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STATE  
NORMAL  
SCHOOL  
FARMVILLE, VA.

M.E. Granger

JUNE, 1918 <sup>8/4</sup>

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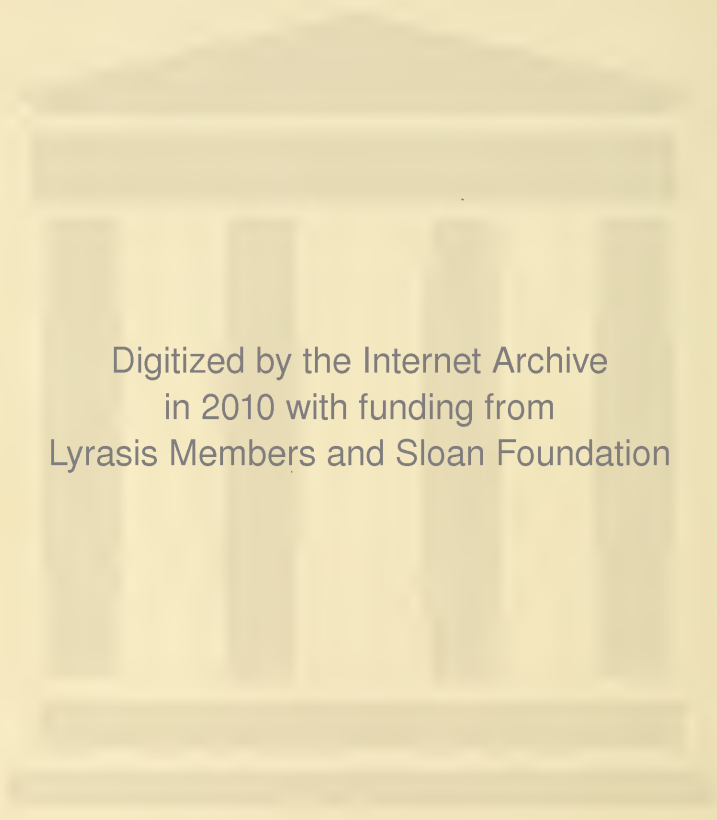
THE

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# FOCUS







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# THE FOCUS

VOL. VIII

FARMVILLE, VA., JUNE, 1918

NO. 4

## "The Misses"

HERE had been one big plan in the thoughts of Dorothy Collins for many weeks. Her brother Tom, who was the athletic coach at Dobson College, wanted her to come up for the game on the fourth of November and the dances afterwards; and Dorothy, just as any girl would have been, was very excited. She, to hear her tell it, was a "nervous wreck" when she found herself actually stepping out of the Pullman door when the train stopped at Albany.

Things don't always turn out as one has planned they should however, and Dorothy began to fear for some of hers. Tom wasn't to be seen, and instead of that big hug which she always got, Dorothy felt a light touch upon her arm. Turning, she saw a frank-looking boy who spoke to her.

"This is Miss Collins, isn't it?" he asked. As Dorothy nodded, he began to explain the reason for his "unconventional introduction."

"We're mighty sorry, but Tom's sick. Don't be worried—he just has the grippe, but as he had orders not to come out on so cold a night, he asked me to bring you out to school. I fear that now you're here, there's nothing in store for you at the present minute worse than a ride out with me."

Laughing, he helped Dorothy in his gray roadster, The ride proved to be a very pleasant one because Dorothy immediately liked this Bruce Lee. The four miles out to the college were short ones and Dorothy wasn't so very thrilled over Bruce's "Well, we're here."

. . . . .



It was an unlucky thing that Tom Stevens should develop grippe just at the time he did. Unlucky in the first place because he was decidedly the fastest man on the team, and in the second place, it made things impossible for him to have Evelyn Collins up for the Mercer game and the dances, since he couldn't go out of the house. Rather than disappoint Evelyn, however, he didn't wire her about his illness and found that Bruce Lee would love to take her to the dances. This was an unusual happening, that Bruce Lee, of all men, should have a girl on his card! Bruce, the big, popular man, who was anything on earth except a lady's man and who cared nothing for dancing! Knowing that Bruce never failed, Tom was willing to trust the pleasure of "that adorable girl" to him, and felt much better as he saw Bruce leave the house in his gray roadster.

Many of the men enjoyed seeing Bruce leave, for his having a lady for the dances had afforded them many chances for fun at Bruce's expense. All, however, were taken in the same good way of Bruce's.

Two hours later, the living room at Mrs. Gay's looked very home-like as the men sat before an open fire on the cool night playing and singing while they waited for Bruce to return. In the excitement at the arrival of the car, nobody noticed Tom Stevens' expression or heard his exclamation as he saw—not the tall Evelyn whom he had expected, but the tiny Dorothy alight. Before he could make himself heard, he found himself shaking hands with the puzzled Dorothy, who also being astonished, had said nothing. Finally he collected his thoughts.

"Why, how do you do, Miss—. Oh! Bruce, this isn't she!" he said excitedly.

Dorothy's face colored but this only helped the attractive face to become more so.

"No, it doesn't seem to be," she laughed, "and neither do you seem to be my Tom."

"Here, Bruce, explanations are in order," somebody said as Bruce came forward—only looking hard.

