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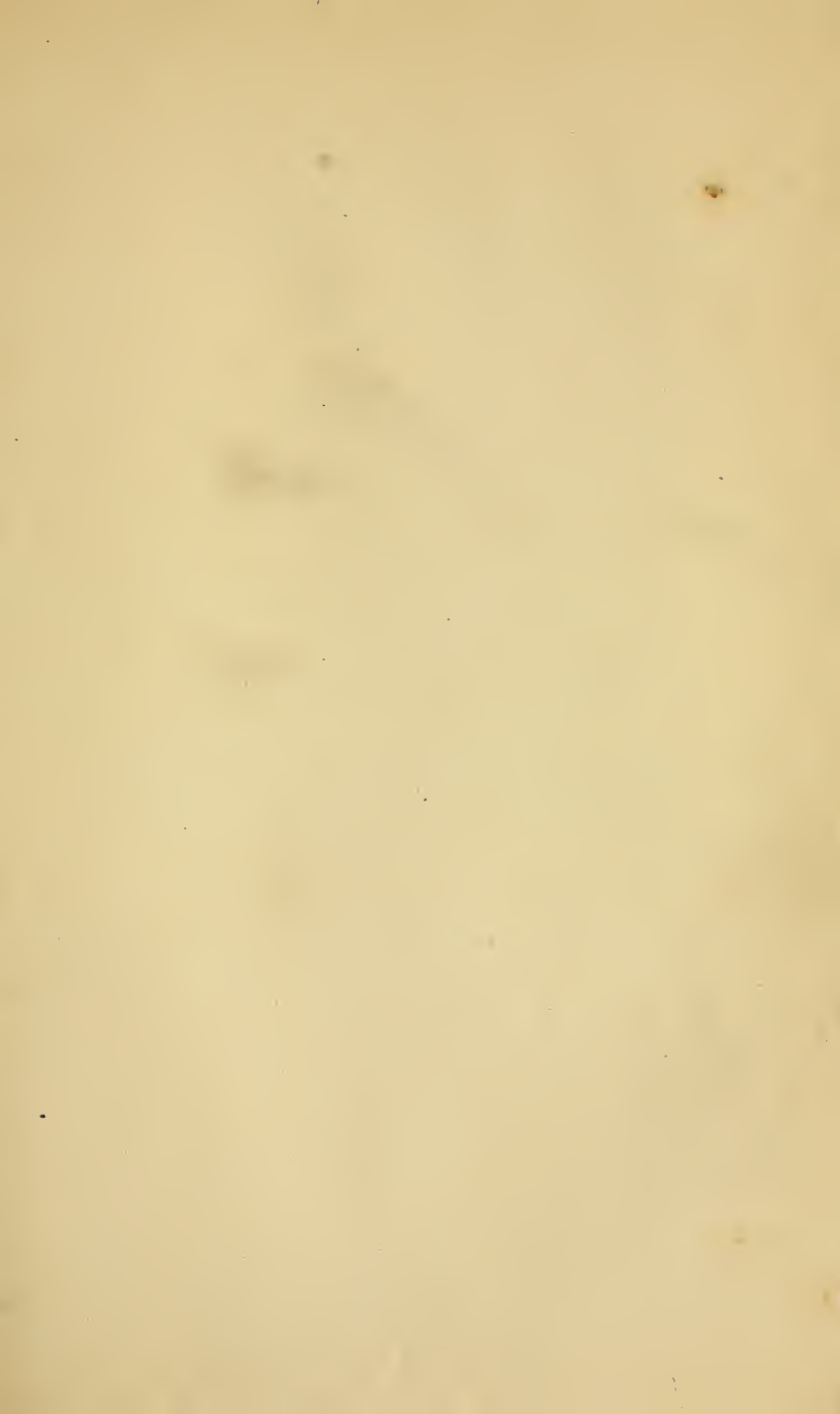
STATE  
NORMAL  
SCHOOL  
FARMVILLE, VA.


M.E. Grainger

DECEMBER, 1918

THE  
FOCUS







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# THE FOCUS

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VOL. VIII FARMVILLE, VA., DECEMBER, 1918 NO. 6

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## A Reverie

**L**IFE! Thou didst make it.  
What am I that Thou shouldst give it?  
What is Life that I should live it?  
Life is a spark of Thy Love  
Loosened from Heaven above,  
Set free in a darksome place  
To lighten a comrade's face.  
Life is an echo from Thee,  
Life is the desire to Be,  
Life is the power to see—  
Is Love, Friendship, Liberty.  
Life is but a prayer.  
Life is worship.  
Life is service.  
Life is God.  
For Thou hast made us for Thyself,  
Nor is there Life without Thee;  
Nor rest, until we rest in Thee,  
Nor peace but in Eternity.

—A. O. M., '19.



## A Chronicle of Kitty

**I**T seems to me," observed Richard Cornwallis Donaldson critically, "that when a girl's your age she ought not to entertain company from a tree."

The object of his criticism threw a scornful glance at the long, boyish figure sprawled on the grass, and continued swinging her small feet from the limb on which she was seated.

"When people come and interrupt while you are meditating," she remarked severely, "they can't expect to be joyfully welcomed. What did you expect me to do, anyway? Break my neck getting down, and rush to you with open arms?"

Dick chuckled. "I'd think the world was coming to an end, Miss Bramble-Briar. But when a fellow's been away all winter he likes to have some attention shown him. What were you 'meditating' about anyway, chicken?"

"My name isn't 'chicken,'" came icily from the apple tree. "Is that all you learned at college? If so, you might as well have left your sheepskin there."

Dick got up and came impatiently over to the tree. "Now, look here, Miss Katherine Anne Vane, would you mind telling me what I've done to offend your royal highness? Every time I've seen you this summer you have been so confoundedly cold I've most had to turn my collar up. Now, tell me what I've done, Kitty."

Kitty looked about, visibly seeking a way to escape, but a brown hand was laid firmly on the limb on each side of her and Dick's gray eyes showed no intention of allowing her to move. Therefore, being an artful little wretch, she instantly changed her look of stony calm to one of injured and pathetic innocence—

"When one's old-time pal comes back from college dressed like Solomon in all his glory, little girls

in gingham frocks naturally don't seem fit companions for him, and"—she made her voice sadly patient—"of course he couldn't be blamed for not speaking to them in a public place."

Dick looked honestly puzzled. "What in thunder are you talking about? I didn't see you this summer until we were at May Miller's and then you gave me a snippy little nod and went right off with that Burton chap."

"You did see me, too," flashed Kitty. "I rode down to the station the day you came and I went right by you when you were hanging over that Andrews girl."

"Oh, good heavens," exclaimed Dick in sudden enlightenment. "I saw some one go by on horseback and thought I heard some one call my name, but I never dreamed that wild Indian was you, or I—oh, darn! what have I said now?"

"Called me a wild Indian," responded Kitty, sweetly. "Go right ahead. Don't mind my feelings. Of course I'd never have hailed you if I'd dreamed you were so changed, or that I'd mortify your lovely, charming, proper Miss Andrews."

"Now, Kitty," pleaded Dick; "you know well, I didn't see you, and I haven't changed. It's you who are the one that has changed. You didn't use to be such a cross-patch when we built houses down by the branch. And remember when I tried to tommyhawk you when you were my squaw? I gave you a scar on the neck, didn't I?"

Kitty nodded. "My, how it hurt!" She made room for him on the limb by her, loftily ignoring their quarrel. "It's there still, too." She bent her head to show the tiny pink scar at the back of her neck.

Dick looked, with a quick vision of the little girl Kitty, golden-brown curls flying, and himself, a blood-thirsty youngster of nine, so absorbed in the thrill of their game that he gave the white little neck a quick blow with his wooden weapon before he thought. Now he bent over swiftly and kissed the scar and the little curl that hung tantalizingly beside

it. Kitty whirled on him fiercely, "Richard Donaldson, what made you ever dare?" Her dark eyes were blazing.

"It looked so sweet and I was so sorry to think I'd ever hurt you. I'm sorry you didn't like it." He finished his stumbling apology, with his face fire-red.

"Like it! I should think not! You can just save your kisses for Miss Andrews. Besides," loftily, "I'm going to be engaged to Will Burton, so there!"

Kitty made her announcement with delightful importance and sat waiting for the explosion of wrath to follow. It was a long time coming, and she slowly turned to look at Dick. He was sitting perfectly still. His clear, gray eyes looked so hurt and helpless that she was frightened.

