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Longwood University

STATE
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SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

M.E. Grainger

MAY, 1920

THE FOCUS

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THE FOCUS

VOL. IX FARMVILLE, VA., MAY, 1920 NO. 4

Commencement Song

Tonight, the moonlight beaming,
Tonight, the shadows streaming;
Tonight, I think, I feel, I hear,
Somehow, somewhere, that joy is near.

The nightingale sings sweeter;
And time is growing fleeter;
Kind Mirth is ours and yours, we trow,
As up and down the ways we go.

And when the storm of years is passed,—
And we are anchored safe at last,
In some good harbor wide and deep,
This night, we'll still its mem'ry keep.

GRACE OAKES.

Peg O' His Heart

"OH, Aunt Polly, what shall we do? What shall we do?"

"My dear Margaret, what in the world is the matter? Here, give me that letter and let me see. Good heavens, child, what does it all mean? Can it really be true that your mother's brother, your uncle William Carrington in South Bend is dead, and that you are heir to his estate?"

"Why, Aunt Polly, that's what it says. But look,—it says that in case of the return of his step-son, who is believed to have been killed in action in France, the estate will be turned over to him. And, of course, we know that poor Jerry was killed, for not a word has been heard from him for over a year. I guess that's what hastened Uncle William's death, grieving as he did. Well, what's to be done? Pack up, I suppose, and send ourselves and our baggage to the country home of my late Uncle William. At any rate, Aunty Polly, we'll be able to live almost like queens, for the lawyer says in this letter that the servants *shall* remain if it is my wish. And oh, Aunty Polly, listen! An income of *two* thousand dollars a year for me until I become twenty-one, then an income of *three* thousand a year. Please, Aunt Polly, stick a pin in me to see if I'm really alive.

So it was that Margaret Dangerfield and her Aunt Polly Dangerfield got ready to leave their old home and go to Margaret's newly acquired estate. Somehow or other, when the day came to leave, Margaret, who was as a rule talkative and always ready to try something new, was extremely quiet and sober. Perhays she was thinking of leaving behind her childhood haunts; or maybe it was her life-long friend and companion, Jimmie Carew, though to be sure, he had been off at college for eight months; or it may have been that dear old couple around the bend of the road that Peg had taken under her wing, and who loved her dearly. Many a day, and frequently many times during the day, she was seen running to "Grandmother" Grayson's, asking her advice about some new dish she wanted to prepare, or some new stitch

she was trying, or to "Grandfather" Grayson to get him to help her decide which she liked the best, Ned, Joe, or Reeves.

But South Bend was only five hours ride by train from Peg's loved ones, so it wasn't as if she could never see them again. This was indeed one consolation.

"Margaret, are you ready, dear? The cab is waiting outside. We must hurry for we've only a few minutes."

"Yes, Auntie, just a minute now to take a last farewell glance. I do wish we could stop by "Grandmother" Grayson's, but I'll have to be content with that little farewell visit this morning. There, I'm ready! Good-bye, Hillsborough! Good-bye, old house! Good-bye, everything!"

And so the two left—Aunt Polly, prim, straight, but extremely pretty and lovable; and Peg, the sunshine of Hillsborough. The train rambled on for five long hours—so they seemed to tired Aunt Polly, but five short hours to Margaret. She had discovered a dear little baby to amuse and play with while the worn-out mother got a little rest. When South Bend was at last called out, Margaret could scarcely believe that she had reached her destination. A cab was waiting to take the two travelers to their new home. Both were quite worn out when they drew up in front of a magnificent old colonial home. There were broad steps leading up to the wide, rose-covered verandah. The door, with its highly polished brass knocker seemed to open of its own accord when the little new mistress reached up to pull the knocker in order to announce her arrival. It was a comfortable sight that greeted her! A fire had been made in the open fireplace in the reception hall, and the logs were cheerfully blazing away. On one side of the hall Peg got a vision of the dining room, the table set, and a most delicious supper spread upon it. Such a sight was enough to cheer anyone's heart.

The two travelers were shown upstairs immediately. Peg's breath was almost taken away when she saw the lovely old fashioned bed-rooms, with their dainty draperies, and she spent a long time deciding which she should occupy. At last she se-

lected the one with the big bay window overlooking the rose garden. Aunt Polly took the yellow room opposite Peg's.

"I guess supper will have gotten cold by now. I'm so hungry I could eat anything, though. Aunt Polly, I just love it here. Tomorrow morning I expect to make a tour of the entire place. Groves seems to be an excellent butler, but I guess James that brought us up from the station will have to act as my guide. My, Aunt Polly, isn't this supper delicious? I do wish 'Grandfather' and 'Grandmother' Grayson could come and stay with us. Aunt Polly, do you think—? Could we arrange it so they might come and live with us?"

"Well, child, suppose we just rest tonight and discuss the possibilities tomorrow. I'm dead tired; let's go sit by the fire for a little while. My, but it is a comfortable place. I seem to feel quite at home."

The two chatted on for an hour, discussing plans for the next day. As they were about to go upstairs, the front door was thrown open, and the handsomest young man Margaret or her aunt had ever seen stood staring at them. He wore the uniform of an army captain, and everything about him impressed the two startled women of his manliness.

"Pardon me, but may I ask who you are?" he said.

