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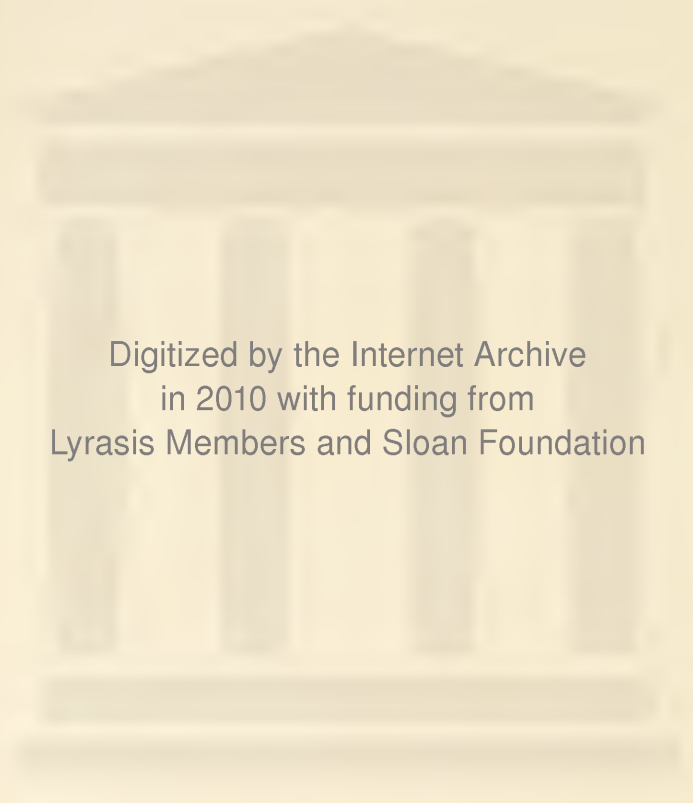


STATE
NORMAL
SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

M.E. Granger

MAY, 1919 9/3

—THE—
FOCUS
DEGREE CLASS OF 1919



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To
President Joseph L. Jarman
with
Highest Regards and Loving Appreciation
We Dedicate this Volume
The Class Book
of the
Degree Class of 1919

Board of Editors

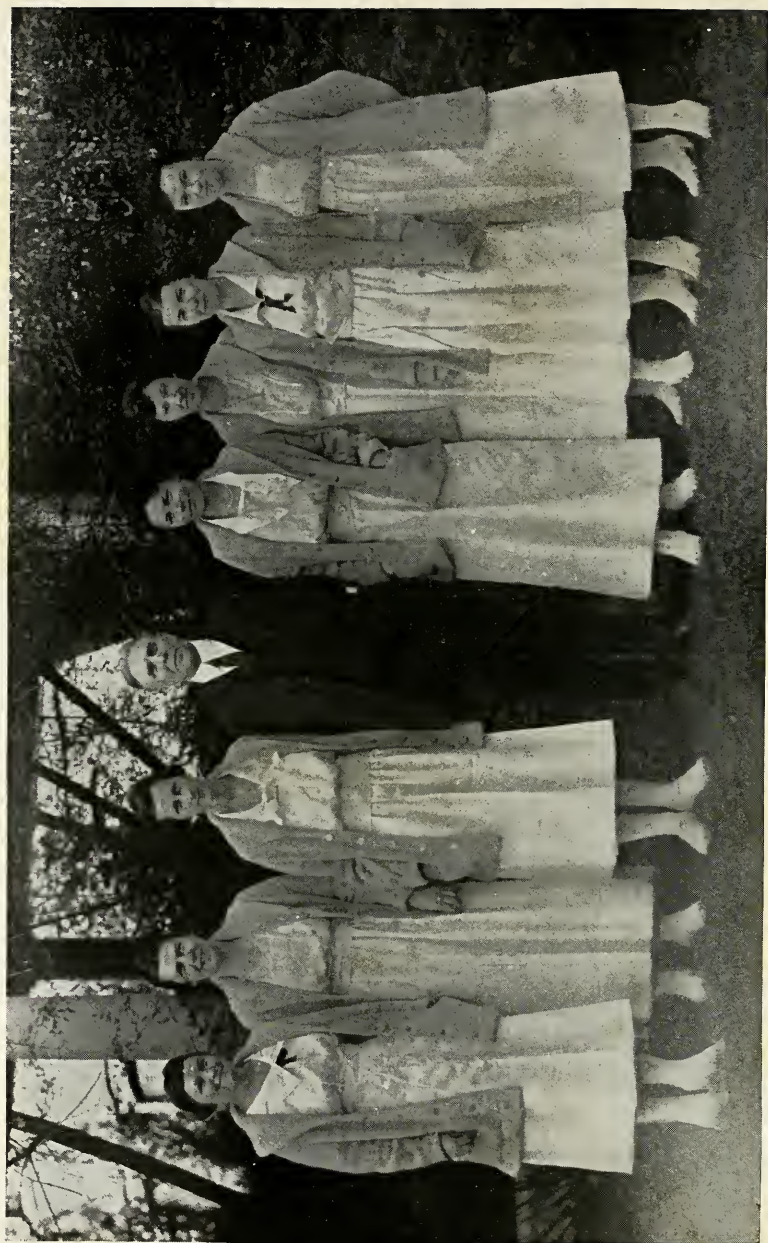
SHANNON MORTON.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

KATHARINE TIMBERLAKE.....BUSINESS MANAGER

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*B. D. Smith & Bros., Printers
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THE FOCUS

DEGREE CLASS OF 1919

VOL. IX

FARMVILLE, VA., MAY, 1919

NO. 3

Fourth Professional Class

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN,
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Colors: King's Blue and Silver Grey.

Motto: "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Officers

PRESIDENT, CATHARINE RIDDLE.

VICE-PRESIDENT, RUTH GREGORY.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER, SHANNON MORTON

Class Roll

RUTH GREGORY.

JANET PEEK.

LAURA MEREDITH.

CATHARINE RIDDLE.

SHANNON MORTON.

KATHARINE TIMBERLAKE.

HONORARY MEMBER: MISS BESSIE CARTER RANDOLPH.

RUTH GREGORY, B. S.,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

Pi Kappa Omega Honor Society; Secretary la Cercle Francaise '15-'16; Mamebetosa Bromigrolees; Critic, Pierian Literary Society '16-'17; Religious Work Committee Y. W. C. A. '17-'18; Delegate Student Volunteer Conference, R.-M. W. C. 1918; Social Standards Committee, Y. W. C. A., '18-'19; Delegate S. I. A. S. G. Florida State College '18, and Hollins College '19; Leader Student Volunteer Band; Eight Weeks Club; Student Standards Committee of Professional Classes '17-'18; Ex-officio member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '18-'19; President Student Association '18-'19.

What could we have done without Ruth as our Student Government President, which office she held with a great deal of efficiency. In fact efficiency is one of Ruth's many admirable traits, and everyone knows it. There is none like her when it comes to "parlant en Francais," which she has had a great opportunity of perfecting during her career under Mille. Smithey. Her independence, loyalty to friends and school, and strength of character have gained the admiration of many. Why stay down in the dumps when something has gone wrong, but go to see the ever helping and true Ruth. While you are with her in 124, she will perchance give you some delicious cake or a ham sandwich, maybe candy, at least a handful of nuts—for of eats she always has a supply, it seems.

LAURA AGNES MEREDITH, B. S.,
LAWRENCEVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority; Mu Omega Club; President Cunningham Literary Society, fall '17; Love Set Tennis Club; F. A. N. G. S.; Student Committee '17-'18, '18-'19; Cotillion Club; Treasurer Cunningham Literary Society, spring '17; Athletic Association; Treasurer Normal League '17-'18, '18-'19;

Chairman Music Committee Y. W. C. A. '16-'17;
Mamebetosa Bromigrolees; Glee Club; Treasurer la
Cercle Francaise '16-'17.