"Why—why—you see—er—er—you are Miss Collins, but er—you must be the wrong one. That's who I was to get and here you—some Miss Collins—are. There wasn't any other girl there, Tom," he said.

Dorothy began to explain how it all had happened, and in the midst of her explanation who should walk in but the Tom Collins she had come to see!

"Why, Dot," he said as he caught sight of her and rushed toward her; "how on earth did you get here? I phoned over to see about the train and they said it was four hours late. Who brought you out, how did it happen? Tell me all about it quick."

It proved that the north-bound and not the south-bound train was late. Bruce, amid laughter on the part of the others, tried again to explain. In the midst of it, a telegram came for Tom Stevens which read: "All of school quarantined on account of measles. Impossible to come. Letter follows. Evelyn."

"There, you see how it all happened," said Bruce. "All they told me to do was to bring Miss Collins out. How was I to know what your first name was or that our Tom Collins was your brother?"

The incident served only as a good joke and as Bruce said, "To make us all know her sooner." The "right" Tom carried the "right" Miss Collins to her boarding house, but not until Bruce Lee had found some way of getting a date for the game and for that night.

And it happened, "after all was said and done," that Dorothy Collins not only had lots of attention paid her by a certain Bruce Lee, but she found that she had a most urgent invitation to return for finals at Dobson. She did, and this time Bruce Lee knew for whom he was looking as the train pulled in, and judging from his face, he was very happy as he took the suitcase of "the only right Miss Collins."

—A. A., '18.

## A Practical Joke

“O H, Jitney, have you heard the joke on Kitty Lee,” gasped Helen as she rushed into Jitney’s room where six or eight girls had gathered for a little evening chat.

“No, no, tell us quick,” chorused a half dozen voices.

“Well, you just be patient till I catch my breath and thoughts. They must have run out of the window, over the porch, down the gutter and away to some place—I don’t know where. All I know is that I haven’t got them.”

“Oh, it always takes Helen about half an hour to give her introduction,” said Janet in disgust and with that she picked up her guitar and began playing, “Keep the Home Fires Burning,” to entertain the girls while Helen was catching her breath.

“Oh, by the way, Jack is coming Saturday. I am just dying to see him. He has gotten his commission, and of course that means a new uniform, and I know, oh, I’m just sure—” raved Clara.

“But let me tell you the joke,” broke in Helen.

“You know the ‘XXX’ are going to entertain their new girls tonight, or rather they were. Well, Kitty Lee had to arrange for the refreshments and they couldn’t get a pound of sugar in town. This sugar shortage knocks us out of lots of good things, doesn’t it, girls?”

“But, hurry on, Helen, we want to know what happened to Kitty Lee; what is the next great tragedy in the life of that mischievous girl?”

“Well, she couldn’t get any sugar and she thought she just had to have some. She knew that there was plenty in the storage room. So after discussing it with some of the ‘XXX’ girls they all decided it would be a good joke on Mrs. Walton, the matron, if

they could slip in the pantry, get the sugar and out again before she caught them."

Kitty Lee had been in the pantry once before and knew where the sugar barrel stood over in the corner. She also remembered seeing a door that led into a little side room where barrels and boxes were packed jam up to the door, but she did not know what was in this room."

"Stealthily she stole around the corner of the building, up by the wall to the door of the pantry. There! the door stood ajar, just the very thing. She crept in the room, over to the corner, plunged head downward into the half-filled barrel, and had her bucket nearly full when she heard a gruff voice in the hall.

"'Oh, that's Mrs. Walton. What shall I do? No, if I get behind the barrel she'll find me. I know, I'll just climb over that transom into the next room'" and with these thoughts flying through her head she shoved boxes in front of the door and like a squirrel she was through the transom in a minute.

"'Whoo! murder! help! 'lasses or life!' she yelled, as she felt herself going through the top of a thinly covered barrel of molasses."

The girls shrieked with laughter.

"I just knew it would be some great calamity like that," cried Margaret.

—*Mary Reynolds.*

## The Higher Education of Women

THE higher education of women has been of such relatively brief duration that it is necessary to give something of its history, to understand its present character. The women of Greece were uneducated, the pursuit of learning was, in the minds of the ancients, intended for men only. In Rome it was slightly different. There were several well educated women—Portia, Cornelia, Sulpicia and Theophilla. From then until the Renaissance, Hypatia stands a solitary woman in the realm of knowledge.

The history of woman's education is closely interwoven with the history of the race. Woman's career has been marked by her rise from the lowest depths of degradation to the highest summits of intellectual attainments. Because of her physical and not mental weakness, her education came later in the history of civilization and has been made secondary to that of man. Even in the periods of Puritanism, Classicism and Romanticism, the girls' schools aimed at manners, deportment and the accomplishments rather than at learning. The beginning of girls' education on a basis of solid instruction with the same serious intent as that of boys did not originate until the early nineteenth century.

The period of preparation looking toward modern education, dating from 1830, was a time marked by a ferment of new ideas both in the U. S. and in Europe. In the U.S. it was the period of Jacksonian democracy and westward expansion, of transcendentalism in literature and thought, of the anti-slavery agitation and the early woman's rights movement. In Europe it was the period of the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, of the winning of Italian independence, of the emancipation of serfs in Russia and of wide political, eco-



nomical and social reforms in England. In such an age belief in the higher education of women was an outgrowth of other beliefs held to be far more important.

