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Farmville, Virginia

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THE FOCUS

VOL. VI FARMVILLE, VA., OCTOBER, 1916 NO. 5

The Inspiration of Friendship

A. O. M.

SOMETIMES when I do things sorter slovenly an' ill
Something whispers down within me—so soft like an' so still—
"Would *she* do it that way?"
An' she stands right before me, reproachful like an' hazy,
Till I feel quite ashamed fer bein' so lazy.
Then I turn right around an' do it over, you see,
Jest as good, an' as careful, an' as neat as can be.

An Historical Pageant

(*Portraying the life of Master William Shakespeare, written by Helene Nichols, Madeline Warburton, Ellen Goodwin, and Ruth Hankins, of the Class of* 1916. *Presented by the Class of* 1916 *at its commencement.*)

THE BOYHOOD OF SHAKESPEARE

Episode 1, *Scene* 1. Scene—Village green. Over toward the left is a thick bush. Under this a small girls lies sleeping.

Enter William Shakespeare, age 11 or 12, from right. Sees sleeping girl.

William (shakes finger knowingly)—And she did say that I would never do it. (Creeps quickly but carefully and quietly up to sleeping child, kisses her violently three times, then runs away a few steps and turns to watch her. Girl starts up, looks dazedly about but does not see William.)

Girl—I would I had not awaked. The fairies, they did play about me and the Queen herself did kiss me thrice upon the cheek. (Sits thoughtfully for a few seconds.) If I sleep perchance they'll come again. For I have heard my grandame say full oft that if we would but dream the same dream twice, we need but turn and sleep again with the head upon the place the feet did rest, the feet where the head reposed. (She turns around in the act of lying down in another position when she sees William. He has been watching her and laughing heartily, with a suppressed laugh, as she talked of the fairies.)

Girl—What are you doing here?

William (laughing and jeering)—And you did say that it would never be.

Girl (fiercely facing him squarely. William Shakespeare rises from ground)—Did you kiss me?

William (shaking finger triumphantly)—I did, I did, I did.

Girl—Right sorry thou shalt be. (Picks up stick, lying near, and chases him. He dodges about stage several

times, she gives up and starts off crying.) You mean, mean fellow. I hope the witches cast thee in Avon. I'll tell my father ere this hour's spent. Thou'dst best look sharp, for he will serve thee rough and then methinks thou'lt know how to behave.

William—Come back Luce and I will give thee a plum bun my mother baked but yesterday.

Girl—I want no bun. (Goes off.)

William— I kissed a maid alying there,
Asleeping on the grass,
Right mad she got and chased me,
But I did beat the lass.

(Enter several other children, ten or eleven—Luce among them, laughing now with the rest.)

First Child—Lill—Lill! A grave of lill—lill!

Several Children—Lill-lill! Who is to be keeper?

Several Others—I—I—I.

First Child—Let's count for it. All in a row (children standing in a semi-circle, first child counts).

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven,
All the rest stay below,
And keep company with Old Jim-bo.
William's *it*.

Several Boys—He always is.

William—Ah, luck, lads, luck.

Another Child—All right come—let's to the game. (Children mark off a base on each side of stage, and with two marks, about ten feet apart, enclose the middle region as "hell.")

A Child (to another)—Will you tell me how to play?

Second Child—This is "hell." (Points to central region.) And William is the keeper who stays therein. The boys have one base as home, the girls the other; they try to cross through "hell" to the opposite base; and as they do the keeper catches all he can.

First Child—And those caught stay in with the keeper and help him catch the others? I know—we call it "barley-break" in London town.

(When the bases, etc., are finished, children take their places and the game begins.)

William (in den)—I dare you to come 'cross. (Game continues till several are caught. In the midst of the game a fife is heard.)

William—Hark! children, listen. The strolling players —the players!

Children—The players have come.

(Enter town-crier.)

Town-Crier—The players have come! The players! The players! (Passes across stage and off.)

(Children rush toward exit, led by William; meet players, town folk crowding in during the following dialogue. At sight of players children shrink back and clap hands. William ventures to stay nearer the master-player than the other children.)

Master-Player—We seek the high bailiff—the mayor—to grant us license for our play. Who will bring me to the high bailiff?

Citizen—I sought him in the Council Chamber, but found him not. Perhaps this lad knows where he hides this hour, since he is none other than the bailiff's own son, William!

Master-Player—Come, lad, dost thou know where thy father is to be found this hour?

William—Aye, sir, I do know where he is to be found this very minute. But stay here and promise you'll not leave, and I'll be back anon, and bring him here to thee. He'll let thee play. I know he will; for he doth love the plays himself, and thrice he had me see them with him. (Exit.)

Citizen—In sooth, I believe that lad doth love thy plays more than any here in Stratford. He watches close methinks every act; and when thou didst come last the lad did beg his father to let him follow after.

(Enter William and father.)

William—I met my father 'round the corner there; and so got back before I thought.

(Players bow before the mayor.)

Mayor (to master-player)—So thou hast come again to play in Stratford. Right welcome to our town; the lads do love thy playing. (Puts hand on William's head.) The lassies too. (Looks at children, children clap hands and shout.) And when the older folks do know that thou art here they leave the mills, the tanneries, shops, and farms and follow after.

Master-Player—We thank you for your courtesy. We do but hope we shall never cease to please for that's the thing we play for—to bring mirth and laughter to young and old; to cheer up rough and stoney hearts—to make merry the dull days.

Mayor—Well said, and art thou ready to give the mayor's play. Come, let there be first a dance, a merry, merry dance. The old seem young again; the young seem stronger when they do see thy nimble feet in joyful dances.

Master-Player—We give a dance in every town, for our good men love to give them as much as your people love to see them.

Mayor (to villagers)—Make way for the players, make way! A dance! A dance!

Chorus—A dance! A dance! Strolling players! Hurrah! (The villagers move back leaving space for players. William nearest to players. As they dance William moves nearer and nearer, watching them intently. More shouts when dance ends. Dancers bow.)

(*Curtain*)

NOTE—Owing to lack of space, it was necessary to omit the prologues which were read before each episode and which served to connect the episodes and show the relation between them.

Episode II. Scene I.

Enter Anne Hathaway and two other girls. Anne has a scrap of paper in her hand. The others are teasing and trying to take it from her.

Mary—Come, Anne, and let us see the contents of that note, for by thy looks I judge it is a scroll from thy young poet lover.

Anne—You do not give me chance to read it for myself. Stand there awhile (pushes them aside, laughingly, and reads note).

Second Girl—You tarry at it long. My reason says 'tis words of love within.

Anne—Not love, but praises of my will. (Folds note, attempts to hide it in bosom.)

Mary—Now, Anne, you know you promised if we let you read in peace that we should share the contents with you. Come, keep your promise.

Anne—If you can get it you may read it. (Pretends to clinch note in hand, but slyly tosses it backward in the grass so that other girls do not see it. They open her hand to find it empty. One girl sees note, and grabs it.)

Mary (after glancing at it)—It is indeed praises of your "will." Listen. (Reads)—

"Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'will.'
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus;
More than enough am I that of thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thine;
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?"

Second Girl—Ah, Anne, thou hast thy "Will" indeed—a willing "Will" that seemingly wills to do thy will. But is there more?

First Girl—That is but half, just listen to the rest. (Reads.)

"The sea all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more,
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'"

Second Girl—Anne, the lad doth have a merry wit, and he doth intermix his love and humor.

Anne—Did I not tell thee that he was a merry lad? He hath a wit that's unsurpassed in Stratford and he doth use it well.

First Girl—But, Anne, how can you love the lad? Why he is scracely past his teens.

Anne—No; for that I love him more, though young in years, in judgment he is old.

Second Girl—What's the saying, "Whiles we talk about the devil his angels hover near?" Here comes Master William. (Enter William.) Fair Anne, we leave you to your Will. (Start off.)

William—Good morrow, ladies fair, why hasten you away? Methinks I am not welcome.

Girls—We'll be back anon. (Exit.)

William—What's that you said as I came upon the green? I thought I heard my name.

Anne—And did you think aright? But naught we said was meant for your two wilful ears.

William—Come, Anne, and sit thee in the shadow of this tree awhile. (Leads her to seat.) All the world, it seems, has waked again. The grass is green, the flowers sweet, the birds sing in the trees.

Anne—Yes, May has come and the players and now 'twill be the May-pole dance.

William—And will you be my partner for the dance again? (Anne nods assent.) Anne, that day last May ever lingers in my memory. For it was on that day I learned to know thee well. And, Anne, I found that the things you love are the things that I love too. We love the same May dance; your favorite players are my favorites too. And, Anne, you love the moonlight nights, the rushing of wind through leafy trees.

Anne—That, it seems, is music for the soul in any mood.

William—You love the grasses green, the tiny flowers that bloom besides the way. (Picks a flower and hands it to her.) In them I see the very soul of spring.

Anne—And in them I see that life is ever new, that good things do not die.

William—You love the waters of the Avon over yonder, the fish that live therein, the birds that walk upon its banks?

Anne—The birds that play upon the banks say "Life is worth the living;" the fishes make me wonder of the life

unknown; the stillness of the Avon charms the soul. When the night is clear, the moon shines bright, and all the the labors of the day are over, I steal down to the water's edge and there forget that I was ever tired.

William—All these are good, their beauty truly charms, but, Anne, there's something better far. Of all the things in Stratford, or in the world about, what love you most?

Anne (quickly)—The people.

William (overjoyed)—I thought so, Anne, and I do love them too. But of all the people here there's one I love the most—and that is Anne—Anne Hathaway. (Falls on knees beside her, catches her hand.)

(Enter several young men and girls. First man sees two girls on opposite side.)

First Man—Good morrow, mistress. (Mary puts fingers to lips and points to William and Anne. Man sees them, but William sees them and rises from knees.)

First Man—Ah, Master William (bows low), most humbly we sue for pardon. Methinks Dan Cupid has been near.

William—And you prevented my seeing whether his arrow struck the mark.

Mary (aside to companion)—You heard his words to her but now, and we do know she loves him well. And when the two do love each one the other, you know what soon will follow. Come, let's cry "good joy!"

Both together—Good joy! Good joy.

(All join hands about William and Anne. Anne and William break the circle, then follows the May-pole dance in which all take part.)

Episode II. Scene II.

(Scene opens with Sir Thomas Lucy, a middle-aged man, fat, bald-headed, pacing angrily up and down room. Enter sheriff with Shakespeare and two other young men, a forester following.)