What *did* I hear? Oh, that was just one of Laura's squeals. She has such an individual squeal which she makes use of on all occasions, one no one could mistake; and indeed Laura has a personality all her own that every one loves, because it is Laura's. Many an otherwise dull class period is enlivened by her animation and bright remarks, inclined to be sarcastic, yet only adding to her charm. A good dancer, a good singer, a good sport, combined with loveableness, common sense, executive ability, and seasoned with plenty of pep, make Laura—just attractive and the truest friend a girl could have.

MARGARET SHANNON MORTON, B. S.,
CLARKSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Librarian of Y. W. C. A. '16-'17; Chairman Handbook Committee '17; Cunningham Literary Society, Vice-President spring '17, Censor fall '17, President fall '18, Critic, spring '19; Secretary Adkiya Camp Fire; Delegate to Student Volunteer Conference, Lexington '19; Class Sec. and Treas. '17-'18, '18-'19; Class Historian; Editor-in-Chief *Focus* '18-'19; Vice-President Mecklenburg Club '17-'18; Athletic Association; Arts and Crafts Club; Mamebetosa Bromigrolees.

Here's to dear old Shannon! "Once a friend, always a friend," she is the same today, tomorrow, and forever. Her sincerity and frankness have won for her a host of friends who could never forget her. To say that Shannon is dependable, unselfish, and intellectual will not do her justice—and even this will not make her conceited for conceit is not *her* trait. She *is* rather dignified but her dignity does not inhibit her being a good sport, with whom we all love to be.

Shannon is an exceptionally good English student, and interprets the poetry of Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, and others with as much ease as most of us interpret the Mother Goose rhymes!

JANET HOPE PEEK, B. S.,
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Gamma Theta Sorority; Pierian Literary Society, Secretary Fall '16, Pres't fall '18; Cotillion Club; Love Set Tennis Club; Athletic Association; W.A.N.K.; Delegate Student Volunteer Conference, R.-M. W. C. '18; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '18-'19; Blue Ridge Club; President Hampton Club; Student Standards Committee for Professional Classes; Spree Club; Mamebetosa Bromigrolees.

What will the State Normal do without "Peekie" next year as a member of the Faculty, Home Department, and student body. Truly she was a most proficient member of each! "Peekie" is quite an athlete, starring as pitcher on the baseball team. Her school spirit has never decreased, even a little; she has rather encouraged others to become more active in school. Janet is ever ready to do her part in whatever arises, and she does credit to anything she undertakes. We are not going to be surprised any day to learn she has attained her ambition of M. D. degree, which will be the third on her list of B. A. (?) and B. S. "Peekie" is a wonderful friend and one whom you cannot live without, having once obtained her friendship.

CATHARINE FRANCES BERNARD MANN RIDDLE,
B. S.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

Pi Kappa Omega Honor Society; Argus Literary Society, Critic, fall '17, Vice-President, spring '18, Treasurer fall '18; Assistant Literary Editor *Virginian* '16; Class President '17-'18, '18-'19; Chairman Library and Publication Committee Y. W. C. A.; President Norfolk Club; Athletic Association; Student Standards Committee of Professional Classes; Mamebetosa Bromigrolees; L. O. D. A.

"I want someone to help me with this: where's Riddle?" One hears this cry on all sides, whether it's sewing, candy-making, math., or what. And help you she will, for brains

in all lines is her specialty, not to mention her interest in everyone. Since she has only (?) five names, Catherine Frances Bernard Mann Riddle, surely it would not matter if the name "Service" be added as the sixth, because serving other people gives her the greatest pleasure of her life. A dandy *good friend* she is too, always ready to get you out of the blues and depths of despair—but (whisper it!) not even for the aesthetic uplift of society or her very best friends will she powder her nose!

KATHARINE ELIZABETH TIMBERLAKE, B. S.
ORANGE, VIRGINIA.

Bulletin Board Committee Y.W.C.A. '18-'19; Eight Weeks Club; Psychology Club; Blue Ridge Club; Spree Club; Vice President Ruffner Debating Society '16; Literary Editor *Focus* '18-'19; Athletic Association; Memebetosa Bromigrolees; Class Prophet.

"Who is that coming from the library a little (?) after the stroke of eleven?" Why, Katharine, of course, as the library is her favorite abode at night. We guess she studies while there—at least she says she does. At any rate Katharine is one with whom you may talk on any subject imaginable for she has a wide fund of information and as wide a sympathy. She stands true to her friends through thick or thin; never deviating from her belief, when she knows it is right. One can never find a more reliable, sincere, and unselfish friend than Katharine, and she is musically inclined too, which she proved for a fact when she starred in the Spree Club, as the "beautiful tall, skyscraper!"

Class History

THE Fourth Professional Class, half on their way from Geology and the other half from Latin, met in the main hall by the radiator and stopped to exchange remarks. At this moment Aunt Lou came shuffling up the hall.

"Bon jour, Aunt Lou," called Laura.

"Bon jour, Aunt Lou," they all cried.

"Go 'long, I ain't got time to be tellin' y'all 'Bun ju.' I'm in a big hurry now," said Aunt Lou, but nevertheless she stopped and, in a few moments, asked, "Tell me, Miss Ruf, ain't y'all Seniors?"

"Yes, Aunt Lou, don't we look like Seniors?"

"Well, I thought y'all was, you been here such a long time. But don't Miss Martha Fitz. and them girls call themselves Seniors, too? I thought y'all done graduated once."

"Well, Aunt Lou," began Ruth attempting to explain, "you see they finish two years of professional work this year, and we finish four. That's why they are called Second Professionals, and we are Fourth Professionals."

"I don't understand why, when you finish you don't finish," protested Aunt Lou.

"Oh," said Riddle coming to the rescue, "you remember four years ago we all came here for the first time, that is all except Shannon, who had a year of high school work here before that, and we had classes with a great big class."

"And we were surely some class then, too," interrupted Peekie. "Don't you remember how we wiped the basketball court up with those Seniors our first year, and then did it all over again with the Juniors the next?"

"Not only in athletics, either, were we a strong class," put in Katharine Timberlake. "Don't you remember how our members covered themselves

with glory in the Dramatic club plays, and Glee Club operas?"

"And that minstrel our class gave!" chimed in Shannon. "That's the best minstrel I ever saw. I can hear Laura's voice in that quartet singing 'Sleep, Kentucky Babe.' "

"But wasn't Miss Munoz grand in helping us get it up? we couldn't have done anything without her," said Laura. "I'm certainly glad we had enough sense to ask her to be our Senior Man, instead of feeling like we had to have a real man like the classes had done for so long."

"We couldn't have found a better one anywhere," chimed in all the others, "she was perfectly wonderful to us."

"We were a pretty nice class after all," said Katharine Timberlake. "Our Course IV girls carried off both the honors, and nearly all of the honorable mentions at graduation."

"Well, if y'all was such a big class, and did so much, where is all of you now?" asked Aunt Lou, bringing us down to earth again out of the clouds of exulting remembrances.

"That was what I started to tell you, when I was most rudely interrupted," began Riddle, assuming the officiousness of president of the Fourth Professional Class. "In the winter of 1916 a bill was passed in the State legislature giving the State Normal School at Farmville, Virginia, the right to offer a four years' course of professional work leading to teaching in the High Schools of Virginia; at the completion of which course, the degree of Bachelor of Science in Education would be conferred upon the graduates. So when all of us finished two years' work, some of us, we six, decided to come back and take two years more and get our degrees. Now you see we get our degrees and our sister class, the Second Professionals, get their diplomas, but some of them are coming back for two more years, too.

"I see now, Miss Catharine," said Aunt Lou, "that's why Miss Jennie calls y'all 'Gree Girls,' ain't it? Well, 'Bun ju,' I'm in a big hurry now," and off she shuffled down the hall.

"You know," began Peekie, still reminiscent, "we did have a fine class and a fine time those first two years, but we've gotten a lot of good out of the last two. We couldn't have had Miss Randolph as our honorary member if we hadn't come back. And now you know we can't get along without her."

