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Longwood University

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

MAY, 1918

M.E. Grainger

THE FOCUS

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The Focus

Vol. VIII Farmville, Va., May, 1918 No. 3

Spring

COMES the zephyr's soft and soothing balm,
In whispers calling the spring-time flowers,
"Awake, gentle ones, awake from the calm
Of winter's slumber, my sunlit showers
I send to you, in reviving drops
Of sparkling rain, refreshing as dew;
From the clouds, the tree tops,
I call to you—
Awake, sweet buds and blossoms fair,
The voice of spring is everywhere."

—*K. Painter.*

Strange Things

MISS RANDOLPH'S school for Young Women was a busy place on this day in April. Small negro boys were busy taking suitcases and traveling bags to the station, and black-gowned, white-capped maids were kept running from one end of the stately old dormitory to the other to answer the imperative calls of the "young ladies." The cause of all this excitement was that the spring holidays had come and the girls were going home.

When the gong sounded for lunch on the last day before the holidays, many of them had left on an earlier train, but the "high spirits" of the others were sufficient for making the usual amount of noise in the dining room. The girls at one of the liveliest tables were making gay plans for the few days at home, when suddenly, one of them seized on a brilliant idea.

"Oh," she said, "let's all of us try to have at least one exciting experience while we are home and save it to tell when we get back."

"Fine!" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"I shall choose Washington for the scene of mine," said Anne. "Perhaps I'll call on the President and inquire about the health of his grand children."

"Well, I want mine to happen on the train," Patsy declared. "I've always known that exciting things could happen there but I've never had a chance for them."

"Mine may happen where it will, but *happen* it *must*, and now I'm going upstairs. The train leaves in half an hour and you'd better hurry. See you at the station," and with these words Jean left the group which was soon to leave the dining room and later the dormitory.

. . . . . .

Patsy looked very sweet and girlish as she boarded the train but to her disgust there was no vacant seat.

Finally at the far end of the car she found a seat occupied by a soldier in a lieutenant's uniform. She was forced to take the seat he offered her.

The air in the car was foul and Patsy felt if she did not get a breath from outside she couldn't bear it. She tried to raise the window but it stuck persistently and she felt very weak. She had left the school infirmary only that morning and then only the excitement of going home had made her able to leave her room.

"Pardon me," said the man at her side, "I'll raise that for you."

Patsy was thankful for the fresh air that came into the crack as the result of his efforts. She was beginning to feel strangely unlike herself and she wondered a little what could be wrong. Then suddenly she had the sensation of soaring up and up. Her head drooped, the color left her face and she crumpled up in a little heap against the soldier at her side.

A kind old lady across the aisle had seen the girl faint and she came quickly to the side of the Lieutenant.

"I rang for the porter," she said. "He'll find us a berth for her." And then as the porter appeared together they carried the unconscious girl down the aisle.

The same kind lady and a physician, who had also been a witness, applied restoratives, and finally Patsy opened her eyes with a tired little smile.

"Where am I?" she asked as she saw the strange faces around her.

"You're all right, dear," said the lady. "Just be quiet and you'll soon be all right."

Patsy closed her eyes for a moment, then suddenly they flew open and she asked anxiously, "How far are we from Bay City"?

"Only about forty miles," the doctor told her.

"Do you go far on this line?"

"I live eighty-nine miles from Bay City; so I'll have time to rest some more, won't I? I'm so tired."

"Of course you will, child," said the old lady. "I'll see that you don't go past your station. What did you say it is?"

"Elrod."

"All right—Elrod then. Now you shut your eyes and stop worrying." With these words the old lady and doctor left the girl, stopping her quickly when she tried to thank them for what they had done.

The doctor went back to the soldier and said, "She is all right now. She has been ill and the foul air was more than she could stand. She isn't strong enough to be traveling alone. I'm surprise that she was allowed to try it."

A little later the soldier wrote a few lines on a slip of paper and gave it, with his card, to the porter to take to the "girl who had fainted."

Patsy was asleep when the porter brought the note, so he, rather than awaken her, left the note in her knitting bag.

. . . . . .

"We are only a little way from Elrod, now." It was the voice of the kind old lady that first called Patsy to herself.

Then she opened her eyes, and realized what the lady had said. It meant that she was nearly *home*, where she would see mother and dad, and yes, her big brother too would be home from camp to see her. These thoughts and the excitement of it all gave her back some strength, and when the train drew into Elrod she was at the door and the first to alight. She had told the kind lady good-bye and when she saw the little home town and her own people the experience on the train was forgotten. Mother and dad looked fine and as for the "brother," he was what Patsy termed superb.

That night when Patsy and her mother were having their "good night confidences" and the train experience had been discussed throughout, Patsy said, "Oh, mother, I've nearly finished another Red Cross

sweater. It would have been done if I hadn't fainted on the way home. But see how nice it looks?" She took the knitting from her bag and as she did so a card fluttered to the floor—"Harvey Harrison Hopkins."

