3-1920

The Focus, Volume lX Number 2, March 1920

Longwood University

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FARMVILLE, VA.

E. Grainger

MARCH, 1920

THE FOCUS

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THE FOCUS

VOL. IX FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1920. NO. 2

To G—— S——

I stand where Spring with magic touch
  Has formed a wonderland about,
And somehow from my aching heart
  The pain goes out.

I see thee where the lilies blow,
  And where the nodding violets peep
I hear them say thy name, when they
  Awake from sleep.

The birds that fill the day with song
  Are chanting notes of praise to thee.
Ah! would that their sweet power of song
  Were given to me.

For I am tired of being still
  When 'mid the flowers and in the air,
And like the spirit of the Spring
  Thou art everywhere.

Alas, and art thou still so cold?
  Enchantress, I have loved thee well.
How thy indifference pains my heart,
  No tongue can tell.

But now where Spring with magic touch
  Has formed a wonderland about,
I stand, and from my aching heart
  The pain goes out.

The Mikado's Tea

CERTAINLY there never was such tea. As I refilled the cups I thought, with renewed gratitude, of the kindness of the friend who had made it possible for me to revel in this favorite beverage of an Emperor;—that friend whose uncle was so fortunate as to be on intimate terms with the Mikado's young cousin. It afforded me a warrantable thrill of pleasure, not to say pride, to realize that I was actually drinking "the Mikado's tea,"—a brand especially prepared for His Excellency, the Emperor of Japan, and never before permitted to grace the table of any one save members of the imperial household.

And how worthy of a regal board was this delightful concoction! Its delicate aroma was imbued with all the subtle charm of the Orient; the fragrance wafted to my enchanted nostrils was reminiscent of orange-blossoms—no, cherry-blossoms, if one would be true to tradition and to botanical geography; and mirrored in its crystal-amber depths were fascinating scenes of the fair land from which it came. There arose a vision of a tranquil sapphire sea; and by its side a quaint, vine-clad pagoda, its grey turrets wreathed in purple wistaria-bloom. I caught the faint tinkle of far-off chimes, the gay laughter of diminutive maidens—and——

"This is the most delicious tea, Miss Kent, I have ever tasted!"

The enthusiastic outburst of the guest at my right recalled me to my duties as hostess. The luncheon had been a decided success, due in large part, to the magic influence of the Emperor's tea. The Tea was easily the belle of the menu, the soul of the repast, the crowning glory of the feast; briefly, it was IT.

Even those most versed in Epicurean ethics, and most disposed to look with disfavor upon any violation of custom or precedent, drowned their momentary regrets for the coffee that *wasn't* in genuine and whole-souled approbation of the Tea that *was*.

Tea had been the centripetal force around which the conver-

sation had rotated. For I had not been so selfish as to keep from my friends the history of the Tea; it was only fair that I should share with them the delightful sensation of lunching with royalty. And from the moment of its formal introduction, the Tea had stood out as an aristocrat among the plebian conventionalities of the meal. It had cast over the whole function an undeniable glamour that could not otherwise have been attained. For a repturous hour the progress of the luncheon was punctuated with frequent and repeated exclamations of praise for the unexcelled merits of the Tea.

But all things must have an end, and finally I was waving farewell to my last departing guest. Heaving a sigh of real and supreme satisfaction, I betook myself to an easy-chair by the fireside and there gloated over the remembrance of the furore my precious Tea—the Emperor's Tea—had created. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was dining with His Excellency in the Imperial Palace—and steeping myself in luxurious enjoyment of his Tea.

It was late afternoon when I awoke. I walked lazily towards the pantry, calling Mary, the Queen of my Kitchen, as I went. As I passed the cupboard, my glance fell upon an open tin; mechanically, I closed the lid, wondering why half of the contents had disappeared. It was a cheap and most distasteful brand of tea, and I had never been able to use it after the first trial. I would tell Mary to consign it to the garbage can. Then my eye wandered to the upper shelf, where, in regal state, reposed the unassuming little box containing the Mikado's Tea. Instinctively, I moved nearer. . . . . The paper wrapping was unbroken. . . . . Servants are so careless.

HARRIET PURDY.

The Place of the English Ballad in High School English

IN recent years there has been a very noticeable revival of interest in the old English and Scottish ballads. This interest has been directed in the channel of discovering fragments or wholes of these old ballads which reached America with that great influx of Scotch-Irish and English of the seventeenth century and have been handed down from generation to generation. Often the original version has suffered from this oral handing down; in other instances the exact production has been found; and in still other cases the thought has been used to create an entirely new ballad. But my purpose is not so much to relate a history of the ballad in America as to estimate and ascertain the place of the ballad in the English curriculum of the high school. The importance of ballad study in schools has been undervalued and sadly neglected.

The ballad should be studied as a means of interpreting the English language and the spirit of the people. This may be done through word study, knowledge of sentence structure and general knowledge of the history of the people. Certain folk lore and ballads show the Latin influence; others show the Scotch influence, and still others are distinctly French.

As a study in word and vowel changes and differences which reflect the growth of the language the ballad is very valuable. Children notice very keenly the use of u for v; ch for g and ai for o. Other differences can be very easily found from short study. Ballad study indirectly teaches English history. In the battle of Bannockburn, Chevy Chase, Flodden Field and Robin Hood, etc., facts in history are told in a delightful and entertaining way which helps vivify and vitalize English history and perhaps cultivate a taste for literature of this type.

The fact that the ballad has all those elements which contrast with lyric poetry is of interest to the student. The belief in

fairies, elves, the great use of silver and gold are characteristic of the people from whence they came. The rhyme and rhythm stimulate interest and also serve to light the pathway in our interpretative study. These characteristics of the ballad are reflected in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Tennyson and Macaulay, and later in Lowell, Whittier, Holmes and Taylor; in the ballads of the mountaineer of Virginia and Tennessee and in the recent war ballads created in camp and on the battlefield.

The ballad has all the elements of the short story. There is also excellent training through music and rhyme. English work such as dramatization of ballads, original work, singing, writing of the story and metre work is available from this source.

From the standpoint of moral influence the ballad is a necessary subject of high school English. A great many center around a hero and his exploits. The interest of the reader or listener is held to the very end. Every high school child loves to read of wonderful heroes and their daring adventures. The love element is not essential to a keen enjoyment of the poem. The singer's view of death is often non-Christian, but this influence is vague in comparison with all other moral forces in the ballad.

Mr. C. Linklater Thomson of the London University discourages the study of the old English ballad "because the moral in them is bad, also because their style is inferior to the Scottish poems." Frances B. Gummere, of Haverford College, in an article in the Virginia Journal of Education seeks to justify the moral of the ballads. He believes that elements such as simplicity, directness, repitition of critical moments, very little metaphor found in the great body of ballads offset the disregard for morals in the outlaw ballads. "The ballad of popular tradition does not ask general questions about the evil in our lives, the misery of men, the riddle of the painful earth. There is not a touch of sentiment or reflection, but the rough working virtues are there—courage, sympathy of pen, scorn for cowardice and treachery." There is a "never say die" spirit in the fighting ballads. Sidney Lanier says: "I know that he who walks in the

way these following ballads point, will be manful in necessary fight, fair in trade, loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in the household, prudent in living, plain in speech, merry upon occasion, simple in behavior and honest in all things."

Ballad study would enable the teacher to come in closer relation to the community life. In doing this she becomes a factor and force in the workings of the community. She has reached out and found a point of contact and obtained the interest and respect of the parents as well as the children.

Perhaps she would begin with the familiar folk songs of the surrounding country. Children would be interested immediately in the songs they had heard from childhood and would eagerly bring others from fathers, mothers and grandparents. Not only would the children derive benefit from the singing and reading of these poems but the teacher would have received knowledge of the people which she had not experienced before. Someone has said—"Let the children be taught the music and words of our folk songs. Old Black Joe was acknowledged and accepted as an American folk song. Some modern 'Old Black Joe' would be received with horror in the ranks of pedagogy if they were sung in school, yet in later years they will have found their place."