"I certainly do hate not having an *annual* this year," said Katharine, "but there is so little we can do to cut down expenses, and make more for the war drives, that I'm glad we could do even that."

"Yes, we will miss it terribly," replied Riddle, "but we conquered our selfishness when we gave it up, and you know on the whole I think we have accomplished more in our last two years here than we ever hoped to."

"As far as intelligent, cultural, and practical improvement and inner satisfaction is concerned, I know we have," asserted Shannon.

"And as for service, too, I think we've had the opportunity of doing a great deal," added Riddle.

"I don't know about that, now," came from Ruth, the conscientious objector.

"Perhaps you don't see it, because you have done so much of it yourself," answered Riddle. "We all know what you've done as president of the student body, though, and our class also furnished the secretary of the Y. W. C. A., the treasurer of the Normal League, the editor-in-chief of *The Focus*, and—"

"The editor-in-chief of *The Focus*," Shannon interrupted vehemently, "is absolutely helpless without a good literary editor, and what it takes to drum up good literature, Katharine Timberlake has it."

"And in addition to that," Laura added, "one-third of the class was chosen for the Pi Kappa Omega honor society, and three of us were presidents of literary

societies. And didn't our Miss Randolph cover herself with glory, when she made such a splendid debate this winter! And never will I forget Katharine Timberlake as prima donna in the Spree Club operetta."

"Of course, as a class," went on Peekie, "we couldn't do very much, because we're so few, but we can make a noise. Do you remember last year how we beat the Second Professionals all holler rooting for our 'little sisters' on field day?"

"Yes, and the time we gave our degree yell in chapel too!" added Riddle.

"Well, I'm convinced that we put forth the effort to serve," said Ruth, "but did we really accomplish anything?"

"That's not for us to say," replied our president, "perhaps in some instances it did, perhaps in others it did not. Anything that we may have done, was accomplished in the name of the class, and we only know that we are very glad and thankful that we were privileged to be the first degree class our Alma Mater has produced. It has been our privilege to blaze the trail for the classes which are to follow. Some of our strokes have deviated from the path and our wanderings have perhaps often been circuitous and winding, but that trail has at last led us out to the light! And now as we look back down that trail we have so lately traveled, it is true that you can see the stumps over which we had to climb, the fallen trees that often blocked our course, the streams that sometimes almost overwhelmed us, and the long, bare stretches with neither shadow nor rest. But you can also see down through the vista of tall, beautiful trees the sweet, grassy banks on this side of the stream, the new green shoots that have sprung up from the old stumps, and, after the bare stretches are crossed, the bright and blooming meadows full of springtime flowers."

*S. Morton,
Class Historian.*

Class Prophecy

INATE one afternoon this spring I had had a particularly hard time with my Biology class. It was a warm afternoon anyway, and the laboratory as usual had been close and stuffy, and my girls had been restless. I had thought the period never would end, and oh! what a mess they had left the room in when they did leave. If I had been living up to all the good methods I had been imbibing for nearly four years now that never would have happened; the room would have been left in good order. But nothing had gone right that afternoon. After clearing away most of the leaves and broken stems of the plants they had been studying, I suddenly sat down in despair at one of the long, black-topped tables where the girls had been working. I was *so* tired. I wished that Etta, my tall dark-haired girl with her strong love of the country and all green things growing, who was so lovely to me at times, had waited, as she sometimes did, to help me put away anything that might have been left out. But she had had a theme to copy and I had sent her away. I rested my head on my hands. Not a breath of breeze came in through the open door and windows. The smell of the earth from the bit of damp soil clinging to the roots of the broken plant in my hand came up to my nostrils. I sniffed it eagerly. Oh, it smelt so good! How I did wish I were out on some green hillside. The vision of leafy trees with their cool green and gold flecked shade came to me. I drew a deep breath of satisfaction. For a moment I felt the cool breezes with their breath of spring time. Then the spell faded. I was back in the hot, sultry laboratory gazing fixidly at a black-backed simplex note-book one of the girls had forgotten and left on the edge of the table. It must have been the hot, sultry afternoon that was making my eyes play me

such queer tricks. I saw little tiny green flecks all over the surface of the book. I rubbed my eyes. But the flecks did not disappear. They brightened, deepened became a deep emerald green—a deep emerald green edged with shades of bronze that spread and deepened and glowed, till the whole book was one mass of green and glowing bronze. A faint smell of sulphur was in the air. I looked up, sniffing the air. The sky was a coppery green outside. Only once before had I ever seen it that color—and that when a small child just before one of the biggest storms of the season. Everything was deathly still. Suddenly a fierce gust of wind sprang up. I quickly jumped to my feet, and shut the big doors and windows. As I turned a pale sulphurous light glowed from the corner where I had been sitting. It deepened—it came from the book on the table! As I looked it fell from its precariously balanced position to the floor. I jumped. My heart felt as if it were about to leap out of my body.

“Don’t worry. I’ll pick it up,” said a voice. A small elfish-looking creature, in a green suit around which twisted and coiled threads of bronze, reached down, and with one flick of his little finger sent the book whirling up on the table. Another flick, and he sat beside it. He looked at me and grinned.

“Don’t look so scared,” he said. “You folks are so silly sometimes. You are really very fortunate, if you but knew it.” Outside there came a long, low roll of thunder.

“That’s for us to begin,” he said. “Come on!”

“Begin what?” I faltered. As I was speaking he lifted the book.

“Sit down,” he commanded, pointing to the stool in front of the book, “and look straight at the book, *just at the book*. Don’t look away whatever happens, or the spell will be broken.” As in a daze I fixed my eyes on the book. Slowly he opened it.

Clouds of smoke burst forth, yet came not near me. As they rolled away, I looked into a velvety blackness

so deep and dark that it seemed living. A point of light appeared and spread. In the center of the spot I gradually made out a great white elephant moving along a dusty white road. As the picture grew clearer I saw that a woman sat in the howdah, a woman clothed all in white, and with a great straw hat on her head. She looked familiar I noticed. She looked like—like Janet Peek! But what could *she* be doing *riding an elephant*? Where could she be going? Where was she anyway? I looked closer—but could that be Peekie? *Could* it? Because as she rode along she was diligently studying a book! A furrow creased her brow as she read. She was constantly referring back to the index and looking up cross references as if she were getting it very thoroughly indeed. I looked more closely. It must be she, but—She looked up—yes, it was Peekie. Would wonders never cease? Where was she going? Just then my question was answered. The elephant drew up before a long, low, white building, and Peekie dismounted, made her way through the crowd of people around—some sitting, some standing, a few lying down—and went into the house. A few minutes later she appeared at the door in a white coat which reminded me of the one Mr. Bretnall used to lend her in the laboratory at times. Oh, only now I understood. Dr. Peek! But the elephant, these strange people with their strange costumes? India! Peekie's half-formed desire to go to India some day rose to my mind. What! What did this thing mean? Could this be prophetic! The cool, assured way in which she ministered to the people, the poised air of her, all convinced me that here she had found herself at last—had come into her own.

A clap of thunder outside!

"Next," said the little green and bronze man. The page slowly turned.

I saw a cool, shady lawn, an old colonial house, set well back in it. A gay party was gathered on the lawn. The many colors of dainty dresses, mingled here and

there with the dark coats or white suits of the men, made a very gay picture indeed. A few children played around through the crowd. A woman at the side was explaining to her escort,

"Dancing is really an art with them, you know. It is their Passion. Don't you think they have a lovely home here? I've visited here before. She is such a charming hostess. Yes, they plan out and originate new dances, but they never dance them except for a few friends now and then, for their guests as today, for instance. That one that was such a rage last season was their production. *She* used to be a Miss Meredith."

Meredith—Meredith? Could it—? I hadn't seen her very closely. While I was yet wondering the page turned.

I saw a long procession winding down the streets of a great city. In the big limousine holding the place of honor sat a small lady in the prime of her life. As she bowed to the crowd here and there on each side her Irish smile spread and spread. A look of infinite satisfaction was on her face. The militant-looking crowd of women who, with martial step and great pride, followed the machine, mile upon mile of them, revealed the meaning of all this procession in their banners borne aloft:

CATHERINE RIDDLE,
FIRST WOMAN JUDGE
OF THE
SUPREME COURT.