Patsy gasped. "Where on earth,—" and then she found the slip of paper: "I hope you are all right now. I shall be pleased if I can be of any service to you.—H. Harrison Hopkins."

"The soldier I fainted on," she explained to her mother. "And think! I didn't even thank him for all he did for me. He must have been very nice."

Suddenly the thought struck her, "My exciting experience. I wonder what the girls will say."

. . . . . .

The holidays were a thing of the past, and Patsy and the rest had been at work and play for several weeks. The experiences had been duly related, but all agreed that Patsy's was "the limit."

"Why didn't you wake up and thank him?" Jean had asked. "You weren't even nice."

"And you didn't give him your card," Anne added. "Oh, Patsy, honey, I'm afraid you sleep too much."

Then after all had *seemed* to forget the affair, Patsy got a strange looking letter.

"Whom on earth can this be from?" she asked curiously. Then as she read the letter her curiosity changed to amazement and then to excitement. This is what she read:

"On the Train, April 30, 1917.

"My dear Miss Elder—Pardon this note from one who is a stranger to you, but I am interested to know how you fared after the 'faint' and if you got my note. I almost dared to hope for an answer to that.

"You are probably wondering how I learned your name. A young man boarded the train at Elrod and sat by me the rest of the way to Queenstown. Incidentally I mentioned the accident and that you got off at Elrod. Then he informed me that he knew

you and saw you at the station but he didn't think you saw him. He told me your name and that is how you happen to be bored with this letter. I don't even know that you remember, or that my card ever reached you, and yet I have dared to hope that you did.

"I am on my way back to camp now. May I hope that before long a word from you will reach me there?

"Sincerely yours,
"H. Harrison Hopkins,
"Co. A, 210th Regiment,
"Camp Martin, Oregon."

"Oh, girls, couldn't I just write him a nice little note?" she asked, as she read it aloud to the group around her. "Maybe mother wouldn't think it just the right thing at first, but anyway I'm going to try it," and she ran up to her room.

"Isn't it the queerest thing that he should have written," she said to her roommate. "Oh, Jean, he's the *best*-looking thing, and so nice," and then she entered into a detailed account of the merits of Lieut. Hopkins, which by this time the girls knew as well as she.

"I wonder how long it will take him to get my letter. Oregon is a long way off," she said, and as the days passed her favorite topic was Lieut. Hopkins. So engrossed was she in her own thoughts that she did not notice the half-smothered smiles of her friends nor that some of them usually went into hysterics just after she would finish a tale.

And then Patsy's letter came back to her, marked in large letters, "No Such Place."

"Why, what on earth can this mean?" she exclaimed indignantly. "I know there *is* such a place. It's the address he gave me anyway. Jean, what *does* this mean?"

Then there followed a long discussion, serious on the part of one, at least, and all sorts of reasons were given for the letter's strange return. In the midst

of this a maid entered the room and handed Patsy a card.

Harvey Harrison Hopkins

Patsy's mouth flew open and her eyes grew large. "Why, that's he now," she shrieked. "I suppose," but before she finished the sentence she had cast one fleeting glance towards the mirror and was running down the hall to the parlor. The girls she left went off into paroxyms of laughter. "It worked, it worked," they screamed and laughed again.

Patsy opened the parlor door, already with a vision in her mind's eye of the trim khaki-clad figure. She went down the first parlor and into the second and there stood—Anne!!

"Pardon me," the latter began laughingly.

"Anne, where is Lieutenant Hopkins?" Patsy demanded at once.

"At your service," quoted the now hilarious Anne.

"But—but—I don't understand at all."

"Now, listen, Patsy, dear, it's all a joke after all, and it's been lots of fun. We heard your story of the knightly lieutenant, then wrote the letter,"—Patsy gasped—"and a friend of mine who was touring Kentucky mailed it for me on the train." Patsy gasped twice. "Oh, Pat, it's been so much fun—you don't mind do you, Pat?" and this time Anne's voice was anxious.

"My castles are falling about my head," laughed Patsy. "Do get me an umbrella quickly or it may be fatal!"

—*Nellie Layne.*

Uncle Sam and Love

IT WAS the kind of April day that poets dream of. The trees were glorious in their new raiment of green, and all the flowers seemed to be proclaiming that they were the heralds of spring. Grace Street seemed to be particularly alive to spring. At the head of the avenue stood a big house surrounded by a wide lawn which was a mass of color, green and yellow predominating. In one room of the house, however, spring seemed to have been entirely forgotten. In a big morris chair a girl was huddled up, crying for dear life. If you had seen her the day before, though, you would have taken her for a part of spring itself. Tall and graceful she was, and nature had lent her own gold for her hair, while her eyes were as deep and as blue as a lake on some spring day. Now, however, she seemed the emblem of despair, for she was thinking of the past.