A whole-hearted, sincere interest of the people would be gained by this approach to the ballad. Later, after folk-lore has been discussed and exhausted, the real ballad is introduced and studied. Thru this method of approach the teacher would perhaps discover some ballad which has been hidden away in the memories of men for years. As an old mountain woman explained to several ballad hunters she did not know the value of these tales. These are her words: "Now that folkses can read more'n they used to, and have song books with pretty new tunes, nobody's agoing to burden their mind no more with them old ballets which allus was a sight foolish anyhow."

In the December 1913 issue of the Review of Reviews there is an article on the value of the folk songs and the tendency to undervalue them. "The underlying character of our own folk

songs depends largely upon our pedagogues. This does not mean music teachers, properly so-called, but to normal school teachers who are required to take music. There can be but two possible objects of teaching music in the schools. The one is to develop the aesthetic sense, the other to induce the nation to sing."

How much the teacher could do and what a great service she could render! Only in recent years have scholars awakened to the realization that America offers a field for collecting survivals of English and Scottish ballads which is little inferior in richness and interest to the old country itself.

The ballad has a most important place in high school English for does it not interpret the English language and people thru word study, structure and history of the period, leave lasting impressions from a moral standpoint which encourages all those qualities that are noble and manful; and weaves with the thread of sympathy the robe of interest which will enfold teacher and community in the world of service?

MARY STEPHENSON.

The Lark

I

Hark from the skies of early dawn
The lark drops down his notes,
Over the fields of silver wheat
His melody sweetly floats.

II

On joyous wings he drifts on high
And welcomes the new-born day,
And hails the sun as it stretches it's rays
Thru the pearly clouds of gray.

III

His notes are like the golden strings
Of some enchanted lyre,
And his call is sweeter, clearer yet,
As he circles higher, higher.

IV

We do not see him—we only hear
His joyous, gladsome call,
And a feeling of rest and peace and love
Seems to hover over all.

J. EDMUNDS.

Nahyima

THE sun sank low behind the purple hills and twilight descended in Chicksaw Valley. All seemed peaceful and quiet; the chirping of the birds in the trees and the croaking of the frogs served to intensify the silence.

Nahyima sat in the doorway of her wigwam lost in a reverie. She was slim and straight, with grace lurking in every feature. Her face was fresh and piquant. Two glossy black braids gave her well poised head an added charm. More fascinating, however, were her eyes, deep, dark and questioning. As she sat there her eyes were so searching and anxious that surely something must have been puzzling her.

Nahyima was agitated. She was thinking of two young braves each of whom sought her for his squaw. One she hated with all her soul. He was the crafty Black Hawk, handsome and strong, but treacherous and evil at heart. The other she loved. He was Silver Tip. In war or in peace he was the bravest, the most determined, but in all things fair and square. For two days she had not seen him. He was far away, guiding a party of explorers thru the dark forest trails to the headwaters of a mighty river. If only he were there now, she longed to see him so.

A noise broke out in the stillness. Nahyima, startled, sat forward and strained her ears for the sound. Then a voice rang out. Her father bade her come to him. Slowly she arose and went to his tepee. As she entered he took his pipe from his mouth and looking into her eyes, spoke, "Nahyima, I saw Black Hawk today. Prepare; at the next moon you will become his squaw." Terror gripped her heart but she stilled it. She bowed her head in acquiescence. Her father, satisfied, grunted and she glided noiselessly from the tepee.

Outside she stopped, the blood beat in her temples, her heart thumped, revolt filled her soul. Lifting her hands to the moon. She pleaded, "O God of the moon, help Nahyima, help Nahyima

to find a way out." The pines called her, thither she went and wandered thru the moonlit trees, always with this petition on her lips. At length, worn out, but soothed by the calm night, she turned and sought refuge in her wigwam.

The day dawned beautifully. Rosy gray merged into golden day. The sun was several hours up. Nahyima ran lightly to the lake and stepped one foot into the canoe when a voice arrested her. Glancing over her shoulder she saw Black Hawk coming towards her with a smile on his face. Over one shoulder was slung a beautiful fur. Pausing beside her he offered her the fur. She thrust it away and jumping into the canoe pushed off from the shore. Black Hawk stood aghast, the idea that she did not love him could not enter his egotistical mind. Then his face cleared as he thought to himself, "It is just a sudden fancy. It will pass with time." Aloud he called to her, "Not this time Nahyima, but 'byeanbye.' You love me." She did not answer, the canoe shot ahead, rounded a projecting point of the shore and a moment later Nahyima was lost to view.

The days passed by. Again morning dawned beautifully, but to Nahyima the big blue sky seemed gray and all the lovliness of an Indian summer was lost to her. Had not ten days passed since her father had called her to him that fateful night? Would not Black Hawk take her for his squaw tomorrow? Silver Tip had not been heard of; that was the heaviest blow. She slowly performed her morning tasks.

Afternoon came. Nahyima, still restless, decided to go to her favorite haunt on the bank of a nearby river. So fleet of foot was she that ere long she was seated on the bank under a weeping willow tree, watching the turbulent stream flow past. No one knew how she loved this spot except Silver Tip. Everything seemed to recall him to her mind. She sat there a long time brooding in soltitude.

Suddenly the snapping of a twip broke the silence. In an instant Nahyima sprang up and turned around. She stood face to face with Silver Tip. For a moment her head reeled, joy and

surprise mingled in her beautiful dusky countenance. Then she broke the silence, "Silver Tip, you back? I very glad."

Silver Tip took her trembling hands in both his own, "Nahyima, I love you. I missed you so. It is so long since we see each other. Tell me what happened all those days we did not meet?"

A moment later they were setting on the bank Nahyima pouring into Silver Tip's ears the command of her father to wed Black Hawk. Silver Tip listened with a frown on his brow.

"Oh, Nahyima," he said, "this cannot be. We love each other. We will go away from the tribe of our fathers. There is much pretty land up by the big water. Tonight we will go."

Scarce had the words left his lips when a voice broke in from behind. Silver Tip leaped from the ground. There stood the crafty Black Hawk with a sneer on his face, saying "Silver Tip no take my squaw."

A look sharp as a knife passed between the two men; then the fight began. The two warriors grappled, each straining, until their muscles well nigh burst in an effort to throw the other. The seconds sped by; neither yielded. It seemed that the two were equal. Now by a superhuman effort Silver Tip freed one arm from Black Hawk's iron grasp and at last gained an advantage. Black Hawk, strong and mighty, fought like a savage, but Silver Tip, thinking of the girl Nahyima, found strength each minute that he did not think he possessed. Right and fair play were on the side of Silver Tip. Black Hawk began to lose, Silver Tip was lightening quick and too agile for him. He realized he was being beaten, slowly but surely, by fair means. He knew his waning strength could avail little now unless by treachery. Even as the thought entered his mind, he acted on it. Concealed at his side was a knife, quick as a flash he grasped it, then held it high. Silver Tip had one fleeting glimpse, but too late. Down came the arm, the knife pierced the back of Silver Tip. Silver Tip lay still. Black Hawk looked down at the work of his hands, then with a cry of exultation he siezed the lifeless body and threw it into the river. The waters rushed over him. Silver Tip was gone forever.

Slowly Black Hawk turned around to the girl. What a look of horror and loathing she directed at him! With inexpressible scorn for him in her face she turned her back and fled thru the forest. Swiftly she ran but it seemed an eternity before she reached her wigwam. She threw herself upon the floor and would not get up. Her father petted her, she would not be comforted. Only three words could he elicit from her rambling mutterings—"Silver Tip murdered." At length he left her alone so poignant was her grief.

The hours rolled by. Twilight lingered and deepened into black night. A storm arose, clouds blotted out the stars, the winds whisteled thru the trees. Nahyima was alone. At midnight she left her wigwam and stole out into the storm-ridden night. With bowed head she came to the river bank.

Standing in the spot where her lover was cast into the water, Nahyima stretched out her arms and whispered softly "Silver Tip, I am coming to you." Forthwith she leaped into the raging torrent. The black waters closed over her head. The winds took up the echo of her dying words and wailed them mournfully thru the dark forests.

