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Longwood University

M.E. Grainger

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FARMVILLE, VA.

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THE FOCUS

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THE FOCUS

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The Days of Life

ANOTHER journey ends,
Another milestone passed,
Twelve glorious months have slipped beyond recall
More swiftly than the last.
But pause upon the threshold of the year,
One backward glance to give
To draw aside sweet memory's veil,
To see the days you've lived.
You see perchance the golden days
Sparkling with deeds of good;
And is there among the rest
A dark and ugly one?

Enough! look up, they meet you.
You can not linger here,
Again begin to live the days,
They come—the glad new year.
Nor shed a tear for what is lost,
'Tis life to have lived thus.
Be wise because of yesteryear,
Be careful of your present trust.

—*C. E. Neblett.*

"Three's a Crowd"

IT WAS noon, and the dining car was crowded. An old gentleman and a young man were the only occupants of a small table in the farther end of the car, at which was the only vacant seat.

"Jove! but she's a stunner!" exclaimed the young man under his breath. At this exclamation, the old gentleman emerged from behind his paper, and glancing up, saw a beautiful, quiet, self-possessed girl approaching. With a murmured, "Pardon me," she took the vacant seat. She quietly ordered her meal and, turning her gaze to the open window, seemed absorbed in the flying landscape without. Absently taking up her fork, she began a gentle tap, tap upon her plate, unconsciously giving the call of her instrument. Without a moment's hesitation came this message from across the table from one skilled in telegraphy, "I have always admired a beautiful profile."

With a slight start, but without removing her eyes from the scenery without, she made a quick response, "And I admire your nerve."

"I am glad that I have one admirable quality," tapped the young man.

"I know that one is lonely."

"Well, there is always room for one more."

"There are exceptions."

Silence for a moment.

"That little curl above your ear fascinates me."

"It was bought at reduction."

"At a bargain-counter sale, of course."

"All bargains are fascinating to women."

"The landscape is beautiful"—(sarcastically).

"Very."

"There are other beautiful things besides landscapes."

"Are there?"

"Yes, for instance—"

"For instance, what?"

"American Beauties."

"Yes, I love roses."

"I wish I were a rose."

"You are more like a crab-apple."

"You must have eyes in the back of your head."

"No, they are puffs."

"I will bet your eyes are of a heavenly blue."

"And I will bet you do not know what you are talking about."

"You are the very essence of sarcasm."

"So, we are two of a kind."

At this juncture, there was a lull in the conversation. The old gentleman laid aside his newspaper, and with an amused smile, carelessly picked up his fork and tap, tap on his plate, sent the words flying, "Keep it up. I am enjoying it."

—*Gladys Tuck.*

Her Valentine

ONCE upon a time a little teacher taught in a school house 'way up in the mountains and her name was Vera Little. This was her first year's teaching in the State, for she had graduated from a State Normal only the year before. Most of her pupils were little too, but there was one big boy at least two or three years older than she. Of course he was the leader in everything, and the smaller boys would do anything in the world he told them.

When Vera began teaching, she told her pupils that they might call her Miss Vera, or Miss Little, whichever they chose. The little girls, who simply adored her, immediately decided on "Miss Vera," but Tom Allen, the big boy, considered it a huge joke to call her Miss "Very Little," with the accent on the "Very." Of course the small boys took it up, and from that day on the name stuck. Vera was very sweet-tempered and good-natured, so she passed it off as a joke. She knew if she tried to make them call her name correctly, she would only make matters worse.

Tom gave her much trouble that year. He put frogs, mice, worms, and almost any other animal small enough, into her desk. He pulled the girls' hair, wrote on their desks and made faces at everybody. He removed the clapper from the bell and hid it. He wrote notes, talked out in school, and did everything else he could think of to aggravate his teacher.

"Tom Allen! won't you ever grow up?" asked Vera one day.

"No'm, I'd rather be little," answerd Tom mischievously, and so matters stood until one day late in January, Vera's patience was taxed to its limit. It was Tom's day to keep the fire and he had let it go out.

"Tom!" she called sharply.

No answer.

"Tom, Tom—"

—"the piper's son, stole a pig and away he run," finished Tom with a grin.

Vera could stand no more. "Tom Allen, you may stay after school. I'd like to have a talk with you."

"You honor me," beamed Tom.

During the afternoon Vera prepared a little sermon, in her mind, that she intended preaching to Tom that afternoon, but when she found herself alone with him, she gave him a heart to heart talk instead. Walking home that afternoon, she thought, "Tom is a handsome boy, and has lots of sense if he would only use it. Mrs. Allen says he is a relative of her husband's, and that he came to this school this year because it was better than the one where he lives. Oh, why, why did he come?" sighed Vera.

For a week or perhaps ten days there was a marked change in Tom, and Vera began to be hopeful. "I do hope my talk struck home," she said to herself. But alas! peace was not to last long. Valentine day drew near and Tom went around with a knowing look.