The substantial beginnings made in the United States are to be fully appreciated when viewed against the background of the superficial education given to girls of the day. Before 1830 Emma Willard, of Connecticut, and Katharine Beecher made striking protests against the accepted types of education for girls and established schools to carry out their ideas. In 1834, Mary Lyon began her personal campaign through Massachussetts for funds with which to found a seminary on a non-protrietary basis. 1837, the year in which Mt. Holyoke Seminary was opened, is a date significant in the history of the higher education of women. From this time the founding of colleges for girls has been going on. The hesitating states soon cast aside all doubts and gave the girls the best education they afforded. Oberlin Institute, Elmira, and Antioch Colleges, Vassar College, the fulfillment of Mary Lyon's dreams, Wellesley, Smith College, are but a beginning of the schools established for girls.

From about 1880 we have the introduction of the co-ordinated college attached to the universities for men. Many of the greatest universities have become co-ordinate, Harvard being the earliest.

The result of these colleges, the result of higher education for women, has been that she has attained a useful fund of knowledge, she has acquired a certain attitude of philosophy, a grasp on life that will enable her to catch visions of better things, and she is equipped to assimilate all the good forces of the world and to become effective as a worker, as a citizen, as a personality.

—*Birdie Hollowell.*

## Luck

"HEY, Jimmy, ain't you goin' fishin'?"  
"No," growled Jimmy, "I ain't goin'."  
"What's the reason you ain't? You said you was," replied Reddy Blake, from the other side of the fence.

"I changed my mind," said Jimmy, shortly.

Reddy crawled up on the fence and jumped over. He had a fishing line, some hooks, and a tin can with worms in it. At first he eyed Jimmy curiously. Then he came over to where Jimmy sat on a pile of wood vigorously whittling a stick.

"Look here, Jimmy, you can't pull nothin' like that over on me. You ain't changed your mind no more'n I have. I betcha can't come out."

Jimmy did not answer, but kept whittling the stick. Then Reddy sat down on the wood pile beside him.

"Whatcha gotta stay in for?"

"For hangin' the cat on the clothes line by her tail. You had to make b'lieve it would bring somebody some luck. This looks like luck, don't it? You don't know no more 'bout luck than that cat does."

With this Reddy doubled up with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha," he cried, "if that ain't one on you! Hold on now, Jimmy, don't get mad. I couldn't help laughin'. I tell you the charm ain't started to workin' yet. You ain't tried it, you gotta give it a chance. You come an' go fishin' and I betcha have the best luck you ever had."

"I can't go I tell you."

"Why can'tcha? Your mamma ain't home. She's at my house. They're havin' a Ladies' Aid meetin' there."

"I know that," answered Jimmy, "but she might get home 'fore I do and then I'd get a lickin'."

"Land, if you ain't scarey! Come on, Jimmy, she's bound to stay till dark. It takes 'em a hour to get started and a hour to talk about aidin' the ladies and 'bout two hours to say, 'Good-bye. Come to see me, Mrs. Smith.' 'Mrs. Jones, how is your baby?' 'Did you see that hat Mrs. Brown had on last Sunday night?' 'Isn't that new school teacher the limit?' 'Did you see that dress she had on last night?' 'The new preacher came yesterday.' 'Yes and they tell me Martha White has her eye on him already.'"

Reddy was making an awful face and holding up his hands in horror at the idea of the prim Miss White "setting her cap" for the minister.

"Oh, Reddy, please stop," cried Jimmy, bending over and holding his sides. "Oh, oh, my middle hurts."

Reddy gathered up his lines and began to move toward the fence.

"Well, if you just can't go I must be movin' on. The fish'll be bitin' fine today and I guess the rest of the gang is there by now. Ain't they fat ones, though?" he asked, displaying the worms in the can.

"Wait a minute. I'm goin'," and Jimmy scrambled behind the wood pile for hooks and lines. He also drew forth a tin can.

"These are fat ones too," he said, holding the can out for Reddy's inspection. "I caught 'em this mornin'."

The two little boys climbed over the fence and went down alleys and side streets until they had left the village behind them and had come to open country. They took a short cut through the meadow and a narrow strip of woods, and soon arrived at the pond. Here they found Ed Blake, otherwise Skinny, and William Hartford, better known as Freckles. After exchanging greetings, the newcomers seated themselves on the bank in the shade of a tree and began to bait their hooks.

"Ain't this a peach of a day for fishin'?" asked Skinny.



"Sure is," answered Reddy. How long you been here?"

"Not long."

"Had any luck?"

"Sure," put in Freckles. "Look here," and he held up two small fish.

"Gee," cried Jimmy. "Ain't this a whale?"

"I told you so. I knew you'd have luck. Lemme see him."

Jimmy started to hand the fish over to Reddy, and in doing so it slipped out of his hand and went splashing back into the pond.

"Now, see what you done," yelled Jimmy. "You all the time gotta do somethin' like that."

The boys soon became so absorbed in their pastime that they did not notice that the sun went behind the clouds and that the wind began to stir the branches overhead. Soon a few large drops splattered down. Jimmy looked up at the clouds which were gathering.

"Gosh," he exclaimed as a large drop fell on his nose. "Looks like it's goin' to rain. Guess we better go."

