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Farmville, Virginia

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THE FOCUS

VOL. VII FARMVILLE, VA., MAY, 1917 NO. 4

Our Part

Clara E. Neblett

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Alas! O Lord, the cry has come,
Of war, to sweep our land;
To take away a reign of peace,
For which our fathers plann'd.

II

To arms, the men must dauntless go,
Sustained by Thee, Great God,
To follow in the beaten path
Which our forefather's trod.

III

Then, women! since your only way
Lies in your heart and hand,
Pay the dear price of sacrifice,
For this your native land.

IV

You cannot hope to shoulder arms
To help the world's great pow'rs;
But if you stand with steady hand,
The victory is ours!

When The Tables Turned

Ida Wessells

WHEN the five forty-nine train pulled in at the Farmville depot Thursday afternoon, Clair Beverly was standing expectantly on the platform. Her expression slowly changed to one of disappointment, as she scanned the faces of all the alighting passengers, for she did not see the one for whom she was looking. Just as the train was about to start again, an exasperated porter rushed down the steps loaded with a heavy suit-case, a hat-box, a violin case and a rain-coat, and behind him, nonchalantly swinging a bird-cage, came a roguish-looking girl. Clair gave a little shriek of welcome as she saw Vivian, for it was her for whom she had been looking. Vivian pushed the loaded porter out of her way, jabbing him in the back with the end of her umbrella as she did so, in her haste to throw her arms around her chum's neck.

After their rapturous greeting, Clair asked, "Now, Vivian, tell me why you couldn't come back to school on time, as you should have done."

"Oh, what was the use to do as I should have done? We had a dance at home last night and I just simply couldn't miss it, especially as Henry was there," answered Vivian.

"You are incorrigible, Vivian, but you must remember that you are a dignified Senior this year and you'll have to mend your ways."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! Please, don't begin to preach as soon as I get near you. By the way," she continued, as they neared the Normal School buildings, "what kind of specimens are here this session? Does there seem to be much chance for a jolly good time at the expense of the new arrivers? I wanted to come

early and look them over, but I simply couldn't miss that dance."

"Do come on to your room and get ready for supper. We will discuss the new girls later."

Clair and Vivian mounted the stairs lugging Vivian's various possessions.

"Oh, Viv, I forgot to tell you about our new room-mate. Myrtle didn't come back this session and so we have a new girl in our room. I do declare, she is the greenest thing!"

Vivian's eyes twinkled at this information and she quickened her steps expectantly.

Clair flung open the door ushering Vivian in, bird-cage and all, as she said, "Miss Laughinghouse, this is our other room-mate, Miss Newton—no relation to Sir Isaac."

A dreamy-eyed girl turned slowly from the window, and after scrutinizing Vivian from head to foot, acknowledged the introduction by a slight bow, and again directed her attention out of the window.

"Huh," grunted Vivian at this cool reception.

Vivian saw no more of her new room-mate until they were preparing for bed that night. She and Clair crawled in between the sheets, and under their cover held a whispered conference. The last bell had rung and Alice Laughinghouse had her hand on the light ready to turn it out, when Vivian's head bobbed out from under the cover and she said, "Oh, Miss Grinning Cottage, didn't you know that you couldn't go to bed until after Mrs. Slater comes around to inspect your trunk? So many girls conceal electric irons, chafing dishes and such things in their trunks, you know; that is why she does it—Good-night." Whereupon Vivian smiled the friendliest in the world, and closed her eyes. Two minutes later she was sleeping peacefully.

"Well, of all the silly customs!" ejaculated Alice as she seated herself on a trunk.

The door opened and Mrs. Slater walked in with pad and pencil in her hand. "If I remember aright

this is the room that gave me so much trouble last year." Then as her glance fell on the forlorn figure sitting on the trunk she said, "Don't let me find this light on again after the light bell. Go to bed at once."

"But—but," began poor Alice, but Mrs. Slater sailed majestically down the hall. Alice cast an indignant glance toward the bed. One occupant stirred slightly but the other slept peacefully on.

Alice turned out the light and sank into bed, only to rise again with unprecedented swiftness, at the same time emitting a shriek that aroused even the soundly sleeping Vivian. Clair sprang up in bed convulsed with laughter. Vivian raised herself on one elbow and drowsily muttered, "For goodness sake, what's after you?"

"I—I, don't know what it is, but there's something in my bed," quavered the frightened voice, on the verge of tears. Vivian crawled out of bed and extricated two hair-brushes from between the sheets of Alice's bed. "Did you mistake this for your dresser?" she innocently inquired.

Indignation blazed up in Alice's eyes. "I wish you girls knew when and how to play a joke," she snapped.

Vivian stared at her in amazement—"Was there ever any mischief done within a hundred miles of me that wasn't put to my credit?" With which self-pitying statement, she again crawled into bed.

* * * * * * * * *

One afternoon a few weeks later, Vivian rushed into the room where Clair and Alice were peacefully reading, frantically waving a telegram. "Just listen, Clair, at this: 'Arrive in Farmville six o'clock. Will see you at eight. Signed, Henry Murphy.' "

Alice gave a little start at the familiar name but Vivian didn't notice her, and she proceeded to explain dramatically, "My dear Alice, Henry is my latest and is absolutely and unsurpassingly adorable."

"Really," murmured Alice, trying to conceal her guilty start.

Vivian gaily went down to the parlor at eight after making an especially careful toilet, so as to make a good impression, as she termed it, on Henry.

During the evening Vivian entertained her caller by recounting the pranks which she and Clair had played on their new room-mate. "By the way," she remarked after awhile, "I don't believe I have even told you her name. That's one of the most outrageous things about her. It is Alice Laughinghouse."

A quizzical look came into Henry's eyes. Could it possibly be the Alice Laughinghouse for whom he had been searching for the past month?

Henry was preoccupied with his own thoughts for the remainder of the evening. His memory went back to a memorable sunny afternoon about a month earlier, when Alice Laughinghouse had haughtily returned his ring to him, thus breaking off their short but happy engagement.

Vivian rattled on regardless of her auditor's inattention.

Henry left early and as he walked slowly down the street a peal of merry laughter caused him to glance in the direction of the dormitory. His heart skipped a beat, for there, framed in a window, chin resting in her palm, a wistful, half-sad expression on her face, sat the girl of whom he was thinking. He went on to the hotel, at which he was stopping, and immediately wrote a letter.

The next night, instead of studying, Alice began to dress.

"Oh, my! One would imagine you had a date tonight from the way you are dressing up," ejaculated Vivian.

"I have," calmly answered Alice, as she started for the parlor.

"Well, what will happen next and who in the world can he be?" exclaimed Clair.

"Oh! some country jade, I suppose," answered Vivian. "I'm not very much interested in anyone except Henry at present. I wonder when Henry will come to see me again. He didn't say anything last night when he left about coming back, but I suppose he will write to me soon."

"Do hush about Henry and let me study," exclaimed Clair. "You are just wild about that boy."

"I know I am," replied Vivian, "but I won't entertain your unworthy ears by talking about him, since you don't appreciate him."

With trembling hands Alice opened the parlor door. A maid standing in the hall saw a tall, handsome man advance to meet her. He caught both her hands in his.

"Alice!" he breathed.

"Henry!"

The door closed and the curious, wide-eyed maid saw no more.

