:

"Vital English in the Elementary Grades"—Prof. J. M. Grainger, State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia.

"Elementary Science in the Public School," Prof. T. D. Eason, State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia.

Business session.

Adjournment.

Of the hundred and seventy-five teachers who came to this meeting, many were S. N. S. alumnae, and we were glad to welcome them back to the old school. To those of the visitors who were not alumnae we wish to say that we were glad to know you. Though we were not formally introduced, the little "Fourth District Teachers' Association" ribbon made us feel that we were acquainted with each other. If it were not selfish in us to say it we would like to nominate Farmville as the gathering place for all future meetings, but of course we cannot rob others of the pleasure.

The following S. N. S. alumnae attended the meeting:

Alice Clarke, Mary Berger, Lula Berger, Leth Duncanson, Moffet Willard, Louise Ford, Katherine Carter, Vivian Gwaltney, Ruth Harding, Pearl Justice, Annie Meyers, Ruth Percival, Mary Sterling Smith, Mary Savage, Marjorie Thompson, and Mary Cary Taylor.

THE FOCUS

VOL. VI

FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1916

NO. 2

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

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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

Seniors, do you realize that we have only two more months of school? I fear some of you are saying right now, "Yes, and I'm thankful for that!" And yet, when we think of it, way down deep in our hearts, are we really as glad as we pretend? We have had a good time together for two years, indeed some of us have spent three, four, and even five years here and enjoyed every moment of the time. Of course we have had our "blue Mondays," but they vanished as quickly as they came. Two lines from the operetta, "An Afternoon in Spain," keep running through my mind as I recall our jolly times:

"Light hearted and gay, o'er all the way,
We warble a melody clear."

However, our days have not all been fun and foolishness. There is a time for work and a time for play as our class knows full well. This has been a year of revolution at the Normal—and hence, one of progress. At the first of the year the spirit of reformation set in among the Literary Societies and we found a new set of bidding rules the outcome. Higher standards have been established for other organizations, which allow them to be of more

benefit to the school at large. But the movement showing the greatest amount of progress was that taken by the student body when the girls, willingly sacrificing their own personal pleasures, passed the rule prohibiting visiting during study hour. Such a regulation places more responsibility on the honor of every girl and thus relieves to a certain extent the already too heavily burdened Student Government officers.

Now, girls, after accomplishing what we have, do you think we should allow the ties, established during these years, to be broken when we leave in June? You will all, to a girl, say, "No!" Then let us prove it; for we can, in so many ways, prove that the love for our alma mater is lasting and true. By subscribing to *The Focus*, by aiding the Normal League in its great work, by becoming an active member of the Alumnae Association, and by returning at commencement time for every alumnae year, we shall be made to feel that we are still a vital part of the school. Seniors, realizing this, shall we not show that we know how to do our part in the "up-keep" of the Normal? Yes, we shall; so since 1917 is alumnae year let's have a roll call meeting of the class of '16.

—Helen Gray.

April is here and now we Seniors will soon leave the walls of our dear old Normal School. Every one of us feel that our school days to a certain extent are over, but we shall look back on them with pleasure and feel that in every phase of school life our work has been rewarded.

We are to have a Field Day April 14, and on this day we want our Seniors to do the things that they have always done on Field Day, and enjoy the reputation of being a strong class at school. We have in our class good material and on this day we want to show it to the others. In order to do this, girls, it means co-operation, and not only for one, two or three afternoons but the entire time from now until Field Day, and, Seniors, don't forget that with your own determination and the support of your classmates (for you have the support of one hundred and

twenty-five girls), that the Seniors of 1916 are going to have the best show and the best results that can be hoped for.

—*President Senior Class.*

U. D. C.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy offer the following scholarships:

Vassar College.....	Board and tuition
Washington and Lee.....	Board and tuition
University of Pa.....	Free tuition in academic course
Alice Bristol.....	Board and tuition
University of N.C.....	Free tuition
University of Va.....	Free tuition in academic course

Scholarships to Vassar College and Washington and Lee are awarded by competitive examination, held from June 19 to 24.

All applicants must be at least 17 years of age, must give promise of robust health, must be able to pass the entrance examination of the college for which they apply, must give suitable proof of their inability to pay for their education, must be the lineal descendant of a Confederate veteran, must be endorsed by the President of the Division and Chairman of Committee on Education of their State.

All applications must be sent to Mrs. Yates McAlpine Wilson, Portsmouth, Va., by May 3, 1916.



✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ Exchanges ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Perhaps one of the cleverest and most creditable exchanges we welcome to our desk is *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*. This issue contains some exceedingly good articles. But it seems to be deficient along the line of school notes and the humorous department. Do you not think that some of the happenings of your school and also some humor would contribute much towards making your magazine a much brighter and more attractive one? We heartily congratulate the author of "Diplomatic Negotiations Leading up to the Present European War." This article is intelligently written, showing a deep and intensive study of the subject. "The Violin" is a very interesting story and it is well worked out, although the plot is a little weak in that it does not seem quite natural for so cold and indifferent a man as this great financier to be melted so easily. The story is a very true picture of many a home in which the husband becomes so engrossed in the making of the almighty dollar that he does not have time for the higher and nobler things that really count most in his life. "You, too, Warner!" deserves mention. The author succeeded in producing a typical Southern negro character in "Joe." The portrayal of the characters far surpasses the plot of the story. "The Light in the Window" is a good story. It brings us a beautiful thought. The magazine on a whole deserves special praise.

We have read *The Chathamite* from cover to cover with much pleasure. It seems a rather difficult proposition to decide which of the articles deserves the highest praise for they are all worthy of mention. Your literary department shows an unusual amount of literary talent

on the part of your contributors. Taking the magazine as a whole it seems to embody all that is necessary to make a successful school magazine.

A short but snappy little magazine which come to us is *The Record*. This magazine makes a very pleasing appearance and the departments are well balanced, though we believe the literary department could be improved. "Joan of Arc" is an interesting essay and one of general literary interest.

It is with pleasure that we come to *The Southern Collegian*. The literary work of this magazine is of such a quality that does credit to your school. The contributions show great talent for writing both prose and poetry, for the poems in the magazine do by no means lower the standard. However, the fault of *The Southern Collegian* is that it contains no school news. In a school of such rare literary ability we should like to know something of its activities and organizations. While we do not doubt from reading your magazine that yours is an active and wide awake school, yet, if you printed the school news this fact could be more readily seen and such a department would add greatly to the interest of your magazine.

We acknowledge receipt of *The Tattler*, *Hollins Magazine*, *Lemon and Black*, *The Stampede*, and *The Bayonet*.

✦ ✦ ✦ Here and There ✦ ✦ ✦

The Senior Class of 1916 thought it advisable for the school to have a uniform ring for all full graduates and one was adopted by the present Junior and Senior Classes.

The design is the seal of Virginia on a shield, with an open book at the top and the numerals of the year on each side of the ring.

We have found this plan to work admirably well for something new, and by the support of the coming Seniors we think it will become standardized until degrees are conferred.

However, we hope that *these Senior* rings will be as dear to the coming Seniors as they have been to the Class of 1916.

The cast of the Junior play think they are "some pun-kins" for they have presented "Breezy Point" at Armstrong School House and Bethlehem School since its production in the auditorium in February. On the latter trip they spurned the humble vehicles of the country folk and were transported in regular Fords. Ask them how the last automobile *happened* to break down just around the bend from Hampden-Sidney.

The Church Life Conference was held for the first time at the State Normal School on March 10-12. The leaders were: Miss Katherine Mallory, representing the Baptist Church; Mrs. George H. Oliver, representing the Christian Church; Deaconess Williams, representing the Episcopal Church; Mrs. Lee Britt, representing the Methodist Church; and Misses Branch Binford and Lucy Allen, representing the Presbyterian Church.

The purpose of this conference was to give to the girls a broader view of church life in their own denominations and also in the various denominations of the world.

We had as a visitor this month Mr. Buchanan, one of our first trustees of the Normal School, and also Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia at that time. He was visiting here from Arkansas State Normal. We enjoyed having him with us.

On Friday, the 17th, The Devereux Company presented "The Comedy of Errors" in the auditorium. It was very pleasing and much enjoyed by the large crowd which attended.

The new Cabinet officers of Y. W. C. A. were installed Wednesday night, the 8th, with the candle service. They are as follows: President, Mary Ellen White; Vice-President, Thelma Wills; Recording Secretary, Sue Ayres; Treasurer, Lillian Mickle; Corresponding Secretary, Irvine Blanton; Librarian, Shanon Morton; Chairman Systematic Giving Committee, Esther Covington; Chairman Devotional Committee, Conway Howard; Chairman Music Committee, Laura Meredith; Chairman Social Committee, Elsie Bagby; Chairman Social Service Committee, Lizzie Clements; Chairman Missionary Committee, Ruth Blanton; Chairman Bible Study Committee, Jonnie Hiner; Chairman Morning Watch Committee, Margaret Alexander; President Student Government, Marie Noell (ex-officio member).