"Certainly. I am Margaret Dangerfield, and this is my Aunt Polly Dangerfield. My uncle, who recently died, made me heir of his estate, so we've just arrived today to take up our new headquarters. Why, what, what is the matter? Are you sick?" she asked as she saw the young man turn pale and lean against the door.

"No, only I am Jerry Carrington, the step-son of your uncle. He's dead, you say, dead? How long has it been? Please tell me all."

So Peg told him of the death of her uncle, and of his will. And Jerry then told his story.

In the Argonne drive he had succumbed to shell shock, and for almost a year he had been in a hospital, unable to remember anything concerning the past—not even his name. Somehow, his

identification tag had been shot off his wrist, and as all the men in his company had been killed in that terrible drive, no one knew him.

One day, however, an old college friend of his was brought in wounded and placed on the bed next to his. He recognized Jerry immediately and spoke to him. Like a flash, Jerry's memory came back, and in one week he was sailing for home. Not a word had he heard from his step-father for over a year. It was a terrible shock to him to find Judge Carrington, his father, dead.

"Aunt Polly, there's no need to unpack tomorrow."

"But why, pray?" asked Jerry.

Peg again explained the conditions of the will to him. Jerry was now sole heir to the estate.

"But, Miss Dangerfield, will you and your aunt be my guests for two weeks? I've heard of you a great deal, and I think it's time we were becoming acquainted. I'm sure you'll love the place. And there are horses to ride, and then, too, I think my racer is still in good condition."

"Aunt Polly, shall we stay?" whispered Peg.

"Yes, child, let's. I do not feel equal to taking a trip such as we have had for only one night. I am completely worn out, and two weeks of rest will do me a world of good."

"Then, Captain Carrington, we shall be delighted. I do so want to go all over my—your estate and see everything that is to be seen. I've fallen in love with everything already."

The rest of the evening was spent most pleasantly, though every once in a while a note of sadness came into Jerry's voice, and Peg could not help but notice the pained expression he wore when the conversation ceased for a minute. Old Judge Carrington had been a father indeed to this boy for ten years, and Jerry could scarcely realize that he was never to see him again.

Early next morning Jerry called for Peg to come into the garden. Together they plucked a huge armful of roses, and then went to the old family grave-yard. Silently they knelt and placed the flowers on the newly-made grave. Peg quietly slipped her hand into Jerry's, and when they finally got up and walked back

to the house, hand in hand, their eyes were wet with tears. The rest of the day was filled with surprises and thrills for Peg. Jerry proved to be a most interesting guide and companion.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Aunt Polly when was the last time I wrote to Jimmie? Do you remember? I got a "special" from him today to find out what has happened to me. He says I haven't written for nearly two weeks. I haven't had time, though. Aunt Polly, one more day and our lovely visit will come to an end. Oh, me, I wish we didn't have to go. But, goodness, I must not let Jerry hear me say that, for I told him positively this morning that we could not stay another day longer. I certainly do like Jerry, and I wish we could stay, but there—I'm not going to think about it, for he may suggest it again, and I'm not going to stay."

Thus Peg chatted on for an hour, trying to persuade herself that she could not stay longer, and trying to beat back the little thought that kept bursting forth in her heart,—the feeling that she was in love with Jerry. She was glad, in a way, that she had to leave, for she knew that it would never do for him to find out.

Late that afternoon Jerry's racer came around the curve, and he began calling for Peg. In a few seconds she came out on the verandah. The last rays of the setting sun cast a glimmer on her gold-brown hair. As she stopped a moment to pluck a rose, Jerry's heart gave such a bound that he jumped. He helped her in the car and started the engine. For a quarter of an hour they rode on in silence, then Jerry burst forth.

"Oh, I say, Peg, can't you even say a word to me? And this is the last night we'll be together. I wish you wouldn't go so soon."

"Oh, Jerry, you've been lovely to Aunt Polly and me. I can never tell you what a wonderful time I've had. But, please don't ask me to talk. I—I—"

"Peg O' *My* Heart, do you, could you—"

And then the car passed on under the shade of the old pine woods.

"Aunt Polly," said Peg that night when she had gone to her room, "Aunt Polly, I think we'll stay. Jerry says he needs me to help him manage the estate."

F. MacKAN.

House-Breaking a la Mode

WHAT can be more lonesome than five girls sitting on a porch on a hot Sunday with nothing to do? The prospects for the day were dull; we wanted excitement. How were we to get it?

A young man came down the road. We would flirt with him, that was an outlet. He was colored, so we changed our minds. I yawned, Elizabeth hummed a tune and beat time with her foot, Mildred tipped Rachel over in the swing.

"I have it!" Nettie sprang from her chair so suddenly that she scared us. "Let's swipe Uncle Tom's Ford and go riding, he will not care, even if he finds it out."

A chorus of assent greeted this suggestion. There was only one hindrance, none of us could drive. Nettie had driven a few times, but never alone. However, we were very daring that day, so after much trouble we got the car started and left.

"We can't possibly turn the car around," said Nettie, "for it might choke the engine and we'd never get started again."

"Well, we'll just keep on going," we replied.

For a time everything went on just fine. We killed a chicken and nearly ran over a colored girl, but, of course, they were minor events and did not matter.