Sir Thomas—How now, sirrah!

Sheriff (bows)—Your honor, by your command I bring

before your presence Masters Hugh More, Henry Cornwall, and William Shakespeare.

Sir Thomas (shakes fist at young men)—Ah, young fellow (sits down.) I'll teach you to come upon my land and take my deer, my pheasants and my hares (coughs).

Shakespeare (aside, to companions)—It seems though indeed that someone took his *hairs*.

Sir Thomas (to forester)—Come, give your evidence again.

Forester—Your honor, it was as I said on yesterday. You entrusted me to keep a watch within your park, and I always do what I'm paid to do and I have done it for these three months past. As you remember, within two days after you sent me hence I brought you word of our rules poached upon your land, down in the farthest corner of your park, for I always do what I'm paid to do. I saw him make way with one of your sweet, gentle fawns.

Sir Thomas (who has been looking angry, and then more so as the forester prolonged his tale)—I ask you not for what you saw three months ago, but what you saw on yesterday.

Forester—Yes, your honor (bows), I'm coming to that now, for I always do what I'm paid to do. As I was saying he made away with—

Sir Thomas—I'll make away with you if you don't leave off all your prating and tell what I want to know.

Forester—As I was a-saying, sir, he made away with the sweet young fawn (wipes eyes, Sir Thomas straightens as if about to rise, looks fiercely at him). Upon my heart I could not keep back the tears (weeps) when I saw the poor young thing.

Sir Thomas—Upon my heart, I'll give you something to weep for (starts forward, but settles back in chair), man; out with what you saw on yesterday.

Forester—Your honor (bows), I always do what I'm paid to do, and as I was a-saying, yesterday I walked down in the farthest corner of the park, where the sweet, gentle fawn was slain (wipes eyes).

Sir Thomas (brings hand down fiercely upon table)—But upon your sweet gentle fawn what did you see?

Forester—There where the gentle fawn was slain (wipes eyes) I saw Master Shakespeare sitting on the ground, a wounded pheasant upon his knees, his weapon by his side. It was the poor bird's cry, your honor, that led me to him. And, your honor (bows), when my eyes beheld the poor wounded bird the tears did come (weeps). Oh, sir, upon my heart the sight did strike my pity. These two others were there with him or near-by and as I approached they ran, leaving Master Shakespeare with the wounded bird (weeps).

Sir Thomas—That will do for now. Come, you rogues, what have you to say?

Shakespeare (aside to companions)—I'll do the talking. (He has been writing on a scrap of paper during the report of the Forester. Hands paper to More, and steps forward. More and Cornwall stay behind and read note at same time listening to conversation.) (To Sir Thomas)—What would you have me say?

Sir Thomas (fiercely)—Were you on my reserve on yesterday?

Shakespeare (calmly)—I was.

Sir Thomas—Were those two rogues there with you? (Rogues look frightened.)

Shakespeare—Your woodsmen said they were.

Sir Thomas—What took they away from there?

Shakespeare—Themselves. (More and Cornwall laugh, but keep behind Shakespeare.)

Sir Thomas (straightens himself in chair, stares fiercely at Shakespeare)—Did they not kill my game?

Shakespeare—As far as I could see, sir, your woodsman killed their game. (More and Cornwall laugh heartily, but look as if they fear what Sir Thomas will say next.)

Sir Thomas (brings hand down heavily on table)—There, insolent fellow, answer my questions, and leave off thy curt remarks.

(A pause follows.)

Shakespeare—I'm waiting for your questions.

Sir Thomas—You killed my pheasant?

Shakespeare—Your woodsman did not say that it was dead.

Woodsman—Your honor, he set it back upon the ground, and it limped away to die (weeps).

Shakespeare—Didst thou ask what it limped away for?

Sir Thomas—If it did not die 'twas through no fault of yours.

Shakespeare—Sir Thomas, your woodsman saw my friends, he saw me, he saw the wounded pheasant (Forester wipes eyes), but none of these prove either they or I killed a pheasant or aught else in your park. Will he swear he saw or heard a shot as he came upon us in the park?

Forester—I did not hear the shot—but—but the poor bird—

Shakespeare—Will you swear my friends took away aught but what they brought there?

Forester—I—I did not see—but—

Shakespeare—Did you see me shoot the pheasant?

Forester—I—I—no—but the poor bird was shot.

Shakespeare—It was, and you saw the wound?

Forester—I did, sir, and—

Shakespeare—And you saw that it was one of three or four days standing.

Forester—True, there was no fresh blood, but—

Shakespeare—Dost thou think I shot the bird three days before and sat there three days nursing it? (Looks at woodsman, then at Sir Thomas. Sir Thomas is puzzled.) (To Sir Thomas) Your woodsman saw us there, and that is all he can say. He has no proof that my friends or myself killed a deer, a hare, or even wounded a pheasant. You cannot deny that.

Sir Thomas (looks as if he thinks "game is keenly up.")—Then, ah-a what did you in my park?

Shakespeare—What I pleased.

Sir Thomas—Young fellow, you'll pay for this. Go, all three of you (rises) and never let me see your roguish faces again. Upon my word I'll some day see you hanged in a row. (Exit with Forester and Sheriff. The three

rogues shake fists at them. More and Cornwall grab Shakespeare and slap him on the back.)

More—Ah, Will, that clever tongue of thine has got us out of many a scrape.

Cornwall—Very glad we are you were with us on yesterday.

Shakespeare—Right glad I am the woodsman did not catch us that third day before. I dare say that pheasant was the same that old Hugh More wounded. (Slaps More on the shoulder.)

More—Sh—hist! He'll hear thee.

Cornwall—I tell thee, Will, thou had best look sharp. The old bear will never forget thy sharp words of today.

More—And if he did but see the verse you wrote. (Reads)

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an ass;
If Louesie is Lucy, as some folks miscall it,
Then Lucy is Louesie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass is his state,
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is Louesie, as some folks miscall it,
Sing Louesie Lucy, whatever befall it.

Shakespeare—I may write worse; he's a bear indeed. But I'll not worry him again for many days to come. Lads, ere the sun sets three times on Stratford and the Avon I'll be in London town.

Cornwall—And what will you do there?

Shakespeare—Anything I can. But come, lads, we'll talk of that tomorrow. Let's to the tavern now and spend an hour in joy and merriment.

Episode III. Shakespeare's Introduction to London.

(A group of common people engaged in a game of dice before the theater. Others stand watching the game; among the watchers two boys, apple sellers, suddenly see a prospective customer in a stout old lady who enters leading by the hand a small boy. In their haste to beat each other to the bargain, they dash through the game of dice. First boy trips second boy and causes him to fall

flat among the dice, spilling and scattering his basket of apples. Dice players grab up dice and scattered apples and pelt prostrate boy well, while first boy, having made a good bargain, laughs and dances around. Second boy suddenly stops blubbering, grabs the stock of apples from first boy and with them chases him around the stage. As they race toward entrance they upset a nobleman who is entering followed by another gentleman, both clad in elegant riding habits.)

First Gentleman (*Southampton*) (rising and collaring first boy while second boy turns and escapes by opposite entrance)—Thou knave! Thinkest thou that thou art a moth and I am a light that thou pound'st out thy small brain against me? Come, my pretty moth! (Applying his riding strap.) I'll so singe thy wings that thou'lt learn a lesson.

Second Gentleman (*Marlowe*) (laughing)—Come, come Southampton. Let the fellow up at that! There were two and thou punishest this one for both. Methinks thy visit this morn to thy adorable Mistress Mary hath put thee out of sorts.

Southampton (rubbing bruise inflicted by boy)—Mention not her name to me: not that she hath aught to do with my temper, mind you.

Marlowe—Why, a thousand pardons! But indeed methought her name (I'm not mentioning it to you) was a balm for all ill to thee. Methought that were it but whispered in thine ear t'would soothe thy ruffled feelings, while now I see it doth but add new anger.

Southampton—I tell thee she hath naught to do with my temper!

Marlowe—Well, well! at least thou'lt admit thou wast put out during thy ride this morn, either going, while there in her company (I mention no name), or while returning.

Southampton—I admit as much.

Marlowe—Then perhaps riding thy new horse doth not well agree with thee! Rather a lively bit of flesh, eh?

Southampton—Zounds, man! what should my horse

have to do with my temper. Lively she is; but with a careful hand to manage her she'll do well enough. I've had enough experience with blooded beasts to know that one without fire is a poor beast indeed. A lively beast mine? Yea, but not quite quick enough for me. Therefore have I decided to rid myself of her and purchase another more suited to a man of spirit and execution. This one is too easily managed. Nay, 'twas not her spirited capers that put me out of temper (turns aside musingly and rubs bruises).

Marlowe—Then indeed (mentioning no name) someone must have broken thy heart.

Southampton (still ruefully rubbing)—'Tis more likely my pate.

Marlowe—Thy pate! What meanst thou?

Southampton—Oh, nothing, nothing. Think on't no more. Come, Kit, cheer my dark spirit with sport with yonder tender country youth until the play begins.

Marlowe (regarding country youth who is looking around him .with interest)—Then must thou teach me etiquette that I may with proper words approach him. How shall I address myself to him? Should I say "Good even?" What title should I use? "Good even, sir?" It seemeth not to fit.

Raleigh—Try "What ho," but with gentle voice that his delicate ear be not offended.

Southampton—Oh, not so rudely. He would flee back to his native forest like a startled deer!

Marlowe—Come! I have it! Thou, Southampton, shalt be Lord Mayor of London. I'll be thy page and summon before thy stern face this youth. Be thou stern in manner. Question him well. Let thine eye frown on him, and we shall have such a quaking and trembling as will cause even thy dejected humor to arouse itself. (Approaching youth.) What ho, my lad! The Lord Mayor yonder would have word with thee. Come! He'll none of thy sauciness! (Brings young man to Southampton.)

Southampton—Good even, fellow.

Youth—Good even, my good sir.

Southampton—Why art thou sneaking about the theater?

Youth—Indeed, sir, I was not aware that I appeared to be sneaking. I have come to your good city to find work.

Southampton—Like enough! Like enough! Thy work was to be the rifling of some gentleman's pocket? What is thy name? Didst think thou would find work by staring at yon theater?

Youth—My name, sir, is William Shakespeare. I desire work to do around the theater here, and as I have never visited your city before I was but looking around the place.

Southampton—S'blood! Thinkst thou I believe all that. (To Marlowe and Raleigh). Officers, bear him hence!