The French Club met in the club room Monday, March 18. The officers elected for the new term were as follows: President, Ruth Robinson; Vice-President, Lillian Obenshain; Treasurer, Laura Meredith; Secretary, Ruth Gregory; Reporter, Louise Bondurant.

The second Inter-Society Debate between the Jefferson and Ruffner Debating Societies was held Friday, March 18, in the auditorium.

The subject was, "Resolved: That Virginia should have a State wide compulsory education law, compelling all children between the ages of eight and fourteen to attend school at least twelve weeks out of every school year."

The affirmative was upheld by Misses Madeline Warburton and Juliett Mayo of the Ruffner Society, and the negative, by Misses Gertrude Criser and Dreama Chambers of the Jefferson Society.

The decision was in favor of the affirmative. Judges, Miss Dunn, Mr. Coyner, and Mr. Grainger.

Miss Zaidee Smith, the first Editor-in-Chief of *The Focus*, who is now teaching in the Portsmouth High School, was here on March 24, visiting her sister who is a student in the school.

On Friday evening, March 10, the Glee Club presented its annual "Spring Festival" before a large and appreciative audience. This operetta, "An Evening in Spain," was the Glee Club's star performance. It was enjoyed from the minute the first note of the triangle was heard until the curtain came down and hid from view the beautiful lady from America, the joy-loving Spanish maidens, the band of grape-gatherers and the troupe of gipsies. The success of this *Big* show was due to the genius of its worthy director, Miss Christine E. Munoz.

The program was as follows:

PROGRAM

Characters

Margaret, a young lady from America	Marie Noell	
Lola	} of the band of Grape-gatherers {	
Inez		M. Barnes
Dolores		Ethel Surface
Zerlina	} of the troupe of Gipsies {	
Esmeralda		Myrtle Dunton
Chorus of Grape-gatherers.	Nancy Lewis	
Chorus of Gipsies.		

Orchestra of Castanets, Tambourines, and Triangles.

Scene: A vineyard.

Time: The forenoon, progressing to the evening of the same day.

Musical Numbers

1. Introduction and Chorus....."Of Spain we Sing"
Lola, Inez and Grape-gatherers
2. Song....."The Maid of Geroña"
Lola
3. Recitative....."Tis well with Those"
Inez
4. Chorus with Solo....."Soft as the Music"
Lola and Grape-gatherers
5. Semi-chorus....."The Noontide Sun"
Grape-gatherers
6. Song....."My Own United States"
Margaret
7. Dance.....The Gipsy Children
8. Dance.....Esmeralda
9. Chorus....."Here come the Gipsies"
10. Song with Chorus....."The Fortune Teller"
Esmeralda and Gipsies
11. Recitative....."My Mother When a Girl"
Margaret
12. Solo....."Gipsy Legend"
Zerlina
13. Song....."Rockin' in de Win' "
Margaret
14. Duet....."See all Around"
Lola and Dolores
15. Chorus....."The Sun now Gilds the West"
Grape-gatherers
16. Chorus with solo....."Fair Speed the Wind"
Margaret, Grape-gatherers and Gipsies
17. Chorus.....Grape-gatherers and Gipsies

The "Spree Club" took off the Glee Club Saturday night, the 18th, in a burlesque called "An Evening in Pain."

The program was as follows:

Characters

Maggie, an American Lady.....	Liz Clements
Coca Cola } of the Prune Pluckers	{ J. Daniel
Doughnut }	{ Sallie P. Rawlings

Esmeralda, of Dago Troupe..... Marie Brinkley
 Spaghetti, Serenader Dorsey Dodd
 Dago Kid..... Martha Spencer
 Chorus of Prune Pluckers
 Chorus of Dagoes.

Scene: In a vegetable garden.

Musical Numbers

1. Introduction and Chorus..... "Of Pain We Sing"
2. Chorus..... "Big Night To-night"
3. Solo—"Maid of Bologna" Coca Cola
4. Chorus..... "Bologna, We Love You"
5. Chorus..... "Carry Me Back to Normal School"
6. Solo—"Sing me to Sleep with a Lullaby" ... Spaghetti
7. Solo—"Americano" Maggie
8. Dance..... The Dago Children
9. Dance..... Esmeralda
10. Chorus..... "Tramp Got Up in the Morning"
11. Solo and Chorus.. "Dagoes Can Always the Future
 Foretell."
12. Solo—"Lost Necklace Maggie
13. Chorus..... "Bologna, We Love You"
14. Solo—"Don't you Cry, Ma Honey" Dago Kid
15. Chorus..... "What's Matter with Spree Club"
 Maggie, Prune Pluckers, and Dagoes

Prune Pluckers—Aline Cole, "Peggy" Wonycott, "Kid"
 Abbitt, Margaret Butler, Sallie P. Rawlings, Nell Seabury.