Arriving at the next town we turned the car around in the depot yard and started safely on our homeward trip. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves by this time; then, the inevitable happened. The radiator started steaming, and we stopped the car, without stopping the engine. We discovered, to our dismay, that there was not a drop of water in the radiator. At this moment the engine stopped. What were we to do?

"There's a house around the bend; let's go there and get some water," volunteered Mildred.

When we reached the house we found, to our dismay, that there was no one at home. We went to the well and drew a bucket of

water, but there was nothing in which we could carry it to the car. I suggested that I go around the house and see if I could find something. I found nothing and was about to return to my disconsolate group of friends when I saw that the back porch and kitchen were closed in only by lattice work. The door was hooked on the inside, but after several attempts I succeeded in opening it. When I opened the door and entered, a lean black kitten stepped out from under a table and said, "me—auw" very plaintively. It was an ill-omen, but I did not know it. The kitchen door was not locked and I soon found a cupboard with pots and pans in the bottom. I sat down on the floor and began pulling out kettles in my efforts to find a bucket.

Just then, Elizabeth came running around the house.

"Oh, Anna, Anna," she panted, "Get up from there; the people have come home, and—"

I scrambled to my knees with a milk pan in one hand and a skillet in the other. I turned my head and beheld the mistress of the house, with a horrified expression on her face, standing in the kitchen door.

"What does this mean?" she shrieked, "What does this mean?"

The other girls seemed stricken dumb, and it seemed my duty to explain. I tried to do so, but it was of no use. The lady poured torrents of warnings, inquiries, and demands for explanation into my very unwilling ears. I don't remember just what she said, but I did understand that she would send us to court at once.

"Jack, Jack," she called, "come here," and then, as a very nice looking young man came around the house, she added, "What do you think, these hussies are trying to break into my house. Have you ever seen such impudence? I'll teach them to rob people! Jack, you take them to town at once and turn them over to the constable or the jailer, or—"

"Come, come, Aunt Agatha, I don't think these young ladies were really trying to break in!" interrupted the young man.

"Not trying to break in!" the old lady shrieked anew. "When I caught them in my cupboard fixing to take the new skillet I just paid—"

"Well, if you'd give them a chance to explain—" her nephew suggested.

"Explain, explain, there's nothing to explain; didn't I catch them?"

There seemed to be nothing to do but go to jail; so the young man carried the water to our car in the unlucky milk pail, and drove us to town. On the way we gave a very full explanation and he laughed heartily at our hardships, and begged us not to mind Aunt Agatha, "For," he said, "she is really a good old soul if you know how to take her."

Strange to say, the young man did not take us to jail, but we did take him to supper. He called again soon after, and—well, the car ride, disastrous as it may seem, brought me *some* good luck. The other girls are to be bridesmaids, and we've about decided to walk to church, for I'm scared of cars. Just suppose we were to choke the engine on our honeymoon!

ANNA VRIES.

Remembrance

Spring—and yellow buttercups are blowing on the lawn;
The restless sunshine romps with shadows on the grass;
Little careless breezes, straying from the dawn,
Whisk through the garden and in laughter pass.

But my heart feels no thrill in breezes soft,
In whispering leaves, and quiet evening's glow;
For you lie still where sentinel crosses lift their heads aloft,
And stars gleam softly where the scarlet poppies blow.

K. L. G.

Four Little Pals

BILLY Palmer and his small sister, Elsie, lived in the country in a big white house. Not far from Billy and Elsie's home was another large house. In this lived a little boy and girl, Jack and Dot Colton, who were about the same age as Billy and Elsie. These four were good little "pals," as they lived just a little way from each other and the path which connected the Colton and Palmer homes lay along a shady, pleasant lane. During the summer time Elsie and Dot would take their dolls out under the trees and play for hours at the time; while Jack and Billy were engaged in, what to them was more pleasant sport,—fishing in the big lake near by. Much of the time both boys and girls would play together, running in and out among the trees like four happy little squirrels; Dot with golden curls flying, happy blue eyes and red cheeks; Elsie with short brown hair and wide dark eyes; and both little boys very much alike, freckled and tan, both with brown hair and merry, honest blue eyes.

On a particular day in June, when the children's parents had gone to a meeting, the four were at a loss to know what to do. They were sitting on the vine-covered, cool porch of the Colton home, when suddenly, Billy jumped up, clapped his hands and yelled out—

"I've got it, le's go down to th' lake 'n' take a row in th' boat, how 'bout it, Jack?"

"Sure, that's a fine plan." Billy and Jack ran down the steps, thru the trees to the lake. Elsie and Dot, of course, brought up the rear. The lake was blue, clear, cool and beautiful as ever. The children climbed into a tiny little boat, tied to a shrub on the side of the lake, and pushed off.

"We'll be the oarsmen," said Billy and Jack.

"And we'll be the passengers," chimed in Dot and Elsie, who had settled down for a nice, long ride.

"Let's see if we can't go 'cross the lake," said Elsie.

"And play like this is the ochun an' we're goin' to see some ladies over on the other shore what eat with chop sticks, I b'lieve they's Turks," added Dot.

"They ain't no such thing, Dot, I know they's Injuns, 'cause mamma tol' me how Injuns sit 'roun' a fire 'n' eat with chop sticks." Billy, in trying to straighten this out with Dot, slipped and almost capsized the boat.