Shakespeare—Thy pardon, my good sir, but give me leave to speak a few words first.

Southampton—Well, be brief. Thou mayst do so.

Shakespeare—'Tis of the nature of an apology. Dost thou not remember me?

Southampton—No, I never saw the until this hour.

Shakespeare—This morn as I came up by Oxford way.

Southampton—The ride way!

Shakespeare—Yea, where gentlemen are wont to spur their nags to a merry pace. As I passed along on foot, a young lady with a gay parasol met a gallant gentleman on a spirited nag. The young lady waved her parasol at the young man, whereupon his horse, not liking the brilliant color, cut such a merry caper that the young man was unhorsed. The young lady laughed heartily and drove gaily on. Not knowing thou was such a great personage, my lord mayor, I helped thee not to thy saddle again.

(During this recital Southampton, by gestures and black looks, has repeatedly attempted to interrupt the narrative. Shakespeare, however, proceeds innocently enough and the other noblemen stand aside and laugh. First trumpet sounds for play to begin. People begin to crowd in.)

Southampton—Ah! Thou wast the lad who stood laughing. I remember thee!

Marlowe—Come, Southampton, the joke's on thee this

time. So thou'lt buy a more spirited nag, wilt thou? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Southampton—This is a merry lad. Methinks I've work for such as he if that is what he seeks.

(Trumpet sounds and flag goes up for play to begin.)

Marlowe—Come, Southampton, the play begins.

Southampton—I'll join ye in a moment. (To Shakespeare, handing him a paper)—Call at the place to which these direction thee, early tomorrow. I would have words with thee about a matter. For the present thou mayst hold my horse at yonder door. Farewell until tomorrow. (Goes out.)

Shakespeare (going to hold horse)—Until then farewell.

Episode IV.

(Enter a follower of Raleigh and a lady in waiting upon Queen Elizabeth.)

Lover—Shall I compare thee to a full blown rose,
To gentle summer winds, or lily fair?
Thy deep blue eyes, thy charms, thy golden hair
Surpass the beauty of each flower that grows.

Maid—'Twas but last fortnight that I did see thee a-wooing fair Sylvia and vowing such ardent love for her.

Lover—Thy voice is softer than the breeze that blows
The nodding leaves. Oh, thee I shall compare
To music, melodies that seem to tear
Your soul in twain—or strains that heaven knows.

Maid—The youth grows mad withal. I'll not list to such foolish prating. (Turns away.)

Lover—Oh, thou, who art so lovely and so loved,
Must beauty needs be proud, impassive, cold,
To keep true place among her humbler kin?
Oh, can by any means thy soul be moved
To smile upon, e'en pity love untold,
And pray, may I thy haughty heart e'er win?

Maid—Not until the sun turn from its course and the day give place to night. Thou didst woo one maid and wound her heart—thou canst not break another. Thou art ever the faithless knave.

Lover—Come, come, sweet Phoebe—that was but an idle moment, an unguided moment. Youth will ever go astray and play the rogue. But in truth, fair Phoebe, my love is all yours now. Do I deserve no more than a cold, deaf ear to all my passionate pleadings of love for thee! Sweet Pheobe, turn not away.

Phoebe—I'll have none of thee and thy foolish prating nonsense about love—away, I say, away.

(Enter two ladies in waiting.)

First Lady—What, Phoebe, at it again? Come, this is no time to bandy words. I have news to tell thee that thou fain wouldst hear. Our mistress hath added another to those satellites whom it is her pleasure to keep revolving about her.

Phoebe—Ah, you mean that young Raleigh, the Devonshire youth—the knight of the cloak, as they call him at court? Why, that is no news. I pray thee, quicken thy wit and discover unto us news indeed.

First Lady—Indeed, then Raleigh may be knight of the garter one day, for aught I know—for he is already mounted high in favor. But I spoke of Shakespeare, the player, Will Shakespeare; he is now in favor with the Queen.

Lover—What's this I hear? Come, come—Will Shakespeare's name is scarce known unto our Sovereign Queen. His outside is well enough, and for his acting—well 'twill pass for such, but scarce so good methinks as to have risen so high in favor with the Queen.

First Lady—Ah, but your eye hath betrayed you right well, I see. Mark you this. Didst thou not notice how our Queen did listen in a sort of enchantment when Will Shakespeare played in "The Tempest" the other night.

Second Lady—She did blush and bid us be silent that his slightest movement might not escape her ever watchful eye!

First Lady—And when the play was ended, and she dropped one mark of favor after another, he passed into a flow of gallantry, the most assiduous, the most delicate, the most insinuating, yet at the same time the most respectful with which a queen was ever addressed by a subject.

Lover (follower of Raleigh)—Forsooth, I tell thee that Sir Walter Raleigh stands highest in favor with our Queen.

Phoebe—'Twas only yesterday that I did see the Queen and my Lord Southampton walking in the garden, his arm affording his sovereign the occasional support which she required where flights of steps conducted them from terrace to terrace and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of doing as they would be done by, drew apart a little and contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple. Never have I seen more knightly ardor on the part of my lord or more gracious admiration on the part of my Queen.

Lover (follower of Sir Raleigh)—Aye, listen to this. I do know that my lord doth wear suspended around his neck and next to his heart, a lock of hair and a small jewel, shaped like a heart which the Queen did give him. He speaks with it when he is alone and he dreams with it when he sleeps. No heathen ever worshipped an idol with such devotion.

Phoebe—Thou art a prying knave to watch thy master so closely and a tattling knave to tell of this.

First Lady—You art all deceived. Mark me, the Queen is so delighted with this young player that she hath bid him come to our fete tonight.

Second Lady (who has been looking to left)—Look you now at our Queen and Sir Walter Raleigh.

Queen (to Raleigh)—We will impeach you of high treason, my lord, if you proceed in this attempt to slay us with laughter.

Raleigh (dropping upon one knee)—Your majesty—

Queen—Rise, Sir Walter, I restore you to favor. Your queen may be forced to chide your misdemeanors, but never without owning your merits. But, touching this Shakespeare, that new undertaking of his, these chronicles, as he calls them, methinks may entertain with honest merit mingled with useful instruction not only our subjects but even the generation which may succeed us.

Raleigh—Your majesty's reign will need no such aid to make it remembered to our latest posterity.

Queen—He doth write of fairies, love, charms, and I wot not what besides. He is a minion of the muses, methinks.

Raleigh—"Valor never shines to more advantage than when united with true taste and love of letters."

Queen—Southampton, at my bidding, doth bring Shakespeare here this day to grace our fete. Mark you, even now comes our poet delighting Lord Southampton with his verse. (Enter Southampton and Shakespeare.)

Queen—My lord, you are a most welcome and honored guest. We entreat you to favor us with more of your countenance.

Shakespeare—Most gracious Queen, thou dost honor me more than my deservings.

Queen—Thou art a gentleman of birth and breeding—thy bearing makes it good. Thou art a poet of no mean rank. Thy verse, thy plays, thy very acting hath so delighted me that I beg of you to write that which will grace our May day festival here next fortnight. Let it be such a play that cheers the heart and mocks at all sadness.

Shakespeare—It doth doubly please me first to honor my Queen withal, and second, to write my much loved verse. My art stands at your command, most lovely Queen. My lot were more than mortal were it given me to do more for thee. The very stars intimate a brighter future.

Queen—Aye, they shower down a flood of light which promises power, wealth and fame, all that the proud heart of man desires.

Shakespeare—My Queen, long may you live? Would that love of your subjects or my good wishes could make you immortal. God grant that you live long to be happy and to render others so.

Queen—Thou art a noble youth. Let us then live long and be happy. Come, music and a dance.

(A court dance follows.)

Episode V.

(The Prologue appears and announces that Master William Shakespeare's company of London players will present "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Then follows Act I, Scence II, of a "Midsummer Night's Dream," and cuttings from Act III, Scene I, and Act V of the same play.)

Episode VII.

Scene—Mermaid Tavern, London. Pot boy dozing before the fire.

Kemp (pacing to and fro meditatively)—Hist! could that be Will? Nay, 'tis only the pot boy's snoring. If he come not soon there will scarce be time to assume his disguise and hide ourselves before the roisterers are come. 'Tis like our modest Will to devise this scheme for escaping speech-making. Methinks some of our graver friends will ill brook a breaking away from the formalities they have planned. But here he comes.

(Shakespeare cautiously appears, peeping around the door-post.)

Shakespeare—Ah, hist! By my life I knew thee not, so ill doth thy new dress become thee.

Kemp (looking him over)—Nay, not a word. Put on thy cloak and quickly. (Helps him with cloak.) Thou but fittest thy frock too well. How didst thou manage to leave the theater so soon and to escape the company met to escort thee?

Shakespeare—How? Oh, I scaled walls, scuttled through obscure lanes, turned abrupt bends as a hound-chased hare. In short, I encircled every person I saw and am here. But quiet. I hear our comrades approach. Come! Let us conceal ourselves in the dark entry until the time be ripe for our entrance. (They go out stealthily).

(Sound of many loud voices is heard. Raleigh enters, followed by Jonson, Dekker, Nash, Bacon, Chapman, all singing a merry song, one of Shakespeare's.)

Raleigh (to pot boy)—Hey, thou loggerhead! Awake! Sittest thou there drowsing while the fire goes out? Up,

thou sleepy cat! Throw on logs and let us have a merry blaze ere Will shall come! 'Tis a matter of wonder to me still how he escaped us.

Jonson—Methought he'd do no less. Thou knowest Will is ever modest and seeks not display. You saw how restive he grew under the clamor of the crowd at the playhouse but he could not escape the "Tempest" of their applause. (Laughter.)

Nash—So thou thinkest that Robert Greene's "upstart crow" has grown his latest feather e'en in the writing of this latest play, "The Tempest."

Jonson—Ha! What was that silly verse Greene wrote concerning Will? I remember not the words.

Nash—Dost thou not remember his groat's worth of wit? Marry 'twas scarce a groat's worth. "For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake scene in a country."

Jonson—Ah! Yes, I remember! Poor Greene! His pointed thrusts fall harmless on our popular and genial Will. Shake scene indeed! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Raleigh—Didst thou tell Will he should find us here tonight?

Jonson—Forsooth! Shouldst thou deem that necessary. And had I been minded so to do 'twould have been impossible for such was the enthusiasm of the audience when his play was over that approaching him was out of the question. Therefore hastened I hither to help thee make ready for a jolly night.

