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Farmville, Virginia

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A Songster

Ruth Hankins

TREMBLING little songster, light and merry,
Flittering and twittering, ever winging;
Of Heaven scenes and angels singing.
Tell me of your life with sylph and fairy.
Amongst sweet-scented flowers dost thou tarry
In the blushing, leafy bowers swinging?
Comest thou from land where sunshine airy,
In Nature's bowers light is ever flinging?
To earth-born mortals I speak my mission,
Sent from some far off featherly bird-land,
Born of love and beauty, high Heaven's token,
To cheer thee and banish dark winter's contrition
And bid thee weave the varied garland
For sweet Spring, whose beauties God has spoken.

Needles and Pins

"OUCH! my funny-bone," Kenneth scowled as he hit his elbow against a chair. "Funny-bone," scornfully. "It's anything but funny."

He glanched up impatiently as his wife opened the door.

"Won't you come—?" she began, but Kenneth interrupted.

"No, I won't. I'm busy. I've got to get these statements off today," he spoke shortly. "I wish you wouldn't keep ding-donging on me to 'come do this' and 'come do that.' You seem to forget that I have any work to do and that my patients require some of my time."

Mrs. Ralston's face expressed first surprise, then concern and finally plain, unmitigated anger.

"I beg your pardon," she said with elaborate politeness. "I'll try to be more careful in the future." She quietly turned and left the room, closing the door softly.

If she had known that Kenneth's grandmother was a red-headed Scotchwoman she might have forgiven him, for Mrs. Ralston was fully aware of the importance of heredity. If she had known that he had just struck his funny-bone against a chair too near him, she might have over-looked the tirade, for she also understood the inuflence of environment. Even not knowing these important facts, she might have attributed the outburst to dual personality if she had been calmer, but in her present mood such considerations were impossible.

Some time later Kenneth closed his big account book with a bang. "Done at last! And I'm hungry as a bear, too." He glanced at his watch. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "nine o'clock. No wonder I'm hungry."

As he stepped into the hall Mary came forward. "Supper's been ready for some time, sir. I'm afraid everything is cold. Mrs. Ralston told me not to disturb you, sir. She's gone over to Mrs. Dixon's."

Kenneth ate a cold supper alone. "What on earth is the matter with Ruth," he wondered. "Surely she didn't get huffed at what I said. I didn't say anything much. That is—I didn't mean it."

Later when he heard his wife come in he called out, "Oh Ru-u-uth? Want to drive down to Island View with me? I have to run down to see Molly's foot."

"Thank you, Kenneth," she answered, "but I'm tired and think I'll go up and write a few letters and go to bed. Good night."

Kenneth shut his jaws firmly. "She'll find that she's not the only one that can play that game," he declared. "I'll show her that I can be as disagreeable as she." Nobody who saw his face at that time would for a moment have doubted it.

So the days went by. Each was outwardly coldly polite and indifferent and inwardly wretched. There were no more cozy evenings together and what both missed most were the visits to the nursery. Ah! those had been happy days.

Dear little Billykins! He felt that there was something wrong and tried in his childish way to find out about it. They used to have such jolly times. They would play horse and his Daddy got down on the floor and bucked and reared and sometimes threw him off, but his Mother was always near to catch him so he didn't mind. Now they never played together anymore. What was the matter with these grown folks anyway?

One day when he was playing in the yard, piling up little mountains of sand, he was suddenly struck by the most horrible idea. "Could his sweetest, dearest Mother and his biggest, grandest Daddy be ordinary, everyday, *mad* with each other?" He could not believe that such perfect people would do such a thing, and yet—"

His Mother looked up with a smile as he came into the room. "Why what's the matter with my boy?" she asked.

Billy had not yet acquired the grown folks' habit of beating about the bush, but came straight to the point, "Are you mad wif Daddy?"

"Mad with Daddy," Ruth evaded. "What makes you think that?" She was ashamed to tell her little son that it was true. What would he think if she had told him that the two beings he considered perfect were "mad wif each other?"

Billy went to his father with the same question, but got no satisfaction from him. He worried until his parents noticed it and both were heartily sorry for the whole proceedings. Yet not so sorry as obstinate, for each continued to wait for the other to give some sign of repentance.

"Kenneth is just like other men," Ruth thought bitterly, "and I imagined that *our* marriage would be the grand exception to the rule—that *we* would be sweethearts always. And now—after eight years—this. Poor Billy. He's so upset. At least *he* loves me still. I'll go and see him."

At the same time, Kenneth, sitting in his office, threw his medical journal across the room.

"Darn the old thing! What do I care about it. Life's a mess. Poor little Billykins. He looked bum tonight. And I guess I know the trouble, too—and the cure—but it's rather bitter medicine even for a doctor. I can't honorably do it. It's up to Ruth to say the first word."

"Honor!" he laughed scornfully. "Honor! No, the correct word is pride. And I've been trying to live up to Billy's ideal. I believe I'll look in on the little fellow before I go to bed."

So he turned down the hall toward the nursery. Ruth came from her room. They met at the nursery door.

"It's so much cooler tonight," Ruth said in an apoligetic tone, "I thought I'd come and see if Billy had enough cover."

"He looked rather feverish at supper and I thought I'd see if he had a temperature," was Kenneth's rather lame comment.

At the word "feverish" Ruth's eyes widened in fear. She had great faith in her husband's power as a medicine man and was alarmed that he had noticed anything.

They stood together by the bedside while Kenneth took Billy's temperature. When he looked up he met his wife's questioning gaze.

"Is there—?" she hesitated, afraid to continue.

"No," he answered. "Billy's an A-1 number one fellow. He's all right." Kenneth tried to speak lightly but the effort was a failure.

They lingered. "He's like you," Kenneth spoke softly.

"No, he's like you," Ruth answered. "I've always thought so."

"He's like us both. He *is* us—dear." He added the last word under his breath. It was a call to his mate and she responded.

"I was a fool," he said as his arm closed about her. "Forgive me."

"I was wrong, too," she confessed. "We were both too quick-tempered."

Suddenly something down stairs fell with a loud crash.

"What is that? I must go see," Ruth started away.

And he said—Shall I tell you? Well, he held her closer and said, "We should worry."

Going on the Road

Laura Kice

HIS MOTHER had named him Percival because that was his grandfather's name and his great grandfather's and his great, great grandfather's, but while he was still quite young his sister had re-named him the Imp. He was sitting in the window of his father's stable loft and near him was his boon companion and neighbor, Samuel Martin.

"I wisht we could take this here circus on the road."

"Why, this loft is a heap better place to have it in."

"Sam Martin, you are the dummiest boy I ever seen. I don't mean to *have* it in the road. I mean take it to Greggsville or somewhere like that."

"We ain't got the money to get there and anyway we ain't got a wild man and it ain't no sure 'nuff show without a wild man."

"There you go disagreein' with me everything I want to do. We could get a wild man."

"Where you going to get him?"

"We could get that Sissy Willie Harper and put him in with the snake skin and he'd act wild."

"Well, let's go on over to his house now and get him."

They covered up a large soap box containing a small rabbit, hid a snake skin under a pile of hay and, carefully fastening the trap door after them, climbed down the ladder.

Willie Harper was placidly playing in his sand-pile in his own back yard. His yellow mop of hair glistened in the sun and the perspiration rolled down his red but angelic face. His chubby hands moved laboriously as he fashioned a house out of the sand.

The Imp, his hands in his pockets, sauntered towards him.

"What you doin', Willie?"

"Playin'."

Now Willie had two decided characteristics; one being

an abnormal appetite and the other an abnormal amount of curiosity. Knowing this, the Imp maneuvered accordingly.

"Come on over to my house and I'll give you somethin'."

"What?"

"Somethin'."

"Somethin' to eat?"

"Uh-huh."

With a sigh Willie rose and stood ready to go.

When they reached the loft the Imp disappeared. When he came back he had in his hand the half of a cherry pie, which the cook had overlooked the week before and so had left on the pantry shelf.

"You can have this cherry pie if you come on with us to Greggsville and be our wild man."

Willie's brain didn't quite comprehend the condition but he understood the reward. He, therefore, nodded assent and reached for the pie.

"Wait a minute, can't you? You got to cross your heart, hope to die you won't tell anybody and that you'll go with us on the eleven o'clock train tonight or I'll eat the pie myself."

Willie made a big cross, which included his heart, lungs and stomach, and rolled his eyes heavenward.

"Hope-a-ma-die," he drawled.

"Well, you got to be ready to go on the eleven o'clock train tonight and you got to let us paint your face up red and black."

"No, sir, I ain't goin' to have my face painted up. You'll get 'tall in my eyes."

"All right, then. I'll eat the pie myself," and the Imp balanced the pie on his finger tips close to his mouth.

