

Annual Costume Play Again Scores Success

THOMAS AND TROTT PLAY
LEADING PARTS

The Stratford Dramatic Club presented *The Heart of Paddy Whack* as their annual costume play on Saturday night April 11. The play was typically Irish in setting, dialect and costume. Irish class life was depicted skillfully.

Virginia Thomas played the part of Mona, the young heroine of the story, who returned from two years at a finishing school in Dublin to the home of her guardian, Dennis O'Malley. Dennis, whose part was taken by Anne Trott, was a lawyer in a small town. He welcomed home his ward but her spirits were sadly dampened by Margaret Flynn whom Pauline Efford impersonated. Miss Margaret was, herself, deeply in love with Dennis and she frequently hinted at the impropriety of Mona staying alone with him, especially since he had none too much money. Mona met Lowrie Linnering, whose part was portrayed by Kitty Wherret, and became engaged to him. Florence Dickerson, as Lowrie's father, was squire of the town and of a well-to-do family. Dennis urged Mona's marriage because he felt young Lowrie could give her what she wanted still he loved her very much himself. When the squire asked Dennis for the dowry of Mona something had to be done. Through some remark of Bridget, the scolding maid, played by Donalene Harvey Mona discovered that Dennis was in love with her. Thereupon she broke her engagement to Lowrie and married her "Paddy Whack."

For Anne Trott, "Jitney" Thomas, and Donalene Harvey Seniors, *The Heart of Paddy Whack* is the last Stratford play in which they will appear. It was with much regret that the college saw these three favorites take their last roles.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PLANS COLLEGE PRINTING PLANT

MANY ADVANTAGES OFFERED

The executive committee of the Intercollegiate Press Association has recently made an announcement which should prove of interest to the colleges and schools of Virginia. This announcement is calculated to prove an answer to many problems and a cure for the ills of harassed editors and business managers.

The committee has brought forward the proposition that a printing plant to be self operated and owned by the association should be built. The printing plant would be located in Richmond and under the direct supervision of Mr. Alexander F. Hudgins. This plant could be put across if twelve schools would sanction it and lend their support. So far five schools have expressed their willingness to cooperate.

"Specialized production" is one of the big features in favor of this plan. As only college weeklies are to be published many advantages can be offered. Among these is the fact that the price for "cuts" will be reduced, proof reading will be done in the Richmond office, and the cost for general production will be materially reduced.

It has been urged that all schools in the Press Association lend their support to this splendid scheme.

Psychologists Meet At Charlottesville

DR. GIFFORD AND MR. SHORTS
ATTEND MEETING

Dr. Walter J. Gifford and Mr. Clyde P. Shorts attended the Twenty-Sixth annual meeting of the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia, April 3 and 4. The opening was Friday 3, at 9:30 a. m., at which time President John A. Alderman of University of Virginia gave a welcome address. Friday was divided into two regular sessions. The sessions at morning and afternoon were given to seven talks of fifteen minutes each. Two of the speeches on the afternoon program were "The Foundation of Three Modern Psychologies" by H. M. Johnson, Mellon Institute, and "The Problems of Organization in the Living Organism and Its Environment, and Its Bearing on Philosophical Principles" by Charles K. Davenport, University of Virginia. An organism was defined as a heterogeneous dynamic equilibrium with environment.

The Annual Business meeting was held Saturday, 9:00 A.M. Beginning at 10:00 A.M. two regular sessions were held. The morning session was given to five speeches, one of which was "The Comparison of Rote Learning of Maze Patterns and Paralog Series" by Knight Dunlap, Johns Hopkins University. Learning by nonsense syllables was discussed. The afternoon session was short and devoted to six speeches. After the end of this session at 3:45 P. M. a visit was made to Monticello.

Other speakers of note were Lyle H. Lanier, Vanderbilt University, Buford Johnson and May Wilson Johns Hopkins University, Karl C. Pratt, Ohio State University, Anna F. Liddell, Florida State College for Women, John F. Dashiell, University of North Carolina.

The main entertainment was the Annual Society Dinner at the Farmington Club. Ethel Bowman, Goucher College, gave the Presidential Address: Belief: "A Problem for Psychology."

Dr. Gifford reports that psychology and philosophy do not lie in the same field and that many inventions and new words are appearing in psychology. Another thought worth consideration is "How to know is to know nothing."

H. M. Johnson, Mellon Institute, was elected president for 1931-32. The next meeting will be held in New Orleans in December.

DR. WILLIAMS SPEAKS TO STUDENT BODY

Addressing the student body in chapel Friday, April 10, Rev. Mr. Walter Williams likened the students to race-horses. The last quarter of the home stretch, of a race in which the students like the horses come down with flying colors.