"Why, Dick," she slipped down closer and put a troubled hand on his. "What's the matter, don't you like it?"

Dick straightened up at once. "Why, its fine. Congratulations, I'm sure. I was just wishing I hadn't eaten those green apples." He attempted to shake her hand, but she drew it away indignantly. Green apples and her engagement in the same breath! As if they were of equal importance. Maybe they were to him. She gave a little unexpected sigh.

"Come," said Dick cheerfully. "Engaged ladies shouldn't 'sigh like a furnace.' I little realized it was the future Mrs. Burton I was teasing this morning. May I be allowed to congratulate him?"

"Don't you dare!" cried Kitty. "It isn't going to be public for ages. I just told you 'cause you made me mad when you were so silly."

Her face flushed exquisitely at the memory of his silliness. Dick made a quick move toward her, and stopped abruptly. "I'd better go. I've some visits to pay," he said lamely.

He slipped out of the tree and stooped for his cap on the grass. Kitty looked at the sunlight on his

dark hair, and curiously she seemed about to cry, but instead she laughed.

"Give my regards to Miss Andrews," she called and waved her hand after the white-flanneled figure as it disappeared through the trees.

For the rest of the summer, Dick saw less of Kitty than ever before since he'd known her. He had come home with the idea of having a lively flirtation with his old playmate as a means of using his leisure days. Then, on the way up, he met a visiting girl, Miss Andrews, found her attractive and called on her many times before he even remembered Kitty's existence. When he did see her, his first sensation was one of delight at her winsomeness, his next was one of resentment that she treated him so coolly. Not that he cared at all, he assured himself frequently.

From force of habit, Dick continued to dance attendance, albeit at times a half-hearted attendance, upon Miss Andrews. The neighborhood tacitly agreed that their engagement would be announced in the autumn along with that of Kitty Vane and Will Burton. That, at least, was an assured affair. Young Burton was head over heels in love, undoubtedly, and Kitty seemed acquiescent.

The summer frolics and goings-on were to culminate in a dance at the country club. Mary Andrews, dressing for this function, wondered annoyedly, why Dick had not asked her to go with him to this last dance. It was the only one of all the festivities at which he had not appeared as her attendant squire, and she had held off others until almost the last minute hoping that Dick would call up.

The public little suspected how few "tender passages" there had been between Dick and Mary Andrews. Dick had kept maddeningly well within the limits with his tongue, while his eyes had hinted at unsaid volumes.

Mary almost decided to call Dick up tonight, and was ever after grateful to the good fairy that restrained her, for when she entered the club-house there

was Dick, handsomer than ever, and in unusually high spirits. He had the audacity to approach her, ask for and receive several dances with a serene unconsciousness of being in disfavor.

Under his cheerful exterior, however, Dick was far from cheerful. He found himself watching Kitty constantly and wondering why Will Burton's air of possession should so annoy him. He himself had one dance with Kitty. She flushed prettily when he asked her and he wished he had done so before. His next partner seemed rather boring, and as soon as he could make his escape left the room and went out for a smoke. Will Burton passed him on the veranda steps.

"Lucky beggar," reflected Dick pensively, "wonder why he looks so shaky. But then I suppose being engaged to Kitty is a rather uncertain affair at best."

He strolled on, smoking and thinking, wishing that he had not wasted Mary Andrews' whole summer, and his, wondering why Kitty's dark eyes were so wistful when they danced. "Any one might almost think that she didn't care for Will," he reflected, and was conscious that his spirits rose considerably at the thought. He stopped for a minute under a large oak tree to light a fresh cigarette. There was a rustic seat on the other side of the tree, she recalled. He started to seat himself and in the glare from his match found the seat already occupied by a very pathetic looking Kitty. She was sitting very straight, mopping her eyes with an already sopping pink handkerchief, and the only attention she paid to Dick's sudden appearance was to demand his handkerchief in a tone that reminded him of mud-pie days.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Dick softly. He threw away his cigarette and handed over his handkerchief in puzzled silence. The sight of Kitty in tears hurt him as it always had done, and he was conscious of a frantic desire to punch the head of whoever had caused her tears.



Instead, he sat still beside her until Kitty gave a final pat to her eyes and returned his handkerchief in a very moist condition. Then Dick sat up. He felt instinctively that her tears were in some way connected with Will, and in that case he had no right to interfere. Still, with that wet ball in his hand and Kitty sitting in un-Kitty-like quiet beside him, he had to say something.

"Kitty," he began, in a tone he tried to make brotherly, "is it anything I can help about?"

Kitty's dark head shook emphatic denial. Dick tried another tack. "How about calling Will?" he asked reluctantly. "I just passed him and—"

Kitty interrupted with cold dignity. "Dick, if you bring Will Burton here I'll—I'll scream. I never want to see his face again!"

Dick's heart bounded, then fell. A lover's tiff evidently. "Oh, come now, Kitty, you'll soon make up." He stopped suddenly. "Dog-gone it, I won't patch up his quarrels," he said half aloud. "I'm not such a Sidney Carton as all that." He stood over Kitty looking grimly down at her. "See here, Kits, I'd better go in. It isn't fair to him to say what I want to say, and I can't stay out here without saying it."

He looked so boyishly miserable that Kitty forgot her own trouble. She sprang up, a vivid little figure in her beruffled gown and flashing slippers, and caught Dick's arm in her hands. "Why, Dick, what could you say? I don't care what you say about Will! Stay and talk to me." All this with Kitty's own pout; then remembering—"Oh, but Miss Andrews! You should be dancing with her now." Kitty became proper again with her hands clasped behind her.

"Oh, the dickens—Miss Andrews!" cried the sorely tried Dick. "There's no more between Mary Andrews and me than—!" he paused, seeking vainly for a simile.

"Ah," said Kitty softly, "then why, may I ask, did you give her such a rush this summer?"

"You were engaged to Will," spoke Dick quickly. "That was all I cared about, and Mary and I only flirted."

"Ah!" said Kitty still more softly. Then she began to laugh, and laughed on and on until Dick shook her half-angrily. Then he found that her laughter was half tears and held her at arm's length, not trusting himself at closer range to her.

"Kitty," he said presently. "I don't see anything funny in my telling you that I love you. I didn't mean to say it, but you might at least not laugh at it."

Kitty stopped abruptly. "You'll think I'm all fire and water. I was laughing at the mess we've all been in. Oh, you've given me a miserable summer! I've most died, Dick."

Dick stared a moment. "I! Kits, you don't mean—?" He could not voice his thought and his face went white. Kitty nodded, suddenly demure, and a moment later Dick was holding her as he had held her in his dreams countless times. And after a while—a considerable while—

"What about Will?" he questioned.

"Oh, Dick," chuckled Kitty, "that was all a made-up affair. I was so wildly jealous of Miss Andrews that I told Will we'd have a 'summer flirtation.' And he was willing and it was a joke at first; then he got so serious, and finally he was awful tonight, when I said this ended it."

"I should think so," agreed Dick severely. "It was an awful thing to do, Kits, and you are never to have any love affair again, but the real one—with me."

"Kitty and Dick," said a voice at the other side of the tree. "I was sent out to round up the stragglers. That's 'Home, Sweet Home' they are playing. What are you all discussing anyway?"

"I'm engaging a housekeeper, Todd," said Dick's most joyful voice, followed by Dick's most joyful self and a sparkling, rosy Kitty.

"H-m-m," said Todd doubtfully, observing the light in Dick's gray eyes and the slightly ruffled state of Kitty's curls.

Then, being a discreet and kindly young chap, he fell behind and followed the beruffled pink dress and the white flannels at a safe distance.

—*Anna Penny*, '19.



## The First Santa Claus

**I**N olden days there lived a dreamer far up in the purple mountains wreathed in mist. He had left the valley below when but a boy of twelve because there was no room for dreams in the sordid, everyday world of the valley.

He had never heard of the Christ as we know him, but he had a faint recollection of his mother, who died when he was five, telling him of the Good Man beyond the skies, who would take care of him if her needed him. He had often asked his father, who was a sober, hard-working man, to tell him of the Good Man, but he knew no more than the boy. When his father was killed in a mine explosion six years after his mother's death, he took the few dollars his father had left him, and stealing away through the darkness of an early morning, set out for the mist-covered mountains in search of the Good Man beyond the skies who would take care of him now that his mother and father were dead.