Willie weakened visibly.

"Well, I'll do it, but you better not get it in my eyes.'

The Imp proceeded to give him his final orders.

"Don't take off your clothes tonight but get in bed just so, and when we whistle come on down the back steps and we'll be outside with all the things waitin' on you. Now you can take your pie and go on home."

After Willie had betaken his butter-ball of a self, with many grunts, down the ladder, Samuel burst forth in speech. "You must think you're goin' to ride to Greggsville on your face. Where you goin' to get the money to buy three tickets?"

Sam Martin, you're the dummiest boy I ever seen. I done thought long ago how I was goin' to get that money."

"How?"

"Sell somethin'."

"What?"

"Oh, most anything. I'm goin' up to the house now and get somethin' and then we can take it down to nigger town and sell it. I heard Sis say it didn't take but twenty-six cents to buy a ticket to Greggsville. Three tickets would cost about—about—Oh, about two dollars, I guess."

Sam didn't feel inclined to offer any argument as to how much three tickets would cost, so he started nailing the top on a box. The hammer came down on his thumb.

"Durn it," he muttered.

The Imp missed the pleasure of laughing, however, for he was already on his way to the house. When he returned, he carried under his arm a large suit box.

"What you got?" Sam inquired.

"Father's dress suit. It was all I could get 'cause somebody was nosing around in all the rooms except his'n."

"Imp Walton, you don't dare sell your father's dress suit!"

"Who's man enough to say I ain't? That's what I want to know, who's man enough?"

Samuel didn't feel particularly over-burdened with his manhood just then, so he kept silent.

. . . . . .

It was a quarter before eleven and a big round moon shone down on the Walton's stable door, against which was propped three soap boxes. A drum and a tin horn reposed on one of these, the mews of a cat issued from another and on a third was seated the Imp.

He had been waiting on Sam for ten minutes. Sam never did do his part. *He*, the Imp, had disposed of the

dress suit for two dollars; *he* had bought the three tickets, *he* had whistled for Willie Harper, who was then on his way to the place of meeting, he supposed. In other words, *he* had done it all.

A terrific crash, like one caused from a falling dish pan, sounded from the Martin's and Sam darted from the kitchen door. He climbed the fence that divided his and the Imp's yards with a skill acquired from long experience. He had no more than seated himself, breathless, on one of the boxes when another figure emerged from the kitchen door.

Mr. Martin was tall and agile and could merely *step* over the fence. He grabbed each of the showmen by an arm and marched them first to the Imp's back door, where he deposited the latter, and then to his own house.

The Imp crept up the back stairs and into his own room. He sat down on the edge of his bed and a look of perfect disgust spread over his face. Sam Martin was certainly the dummiest boy her had ever seen.

In his own little white bed, Willie Harper lay peacefully dreaming.

Thirteen Bells

A Day at the Normal

Grace B. Armstrong

THE FIRST BELL rings at six a. m.
To call the maids together,
It rouses us for an instant, but—
We turn over on our feather.

At seven thirty the next call comes.
We roll out then for sure
And try to get to breakfast
Before they close the door.

Eight thirty. What! another bell?
Yes, classes have begun.
Make your bed and sweep your room—
You'll be late if you don't run.

Still yet again we hear a clang.
Ten o'clock? Can it be
That it is time for chapel?
Locked out! Woe is me.

Chapel's over—recess is here,
We've time to draw a breath—
Ten forty-five! Another bell!
This life will be my death.

One fifteen! hurrah! hurrah!
Dinner time at last,
I've been rushing so this morn
My appetite is vast.

Half the day is over, but
Hark—another bell!—
Back to classes we must go,
Such is life, oh well.

The five thirty bell is ringing,
Let's see if we can walk
As far as little Buffalo
And have a quiet talk.

No, we can't quite make it,
The six o'clock bell has rung.
Hurry back for supper,
We'll have crackers, tea and tongue.

Supper over, prayers come next;
The day is nearly done.
Why, bless my soul, seven fifteen!
Another bell has rung!

Seven thirty! now for work
"Let's run 'long to our room;"
Get out our books and study hard
'Twill be over pretty soon.

Nine forty-five!—now for some fun,
We'll make some social calls—
Clang! clang! there goes the light bell.
"Girls, it's time you were off the halls."

And so it is from morn till night,
The same day after day,
From the beginning of September
Until the end of May.

The Storm

Elizabeth Malcolm

ALL THROUGH the wild waste places,
Over the stormy main,
From forest wild to nature's child
Comes the promise of the rain.

A whisper of fresh'ning breezes
Over the white-capped sea,
Splashing waves reach far up the beach
To claim their sandy fee.

Hush! A moan runs through the forest
And the lashing branches creak
The quick'ning breeze calls to the trees,
The tempests strive to speak.

The rustling forest floor is still
As emerald velvet moss,
A list'ning hush precedes the rush
And the trees no longer toss.

Then with a swirl the storm is here;
The lowering sky is dark;
The tall trees strain in pelting rain,
Lit by the lightning spark.

The sea is seething furiously
Like a beast about to kill—
Crashes and roar and loud down-pour,
Then, all at once 'tis still.

The sky is turquoise blue again,
Trees wrench no more aghast;
Like fairy dream, the raindrops gleam
And lo, the storm is past.

A Way of these Women

Frances Stover

IT WAS a lazy, warm, sunshiny Saturday. "Skees" was stretched out in the canvas hammock between two twin cherry trees. Thick lilac bushes screened her in and cast a nice shade over the hammock. "Skees" called it her "lonely place." She had been reading, but suddenly she took the book, slapped it together and sent it flying over the lilacs.

"Messy old story. I hate beautiful heroines anyhow. I never see live pictures of 'sweet simplicity and charming grace.' Shucks alive! bet none of them could handle a gun or row a boat even, or—"

"Mercy! 'Skees!' May I ask if you are reciting poetry or merely soliloquizing?"

"Skees" bounced up in the hammock and surveyed her pretty "sis." It may be unusual, but "Skees" admired her sister extravagantly. "Her looks will have to do for me too," she used to jest.

"What you got, sis?" "Skees" inquired.

"Miss Huldah Rodney Wendel, can I believe you are just home from teaching school?"

"Huh!" grunted Miss Huldah Wendel. "Wish I'd waited just a few miutes longer to throw that book away. I'd reconsider directions. Don't you dare call me that old name—never—amen!" and "Skees" looked fierce as she dived back into the hammock.

"Here—quick—read this. It's to both of us from Kate Randolph. I've read it." Eleanor Wendel smiled mysteriously.

"What is it—good news—or one of her lengthy rambles and heart confessions?"

"Read for yourself. I've got to go—and—well take care of your lungs always," cautioned Eleanor, as she turned and walked a few steps toward the house. But she stopped.

"Hurry up. You are so slow."

"Skees" opened the letter slowly, very slowly. She prided herself on her lack of curiosity. She read deliberately to the end without making a vocal explosion of any sort. But her eyes were fairly leaping and little smiles lurked around her mouth. Holding the letter up before her, aloud "Skees" drawled with provoking slowness—

" 'We are just planning to have a good old time, doing nothing but having fun. You and "Skees" just must come —must come. . . . . Inducement is in form of severa good-looking men, and an especially handsome doctor, who lives right next door, has promised to stay as much as he can. . . . Of course Jack, my kid cousin, and Aunty will be here, but they won't bother (I hope!). We can just tuck away Jack and his pranks. Please say you can come for three weeks any way." The reading stopped abruptly.

"I could shake you, 'Skees.' Say something. It's glorious. I'm just crazy about it."

"Skees" gave Eleanor a droll look. "The poor doctor. He has my sympathy already. My dear madam, I say accept immediately—"

"You crazy—aren't you going too?"

"Only to chaperon you!" replied "Skees" with mock gravity.

"Heavens! let me run and tell mother," and Eleanor tilted off.

"Skees" got back into the hammock to "meditate it over," as she would say. Her meditations proved something like this:

"Ah! woe is me!" she sighed. "Why didn't the Lord make me good-looking. Then I reckon I'd be planning campaigns on handsome doctors. There's sis now—curly hair, straight nose—umph—" Here she shook her fist at her own. "And she's just naturally pretty and nice and slender, and look at me. Great big old somebody, stuck in two number ten shoes. But thank heaven! I'm not 'zactly *fat*. My hair is straight—but—"

"'Taint no use to worry," she hummed. "Hope they'll play tennis and have fun like that." She picked up the letter again. This caught her eye, "Jack has just gotten a new car. His mother spoils him to death. He has entirely too much spending money for a youngster. He nearly drives his mother crazy with—" "Skees" dropped the letter and did a jig on the grass.

