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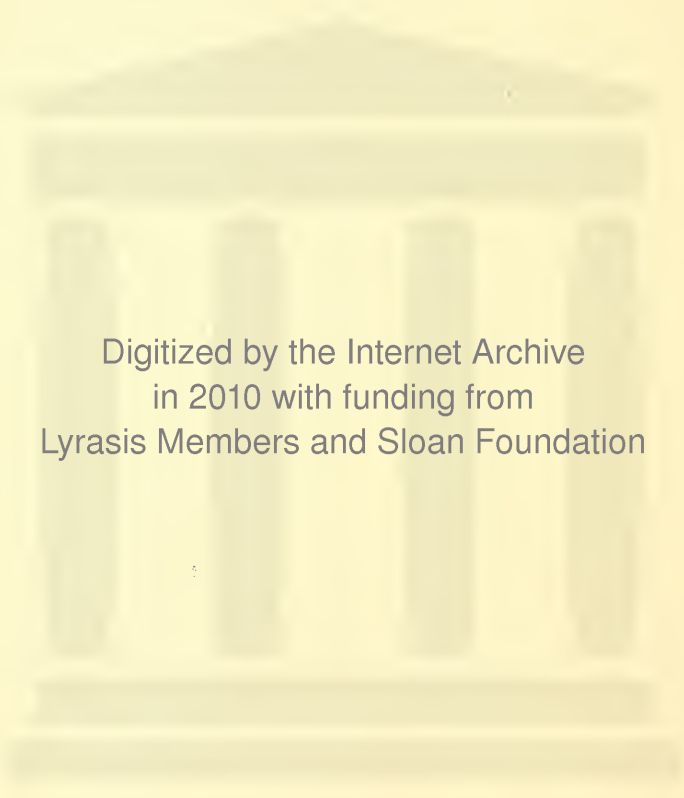
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The Focus

December, 1916

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



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THE FOCUS

VOL. VI FARMVILLE, VA., DECEMBER, 1916 NO. 7

Ye Winds of December

Elizabeth Malcolm

BLOW, YE WINDS of December!
Blow wild, blow free,
Tell to the nations
Far over the sea,
Of peace on earth,
The bright Christmas star.
Blow, ye winds of December,
Blow wide, blow far.

A Christmas Story

Flossie Nairne

IT WAS Christmas eve in London. The great metropolis was fairly flaming with the brilliancy of its lights. The shop windows were crowded, inside and out—inside with masses of glittering and bewitching objects, outside with throngs of eager, interested people. There was a hurrying to and fro, a pushing and crowding, and now and then gay laughter and the sound of happy voices. Out of the crowd a little newsboy ran.

Tim found himself very much jostled and shaken, when he at last managed to creep into a small lane at the side of one of the shops and get his breath again. He really looked as though he had very little to regain, he was so tiny and thin.

"Gol-ly!" he ejaculated aloud, "wot's all this to-night, I wonder? Everybody sure looks busy this 'ere night!"

"What's up? Why this is Christmas eve, that's what!" said a small urchin, emerging from the lane. "Don'cher know? I got a ha'-penny, see? Naw, yer don' get it neither, 'cause I found it and find'in's is keepin's. Say, I'm off to buy me girl a Chris'mus present!" And after opening his dirty palm, thus displaying the coin, he dashed off, leaving Tim wondering.

"Chris'mas! W'ere did I 'ear that before?" he said slowly. "Say, wait there, will yer?"

But the boy with the coin had disappeared and Tim found himself once more in the midst of the ever-moving throng. It was hopeless to even try to stop, so he drifted on, this way and that. Sometimes the crowd stepped on his feet, but as they were numb with cold he hardly felt it.

The air was thick with the gathering fog, for it

was about half-past six and dusk was rapidly falling. There was a fat coachman sitting behind a hansom, beating his body with his arms in his efforts to keep out the biting cold. His horse pawed the ground in its haste to be off while thick rings of smoke came from its breath.

Tim shivered and drew his ragged little coat around his shoulders more tightly and pulled down his cap. There were two papers that he had to sell, then perhaps, since it was Christmas, he might get a hot bun, one with currants in it and sugar on top—how delicious it would be!

He now found himself near a shop that was sending forth fragrant odors of roast beef, salads, delicious soups, duck and turkey stuffed up to the very top and cranberries and plum-pudding, all the good things that belong to Christmas. Tim caught his breath longingly and his eyes grew large. "Wot's the matter with Tim's 'avin' some Chris'mas eats, huh? Answer me that, somebody. Why can't he 'ave some?"

Though speaking to no one in particular, an old woman, bent and decrepit, who sat on the corner selling apples, caught hold of him with her trembling hands. She handed him an apple saying, "There! that's for yer—That's all the Chris'mas yer get! See? All them in the shops ain't for yer, nor me, nor none of us. They's for the rich that has a-plenty—a-plenty to eat an' a-plenty to keep warm with. We don' get it, I'm tellin' yer! There, be off with yer," and she shoved the shivering little fellow from her.

At last, after repeated efforts to sell his papers, Tim found it useless and gave it up; either everybody had bought a paper from some other boy or they were too busy this evening.

Suddenly, Tim looked up and thought he never before had seen quite so beautiful a thing. On a stand just outside the shop window was a Christmas tree ablaze with lights of different colors, and at the top was the head of an angel set in a star.

