

ENVIABLE RECORD HUNG UP BY OUR BASKETEERS

Harrisonburgers Close 1924 Season Without Tasting Defeat. Farmville Proves Strongest Opponent

Alas, your varsity ticket is no more good. Paste it in your memory book where in the after years it will be there to call up memories of the thrilling games of '24 when old H. T. C. captured the State Championship of Teachers Colleges for basketball.

It has been a wonderful season. Not once has Harrisonburg experienced defeat and only once have the devoted fans been skeptical concerning the outcome of the clash and that was at the game with Farmville at Harrisonburg. That was undoubtedly the best game of the season. The closing game of the season brought with it but few thrills. Richmond was "gone" soon after the referee's whistle blew for the opening toss up.

Then going back and reviewing the games with Radford—they certainly made H. T. C. fight for the top score. It was a pleasure to meet Radford on the floor and a pleasure to observe their notable plays and admirable sportsmanship. In fact every team that has tackled the H. T. C. basketeers has been a "good loser."

Here is something else for your memory book, the results of the season:

February 9			
Bridgewater	4	H. T. C.	51
February 16			
Radford	27	H. T. C.	31
February 23			
Bridgewater	5	H. T. C.	39
February 29			
Farmville	15	H. T. C.	33
March 1			
Richmond	14	H. T. C.	41
March 8			
Radford	16	H. T. C.	25
March 15			
Farmville	30	H. T. C.	31
March 29			
Richmond	21	H. T. C.	65
Total	132		316

Taking Things

"Lady, got any lil jobs Ah could do fer you too?"

"I hesitate to let you work around the house. I've had so much trouble with servants taking things."

"Ah, lady, you needn't be sceered 'bout dat. Ah worked in a bathhouse ten years 'n ain't been known to take a bath yit."

Entertained

The Richmond team arrived at H. T. C. Friday night about eight o'clock. Rain was coming down in torrents, but this was soon forgotten in the enjoyment of the program given by the expression students in Sheldon Hall.

Breakfast in the dining room amidst cheers and yells from both Richmond and Harrisonburg girls, automobile rides, and dancing in the gym, each in its turn contributed to the pleasure of the Richmond girls' visit to H. T. C.

Sunday morning when the girls departed for Richmond, all hated to see them go. We enjoyed their stay with us so much and here's hoping they will come back again.

MR. DUKE SPEAKS AT CONVOCATION EXERCISE

Religious, Moral and Ethical Instruction Stressed. Young Americans Need Such Information

"Religious, Moral and Ethical Instruction in the Public Schools" was the subject of Mr. Duke's address at Convocation exercises in Chapel on Friday, March 28.

"America is facing social, religious, and economic changes," said Mr. Duke "and most minds are turning to the Public School. The teacher's problem is a great one, but a privilege."

The young of today are changing standards. What used to be considered wrong is now looked upon as right. Crime, disrespect for God and law, and prejudice must be wiped out. But is the Public School the place to do this?

Criticizing the Public School is one of the Public's favorite pastimes. The old forget their vices and remember their virtues. The youth today is better physically, mentally, and morally than it was a century ago. The schools of today have better teachers, better equipment, better attendance, and longer terms. The well informed never question this.

Let us look into the homes of today. Sad but true, there are few. In most cases it is only a place to eat and sleep. No religious bonds hold the family together. The greatest danger to America today is the breakdown of the home.

What about the Church? The Jews and Catholics are meeting the religious problem better than are the Protestants. It is the fault of the Church, not the school.

"Take an inventory of Modern America," said Mr. Duke. "The movie world says, 'I am superior to education received in Public Schools.' But what of the moral value?"

"Call out the Radio. It will paralyze you with jazz, but is there a moral value?"

"The automobile, telephone, and bootlegger, each in its turn drives the youth away from home."

Knowing these facts one would not condemn the young of America, but will say that a hard road lies before the teacher if she can cause such a change.

Shall we strive to make this possible in Public Schools? When a bill for the teaching of Religion in Public Schools was proposed, the Protestants were the ones who opposed. They want it taught where it will be divine—not like other subjects. Can we teach religion in the schools and get the association that should go with the teaching of God's word?

The young American needs more information about moral right. Education without conscience and character is a greater menace to society than is ignorance without conscience and character.

Let Us Grow!

The little grass seed and roots down in the mud are begging, "Let us grow! Don't crush us with a footstep. We want to come up and see the springtime, too. Why, we'll help make the springtime if you'll just use the walks and give us a chance."