Upstairs Vivian sat holding a book in her hand, gazing into space—dreaming—but not dreaming that down in the parlor sat the one of whom she was thinking, serenely talking to another girl.

* * * * * * * * *

Several weeks later Vivian strolled in where Clair sat reading a late novel.

"Clair, do put that horrid book up. Where's Alice?"

"Don't know. Haven't seen her since breakfast. Don't worry me."

Late that afternoon, when Vivian and Clair came in from a long walk, Alice was still missing.

"Why, where can she be, Clair?" Vivian looked in the closet. "Clair, her suitcase is gone. Maybe she's gone to the Infirmary."

A knock sounded on the door.

"Come in!" called Clair.

Aunt Lou came shuffling in. "Here's a letter for one of you ladies. Don't know which, I ain't got my glasses."

"For you, Viv," and Clair handed her a yellow envelope.

Vivian broke the seal, read it, read it again, and then, with a sickly smile, handed it over to Clair, who read: "We were married this afternoon in Richmond. Our best wishes to you.

"Alice and Henry Murphy."

Clair flashed a roguish smile at Vivian. "Well, at last you have heard from your adored and adorable Henry."

Wanted: Animation

Adele Reese

"WHY, Eleanor, what on earth—have you been crying? Your eyes are just as red, and goodness, your nose, too. What in the world is the matter?"

Daphne fell back on the bed in a very careless and unconcerned way as if an answer to her question would do any old time, but that wasn't the way she felt at all. She was simply dying to know what was the matter with Eleanor.

"Somebody has hurt her feelings," thought Daphne, "and I would give anything to know all about it." But then, Daphne knew only too well that if she wished to find out anything from Eleanor, she must pretend she didn't care about it, and she would have it all told in a few minutes.

Finally between sobs Eleanor managed to tell Daphne that it was five-thirty and if she didn't want to be locked out at supper she would better get up and dress. Daphne bounced up immediately with the hope that something exciting would happen, or, that there would now at least be the possibility of having something to talk about.

"I do wonder if Eleanor is going to tell me what she is crying about. Wonder if there is anything I can do to induce her to tell me?" All these things were working their way through Daphne's mind when all at once an idea came with a little more satisfaction than any before.

"Oh, I know exactly," thought Daphne, "I'll just ask Eleanor to go to walk for a few minutes, that is if I can get dressed before supper. I'll hurry anyway. Maybe she'll tell me then."

Daphne, in her usual tactful little way, finally persuaded Eleanor to go for a short walk. As soon as Eleanor had washed her red eyes and put a sufficient

amount of powder on them to hide some of their redness, she and Daphne left the room and were walking very slowly down White House hall. Then Daphne put her arms gently around Eleanor and said:

"Eleanor, honey, I know you've been crying, and I know something awful is the matter. Why can't you tell me what it is? Maybe I can help you."

"Oh, no you can't help me either; I have gotten beyond all help," said Eleanor; and with a little sarcastic sneer, she continued, "and now I can understand how people commit suicide."

In a flash Eleanor thought, "Oh, I don't believe she is going to tell me. What shall I do? I am bound to know. Oh, I know what I'll do, I'll kiss her and then ask her again—kiss her really sympathetic-like. Maybe it will work on her feelings and she'll be compelled to tell me then. Kiss my *room-mate*, and I've never kissed her in my life, but I'll be brave and try it. I just must know."

Daphne did kiss Eleanor and it had the desired effect, because Eleanor at once opened up her whole soul and told Daphne her trouble. She had gotten her first really bad criticism from her supervisor at the Training School. She thought now she would surely flunk on teaching. The criticism was horrible, so much so, that the poor little conscientious Eleanor had spent the entire evening in tears. She hadn't been to a single class the whole afternoon.

The next morning Eleanor went to the Training School with her pile of books under her arm, but with a more discouraged look than usual. There were deep furrows in her forehead and a considerable droop in the corners of her mouth.

That afternoon after classes, Daphne heard some one coming up the steps singing very loudly. In fact, the tone quality very closely resembled that of an old negro's singing out in the cornfield. Daphne recognized Eleanor's voice. "What a change from yesterday afternoon," thought Daphne.

"Well, what on earth has happened to you now, Eleanor?" asked Daphne as her room-mate rushed through the door.

Eleanor broke forth in a very loud and sing-song voice,

"Child, I am getting animated. I have just had a conference with Miss Epes and she said I wasn't flunking on teaching at all. She said I would be an *A* teacher if only I were more animated, but as I stand now she will have to give me C, unless I get a great deal more animation. I'll have to get it quick, too, she said. I'll tell you I can't afford to get C simply because I lack animation; this poky, cut-and-dry manner of mine has got to come to an end." In almost the same breath Eleanor burst forth in her singing with the same corn-field tone quality that she had been heard using just as she was coming up the steps.

"Oh well," said Daphne, "if that is the way you have to get animated, I'd much rather you get C on teaching than to be tormented with that awful racket the rest of the term."

Eleanor had seated herself in the rocking chair by the window and was wildly rocking back and forth, as far as the chair would permit, and at the same time in somewhat of a rhythmic manner she was very carelessly knocking her heels together.

"I can't be bothered with what you think about the racket, when it comes to my teaching grade," said Eleanor. "Child, I have just got to get animated, no matter how it is done. It's just *got* to be done. Come on, let us go down town. Hurry!"

Eleanor skipped all the way down town. Every few minutes she would recognize some of the Normal girls across the street, and yell out to them; and this would be followed by a furious waving of the whole arm. Daphne was walking much out of her usual gate trying to keep up, and all the time wondering what would happen next to the no longer retiring,

dignified, little Eleanor. Just as the two girls passed the barber shop, Eleanor tossed her head very high and took a peep in the window. Ah, whom should she see but Dick!

"Now here's a chance," she whispered to Eleanor, "for me to exercise my animation."

"Hello," she yelled to Dick, at the same time vigorously waving her hand.

Dick was startled. Eleanor waving to him! Surely he was mistaken; it couldn't have been she.

As soon as Dick had collected himself enough, he ran to the door to be sure who the girl was. Yes, it was certainly Eleanor. There she was, just across from the barber shop in the center of a crowd of girls, talking very loudly and fast as if her time were limited, and talking equally as much with her hands as her mouth. There was Dick, dumb-founded, gazing through the door and trying to come to some conclusion; yet it was almost impossible to think after the mind had received such a shock.

"Eleanor, yes, that is the same Eleanor, yet not the same that meets me on the street and greets me with a modest little toss of the head and a 'How do you do,' or 'Good evening.' What has happened to her?" Dick finally finished his argument with, "Oh, girls, girls, that's just like them. You never know what to expect. How can I in 1917 expect to find a girl like my good old grand-father had?"

Just as the girls turned around they saw Dick coming slowly down the barber shop steps and heard him whistling, "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl."

"Daphne," said Eleanor, "I know I am animated; I can feel it." Over and over all the way down the street, Eleanor would turn around to Daphne, clapping her hands, and with a great burst of laughter would say, "Oh, I am getting animated. I simply had to. Goodness, I can see that A on teaching now."

Poor Daphne had never been so perplexed in her life; she did not know what to say or what to do.

"You may call that animation if you like, but you act more like a mad-woman than anything I know of," said Daphne.

It was only a few days after this, that Daphne was seen rushing frantically through the building yelling, "Eleanor, Eleanor, please, have any of you seen Eleanor Anderson?"