On February 14 Vera found her desk literally covered with valentines. She thanked the children for remembering her, and when they filed out for recess she began to look at her valentines. There was one from little lame Mary Morris, and tears came into her eyes as she thought of the painstaking care that Mary must have used in making it. There were several "homemade" valentnes and a few bought ones, but all of them meant the same to Vera—it was their way to show their love. At the very bottom she came to a sealed envelope. She opened it rather ruefully and this is what she read:

"Little Miss Little is our new teacher.
Very Little's her name, very little's her frame,
Little you'd think her, tho' little you saw her,
Our little Miss Very Little.

"There's one that loves her quite a little;
Little she knows it, for little he shows it,
But little by little he's learning to fiddle,
To serenade little Miss Little."

She put the poem back in the envelope and laughed. "Who would have thought that Tom was a poet. If he weren't so childish, I'd really believe he was in love with me," and Vera laughed again.

Several times that day she found Tom looking at her intently and she met his eyes frankly, but there was nothing in her expression to betoken the fact that she had received his valentine.

A day or so later Vera discovered a snail in her drinking cup, and she sighed for she knew Tom had begun to play pranks again.

One day late in April Tom didn't come to school. The pupils told her that he had gotten hurt and that he wouldn't be able to come back to school that year. Vera heaved a sigh of relief and then was ashamed of herself for doing it. "I'm going to see him this very afternoon," she said. And she was as good as her word.

She found Tom with his head bandaged up and his arm in a sling.

"Oh, Tom, how did you do it?" she asked anxiously.

"Horse threw me when I was coming 'round that sharpe curve."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Vera sympathetically.

As she rose to go she said, "Well, Tom, I hope you will soon be well. School closes week after next, and as I may not see you again I'll tell you good-bye now."

"Good-bye, Miss Little." Wonder of wonders, he had left out the "Very." As Vera left she sighed again, this time regretfully.

The next year Vera taught in a city school. February came around again, and as the fourteenth drew near she thought of Tom—and smiled. Valentine day came at last and with it many valentines. At

recess she was standing by the window, thinking of the last Valentine Day, when one of her pupils brought her a package. "Here's a big, heavy valentine for you, Miss Vera."

"For me?"

"For you," said a masculine voice.

"Tom!" she exclaimed, and there was admiration in her voice, for he was dressed immaculately from tie to toe.

"Why don't you open it?" queried Tom.

"Oh! I forgot," stammered Vera. She unwrapped the package, and there was a book, entitled, "Little Miss Little." She looked at Tom questioningly, but he took the book, opened it and she read:

"Dedicated to
Miss Vera Little
by the Author,
Thomas J. Alden;"

and then she fainted. 'Twas the name of a very popular rising young author.

When Vera regained consciousness Tom was bending over her.

"Oh! Vera, darling, can you forgive me? I wanted to write a novel, bringing in mountain life, and scenery, so I bribed the Allens to utter secrecy. When you came I knew I had found my heroine, and as I could not get at you any other way, save through the school, I dared to enroll. Then I fell in love with you, and, Vera, I'm a rather large valentine, but will you accept it?"

"Y-e-s—and—here's—yours," murmured Vera, as she laid her hand in his.

—*Birdie Hollowell.*

A Rose

I WALKED into the garden,
Where sweet the roses fair
Lay climbing in the sunlight,
Amidst the beauty there.

I plucked a lovely red rose,
It seemed to breathe forth love,
And its perfect form and color
Seemed a gift from Heaven above.

I carried it into the parlor
And put it in water there,
But the vase was not the garden,
And it did not look so fair.

Its rich red color faded
And, alas, it withered and died.
Then, it came to me—it had never been
The same as it looked outside.

It had pined for its sister flowers,
For the open, vast and green,
Taken out of its natural home-spot
It could not as brilliant seem.

And so it is with everything
That lives upon the earth,
Surroundings influence all things near,
And make them to us best appear.

Each thing has its own place in the world,
Fulfilling its mission to man,
And no one can change or rearrange
Or possibly better God's plan.

—*Kathleen Painter.*

The Triangle

BOB came rushing into Dick's office, apparently in a state of excitement. "Say, Dick, old boy," he began hurriedly, "I want you to do me a great favor. I'm in a dreadful hole."

"That's nothing unusual, is it? What must I do for you now? Lend you ten dollars or my dress suit?"

"Oh, it's nothing like that this time. You see it's this way. I promised my boss that I'd motor up to Clifton to see about that Beaver contract. He has gone out of town. If I don't go tonight, we will lose the deal, and I must go. Now here comes the sad part. You have heard me speak of Eleanor, haven't you?"

"Whew! I'd like to know who could be around you for five minutes and not hear of Eleanor," said Dick.

"No time for teasing now, Dick. I know I love her. But listen to my tale. I asked her several weeks ago to go with me to the frat dance that takes place tonight. I didn't know then that I had to go over to Clifton. Now, Dick, won't you go down and explain to her and take her to the dance? I'll get back from Clifton at about ten o'clock. Of course I'll see that you don't have to entertain her a single moment after that."

"But, Bob," Dick began, "you know I have not even planned to go to the dance. Besides—"

"Don't finish. I know what you are going to say. Of course you pretend that you do not care for girls. By the way, Dick, I'm getting tired of all this reserve of yours. You never go with any of the girls. Tell me, what have you against them?"

"Oh, nothing. I used to be as wild about them as you are now. Frankly, I was more so—at least about one."

