

New Term Is Well Underway Now

Tony Sarg's Marionettes Please Audiences Here

MATINEE AND EVENING PERFORMANCES DRAW LARGE CROWDS

On Friday, in Walter Reed Hall Tony Sarg and his Marionettes appeared before the faculty and student body as one of the outstanding features of the lyceum course planned for this year.

In a matinee and evening performance, the marionettes delighted the large audience with the cleverness that has so perfectly characterized every movement of Tony Sarg's miniature actors.

A vaudeville program was the entertainment for the afternoon. The clever, life like movements and gestures of the small figures, the varied forms of performers, as shown in the dance of the Hula-Hula sis, Fers, the realistic jazz band, the oriental dance, the acrobatic stunts were fascinating in their perfection. Each detail was worked out minutely, with such apparent ease of manner that the puppets seemed to be quite alive in their perfuss of manner. Shading to gallantry or mockery, changing to decided humor, and then back to seriousness.

"The Adventures of Christopher Columbus" an adaption of Irving's Life of Columbus, was presented as the evening performance. The tale of Columbus's quest for wealth was, to begin with familiar to the audience, and the gay company of Tiny Troupers with their interpretation of it, in a background of gorgeous color and setting combined to make it the most attractive presentation ever made here by the marionettes.

The play opened in the banquet hall of the royal palace at Santa Fe, 1492 with Ferdinand and Isabelle of Spain surrounded at table with a company of lords, ladies and court fellows. The beauty of costumes and the distinct individuality of the Tiny actor's faces was delightful.

The shifting scenes revealed the well-known story in vivid picture, and the gorgeous array of color was strikingly impressive. One of the most attractive, and certainly one of the finest examples of puppetry was in the dances and songs of the pirates as they embarked with Columbus after plotting with keen anticipation his "mur-rrder" and also in the antics of the naked redskins and the semi-intelligent apes of the new land.

There were sixty puppets required for these productions of Mr. Sarg's. These were operated by a company of actors and professional musicians, utilizing ten thousand feet of string and were for the manipulation, carrying a complete stage with reduced footlights, spot light, borders and flood light effects.

The Tony Sarg Marionettes are a Broadway feature. Each season for twelve years they have shown at some New York theatre, this year at the Lucille La Verne Theatre. They also appear frequently in other Broadway productions, having been in the Greenwich Village Follies and with Fred Stone. Now they are an important feature of "The Jealous Moon," the new play written and presented by Jane Cowl at the Majestic Theatre in New York.

(Continued to Page 3 Column 2)

French Circle Mourns Death Honorary Member

MRS. GEORGE RONTOPOULOS PASSES AWAY DURING HOLIDAY SEASON

It brought a shock and a strong sense of loss to all who knew her to learn, upon our return from the holidays, of the death of Mrs. George Rontopoulos, of this city, on December 30.

Though not officially connected with our college, she had always been so ready to help, so gracious toward us all, so patient in listening to our halting French, so willing to talk to us of her beloved France, that we counted it a distinct pleasure even to meet her on the street.

She had for years been an honorary member of our French Circle, and her charming presence had often graced our banquets and other meetings. We, in turn, had enjoyed her hospitality. In fact, special invitation to her home had already been extended officers of the Circle for the early New Year.

Our sympathy goes out to her family on both sides of the Atlantic.

Hers was a unique and delightful personality, and her passing leaves a blank deeply felt.

A sacred part of our yearly celebration shall hereafter be a pilgrimage to her grave in the May time, when bloom the fleur-de-lis.

SEVEN "GOATS" ENTER PAGE PORTALS

On Tuesday morning, gay dots of red and white were to be seen gallily bowing on the campus—dots of red and white costumed maidens, numbering seven, with the word P-A-G-E, worn as a banner, the young ladies experiencing "goat-hood" of the Page Literary Society were Anna Keyser, Catherine Markham, Lucy Marston, Gertrude Drinker, Genevieve Clevinger, Elizabeth Townsend, and Jane Campbell.

For two days, these fair maidens bowed in a polite manner, gravely accepted tasks given them, and did various jobs coming under the category of a goat's existence. The formal entrance of the girls into the society took place Friday morning.

MUSICAL PROGRAM AT SUNDAY Y. W.

In Walter Reed Hall Sunday afternoon the Y. W. had an unusually interesting program under the able leadership of Harriet Pearson.

Miss Gladys Michael's solo, "Twilight and Dawn" by Speaks was the feature of the program and she sang in her usual accomplished manner. Eugenia Eley accompanied her.

Dxie Braclatt gave a very impressive reading entitled, "The Two Roads."

10 YEARS AGO AT H.N.S.

Red-Letter Days:
 January—
 2—School reopens
 17—Junior-Sophomore game, 15-0.
 20—Enter Private George Herman, "the twin."—New lights on the campus. "The great white way."
 27—Miss Fleming speaks at chapel.
 31—Competitive Drill—"B" Company, "Burruss's Best", wins.

Mr. Chappellear Gives A Talk In Chapel Monday

NORMAL LIFE IS THE REAL ONE ACCORDING TO HIS VIEWS

The chapel program on Monday, January 14, consisted of a talk by Professor George W. Chappellear.

Professor Chappellear stated that a serious thing confronting the nation as a whole, this college particularly, was the people's desire for thrills.

People who live the longest are those who lead normal lives. Also, it is the normal, temperate, person who is the happiest. A person who works too hard to learn how to play, need to be pitied. Extremists should never be worthy examples to follow.

This institution has gone backwards rather than forward in the feeling of sympathy displayed between student and student, faculty member and faculty member, and faculty member and student. This condition exists not only in this institution but everywhere. People are thinking today more of themselves than of others. Increased pay tends to make the teacher forget the service ideal.

The main theme of Professor Chappellear's talk was the hardening of the conscience and thought which has been distinctly noticeable during the past ten years. Self-interest, the tendency to seek thrills the desire to be amused, desire for the melodramatic—all are causing people to get away from a sound basis of value.

Today, the automobile furnishes an example of this mad craze for thrills. One can not drive slowly along a road or by-path in order to see the beauties of nature, but must "step on it" and "speed" just for the thrill gotten from speeding.

The speaker also spoke of the evils of the modern dance. Each step seems to be taking people further down the mad road of thrills.

Some day perhaps this cycle will turn. People will be content in making others happy instead of seeking thrills six nights out of the week. If one wishes to be happy he should be moderate, temperate, and keep his moorings.

DEBATING CLUB ADMITS THREE NEW MEMBERS

On Saturday, January 12, there appeared on Campus three new members of the Debating Club in the usual white costume, with red and gold pennants. With scroll in hand and assuming a melo-dramic posture, they saluted older members with "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears." They were observed in the midst of many duties, not the least of these being dragging pine trees across campus. These new members are: Kathryn Markham, Doris Bane and Edna Brown.

Senior Snaps

Seniors, now is the time to have your snapshot made. All snapshots must be handed to the Editor of the Schoolma'am or put in Box 17 by February 15, 1929. Please have yours in on time.

—L. S. G.

Debating Club Has Nice Winter Carnival and Dance

LITTLE GYM SCENE OF FUN AND GAITY SATURDAY NIGHT

On Saturday night in the Little Gym a Winter Carnival Dance, sponsored by the Debating Club took place. The winter spirit was carried out in the decorations, snow caught on the corners and on the window sills, long succulent icicles hung down temptingly. A huge yellow moon shone through the window, partially obscured by pine trees, there were grinning snow men, too and snow flakes every where.

In one corner, a cheerful Eskimo sold Eskimo Pies while in another Tarzah far famed palmist and Crystal Gazer, revealed to the eager crowd their future.

The dancers, in varied costumes under the white streamers and big red bell, gave a gay, colorful appearance to the general frigidty of the atmosphere. The music was furnished by the Campus Dance Orchestra, and Phyllis Palmer sang "Sally of My Dreams," and "My Dream House."