When Daphne found Eleanor, she was coming out of the Training School.

"Oh, Eleanor," said Daphine catching her breath after each word, "You are second honor girl. Dr. Jarman read the names of the honor girls out in Chapel this morning and you got second honor. Your animation did help after all, didn't it?"

Eleanor had carelessly dropped down on the steps, and looking very straight at Daphne said in her natural voice and not with her lately acquired animation, "Alas, now I can be myself again, and not have to pester myself and everybody else all the time, trying to get animated."

Confession of One "Called Up"

Vedra Dunton

IT WAS on Wednesday night. As my roommates and I had our hardest day of the week on Thursday, we were studying hard.

About an hour after the study bell had rung, a gentle tap came at our door, my heart leaped to my mouth, I thought of a telegram the first thing, for a knock on one's door during study hour is a very unusual occurrence.

"Come in," we called.

In came a Student Government officer, who informed us that we were wanted in the Student Government room.

I tried to think of some offense I had committed, but not a thing could I remember. In a flash, I had a mental vision of a steamer leaving Old Point and a forlorn figure on board, ashamed to be seen; then I thought to myself, "If I am sent away I won't go home. I'll join the Red Cross Society and go to Germany, if necessary."

All these thoughts crowded through my head while the girl was in our room.

It was the first time that we had been called up. We started for the Student Government room. I, leading the way, was about to enter the Y. W. C. A. room, when one of my roomies asked, "Where are you going?"

I pointed weakly to the room across the hall from the postoffice.

"No, you're not," she said. "You are going to an entirely different place from that."

We continued our journey until we came to what I had always thought was some sort of office.

I soon found, however, that I was mistaken, for seated around a table were about fourteen girls with

the sternest countenances I had ever beheld. They looked so grim and stern that they reminded me of a jury which had just passed a death sentence.

Just then, in a voice which sounded almost unearthly to me, some one said, "Have a seat."

I looked around and saw three chairs; they looked unusually small to me, but as I saw my room-mates sitting down, I sat down too.

Just as I got seated, every face in the room seemed to fade away, and in their places I saw angels fluttering around in the air. I had never before felt that I was so good as I felt at that moment, and I thought how nice it was to be good! At that point the president interrupted my train of thoughts, saying, "You girls have been reported for being"——

Her voice trailed off into the distance. I thought she would never say for what we had been reported.

Finally she proceeded, "For being disorderly in the library and giving trouble to the librarian."

For a moment I breathed easily. I was so happy that I began laughing.

Then another Student Government girl pointing at me accusingly as I again quaked in my chair, said, "The way I understand it was that *you*, after disturbing the occupants of the reading room all you could, went to get some accomplices, and took your room-mates back."

That sounded awful to me. For a moment, I could see the librarian as an angel and myself as one too. She was smiling very sweetly at me.

But with an "Oh, me," I looked up to meet the stern countenances of the Student Government girls.

After lecturing us for a while about the disturbance we had caused, they sent us out in the hall, so they could pass the sentence. We were feeling so good that we began to dance and continued to dance until we were called back in. The president said, "Since this is your first offense we will do nothing with you. But be sure this does not happen a second time."

A Midnight Feast

Rachel Kootz

"I BELIEVE there's too much risk," said Rose Fay dubiously

"Oh, come on! Be a sport!" urged Florine.

"We'll never in this world get caught," Evelyn added lazily.

Rose walked to the window and thought of a certain young man she was to dance with the next night.

"I'll go. But if we don't get to that V. P. I. dance —and in Norfolk at that—"

The trio met at midnight at the rotunda and went on to Jeanette's room. The bunch had assembled and were having a glorious time with the "eats." The box seemed to have no end. Cake! Chicken! Candy! And Pie!

Rose, Evelyn, and Florine lived on the other side of the building. On their way back to their rooms, as they were turning a corner quietly and swiftly, their great good luck was to collide with Mrs. Harrison!

"Girls! What are you going on the halls at this time of the night?"

"Why—I was thirsty!" The answer was with as much accord as it would have been had some one counted one, two, three.

"Strange you all felt the pangs of thirst at the same time," was Mrs. Harrison's comment.

Even when she returned to her room and was making final preparation for catching the 3.15 train, the stern line around Mrs. Harrison's mouth still remained.

"Just off campus for a week, and at it again. Something certainly must be done," she thought. "I'll leave a note for Miss Marie."

She wrote the note, and when she passed the office, put it under a book.

The trio were at breakfast, strange to say, and completely dressed. They received the congratulations of their friends very stoically.

"My room is straight too," calmly stated each of the three.

Another amazing incident was the fact that none of them had any appetite. Nor were they inclined to conversation. But such smiles could seldom be seen as were on the faces of these three when no announcements were made.

"The 3.18 for ours!" they cried.

Their table at dinner that day was so merry that everybody in the dining room smiled in sympathy.

The bell tapped.

Miss Marie began to read out notices. "The following girls will come to the sitting room immediately after dinner. Ros— Girls, I simply cannot continue unless you are more quiet."

(The occupants of the table next to that of the Home Department certainly became so.)

"Rosabel Carr, etc., etc.," read Miss Marie.

So Rose, Fay, Evelyn, and Florine danced that night in Norfolk.

* * * * * * * * *

About 5 o'clock that afternoon Miss Marie took up her book to read. Even after she had read the note which she found under it, she still smiled; and although she felt that she ought not to be, she was glad that she had not found it before the 3.18 left.

Song of Strife

E. E.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
S. N. S. is but a dream,
For the girl is late that slumbers,
And breakfast is not what it seems.

School is real, school is earnest,
And Gilliam's is not our goal,
Eat, we must, but to school returnest—
Ere our supper will be cold.

But to Sanford's and to Chappelle's
Are our footseps bound to stray,
So we hurry ere the bell rings—
For we've been late twice today.

Study hour's long, but time is fleeting,
And our eyes tho' filled with sleep,
Still are poring over lessons,
Which, for us, are far too deep!

In the Normal's field of battle,
In the class room, however slow,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Or you'll flunk, where'er you go!

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We need not study all the time,
And departing, leave behind us,
E-Notes, stretched out in a line.

E-notes that perhaps another,
Coming to this school next year—
Although, at first, she may not bother,
Later, shall be gripped with fear.

Let us, then, get up and hurry,
Ere we must turn off the light,
With our lessons still before us,
Learn to study and recite.

The Scare

"MARY! Mary! Wake up quick," whispered Ruth. "Didn't you hear some one come in this room?"

"No, I haven't heard anything; wish you'd let me alone."

"Well, Mary, there was some one in this room and I believe I can hear her out in the hall now. You know your trunk is the only one out there, and I declare I believe she is trying to get in it. Why on earth don't you get up and go out there, and see what it is? I surely would if it were my trunk."

"I can't, I'm scared, I can't even keep my knees from knocking together. And, Ruth, I have a ten-dollar bill in the top part of my trunk. Oh, goodness, I'll die if she takes it!"

"Well, you are the craziest thing I have ever seen," said Ruth, "and if you don't hurry up and go out there and see who that is, I'm going myself. I'm not afraid, that's one thing."

"Please hurry and go, then," said Mary, "for I'll never be able to get that far; I'm as weak as water, now. I don't believe I could get there if she took the trunk and everything in it."