Perhaps you feel that you do not have enough strength," he continued. "But we all have reserves of strength that we sometimes know nothing about. When you feel faint and weak and feel that you can go no further, then by some miracle fresh courage and energy wells up within you, and you go on. This final quarter is the home stretch of your race through (Continued to Page 4)

NATIONAL NEWS

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH DIES

SON-IN-LAW OF ROOSEVELT
SUCCUMBS TO PNEUMONIA

Nicholas Longworth, speaker of the house, was buried in Cincinnati Ohio on April 11. Many of the leaders of the nation paid silent tribute as his body was lowered beside that of his father in Spring Grove Cemetery.

A simple service was held at Christ Episcopal church by the Right Reverend Henry Wise Hobson, bishop coadjutor of the Diocese of Southern Ohio. The service lasted less than a half-hour, and afterwards Bishop Hobson committed the body to the earth with a short ritual.

Mr. Longworth, had just completed his third term as speaker of the house of representatives. He was in his sixty-first year, and, because of a short illness of pneumonia, died last Thursday in Aiken, S. C.

Paulina, the six-year old daughter of the Longworths did not learn of her father's death until her mother reached home with his casket. She was attending school in Cincinnati, and the sad news had been kept from her.

Among those present at the funeral were President and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Vice-President Charles Curtis, and members of the congressional delegation, representing the government. Shortly after the service was completed the Chief Executive and his party boarded their special train for Washington.

Thousands of people, living along the route to the cemetery waited for the opportunity to express their tribute. Some of the outstanding leaders in all walks of American life made up the pallbearers, and the procession from the home.

The psalms and the Epistles of the Corinthians and the Romans, the Gospel of St. John provided the prayers for the funeral. The beautiful Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra played melodies from the masters.

There were many lovely floral wreaths, among them a huge one of ivy, holly, and fern, sent by the President.

ART DEPARTMENT SPONSORS EXHIBITION

PRATT INSTITUTE STUDENTS
EXHIBIT WORK HERE

The Art Department aided by the Art Club has sponsored an art exhibition from Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. in the reading room during the past week.

Skilled work of talented students at the Institute comprised this excellent display. The five phases which were best represented were design, free-hand painting, costume illustration, interior decoration, and advertising illustration.

In order that students may have art prints at their disposal throughout the entire year, the Art Department decided to invest two-thirds of its annual library sum in colored Art Extension prints, which are the very finest colored prints that can be obtained.

The Art Department is now engaged in beautifully mounting these pictures which will be placed in the library to be taken out the same manner as all books. An especially designed file is being constructed to contain them and strong portfolios have been made by the art department to protect the prints when taken out.

Glee Club Attend Festival Of Music

Mr. Dingleline Tells Of Many Changes In H. T. C.

by LELA KEARNEY

"Tell you something about H.T.C.I" exclaimed Mr. Dingleline in surprise. "Where would you want me to begin?"

"Oh, just make it reminiscences of the olden days" was a sufficient suggestion to Professor Raymond C. Dingleline of the History department.

"The old board walk between Maury and Jackson may bring forth heartfelt ejaculations today when an harassed student catches a heel formerly when it extended from Maury to Carter House walking really was a precarious undertaking," he began. Through rain, snow and slush girls and professors trudged over broken boards and loose boards, worn boards and missing boards until one day Mr. Chappellear fell and soon afterwards cement walks appeared.

"Would you like to hear the story of our many auditoriums?" suggested Mr. Dingleline.

"When Maury and Jackson were the only buildings existing, the basement of Jackson was a combination dining hall, kitchen, and boiler room and Maury Chemical Laboratory was the auditorium. Later when Harrison was built, the Blue Stone Dining Hall was divided by a temporary partition and the western end used as an auditorium. Year by year with increased registration the partition gradually moved westward until the auditorium was forced to seek new quarters. Refuge was found in the temporarily completed Sheldon Hall. In time Reed Hall was built and the gym became a haven for chapel exercises. Now with Wilson Hall nearing completion we are looking forward to one last move and that in the near future."

"We should have had some of the Wilson Building's class rooms during the summer of 1912," declared Mr. Dingleline. Registration loomed so large at that time that classes ranged from eighty to a hundred students and were held in every conceivable nook from the basement of Harrison to the open fields near by. By placing a huge tent over the open air auditorium a reliable rainy day class soon was contrived.

"Farmerettes" offered competition in those days too, for Harrisonburg was originally an industrial training school as well as a teacher training (Continued to Page 4)

VARSITY TEAMS HONORED AT ANNUAL BANQUET FARINHOLT, NEW CAPTAIN

Honoring the varsity and class basketball teams a banquet was held in the Blue Stone Dining Hall Friday, April 10 when varsity letters and certificates were presented by Mary Watt, President of the Athletic Association: Lena Bones, Lucy Coyner, Nellie Coyner, Julia Duke, Mary Farinholt, Jacqueline Johnston, Sue Leith, Frances Neblitt, Frances Ralston, Anna Lyons Sullivan of the varsity team. Mary Haga also presented the numerals for class basketball to the class basketball leaders.