To standards set by the Cotillion Club a dance contest was held. One by one the couples were eliminated, and finally Elizabeth Peake and Dorothy Stevens were judged the best dancers. Members of the Debating Club in white costumes came running in hauling a sled and throwing confetti among the crowd. This was followed by a grand march, every costume received publicity and applause but Virginia Parker and Frances Ruebush were awarded prizes for the cutest costumes.

LEE SOCIETY HAS NEW ROLL OF FIFTEEN NOW

White and grey, with a gleam of gold, flashed in the early morning light as thirteen girls formed two straight lines on the steps in the lobby of Harrison Hall last Monday morning. So straight did they stand at salute, and so well did each face express such characteristics as courage, honor, and love for the greater things of life, that one word that decidedly came to the thoughts of each looker-on was—Lee.

Thirteen girls—a girl for each star on the Confederate flag, were asked this quarter to become members of the Lee Literary Society. Those receiving membership bids were: Lucy Malone, Patty Fitzhugh, Edna Campbell, Ruth Sisson, Margaret Beck, Anna Mendal, Evelyn Wilson, Elizabeth Root, Betty Barnhart, Julia Duke, Anna Lyons Sullivan, Frances Ralston, and Margaret Kelly. During the day the goats cast aside their solemnity and were seen all day doing "odd" jobs for the old Lees. These odd jobs varied from making beds and dusting rooms to singing "Home Sweet Home" accompanied by Anna on the accordian. When the dinner bell sounded they lined themselves up again on the steps and though they were temporarily lumb, and although unknown terrors were before them, they stood as stiff as little tin soldiers, thus proving themselves followers of Lee.

College Reopens For Winter Term January 7

FIVE DAY ADDITIONAL HOLIDAY GIVEN AS PRECAUTION

Students returned to the college to resume their studies January the seventh.

The usual length of the holidays has been two weeks each year, the students returning on the second of January. However, due to the serious spread of colds and influenza, the State Board of Health recommended an extra week of holiday.

Mr Duke informed the girls of the extended holiday in special letters, instructing them when to return and suggesting precautionary measures to escape the "flu."

"FLU" SITUATION HELD IN CHECK THROUGH THOUGHT

A great many precautionary measures have been taken to prevent the spread of the "flu" on the campus.

The Administration has requested that the girls do not attend the moving pictures or refresh themselves at any of the soda fountains in town until the epidemic has been somewhat checked in Harrisonburg.

As a further precaution students did not attend the Sunday church services. The Y. W. C. A., the Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday schools, however, had classes on the campus, Sunday morning.

STRATFORD INITIATES 4 NEW MEMBERS FRIDAY

PITTMAN, HOGGE, MASON AND BARNHART ARE "GOATS" THIS QUARTER

On Thursday morning, the goats of the Stratford Dramatic Club appeared, as is the annual custom, at breakfast. Those "baa-baa'ing" for this quarter, as chosen, were Christine Mason, Betty Barnhart, Dobie Pittman, and Rose Hogge.

These young ladies appeared on the campus for two days wearing the placard marking the "goat hood" of the club. On Friday night, after a private initiation conducted by Miss Hudson, Mr. Logan, and the members, the four girls were formally taken into the club.

Improvements Made During Holiday Time

BUILDINGS RECONDITIONED AND OTHER ADDITIONS ARE NOTED

The presidents change, but the government goes on. So, college closes but it does not, because even during our absence administration heads and instructors are working and thinking of the students' welfare. The new tetraxa floors in Walter Reed are a joy to walk on, especially happy is the last step as we leave the assembly hall.

As one stood beside Joan of Arc and looked toward the stairway she has seen all the fall a beckoning way to the Senior Dining Hall, and caught a glimpse of its spaciousness. Now (Continued to Page 4, Column 1.)

THE BREEZE

Published weekly by the students of the State Teachers College, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

EDITORIAL BOARD

Table listing editorial board members including Kathryn T. Pace, Phyllis P. Palmier, Katherine Freston, Edna Phelps, Helene Duvall, Ruth King, Dorothy Frey, Frances Snyder, Julia Reynolds, and K. N. C. Harris.

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Table listing board of managers including Mary G. Watt, Eve Bargelt, and Anna Lyons Sullivan.

TYPISTS

Table listing typists including Maude Forbes, Pattie Fitzhugh, Charlotte Hagan, and Frances Steger.

Editorial

AGAIN THE SAME THOUGHT

With our return to College on Monday, January 4, a new era dawned for each of us. A new term began and with it so many new things. Shouldn't we stop right now to realize just what this means to each of us?

THE SUPERIOR KNOWLEDGE

The Breeze for itself, as well as for its part as the official organ of the student body, regrets the tragedies which cast a shadow over the homes of so many of the people connected with this institution, during the Christmas season.

At Christmas time, a season which we always look forward to with joy and eagerness, the time when happiness reigns supreme and trivial things are forgotten, it seems so unfortunate that sorrow should attend the homes of "our family."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

An excellent conversationalist is not an easy person to find. The art of graceful, intelligent, coherent conversation is nothing less than a prized and sought-after accomplishment.

A good conversationalist must have at least a fairly wide range of interests and some degree of general information. A man must have opinions if he is to be an effective conversationalist.

The order of gentlemen seems to have a wider door for the man who can converse with grace and force, for these seems to be a definite correlation between the happy faculty of conversation and an appreciation of the finer things of life.

Oratory is a wonderful thing. Skill in debate is certainly worth striving for. But proficiency in conversation, which one uses probably every hour of the day, will produce benefits and results of inestimable value.

IN TREATMENT OF SONG BOOKS

From the Northern State Teachers College, at Aderdeen, South Dakota, comes the following suggestion, issued to its students. The advice, however, is beneficial to all college students in regard to their particular assemblies.

If you knock something to the floor by accident at home, do you leave it there for anyone—papa, mama, big sister or little brother—to walk on and trample under foot? Hardly! Most

of us pick up what we knock down, there. Most of us straighten out what we upset.

Likewise, we are all old enough to know how to treat our assembly song books. On the back of each seat is a pocket in which to deposit these books.

Just because song books belong to

(Continued to Page 2, Column 5.)

BEFORE AND AFTER

The following article which appeared in a recent issue of the William and Mary Flat Hat, sums up in a most clever way some of the "ailments" attending college students immediately after a return from the holiday—Christmas. The article, as it appeared, follows here:

Well, it's all—over! There are a number of ways in which the comment may be said, and each in its own way is expressive of how the speaker's vacation turned out. We offer this to the department of applied psychology as an excellent clinical test.

These symptoms are harmless and are not to be taken seriously, each being from forty to forty-three points below the normal I. Q. of the subject.

There is one extremely dangerous type, however, and this kind unfortunately is turning up with increasing frequency. In fact the symptom itself is quite violent and consists of replying, "Well,—(sob)—it—it's all (choke) over—now!"

Sad to say no certain cure has yet been found, although all the great scientists in America are said to be studying the situation at New York, and the scientific world at present views with alarm the epidemic.

Fortunately, however, This Department is able to offer a plan of action which, while it does not constitute a cure, is proving to be at least a check or counteracting force.

The plan consists in forcing the patient to sit through four performances of a certain black-face comedian who has achieved considerable success as a vitaphonist; after which, if the patient still, shows signs of life he is submerged permanently in the nearest body of water.

At least 4,748 great men have said of life that it is principally a state of existence in which things are always turning up. When such little developments are bothersome or difficult they are known as Situations.

(Continued to Page 3, Column 2)

CAMPUS



TOM SAYS:

Tom says: "If I could sprout horns I'd be a goat too."

An explorer was telling some of his friends of his travels in the land of ice and snow.

"Was it very cold?" asked a listener.

