

A Christmas Message from THE BREEZE

VOLUME IV.

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA, DECEMBER 19, 1925.

NUMBER 13.

DAUGHTERS-SISTERS OF ROTARIANS ENTERTAINED BY THE LOCAL CLUB

DINNER AT THE KAVANAUGH, EVENING OF MUSIC AND FUN PROVES PLEASANT

The Harrisonburg Rotary Club entertained those college girls who are daughters or sisters of Rotarians at dinner at the Kavanaugh Hotel Tuesday evening, December 8. The dining room was attractively decorated in the Rotary colors, blue and gold.

While the delicious dinner was being served songs were sung in usual Rotary "style." Each Rotarian introduced himself and mentioned his profession, while each girl gave her name and address.

One of the most original features of the program was the mock faculty meeting which several of the Rotarians staged. The affairs that the "faculty" had to decide were very comical and original. They impersonated the members of the college faculty and the act caused a great deal of merriment.

The entire entertainment was a charming affair and the Rotary Club members gave their guests an evening of fun and merriment to remember.

The guests included: Mrs. Varner, Miss Hoffman and Miss Hudson, Lucille Jackson, Dorothy Ridings, Mary Louise Dunn, Charlotte Wilson, Marjorie Ober, Anna Johnston, Kathryn Pace, Hortense Eanes, Kathleen Slusser, Virginia Buchanan, Nancy Funkhouser, Elsie Wine, Mary Rhodes Lineweaver and Wellington Miller.

HOLIDAY PROCLAIMED BY TRINKLE

"To continue actively and, in spirit, that performance of Thanksgiving and of prayer customary among Christian people during the Christmas holidays," Governor E. Lee Trinkle has declared Saturday, December 26, a holiday.

Saturday comes between Christmas day and Sunday and upon the requests of business organizations Governor Trinkle proclaimed the holiday.

A FASCINATING PROCESS IS WITNESSED BY CLASS

The college journalism class visited the Daily News-Record office Thursday night, December 10, and saw the whole process from copy through the press. The linotype machine and the printing press stimulated the interest of every girl present.

The workers explained its operation, the typewriter-like key board, the mats, and the slugs. Mats, metal plates with single letters engraved on them, and slugs, the slabs bearing the line of type and yet hot, were given to the girls as souvenirs.

Proof was examined and Marion Kelly actually found a mistake. The make-up of the page received much attention. About 10:30 the paper was ready for press, and the class was ushered to the printing room.

The double-desk press, printing, cutting and folding the papers, proved quite as fascinating as the linotype machine. The atmosphere of ink, light, and dim inspired the youthful journalists, and parading back to school they made plans for the future.

If you don't want to study some-one else might.

MUSICAL FEATURES IN ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

DAYTON ORCHESTRA AND QUARTET AND MUSIC DEPARTMENT FURNISH ENTERTAINMENT

Mr. Varner, in arranging the programs for Chapel last week, provided an interesting program not only in having music as the chief form of entertainment, but also in the variety of music furnished.

Mr. Ruebush, as director of the Dayton Orchestra, gave a program Wednesday composed of selections by the orchestra and a vocal quartet. The program was:

Military March Shubert
The Heart of Patty Whack Ball
Orchestra

There is a Fountain Filled With Blood Cowper
Some Mother's Heart Akley
Quartet

In Old Virginia Dr. Wayland and
Orchestra and Assembly
Freedom of the Seas Esberger
Orchestra

Miss Schaeffer as director of the Glee Club, with Miss Trappe and some of her violin students, gave the program on Friday.

The Glee Club appeared in Cottas to the processional hymn, "Lead on O King Eternal."

Mr. Varner conducted the devotional exercises.

Helen Goodson, Zelia Wisman, Mary Drewry, Marguarite Capp, and Mary Smith played Rubinstein's Melody in F, and Aria from Rinaldo. The Glee Club completed the program with the following songs: "By the Waters of Minnetonka," "Thank God for a Garden," "There's a Little Wheel a Turning," and, "Some Say Kissin's A Sin."

NEW MEMBERS OF FRESH- MAN CLASS

The Freshman Class, at its last meeting chose Miss Hoffman for its big sister and William Stribling Dingle for a mascot.

Much interest was taken in this selection as the class wanted a lovable "big sister" and a cute little mascot. Miss Hoffman's obvious qualifications for being a real "big sister" to the class won her this place in its history.