"Guess I'll help Jack run his car and maybe he'll take me fishing!" "Skees" had always been a "bcystrous," sport-loving girl. When she was teaching in the grammar grade last year at school, the day the superintendent came "Skees" was in the midst of a baseball game during recess. The horrified "sup" actually saw her *slide* home. Dignity was an attribute and attitude "Skees" had to *assume*. Maybe she wasn't good-looking and perhaps she was too indifferent. For men she cared nothing; she generally snubbed them. She was what girls call attractive, and above all "Skees" had a *live personality*. Her big, deep, musical laugh was a genuine pleasure and her smile—that was perhaps her greatest attraction. Eleanor was almost her sister's opposite in every respect and yet they were remarkably congenial.

One week later found the Wendel girls with Kate being whizzed up the drive in the Randolph's big car. "Skees" grew excited.

"Oh, say—are we really here—have we actually 'came?' Kate—Oh, look—er—is my hat on straight?" They laughed and the car stopped before the lovely white-pillared mansion. A group of men and chattering, laughing girls stood on the steps awaiting the arrival. There followed a merry confusion of introductions. Dr. Mason was introduced. Eleanor shook hands, caught a wink from "Skees," who bowed distantly when her name was introduced and began making speedy friends with Jack, who was surveying the newcomers with a lordly air.

The next afternoon of "the first day out," "Skees," in fresh white suit and rakish little white hat, came out on the long side veranda. She spied Jack sitting on the steps

leaning on a baseball bat. She came over and sat down beside him, rested her elbows on her knees, and leaned her chin in her hands.

"Matter, Jack," she asked, matter of fact.

"Matter thunder? Those rotten kids promised to come up here and play ball. They are big, little—!

"Jack! Put on the brakes. I know somebody who will play with you"

"Naw you don't. You've jus' come."

She turned to Jack and smiled.

"All you've got to do is to ask me," she said.

"Aw!" he looked at her unbelievingly and frowned. "Girls can't play any sort of decent ball."

"Skees" jumped up, picked up glove and ball and ran down on the grass. "Just one trial," she called, "and, Mr. Ty Cobb, you can put me out if I don't suit."

Jack half-heartedly picked up and jabbed his hand into the mit. "Skees" swung her arm around, drew back and let go as hard as she could. Blop! the ball went driving and stinging into the mit. Jack looked up and grinned. "Skees" waited.

"Say," he said, "I like you."

"All right! play ball," called out "Skees."

He threw a hard out-curve at her. She stooped and caught it easily. Then they began having a glorious time.

"Say, Miss 'Skees,' hope those blame kids don't come now."

Just then several couples came out with tennis rackets and strolled across the lawn. Eleanor was walking with the doctor, "Skees" noticed. She missed a ball just then. The doctor got it for her and they watched the "catching" for a few minutes.

"Come on, Miss Wendel, let's have some tennis," they all called. Jack stepped up, stuck out his thumb in the direction of the tennis court and blazed forth—

"Hey, you all scatter! Miss "Skees" don't even wanter play tennis."

"How do you know, youngster?" Doctor Mason looked amused. Jack walked up to her with appealing eyes.

"Miss 'Skees,' " he said, "if you'll play some more ball with me I'll take you ridin' in my new car."

The doctor's eyes twinkled.

"But, Jack, if she'll play tennis with me I'll take her out in my new car," and he looked toward "Skees." Jack's lip curled with scorn, and he wrinkled his nose.

"Say, doc, you better min' out. I heard you ask Miss Eleanor to go riding with you this morning." "Skees" threw back her head and laughed her big, hearty laugh.

Jack chuckled in. The doctor shrugged, "You've scored, Jack," and turned to Eleanor.

The next day a picnic had been planned. They were to leave in cars and spend the day on the mountain. The party had gathered on the big side porch, waiting for two more of the men to bring an extra car.

Over on the railing sat Eleanor and Doctor Mason leaned against the pillar talking to her. "Skees" was a few paces off, behind the next pillar, strapping her kodak on. She heard the low voice of the doctor say,

"You'll go with me, won't you, Miss Eleanor—and," he added, "I'd be glad for your sister to go too, if she'd like. My car can easily hold three and some lunch besides."

"Skees" shrugged one shoulder, and frowned. A little wistful look came into her eyes, but quckly a smile vanished it. "Sorry, Mr. Doctor," she mused, "but I'm no good in the role of Cupid." Just then there was a commotion. On the steps stood a hot, disheveled and breathless Jack. In one hand was a huge basket and a long fishing pole, in the other paper bags, boxes and a tin can.

"By Jo!—Y'awl miscalkelated. Like to know what's to keep *me* from that picnic if I've got the eats. I been clean down to the store for these things and now—" a drop of prespiration rolled off his nose—"I'm *going*!" he flung.

"Oh, Jack," remonstrated Kate. "You won't have a bit good time."

Jack looked up into "Skees's" smiling face. "Ain't 'Skees' goin'?" he said.

Just then the other car came up. There was a scramble to the cars. "Skees" and Jack were dividing up his bundles.

"Skees," called Eleanor. "You are going with us."

But Jack interfered, "No, she ain't neither. Guess I got a car. It's out yonder. Come on, Miss 'Skees,' I'll race you!" And the two scampered off. The doctor watched them.

"Well—I'm blest if she didn't beat!" he exclaimed admiringly.

The next afternoon most of the girls were napping. "Skees" hated sleeping in the day time. She found a book in the library and wandered out on the grounds. She passed by the tennis courts and sat down under a big tree. The book proved no good. She wished she could play tennis. It wasn't so hot after all. Where was everybody anyhow? What a stupid afternoon!

"A penny for your thoughts." "Skees" jumped like something had hit her. She beheld Dr. Mason and a lazy smile.

"I charge you a quarter for nearly scaring me to death."

"Miss 'Skees,' "—she smiled at the name. "I want a game of tennis awfully. Fact is I challenge you."

"Accepted," she cried and sprang up. She laughed, "I've a great mind to beat you!"

"I've a great mind you shan't," he said.

Somehow each felt in a different way that it was to be a real contest. "Skees" threw her whole self into it. Never had she played with such determination. But the doctor proved a match for her. They played on; the games stood 7-7. It was "Skees's" serve. She won it. The next game progressed. The score stood deuce. "Skees" was tired but her mind and mouth were set. She won the next two points. That was enough. She dropped her racket, left the court and ran to the house, without a word.

The doctor had gone after the victorious ball. He looked up to speak to her. Instead he stared blankly at her fast retreating figure. He started on and slowly, very slowly his astonished features relaxed and a smile spread over his face. He clenched his fist. "I wonder who'll win next time."

A week had passed, full of gaieties. There had been a dance. Dr. Mason had given Eleanor a rush, and was constantly attentive. He had asked "Skees" for a dance, but she said she had it, and sat it out with Jack on the veranda. A letter had come from home saying Mrs. Wendel was not well, and "Skees" had decided to leave Eleanor and go home on Monday.

It was Saturday afternoon now. Jack had begged "Skees" for this last afternoon, and they had stolen off down to the big orchard, behind the old gray stone wall. "Skees" had sketching materials and Jack was going to read. They had fixed themselves comfortably. Jack lay on the grass, boy fashion, head on hand. He was talking away and she was quietly making a sketch of him.

"It's the bummest luck," he was saying. "We'd just started having a good time—and you can run the car by yourself too—Aw! your mother don't want you bad as I so. Um—" he turned his back. "Believe I see a dandy peach in that tree over there," Jack jumped up and ran off.

"Skees" was absorbed in finishing up the sketch. Suddenly she heard tree branches crack together, a thud on the ground, a groan—and there was stillness. In an instant she knelt beside Jack's unconscious figure under the peach tree. She bent over him, but she seemed unable to make another motion. The awful thought that *Jack was hurt* raced through her brain.

Down the road that ran by the outside of the stone wall came the chug-chug of a motor. The boy was still unconscious. Quickly "Skees" gained the stone fence. The car came in sight down the road. "Skees" stood up on top of the rickety wall, waved her handkerchief and beckoned wildly. She was answered. In another second she was back, bending over Jack. He had not stirred, and one leg was all doubled up under him. She stooped and gently, easily gathered the limp form into her strong arms.

Dr. Mason slammed down the brakes stopped the car, leaped over the fence and was met by the white face and trembling lips of "Skees," staggering a bit with arms full

of Jack. Quietly, masterfully, the doctor took the boy from her. He did allow her to assist in getting Jack over the fence and into the car. Neither had spoken. The doctor let the car go slowly. Tears stood in "Skees's" eyes and the oppressive silence she could stand no longer.

"Tell me quick," she burst out, "Is he much hurt?" Her eyes looked squarely into the doctor's, anxious, beseeching.

"Miss Wendel, he probably struck his head and I'm afraid his leg is broken." His tone was professional.