"Cold—was it cold?" repeated the explorer scornfully. "Why, it was so cold I couldn't blow the candle out. The flame had frozen stiff and I had to break it off!"

"I want some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, women's."

"Do you want it scented?"

"No, I'll take it with me."

Dr. Converse in Geometry Class:

"What kind of circles are these, Miss Harris?"

"Lee" Harris: "Round circles."

"Jimmie, what are you going to give your sister for her birthday?"

"I dunno; last year I gave her the smallpox."

I'm a poet And I know it, My feet show it They're Long-fellows!

An Irishman and a Yank were having an argument. The Irishman said, "You know, partner, where I come from the leaves of the shamrocks are as big as books."

The Yank came back, "In America we have the tallest building in the world, and there are no steps to it or means of elevation." He paused a moment and went on, "A man I know does business on the top floor every day."

"Climb it, my boy, climb it!"

C. Guthrie: What are you limping for; ingrowing toe nail?

Eve Bargelt: No; ingrowing shoe nail.

"There is Nothing New Under the Sun."

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"—"there is no new thing under the sun"—Why pride ourselves on the originality of our fads?

If Eve didn't know about vitamins, why did she prefer raw apples? Girls of today who make their frocks out of an old lace curtain or a wisp of chiffon have nothing on Mother Eve; she made hers of fig leaves without the aid of "The Woman's Institute."

The English Channel swimmer, acclaimed with so much fame, certainly could not compete with Leander, who night after night swam the treacherous Hellespont to see his lady love, Hero.

The modern sport girl had better take lessons from Atalanta. Who better deserves a loving cup than she? Baseball. That's not new; Rebecca made a home run with a pitcher.

Milton Work would have had a hard time making a re-entry with Horatio at the bridge. We have at last discovered the reason for Mona Lisa's smile—her eyebrows were well plucked. Oliver Cromwell and all his men wore boyish bobs.

Noah must have been up on Swift's bacon, or how could Ham have gotten in the ark? All the world likes an occasional pickle, but Solomon stayed in one; he had even more than fifty-seven varieties.

Ann Dupny, E. C. Glass H. S., Lynchburg, Va.

BOOKS REVIEWED AND CRITICIZED

(K. N. C. Harris—Editor)

Translations From The Chinese. By Christopher Morley. New York. George H. Doran Company. 1922. In "A Letter of Ballast," which prefaces Christopher Morley's small volume of free verse, he explains to his friend, Pearsall Smith, the hazardous, and humble genesis of the "Translations."

The first poem of the book, "The Palimpsest," explains its meaning. The first, and last few lines, are: "There is, in each man's heart, Chinese writing— A secret script, a cryptic language:"

"The study of this hidden language is what I call Translating from the Chinese."

And so, throughout the volume, it is the "Old Mandarin" who talks to us; gives us his strange musings upon the everyday life of our American cities.

Something of Morley's style, and humor is seen in, "A Moment of Meditation."

"I was told that America was a free country,

But I found many of its substantial citizens

Terrorized by the advertizements into believing it was immoral To wear a straw hat Later than September 15th. Wise men know

There is no such thing as a free country—

There never will be."

Pathos is shown in a short verse about the young poet, No Sho, who was crushed by the city.

"The Cigarette Stub"

"Tossed aside in the uproar No Sho was quenched; But in his verses

You will hear a satirical whisper Like the hiss of a cigarette stub Cast into a sink."

The volume is full of deep, thoughtful, and yet simple meditations about people of today. From "The Tolerator" come the lines:

"My wrongness, perhaps is dearer to me Than your rightness."

and:

"I love you for having ideas of your own.

I know how you came to have those ideas,

And they are precious to you."

The subtle beauty and wit of Morley's "Translations from the Chinese" should touch everyone. Unlike most poetry, its appreciation is not limited to particular types of people.

(Continued from Page 2, Column 2)

the school, which is a state institution, is no sign that you have no interest in them. You should have a great interest in them. At home, you probably agree with Dad that the taxes are too high.

But did you ever stop to think that some of that tax money your Dad paid went to buy those same song books? Now don't you see that your dad, my dad, and somebody's else dad all did their "bit" in order that we might all have a good time together in song?

Some people love songs and to damage a fine song book is to hurt a good friend. Students, let's be considerate. Untidiness is a blemish. We all want our Alma Mater to look neat and clean; let us treat all school property, including our song books, as truly our own personal property.

This is just one way that we can help make things better for our having lived at N.S.T.C. Keep the song books off the floor.



AMONG THE COLLEGE MEANTS AND COMMENTS Katherine Preston—Editor

BIBLICAL THEME IS EXPLAINED IN CHAPEL

AUNT ABIGAIL'S HAPPY WISDOM

GUESTS ON CAMPUS

H. E. Copper was entertained by Christine Hall. Fred Koontz was the guest of Louise Land. Frances Lester entertained Bill Brown of Tilton, New Hampshire. Donald Whitbeck came to see Agnes Weaver. George Roller visited Lucy Marston. Bill Lineweaver was the guest of Florence Mitchell. Dorothy V. Frey had Braxton Gallup, from U. of Va. as her guest. Louise Coleman entertained William Rosenfeld. C. E. Richards visited Mary Lee Dobbins. Bess Cowling's guest was Beverly White, from U. of Va. Albert Chalk was entertained by Betty Barnhart. Wilsye Hamilton had George Taliaferro as her guest. Kathryn James was visited by Grymes Heneberger. Frank Driver came to see Florence Reese. Betty Effinger entertained S. Huffman from U. of Va. Margaret Richerett's guest was Peyton Berry. R. L. Smith was the guest of Gladys Hawkins. Hilda Levi entertained Ab Huntsberry, from W. and L. James Jennings came to see Pauline Johnson. Mary Hopkin's guest was Riley Young. Bill Rhodes was entertained by Jean Bricker. Virginia Saunder's guest was Bill Davis. Jimmie Rogers was the guest of Florence Johnson. Dot Townsend entertained Billy Ballard from W. and L. Billy Bean came to see Florence Kilsey. Kathleen Templer's guest was Bourbon Rowes. Randolph Markley was entertained by Dorothy Borum. Perry Brubaker came to see Mary Hopkins. Frank Pannill, of Waynesboro, Va. was the guest of Elizabeth King. Eugenia Beazley had J. W. Wylie as her guest.

Y. W. HAS THURSDAY SONG SERVICE

The first Y. W. service in the New Year was a song service led by Anne Regan. After the scripture reading and a prayer, a number of selected hymns were sung. This was very different from the usual Y. W. service, and was offered as a variation. There was an excellent attendance at the service.

New Member Comes To Music Faculty

MISS MILLER'S PLACE TAKEN BY NEW STAFF MEMBER

Miss Smith, of Missouri has been appointed as the new member of the music faculty. She replaces Miss Margaret Miller who has been recently married, as teacher of piano. Miss Smith comes to H. T. C. highly recommended, and with splendid credentials. We are glad to welcome here to our school.

(Continued from Page 1, Column 1.)

H. T. C. has been particularly fortunate in having the Marionettes here on several occasions, and it is to be hoped that with increasing appreciation of Tony Sarg's most clever art in making them real actors, they shall appear here often in the future.

(Continued from Page 2, Column 3.)

card. Really, the mail service is terrible. Must have new postmaster-general—new administration—so sorry—file complaint—

And reaching for our large, green fountain-pen, we rushed off to write, and escaped.

"Heh-heh," we laughed freely and easily. "Did you like it?" This was good judgment; in such situations it is best to display jocularly and assume ignorance. Often this proves quite a bowling-over move.

But our individual was not bowled over.

"Of course I didn't like it; I hated it; I didn't get it at all. You didn't even send it."