Suddenly the rain began to pour. Gathering up lines and cans the boys ran for a nearby barn.

"Lordy, Lordy," wailed Jimmy, "now I done tore my pants."

The tears began to roll down his cheeks in spite of himself.

"Wh-e-e," screamed Freckles, "look at Jimmy hangin' on the nail."

Jimmy dried his tears at once. He walked over to where Freckles stood, still laughing.

"It's all your fault," he exclaimed, as he sent Freckles up against the side of the barn. "I got enough trouble now and had enough bad luck already, without you pushin' me into that nail and makin' me tear my pants and then laughin' at me. Now laugh some more, if you want to get licked for fair."

Freckles was so surprised that for a minute he scarcely knew what to say or do. Finally, gathering

his senses he began to rise, his eyes riveted on Jimmy. Just at this moment came a terrific clap of thunder, and it seemed to the little group in the barn as if the whole earth were on fire. A great ball of fire seemed to roll through one end of the barn. The boys huddled together in a little group. Their faces were white and they did not speak for a long time. Finally Jimmy broke the silence.

"You reckon it struck this barn?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Don't know," said Reddy, "but wasn't it awful?"

"Sure was," replied Skinny. "Did you see the fire?"

"Look-a yonder!" exclaimed Freckles. "Look at that tree over yonder."

Looking in the direction pointed out to them they saw a large tree on fire.

"It must-a caught from that lightnin' just now," said Skinny.

The boys watched the tree until it had stopped burning. By this time the rain was almost over too. After examining the remains of the tree, the boys started for home. They waded through all the mud puddles they saw, splashed water on each other, and had a gloriously good time in general.

When Jimmy reached home, he climbed over the back fence, and after safely depositing his can, hooks, and line behind the wood-pile, started for the house. He was going up the back steps when he heard the sound of voices coming from the direction of the front porch. The voice that caught his attention was strangely familiar.

"Where is Jimmy?" the voice asked.

"He's around somewhere," answered Jimmy's father. "Guess he'll be in presently."

"I'm so anxious to see him," replied the voice. "He must have grown since last summer."

By this time Jimmy had ceased to wonder who the voice belonged to. In his joy and excitement he forgot all about his troubles and went racing around to

the front porch. He stopped for a moment at the end of the porch, but grandma saw him and held out her hands.

"Why, here he comes now," she said, and she hugged and kissed Jimmy.

He hated to be kissed. That was what girls did, always kissed everybody, and he hated girls; he was no "sissy." He was glad none of the "gang" was there to see though, and anyhow it was different in this case, he told himself, for this was grandma, and he had not seen her since last summer.

Father was smiling at them and was just getting ready to say something when mother called him to help her.

Left alone with Jimmy, grandma began to scrutinize him more closely.

"My!" she exclaimed. "How did you get so muddy?"

"Been walkin' through mud puddles," answered Jimmy.

"Goodness, you've torn your trousers too," added grandma.

"I tore 'em on a nail," said Jimmy, gloomily.

"Well, well," said grandma, "that's a shame, but never mind, I'll mend them tomorrow, and you'll never be able to tell they were torn."

"Couldn't you do it now?" asked Jimmy, hesitatingly.

"Well, it's nearly supper time now," said grandma, "but maybe I could mend them after I go upstairs. You run and change them and wash the mud off your feet so you'll be ready for supper, and—"

Jimmy did not wait to hear any more. He was off in a hurry.

"My," he thought, as he ran upstairs, "I reckon the old cat brought me luck after all."

—*Nancy Louise Bush.*

## There's a Cure for Every Ailment

**B**REATHLESSLY Ann Johnson flew along the hall. At number eight she stopped. A huge "busy" sign decorated the door but that evidently did not bother her, for giving the door a bang she marched in. Eight pair of mouths flew open and eight pairs of eyes stared—for only a second however did this last for when the newcomer was recognized the surprise subsided.

"Oh, girls, guess who I found crying just now. I never have been so shocked in all my life before."

"Beth Whales, I bet," exclaimed a saucy Junior, who was carefully peeling a banana.

"Oh, silly, of course it wasn't her. As if I'd be shocked to see that happen. Well, I know you'll never guess, so here goes. Girls, it was our cute little old Jo Harrison."

"Jo Harrison!" exclaimed seven voices.

"Yes, Jo Harrison, and honestly I feel like this school has lost its foundations. Why I simply can't comprehend Jo getting blue."

"What on earth is the matter with her?" anxiously inquired the Junior, the half-eaten banana lying unheeded in her lap.

"Oh, that's the part I want to tell you about. She wouldn't tell me what was the matter but I think I know all the same, and, girls, I think it is up to us to remedy the trouble."

"We'll do it or die," cried one of the girls, "but please hurry, Ann, and tell us what you think is the matter."

Well, to make a long story short, this is it. You know Jo is the only child and her parents are simply crazy about her. They don't want her to marry, so they have always tried to keep her away from boys in every way possible. They live 'way out in the

country so of course that wasn't a hard matter. I don't suppose Jo minded it much until she came up here. Naturally though she misses not having boy friends send her candy and flowers, etc. I know lots of times she must have felt out of things. Well, affairs evidently reached a climax today when the bunch of us were down in the reception hall talking about the presents that we expected to get from our different friends. Anyway, I know when I went up to her room a little later there she was lying on the bed sobbing as if her heart would break. She said she was homesick, but I don't think so. Do you all?"