An important feature of the banquet (Continued to Page 4)

NOTABLE ARTISTS APPEAR
ON PROGRAM

In order to participate in the twelfth annual musical festival, the College Glee Club spent Thursday and Friday, April 16 and 17 in Charlottesville, Virginia.

On Thursday the Glee Club sang in the massed chorus consisting of Virginia State choruses. Accompanied by the Manhattan Symphony Orchestra, and directed by Dr. T. Tertius Noble of New York, the choruses sang Schubert's *Mass in E Flat*. This took place in the Amphitheatre of the University of Virginia.

Thursday night, the Glee Club attended the concert by the Manhattan Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Henry Hadley, John Powell, as soloist, played his own composition *Rhapsody Negre*.

Friday morning the Club competed with other colleges in the College Choral Contest under the direction of Erich Rath of Hollins College. That afternoon they attended an ensemble recital of quartette for piano and strings with Dr. Arthur Fickenschier presenting his own composition.

This twelfth annual music festival began Tuesday, April 14, 1931 and extended through Friday, April 17, 1931.

Tuesday was known as Junior Day, being spent in the business of the federation and the contest for juniors and young artists.

On Wednesday, more business was discussed, and recitals were given by junior winners and young artist winners.

Wednesday evening there was the annual banquet.

The entire festival being a joint Convention of the Virginia Federation of Music Clubs, the Virginia Music Teachers State Association, and Choral festival, was one of the biggest music festivals of its kind ever held in Virginia.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS PLEDGES MEMBERS

FRENCH CIRCLE PLANS SCRAP-
BOOK

Opening the goat season on campus last Monday, Ella Stover, Gladys Meyers, Eve'yn Watkins, Louise Watkins, Catherine Manke, Mildred Quisenberry, and Eleanor Wright became pledges to the French Circle. Monday and Tuesday the goats wore the traditional costumes in public initiation and were taken into the club formally on Wednesday night.

One of the main features which the French Circle is working on this quarter is a scrap book. This is composed of post cards, pictures and write ups dealing with France. It is to be left to the school and added to by the succeeding French Circles.

Members of the French Circle are also looking forward to a room in the new building, where the French Circle and Classes will hold their meeting. They plan to fix it up with French pictures, books, their motto and other French decorations.

A chapel program on the 8th of May will be given by the members of the Circle. This being Joan of Arc Day which corresponds to the American Mothers Day, is celebrated through out France.

THE BREEZE

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NOISE

Of all the charms which are attributed to a woman, certainly quietness and gentleness are near the top of the list. She has inherited these characteristics and today she has the charge of passing them on. A perfect lady is gentle and mild in her manner and a loud and noisy girl is never a perfect young lady. Outrageous screaming, torturous yelling, ungainly laughing and loud talking are not terms associated with the refinement a college girl possesses. It is one of her graces to talk quietly and pleasantly and to laugh gently and sweetly. If she has acquired a boyish loudness, surely she lacks something which goes to make up her school-girl attractiveness.

It is so thoughtless to be noisy and boisterous, especially where quietness should reign. Before going into the reading room, one must collect all her mental faculties into one deep concentration if she is to read the daily news above the laughing and loud talking and the tuning of pitch pipes plus the crunching of crisp ice cream cones and pretzels. In the library she still further exercises her power of concentration until she can do so no longer; there upon she stops and joins the merry laughter and absorbing conversation. No missionary society could ever boast to beat such a record nor could the circus claim to exhibit such side-shows. In the lobby an ear trumpet is useful for unaccustomed ears and each time the library doors open, such a noise gushes in that the books, by excess pressure, spontaneously drop from their shelves to the floor. Papers rattle, girls giggle and gum pops in the serenity of Chapel hours. Calls and yells across the campus notify visitors that this is a military school and one sitting in a class in the building with the gymnasium confirms that belief. Perhaps a course in deep breathing might exercise the breathing capacities and save the hard wear on the walls and the professor's voices. The dining hall and tea room noise is of the same order.

An H. T. C. girl may well claim a sturdy pair of lungs, but if she thinks first, she will tone and modulate her voice as her gentleness befits and thus add to her attractiveness. No girl is wanted to be an old maid, but an appeal is here with urged for her discretion in the use of her voice.