"Very well," we promised dangerously, "we shall write our congressman to see why you didn't get our

Naturally we are extremely desirous of avoiding similar situations, so we take this occasion to point out that almost anything can happen to U. S. Mail nowadays, such as air mail plane crashes, mail train wrecks, postoffice robberies, etc., etc., and therefore it is extremely likely that a great many of our Christmas cards may have been lost. We extend regrets, therefore to R. F., M. S., V. W., A. P. H., V. B. and a number of other individuals from whom we got cards and to whom we are quite certain we sent cards, although for any of the above-mentioned causes we fear they did not get them.

Only 348 days to Christmas, as the saying is. —Ed.

NEW Y. W. C. A. HEAD IN JAPAN

New York—The appointment of Miss Koto Yamamoto to the executive secretaryship of the National Young Women's Christian Association of Japan was announced yesterday. By training and ability as well as personal qualifications, Miss Yamamoto is

A combination of the "flu," Christmas and exams has taken a "goodish" bit of the pep and enthusiasm out of the majority of us, temporarily. If this is any consolation to us, everybody else seems to be in the same predicament. There is very little action in the college world just now, judging from the college newspapers. The calm before the storm probably.

In spite of this, however, North Carolina State College is immediately pushing ahead plans for solving her old problem of student government. The students have voted in favor of keeping the present form of government. A grand jury composed of three students and two faculty members was decided upon for cases of dishonesty, and a regular jury system is being considered.

We read with wonder that in one of the Northern Colleges so many students aspire to Phi Beta Kappa that student activities are expiring.

This is really news and is worthy of a little meditation. If the situation were reversed, however, we would not be at all surprised, since in this day and age—etc. etc.

At Northwestern University next fall a new five-year plan is to be tried out. The student body will be divided into five classes, Freshmen, Sophomores, Middlers, Juniors and Seniors.

It has occurred to us that if the length of time required for an informal education is stretched out any more we foresee the day when freshmen will be tying hair ribbons on their grey beards as a form of initiation.

The public eye is turned at present on the University of Virginia. Claims are being made that in spite of her honor system serious infractions go on.

It seems as if a college can't have a better honor system than its neighbors without the world beating a pathway to its portals—for one purpose or another. The idea appears to be that anything that has the indications of working well just must have something wrong somewhere.

Northern State Teachers College has found an effective way to pleasantly collect payments on their annual, the Pasque. They are running a popularity contest charging a dollar a vote. Three votes are given for full payment on an annual.

Talking about New Year's Eve resolutions, some of us got quite a lot of friendly assistance in making our inevitable New Year's resolutions that we were honestly going to work next quarter and get good grades—aid from those whom we strive vainly to convince that D is really an awfully good grade.

We would consider it a great privilege if we could meet the procrastinator who kept her resolutions nevertheless to procrastinate. Alas! our hopes are not to be realized, we fear, since we are thoroughly versed in the ways of procrastinators—we happen to be one!

Declared to be peculiarly well-fitted for her post, being one of the outstanding young women in Japan. In her first association work in Osaka she was chosen to go to the United States for observation and study. There she spent a year as general secretary at the Japanese Y. W. C. A. in San Francisco following a year's study at the National School of the Y. W. C. A. in New York. In San Francisco she came in close touch with the problems and adjustments of her own people in this country. Upon her return to Japan two years later, she became general secretary of the association at Kyoto, later joining the national staff to supervise work done in cities.

On Friday, January 11, Dr. Henry Converse gave a most interesting talk on Bible history in chapel.

Dr. Converse wondered how many people read their Bible, and how many really understood it. He then gave a summary of events which chronologically connected things in the Old Testament of the Bible. This section is a history of the religion of a very religious people.

Abraham was the father of the Jewish people. He had two sons, Esau and Jacob. Esau, the elder, sold his birthright to his brother, Jacob. Jacob had twelve sons of whom Joseph was the favorite. Joseph and Benjamin were the sons of his beloved wife Rachael, for whom he had labored for fourteen years.

Joseph was always telling his brothers about his dreams. One of them was that all his brother's sheaths of grain bowed down to his. Another was that his mother, father, and brothers were the sun, moon and stars. They bowed down before his star. His brothers became jealous and disliked him because of his popularity with their father.

One day the brothers took Joseph's fine coat off of him, hid him in a pit, and sold him to a caravan who sold him to Potiphar, an Egyptian. Potiphar made him the ruler of his house, but he was thrown into prison through means of lies. While there, he interpreted a baker's and a butler's dreams. Later he was asked to interpret two dreams for Pharaoh. They meant that Egypt would have seven years of plenty followed by seven years of famine. After this Joseph was made head of those who stored food during the plentiful years. During the famine, his father and his brothers bowed down before him. Later, after reuniting with his relatives Joseph persuaded Pharaoh to give them lands in a rich part of the country. A new Pharaoh made all of them slaves, and for fear of their strength had all the boy children killed. Moses alone was saved. His mother hid him in some bulrushes. He was found by Pharaoh's daughter who reared him in the palace with all the advantages of a prince. Moses realized he was one of the scorned race, and he killed an Egyptian who was beating one of his kinsmen. After communing with God, Moses tried to persuade Pharaoh to let his people go.

Many plagues were sent to pester the Egyptians, and every time Pharaoh promised to let the children of Israel go, but he broke his oath. At last, when God killed all the first born of the land he allowed them to go. Repenting of his weakening, he pursued them. Reaching the Red Sea, the children of God walked between the parted waves safely, but Pharaoh and his army were drowned. The Israelites wandered for forty years, finally being led into the Promised Land by Joshua. The people wanted a king so God commanded the last of the judges, Samuel to anoint Saul as the first king of the Jews.

UNIQUE REPAIR SERVICE If any of us have been wasting tears of sympathy over the lowly earthworm we may as well employ them to better purposes, over our own hard luck, for example, for the fisherman's friend doesn't need 'em. These unlovely dwellers of the underground, the combined bulk of which is five times that of the whole human race, clothes and all, apparently drew what was left when nature was sanding out her gifts. While we share the sunshine with the house flies, the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, these down-trodden individuals pass a lackluster existence moving dirt from one place to another. Yet without eyes, without ears and without lungs, for they breathethrough their skins, and with a string of nerve ganglia instead of a brain, they are independent of repair (Continued to Page 4, Column 1.)

Dear Aunt Abby— For some matter of weeks, perhaps months—so blank has seemed time to me that I can not in so many words be specific; but I do know that I am confronting the saddest problem of my life.

My golden tresses have been persuaded to grow, and it has been my never-ceasing burning desire to place myself in history by the growth above mentioned. You see, so greatly has the romance of history affected me that I wish to be the heroine of some touching tale of a fair maiden who would equal Lorelei, who combed her fine golden hair and fascinated the world. Or—too, the enchanting legends of the maidens who escaped from imprisonment by making a rope of their hair, and using ingenious methods of eluding their captors. Dear, dear Aunt Abby, this problem of becoming famous in this way, and having the power to later publish an article on "How I Attained My Fame" has so enchanted me that I am refraining from entering any history classes on account of its overpowering hold.

Now—dear relation, pray tell me what to do. I am far far from being the famed beauty of the sunlit-hair, and I'm missing interesting history courses. Between the bottles of hair-growing fluid that ornament my shelves, and my vigilant guarding of each millionth of an inch growth that my hair attains, I'm growing more than a day older every twenty-four hours.

Confidingly and trustingly yours, Eve Bargelt

Little Eva—

Your appeal impressed me to the point of tears. Really, child, I think it most tetching in a young girl to dream such gentle dreams of the long-lost beauty. And though I can offer no immediate method of becoming the type you mention in a short time. I hope that you will allow me to present you with a tower in which you may sit to measure the length of your hair. There, in the sun, you may sit hour after hour and in the inspirational sunlight, you can observe the growth as you wish. You could even read at the same time. All the while, growing in the knowledge of the classics. For instance I have just finished a lovely entrancing work of literature, namely "The Bobbeey Twins In the Country." It's a sweet book and these dear little people have been recorded on some of their other vacations, so after your digestion and absorption of this which I'm ending special on Sunday, I'll send another, my dear, You'll surely notice what an outstanding effect this will have upon your hair.