Ruth cautiously got out of bed, slipped on her bath robe and slippers, tipped to the door, and quietly turned the knob. She had said that she wasn't afraid, but her heart was in her mouth and she had an awfully peculiar feeling when she stepped across the doorsill, just in time to see some one in white disappear around the corner. This frightened Ruth dreadfully; she couldn't imagine what it was. She ran back in her room and jumped in bed and told Mary what she has seen. The two girls were dumb with fright and clung frantically to each other. In their imagination they saw all kinds of things walking around in the room and Mary's mind had wandered

back, more than once, to the ten-dollar bill in the top of her trunk. After so long a time the two girls dropped off to sleep.

"Good morning," said Ruth, after waking from their night of excitement, "are you still afraid of noises and white things?"

"That's a funny thing," said the other girl, "but my fear always disappears with the darkness. I've been dying for morning to come so I can go and see if my property is safe."

The girls got up and Mary went out to her trunk, unlocked it, looked in, and there was her ten-dollar bill. "Thank goodness," she cried, "she didn't take it after all; now you know that was kind."

"There goes the breakfast bell, Mary, you had better hurry; I know we couldn't go through the day without something to eat, especially after such a night as we have had."

* * * * * * * * *

"I thought I would never get to breakfast this morning," said Ruth, as she sat down at the table; "I nearly broke my neck coming down the steps."

"Who was that that said they broke something?" Martha asked as she seated herself at the same table. "It reminds me of what happened last night. By the way, Ruth, did I wake you and Mary up last night when I came in your room? I left my sweater in there and I got so cold I nearly died so I just had to go in and get it. I forgot all about the trunk just outside the door and I nearly broke my neck over it. I had to sit out there on it for a long time before I could get strength enough to walk. Well, why don't you say something and stop staring at each other like idiots?"

"Well, you see we saw—no, I mean we thought—Oh, goodness! I don't know what we did or saw, but I'm thankful it wasn't a ghost."

"Or a 'klep'," put in Mary with a relieved tone,

The Guardian of a Huckleberry Patch

Jerome Peck

IT ALL happened while I was visiting in the country, for the first time in my life. Maybe if I had not been in such a hurry that morning it would not have happened, and maybe if I had left my red sweater at home it would not have happened. Maybe—Oh well! a dozen maybes, but it happened just the same and this is how it did happen.

Jane and I had started, bright and early, for the huckleberry patch. It was a novel experience for me to be carrying a pail, into which I would put berries that I, myself, had picked; and as it turned out, it proved to be a novel experience for us both.

After going down the lane we cut across a field and then came to a road, which we had to cross in order to reach our huckleberry field. We had just gotten over the fence, when our attention was attracted by a gruff, roaring noise. We looked up the road, and horrors! There was some kind of beast, and he was coming straight toward us, bellowing and pawing dust as he came. I was petrified, but Jane, who always kept her head, grabbed me and pulled me over the fence, thereby scratching my arms and skinning my shins. Even there we were not safe from the enraged animal, we knew, so we flew into a cornfield near us and hid behind the shocks.

"Jane, what was that thing?" I whispered, trembling until I felt the whole cornfield shake.

"Don't you know what that is? It's Payne's bull. He must have broken down the fence and gotten out. If he gets us he'll kill us sure! Look, there he goes down the road. Now he's turning around. Look how he hits the earth. They do that when they're mad. What made you wear your red sweater, Anne?"

"Oh!" I moaned, "What does he make that awful noise for? Do you reckon he's going to walk up and down this road all day? Jane, do bulls tear you to pieces or do they eat you? Ouch! I've got a cramp in my leg!"

"Don't you dare move!" Jane's commanding tone soon convin ced me that my leg wasn't cramped after all.

"Jane, when will he quit wal king up and down there? He isn't bellowing so much now. Look, he's almost up to the end of the field."

The animal by this time had lengthened his patrol, for his trips up and down the road were made just a little farther each time. When he had gone to the end of the field we cautiously crept through the corn and then waited for our chance to slip behind a big clump of bushes. These would shield us from the monster, we thought, and at the same time afford us an opportunity to pick a few huckleberries. We reached the bushes in safety and were comfortably settled to begin filling our pails, but alas! we had no pails. We had left them at the fence, in our mad endeavor to get over it. So we just sat down and ate and ate. Every now and then we got a glimpse through the leaves of our terror of the road, but we had planned our part of the campaign very successfully, we thought.

"Jane, I don't ever want to see another huckleberry or bull either!" But no response came from Jane. By this time she seemed to be thoroughly disgusted with the whol e affair and conversation lagged.

"Jane, haven't you got something at home you can put on my arm? You scratched it when you pulled me over the fence."

Still no response.

"Well, Jane, you needn't have been so rough about it. You skinned my shin too."

Silence continued.

"And look here how you tore my dress! Jane! What is the matter with you?"

By this time I noticed a peculiar expression on Jane's face.

"What's the matter?" I was almost screaming at her now, so to keep me from attracting the attention of our enemy she spoke.

"You know rattlesnakes live in huckleberry bushes, and I think I heard one."

"What!"

"Yes, they do. Listen!"

Cold perspiration stood out in little beads on my forehead.

"Jane, which way would you rather die—be eaten by a bull or bitten by a rattler?"

But again Jane was silent.

Another hour was spent in about this same way, and then we heard the faint blow of the town whistle. If I could only have been in town then! For town meant home, and home meant dinner. But no! Instead Fate decreed that I should be in that awful field, staring into space and expecting every minute to see the very twigs turn into rattlesnakes, or to be devoured by Payne's old bull.

"Oh! Jane, I'm a nervous wreck. I can't stand this any longer. Im going to get away from these snakes, if I have to walk right down the road and face that old bull. And, Jane, if I don't get a drink, I'll die right here on your hands."

"I know where a spring is—two miles from here, but how could we ever walk two miles? If we can keep exactly behind these bushes and go over the hill we can get there without the bull seeing us, but we'll have to come back this way."

So we took our chance on going over the hill, and after we were safely hidden from the view of the bloodthirsty beast we allowed ourselves the comfort of breathing again. We trudged along in silence, each too faint to waste any energy on conversation, and

at last we were in sight of the spring. We reached it at the same time and drank from it at the same time. Never did weary travelers in a desert drink from an oasis spring as we drank from that one.

"Jane, I feel sick."

"That's nothing. So do I. But we've got to get back. Let's go back by the road. I expect he's gotten tired by now and gone home. Anyway, I'm too tired to climb that hill again."

"So'm I."

Having decided on our return route, we dragged our aching limbs along the dusty road, until just one more turn had to be reached before we would be in the lane leading to Jane's home.

"Great scott! Anne, look! Here he comes!"

We were stiff with fright. Should we climb the hill or jump in the river. We did neither. We merely turned our backs on the awful creature and awaited our fates. He was coming nearer. We heard his hoof-beats. We felt his breath, and—

"Well, by George! Here you are! We've scoured the country for you."

Looking up we saw Dan riding old Ned.

"Jane, it was only Dan's horse!" I whispered.

"Horse, what are you talking about?" demanded the mystified Dan.

"Oh nothing," we both managed to murmur.

An Awakening

A. M. B., '18

IT IS WELL that we have no insight in the shaping of our destiny. If it were so, surely many a winged thought would have whirled through the mind of Charles Henderson ere he set the seal upon his evil plans. Perhaps he would never have cast his little launch free to face the teeth of a stiff northeaster, that raged three days on the ocean, over the sand hills and across the sound.