"Wow! ain't that some pictur'!" he exclaimed.

Then a thought entered his head. Yes, it would be quite a good plan to get the star and make a dash for safety. Nobody would ever know, or even miss it. It was so pretty and reminded him of his mother. Oh! yes, he was quite sure he had had a mother once, like the rich boys. But they said she had left him to fight his own way in the world, and he was going to do it too. Wait 'till he became boss of the newspaper business! But the star—

Standing on a box near the tree, Tim, before he was thoroughly aware of his own action, reached out an eager hand and caught the star. There was a crash as a glittering ornament was knocked to the ground. A small figure darted through the crowd to the edge of the pavement and halted. The street was crowded with traffic, but flight was necessary.

A dash, a feeble scream, a pair of frightened horses jerked to their haunches, an oath or two—and it was over.

* * * * *

“Quite a common occurrence for a newsboy to be run down when rushing beneath traffic—Take him to the Home—What’s this? Why a toy! You know what this might mean—You see he was running with it. Certainly, certainly—. Oh, the owner of the star. Yes, sir, an accident, sir, run down by horses—If you had known he wanted it, you say? Too late, too late! We all do some things in this world too late, sir! Ah! here’s the ambulance—Yes, sir, a very cold night. Good-night and a merry Christmas, sir.”

Five-thirty and Christmas morning,

“God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.”

Through the softly falling snow, the clear, young voices sang the beautiful carol that has grown old with many seasons of Christmas. And in a far country, a soul was made radiantly joyful with heavenly caroling,

The History of the Twentieth Century American Christmas

Addie Brock

WHAT MOST JOYOUS of all joyous times in the year, that time when we are merry and free of care, and every heart is filled to overflowing with tender love, that mid-winter festival we call Christmas never had a birth, a beginning, but has come down to us by a slow process of development and combining. That little germ of celebration that has at length become the twentieth century American Christmas dates back far beyond recorded history and we cannot even limit it to a race or religion.

Perhaps you have grown up with the idea that the twenty-fifth day of December is Christ's birthday and therefore celebrated as such. Well, let me tell you right now that, although throughout christendom it is commemorated as such nowhere in the pages of history is there an authentic record of his birth, even though there are many purporting to be such.

Does it seem plausible that this "Mass of Christ," as the Catholics called it in the third century, could have been purely a combination of two pagan celebrations? Yet such is the case, since the two we find the Roman Church merging into the "Mass of Christ" were both Nature festivals, Saturnalia of Rome and Yule from the Northern countries. These were occasions of joy and appropriate ceremony.

Since the church found these customs firmly entrenched in the hearts of the people it promptly adopted them but altered the intention of the observances. This the church could do with ease because, by the prevailing customs, this period of the year, the transition from winter to spring, was recognized as a birth from cold dreariness to warm joyousness.

Thence the natural delight of these simple Nature worshippers at the turn of the seasons, at the birth of spring, was readily directed in a new channel, and they found themselves overwhelmed by the peculiar Christian joy at the birth of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, bringing life, joy, warmth to all the world. The church put this day of days just at the close of the heathen festivals and the presents and ceremonies were meant to symbolize the incomparable, the unspeakable gift of God in his Son, the Savior.

It is in the Eastern Church that we first find December twenty-fifth fully accepted as the date of the birth of Christ and celebrated as the date of His birth of the flesh. At an earlier date His birth of the flesh and of the spirit were commemorated together about January sixth. This was partly caused by the division in the church and partly by the transition from adult to infant baptism. In the fourth century Christmas is one of the three occasions on which Roman theaters were closed. After the period of reformation when the day was observed in practically every land the Puritans refused to observe it because they associated it with "popery."

Throughout christendom, at last Christmas is celebrated with appropriate ceremonies, carols, poetry, plays. The masters of fiction have contributed toward making Christmas books and stories, popular for old and young alike. Many Christians, I grant, do not attach much reverence to this season but think of it as it partly is, a time of gift-giving and merry-making. In this light even the Jews observe it.

Among all countries today America and Sweden do more for the unfortunate, give more time and substance toward kindly Christian deeds. America first and foremost, has almost forgotten form and ceremony. Her time is taken up with kindly Christian cheer; she has none to squander on show and froth. Now, don't you young Americans ever let any one dare intimate to you that Christmas is losing

its real significance in any land, far least of all in America. In reality it is growing, fraught with more and more meaning. Russia, perhaps, today engages in more superstitions and signs than any other land.

In solemn Scotland, in sunny Italy, Christmas means the same as in America, save for the binding reverence for ceremony. For there the infant Jesus, Mary, and Joseph are represented by dolls, scenes are represented or enacted, and with all its joy Christmas is formal.

In conclusion, the very exact course of all these changes of this great growth can never be traced. We must content ourselves with knowing that since time began there have always been religious festivals and celebrations, that these have changed, have been diverted, have grown and united, until in the third century we find the Roman Mass of Christ commemorating the earthly and spiritual birth of Christ January sixth, his birth of the flesh on December twenty-fifth at a later day, and lastly but best of all, these customs traveling from west to east have brought a deep, sweet, throbbing, unutterable joy and love that can never die, or, in inimitable words, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The Lucky Mistake

Virginia Mayo

“JUST LEAVE IT DARK, James, and I won't need you any more tonight, thank you. No I'm not going to the dance, so you can put that suit away. Go out and have a good time. You have a girl, haven't you? Most fellows have. Here, take this and show her a good time.”