Most generously yours, Aunt Abby

Dear Aunt Abigail:

To the point of desperation, I am sad. I'm much afraid, in fact, that I have a malady. It oppresses, depresses, and suppresses me. Why, dearest Auntie, I'm blue and worried. "Nobody loves me," I'm "Mighty Blue," "All Alone," Lonesome and Sorry," and lastly because no popular song-writers will notice me enough to furnish any more titles. I have the latest illness—melancholia. What can I do?

With the beauty of the year which has entered, I am as melodiously as the "One Hoop Slay" when it collapsed. We even attempted to chew all the nails of ten-penny nature that I might have my iron each day in the faint hope of reviving my drooping spirits. Adopt me, Auntie, for no one else has! A New Year's Resolution

Wife—"Do you realize dear, that it was twenty-five years ago today that we became engaged?"

Absent-Minded Prof.—"Twenty-five years! Bess my soul! You should have reminded me before. It is certainly time we got married."

WEEK-END TRIPS

Dorothy Swank spent the week-end at her home in Singer Glen. Elzie Gochenour was the guest of R. B. Strickler in Broadway, Va. K.N. C. Harris visited Mrs. Stanley Hoover in Timberville, Va. Lida Henton went to her home in Melrose, Va. Elizabeth Downey spent the week-end at her home in Edinburg, Va.

DO YOU KNOW—

- 1. In what year occurred what is known as "The Great Blizzard?"
2. What thoroughfare in New York is often referred to as "the warmest street in town?"
3. Where is the "Bridge of Sighs" in New York, and what does it connect?
4. Who was the first man to jump from the roadway of the Brooklyn Bridge?
5. What was the early name of New York City, and why so called?

—Rambles Answers may be found on page 5, column 2, at the top.

New Orchestra Is Organized Here

GROUP TO FURNISH MUSIC FOR ENTERTAINMENTS AND PARTIES ON CAMPUS

A splendid addition and factor in the activities on the campus is the organization of a jazz orchestra. The members of the band hardly need to be introduced as their ability is extremely well known. Those playing are Sadie Finkelstein, leader and pianist, Madeline Hinkle, business manager and violinist, Virginia Saunders and Frances Hughes, violinists, Evelyn Bowers, playing the banjo, and Helen Devall, trappist.

For the various entertainments on the campus, dances given by the clubs and parties, the need of a jazz orchestra has been felt. Mrs. Varner has been greatly instrumental in helping the girls organize, and it is with a grateful feeling that they are working upon plans for development.

The name of the orchestra has not been decided as yet, but any suggestions as to a suitable name will be appreciated. The orchestra members say rumor has it that a party sponsored by the new orchestra will be given in the near future.

AIN'T NATURE GRAND?

Suppose
You had decided
To be fashionable
And have the
Bigger and better
MELANCHOLIA
And you had concluded
That you really felt terrible
Yes, simply terrible.
Anyhow
And you hadn't had a
Letter, or box, or anything
For days—
Yes, simply *days*, my dear!
And you knew that you had
Melancholia.
Then somebody came along
And said, "Oh listen—
I've got a dollar
So let's go to the tea room
And eat!"
And you went, and ate
And forgot about melancholia,
And then suddenly remembered
You were supposed
To be melancholy.
But, goodness, wasn't getting
over it—like that—
A GRAND and
GLORIOUS FEELING?

(Continued from page 1, Column 5.)
the way is made more alluring and our steps are quickened a bit by French doors at the end of the hallway.

Johnston Hall has received the finishing touches both within and without. The spacious and permanent laboratory, located in the basement, is a joy to all the classes meeting there. Without, the construction debris has been removed and the grounds immediately surrounding it made ready for grass and shrubbery.

Across the campus the practice house nears completion and the thrills of the home economics students increase.

(Continued from Page 3, Column 4.)
shops.

Whether they started that way, as science insists, or learned the stunt later to better cope with accidental encounters with the farmer's spade, the earthworms have a most admirable system of regenerating or growing brand new parts for those they may happen to lose. Cut one of them in two and ordinarily the front half will grow a new rear elivation as good as ever. And, if conditions are fairly good, as apt as not, the old rear remnant will get busy on its own account and grow itself a new front portion, thus making two complete worms out of the fragments of the original individual.—*Kansas City Star*

THE "TIE" THAT BINDS SHOULD BE USED TO "BIND" THE GIVER

By HARNETT T. KANE

Some day some great psychologist will write a book explaining all the peculiarities of the human mind. And if he's great enough he'll probably devote several chapters to that impulse which so dominates the thought of many otherwise sane mortals about this time of the year: then, yep, that queer twist of the brain that makes people give Christmas-Ties.

Who doesn't know what a Christmas Tie is? Lives there a man with a soul so dead who never to himself has said, "This is what I get for being kind to my neighbors?" Ingratitude, thy name is Christmas Ties.

There's a technique about the whole matter, you know.

The Jones family has come to the end of its rope in deciding what to give the Browns. The punch-bowl last year—that was just the thing for Mrs. Brown. A bottle of perfume that Mr. Jones picked up—he works in a big store and gets everything half price—that was the selection for Clara Brown. A drum guaranteed not to last longer than a week (the families live next to each other, you see)—that went to Brown, Jr. And that left Mr. Brown sans Christmas present, sans the prospect of getting one, sans everything.

But suddenly some wise members of the family breaks out.

"Let's give him a tie! I never did like that fellow anyhow. Not—a real one of course. Just a Christmas Tie."

Now comes the selection of the Yule-time cravats. Everyone realizes that a Christmas Tie isn't a Christmas Tie unless it hold to the established traditions of what a self-respecting one looks like. For the convenience of shoppers, Hoyle has classified them as follows:

Group 1. The mild kind. These are sent to those to whom one is only slightly ill-disposed. Resemble the Burning of Rome, with stripes of blue and lavender against a background of scarlet blue-birds.

Group 2. Plenty awful. Usually a shimmery yellow, reminiscent of a melting lemon lollypop. Wide bands of alternate orange, pink and purple break the monotony, and specks of old gold representing the death of Ulysses are thrown in for good measure.

Group 3. Just plain putrid. When you wear these, smile; you'll have to do something to attract attention from the neckpiece. They're just about beyond description, but a general plan prevails. A definite shade of a very green, green stands out and puts to shame the splotches of henna and mauve and bright blue that are mixed with oblong slashes of colors that have no name. Is supposed to symbolize the Capture of Moscow. Looks like a house afire and has an appropriate affect on the observer.

The tie is finally purchased and Christmas Day arrives. The scene in which Mr. Brown—poor Mr. Brown!—comes to realize the trick that has been pulled on him is a pitiful one.

The subject has just sat down after a good dinner, happy, contented, at peace with even his colligate son who didn't get the raccoon coat he wanted. The Joneses arrive and presents begin to be distributed. Watch Mr. Brown closely.

He is smiling—now. Someone comes to him with a box that is suspiciously long and narrow. A hint of what is to follow comes into his eye. He pales, but he is brave—for he has been given Christmas Ties before, and he has lived on nevertheless. His body trembles as he stretches out his hand. Finally he turns haggard and there is a dangerously tired droop to his shoulder as he opens the box.

Nothing in his life became him like the accepting of it.

And if you, reader, do not suffer a similar experience this Tuesday consider yourself among the blessed.

AS I SEE IT

Frances Snyder—Editor

THE ETIQUETTE OF REVOLVING DOORS

(Editors Note: We have succeeded, in our endeavor to make this column bigger and better, in obtaining as a staff writer Ethel Evans, renowned society leader, who will write for us weekly an informal chat on the etiquette of things that bother us so much at times. Watch for the weekly discussion by this talented author.)