When the sun broke forth in all the splendor of a June morning it found him far up the mountain side, climbing on and on. Towards noon his steps lagged and he sat down by a tinkling mountain stream to rest while he ate the few slices of bread he had brought with him. Then he trudged on, his heart filled with the hope of finding the Good Man. When the last rays of the sun died away and purple and gold lights filled the sky he came upon a little cabin under the shade of two tall mountain trees. He knocked timidly at the door, which was opened by a tall, lank woman, who, though strangely drawn to the frank, open face and blue eyes of the small stranger, greeted him in the gruff mountain style. In answer to his request for a place to sleep that night and a morsel to eat, she bade him fill a pail of water from the spring which she told him was a half a mile yonder in that clump

of trees. The boy, though weary and footsore, brought the water, and after answering a few questions—mountain people are not inquisitive—put by the woman and her husband, he gratefully ate the bowl of soup set before him and throwing himself down in one corner of the room was soon asleep.

Early the next morning he set out again leaving one of his few dollars on the table for the still sleeping mountain couple. He found refuge that night in another cabin farther up the mountain, but the following evening when the shadows fell he was far away from human life and very tired and hungry. But his heart was full of hope, for he was sure that on the morrow he would find the Good Man because he was very near now to the high peak which on certain days the clouds hid from the valley below. He felt that the Good Man must be there, so lying down under a sheltering rock he fell asleep.

In the early hours of morning a thunder storm broke, and a fierce wind swept over the mountain carrying rocks and branches of trees before it.

When the boy awoke he was drenched and shivering. He struggled to a sitting posture, but fell back quickly holding his side through which a stinging pain shot. After a few more vain efforts, for he was very weak from lack of food, and the pain grew worse every minute, he lost consciousness.

When he came to notice living things again he was in a neat little cabin, and a white-bearded old man was leaning over the pallet on which he was lying. Slowly opening his eyes he surprised a tender light in the old man's, which suddenly turned to a scowl as the boy asked,

"Are you the Good Man?"

He replied, "No, I am 'Hermit John.' I hate people and live here all alone, seeing no one except on my occasional visits to the store below for provisions."

"Well, do you know where the Good Man lives?" queried the boy. Now the old man knew of whom the boy was speaking, for during the long months

since he had found him under the big rock and brought him to his cabin had nursed him back to life, he had talked of nothing in his ravings but of finding the Good Man. So he answered, "Yes."

The boy's face lighted quickly. "Oh! then you'll help me to find Him," he said.

The man turned away his face, telling him he must sleep, but the boy would not close his eyes until the man had promised to tell him about the Good Man when he grew strong. From that time on the boy grew steadily better and learned to love the old man more each day. By degrees the old man told him the story of how he had been the richest man in the kingdom and had loved and married the fairest princess in the land; how he had grieved when she died, and had centered all of his strong love in his baby son; how he had worked and grown richer and richer so that this son might have everything heart could wish; and how twelve years after his mother's death the son had died also. There the old man's scowl grew darker, and he told how it was then that he began to hate everybody and everything. So, selling all his land and gathering his gold in three great bags he had found his way up there and had built the cabin.

"Yes, I even hate your Good Man," he added vehemently.

At the sound of that name the boy's face grew eager and he begged the old man to tell him how to find the Good Man now that he was strong again. So sitting outside the cabin door watching the changing lights of the evening sky, for it was now June again, the old man told him the beautiful story of the Christ Child, and the most wonderful story of the Christ Man, feeling in his own heart the old-time glow as he did so. At first the boy's face was sad when he knew that he could not find the Good Man in the way he had thought, but as the story proceeded and the man forgot his hate in the wonder of it the boy's heart was filled with a strange peace and joy, for he knew that

the Good Man would be with him always in his heart. At the close of the story the boy slipped his hands into the man's and whispered that he would be his son, and they could love and serve the Good Man together. The old man then told him how he had hated him at first because he was so much like his son, but now he loved him for the same reason, and though he could not promise to love the Good Man all at once he would try. So helping each other the two lived happily together, the old man growing more feeble each year and the young to sturdy manhood. The two saw very little of the outside world for the old man was not able to travel very far and the young man could not leave him alone. The years passed swiftly. One day the boy, now grown to a man of twenty-five, came into the cabin from the garden. The old man, who for many months had been confined to his bed, told him that his end was very near, and bidding him bring the bags of gold from the cellar under the cabin he blessed him, and it was but a few hours till he fell into his last sleep.

After a few weeks the young man locked his grief in his heart and with one of the bags of gold went down into the valley he had left so many years ago. It was winter and the earth was covered with a soft white mantle of snow and the Christ Child's birthday was very near. The people were quite as poor and hopeless as when he had lived there. A great longing to bring something of joy and beauty into their lives filled his heart. He went from house to house, receiving many rebuffs, but finding out nevertheless their greatest needs. Three days before the Christ Child's birthday he had some gift for every person in the valley. But then he thought of how long the valley was and how impossible it would be to get to every house in one night. Then flashed across his mind a picture of the swift, beautiful deer away up on the mountain. He had made friends with them when but a boy and they could easily draw a sled. Hastening back to his mountain home he constructed a long,

rough sled and coaxing to him the deer, who flocked to the cabin every winter for food, he hitched eight of the youngest and prettiest to the sled, and was drawn swiftly, to the valley where he piled his gifts into the sled, and was swiftly and silently carried from house to house, leaving his gifts. There was much joy and wonder in the valley the next morning, especially when there was found in each package the inscription, "For the sake of the Christ Child." Many men and women were made better that day.

The same thing happened each year till the time came for the boy to go to his Good Man. Then the people, who now lived in a changed valley and were now a new people gave each other gifts each year.

There may have been Santa Clauses in other lands before this one—I doubt it—but this was the first in that valley. And he is still with us every Christmas. If you do not believe this ask your baby sister or brother.

—*Edith Estep, '20.*

## The Shining Light

ONCE when all the world in silence lay,  
 And all the earth was sleeping,  
 And only shepherds on the hills  
 Their patient watch were keeping,  
 There came a loud triumphant song,  
 A chorus clear and high,  
 And a host of shining angels  
 Came out singing from the sky.

“Unto you is born a Savior,  
 . . . On earth peace, toward men good will.”  
 Vanished then the shining angels,  
 Darkness lay upon the hill.  
 Wondering, then, the dark-faced shepherds  
 Arose and took their way,  
 Where the patient Mary-mother  
 And their new-born ruler lay.

Hastening also toward that manger  
 Wise men by a Star were led.  
 Bearing richest gold they sought Him,  
 Found Him in His humble bed.  
 Bending meekly there before Him  
 Showered their off'rings at his feet,  
 Treasures from the East they'd carried,  
 Gold and myrrh and incense sweet.

And in that room the dark-eyed Mary,  
 In her heart, a wonder mild,  
 Saw the gifts, the adoration,  
 And the homage to her child.  
 Outside, a wondrous silence  
 Lay o'er every vale and hill,  
 For that night was born the Christ-Child  
 Where the shining Star stood still!

—Anna Penny, '19.



## Girl Number Four

WHEN the mail was given out to the girls at table forty-seven in a Southern college, and they discovered the letter, there was quite a commotion. Then after a few minutes, when the cry of "Let me open it" had subsided, the hostess read:

Camp Oglethorpe, Savannah, Ga.  
To the Girls at Table Forty-seven,  
Holly Springs Institute,  
Holly Springs, Mississippi.

Dear Girls—Doubtless you will be surprised to receive a letter of this kind, but if you could only imagine the loneliness and monotony of a soldier's life, you would not be surprised at anything we might do. Perhaps you do not realize that there is nothing so cheers a man as a letter. You would certainly see that this is a true statement if you could come into camp some day at mail call. Those who get mail come away with a smile that won't come off; those who do not get mail, are verily disappointed. May I ask it as a favor that you girls write to me? It will surely help to keep the disappointed look from my face.

Sincerely,

Y—, Box 251.

"Well, isn't that funny! I wonder how he knew we had our tables numbered here."

"You suppose he's married, Marjorie?"

"Let's be sports and each write him a nice, cheery letter."

"All right, and let's send them all the same day," said Marjorie.

"Oh, that's a grand idea! Let's do." So they left the table resolved to write to Mr. Y., Box 251, very soon. This was Thursday.

Saturday morning they came down to breakfast with their letters ready to mail, signed the numbers one to ten.