"No, of course not," exclaimed a tall, pretty senior. Bless her heart I think it's a downright shame. We'll just simply have to do something, that is all there is to it. Why I know pecks of boys who would be crazy about her if they only knew her."

"Oh, I know the very thing to do," said the Junior, jumping to her feet and clapping her hands together.

"Hurry then and give us your bright idea," suggested Ann.

"Well, it's this. You remember Jo helped make those Dramatic Club Red Cross scrap books and you know too that three of us put our initials and address in them just for fun. Now this is what I can do. I have a first cousin who is a second lieutenant at Camp Lee. I can get him to write Jo a letter telling her that he had received her scrap book and how much he thought of it, so forth and so on. Then I can get him to tell her too that he has a cousin up here (which of course will be me) and to look me up. Don't you think that will work fine?"

"Why, I should say it will," answered Ann. "Why, Helen, I'd give my head if I had your head."

"There now, Ann, don't get brilliant in your old age. But really and truly," asked Helen, turning impulsively to the other girls, "don't you think that will solve our problem?"

"Yes it's grand, wonderful, the very thing," came in a chorus from all the girls.



"Well, fair ladies, since I have your most favorable approval, I am going to bid you adieu, and run write Tom now while the spirit moves me."

"Won't you have some more cake?" asked the owner of the box.

"Oh, no indeed, remember what our Psychology teacher said, that if you want to think, don't eat. I have therefore decided to take that for my motto at present. Well, farewell again," she said waving her hand as she went out of the door.

As soon as she had reached her room Helen collected her writing materials and scribbled off the following note to her cousin:

"Dearest Tom: Don't think far a moment that I've sprouted wings o'er night, writing to you again when you already owe me a perfectly good letter. I've improved a whole lot, but not that much. I am writing to ask you to do me a great big favor, or rather if you look at it in another way it looks like I am favoring you. I know you'll think so in the end anyway. This is what I want you to do. Write to a girl up here by the name of Miss Josephine Harrison. Pretend that you have received a very attractive scrap book that she made for the Red Cross and that you are writing to thank her for it. Also tell her that I'm your cousin and to look me up. Jo is the cutest, most adorable girl in the world and I know you'll like her. She writes awfully attractive letters—big "booky" ones. I'll explain to you later why I want you to write. I have a Glee Club practice in about two seconds, so have got to fly to it. Pecks of love for my big lieutenant cousin.

As always,

Helen."

"There, that'll do, I guess," she said to herself, after reading it over. After she had quickly addressed and stamped it she ran down stairs and dropped it in the Post Office with a sigh of relief.

Two days later at breakfast, Helen received a card from her cousin with the two words, "I'm on," and his initials written at the bottom of it.

"Oh, girls, I am so excited I can hardly stand up," she whispered to the ones that were in the secret. "I know Jo's going to get that letter today at dinner."

It was quarter to two of the same day and Jo Harrison had just finished her dessert. She was about to leave when the mail was brought in. Helen gave it out and when she came to a letter addressed in a big, familiar hand writing, not to herself but to Jo, she giggled and then handed it to its owner.

Jo opened it with a puzzled frown which gradually crept away, leaving a smile in its place. Then suddenly with a little scream she threw her arms around Helen's neck.

"Oh, Helen, please come and go walking with me for a few minutes. I have the most exciting letter to show you that you could possibly imagine."

"Why, surely, I'll go with you. Come, let's go down this side aisle and see if we can't get out quicker." When they had finally reached the hall Jo gave the letter to Helen to read.

"Why, you know that's funny," she exclaimed a few minutes later, glancing up from the paper, that Tom should have gotten your scrap book. Oh, but I am so glad. Even if he is my first cousin I can't help saying that he is the dearest boy, I know, that ever lived.

"Would you really answer it then?"

"Why, of course, goosey. If you don't I'll be simply furious. I'll write you a perfectly good introduction if you want me to."

"Of course I don't want you to do that. I believe I'll go on and write anyway." And she did.

Six weeks later Helen burst in upon about the same crowd that she had been in on that day when she had formulated her remarkable scheme.

"Oh, girls, guess what the latest development of the Harrison-Newman case is? You know Tom has been crazier about Jo after each letter. He never says anything in his letters to me now. He just raves on all the time about Jo. Well, the state of affairs has reached a climax. Tom has just written Jo and asked her permission to come up for the graduation exercises. It seems that he is going to get his furlough then. Believe me there's something in the air, and I'm getting scared. You know Jo's father and mother are coming up to."

It was Saturday afternoon and in half an hour the first event of the graduation exercises, the dance, was to take place. The campus, a lovely velvety green, was sweet with the perfume of flowers. Great maples cast their shadows over the lawn, making it very cool and enticing. All served as a perfect setting for the exercises that were to follow.

Inside the building however there was one girl who was by no means in a perfect humor. Her parents had not arrived and neither had Lieutenant Newman. Every now and then she went to the window, trying vainly to pick them out from among the crowd of people below. At last however her part was called and she had to leave. Lightly and gracefully she danced out upon the lawn.