On the following morning a moccasin was found on the river bank, all that was left of Nahyima.

The Indians of Chicksaw Valley now tell the legend of Nahyima to their children. Whenever a storm arises they say that the spirit of Nahyima comes back from the happy hunting ground. She stands on the river bank with hands outstretched while the pines sigh and murmur her words of fidelity.

KATHLEEN KENNETT.

Good Posture in School

With Suggestions for Conducting a Good Posture Campaign

IN the days when "readin', writin', and 'rithmetic were taught to the tune of a hickory stick" by a deductive method, the public school teacher considered it her duty to keep order in the class room and to hear the children recite their lessons from a text, or to lecture to them on some fitting subject. Here her obligations to her class were ended. The ideal public school teacher of the twentieth century will not stop here. She endeavors to fit her pupils for the common everyday duties of life, to show them the importance of good health, and to supply home training when necessary to those who are not so fortunate as to have had it. This is indeed a big undertaking, but when we remember that the object of education is to prepare the child for an efficient citizenship, we can realize the necessity for it.

Everyone understands that good health is essential for efficient life—hence the reason for our study of anatomy, hygiene, physiology, etc. However, there is one phase of great importance in this line which we are often inclined to overlook or to consider a hopeless situation and therefore ignore; when as teachers we should give it much thought and attention. The child who sits on the end of his spine and studies physiology is really only cramming facts and obtaining little practical knowledge or benefit. Comparatively few school children know how to carry themselves and many a healthful constitution is undermined and many a child becomes round shouldered thru carelessness of carriage, whereas a little information and training could have prevented. The importance of good posture on health cannot be exaggerated, therefore, since we teach children hygienic principles, let us give some thought to this phase of the subject and treat it in a clear and efficient way.

Since one of the causes of poor posture is ignorance, the first important step is that of defining *good* posture, and thus inspiring better carriage. This can be best taught by the Vertical Line Test. By demonstration it can be shown that a straight line dropped from the front of the ear should fall to the forward part of the ball of the foot. If this is correct, the spine is in the proper position with the correct curves. The ribs which are attached to the spine are in the best possible position to allow the lungs to expand. The heart action is unimpeded, the stomach and liver not crowded and the diaphram does not press down on the lower organs and push them out of place. Particularly are all of the organs crowded in the fatigue posture, where the back in bent, the chest hollow, the shoulders round, and the head and neck thrust forward. This is the most usual of all the types of incorrect posture. Another very harmful type is that known as the Obliterated Lumbar Curve—in which the lower part of the back is straight, the natural lumbar curve having disappeared, and the head and neck thrust forward. This is rare as a standing position, but very commonly caused by children slipping down in their seats and sitting on the end of their spine. The child who is so often told to hold his shoulders back, may go to the other extreme and develop what is called the exaggerated posture, where the chest is thrust out too far and the lumbar curve is too great. This posture is not often seen but is one to watch for when attempting to correct the fatigue posture. The fourth type shows us the lateral or one-sided deviation. Here one hip is higher than the other, one shoulder (that on the side of the lower hip) may be lower than the other and the spine curved. Only a physician can determine how serious such a type may be.

Of course it is one thing to know what poor posture is, and another to understand how to correct it. We are all witnesses to the fact that repeated coaxing and injunctions to the young person to "sit up," "stand straight," "hold your shoulders back," etc., without giving the reasons for the importance of it all, is not of any material value but a weariness to the flesh. Therefore we

must wage war on our enemy "Poor Posture" in an efficient and systematic way. For this purpose it has been suggested that the public school teacher "put on" or conduct a better posture campaign in the public school lasting from five to seven days, or as long as she sees fit provided the campaign is not allowed to drag or become boring.

There are numerous ways of conducting such a "drive," and almost limitless opportunity for original inventions on the part of the teacher and all those taking part. A desirable plan for such a movement would be to arrange for some program for each day during the campaign as a means of keeping the subject constantly before the minds of the students. The campaign might be introduced on a Monday morning by a talk from the teacher on the general importance of good posture. Good posture should be defined; the four types of poor posture illusrated and condemned, and the straight line test given to all the students. A general outline or plan of the drive should be brought before the minds of the students. This could be followed the next day by a fifteen-minute lecture on "Health and Posture" presented by the neighborhood physician or nurse if possible. In larger schools in cities and towns it would be an excellent idea to secure slides to illustrate this talk and throw them on the screen when appropriate. These slides may be borrowed from the American Posture League. The next day such a topic as "Carriage and Character" may be presented in a forcible and concrete manner by one of the pupils from the higher grades—the teacher of course supplying the necessary books and sources of information mentioned below. Here is an opportunity to appeal to the natural vanity of the children. Impress upon them that beauty is impossible without good carriage. No girl can expect to be stylish, no boy can look strong or manly who stands and sits in a slouching position and is careless of his appearance. A talk should be given on "How to Correct Poor Posture," and suggestions given as to how to form the correct habits and correct poor carriage in yourself and your neighbor as well. "Standing straight is

primarily a matter of habit not of muscle," we are told by Luther Gulick in his book on *The Efficient Life.* The use of good posture tests, such as the vertical line test and standing close against a wall with heels flat and body straight and then walking away in exactly that position are valuable. Other such simple drills, as well as directions for taking more strenuous exercises to correct individual faults. The last day of the campaign should be the *big* day. An entire evening's entertainment may be arranged if desirable or an hour's time taken from opening exercises or class work for presenting the program. An easy and effective plan would be a series of "stunts" and pantomine done by the students themselves. Examples such as the following will give the idea and may be developed and added to in more effective ways according to the ingenuity or originality of the organizer and the participants. One "stunt" may be a scene in a classroom with all slipped down in their seats or bent over papers, or sitting on their feet—and the teacher as poor an example of posture as any of the pupils. In contrast with this show the ideal class with the alert teacher and energetic pupils. These parts may be taken by the students in the school and the lesson being taught may be one of hygiene, anatomy or physiology, or it may be simply pantomine. Another suggestion would be to let different children illustrate the different types of poor posture and explain the causes for them. A twelve-year-old boy has the fatigue position caused partly by carelessness and laziness and from the habit of putting his hands in his pockets. A little girl illustrates the obliterated lumbar curve caused by sitting on the end of her spine and slipping down in her chair. Another has caught the idea of posture in the wrong sense and has the exaggerated fault, while the fourth type is illustrated by a girl who always carries her big stack of books under the same arm and has developed the lateral curve. This last type may be illustrated in a number of different ways. One girl instead of having carried books has become twisted from carrying her little brothers and sisters who are too heavy for her. Others develop slight lateral curves from

forming the habit of sitting or standing on one foot. A very good illustration which would appeal to the boys is a comparison of the physique of a young man when he enters the army with his splendid carriage after a year or two of service. This can be shown by two different boys. Many more "stunts" of this sort could be used and a very helpful and interesting program arranged.

The campaign should be thorough but not allowed to drag. If the whole school enters into it with spirit the field may be enlarged by going into the subject in greater detail. One important phase of it which should certainly be mentioned and may be developed into a complete topic for a lecture or discussion is the relation of dress to posture. This would be especially for the girls and high-heeled pointed shoes and tight clothing would be important features to discuss and condemn. Another topic is the relation of furniture to posture. This is particularly practical in the schoolroom where it should be shown that a great deal of harm is done by sitting at desks which are either too high or too low for the individual. The same thing is applicable to chairs and tables at home. Whenever the feet cannot be placed flat on the floor with the arms resting lightly on the desk without the back bending or the shoulders pushed up, there is something wrong with the furniture.

The one important thing to be remembered about conducting a better posture campaign is, that in order that it be a success and bring the important matter clearly and forcibly before the children, *all* of them must take an active part in carrying it on. The correct *atmosphere* must be created before the drive will be valuable. This may be done in various ways. Competition and reward may be used to inspire the children to interest and participation. A prize may be offered to the child having the best posture. Other prizes should be offered for the best essay on the subject, the best rhyme, slogan, "stunt," or poster. This will not only draw the children into the spirit but the results will be used in the final program. A a means of creating "atmosphere,"

posture could be discussed in certain classes—physiology, English and music. In the latter class it could be shown that correct breathing is necessary for good singing and correct posture is essential for correct breathing. As there is so much to be learned about good posture it may be advisable to allow a pupil each morning to discuss one particular phase—for example the correct position of the head and neck in relation to the rest of the body, or the proper carriage of the shoulders. The particular point discussed on this morning will be the thing for which everyone must strive particularly on that day.