It was thought an excellent idea to have a mascot that would grow up with the class and be at "that cute age" when the class graduates so Mr. Dingle's baby was chosen.

FRESHMAN HOCKEY

So much interest has been shown by the Freshmen in hockey this year that it has been decided to continue the games, having them between the different gym sections. Each section has a team picked from the best hockey players in the class, and they meet the other classes according to a schedule made out by the head of the department.

Several games have already been played, and a great deal of interest and enthusiasm has been displayed by the students in the participating sections.

The games, besides giving the girls good training in hockey, increase their interest in gym work and give the exercise which the girls need in order to accomplish the results so greatly desired before the holidays.

The winning team should indeed have the right to feel important and the student body is waiting to give them a cheer for what they accomplish.

BARGAINS AND FUN APLENTY AT SCHOOLMA'AM'S ANNUAL BAZAAR

JAPANESE WORK, FANCY ARTICLES, POSTER AND STUNT CONTESTS FEATURES

The "Schoolma'am" staff held its annual bazaar, Saturday night, in the gymnasium. The affair had been well advertised and every one, faculty and students, had great expectations for Saturday night, and by 7:30 o'clock the crowd had gathered at the door.

There were many attractive booths, some displaying Japanese work, others fancy articles, and handwork contributed by the students, while another displayed candy which had been made by the Home Economics girls. The grab bag was another interesting feature of the bazaar, and many were the laughs when the eager ones saw the results of their "grabs." All of the booths had attractive articles for sale and at 7:30 promptly the rush began. The articles sold so quickly that some who were just a little late in arriving, were unable to secure their desired articles. Some one was heard to say that the sale resembled "women at a bargain sale." In fact every part of the bazaar was a success, and many suggestions and gifts for Christmas were obtained.

One of the most interesting parts of the program was the stunts presented by the various societies. First of all was the Lanier Literary Society stunt which proved novel and interesting. The Laniers gave a mock representation of "Hamlet" which kept the audience in a continuous uproar of laughter. The lines of "Hamlet" reproduced in comical verse caused the play to have an original turn which made it attractive.

The Page Literary Society presented the wedding scene taken from "Billy and the Major." This feature, likewise, was interesting and the doing of the Minerva children drew many laughs from the audience. The Lee Literary Society presented the wedding of the Broomstick and the Rag Doll from one of Carl Sandburg's Rootabaga stories. This was also an attractive feature and the wedding procession was comical, as well as original.

After the Lee stunt, the Stratford Dramatic Club presented its feature, "The Night Before Christmas." The appearance of Santa Claus and the jingle of sleigh bells caused a Christmas thrill throughout the audience. The last feature was presented by the Y. W. C. A. Girls representing the children of the Near East whom the Y. W. has so recently aided, thanked H. T. C. for her loyal support.

The Lanier Literary Society won a box of candy, for the best stunt.

A prize had been offered for the best poster made to advertise the bazaar. Jennie Deitrick won, and Mary Wisman received honorable mention.

MISS LOVELL IMPROVING

Miss Gertrude Lovell, who has undergone an operation at Johnson-Willis Hospital in Richmond, is somewhat improved. Her many friends here at the college have been very anxious for news of her recovery and they will be glad to know that Miss Furlow has received a letter from her stating that she is better and seems to be getting along nicely. All the best wishes in the hearts of the girls are with Miss Lovell and one may add, they are doubly eager that she have a speedy recovery. The campus misses her and awaits a visit from her.

READER OF "THE FOOL" PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE

MAUDE HUNTINGTON-BENJAMIN'S VOICE AND CHARACTERIZATION ABILITY UNIQUE

It is seldom that the students of Harrisonburg have the opportunity of hearing a person with the artistic ability of Maud Huntington-Benjamin who read "The Fool," December 11, in Sheldon Hall. Her inflection, tone quality, and voice changes were so remarkable that it seemed that invisible players, must be present. Her movements were always characteristic of the part she portrayed and never superfluous. Cleverly she shifted from a lame girl to a stalwart Pole, and from a society woman to a simple minister. The very evident pleasure of the audience signified Miss Huntington-Benjamin to be what critics proclaim her.