"Hurrah for Riddle," etc., etc.

Riddle a judge of the *supreme court*! My eyes fairly popped out of my head. Still it was only in the natural course of events to be expected really. She had actually been known upon one occasion to read an International Law book clear through *just for the fun of it*!

"Getting tired?" asked the little old man.

"No, no! turn on!" I breathlessly replied.

A jinrikisha, and in it a lady. Rapidly she was borne forward and set down at the gate in front of a large building. Crowds of girls on the lawn gathered about her as she entered. Such funny little girls in long Japanese kimonos, and with queer ornaments in their hair. As they neared the building a gong sounded, long and loud. Double doors, at one side, opened—not the main entrance doors. The lady took her stand beside them, and as she turned I recognized her. It was none other than Ruth Gregory—our Student Government President, Ruth Gregory! The girls leisurely surged inward through the open doors. It was the hour of their evening meal. Promptly after five minutes Ruth began to shut the doors. All were in—no, one small girl hurried around the corner.

"Oh, *please*, Mees," she called. The doors relentlessly closed.

Next I saw a church—a prosperous looking church of goodly size. In the vestibule stood a tall, scholarly-looking man, the minister, no doubt, as he was shaking hands with each person as he left the church. His long hair was parted in the middle, and he had soulful, expressive eyes. After he had sped the parting congregation upon their various ways, he and the lady who had patiently waited by his side turned their steps homeward. When they reached the manse—I was sure it was called the manse—as they entered the front gate six children of varying sizes rushed to meet them, followed more leisurely by an undersized girl of about twelve years of age, wearing large glasses, who called out as she approached,

"Mamma, I've written another poem while I've minded the children. Won't you read it over and criticize it for me?"

"Ah, my dear," said the husband, turning to his wife, "what would I and mine have done without you!"

Shannon and her widower—I knew it! She had foreordained it for herself long ago when she had dreamily remarked one evening, “I wonder why it is that I am never crazy about any but the married men.”

The page turned. Dark, inky blackness again—brightened by red flashes now and then. At one time I caught a glimpse of a face. It was my own! I raised my eyes to those of the little green man in a question. Bang! The book closed and fell on the table.

“There, you’ve done it!” he exclaimed. “I told you not to look away.” His eyes twinkled, and he grinned. “Good-bye!” He was gone. The book lay on the table, a dull brown and black with faint flecks of green. Slowly the colors disappeared. It was an everyday black simplex note-book again. I felt in a daze. I was in the laboratory—yes. I remembered I had been cleaning up, and it had been so hot, not a breath of air stirring through the open doors and windows. But the little green and brown man, and the Book—? Had I been asleep? I *must* have been asleep. Mercy, but it was hot and close in here now. I looked up. The windows and doors were closed!

I never have told this story before, for I feared what people would say. It sounds so queer. But now it seems to me is the time to reveal these things which hitherto have not been revealed.

—*Katharine Timberlake,*
Class Prophet.

My First Teaching Experience

(Being, as Mark Twain would say, mostly the truth but with some variations.)

"Oh, the Training School's gwine get you
And the trials there'll beset you—"

IT was the first day we were to teach, the fourteen or fifteen of us who had been assigned to the ninth grade. We had made many excursions to the ninth grade room before this. We already had been initiated into the rules and arts, the deep secrets of teaching, insofar as such initiation was possible by observation alone. Our supervisor-to-be had seen to it that we made weekly pilgrimages to the ninth grade room where she had duly held forth, and displayed all the best methods of teaching and the best and most tactful methods of dealing with refractory pupils, when they had been so obliging as to *refract* in our presence. Oh, they were not a bashful set by any manner of means. The larger per cent of them had come up through the Training School and, as our Super often told us (not before them though), their chief indoor amusement was badgering their student teachers. So they were not unduly loath to let us become acquainted with them before we really began to teach them.

And now at last our day of initiation, real initiation, had come. My time was to come at twelve-fifteen. We were down in the Biological Laboratory when those who had taught their first lessons the period before came in. Eager groups gathered around them.

"How'd you get along?" "Were they very bad?" "Did she observe you?" "Did you remember what you'd planned to do?" "Have any trouble with Nancy, Ellen, or Jean?" They were bewildered with questions on all sides.

Just then Mr. Rawlie came in. "All right now, people," he said, and we scattered to our desks. The tension was high, however, and excited undertones were still heard here and there as he called the roll: "Miss Roberts, Miss Haley, Miss Jones—" Some dozen had been called when—

Clatter, bump, thump! Bang! bump! proceeded from beyond the next room, into which we could see through the open door. The merest ghost of a smile appeared on his lips—one could scarcely be sure—but his eyes twinkled as he proceeded with the roll:

"Miss Camper, Miss Leigh—" In the door, leading from the closed stairway in the room beyond appeared a small, roly-poly, slightly tumbled-looking girl, her arms full of the big herbarium she carried. Upon perceiving the whole class assembled in ordered, but not dignified array—their grins were too open for that—she checked her hasty descent and tiptoed, ostentatiously quiet, into the room to her place at one of the long tables. She seated herself, deposited her burden with the minimum of noise on the table, then whirled around on her stool.

"Am I very late?" she demanded in a stagey whisper of the girl behind her. The class laughed, noisily and joyously—it was a relief to their pent-up energies. The small girl looked abashed, except for a slight twinkle in her eye, and turned around in her seat.

"Miss Montague—" "Present," she answered. "Miss Morton, Miss Preston, Miss Williams." The roll ended.

"Miss Montague, will you state the title of today's lesson." The recitation began in its customary manner. And I—in my customary manner—glued my eyes to the teacher's face and let my mind wander where it listed. Today it had not far to go. The Training School just across the way held its attention, fascinated it, absorbed it, just somewhat as a criminal's mind must be fascinated and absorbed, while it is yet horrified, by the thought of the scaffold he is to ascend in a few hours; that is, if he lets his mind dwell on it

at all. And I could not keep mine away from the Training School. I pictured the back section room of the ninth grade, myself walking in.

"Now there is all in the world just in the way a teacher walks into the room," our Supervisor had told us. "I've noticed it time and again, how just the way the teacher walks into the room determines the pupil's reactions. You will notice that they always get quiet immediately when I walk into the room, too." So I had taken notes on Miss Martin. I had decided that the effectiveness of her entrance lay more in the firm set of her jaw and the sweeping glance with which she took in the whole room at once than in anything else. I made up my mind to wear a very determined air, and take in the whole room with one glance. No sooner thought than tried. My eyes started with Helen Barbee in the front right-hand corner and sped swiftly toward Mary Biggs in the back left-hand corner, but they never got there. The eyes of Mr. Rawlie caught mine midway of the sweeping glance and arrested them, abruptly stopped them.

"Will you give us your opinion on this subject, Miss Lake," he said. I felt my "break-me-if-you-can" determined expression visibly fade from my face. Consternation was in my soul, but I tried to put on a wise, inscrutable mask.

"Well, there are so many points on both sides that I haven't entirely made up my mind yet," I replied. He opened his mouth—I always felt he meant to ask me to present those points—when our irrepressible member, she of the clattery steps and herbarium, burst forth—"But, Mr. Rawlie, it must be the way I said because—." I drew a deep breath of relief. The point I got, but the second, alas, was never mine. My mind went back to its all-absorbing subject.

"Girls, as you all know doubtless, I am to have the pleasure of teaching you history this term. I don't know of any subject we ought to get more pleasure out of studying together. It—," and here I went on to present the glories and joys to be gotten from a

pursuit of my favorite subject. This was my little introductory speech that I had planned at the suggestion of my supervisor. It might help to break the ice at first, she had said.

"History, I'm sure we all feel is particularly of moment today—Jean Ferguson, sit down!" I said. "Not only has the Great War emphasized the fact—didn't I tell you to sit down, Jean? Not only has the Great—Jean!!"