BLUE STONE VARSITY CAPTURES HIGH SCORE

Plucky Richmonders Unable to Offer Great Opposition to H. T. C.'s Rapid Passwork. Score 65-21

Saturday night, March 29, found H. T. C. again marching from the clash with colors flying. The sextette from Richmond Normal pluckily bearded the lion in his den, but was forced to suffer the overwhelming defeat 65-21.

It was the last game of the all successful season for Harrisonburg but never before had the spectators gotten the full benefit of the beautiful play in pass work of the Blue Stone basketeers. The Richmond girls were unable to offer great opposition to the passage of the ball, topped off in center by Clore, into the hands of Nickell, across the line to Doan, under the goal to Rosen and in the basket.

The end was evident from the beginning. Not one moment were the Harrisonburgers given cause for anxiety.

Doan won the admiration of the spectators during the first part of the game through her complete mastery of the art of caging balls. The little "light-haired" Cooke took her place for the second half and displayed the fact that there was a reserve force back of the six who could also put up a beautiful game.

It was not a spectacular game, but it was a clean game. The Richmond team were good losers and showed themselves the best of sports throughout their sojourn in Harrisonburg.

The line up follows:

Richmond Normal	H. T. C.
C. Pendleton	J. Rosen
Forward	
I. Franklin	W. Doan
Forward	
Stewart	B. Clore
Jumping Center	
G. Courtney	R. Nickell
Side Center	
J. Watson	S. Harrison
Guard	
Fuqua	M. Cockerill
Guard	

Substitutes: Richmond, Fuqua for Stewart; H. T. C., Cook for Doan.

Referee: Miss Crenshaw of Westhampton College.

Expression Recital

The Expression Students presented a program Friday evening, March 28, in Sheldon Hall. The program consisted of a skit, a one-act play, and a scene from a play. The program follows:

Breaking the Ice

(Characters)

Miss Marton Virginia Harper

Captain Selby Hallie Copper

Six Cups of Chocolate

(By Edith V. B. Matthews)

(Characters)

Adeline von Linden Margaret Grattan

Marion Lee Mattie Fitzhugh

Dorothy Green Mary Warren

Hester Beacon Lucille Hopkins

Beatrice von Kortland Mary Jackson

Jeannette Durand Marion Kelly

Scene from "The School for Scandal"

(By Sheridan)

(Characters)

Sir Peter Virginia Campbell

Lady Teazle Kerah Carter

STUDENT GOVERNMENT OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

Elizabeth Rolston Elected President, Sue Kelly, Vice-President, Sallie McMurdo, Secretary-Treasurer

The election of student government officers is a big event in the year. This requires thought on the part of the voters because of the responsibility placed upon those elected.

We nominated a girl for each office. The girls receiving the largest number of votes were passed upon by the Administrative Council and the Student Council.

On Tuesday, March 25, we filed over to Sheldon Hall for the election. We voted and then we waited. Finally all the votes were counted and we were informed that Elizabeth Rolston was elected president. The other officers elected were Sue Kelly, vice-president, and Sallie Roane McMurdo, secretary and treasurer.

These officers are the first student government officers of Harrisonburg Teachers College. We want to make student government work just as successfully and still more successfully in our College as it worked in our Normal School. There is a big year before us and we must back up our new officers.

Tonight

Dr. Elmer U. Hoenshel, Educator, Lecturer, and Author will give a travelogue lecture entertainment in Sheldon Hall at 8 p. m. tonight.

Dr. Hoenshel is a man of strong personality and fine speaking qualities. He has at an earlier date this year spoken here and won great admiration and applause. It is expected that he will draw a large audience both from town and from the College.

The subject of Dr. Hoenshel's lecture will be "Travel and Song."

Program

Part One

A Spanish Bull Fight (A Travel Sketch).

The First Settler's Story (A Reading).

Part Two

Odds and Ends (A Medley of Sense and Non-sense).

Part Three

The Realm of Nightless Summer. Spitzbergen, the Midnight Sun and the Ice Pack about the North Pole (A Travel Sketch).

The Track Meet

The track meet which will decide the champion athletes of the College is the principal topic of conversation. Groups and group leaders have been chosen in the various gym classes and are now practicing events.

Special features of the day have not yet been definitely decided upon, although various committees of the High School Seniors, who are the conductors of the meet, are at work upon them. The same general plans that were used last year will be carried out with a few minor changes in regard to points, awards, and events. It is hoped that by the next issue of the Breeze a detailed account may be given. One thing is sure; it is going to be a big day, for aren't we all going to support the High School Seniors to the utmost? Of course, we are.