MERINGUE ON THE GARBAGE

"When the garbage man complained to Miss Whittlesey that he garbage can was not fit for him to empty, she made him that memorable reply: 'What would you have, man? Would you have a meringue on it?' It is a common propensity of the human mind to want just that: A meringue on the garbage.

There is a tendency not to make the bad better, but to cover it over with a thin veneer of good—a translucent covering. In the rush and competition of modern life there is sometimes a current so strong that it bears individuals in "human bondage" before it. Here, is a case of every man for himself with the "survival of the fittest." On our own campus we are sometimes swept along by the force of the wave. We sometimes feel that our best friend is only a face-to-face friend—that a person's exterior of kindness, sweetness and friendliness is merely a shallow veil that covers the soul enslaved by greed of glory, and privilege, and recognition. This is fortunately true of only a small group, however. It is true that some people forget the group because of ambition and desire for self-aggrandizement, but we are usually able to sound most people, and to find the depths.

"It has not been the natural disposition of mankind to emphasize individuality. Man is primarily as he is ultimately social. Any personal eminence, eagerly recognized when it implies natural superiority, becomes a common pride and possession, and very justly, since its nurture, opportunity, and significance are social.

"Spreading meringues over garbage cans is not our real office in this world. We can be fooled into that for a time, but all that only lasts until something really happens to us and the materials that are really in us become active, and we pitch our garbage can over the front fence, meringue and all, and get to work on the real business of life."

A FAIRY TALE

Gather around my knee, children, and you shall hear the story of little Mary. Mary was a young and innocent college girl, and she had never faced the horrors of a cruel world. Then, one day, she met Writing-by-types. Now Writing-by-types was very nice looking and seemed sincere and generous and interesting, so little Mary fell for him. All went well until Writing-by-types began to make the little girl work. He was an interesting talker, and evidently expected Mary to be too. He would throw out a suggestion, and she would have to develop it into something big and nice and really good. Otherwise—well, not only was Writing-by-types disappointed, but Mary was too. Well, children, Mary struggled along in the clutches of this heart-less creature for six long, weary months. Then one day, she screwed up her courage, and after being forced to make one final effort, Mary broke her chains, and lived happily ever after.

TRAITS OF EDUCATED MAN SET FORTH BY DR. BUTLER

The questions how are we to gage an educated man and what are the signs by which he may be known are answered by President Butler of Columbia University in a recent article in the *Columbia Spectator*.

It is quite plain, he states, that one may aim no inconsiderable amount of learning in some field of knowledge without acquiring those habits and traits which mark an educated man. A reasonable amount of learning must accompany an education, but it need not be so great in any one field. An education will make its mark and find its evidences in certain traits, characteristics and capacities which have to be acquired by patient endeavor, by following good example and by receiving wise discipline and sound instruction.

Among the various traits and characteristics, there are five which should always stand out clearly enough to be seen of all men.

The first is correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue. When one hears English well spoken, with pure diction, correct pronunciation and an almost unconscious choice of the right word, he recognizes it at once.

A second characteristic which is a quite indispensable trait of the educated man is refined and gentle manners, which are themselves the expression of fixed habits of thought, and action. When manners are superficial, artificial and forced, no matter what their form they are bad manners. When they are the natural expression and fixed habits of thought and action and when they reveal a refined and cultured nature they are good manners. There are certain things that gentlemen do not do simply because they are bad manners.

A third trait of the educated man is the power and habit of reflection. Human beings for the most part do not look below the surface. They do not read those works of prose and poetry which have become classic because they reveal power and habit of reflection and induce that power and habit in others. In time, with repeated processes of reflection and may perhaps become a philosopher.

A fourth trait of the educated man is the power of growth. He may continue to grow from birth 'till his death. His interest expands, his knowledge increases, and his reflection becomes deeper and wider.

The fifth trait of the educated man is his possession of efficiency or the power to do. The mere visionary dreamer, however charming, lacks something which an education requires. The power to do may be exercised in any one of a thousand ways, but when it clearly shows itself, that is evidence that the period of discipline, of study and of the companionship with parents and teachers has not been in vain.

IMPULSE

LOUISE WINE

Bob Jamison sat down because there was really no point in standing up any longer. The fact that the air was distinctly cooler than it had been earlier in the day and that the sun had gone down gave him no incentive to move, since he had nowhere in particular to go. The iron railing of a small river bridge is not an especially comfortable seat but as a matter of fact no one expects comfort after having spent all one's money and having been rejected by literally dozens of people from whom employment is sought.

In appearance of clothing Bob was far from looking the part of a tramp. The quality of his neat blue suit was such that it would stand a great deal before looking disreputable. Only by his facial expression could it be seen that all was not as it should be. A mouth, that in its natural position was rather nice looking, was plainly dropping at the corners and the heavy brown brows were unpleasantly contracted. Blue eyes fairly radiated of every thing and everybody. Only the lines of the chin remained unchanged and showed strength of purpose for good or otherwise.