"Go on, Dick. Tell me about it," urged Bob.

"Well, I loved her madly (and still do for that matter). Then she moved away from my home town. We wrote for a long time and then had a little quarrel. When I finally wrote, she had again moved. I have been trying for three years to find her, but I am afraid I never shall. Nevertheless I can never forget her."

"Now this is romance for you!" replied Bob, laughing. Then he quickly added, "But, Dick, you will take Eleanor to the dance for me, won't you? You see if she is with you I can rest easy, and not be scared to death of being 'cut out.' "

"Bob, you're too jealous," said Dick. Then after a few minutes he again turned to Bob, "You go on to Clifton—I suppose I can keep the fair damsel entertained until ten o'clock for you. Don't forget to leave me a letter of introduction."

"I knew you'd do it, Dick. I knew it!" shouted Bob as he flopped down at the desk to write the letter. He then pitched the letter to Dick and left the room.

. . . . . .

About ten o'clock that night, Bob came back into town. He went at once to the dance hall to find Eleanor. To his dismay he did not see her. He began inquiring about Dick and Eleanor, but no one seemed to know anything about them. After a few minutes a messenger came with a note for Bob. He hurriedly opened it and read:

"Dear Bob—I've found her at last! We were too happy to come to the dance.

"Dick."

—*Helen Arthur.*

The Peak

BLUE, bluer, bluest blue,
Piled against the evening sky—
True, truer, truest true—
Reaching, towering, stretching high,
Oh, mountain!

Above the brightening fire-fly—
Above the evening breeze's sigh,
High, higher, highest high—
Above the mortal's human cry—
Oh, mountain!

Piercing through the ruddy cloud,
Rearing high thy peak so proud,
Lifting, towering, ever constant
In the glory of thy evening shroud—
Oh, mountain!

Working, praying, hoping, trusting,
Let me in thy shadow live,
Seeking, striving—always living
Out the vision thou dost give,
Oh, mountain!

And when all my task is done,
When at last my course is run,
And I lay me down and die,
Let me in thy shadow lie,
Resting peacefully, peacefully,
My mountain!

—*A. O. M.*

Pigs is Pigs

(A True Story.)

VIVIAN had come home, disappointed again, but too brave to let her disappointment depress herself or those around her. Always, ever since she had heard of that magic word, Blue Ridge, she had set her heart on going there. In her dreams it had loomed up before her as a Promised Land, full of beauty and fragrance; where little streams glistened and laughed as they softly flowed past the feet of high mountains; where violets, anemones and forget-me-nots loved to grow; a land where wonderful people and beautiful thoughts were wont to dwell; a land that was ever fresh, always new, deep in one's heart of hearts.

Helen Wilson, Vivian's friend, had been there, and had written Vivian about the wonderful ten days she spent. Somehow to Vivian, Blue Ridge and the Lovely Lady, as she liked to call her friend, were inseparably linked together. This year she had thought that she was going there for the Y. W. C. A. conference and her enthusiasm and fervor knew no bounds. She had written Helen that she was going; then had come the letter from mother, saying, "Dear, I'm afraid you'll have to give up the trip again this year. Papa doesn't see how he can afford the expense." Now she would have to write this to Helen. Ah! she hated to have to write anyone how disappointed she was! Hurt, disappointed to the very core of her heart, she had said, "Oh, it's all right. Some day I'm going, if I'm forty when I do."

So she found herself back at home in the country, and her heart was already healing; yet never failing to dream and plan. But it was mother who had come to the rescue, and thought of the clever plan after all, as only mothers can do, you know.

"Vivian, if you want to go to Blue Ridge next year, you'll have to raise a pig or something of the kind. Aunt Mary has some new pigs. Suppose you buy one from her and fatten it to sell this winter," mother had said.

Eagerly Vivian had agreed, so the pig was purchased at once. It was a tiny little thing, all red with two white spots on each ear and on one side, and had a very piggish appetite from the very first meal. Vivian had promptly christened it, "Blue Ridge," and it gave every indication of proving itself worthy of the name. "Blue Ridge" grew by spells and bounds it seemed. Almost every day Vivian had carried her pail of fresh buttermilk a little fuller than the day before. Piggie's friendship with the fowls and other pigs on the big farm had grown too, but mysteriously enough a certain "pig respect" was accorded "Blue Ridge" by all the barnyard people. Frances, Vivian's sister, had explained it by saying, "Viv's pig is 'called' and they know it."

"Blue Ridge" grew and waxed fat. Early she attached her devotions to her young mistress, and it was no unusual sight wherever Vivian went to see "Blue Ridge" walking along some distance in front of her. When her best girl friend, who lived just a little way up the road, would see "Blue Ridge" trotting up the walk, she would say joyfully, "Here's 'Blue Ridge.' Viv's coming, I know."

Summer and vacation were over now and school had started once more. Vivian had left her pet in a younger brother's care while she went back to finish school. For many weeks "Blue Ridge" had wandered aimlessly around as if looking for, yet never finding, someone.

"Viv's back at school, 'Blue Ridge,' and she says you must grow big and fat 'cause—" little brother had explained as he fed her. Ah! little pig, it did seem heartless.