"The Fool," a four-act play, written by Channing Pollock, is the story of one, Daniel Gillcrist, who tried to live a Christ-like life despite the jeers and laughter of those around him. As a minister of the gospel he practiced so well the ideals of Christianity that the doors of the Church were closed on him. The woman he loved valued the good things of life more than him, and he gave her up to a richer man. He continued living the life of a "Fool" and the time came when Daniel Gillcrist was as great a source of help to the woman he loved and her husband as he was to the people of the slums and mines.

CHRISTMAS VESPER SERVICES

Directed by Miss Edna F. Schaeffer the following program will be presented by the Choral Club:

State Teachers College

Christmas Vesper Service

Sung by

The Choral Club

Assisted by

Men's Chorus

Sunday—December 20, 1925

at the

New Virginia Theatre

4:30

Christmas Hymns

Violin Ensemble

Carol—It Came Upon a Midnight

Clear

Invocation

Scripture Reading—Dr. B. F. Wilson

Carols:

Angels We Have Heard On High—

13th Century

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel—13th

Century

O Come Ye Children Great and

Small—14th Century

Hymn:

O Come All Ye Faithful

Sung by audience and Chorus

Carols:

O Night, Peaceful and Blest—Nor-

mandy

God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen—

Early English

Solo and Chorus:

O Holy Night—Adam

Sarah Evans and Chorus

Carols:

The First Nowell—Traditional

Silent Night—Old German

Calm On the Listening Ear of Night

—Spross

Hymn:

Joy to the World

Hallelujah Chorus from "The Mes-

siah"—Handel

Benediction—Dr. B. F. Wilson

Everyone is cordially invited to

join in the observance of this Christmas service.

HARRISONBURG REPRESENTATIVES AT WORLD COURT CONFERENCE

ONE DELEGATE, LAURA LAMBERT, AND FOUR OTHER H. T. C. GIRLS

Most colleges and universities were represented at the Inter-Collegiate World Court Conference held in Princeton, N. J., December 11 and 12, by a single person, but Harrisonburg State Teachers College was represented, not only by more than two persons, but by two contingents of persons.

The first section of the party, Laura Lambert, Claire Lay, and Sarah Elizabeth Thompson, left the campus Thursday afternoon, December 10, and traveling on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad via McGeheysville, Elkton, Shenandoah Junction, Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, arrived at Trenton about 8 o'clock the next morning. There they met Mildred Lambert, Laura's sister, who took them out to Lawrenceville where they spent the remainder of the morning. About 2 o'clock they went on to Princeton where they registered for the Conference and were taken to the Princeton Tower Club where they, along with about 35 other girls, were entertained during their stay in Princeton.

Later that afternoon the delegates were received by President and Mrs. Hibbens at their home, Prospect. Coming from the reception the First Contingent saw something that reminded them of Harrisonburg. They met Louise Elliott and Nancy Mosher who had left H. T. C. at 9:15 P. M. the night before and arrived in Princeton Friday afternoon.

The entire delegation was present that night in Alexander Hall to hear the debate between Senator Lenroot and Mr. Clarence Darrow on the question: "Resolved—that the United States shall enter the International Court of Justice." Both speakers made very able talks. Mr. Lenroot characterized Mr. Darrow's talk for all present when he said, "My opponent has given as good a negative talk on this subject as anyone could give." The delegates were not told who won the debate as their minds were to remain unprejudiced.

Saturday morning the delegates assembled in different groups to discuss questions relating to the World Court. These groups were led by such men as Dr. Henry Van Dyke and Herbert Houston.

Saturday afternoon all of the delegates met together in McCosh Hall to discuss the World Court and to vote on whether the United States should enter it or not. There was much discussion, a great deal of which was futile. The vote was overwhelmingly in favor of joining the World Court, there being only 4 negative votes and 140 positive votes.

Saturday night the delegates met again in Alexander Hall to adopt a resolution that the United States join the World Court, to listen to several talks, and to elect permanent officers of the Inter-Collegiate Student Association. The United States was divided into 7 regions each of which was to have 1 member on the permanent committee. The race problem proved itself a very pressing question and the conference was held open after 12 o'clock in order to settle it. It was decided that in order to give the negroes of the south a representative, each region will have 2 members on the permanent committee. The conference was dis-

(Continued to Page 2, Column 5.)

THE BREEZE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
TEN CENTS A COPY

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GREETINGS!