Posters on the subject put up in different parts of the school and on bulletin boards are of infinite value. These may not necessarily be original drawings but figures cut from magazines to illustrate the point for the day. For instance two fashion plates mounted—one from "Vogue" or "Vanity Fair" showing the peculiar slouch and unnatural pose, and the other depicting style in the correct sense. Pictures and plates of famous statues are valuable as illustrations and look very effective when mounted with the correct explanation below. One might mount on the same piece of board plates of two such statues as Proctor's "Indian Warrior" and the more famous one of "The End of the Trail," and contrast them. In the former we see the Indian brave mounted on a fresh steed and arrayed in all his feathers and war paint. The body is straight and the whole statue shows the alert keen-eyed savage starting out on war path. In contrast we behold in the "End of the Trail" what might easily be the same warrior and steed. He is perhaps the only one of his tribe who has survived and he is nearly overcome with fatigue. Every line in his figure denotes exhaustion and he is an example of the fatigue type. Other statues may be used, as for instance Michael Angelos' "David," Macomonnie's statue of Nathan Hale and Bartlett's "Lafayette"—to show perfect carriage and beauty of form. Good prints of famous paintings are always easily obtained and every school should have a good collection of them Most of Gainsborough's portraits are splendid illustrations of

good carriage. His famous portrait of Mrs. Sheridan is an excellent example of a good sitting posture. "William II, Prince of Nassau" as painted by Vandyke illustrates particularly well the correct position of the neck and head. These are only suggestions and there is infinite prospect for development.

Along with the use of posters and painting we may find value in quoting good authors on the subject, or in collecting appropriate slogans. Instead of the harmful injunction to "Throw your shoulders back," Gulick tells us to "Keep the neck pressed against the collar." Try it and notice how it helps.

All of these suggestions are only a scattered collection of ideas and general principles. A teacher who desires to "put on" a better posture "drive" in his or her school must understand the subject and become thoroughly acquainted with its possibilities. A good deal may be found on the subject in the average public library and text books on hygiene and physiology are of course very useful. One of the best books to be found is Bancroft's "The Posture of School Children." In it is the classification of the principal types of poor posture, the causes, and a number of splendid suggestions as to how to correct it. There are instructions as how to give exercises is physical education that are of value. To sum the book up in a few words—it contains the exact information needed for a wide-awake teacher conducting a posture campaign. There are other books too, such as "How to Live" by Fisher and Fiske and the "Efficient Life," by Luther H. Gulick. Chapter 5 of the latter is devoted to "How the Body Shows Character" and contains excellent thought.

No doubt the average school teacher has conducted some sort of campaign. We have finacial "drives" of all kinds, and recently we had a national campaign for better speech. In the knowledge of the writer a better posture week has never been observed in any elementary school and only in one college. There it served to inspire those that participated to send the idea to other teachers and make it a universal public school campaign. Better Posture Week at the State Normal School, Farm-

ville, Virginia, was a great success in that it revealed to prospective teachers the value and possibilities of conducting such a campaign in public schools and thereby doing an infinite service to the state and humanity in training healthful and efficient citizens.

The Gray Lady of the Blue Room

IT is called the Blue Room, I suppose, because everything in it is blue. The walls are finished in a delicate blue, the soft rugs that cover the floor have touches of blue in them, the pictures seem to catch the reflection of blue from the walls, and all things seem to be under some mystic spell, for whether they are blue or not, they appear to be blue when in the Blue Room. The big fireplace in the end of the room, the secret closet on one side of the fireplace, the deep windows with the high window seats, and the soft blue light shining over all, speak of gallant courtiers, gracious ladies and romance of other times.

To this room, we are told, when the moon is low, from out the depths of the old well in the garden come the spirits of a lady and a little child, from the Land of the Past, perhaps to live over again some pleasant memory, some trivial thing, associated with the Blue Room. Nobody sees them come, nobody sees them go, but from the terrace in front of the house, the garden back of the house and sometimes from the avenue, one may see a bright light issue from the windows of the Blue Room. Then the neighbors remark, one to another "The Gray Lady of Verville has come again."

Why she comes we do not know, nor is there any record of the fact. Often when the light is seen, some bold person who scornfully laughs at the those who hold in reverence the legend of the Gray Lady rushes up the winding stairs, down the long hall, and bursts into the Blue Room, to find—darkness and quiet. There are those who believe that she comes to bring some message from the Land of the Past to the people of the present, others think she comes to warn people of the old well in the garden, and still others believe that she comes to light the way for some friends or member of the household who is soon to leave the world. None of these theories have been proven, but she still comes, sometimes on cold wintry nights, sometimes on warm

summer nights, but always when the moon is low. Perhaps she comes to prove to skeptical mortals that those who have left the world can come back. Or perhaps, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, she is "doomed to walk the night" to atone for some trangression.

But we do not like to accept this last thought. Let us rather believe with the good people of that vicinity, that she comes to protect the household of Verville, to drive away all evil influences that might affect it, and to leave good luck for all those who see the light, as it comes from the windows of the Blue Room.

FRANCES CURRIE.

Mothers

HERE are your letters, Mrs. Gardner."

"Put them on the table." Mary Gardner's voice was hard, emotionless. The maid glanced around uneasily, then asked hesitatingly, "Is—is there anything else before I go?"

"No, nothing else."

The maid silently left the room, closing the door carefully behind her.

Mary Gardner lay back in her chair and wearily closed her eyes. She felt no curiosity concerning the pile of letters on the table by her side. She knew that they were stilted notes of condolence from well meaning friends. Similar notes had been streaming in for the past week, since the death of her son had become generally known. She knew that nothing could increase the ache in her heart but she could not bring herself to open more letters. Such a short time it seemed since her boy had marched away, and joyfully alive, so tinglingly patriotic. And she had thrown herself into war relief work, not for the same reason that he had thrown himself into war, but to pass the time between his letters more quickly. How she had hungered for those letters and how eagerly she had anticipated his return! Then another letter had come, and life had become an unbearable thing to be dragged out in miserable hours and minutes for interminable years.

A shrill whistle, followed by a light peal of laughter sounded from the yard. Surprise, then swift pain ran through her that happiness and carelessness could exist anywhere.

The door opened abruptly and a small freckled-faced boy looked in. At the look of utter anguish he surprised on her face the boy pulled his cap off and stood in embarrassed silence waiting for her to speak.

"What is it Henry?"

"Mrs. Hale told me to ask you could she get half a dozen eggs."

"Yes. Go in the kitchen and ask Emma for them."

"Her boy, Robert, is comin' home and she is makin' big fixin's for him," he volunteered tactlessly, as he turned to go.

A spasm of pain crossed Mary Gardner's face and bitterness surged over her soul. She hated everything that could be happy, most of all, Ellen Hale. She had always felt a secret contempt, mingled with a superior pity, for dependent, clinging little Ellen Hale. There had never been any real sympathy between them and now she dared flaunt her happiness in Mary Gardner's face.

The odor of hyacinths floated in on the warm air, stifling and oppressing her. Impatiently she crossed the room and closed the window.

Afternoon found her more restless. She felt an irresistable longing to go to Ellen Hale's home. She could not explain her own impulse but she knew that seeing Ellen and her son together would be as much as she could bear; she would at least know that she had reached the pinnacle of human suffering.