The first day Nancy had gone to high school she had seen John—a tall and handsome boy, who was in his senior year. Nancy did not know, at first, just why she had been so attracted to him, but afterwards she said it was his eyes, deep and brown, which seemed to read her every thought. How well she remembered the high school dance at the first of the year. John had taken her, and bestowed upon her all of his attentions. All that year had been a happy one for the two young people. The next year John went off to college, and Nancy's mother sent her to a finishing school. What wonderful times she had had when John had her up to the football games and to the final dances. Each year their friendship grew stronger and stronger and three years slipped quickly by. John was still at college, but Nancy had come home and made her debut, and a lovely debutant she had made too.

The night before we find her in such a sea of tears. In answer to a telephone call, John had told her he had just arrived and wished to see her at once. Of course she gave him permission to come right up. But what a changed John he was! So serious, and his usual mischievous smile was gone. Gravely he told her that "Uncle Sam" had decided that this war was his war too, and that what "Uncle Sam" did was all right with him. Gradually he told her that he had come home to volunteer, but that before he went she must know of his love for her. Then Nancy in her anger at the thought of so long a separation, demanded a proof of that love he professed for her. Gladly he offered her any proof. Then Nancy had said,

"If you love me, as you profess you do, you will not volunteer. You choose between what you foolishly call your duty and me."

In vain John had tried to make her see the way he had come to feel about the war, and then, man that he was, his last words before he left were, "God knows I love you, dear; but my country is calling. I have heard the call and must answer it. You will soon forget me, but to me you will always be my little sweetheart."

All that night she lay awake thinking ever of John, John, John. Oh, how she hated this war that had taken him from her.

But still, why this torrent of tears? She had just seen in the paper an announcement of John's departure for a training camp. Now that she knew she loved him her pride would not let her write him.

Soon the whole town was becoming more and more aware of the step their country had taken. More men began to enlist and volunteer. The women started organizing Red Cross clubs, but no one could get Nancy interested. She hated war. She almost hated her country for it had taken John—her John. She gave herself to society more than ever, and all that summer was toasted as the most beautiful girl in town.

Ah, how like a violin our lives are. One may play upon the strings quite a while, until suddenly the slightest tension will break the main string. One day Nancy's nerves gave way. She was ill for quite a while. In her delirium she saw John, but always he was sick or wounded with no one to care for him. Then it was that she began to pray to get well, that she might go to him.

Immediately upon her recovery she went to one of the hospitals which was training women for Red Cross service. She worked with such energy that she was allowed to go over with the graduate nurses as an aid to them.

She grew to love her work, for now she realized that it was not just for John she had worked, but for her country—America, the land of the free.

In the hospitals the men all loved her, for her old brightness had returned, and in truth she deserved the name of "sunshine."

As each new man was brought in, hopefully, and yet fearfully, she scanned his face; but as yet she had not seen John. She had heard of him though, for who had not heard of the brave Captain Warton? "Our Captain," his men called him.

One day a raid was made upon the little French village where Nancy's hospital was located. After the raid Nancy went out with the ambulance to help bring in the wounded. With deft fingers whe went about making the men as easy as possible, until they could be removed to the hospital. On and on she went until she came to an especially deep trench. In it she saw a man, and with great difficulty she climbed down to him. Gently she wiped the dirt and mire from his face, but suddenly she stopped. Could this man, who was so badly scratched and wounded, be her John? Quickly she ran for more aid and tenderly she helped carry him to the hospital.

His head had been severely wounded, and the doctors decided that the only thing which could save

his life would be a very delicate operation. It was Nancy who really saved his life, for when the doctors thought him too far gone, she urged them on. As she nursed him through his long illness, always her heart sang. Yes, she saw his point of view now. She too had given her all for her country, and for him who had taught her what a love for one's country really means.

Again it was a gorgeous April day, but this time everything seemed perfect. Out on the still air chimes were ringing and the birds seemed to be trilling their loveliest songs. It was nearing the end of a "Perfect Day" for in a nearby church two souls, that had found their true mates, were being united.

—*Elizabeth Campbell.*

Such Is Life

I

Some people have a notion
That we spend our time in loafin.'
I'd like to have you know it isn't so!
We *must* rise at seven-thirty (?),
Clean our rooms "if" they are dirty,
Then, strewing pads and pencils, rush to class.

II

Miss Randolf gives a "little" test,
Mr. Lear pops a quizz;
Miss Stubbs would have us find a nest
And tell her what it is.
Miss Neal must have an anecdote
That's something "fresh and new;"
Miss Coulling begs us "to shut our eyes
And get a better view."

III

There're movies in the afternoon,
Red Cross work in between,
Then we must go to Gilliam's
To get a little cream;
And in between and all around
We knit and knit and knit,
For every single Normal girl
Is going to do her bit.

IV

Now, are we busy? I should say!
(And I most forget dessert)
And I didn't even mention
That we sometimes—almost flirt.
Why doesn't our faculty name us
The Busy, Busy Bees,
And all agree to "cut out
Those awful, horrid E's?"

—*Anna Penny.*

Le Role de La France

(Translated from the French of Michelet—1798-1874)

IF ONE should bring together everything that each individual nation has sacrificed in blood and gold and in supreme unselfish efforts destined to benefit the world, the pyramid of France would tower to the Heavens. . . . And yours, O nations, every one of you, ah yours! the accumulation of your sacrifices would reach only to the knees of a child.