Raleigh—Yea, and a jolly one shall it be. (To pot boy)—What! dozing in the corner this time! I'll teach thee to stand dreaming, thou saucy knave! Come, more logs yet, that the approving smile of our mermaid may shine far down the way to welcome her illustrious son.

(Loud voices heard without. Enter Shakespeare and Kemp disguised as rough countrymen.)

Kemp—And my last thruppence, too. Thou'lt ne'er catch me in such a trap again, I'll tell thee.

Shakespeare—Odds, man! Took I thy thruppence? Wouldst have thy head broken? (To pot boy)—Wine, boy. (To Kemp)—I'd none of your pence if I could!

Kemp—Thou canst well talk for thou hast pence to buy wine!

Shakespeare—Nor is it fault of mine that thou hast not thine. Did I not lose my thruppence on the show also? Thy brawl doth anger me. Come, I'll no more on't. (He strikes out lustily, but Kemp parries the thrust and they close.)

Raleigh—Ho, my good fellows! Before we view this fight let us hear the cause that we may judge more justly of the winner.

Shakespeare—Thy pardon, good sir! We realized not that we were in the presence of such worthy gentlemen. As to the cause of our disagreement—

Kemp—He robbed me of my thruppence.

Shakespeare—He speaks untruly, sir—'twas the play.

Kemp—Marry was it and my last thruppence.

Shakespeare—A curse on thy thruppence. I caused thee not to spend it on the play!

Jonson—What play was this which has caused thee so much feeling?

Kemp—Prithee ask me not for I know not what 'twas all about, but 'twas writ by a certain Shakespeare, so they say.

Raleigh (aside to Jonson)—Lead him on. Let us see what he'll say. 'Twill amuse Will.

Jonson—Didst thou not like the fellow's play?

Kemp—That I did not! The conceited fellow boasted and strutted about as a character in his own play.

Shakespeare—Aye, and a drunken one at that.

Kemp—And this drunken Trinculo was the only clown he had!

Shakespeare—Aye! And he adhered to the lines set down in his speech and made no sport with his audience. Marry, my brown donkey at home has as much wit,

Kemp—'Twas the vilest show that ever I saw! I had expected something of a more pleasing nature in your London town.

Raleigh—Well said! And rightly thou thinkest for well we know that this fellow Shakespeare is but a sorry phrase maker. 'Tis a pity thou stumblest on such a vile play and I wonder not that thy ideas of our fine city should become distorted. 'Tis well thou camest here, for look you! I shall present to you these noble gentlemen who are the very cream and substance of London's wit and intellect. Come lads. (He leads them forward and as the introductions proceed the gallants with much merriment bow low in turn.)

Raleigh—First, Dekker, whose ready wit is so keen that were his pate not so tough it should be pierced into atoms.

Dekker (bowing)—By my life it takes a keener wit than mine to pierce the thick skulls of them with whom I jest.

Raleigh—Next, our Nash, who, though he sayeth little, thinketh much. (Nash bows.) Next standeth before thee John Davis. (Aside to Davis)—Arise, man, or rather sitteth; for I see he hath no mind to stand. He fears to lose his wager, which is to consume the whole red sea of our mermaid. (Davis remains seated and continues to drink.)

Raleigh—Here's a man for thee, now, Dick Burbage, who with a smile, a tear, a look, a gesture, moves whole audiences like puppets at his will. (Burbage bows with much impressiveness.)

Raleigh—Our gentle poet, Chapman. (Chapman bows.)

Raleigh—Our scientific Francis Bacon. (Bacon bows.)

Raleigh—And last but I should scarce say least, our Big Ben, substantial and abundant in all directions, both in mind and body. (Ben Jonson, with a droll grimace, inclines his head, then beckons the countrymen to him and whispers in an ear of each.)

Raleigh (who has crossed to the door)—Hist! lads, methinks I hear Will Shakespeare approaching at last. Long has he kept us waiting.

Shakespeare—Zounds! Should he as much as turn his stupid eye toward this room I'll scratch his wicked face

with my stick. I'll not allow the writer of such a vile play to drink wine in this crowd of brilliant gentlemen. (Starts to the door.) The wicked scoundrel, thus to cheat the public! I'll demand of him my thruppence.

Jonson—Knave! stand back. (Jonson shoves the supposed countryman aside and a scuffle ensues. Kemp aids Shakespeare; several gentlemen rise and hasten to assist Jonson. In the commotion the disguises are torn off and Shakespeare and Kemp are exposed, laughing heartily at their ruse.)

Shakespeare—How now, lads! Say ye still that I am a poor actor? (The company laughs heartily.)

Jonson—Nay, Will Shakespeare, we grant thee the palm but think not that thy ruse shall succeed and that thus thou shalt escape the festivities we have planned for thee. Come, sit thee in the chair of state, lad. Think not we shall say farewell without drinking one more toast in thy honor.

Raleigh—Then ale it will be. Thither, boy, with the tankards whilst we beguile the time with song. What shall it be, Heminge?

Heminge—"A drinking we will go."

(All sing.)

A drinking we will go,
A drinking we will go,
Bring a tankard stout and strong,
Join our jolly drinking song.
A drinking we will go,
A drinking we will go,
With hearts so glad,
We ne'er are sad,
A drinking we will go,
Oh ho, oh ho.

(Pot boy places tankard on table. Davis trips one boy, causing him to spill the ale.)

Jonson—Thou art a clumsy fellow. To pay for the loss of the ale thou shalt dance for us.

Pot Boy—B—but sir, Master Jonson—

Jonson—Didst thou once hear of the pot boy who used his tongue too often, and ere he knew it, found his tongue outran his legs? Boy, if thou didst not, it is a "good investment" for thine ears.

Pot Boy—Yes, sire, yes, sire.

Jonson—Come, boy, we'll clap and thou shalt dance. (Whole party claps while pot boy dances. As the applause dies Shakespeare speaks.)

Shakespeare—Now, Ben, for the last time give me my favorite song. "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

Company—Aye, aye, Ben, sing for us.

Jonson—To sing is to laugh—to pray. Merry hearts, with a right good will I'll sing for ye. (Jonson sings "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.")

Dekker—'Tis well enough to sing, to laugh, to joke, but this should be an occasion of greater moment.

Burbage (aside to Nash)—Methinks he has a speech under his cloak.

Dekker (continuing)—Fellow players, fellow dramatists, good friends, one and all, the occasion of this meeting is to bid farewell to our famed and well beloved Shakespeare, who leaves us for the shores of Avon, there to make merry all those around him. Friends, I am sure we agree with those who have said "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare."

Heminge (aside)—'Tis a most marvelous speech he's making.

Dekker—Witness his "Venus and Adonis," his "Lucrece," his sugared sonnets.

Nash—Were they more sugared than this (points to speaker) I fear the sonnets would indeed sugar be.

Dekker—"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among us English is accounted master of each. (Applause.) For comedy witness his "Gentleman of Verona," his "Errors," his "Love's Labours Lost," his "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Pope (aside)—Would that this speech were but a midsummer night's dream!

Dekker—And for tragedy Richard II and Richard III. As it has been said Muses would speak with Plautu's tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filled phrases if they would speak English. Shakespeare, poet, dramatist, player, friend, here's health to thee!

Shakespeare—Friends, my past I have given ye, my present I now give ye, and though I leave London for Stratford, my future will ever be for ye. (Applause.)

Jonson—Well, I would not seek to honor thee by comparing thee with lesser men, for methinks thou outshinest them as the sun the candle light. 'Tis only for me to remind thee that we will claim some of the future thou has given us. Thy rival, Barnfield, has said for thee what I would fain second:

"Shakespeare, thou whose honey-flowing vein,
Pleasing the world, thy praises doth obtain,
Whose Venus and whose Lucrece, sweet and chaste
Thy name in fame's immortal book have placed,
Live ever you, at least in fame live ever:
Well may thy body die, but fame dies never."

(All rise quickly, raise tankards, touch them together and sing the following song as the curtain is drawn:)

Mid all the Inn's treasures
I find my greatest pleasure
A tankard stout and strong,
A tankard filled with song.
With such a jolly company,
O who would not so merry be,
To drink the cup of wine,
To drink the cup of wine.
Halli, hallo, halli, hallo.
To drink the cup of wine.

(Curtain.)

Episode VII.

Scene—The village green at Stratford. Two old women are sitting on a bench at the left of the stage.

Mistress Hodges (with hand at her ear)—Mistress Webster, tell me the news that has set Stratford so astir.

Mistress Webster (loudly)—Marry, 'tis marvelous news. Will Shakespeare returns today!

Mistress Hodges—Jack Rakespeare! Well where has he been?

Mistress Webster—Will Shakespeare—I say. He who has become a great actor and writer in London. Do you remember when as a little fellow he played on the village green?

Mistress Hodges—A—a—ah! the village green. 'Twas only yesterday I saw Jack there. And I said to him, "Methinks 'tis thou wert become more serious." And Jack Rakespeare replied, "Seriousness is the death of pleasure."

Mistress Webster (shouting)—William Shakespeare, the great actor, the great writer, is coming from London today. Dost thou not remember him?

Mistress Hodges—A—a—ah! Will Shakespeare. I remember him. A winsome lad was Will. Well do I remember when he played at his games before the school and ran to me with some bit of verse. And well do I remember when to Anne Hathaway his heart he gave.

(The sound of many voices and much laughter is heard without. Enter Henry Cornwall and John More, tossing their hats in the air. They appear little older but much less prosperous than at the time of their first introduction to us.)

Henry Cornwall—Zounds, Mistress Webster, Will Shakespeare is coming today. He who with us has larked many a day.

Mistress Webster—He who with you, it is said, stole away Sir Thomas Lucy's deer. Thou, Henry Cornwall, didst write thy bit of verse and do naught with it while Shakespeare won fame by his in London.

(The air is filled with shouts from without.)

Mistress Hodges—Aye, 'twas to London that Will wended his way. But why come so many people here?

(Enter shepherdesses, milkmaids, gingerbread women and country folk of various types.)

Henry Cornwall—John, speak thou to yonder maid and find the cause of this commotion. Mayhaps Will Shakespeare has come.

John—Nay, Henry, thou knowest more of speech than I. Suppose thou speakest to her.

(Henry approaches maid.)

Henry—Prithee, maid, why cometh thou and others here so early in the morning? Truly great must be the cause, yes twice, thrice great to cause a maid to show her fair face 'ere the dew has left the flowers. (Maid frowns and turns away.)