A trim, black-clad figure, she crouched back in the cushions as the great car leaped forward. A few minutes drive brought them to Ellen's tiny cottage. It gleamed spotless and cheerful in the fading sunlight. Mary Gardner stepped from the machine and walked quickly to the gate. Just inside, she paused, her hand went convulsively to her heart. Through the open window she could see into the quiet little sitting room, and by the table sat Ellen Hale, her head buried in her arms, weeping quiely and steadily, as if she never meant to stop. One arm was thrown across the table and in her hand she clutched a letter. It all swept over Mary with startling clearness, if it may ever have been said to have left her, the day her own letter had come. Ellen had come to her right away, but she had refused to accept her sympathy. What could Ellen Hale know of grief like Mary Gardner's when her own son was even then sailing back to her? Mary suddenly became timid, afraid. Suppose now Ellen should not care for her sympathy? Hesitancy was no charactertistic of Mary Gardner. She resolutely went into the house and sat down

by Ellen. When she spoke her voice held restrained feeling. "Ellen, I know. Let me stay here and mourn with you."

Ellen did not lift her head, she dumbly held out the letter. It contained much the same information that Mary's own letter had held. She read it through again slowly and then, Mary Gardner, who had maintained such a stony silence in the first hour of her own grief, put her head on the table and gave way to great racking sobs.

After a time Ellen lifted a tear-stained face but her eyes were shining softly.

"Mary, we have so much to be proud of—and so much to live for," she finished softly. Mary's head came up with something of her old spirit. "Will you tell me what we have to live for?" she demanded tensely.

"Why, I feel as if my boy were right here with me, urging me to take my share in the work he gave his life for," Ellen's voice took on a peculiar tenderness, as if she were explaining something to an unreasoning child. There was no conscious superiority in her manner but she seemed far removed from a world of pain and commonplace.

"He was so strong, so brave," she mused. She scarcely seemed aware of Mary's presence. "And I am glad, so glad, that I did not try to hold him back."

For awhile they were both silent. When Ellen spoke again she was the old Ellen, Mary had always known, thoughtful and sympathetic. "I'm sorry for Mrs. Ellis, think how she must feel. She has never had to worry about George's safety but she can never live down the shame."

When Mary rose to go Ellen went with her to the door. "May I come to see you often?" she asked tremuously. She left Ellen reluctantly, as if she had just discovered something she was afraid of losing.

"Come as often as you care to," Ellen answered simply.

The library was suffocatingly hot when Mary Gardner reentered it. The window had not been opened since she had closed

it that morning. She threw it open and stood gazing out into the gathering dusk taking deep breaths of the hycianth scented air. Then, before she removed her hat and gloves she went to the desk, unlocked a drawer and took from its depths a dark, oblong folder. She opened it with trembling fingers and looked deep and hungrily into the gravely smiling eyes of her son. "Little Ellen Hale is infinitely wiser and bigger of soul than your mother is," she whispered to it softly. "But I can learn from her, and oh, my son, with your help I will try."

K. L. G.

The Blue Moon and the Pink Star

(With apologies to Messrs. Anderson and Grainger.)

The Blue Moon swung away up high
The Pink Star smiled from her folds in the sky,
She twinkled and winked—flirted in fact—
But the great Blue Moon glimpsed coolly back
And indifferently glanced thru his bright silvery bar
And loftily ignored the poor Pink Star,
Who glowed more warmly and risked one more smile,
Winked once again—then waited awhile.

II

The vain Blue Moon swelled up in his pride
And spread his proud beams on every dark side,
Climbed a little higher, shone more bright,
Said to himself "I'm King of the night,
"Yon little Pink Star with its faint pale rays
Is a silly little goose with many foolish ways,
And thinks I would deign to smile down on her,
Why compared to me—she's only a blur."

III

The Pink star then grew haughty and cool
"I'll show the Blue Moon that I'm no fool."
So she drew herself up and lifted her head
Ignored the Blue Moon as if he were dead,
Turned her back to his face and without even a glance
Sat majestically still as if in a trance
And apparently forgot the moon's bright bow.
For this is the way of a maid you know.

IV

And seeing a planet not so far away
She sent him a smile both happy and gay

And he in return stretched forth a bright beam,
And on the Pink Star did radiantly gleam.
When the Blue Moon saw this he was dumb with surprise
And looked at Pink Star with quite jealous eyes.
He was furious with rage, his anger was great,
He determined to have Pink Star for a mate.

V

He swung slowly down and smiled at Pink Star
And in his great eagerness leaned over his bar.
But the star kept her wits and turned not her head.
But went on smiling to the planet instead.
Then the moon drew nearer and whispered quite low,
What it was he said I'm sure I don't know.
But the Pink Star blushed deeply and gave a few sighs,
And looked at Blue Moon with soft dreamy eyes.

* * * * * * *

How it all turned out is not in the story,
So I leave these two lovers alone in their glory.

JANETTE EDMUNDS

The Correlation of Language with Music in the First Grade

AFTER having taught and observed in the first grade for three months; I find the correlation of music with language important and valuable.

Music as well as language is a form of expression. The most beautiful thoughts, the sweetest, the saddest and the angry, can be expressed in music. To give an illustration of expression in music, just think of the little simple instrumental piece, "Crossing the Bridge," by Rudolph Frime. First you can hear the carriage coming down the road with it the patter, patter of the strong horses feet and the rattle of the carriage wheels. As they start across the bridge, we hear the rumbling of the wheels and the tread of the horses feet. The horses and carriage roll away and are heard no more. Under the bridge we hear the little stream smiling and singing away as it winds its way into the distance. The music that expresses such things as that is especially suited to little children because of the form of expression.

No one likes to hear a person sing a bright joyful song without expressing happiness and meaning.

In my first grade in music children are taught to pronounce and enunciate every word in a song correctly if possible. We have the children pitch their voices high to make the tone sweet and clear. One little girl, when I first started teaching was a monotone, I thought. She not only sang low, but talked in a low pitch also. Now she can come up as high as the other children. In reading and talking, she has improved wonderfully. At first I could not understand what she was talking about, and often had to ask her over three times and then not know what she said. This change in her now, I believe is due largely to her high tones in music. She loves to talk and tell her experiences and I give her as much opportunity as possible.

In the first grade music I sing to the children largely. This is

to let them hear the clear high sounds, and to see if they can understand every word I sing as well as enjoy the songs. They are not allowed to sing much, so we have to let them express themselves in other ways. This is done through listening, criticising and different gestures of the hands as in "The Little Butter-Fly Song." They skip lightly around the room waving their arms for butterfly wings.

We have dramatization in language; we also have it in music and a great deal of it. The children are very fond of dramatizing "Jack and Jill," while the children with high voices or the teacher sings, a little girl and boy are taken from among the monotones or low singers, one taking the part of Jack and the other Jill. The minute I begin singing they clasp hands walking around the room swinging their hands as if they had a bucket. Jack falls down and later Jill does also. He jumps up and runs home and goes to bed, using a chair for a bed. Jill comes in and laughs as the teacher holds paper over Jack's head. Then the teacher brushes her away as if to correct her. The children are very fond of such songs.

In singing a new song the children are eager to know the story it tells. Sometimes the teacher gets a child to tell the class the story and often she brings the story of the song out by simple questions. Much of this dramatization is done.

As in Industrial Arts and Language, we move along in the same way correlating Music and Language.

At the beginning of school the children sang farewell songs to the summer and greeted the fall.

When the Language and Industrial teachers took up the autumn leaves the children sang, "The Little Leaves of Autumn Come When Summer's Done."

When the poem, "October Party," was taught in Language, the children sang it in Music. Thus it was appreciated more. It has been found that the more famaliar we are with a subject, the more we appreciate it.

Then the Language teachers took up the subject of Hallowe'en

with the children. Through the teaching of stories and poems, I correlated my Music by teaching the children the songs of Hallowe'en. For instance, when they were taught about the yellow pumpkins, I taught the little song "I Found a Yellow Pumpkin in the Barn." After I had sung the song for several days to the children, I had one little boy tell the story of the song to the class. Another song which was correlated with Language was "Jack O' Lantern Looking in at Me."

Another topic taken up in the Language period, was the study of home life, including farm animals and fruits. To make the subject more real to the children, I taught in my Music class little songs about animals and fruits such as; "I had a Little Pony," "The Little Kitty Goes Meow, the Little Dog Goes Bow, Wow, Wow," "Bah, Bah Black Sheep," and "The Farmer Man Comes in to Town With Many Things to Sell."