There being nothing else to occupy his attention, Bob began to ponder on the lavishness with which fate was dispensing bad breaks and his absolute genius for being in on every deal. He had spent the last of his money that very morning but it seemed years away. Never before to his certain knowledge had he been so hungry. A day of unsuccessful job hunting had indeed soured him on the world. He had a fair education, average intelligence, and good health but what good did it do him? He was on his own and broke.

He looked down at the oily black water sliding noiselessly by. No, nothing like that. He had not seen enough of the darker side of life to make him want to slide over the iron bar into that refuge of the unstable and badly disillusioned. His mind only touched on the fact that the water would be colder than the air and vastly more damp.

He looked toward the town. Lights were coming on, sending a cozy glow through the dusk. That was where he wanted to be but he had tried to get work there and could not. Now, for the first time in his life, he began to subconsciously advocate socialism and definite thoughts soon came to the rescue of his helpless condition. The world owed him a living—if it refused to give it to him he saw nothing left to do but to take it. With no exact plan as to how he would get this living Bob stood up and started into the town.

It was almost six o'clock and the stores were closing. People were going home leaving the streets rather quiet. Across the street Bob saw a small grocery store that was not yet closed. A man was in it alone. Now there was his chance. He looked around for something heavy. His hand closed over a piece of brick broken from the corner of the building near him. Thus armed he went across the street and into the store.

It was a clean, orderly little store, every inch showing thoughtful care. A man, well past middle age, stood behind the counter where he had been arranging some groceries. Hearing the footstep he looked into the calm blue eyes of the white-haired store keeper, Bob's purpose faltered—but only momentarily. He could not reach the man from where he stood so in order to get him from behind the counter Bob moved toward a display on a rack in the center of the room. The man followed and as they came face to face in arms distance of each other a harsh voice barked:

"Hands up, you fellers, an' quick!" Both men jumped around to face
(Continued to Column 3)

Poetry Column

DESERT

A sandy waste you say,
Well, maybe you should know,
Since you've come from green places.
You're from the East, ain't you,
They tell me that green trees
And flowers and brooks and deep blue
skies
Are common things back East.
But me, now, I like the copper sky
And the blazing sun shining down,
Reflected back by the reds and browns
And violet and blue and yellow of the
sand,
And the dull, unpolished green of
cactus
And sandy waste, you say,
Well, maybe you should know.
—Sarah Lemmon

OBSERVATION

No one would ever have the prescience,
I mean no one who'd read this poem
To catch, surmise, may guess the essence
Of merely you with out a lucid
poem.
At least you're too ineffable by
far
For such as we to snare in verse—
The words to portray and not to mar
That charm of yours with speech
too terse.
—C.C.C.

Surface colors, seeming bright and
clear
Like sun caught snow flakes just before
they fade,
Become sometimes as shadows faint
and drear,
Shrinking as it were within a shade
That, made of stronger powers of
love and hate,
Bids falseness flee. Ah then how sad
to find
Where warmth and gayness mingled
so of late,
An empty dullness to all beauty
blind
But haply there are colors too that
grow
From some deep rooted truth that lies
within,
And on their sure foundations richer
glow
As each day adds new light to what
has been.
Thus some lives lose the glamour
false gods give,
While others, rich in wisdom learn
to live.
A.R.T.

MUSIC STUDENTS GIVE RECITAL, APRIL 8

A recital given by the music students of the college was held on April 8 in Harrison Hall. The numbers rendered were:

1. Turkish March Beethoven
from "Ruins of Athens"
Louise Harwell
Mildred Foskey
2. My Heart is like a Singing Bird Spross
Virginia Eubank
3. Lotus Land Scott
Aileen Sifford
4. At Parting Rogers
Sarah Face
5. Prelude Chopin
Mary Helms
6. The Meadow Lark Spross
Mary Coyner
7. Nocturne Greig
Louise Hobson
8. Come Raggio di Sol Caldara
Mary Gimbirt
9. (a) Toreadors Song from Carmen Bizet
(b) Habanera from Carmen Bizet
Louise Hobson Jessie Given
Virginia Coffman Martha Keller

Society

Entertain Junior Officers
Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Logan had as their guests at breakfast Sunday morning Martha Warren, Mary Hyde Florence Dickerson, Ercelle Reade, and Georgia Collins, who are the Junior class officers, and Harriet Ullrich and Catherine Markham.

Holiday Parties
Fireside evening parties in Alumnae Hall, and dancing and games in the Tea Room furnished entertainment for the group of students who remained here during the holidays.