And then had come Christmas and home going. How good it was to be going home again, back to

mother, brother and "Blue Ridge." As the first tiny lights from home gleamed across the fields to welcome her, Vivian screamed for sheer joy.

When she had been at home a few days Vivian wrote a letter to the Lovely Lady, and this is what she said:

"Helen, my 'Blue Ridge' has redeemed her name! Do you realize with just how much joy I'm saying that? It means—oh, it means that I am going to Blue Ridge! People can talk all they please about 'pigs is pigs,' but to me, pigs is jewels—diamonds, rubies or something as dear. The precious thing weighed one hundred and fifty pounds at eight months. Value her at twenty-three cents a pound. Results satisfying?!!!

"Let me add this: Papa thinks she is too worthy a pig to go outside the family so they are enjoying her. I ate a piece of her backbone last night and it tasted too good to belong to anything but a Blue Ridge pig.

"I'll send you her picture as soon as I get it developed.

"Lovingly,

"Vivian Knibb."

And this is what the Lovely Lady replied:

"Hurrah for 'Blue Ridge'!!! Don't forget to send the picture."

"Helen."

—*Margaret S. Vaughan.*

Back of the Lad

THERE'S a bit of color against the sky,
A host of tramping feet,
The note of a bugle clear and shrill,
A shout, and the drum's loud beat.

There's a line of marching drab-clad men,
Heads up, eyes straight ahead.
And in each heart is the strength of ten,
Sturdy and unafraid.

And back of each lad—with tear-wet eyes—
Yet with her courage high,
Is the lassie who sent him into the strife,
And prayed that he might not die.

Yes, back of the lad is the lass who is true,
And back of the lass is love,
And back of that is God, Himself,
And the mercy that hovers above.

—*Anna Penny.*

Tennyson's Women and Their Relation to Modern Life

LONG centuries ago one of England's first poets wrote:

"No pleasure does he lack,
Nor steeds, nor jewels, nor the joys of mead,
Nor any treasure that the earth can give,
O royal woman, if he have but thee."

England's womanhood has been a constant source of inspiration to England's poets, and what country has produced greater poets? Perhaps no other man, unless it was Shakespeare, has echoed the same sentiment so fully as Tennyson. Because he realized the great part that women have always played and always will play in the history of a country, he must have made a special study of womanhood. In "The Princess" and in "The Idylls of the King," he has drawn for us many types of women and has shown most vividly the parts they play in the making of a country. Knowingly or unknowingly, he has pictured types that have existed since the earliest history of women and will continue to exist as long as there is any history. He knew such women and drew them, with perhaps a touch of allegory here and there to add color. We know such women and meet them today.

The Princess is the most delightful of all Tennyson's women. She charms our leisure hours away with her sunny personality. She is a girl, with all of a girl's pure ideals, and if some of them are mistaken, still they please us in their youthfulness and innocence. She is the very center of a poem of youth, a youthfulness which is more strongly felt because in it are the dawnings of the serious thoughts of maturity. She is also the center of a great question in which the woman of modern dress and of colleges with modern

sciences, is considered with the woman ideal of chivalry and her triumphs of the tournament. The scenery which surrounds her is delightful, all sunshine, gaiety and grace. The Princess, creator of all this beauty, is a fitting queen for the college. Yet underneath all this perfection of woman's art still lies the question: Can either sex carry on successfully any enterprise to the total exclusion of the other? Tennyson, through the views of the Princess and her friends, gives us the woman's side. The Princess is the modern woman striving for independence and still clinging to many old chivalric ideals, which would make women

"living wills and sphered
Whole in themselves, and owed to none."

To this end the college is established. Here she is going to mould woman to a richer, fuller life. She says that in woman's tenderness and personal longing for love lies her greatest weakness and that, therefore, until the work is done, there must be no love between man and maid. In this, I think, the Princess feels that Nature is against her. She is afraid of her own womanhood, but she sees no other way of establishing the equality of woman. She was right to fear, for the college *is* broken up by the love of a man for a maid. Not only the college is dissolved but the Princess herself falls, and at every point by the very emotions she most feared. Step by step, natural love—love of children, love of her friend, love of the man who loves her—change her from a girl of mistaken ideals into a true woman. When she stoops and kisses the Prince, whom she thinks is dying, all

"Her falser self slipt from her like a robe
And left her woman."

All of us love the Princess, because we struggle or will struggle with much the same emotions, and the Princess helps us to realize that the ideals we are forced to abandon are not always the highest. We

must sacrifice many of the ideals of our girlhood in attaining the perfection of womanhood. Everything that woman, personified in the Princess, has ever gained or ever will gain only makes more plain that

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together."

Lynette is the first of the types of womanhood that Tennyson draws for us in the Idylls. She is a fresh, frank, young girl, thoughtless and quick-tongued. She is over-confident, over-bold and over-rude in her transactions with both the King and Lancelot. Her whole character may be described by the epithet, impatient. Her very sauciness lacks charm in its petulance. We are fully prepared to accept any of her actions without surprise when she first passes into the hall with

"Hawk-eyes! and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower."

We feel that within this prickly chestnut burr there is a pure, sound heart, worth winning, yet we never seem to quite throw off the burr. We have rare peeps of this inner personality in the charming little songs which, one by one, embody her change of attitude toward Gareth, and these songs seem almost too refined and over-delicate for her previous character.