Some of the lessons which the class enjoyed most were those taken up at Thanksgiving. At this time the Language teacher had the children discuss why we have Thanksgiving and how we celebrate, with prayer and praise to God and with the good things to eat. Then they would sing the Thanksgiving songs as "A Pumpkin Ran Away Before Thanksgiving Day," and "Now Praise and Thanks We Render."

Christmas next came and the children were thrilled of course. In the Language lessons they discussed and talked about the baby Jesus, the pictures of the Madonna and Santa Claus. In the Music class we sang the songs, "Once a Darling Baby Lay," and "Away in a Manger." The children often studied the picture of the Christ in Language, then we sang about Him in class. They loved to tell me the story of the song "Once a Darling Baby Lay." Then the songs of Santa Claus and Christmas Bells were used. Two of their favorite songs were, "Jingle, Jingle Tiny Bells," and "Down the Long Highway From Santa Claus Land." Both of these songs gave vivid pictures and they loved to make gestures with their hands during the song. "The Toyman's Shop," another song was especially suited to the language. It told of the numbers of toys for little girls and boys.

After Christmas the subject of the Eskimos was taken up in language and I taught it in Industrial Arts. It was also taken up in music. After studying the Eskimo, his home and surroundings we sang two songs still telling us more about him. First I sang the song to them and after singing it all through I asked them what they would call it. Everyone chimed in "Little Eskimo." With a beautiful picture drawn on the board by the Language teachers the children looked at the board and listened to the song. It made me feel as though I lived there myself. In my room they had a sand table and on it is the Eskimo house, ground of snow, water, seals, bears, dogs and sleds. While I sang the songs the children gave wonderful attention and the brightness of the childrens' faces showed that they were interested.

Besides the Eskimo songs we sing the "Wind," "Jack Frost," the "Snowflake," song to get them to feel the bitterness of the weather in Eskimo land.

As with those songs we have taught others which emphasized the language as much. Especially the "Swing," by Robert Lewis Stephenson. Through this correlation of music with language the children are benefited and enjoy their songs also.

ALTA BARNES.

Darn It!!!

So tired, so sleepy, so wearied out,
Can't even wiggle my eyes about;
Wish I was at home in bed
Resting my poor little weary head.

Tired of this darned old place called school;
Rather be called a crazy old fool;
Don' learn nuthin', no way, no good,
Reason for coming, I never understood.

Wish I had somep'n nice t' eat,
Some candy, some ice cream, jes' somp'n sweet,
Wish I's in a nice picture show,
Or wish I had somewhere nice to go.

Tired, tired, n' everything mean,
Craziest ole people I've ever seen.
Going, go 'n fin' me a pistol or gun,
Blow my brains out n' have some fun.

D. F. J.

Inspection

"WHY the mad scramble on White House this morning?" asked a visitor to that particular place of abode.

"Wrs. Walker is inspecting," someone informed her. If she had waited a few minutes and just listened she would have easily understood without any further information than the chorus of regretful exclamations that could be heard all up and down the hall.

"I haven't swept behind my screen this week and the girls all say Mrs. Walker looks behind every single thing in the room."

"Oh, I haven't moved my dresser or my bed since Xmas," someone else wailed.

"There's enough dust behind my radiator to fill the whole waste basket," came from another direction.

"I told Mary to straighten out our closet yesterday and she didn't do it. Now I don't know what will happen to us."

Just at that moment someone came running up the hall with a terrible piece of information.

"Oh, say everybody! She's grading the rooms with A's, B's, C's and mostly E's, can you imagine anything worse? And she says she is expecting to send notes!"

"Oh, you know she's not! What will we do? Hand me a broom, quick!"

Third Floor White House never underwent a quicker or more thorough *surface* cleaning than that which befell it for the next few minutes. Every remark made by anyone was accentuated by the stroke of a broom or the whisk of a dust cloth. The maid on the hall stood aghast; she was dumfounded. Never had she seen her dear girls so energetic before. When Mrs. Walker appeared a few minutes later the din of clashing broom and chairs quickly subsided and if she could see through the maze of dust she probably found an apparently "A" hall.

E. K. S.

The Same Old Tale

DREAMING, wondering, pondering over my student teachers I fell asleep. Suddenly I was conscious, very conscious that many eyes were gazing upon me and that girls were crowded around me so close that it was only with great difficulty that I was able to breathe.

There was the girl with her waist hanking out, who never stopped talking and never said anything. There was the girl who labored hours over things and then decided not to use them. There was the girl who knew nothing and thought she knew everything. There was the girl whose head was filled with knowledge and not wisdom. There was the girl who gave me compliments when I scolded her. There was the girl who asked me to go to the "movies" and "handed me a line about her fellers," while there. There was the girl with the pleasant voice and winsome ways.

It was the five minutes just before classes, I realized, as one began, "Yesterday, you told me to teach this lesson this way but don't you think this will be better?"

"Have you heard that Florence is sick and wont be able to teach today?" inquired another.

"Miss Lawson, I just can't make Vergie behave in class!" complained someone else.

"My brother is to be here for only an hour," began another, "just while I teach too, what shall I do?"

"Miss Lawson," put in one of the algebra teachers, after a brief consultation with the other teachers, "if we grade the test papers like you told us to, all the pupils will flunk."

"I never had such a headache in my life," volunteered one as she passed around a bag of candy. "I am afraid I wont be able to go thru the agony of teaching."

"What shall I do with Bettie if she doesn't stop talking?" inquired another.

"Johnnie wont hand in his home work and I have done all I know to do," ejaculated another.

There was a sudden tap on the door and the principal announced he had forgotten to tell me that the tentative grades were due today.

Then, as the bell rang for classes I was aware that many feet were moving around me and someone was exclaiming, "Miss Lawson, ain't yo' goin' to breakfast? mos' everyon' don' gon!"

ELIZABETH McCLUNG.

Gilliam's

"OH, Mary! we have just three minutes to go to Gilliam's before class, come let's run."

"But Helen, I haven't a cent of money with me and I made a New Year's resolution not to start any more bills at Gilliam's."

"Oh, that's all right, come on. I have fifteen cents and that will buy enough to last till dinner. I just don't see why it is I get so hungry just as 12:15 every day. I just nearly starve. Don't believe I could possibly wait till dinner."

"I, either, its just heart-rending about my appetite."

"Hurry up. I know we'll be late. Oh! you don't mind cutting campus just once. Anyhow, I don't see any student government girls looking. I don't see any use walking all the way round anyway, 'cause there's not a sign of any grass in that path, and everybody else does it. I even saw Miss Randolph cut across the other day, I suppose she was a little late to her little class."

No student government girl with her alleged perfect faculty for seeing everything could have possibly distinguished who the two girls were as they made a flying dash "cutting campus" for Gilliam's; nor could she, with her very steady nerves, have withstood a very slight shock as they slammed the door behind them.

"Oh, Mr. Gilliam! Give us something quick, we're already late for class. What do you want Mary?"

"Oh, I don't know, what do you want?"

"I want anything you want."

"Now you know anything suits me."

"Now Mary, don't be foolish, I asked you to come over here, you say what you want."

"I'll declare Helen, I like anything no matter what it is, just get something quick."

"But I'm not going to get a thing until you tell me what to get."

"Well, you get what you want and I'll get what I want."

"But you said you weren't going to get anything."

"Yes, I know I did, but I'll just get it this once and come right over here this afternoon and pay for it."

"Well, I don't think you ought to, but if you must,—Mr. Gilliam give me two Hershey bars!"

"And Mr. Gilliam give me a dimes worth of peanuts.—Here take some quick Helen—this Hershey bar is grand."

"I wonder if girls ever will learn that this is a place to buy and not a place to argue," sighed Mr. Gilliam as again the door slammed behind them.

KATHARINE STALLARD.