Give Shower
Those present at a shower given in honor of Mrs. Page Duke, who until her recent marriage was Elizabeth Rawls, were Madge Heldreth, Ruth McNeill, Kathaleen Bussy, Anna Day, Edith Garret, Jessie Grimes, Elise Mulheim, Lottie Ransone, Augusta Baker, Adona Hibbert, Frances Reynolds, Beatrice Hedgecock, Josephine Hedinger, Mary Coleman, Josephine Wyatt, and Alice Coleman.

Orchestra Sponsors Dance
A subscription costume dance was sponsored by the Blue Stone Orchestra, on Friday evening in Reed Hall.

Go to V. P. I. Dance
Irma Orange, Ida Roach, Frances Bell, and Eva Holland went to the Easter dance at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Week-end Visitors
Helen Rush, Lena Reynolds, Peggie Johnston, Ruby Powers, Kathryn Brown, Nellie Wright, Jenny L. Hockman, Margaret Walker, Mae Clayton, Elizabeth Kagey, Frances Ra'ston, and Mary Coleman were absent from the college for week-end trips.

FRIENDSHIP IS THEME OF Y. W. PROGRAM

Friendship and Patience were the subjects of the Thursday night and Sunday afternoon Y.W.C.A. devotional services. Frances Skelton, who is the new chairman of the Thursday night service, was leader on Thursday. The main features of the service were a duet entitled "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" by Nellie Cowan and Sara Ellen Bowers and a reading *Friendship* by Louise Harwell.

Dorothy Rhodes lead the Sunday afternoon service. A solo, *Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled* was sung by Harriet Pearson and a reading *Fruit with Patience* was given by Sarah Lemmon.

The Y.W. is planning to have Miss Grace Palmer as its guest next Sunday.

Alumnae News

Elaine Hupp '32, who is teaching in Woodstock, Va., was a recent visitor on campus.

Ethel Garber '29 is teaching in Central High School in Low Moor, Virginia.

Dorothy Wheeler '31 who is teaching in Roanoke, was a recent visitor on campus.

Doris Bane '31 is teaching in the grammar school in Greenville, S. C.

Louise Land '32 is taking a commercial course in Philadelphia, Pa.

Lillian Bloom '32 is attending Atlantic University at Virginia Beach.

"O SLEEP, IT IS A GENTLE THING"

News has come through the N.S.F. A. release that the faculty of the University of Rochester recently voted to do away with all 8 A.M. classes, having decided it was better for the students to sleep in their own rooms instead of the classrooms.

Very naturally it occurs to us to question whether this was done in the same spirit that Burns showed when he invoked Sweet Afton to "disturb not her dreams," or whether it was merely an indication that professors in general do not like the aspect of the Sleeping Prince.

It could scarcely have been the first suggestion, for even professors know that nothing can disturb a dream in a classroom. When a student settles for a long nap with this simple trust to comfort him,

"Now I sit me down to sleep
I trust my pal the notes to keep," nothing a professor can say will arouse him from his Morphean bliss.

So, we think, it was not altogether consideration and tender affection that prompted the delay of classes.

Perhaps it was the fact that it is not easy to lecture to an unresponsive audience, and indeed, to an audience that would be fairer in its waking hours, for sleep is becoming to only a few.

Whatever may be the reason the professors gave in regard to the students and their morning naps, we can not help but say that they must have felt the need of rest also for

"O Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

—Exchange

Mrs. D. L. Harrington formerly Thelma Neal '28 is now living at 1626 Farewell Avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago, Ill.

Eleanor Wrenn '31 is attending Scarritt University in Nashville, Tenn., where she is working on her M.A. degree.

Grace Rohr '32 is teaching in the public schools in Kingsport, Tenn.

Leslie Ritter '30 is teaching in the Washington and Lee High School in Clarendon, Va.

Louise Henderson '33 is doing substitute teaching in Brookneal, Va.

Mrs. "Doc" Ralston, formerly Elsie Leake '28 is now living in Harrisonburg.

Dorothy Oliver '33 is teaching in Coleman Falls, Va.

Frances Turpin '32 is teaching at Big Island, Va.

APRIL SHOWER
Heaven is sad today.
Her tears fall on the trees
And thirsty grasses, making them green
And fresh and lovely.
When she sees such beauty,
She will lift her tear-stained face
And smile.

—M.M.

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BOOK REVIEW ARMA VIRUMQUE by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

This book comes as a crowning triumph, and probably, as the title indicates, as a farewell to Hemingway's treatment of the war theme. It is a crowning one because it contains all of the intense realism of *The Sun Also Rises* plus a certain emotional under current that carries more conviction and bespeaks a surer craftsman. It is probably a farewell because Hemingway has exhausted, seemingly, all of the potential and actual possibilities of the theme. So simple and entirely spontaneous and yet so forceful and complete is this book.