Just about this time two cars drove up. From one there jumped a broad, boyish-looking lieutenant, and from the other there descended, with great dignity, a white-haired man and woman. The Lieutenant joined them and together they walked up to the edge of the crowd where the dances were being held. Jo happened to glance up at this moment, and she saw not only her father and mother, but a man in khaki also. She recognized him at once as the original of a big, life-size picture she had received some time before.

"Oh, my goodness," she whispered wildly to herself, "how on earth did he meet them? I wonder if he has told papa that he writes to me. I'll simply die if



he has." All these thoughts flashed one by one through her mind as she whirled lightly and gracefully over the lawn. When she was through she ran to her room and slipped quickly into a dainty little organdie. When she was just about ready the maid came to tell her of her parents' arrival. In a few minutes she was running swiftly down the steps and then into the parlor. In the excitement of greeting her father and mother she did not notice the figure in the background. Her surprise was complete when he stepped forth and her father boomed forth in his big voice, "Josephine, I want you to meet the most respectable young man that I've met in many a year. Lieutenant Newman, this is my daughter, Miss Harrison."

The two shook hands formally and Mr. Harrison, who was nearest them, was so busy talking that he did not notice the grin and giggle that passed between them.

"I'll tell you, Josephine," continued Mr. Harrison, "if it hadn't been for this young man we wouldn't have been here at all. You see we broke down about five miles out and couldn't get any help at all until he came along and kindly towed us in. Your mother and I were both very much disappointed in not being able to get here before.

"We saw you dance, though," added Mrs. Harrison, "and it was very pretty indeed. I know you are tired and hungry now, though, so I suggest that we all go down and take supper at the hotel. Lieutenant, of course you must come also."

"I'll be delighted to."

"I'm willing," exclaimed Jo, "just so you get me back in time to dress for the reception."

"We'll manage that," answered her father, and so, after a few more minutes of chatting, they strolled on down to the hotel.

It was the last night of commencement. The lights were out and the last girl had crept sleepily to bed.

"Helen," whispered Jo, "are you awake?"

"Yes," murmured that individual sleepily.

"Well, Helen, I just wanted to ask you," began Jo, in a timid little voice, "if you'd mind very much having me for a cousin?"

There was not much more sleep in number twenty-eight that night.

—*Mary A. Addington.*

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦   **Sketches**   ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

### THE STORY OF THE BROOK

I am only a little brook and although I travel unceasingly I never grow tired but am always happy. My course lies through the most beautiful places, and anyone who lives as I do ought to be happy.

Sometimes I run along under the earth between the hard, smooth rocks and then I burst forth from under a giant tree that spreads its sheltering branches above me. Woodbine, yellow jasmine, and honeysuckle form a lovely little bower over me. Along my banks, in the cool of their shade, little blue forget-me-nots, white and purple violets, and the sweet pink and white arbutus turn their tiny elfin faces up to the sun, as he peeps through the leaves, breathing their delicate fragrance into the soft spring air.

Then the lovely white dogwood spreads its crooked branches over my sides, the blue, fringed gentian and yellow goldenrod lean over my banks. Daisies and black-eyed Susans stand up stiff and tall quite near me. The beautifully colored, vain little crocus leans over me to see its reflected glory in my smooth surface.

When winter comes and the flowers all go to sleep, the leaves put on their gayest dresses and float softly down all around me. Some light on my bosom and I carry them laughingly along with me, as I tumble merrily over the smooth white pebbles in my bed.

All the beautiful things in the woods help to make me glad, but the secret of my happiness is that wherever I go I give freely to others and am always making someone happy. All the beautiful wild things that

grow near me and around me, drink of me. The little birds bathe in my waters and the king of the herd leads his antlered host to my banks.

—*Nancy Louise Bush.*

## THE SILVER CORD

(Reveries of a Senior)

I don't know why but somehow tonight I feel so very strange and sad. All day long this feeling has been making me depressed and lonely almost. At every turn on the dear old familiar halls and campus my heart has felt a tug and pull that has been almost overwhelming. Something too irresistible to define, something forceful, something fleeting yet present always, is ever drawing at the cords of my heart and leaves me thinking, yes *thinking* perhaps as I don't often have time to think.

My two years at the Normal School have ended—two years of work, play, heartaches and joy, always joy in the end. School days are over; a great gate seems shutting me out of Girlhood into the Land of Tomorrow—Womanhood. The day to say "good-bye" will be here soon. Farewell to the jolly days that have made up school life; farewell to the familiar halls and scenes I love; farewell to the dear friends I've found! Oh! it is going to be hard to do.

Isn't this what is making me feel so strangely depressed and blue tonight? There's a line from a verse, in the Book we read from often, that comes to my mind just now. Tonight it seems to say to me the thing I'm trying to express—"Ever the silver cord be loosed." I like to add one little letter to that first word and make it read, "Never the silver cord be loosed." For isn't friendship a cord of wondrous silver? Tomorrow then I must say "good-bye, dear friend." And if I could only tell you how dear you are to me, how true, how loyal, how steady you are! But I can never say anything like that; a lump al-

ways rises in my throat, my voice begins to choke, my eyes get misty, but you see, don't you—you understand? "Never the silver cord be loosed." Oh, may it never! Duty must separate us; love can't keep us together, but the Silver Cord shall knit our hearts so close that they shall never be apart.