I was brought back to my actual surroundings by the class's getting up to leave.

"Don't forget those papers for tomorrow, people," Mr. Rawlie was saying.

Upstairs in my room I sat down to collect my thoughts a little. Only one hour till time for me to teach my *first lesson*. "Girls, I am to have the pleasure of—!" Oh, I knew that by heart, every word of my lesson plan too. "Jean Ferguson, sit down!"

Why did that little minx, yellow-headed, irrepres-sible as her fly-away locks, a veritable chatterbox who had something to say on every subject, and who could be kept in her seat for any considerable time only by tying her there I was convinced, why did she insist on rising up to plague me ahead of time? But this was really nothing new. Every night for some time now I had caught myself waking up time and again telling Jean Ferguson to sit down. I had literally lived with her. In the midst of a sermon her smiling blue eyes with their devilish glint would appear to me.

"Miss, what's your name?" she'd say.

"Jean Ferguson, sit down!" I'd reply.

I was *so* tired. I decided that the best thing I could do would be to lie down for a short time and compose myself. By an effort I kept my mind from repeating the questions of my lesson plan, my introductory speech. Before long I realized that I was sleepy and I soon really did drop off to sleep. It seemed scarcely more than five minutes however till it was time to go to the Training School.

I nervously arose, straightened my imminently correct shirt-waist, brushed back my hair, then gathered up my books and proceeded to the Training School. As the big front door swung noiselessly to behind me, I was struck by the quietness of things. My footsteps sounded so loud that they reverberated in my ear. I tiptoed. The bare light walls, the emptiness of the halls, made me think of a hospital. Upstairs I met the Supervisor.

"Good morning," she said quietly. Her peculiar tripping walk as she entered the room ahead of me made me think of a trained nurse. That, together with the peculiar, sinking feeling in the region of my heart, but served to heighten the hospital illusion. I trailed along in her wake, all thought of an effective entrance gone.

"Children," she said, "I am going to leave you in charge of Miss Lake for a while. The first lesson, Miss Lake, will be an arithmetic lesson."

Arithmetic! But my history lesson pla—?

Somewhere through my mind ran the admonition, Never say that you cannot teach a thing, but do the best you can.

I set my jaw firmly—it was the determination of desperation. Well, I guessed she had a purpose in giving me such a job, and it would look bad to back down. Arithmetic, so be it!

"Everything inside desks, please, except arithmetics, pencil and paper," I began as I had been taught, and Miss Martin left the room. I felt a pulling at my sleeve.

"Miss, Miss," Jean's voice sounded in my ear, "do you want some chewing gum?"

I had just gotten things fairly well started, my heart seemed less inclined to leave my body, and I was getting a little more composed, when a knock sounded at the door. In walked Dr. Grayson, our school physician. She led a little boy about four years old by the hand, a bashful little boy in a dark suit,

"I just thought I'd come to observe a little while," she announced with a curious detached air, "if it's all the same to you." She took her seat on the tall platform behind me. I went on with the lesson. I remember very little that happened that period, except that I told Jean unnumbered times to sit down, till I heard the door open behind me, and in walked Mr. Cummins, a short, rather inclined-to-be-stout man, with hair a la pompadour and brushed carefully back to hide the more than beginnings of a bald spot, his keen searching eyes alive to every defect in the room, and sarcastic mouth ready to vent his scorching opinion. At least so it seemed to me. He came in to observe history. I gave him a book, and when I turned around I found bedlam let loose!

A small red-headed boy, a boy who lived in my home town, strange to say, and who for two years now had sent my kid sister a box of candy at Christmas times, was seating himself on the piano stool. Bang! Bang! he brought his hands down with a crash. Grabbing him by the shoulders I gave him one strong shake, when—

"That will do now, Miss Lake," said a cool voice at my shoulder.

"Miss Martin, you don't know it, but you've got a *mean* eye," one of her pupils once said to my supervisor. And now that mean eye was staring at me coldly, malevolently. I was paralyzed—I couldn't move. I felt myself shrinking smaller and smaller. My knees began to shake—I was shaking all over.

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"Katharine, Katharine," my room-mate's face came on my horizon; "wake up, it's time for you to go to the Training School this minute! Hurry or you'll be late."

"O-oh! Wha-at? What!" I gasped, and then as realization dawned on me, I jumped to my feet. "Quick! where are my books? Quick! I mustn't be late the first time," and after a hurried gathering of paraphernalia I dashed from the room.

An hour later I again entered my room.

"Well, how did you get along?" Sallie demanded, and Jane rushed in from across the hall.

"Did they behave all right?"

"Oh, all right," I nonchalantly replied. "Yes, they behaved. Why! I didn't even have to speak to Jean once!"

—*K. Timberlake.*

The Trained Teacher and the State

(Commencement Address
of Fourth Professional Representative.)

POSSIBLY many of the parents in this audience have been greatly perplexed and disturbed by having their children come home from school and say, "I don't see why I have to go to school any longer. This stuff I'm learning isn't going to do me any good. I want to go to work?" If you have, how did you meet the situation? Did you let him stop, or did you insist that he continue? Perhaps you wondered why he felt as he did. If you did wonder, then, of course, you tried to find out how much truth there was in his statement. You probably learned that the complaint he made—that his work was not meeting his need—was identical with the charge that the educators of the State have brought against the high schools, viz., that the high schools have emphasized the preparation to meet college entrance requirements, and they have not prepared the ninety per cent. of our boys and girls, who do not go to college, to meet the problems of life which they must face when they leave high school. Just as you wondered why your child did not want to go to high school, so the educators of the State wondered why so many of our boys and girls dropped out of high school. They finally saw that it was due to incompetent teachers—incompetent in the sense of being untrained for the *profession* of teaching. Then they readily saw that the only intelligent solution of the problem of secondary education was to place professionally trained teachers in the high school. In order to teach successfully in the high school it is generally agreed that the teacher should have four years of academic and professional training beyond the regular high school course, because at no age does the child detect sham and shallowness so quickly,

or respond so generously to the appeal of broad scholarship as at the high school age. Therefore the women of Virginia, in order that they might have the preparation which they thought was necessary, asked an equal opportunity with the men to get four years of academic work and professional training at the University and other State institutions. But the doors were closed to them! Consequently, the preparation of high school teachers became the problem of the Normal Schools. Two years ago the Virginia Normal School Board decided that this school should offer a four year course leading to teaching in the high school. This year—when education is being reconstructed to meet the needs of the new world created by the war, the Normal School is making possible the reconstruction of the high schools of the State by graduating its first class of degree students.

Teaching is just as truly a profession as law, medicine, and theology. The public demands training on the part of the physician and the lawyer. Why should it not demand training on the part of the teacher, who has an infinitely greater work to do. If the public only realized the inefficiency in education resulting in the loss of time, money, labor, material—the most precious of all material: our boys and girls—it would put greater emphasis on professional training. Unless the teacher is trained to study the nature of the child and to know the mind of the child whom she is endeavoring to instruct much time and energy are wasted and possibly an irreparable injury is done to the child before she realizes that without these qualifications she lacks the first essentials of a real teacher.

The old adage that a “teacher is born not made” has become so firmly fixed in the minds of some teachers that they have spent all their time acquiring information and have devoted no time to methods of imparting this information. But *how* you teach a child is quite as important as *what* you teach him. In spite of this, too many superintendents think that the person to teach in the high school is that in-

definable product "a college graduate." But does the college prepare a girl to teach? We all recognize the importance of the scholarship that the college gives, but can the high schools expect to get progressive teachers if they ignore every other qualification than that of scholarship? The usual college graduate has no proper standard of good teaching to guide her. The "telling" method used in the college is a failure in the high schools. Then, too, all the faults, weaknesses, and lack of self-control that the girl may have as a student will go with her into the class room until by hard work and actual experience she overcome these drawbacks. Her high school course prepared her for college and naturally her aim will be to give her students what she herself received. She is not in touch with the educational movement of the State and consequently she is totally unprepared to meet the needs of the ninety per cent. of our boys and girls who do not go to college. Nevertheless, so sure is she that the prescribed college course really fits her for everything, she calmly attempts to teach with practically no preparation for teaching.