Revolving doors are peculiar things. Most of the times when you want to go in a building, the door is turning around the other way, and you have to wait until some one else comes along to push with you. Of course, if the person happens to be coming from the inside of the building, while you are on the outside, it will do you little or no good, if each pushes the other way, in fact, the door will remain stationary. In a case like this, the only thing to do is to remove any unnecessary outer clothing, put down your parcels (if any) call on the nearest passer-by to referee and then invite your opponent to come out and fight it out like a man! If as yet, no satisfactory results are reached, decide that you really didn't want to go in the aforementioned building and stroll non-chalantly down the street to the nearest dime store.

Here are a few more helpful hints for revolving door addicts. It is not proper etiquette for a lady or other member of female sex to go in a compartment with anyone else, man, woman or child, or school teacher.

When you directly opposite from the place you started, walk out of the door, else you will go around and around through infinity unless the S. P. C. A. comes to your aid.

Never argue with a revolving door if it hits you in the head. It's just their way, and should your new coiffure and head gear become slightly disarranged thereby, put it down as an idiosyncrasy of all revolving doors and charge it to Profit and Loss. (Next Week: The Etiquette of Double-decker Beds.)

CHATTER, CHATTER

Oh, I had the most glorious time, my dear! Did you? Alice's bridge-lunched—and silver slippers from W. & L.—Flu—All B's. and C's—Have to pay my board. What, she made Pages?—Resolutions to study—more dances—More hen—Said he knew you—Sent me a pair of gloves—I think I'm getting something—Snowmen and icicles—real cute—New teacher looks like a student—lets go to the Tea Room. Best show down town—and gave me lovely nights! When will the dance be?—Can't wait—Hi there, Thanks for the cute Christmas Card—She didn't come back. Had another fire there—Going to be quarantined again—Virginia mid-winters—my schedule is awful. Class under her—Do come over.—New room-mate.—Did you visit her—Flue again!—Haven't heard from family.—Kerchoo!—Absolutely broke—Is a native re-action.—Best looking evening dress—darling marionette.—Yeah, they've been going together for three months—New Calendars, Oh, that organic chemistry, ugh! Look in my box—oh well—must dress—I'll be seeing you.

WHAT DID YOU SEE?

C. W. G. relates to this department that she observed the other night, two young ladies, devour greedily peanuts which had previously been strewn over the gym floor. What one might call "Dirty work."

What did you see? Write it down, sign your initials or some one else's and send it in.

(Continued to Page 5, Column 1)

THINGS ONLY FEW OF US KNOWN AT ALL

The word "girl" occurs but once in the Bible, and that is in the third verse and third Chapter of Joel. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The twenty-six chapters of Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter is the twenty-third Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are in John-fourteenth chapter, second verse; John-sixth chapter, thirty-seventh verse; St. Matthew-eleventh chapter, twenty-eighth verse; and the thirty-seventh Psalm, fourth verse. The sixth chapter of Matthew should be read by all who flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfect beings.

NEW YEAR

RESOLUTIONS

Frequently we become so elated with the Christmas spirit, its gifts, homecomings and vacation, we forget that with the ending of the holiday season, another year is coming to a close, another year with its joys and sorrows, its comforts and its cares, its hopes and failures, Then hastily we resolve to avoid all our shortcomings with a series of New Year resolutions. We all agree that there is no better time to check up on ourselves and discover what we have done with the opportunities that have been our. Have we made failures that could have been avoided, or have we made a success of which we should feel satisfied?

We are told that Benjamin Franklin could see his own mistakes and what is more, he endeavored to overcome them. Cannot we do the same? Let us measure our merits and determine wherein we are wanting. When we have done this we are on the highway to improvement. When we have thus diagnosed our own case we are in position to sanely resolve to start the New Year, figuratively speaking, on a new page, profiting at the expense of our past mistakes and striving toward higher ideals.

However, I do not believe that the type of New Year resolutions that are common among so many people is an effective remedy for our defects and short-comings. It is common to find people who write out a list of New Year resolutions and post them in their room so as not to forget what they are. There is no virtue in resolutions not carried out. Soon these resolutions are broken and forgotten and we go on traveling in the same "rut" until we suddenly become awakened to the fact that we have failed to improve ourselves in any way.

Each time that we make resolutions and fail to carry them out we are telling ourselves that we do not have the will-power to deny ourselves certain things for our benefit.

We make ourselves believe that we have ceased to possess an individuality and are completely controlled by our environment and our immediate desires. Consequently we lose faith in ourselves and believe there is no way of avoiding our shortcomings.

If New Year resolutions are to be worth while they must possess certain characteristics:

1. We must fully realize the need of the improvement they will bring.
 2. We must be sure they are possible.
 3. We must be willing to sacrifice so as to carry them out.
 4. We must suffer no exceptions to occur.
- Let us greet the New Year of 1929 with sane ideas, fewer and finer resolutions.—A. V. B.

A. L. Sullivan: Time flies.
Julia Duke: I can't. They go too fast.

College Fortunate As To Health Situation

"FLU" EPIDEMIC HAS NOT SERIOUSLY HIT COLLEGE HERE

As yet the student body and faculty members have succeeded in escaping an epidemic of influenza at this college. Classes have been running smoothly since the reopening of school after the Christmas holidays.

Many students had sever colds and attacks of "flu" while visiting their homes, but excepting only a few cases of bad colds than were expected have developed.

Precautions, however, are being taken in order not to run the risk of having such an epidemic begin. Students so far have co-operated admirably, and it is hoped that it will not be long before conditions will be such as no restrictions will be placed upon the visiting of crowded public places by students.

A student failed in every subject he was taking. He talked back to his brother, "Flunked all my studies; prepare papa."

His brother wired back, "Papa prepared; prepare yourself."

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stop and first up to date store

down town.

EXCHANGES AND CHANGES

Every college exchange has three articles, each of which is no more or less a copy of the other. The three subjects treated are "flu," midwinter examinations and some inquiry or comment upon the honor system of their own particular campus. Now we know where the daily city newspaper editors get the subject matter for their editorials. Why not let the students settle this matter to their own satisfaction? At least, if college students are discussing the honor system and how it functions it must be functioning some extent. There may be some smoke that is discussion how the honor system is not working, but smoke means fire, and the fire is active students, who object to having some one else get the credit for their own honest work.

To each and all we also have had the "flu" and the lengthened Christmas holiday, and best of all, we kept the flu at bay until those dreaded fall quarter examinations were thinks of the past.

All are familiar with Central Park, but how many know City Park, New Orleans and its romantic history before childrens voices and the kiss tennis halls took the place of the clash of drillin blades. City Park comprises a tract of three hundred acres, the remnant of the Allard estate. The story goes that Mourieur Allaid inherited a princely estate but knew more of poetry than of management of lands and slaves. Finally only a remained and thru this too was gone, but to an eccentric millionaire, who allowed Allard to live on undisturbed. Slowly words passed among the gay blades of the city that under Allard's oaks the sword blades might clash unobserved by police or prying spectators. "Les chever d'Allard" caused many an unhappy hour to the maidens of New Orleans until even they became but a faint memory in the greater pair of the Civil War.

This story and more of the dwelling of New Orleans in the years between, 1800 and 1860 is well told in the Tulane Hullabaloo.

EXCHANGES RECEIVED

- The Tulane Hullabaloo
Tulane University, New Orleans
- The Exponent
Northern State Teachers College,
Aberdeen, South Dakota
- The Teco Echo
East Carolina Teachers College,
Greenville, N. C.
- The Flat Hat
College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
- The Technician
North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering Raleigh, N. C.
- The Richmond Collegian
The University of Richmond, Richmond, Va.
- The Normal Trumpet
West Liberty State Normal, West Liberty, West Virginia.
- The Frontline
State Normal School, Frostburg, Md.