For some days they waited. On the following Saturday another great commotion occurred at table forty-seven as they received an answer. It began as before:

Dear Girls—Your letters received a few days ago. It is needless to tell you that I, for once in my life, left my mail box grinning from ear to ear. They were all fine and enjoyed very much. I only wish that I could reply with half the wit. In answer to your question as to how I knew your tables were numbered—several years ago I had a friend who attended your school and she sat at this table.” And so the letter continued. It was very interesting; so the girls answered it.

This correspondence continued for several weeks, that is, until the school closed for the summer vacation. Then each one keeping her number name gave him her number at home. As it was too great a task to write ten separate letters he drew lots and drew number four as the one to whom he would continue to write. He wrote to Miss “Number Four,” as he called her, who was Miss Marjorie Wood, a wide-awake, witty girl about twenty years of age. It was queer perhaps but as time went on these two became the best of pals. After they had corresponded for several months, he ventured to ask for her picture and she sent him one which he wore on the crystal of his wrist watch. It seemed to inspire him and help him endure his hardships. Marjorie, too, had Jack’s picture in the back of her watch, though she would not for the world have had anybody know it. She apparently never gave him a serious thought, but way down in her heart she did.

One day Marjorie received a letter from Jack that made her think more seriously than she had ever thought before in her life. It made her see the seriousness of the question that confronts every American



woman today, the question, What service am I rendering the world? In this letter of Jack's he told her how the men suffered, and that so many were needlessly dying on account of not having the proper nursing and care. This so touched Marjorie that she lay awake almost all night pondering over the part she was playing. The question, what am I doing to help our men and boys to bear these hardships? kept rising up and confronting her.

The next morning she arose bright and early, in fact, in time for breakfast, which was very unusual for her. She sat at the breakfast table with her father and mother and told them that she had thought and tried to see what she had done in her life to better the world, to help those who needed her. Then she paused and said, "I can see nothing, father, that I have done. So I have decided to enlist as a nurse." Then she went on giving them no chance to speak. She made them see so plainly the great and pressing need, and how our men and boys are sacrificing all, that her parents had to encourage her instead of thinking selfishly of themselves as most parents naturally would have done.

. . . . .

Marjorie's training was short because the need of anaesthetic nurses was so urgent and she was unusually apt. The day before she left for France she received a letter from Jack asking her to change her mind and not come, that the hardships were too great. Nothing could have discouraged her; she had heard the call and was determined to heed it.

Dr. Noel and his unit landed in France early in the spring and in less than three weeks they had gotten the hospital established and were ready for work.

One day late in the evening when it was Marjorie's time to go off duty she unexpectedly received orders to come to the operating room at once to help try to save the eye of a young soldier. The orders were imperative. Tired, but ever ready and willing to

meet the needs of the occasion, she tucked up her hair, put on her white uniform, and hurried to the operating room. When everything was ready she and Dr. Noel walked down the long line of cots to the one almost at the end of the ward. They put the man on the roller and rolled him into the operating room. As Marjorie stood over him administering the ether she happened to glance down at his folded arms and noticed a picture on the face of his watch. She looked more carefully. It was her own! She knew it was Jack! Never before had Marjorie so nearly lost control of herself. For a moment she was dazed and almost overcome, but she soon had control of herself enough to meet the situation.

After the operation was over she went immediately from the operating room to her own. She did not even stop for her usual conference with Dr. Noel. She hurried to her room and threw herself on her bed and sobbed hysterically for some time. The next morning when her breakfast was brought to her she asked, "Do you know how the soldier is that was operated on late last night?"

"Yes, miss, he is resting very easily."

Marjorie watched him faithfully and carefully, but for more than a week he knew no one. Three weeks elapsed before he was able to sit up. After he began to improve Marjorie still watched him closely but was very careful not to let him discover that it was she, because she feared the excitement might be too great for him.

Finally he was given dark glasses and Dr. Noel suggested to Marjorie that in her spare moments she could roll Jack out in the sunshine. That day after dinner she sent a messenger to him asking him if he would enjoy having some one read to him out in the sunshine. As he was delighted with the idea she took him out herself. As she sat there by him reading aloud she caught him looking up in her face as though pondering. With a quizzical smile she laid down her book and told him the story of the

girls at table forty-seven, their excitement when the letter came from a soldier at Camp Oglethorpe, how they all had answered it and how he had continued writing to her, "Girl Number Four." Girl Number Four! then it was that he knew he was right. Jack sat up straight, moved his chair closer and said, "Marjorie! Miss Number Four! is it possible! Can I be mistaken!" Then she went hastily on, not stopping even to listen, and told how she came to France. He interrupted her again, "Miss Number Four, you have done the greatest piece of service to me, you have saved my life." He rolled his chair next to hers and whispered, "Marjorie, you were all in this world I wanted to live for. I wanted to live to go back to America and find Miss Number Four, but now that I've found you—or, is it that you've found me—can't we go back together?"

—*Myrtle E. Reveley, '19.*

## A Day in Cottonland

TO MIRIAM, who had been used to great white fields of snow and ice, the almost equally white fields of cotton proved an interesting curiosity when she made her first visit to my home in southern North Carolina. She had not been there many hours before I found myself in a big sun-hat preparatory to taking her for a stroll over the "cotton patches," as they are called in the South. There I was kept busy explaining the growth of the plants—how the weedy plants with a great many leaves do not yield nearly so much cotton as the short branchy ones with fewer leaves, how the partly open creamy white blossoms change to full-blown red ones, how the so-called "squares" grow into the bolls which in turn burst wide open to display great balls of fluffy whiteness with black seed hidden about in them.

In these cotton fields we found the pickers creeping along on their knees between the rows, while they plucked the cotton from the burrs and slipped it into the sacks at their sides. Some of the older darkies had secured the aid of little picaninnies, but the younger ones had disdained all help and were racing each other across the field. But of all the pickers, both young and old, "Uncle Neill" was indisputably the most expert. Perhaps this was due purely to practice, for he was the last of my grandfather's slaves and had been reared in the cotton patch. In response to Miriam's questions about those old times he obligingly placed his sack of cotton for us to sit on, filled and lighted his corn-cob pipe, and proceeded to delight us with those old tales he loved so well to tell.

As Uncle Neill resumed his work, Miriam stood gazing over the field. "Oh, what are those little tent-like things for?" she asked, pointing toward the

middle of the field. But before I could answer she was on her way to see for herself. Imagine her surprise when she found that "those tent-like things" were no more than cotton sheets held up at each corner by a stick, and that underneath in boxes and baskets were tiny darkey babies—some fast asleep, and some screaming at the tops of their voices! Nearby were other little darkies scarcely bigger than the babies themselves, playing in the dirt, but whose duties were to "mind the babies."

Just at this time the overseer rode up, weighed the bulging sheets and ordered them to be piled on the wagon. Miriam and I decided we would take a ride on that towering load. We rode all the way to the cotton gin, which was a half-mile away over on one corner of the farm. There we watched as the wagon was drawn up under the suction pipe, the sheets untied, and the cotton sucked up and out of sight. We ran upstairs, and there Miriam was amazed to see how swiftly and accurately the gins combed the seeds from the fiber and dropped them into a trough leading to the seed house, fanned out the dirt and trash and blew it through the waste pipe, and pushed a thick blanket of ten times more fluffiness and whiteness toward the pack, which was already lined with bagging. She had another surprise when the great steam press rushed down into the overflowing pack and pressed the great mass there into a very small space. Then the pack was raised slightly above the floor, the ties slipped through the slits outside the bagging and clamped together, the sides of the pack removed, and the finished bale, which was swelling and swelling until it seemed as if the ties could not hold in its bulging sides, was rolled out. This was immediately marked and tumbled down the long slide to the ground.

Here we found men busily searching out their particular bales. These they were reloading. As Miriam wanted to know what was to be done with them, we

took another ride. This time we went straight to the cotton platform beside the railroad where the bales were weighed and got ready for shipment. Next came the cotton buyers, grading the cotton and each striving to overbid the other and yet keep within his limit.

After the bales of cotton that we had followed from the fields had been sold, we turned homeward, though Miriam made me promise to take her very soon to the cotton mills just twelve miles distant where the cotton bales were made into hundreds and hundreds of great white spools of thread.

—*R. Maude Townsend, '19.*



## War Ballads

**I**N connection with the study of ballads one of the second professional classes has recently produced some original work. The themes were inspired by incidents of bravery on the part of the American soldiers in the Great War. We print a few:

### WHEN THE 77TH WENT OVER THE TOP

“Over the top and advance!” they said,  
 “Advance as far as you can.”  
 The 77th heard the orders read,  
 And cheered them, to a man.