“Thank you, sir; I will, sir. She'll enjoy it and I'll tell her what you said, sir. You're right, most fellows have a girl, but please, sir, they're not all so indifferent about it as you, if you don't mind my saying it, sir. It seems to me you've been turning down most all of your invitations lately and I'm afraid you don't feel so well. Is there anything I can do?”

“Oh, I'm feeling all right, just a little tired of the high life maybe. There's nothing I want and you worry too much about me. Go, have a good time. You've been good to me, James, and you deserve a little holiday. Suppose you stay away till after Christmas. You needn't thank me, just go on.”

James closed the door softly and Bob Blakely was left alone with his thoughts. He settled down in his big arm chair and gazed into the flames of the big hearth fire.

One remark that James had made persisted in his mind.

“You'r right, most fellows have a girl, but please, sir, they're not all as indifferent about it as you are.”

Why was he indifferent? Could he himself explain it? It had been a long time since he was interested in girls.

He leaned over and stirred the fire vigorously.

Once more he settled back in his chair and this time his thoughts traveled far away.

* * * * *

He saw himself at the last "boy and girl" affair he had attended. It was at a high school reception, just after his graduation from the university, and he had stopped in to see several old friends. He realized now how very young he had been then. The big room was filled with laughing, talking people but there was only one whom he could remember. She was just a little slip of a girl in a white dress, but her every movement fascinated him.

She turned from one person and then to the other and each time she seemed more interested. What could she find in all those people to enjoy? She always had been like that, but why should he be watching her at all? It had always provoked him when he thought of her and more so than ever when he couldn't keep from thinking of her. She wasn't pretty, no not the least bit, and yet how he followed her with his eyes. She was coming towards him now and he felt he must go. She would stop and speak to him in her friendly way as she spoke to everyone, little thinking of what was going on in his mind. Too late now, for she was standing before him—

"Why, hello, Bob, I'm so glad to see you. I didn't think I'd find you guilty of coming to so frivolous an affair, but aren't you glad you came and isn't everything lovely? I believe I am to congratulate you though on your graduation. I am so glad you stayed till you finished, for at one time I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Well, I did. You see I fooled you, Eleanor. You can't always tell about these worthless sort of chaps. Come on upstairs with the rest and dance once with me. Won't you?"

"You know I can't dance, Bob Blakely, but I'm going up and look on. It's awfully fascinating to watch and it looks easy, but I just can't get up my

nerve to try it. There's Mary, go and try it with her."

"She's a pretty little dancer. I'm going over there with the other on-lookers."

"Oh! wait Eleanor, I don't want to dance unless you do. Let's go over and sit in that window and talk."

"Well, for a little while, because I do want to hear all about what you're planning to do, but I won't talk long because I know how you love to dance. What are you planning to do with yourself?"

"I'm going away tomorrow, and I think I'm entitled to at least one good sensible talk with you before I go. I never have a chance to get near you any more, it seems. You see I've planned to go away where people don't know me and make good. Everyone that I care much about seems to think I'm good for nothing but a good time, so I'm going to show everyone that I can make good. May I write to you occasionally and will you answer?"

"Of course I will and I'm sure no one has more faith in your success than I have. I'm so glad you studied medicine. I don't know why but I've always wanted you to be a doctor. It seems to suit you so. You will try hard and let me know how you're getting along, won't you? Go dance some now, Bob, for I must go, good-bye and oh! I wish you all kinds of good luck." With that she was gone.

He had made good at first for he worked with a will. Soon, though, his attractiveness as usual drew him into society and social demands required all his time. Old half-forgotten temptations loomed up before him again. He almost forgot the little girl to whom he had confided his plans, his hopes and dreams. Once in a while in a fit of remorse he had written to her. She had never answered though until one day when he came in from one of his all-night parties and found a card. Just a short one, but oh! how the message had hurt.

"I received your letters and enjoyed them very much. Work hard 'Dr. Bob,' and show a lot of gossip men and women that you *can* make good.
Eleanor."

That was three—five years ago and he hadn't written her since, but he had never forgotten after that and he *had* made good. He was not only a successful physician with a good practice but also with a good name. He laughed when he thought of the several ambitious mothers who were so kind and gracious to him. Would Eleanor be gracious to him now if he could see her? See her! He had never realized before how very much he wanted to see her. It was only five days before Christmas and it seemed as if he had been working all his life just for the privilege of spending Christmas near her. Did he dare ask her?

With a jerk he was out of his chair and had his hat and coat in his hand and in a minute was tipping the elevator boy who looked up with a sympathetic grin when he saw the size of the bill.

A half-hour later he was leaving Tiffany's with the crowd of other Christmas shoppers and in his hand he had a package, probably four by six inches, which bore the address of "Miss Eleanor Carney."

* * * * *

"Oh, I just *must* open this before Christmas, Dot. I can't imagine who sent it? Whom do I know in New York?"

"Don't open it yet, Eleanor, wait till Christmas. You'll be sorry if you don't."

"Sorry or not, here goes. O-o-oh! what can it be?"

"Why, Eleanor, how beautiful! Whom are they from? Put them on. They look beautiful! What's the matter?"

Eleanor had taken up the card and read:

"You see 'Dr. Bob' *did* make good after all and he wants to have a happy Christmas in his old home town once more. Do you think he can?