THE BREEZE

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Spring Breezes

As the spring breeze gently mixes and mingles the many-colored buds and flowers, so does it mix and mingle many past memories and unrealized dreams in poor mortals' brains.

To the old, a spring breeze blows memories of their youth, their successes and failures in life. They dream on, too—dreams that will not be fulfilled, for the years will come too soon and overtake them.

To all youth, a spring breeze blows memories of a past spring full of brightness and sunshine. They dream on, too—dreams that are too wonderful and too beautiful to ever come true.

But to a schoolgirl, a spring breeze blows the sweetest memories of all—memories of the days of rompers and curls, of paper dolls and hide-and-go-seek, and freckle-faced boy that always carried her books home. It even blows memories of last year's spring-time party and the boy with deep-blue eyes. The spring breeze blows dreams, too, to the school girl's busy brain, glorious and beautiful dreams—dreams of graduation, of success—then dreams of green sport suit with hat to match and a lovely flimsy blue creation for the next dance, and then dreams, always dreams of the blue-eyed boy.

To tiny children a spring breeze blows memories only of yesterday—their joys, hurt fingers, and broken toys. They dream on, too—dreams of fairies, flowers, and new toys.

A spring breeze blows gently. And as it mixes and mingles the many-colored buds and flowers, so does it mix and mingle many past memories and unrealized dreams in poor mortals' brains.

Blow, spring breeze! Gently. Mix and mingle the real and unreal, the past and the future, in weary brains and make them happy.

Blow, spring breeze! Gently.

Work of the Wind

March has finally blown itself out, and with its last blow it has blown us back to our work. It was not only with regret that we started back to school on Tuesday morning, but also with the determination—"to see and to conquer," in order that we might not be subdued by those pesky exams that will come—just as night comes after day—at the end of the Spring Quarter.

"In time of peace prepare for war" is a good maxim in regard to our work—now is peace; later will come war—the examinations. Let us all adopt this maxim. As we all make new year resolutions let us make and keep New Quarter's Resolutions.

Glad You're Here

New girls, we welcome you to dear old H. T. C.! The entire student body is glad that you have joined our school family and we hope that you will be happy here.

We know that there are times when you feel blue or homesick but remember—we were all "new girls" once and no one stays "new" long. You are just bound to catch the wonderful H. T. C. spirit which makes us so proud of our college and so eager to do everything we can for it. All the girls want to be your friends, so just do your bit to keep things humming and you'll be as glad to be here as we are to have you.

A Psalm of Better Speech

(Apologies)

Tell me not in idle jingle

Better Speech Week was in vain,
For each student now is trying—
Better speech she would attain.

Once we were so rude and thoughtless
And we knew not it would pay
To be careful of our language,
Till Better Speech Week came our way.

Now we've studied pronunciation
And conned our grammar o'er and o'er
For Better Speech Week made us determined
Bad English to shun for evermore.

We shall now be up and doing
With our thoughts on better speech
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Working hard our goal to reach.
—Margaret Leavitt.

Bobbed-Hair Craze!

To bob or not to bob! That seems the all important question just now. Never before in all the fifteen years of dignified existence has Old Blue Stone Hill had such a bob-haired craze sweep over its stony foundations.

Morning, noon, and night, the girls appear with their shorn heads. But especially in the morning at breakfast, there seems to be an air of expectancy; for someone always loses their tresses over night.

Even those who have enjoyed the thrill of the scissor's snip, are determined not to be left out this time, so they have their short hair cut even shorter and we behold the "shingled head".

Whether or not our student body is becoming more beautiful; whether or not the future generation will have an abundant or a scanty suit of locks; whether or not it will influence us as future teachers; the fact remains, that hair is being bobbed and nothing seems to be able to stop the craze. Even Miss Stevens is said to have remarked that "she would bob her hair, if she thought it would really make it thicker."

When you come to the end of a lolly-pop
And you sit all alone with the stick;
And your thoughts go down with a sickening drop,
For there's nothing more to lick.
Can you think what the end of a lolly-pop
Can mean when a guy's dead broke?
Well, this is the end of a lolly-pop
And sure it is no joke.
—Maroon and White.

Back up the new officers!
Make their job easier!

CAMPUS CATS

A Violin Debut

It was on a Tuesday evening
—Seven o'clock, as I recall—
That I played at a recital
In the Harrison Music Hall.