On the other hand our girls come here with a definite work in view, and theirs is a conscious preparation to become expert in that work—in other words, to become teachers *worthy of the name*. To be worthy they must be able to understand and appreciate the youth. Being trained to understand and appreciate him they realize their duty toward him. They do not ask themselves, "What do I owe the boys and girls?" They recognize teaching as their patriotic service, and since education in the high school must be made safe for the youth they feel that they owe him the best instruction they can *learn* to give.

Education in this country is really a State movement and the welfare of the State depends upon keeping our youth in school. The Women's Organization in Trade Union Leagues are asking for compulsory education for our youth. While they are asking for laws compelling parents to send their children to

school they should, at the same time, insist that the schools provide competent teachers. As it is the teacher who controls the destiny of the State she must be competent to teach for the ultimate *benefit* of the State.

The fact that the State will in future have teachers in the high schools who have received their training at a State institution is of great value to the future of the State. The loyalty of our graduates to the State and the interest in her welfare so characteristic of them is unsurpassed among those of any other institution in the State. In our colleges we find probably a majority of the students enrolled from other states. Their loyalty is, of course, to their own State, but above all their loyalty is to their college. Theirs is a distinctly college spirit and while we also love our Alma Mater deeply, yet this love only increases our love for the State of which we are a part, and it keeps ever before us the duty we owe her as citizens and as teachers of future citizens.

If we teach our boys and girls loyalty to the State and arouse an interest in her welfare we are teaching them the ideals of good citizenship. From the standpoint of the State the high school is primarily to promote the spirit of good citizenship among the pupils. At this age the teacher has a profound influence upon the life of the pupil. Since the life of the State depends upon the intelligence, morality, and social efficiency of its citizens, our degree graduates, trained to guide and direct the life of the future citizens to a worthy end, will have an opportunity which no other has to stimulate lofty ideals and promote true citizenship. Mr. Pollard, when he was attorney-general of the State, delivered an address in this auditorium, in which he said, "Through the influence of the Normal School girls teaching in the State of Virginia, this school exerts a power for good in the State unequalled by that of any other institution, not excluding even that organization to which the attorney-general devotes most of his time and attention—the State

legislature." If the two-year graduates of the past have exerted such a profound influence upon the State, how much more influence will our degree graduates exert since they will have the care of the child at the time when the spirit of good citizenship is developed more easily and more permanently than at any other age.

We have seen by the example of Germany what education can do to mould an entire nation and direct its energies toward a goal set before it. The fact that the goal was one disastrous to the nation and a menace to the world makes it none the less noteworthy. If our teachers train the high school pupils to become worthy citizens they can mould the State of tomorrow in the principles of democracy as effectively as Germany moulded the State in the principles of autocracy. Germany educated her youth not as men free and equal but as future citizens. By virtue of their social position they had certain more or less specific duties toward the State. The upper classes were educated to *rule*. Just as much pains was taken to educate the lower classes to *serve*. In a nation like ours there is a great necessity to educate all citizens, both to serve and to rule. Every citizen should be trained to exercise wisely the prerogatives of American citizenship. As American citizens they need the democratic spirit and the human touch of the Normal School and they can get it only through professionally trained teachers. Since the welfare of the State of tomorrow depends upon the youth of today the best interests of the State can be served only by developing the spirit of unselfish service and wise leadership among our high school children who will be largely influential in establishing ideals and doing the work of the next generation.

No doubt the first thing you saw upon entering the Normal School was the statue of Joan of Arc in the reception hall. This statue was presented to the school as a parting gift by the class of 1915 because

it was to them an expression of the spirit of their Alma Mater. You, of course, were impressed by the vigor, the power, and the determination expressed in the very lines of the half-sitting, half-kneeling figure. The keynote of the spirit of our Alma Mater is this spirit of love, loyalty, and readiness to serve which was typical of Joan of Arc, the French peasant girl who caught the vision calling her into the service of her country at the time of its greatest need. And it is to this spirit of our Alma Mater, embodied in the statue of Joan of Arc, that we, the first degree class, dedicate ourselves and those who are to follow us.

Flu and Fun

"**W**HAT are we going to do?" Miss Sigh's helpless tone certainly expressed the situation. "It is a sarious quaestion."

"The only way out is to close the school, no school without faculty, and faculty quarantined outside," said Mr. Fear emphatically.

"Well, I quite agree with you because the dangers of contagion are so great," Miss Questor chimed from the back row.

"Possibly Dr. Starman has some plan for us. He is always equal to every occasion," from Miss Stirr in her complacent tone.

At this juncture the door opened and Dr. Starman, a troubled expression around his eyes, walked in. He took his seat by Miss Spearmint, the able secretary of the faculty, who, up to that moment, had, in a fit of nervousness due to worry over the situation, been engaged in picking the veneer off the table. He waited a moment, expanded his chest, pulled up his collar by the lapel of his coat and began:

"The situation this morning is not alarming. There are just three new cases—just three new cases of influenza, but of course we must continue to take precautions and co-operate with the townspeople. Dr. Crank has seen fit to quarantine the school so the only thing we can do is bring the faculty down on the campus. Miss Cary Bright and I have talked it over and she can open up Duvall Cottage for the ladies and they can get their meals in the dining room. How many of you, thinking seriously now, how many of you would be willing to take the chances and stay with the school!"

Just as he finished these words in came Miss Little, umbrella, knitting bag, fountain pen and also the little note-book clasped tightly to her heart. There was a pause as she took the only seat left, the uncomfortable

chair in the middle of the floor, disposed of her umbrella, deposited the knitting bag, opened the little note-book (carried just on general principles) and unscrewing the pen looked up with an expectant air. Mr. Fear gallantly met the situation with a concise statement of facts.

"Um-huh, I see," aside to Miss Pep, "can't we cut up capers? My, my, it will be worse than *The Houseboat on the Styx*."

"Are we men to be left out of this bargain entirely?" asked Mr. Quack.

"Mr. Fwogghopper and I are on the campus," said Dr. Neet, "so we shall be glad to take the men."

"That's very nice of you, but I can't possibly leave my family," from Mr. Tooter.

And from Mr. Fear on the other side, "What's to happen to the War Work campaign? It has to be done this week and it seems to me I should be able to get permission to continue since it's patriotic work. There is no danger of contagion from me." This brought a smile from the ladies.

Then Dr. Starman began again, "The ladies can move in the cottage today, Quack will stay on the campus. Mr. Fear will see Dr. Crank. Of course, Mr. Tooter's first duty is at home so he will have to excuse his classes. All in favor of this plan say 'aye.'"

The ayes had it. "You will move in today and resume classes tomorrow."

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Two-thirty found the lady members of the faculty in the cottage deciding on their rooms. Miss Little, of course a little late, came in dragging a suitcase, a blue sweater tied by the sleeves around her waist, "Honies, this is what I call stopping the spigot and opening up the bung hole; here they drag us to prison and these rascally darkies come down here every day to work." Peals of laughter came from those who now felt as if they were renewing their youth.

"I must have a room to myself. Of course I could stay with some one but I wouldn't get any sleep and I

am not able to do my work without a required amount of sleep. I am so nervous that when people come into the room I get wide awake."

Miss Mapp had put her foot down so Miss Spearmint smoothed things over by saying, "Well, Miss Mapp, suppose you take the big room on the left. It is quiet there. As for me if nobody else wants it, I would like to have that porch out there. Robert can move a bed out."

A call was heard from upstairs, "Boss, oh boss! let's take this tiny little room. We don't mind sleeping in a single bed together." Mrs. Newlywed Number Two darted upstairs to inspect.

"All right, Dibby," she consented, viewing the petite room.