"Skees" looked down tenderly at Jack's handsome, white, boy face. She found her handkerchief and turned away. The doctor noticed and barely missed a ditch.

Jack regained consciousness soon after they got him on his bed. Dr. Mason gave the anesthetic promptly and set his leg. "Skees" was master of herself by this time and made a capital nurse. Jack's mother was away and Kate had kept the rest of the party in ignorance of the accident. Dr. Mason would do all that was necessary.

Now the last rays of the setting sun were streaming into the room. "Skees" sat quietly by the bed, watching for Jack to come from under the influence. The doctor stood on the other side, holding his pulse.

"He'll be all right now, Miss 'Skees,' " and he smiled reassuringly at her.

"I'll leave him now to your good care."

"Skees" only nodded; she didn't even look up. Dr. Mason turned and started toward the door. Should he go or should he—somewhere he remembered a boyhood story—perhaps it was in the Bible—about somebody who looked back and there was a fatal result. His memory was dim, but what if he looked back—no, it was no use—yes—He wheeled and strode to her side, grabbed both her hands in his big firm ones, bent near her and looked hard, deep down into her eyes.

" 'Skees,' " he cried, "I can't stand it any longer. What makes you so 'darned' hard to tell anything to? Why—"

"Skees" attempted to withdraw her hands.

"Listen!" his voice was determined. "I've got to tell you—and—you can't stop me—you know—er—I—"

Unnoticed a pair of eyelids stirred and opened. Unnoticed a small boy squirmed. Feebly, reproachfully, weak, but angry, a voice spoke, " 'Skees,' I saw that 'doc' kiss you."

Wanted---A Man

Melva Carter

"OF ALL THE DULL, lonesome, man-forsaken places on the face of the globe I think this is the dullest, most lonesome and *most* man-forsaken I ever saw. Why in the world did mama insist on sending me here for my vacation? I wish she didn't have such foolish, *foolish* notions about getting up flirtations. I'm sure I'll so long for the sight of a man I'll fall in love with the first one I meet on returning to town," cried Bess, as she lazily swung herself in a hammock.

"If it hadn't been for you I don't believe mama would ever have thought of sending me here, but it seems that we are here for the summer and we might as well make the best of it," replied Lucille smilingly, as she diligently embroidered on a doily.

"Dear me, I've walked as far as the lighthouse and back and not a man have I seen. Even the postmaster is a woman. Just think, girls, we've been at Shorely a week and not a man have we seen. Even the landlady's husband is away. My, but won't I make up for it next winter!" Bertha walked forlornly up the path and joined the girls on the porch.

"Oh, girls, let's don't grumble so about a man. You might as well wish for the moon. Not that *I* care so much, for I'm not always running after them as you all do," said Lucille.

"Neither do they run after you, miss."

"I wish mama would stop writing me such letters," interrupted Bess. "Just listen, 'I hope you are not having any flirtations, Bessie. From all I can hear Shorely is not a place to attract young men, and I'm thankful for that.' Bah! as if anyone could flirt with another woman." Bessie tossed the letter aside as she swung to and fro.

"Hush, girls, here comes Aunt Louisa, and we don't

want her to hear us talking about such things," cried Lucille.

"Girls, I've had such a nice walk. I don't see how in the world you can sit here all day when there's so much to be seen. We should consider ourselves fortunate in getting such a quiet, peaceful place in which to spend the summer. And the best part is that I've noticed there are very few men here. It's so tiresome to have them around all the time."

"Yes, Aunt Louisa, we all think it's the nicest place and are enjoying every minute of the time. *We* hadn't even noticed that there were no men here. It's such a relief to be away from them for a while, isn't it, girls?" asked Bess.

"Yes, indeed, we were just talking about how strange it seems here. Mrs. Mason says she hasn't had a man in the house for two years," replied Lucille.

"I *thought* you were all sensible girls and would like such a place. You don't need flirtations to amuse you. I'm sure you don't miss them very much, now do you?"

"Certainly not!" they exclaimed in one breath as they cast sly glances at one another.

"Quite right, my dears, you take after me. I never was a favorite with men. Not that I didn't like them, but my mind was fixed on higher things. Well, I must go now and get ready for lunch." Miss Bennett walked into the house and the girls looked at each other with amused smiles.

"Oh, if Aunt Louisa only knew. I suppose she didn't like men because they didn't like her. I wonder if all old maids are like that."

"Bertha, you shouldn't talk about Aunt Louisa like that. She's as nice as she can be to us and tries to make us have a good time, even if she doesn't like men as well as we do—"

"Oh, I know what I'm going to do. It's the most splendid idea," exclaimed Bess.

"What is it? Tell us quickly," answered Bertha and Lucille, both at once.

"Why, I'm going to write Teddy and ask him to come down for a week and cheer us up a little. If he can't come

I'm sure he'll send one of his friends. Wouldn't that be grand?"

"The very thing. What made you think of it, Bess? Bless his heart, wouldn't it do you good to catch sight of the face of a man in this out-of-the-way place?" and Bertha clapped her hands with sheer joy.

"Why hadn't we thought of it before?" asked Lucille, but Bess had already run into the house to write the letter.

"There, it's written and I'll mail it right away so that he'll get it tomorrow. I'm sure he'll come, for he always does what I want him to." Bess picked up her hat and started toward the postoffice.

"I hope so too," said Lucille, "but what will Aunt Louisa say?"

"Bother Aunt Louisa, I believe she's as fond of men as we are, but just won't own it. Besides, I've known Teddy since I was knee high to a duck and surely there's no harm in his coming," answered Bertha.

A few days later Bertha, Lucille and Miss Bennett were sitting on the porch reading, but Bertha soon tired of her book and threw it aside.

"Aunt Louisa, have you ever read a love story?" she inquired.

"Yes, my dear, in my younger days I was occasionally guilty of such, but I always skipped the proposals."

"Why, Auntie, they are the best part—er—I mean, that is, I don't mean anything of the kind!"

"I should think not. I'm surprised to hear you say such a thing, Bertha. You were always so indifferent to all young men."

"Oh, girls, here's the most delicious, glorious, delightful news you ever heard in your lives. I have a letter from Teddy and he says—why, Aunt Louisa, I didn't see you—I mean I thought you were out."

Bessie had been running up the path as fast as she could and now stopped breathless at the foot of the steps as she discovered her aunt.

"No, indeed, I'm right here and I'd like to know what you're doing hearing from a young man," severely replied Miss Bennett.

"Why, it's only Teddy," explained Bess.

"And who in the world is Teddy?"

"Oh, he's just a boy—an awfully nice boy—and I've known him since I was knee high to a—I mean since I was a wee little tot!"

"The way you girls talk is positively shocking, but what is this news?"

"I hope it isn't that he is coming here to spoil our fun," remarked Bertha nervously.

"I should hope not. A man would be dreadfully in the way here," said Lucille.

"I do hope this Teddy of yours isn't coming here, Bessie," icily remarked Miss Bennett, as she looked over her glasses.

"Oh no, no indeed, he can't come," answered Bessie.

"What else is in your letter, Bessie? Let me see it. Dear me, I won't have time to read it, it's time I was at the dressmakers. I promised to be there by three o'clock exclaimed Miss Bennett, as she looked at her watch.

The girls could hardly wait until she got out of the house before they exclaimed in one breath, "Is it really true that he can't come?"

"It really is true, but listen at what he says. I'll read the letter. 'Dear Bess—You have my deepest sympathy for having to stay in such a dismal place as you described. I wish I could run down for a few days at least, to cheer you up, but my business is so that I can't leave right now, but don't break your hearts, any of you. I have a friend, Dr. Jocelyn Denley, who is going down to Shorely tomorrow for a little holiday. Dr. Denley is young, exceedingly good looking and is fond of boatriding, sketching, and walking with a nice girl for a companion. Dr. Denley will reach there tomorrow at ten o'clock and I've suggested Shorely cottage as a good place to stop. Write me how you like your new acquaintance. Your affectionate Teddy.'"

"Oh, oh, a real live man," exclaimed Lucille as she danced up and down.

"The darling thing. What can we do to welcome him?" asked Bertha.

"I know what I shall do," said Bess. I'm going to study up Aunt Louisa's book about medicine. He's sure to like anyone that is interested in his profession."

"And I shall bake him a cake, although my cakes are always heavy," said Bertha.

"I'm going to make him a lovely cigar case," cried Lucille. "I do hope he smokes."

"It's the grandest thing I ever heard, but what do you suppose Aunt Louisa will say? Oh, I hear her coming now; what on earth are we going to do? Tell me right quick what to say! Oh, dear, here she is. Be careful, Bess, tell her gradually. Hush!"

"Dear me, what a warm day," remarked Miss Bennett, as she seated herself primly in a chair.