"Stockings filled to over-flowing and goodies to last a year!" This is a part of the Christmas cheer the Breeze Staff wishes to the faculty and student body. May you have such a good "ole Yuletide" that each and everyone of you will come back with enough inspiration to fill the year's "Breezes," even as your stockings were filled!

THE OTHER FELLOW

Exam time is here! All of us are excited about the inevitable days of reckoning. We all are trying just as hard as possible to accomplish something during this time and prove to our instructors and ourselves that we have learned something during the past quarter.

However, exam time is the time when each one of us should be considerate and remember that there are others here besides us. When we have finished studying we must not expect everyone else to be through, just because we are. Therefore we should remember to be considerate of the other fellow and not disturb her by shouting and singing, visiting her and inviting her to go places with us when she wants to spend that time studying. Besides, when we have finished our work and have time to spare, we must think of the other fellow who may not be so fortunate. We should try to help her instead of hindering her, so let's all remember to be alert; and when we see someone else who wishes to study or one who needs a helping hand, let's do our best to aid her in every possible way; and although we, ourselves, may be on the safe side, let's be considerate of the other person.

YULETIDE

Christmas, to every one is the most beautiful of all seasons. In the first place its meaning makes it so dear to us. The fact that it is our Lord's birthday places Christmas as the most important season, both of the church year and the secular year.

At Christmas time, we always think of happiness, love and good will. There are always family reunions and gatherings that have been looked forward to throughout the entire year, and these features help to make the Yuletide season one of happiness and cheer. We never hear the word, Christmas, mentioned unless we associate it with pleasant thoughts. Sorrow and grief are never thought of in connection with Christmas.

Another fact that makes Christmas so important is that it is celebrated throughout the entire world. When we are at home enjoying ourselves we may also realize that nations everywhere are celebrating the same season. Although, it may have different meanings in different countries, the main thought behind it all, is universally the same and that fact makes Christmas mean a great deal more to us than many of the other holiday seasons.

Then, again, did you ever stop to think just what Christmas means to you who are here at H. T. C.? Think of the opportunities and pleasures it

affords you. You are allowed to go home and see your family and friends once more. Besides, at Christmas time, if we but realize it there is always an opportunity for us to help someone else. Very often there is just some little help that we may give someone while at other times, we find larger chances open to us, but whether the opportunity be small or large, Christmas always affords something worth while for us to accomplish. Therefore let's remember to make our Christmas this year the happiest one yet by doing all in our power toward making the Yuletide season deserving of its name and truth.

HOCKEY SQUAD ENTER-TAINED

Thursday night the officers of the Athletic Council entertained the hockey squad at a Christmas dinner in Friddle's Grill Room.

At each end of the long table was placed a small Christmas tree with streamers reaching to each plate. Tied to the end of each streamer were small favors which, unwrapped, caused a lot of merriment.

The menu consisted of turkey and all the usual good things that go with it.

About 33 were present at the dinner including the two coaches, Mrs. Johnston and Miss Kreiner, and everybody reported a wonderful time.

BUY YOUR TICKETS

After the Christmas holidays, there is something interesting to look forward to. The basket ball season will begin in earnest shortly after the beginning of the second quarter. Several varsity games have been scheduled and great victories are expected.

Varsity tickets will be on sale at the treasurer's office when the fees for the second quarter are paid. The price of the ticket is \$1.00 and every one is expected to buy one and support the team. The purchase of the ticket will be a benefit to the student as well as to the team, so every one will be expected to have her dollar ready for the purchase of the varsity ticket when she pays her fees for the winter quarter.

Tentative Schedule:
Jan. 8—Bridgewater—there
Jan. 16—Bridgewater—here?
Jan. 23—Shepherdstown—there
Jan. 30—Roanoke Y. W.—here?
Feb. 6—Fredericksburg—here
Feb. 20—Farmville—there?
Mar. 5—Farmville—here
Mar. 13—Fredericksburg—there.

HOCKEY TEAM CAPTAIN ELECTED

Ruth Nickell has been elected captain of the Hockey team for 1925-26 and was formally presented with the rabbit's foot Tuesday night at the Student Body meeting. The captain of the hockey team is elected by secret ballot of the hockey squad immediately after the last hockey game.

Ruth Nickell is one of H. T. C.'s star athletes and, as leader, should lead the Hockey team to even further glory next year.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Stop!
For the crowd to go rushing by
Caring neither for you nor I,
For the poor to put in their humble plea,
A plea for help from you and me.