Into “No Man’s Land” they rushed,  
 Into the smoke and flame,  
 And every Hun before them fell  
 When out of the cloud they came.

They did not look to the right or left;  
 They did not look behind;  
 “Advance, as far as you can!” they cried,  
 And did not stop at the line.

And when night fell on the gallant band  
 They were far ahead of the rest;  
 Only a few were left alive  
 But each had done his best.

Taking their stand in a shell torn hole,  
 Hidden from friend, surrounded by foe,  
 “We will return—or we’ll die,” they said,  
 “But surrender we do not know.”

Three days they fought in the scorching sun;  
 Three days they fought and bled,  
 With signals out to show their plight  
 To the air-ships overhead.

All food was gone and water was low  
And still no relief had come!  
Some of them thought of life after death,  
But most of them thought of home.

And when the airmen saw them  
And to the rescue flew  
Alas! how many were still and dead!  
The number saved—how few!

America's heroes they are today,  
And we love them, every man.  
They will always answer Liberty's call  
And advance as far as they can.

—*Elvira Jones*, '19.

### SOLDIER SCOTLY

Only a lad of fifteen,  
The youngest in all the ranks,  
But he sailed away one bright May day  
To France with the rest of the Yanks.

Down in the training station,  
Then in the first line trench,  
While the whizz-bangs roared and the  
sky grew red  
As the Huns advanced on the French.

Scotly waited, until the time  
When the order should be "Advance,"  
When the sons of freedom and liberty  
Might strike for valourous France.

Then over the top and across the way,  
For the Huns were gaining ground,  
And Scotly was placed with his trusty gun  
To clear a path all around.



"That path is your target," the Colonel said,  
"Let it not be crossed by a Hun."  
Then out from the shadows a gray figure crept,  
And Scotly fired his gun.

Again and again the gray figures crept  
And as often he brought them down,  
Until there were thirty less Huns to fight,  
For their bodies lay there on the ground.

Again he aimed his trusty gun,  
But what is this cry he hears?  
"We are Americans," they shout, "Don't  
shoot!"  
Their loud cry rang in his ears.

Just for the space that a breath is held  
Scotly thrust his head up to see,  
And a sniper's bullet pierced his head  
From his perch in a nearby tree.

Scotly fired once more on the treacherous foe,  
On the lying, sneaking Hun,  
Then yielded his place to a comrade  
And fell forward dead on his gun.

—*Nellie Layne*, '19.

—*Imogen Wright*, '19.

## The Reflection of "Dere Mable" at S. N. S.

### LETTER I

Dere Bobbie—Having nothin' better to do, I take up my pen to rite.

I have been here three months now. As far as I'm concerned I'll be ready to go home Thanksgiving. I told Dr. Jarman so too. He said yes, but I'd have to wait for the slow ones who had the flu because we is all going home at the same time. And I'm waitin'—accommodating, that's me all over, Bobbie. It's kind of boring to be hangin' around here when I might be out at Hampden-Sidney dancing with you.

Just the other night I was walkin' along and thinkin' of you and my wisdom tooth which was hurtin'. It made me awful lonesome, but I didn't cry like my friend Charlotte did when Britian said kamerade. But you won't understand that, Bobbie, 'cause its technickle.

I got your school magazine and I can't see what spite you have agi'n me but I send my love just the same.

Yours until you hear otherwise,

*Marie.*

### LETTER II

Bobbie Dere—I haven't rote for sometime 'cause I had such a sore wisdom tooth. When the war ended I thought we'd have food wasn't so hard to chew. That was just a roomor. This roomor isn't the kind your ma used to take. You know I do love to eat—Still the same old Marie, eh? Bobbie!

I've been thinkin' of you a lot durin' the last weak, Bobbie, having nothing else to do. I have been in the Infirmary with Inflew-Inza. I guess I got it from Alice; she comes from there. They say it isn't contagious but it's just darn catchy; but that's a college exp-preshun; you can't understand it.

You keep menshuning a girl named Fritney in your letters. I ain't got a spark of jealousy in my nature. Don't think for a minit I care. I just menshun it 'cause I can't think of nothin' else to say.

Yours till the chimney swallows,  
*Marie.*

### LETTER III

Dere Bobbie—I haven't wrote since Thanksgivin' because I have been put on the Student Government—a proctor. I guess that's a little over your head though, Bobbie. I try<sub>u</sub> to be as simple as I can. If I am not, speak up and 'spress yourself.

I'm glad you taken up dancin' leassons ag'in. You ought to spechulize in 'em. I'm having the same old trouble with my feet. They've never been right since I taught you to jazz. If that girl "Fritney" keeps bothering you, just dance with her once. That ain't asking a great deal! Independent! That's me all over, Bobbie.

I can't think of nothing else you'd understand. Everything is so technickle in school life.

Yours till after Christmas,  
*Marie.*

### LETTER IV

Most dere Bobbie—I was about to say I'm wishin' you a happy new year but 'tain't no use 'cause I know how lonesome it'll be with me away.

I almost forgot to thank you for your Christmas present. I got so many nice presents from other boys that it's kinder hard to remember what you cent.

Thanks for the stale candy, Bobbie. I couldn't eat it, but don't want you to feel bad about that because I got so many other nice boxes.

I guess you like the red tie I sent you. You ought to at the price, but I couldn't get nothing cheaper. Ain't that typical of me, Bobbie?

We have been havin' lots of parties here lately. The girls are awful fond of me down here. I go to

all I get asked to. Democratic—that's me all over, Bobbie.

Give my love to your captain, bein' as you is so intimate with him. You might show the letter I'm enclosing to your captain too, so as you'll have something to be proud of.

Yours exclusively,

*Marie.*

#### LETTER V

Dere Bobbie—This is the last time me and my pen will ever rite you. From now on the only way you'll heer of me is in *The Focus*. If you don't perscribe to that you better get one.

I knew it would come sooner or later and by that I mean nothin' less than our burst up. Your Lieutenant wrote me today that you do nothing but rave about your Fritney. After that, Bobbie, there's nothin' for me to say. So I repetition, it is all over bemongst us.

There ain't no use in you calling up Mrs. Harris no more for dates with me 'cause me and you will never go to church on another Sunday night together.

I'm sending back the withered carnations I pressed in the candy box and also your letters. They ain't no use to me any more.

I guess this is an awful blow to you, but you ain't got nobody to blame but yourself, but I know some men that will be mighty glad we bust. It's no use in you trying to change my derision. Heartless, that's me all over, Bobbie.

As ever, yours no longer, *Marie.*

This night letter was received by Bobbie the next day:

Mr. Bobbie Gump,  
Hampden-Sidney College,  
Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

Dere Bobbie—How was I to know "Fritney" meant your fraternity. Send me back all your letters and

rite me some more if you want to. I'll still be here Sunday night.

Forgiving, that's me all over, Bobbie.

*Marie.*

—*Marie Wyatt, '19.*

—*Mary Hoge, '19.*

### Wanderings

**I** WONDER why each breeze I meet  
 Is laden with some mem'ry sweet;  
 I wonder why each path I tread  
 Revives some fancy long since dead;  
 I wonder why, in endless trend,  
 Sweet hours of bliss again I spend;  
 I wonder why, I wonder why,  
 When there *is* no wonder why.

They are your breezes that I meet,  
 These paths were trodden by your feet;  
 The hours, tho' spent and still complete,  
 Must soon again themselves repeat.  
 This the wonder I wonder, then,  
 I wonder, oh, I wonder—*When?*

—*A. O. M., '19.*

## A Christmas Message for 1918

THE Christmas of 1918 will be a sadder, a happier, and a fuller Christmas than the American girl has ever known before. Sadder because of the places left vacant by those splendid loved ones who have so nobly and willingly laid down their lives upon the altar of loyalty and of duty. Happier because the glorious day has dawned when the greater number of our boys shall come home. Fuller because of the great triumph of freedom and democracy, and also because of the unprecedented opportunities which are now open to each of us.

The war has brought us many splendid results. It has broadened our viewpoints and extended our interests. It has brought us the realization of the fact that a man's a man in spite of differences of wealth and social position. It has established a new relationship between the factory girl and her more fortunate sisters since all true American women have been engaged in forwarding a great common cause. Furthermore, it has brought the whole world into a closer relationship and has made it possible for us to extend a more active helping hand to our allied sisters across the sea. Womanhood has at last had the opportunity of being weighed in the balance, and has *not* been found wanting. Today the women of the world have greater opportunities of development and usefulness than ever before.