The Road shows its crossings tomorrow. I must go my way while you follow yours. Perchance Fate will be kind to us and bring us back to the rest of you some day. But as we journey like pilgrims, you and I, and as we fight out our battles, I hope we are always going to stand for the honor we lived by back at S. N. S.

I shudder almost to think of the days that must follow—I, who have never feared but rather welcomed the bend in the Road because I couldn't see what lay beyond—even I tonight feel alone and solitary. I wonder if I am weak or cowardly, but I do not think so. I feel just as when I was a very little girl and always wanted mother to hold my hand in hers as we walked along the shadowy path that led home. I need your hand to stretch out to me across the limitless distance wherever I am, I need to feel that big strength flow from your handclasp into my soul—that strength that friendship always bestows.

Friends are priceless, and friendship is lovely and sacred because it reveals *all* the beauty, the tenderness and strength of the soul. *To have* a friend, warm, understanding and loyal; *to be* a friend, strong, steadfast and true—isn't this what makes life worth living? To me it is.

A veil seems to close over me. I fancy myself away from all the scenes that have made up the good old days. My mind wanders. I am alone and lonely—I dream—I see you—one thought alone gives me comfort, "Never the silver cord be loosed."

—Margaret S. Vaughan.

# THE FOCUS

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. BUGG, Notary Public.

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## Editorial

W. S. S.

"Stamp! Stamp! Stamp! The boys are marching!  
A little thrift stamp now and then  
Will serve to help the fighting men!"

The realization of the horrors of war, and the need of substantial aid are at last beginning to take hold upon us. We cannot see our boys give up every desire, every ambition, and offer their very lives for the cause we believe so just, and stand idly by. There is a sacrifice for us too—and that sacrifice is greatest when practiced in the little things of life. They mean more to us and make a greater aggregate in the end. By denying ourselves and by systematic saving, there is much that we can do to help our government help our boys.



Our student organization of the War Savings Society has bought, in the last two months, approximately \$1,700 worth of W. S. S. Let us not stop here. Just now there is the summer before us, filled with opportunities. Let us make the most of these opportunities, and save in every way possible; but do not let us forget to fill up our thrift cards which we have started—and start some more!

—S. M.

### THE HOME GARDEN CLUB

Much interest has been shown recently in the plans of the Home Garden Club. This is one of the most patriotic organizations in school and the opportunities which it offers are enormous.

In joining the club each girl pledges herself to raise a certain amount of vegetables, or to can and dry a certain amount of fruit. This is one of the best ways in which a girl can render a truly patriotic service to her country, for the production and conservation of food is one of the greatest problems that confronts our country today. It is impossible that any girl who understands the value of this work should fail to do her part during the summer. If each girl who knows of this club resolves to save even a very small amount of fruit or vegetables, the total will be something of which we may all be proud.

No girl with a true sense of her duty to her country will be content to idle away a long vacation during such strenuous times. This is not a time for idleness on the part of anyone, and we will find pleasure in our work during the summer. If we do put on our sunbonnets and spend part of our time in the family garden, we will find, when vacation is over, that we have spent one of the most profitable summers of our lives, and we will have the pleasure of knowing that we have not only accomplished a great deal, but have rendered a much needed service to our country as well.

—N. L.

\* \* \* Here and There \* \* \*

A rare opportunity was given the members of the Glee Club on May 25, 1918, "to see themselves as others see them" in their splendid opera "Rapunzel," which was given a few weeks ago. The performance by the Spree Club was one of the most enjoyable and laughable events of the season and reflected great credit upon Miss Patty Buford, who directed it. We saw clearly that the Glee Club had by no means discovered all of the vocal talent in the school.

The proceeds derived from this performance will be used for adopting French orphans.

During the Thrift Stamp Campaign four prizes, consisting of four thrift stamps each, were offered by the faculty. One was to go to the girl selling the most thrift stamps. Prizes were to be given for the best poster, jingle, and song, all of which were to have the thrift stamp as the subject.

Harriet Purdy, selling one hundred and ninety four thrift stamps, won the prize for selling the greatest number. The committee on looking over the posters decided that two prizes should be awarded for them; one for technique and one for the most original idea. The award for the poster having the best technique was won by Marjorie Goodwyn; and the one for the most original idea was won by Martha Bass. The award for the best jingle went to Ethel Earley and the prize for the best song was received by Blanch Burkes.

The jingle and song are respectively as follows:



Buy a stamp!  
Buy a stamp!  
Put the Kaiser and his legions in a cramp!  
It just takes a quarter to become a member,  
So buy a stamp to help your Uncle Sam!  
Do it today!  
Right away!  
Help our soldiers in the trenches far away,  
Join the army,  
The Savings army!  
And let the Kaiser know you stand by Uncle Sam!

A dillar, a dollar,  
An unthrifty scholar,  
Why don't you buy a stamp?  
A quarter for one  
Will stamp out a Hun  
And save our poor boys a tramp.

We were fortunate in having with us during the first week in May, Mrs. Thomas S. Gladding, who is Secretary of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, and is also a member of the Foreign Department of the National work.