(Continued from Page 4, Column 3.)
And K. B. T. inquires if you heard the one about the Freshman who wanted to know if the V. P. I. German Club was formed for the purpose of studying foreign language?

In History class recently during a discussion of the new calendar which proposes a year of thirteen months, B. V. T. observed her next door neighbor crying.—She had just gotten a five year diary and was afraid she would not be able to use all the provided space.

ANSWERS

1. Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.
2. Fulton Street because it lies between John and Ann.
3. Spans the street running between the Tombs prison and the criminal court building. There is also a "Bridge of Sighs" in Venice, Italy.
4. Robert E. Odum, a citizen of Brooklyn, who lost his life in the attempt.
5. New Amsterdam, so named because of great number of its citizens came from Amsterdam, Holland.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC HAS NEW INSULATING IDEA FOR USE ON ITS PRODUCTS

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company has recently started using a new insulation for the heating wires of electrical appliances. It is called Corox and is remarkable in having a higher insulating value at elevated temperatures and at the same time higher heat conductivity than mica, asbestos, and other materials generally used to insulate electrical hearters. By virtue of these properties Corox improves the efficiency of electric heating apparatus by 10 per cent and lengthens the useful life of the heating element two or three times.

An unusual feature of Corox is that it is made from metallic magnetism, which is a conductor of electricity.

The actual heating element, which is resistance wire of a high melting point, is wrapped with metallic magnesium ribbon. Steam at 450 pounds pressure is then forced over the element and the magnesium metal changes, first into its hydroxide and later to the oxide. The result is a hard, dense, white substance, resembling marble. The heating unit thus formed is almost indestructible in normal use.

This new insulation is being regularly used in several of the company's products.

IGNORANCE AND LAUGHTER

I was born with a gift of light laughter
And a sense that the world has gone mad,
Has gone mad in its infinite wisdom
And a taste of the flood it has had.

I could laugh at a murder or heart break,
For of that was the food of my youth;

I could laugh at our own ten commandments
Or a fool's definition of truth.
Yes, I laughed at a love and a mother
For of either I knew not a whit;

And I laughed at the knowledge of wise men,
For my lamp had not even been lit.

But the men who were sage and were learned,
Could not laugh at the things that I did,
For they knew of the sorrows and vices
That so much of my ignorance hid.

There is pain in not knowing of loving,
And in living your life just by half,
But the sages and wise men who know all
Have even forgotten to laugh.

So I say that the world has been mad-dened
With its wisdom, its strife, and its pain;
But I waste not a moment in thinking,
And I laugh and I say I am sane.

Teacher: Use "gruesome" in a sentence.
E. Wilson: I drank a quart of milk a day last year and I surely grew some.

—E. R.

Teacher: Use "gruesome" in a sentence.
E. Wilson: I drank a quart of milk a day last year and I surely grew some.

Ten-Mile Flares Are To Solve Problem Of Iceberg Menace

Montreal—(IP)—Conquest of the iceberg menace, long the concern of steamships in the North Atlantic, has been approached by scientific research, a product of which is a system of flares that have been demonstrated in the harbor of Montreal.

Although dangers of striking these floating islands of ice have been considerably minimized, vessels still encounter delay through stoppages in fog within the iceberg zone.

Professor Hoard T. Barnes, of McGill University, an authority on ice and its formations, will soon embark on a new scientific adventure to Newfoundland, Labrador, and Greenland, utilizing flare projection to solve his problem, and make of the St. Lawrence a more efficient water route.

Some eight or ten vivid flares were fired some 250 feet into the air around 5:30 o'clock recently, when Dr. Barnes yatch had reached a dark area in the harbor.

It was explained that flares could be fired ahead of a steamer and anything in its track would be illuminated, not by direct light, but by means of the silhouette.

Those fired from a pistol rose 250 feet, when a parachute opened and allowed the flare to fall slowly towards the water, the while shedding a brilliant light.

These had a candle power of 50,000 and the same flares could be fired a distance of a mile or a mile and a half, thereby giving an effective silhouette of anything that might lie between them and the ship.

These lights could be seen for a distance of ten miles.

GRIT

That's it!
You're not worth a bit
Till you prove that you're fit
To be where the real men, the ever-brave sit,

Four years spent at college
May stuff you full of knowledge;
Your arms may be strong
And your legs may be long;
But—

Unless you're a stayer,
A thoroughbred player;
You're all wrong.

It's the sticker,
The kicker,
The man who is quicker
That conquers in battle;

His brains never rattle;
Like a bull dog he hangs on.
He's game to the finish;
His hopes don't diminish;

He knows he can win;
And, in time, he gets in!

PUNCHINGS

By The Nightwatchman
"Hello, Students. I reckon you think it rather queer to see me writing a column in your paper, but there are a few things which no one can tell except me; so draw up your chairs and listen to some inside dope.

"Who do you reckon is responsible for the new lights on this campus? Well, it may be Dr. Anderson, but I told him to get them.

"The other day I heard Mr. Crawford tell the Prexy that he was doing so much business that he needed a faucet in his office to supply water to wet stamps. Mr. Oates came along about that time and said his business was so large that he needed a car to go from debit to credit on his cash book. Those two fellows will bear watching.

"The other night I met Roy Davidson over in front of Graham Hall and I says, 'you step a different girl every night, don't you?' And he says, 'I'll say she is.' I guess he must have misunderstood me. But then, a night-watchman can't expect to be understood.

"Alwyne Johnson, Head of the Janitorial Department, asked me to run

(Continued to Page 6, Column 4.)

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CASUAL COMMENTS

Appreciation of Alma Mater

We are beginning to think that after all there may be something to the fact that the world is a cruel, hard world, when already some of last year's grads are coming back, and instead of a thankful expression that years of intensive study and suffering tests are over, they actually look reminiscent and wish they were back to languish under the protective influence of Alma Mater.

When our time for learning is so limited, and when we think of again living the number of years we have already lived, always combating obstacles and making our way against big calamities, it does seem as if we could manage to appreciate our college while we are in it, rather than wait to remember and to recall when we actually understand and acknowledge its worth.

It is true to a certain extent that the mind forgets, in time, the bad and retains the good, but last year's alumni can't have forgotten so soon, it would seem. We do learn appreciation through experience; or is it that distance lends enchantment?

"Getting By"

Just now we hear so many comments like the following: "No, I didn't get much. But I don't care, though; I'll get by on that test—that's the important part." The important part? It is important to get by; yes; but the part that matters most is the influence of such philosophy on your own character. Character can't be built on "getting by's" for the simple reason that you can't deceive yourself. Just "getting-by" isn't going to get you anywhere, for the phrase in itself means sliding around through a little insignificant path, and passing by the broad highway which takes you to the land of success and of happiness. Therefore, instead of just "getting-by," let's aim to get somewhere.

The Teacher

The opportunities offered in our public schools, either rural or urban, for moral training are more varied and numerous than most teachers think. Of primary importance is the life of the teacher herself, for it is her example, personality and character that make the school; it is what the teacher is that counts. A teacher who is enthusiastic and loves her work becomes the ideal of her pupils. If a teacher is truthful, sincere, honest, cheerful, just, sympathetic and kind, these qualities will leave their stamp upon the lives of the boys and girls.

Reading The News

One of the encouraging things we notice about our college this year is the use the students make of the newspapers in the library. A person may enter the library any period in the day and rarely find a newspaper that is not in use. This shows that our students not only think it important to know about current events, but that they are really trying to keep themselves posted. Furthermore, the papers which are read most persistently are among the best of their kind.