These added opportunities bring new responsibilities. Therefore it is woman's trust to develop to the utmost the best that is in her that she may be fitted for a broader field of service and for usefulness in still more varied activities. We have learned the sorrows and the deeper joys of sacrifice. Because it has not been our privilege to do for our country and for the world what our brothers and sweethearts

have done, we must not neglect to do that which we can do. The manhood of America has saved freedom and democracy for the world. Only through the co-operation of the womanhood of the nation can their victory be maintained. They who sleep in Flanders' fields have kindled the fires of patriotic loyalty and service. Having fought and died for the great principles of justice and right, they have thrown the flaming torch to us. It is ours to keep it burning by forwarding the brotherhood of man and by extending through all the earth our deepened conception of the Fatherhood of God.

This year the Christmas carol of "Peace on earth, good will toward men," will ring out with a deeper and clearer meaning than ever before. Shall we not keep the song of the Prince of Peace ringing in the hearts of all mankind throughout all the ages which are to come?

—'20.



O Moon! O Pine!

O MOON, thou art going to waste!  
 Thou, pale and wan,  
 Sailest alone there in the gray twilight  
 Of the starless night,  
 And methinks I see  
 Blurred traces of tears  
 On thy broad face,  
 As I look upon thee  
 High up in the heavens,  
 Alone.

And thou, lone Pine,  
 Towering high above  
 All other trees  
 On the great hilltop,  
 Thou reachest out thy gaunt arms,  
 And listening, I hear thee  
 Groan.

And I—?  
 Like thee, O Moon,  
 I, too, am wasting.  
 I sit alone on the broad steps,  
 While above and about me  
 Sound the ceaseless chatter  
 Of many voices.  
 The lights glow brilliantly  
 Along the city streets,  
 And people come and go;  
 Cars pass incessantly  
 With blaring honks,  
 And everywhere  
 Is noise and confusion.  
 Yet I sit alone in a great Silence.  
 And the soul within me is weary  
 Of being alone.



O Moon, O Pine!  
Like thee in my loneliness  
I fling out my arms and  
Groan.

Yet, O Moon, in the starless night,  
And yet, O Pine, on the towering height,  
Though thy broad face be blurred with tears,  
And though thy great arms be gaunt from years.  
*Thou* fillest *thy* place,  
Alone.

—A. O. M., '19.

## Nancy's First Date

"HELLO, HELLO! What in the world is wrong with this phone?" and Louise Clark hung up the receiver with a bang. "I could not understand half Aunt Lydia said this morning when she called, and here it has been ringing every five minutes since and no one ever answers."

"You needn't bother yourself, Miss Louisa, I'll answer it the rest of the day." This was from Nancy, the younger Miss Clark, and she said it as she came into the room and dropped into the nearest big arm-chair, just as if there was nothing in the world to be done at eight o'clock in the morning, so Louise remarked.

"Well, I don't think anyone ought to work much on a holiday—O, Louise, surely you are not going to house-clean when you've got a holiday?"

Visions of other days came to Nancy. When Louise had a day off (for the reason that the Hodnett Chism Department Store needed no cashier when the store was closed) she generally took advantage of the opportunity and cleaned house. That was not Nancy's idea of spending a holiday at all; so she was pleased, but rather surprised, when Louise answered that she was going to do absolutely nothing all day.

Louise and Nancy Clark lived alone, their parents being dead. Nancy was fifteen and Louise was—well her age doesn't matter; she was the cashier in the biggest department store in town, and she was perfectly capable of running her home and taking care of Nancy.

After finding out that Louise was not going to start what she called a general cleaning up, Nancy very reluctantly left her big chair to do the things that Louise thought ought to be done at eight o'clock in the morning. She first went into the kitchen to wash

the dishes and to dream. Nancy never washed dishes without building aircastles. This morning her dreams were about the same things they were about every morning—the last things Roy had said. Roy had said something very important, so it seemed to Nancy, for she believed that he was going to ask to take her to the concert. They had been talking about the concert and Roy had asked Nancy if she were going, and if she liked music, and a few other things. The night for the concert was almost at hand and he had not asked, but Nancy had not given up hope. "Of course he is going to ask me; he will call me on the telephone this morning, I guess. Oh, wouldn't it be grand to have the boys always calling you over the phone to make dates!" Such were Nancy's thoughts as she washed dishes. She was suddenly aroused from them by two calls, one from Louise and one from the telephone. Louise just wanted to let her know that the telephone was ringing. The caller at the telephone just wanted to ask her to go to the concert.

That night at eight o'clock, Nancy in her prettiest white dress tip-toed out into the hall. She was wondering what Louise would say. As she passed the parlor door she heard voices.

"Well, Louise! I called you this morning and you said you would go."

"You didn't call *me*. Was it early this morning? I guess Nancy answered."

Outside in the hall Nancy recognized the voices of Louise, and Joyce Brown, Louise's chum. She dropped into the nearest chair. The truth about her first date was dawning on her.

—*Esther Meador, '19.*

## How Ted went Home to Spend Christmas

**P**RIVATE Ted Gay, sitting at a long table in a Y. M. C. A. hut, was trying to write a cheerful Christmas letter to the folks back home. But for some reason it was proving a hard task. Every time he began to write, pictures of home would come thronging one after another through his mind. He could almost believe he was back home in the little Virginia town where he had spent so many happy years before the whole world was plunged into war.

Ted knew just how they all looked on this Christmas Eve. Mother would be sitting by the big reading lamp finishing up some belated Christmas gifts. Bobby, on the rug in front of the big open fire, would be popping corn. Dad would be in his big arm-chair, his eyes closed and a smile on his face, with Gladys on a sofa cushion at his feet, humming a little tune and looking dreamily into the fire. No one would be talking but all deep in thought, thinking of that dear one so far away in France.

Here his thoughts were interrupted by a slap on his shoulder and a cheery voice which called out, "No use to look that way about it, old chap, we're all in the same boat I guess. Looking like you were on the 'mourner's bench' won't whip Kaiser Bill or get us home any the sooner either."

"No," said Ted; "but just the same you can't help wondering about the folks back in the States and wishing you were there."

"That's true too, but take my advice and just comfort yourself a bit with the thought that if all goes well we'll spend next Christmas at home." Placing a hand on Ted's shoulder he went on in a husky voice, "I have a little wife back home and a kid I've never seen, and sometimes I feel like I've got to get away and go back to them. But I won't give up. I

shan't go back till Old Glory is waving over Berlin. And—please God—it shan't be long."

Before Ted could speak the brave little soldier had passed on and was leaving the hut.

"Ye gods! Think of having a wife at home and a kid you've never seen." Slipping his pen in his pocket, Ted left the room. He was going to find the soldier and hear more about his little home in the west.

Just as he closed the door there was a loud explosion and the ground in front of the Y. M. C. A. hut was torn to pieces by a bomb dropped by a German aeroplane.

Ted went down with a groan. The doctors and nurses rushed to the injured men lying about on the ground.

Just when everything was growing dark, Ted felt a hand placed on his head and opening his eyes he saw the eyes of the little soldier looking down at him. Summoning all his strength Ted whispered, "Well, I guess—it's about—all over—for me. But—thank God—it was me—and not you."

It *was* over for Ted. He had gone to spend Christmas—at home. —*Henrietta Penny, '20.*

### The Tempest

**O**UTSIDE my window  
The wind is blowing a gale,  
Lashing the trees,  
And the rain falls in torrents,  
Stinging, relentless, incessant,  
Beating the tender plants  
Into the earth.

Rage on, O storm,  
But thou canst not rage  
As rageth the storm within my breast!  
Fall, fall, O rain,  
But never canst thou fall  
Fast as the tears upon my hands  
Are falling.

—M.



## The Message of the Service Star

THE snow was falling fast, making soft, white coverings to men's hats and overcoats, as their owners hurried along the slippery streets on this Christmas Eve night. From the windows of large business houses brilliant lights gleamed, telling of warmth and comfort within, and gay Christmas decorations nodded a holiday greeting to the shivering passer-by.

Two fur-clad figures made their way from out of the rapidly thinning crowds to a waiting limousine at the curb.

"A beastly night!" muttered one, as he drew his felt hat more closely over his face. "Looks as if we are going to have a worse winter than we had last year."

"Yes," replied the other, "we are getting a good start at any rate."