If Lynette is Tennyson's type of petulance, then Enid is his type of patience. She is like Griselda. Lynette is bold and free of tongue, but Enid is timid and silent when she ought to speak. Her forbearance, accompanied by this fear, is wrong instead of right. Yet I believe that although Tennyson realizes this evil side of patience, he likes this type of womanhood. Of all his women, Enid is the most carefully drawn. Tennyson loves her, he loves her graciousness and her affection, but at the same time he realizes that she is one of those women who do a great deal of harm to men. Enid's long-suffering is too overwrought and we are apt to lose sight of her own character in the

allegorical picture of patience which Tennyson makes of her. These very gentle women are always drawn by men and it is a type that always appeals to a man. If we obliterate patience from her character, Enid is still a true woman. We get a clear unprejudiced picture of her when first Geraint hears her singing and realizes that she possesses the one voice in all the world for him. She is singing of fortitude in poverty and disaster, and she seems the very soul of the enduring womanhood of which she is singing. To this first impression of her, Enid is true throughout. Unlike most of Tennyson's women, her character does not change. When she hears that Geraint loves her and lies awake all night, when she longs for a beautiful wedding dress to do credit to her lord, when she wakes early and upbraids herself for Geraint's faults, when she warns him time after time of danger, we catch glimpses of her charming, womanly characteristic. She always shows the same strength and gentleness, and we feel confident from the first that her troubles will all end happily.

Tennyson's conception of Vivian is almost entirely allegorical and has little live realism in it. Vivian is the incarnation of impure love. She is born on a battle field of death, rebellious against the laws of society and bringing death to men's souls wherever she goes. It is the guilt of Guinevere and Lancelot which makes the invasion of the court by Vivian possible. Their love with all its faithfulness was wrong and eventually the whole of society was corrupted. Absolute unbelief in chastity is one of her main characteristics and she hates those who differ from herself. She is cruel, fearless and deceitful. There is nothing she can do so easily as to lie and she lies on all occasions. Vivian is honestly bold in confessing evil and she rejoices in it. While she symbolizes wickedness, Vivian is endurable, but as a woman she is detestable. Even the very worst of her type are not like her. She is the soul of impurity,

as Elaine is of purity; yet Vivian lives and Elaine dies, as is the way of the world.

Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat, is portrayed in the sharpest contrast to Vivian. Vivian is bold in love because she is consciously wicked; Elaine is bold in her love because she is unconsciously pure and innocent. Elaine lives in a beautiful world of fantasy, surrounded by great happiness and love of which she is unconscious till she sees Sir Lancelot. Then she is happy and, aware of her happiness, she loves; and love brings death.

> "Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain,
> And sweet is death who puts an end to pain."

Elaine is the beautiful and true picture of a young girl's heart. No other of Tennyson's women is so true to womanhood as Elaine and we know her best at that moment when, as a young girl, she is touched by love and then becomes a woman. It is hard to conceive of the exquisite tenderness of her character. We feel that her maidenly ideals and her love are as lofty and as pure as the air that floats through the windows of her "tower-room." She does not conceal her love and yet her disclosure does not make her seem unmaidenly, therefore, it is difficult to talk of Elaine and give the right impression of her character. If she had not been as pure and good as she was beautiful, she would not have fallen in love with Lancelot, the noblest knight. She is not deceived by Gawain, although he possesses the same outward courtliness and nobility as Lancelot. Her conviction that she will die of her love excuses her devotion for one who does not love her. Elaine lives an exquisitely perfect life and her death is a fitting end to it. It would seem the saddest thing on earth—this untimely ending of a young girl—and yet it does not make us sad. She is like the white day lily, too pure, too perfect, too innocent to endure the rough winds of this earth

very long. We feel sorry for Lancelot and Guinevere, but not for Elaine.

Ettarre is the very soul of the discontent and cynicism which invades Arthur's court. She is bored. The beauty and natural happiness of the world do not appeal to her and she craves some unusual excitement. She scarcely realizes how false she is until she meets Pelleas, who embodies all the hope and innocent faith of youth. At first Ettarre is merely amused at this innocence, and when she remembers the tourney, she promises Pelleas her love only that he may give her fame. When she receives the jewelled circlet, she flings his love away and taunts Guinevere in her ugliest manner. When Pelleas will not cease to believe in Ettarre, she is extremely bored. Pelleas is like her guilty conscience; not only is he always before her, but his belief in her is always whispering of what she "might have been." She is disappointed with herself, because she finds that she has gone too far for innocent pleasure to satisfy her any longer.

"And this persistence turned her scorn to wrath.

. . . . . .

Thereon her wrath became a hate."

When he is gone, we realize that she knows herself. "He is not of my kind, he could not love me did he know me well," she says. This momentary touch of conscience does not last, however, and she recognizes, at once, a kindred spirit in Gawain, the light-of-love. This type of woman is Tennyson's ethical warning against too much luxury which fosters discontent and cynicism.