"Now, Billy Palmer," screamed both little girls, "if you're goin' to turn us over we're goin' back."

"Like to know how you'll get back," chuckled Jack. They fussed for a while, but finally peace was restored, and the four gave themselves up to enjoying the long-desired trip.

The children were not allowed to go out alone on the lake, for the boys could not handle the oars and all four were too small even to think of swimming. But they had not thought of the warnings of their parents, and a fair breeze blew the four little pals over to the other side of the lake, with little or no rowing.

They cautiously got out, left the boat, but, much to their regret, could find nothing to be the people who ate with chop sticks. After much discussion they decided to play hide-and-go-seek among the big trees.

"I ain'ta goin' to hide my eyes," said Billy quickly.

"Aw g'wan, Billy, I'll give you my prettiest marble if you will," persuaded Jack.

"And we'll give you one of our nicest doll dresses," volunteered Elsie and Dot kindly.

"Well, if you think I'm all that 'sissy' I sho won't hide my eyes." So the kind offer of Elsie and Dot was quickly withdrawn, and Billy was finally persuaded to hide his eyes.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5,—100," counted Billy.

"Coming!" No answer. Billy started thru the trees at a run but stumped his toe and fell.

"Oh—h!" moaned Billy, "I just know I'm kilt now," and he rolled out on the moss like a little dead pig. All three hiders

heard him yell and came flying, but Billy, quick as a flash, was up and at the base before anybody could think.

"Base on everybody," he laughed, "I just did that to fool you all." The three hiders were filled with indignation.

"We're goin' straight home an' leave you out here," they declared and set off toward the lake.

"Aw, c'mon then and I won't fool you anymore; le's play," said Billy.

After their anger had cooled down they started the game again, and played until they were completely exhausted. Not one of them had noticed that now and then a dark cloud covered the sun and made things look gloomy.

"I'm hungry, le's go home," suggested Jack. So they set out toward the lake. They stepped into the boat and pushed off with the light skiff headed towards home. The boat was dancing ever so lightly up and down on the water and the wind, which blew the little crew over, now blew harder against them. The small oarsmen found it difficult to "row," for they were not big enough to handle the oars with any success.

Soon the dark clouds overspread the sky and the wind became stronger. Suddenly there came a flash of lightning and a deafening roar of thunder. The rain began to pour and the four small children started to cry. The oars were completely abandoned and the little group was huddled together in the middle of the boat.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Just before the rain had started to fall, Mr. and Mrs. Colton drove in home.

"I wonder where the children are," said Mrs. Colton anxiously.

"In the house playing, I reckon," replied Mr. Colton. They went in and called to them, but no children were to be found anywhere.

"The lake," uttered Mrs. Colton with a scared look. Mr. Colton rushed out thru the rain down to the lake. No little boat

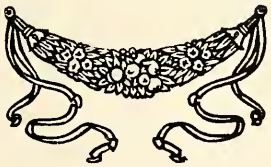
was to be seen. The father got into a big heavy boat and pushed off, the wind helping and the rain blinding him.

"I shall row to the middle of the lake and see if I can see them," he thought.

In a little while Mr. Colton's strained eyes could detect the tiny boat and four small, huddling forms. As he was getting nearer he saw the boat tip over and the four children thrown into the water. His face went white, but he set his teeth and rowed harder. As he neared the bank he saw a sight which made him smile and mutter—

"The little rascals," for there crawling up out of the water, by the help of some shrubs, were the four miserable little pals, as wet as four small water rats.

MARY S. HAMMOND.



Ode to Encyclopedias

Shelf on shelf in rows you're standing
Like the Sages wise of old;
Placed in neat and proper order—
Bound in leather and in gold.

Ponderous and wise and learned,
Practical until it's pain,
Dates and deeds and musty scriptures
Dance within your spacious brain.

When I'm here you're always frowning
Disapproval down at me,
With an air of bored aloofness
And a look of dignity.

Yes—I know what you are saying
In the language used by books;
And I know it's something slighting
By your supercilious looks.

Don't you ever tire of soaring
Toward the dusty ceiling high?
Plain, unlearned folks like I am
Find your altitude too dry!

M. C. B.

Conte Qu'il Conte

"STATE the circumstances of your case, Maloney," boomed the gruff voice of Judge Ainsley in the court room of Gray Street Court House.

"Sure, and it's a funny case, to my thinking," replied the Irish policeman.

"No comments; tell me the situation," harshly commanded the judge.

"Well, sor, I arrested this young man," pointing to a very good looking youth standing beside him, "on the charge of speeding. Ha! Ha! Ha! He was flying around the corner of Granby Street at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour in his Marmon roadster. From Granby to the corner of Franklin and Wartley Street, I chased him with all the power of my motorcycle, sor. There his automobile crashed into a tree. The accident didn't hurt this young man, but a lady passenger was slightly injured by the flying glass. She was taken to Emergency Hospital in a passing machine. So Mr. Harrison will answer for himself and the lady also, Judge."

"Give me your full name," said the judge to the young man.

"Robert Westbrook Harrison," replied the man.

"Who was the young lady with you?"

"Can't we leave her out, Judge?"

"No," roared the judge, "answer the question I asked you."

"Miss Helen Mayfield."