As each succeeding wave struck his craft in a manner that would have sent a landlubber to his knees praying, the only effect upon Henderson was a convulsive tightening of the fingers that grasped and guided the helm, and his hard face set in harder lines.

A hard face, indeed, was his, and to look upon him was to recoil, as from a rattlesnake ready to mete out death to its enemy. He was a man of years, thirty perhaps; tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, of a dominant bearing, and evidently a man of great will power, but lacking in moral force. He was stubborn, selfish, lacking in principle, and unmistakable traces of dissipation were drawn on the scowling countenance.

His errand on this day was one that would have brought the blush of shame to an honorable man. Somehow as he sat there in his launch, his head was not so erect, his shoulders were not so square. Instead, an air of guilt hovered over him, as he steered for the island home of the late Winton Garfield.

In by-gone years his father had obtained a deed of trust on the large farm belonging to this godly old man. Garfield's heart and hand were always open to do a charitable act and his generosity often led him into trouble. On this particular occasion, in an attempt to get several thousand dollars in ready

money to lend a financially embarrassed friend, he mortgaged his extensive farm, his beautiful old brick mansion, and many acres of timber, some of which was exceedingly valuable. Oyster grounds of goodly worth were also included.

He had no hesitancy in deeding his lands to Wiliam Henderson, father of the present Charles; for although he was a man to take his pound of flesh if the money was not forthcoming, still he was considered an honest, if hard, master. Moreover, Garfield never had a shadow of a doubt of his ability to pay up, or he would have re-weighed the matter before he put the inheritance of his young son and frail daughter in the balance.

He kept up his interest and made regular payments on the loan. Sometimes he was forced to part with stock or timber; and again he allowed oyster boats to load with the high-priced bivalves his grounds furnished. So "by hook and by crook" the burden grew lighter. Every installment had been faithfully met and the money for another payment lay safe in his strong box. However he failed to require a note on his last payment and before this could be done and another deposit made, death claimed its own. In his will, Garfield bequeathed all to his son George and daughter Edith.

George was a clean-minded, stalwart, healthy young man, with a pleasant laugh and a genial manner —a man that won the heart and confidence immediately. His devotion to his sister, several years his junior, was unusual. Edith was a fair-haired, blue-eyed lass of nineteen, quite merry and winsome; but she inherited her mother's delicate constitution. From the time she opened her baby eyes and smiled up at her brother, she had won a protector and a champion.

Before his death, William Henderson had told Charles of a note that Mr. Garfield never received. This, of course, was due George, who had gone on

with the loan just as his father had and was almost ready to receive his deed.

As he was the only heir, Charles, at his father's death, had full charge of his business. When George paid up and demanded his deed, he did not take all the notes since he was unaware that one was lacking in his father's account. With all his duplicity, Charles would, doubtless, never have conceived his wicked plan if he had not by dissipation reduced himself almost to want; if thoughts of recuperating his fortune had not been claiming his attention to the exclusion of all other things. He knew that by producing the note for five thousand dollars which Mr. Garfield had formerly paid, and by demanding immediate payment he could force a sale of the Garfield estate. It was for this that he braved the storm and was now heading for their place.

He was almost within hailing distance of their wharf, when suddenly his engine missed fire and, without warning, stopped. He could not keep the bow of the boat to the wind, and as there was no help within sight, he was at the mercy of the wind and waves; from these, mercy in measure to his own was forthcoming. In a few moments the frail vessel capsized, sank and left him struggling in the water. He was a good swimmer, but handicapped by thick, heavy clothes and boots, he was helpless and he soon went down for the third time.

* * * * * * * * *

When he regained consciousness he found himself in an old-fashioned, four-poster bed, with Edith Garfield by his side, looking upon him tenderly, and with George standing over them.

George had seen his plight and, taking his life in his own hands, had jumped into a small boat and hurried to the rescue of the man who had come to wrong him. For weeks George and Edith had nursed him through a raging fever, which an over-

worked, exhausted constitution, with the assistance of the shock and exposure, could not withstand. Their hearts were glad indeed, when he opened his eyes in slow, dull recognition.

Before his complete recovery, the tender solicitude with which he was cared for, and thoughts of the life risked for him—the life of the man he had come to wrong—preyed on his mind so much that he made a full confession and begged forgiveness, that was freely and fully given.

It is needless to speak of the forthcoming deed or the friendship that Fate sealed. From his sick bed, Charles arose a changed man. He forsook his old companions and ways for a new life and new associates, and became a happy, honored, useful citizen.

* * * * * * * * *

Ten years have passed on wings of the wind. Now, Charles Henderson may be often seen walking down by the fateful wharf with little George Garfield Henderson; and he never tires of telling the little boy about the heroism of his uncle, who risked his life to save the child's father; and his eyes grow misty as he thinks of the greater heroism the uncle showed, in years gone by, when he turned his back on the prospect of professional renown in the medical world, to remain at home and care for his sister, the little boy's mother.

The True Mission of the Teacher

Margaret S. Vaughan

TEACHING what is in the text-books is not the true mission of the teacher. It lies beyond that. The true teacher must teach ideals, character-building, ambition; she must be an inspiration; she must be to her pupils a friend, a companion, a confidante and an adviser. If the teacher fails to inculcate in her pupils' minds higher ideals, she has failed as a teacher. The majority of our childhood days are spent in the school-room with the teacher, and it is very essential that the teacher be noble and inspiring in her life among the pupils. In the school-room, the pupils are forming the habits and characters that will influence their entire lives, and if the teacher be what she should there can be no greater influence on a life that is preparing itself for its life work.

Many a boy's or girl's life has been made by the memory of a teacher who was a friend. Probably this teacher-friend did not know that her life was to be the one that would be the example for her pupils, but back there in the early school days she had influenced some little boy or girl to see beyond the bounds of the little one-room school, and through her he had received the vision of what a life of service to others could mean. Maybe she left the little school, but her memory and ideals were cherished by this young life she had influenced. It is not always what the teacher gives, but what she shares with her boys and girls that makes her name remembered and held dear, long after she has left them. The story is told of how Charles Kingsley, who so thoroughly admired and reverenced Elizabeth Browning, in talking to her once about her wonderful, useful life, asked her what had made her's the rich, full life that

it was. Her simple answer was, "I had a friend." This friend had influenced her, and had caused her to see life in a broader vision, so he had been the guiding star of her beautiful life. In the same way our lives are, to a great extent, moulded by the life of a teacher who is a friend. Some time in our after-life we may look back on our life and ask ourselves, "What has made my life what it is?" "I had a teacher," the thought may come back. Oh! what a tribute to that teacher this is, if the life has been one of usefulness and love!

> "Such is the strength of art, rough things to shape,
> And of rude commons rich enclosures make."

Teaching is an art and the teacher is the artist, according to the way she moulds the lives given under her care. The rude, uncouth, unrefined life that comes in contact with the culture, the inspiration and loving care of the true teacher's influence may blossom into a lovely, rich life, full of possibilities, of ambitions, hopes, and desires, just because the larger life has been shown her by the daily life of her teacher. It is one of the rarest of gifts to be able, on account of one's own personality, to develop a life that is uncouth and rude into one of beauty, gentleness, and refinement. Such is the teacher's opportunity.