Of all the types of womanhood that Tennyson draws, Guinevere is the most vivid and realistic. It is said that Tennyson intended her in his allegory to represent the heart and human affection wedded to Arthur, the soul. Yet Guinevere, more than all the others, is not an abstraction but a living woman. She is real and she interests us, but still she represents a somewhat common type. Her intelligence does not

impress us and her character has little variety. We feel that she must have had charm, for she displays this charm when she talks to Gareth on the hillside. She is stately, lovely, courteous, eager to please, capable of a great passion, out of which grows a great repentance. But this is nothing extraordinary; there are many such women in the world. She is an earthly queen but she is not a queen in poetry. Guinevere when young and ripe for love met Lancelot before she knew Arthur, therefore, she loved him first, and blinded by this first love, she never sees the true Arthur or her own true heart, until too late. At first, she threw herself recklessly into her love with the fearlessness of youth, but in after years she loved on with a prudence for which Lancelot half reproaches her. She admires her husband, but the very qualities for which she admires him are, she says, qualities that prevent her from loving him. For a while she, like Lancelot, struggles against this love. It is a tragic position. Each tries to be faithful to the other and to Arthur, at the same time; in this state their hearts alternate from the ecstacies of love to the misery of remorse. Still they love on with a kind of inevitableness that cannot, however, excuse their love, and finally they cease to desire freedom from this guilt. When Guinevere says,

> "He is all fault who hath no fault at all,
> For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
> The low sun makes the color: I am yours,
> Not Arthur's, as ye know, save by the bond,"

she stands forth, settled down in the wrong and trying to persuade herself that it is right. It may be that she is too great a lady not to moderate her tone and veil her thoughts and wrath, but the passion does not appear under her phrases and nowhere does she show great strength of character. After her jealousy of Elaine is quieted, she continues on in the contented peacefulness of accepted wrong, but this peacefuless

does not last. She begins to feel in awe of her husband. She feels his apartness, his greatness, his superior spirituality.

> "In her high tower the Queen,
> Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
> Watched her lord pass, and knew not that she sighed."

This grows until she can bear it no longer and she bids Lancelot go. On the evening of their parting, all is discovered and, weeping, they ride forth and sever at the cross-roads. In the convent of Almsbury, where she lives, Guinevere is alone with her sin, her past love and her remorse. Her repentance is not full yet. She still regrets and tries to convince herself that she repents. Yet she thinks—of Lancelot—of the time when she last saw him and when she first met him. While she is in this state the King comes. He tells her of her sin and the destruction she has wrought, but he also tells her that he loves her still and that he forgives her and blesses her. He will never see her again on earth, but in the world where all are pure she will understand and claim him, not Lancelot, as her true love. At this she realizes at last that she loves Arthur. When she loves Arthur, she repents, but not till then. If she had been a strong-hearted woman with a powerful conscience or intellect she would have repented before Arthur came, or never. Guinevere was different; she was dependent on love and not until she loves Arthur could she repent of her wickedness. She cannot tell Arthur of her love because she does repent. She suffers agony during their last interview, but as she watches him ride away forever she is quickly comforted by the delight of her new love and lives only to be Arthur's wife in heaven. Guinevere led a stormy life, a life of disappointment, remorse and dissatisfaction although she had the most enviable position in the land. She

sinned, but she suffered for her sin and in the end, when she dies, she goes

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

These are the types we most frequently find in the world today. We meet bold, loud-tongued, big-hearted Lynette upon the golf links and in the business world. She generally conceals her affection and the poetry that dwells in all women's souls. We find the Princess, today, in the Equal Suffrage ranks and we love her independence and earnestness just as much as her inevitable capitulation to the laws of Nature. There are still wives like Guinevere who apparently have everything to make them happy and who yet cherish some secret guilt which prevents them from enjoying it. Enid is still the ideal wife in some men's hearts and she still has a spoilt husband like Geraint. Vivian and her sin are still seen in the sharpest contrast to the innocence of Elaine, just as there are many women of today who cause great sorrow and who lose their own souls through discontent and an almost insatiable thirst for novelty, as Ettarre did. When we read "The Princess" and "The Idylls of the King" we cannot help comparing these types with the people who are living around us, and I think that in most cases it is best that we should try to lose sight of their allegorical symbolism and take them as real people.

The repentance of Guinevere and the forgiveness of Arthur are far more impressive, and far simpler in their lesson to life, when we see Arthur as Arthur and Guinevere as Guinevere, than when we see Arthur as the rational Soul and Guinevere the human Heart.

—*Elvira H. Jones.*

THE FOCUS

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J. L. BUGG, Notary Public.

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Editorial

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

This is the time for New Year resolutions. There have been many resolutions made by the girls, some good ones and perhaps others that are silly and have already been broken. The resolutions that really count are those that will benefit ourselves and others and that we seriously intend to keep. It is perhaps better not to make resolutions at all than to make them and fail in living up to them. This month marks the beginning of the new spring term. Besides our personal resolutions, what have we resolved to do in regard to our work this term and for service to our country? We can truthfully say our school has done nobly in the faithfulness of its students to the school work and its part in the student Friendship War Fund. But let us not stop here and rest

upon our glories. Let us strive to do even better and greater things for our school and country this year. Let us resolve to be diligent and faithful in the schoolroom and in all phases of school life, and lose no opportunity to prepare ourselves to serve our country in the best way possible.