Do not say to me, "How pale she is, this France." Ah! it is for you that she has poured out her blood. "How impoverished she is." It is for you that she has poured out her wealth. And having no longer anything to give she has said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. . . . ." Then she gave her soul and you live.

"All that remained to her is what she has given. . ." But listen well, ye nations of all the earth, and learn what you would never have learned without her, "The more one lives, the more one has." Her soul may sleep in her, but it is ever there complete, ever near a new awakening, creative and dominant.

For a long time I have followed the destinies of France, living day by day with her, and I am firm in this conviction that this France is the country of invincible hope. It was necessary that God reveal himself to her more clearly than to any other nation, since in the darkest night she sees a light when no other nation sees it; in the frightful darkness of the Middle Ages, and even since, when no other nation perceived the light of Heaven: France alone saw it.

Behold this France! With her nothing is ever ended. There is always an invincible hope of a new dawn.

—*Laura Meredith.*

The Origin of "La Marseillaise"

(Taken from *Origine de la Marseillaise* by *Lamartine*)

IN 1792 there was a young artillery officer, Rouget de Lisle, in the garrison at Strasburg. He was born at Lons-le-Saunier in the Jura mountains, a country of virile, imaginative folk. Rouget de Lisle looked upon war as a soldier and the Revolution as a thinker. He enlivened the weary hours of the garrison by his poetry and his music. He was much sought after on account of this twofold talent and he was an almost daily visitor at the home of Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot and mayor of Strasburg, whose wife and young daughters shared the enthusiastic patriotism inspired by the Revolution. This spirit was, above everything else, the keynote of the frontier. They were strongly attached to the young officer. They infused in his soul the inspiration to put his best in his poetry and music. . . . . .

It was then winter. A famine prevailed throughout Strasburg. Dietrich's home was humble; his table frugal, but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. Morning and evening the young officer was gladly received there as a son and brother of the family.

One day when they had only some brown bread and a few slices of smoked ham on the table Dietrich looked at de Lisle with an expression of calm sadness and said,

"Abundance is lacking at our banquet but what does it matter so long as enthusiastic patriotism is not lacking at our civil banquets and courage in the hearts of our soldiers? Sometime soon Strasburg ought to have a patriotic demonstration. De Lisle must write one of those patriotic hymns which exalts the hearts of people." . . . . .

It was midnight. The night was cold. De Lisle was lost in deep thought, his heart was moved, his head feverish. He entered his solitary chamber, seeking an inspiration, now, in the ennobling desires of his soul, now on the keyboard of his instrument, now as an artist, composing sometimes the air before the words, sometimes the words before the air and associating both so closely in his thoughts that he did not know himself which was born first, the music or the verse, and it was impossible to separate the emotion from the expression. He sang all and wrote nothing.

Overwhelmed by this sublime inspiration he fell asleep, his head on his instrument, and he awakened only with the dawn. The song of the night before slowly returned to him as the impression of a dream. He wrote the verses, set them to music and hastened to Dietrich's home. He found the patriot in the garden, spading with his own hands the winter lettuce. His wife and daughters were still sleeping. Dietrich awakened them. He called a few friends who, like himself, were passionately fond of music and capable of playing the composition of De Lisle. Dietrich's elder daughter accompanied. Rouget sang. At the first stanza all countenances grew pale; at the second, tears began to flow; at the last a frenzy of enthusiasm burst forth. Dietrich's wife and daughters, the father and the young officer threw themselves weeping into each other's arms. The national hymn of France was found!

Alas! it was destined to become the song of the Reign of Terror. The unfortunate Dietrich marched a few months later to the guillotine to the sound of the music born at his fireside out of the heart of his friend and from the voices of his daughters.

The new hymn, played several days later at Strasburg, spread rapidly and it was played by all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung

at the opening and closing of her political meetings. A band of citizens from Marseilles spread it through France on their way to Paris during the Revolution, 1792. Hence the name "La Marseillaise."

—*Ruth Gregory.*

Sketches

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

There were about fifty thousand men in our camp. Our company occupied the barracks on the outer end of the camp. There was an old darkey, who lived not very far away, who used to visit us. On one of his visits we were discussing the duration of this war, when Uncle Bob spoke up.

"I'se kin tell you how you kin fin' out when dis war's guinter end; here, jes' read this letter I found in de road one day, right in the front of a old house what folks says is ha'nted. Sometin' tols me to brung it to youse fellows. Here 'tis, sars."

Here's what we read, "If any-body wishes to find out when this present World War will end, let him come to this house by the road Friday at midnight. Persons may come in a crowd but only one may enter. Go up the steps and turn to the door at your left. On the table in the corner there is an old manuscript written about 400 B. C. It is written in modern English although that language did not exist then. Read it only by candle light." That was all. We were young and anxious for an exciting adventure. We got permissioen to go on what the general called "a wild goose chase." We all were going, but only one could go inside, and as we all wanted to we drew straws. I was the lucky one to go after that wonderful paper.