Mistress Webster—Note that, Henry Cornwall and John More. Even the townspeople will have none of ye so ye know Will Shakespeare will na' be pleased to see ye.

(Noise of people approaching is heard.)

Mistress Webster—But hark, what comes here?

(Enter Lord Mayor, Aldermen of Stratford, representative citizens, their wives and daughters, escorting Master Shakespeare.)

Henry Cornwall and John More—Here comes, at last, Will Shakespeare!

(Cries from people of "Here they come." "That one is Shakespeare," etc.)

Mistress Hodge—Wherefore this confusion? Mayhaps Will Shakespeare has come.

Lord Mayor—Fellow townsmen, 'tis a great day for Stratford. He who left us a mere boy for London, made his way to the stage and finally stood before the Queen, now returns to shed honor on his old home. In short, Master William Shakespeare has returned.

(John More and Henry Cornwall try to get nearer Shakespeare but are pushed back.)

Alderman (to John More and Henry Cornwall)—Zounds! 'Sblood, back ye ne'er-do-wells. He will have none of ye.

Shakespeare (bowing to right and left)—I thank thee, my Lord Mayor, and you, fellow citizens, who have come to greet me. Methinks you do me great honor. I thank ye all. (He spies John More and Henry Cornwall and crosses quickly to them.) John, Henry, have ye forgotten me?

(Henry Cornwall and John More come forward.)

Henry Cornwall—Why, Will, the spring will lose its freshness, day its light, the bird its song, the maid her lover, ere I cease to remember thee.

Shakespeare (giving a hand to each)—Ah, Henry, thy speech reminds me of the days when thou and I wrote verse together. Ah, John, how about those pranks we played?

John More—Aye, those pranks we played!

Shakespeare—'Twas fortunate for me, one prank I played. Fellows, does Sir Thomas Lucy keep such sprightly deer and heavy pheasants as it was his wont to keep.

(All laugh. Aldermen and Lord Mayor frown meanwhile with impatience, but smile constrainedly as Shakespeare turns toward them.)

John More—And, Will, that verse you wrote about Sir Thomas.

Shakespeare—And that verse I wrote. Let's see. How did it go? A parliament member, a justice of peace—a—a—a justice of peace—a—a—

Henry Cornwall (taking a copy of the poem from his pocket)—Here's the self-same copy of the verse that thou didst make. I've kept it these many years. (Reads)—

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an ass;
If Louisie is Lucy, as some folks miscall it,
Then Lucy is Louisie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass is his state.
We allow by his ears, but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is Lousie as some folks miscall it,
Sing Lousie Lucy, whatever befall it.

Shakespeare—Aye, aye, but prithee no more, lad. Anon we'll meet and thou'lt have many a merry jest to tell me of and all the gossip of our Stratford town, I doubt not. But now methinks, his honor, the bailiff, grows impatient and I remember he told me of some entertainment the

village folk had planned for my pleasure. I'll see you anon, lads. (Crosses to bailiff.)

Bailiff—If it please thee, Master Shakespeare, one of our village lads will show thee that we still keep our heels nimble here in Stratford, spite of thy absence. Come, Jack, a dance. Be lively, lad.

(A young lad advances to the center of the green and bowing to the assembled company, dances a right merry measure. As the applause dies down Shakespeare speaks.)

Shakespeare—Well done, my lad. 'Twould tax even our London players to vie with thee.

Bailiff—Come, Mistress. Mary, the maids must ne'er be content to be ondone by a lad. Hast thou not a song for us?

Mary—Aye, sir, and it please your honor to listen.

(Mary curtseys and sings. At the end of the song the company break into rounds of applause with cries of "Bravo," "Well done," etc.)

(Curtain.)

Episode VIII.

Scene—The forest of Arden. Witches and the evil spirits of the darkness enter and circle about a huge caldron in a mystic dance. In the midst of their ceremonies and incantations Puck is heard singing without.

Puck—Hear the elfin bell
With its silvery knell
In the shadowy dell
Where the fairies of the woodland dwell.
See the quivering sheen
Of the moonlight's beam
And the starlight's gleam
On the rippling, murmuring stream.

(Puck appears and drives the witches from the forest. There is darkness for a moment, but at the command of this herald from the fairy kingdom, a misty light illumines the woodland. Puck, in the abandonment of glee, whirls into a dance full of the joy of life and the elfin mischief of this, the merriest of the fays. A sound from without

causes him to pause, listening. Then with joy he announces the coming of the fairy king and queen.)

Puck—Hail to the king. Nymph, bird, bee and blossom, awake and sing!

(Enter Titania, Oberon and their trains.)

Titania—'Tis night and wearied men throughout the land
Do cull the restful flower of gentle sleep.
At rest the fields; the loudly roaring deep
Doth calm itself when touched by darkness' hand,
And when dark night doth stretch her somber wand
O'er nature all the birds in slumber deep
Forget their cares; I hear the strident band
Of chirping crickets, sounds that now increase
The very silence, owls that sullen mope
Prolong their cries into a wailing moan.
The tired herds their plaintive lowing cease,
From some rude cot up wreathes the smoke,
But Philomel's sweet song is hushed anon.

Puck—Fairies reign all in all to laugh and sing
Our playmate is come; let us dance for joy.

(The fairies tread a mystic measure. Then Puck, breaking away from the throng, announces the coming of the day.)

Puck—Anon day breaks, we must hie us away
Where our souls may take rest in sweet repose.

Titania—'Twill be filled with quiet peace and joy and love
With every care and sorrow driven away
For Shakespeare has come back to us again.

(Curtain.)

He Who Laughs Last Laughs Best

M. Shannon Morton

IT WAS a perfect spring afternoon. The buds were swelling in the big maple trees on the campus, the grass was fresh and green and now and then came a happy twitter from the brown birds building a nest in the shower of peach blooms over by the upper porch. Louise, nestled among the cushions of the low window seat, turned her eyes from out doors and with a sigh stuck determinedly at her Latin exercises. How could you expect one to study on such an afternoon as this, but the work had to be done.

"I do wish something would happen," she said desperately, as the merry chatter of the girls came up from below.

Only a few minutes more and the Latin was disposed of. Louise, reclining there with the breeze fanning her cheek, was awakened from her day dreams by a knock at the door.

"Come," she called and in walked Aunt Lou with a yellow envelope in her hand.

"Don't get excited, honey, tain't no bad news," said Aunt Lou, seeing her white face.

Louise hurriedly read the telegram and rushed to the window, calling excitedly, "Edith, oh! Edith, Frances, come up here right away! Hurry!"

Up the steps, two at a time, they came and dashed into Louise's room. Louise waved the telegram at them and cried, "What do you reckon, girls?"

"What in the world?" expostulated Edith.

"Please tell us, we could never guess," cried Frances.

"Well, listen," Louise began, "Will arrive on the 6.49. Expect me up tonight.—Harold."

"Isn't that grand! Oh, how glorious!" they cried in one breath.

"And I was just wishing something would happen," Louise went on. "Do wait here until I run around to White House and borrow some hair curlers."

"Oh, Edith, I didn't know you could act it so well," cried Frances, as soon as the door closed.

"Indeed I surprised myself. But I don't believe we ought to let this go any farther, Frances."

"Indeed we are going to carry this out, and you must help me, too. I just couldn't resist writing that telegram, when I saw the blank down in the home office."

"And a little candy brought Aunt Lou around all right. I thought certainly Louise would notice that it was not printed, but she doesn't seem to have the least suspicion."

"Sh! I hear footsteps Remember, mum's the word."

"Well, girls, I've only made preparation for my head so far; what must I wear?" began Louise upon entering. "My white dress needs pressing and I haven't time to do it; and I don't like my pink one very well."

"I know the very thing," put in Frances. "Wear the pretty blue one I got from home last week."

"Oh, I couldn't do that, your new dress!"

"Yes, do," chimed in Edith. "It will be very becoming, I know."

"There goes the supper bell," exclaimed Louise. "Come up after supper and help me dress."

"All right," called Frances on her way down stairs. "I'll record your date for you, don't you bother about that."

"Thanks. I had forgotten all about doing it."

At last Louise was dressed in the pretty blue dress and she did look lovely, even in her own eyes as she stood up for the last look into the mirror.

"Bye, bye, dear," said Frances," escorting her to the door. "I hope you'll have the jolliest time ever."

"We must tell her," whispered Edith and then called, "Louise!"

"What is it?" said Louise, running back.

"Why your skirt doesn't hang quite evenly. It dips a little on this side," said Frances quickly, giving Edith a look. "There, that's all right now."

But as soon as she left again such remorse seized Edith

that she burst through the door and fled down the hall after Louise, Frances close at her heels.

"Wait a moment, Louise," and we'll walk to the rotunda with you," said Frances.

Edith walked meekly along and when they parted she and Frances leaned over the rotunda to await the results of their joke, one with a feeling of pity for Louise brimming over with excitement on account of the joke itself.

Just as they saw Louise go down the steps, Aunt Lou admitted a good-looking young fellow into the reception hall. He and Louise advanced to meet each other and as they turned toward the parlor, the girls heard him say, "Just thought I'd surprise you, Louise."

"But Western Union is not as slow as you think," she replied.

Farewell

Elizabeth Malcolm

FAREWELL, sweetheart, the days go on
In dim procession 'til they all are gone,
And, dear, I must leave you. What can I say
To keep you safe when I've gone away?

God guard you, dear, beneath his wings
And shield you from the shadow of a harm;
Spare you the pang of parting pain
Or the ache of an empty arm.

Heap all your hours with happiness,
Teach you the things, dear, I cannot tell,
Rob rancor of its biting bitterness:
Fulfill your fate, sweetheart—Farewell.

Spiritual Reserve in Preparation for Teaching

Madeline Warburton, '16

A YOUNG MAN finishing college was saying farewell to one of his old professors. "You have given me much," he said, "much more than I can ever express. You have brought a bigger world into my life. You have given me higher and nobler ideals. You have opened my eyes and showed me the possibilities of living. How can I ever repay you?"

The old man looked away into the distance and for a moment was silent. Then he turned to the boy and said simply, "Pass it on."

Their eyes met. The boy understood.

In leaving school we feel as that boy felt. Our Alma Mater has meant much to us—has given us much—much more than we can ever express. As our speaker has said, she has given us so much that we belong to her. We are under great obligations to her and to the State. We come to her and ask, "How can we ever repay you?" And our Alma Mater answers, "Pass it on."

Do we understand? What is it we are to pass on? And how can we do it?