"Now look here, young man," said Judge Ainsley sternly, "yours is the last case I have today. I'm tired and want to leave work immediately; so answer all the questions I ask truthfully and concisely, and both of us will be out in a few minutes. Remember, I know the truth when I hear it."

"I'm sure you do not want to be out of here any more than I do, so I'll answer the questions to the best of my ability, sir."

"Very well. Tell me, in as few words as possible, why you were speeding."

"Miss Mayfield and I started at two o'clock from her home, 2718 Boulevard Avenue, to ride across the city. She had an appointment with a doctor in the Professional Building, and I was trying to get her there on time. Granby, Franklin, and Wartley Streets were unusually quiet, so I thought a little speeding wouldn't hurt anyone. Then the accident occurred, Judge, and you know the rest."

"You know the law concerning speeding, don't you?"

"But this was an emergency case."

"Judge," broke in the policeman, "let me tell you something. From an Irishman's point of view," not waiting for the permission of the judge to talk, "this case is an elopement, sor. The lady, why sor, she had on the finest dress; every bit of it was lace and a hat to match, too. You see how handsome Mr. Harrison is dressed."

"Judge Ainsley," said Mr. Harrison, "an elopement was entirely out of the question this afternoon. It is true that Miss Mayfield and I are very good friends, but we had, as the old saying goes, 'other fish to fry.' "

"Then tell me why you were speeding," said the judge, rather interested.

"I know now; sure and it's the truth," Maloney broke in. "Judge, do you remember reading in the papers about the lost diamond ring of Mrs. O. J. Drew?"

"Yes, but what has that to do with the case?" replied Judge Ainsley.

"Do you remember the description of the ring box exactly?" asked the policeman.

"Yes."

"This young man has a box in his pocket answering to the description in every detail. When the accident occurred, sor, the lady had it; but when she was taken to the hospital, he took her purse with the box in it."

"Do you accuse me of stealing?" hotly asked Harrison.

"No, son. Only tell us quickly why you were speeding," returned the judge. Something had changed his manner decidedly.

"Can't we leave Miss Mayfield out?"

"I'm afraid not. But I'll promise that this case won't be in the papers."

"You're kind, Judge. I suppose I had better tell the truth. As I said before, Miss Mayfield and I started across the city. She had an engagement with Dr. Edwards, a dentist, in the Professional Building. We had to be back at her home at four o'clock. As the streets were almost free of traffic I speeded a little. That box Maloney spoke of," handing the box to the judge, "contains two false teeth." Here Maloney stretched himself to the utmost to get a view of the top of the desk, and of the box which Judge Ainsely held in his hand.

Harrison continued: "Miss Mayfield has two false teeth. One of them broke into two pieces, and the other is very loose. So she took the broken one and an old one; or rather, made an attempt to carry them to Dr. Edwards. He could fix them in an hour exactly, and as the wedding in which Miss Mayfield is maid of honor, and I, best man, is to be at four o'clock, we would have had time to see Dr. Edwards and still be on time at the wedding. You see, she doesn't want anyone to know about her teeth."

"A tooth in the head is worth two in a box," advised Maloney.

Before Judge Ainsely could make any comment, a messenger boy rushed in to say that Miss Mayfield was better and desired Mr. Harrison to take her to see Dr. Edwards immediately.

"Well, under the circumstances, I'll fine you one hundred dollars for speeding and let you go," said Judge Ainsely.

Harrison wrote a check and gave it to the judge and said, "Conte qu'il conte, or let it cost what it may."

E. MORING.

The Secretary

JEAN Featherstone sat in a large arm chair before the open fire scanning the daily paper. Mary, her roommate, was sewing and singing a merry little tune. Jean uttered a hopeless sigh as she finished searching the want add columns.

"Mary, I can't find a single job for a secretary."

"You poor child," responded Mary, "I don't quite understand why you can never keep a position. Come, tell me the trouble."

"You wouldn't understand."

"I'll try my level best," comforted Mary.

"The whole trouble is that I hate men and can't stand for them to bestow any attention on me."

"You silly little goose," retorted Mary, "you shouldn't be so pretty."

Jean told Mary how, after the first few weeks, her new employer or his son would get too familiar and make love to her. Then she would leave, and this was the reason she had worked for four different men during the last month.

"I'm going back to my country home; I hate this old wicked city," sobbed Jean.

Jean and Mary had left the country six months before to seek their fortunes in the city. They had rented a nice little room in a respectable part of town and both were very happy until Jean's trouble with the men began. The one and only obstacle in her way was that she was pretty and attractive. When she left home, her father prophesied that she would marry a city chap in less than a month. On the contrary, Jean hated men. She was happy when shut up in her room at night away from all of them.

"For goodness sakes, Jean, stop crying and pass the paper to me."

She could not understand Jean, for she liked men very much

and even expected to marry her employer. She hadn't told Jean for she was afraid of being disowned as her best friend. She was reflecting upon a plan to break the news gently when her attention was drawn to the paper.

"Why, Jean, here is a position for you."

"Which one do you mean?"

"The one as private secretary for M. B. Davison & Son."

"Evidently you didn't read it very carefully. It very plainly states that she must be middle-aged and homely."

"I have an idea," exclaimed Mary, jumping up and pounding on the table with her fist.

"Well, you needn't scare me to death about it."

"Get excited, old dear."

"Nothing could make me get excited, but out with it."