Calling a book about the late war an epic is never safe prophecy in this day of many war novels; yet one could feel perfectly safe in calling this the book about a war seen through the eyes of a single character. So strong is the work that it would stand alone on the merits of the style and method of attack if the war theme were taken away from it. About how many of our recent best sellers could this be said? Too few.

A young American (the I of the Book) has a commission in the medical corps of the Italian army and is in charge of a group of Ambulances. He early becomes interested in a young English girl, a nurse on the Italian front, but his interest springs entirely from an animal urge, and not from any deeper emotional attachment. The girl, Catherine Barkley, had a lover killed in Flanders early in the war, not gloriously killed by a saber wound, as she had romantically imagined, but blown to rag and torn to tatters by a shell. This incident upset her emotional equilibrium and left her ready for just such an affair as she was about to have. The young medico is wounded by a shell and sent to a convalescent hospital in Milan, where Catherine manages to rejoin him. As soon as she enters the room of the hospital Frederic realizes that he loves her. He gets well in time to participate in the disaster of Caporetto where, because of his foreign accent, he's accused by a board of Italian officers of being a German spy. He escapes ("deserts" is the proper word) and rejoins Catherine with whom he goes to Switzerland. They live happily

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there for several months, and it is ends thus, leaving Frederic at loose there that Catherine dies. The story ends.

By all odds the most striking feature of the book is Hemingway's unusual style. As in *The Sun Also Rises* he is starkly realistic, and yet not too cadaverous to be natural. The whole war and surrounding circumstances are seen through the eyes of a young man and are related with the naturalness and utter matter-of-factness that usually accompany youth.

His characters under a given set of conditions say exactly what they might be expected to say, and Hemingway has never seen fit to be fettered by literary orthodoxies in the way of conversation or made at formal description or at a narration as commonly met with in contemporary literature. Everything is described or narrated as seen through the eyes of the characters with a frankness that is refreshingly reassuring. By the same token, all extraneous furbelows are omitted, only things or events being described which would be worthy of a poet of the Imagist school. His conversation is strictly as it exists in common everyday lives. Stilted conversation rhetoric is conspicuous by its absence. A study of any of the conversation being carried on about us would reveal a wearying repetition and worldly beating about to no end. Hemingway records this faithfully and frankly and if the reader doesn't like it, he has no one but himself to blame. The fatuity and shuttlecock battledore effect of ordinary human expression is here only too evident.

The emotional reactions of the characters are told as simply and as briefly as they were felt and yet with a tremendous effort in spite of the brave words. What could more completely express the emptiness of death and the utter futility of emotional hangover than the following excerpt: Frederic has just learned that Catherine is dead and wishes to see her once more before he leaves. I went to the door of the room

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IMPULSE
(Continued from Page 2)

the door and look into the muzzle of a revolver in the hand of a dirty, unshaven, coarse looking person, who expressed determination in both vice and action. In short, he was not to be trifled with.

The hands of the two men went up instantly and this action was greeted with the command—

"Not a move from either of you!"

Bob had been so dazed by this interruption, when his mind was so intent on his own interests that he did as he was told before he realized what was happening. He was a little to one side as the gunman moved toward the store owner. Struck by a sudden impulse he moved his body more quickly than his mind could function. With his left hand he knocked the revolver aside in order to deflect the shot that followed, and the piece of brick in his right hand landed under the side of the would-be robber's chin. Such a blow from a fist alone would not have stunned the man but the hard force of the brick knocked him unconscious.

The sound of the shot brought a crowd from the seemingly deserted street. They pressed in the door to gaze wonderingly at the scene. A burly policeman pushed through the craning mob.

"What's up here?" he demanded. "You people move back!"

The storekeeper hastened an explanation—

"I was going to wait on this young man here when someone told us to

(Continued to Column 4)

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IMPULSE

(Continued from Page 3)

put up our hands and that person on the floor was holding me up. The young man knocked him down and he tried to stop him by shooting."

Bob was being assailed by alternating feelings of righteousness and guilt. The man on the floor began to stir.

The policeman took the revolver from the floor and motioned the crowd out.

"Get up and move, bum," he said to the recumbent criminal, and to the store owner—"Come around in the morning and see about this, Mr. Allen." He turned to Bob and looked at him admiringly.

"You certainly did a nice job, young fellow. Give me your name and address, please.

"My name's Robert Jamison but I haven't any address right now. I just came into town this morning and haven't located yet."

"Alright, see you tomorrow."

The man had risen from the floor and now the policeman pushed him before him out the door.

Mr. Allen turned to the still bewildered Bob.

"I certainly do thank you, young man. You saved me a good bit of money and maybe my life. You say you just came to town? Do you have a job?"