The most popular word in the English language today is "Preparedness"—most popular in the way that words are popular, in that it is the most discussed. Some people would have the United States improve her means of military training, increase her military equipment, and add to her navy. We, the graduates of the normal school, believe in preparedness too; and we have been engaged for two years in increasing our supplies, learning tactics, and in drilling.

The kind of military preparedness the nation wants is that which will reduce the likelihood of war. We expect to fight; we long for the battle; we seek it—war against illiteracy and its attending evils. The class-room has

been our source of supplies; subject matter, new ideas, and technique of teaching were the supplies; our lesson plans were the plans of attack, and the Training School the drilling ground.

But, all the efficiency and skill we may have acquired would be as nothing without the profound preparation of the spirit to which our baccalaureate preacher urged us so effectively. And that preparation of the spirit is what our Alma Mater has striven to give us.

Mr. Frederick M. Davenport, in a recent magazine article, said: "Germany divined aright the deplorable political, and industrial, and military weaknesses of Russia, England and France. But Germany is beating her blind efficiency out against the spiritual reserve of Russia, England and France. And it is the spiritual reserve which is the final test of the fitness of a nation to survive."

That is to say that the survival of the Allies is due to the fact that they seek the truth—and stick to the right; that they try to understand and can sympathize with men outside of their own dominion; that they have caught the vision of the ideals; and that they have in them the spirit of service.

As it is with a nation, so it is with the individuals in a nation. As military strength alone is not sufficient preparedness for a nation to survive, so knowledge of subject-matter, new ideas, and technique of teaching are not sufficient preparedness for a teacher. She, too, needs this "spiritual reserve force."

Ask what I mean by "spiritual reserve" and I shall have to say, "I cannot tell you." It is one of those qualities that cannot be defined. Yet, it can be revealed. And I am undertaking to reveal it to you now by a few remarks on what the Normal School has done to give us this preparation and what we hope to do with it.

In making recent nominations for student government officers the Senior Committee was trying to list the qualifications the president should have. And the one that stood out in the mind of every member of the committee was that the president of student government should,

as we expressed it, be spiritual. No one asked another what was meant by "spiritual;" and I daresay that no member could have explained just what was meant if she had been asked. Yet, every girl felt that she understood. I venture to say that what most of us had in mind as the test of the spirituality which an officer in the student government must have was that when a difficult issue came up to be decided she would put foremost the question "What is right?" and follow that question by the resolve, "That I'll do."

This is the first and perhaps most important element of the real preparedness which our Alma Mater has striven to give us—the search for truth and the determination to do right. And there can be no better example of the many ways she has brought us face to face with the need of this element than the student government itself.

But, if we have put the family of truth first as an element of spiritual reserve force, our school has not allowed us to forget mercy.

I believe that our training here, especially our study of psychology, which is nothing more than systematized human nature, has helped as nothing else could in making us understand and sympathize with people. We can understand people better; and, understanding them better we naturally have more sympathy with them. We can excuse where formerly we would condemn. Through our child study we have come more and more to agree with James Whitcomb Riley that, "All children are good, if they are understood." And we are coming to a broader view and are learning to believe that "All people are good, if they are understood."

Modern scientists, doctors and sociologists are showing more and more that people who go wrong and do evil are not normal persons, that they are diseased and victims of either heredity or environment.

As another factor of real preparedness our Alma Mater has helped make us such teachers as the salutatorian said would rule the world—teachers with vision, teachers with ideals. I believe that each girl who comes to this

school leaves with higher and nobler ideals—with a brighter vision. She realizes more the value of having ideals. She learns to believe with Browning that, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

These ideals and this brighter vision come unconsciously into her life in her classes, in the many inspiring talks she has heard, in her contact with the people who make the school—in the very atmosphere of the school.

And in this atmosphere of the school she takes into her life another quality that goes toward making real preparation and that is unconscious devotion to service. In the commencement address, delivered here two years ago, the speaker's subject was, "The By-products of Life." And he gave as his opinion that personal character, personal happiness and personal salvation are "by-products of life"—that is that they are attainments that come to a person unconsciously as a result of his striving for other things. Our school has given us this spirit of service as another by-product of life. This spirit permeates the atmosphere of our school. Nearly every one who comes here notices it. We feel it in the class-rooms, on the halls, practically everywhere. We felt it when the old girls were so good to us when we first came to Farmville; we feel it in these last days of our stay—as the faculty, home department and undergraduates give up themselves for the seniors. If we, as graduates, have this spirit of devoted service it is not because of any conscious effort on our part. Like a hearty laugh, it was catching and we have unconsciously caught it from the atmosphere of our school.

These things: determination to find what is right and to do it; understanding of, and sympathy with, mankind; vision and ideals; and consecration to service, partly constitute the "spirit of reserve force" our Alma Mater has striven to give us—and these are the things we are to "Pass on." How can we do it?

Our opportunities for doing this are as numerous as our points of contact with our students. The salutatorian has mentioned the value of the personal touch in teaching.

And I want to say that wherever we have the opportunity for giving this personal touch we have the chance to build up, to store up this spiritual reserve force in the lives of our students. In athletics we may set up standards of right, standards of unselfishness, standards of co-operation, standards of self-denial. In the literary societies we may lead our students through the spirit of co-operation to be satisfied with nothing but the best. In social gatherings we may lead our students unconsciously to catch the vision of profitable recreation. In practically every subject we may teach we have similar opportunities.

And, classmates, we must not forget that whether we coach athletics, supervise literary societies, chaperon social gatherings, or just teach in the class-room, that the personality of the teacher is the big factor that helps shape the personality of the students—that the teacher's ideals will become the ideals of many of her students—that the things the students stand for are determined to a large extent by the things the teacher stands for.

There is an old belief that people become like what they see day after day. It is even said by some that the kind of picture that hangs over a child's bed will determine the kind of man he will become.

Everyone remembers Hawthorn's story of "The Great Stone Face"—How there was on the side of a mountain a hugh stone resembling a man's face, bearing the noblest of features. How the boy Earnest lived nearby, watching, admiring the "Great Stone Face" day after day, ever looking for the person to come who, legend said, would resemble the "Great Stone Face," and you remember how in after years a poet discovered that Earnest was the man. He had watched and admired day after day, and he had become like "The Great Stone Face."

We must not forget the ideals of our school; we must not forget the message she gives us "to pass on" her great gifts. We must not forget those back home who have made it possible for us to receive these gifts. We must not forget the greatest of these gifts, the development of the spiritual, the true preparation for teaching.

And, classmates, in our last meeting together, let us realize that the preparation we have made—no matter how great—is not sufficient. Mr. Charles F. Thwing says, "Training of teachers should not end with a normal school or college diploma; it should not end with getting a life certificate; by no means should it end when one becomes a high school teacher."

Classmates, let us resolve together today—never to let our training—our preparation as teachers—end. Let us remember that,

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
We must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

In Lower Six

E. C. F. Malcolm

"ALINE!"

"Sh! What do you want now? You will wake everyone up."

"Huh! I wasn't talking any louder than you. So there!"

"You were too! Oh, look, good-bye—good-bye—(waving). Well, we've left old S. N. S. for ten whole days. Whee!"

"Oh! Mary, *please* don't talk so loud."

"Aline, ain't you glad that you're a Senior? I could embrace the person that started having vacations for us."

"Ouch, Mary, you're strangling me. Wish you'd let me know when you're going to hug me."

"How do you suppose I know, old touch-me-not?"

"Beds ready, Mistis."

"Thank you, Jim, lower six, isn't it?"

"Mary, have you got a dime? Thank you."

"Jim!"

"Yas, Mistis."

"Will you wake us up at half past seven, in time to get dressed? We get off at Vinton."

"Yas, thank you, Mistis."

"Whew, I am sleepy. Just think, Mary, I shall see him tomorrow.

"Aline, let's go to bed!"

(Later.)

"Don't you adore sleeping in berths?"

"Nope. Oh, I don't know—sometimes."

(Silence.)

"Aline!"

"Mumuh!"

"Aline!"

"Wha—at?" sleepily.

"I—I just wanted to see if you were awake!"

"Well, I was fast asleep and I wish you'd let me alone."

"But—but, Aline—"

"*What.*"

"Just listen how the train is creaking. Suppose—suppose—Aline, have you said your prayers?"

"Of course I have—in the dressing room."

"Well, I'm going to get out and say mine now."

"Awh, say 'em in here, Mary."

"Naw, everything is just as quiet and the lights are real dim. I'll just kneel down by the side of the berth."

"Aline."

"For goodness sake, Mary, let me alone!"

"Yes, but think of tomorrow. Ouch, you're on my hair again. Lift your hand a little—now."

"Comfortable?"

"Yes."

"Mary, I bet Walker is standing there and we see him the first thing—Oh, you're squeezing the breath out of me."

"Aline, do you reckon he'll have any candy?"

"Don't know. You never can tell."

"Is he good-looking, Aline?"

"Well, not exactly—but, Mary, he is absolutely and unsurpassingly adorable!"

(Silence.)

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

(Deep sigh.)

"Why, Mary, what is the matter? You're not crying?"

"No, I'm not cry—crying!"

"What *is* the matter. Tell me what it is."

"Well, well, you'll see Walker tomorrow, and Robert, oh, Aline, Robert is 'way down in—Heavens!"

" 'Scuse me, Mistis, but de gemmun down in number two he say you all done waked him up."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry."

"Well, I do hope you're satisfied now. I told you you were talking too loud."

"So were you, but I suppose we had better go to sleep."

(Prolonged silence.)

"Bish, bish, bish—boom."

"Bish, bish, bish—boom."

"Save me, save me."

"Hush, Mary, hush. What is the matter?"

"Bish, bish bish—boom."

"Ring the bell, quick, Aline. I think we're off the track. Oh! oh! oh! maybe we're hurdling down a mountain side to sure destruction. Oh, Aline, Aline, I'm glad I said my prayers."

"O Mary, Mary."

"Hush, Aline, there's no use moaning that way. Soon there will be a great crash and then it will all be over. Are you prepared?"

"O Mary!"

"Yes, and perhaps the fire will spring up and the little red flames will be hungrily creeping, cree—"

"Bish, bish, bish—boom?"

"Heavens!"

"Hush, Aline, it will soon be all over. Here, give me your hand. Shut your eyes—say something—anything. Oh, say something!"

"Eney meeny miny mo!"

"O Aline—are you crazy? Hold tight. I feel the end is coming!"