"Dress up and make yourself ugly. You will have every chance of getting the position and the men won't propose to you," explained Mary.

"I don't quite understand even yet."

Mary continued to tell her how she could dress up, wear spectacles, slick her hair back and look every day of fifty. A light flashed across Jean's face.

"I'll do it," she cried.

"That's a sport, I knew you would."

The girls sat up late that night, planning how to camouflage Jean. They pulled out a dress of Mary's mother's from the bottom of the trunk and a hat that belonged to Jean's grandmother. Then they had a rehearsal of the whole affair. Jean learned to walk, talk and act like a prim, old maid of fifty. For the first time in a month she was happy and felt like her old self.

Mr. Davison whistled a merry little tune as he unlocked his desk and began to work the following morning. This was very unusual for him, for lately he had been worried with the problem of a private secretary. He had no trouble in getting them, but his son would make love to each in turn, thus forcing him to discharge her. At last he felt he had solved the problem by putting the add in the paper which Jean had seen the night before.

"Well, Dad," greeted Jack, as he entered the office, "what on earth has happened to make you so happy this morning?"

"I am merely waiting for the new secretary."

"Your attitude toward the women has certainly changed, Dad."

The office boy entered.

"Mr. Davison, there is a lady to see you."

"Show her in, Peter."

Jack sat up and took notice. He pulled down his sleeves, put on his coat, straightened his tie and hair. His father looked at him with a merry twinkle in his eye. He chuckled to himself as footsteps were heard outside the door and the knob turned.

"I'm ready for her, Dad."

The person who stood in the doorway was even a surprise to Mr. Davison, and Jack suffered from shock. She was tall, slender, and very erect. She wore a long, full skirt, a tight, black silk coat, and a little hat that sat on the top of her head. The spectacles perched on the end of her nose, the thin, tightly closed lips and hair drawn back from her face added the finishing touches to her old maidish look. She came tripping across the floor with her hands folded primly before her.

"I have come to answer your advertisement," she explained in a high pitched voice, producing the paper from the large bag that hung on her arm.

Gaining breath, Mr. Davison managed to inquire about her experience. Finding her references to be good, he employed her. All of this time he paid no attention to the punches that Jack was giving him in his side.

If Mr. Davison had seen his new secretary as she retired to her office, he would have discharged her immediately. There was a broad smile on her face and a twinkle in her eyes. She moved around in a graceful manner and finally buried her head in her hands to smuggle a pent-up laugh. As you must have guessed the new secretary was Jean, who had carried out Mary's scheme and secured the position.

The bell brought her to earth again. She straightened up, slicked back her hair and again was the prim old maid. As Jean

entered the next office she saw Jack for the first time. He looked up with a disgusted look and mopped his forehead frantically. Mr. Davison noticed this little scene and patted himself on the back. At last he had employed a secretary whom he could keep without having her for a daughter in less than a month.

After she had taken a letter, Mr. Davison told Jean that she would be alone in the office that afternoon as he and his son were going to the baseball game. She breathed a sigh of relief, but as Mr. Davison looked up, she drew herself up and walked sedately out.

Jean listened for the last sound of footsteps to die away as Mr. Davison and Jack left that afternoon. To make sure that they had really left, she tiptoed to the door and peeped into their office. There was not a living being there except the cat sleeping in the window.

"How wonderful it is to be alone," sighed Jean. "Now, I can be my real self."

She took off the spectacles and the high, stiff collar which was choking her. She also released her curly hair, which had been drawn back tightly. A wonderful transfiguration had come come over the secretary and Mr. Davison would never have recognized her.

Jean was suddenly startled by a noise in the next room. She jumped up and was hastily putting on her camouflage when she realized that the cat must have knocked something over. She again relaxed, took off the spectacles and resumed work, humming one of the latest ragtime tunes.

Suddenly, as if shocked by an electric current, she looked up. To her great surprise there stood Jack gazing down at her in bewilderment. They both jumped as they faced each other, the shock being mutual. Neither could speak a word, but Jack was the first to find his breath.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he choked out, "but I was looking for the secretary."

This brought Jean to her senses. She sat erect, pushed her hair back with both hands and put on those dreadful glasses.

Jack's eyes grew wide and his mouth flew open.

"Oh, er—I say, you can't be—but yes, I see now that you are the secretary."

"I certainly am," Jean managed to say.

As the truth of the whole matter dawned upon Jack, he broke out in a loud laugh. Jean could not suppress a smile that stole across her face, showing her attractive dimples. She went no further, because suddenly she remembered that she hated men, though there was something about this one that was different from the rest, but she couldn't quite explain it to herself.

"I shall leave at once," she stated, although she had no idea of doing such a thing.

"Oh, please don't, Miss er-Secretary," pleaded Jack.

"I will certainly leave at this moment if you don't."

"I will then, if you will go to dinner with me tonight."

"Certainly not. I haven't even met you and I detest men and avoid them whenever I can."

There was a lovely bunch of red roses waiting for Jean in her room that night. Even though she protested against this attention, flowers were there for her every night for two months. Then, one day, the last one came—a shower bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and brides-roses, with the usual card, "Love, Jack."

LOIS WILLIAMS.