Look!
At windows laden with toys,
Eager faces of girls and boys,
Mothers and fathers with bundles fat
Daughters, each with a new spring hat.

Listen!
To murmurs of Santa Clause,
Unusual laughter without a pause;
To parents planning for children dear,
To college girls saying "it will soon be here."

Do your best—and only your best.

CAMPUS



TOM SAYS:

"I'm afraid I'll not finish my exams in time to catch that 12:30 mouse."

"The Quality of Mercy is not Strained."

Could there not be a more delightful time than the week before exams? With grateful hearts, we accept the hundred extra tasks allowed us by kind instructors who have not had time to assign them before. It is with real joy that we await the last minute tests, because we feel that these will mean so much to us in future years. We enjoy to the fullest extent the working up of notes at the last minute. Oh, we cannot begin to name all the great mercies shown us during the last week of exams.

"Murder," Groans Longfellow

I yelled a yell into the air
It fell so flat, I know not where;
For who has a throat so good and strong
That he can rival our college throng?

I breathed a song into the air
It made them shiver, faint, and stare;
For who has ears so staunchly built?
That they can stand my vocal guilt?

I smiled a smile into the air
It did not work, and 'twas not fair
For I'm not one of the burning lamps
That beats it over the real true vamps.

Elizabeth Rolston: "Won't it be awful to have to throw our little paper bags out of the window today?"
G. G.: "Why do we?"
First: "Well, Miss Turner said not to take any food out of the dining room."

Mary: "Did you buy my Christmas present today?"
Jane: "No—the Vanda was closed."

Boo-Hoo

There was a young lady named Blue
Who was pumpy and a bit more too.
She couldn't deny it
She tried hard to diet
But she failed, and now she's more blue.

A quarter-loafed, Exams approaching! And we are commanded to be witty! Ten minutes remain and I must contribute at least one really clever bit to the food for Campus Cat. What shall I write? A suggestion, please. Oh, a parody, a limrick, anything, just so it's really clever. Impossible! Well, then, write on the difficulties of being clever. Finally a beginning. We are agreed that being clever is difficulty personified, especially when one's mind is not accustomed to such mental gymnastics. I can't rave on like this forever—something must stop me. An evangelistic note—Someone saved by Grace, but I was saved by the Bell.

Marian Smith: "If rules for learning become any more complicated, I think I'll have company here over the holidays."

L'Envoi

When the last exams are taken and the trains have come and went.
When the final rush is over and our hearts rest quite content,
We shall rest and, faith, we shall need it, lie down for an hour or two.

Till the roll is called at college, and our "play" begins anew.

Just What Does She Mean?

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to be Emma's size?"
Rolston: "Yes, but wouldn't it be a come-down for me?"

Merry Christmas

WOOD-B WISDOM

The student body sets forth on the triennial agony of exams, armed with worried brows, sickly smiles—and brains.

The cynic who calmly stated that "four weeks from today we'll all be back" ought to be shot.

We doubt the saying, "Knowledge is power." Professional proves otherwise.

Another girl says "the old fashioned youthful boasting isn't good."

A timely suggestion for a Christmas present is the much advertised book "How to Study."

Statistics prove that ninth period exams are seldom satisfactory.

Here lies the body of sweet Tillie Sero

She died—all her tests amounted to zero.

Cram, cram, cram

For Monday's exam

No sleep 'till morn

When Youth and Lessons fight.

DR. WAYLAND SPEAKS TO HIGH SCHOOL CLUB.

"There is no other time in all the year just like Christmas time. Though the same thoughts are expressed each year, yet are they always welcome. In the joys of Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and holly, let us not forget the real significance of Christmas, and in whose honor we celebrate it."

Sadie Williams, chairman of the program committee of the High School Club, introduced the topic of the program held in Sheldon Hall, Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock.

A short Christmas program followed:

The Christmas guest ---- Elsie Davis
O, Little Town of Bethlehem. Quartet
Christmas Customs in Other Lands

Edna Bonney
Piano Solo----- Catherine Mosby

Dr. Wayland, who is the honorary member of the High School Club, was present and told the Club of a "little scheme" which he is planning. As he travels to the various places of interest in the United States after Christmas, he hopes to send the indi-

"The Quality of Mercy is not of cards from these places, so that when the series is completed, there will be a somewhat connected account of these places of interest. The Club is very much interested in Dr. Wayland's idea and is looking forward to hearing about his trip.