Friday dawned but no sun arose to brighten the earth. At night the clouds hung oppressively low and the wind whistled through the trees. I was glad I was selected to go inside but, somehow, I could not help from being kind o' shaky about the knees. The rickety old staircase creaked under my weight as I climbed it. It was very dark inside so I car-

ried a candle, our only means of light, to guide me to my destination. I reached the designated room all right. The room was stuffy and chilly. The candle flickered as if it were going out. On the table I saw a roll of papers tied with red ribbon, marked "World War." I was sure that this was the paper of our search. I started back to my comrades with a very happy feeling.

I set the candle down on a rock and began unrolling the ancient parchment. The corporal in his haste to read its contents, snatched it from my hands across the candle light. The flames leaped quickly up the dry paper. The corporal crushed it out as quickly as possible, but it was too late, for this was all that was left:

World War

"The World War will begin August, 1914, when Germany will violate the neutrality of Belgium and invade it. The United States of America will join with the Allies (Great Britain, France, Italy, and the rest), against Germany on April 6, 1917. After much fighting the Allies will be ————."

The rest was gone. Now we will have to fight the war through to see what word will supply the rest, "victorious" or "conquered." —*Annie Alvis.*

WHY MY FATHER GOES TO CHURCH ALONE

There were four of us children in the house at the time—Rosalie, my younger sister who was three years old, Helen Marshall, my little cousin from Savannah, Ga., who was staying with us during the summer, and I. Helen and I were exactly the same age and we considered ourselves much more superior and experienced than Rosalie, although she was only fourteen months younger than we.

My father had never believed in taking children to church or to the theatre, but one Sunday when the nurse was away, mother heard that there was to

be some especially good music at the Presbyterian church. She told father about it and both of them wanted to go very much, but they knew that they could not leave us at home by ourselves. Finally, much against my father's better judgment, they decided to take us with them.

We were quite delighted when we found that we should be allowed to go and promised faithfully to be very, very good. Just before we left the house father gave each of us a nickel to put in the collection plate, and said that he would give us ten cents apiece when we came back if we kept our promise to be good. At last we arrived at the church very much excited over the beautiful music we were expecting to hear. As we had never been to the Presbyterian Church before we evidently thought we were going to some kind of a show for we mistook the usher at the door for the ticket agent and we all chimed out, "Here's our money, give us our tickets." He very kindly explained to us as he showed us to our seats that we were to keep our money for the collection plate. For a little while after we had taken our seats our attention was held by the strange people all about us. We were especially pleased with a number of college boys who were sitting in the seat behind us. Very soon, however, we became impatient for the singing to begin and Rosalie said in a high-pitched voice that could be heard all over the church, "Why don't dey king?"

Of course Helen and I repeated, "Why don't they sing?"

With that we all jumped up and began to sing an old song our nurse had taught us. Mother and father were horrified. They grabbed us and put their hands over our mouths and whispered fiercely into our ears, but they could not make us be quiet. We kept repeating at intervals, "Why don't they sing?"

Just as the organ began to play I dropped my nickel. Immediately I rolled under the seat after it. No

sooner had I been pulled out than Rosalie and Helen dropped their money too. Father was getting desperate by this time so he jerked them out rather roughly and sat them down very hard. They screamed, of course, but he put one hand over Rosalie's mouth and the other over Helen's, while he threatened them despairingly.

At last the singing began. We were quiet for a few moments and seemed to be listening enchanted. Mother and father, thinking that we were being entertained, gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the music. Their pleasure was destined to last for only a few moments, however, for soon mother's attention was attracted by the indignant movements of the lady in front of us; she turned her head and lo and behold! Rosalie had unbuttoned the lady's waist all the way down the back! Mother apologized profusely and offered to button it up again for her. She had just finished when she heard an audible snicker from behind. Quickly she turned around. I had grabbed a college student around the neck and was now kissing and biting him, much to the amusement of the other boys. This seemed to be the climax. There was nothing to do now but go. Mother was furious and father was too embarrassed for words. They stood up and had started towards the aisle when they noticed by the amused expression on the faces of the congregation that something else had happened. They looked back, and there was Helen walking along with her parasol raised! Her large brown eyes were rolled back in her head and a saintly expression was on her face. In the meantime, Rosalie in passing the usher who was taking up the collection, had put her nickel in the plate and had taken out a silver dollar, which she could not be induced to give up. My father was greatly enraged. He grabbed another dollar from his pocket with one hand and seized Rosalie with the other. This was more than

he could bear. He whispered fiercely to mother, "Every old woman in this church is feeling sorry for me."

Father declared after we had gotten home that he would never go to church with us again as long as he lived. He has kept his word.

—*Grace Stevens.*

THE FOCUS

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J. L. BUGG, Notary Public.