"Did you see—was the dressmaker—did your dress fit well?" stammered Bess.

"What in the world is the matter with you, child? Are you sick?"

"Oh, no, she's just excited," explained Lucille.

"Now you've ruined it, Lucille," said Bertha in an undertone.

"Oh, no, that was just a good opening for Bess," whispered Lucille.

"Tell me at once what you mean by all this, Bessie," demanded her aunt in a stern voice.

"Oh, Aunt—Bertha, you tell her."

"Oh, Aunt Louisa—I—he—"

"What *he* are you talking about?"

"It's a man—a doctor."

"Dr. Jocelyn Denley," announced Bess in a frightened voice.

"A man—a doctor—Dr. Jocelyn Denley? Who? When? Where?"

"Dear Auntie," cried Bess as she kneeled by her aunt's chair, "he's coming here to stay—"

"And he's coming tomorrow on the ten o'clock train," interrupted Bertha.

"And, dear auntie, you don't know how miserable we are here without a man."

"Why I thought you all were so well satisfied here without men," said Miss Bennett.

"Oh, you can't always judge by appearances," said Lucille. "Even *you* couldn't object to seeing a man once more—a real, live man."

"Well, if he is coming it can't be helped, I suppose. We might as well make the best of it. But I shall allow no flirtations."

"Oh, no, we'll be very good," they all replied.

"Jocelyn Denley, that's a very pretty name. I don't know that I mind so much after all. It will make me feel quite young again to talk to him. I must get out my blue organdie—all men like blue—and a fan too. Well, well, well!" And Aunt Louisa went hurriedly into the other room to hunt up her dress and fan.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Bess. I do believe that Aunt Louisa is—"

"Setting her cap for Jocelyn Denley," interrupted Lucille, as the girls looked at each other in amazement.

Next morning each of the girls was up bright and early, making preparations for the great event. They had given Mrs. Mason orders to have the best room fixed up for the important visitor and each of them began her preparations.

Bertha went into the kitchen and began making the cake, after consulting with everyone as to what kind the doctor would be apt to like. At last it was decided that caramel would be best and she set to work with a will. Lucille seated herself in the sitting room and began making the cigar case, while Bess studied diligently her aunt's big medicine book.

Presently Bess came limping into the room where Lucille was sewing and sunk down on the sofa with a groan.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Bess?" asked Lucille.

"I was putting that old medicine book away and I slipped and fell and I'm sure I've sprained my ankle. What a lucky thing that Joc—I mean Dr. Denley—will soon be here!"

"Of course you had to go and do something awful. That will take up all of his time and he won't have as

much time to fix my hand. I hurt it very badly with the needle and Dr. Denley will have to bandage it. How thankful I am that he is a doctor," answered Lucille.

She had hardly finished speaking before in came Bertha, wearing a large cook apron, with her sleeves rolled up and her arm bandaged.

"Bertha Meredith, what a sight you are," exclaimed Bess.

"I can't help it, it was all the fault of the cake. I was taking it out of the stove and burned my arm *dreadfully*," she answered in a grieved voice.

"What a careless thing to do!"

"There is only one consolation, that is that Joe—Dr. Denley will soon be here and he can fix it," answered Bertha.

"Well, I think it's a shame there are so many invalids. Dr. Denley won't have much time for me," said Lucille peevishly.

"You should have been more careful yourself, miss. But a sprained ankle is better than a pricked finger, so there!"

They were on the verge of having a regular fuss when in walked Aunt Louisa, holding her hand to her face.

"Oh, girls, I have such a toothache."

"Well I never knew false teeth were so much like the original as to ache," exclaimed Bertha.

"Why, Bertha, I'm surprised at you. Why have you got your arm bandaged up?" asked Aunt Louisa severely.

"Oh, I burned it dreadfully and Bess has sprained her ankle and Lucille has hurt her finger. It's a good thing it's most time for the doctor."

"Well, girls, you will just have to let him attend to me first; my tooth is aching *dreadfully*."

Mrs. Mason entered the room and declared that she was sure that she had heard the buggy coming but it was not in sight yet.

"Mrs. Mason, you are sure the room is all right? And have you put in those things I got for him—the gun and tennis racket, as if they belonged to the room?" nervously inquired Miss Bennett.

"Yes, ma'am, they are all there and the room looks very nice. Must I show him in here when he comes?"

"Oh, certainly," they all answered in one breath.

"Mrs. Mason, please have some lemonade ready as it's such a warm day. Really, girls, my heart is all in a flutter, it has been so long since I saw a man," said Miss Bennett, as she watched the window.

"Oh, I hear the buggy coming and this room is in such a fix," exclaimed Bess, jumping up from the sofa.

"Dear me, your foot must have gotten much better," remarked Bertha as she straightened her hair and ran to the window.

"Oh, why didn't I think of it? Now I've made it a hundred times worse," she cried as she fell back on the sofa. "Somebody please pull down my sleeves and straighten me up a little."

"Oh, I'm getting so excited," exclaimed Lucille.

"The buggy has stopped and Mrs. Mason has gone to the door," nervously cried Miss Bennett.

A loud laugh was heard outside and the shrill voice of Mrs. Mason was heard saying, "Dr. Jocelyn Denley. For the lands sake!"

"Oh, why doesn't she show him in?

"Ah-h, here they are," nervously whispered Aunt Louisa.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes. Dr. Jocelyn Denley," announced Mrs. Mason, as she showed the visitor in.

"You?" shrieked Miss Bennett, while each girls stared at the visitor.

"What's the matter? Certainly it is I, Dr. Jocelyn Denley."

"But you are a *woman!*"

"Oh, my cigar case!"

"Oh, my cake!"

"Oh, my gun and tennis racket!"

Kaiwanna

Elizabeth Malcolm

PART II

DON ALVAREZ and Weston sat in the cool of evening, in comfortable lounge chairs. They were both smoking the long-stem pipes of the natives, and Weston was idly blowing smoke rings and watching them waver, then drift off and vanish. The hacienda itself was on a gently-rising knoll and overlooked three sides of the island. On two sides they could see the winding ribbon of road, that looked in the semi-darkness like a long white worm, dead-white but shading into gray, that lay petrified in its accustomed spirals.

Looking off down the road the two men saw a moving speck that began to take shape as it came nearer.

"The mail boy," said Don Alverez, "crawling along as usual."

Weston did not seem to hear the ejaculation. His thoughts were not turned to mail just then, but to two brown eyes that looked so tenderly into his.

The boy came upon the porch and handed the packet of mail to the master. Don Alvarez opened it and pitched a yellow cablegram into Weston's lap. Weston idly played with the envelope a minute before he tore it open. Some one dead, he thought; yet it all seemed so far away, all those dear ones he had grown up with. A gloomy feeling settled over him, and sighing, he tore open the missive. He stared for a long time at the slip of paper, unbelieving, amazed, but at last its meaning seemed to penetrate his brain and he sprang to his feet. "Alvarez," he called, "I am sorry to cut short my visit but I have to go at once." The Spaniard glanced at the extended paper.

"I must see you. Come at once.

"Aileen."

He sneered but said with his usual cynical courtesy, "You go immediately?"

"Yes. I can't tell you how I enjoyed being here, old man. Will you tell Kai— No, that is all right. I will be back in a month or so. Good-bye." And hastily gripping his host's hand, Weston turned away and mounted one of the waiting horses. He made his way over the dusty miles to the dock, where he knew there was a fruit steamer that would take him to the nearest port, where he would take passage for San Francisco.

. . . . . .

Weston was back home. He had seen Aileen and all was over between them. He thought of their last meeting.

"I thought from your letters you didn't love me any more," she had said, "and then I met Harry and I saw what a big mistake we had made, but I thought perhaps if you still *did* love me—we could—"

"Oh, that's all right," he had found himself protesting. "Harry is a good old scout, and even wants me to be one of his ushers."

"Oh!" she had brightened, "you will, wont you?" and she had put up her hand and caught his coat lapels in that fascinating little gesture that he had always found so attractive.

"Well," he said, "I'll try."

He smiled at the thought of how different this was from Kaiwanna's clinging embrace on that moonlit, languorous night.

The days rolled by in fresh rounds of pleasure. Weston felt himself slipping back into the grooves of his old life. The little island of the tropics, and Kaiwanna, even, became but pleasant memories, growing mistier each day, and soon he felt it was an almost forgotten bit of his life, a strange enough experience among a host of others.

One morning about ten months after his return, he sat down to his breakfast of grapefruit and coffee and rolls, as usual, and picking up the morning news, proceeded to glance over the headlines. One moment, he was casually indifferent, the next, vibrant with interest—

"American fatally bitten by snake at Ivanpore, an obscure island in the Indian ocean. Death expected any moment."