Beginning with the evening of April 30 and continuing through the evening of May 6, Mrs. Gladding gave a series of intensely interesting talks on Christian fundamentals. These talks, woven around the vital facts which constitute the basis of our belief, gave us a deeper, more comprehensive insight into the character of God and the reasonableness of our Faith.

Mrs. Gladding's lessons were on the following subjects: "The Fact of the Bible," "The Fact of God: His Existence and Character," "The Fact of God: His Nature," "The Fact of God: His Attributes," "The Fact of the Trinity and the Character of Christ," "The Reasonableness of Miracles," "Some Reasons Why *I Am* a Christian."

\* \* \* \* **Hit or Miss** \* \* \* \*

1st Professional (reading in Economics)—“All of the pig is used except the squeal.” What part of a pig is the squeal?

2nd Professional—I am not sure, but I think it is a part of the ham.

Miss Ashton (in Geography)—What kind of climate has the most rain in winter?

Pupil—Submarine.

Louise (after receiving the War Garden Club blank)—What are you going to raise?

Nellie—I am going to raise cane.

Girl at book room (wishing to check suit case)—Miss Taliaferro, will you give me a check?

Miss Taliaferro—Do you think I'd reach down in my pocket book and give you a check?

Student Teacher—Do fish breathe?

Brilliant pupil—Certainly. They breathe through their scales.

1st Girl—What are you going to do to help win this war?

2nd Girl—I am going to preach the consummation of food.

Teacher (reading)—To think we buy gowns lined with ermine. What is ermine, girls?

Pupil—Rat's fur.

Miss Munoz on the disadvantage of slow thinking—Now for instance, the other day a peddler came by selling tins. On finding the cost of one set of tins to be twenty-five cents and the other to be fifteen cents, I told him the price was too much. The peddler, very eager to sell his goods, quickly replied, "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll let you have both sets for forty cents."

Girls, I took the two sets, and thought I was getting a bargain.

Pearl (after Chem. lab.)—Oh, I'll get my hands clean next period. I have cooking, and I always get them clean then.

### THE SUBSTITUTE

Johnny, who had been very naughty, was sent out to secure a switch to whip himself with. The little boy, after staying an extremely long time, was called by his mother. Johnny came slowly into the room, and sobbed very pitifully, "Mother, I couldn't find a switch, but here is a rock that you can throw at me."

Mary—You are not holding the camera in the correct position.

Gladys—You know I can never hold this cameo to suit you.

Mr. A., a leading man in the Greenville church, was very much opposed to the installation of an organ. After the installation, he was called upon to pray, but he replied, "You got a machine to make the music and you can get one to pray."

Miss Arvis—In this review ask us some questions, which you are sure we do not know.

Mr. Somers—Why, Miss Arvis, that is what I have been doing for the past two months.

## APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING

A young man, becoming greatly attracted to a beautiful young girl on the station steps, thought of every possible way of forming an acquaintance with her. As she seemed somewhat puzzled and confused he finally approached the beautiful young girl with this question, "May I ask where you are going?"

"I ain't gwine nowhars," replied the girl.

Miss Neil—Our question for debate is: Should Sunday study come under the jurisdiction of the Student Committee? We all know that this War Committee exists for the purpose of maintaining the honor of the school.

\* \* \* \* **Exchanges** \* \* \* \*

We are sorry to say that for some reason our exchanges have been slower than usual in coming in this month. We receive them with pleasure always, and hope the next ones will arrive in better time.

*The Missile*, Petersburg High School. The material in your magazine is very good in general, though the April number is rather unbalanced. Prompted by curiosity, I discovered that five-twelfths as much space is devoted to "Little Missiles," including jokes under that head and the others in the magazine, as is given to the entire literary department, which contains two poems, two stories, and a letter in story form. The topic throughout the literary department is the universally-used one of war; but, while the articles are not brilliant, they are very good.

A little point (but our object as "Exchangers" is to help in little things) which might be mentioned is the use of a singular pronoun with a plural verb in two of the "Little Missiles"—"steamboats—. . . it." and ". . . mice . . . it . . ." The "School Notes" are very interesting and full of "pep."

*The Richmond College Messenger* is always good and is one of the best magazines that comes to us. The April number is certainly up to the mark. The editorials are splendid, and the one on "Service, Fraternities, Literary Societies, and Periodicals" especially so. The story "Taking a Chance," is very true to life. If we choose to lead a gambler's life, gambling with life, slacking our duties, we may rest assured that at some time or other Fate will hold us up, making us

see the seriousness of life. All play is not good for one; neither is all work. We must lead a life which is well balanced between the two. The essay, "The Jewish Contribution to Civilization," is very educational in its value. There are eminent Jewish men in this, our age, and Zangwill is certainly the greatest. The poem entitled "The Voice of the Mountains" is very attractive. "The Eternal Flame" at first seemed to have two distinct plots, but the author brought them together very skillfully. "The Creole Character in Cable's Novels" proves very well worth while from an educational standpoint. We are given glances of real life in "How Pride Punished Poor Pete." The old saying, "pride goes before a fall," certainly holds good in this case. The other departments were good, but don't you think a joke department would make your magazine a more well rounded one?

We are glad to welcome *The Critic*, from the Lynchburg High School, to our exchanges. All your departments are good, but we would suggest a few essays. The poems, stories and jokes, however, are splendid, and we hope to find you among our exchanges next month.

—E. C.

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