The car sped on, leaving the business section of the city and its cares quickly behind, while the two men sat huddled among the cushions of the roomy automobile, each thinking of his boy in France and wondering just where he was on this blustery, snowy, stormy Christmas Eve night.

As the car approached their homes, a red star from a window shone clear and bright against its pure white background. Across the street, another star gleamed, as in answer to a silent challenge.

The friends parted that night with a hearty hand-clasp.

"Merry Christmas, old man. Maybe we'll hear from our boys tomorrow," said one.

"Thank, you, Ed, and merry Christmas to you. God grant that our boys are alive and comfortable this night," said the other, as he turned to mount the steps of his home.

The two men, Charles Morton and Edward Hyde, had been inseparable college chums. After their graduation, they had unwillingly departed to their respective homes, each to be initiated into the business which his parents had planned for him. Years passed, and each had established a home of his own, and had become the efficient and sole proprietor of his inheritance. Then finally they combined their fortunes in a vast partnership, and their lives again ran smoothly together.

When America declared war on Germany a son from each home had volunteered for service abroad. Letters had come at infrequent intervals, and until nearly two months previous both boys were alive. Each day letters were expected and each day no news of them had been received. Then the white dove of peace descended upon the earth, making hearts glad everywhere, and still there had been no news, and still their names had not been found on the casualty lists. On this particular Christmas Eve night, two mothers lay awake a little longer and two fathers sat thinking a little more deeply as the hours crept on towards midnight. When the brave and glorious laddies came home would their boys be among them? Oh, time would tell!

The night wore on. The snow storm ceased and the golden stars came forth to shine upon a pure white world. Two service stars solemnly gazed across the street at each other. Here and there, on down the street, other service stars peeped from the windows. If we could have heard their silent proclamations, it would have been thus:

“By virtue of our significance and our color, we are chosen to represent the flower of young American manhood. We, the symbols, stay at home to proclaim to the champions of justice, humanity and democracy, that their cause is being defended by worthy representatives in a foreign land, who march bravely into the jaws of death, that their brothers may be made free, and if from their journey they never re-

turn we gleam forth as golden stars, symbolizing to a sorrowing world that the souls of those who laid down their lives for their friends live forever in a land where there is no strife. We, the symbols, stay at home to point out to the indifferent few their duty, and to frown in scorn upon those who refuse to be shown the way. When the cause of right is won, and we shall no longer be needed to represent absent heroes, we know that our part shall not be forgotten. We know that we shall live in reality until time changes us to shreds, and that our history will be repeated from generation to generation, down through the ages. Long live Freedom and Democracy."

. . . . .

Did the silent sentinels note the passing of Kris Kringle? If they did, they held their peace, and we are none the wiser! I wonder, too, if they knew that before another night should pass, two letters would have caused prayers of praise and thanksgiving to be offered up from two particular homes. And when the majestic sun rose in all its dazzling splendor upon a world free from war and tyranny, it seemed to radiate peace and happiness to all, and to proclaim anew the glorious message—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

—*Annie Dudley Payne.*

## A Response

to Dr. Jarman's Address upon the Inauguration of the  
Pi Kappa Omega Society

**W**E, who have been chosen as charter members of the Pi Kappa Omega Society, feel very much afraid. Each of us is afraid that even now she fails to measure up to the high standard which has been set for membership and that her failure may tend to lower and degrade the standards and ideals of the society.

Yet we know that it is not for us to question why we were chosen nor how we were chosen, but simply to say that since we have been chosen we are very grateful for the opportunities it gives us of growing toward these ideals.

We believe absolutely in the standards of leadership, of scholarship and of service which have been set for us. We believe that they are the standards and ideals which should dominate and motivate the life of every professional student, giving purpose and force and power to every act and moment in her life, changing it from a mere hodge-podge of conflicting motives and antagonistic aims to something very pleasing and useful because of its unity and consistency of purpose. We believe in leadership and scholarship not as ends in themselves but merely as means toward the attainment of that other thing which we believe to be the greatest thing in all the world—service to others.

And so we promise you that we shall not lower the ideals of the society to the level of our own present achievement but that we will keep it very much higher, even upon that high plane where Dr. Jarman and the faculty have placed it. We know we cannot exceed our ideal, for "A man's reach must exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for?" We also believe that the

possibility of achievement is in almost direct proportion to the distance the ideal is above the present standing. Therefore let us ever seek to keep this distance very great.

To those of you who are to be the future members of the Pi Kappa Omega Society we would say this. Do not watch us. We do not expect to be examples; we cannot hope to set the pace. Yet we do hope and shall try very hard to set the goal. We shall try to place it not just a little way ahead where we feel reasonably sure we can reach, but we shall try to place it even at the very limit of the possibility of achievement, knowing that the possibilities and powers inherent in human nature are of themselves almost limitless, though we sometimes limit and hamper their development by our own carelessness and indifference and lack of vision.

Concerning the future of the Pi Kappa Omega Society we are very hopeful. We believe there are great things in store for us as members. We hope it is going to mean great things in the life of the school, not because we ourselves expect to do very great things, not because we think we are capable of doing anything alone, but because we know we have the Faculty back of us, because we have very high aims and ideals set for us, and more than anything else, because you are coming in to help us attain them.

If, in the future, we can feel that we have not limited the work of those who followed us by making a plan that was too little and mean to accomplish very much, if we can feel that the foundations which we have laid were big enough and strong enough to support the structure which we wanted them to build, if we can know that we have helped in the selection of girls of great purpose and vision to take up the work, then we shall feel abundantly satisfied. Then shall we know that there is no danger that the name of the Pi Kappa Omega Society will be degraded and its honor depreciated. Then we shall always be proud to say that we were its charter members.

Determining to make this true, it is then with great gratitude and gladness that we take upon ourselves the duties and obligations of membership and enter upon the privileges and opportunities that lie out ahead of us.

—*Edna E. Putney, '19.*



# THE FOCUS

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## Editorial

### PI KAPPA OMEGA

A step in the right direction is the founding of Pi Kappa Omega Society as a medium for the official recognition of unusual ability, marked talent, and real service on the part of professional students and alumnae of the school.

The need for such an organization has long been felt and has been under the consideration of the Faculty for more than a year. We are proud to have Farmville the pioneer in a movement which has been discussed and considered by the National Council of Normal School Presidents for some time past.

Membership in Pi Kappa Omega is an honor of which any student or alumna may be justly proud, standing, as it does, for the *best*; for scholarship, for leadership, for all those qualities which go to the making of well rounded character.

With an Advisory Committee of six associate members (from the Faculty) the Society begins its career with seven charter members—two from the graduating class of the Degree Course, one from the third year class of the same course, four from the graduating class of the Diploma Courses—and one alumna member.

Every one connected with or interested in the institution will watch with justifiable pride the growth and progress of this honor organization—the first of its kind among Normal Schools for Women.



## A Hint to the Wise

WHY WE ARE AT WAR: *Woodrow Wilson.*

It is needless to say that although we are no longer at war we are all interested in knowing just why we *were*. Certainly if anyone is an authority on the subject it should be our President. In addition to the question of the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany he takes up the question of a World League of Peace. Here we also find his message to Congress on April 2, 1917, in which he says we must accept war. In this message he speaks of our motives and objects. Last, but not least, is his wonderful message to the American people in which he calls on all to "speak, act, and serve together." These are but a few of the things taken up in this small book. It is well worth anyone's reading.

WHEN A MAN COMES TO HIMSELF: *Woodrow Wilson.*

In this book our President tells in a charming way of the changes that take place in a man when he realizes that he is really a man and that he must face the battles of the world, how he turns his back on childish things and takes up the burden of life. He says, "A man has come to himself when he has found the best in him; it is only then that he knows what his heart demands."

—*Henrietta Penny, '20.*

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA: *Henry Van Dyke.*

Dr. Van Dyke has given the world perhaps its best interpretation of the real spirit of the American people. In his book "The Spirit of America," delivered first to the French public, he describes the conditions and forces which, bringing the people together as a nation, gave rise to the American Spirit, making

of it a vital, directing force. A republic was the natural expression of the Soul or the Spirit of a nation made up of peoples from nearly all of the countries of the world. Therefore, Dr. Van Dyke tells us, it was the soul, or in other words, the spirit of America which, standing for justice and liberty, animated those first great Americans who became the leaders of the American Revolution, and later the founders of the great Republic.