—*F. W.*

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AIM HIGH!

"Just so I get *C* or *D*, I don't care. A pass is all I'm working for, anyway," said Juanita at the door of a class-room where they would hear from a test they had taken a few days before.

"I wouldn't ask you for a grade above 'pass'," went on Juanita. "I don't even want it."

"But wouldn't you like to make *C* and at least be with the average girl?" asked Kathryn. "I'm sure I do."

After hearing these two girls my interest was aroused. In a few minutes I found myself in deep thought. Why am I here? Do I want to be only an average girl? What is the stone I am to lay in this great foundation of the world's life? Shall this stone cause the weak spot in God's great building? These questions I asked myself.

Wake up, girls! Don't you want to be above the average girl? What is your purpose in coming to S. N. S.? Isn't there anything greater offered to you?

Stop a moment; think! What will your two years spent at the Normal mean to you when you are drifting over life's ocean of time. Are they to be an inspiration to help you to climb the steep ascent of life that is facing you?

If each girl would try to be an average, or *C* girl, then the standard of *C* would be raised to *B*, and *B* to *A*. Could we dream of it—the average girl being an *A* girl!—not only in classes but in our ambitions.

Let's start the New Year with this in mind, and in every undertaking aim at the highest.

"Aim at the highest. Aim!
Don't be afraid of defeat.
Don't fear to venture against the foe
No matter where you may meet.
What would the world have gained,
Or where would we be today,
If men had feared in the days of old,
And turned from their task away?

"Aim at the highest. Aim!
Why should you not win the prize?
Others are hastening toward the goal,
Away with your fears! Arise!
What if the strife is long?
Others have fought through the same.
Much may be gained, if you will but try,
So aim at the highest. Aim!"

—*M. K. R.*, '19.

Here and There

On December 7, 1917, the Dramatic Club presented "Green Stockings" in the auditorium, for the benefit of the Red Cross and Student's Friendship War Fund. It was an attractive comedy affording the audience much amusement. All taking part were indeed a credit to their director, Miss Wheeler.

The cast was as follows:

William Faraday.....Mary Leigh
Admiral Grice (retired).....Susie Snead
Colonel Smith.....Martha Fitzgerald
Robert Tarver.....Grace Stevens
Henry Steele.....Mary Lindsey
James Raleigh.....Gradie Williams
Martin.....Myrtle Rively
Celia Faraday.....Louise Denit
Madge (Mrs. Rockingham).....Gladys Tuck
Evelyn (Lady Trenchard).....Katherine Field
Phylis Faraday.....Mary Lancaster
Mrs. Chisolm Faraday(Aunt Ida) Emma Mebane Hunt

On Friday night, Jan. 25, the Farmville Silver Band gave a most enjoyable concert in the auditorium. There were several other numbers besides those given by the band—violin solos by Mr. Samuel Hardman, a reading by Miss Louise Denit, and vocal solos by Miss Lura Barrow.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. of this school has adopted Hostess House No. 80 of 317th regiment at Camp Lee. The Social Service Committee is planning the decoration of the house.

Miss Mix and Miss Woodruff went to Camp Lee to see our Hostess House and to discuss with the Y. M. C. A. Secretary in charge the needs of our house. The day after their return most of the chapel period was given over to a report by them of the life at the camp in general, and a discussion of the needs and social work of Hostess House No. 80 in particular.

Several speakers have come from Camp Lee to talk to us about the life there. Mr. Lee was the first who visited us, and he came in connection with the Y. W. C. A. campaign and told us of the imperative need of war relief work among the camps. Since his visit we have had a French officer, Lieutenant Bose, and also Mr. Burrell, the Y. M. C. A. secretary in charge of the 317th regiment at Camp Lee. They gave us several enjoyable and beneficial talks on the life at Camp Lee, and the needs of our men, both in this country and in the European trenches.

Friday night, Dec. 14, 1917, the Social Service Committee of the Y. W. C. A. had an American-Japanese Bazaar in the Association room. The articles on sale were all ordered from New York, and the girls secured many dainty little Christmas gifts at the sale.

Instead of the regular prayers we usually have every night after supper, on Thursday night, Dec. 13, we went to the Y. W. C. A. room and hung the Christmas greens and sang old English carols.

We considered ourselves very fortunate on Saturday, Jan. 28, to have in our midst Dr. Ussher, who is a medical missionary in Turkey. Dr. Ussher told of his personal experiences in Turkey, and of the war conditions there. Until he can go back to Turkey, he expects to devote his time to lecturing in schools and colleges.

Dr. Little presented "The Negro Problem in the South" to an audience in our auditorium on Wednesday, Jan. 30. This serves as an introduction to a campaign which is going to be held by the Y. W. C. A. throughout the South Atlantic Field. A number of girls have decided to take up a course of study on this subject, which is being offered by members of the faculty.

Hit or Miss

Teacher—Earl, did you talk today?
Earl—Yes, wunst.
Teacher—Clarence, should Earl have said "wunst?"
Clarence—No, he should have said "twicet."
—*Exchange.*

IN GEOGRAPHY CLASS

Student Teacher (after Physiology lesson)—Charlie, what separates Asia from Africa?
Charlie—A diaphram.