LITERARY SOCIETY NEWS

Last week's meeting of the Lee Literary Society was devoted entirely to business and the following officers were elected for the coming quarter:

President, Sarah Elizabeth Thompson; Vice-President, Lorraine Gentis; Secretary, Janie McGeehee; Treasurer, Annie Younger; Sergeant-at-arms, Elizabeth Ellmore; Chairman of Program Committee, Thelma Dunn; Critic, Marion Kelly.

At the Page meeting held Friday evening of last week, two very interesting reports were given.

Evelyn Rolston reported on "Vachel Lindsay—Singer and Prophet," by Daniel Morton, and Lou Persinger gave a report on "Salvation with Jazz—Vachel Lindsay. Evangelist in Verse," by Carl Van Doren.

A poem and musical number were given by Courtney Garland.

On Friday evening of last week the Alpha groups concluded their study of child literature with a program of James Whitcomb Riley's poems. In each group, one girl acted as teacher of a class of children, who were dressed to represent characters in the poems which they recited to her.

HOW LONG!

Daddy, how long it has been since I hugged you!

Mother, how long it has been since I kissed you!

It seems like a year

Since I first came here,

But now 'twon't be long till I see you!

Three more days then—home.

TYPHOID SITUATION BETTER

Timberville has about recovered from the typhoid epidemic which has been prevalent there for the past two months.

Only two deaths in sixty some cases speak well for the work of physicians and Red Cross workers.

In responding to this situation National State and local divisions of the Red Cross met one of the most urgent emergencies ever arising in Virginia.

The Red Cross will continue to keep watch until health conditions are again normal.

SENIOR RINGS COME

Those rings that have so long been eagerly awaited have at last come, and from the smiling faces of the Seniors no one was disappointed in her ring.

There were twenty-one rings ordered. They are heavy gold with the insignia of the College and the degree earned inscribed on them, and set with a large stone. Some have settings of light amethyst, some of dark, some sapphire, garnet, or ruby. The general appearance of the ring is very similar to the V. P. I. Senior rings.

The girls who are the proud possessors of these rings have earned them and have the best wishes of the student body for as great success in life as in their pursuit of an education.

Many would love to wear one of these rings, and some hope and expect to a few short years from now when they have reached Seniorsdom.

(Continued from Page 1, Column 5.) missed with prayer at 12:30 A. M., but is safe to say that it was discussed until 3:30 A. M. in the different clubs.

In between times the delegates saw as much of Princeton as possible. They were shown the library, halls, and classrooms. They were invited to tea at the Graduate School Saturday evening. They saw the amphitheater and the lake. They were shown the campus rather completely at least 5 times. They ate in Nassau Hall, where all Freshmen and Sophomores eat. That is, they ate some meals there. They were invited to remain at the Club for breakfast. They even attended an American history class. All were beautifully entertained and all had the time of their lives.

Sunday morning the delegates, authorized and otherwise, left Princeton for their homes. The H. T. C. delegation broke up again, the First Contingent spending the day in Camden and the Second Contingent traveling on to New York. They all arrived at Elkton at 5:15 Monday morning and were back at H. T. C. in time for classes. All were united in their belief that the conference was a success in that it gave them an interchange of ideas and a knowledge of other colleges that was quite worth while. As to the question of world peace, little new as to its attainment was offered.

SAMMY'S CHRISTMAS

Sammy was planning a lovely surprise for Mother and Dad. He was so excited over it that now, the last day before Christmas, his mind refused to work; it was too full of visions of sugar plums, nuts, cakes, oranges, turkey and all the lovely things one has to eat at Christmas time.

"Sammy, conjugate the verb love." Out of a clear sky, teacher dropped this bomb on the unsuspecting Sammy.

"Lollypops, licorice, lemon-balls," Sammy glibly replied—and wondered why the class laughed.

"I'm afraid you were dreaming, Sammy."

"Yes'm, I was. I have Christmas on the brain, but I'll try to pay attention."

And Sammy did for the rest of this day. When the bell sounded for the closing of school, he whooped like a young Indian and joined the other boys in the pushing, scrambling line. Everyone was happy and many were the "Merry Christmases," called back to teacher and friend.