Blue Ridge: Blue Ridge:

"A' 'BOARD," sang out the half asleep porter, and amid many hurried goodbyes and smothered exclamations we scrambled on board the train for Blue Ridge. It was 1:00 A. M. and, tho the excitement of the previous day had kept us awake so far, we were ready for sleep. A whole Pullman was ours and we at once began making preparations for bed. Nobody knew where anything was; suitcases and bags were piled above our heads and we were all too sleepy to know which belonged to which. Finally, with the aid of the porter, we were able to get them straightened out and Lib and I were the first ones to get settled in our berth.

Just as I was nearly asleep someone jerked the curtain; "Miss, lemme put this sheet over the window so's yo' won't get no coal dust in yo' eyes whiles yo' is sleep," explained the porter carefully fastening up the sheet. We sleepily assented.

In a few minutes the curtain jerked again, "Miss, yo' suitcase is right smack in the middle of the aisle, I'll jes' push it undah yo'."

"Oh, yes please, do anything only don't bother us again."

"Yas'm, yas'm," and he apologetically shuffled off to bother someone else.

"Well, Katherine, we'll surely get to sleep this time," and so saying Lib turned her face to the window.

A few minutes passed and a hand was thrust thru the curtains and a gruff voice followed, "Ticket, please."

"Oh, horrors, where are our tickets?" I exclaimed.

"They are in my purse if I can ever get to it," and Lib began digging down under the pillow.

The tickets were duly punched and the conductor went on.

Again we made a feeble attempt at sleep, but yet another hand was thrust in and a still gruffer voice demanded "Pullman tickets, please."

Lib and I looked at each other in blank dismay, we had no Pullman tickets and our minds would not work enough for us to think where they could be.

"We haven't any," I finally managed to gasp.

"You haven't any!" and the voice became very indignant.

"Oh, yes we have, Ethel has them all," Lib managed to arouse herself to the point of saying.

"Well, who and where is Ethel?" the voice was becoming thoroughly exasperated.

"Oh, she's business manager and general director of this delegation, and she's in No. 11."

He started away but I checked him to ask, "Are we going to be bothered any more?" He all too quickly replied, "Yes, you most certainly are, if I don't get these tickets." I said no more.

However, he did get the tickets and Lib and I soon passed into peaceful slumbers. When next we opened our eyes it was to see many, many miles away, high upon a mountain side, Robert E. Lee Hall, nestling like a pearl in a great sea of green.

E. KATHARINE STALLARD.

A Spring Fantasy

SPRING; the mystic, the wonderful, when life bubbles up in irrepressible, unquenchable forces. The season of misty moonbeams, tinkling rains and golden sunlight; when all the woodland bowers are filled with the wafted perfume of unnumbered flowers and soft southern zephyrs kiss the violets modest cheek and make the anemone blush.

Now this is the season fairies take for their revels. For the rest of the year they creep away into hollow trees and what not. Instead of merry, jolly little airy folk they are sad and crushed, then when spring is ushered in they get the butterflies to tint their wings and enter forth in the gayest of colors and lightest of humors to dance and play until drear winter is come again.

It was just this season long, long ago that a tiny fairy girl was lost or stolen away. The other folk grieved and mourned for Asmarel for she was a great favorite among all. Some suspected the gnomes, while others were determined the dwarfs had captured their playmate, but though they asked both gnomes and dwarfs all stoutly denied knowledge of her whereabouts.

Now the truth of the matter was: Asmarel had grown tired of her homes in the woodland bower and had begged Mr. Robin so hard to take her with him when he flew north that he consented to her wishes and they flew away together.

They had delightful times sipping the honey out of wayside flowers or wheeling high up in the bright blue sky. Pretty soon, however, Mr. Robin decided to build pretty Mrs. Robin a nest and settle down and though Mr. Robin was very kind to Asmarel she preceived at once that she wasn't wanted.

Now to Asmarel sleeping in the flowers or flying daintily here and there had been but a pastime at her old home, but now she discovered when she tried to slip into the gay heart of a daffy-down-dilly it bent almost double with her weight, so crying with remorse she would slip out and beg the wee flower's pardon. Then she made another startling discovery—she could no longer

flit gracefully to the tree tops. She could hardly circle about the tiny waterlet. Also her wings needed painting dreadfully. There was nothing for poor Asmarel to do but cry, and so rocking backward and forward on a small bough she cried as if her little fairy heart would break.

Now a bevy of butterflies had wandered farther in their play that day than usual and seeing their lost comrade in distress rushed to her assistance. How glad, glad, glad was tiny Asmarel to see them, perhaps they might be able to help her home. The butterflies took the question to their leader and sent out different committees to secure thistle down and spider web.

After this they fashioned the thistle down into a tiny chariot and fit the spider web into reins. With a whir of wings they whisked the tiny throne into the air and Asmarel was really on her homeward journey.

Oh! what delighted little people. All that afternoon they crowded around their comrade showering her with questions and listening open mouthed to her adventures. That night they had a fairy party, they invited the mischievous moonbeams and also gay Miss Will-O'-the-Wisp. And, Oh! how delighted was the sweet fairy lassie to be home again. I think that she had fully decided that home was by far the best place after all, don't you?

KATHERINE MONTAGUE.

Mary Isabel Payne Harris

MARY Isabell Payne Harris was born in the Warm Springs valley, Bath County, Virginia. The farm on which she was born had been in the hands of the Payne family since the tract of land was granted to one of the ancestors by the King of England for valor in arms.

Mrs. Harris was the fourteenth child of a family of sixteen. She was educated at Covington, Va., and at Stannboro, Va., in the school of which Dr. Harris was president, and which has since been moved to Roanoke under the name of Virginia College.

She taught after leaving school until she married, December 22, 1882, Dr. William Francis Harris, B. A., M. A., Richmond College and a graduate of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. Her married life was spent in Missouri where Dr. Harris was pastor.

Dr. Harris died Oct. 15, 1898, in the Baptist Sanitorium in St. Louis, while he was pastor at Carthage, Mo. After his death Mrs. Harris and her daughter Eloise, by whom she is survived, came to Virginia and lived in Covington until 1901. 1901-1902 Mrs. Harris was principal of R. F. I. in Danville, Va. From 1902-10 she was at Hollins College, and from 1910 until the time of her death she was at the State Normal School, Farmville, Va.

Mrs. Harris left as a heritage to those who knew and loved her the example of as nearly a perfect life as mortal can live and the memories of a love that knew no selfishness.

Resolutions of Respect of the Home Department and Faculty of the State Normal School for Women at Farmville, Virginia, in Memory of Mrs. Mary Payne Harris, Assistant Head of the Home.

Resolved:

That in the death of Mrs. Mary Payne Harris the Home De-

partment has lost a faithful, efficient co-worker and the Faculty a loyal friend. In her strong religious faith and in her unfailing courtesy she was an example and an inspiration. Unselfish devotion to duty marked her life and her cheerful sympathetic nature won the confidence and love of all with whom she came in contact. Mrs. Harris was decided in her conviction of right and wrong and was true to these convictions. The supreme test of her life was loyalty to Christ.

That on behalf of the whole school we extend to her daughter and her relatives our profound sympathy in their great sorrow and that copies of these resolutions be sent to them.

That these resolutions be incorporated in the Faculty records and be published in the school magazine and in the Farmville Herald and the Farmville Leader.

MARY WHITE COX,
BESSIE C. RANDOLPH,
ESTELLE SMITHEY,
Committee.

19 January, 1920.

THE FOCUS

Published monthly during the school year by the Students' Association of the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. Subscription price, $1.00 per year.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia

VOL. IX FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1920. No. 2

Editorials

With this number the present staff finishes its year's work with *The Focus*. It has striven to do all in its power to keep *The Focus* on the good firm working basis it has hitherto held but owing to circumstances which have already been explained, it has been impossible to publish the usual eight numbers. The staff now wishes to thank the student body and all those who have given help to *The Focus* for their hearty support and co-operation, making it possible for four numbers to be published.

The staff feel assured that *The Focus* has been missed and that, realizing the necessity of having such a magazine in the school, the students will respond even more readily in the future to calls from the literary and subscription departments. All those who have had any connection with *The Focus* this year will follow its course with a great deal of interest, and let us ask that you, as a student body, still continue to give your loyal support to *your* magazine.