Bob Blakely."

"Oh I do want to see him, Dot! I wonder why I always like to see him? Wasn't it dear of him to send these wonderful pearls? They must have cost an awful lot though, and I shouldn't accept an expensive gift like this from him. If I only could keep them! But I can't. No, I just can't."

Very, *very* mechanically she re-wrapped the package leaving out the card only. Just at this moment Dot handed her a package of similar size to be addressed to her brother, Jack, who would spend a dismal Christmas on the border.

She still had time to think. Must she send it back? Of course she must. Why did she want to keep it so badly any how? Picking up the pen she addressed first her brother's present very slowly, still trying to persuade herself she could keep it.

"Hurry, Eleanor, I'm waiting to mail those."

With a jerk she was back to earth and equally as quick had the packages addressed and gave them both to her sister to mail.

It was an ideal Christmas, cold and snowy, and as Eleanor jumped out of bed with "Christmas gift," to Dot, she felt Christmas in every bone in her body. She wondered if Bob would enjoy his Christmas. Oh, how she hoped he would! She was the least bit sorry she hadn't at least written him a Christmas letter. Perhaps he would come home anyway, regardless of what she had done!

She was standing before the living-room table viewing with satisfaction her many Christmas presents. It was nearly dinner time and the first minute she had had alone. Unwillingly her thoughts went back to Bob Blakely. As if in answer to her thoughts,

Bob himself ran up the steps of the Carney home. She was suddenly fairly picked up by two very strong arms before she could say a word, and kept from saying any she might have said because—Oh, well, one can't do two things at once.

"Eleanor, you darling! I knew you would understand. At least I felt you would and when I saw your picture and the card—why, girl, I don't think anybody was ever happier than I was. Of course I could get here and I did!"

"But, but I don't understand. What has happened? A picture of me? The card? Oh, what *have* I done?"

"Oh, Eleanor don't say that after all you didn't mean that for me? Speak, Eleanor, what are you laughing at? Don't you love me. Was the picture and card for someone else and didn't you want me to come after all?"

"Yes, Bob, I *did* want you and I believe the card was really meant for you, but you see I just didn't know it, so fate took a hand in it. I can't help laughing when I think what Jack thought when he got that string of pearls."

"It was all a very delicious mistake. I had my picture framed for Jack and you can imagine how anxious I was for him to be here because this is our first Christmas without every member of the family present. Naturally I expressed my regrets on the card and how much I wanted him but fortunately didn't mention his name. Dot was wrapping it up when your present came. I loved your present, Bob, and oh! how I wanted to keep it but I felt at the time I oughtn't and so before I had time to change my mind I wrapped it up. Can't you see now that the presents were mixed?"

"At present Jack is probably studying over a string of pearls while you are here. That card must have been meant for you because you could get here and Jack couldn't."

“Are you glad I came, Eleanor, even if that present wasn’t meant for me?—because you see I intend keeping it. Are you glad or sorry?”

“Who ever heard of anyone being sorry on Christmas day? And then too haven’t you ever heard the story about the ‘Two Presents or The Lucky Mistake?’ I—”

But the rest was unfinished. As I said before, one can’t easily do two things at once.

Are we Contributing What we Should to Our Student Government?

Esther Covington

“GOOD LANDS, here comes one of those prissy Student Government girls. I’ll bet we have been chased by every one of them this very night,” Madge remarked as she and Edith sat on a trunk in the hall during study hour.

“Come on, let’s run before she sees us. She’s a strict one and she might take our names if she catches us,” Edith replied as they darted around the corner.

This is the attitude taken by the majority of the girls in school towards this practically new method of control, known as Student Government. This method had proved successful in a number of schools and six years ago it was introduced into this school. Although it is now gradually growing out of the stage of infancy, it will be some time before it will have strength enough to walk alone. This weakness is partially due to the fact that this is not a college, and the majority of girls who come here are either of the high school age or have just completed the high school course. For this reason they lack the sense of individual responsibility. They have been at home with their parents who were ever ready to correct and advise them in every step taken and it is quite hard to face the problem of adapting themselves to a new environment and to self-government.

Some time during the session of 1909-10 the class in Civics was studying and discussing the form of government which controls the welfare of our State. Suddenly a group of girls were stuck very forcibly with the idea that it would be a good plan to adopt a form of self-government in school. The school seemed to run parallel with the State, and the students with the

citizens. A committee was formed to consult the President of the institution in regard to the matter, and he not only consented, but was heartily in favor of the plan. A mass meeting of all the students followed which was a long and heated discussion. After much weighing of the good and bad points and careful consideration on the part of all of those concerned; it was decided that government by the students should be adopted. The beginning lines of the constitution were these, "The purpose of the association shall be to preserve the student honor and to further the interests of the students of the school as far as lies within its power." An executive committee of five, chosen from the Senior, Junior and Fourth-Year classes, was formed, the duty of which was to receive and pass upon reports made to the committee and to investigate serious charges. The aim of the committee was not to mete out punishment for offences and breaking of regulations, as many thought. But it was rather to help the girls to see their errors and correct them.