THE FOCUS

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Editorial

Is THE FOCUS all that you would have it be? It has from the first been a magazine of which we can well be proud, but we want to make it *better*. We want each number to be more full of school spirit and interest than the preceding one. To do this every one must work and give a part of themselves to it. Put into it the things that have made you laugh, the things that have made you cry, the things that have made you mad; the things you think, the things you feel—all things which are of interest to you we want.

Of course you are proud when you see *your* stories, *your* poems, *your* thoughts in print—you have a right to be. The more often you find them there the greater interest you will find in THE FOCUS, because, you see, it will be expressive of you and the life about you.

The new FOCUS Staff is very anxious to make the magazine exactly what you want it to be—the best. We will work very hard to make it so but we need and want you to help us.

Insofar as you co-operate with us and give of yourselves to it, just that far will our magazine reach the ideal for which we are striving.

This number is the last one for this school term, but next fall begins another school term and we will have every chance to prove what we can do. Are we going to do it? Certainly we are—let us prove it!

H. S.

About the Convention

To see the National Y. W. C. A. Convention was to behold a vast panorama of many races, types and temperaments of people; a bird's-eye view of pervading and prevailing sentiments in regard to social problems in the United States and a vision of the future Y. W. C. A. of America. To come in contact and closer touch with our next-door neighbor and her neighbor was an opportunity and pleasure. To think in terms of other women "for whom we are and whom we serve" was a service which made our minds more imaginative and our spirits more deep. To see and hear representatives from many of the most prominent colleges and universities discuss social problems of the day and the place of the Y. W. C. A. in them showed very clearly that they had not been "sleeping beauties" back in their own colleges, but had been alive and awake to the vital issues which are causing the nation's heart to pulsate and throb. To see and hear these things was to feel and know the spirit of fellowship which permeated the Convention of 1920.

M. S.

S. N. S. Plunges Into Politics

We had begun to think that changes might come and changes might go, but Normal School routine elections would go on forever. But we were vastly mistaken, for what is immune to change and influence? We had heard nation-wide suffrage and the woman question discussed from morn 'till night in our classes until "the time had come," as the Walrus said, "to talk of many things." We had become permeated with a new system of voting and holding elections—the Australian ballot was actually to be used in THE FOCUS election!

Who said women can't manage elections and vote in a straightforward and dignified manner? Speak now or forever hold your peace. The experiment was a howling success and in our opinion will be used exclusively from now on in student elections here.

Y. W. C. A. News

1. This year we were fortunate enough to have the Inter-Church World Movement Team visit us from April 21 to April 23. The representatives were Dr. Baker from Cornell; Dr. McMullen, who has spent the last nine years in China, Mrs. Shepardson, wife of the Dean of Colgate University; and our Field Student Secretary, Miss Heller. We enjoyed interesting talks by each of them and they also had individual talks with many of the girls regarding their life work, which we hope will prove very beneficial. After the team left, several girls gave their names as volunteers.

2. On April 24, the Y. W. C. A. gave a birthday party to the girls having birthdays in April and July, and on May 8, a party was given to the girls having birthdays in May and June. At both parties games were played, musical selections enjoyed, and refreshments served. We believe everyone had a nice time.

3. At our regular Association meeting on Wednesday, April 28, the installation of the new Y. W. C. A. Cabinet took place. The Auditorium was beautifully decorated with white flowers and lit only by candles. All of the girls were dressed in white and carried candles. The service was very impressive.

Here and There

"His Excellency, the Governor" was presented by the Dramatic Club on April 30 in the auditorium. A large crowd attended and were highly entertained. It was a great success with an all-star cast, each member showing great talent and skill. The artists presented the play in South Boston on May 7 and won much favor and applause from the people of that city.

The people of Farmville, as well as the Normal School girls, found a wonderful treat in the program given by Charles Harrison on April 12 in the auditorium. His songs, perfectly rendered, were welcomed and enjoyed by all.

Another number of the Columbian Star Course was Sascha Jacobsen, the violinist. He caused the entire audience to feel that his violin was something human. This number completed the Columbian Star Course. We hope that both of these artists may return and honor us with more of their selections.

Misses Merle Davis, Elizabeth McClung, Helen Draper, and Mary Stephenson, accompanied by Miss Randolph, left S. N. S. on April 12 for the purpose of attending the National Y. W. C. A. Convention held in Cleveland, Ohio. They brought back glowing and enthusiastic reports. These reports told of the happenings of the Convention, showing the wonderful spirit of the girls there, and the immensity and importance of the work they propose to do in the near future.

Officers Elected

The following officers have been elected for next year:

Student Government Association

Katherine Stallard ..... *President*
Lily Thornhill ..... *Second Professional Vice-President*
Grace Stover ..... *First Professional President*
Louise Brewer ..... *Secretary*
Elizabeth Woodward ..... *Treasurer*

Y. W. C. A.

Elizabeth McClung ..... *President*
Dorothy Schaefer ..... *Vice-President*
Anna Vries ..... *Secretary*
Ella Jenkins ..... *Treasurer*
Helen Draper ..... *Student Representative*

Focus Staff

Helen Skillman ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
Mary Stephenson ..... *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
Mary Bocock ..... *Literary Editor*
Carolyn Rankin ..... *Assistant Literary Editor*
Elizabeth Moring ..... *Business Manager*
Helen Jarman ..... *Assistant Business Manager*
Pattie Lee Darden ..... *Assistant Business Manager*
Ruth Jones ..... *News Editor*
Janette Edmunds ..... *Assistant News Editor*
Christine Shields ..... *Exchange Editor*
Kate Davis ..... *Assistant Exchange Editor*

Hit or Miss

Hampden-Sidney Boy (dancing with Normal School Girl)—"Why are you so pale tonight, dear?"