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Editorial

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

The spirit of the French! Who can describe that glorious expression of their undaunted courage, their sacrificial bravery, their bold stand for freedom and for justice! And their spirit has ever been thus. When we glance back into the annals of history, we find that in great world crises, it is the French people who have taken a loyal stand and turned the tide of arrogant force which attempted to destroy Christianity and the world by barbarism. In the fifth century Attila the Hun, driving down from the west, was defeated at Shalon-sur-Marne, at the same place that the greatest battle of our present war has been raging. Later, in the eighth century, it was the French people, under Charles Martel, who drove back the Saracen invasion from the east, thus saving Europe from being overrun by the Mohammedan faith. How we admire the undaunted spirit of such

a people! And it is with this admiration in our minds that we put into this number two translations from French writers, setting forth this true spirit of France. One of our greatest American writers, Henry Van Dyke, has expressed this spirit in a poem entitled "The Name of France," which is so beautiful in its conception, so uplifting in its inspiration, so true in its tribute, that we wish every American to know and to feel such a great national spirit. Therefore we are reproducing the poem in full. —*S. Y.*

THE NAME OF FRANCE

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind—
The glory of learning, the joy of art—
The name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the ancient darkness into the day
Of freedom, brotherhood, equal right—
A name like a star, a name of light:
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood
As the truth of a courage that conquers fear—
A name like the call of a trumpet, clear,
And silver sweet, and iron strong,
That brings three million men to their feet
Ready to march and steady to meet
The foe that threatens that name with wrong.
A name that rings like a battle song!
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart—
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword—
A name that calls the world to share

The burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's for life
And the rule of the people everywhere—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer!
I give you *France!*

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE EIGHT-WEEK CLUB

School life, with its work and play is, we are told, the happiest part of life. There are thousands of girls who never have even a taste of this, which means that their lives do not know the joy and happiness which a broader vision brings.

You and I who are here in school are each the fortunate one out of a hundred who can never enjoy this privilege. We gain countless benefits from our associations here, but do we ever stop to think of the ninety-nine girls back home who cannot have similar advantages? Is there not something we can do to help them? Can we not in some way share our advantages?

Of all organizations in school, the Eight-Week Club gives the most practical suggestions as to how we can help the girls at home. The spirit of the club is "Help the Less Fortunate Girl," and that is the spirit we need everywhere.

All of us have not worked in the Eight-Week Club. Perhaps there has not been time for it with some, but whether or not we are members, all of us can catch the *spirit*, and that, after all, is the thing that counts. When we go home in June, let us take with us the spirit of the club—the determination to help the other girl, and many lives will be made brighter and fuller before we return in the fall. —*N. L.*

Here and There

Dr. J. L. McBrien, specialist on Rural Education of the United States Bureau of Education, gave a very interesting talk to the student body Thursday morning, March 14, on rural school district conditions. He advocated better schools, more highly trained teachers and larger salaries for rural districts.

Mr. M. H. Harrison, of New York, Secretary of the Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers' Association, gave a very stirring address in the auditorium March 20, at 8.30, on "How America Proposes to Finance this War." His appeal to the responsibility of each individual in aiding the government by buying Liberty Bonds and War Saving Stamps, resulted in the pledging of $7,940 toward War Saving Stamps, and in the organization of a War Saving Society in Prince Edward County. A society has also been formed in school, which has for its slogan, "Every student a member of the War Saving Society."

The following Student Government officers have been elected for the coming year:

President.....Ruth Gregory
Senior Vice-President.....Mildred Homes
Junior Vice-Presidents....Mary Moore, Sue Jones
Secretary.....Marion Guinn

Colonel Charles B. McCullough, of Canada, under the auspices of the Prince Edward Red Cross, gave a very impressive address in the auditorium on the evening of April 8, 1918. Colonel McCullough was

a prominent figure in the raising of battalions which composed the first contingent of Canadian forces. He impressed on the audience the necessity of the hearty support of the government by the American people.

The Glee Club presented Rapunzel, a fairy tale in three parts, in the auditorium Friday evening, April 12. The performance was a great success, and unusual credit was reflected upon the director, Miss Munoz, and all those taking part. The program was as follows:

The Nurse.....Katherine Ellis
The Children—Ruth Garland, William Anderson, Jane Martin, Alice Hardaway, Anne Newman.
The Mother.....Inza Lea
The Father.....Myrtle Reveley
The Child.....Claudia Fleming
The Keeper of the Tower.....Janie Moore
His Wife.....Josephine Barnes
A Folk-girl.....Anne Gregory
Another Folk-girl.....Gladys Owens
The Bad Old Witch.....Della Wicker
The Beautiful Tall Fairy.....Claire Jones
Rapunzel.....Inza Lea
Prince Charming.....Marie Wyatt

Witches, fairies, princesses, shepherdesses, shepherds and folk-people.

Place—The Land of Nowhere.
Part I.—Waiting for Bedtime.
Part II.—The Witch Claims the Child.
Part III.—(Twelve years later.)
Prince Charming rescues Rapunzel.
At the Piano—Gertrude Barto Warwick.