Sammy reached home early and no sooner was he in the house than he yelled for "Sister."

"Yes Sammy, what do you want?" came sister's reply from upstairs.

"I want you to help me with my presents. Come down in the basement."

Sister came down and, hand in hand, she and Sammy went down the basement stairs to the "workshop."

Sammy had been working on lovely gifts for Mother and Dad. With much patience he had built a book-rack, carved it in intricate design and stained it a lovely rich mahogany. He wanted sister to put a bright design in the center of the top shelf. With her oil paints and a design she had used at College, Sister soon got to work while Sammy stood by in open-mouthed wonder, and gave directions as though he too knew how to paint. It was not long before the book case was finished and carefully hidden from Mother. Next came Dad's gift. Sammy pulled a pretty smoking stand from a dark corner. It was well made, steady, and stained to match the book rack.

"I want you to put some flowers to match those on Mother's present in this ash tray," said Sammy, picking up the brass tray that he had fitted into the top of the stand.

"My little brother is quite a carpenter," said Sister as she set to work. Before long the smoking stand had taken its place beside the book-rack and Sister and Sammy slipped back upstairs.

Christmas finally came—a white Christmas just as Sammy had hoped for. Soft, sparkling, snow bowed the trees, piled every corner with magic and put night-caps on every post and pillar. Before it was light, Sammy was up and down stairs. Mother had not let him open any of his gifts until this morning, so he had a splendid time exploring the corners of the room and poking around in the big tree for his packages. There were ever so many of them, but finally all were found and Sammy sat down in the middle of the floor and proceeded to open them.

There were all sorts of books, a Scout suit, knife, tent, roller skates, rifle, new shoes, a new cap, innumerable ties and handkerchiefs and a big bundle of fire crackers.

Sammy was a very happy boy but he wasn't so happy he forgot to bring up Mother's and Dad's surprises and dust them carefully and place them in the center of the room. When Mother and Dad came down and saw them they were very proud of both the gifts and Sammy. And Sammy was so happy he actually allowed Sister to kiss him "good-morning."

After breakfast, Mother wrapped Sammy warmly, helped him drag his sled out and sent him out to join the other boys coasting. Such fun as they had! They coasted all day and warmed their tingling fingers by a huge bonfire at the top of the hill.

(Continued to Page 4, Column 3.)

WINS NATIONAL PRIZE

Harrisonburg girls are becoming well known. They do not seem to be satisfied with winning high honors in their county and state but must needs venture into the national contests and come out with flying colors there also.

Charlotte Lacy, a sophomore of H. T. C. tried her hand at room improvement this summer and proved herself quite competent. This Room Improvement Contest was a state wide one, prizes being offered in each county for the best room and the best of these to be judged for the state's best. Charlotte's exhibit from her room won first prize in the Madison County Contest and also at the Virginia State Fair. Then her exhibit was sent to Chicago to compete in the National Club Exhibit held during the International Livestock Show, where it won third prize.

The total cost of improving the room from which the exhibits were taken was \$11.75. The prize money won totals \$31.50 and for good measure an amber toilet set inlaid with gold.

H. T. C. is quite proud of Charlotte and congratulates her upon her success. May she come through all the contests she enters as well.

AN EVENING SONG

Slumber time is here, dear,
Dry your eyes and smile.
Santa makes his annual rounds
In just a little while.

Yes, your doll is broken
And its dress is gone—
Do not cry so hard, dear,
Come to me, my own.

Listen, while I tell you
Of the little child
Born to Lady Mary
Mother, meek and mild.
Quiet, while I whisper
Of the midnight flight
From the angry Pharaoh—
King by cruel might!

Hush, my baby slumbers,
Does she understand
How He lived and died for us
King of every man?

Still, how still the evening,
Stars shine in the west.
Sleep in quiet, my darling,
God give you peace and rest.

P. T.'S RELIEF

A certain percentage of our student body have been acting rather queerly since yesterday noon. There has been a great deal of laughter, rather nervous, and a very pronounced amount of sighs, seemingly of relief. There have been exclamations such as—"Oh, I'm like a bird out of a cage!" "I feel as though the weight of the world is off my shoulders!" "I could shout, I'm so glad that's over!"

For a while the attitude of this group of girls rather puzzled one but then a less excited soul volunteered the information that these girls were the P. T.'s and Practice Teaching was over!