The newspaper fell from Weston's limp hand. The cheerful blue and white breakfast room had vanished. Once again he felt the invisible bands that the South fastens to the hearts of her invaders, once more he heard a soft voice saying, "I have killed it," and saw himself looking down on a pliant figure of misty veils and dull green woven grasses, and a wreath of poppies that gleam blood red in the moonlight. He passed his hand over his forehead dazedly, then jumped up.

"By Jove, I'll go anyhow. Just to see her again I'd live all my life on that island. I'm sick of all these crowded streets and thronging people. Oh, for the blue of sea and sky, and best of all, Kaiwanna.

"The street noises newly irritated him. His aimless thoughts crystallized in an overwhelming desire to sit once more on the shady veranda and smell the heavy sweet scent of the jasmine creepers.

With Richard Weston, to think was to act, and in a comparatively short time he was speeding across the continent to San Francisco, thence to Kaiwanna.

We all have our destinies, and Kismet was drawing him back to sad-eyed Kaiwanna and the fulfillment of his fate.

PART III

Don Alvarez sat in the cool living room in his hacienda, musing over a cable he had received. The cynical twist of the lips that characterized him was still in evidence.

"So," he observed, "he comes back to the island, to Kaiwanna. He means harm to her, little-moon-in-my-sky. Bah! these men."

He clapped his hands. To the native who came in, he said, "Is Kaiwanna here?" As the servant nodded, he added, "Bring her in."

Kaiwanna came, her anklets clinking together musically. "I am here."

"Sit down, Kaiwanna." He was silent a few moments then tapping the paper he said, "Kaiwanna, are you a good Catholic?"

"I hope so, master."

"Weston, that is, Tomeri, is coming back."

Kaiwana made a sudden involuntary movement. "To me," she murmured.

"For you," sneered Alvarez. But he knew it would be no use to play on Kaiwanna's fear for herself. The women of the South give all fearlessly. It is only through their love that one can touch them.

"Listen, Kaiwanna," he said, changing his tone, "Richard Weston is coming back and you say truly it is your eyes that have drawn him." He could not look into her eyes that were fastened so trustfully on his then. "But, Kaiwanna, for Weston you spell ruin, barbarism. You have seen how the men who marry native women sink into savagery." The girl flinched but Alverez went on. "It is through your love you must save him, little-moon-in-my-sky. You must send him back home, back to his own people and his land."

"I would be his people and his land," she answered fiercely.

Alvarez flung off the pity that was dragging at his heart strings. "No, you will fade early, Kaiwanna, it is your fate; you know it. And even if he is true to you now, later you would grate on him. You know yourself how fatal sorrow is to white men on our island. They take to drugs and die besotted, half-crazed beasts."

Kaiwanna, trembling with suppressed emotion, assented, "I will see him," she said at last, "and, perhaps send him back."

Alvarez looked up. Kaiwanna was gone. "It is better so," he mused. "It is the will of God." Then drawing up a table he sat down to write. A native boy came in at his call. "See this?" Don Alvarez indicated a pack of closely-written sheets. "Well, tell Don Weston to come here immediately after he has seen Kaiwanna. I must see him. Go—."

The Spaniard paced up and down the room. "What has life brought to me?" he said half aloud. "I am weary of the eternal blue of the sea and sky and the emerald green of the coco-palm. Youth is gone. Love," he sighed, "is gone, too. Gone—all gone. My gold has turned to ashes and my pride to dust, yet I shall go, I hope, like I came, a grandee of Spain." At these words he opened a cupboard and took out a straw covered bottle. He poured the vintage into a huge silver cup. "To thy long life, Kaiwanna! To you, Weston, a speedy return. To all, Adieux!" Thus saying, he raise the cup to his lips and drank. Then, turning, he left the hacienda.

Kaiwanna turned from the door of the hacienda with blind rebellion in her heart. Yes, she could see why she must send him back to his land. She shivered and looked at the sun just about to disappear in the ocean. She could hear the little parrots and the nightbirds twittering in the trees. A little evening breeze moaned softly and flapped the end of Kaiwanna's trailing veil. The whole earth seemed to ache and all the noises of the fields seemed to be the sobbing of innumerable hearts for something they could not have. Kaiwanna came up on the veranda just as the sun dropped. She stood for a few moments, nerving herself for the contest. The silvery moonlight already poured over the land, and just above she saw the bright southern cross like criscross bars of brilliants set high in the sky. Just then, Weston heard her and stepped out. Before she could say a word, he stepped forward. "Little-moon-in-my-sky," he called.

Without a word, only a sobbing kind of cry, she went straight into his arms, and rested there like a bird come back to its nest.

"Dear, I have come back to you. Kiss me, Kaiwanna!"

He stooped. The memory of the clinging, burning kiss is imprinted on his heart, so short, so short. Just then Alvarez's boy appeared.

"The master says to come right now," he announced Weston loosed the girl.

"What the devil does he want?"

"Not know."

"Bye, little moon," Weston said tenderly. "I'll be back in five minutes." He half turned, "Don't look at me that way, sweetheart."

"Farewell, O well-beloved," sobbed Kaiwanna, and turned and went into the house.

"Girls beat me," he said. "Now, I'm only going to be gone about a half-hour, and she acts like she was telling me good-bye forever." With this he mounted the horse the boy had ridden in on and cantered away.

When he had gone, Kaiwanna came out; not noticing the boy, she stared after Weston, "Better than life, beloved," and turning, she set out on the path that led to the ocean.

The little waves splashed gently on the coral rock. She knelt down. "O Jesu, O Mary," she prayed, "forgive me what I do. I love him more than life, more than heaven. O Mary's son! Thou gavest thy life for many and it was accepted, O, accept this life of mine for one."

She rose up and without a moment's hesitation slid almost noiselessly into the water, Towaleth, the-blue-home-of-death, the pool that could not be fathomed. But the little ripples went on slip-slapping up against the rock and the great stars gleamed on overhead.

Weston, reaching the hacienda, made his way from the star-hung night into the taper-lighted hall. The living-room door gave easily, but the room was empty. The lights were blazing up, and he saw, illuminated by their glow, a packet of closely-written sheets. He looked a second time. They were addressed to him.

He picked them up and read them hurriedly. Was it possible that it could be so? That Kaiwanna was the lawful daughter of Don Alvarez, a Spanish noble? Now, he understood Alvarez's interest in the little native girl. He had kept his marriage a secret. The Alvarez were not wont to mate with common blood.

Weston seemed to see the man's face again, as he knew he must have written it with the cynical smile on his lips.

"Poor fool! How vain secrets are, and now you too have left the island forever, and cannot see our happiness. My Kaiwanna's happiness. You must have loved her!"

He turned away. "I must tell her immediately." He mounted his horse and galloped back to the consulship. A bursting joy made his heart leap to the tune of his horse's hoofbeats.

Soon he reached the consulship. It looked so peaceful, with the moon as bright as day and the long wavering shadows of the waving flag softly traced on the smooth sand. He dismounted and led his horse into the clearing.

There he was met by a gray-faced native, trembling with fear.

"What is it, Amra. Speak!"

"Kaiwanna," muttered the man, "Kaiwanna."

"What is the matter with her, boy? Where is she? Tell me at once," cried Weston sharply.

Silently the boy led him to the edge of the fathomless ocean. The print of two knees was still in the sand and a garland of wilting poppies lay on the rock.

"I followed her," Amra said brokenly, "I saw her kneel right here and before I knew it she slipped into the waters. She is dead. The beautiful flower of our village is cut down. Kaiwanna is dead."

Weston stared fixedly at the pool that had no bottom.

"Kaiwanna, O little-moon-in-my-sky, Kaiwanna, Kaiwanna."

But far out on the ocean Kaiwanna stared up unseeing at the great blue vault. Overhead the Southern cross flamed in the sky like a criscross of brilliants. The little waves lapped at Weston's feet, but Kaiwanna could not hear. She

". . . . . had passed
To where beyond these voices there is peace."

The Rural Teacher in Her Relation to Her Community

Evelyn Marshall

AS A USUAL THING a country community is composed almost entirely of persons of one pursuit. This naturally develops a common point of view and causes farmers to fail to appreciate many opportunities not directly related to their own line of work and thought. The most of the slow growth and retardation of country life can be traced to the want of good leaders. It is not because farmers are intellectually inferior in any sense or even because desire is lacking. Country people often neglect to begin a measure which they know will add to the welfare and convenience of the neighborhood. The consolidation of schools is a typical instance of this kind. The people appreciate the advantage of such a change but fail to start it simply because each person is afraid of arousing jealousy among his neighbors.

This gives the teachers an opportunity. In the first place the position of the teacher as director of children requires that she must be something of a leader. The more developed her powers of leadership the greater her influence in the school room and in her immediate neighborhood. The people look upon the teacher without jealousy. They think she has the right to lead and are very much disappointed in her if she proves herself uninterested in the development of the community. Very often the schoolhouse is the only pubic building in the community.