Hush, Little One.....*Bevinani*
Inza Lea
Over Hill, Over Dale.....*Mendelsshon*
Glee Club

The Fairy Pipers.....*Brewer*
Claire Jones
Oh, Come to the Window
Gladys Owens and Folk-People
I Implore Thee
Inza Lea and Marie Wyatt
The Nightingale's Rose
Claire Jones
Lullaby ..... *Frank*
Inza Lea and Folk-People
Where the Bee Sucks.....*Arne*
Folk-People
Dance
The Princesses
Shepherd's Song.....*Franz Abt*
Folk People and Princesses
We Laugh.....*Glover*
The Wicked Witch
With a Ho, Ho, Ho!.....*Old English*
Glee Club
Come, Ye Fairies.....*Lynes*
Glee Club

Hit or Miss

Annie —I have my seat for the Glee Club reserved on W.
Mary—That is nothing. I have mine on U (you).

B. Hancock (addressing Miss Taliaferro at library desk)—Can I get "Over the Top?"

A. M.—Who was the first woman mentioned in the Bible?
L. M.—Virginia Dare.

From first professional notes on Psychology: Love is largely a matter of propinquity and indigestion.

Negro woman (admiring statue in reception hall)—Who is dat?
Aunt Lou—Dat is Joan of Iron.

Miss Wilkinson stresses three positions in writing, namely, head erect, arms on the desk, and feet flat. After reminding the class of the three desired positions Miss Wilkinson asked, "Miss Moses, are your feet flat?"
"No, Dr. Bryden said I had beautiful feet," promptly replied the young lady.

QUICK TO UNDERSTAND

Mary and Ellen ran away from home one day. The old darkey nurse after looking everywhere, saw two little girls in a swing on the nearby lawn. Going up to them she asked what their names were.

"My name is Ellen Randolph Homer," said one little girl.

"Mine is Mary Randolph Homer," quickly added the other.

"Well, yawl shore is de right ones, bofe of yer rand off from home," said old mammy.

Miss Wright—Why, I don't know any anecdotes except funny ones.

Miss Neill—Well, write a humorous one then.

THE LUNATIC'S LOVE SONG

There's not a spider in the sky,
There's not a glow-worm in the sea,
There's not a crab that soars on high,
But bids me dream, dear maid, of thee!
When watery Phoebus plows the main,
When fiery Luna gilds the lea;
As flies run up the windowpane,
So fly my thoughts, dear love, to thee.

THE WRONG PLACE TO GAIN PERMISSION

Mr. S. (at library desk)—May I have "Mistress Anne?"

A SLAM ON THE TEACHERS!

The following notice was seen on a box in the ninth grade room of the training school:

"Put in here all jokes including all of your teachers and any member of your class that you may find."

THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CHALK AND THE BOARD

A teacher in first professional English was writing on the board. When she had finished the result was somewhat startling to the class. She wanted to write, "I was shown a beautiful fan." She wrote, "I was shown a beautiful man."

Gertrude—Why is Mr. Lear so fond of Fords?
Mildred—I don't know. I'll ask Esther.

Mary was singing her four-year-old brother to sleep with her favorite hymn, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." When she had gotten to the line, "Let me to thy bosom fly," the little boy asked, "Mary, what is a bosom fly? Is it like a wasp?"

HIS INGENUITY

Tom was in a desperate financial strait. After spending a large sum of money for pleasure he was embarrassed at the thought of writing the "pater" for more money. His ingenious brain worked out a plan, which he immediately carried out. Putting his grip in bed with him, he sent the following telegram: "Wire money at once; am in bed with the grip (pe)."

Teacher—Will someone give us a sentence containing a cumulative adjective?
Student—The two-legged cart rolled down the street.

Student in 3 A French (studying aloud)—Now, let me see. E is pronounced a in French when it has a little mark over it going to the northeast.

Mr. Somers—Can you represent minus four with a concrete object?
Willie—Yes, if I wanted to buy five cents' worth of candy and had only one cent, I would be minus four.

THE DISCLOSURE

Moses White, a deaf mute, was a well-known beggar throughout the community. One cold morning he appeared at the kitchen door of the parsonage. He presented a very crumpled yellow paper, much worn with use. The little girl standing in the door

called to her mother, "Mother, here is the man who pretends to be deaf and dumb, but I don't believe it."

Then spoke the deaf mute, "Yes, I am too."

1st Junior—What did Mr. Grainger give us for English?

2nd Junior—"The Prodigal Son."

1st Junor—In which one of O. Henry's books is it?

THE LITTLE BOY'S ANSWER

The tall minister stood before the Sunday school class which was composed of little boys, and was questioning the children.

"What is an apostle?"

One little boy felt very proud, as he answered in a loud voice, "I know, I saw one in our hen-house one cold morning. He had a great long tail and white hair all over him."

WHAT COULD BE WORSE

A lecture was being given on the war. In the course of his patriotic appeal the speaker exclaimed with much feeling, "What would be sadder than a man without a country?"