Soon the crowd began to gather
And the house began to fill,
My heart started wildly thumping
And I really felt quite ill.

Finally there came a silence
But it didn't last very long;
"Next on program is Miss Smith
She will play the 'Cradle Song'."

I managed to reach the piano,
Lift the violin to my chin,
Heard a whisper from my teacher,
"All right now, you may begin."

Scared is putting it mildly.
I was petrified all the way through.
I couldn't draw the bow across
And work my fingers too.

That first note was surprising
To me, my teacher, and all;
For from that violin issued a sound
That did horrify, distress and appal.

My bow was quivering and trembling
While I balanced on just one foot,
I knew everyone was laughing,
But I didn't dare to look.

What note came next, I wondered?
I couldn't remember a thing.
Oh glory! a few notes sounded,
And in my ears did ring.

And so throughout the recital
No one knows the agony I bore:
While that violin sobbed and sang
And my feelings did outpour.

I finished "rocking the cradle";
The last note died on the air
I thankfully lowered my violin
And sedately marched to my chair.

My first recital is over.
I'm a wreck, if there ever was one.
My "Cradle Song" is passed,
But my trials are just begun.
—Mary Smith.

Dr. Wayland: "Miss Ward, in what year was Washington born?"
Edith—"1730".

Dr. Wayland—"Good! Well, what day and month?"

Edith—"I don't believe I ever heard the month, but I am sure it was on Friday, 13th."

A Plea

Oh, for a sidewalk
To Shenandoah.
Give us that,
And we'll ask no "moah".



Tom Says

I'd like to wear my bonnet,
With the spring flowers on it.
But I can't do it, don't you know
Cause I never know, when we'll have snow.

Chapel

Wednesday, March 26—Mr. Duke made several announcements. New chapel monitors were appointed for the spring quarter.

Friday, March 28—Convocation exercises were held. Mr. Duke gave an address on Religion and Education.

Monday, March 31—A splendid program was given by some of the Junior High School girls who took part in the play "King Sol in Flowerland."

April Fool's Day

April 1st was not one of boredom around H. T. C. There was plenty to keep one going—plenty ordinarily intellectual people made fools of. The concern which regulates the weather was the first to play a prank on us unsuspecting mortals. Sometime during the mysterious hours of the night winter returned and cast a cover of white over the first signs of spring, even hid from view the hopeful little crocus in front of Ashby and completely smothered the dandelions.

But that was only the first time we were reminded that it was All Fool's Day. At lunch one of the most charming of young things arrayed in a green sweater and short satin skirt swaggered into the dining room. With a toss of the auburn curls, jauntily offset by a green tam with many dainty applications of powder to an already white nose, and a peep now and then in the little mirror of her vanity to see if the cheeks were not too pale, if the lips were still cherry, or if the beauty spot was still in its place, Mrs. Varner and her chewing gum ambled jauntily around the room. When asked for a speech, she gracefully begged to be excused as she had been down town with the boys and hadn't had time to collect her thoughts. Why doesn't April come every month if such episodes come with the first day of each one?

Mr. Dingleline did not find himself exempt from the sportive impositions. Boldly he stalked into his classroom, put down his leather case, turned to address his class and found empty seats staring him in the face. He did not need the assurance of the two words on the board to convince him of what it was all about. In about fifteen minutes the abdicating class, feeling that the joke had lasted long enough, filed sheepishly into their classroom and on the board spied another joke—a question of horrifying dimensions. The completely squelched jokers sat down and prepared to make the most of what they had brought upon themselves. But a little sentence at the foot of the question banished the stormy atmosphere and the day was Mr. Dingleline's. The sentence was, "Hand in tomorrow!"

Several girls joyfully opened their P. O. boxes hungry for a fat newsy letter and drew forth—yes, it was a letter but from closer examination one of ancient date and age old contents.

Pranks of every description were heartlessly played upon faculty and students. The First of April was certainly All Fool's Day at H. T. C.

CHARITY! CHARITY!

Don't kick about the soup: You may be old and weak yourself some day.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

I've read my history over
From the present back to the ark;
But which of the Smith Brother's name was Trade.

And which of those boys was Mark?

Back up the new officers!

Personals

Dr. and Mrs. Gaston Here for the Holiday

Honored guests on our campus during the holidays were Dr. James McFadden Gaston and Mrs. Gaston, medical missionaries from Lanchow, Shantung Province, North China.