E. K. S.

TO THINK OR NOT TO THINK

No one cares for the person who stays on the fence and hasn't a preference on one side or the other. The person who disagreeably disagrees with us is much better liked by us than the don't know or don't care person. The person with an opinion, however, is not always worthy of our admiration, nor are our own conclusions always truthfully drawn. Have you sufficient information to give you the right to your opinion? How often have you said, "I don't like her at all. She is the biggest pill. Oh, I don't know her so very well, but I just can't stand her."?—Later, "You know I didn't use to like her at all. Now I'm just crazy about her since I know her better."

Back in the dark ages women were not allowed to think; it was not considered necessary. The mental exertion of choosing between Jimmy and Johnny was obviated by the largest club of the rivals, and the brains of the prize were undisturbed except for the slight jolt caused by the bumping of her body as she was dragged by her hair to the cave of the victor. The ensuing days of her life were a total rest for her brain, and consisted merely of providing the clothing, food, and shelter for her lord and master.

It has taken many years for her to gain freedom of thought. She has not yet entirely obtained equal freedom of action. The day is not so far distant since women learned to think that some do not still revert to their ancestral type,—leave the thinking for others to do. The world is not yet altogether satisfied with the growing freedom and equality of woman. Some countries, India particularly, are still in the darkness of ancient and medieval ages. Some modern world powers are still doubtful, uncivilized in this respect. Not long ago a *London* newspaper published the statement that there is a great increase of insanity among modern women who are employed in "thinking positions," particularly school teachers!

To vote or not to vote is not the only question for women today, but to think or not to think. What are you going to do?

H. D.

Here and There

On March 13 Mr. Bretnall's Sunday School class presented a play "The Graduation Exercises of the Woodbine Seminary" and also an Armenian pantomine for the benefit of the Armenians. The pantomine was appealing to all and the costumes were very appropriate. The play was very comical, and as it represented the custom of 1850 we could readily see the contrast of styles then with those of today which seemed very funny to us.

On March 20 the orchestra gave a recital which was enjoyed very much by the girls as well as the people of the town. Those who missed it need only to know that it was given by Miss Munoz and they will know how much they missed.

The nineteenth of March the Juniors entertained the Seniors. They first gave us a view of ourselves ten years from now, which was enjoyed by all and caused quite a bit of laughter. Then they escorted us to the artistically decorated reception hall and there we danced and were served punch. The entire evening was most thoroughly enjoyed and every Senior should be proud of her Junior girl.

The following girls have been elected as officers of the Student Association for the year 1920-21:

KATHARINE STALLARD ..... *President*
LILY THORNHILL ..... *Vice-President*
LOUISE BREWER ..... *Secretary*
ELIZABETH WOODWARD ..... *Treasurer*
GRACE STOVER ..... *First Professional Representative*
PHYLLIS COYNER ..... *Chairman of Campus League*
RUTH JONES ..... *Recorder of Point System*

Y. W. C. A. News

The following girls have been elected as officers of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1919-20, and are now taking the cabinet training required:

ELIZABETH MCCLUNG ..... *President*
DOROTHY SCHAFER ..... *Vice-President*
ANNA VRIES ..... *Secretary*
ELLA JENKINS ..... *Treasurer*
HELEN DRAPER ..... *Under-Graduate Representative*

Misses Katharine Stallard, Elizabeth McClung, Mildred Dickenson, Elizabeth Cowherd, Virginia Swoope, Edith Estep, and Frances Gannaway were sent as delegates to the Student Volunteer Conference held in Richmond, Va., March 5-8.

Miss Woodruff also attended this conference.

This was a splendid opportunity for the Y. W. C. A. to get in closer touch with the Student Volunteer Movement, and gain much inspiration from its work.

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Council held its annual meeting at Hollins College, Roanoke, Va., March 26, 27 and 28, inclusive.

Misses Elizabeth McClung, Dorothy Schafer, Mary Stephenson, Lucille McIlaney, and Pattie Garrett were the cabinet members who attended this meeting.

On the evening of March 14, Mr. Ralph B. Nesbitt, Secretary, Student Volunteer Movement, gave a very instructive talk at "Senior Parlor" to a large number of students. This was especially interesting to prospective student volunteers, as well as to those generally interested in foreign mission work.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. are taking a decided interest in industrial conditions, as was shown by their attendance, and enthusiastic applause at the talk given by Miss Minnie Beadles,

who is employed by the Whitlock Tobacco Co., of Richmond, Va., at prayer March 27. Miss Beadles told of the work this firm is doing in helping to better the working conditions of their employees, and afford amusement for them.

Misses Elizabeth McClung, Helen Draper and Merle Davis, will go as delegates to the Tri-annual Y. W. C. A. Convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, April 13 to 20.

Miss Bessie Randolph will also attend this convention, and Miss Mary Stephenson will go as a visiting delegate.

Hit or Miss

ECHOES

"Oh joy! Just eight more weeks before we go——"

"No, *indeed*, I can't afford to buy a ticket to anything else during this——"

"She just sat all over me, child, and I hadn't done anything at all but just——"

"Come on, Mary, lets go over to Gilliams——"

"My dear, Miss——?! The way these girls fix their hair is *awful!*

"I don't know a thing about this test. What do you know?"

"——the bossiest thing I ever saw—trying to rule the whole faculty, but I'll show her about——"

"Hurry ladies! Shoo! The doors is going to close."

"Yes, I *did* have the headache before class, but lets go to that movie."

"——and I was *so* worried—why I hadn't heard a word from him in two whole days."

"Isn't she *perfectly* grand! Why, she says she thinks I'm a born teacher of——"

First Prof.—"Which do you prefer teaching or attending class?"

Second Prof.—"I prefer attending class, because it's more pleasant to sleep yourself than to talk to a room full of sleeping children."

Miss Stubbs—"Differentiate between a landscape garden and a school garden."

First Prof.—"In a landscape garden weeds are planted and cultivated; in a school garden all growing things are destroyed."

Mr. Lear—"What are the duties of the county clerk?"

Senior—"He gives marriage and death licenses."

Faithful Senior (looking at thermometer)—"They must have forgotten to wind this up; it was at seventy yesterday."

Senior—"What is your first thought when observers come into the grade?"

2nd Senior—"It takes the form of a question—which door is most convenient for a speedy exit."

1st Senior—"I don't have them; they all leave me."

Exchanges

Due to the fact that The Focus had not been able to secure a printer until a late date it has received many exchanges, most of which are now back numbers. We wish, however to acknowledge:

The Record, Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers; The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, November-December; The Winthrop Journal, November; The Bessie Tift Journal, December; The Critic, Christmas number; The Chathamite, December, and The Student, January.

We wish to congratulate The Bessie Tift Journal on the February edition of their magazine. Each department seemed well organized. The stories were quite interesting. "Our American Poet," is a beautiful tribute to our worthy poet. The joke department was full.

This magazine, as a whole, shows the splendid effort on the part of many individuals.

The stories found in The Record are very good. We like the arrangement of your departments. A fuller joke department might be suggested.

"The Tattler," is a magazine we are glad to welcome on our exchange table. The stories are clever and full of life and the essays are attractive and interesting. Several of the poems show true poetic feeling. On the whole we consider this a well balanced and thoroughly enjoyable magazine.

CHARLOTTE WOLFE.

Directory

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Grace Stover ..... Secretary and Treasurer
(It includes the presidents of all the school organizations.)

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Clara Stephens	Property Man
Mary Lindsay	Assistant Property Man

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Alta Barnes	Vice-President
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Helen Draper	Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Eva Rutrough	Literary Editor
Mildred Dickenson	Assistant Literary Editor
Harriett Purdy	Business Manager
Victoria Vaiden	Assistant Business Manager
Elizabeth Moring	Assistant Business Manager
Edith Estep	News Editor
Inda Miller	Assistant News Editor
Charlotte Wolfe	Exchange Editor
Kathleen Gilliam	Assistant Exchange Editor

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