"A country without a man," piped a particularly pretty girl in the second row.

TWO TURKEYS ROASTED

"Thomas Jefferson" was sick. Aunt Sally thought she had better ask "Ole Missus" to fix up a tonic for him. "Ole Missus" advised Aunt Sally to send for a doctor. When Aunt Sally hesitated she determined to withhold the truth no longer.

"Aunt Sally," she said, "I think 'Thomas Jefferson' has some symptoms of tuberculosis."

"Law, Missus, dat boy ain't neber see'd no two turkeys roasted, much less done et 'em."

As the Normal School students have adopted Y. M. C. A. Hut 80 at Camp Lee, we are naturally interested in the jokes of the men of the 317th regiment.

ECHOES FROM HUT 80

Watch Out, Hun!

On April 1 two ladies in a restaurant were discussing the development of the war.

"What a wonderful gun the Germans have just invented! It will shoot seventy-two miles."

A soldier from Camp Lee, hearing the remark, thought it time to interfere, "Madame, have you heard of the new gun invented in the United States? It shot so far that we shot it straight up so we wouldn't blow Petersburg up. And it went so far that it hit the sun and knocked it up an hour."

He Could Not Underitand

An Italian at Camp Lee was conversing with a soldier about the new draft. The Italian, who could speak very little English, said, "I can't understand why it takes me so long to learn the American language, and those North Carolinians can come up here and learn it in a day."

A yarn told by one of the men at Camp Lee—After the first draft Moses called on Mr. Smith.

"Mars Smith, I'se done been drafted."

"Well, Moses, every good citizen fights for his country," replied Mr. Smith.

"Yas, suh, I know dat, but I ain't going to fit in none dem flying corpses. You know how dem white men is. Always wanting niggers to do sumpin'. When we'd get 'way up dar in de a'r dey would make me git out and crank dat darn machine."

Things Are Not Always What They Seem

At one of the latest Camp Lee dances, a private came up to break a girl, who was dancing with a captain.

"How dare you break me when I am dancing with a captain!" haughtily exclaimed the girl. The private apologized hastily and left. Later on in the evening the private approached the same young lady.

"I wish to ask your pardon again. Probably you might be interested to know that the captain, with whom you were dancing, was my father's chauffeur and that I am the son of a small jeweler on Fifth Avenue—Tiffany. Probably you have heard of him."

C. R.—What do we have to wear to Gym now?

G. B.—Nothing but shoes.

H-l-n A-th-r—You know so much about the Bible. Tell me who Bacchus was.

D-ll-r W-ck-r—I don't remember whether he was a major or minor prophet.

Exchanges

The Bessie Tift Journal. A good magazine. The departments are well-filled, and the material, generally speaking, is good. The essays are strong, as are the short stories with possibly one exception. The end of "The Mother Face" seems rather weak.

The Staunton High School Record. Two of the stories, "Retribution" and "A Soldier's Vision," in the April number of this magazine, are very good. "A Soldier's Vision," especially, has a strong appeal, and is very realistic. "The Runaways" is not so well written. It is too matter-of-fact in its style, and not altogether free from grammatical errors This, however, is a small defect. The chief fault of the story lies in its seeming carelessness of development. The runaways find employment far too quickly and easily—almost before they have decided to seek it, having endured in the meantime not a single hardship. Their employment is made a mere matter of application. No other applicants appear upon the scene to introduce the interesting element of competition, no references are required, and no embarrassing questions are asked—in short, "both were *immediately* hired and placed in their positions."

Poetry in this issue is decidedly lacking, and altogether it is a very thin publication.

The Hollins Magazine for March contains some splendid stories, but where are your jokes? The poem "If" has indeed a noble idea brought out and one which at this time is especially fitting. "Musings of a War-time Wanderer" were also very interesting. "The Claim of the Jungle" is certainly very original in its thought, and we were interested in it, but a bit

disappointed at the end. Certainly all stories true to life do not end with, "They all lived happily ever afterwards," but the end of this story left us more or less "down in the dumps." The story "Wealth and Position" was very interesting and attractive. We enjoyed the poem, "Luck;" it was so true to life, and after all that is what we are really concerned with. Your letter from France was also interesting, and should inspire you people of Hollins to do even more than you are doing now towards making the world a fit place to live in and safe for democracy. Your "Contributors' Club" also contained some excellent things, but may we suggest again that you add a joke department to your magazine? True this is a serious age we are living in, but every cloud has a silver lining, and we don't want to lose our smiles before our boys come home again.

The February issue of *The Blue and Gold* was also good. "The Diary of a Red Cross Dog" was original in thought and very interesting. "Her Mistake" strikes a true note, and should help us all to remember that after all it is love that makes the world go round, and therefore we should be careful before we throw it away for pecuniary reasons. The rest of your stories were also interesting. Your department, "With the Clubs," proved as interesting to us as it must have to your own student body. How proud you should be of your service flag. We are looking forward to your next month's "Service Page." Your jokes afforded us many a good laugh.