From the very beginning, in spite of all the efforts to prevent it, there were some girls in school who looked at student government from the wrong point of view. They considered it a government entirely in the hands of a few, and believed themselves to have no part whatsoever to play. This idea still prevails within certain group of girls who have not yet felt the sense of individual responsibility. You very frequently find girls who think they are bestowing certain favors upon the officers of the association by keeping order when they are in sight. But the greatest favor the girls can show the officers is shown when they respect and honor Student Government itself.

"The form of the letter counts for little; the spirit or the attitude is all important."

We have been dwelling on what our attitude is. Let us now consider briefly what our attitude should be. The Student Government Association is com-

posed of the whole student body and not only the officers alone. While the officers are called "Student Government girls," it is a no more fitting title for them than for any other girl in school. They are simply those girls who are thought by the majority to be the ones who can best carry out the duties of their respective offices. They are not policemen or night watchmen to be continually on the look-out for girls who are breaking rules. Their duty is to help the girls in doing what is right and what is good for the welfare of the whole school community. Some of the girls seem to have the idea that the officers are set apart, in a way, from the whole student body; that they are mechanical machines who are supposed to do all of the work. They do not stop to consider that the officers are under the same restrictions, have just as many temptations and have to abide by the same rules as all of the girls in school.

When each girl puts her signature to an application blank to enter school, she is signing her name to a pledge that she will do all in her power to uphold the standards of the school. She becomes a member of the Student Government Association and promises to give it her support. The school is a community, and this idea of self-government should teach each individual that she is a part of the community, responsible, in part, for its acts. Indeed every act done reflects not only on the individual concerned, but on the whole student body. Not until this idea of community spirit is realized and we have the cooperation of every individual can we have an ideal community.

Every girl should be brought to a consciousness of her membership in society and that she is under certain obligations to it. Every individual has a body, intellect and character. We are in school to develop these as far as possible and thus receive what is termed an "education." Since "the chief concern of society is the finished product of education" is it not well worth our while to try to train our

powers in order that we may be desirable members of society? While physical exercise is a splendid thing to develop the body, it is insufficient for moral and intellectual training. Studies are for the training of the intellect, but they do not develop the body, neither do they set up a moral standard for the student. Obedience is the main element of the moral training, therefore obedience should be the means and cheerful obedience the end toward which we are working. This obedience should be voluntary and joyous, and the only way to obtain this is by having a means of control in which the students are made masters of themselves. That government which takes in account only the conduct of the moment has its value in the maintenance of an outwardly well regulated school. But it lacks the development of great underlying principles; it fails to touch the mainspring in the developing of the students' moral nature; it does not start into being those activities, which, if properly exercised, ultimately result in character.

In many cases if a girl sees another one doing something which is not in keeping with the rules and regulations, she will not report it to the committee for fear she might be called a "tattler." This is not "tattling," it is "helping." The girl who has done the thing needs to have her attention called to it and be brought to see it in the right light, first by reasoning, and then possibly she should be given some punishment which will make her think another time when the same occasion presents itself. Perhaps the offense does not harm the girl who witnesses it in a direct way but if it passes by unnoticed once, it will more than likely occur a second time and so on until something serious has developed. It has been said that "a secret observer to a crime makes him partner to it," and so it is with our school life, when we see things going on which should not be, and take no steps to remedy them, we are entering into them ourselves.

These ideals, if lived up to, could mean much to the student body as a whole as well as to each individual member. Student Government, when properly executed, gives broader visions and conceptions of real life.

The term self-government has a civic as well as an ethical meaning. The civic relationship has to do with the practice of individuals in shaping their conduct under the government by which the outside world is governed. This practice includes the making of laws; their interpretation and their execution, and certainly Student Government involves all of these. It is a government of the students, by the students and for the students. "A striking thing about college life is the amount of business, civic and financial responsibility, of one kind and another, which rests upon various students as managers, captains, or otherwise, in connection with student activities." It is just this experience, knowledge of things pertaining to the school community, which serve us when we go out into the world and come in touch with larger affairs. This control of one's self trains for world citizenship, for the grown-up will be what the child has been taught to be, and if he has been taught to have high morals and standards, they will live with him when he comes to face the problems of real life.

Student Government should teach students how to rely on their own responsibilities, and establish high standards of action in all phases of school life. It should develop a sense of honesty in school work and athletics as well. "It is just as crooked to secure grades by unfair means as it is to secure profits by doubtful practices." Broadly speaking it develops individuality and independence on the part of every student.

This is a Normal School, preparing us to teach and be examples for others, and for this reason it is doubly important for us to govern ourselves properly

while in school. It has been discovered by those who have gone before that school records mean much to our success and opportunities in life, therefore is it not well worth our while to encourage and help here the organization which does the most to help us and to develop the best that is in us?

Sadie O'Flannagan and the Golden-Haired Hilda

Elizabeth Malcolm

SADIE O'FLANNAGAN had a romantic nature. Of course she didn't know exactly what it meant but anyway she knew she had it. Also, she had the soul of an adventuress, but she didn't even suspect this. It would have been a long story to tell exactly how Sadie had arrived at this conclusion, but the final assurance had come a few days before Christmas when Bill, the grocery boy, had whispered to her:

"Say, Sadie, I gotta book, a humdinger."

"Oh, Bill, you'll lemme read it?"

"Sure, don't I allus lend—."

"Sure, you do."

Then Bill had smuggled, "Donald, the Determined Detective, or the Sinister Lure," into her hand.

"I ain't through 'Lady Clarinda's Fortune,' yet," she whispered.