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"It really has been enjoyable here for this week but I wouldn't like it for very long. It seems that the very books I need are up at the house," said Miss Pep several days later as the inmates sat about waiting for a small pan of candy to get done.

"Yes, and isn't it a scramble to get to meals," exclaimed Miss Little.

"If you could have seen Miss Little stepping over the foot of the bed last night when I told her it was five minutes before the bell, you would think she had to scramble," Miss Grubbs laughingly put in.

"Now, honey, you know that's not so."

"Why doesn't this candy get done?" said Miss Grubbs stirring vigorously. "Miss Little, did you order the vanilla?"

"Honey, you know I forgot that vanilla. You ought not to ask me to remember anything, for as Mr. Dewey says, 'Repetition of an action has a tendency to form a habit,' and you know I am afraid I am beginning to form a little habit of forgetfulness myself."

"Never mind, I have some peppermint in my room that I keep for indigestion. We can season it with that," called out Miss Questor as she rushed for the door.

A few seconds later she returned with the bottle in her hand, trembling from head to heels. They all started and Miss Little was the first to speak, "My precious, what is the matter? You look like Italy trying to get on the other end of the see saw."

"I almost broke my neck over the *New York Times* strewn over the floor. Why Miss Pep leaves them all over the house I can't see." Miss Questor calmed down, took her seat and to change the subject asked, "Where is Miss Sigh? I haven't seen her since supper."

"Oh, she got a letter from Mr. Fox tonight and I suppose she is now giving him a sample of her best Locker."

"I had the queerest dream last night." Everyone sat up and took notice while Miss Spearmint continued, "I thought I got in the bed and couldn't get my feet down. I took the stocking off my eyes and looked and the sheets were turned up the wrong way."

Miss Little threw up her hands and gave the little chuckle so characteristic of her, "Why, Miss Spearmint, that was a pie bed. I had a little contact with some myself the other night, not a dream either. The boot is on the other foot though because after Miss Hines and I discovered them we scrambled around and made every bed in this house over again. I can tell it now because we leave tonight and you won't get a chance to get even. Now you know 'the truth is mighty and doth prevail' so which of you, giving expression to your newly acquired youth, made all those pie beds?"

There was no answer so Miss Little kept on urging the sinners to confess, but every one pleaded innocent. Gradually a blank expression came over all their faces as they realized that no one in the house had committed the crime.

"Oh, shucks, I bet some of those rascally scamps did it. Perhaps my pet class, the dignified Fourth Professionals."

And maybe they did!

*Catharine Riddle.
Janet Peek.*

The Cross Section of a Fourth Professional's Brain

THE learned doctor was sitting in his study before the open fire. He had just returned from the operating room at the hospital, and was now gazing into the depths of glowing coal. I wondered what he was seeing there, for it was his usual habit on coming home to throw off all working thoughts and enter into light and cheerful conversation about the petty nothings that concern us mortals in our leisure moments. A smile played about his lips, and he had that far-away look in his eyes which seemed to combine interest and amusement.

I remained silent and bided my time, however, for I knew that presently I should hear of his experience after he had thought it through again. A few more minutes of silence—and then, lighting a cigar, he turned to me and began.

“It was the most peculiar case I have met with in some time, rather puzzling in some respects, and on the whole interesting on account of the novelty of the operation. It seems that the patient had been for quite a while in training in the hospital for the same kind of work in which the nurses and internes under whose care she had been placed were now engaged. Her condition had gone unnoticed for some time, they thinking it to be only natural, but finally they began to consult each other concerning her condition. She did not seem to rally under their treatment, excellent as it was, neither did she seem to be in a hopeless state. They carefully watched her for some days, each administering his or her own dose of stimulants, but her condition seemed in no way improved. Then, after a hurried consultation, they decided to call in a brain specialist and sent for me.

"I must confess that I was greatly puzzled to know what to do. I had never diagnosed a case of this nature before, and hesitated to attempt it, but I came to the conclusion that the only thing to be done was to make a cross section of the brain, and if possible work out from that the causes of the malady—and the remedy.

"The patient was put upon the operating table, and both the nurses and the internes with eager expectation gathered around to witness the operation. I could not help noticing those nurses and internes, so different were they in their approach and attitude toward the patient. One interne, stockily built with a shaggy mass of hair, and wearing prominent eyeglasses, seemed much more interested in the operation than in the patient herself. He possessed a certain familiarity with the technical terms used by doctors, and assumed a great deal of authority on the subject; in fact, if I had not been on my guard, I think he would have taken the operation wholly into his own hands. There was one nurse whom I noticed particularly, energetic and quick, taking in in a glance what was required and as quickly filling the need; cool but kind; business-like yet full of feeling; efficient. Near her stood another interne, with keen, benevolent eyes full of understanding and sympathy. It was a great encouragement to feel that here was one who, as well as one could, understood the patient and had a deeper insight into the hidden emotions that control the outward life. More and more as the operation progressed did my admiration for such an infinite fund of knowledge as this interne possessed increase. Again and again did his timely suggestions prove to be an unerring guide. The operation itself went well and I made a splendid cross section, but somehow or other the objects could not be clearly ascertained without the use of a strong microscope.

"Around the entire edge of the cross section ran a double walled coating of perplexity. Situated right next to this, and seeming to have some connecting

passages with this coating of perplexity, was a long, never ending, spiral shaped cord. Upon closer observation I found this to be a conglomeration of evolution and eternity, freely interspersed with question marks. Lying on the borders of this coil were a few embryo-knowledge cells. The environment did not seem suitable for the growth of much material along that line. 'Hardly,' I heard one of the internes saying in a short, sarcastic tone.

"Lying in one part rather separated from the other regions were two groups of cells, differing slightly from each other in structure. The cells in one mass were rather square in shape and antiquated looking. But here and there among them were found a few which gave signs of new life and recent use, especially those of the varieties 'sane' and 'no intellego.' Those lying next to them were smoother and more rounded and had the appearance of being engaged in more recent use. These varieties were designated by the technical terms of "Oui, mademoiselle" and "je ne comprends pas." Two very kind-looking elderly nurses, standing together, came over, took a closer look, and smiled at each other.

"In the upper corner to the right I found several small, hard, pebble-like substances which by treating with certain chemicals, appeared to be geologic specimens of schistos, pyritohedron, and sphalerite. One of the nurses drew from a small black bag hanging on her wrist several larger rocks with which she compared the pebble-like substances, and then replaced them for future needs.

"Near the center there was a very curious looking specimen, which I was at a loss to classify, when a tall fluffy-haired nurse stepped forward with a smile of recognition. This gave me a clue, and on closer investigation it was revealed to be a graphic representation of the trigonometric functions, lately impressed, probably for the last test. From this there appeared, hardly discernible through the magnifying glass, a small '*calculusian*' outgrowth, which the same fluffy-

haired nurse by repeated references to a slip of yellow paper assured me was the definite integral between the limits of zero and infinity of a certain 'category' curve.

"Running through the brain and glancing off at a tangent from each separate portion was a long, narrow cord, taking somewhat the course of a sine curve. I was much rejoiced to find it to be the cord of faint understanding.

"There was one other object which puzzled me greatly, and that was the appearance of several large spaces here and there. I know that nature abhors a vacuum and therefore could not understand this curious phenomenon. Finally I have come to the conclusion that these are room for thought."

Here the doctor leaned back in his chair, and reached for his half smoked cigar, the puzzled expression now gone, but the smile still lingering. It was my turn now to be puzzled. I could not erase from my mind the thoughts of one in such a deplorable condition; and although it is not my habit to inquire into the professional cases of my friend, yet I could not refrain from asking,

"What did you prescribe for the patient, Doctor?"

"Oh," said he, "you see those—those things that were there were rather unconnected, and therefore could not function well. In order to bring about a perfect co-ordination a certain enzyme was necessary, which did not appear in the brain of this patient. So after fitting the brain together, and sewing up the incision, I injected a considerable amount of that very rare and stimulating fluid, common sense." And then after a pause, he added, "I think she'll be doing all right in a short while now, as soon as it has had time to be absorbed and re-act in her system."