The farmers work hard, they have no time for recreation, or if they have time for it there is no place to take it.

The housewives live very remote lives. They do not realize what it is to get out and pass a social time with some of their neighbors. They have nothing in common. Why worry about such things?

Who is going to relieve these conditions and show them that they have common interests? Why, the school teacher, of course. She has the education of the children

in charge. Why not take charge of the adults too? She can give them new ideas relating to all phases of farm life, such as the social, economic and scientific.

The fact that she is not a person of the neighborhood usually helps to promote or add to her power. No one else can control the rural situation quite so well as the rural teacher if she is prepared and knows how to handle the situation. Her influence can be more effective and direct than that of any distant agricultural college, experiment station, or commissioner.

In order that she may cope with these conditions she must be either trained or self educated to understand and appreciate the larger social movements underlying rural progress. She must realize the power of her own influence and position in regard to the school, for which she is responsible, the home, the church, roads, farm organizations, and various rural agencies, in bringing about a fuller, richer country life. She must understand and be interested in the problems of the farm life. She must hold a clear vision of what the neighborhood with such limitations may become. Having established this goal she must make others see this vision in order to enlist their co-operation towards its realization.

She must make a program of her work. Then she must know how to execute this program. In the idea of execution she must be able to understand true leadership. She must suggest, persuade, and enlighten others.

Her problem is that of accepting conditions as they now exist, and of assuming control of a weak, neglected, and socially deficient school, and in bringing the children under her care to appreciate the beauty and richness possible in the country life.

She thus becomes the leader of the people, the connecting link between them and their opportunities.

Such a view dignifies and elevates rural teaching not only to the teacher herself but to all others.

Sketches

THE TRUANTS

It was Sunday morning and he sat on the muddy bank of the river. His shoes, freshly polished, sat by him on the bank but his feet were encased in a layer of oozy yellow mud, and the toes of his right foot wriggled rhythmically back and forth in the slime. He had on what had been his Sunday trousers but which could no longer serve that purpose. His coat, folded carefully wrong-side-out, served as a cushion to save the seat of his trousers. His fat cheeks quivered and swelled and sank with the tuneless song he was whistling. His eyes were almost closed in pure content and because the sun was hot.

Suddenly the line gave his hand a violent jerk.

"Whoopee! I got a bite. I got a bite!"

He swung the rod over his head and carefully extracted a turtle from the end of the line. After he had pulled out and poked in its head several times, he pushed it into one of his stockings and taking off his tie he closed the hole securely at the top. Then lifting the edge of his cap a fraction of an inch he pulled out a long fat fishing worm and a fly and baited his hook again.

Looking up suddenly, he saw a man across the river going through the woods. He had on a khaki suit and carried a gun on his shoulder. He hoped it wasn't anyone he knew. Gee, but he was glad his father had complained of feeling sick and hadn't gone to church that morning and so wouldn't miss him.

The man came closer. Now he was directly opposite him on the other bank. The whistle died on his lips.

It was his father. —*Laura Kice.*

REFLECTED REALITIES

Have you ever heard chains rattling at midnight?

It was midnight. All was silent in the room except the constant ticking of the little clock on the table. The room was icy cold and occasionally a puff of cold wind would blow the long white curtains into grotesque figures. Far off in the distance I could hear a dog barking at the full moon, whose cold rays were shining into the widow, casting a shadow of a bare tree against the opposite wall. I suddenly heard the dull rattle of chains. The sound echoed in the still hall.

Again the chains rattled, nearer and nearer they came until they seemed to be just outside of my door. Clang! clang! My door opened. A dark form came into the room. It was clad in a long black robe and carried a waste-basket filled with small, white triangular pieces of paper. It glided to the table and set the basket down.

"Are they for me?" I asked.

"Yes," said the figure, "fifty from the Home Department, three hundred and twenty-two for English, forty-two for Chapel cuts, four hundred and eighty-nine for Chemistry, sixty-seven for Geometry, and the rest for Botany, Physical Education and Cooking.

"Well, it isn't as bad as I expected, I didn't get any on History."

The dark form moved out of sight and the next instant I heard a loud clanging of chains and many voices. Suddenly I was standing before a troop of figures clad in the same kind of robes as the first figure had worn. One figure said to me:

"Follow!"

I did so. We went through a long dark passage which ended in a very large room. It was a gloomy looking room with rows and rows of benches as far as I could see and—eyes! Every way I turned there were eyes looking at me. The same voice that had spoken before said:

"Give an oral report on 'Why we should be prepared for war'."

My knees began to knock together. My tongue would not move. My throat would not utter a sound and the eyes were looking at me still harder. I made one more desperate effort. I heard my words echoing from the four walls. They grew louder and louder until I became so deaf I could hear no more. I became exhausted, my hands were swollen and wet with perspiration. A voice suddenly said:

"That was a very good report."

I suddenly detected a dreadful ordor. I looked about me. The room was filled with shelves. Large and small smelly bottles, test tubes and mortar dishes lined the shelves. The odor became stronger.

"What is that dreadful odor?" I asked.

"Hydrogen sulphide."

I looked up to see where the voice came from. It was from a figure sitting behind a large desk, who hammered loudly upon it and said:

"Make hydrocloric acid in two minutes."

I rushed wildly about for test tubes and began the awful process. At last I had a large tank filled. It began to run over on my hands. How it made my hands burn. Tears came into my eyes and I began to cry. The figure hammered loudly on the desk and said:

"Remember we have a test, on everything we have been over, Thursday."

My hands continued to burn and I cried louder and louder. "Take her to the infirmary," said a voice.

The next instant I was lying on a long, high, white bed in a long room filled with long white beds as far as I could see. Everything was extremely white. A white figure came to me with a large pitcher filled with a thick, greenish liquid. After I had drunk it, the same figure passed me a waiter filled with huge white and black pills to swallow, some every two minutes, some twice a second and the rest every instant. After all the pills were swallowed another figure came with a large white waiter filled with toast, a hammer, and a large glass of bluish white liquid.

"Must I eat the hammer too," I asked?

"No, you use that to break the toast."

I looked about me, the room was dark and damp with no outlets except an underground passage. Unfinished rugs hung from the ceiling to the floor. I could not walk for them. I went to one of a brown and green hue, which I immediately recognized and began to weave. As I wove it became smaller and smaller until it faded from sight.

"Pick up all the waste and do not carry the needles away," said a voice.

Gracious, how cold it was!

"I wish I had my sweater."

"Left, right, forward—March!"

The room was full of open windows and great clouds of dust floated about. Long lines of dark-robed figuers were marching about. One figure commanded:

"Fall in line."

I began to march rapidly through the suffocating clouds of dust. Two of the figures drew a long rope across one end of the room. A voice said:

"Now let us see who can jump the highest in good form."

I ran towards the rope; as I did so it seemed to rise higher and higher. I gave a spring and sailed into the air. My foot caught in the rope and I came tumbling down fighting the air with my hands and feet.

Clang! I sat up in bed. Clang, clang! There were voices outside of my door. This wind puffed the long white curtains into weird figures. A dog in the distance was baying at the full moon. The long bare shadow of a tree fell across the wall. Clang! I rubbed my eyes.

"Why the Mu Omegas are initiating their girls tonight."

—*Mildred Edwards.*

WHY LILIES OF THE VALLEY ARE WHITE

Many, many years ago, there lived in a valley of flowers, a very wise sovereign, named Solomon. This king had a a very beautiful daughter named Balkis, who loved the flowers very dearly and always cared for them herself.

The flowers also loved their lovely and gracious mistress in return, and whenever she approached they would tremble and rustle in their delight. Balkis declared that she loved all her flowers in the same way, but deep down it her heart she knew that it was the Lilies of the Valley, that held the warmest spot. This family knew it, and you must not forget that this was in the days when the Lilies of the Valley were pink, blue and all other colors, except pure white.

One day when the fair Balkis was watering the buds of Lilies of the Valley she heaved a deep sigh and the flowers hearing her, said: "O Princess, live forever! What is this that troubles you?" But Balkis answered:

"Nothing," and sighed again.

"O, my Lady, and content of my heart," they each cried, "there *is* something and we wish to know in order to keep you!"

At this Balkis threw herself down by their bed, and wept. Her lovely golden hair fell among the sweet-scented flowers, who breathed through it, and sighed too, not knowing what troubled their queen. She arose, however, presently, and as she wended her way through the many beds of bright colors, she told them that soon they would know.

The next morning, the Lilies of the Valley, hearing voices, looked up, and saw coming towards them Balkis, while by her side walked a tall, dark prince, who was talking very earnestly to her. On reaching this particular bed of flowers, the handsome prince stopped, but Balkis seemed eager to seek another spot.