"Mary, the train is stopping. Look there are the lights of a station—Mary!"

"What?"

"I think we're fools—but listen."

(Noise again.)

"Ring the bell!"

"Mistis, hab you rang?"

"Porter, will you please make that man stop snoring. He waked us all up."

"Well, Mistis, I'll see erbout it."

"Bish, bish, bish—boom."

"Porter, why didn't you stop it? How can we go to sleep?"

" 'Scuse me, Mistis, but hit's er lady and I reckin you all'l jest hab to bear it, Mistis!"

"Well, thank you anyway."

(More silence.)

"O dear—I must have a drink of water. Aline will be furious if I wake her up. I wonder if I can get out without her waking. Where *did* I put my kimono. Shucks, her arm's across it. I'll just draw it out gently. Thank heavens! Where are my slippers? Oh, yes, I remember. Goodness, it's colder. My, it looks lonesome. Oh, I wonder if the water is up or down the aisle! Thank heavens, that's over. Mama always said that whenever I was comfortably settled, I wanted a drink. Got a thirsty nature, I reckon. I'll just slip in quietly and go to sleep."

"Bish, bish, bish—boom!"

"My gardenseed, has Aline started snoring? Oh—I'm in the wrong berth!"

(In the meantime.)

"Mary! Oh, where *is* she? She's gone. Maybe she's getting some water. Oh, suppose she's kidnapped! How deathly still everything is! Oh! What shall I do! *What* shall I do! Oh, dear, dear, I'm certain it's almost morning now! Perhaps if I get out of the berth they'll grab me too! What a horrible night! I wish I hadn't fussed at her so much. She can't be gone for some water. It's over a half an hour since I looked at my watch. I knew it, that's her voice! Oh, they're carrying her off. Oh, if the porter will only come in time. I know I've rung twenty times."

"Mistis, I'se 'fraid yo'r wa'sing de elexstricadee."

"Oh! oh, porter—they've—someone has kidnapped Mary. What shall I do?"

"Keep kivered, Mistis. Ho! is dat her?"

"Why, Mary, you look like a stopper popping out of a bottle. But what were you doing in that berth?"

(Voice from berth.)

"Phwat was she doin' in here, the huzzy! She's waked me up at an undacent hour. Sure, she's disturbed me peace o' mind. Spalpeen!"

"O Aline, doesn't she grunt funny? I was—"

"Sh, Mary, explain it in the morning."

(Deep silence.)
"Aline."
"What?"
"Good night."
"Good night and sweet dreams."
And a deep silent pall of peace fell over the sleeping car.

The Challenge to the Teacher

(Salutatory address of class of '16.)

Marcella Barns

OUR HEARTS ARE GLAD today as we welcome to our commencement our loved ones, our friends, our fellow students, the home department, our teachers, and our beloved president. We are rejoiced that you are here for two reasons. Your presence with us on this happy occasion speaks eloquently first of your personal affection for us and second of your sympathy with the ideal of service and comradeship which has become ours.

This is a great calling that we have—this calling to teach. The question now that comes to our minds is, "What are we going to do with it?" We to whom this is an untried thing are standing before this vital question. And it comes to us from all sides as a great ringing challenge. Now what are we going to do about it? The class-room calls us, but why? What should be our work there?

In the story of Stiny Bolinsky, a miner lad, James Oppenheim shows the life of a little boy drudging in a coal mine, unenlightened by a vision of anything beyond. Stiny was a door boy and he had to sit at his post all day opening and closing a heavy door in the utter darkness of a black passage-way in the mine. No one came to converse with him; he knew nothing of the great world beyond the mountains nor of the beauty of nature outside. He only knew of a "'bare and desolate and smoke-darkened valley, a few stupid companions, and a home to be avoided." Here he had worked for years. Being an alien by birth, he was more than a foreigner in a foreign land.

Should this be the teacher's place in the class-room? Shall we open the doors of our school each morning and enter as beings set apart from everything and everybody? Shall the class-room be to us a dark, black mine, every day the same; and we be isolated beings?

James Oppenheim did not picture Stiny as always living this life. One day a man who loved boys stepped off a tram car as it passed Stiny's post and sat with him a few minutes. He told Stiny of the people and the big world outside. He told him of a world of love and of the kingdom that is coming. When the man left, Stiny was no longer a foreigner in a foreign land but a happy citizen in a new world of light and love. "A vision had come to a passionate boy, and we human beings are led along by our visions." Is not this what is meant by being a student in the great university of which our baccalaureate preacher told us—the school of the "life of faith?"

Cannot we as teachers see first this vision and be able to help others to see it? Henry Churchill King says, "There are only two services of supreme value that it seems possible for any man to do for another. He may lay upon that other the impress of a high and noble character, and he may share with him his own best vision." Each of us is to have the care not impersonally of a room full of children as a whole, but of each individual child. Our life is enlightened by personal influence so we pass on by the personal touch what we have received. Perry says, "The teacher represents the authority of the father and the love of the mother. She represents the united efforts of both to care for the child's health, to shield his heart from evil, to reveal the books of nature and the wisdom of the ages to his mind, to win him to pure thoughts and kindly deeds, to call out the best that is in him, and to fill his school life with joy and happiness." Have we not a great task before us and one that calls for study, sacrifice, love, and sympathy? Are we prepared for this life work?

What then is our purpose in the class-room? Is it to impart knowledge to the child? Is it to improve or perfect the mind? Is it our work to stand before the child and ask questions from a book? "It is not our business," as Professor Earnest Moore says, "to get inside the mind and do any repair work there. Besides, it's an impossible thing to impart our thoughts to other people. We help folks to use their minds. God makes them. We do not

create the mind or add any cubit to its stature." Our duty then is not to fill the child's mind with knowledge but, as the present education expresses it, to fit him for social living.

Just what we mean is this: The child comes into the school room with his simple ideas and his mind full of his own thoughts—an individualist. He will grow up and come in contact with the conditions and demands of life around him. We must acquaint him with these demands and provide experiences and opportunities for him to solve the great problems. The child should not have two distinct lives—one in the school room and one outside of it. He should be treated as "one." The school room should not only be a home but, as Conover says, a "field for the wider use of a child looking to his manhood in the world—a field where he may try out himself with his fellows in preparation for the larger field of the world." It is then our duty as teachers to find out what the needs of a child are, to acquaint ourselves with the natural conditions, and to provide things within the school room that will help him to meet these needs. We must give him only those things which he can use among his fellowmen as he leaves the class-room. By our own example of personal devotion to our work we must reveal to him our best vision of love and service. Then he will be able to say with Good Deeds in the old miracle play:

"Every man, I will go with thee to be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side."

But the work of the teacher with vision does not end here. The community calls us and needs us. We must be willing and ready to give ourselves up for its welfare and to participate in its activities. Do we want to be such teachers as the one who did not have the vision of the ideal? She taught in the class room and outside of school her life was that of a recluse. At recess, she did not get out among her pupils or with the rest of the teachers. When school hours were over, she went to her room and no one dared enter for fear of being sent out. Her influence in the community was of more harm than good. If we

are to be such teachers, we had better not enter upon the profession. Upon us, as teachers, rests the responsibility of a great deal that may be done in the community. We should much rather be the teacher who co-operated with the ministers, the parents, and the citizens in bringing the young people together for social enjoyment, mental recreation, and good fellowship. The home calls us, the church needs our co-operation and assistance. Are we ready to answer them and willing to give forth our best efforts to help? A great deal rests upon us and here again can we use the personal touch. Our power of leadership will count for much if only we lead in the right way—through others. We must give to the community only those things which are uplifting and in accord with our highest ideals.

There is an old saying, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." But the cradle has passed away and with it threatens to go the intimate and powerful influence of the mother in the life of her child. This responsibility seems to be shifting to the teacher more than ever before. The call for the teacher to be of consequence in the outside world comes with great force. Are we going to respond to the call? If we do, then shall we be able to say, "The teacher with the vision rules the world."

Our first duty is to make the child a God-fearing and self-supporting citizen. If we are listless, indifferent, unjust, arbitrary, or unsympathetic, we shall be the means of driving the boy away from the school. The state as well as the boy will be the loser. Then, the influence of the teacher, if her ideals are right, will go far toward molding a boy's character and fitting him for a manhood that will count for something.

There have been fourteen hundred and sixty-two students graduated from this institution and an even larger number have gone out before—unable to finish the course. Practically all of these have taught in this State. When the distinguished speaker of the day was with us a year ago, in speaking to the students, he said, that through the influence of all of these normal school girls teaching in

Virginia this school exerts a power for good in the State unequaled by that of any other institution, not excluding even that organization to which our attorney-general devotes most of his own time and attention, the State legislature.

Girls will be going out each year to teach and it is our duty to make ourselves of great consequence in the State and to hold up the good record of our school. To be able to do this, we ourselves must get out of the class-room and come in contact with other people and survey the problems and changes going on about us. This is a day of progress and we, too, must grow. If we keep our ears and eyes open and are alive to current events we shall grow. We must know the present-day movements in order to keep up with progress and growth and we must introduce the children to these changes. It should not be our purpose to live an isolated, "humdrum" life, but we must throw off the chains that bind us to the class-room alone and be teachers on whom the future of the State may safely depend. Dean Russell of Teachers College says, "There have been times when I have been weak enough to doubt the ability of the school-master to control the destinies of a nation but, thank God, this is not one of my periods of depression."

Y. W. C. A.

Now didn't you girls have a good time at the Lawn Fete that Friday night! It was a great sight to see all those happy faces gather together for one purpose, to know each other better, friendship—one of the greatest things that Association work can give. Association work means friendship—with each other and with Jesus, the Friend of us all. It brings a sense of oneness and makes you feel more strongly that Christ is real.

The purpose of the "Who's Who" meeting was for the new girls to become better acquainted with the Young Women's Christian Association and its leaders. We expect to have several of these meetings that you may become thoroughly acquainted with each one.

You have doubtless read our cabinet policy for 1916-17, which has been on the Bulletin board, therefore I hope you are somewhat familiar with it. We are trying to follow it even though we know we have failed in many respects. We want to ask all of you new girls to stand by and support the cabinet, not only in the execution of plans, but also in bringing its members and the school closer to Him who is our leader.

I want to insist that all the new girls become members of the Y. W. C. A. as soon as possible and not only join but take active part in the work; for it gives me such a sweeping vision of life that I can never get away from it—the vision of service that thrills me with the determination to "study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."—II Timothy 2:15.