—S. Morton,

THE FOCUS

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Editorial

"Art thou a teacher in Israel and understandest not these things?"

The whole trouble with Nicodemus was that he had never had any professional training. He had graduated from college—with high honors, no doubt. He had mastered the law and the prophets. And so he "secured a position" as a teacher in Israel. But he knew nothing of the life of the individual human soul and how it grows. He had a good heart. He was humility itself. His mind was open as a child's. But he felt there was something the matter with him. A teacher came his way who "knew what was in man" as well as what was in the law and the prophets. He really understood psychology and applied it in his teaching with amazing results. Struck with wonder Nicodemus exclaimed in his humble way,

"Thou art a teacher come from God!"

But when the Teacher remarked casually that learning after all is only a continuous process of dying and being born again, a swinging of the pendulum to and fro, from doubt to faith and back again and again, a seeking and finding and seeking again, that the human mind and spirit grow not by memorizing the fixed deductions of the ancient sages but by constantly reconstructing—reconstructing—

"Nicodemus answered and said unto Him, How can these things be?"

The "average college graduate" who steps from the commencement stage onto the teacher's platform in any high school in the State, carries under his arm the notebooks he so carefully kept during his four years' course. These he rehashes in lectures that can be heard on the other side of the street if you happen to pass the high school building at 11.30 a. m. He—or even *she* sometimes—makes his students memorize the facts of history as he himself learned them, by cramming for the same examination questions that were set for him in college. He has them study the history of literature as he studied it in his sophomore year. If they are to study any literature at all, he slips in his own dear favorite masterpieces, on which he has complete notes taken in college. That saves him some thinking and enables him to impress the children with his second-hand erudition. The mathematics of ancient Greece and the classics of ancient Rome are the grindstones on which he fain would sharpen the tender young blades in his charge. His college notes on psychology dazzle the eye with remarks about the function of the sub-cortical nervous mechanism, conative continuity and retentiveness or perhaps even individualism in adolescence. But he has no idea what a high school boy or girl should do in order to learn how to spell separate. He has never caught on to the fact that when a man wants to fly he has to start on the ground.

This is what Nicodemus would have known if he had had a year or two of professional training—how to start on the ground. He must become a little child and learn with them and grow up with them. The average college graduate has this difficult lesson to learn after he begins teaching, and only too often he never learns it. It is just here that the graduate from the four year professional course has the advantage. She has taken courses of study in the nature of the children she will have to teach and has learned how to study their needs. She has been shown also how to adapt the mathematics and the languages, and the

history, and the literature, to these needs. Moreover she has had an opportunity to try her hand at teaching them under expert supervision and has had her failures and her successes pointed out. In other words, she has already been born again.

If she hasn't—God help her!

+ + + + Hit or Miss + + + +

AS WE ARE SEEN

Catharine Frances Bernard Mann Riddle,
She could neither play, sing, nor fiddle,
She'd talk 'til she was blue
And never let you
Have a word at the first, end, or middle!

There once was a girl named Ruth
And 'tis said she had a sweet tooth,
She was very contrary
And adored Miss Mary
And that is the literal truth!

Laura Agnes Meredith, B. S.,
Is very fond of a merry jest,
She's full of wit
And always a hit
And prettier far than the rest.

There was once a girl called Timberlake
And to say she was tall was no fake,
Of a lady named "Fronde"
She was very fond
And she'd do anything for her sake!

There was a lady named Peek,
'Tis true she was not very meek,
But by night or by day,
In work or in play,
Her comrades her presence would seek!

There once was a girl called Morton
And poetry she always was quotin',
She didn't care for boys
But she did like "Noyes"
And his style she was always notin'.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

There was a man from La Crosse
Who never was found at a loss
To cut up the cats
And preach against fats
And of medicine thought he was boss!

There was a young lady named Fronde
And of poetry she was very fond,
She was not very mild
When she spoke of Carlyle
But when it came to Wordsworth she shone!

There was a fellow named Lear,
Who was so exceedingly queer
He talked all night
To prove his right
To a matrimonial career!

Little Bessie Randolph, the coy young maid,
Can inform you concerning traffic and trade
And pick many a flaw
In international law,
And declares that a League *must* be made!

There once was a fellow called Duckie
Who was so exceedingly plucky
He forgot to send notes
On account of Miss Stokes
And the girls thought themselves lucky!

Miss Carrie Brown Taliaferro teaches us Math.
And infinite knowledge of the ancients she hath,
Of Persian Arabupta
And Hindu Bramagupta
And how "Eureka" was found in a bath.

Miss Maude K. Taliaferro, the dear,
Very slight sounds distinctly can hear,
In the library at night
Our talk is not quite
Too gentle and low for her ear!

W. F. Tidyman, Ph. D.,
Is as tidy a man as you see.
He shows how to score
And many things more
And a right dandy teacher is he!

There was a young lady, Miss Stubbs,
Early and late in the garden she grubs,
After "lab" we lag
And she opens a bag,
And, my, that lady we "lubs!"

Miss Christine Munoz, we call her a dear.
We once were her dummies but now do not fear,
For now that *we've* taught
Her courage we've caught,
And all of her methods are clear!

And there's Mr. Grainger, you know,
Who's very deliberate, *not slow*,
And he looks so cute
When he plays on the flute
That we always beg him to blow!

Reminiscences

Will you ever forget—

November 20th—Shannon wrote her *first* poem.

Ruth: "Are congratulations in order, Mr.Somers?"

Peekie: "I declare I didn't say a word, Miss Kennedy; I just sneezed in Katharine's ear."

Mr. Gilliam: "All right just so you don't tell the rest of the school. Don't you tell the rest of the Normal School."

Miss Kennedy: "That 4th Prof. English class of mine is the *gigglingest* class I ever had."

No. 14—It's puny!

"You premeditated post-proterzoic p o t s d a m dikellocephalus pepinesis of a procrastinating pre-varicating fossil, you!!"

"I want a fwog—I *must* have a fwog! Do you know where there are any fwogs around here, Miss Stubbs?"

"All right now, people. Will you state the title of today's lesson, Miss Morton?"

"Little Beththie."

Mamebetosa Bromigrolees.

Rocks !!!

Technical names and the advantages of using them.

The night Ruth's brother-in-law thought the library a hospital.

Shannon reading love poetry in the library.

Katharine's desired epitaph.

Ruth and "Come into the garden, Maude."

Peekie's intellectual appreciation of Carlyle—she'd enjoy him if she didn't go to sleep!

When Laura tore up her Calculus test paper!

Apperceptive basis and tradition!

The day Laura, Riddle, and Shannon had to apologize to Dr. Jarman for breaking up chapel.

The day we hid Miss Ashton's keys.

The day Laura and Shannon hid Mr. Lear's "chapeau" in the library, and sent it back by Ellen adorned with a green rosette!

"That the truth is mighty and doth prevail."

Essays "wise, witty, or otherwise!"

The day Peekie pulled from behind the radiator in Room I the potted rose which was intended for the Infirmary.

The Easter supper, April 21, 1919!

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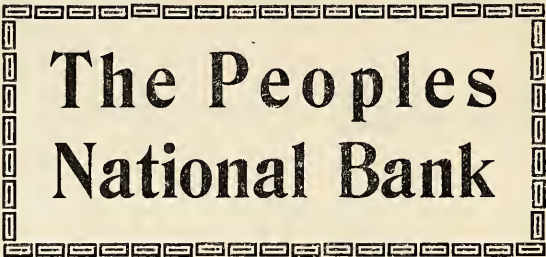
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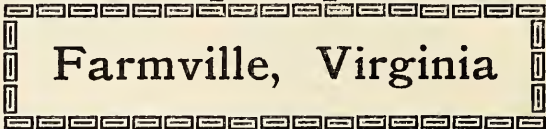
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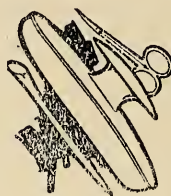


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