In this book, "The Spirit of America," Henry Van Dyke has made a contribution to that American literature of which he spoke, that which will stand the test of the ages. A great book before the World War, it is greater now, for its living truth has been exemplified in the spirit which has animated America in this great age no less than in ages past. Deservedly popular before the war, this book will probably in the near future come into still greater favor; for in his interpretation of the spirit of America to France, Dr. Van Dyke has interpreted it also to those of his own people whose vision is not so embracive or so comprehensive as his own.

—Ava Marshall, '19.

Oftentimes one wants a good book to read and does not know just exactly what to get. If there is any good book in our library which you have read and enjoyed we want you to tell the rest of us about it through this department of *The Focus*—any sort of book, serious or otherwise.—*Editor*.

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

John Garland Pollard, recently engaged in Y. M. C. A. work abroad, spoke to the student body on November 6 at the morning devotional exercises. He gave us a few of his experiences among our boys and urged our co-operation in the work the United War Work Campaign is carrying on.

Mrs. Kate Langley Boshier, the well known author, spoke on the part women will play in the period of reconstruction after the war.

On Sunday evening, November 10, Honorable Jack Lee, the prominent criminal lawyer, spoke to a large audience in behalf of the United War Work Campaign.

On November 27, a patriotic concert was given by the Glee Club which was greatly enjoyed. The entertainment displayed great talent and reflected great credit upon the director. One hundred dollars was raised, which was given to the war fund.

In the recent United War Work Campaign, S. N. S. went over the top with colors flying.

The goal set for students and faculty was \$3,000; at the close of the campaign the pledges amounted to \$4,000.

There were three teams—the Red, the White, and the Blue, respectively—for soliciting subscriptions and for raising funds through individual and united effort. Each of the three teams gave a very enjoyable entertainment for the benefit of the campaign. The individual work of members of the teams also contributed materially toward the achieving of the goal.

On Friday evening, Nov. 15, Miss Bennett, a returned missionary of the Methodist Board and a teacher at the Methodist Bible Training School of Kobe, spoke on Japan.

On the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 25, Dr. S. W. Zwemer, who is editor of the *Moslem World*, addressed the school on the Mohammedan problem. Dr. Zwemer is a missionary author, and conceded to be the greatest living authority on Mohammedanism. All classes were adjourned in order that no one might miss this appeal in behalf of Christian missions in Mohammedan countries. A large number of the citizens of Farmville were present also.

After his instructive and very interesting address, Dr. Zwemer held conferences with students who were contemplating missionary work.

On Thanksgiving morning the members of the Visitation Committee of the Y. W. C. A. carried baskets of food to many needy families among the colored people of the community. This is an established custom of the Visitation Committee, and it brings as much pleasure to the girls as to the recipients of their kindness.

A Thanksgiving union service under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the auditorium on Thursday evening, November 28. Rev. Mr. Winne, of Petersburg, a former pastor of the Farmville Methodist Church, delivered an appropriate and very enjoyable sermon.

The third annual Japanese Bazaar, given by the Y. W. C. A. on Friday evening, November 29, was a great success. The drawing room, lit by Japanese lanterns, was artistically decorated with Japanese flower garlands, and very attractive novelties and pictures were sold at booths. The proceeds of these

bazaars go towards the work of the Service department of the Y. W. C. A., which includes the Visitation Committee and the rural, camp, and negro extension work.

The life of the Pi Kappa Omega Society began with its inaugural meeting in the Normal School Auditorium last Saturday night. The members of the four professional classes were invited to be present. Dr. Jarman told those assembled of the origin and purpose of the society. It stands for scholarship, leadership, and service in the school and in the state. Dr. Jarman spoke to the charter members of the responsibility which attended the honor of being members of the society. Edna Putney responded for the members of the society, accepting the responsibility and pledging the society to uphold the ideals set forth.

The constitution was read by Miss Mix and signed by the charter members, who are Edna Putney, Catherine Stallard, Mildred Stokes, Maud Townsend, Catherine Riddle, Ruth Gregory, and Ethel Gildersleeve. The constitution provides for six associate faculty members, whose names were announced. They are Dr. Tidyman, Mr. Lear, Miss Winston, Miss Mix, Miss Ashton, and Miss Randolph. The first alumnae member is Miss Jennie Tabb. Clare Jones sang the school song written by Miss Tabb.

The Faculty, the presidents of the literary and debating societies, and the members of the Pi Kappa Omega Society then adjourned to the parlor, where an informal reception was held.

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

In the Training School a third grade pupil was reading and he came to the word *powder*, which he was unable to pronounce. The teacher, offering a suggestion, said, "Charlie, what do girls put on their faces?"

"Paint," answered Charlie.

Old Girl—What ribbon society did she join?

New Girl—Oh, she didn't join a ribbon society, or an authority, either.

Miss Randolph—Will you tell us, Miss White, what finally became of Alexander the Great?

Miss White—He married the daughter of King Darius.

Mr. Grainger (in Third Professional English Class)—"Bring the manuscripts, books, and papers." Miss Robinson, is that sentence stated correctly?

Miss Robinson—Bring the manuscripts, the books, and the papers.

Mr. Grainger—Y-e-e-s. The entire sentence hangs on the pronoun "the."

Mary—Why did the recruiting officer turn Charles down?

Helen—On account of his eyes.

Mary—Why, I think he has beautiful eyes, don't you?

1st Girl—Are you going to order all of these things?

2nd Girl—Yes, I'm going to order them on prohibition.

Notice seen on Bulletin Board—Claire Jones will "dye" for anybody.



Upon seeing Miss Ashton and Hennie Stevens walking down the hall together, Winnie Blair exclaimed, "Oh, Hennie, is that your mother!"

Nancy—Oh! I've got such a pain in my side.

Edith—Appendicitis! Someone get the *aesthetics* quick and let's operate.

New Girl (upon hearing the honor roll read in chapel)—Was Miss Wilkinson the only member of the Faculty on the honor roll?

First Professional—Don't you think Mr. Bertnall looks more like a preacher than he does a teacher?

Second Professional—Well he did go to the Theological Cemetery.

Miss Ashton—Name one way in which lakes are formed.

Star Pupil—By damnation.

Miss Randolph observed Mary Dudley Williams teach a second year history lesson. After class, Miss Williams asked for a criticism and this is what it was.

"Well, Mary, there is just one little thing I should like to suggest. I should like to see you use your map more."

"But, Miss Randolph, I was teaching the characteristics of *men*."

"That doesn't matter. Just pull the map down for them to see, and let it up again once in a while."

Brilliant Pupil—Where is the river Styx? I've looked all through my history and geography and I can't find it.

Miss Meador (in first year Latin)—What is the personal ending of the verb for the first person?

Pupil—Oh!

Miss Meador—Yes, that is right.

Student Teacher (in sixth grade literature)—Who can give me a sentence using knighthood properly?

Mary—I know: The girl slept in her night hood.



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

*State Normal Magazine*, Greensboro, N. C. It is with great pleasure, remembering as we do the excellence of your magazine last year, that we again find it upon our Exchange Table. We hope, as will no doubt be the case, that the October issue is a fair harbinger of those to follow. The story "A Perfect Lady," and the two poems, "A Callin' " and "The Rain Storm," in this issue, are especially worthy of commendation.

*Bessie Tift Journal*, Forsyth, Ga.—Your November magazine contains quite a variety of material, some of which is par-excellent. The essays entitled "Wordsworth's Creed" and "Contrasted Epics," are indeed worthy of perusal. "The Prodigal Son" is, to say the least, suggestive. The moral teaching, though not pointed out in so many words, is still strongly in evidence. We are a bit puzzled when we come to "We Don't Know Nothing After All," the imaginative Freshman's poem, to know why she departed from the rules of consistency in its form. We do not understand why she did not say,

*Junior*—that is after a year, as she had said,

"Sophomore—Fresh-no-more," instead of

"After—that is their Junior year." Certainly, to our minds, the poem as a whole is weakened by the difference in the form of the first two and the last two stanzas.

"Thanksgiving Day" is very appropriate. "A Mother to Her Soldier Lad" is the best poem in the magazine. This is especially good because it serves as an expression of what must be in many a noble mother's heart today. "The Golden Rod" is also good.

—A. M.

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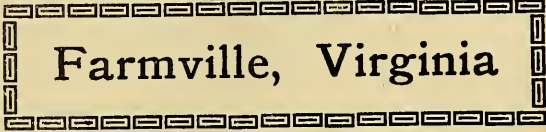


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