"Come heer, ye lazy baggage," called Mrs. O'Flannagan at this juncture, "The twinses is trying to eat some glue."

"Yes, ma, I'm comin'."

Sadie had read the book at previous, stolen intervals. Oh, the thrilling Donald! She fairly gasped when, by the aid of the blue-eyed Hilda, he outwitted the nefarious diamond thief, and when at last he and the fairy-like maiden plighted their troth.

"Golly," breathed Sadie, "why don't nuthin' never happen to me? An' he guv her a diamont big as a egg, and I ain't even got money for Christmas presents."

The words evidently set her to thinking. She absently chewed the end of her bright red pigtail. When she lifted up her head her eyes were shining.

She would go adventuring. Like Lady Clarinda or the golden-haired Hilda, scorning mere mercenary motives (Lady Clarinda had said this when her father wanted her to marry the one-eyed duke), she would go down town. Yes, she might even meet Countess Candace (she was Clarinda's bosom friend). She would say casually:

"Oh, I say, Candace, I've lost my purse, don't you know. In this hoy-polly, its impossible to find it."

"Then, of course, you must take mine," Lady Candace would say.

"Whee! I'll buy a Christmas tree and cannels and shut-eyed dolls for the twinses and a pipe for paw an' a diamont watch for Bill."

It was on Christmas eve that she stole out of the house with her best shoes and all her Sunday clothes on. She had hardly trembled a bit, for had not Hilda left her angry uncle, a cruel curmudgeon, with a bag of jewels, undaunted, in exactly the same way?

She got on a down-town car. She dropped five pennies in the conductor's box and paused a minute, lookingly intently around. A tall, lean man looked wicked enough to suit her so she sat down by him "Gee, it was hot." Every time some one got on the car a wiff of icy air chilled her. Suddenly she felt little and forlorn, what could she do? A big tear came rising up, her nose felt funny, and—

"I tell you, Dan, the job has got to be done tonight. We've got to get the other away without the lady knowin' it."

Sadie pricked up her ears. The voice came from one of the two rough-looking men behind her.

"The boss said that if it ain't done tonight, it's all off."

Sadie didn't hear the rest but she knew it must be awful. Her blood turned cold. The car wheels creaked loudly. All at once it seemed that every one in the car had heard. She shivered all over. Just then her heart gave a great leap, for she heard one of the men say:

"I'll point it out to you, and you get onto the job; jest casually, mind, she ain't to know a thing about it until—Hey, here we are."

The bell rang. When the men got up to go, so did Sadie.

The blast of cold air made her teeth chatter, but she kept on. Every one was busy and bustling down town. Motor horns were tooting, a Salvation army girl was ringing a bell, men were selling cedar trees on the corners, and the sharp whistle of the traffic policeman was heard. It was already getting dark. A fine, drizzly rain was falling and the air was piercing, Sadie followed the men through the crowd. They finally seemed to find what they were looking for.

"That's her, that green car with L. L. on the door. See?"

Sadie's red hair bristled; she looked at the car they had pointed out. Her teeth chattered, but her hands were clenched. She'd show them how—But the men were gone. She looked up and down, but they were lost in the surging crowd that came pouring from the stores. Sadie could almost cry. Hilda wouldn't have made a blunder like that—but Oh, she had it! she would get in the car and tell the helpless damsel of the cruel plan on foot.

She sided up to the car, and in a moment she was in. None could see her now, for she was buried in the big fur rug. The warmth and the monotonous dip of the rain, the indistinct noise of the crowds of people made her soon become drowsy. She tried to hold her eyes open. Why Hilda herself had to fight against this overpowering drowsiness. She had said, "Sleep is slavery" over and over, but even while Sadie was saying this she fell asleep. Her dreams were slightly troubled. She had a vague idea of bouncing and the hum of the motor, then peace.

She woke up with a start and tried to look around. The street with its brightly lighted windows was gone. All was dark and still. Her limbs were cramped and one foot was asleep. It was icy cold

too. Where on earth was she? Just then she heard a sound, and her little body stiffened. Huh, hadn't determined Donald caught Evil Ed just as she was going to trap these two villains? She recognized the sound of the click of the key in the lock. Yes, that little spot of light was a bull's eye lantern.

"Got here in time tonight."

She recognized the rough accents of the man called Dan. Sadie got cautiously over the side of the car as she saw the two hulking shadowy forms approaching. She slipped out unobserved along the farther wall.

There was no hesitation in her actions. She would go up to the big house and tell them a gang of robbers was trying to steal the car.

The big house loomed over the trees, square and imposing, lighted from top to bottom, and it was to it that Sadie ran as fast as she could. She rang the bell. Immediately the door flew open, and before the astonished butler could say Jack rabbit—a thing he never did under any circumstances however—a skinny, red-headed girl had butted him out of the way and was flying down the slippery, waxed hall.

Low-pitched musical voices greeted her ear. Just as she turned, her foot caught on a rug that gave from under her, and she plunged headlong and slid to the middle of the room. Alas! ignominious fate. What would Clarinda do? Sadie picked herself up and looked around at the astonished faces. She picked out the mistress of the house unerringly.

"Milady," said Sadie, bowing awkwardly, "there's robbers in your garage, and they're stealing your automobile."

"Why child," answered the lady, "what are you talking about? What's your name? Where did you come from?"