It is in their hospital that our Y. W. C. A. has maintained a cot for a dozen years, and we were glad indeed to hear personal talk about the sick folk whom it has helped a little. We are sorry that so many holiday absentees missed the inspiration of their visit.

Katharine Cogbill, a former student at Harrisonburg, was the guest of Florence Hatcher last week-end.

New Students

The following girls have registered for the Spring Quarter: Marie Brown, Bessie Channell, Margaret Herd, Willyeanna Holland, Thelma Lohr, Mrs. Iva Meadows, Mary Louise Steele, Gertrude Short, Shippie Tanner.

Week-End Visits

Beatrice Warner, at her home in Staunton.

Mildred Koontz, Katherine Dunavan and Florine Sedwick, at Shenandoah.

Ruth Swank, guest of Mrs. Frank Rolston at Bridgewater.

Esther Ritchie, at Waynesboro.

Gladys Corbin, at her home in Weyers Cave.

Rebecca Kice, in Staunton.

Gladys Karicofe, guest of Mrs. Ralston in Dayton.

Marion Travis, guest of Mrs. A. Shirley in Staunton.

Keep On Keepin' On

If the day looks kinda gloomy,
And your chances kinda slim,
If the situation's puzzlin',
And the prospect's awful grim,
And perplexities keep pressin'
'Till all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on.

Shunning never wins a fight,
And frettin' never pays;
There ain't no good in broodin' on
These pessimistic ways,
Smile just kinder cheerfully,
When hope is nearly gone
And bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin'
And grumblin' all the time
When music's ringing everywhere,
And everything's in rhyme.
Just keep on smilin' cheerfully
If hope is nearly gone
And bristle up and grit your teeth
'And Keep On Keepin' On'.

—Author Unknown.

May Day

May Day is coming and everyone is anxiously awaiting it.

The May Queen is the subject of conversation in school now-a-days. The Queen was elected by a vote of the student body, Thursday, March 27th. Everyone is waiting eagerly to know who she will be, but her identity will be kept secret until the pageant is given.

The Glee Club and Choral Club will sing while other girls interpret their music through dances.

Y. W. Nominations

The following are the nominations for Y. W. Officers for next year:

President:

Emma Dold (elected by nomination)

Vice-President:

Kerah Carter,

Helen B. Yates

Secretary:

Nellie Binford,

Nancy Mosher,

Pattie Morrison.

Treasurer:

Grace White,

Marion Smith,

Lucille Hopkins.

Undergraduate Representative:

Lucille Hopkins,

Kerah Carter,

Electa Stomback.

Familiar Figures

Surely you'll recognize them by their every-day names, Walker and Will! Walker comes first—he came to our school way back in 1914 and he has grown with the school. Walker was a school teacher before he came here, so he understands pretty well some of our feelings. Have you ever talked to him? Then you know he is jolly most of the time and goes about chuckling a great deal. When asked to express his opinion about H. T. C. he said, "If you want a frank statement, as far as I am able to discern the girls of the present day are given more to snobbishness. They surely are more frivolous. I think a lot of them haven't the right attitude toward the school. But even then, I do like it here and think they're all fine. And my, we do have one of the greatest teams we've ever had, don't we?" Then he chuckled a little more and went on with his sweeping.

Will is a little different from Walker but just as interesting. When we told him what we wanted he said, "Law, you don't want me to tell you nuffin." But we had cornered him, so after a little coaxing he rambled in a old "plantation way."

"Well, I been here seven years an' I like it fine. Yes'm, I'd rather be here than any of them other colleges. Looks like they won't ever gimme no degree here tho', so I reckon I gotta stay on any way. My work ain't so hard. I like waxin' floors the best. They looks so pretty and shiney afterwards 'til y'all girls come along and tracks 'em all up again. An' I likes all the teachers fine, bof kinds. They's all good to me."

Guest

Mrs. Woodford has been our guest for this week. She represents the Woman's Christian Temperance Union which has its headquarters in Evanston, Illinois. She is giving a series of lectures on temperance in the various classes and also in chapel.

Would You Believe It?

Of the 500 girls at H. T. C. about 200 have bobbed hair. Would you believe that 40% of our student body have clipped their flowing tresses and thereby lost their crowning glory?

New Members

Pi Kappa Omega wishes to announce the pledging of the following new members: Elizabeth Rolston, Virginia Simpson, and Edith Ward.

"The March wind fretted and stormed and wept
And froze the song in the bluebird's throat."