Ditch the Corpse

In an earlier civilization a method of punishing murderers was clever in its cruelty. The victim was chained to the murderer at the neck, wrists, ankles, and around the body. There it remained until the corpse disintegrated. The murderer, with his grewsome burden, was driven from the neighbor hood of every human habitation. Into the deserts and waste places he went with his crime chained to him. Few if any ever survived the ordeal.

We are reminded in this story of men who smoke "coffin tacks." Within a year after they start smoking, the habit has become a fixed habit. For

the rest of their years they are chained hand and foot to their master. They are happy only when and where they can smoke and unhappy when and where they cannot. Many people, no doubt, wish that public opinion would drive them and their ill-smelling burden out into the deserts and the waste places, where they would not offend the olfactory nerve of innocent bystanders.

Most of us are chained to some kind of a corpse; a mere matter of habit, but usually one highly objectionable to other people. Before you or I or any man may hope to understand others, he must first understand himself. Before he can conquer others he must first conquer himself, and the first step to conquest is to study the enemy. What is the enemy which holds us back? What is the corpse to which we are chained and which is retarding our footsteps in the direction we are traveling?

Parent-Teachers Association

In the past few years Parent-Teachers Associations have been organized in nearly every community. It is one of the many clubs and organizations that should have the hearty support of everyone. There are a great many parents who have failed to see the real opportunities that their cooperation with the work of the teachers would unfold. But now, in most communities, the fathers and mothers are beginning to realize that they must take just as much interest in the welfare of the children in school as do the teachers.

FROLIC

In this modern age of folly
When the young fry live on sport,
Let me tell you now a story
Which will make your pulses start.

On one Hallow even frolic,
Happy lads and lassies gay
Plotted when 'twas only midnight
How they'd spend the hours 'till day.

Eight or ten jumped in one Lizzie,
Rattled down the avenue
Heedless of all care and worry
Ride they would where scenes were new.

Many miles they rode together,
Singing many a happy tune,
Till stealthily from out of sage-brush
Stalked a harbinger of doom.

Fiery eyes at first appearing,
Followed by a coal black form;
More than one voice 'rose in anguish
"Would that I had ne'er been born."

But the driver would not tarry,
Show his valor, that he would.
Woe be his, that caused to bury
Classmates underneath the flood!

On the throttle he did bear down,
Never stopped for "Bridge out" sign
Little Lizzie and her party
Dived like lead beneath the brine.

Now, my readers, learn this lesson
Which my story teaches true;
If by ebon feline hindered,
Turn your back and start anew.

—Hazel Mielke

MEN URGE Y. W. C. A. TO COME

Chinese Farmers Want Their Women Educated

New York, January 00—In the seven villages where rural work is carried on by Miss Alice Holmes of Brockton, Mass., and by Miss Mabel Danuser of Winona, Minnesota, with the Y. W. C. A. in China, it was upon the invitation of the Chinese women's fathers and husbands that the work was started.

"Chinese farmers want their women to be educated," write Miss Holmes of Chefoo, the nearest city, and Miss Danuser in a joint report. "In every case they have urged us to come. It is amazing what two hours of study daily has done for some of the women. A young man came in the other day to thank us for what the Y. W. C. A. had done for his sister. He is in business in Chefoo and up to now has always been obliged to go home to find out how things were with his family. Now his sister who has been with us several months, is able to write to him, giving all the family news."

Being able to read and write is opening a whole new world to these women, they continue. In the seven villages, formerly there were only a handful of women who could read or write. However it is unfair to paint them as illiterate, comment the American secretaries. "They are a quick and intelligent group and there is considerable culture among them, the traditions and customs handed down from mother to daughter. They have their Confucian code of morals. Yet, suppressed by the age-long decree that woman's place is within the four walls of her home the world at large is known to them only through the experiences of their men folk."

National Board Y. W. C. A.

FIVE Y. W. C. A. SUMMER SCHOOLS FOR 1929

In Vermont, Maine, Wisconsin and California

New York, January 00—The Y. W. C. A. will play the role of school mistress to many of its own national staff and recruits in five states next Summer. The National School Y. W. C. A. in New York announces their dates and locations as: Asilomar, California, June 21—August 2; Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, June 21—July 27 and July 29—August 2; Rutland, Vermont, June 21—August 2 and in New York, July 8—August 16.

In Poland, Maine during July and August a laboratory course and educational experiments will be held. The Asilomar school will deal largely with the youth movement, the young girl as an individual and her problems and needs. Another phase will be the interpretation of the Association as a Christian woman movement. Problems of psychological adjustment in modern life will be one of the themes of the Summer School. Other sessions will deal primarily with the rural and small town and community life and the philosophy and practice of the Association. The usual Summer session of the National School will be held in its New York building, July 8—August 16.

The second course of the Lake Geneva school will be for women who work as volunteers within the Association.

UNEMPLOYMENT THEME OF GIRLS CLUBS

Causes and Effect Under Winter Discussion

New York, January 00—Unemployment and what can be done about it will be the theme of discussion of many Y. W. C. A. Girls clubs throughout the Winter. Girls employed in business offices, professions and in industry will endeavor to find out its causes locally in their town or city. How to help their fellow workers who have been laid off or out of work find employment is another concern of theirs.

The effects of unemployment on industry as well as the individual worker and remedies used in other countries to stabilize employment will also be featured. The discussions form

part of a program voted and adopted by both clubs of business and professional women and industrial members. They seek to enlarge their horizon and to see their daily work as a whole, not alone as isolated individual processes or tasks.

PEACE—WOMEN'S ENDEAVOR

Crusade Active
British-American Women's

New York, January 00—The British-American Women's Crusade uniting thirty cooperating groups in great Britain is working to end war. Public education on peace and world relations is one of its chief concerns. The Young Women's Christian Association of Great Britain is one of the cooperating organizations seeking to create public opinion in favor of peace and the betterment of social conditions through awakening the interest and concern of its members.

The crusade is similar to the Women's Cause and Cure of War Conference held yearly in Washington, D. C. National Board Y. W. C. A. 600 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

GIRLS IN MEXICO CITY BENEFICIARIES

Anticipate New Building From Olivia Phelps Stokes Bequest

New York, January 00—The members of the Young Women's Christian Association in Mexico City, are eagerly anticipating their new building provided for by the late Miss Olivia Phelps Stokes, in her will. Under the terms of the bequest the Association receives a hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a building. In addition the endowment fund of the National Board, Y. W. C. A. is granted \$75,000, the income from which to go toward the work in Mexico as well as Mexico City.

AT THE SERVICE OF GIRLS IN NEED

Singapore Y. W. C. A. Has Busy Days and Many Problems

New York, January 00—Mixed marriages, high cost of living, tropical conditions and resultant effect on health and morals make life a pretty stiff proposition for many girls and women. So writes the Y. W. C. A. in Singapore, Malaya, who report their hands full of the tragedies and problems that are all too frequent among girls there. Despite the slump in rubber from which most Singapore money comes, the whole community rallied in the support of its recent campaign. More than the sum asked for, was raised. A hostel, lunch room, employment office, clubs and classes are maintained. To meet the needs of individual girls in emergencies, much of its work is personal.

(Continued from Page 5, Column 3.) a little add for him. Here it is: Wanted—A job. At present I am employed as janitor at N. S. T. C., but will work if I have to. Phone 6618 or call at C-8.

And stands and stands, and stands.
"Well, it's twelve o'clock. Guess I better go over and inspect the lock on the Graham Hall fire escape. Been having some trouble with it lately."
Yours truly,
The Night Watchman.
"I am not much of a poet, but how is this for a Christmas rhyme?
Under the hanging mistletoe,
The homely co-ed stands,
And stands, and stands, and stands,
and stands,

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HOSIERY

That Does Not Choose To Run

Every Senior, Junior and Sophomore at Harrisonburg State Teachers College knows where to get it, and if Freshmen don't—well, that's their hard luck!

(Note to Freshmen: If you'll drop in we'll tell you.)

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