Normal School Girl—"O, nothing; it's just that the waves in my hair make me seasick."

New Girl (on first Friday night at S. N. S.)—"Aunt Lucy, where is Miss Mary? I have been looking for her ever since supper and I cannot find her. I just must see her."

Aunt Lucy (wishing to help her out)—"What do you want to see her about? Is it important?"

New Girl—"Yes, I want to ask her for permission to go to the 'gym' tonight."

Mary—"I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for eight hours."

Annie—"Horrible! How on earth did it happen?"

Mary—"I fell asleep."

New Girl to Old Girl—"Are we allowed to go to bed before the ten o'clock bell rings?"

A good recipe for matrimony: Join the Π K O's!

Miss Randolph in History Class—"Now you have traced the routes that the Englishmen showed to the Indians. Can you tell me any routes that the Indians showed the Englishmen?"

Flora Clinginpeel—"Sassafras roots."

Helen Skillman—"Miss London, I am very sorry, but I shall not be present at class tomorrow,—I'm going away."

Miss London—"Well, I am afraid we will have to have class anyway, Helen."

Exchanges

The Chathamite—The Literary Department of your magazine is well rounded this month. The stories are short and interesting, altho rather tragic. The editorials are so well written that we would suggest more. The jokes are good, but the exchanges might be less brief.

The Student—Your magazine is well organized, the "Wayside Wares" being especially good. Your story, "A Musical Introduction" is quite clever. Your Literary Department could be improved with a few good poems. Where are your editorials?

Directory

CLASSES

FOURTH PROFESSIONAL

Ethel Gildersleeve ..... President

THIRD PROFESSIONAL

Katherine Stallard ..... President
Grace Beard ..... Vice-President
Helen Draper ..... Secretary
Edith Harrell ..... Treasurer
Elizabeth McClung ..... Reporter

SECOND PROFESSIONAL

Victoria Vaiden ..... President
Odell Lavender ..... Vice-President
Caroline Burgess ..... Secretary
Vara Jones ..... Treasurer

FIRST PROFESSIONAL

Elizabeth Moring ..... President
Lily Thornhill ..... Vice-President
Frances May ..... Secretary
Minor Jones ..... Treasurer

FOURTH YEAR HIGH SCHOOL

Grace Stover ..... President
Virginia Anderson ..... Vice-President
Elizabeth Cowherd ..... Secretary and Treasurer

THIRD YEAR HIGH SCHOOL

Phyllis Coyner ..... President
Virginia Lindsay ..... Vice-President
Harriet Judson ..... Secretary
Lucille Mayes ..... Treasurer

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Sue Jones ..... Second Professional Vice-President
Lily Thornhill ..... First Professional President
Alta Barnes ..... Secretary
Julia Lee Purdy ..... Treasurer

Y. W. C. A.

Ethel Gildersleeve ..... President
Frances Spindler ..... Vice-President
Mary Rucker ..... Secretary
Endia Sargent ..... Treasurer
Harriett Purdy ..... Student Representative

PI KAPPA OMEGA

Ethel Gildersleeve ..... President
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Vivian Lane ..... Treasurer
Mildred Dickenson ..... Secretary

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Victoria Vaiden ..... Treasurer
Vara Jones ..... Censor
Katharine Stallard ..... Critic

Argus

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Elizabeth Forbes ..... Vice-President
Louise Watts ..... Corresponding Secretary
Elizabeth Moring ..... Recording Secretary
Emily Clark ..... Treasurer
Louise Gibson ..... Reporter
Empsie Shapard ..... *Censor*

Athenian

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Irene Bridges ..... Vice-President
Caroline Burgess ..... Corresponding Secretary
_____ ..... Recording Secretary
_____ ..... Treasurer
_____ ..... Critic
_____ ..... Censor

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Lois Claude ..... Corresponding Secretary
Lucille Chappell ..... Recording Secretary
Francis Spicer ..... Treasurer
Janie Reid ..... Reporter
Grace Beard ..... Critic

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Mabel Tudor ..... Vice-President
Margaret Reynolds ..... Corresponding Secretary
Katharine Trent ..... Recording Secretary
Edna Lantz ..... Treasurer
Katharine Stallard ..... Critic

Ruffner

Frances Thomas ..... President
_____ ..... Vice-President
Caroline Wooldridge ..... Corresponding Secretary
Hattie Gresham ..... Recording Secretary
Annie Winslow ..... Treasurer
McLain Thomas ..... Critic

PROMOTION COMMITTEE

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

DRAMATIC CLUB

Mary Lancaster ..... President
Charlotte Baird ..... Treasurer
Grace Stover ..... Business Manager
Clara Stephens ..... Property Man
Mary Lindsay ..... Assistant Property Man

GLEE CLUB

Lily Thornhill ..... President
Alta Barnes ..... Vice-President
Grace Stover ..... Secretary
Helen Hayes ..... Treasurer

FOCUS STAFF

Katharine Stallard ..... Editor-in-Chief
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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