The teacher must show to her pupils the religious life. She must hold up to them through her life the Man of the Cross, whose cross she is bearing when she teaches; for He too was a teacher and all of us are children at the feet of this Great Teacher. There is no more joyful and helpful an experience than to be a friend of a teacher who loves and follows the steps of the Master. We see her tried, we see her nervous and worried, but through it all, we see her faith and trust in the Father on whom she is casting "all her care, because He careth for her."

Wordsworth has said, "I want to be considered a teacher or nothing." So may we all be teachers;

not of books alone, but of ideals, of character-building, and friendships. It behooves us to mould our lives so that we may feel ourselves fit to be the guiding-star of a life.

A S. N. S. Conversation

Rosa Mae Jones

"WHY, how do you do? I was never so glad to see anyone in my life!"

"And I've just been dying to see you!" was the reply from the brilliant and blooming girl, who was certainly in the full flush of health at that moment.

"How do you do anyway?"

"Oh, I have a perfectly fearful cold!"

"I nearly died with one last week!"

"I nearly coughed and sneezed my head off!"

"We have been having a regular hospital at my house. Isn't it just horribly cold today?"

"Fearful. I thought I should perish before I met you!"

"My feet are just like lumps of ice. Do you reckon they will ever be warm again?"

"Have you seen Helen Coyle lately?"

"Not for ages! It's certainly two weeks, anyhow, since I saw her. I'm crazy to see her."

"So am I. And it seems like a year since I saw Mary Allen. I'd give the world to see her. Oh, my! look how slow that man is running that Ford, I could go faster on my hands and knees."

Student Government

Josephine Carr

IT IS a deplorable fact—and one that we would rather avoid than face—that girls do not, as a rule, comprehend the weighty significance of governing themselves.

First, the suffragists complain that the lack of executive ability in women is caused by their lack of practical training. Secondly, grown people, more mature in years and experience, declare that they know better what to do for young people than do young people themselves. Third, we ourselves, filled to overflowing with life plus frivolity, fail to realize seriously our duty.

Taking the first of these facts, most schools give girls a chance to have a government ruled by the student body—a chance to test their knowledge of civics and their ability in diplomacy. Here at S. N. S., we have a real opportunity to develop our theories of self-government in a most practical and useful manner. Again, our parents and teachers often fail to understand that we, the younger generation, must in time take up their onerous duties and assume the reins of government. No doubt their wiser heads would save us many a disastrous mistake, but unfortunately we must travel the rough road by ourselves. They, in the end, will admit that "experience is the best teacher."

Lastly, our greatest trouble, our most prominent fault, lies within ourselves. Student Government is to us not an object of our admiration, but a laughable matter, a thing upon which to play all kinds of jokes—if we don't get caught! We fail to realize that we are insincere and unpatriotic when we do not uphold the mandates of the student body. These

mandates should be the whisperings of our consciences. Thus we must see that the whole result of the situation rests not upon the Student Body nominally, but upon each and every individual, both separately and collectively. I turn to you, fellow students: Are we not capable of keeping the faith placed in our hands? Can we not be trusted even unto the end?

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Editorial

STEPPING STONES

What are stepping stones? Are they barriers, stumbling blocks, hindrances and obstructions to trip and make us fall on the pathway of life? Or, are they a straircase of stones upon which we may climb higher and higher? In a metaphorical sense they are, but in reality, stepping stones are the difficulties that arise in life—the trials, disappointments and sorrows. They are often mistaken for impossibilities and no effort is made to overcome or surmount them. Difficulties should not prove barriers and stumbling blocks on life's pathway, but rather stepping stones to higher things. "Our paths will lie amid rocks and crags, not on lawns and among lilies; over precipitous mountains, not along the verdant banks of winding rivers." Yet our best endeavors cannot be put forth unless opposition is struggled with and overcome.

Among these blocks and stones that appear in the road of life are the tendency to lead an aimless life,

the desire to dream away the golden hours, and the yielding to disappointments and failures.

There are many ways by which those things that seem to be obstacles can be made stepping stones. Above all an aimless life is to be avoided. The struggle should be made with some purpose in mind and there should be ideals for which to strive. A well ascertained purpose gives vigor and perseverance to all man's efforts. Whatever a man's talent may be, with no aim, or a low one, he is weak. Without some definite object before us, some standard which can only be reached by earnest striving, the attainment of any great height, either mentally or morally, can not be expected. The development of character requires some high and lofty aim to bring it to its best perfection.

It is so easy to dream life away when one should be up and doing. "The soul is dead that slumbers." In his poem, "The Psalm of Life," Longfellow says:

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to live that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today."

One should not be satisfied with the beaten paths of life, or content to continue even for one day unchanged or in any fixed state. Oliver Wendell Holmes compared our souls to the chambered nautilus, which in its growth must needs leave the old home and build larger and grander palaces as the years glide away. How beautifully expressed is his concluding thought:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea!"

Perseverance in well doing is another aid to make the trials of life stepping stones. When disappointments come to blight fond hopes, life seems so gloomy and dreary. Yet they are designed to make men strong and wise and humble. Reverses can be overcome by perseverance and patient effort. Men can accomplish something if they only surmount their difficulties. There is always hope for a man that does this. In idleness alone is there despair. Advancement will not come for the wishing. Everything which is best worth possessing in this world is secured only by painful and costly effort, for the greater the conflict the more honorable the victory. Disappointments should not discourage. The words of Tennyson, at one time the poet-laureate of England, express this thought:

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in diver's tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The study of great men's lives is also of great benefit. It is worth while to become familiar with greatness in all forms of mind, heart, deed and life, and to feel closely identified with it.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing over life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

"To be acquainted with greatness, to honor and love it, is to have something of its spirit. The study of the character of great men is a most profitable pursuit, and it is well to have such examples always in view so that there may be attained a better ac-

quaintance with some of the elements of human greatness."

What is accomplished by these things? The difficulties of life are overcome, the rough places made smooth and the result is character, strong, pure and stainless. With the opportunities of life, a character is built which others will either love or detest, in which purity or vice predominates, just as one may decide.

So it is, that every life should have an aim, that there should be the desire to act and not to drift and dream life away; nor should one be down-hearted and discouraged by failure and disappointments, but should persevere in well-doing. The lives of the greatest and noblest show that this was their plan in life, and the truest characters prove that:

"Men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

—*Birdie E. Hollowell.*

SPECIAL TESTS

All the girls have heard of the effort being made to do away with special tests. The Faculty has passed a rule recently that a fine of fifty cents is to be imposed for every special test given. This seems unfair and hard on us, but if we only think a few minutes we can see the fairness of it. The facts causing this rule to be passed are (1) that over three hundred special tests were given last term; (2) it has been noted that an unusual number of girls enter the infirmary on Monday, and (3) there are a few who simply play off. Not to speak of the enormous amount of the Faculty's time this practice takes up, consider it from the student's standpoint. First, think of the unfairness to the more conscientious girls. For instance, a girl who usually makes an average of A has a headache or is feeling ill at the time of a test. She thinks she ought to take it, and goes ahead with the rest of

the class though she knows she is not at her best. At the same time a girl whose usual average is C has a headache also and won't study. She goes to the infirmary and rests up or gets the teacher to give her test over as a special favor. She has more time to prepare for the test and is in a better condition to take it. Consequently she makes B, even better than usual, while the more conscientious girl makes B or C. There are those who make various excuses to have tests given them at a more convenient time, thus gaining advantage over the rest of the class. Don't you see how unfair it is? This does not apply to all the girls. There have been no insinuations that the majority of girls who go to the infirmary are not sick, but there are the complaints that some that cut are not too sick to come to class, would be just as well off in class when not very sick, and in the case of some that enter the infirmary on Monday, they could have entered Friday or Saturday instead of spending the week-end having a big time and being really worse off on Monday.