Sadie told her the whole story rapidly. The lady who, Sadie learnt, was Mrs. Braithwaite, was very

much alarmed. Just then her husband tapped her shoulder.

"Don't excite yourself, Lina," he said. "I had thought to surprise you, but you would have known in a few hours anyway. I ordered a new limousine for you for a Christmas present."

"Oh!" a gasp of wonder rose from Sadie's lips, for just then the folding doors at the upper end of the room silently drew apart and there, glittering from top to bottom, shone a tall Christmas tree. "Jest like the one I want for maw and the twinses."

Mrs. Braithwaite picked up the small red-haired girl and held her tightly. "So you shall, dear," she said. "We always have our tree on Christmas eve. Our family is little though, just see how few we are!"

Sadie looked around. There was compassion in her eyes when she looked at Mrs. Braithwaite at last.

"An' you ain't got no twinses, nor Bill nor mother?"

"No; but I'll tell you what we'll do," went on the sweet-voiced lady. "We'll give you our tree, if you'll give us some of your family."

"For good and keeps?" inquired Sadie anxiously. But when she found that the kind-hearted lady only wanted a share in the twinses and wouldn't take them away, she became happy as a bird.

They took her home in the big limousine, and true to their word, sent bright colored balls and shut-eyed dolls for the twinses. But best of all, a little heart to hang around her own neck with a small but bright stone right in the center.

"An' it's a really truly diamont," Sadie would proudly affirm.

THE FOCUS

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.
J. L. BUGG, Notary Public.

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Editorial

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO A SCHOOL GIRL

One does not have to come to school several days before Christmas to see just how much Christmas means to the average school girl. A visit to the school the first of November will tell her just as well. In fact, several days after a girl has her room fixed up and is comfortably settled for work, she starts dreaming and planning for Christmas.

To her, Christmas means two precious weeks with her home folks and along with the two weeks many good times of all kinds. She also thinks of the good things to eat she'll have and how she'll make up for what she calls "lost time."

Can you blame this girl and all others like her for thinking of Christmas only from this standpoint?

Many of them have been away from home for the first time (for so long a time) and it is no wonder they start "dreaming" soon.

We are all human beings, but I wonder if, in our planning and dreaming of the coming Christmas, we don't forget the true meaning of the season? I wonder if we aren't the least bit inclined to be thoughtless and selfish?

I think Christmas is a time when every one should be happy and the happiest time for the school girl is when she is planning for the coming Xmas holiday. The spirit spreads all over the school. It is wonderful when a crowd of girls get together and talk and plan for Christmas! And oh, the excitement that prevails! But with it all we must take heed lest we lose the *true* meaning of Christmas.

—V. M.

+ + + Here and There + + +

On Friday night, November 10, 1916, Mr. James O'Donnell presented "Handy Andy" in the auditorium of the State Normal School, before a large audience of school girls and people of the town.

SENIOR MINSTREL

On Saturday, November 11, the Senior class gave a very good negro lady minstrel in the auditorium, to a packed house.

The songs presented by an excellent trio, quartette and chorus were worthy of praise as well as the end ladies. The jokes kept the audience in a continued laugh, especially the local ones. Quite a feature of the affair was a dance, "Hesitation Blues," by Kellam and Lundie, end ladies.

Miss Bagby, acting as interlocutor, held well her dignity. Members of the trio were Misses Duncan, Owen and Hudgins, of the quartette, Misses Stephens, Meredith, Bush and H. Wooldridge.

NEWS OF SENIOR CLASS

"Our 157" have been busy for the last week getting off the minstrel and voting on *statistics*. All officers have been voted on. The ones filled are:

- Best all Around*—Elsie Bagly, Eugenia Lundie.
- Most Popular*—Miss Munoz, Lillian Obenchain.
- Most Intellectual*—Juilette Mayo, Gertrude Criser.
- Cutest*—Sallie P. Rawlings, Katie Edmunds.
- Biggest Loafer*—Aline Cole, Elvira Macklin.
- Most Athletic*—Helen Cahill, Marguerite Wyatt.
- Biggest Talker*—Dorothy Truitt, Gladys Tucker.

- Wittiest*—Eugenia Lundie, Conway Howard.
Most Striking—Frances Moomaw, Naomi Duncan.
Best Natured—Virginia Mayo, Maie Brinkly.
Most Womanly—Lillian Obenshain, Lottie Meyers.
Most Reliable—M. E. White, Jonnie Hiner.
Daintiest—Mary Kellam, Julia Holt.
Airiest—Myrtle Parker, Julia Holt.
Prettiest—Aline Cole, Carlie Stephens.
Most Talented—Ethel Surface, Catherine Pannill.
Most Generally Liked—Elsie Bagly, Helen Cahill
Most Attractive—Gladys Canter, Rose Meister.
Most Dignified—Esther Covington, M. E. White.
Biggest Bluffer—Ruth Hudgins, Sallie P. Rawlings.
Most Indifferent—Ruth Hudgins, Frances Moomaw.
Most Independent—Marion Linton, Carrie Cowherd.
Most Lovable—Virginia Mayo, Ruth Blanton.
Best Dancer—Maie Brinkley, Grace Bonney.
Most Original—Marguerite Wyatt, Marion Linton.
Biggest Flirt—Ethel Surface, Selma Owens.
Most Mischievous—Katie Edmunds, Ruth E. Cook.
Teachers' Pets—Myrtle Parker, Laura Kice.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club is making preparations for the big Japanese Operetta to be given in February. This is one of the numbers of the Star Course and well worth seeing.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT NEWS

“Monitors” have been abolished by an amendment to our constitution. “Call-downs” are to be used as punishment for misdemeanors, this to be done by the Student Government officers, committees and electors. The girls are very well satisfied with this new arrangement and study hour is almost *ideal*.