IN NATURE STUDY

Miss Stubbs—Give me your list of bird books.
Student—Capp's "Book on Birds;" Wiggins' "The Bird's Christmas Carol."

THE NEWEST THEOLOGY

A boy, at a recent examination in Scripture, was asked where Cain went after he killed Abel. He replied that he went to bed. The teacher wanted to know how he made that out. He said, "It's in the chapter, sir, that Cain, after he had killed Abel, went to the land of Nod." —*Exchange.*

Julia was looking for birds and met Mr. Somers.
Mr. Somers—Quo vadis?
Julia—Looking for birds for Nature Study.
Mr. Somers—Well, you don't have to go far.
Julia (looking him up and down)—Yes, but the only thing is that we can't report on buzzards.

HASN'T DONE IT MUCH

Miss Glassell—What do you want to get rid of in drying fruit?

Pupil (promptly)—Heat.

Miss Sutherlin—Now, girls, what's the chief end of punctuation, anyhow?

Dorothy (eagerly)—The period.

Louise (on seeing a platoon of soldiers)—Oh, look at the spitoon of soldiers!

FOOLISH DICTIONARY

Laugh-in-one's-sleeve—The direct route to the funny-done.

Moon—The only lighting monopoly that never made money.

Mouse—The frequent cause of a rise in cotton.

Policeman—A never present help in time of trouble.

Quail, v. t.—To shrink—a characteristic of the bird when ordered in a restaurant.

Waiter—An inn-experienced servant.

War—A wholesale means of making heroes, which, if planned in a small way, would produce only murderers.

If—

Mr. Cy. Cox had a date with Marie would Archibald?

Don went to "Camp" where would Della go?

"Tom" went down the street with Miss Barto would Janet Peake?

Helen lost her tuning fork would Janie Tune? No, but Evelyn Wood.

Ernestine had an apple would Jerome Peck?

FOOLISH FACTS—BUT TRUE, ALAS!

1. Do you realize that, not counting extras, this school bell rings *three thousand and thirty-four* times in a session? It has already rung *one thousand four*

hundred and fifty-one times! (Jan. 25.) Therefore, we are doomed yet to hear the mellow tones of it *one thousand five hundred and eighty-three* times.

2. Your regulation number of rolls for the rest of the year is *five hundred and thirty-two*. You eat *one thousand and twelve* during a session! And flour is $17 per barrel!

3. You drink *five hundred and six* cups of coffee in a school year. You have *two hundred and sixty-six* cups to your credit yet.

4. The mail is brought into the dining room *seven hundred and ninety-nine* times. Already it has been distributed *four hundred times*. *Three hundred and ninety-nine* times yet remain. Suppose *you'd* get a letter from *him* every time? Let's square that number then! —*M. S. V.*, '18.

PUPPY LOVE

He looked at her with loving eye—
The curly-haired youth,
She neither asked him how nor why,
She knew he spoke the truth.

Long he lingered at her feet
Until her love she spake,
And told him in words true and sweet
That him she'd ne'er forsake.

"I've owned a lot of pups you know,
All colors, large and small,
But, Fido, dear, don't worry so,
I love you best of all."

—*M. W. Dickinson.*

Exchanges

Oh, *Roanoke Collegian*, you are too sober-sided—you haven't a single joke in your whole magazine, now have you? Don't your folks ever laugh? Of course they do, just like all normal, healthy, happy young folks, so why not add a "laugh" department to your magazine? Your poems are very good, and as a whole, your material is good, though your short stories might have been more enjoyable if they had been written in a somewhat lighter vein. The essay, "Chemistry and Warfare," is written from a well taken point of view and is well developed.

The Shamokin High School Review is well arranged and quite interesting. The cuts are effective, and the "Knock" department contains some of the best jokes we've seen lately. "My Rows Awry" is a clever parody.

Please, *Bayonet*, don't think us too critical, but we don't like the concluding installment of "The Scorpion Feather" much better than the first part. Don't you think the movement of the story is rather too rapid, a characteristic which leaves the impression of haste on the author's part? Its tone is too matter-of-fact, and the ending very unsatisfactory.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine—The poem "'Who Knows" furnishes good food for thought and most of it is well written. The last line in several of the verses, however, has a rather weakening effect on the poem, and makes one feel that the author was in a hurry to finish his work. The poem, "The Spirit of the Day," shows ability and is well worthy of its

title. We were disappointed in "A Victim of Circumstances." The plot is a good one and would make an interesting story if well worked out. The matter-of-fact manner in which the exciting events are recorded robs the story of much of the mystery element and the rapid manner in which it closes makes the story too commonplace for the plot.

The Era—The stories in the December issue of this magazine are all interesting, and the poems show good work, but your editorials are scarce and your news column lacking.

The John Marshall Record—We find this to be a "lively and spirited" publication and through it we can almost feel the life and "pep" of which it tells us.

In addition to those mentioned above we have on our exchange table the following magazines which we wish to acknowledge with thanks: *The Staunton High School Record*, *The Hollins Magazine*, *The Woman's College Journal*, *The Winthrop Journal*, *The Sage*, *The Castle News*, and *The Southwest Standard*.