Dagoes—Hattie Robertson, Ouida Jackson, "Bobs"
 Jackson, "Dug" Arthur, Irene Hunter, Willie Harris,
 Lena Cohen, Doris Porter, Mary Brinkley, Julia Phillips,
 Pattie Buford.

Dago Children—Martha Spencer, Tom Gleaves, Ellen
 Lash, Ethel Willie, Lena Somers, Amelia Bain.

Tangerine Girls—Doris Porter, Julia Phillips, Mary
 Brinkley, "Dug" Arthur.

Castanet Dummies—Willie Harris, Jess Kellam, Irene
 Hunter, Pattie Buford.

Tinglers—Dorsey Dodd, Marie Price, Helen Cahill,
 Elsie Bagby.

At the Piano—Maggie McPeak.

Ushers—Lois Smoot, Nora Strohecker, "Bébé" Wainwright.

Director—(Eugenia) "Jitney" Lundie.

The four Literary Societies have decided to join together in giving their Spring Open Meetings and present a Shakespearean play. They have selected "Twelfth Night" and the cast is as follows:

Orsino.....	Mary Ellen White
Sir Toby Belch.....	Frances Stover
Sebastian.....	Marion Linton
Antonio.....	Gillian Walker
Sea Captain.....	Gladys Duncan
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Ruth Robinson
Malvolio.....	Dorsey Dodd
Valentine.....	Frances Moomaw
Curio.....	Lena Cohn
Fabian.....	Lena Somers
Feste, the Clown.....	Pattie Buford
Olivia.....	Joe Daniel
Viola.....	Laura Kice
Maria.....	LeClair King

This play will be given the last of April or first of May.

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

Who said this was not an age of sages?
The Class of 1916 boasts of an "Aristotle"!!!

The Seniors are greatly indebted to Miss Blain for the discovery of a new method to insure the beauty of their complexions for commencement.

Beauty Parlors, White House, Room I.
(Make appointments early.)

Our big brother evidently has realized the sordidness and impossibilities of bachelorhood.

Congratulations from his little sisters!

The Senior Class can never go broke, for they always have their *Nichols*.

Will the worries of the High School Course turn *Helen Gray*?

If the Normal School were attacked by the Germans we have our "Big Gun."

If "Peggy" Wonycott was late for class would *Irene Hunter*? No, but *Carrie Wood*.

Who said baseball? Now I want you to know there are some cracker-jack baseball players at this school! If you don't believe it come out and see for yourself.

Stop! Look! Listen! Before entering *The Focus* office at recess!

HIS FATE

Boyibus kissibus
 Sweet girliorum;
 Girlibus likibus,
 Wanta some morum.
 Papabus hearibus
 Kissus some morum,
 Kickibus boyibus
 Out of the doorum.

Darkibus nightibus.
 No lightiorum;
 Gateibus climibus,
 Breechesbus torum.

(My *sad* impression of Latin.)

TRUE ENOUGH

"What is the plural of man, Johnny?" asked a teacher of a small pupil.

"Men," answered Johnny.

"Correct," said the teacher. "And what is the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the unexpected reply.—P. Tel.

HELPING HER

One room mate to another—How do you spell "financially?" Other—"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y," and there are two r's in "embarrassed."—H. M.

BEATS TIME

"Time and tide wait for no man," quoted the smart lad. "Yes, but Miss M. can *beat time*," laughed the simple mutt.—L. C. G.

SPECIALIZING

"What is your daughter studying at school?"

"Teaching," replied the farm mistress, "but from the way she keeps reminding me of expenses, I should say it was mostly *arithmetic*."

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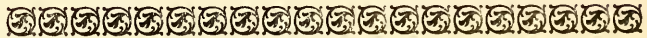
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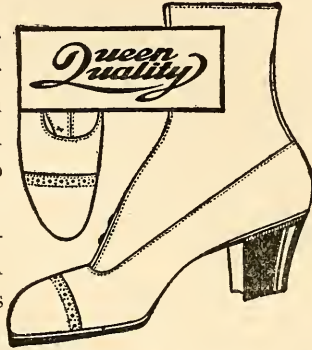
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