The Conservatory of Music has been holding its regular Saturday morning musicals this fall. We can not publish the names of those taking part because there would be too many, but will do so in the future.

CUNNINGHAM

The latter part of last May the Cunningham Literary Society elected the following officers:

President.....	Frances Moomaw
Vice-President.....	Kate Wooldridge
Recording Secretary.....	Sallie Rawlings
Corresponding Secretary.....	Aline Cole
Censor.....	Shannon Morton
Treasurer.....	Laura Meredith
Reporter.....	Helen Arthur
Critic.....	Eugenia Lundie

The new members taken in on October 26, 1916, were: Katherine Anderson, Ruth Barrow, Lucille Batten, Margaret Batten, Marion Beale, May Blankinship, Isabelle Chandler, Fern Cooley, Nancy Coulling, Helen Cummins, Rebecca Darden, Katherine Ellis, Anne Cary Geddy, Inza Lee, Evelyn Lloyd, Minnie Miller, Mary Gertrude Painter, Cornelia Parker, Harriet Purdy, Helen Shepherd, Victoria Vaiden.

The Dramatic Club is busy at work on the play "A Rose o' Pymouth Town" which is to be given December 8th.

Y. W. C. A.

The week of the 12th of November, being World's Fellowship Week, many speakers have made interesting evening prayers and morning watch.

Some of the leaders and their subjects were:

Sunday, Nov. 12—Mr. Diehl, "World Fellowship."

Monday, Nov. 13—Miss Williamson, "U. S. and its Relations."

Tuesday, Nov. 14—Miss Peck, "South America."

Wednesday, Nov 15—Miss Rohr, "Orient."

Thursday, Nov. 16—Miss Southerland, "Our Adopted Country—Japan."

Friday, Nov. 17—Mr. Grainger, "Some of the Warring Nations."

Saturday, Nov. 18—Miss Munoz, "Other Warring Nations."

Sunday, Nov. 19—Miss Mix and Miss Neil, "The Joy of Sharing."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ **Hit or Miss** ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

“The preacher says
 We’re made o’ ‘dust,’
 Said little Tommy Blake;
 “I’ve eated too much dinner—
 An’
 Gee whiz! but *dust* can ache.”

—Margaret G. Hays.

Jack—Boby Townes says he paid \$7,000 for his new automobile.

Gladys—Is he a millionaire?

Jack—No, he’s a liar.

M-mama, Lillie won’t play fair—It’s my turn to say prayers an’ her turn to wash her hands, an’ she jumped into bed without doing either.

Sr. (in reading class)—“In came the moon and covered me,” etc.

Miss Wheeler—What? You don’t see any moon—you couldn’t.

Sr.—“In came the moon and covered me;” Miss Wheeler, I declare I see it. (10 o’clock in morning.)

Girl in Library—“Can you tell me where to find this book, please?”

Miss C.—“Yes. *I. K. B.* 67-J.”

“Miss——, what book have you selected for your parallel reading?”

“The *Autobiography* of the Breakfast Table, by Holmes.”

(Heard in English class during lesson on transitive verbs.) Miss N——. “The horse eats. Is there any receiver of the action there?”

S. D.—“Yes, his stomach is the receiver.”

Senior (in Civics class)—“There is no excuse for ignorance of the law.”

Mr. L.—“There is no excuse for ignorance of any kind, especially in Civics.

Junior English Teacher—“What tense do I use when I say, ‘I was beautiful?’”

Smart Junior—“Remotest past.”—*Ex.*

Dr. Gudger—“This species of plant belongs to the Azalea family.”

Freshman—“Oh, yes, I see, you are taking care of it for them while they are away.”—*Ex.*



✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ Exchanges ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

In looking over our exchanges for the month we have found that the Greensboro *State Normal Magazine* almost reaches the standard of an ideal magazine. This edition for October is unusually good and one that does credit to your school. The well-balanced departments and the attractive cover give it a pleasing appearance and when we examine the literary work of the magazine we are not disappointed.

"The Red-headed Treasures" tells us by the title that the story is one of jokes and action. From the time that Miss Priscilla receives her sister's letter we find ourselves anxious to know what impression the red-headed twins will make on the "old maid." Then, when we reach the climax we congratulate the writer on handling the story so cleverly. Although the plot of "The Traitor" is a little trite, the author has succeeded in making her characters seem real. Another interesting and well written story of the issue is "Billy Rankin, Star."

The essay, poems, and sketches contained in the magazine are good.

We hope that every girl in our school will read the address given by your professor so that if she has the wrong conception of college life she may change her views and realize that her school is "an open door of opportunity."

We welcome to our desk the *Southwest Standard*. From reading this paper we conclude that your school is one of action and progress. We wish to congratulate you on publishing an edition twice a month.

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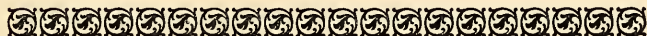
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