Then there is the moral effect to be considered. Is the custom of giving special tests to pupils true to life, and is it suitable for teachers? By this custom procrastination is being rewarded while punctuality goes unrewarded. That element in moral training of rewarding the desirable and punishing the undesirable is disregarded. The one that asks for no special favors gains in strength and self-reliance while that one that continually asks for favors becomes weakened and dependent upon others. It gives wrong ideals, for it is not true to life that one who fails to do his part at the required time is given another chance. We will soon be teaching out in the State and it is true that our wages will be docked for every day's absence. Don't you think it will go easier with us if we learn here in school the advantages of punctuality, and are punished for absence from class? It certainly will go less hard with us later.

The rule that has been passed concerning special tests need not alarm many of the girls, for there are few who miss many tests on account of sickness since the "measles scare" is over, and those who have a tendency to cut need only to be more careful in the future.

—*F. W.*

Here and There

The last of the season star course numbers was the play entitled "Captain Lettarblair" delightfully presented by the Dramatic Club on Friday night, March 30, under the able direction of Miss Wheeler.

The scene of the play was in England about the year 1790 and the costumes and scenery were exceptionally beautiful and striking. Each of the characters played "his" or her part admirably.

Miss Mary Ellen White made a strikingly handsome and convincing officer in the role of "Captain Lettarblair," and her deep voice and delightful Irish accent made the part a pronounced success.

Miss Jessie Brett took the part of the "villain" spendidly and Miss Ethel Surface proved a most charming heroine in the part of "Nora Hadden." Miss Jessie Kellam, who handled one of the comedy parts as the "Captain's servant," also demonstrated her ability as a comedienne and never failed to bring a good laugh from the audience with her oft repeated "just like his father." In fact, each participant showed excellent training and deserves much credit.

Others participating were Misses Susie McCorkle, Della Wicker, Catherine Anderson, Pattie Buford, Mary Lancaster and Ernestine McClung.

Field Day exercises will be held the latter part of the month. Get ready!

THE EIGHT WEEKS' CLUB

The Eight Weeks' Club was organized under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. on March 13, with the following officers: Margaret Alexander, President; Louise Rowlett, Treasurer; Inger Scheie, Secretary. One hundred and six girls attend regularly the weekly meetings and the work is progressing rapidly, under the splendid leadership of Miss Randolph.

Many helpful talks have been given by various members of the Faculty, such as "The Needs of a Country Girl," by Miss Pierce; "First Aid," by Dr. Brydon; and "Kitchen Economy," by Miss Walker. There are five more meetings which will be devoted to several different phases of work.

The work given in this club serves as a training course for the girls, who will organize clubs for themselves next summer. The main purpose of the Eight Weeks' Club is to better the communities in the various rural districts.

Hit or Miss

Mr. Eason—Miss Wiatt, what is the function of the stem of a plant?

Miss W.—To carry food up the plant.

Mr. E.—Also, Miss Wiatt, it carries food down, does it not? Well, then, we'll say food is going both up and down.

Miss W.—Yes, but mostly going *up*.

Mr. E.—Why, I don't know Miss Wiatt—

Miss W.—The high cost of living.

Mr. E.—I will admit, you have it.

Heard in Junior English class (After having taken up the meaning and correct use of subject suspicion and *suspicious*):

Miss A.—Miss Peck, what is the difference between take and carry.

Miss B.—I have often heard girls say that Mr. So and So *carried* me to the dance.

Miss Peck—Class, what do you think of that?

Miss A.—I think it sounds mighty suspicious.

Miss Peck—What is the plural for appendix?

Student—Appendicitis.

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Willie returned and reported.

"Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."—*N. Y. Times.*

The kind-hearted woman stopped to reprove the youngster who had chased a cat up a tree.

"You bad boy, suppose you were a cat, would you like to have any one chase you in that fashion?"

"Gee! wouldn't I though, if I could climb like that," said the youngster grinning.—*Boston Transcript.*

Reverse English.—"Did he start anything when you asked if you could marry his daughter?"

"I should say so, he started to shake my hand off."—*Life.*

Unprofessional.—"She died," says a Brooklyn paper telling of the death of a woman of that city, "without medical assistance."—*Macon Telegraph.*

Peggy—"Daddy, what did the Dead Sea die of?"

Daddy—"Oh, I don't know, dear."

Peggy—"Daddy, where do the 'Zepperlins' start from?"

Daddy—"I don't know."

Peggy—"Daddy, when will the war end?"

Daddy—"I don't know."

Peggy—"I say, Daddy, who made you an editor?" —*The Sketch.*

Prof.—"Freshman, why don't you take notes in my course."

'20—"My father took this course and I have his notes."—*Chaparral.*

"How did you feel when you peroxided your hair?"

"Light-headed."—*Ex.*

"A COMEDY OF ERRORS"

(*With apologies to William Shakespeare.*)

The stillness of twilight was broken by laughter which seemed to come from the end of the college campus, where three Hampden-Sidney boys were enjoying a tete-a-tete with two of our S. N. S. belles.

Suddenly a low gray roadster turned the corner. Its two powerful headlights, like the personification of the ever watchful eyes of the Home Department, gleamed through the darkness, searching out the guilty parties. With a scream the girls fled in the direction of the dormitory, for well they knew that car and its occupant—Detective Muffler.

The boys started to run, but not before the detective had choked off his engine, and with his proverbial muffler flying in the breeze, jumped from his car. He made a grab for the smallest of the trio, but the latter's training in athletics served him a good turn. He dodged between the arms of his would-be captor and fled. But nimble Muffler's plans were not so easily frustrated, however; so he immediately made a dash after the culprits, who soon outran him. Somewhat down cast, but still on the outlook, the detective thoughtfully wound his way back to S. N. S. What plans were being created in that great brain we ordinary mortals cannot hope to fathom.

As he stepped upon the campus the light from a cigarette, somewhere in the proximity of the parlor, caught his eye. This was followed by the sound of voices, and our detective thought he recognized the voices of some of our fair damsels mingling with the gruffer tones. He immediately pounced upon the unfortunate offender and attempted to take him bodily before our court of justice, namely the Home Department. In the meantime the unfortunate's companions, who happened to be two boys, had very discreetly stepped inside again. Although the accused was of a tremendous size, our friend, Mr. Muffler, was in nowise daunted, and no doubt the affair would have turned out disastrously had not the before-mentioned gentleman attempted an explanation. Muffler has the power of deep insight into men's souls and as the large man had a truthful, honest look in his eyes, the detective decided to release him. He was also persuaded into this charitable act

by hearing such remarks as, "We'll get him tonight," "Won't be much left of him." He was not yet convinced of the innocence of the large man, but thinking it the wisest thing to do, he acknowledged his error to all, and hastly retreated to his city of refuge, the Home Office, planted himself before the fire, and with his head buried upon his chest, he was soon lost in deep thought.