"Er—no, I haven't been able to get one yet."

"Yes, I know they're scarce but I might be able to help you. My assistant, we were sort of in business together, moved away from town today. About an hour ago I put up that little notice in the window for a young man to work up to his place. Would you consider it?"

Bob had missed the notice as he entered, on account of the dim light. This offer was astounding. At once it renewed his faith in mankind and himself. He thought only a moment. "I'd like to try," he answered.

"You're hired, and since you haven't decided where to stay just come on home with me until later. I've been kind of living alone these last few years. Have a woman in to do for me daytimes and I manage right well."

"Thank you, Mr. Allen, I believe I will come tonight."

"Just a minute 'til I lock up. Well, how did this piece of brick get here? Guess that burglar had it in his pocket. There surely are some dangerous characters around these days. Makes a man real uncertain about who to trust." And he threw out the piece of brick that, but for intervening fate, would have damaged him some and Bob Jamison, whose criminal career it would have begun, more.

FACULTY NEWS

Miss Louise Boje spent the Easter Holidays in Philadelphia and New York.

Miss Lulu Coe visited her mother and brother in Philadelphia.

Miss Louise Seeger visited in Richmond, Annapolis, and Washington during the Easter holidays.

Miss Elizabeth Cleveland during Easter holidays visited friends in Scottsville and Charlottesville and her nieces and nephews in Fluvanna.

Among Easter visitors on campus was Ruth Maybee, daughter of our beloved Dr. and Mrs. Fred C. Maybee. Her parents left us to take a joint position on the faculty of Bates College, Maine. They are very happy there but do not forget their old friends here.

Dr. Walter G. Gifford and Mr. Clyde P. Shorts attended a meeting of psychologists and philosophers in Charlottesville.

Dr. John W. Wayland spent some time during the holidays in Alexander, Va., where he visited a number of interesting old homes.

MR. DINGLEDINE TELLS OF MANY CHANGES IN H.T.C.

(Continued from Page 1)

institute," continued Mr. Dingleline. "On any day students could be seen feeding chickens, guarding bees, or hoeing onions. It's a debatable question as to whether or not a secret pig pen existed.

"Swimming pools were not necessary at first," and Mr. Dingleline laughed. "One bright spring day the ymu equipment was seen flating about Ashby and it was discovered that the little gym had been flooded due to the recent rain and poor drainage."

"Well, Mr. Dingleline, how could all of the students possibly be accommodated in just two buildings?" I wondered.

"Oh, since there weren't enough dormitory facilities on campus students were scattered all over town," he exclaimed. "One man was regularly employed to find homes for the girls.

There weren't any special bus facilities in those days either. Everyone came on the train and was met at the station by old-fashioned horse-drawn surreys.

H.T.C. has changed a lot, we both agreed.

A STORE

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BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from Page 3)

"You can't come in now one of the nurses said.

"Yes I can," I said.

"You can't come in yet."

"You get out," I said, "The other one too." But after I got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying goodbye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain. Such powerful simplicity is seldom met with.

One finds this by a wide margin the best book Hemingway has done. It is the *Sun Also Rises* plus the sure touch of a more experienced Craftman in the metier of realism. Hemingway has become almost a symbol in modern literature, and this is one book which cannot be dismissed by one who would keep abreast of the developments of contemporary writing.

—Christobel Childs

DR. WILLIAMS SPEAKS TO STUDENT BODY

(Continued from Page 1)

the year. Perhaps you feel that your strength is gone, and that you cannot yet through safely to June. But call upon your reserve energy, and you will come through with flying colors, perhaps even leading the field. The goal is set; do not hesitate, but strive toward it with unlimited courage and strength, backed by your reserves."

VARSITY TEAM HONORED AT ANNUAL BANQUET

(Continued from Page 1)

quiet was the presentation of the rabbit's foot to Mary Farinholt, captain-to-be, by Anna Lyons Sullivan, this year's captain. Anna Lyons also presented Mrs. Althea Johnson, the coach, with a pewter pitcher as a token of appreciation for her interest and helpfulness in coaching the team.

Miss Lulu Coe was also a guest at the banquet.

At the close of the banquet Sally Face lead in the singing of *Purple and Gold*.

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Dot Williams: Who is Mary?

Louise Williamson: "Oh, don't you know her? Why, she lives in the same square with you."

Dot Williamson: "Yes, but she's not in the same circle."

Mother: "Jimmy, go shoo those flies!"

Jimmy: "Aw, let them walk around barefooted till I finish this game."

Laura Purdum says Rachel Brothers is so lazy that she gets up earlier than any one so she'll have a longer time to loaf."

Tim: "Did you send your girl flowers Easter?"

Bim: "What's the matter? Did she die or something?"

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