N. Irving Blanton.

Dear New Girl—It is with open hearts that we, the Young Women's Christian Association, welcome you into our midst. In these days of adjustment when things seem strange and everyone is busy with her own special work; when you feel so small that you hardly realize you are the same person who left home a few weeks back; when you are discouraged, blue and homesick, it is the Association that wants—yes, not only wants, but is anxious to be your friend. Membership in the Association means friendship and we want to give you that friendship which is highest and best and which means love and loyalty. We want to mean something to you but only with your hearty help and co-operation can we succeed.

Let us in our school life be patient and kind with the "other fellow." When we are down and out and everything seems to go exactly backwards let us remember that there is someone else who is just as homesick and maybe more so than we ourselves. Get out and help the "other fellow" even if your contribution is only a forced smile. "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Loneliness is just about the worst thing in the world, so let's be glad we're living and glad we're here and make the best of the circumstances. "Cheer up, the sun hasn't gone out of business," is a very handy quotation to keep before you and when the clouds come just remember that "every cloud has its silver lining," for "behind the clouds the sun is shining."

Again I want to offer you the friendship of the Association and may we live and grow in that earthly friendship which leads us to the greatest of friends, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior.

Sincerely,

Mary Ellen White.

THE FOCUS

VOL. VI FARMVILLE, VA., OCTOBER, 1916 NO. 5

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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

THE OTHER GIRL

Have you ever realized that *Focus* may be either a verb or a noun? It can. We quote from Webster to prove our point—"Focus: (n) meeting point of reflected rays; (v) to concentrate." In the past *The Focus* has been a noun, but in the editorial department, at least, we want to be a verb. Each month we shall concentrate on some phase of school life, not for criticism either adverse of favorable; but only to *focus* that you may see things as they are and judge for yourself.

This month we want to call your attention to the Other Girl. Do you know her? You should, for she is easily found if you only care to look. She is "the girl we leave behind us,"—the girl who stands alone when we go to walk; the girl who stays at school when we do not ask her to go to church; the girl who lives next door but has no visitors; the girl we were too busy to speak to on the hall. She sits sometime at our table or next to us in class, with her

timid smile and lonely heart. Surely we know her for from our thoughtlessness she was created. She came here an eager, happy school girl with a big heart to be had for the asking. Won't you stop next time and get acquainted with this "other girl?"

ATHLETICS

Wake up, girls, don't mope around, but look what's coming.

"Ain't no use to cry and sigh,
Something's comin' by and by."

The best cure for blues and homesickness is to get out and feed them to nature, so says Miss Barto.

We've all been looking at the ropes and other gym paraphernalia, dubiously wondering what "our new gym teacher" could possibly make us do with them, but until cold weather chases us in all gym work will be out-doors. Then too comes basketball season, and with new courts (on the training school play ground) and a whole new season before us we should see all kinds of class spirit and interest manifested. If you have ever played or are in the least interested come and try out.

There's always "the other girl" we should help and look after, but then too that girl should help herself. No girl can find happiness by staying in her room all year because happiness never seeks people but prefers being sought, so the best way to get it is to go and get it for yourself. Come out on the fields, girls, and see how much you find.

Miss Barto is introducing hockey as a new feature in our school, and being very enthusiastic herself is anxious for a large number of girls to come out. We can at least feel safe in trying it once anyway.

We have another surprise in store for us. We are to have two volley ball courts this year, for every one who has played, can play, wants to play and will play.

The tennis courts speak for themselves and will peak louder when they are fixed up. With "Gyp" as our

tennis vice-president it is unnecessary for me to go into detail, all I can say is, "Go to see her."

Do you believe me now when I say something is going to happen soon? Show us you do then by coming out and getting interested.

Here and There

SENIOR NEWS

Most of *us* are back in our old haunts and although we miss *our* dear old Senior girls of last year, we have something else to claim our attention. Training School has taken half of our girls and their bright and sunny dispositions too, as they stay over there most all day. New girls claim part of our time too, locating, chatting, rushing, etc. "Up to old tricks again."

We miss some of our best girls who did not return, Misses Butler, Wills, Stover, etc. Here's hoping they will at least pay us a visit this year.

Senior election caused quite an excitement as to who would be in the majority out of such good material. Our Junior President was bestowed an extra honor. The officers are as follows:

President.....Naomi Duncan
Vice-President.....Frances Moomaw
Treasurer.....Louise Owen
Secretary.....Virginia Mayo
Reporter.....Eugenia Lundie

For every Monday night from now until our finals we shall be rushed with our regular class business.

"Luck to the 1916-17 Class."

JUNIOR NEWS

The Junior election was held Saturday, the 23rd, and the following offices filled:

President.....Julia Stover
Vice-President.....Josephine Gleaves
Treasurer.....Margaret Alexander
Secretary.....Jo Daniel
Reporter.....Rebecca Darden

VACANCIES IN FOCUS STAFF FILLED

There being two vacancies in the staff this year, names were up for election. Miss Virginia Mayo received the honor of Assistant Editor-in-Chief and Miss Laura Kice that of Assistant Literary Editor. Miss Myrtle Parker, who was Assistant Literary Editor last year, was made Literary Editor.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Discussion of how to ask new girls has come up again and the question submitted to the Faculty Committee and Presidents of the four societies.

Before the girls are asked each society is to have an open meeting which will, to some extent, give an idea of the kind of work and ability of each society.

ATHENIAN

The Athenian Literary Society, the latter part of May, 1916, chose the following officers:

Helen Cahill.....President
Rosalie Mame.....Vice-President
*Dorsey Dodd.....Corresponding Secretary
Julia Holt.....Recording Secretary
Mattie Zimmerman.....Treasurer
Elizabeth Clemens.....Censor
Esther Covington.....Critic
Elizabeth Lake.....Reporter

The new members taken in on May 27, 1916, were: Clara Greene, Annie F. Turpin, Louise Garret, Marion Cobb, Lillian Nuckle.

*Patty Buford was elected in Dorsey Dodd's place.

ADDITIONS TO OUR FACULTY

New position in Departments of History and English—Miss Bessie C. Randolph, Evington, Va., graduate of Hollins College; M. A. of Radcliffe (the Co-ordinate College of Harvard University).

Department of Education—Miss Mary D. Pierce returns from leave of absence spent at Teachers College, Columbia University, N. Y.

Department of English—Miss Eleanor Neill, Batesville, Ark., B. A. George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashvile, Tenn.; succeeds Miss Annie M. Powell.

Department of Home Economics—Miss Mamie C. Newman, Durham, N. C., graduate of Trinty College, N. C.; three years of graduate work in Home Economics at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.; succeeds Miss Reese.

Department of Physical Education—Miss Gertrude Barto, Farmingham, Mass., graduate Sargent School of Physical Education, Boston, Mass.; Playground Work and Special Courses at Morganza Training School, Morganza, Penn.; succeeds Miss March.

Supervisor of Fourth Grade—Miss Edith Johnston, Anniston, Ala., B. S. from Teachers College, Columbia University, N. Y.; succeeds Miss Forman, who is on leave of absence to take a course at Teachers College.

Teacher of Writing (new position)—Miss Anne C. Wilkinson, Roanoke, Va.; graduate State Normal School for Women, Class of 1912.

Y. W. C. A. Secretary—Miss Mary St. Clair Woodruff, Anniston, Ala.; was a member of the faculty for eight or ten years as Supervisor and Principal of Training School; succeeds Miss Conover.

Department of English—Miss Carrie Sutherlin returns from leave of absence, spent at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Elizabeth P. Jarman, Class of 1916; assistant in Departments of Physical Education and Music.

Hit or Miss

New girl (when entering the auditorium after the most desirable places had been taken said to a girl down near the front)—"Won't you let me have this seat? I'm a Junior."

Mr. Lear (calling roll)—"Miss—— how do you spell your name? P-e-c-w-l-e?"
New Girl—"No—P-e-a-r-l."

Author—"The very first thing I sent to the publishing-house was accepted."
Friend—"Poetry or prose?"
Author—"Neither, it was a check for a year's subscription."—*Ex.*

A place to eat and a place to sleep,
A place for our clothes and books to keep,
That's our present story;
But a place to live and love and be gay,
That's the dormitory.—*Ex.*

A bunch of old and new girls conversing one night:
First New Girl—"You know it always does frighten me so see anyone walk or talk in their sleep. Do any of the girls ever walk in their sleep?"
Second New Girl—"No, none that I know, except Mrs. Slater."

Two new girls walking around third floor Board Room Hall, looking at sky-light:
"What is that?"
"Don't you know? It's a fire-escape."

In Senior History:

Miss Randolph—"Miss—Miss H., what are the sources of the Nile?"

R. H.—"The Tigris and Euphrates."

In Prin. of Education:

Mr. Duke—"Why do Normal school graduates receive small salaries their first year teaching?"

Senior—"Because they are too fresh."

Teacher—"For what is Pompeii noted?"

Student—"For massage cream."—*Ex.*

Exchanges

When we began our term work in this department we did not select one type of literature to criticize, but we attempted to give a general criticism of the magazine as a whole. Interesting essays have been the kind of writing in which we have found our exchanges most deficient. The chief reason for this has been the lack of originality. The writer often chooses a subject that he has no personal knowledge of and instead of writing what he thinks about it, he gives a bare statement of facts. Why not put more of our own personality into our essays?

Notwithstanding this fallacy, however, we have found some essays that show careful thought and that are unusually good. This is one of the most important types of literature and it should not be overlooked.

The magazines that we have exchanged with this year have been very helpful and interesting and we hope to continue exchanging with them next term.

The Missile, Petersburg High School—You have an exceedingly clever magazine for a high school. All your departments are good, especially your editorials and literary department. "The Voice Within" is a story of exceptionally fine quality, having an intensely interesting plot. "From a Red Cross Nurse" is also a well written article, holding the interest from the very beginning. Your material is well arranged, but do you not think that the magazine would present a much neater appearance if all the jokes were placed in one department and not have them scattered all through the magazine?

The Talisman, Richmond, Ky.—The material that you have in your magazine is very good, but for some reason it seems to be rather scarce. "On the Spur of the Moment"

is an interesting story, but the plot is weak and the beginning and ending are not as good, as they might be. A few more bright stories would contribute much toward making your magazine more enjoyable. Both the articles, "Wider Use of the Rural School Plant," and "The School Instrumental," are well written articles. Your magazine cover presents a very attractive appearance and the arrangement of your different departments is very good indeed.

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