His thoughts were not pleasant. A whole night wasted, all his efforts failed, and last but not least—his terrible mistake.

"What was that?" Yes, it was the yelping of a dog. Immediately his former errors were forgotten and our hero again comes to the front. The picture that met his gaze was that of a dog calmly barking at the moon, which seemed rather a peculiar thing for a perfectly sane dog to do. Naturally Mr. Muffler jumped at the conclusion that the dog was mad, so having the welfare of the school at heart, he grabbed the well worn whistle and blew hard and long for the night watchman, who came hurrying in answer to the call. Grasping a pistol in both hands and closing his eyes, Mr. Muffler fired—the dog lay still in the moonlight. The night watchman, however, discovered that the dog had been barking at a girl upon the third floor porch, who had been throwing him bread.

Duty, however, will have its reward, and after the expiration of cousin Tommy's term we hope the State, recognizing the faithfulness and worthiness of Mr. Muffler, will appoint him S. N. S. policeman.

We-Al.

ROMANCE!

Mr. Noell—"Well, how's the Dramatic Club play coming on?"

Captain Lettarblair—"Oh fine!"

Girl coming up behind—"Hey, girls!"

Captain L. (turning around)—"Yes! and here is my sweetheart!" (extending her arms out to Mr. Somers, who came suddenly around the corner).

Mr. Somers—"Oh! this is so sudden. But this time it was the wrong number."

Junior, on Main Street—"Why, good evening, gentlemen, and you too, Judge."

Senior—"Well, what sort of a holiday did you have here at S. N. S.?"

Fourth Year—"Oh, lovely! Easter eggs every meal. Celebrating, you know."

Notice given in chapel—"Go to Room E to get your independence (Independents)" We'll be glad to, won't we, girls?

New Girl, after dinner on the first Sunday at S. N. S.—"What are you going to do now, Mary?"

Old Girl—"We have to go to our room for meditation."

New Girl (later)—"Why don't they pass around the meditation?"

In Geography class.—Miss A.—"Now, Miss Lea, will you tell us about the trade winds?"

Inza's answer was rather general.

Miss A.—"That's a very sweeping statement."

Inza—"Well, we were speaking of winds."

A JUNIOR'S SOLILOQUY

(*Apologies to the Bard of Avon.*)

To flunk, or not to flunk, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in honor to suffer
The tests and failures of outrageous teachers,
Or to take arms against examinations,
And so by cheating, win them. To cheat—to pass—
No flunks; and by a test to say we end
The warnings, and the "Old Black Beauty" notes
That tests are heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To cheat, to bluff;
To bluff! Perchance to win—aye, there's the rub;
For in that School of Life what tests may come,
When we have shuffled from this Normal School,
Must *honor* win. There's the respect
That makes our honesty so much desired;
For who would bear humility of flunks,
The teacher's ire, "Black Beauty's" record true,
The pangs of getting "notes," the "A's" delay,
The absence of initials and a name
That perfect tests on Roll of Honor make,
When she herself might her diploma take
With a little cheating? Who would failures bear,
To fret and study in this Normal School,
But that the dread of something in the Future,
That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No advice ever comes, puzzles the will
And makes us rather stand those tests we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

—*S. Frances Currie.*

Book Reviews

Maurice Maeterlinck: *The Wrack of the Storm.* New York, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1916.

When the author of "The Blue Bird" turns to so unhappy a subject as the war and its most unhappy aspects, as suggested by the title of his latest book, the times seem sadly "out of joint." But Maurice Maeterlinck is a Fleming born. To him the fragrant fields of Flanders, with its fresh gardens, its legend-haunted villages, and its beautiful old towns, are as dear as Southside Virginia to you or to me. It is home. The rape of Belgium stirs his anger as Sherman's march to the sea roused Georgians of the sixties. *The Wrack of the Storm*, a beautiful, distressed cry out of the hell of war, voices the grief and indignation of the erstwhile happy hearted Belgian people in their hour of hideous, dire calamity.

"The reader," says the author's preface, "will for the first time in the work of one who hitherto had cursed no man, find words of hatred and malediction. I would gladly have avoided them," but "in rejecting hatred I should have shown myself a traitor to love." As the book comprises all of the addresses and essays of M. Maeterlinck since the war began, its one topic is the war. Hatred and contempt for the German government and the German people, whom Maeterlinck holds as one in crime; abiding faith in the final triumph of the cause of the Allies, which means justice and right; admiration for the heroism of the Belgian people, and especially of their young king when thrust into the fires of testing; profound commiseration of the sufferings caused by the great war

and assurance that it will not be in vain, are some of the outstanding ideas.

As one might expect in the greatest living master of symbolism, a sense of the spiritual values of the war pervades the author's thought. "The Dead do Not Die," "Supernatural Communications in War Time," "The Life of the Dead," "The Might of the Dead," are some titles which suggest the distinctly spiritualistic point of view. Other essays, which console humanity in this hour of tragedy by insisting that the spirit will triumph in the end, are those entitled "King Albert," "On the Death of a Little Soldier," "Edith Cavell." The last pays tribute to the women of the war.

"We knew that a certain number of men were capable of giving their lives for their country, for their faith or for a generous ideal; but we did not realize that all would wrestle with death for endless months, in great, unanimous masses; and above all we did not imagine, or perhaps we had to some extent forgotten, since the days of the great martyrs, that woman was ready with the same gift of self, the same patience, the same sacrifices, the same greatness of soul, and was about—less perhaps in blood than in tears, for it is always on her that sorrow ends by falling—to prove herself the rival and the peer of man."

In these later days, Maeterlinck's new book will help Americans, as it has helped Europeans, to understand these disjointed times.

Exchanges

The Sophomore Number of *The Roanoke Collegian* is very attractive. "The Eye of Kate" is a vivid, fascinating story, very unlike those generally found in school magazines. The essay "Bismarck's Rules That Were Ignored" is of vital interest to us at this time when we are fighting the country that the "Iron Man" did so much for. Another essay, "To Fight or not to Fight," is well written, but it is to be hoped that since war has been declared the author will realize that under existing conditions it was the only honorable and humane course open to America.

The Hollins Magazine.—Your magazine is decidedly worthy of the high standing of your college. The essay, "Jack London: the Tragedy of His Life," gives us a true and touching picture of one of our best-loved American writers, against the fearful odds of his life. The articles from the "Contributors' Club" are good. "A Cry in the Night" is very fresh and witty; and I'm sure after reading "My Little Brown Book," everyone will wish to have a copy. The stories are all so good it is hard to decide which is best.

A neat and attractive magazine that comes to us is *The Chathamite.* We are a little disappointed, however, to find that it does not contain a greater variety of material. The scarcity of essays and sketches keeps this magazine from being as interesting as it should be. "The Law of the Mountains" is a fascinating and interesting story. The local color displayed and the vivid descriptive touches make it seem real.

An interesting and "snappy" high school magazine that comes under our observation is *The Missile*. Very creditable indeed is the March issue, since it shows the school to be wide awake and displays fine school spirit. Although the magazine is truly representative of the different activities of the school, the publication is noticeably deficient in the literary department. One or two essays and sketches and longer stories would add greatly to this department.

We gratefully acknowledge the following magazines: *The Era*, *Talisman*, *The Stampede*, *The Bayonet*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *Northwest Standard*, and the *Virginia Tech*.

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