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Miss Lyons

"Ting-a-ling-ling" went the tele-
phone, "Titter-patter" went Miss
Lyons, as she obediently trotted to
the telephone in Ashby, took down
the receiver, and said, "Hello". Then
there would come over the vibrating
wires a desire to speak to some un-
heard of personage. After a few fu-
tile calls and some diligent inquiries,
Miss Lyons would go back and ask the
person to repeat the desired one's
name, thinking she had misunder-
stood. "April Fool" would come ring-
ing back in a laughing tone and the
receiver was hung up in an astonished
face.

No sooner was this highly-offended
personage again seated and busily en-
gaged with her machine, than the
musical tones of the telephone again
pealed forth. Thinking it might be
important, Miss Lyons again, risked
her dignity and answered the insis-
tent instrument. But no sooner had
she said "Hello" than someone again
said, "April Fool", in a merry voice.

"Well", said Miss Lyons, in a dis-
gusted tone, as she slammed the un-
offending receiver in its original place.
"I will be a fool, if I answer that
agin today".

And, setting her glasses more firmly
on her nose, she placed her hands
on her hips and strode back to her
work.

Society Elections

The Literary Societies have elected
their officers to serve for this
year. It is always customary to
elect them at the beginning of the
Spring Quarter.

The following are the officers:

Lee

President Margaret Swadley
Vice-President Emma Grant
Secretary Nora Hossley
Treasurer Emily Hogge
Sergeant-at-Arms Elizabeth Buchanan
Critic Ruth Ferguson

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President Margaret Kneisley
Vice-President Jane Nickell
Secretary Winnifred Price
Treasurer Polly Greenawalt
Sergeant-at-Arms .. Peggy Holcomb
Critic Margaret Ritchie

Lanier

President Clotilde Rodes
Vice-President Louise Reaves
Secretary Wilnot Doan
Treasurer Elizabeth Johnson
Critic Anna Cameron

Y. W. Services

After dinner every Thursday even-
ing a long line of girls may be seen
going from Harrison Hall to She'don
Hall. They are going to the Y. W.
services. The programs during the
last quarter have been unusually good.
For the last few weeks the services
have been conducted by men from
town. These services were held in
preparation for the Bulgin Campaign
which will begin Sunday, April 6.

DID it ever
OCCUR TO you
THAT when
YOU ARE coming
BACK from "80",
AND walk
UP THE stairs
MAKING
All the noise
YOU can
THAT YOU may be
DISTURBING some one
WHO IS
STUDYING?

William B. Dutrow Company (Incorporated)

Shoes for all occasions. We
have them in a variety of
Leathers, Colors, and Styles,
and reasonably priced. We in-
vite your inspection.
Victor Victrolas and Victor
Records.

Visiting Cards

Now is the time to think about
your new visiting cards. Gradu-
ation time is not far off.
Let us supply them.

WILLIAMSON'S

Harrisonburg's Best Pharmacy

Bloom's Department Store HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

You are cordially invited to inspect our line of Ladeis' Ready-to-
Wear, Dry Goods, Millinery, etc. We give ten per cent discount to
Normal Teachers and Students. Be sure to ask for it.
Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

WISE'S

EAST MARKET STREET



I'm going to change that frock a bit
And with it I will make a hit.
I'll wager that you won't know it."
—Dainty Dorothy.

So we cleaned the frock for Dorothy,
She altered it a bit you see,
And now it's stylish as can be.

We'll take the soil out of your garments without taking much
money out of your purse. And to the men folks we say: a good steam-
ing and pressing will make that suit like new.

HAYDEN'S DRY CLEANING WORKS

Phone 274

165 N. Main St.

Coiner-Burns Furniture Company, Inc.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

Furniture, Carpet, Stoves, Trunks, M.
Schulz Pianos and Brunswick
Phonographs

Say Girls! LISTEN! !

Easter time is here.

Easter Eggs filled with Cream,
Nuts and Fruits, and covered
with bitter sweet or milk choco-
late.

Names of your mother, father,
sister, brother or sweetheart
written on them free of charge
and packed ready for mailing.

Your sweet store,

Candyland

Beck's Steam Bakery

Bakers and Wholesalers of

**BECK'S
BEST
READ**

The Home of Fancy
Cakes and Pies

Get It At Ott's

Kodaks and Films

Ott's Drug Co.

Complete Line of College Jewelry

Pins, Rings, Bracelets, Gard
Pins, Belt Buckles, Letter Open-
ers, and other novelties. Opti-
cal department in store.

**D. CLINT DEVIER
Jeweler**