"O, my beloved, and light of my eyes," he said, falling on his knees and taking the hand of the queen, "I can wait no longer! Say you *will* be mine forever!"

At this the bed of Lilies shook in their anger and jealously; for who was this that dared to speak thus to their mistress! . . . But look now! . . . Balkis is in his arms, while she whispers,

"O, my Lord, and treasure of my soul, I love you!"

Then the prince, laughing happily, put his arm around the beautiful Balkis and they slowly went back to the palace.

After this, the sad Lilies of the Valley thought long and deeply, but they could not imagine what had happened to their Balkis. Some one else had claimed a part of her and she was not wholly their's any longer.

That night just as the moon arose—a red ball of fire—Balkis came out, for she had decided to tell them all about it.

"I am going away tomorrow," she whispered, "and although I shall never see you again, I shall think of you often. And you must think of me and know that I am very, very happy;" and into her eyes there came a new light, which the Lilies of the Valley had never seen there before.

After kissing them again and again, she arose and went on back, between the roses and sweet-peas, orchids and stately hollyhocks, through the heavy scented ginger plants and the great camphor trees, looking at them for the last time. They waved and nodded to her, for in that country, when the moon comes up, the flowers are all awake, just as when the sun shines, and the butterflies play among them just the same too.

The next morning, if you or I had walked into this garden, we would have seen that the Lilies of the Valley were all dressed in pure white. And they have been ever since in mourning for their beautiful Balkis.

—*I. O. N.*

Exchanges

The Southern Collegian. All of your articles are very good indeed, but we wish especially to mention "College Life and Efficiency," which is an essay of an unusual depth of thought. The author succeeded in impressing upon the reader the importance of the way in which a student should spend his time while in College. It is one of the best essays we have seen in any of the school magazines for quite a while. Your editorials are also good. We enjoy reading your magazine very much.

We wish to congratulate the *Sweet Briar Magazine* on its April number. The articles are arranged well and the magazine presents an exceedingly attractive appearance. It is hard to decide which of the stories is best since they are all well written. The authors of these show rare literary ability. Neither is your school lacking in poets, for the poems of this number surpass those usually found in school magazines. We have no criticism to make of the publication for, on the whole, it appears to us to be a creditable one.

We acknowledge receipt of *The Student*, *Talisman*, *Tattler*, *Miltonvale Monitor*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The Northern Illinois*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *Alleghany Breezes*, *The Southern Collegian*, *The Southwest Standard*, and *The John Marshall High School Record.*

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US

The Y. W. C. A. number of *The Focus* is very good. We note with pleasure the religious atmosphere, but the *Alleghany Breezes* will gladly contribute some jokes to

lighten the rather lengthy and heavy articles—*Alleghany Breezes.*

Among the magazines received those containing the poetry of highest rank were: *The Focus*, of the Virginia State Normal School; the *Vassar Miscellany*, and the *Richmond College Messenger*. *The Wayside Piper* in *The Focus* is not only excellent in verse form and rhythm, but it is powerful in its depth and beauty of sentiment.—*Sweet Briar Magazine.*

From Farmville, Va., comes *The Focus*, published by the girls of the State Normal School. This paper is quite distinctive in that it is composed largely of literary matter of a high quality and contains no art work and very little school news. The editors of this paper surely have unusual ideas of the function of a school publication. However, we congratulate them on making a success of a magazine of this type in a Normal School. We do not know whether all the articles were written especially for *The Focus*. If this be true the students of the school are certainly to be commended for the generous way they support their paper.—*The Blue and Gold.*

THE FOCUS

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

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

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

Editorial

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Girls, by all means encourage the new Southern Inter-Collegiate Student Government Association. After going to this first conference, I realize how much it is going to mean to us here at Farmville.

What should Student Government mean? It should mean the control by the Student Body of everything which affects the good of the school. Remember that everything which affects the Student Body, in any way, must be voted on by the students and carried by majority vote. The officers of Student Government merely carry out the will of the students, as far as the Faculty and Home Department think it wise.

Now, if Student Government means the control, by the Student Body, of the activities of the students, don't you think it should mean the sole control of organizations existing within the Student Body? There are so many organizations here, as well as in other schools and colleges, that do not amount to a "row of pins." Why have them,

and let them mean nothing to us? How many of us spend our money and get nothing for it but our names in the annual? We like to see our names there, it is true, but why not encourage our organizations to mean something? The head of an organization, as well as its members, should push it. If the head has no "push," and the members feel a delicacy in saying anything, who then is going to protect the interest of such an organization? The point it that such an organization should not be in school "if" it does nothing to uplift its members socially, educationally, or otherwise. The question is, Does the Student Body want to put out such an organization or push it and make it mean something?

P-u-s-h—girls—push! Never let anything "do" you. If the head of such an organization knew Student Government was backing her, I think she would work and make her organization, which has honored her by asking her to be its head, count for something in school.

And so I think that the Student Body should control the organizations within itself, which surely do affect the life of the school.

—*Marie Noel.*

Here and There

The training school children, under the direction of Miss Munoz and Miss March, presented "Golden Hair and the Three Bears," Friday, May 8, in the auditorium. The story sketch was worked out in the musical and the "Three Bears" afforded much wholesome laughter and enjoyment to the large crowd which attended. The small children sang unusually well, and those who deserve special mention are Miss Mildred Vaden, "Golden Hair," and Master Dabney Jarman, "Little Baby Bear." The whole play was very well presented and gives credit to the training school children.

"Twelfth Night" was given by the four literary societies in the auditorium Saturday night, May 6. This was decided upon as the yearly open meeting, in combination, in honor of the birthday of Shakespeare. The play was well presented and showed genius from members in all the societies.

On Monday night, May 8, the installation of the new Student Government officers was held in the auditorium. Miss Marie Noel, our former President, presided and then turned her duties over to Miss Elsie Bagby, our new President, after which she presided, installing Miss Esther Covington, our Senior Vice-President, Misses Josephine Gleaves, and Helen Arthur, Junior Vice-Presidents, and Miss Clara Green, Secretary, into office. The new officers are strong girls and we are sure they will keep up the good work of our former executives.

On Tuesday night, May 9, Hon. Henry W. Anderson, and Hon. Fairfax Harrison, President of the Southern R. R., spoke to the students and town people on "Education

from the Business Man's Standpoint." Mr. Anderson took as a special phase "Making of Kings" and Mr. Harrison, "Making of Persons." Both were fine addresses and gave excellent pointers, not only from a business man's standpoint but from the best educators of the country.

The Coburn Players presented "Hamlet," "The Rivals" and "Tempest" this year, and as usual they were well rendered and much enjoyed by large attendance.

Mr. Coburn spoke in chapel, May 11, on "Making the Theater National." The talk was very much enjoyed and showed his appreciation of the Spakespearian plays, as well as all good dramas.

Hit or Miss

IN THIRD YEAR ENGLISH CLASS

Miss W. (explaining the Story of Beowulf)—"Yes, Beowulf killed Grendel and he went limping off to his den to die."

To a question asked on Hygiene test a young lady gave the following answer: "Mud-holes furnish breeding places for mosquitoes and rain-barrels, too."

If Mae Brinkley went walking would Gladyse Joyner?

V-a L-e—"Miss Walker, I need enough mayonnaise to go on two sandwiches and a paper napkin."

"Press me closer, closer still,
With what fervor you can master;
All my nerves responsive thrill.
Press me closer—mustard plaster."—*Ex.*

M.—"You'd better study your Sunday School lesson and make some preparation for that soul of yours."
E.—"Oh, my shoes are all right."

Little Sister (to Senior home for Senior holiday)—"Eleanor, what is that on your ring?"
Eleanor—"Oh, that's our Virginia Seal."
Little Sister—"Is she one of your friends?"

I don't want to be an angel,
'Cause angels have to sing,
I'd rather be a Senior,
And never do a thing.—*Ex.*

Mr. Tyndall—"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

Pupil—"In what amounts?"

Mr. T.—"Oh, in various amounts."

Pupil—"Well, that accounts for the reason some girls make better matches than others."—*Ex.*

Mr. L-r-'s pupils—"Resolved, that Mr. L-r will purchase a safety vault for class records and test papers."

"High Bridge today, girls—the next thing to Rice."

Mr. S-m-r-s—"Do you know any trees that do not have green leaves in summer?"

K-t P-nn-ll—"Dead trees."

L. L.—"Oh, don't you know M. asked me to Hampden-Sidney for the dance!"

R. M.—"Are you going?"

L. L.—"No. There are too many boys."

R. M.—"Well, they won't bite you."

L. L.—"Oh, but when I get with them I get shaky in the knees. You know boys are like oral reports to me."

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