FRANCES SALE CLUB GIVES CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The Frances Sale Club held a regular meeting in Alumnae Reception Room Tuesday evening. The meeting was in the form of an attractive Christmas party.

Readings by Doris Mills, Elizabeth Tally, Dorothy Clark, Mildred Dougherty and a song by Mildred Alphin added much to the gaiety of the evening. Delicious punch was served from an attractively decorated table. Christmas Carols were sung by the group and the holiday spirit was enhanced by a pretty Christmas tree. The guests were Dr. Weems, Mrs. Milnes, Miss Turner and Mrs. Moody.

Merry Christmas to one and all.

"THE GIFTS OF CHRIST"

In keeping with the season, and with the Christmas spirit so abundant in the school, the Y. W. C. A. presented a Christmas pageant, "The Gifts of Christ," in Sheldon Hall at the regular Thursday night services. The theme of the pageant was the birth of the Christ Child and the visits of wise men and shepherds to His cradle. It shows Him as the Light of the world and points out the fact that everyone, this Christmas-tide, may live the Light, and make this world brighter with His help. The pageant helped to give the true Christmas spirit and made everyone realize that Christmas day is not a day of selfish receiving, but of generous giving and loving. Filled with this spirit the wise men gave and shepherds adored; with such manifold blessings, can everyone not also love and give as they did centuries ago?

SMALL IMPRESSIONS

These are the remarks of a small boy as he observed the various phases of college life.

"I want to get out of these rooms, they're too hot and there are too many girls," this the small boy remarked as he hastened towards air and manly haunts.

"There surely are a lot of ugly girls up here. But I like the pretty ones!" (At eight years of age.)

"The girls in this dining-room sound like a lot of bees."

The table service seemed to interest him a great deal—in fact, so much that he said scarcely a word unless directly addressed.

The distribution of mail served as a chance for him to act as mail-carrier. He could reach only a few boxes but he found girls willing to help and commented on the large number of girls expecting mail.

He seldom stays up late at home but 10:30 at college was far too soon for him to retire. "Great day, Mamma, I'm not ready to go to bed."

"Gym" served as a topic of conversation with him although he did not have the remotest idea what "gym" is.

"I'd love to take your 'gym' test for you," he sympathized with one unfortunate, "but you really should have studied more."

"You all don't work at all in classes," he argued as he came from a class, "but I like your teacher. Is she nice all the time like that?" Being used to working arithmetic and spelling words, class discussions seemed rather useless to him.

The blasting going on on the campus puzzled him quite a bit. He managed to run when the workmen ran, however, and kept the same distance away all the time.

"I slept better last night than I ever do. You all sure do have nice beds. But the girl upstairs scared me—she was playing something and singing, but I didn't know what it was until Mamma told me."

He had to leave all too soon and went home quite mad.

"I want to eat with the girls again."

Only Eight!

CHRISTMAS BRINGS TRUNKS!

There must be a Santa Clause! Everyone sees more evidence of his expected arrival everyday. The shop windows are filled with Christmas decoration and lovely toys and gifts. Stores are crowded, and people are talking of Christmas on all sides. Everyone on the campus has "Christmas in her bones." But the arrival of trunks created a grand stir! In fact some of the girls are all ready to leave; only a few insignificant exams and a couple of days stand between them and home. Wonder if the faculty will find those papers entirely free from wondering thoughts!

We'll all be leaving soon—we're going home!

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THE VENDA

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Wishes You A Merry, Merry Christmas and A Happy Prosperous New Year

CANDYLAND

Next to New Virginia Theatre.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES OF ALL SORTS

Candy—the gift that anyone enjoys

THOSE WHO SELL

Winston shifted his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, as he placed a shiny tan shoe against the red plush seat in front of him. The swaying motion of the train made him drowsy; his newspaper fell limply.

A fur-coated, silk-hatted girl with the usual artificial flower and evident perfume halted down the aisle. Winston glanced up with indifference and then bolted up as she passed on. What was the matter with him anyway? Could it be possible that Clarence Winston was getting old? Pretty girls, Christmas time, going home, and a feeling of boredom was a curious combination for a good looking traveling man. He had not seen Anne and the kids for eight weeks, but down in his heart he knew that he preferred a hotel smoking room or a brightly lighted restaurant to the little two by four apartment that was home. Anne was a dear little wife to stay there caring for the children while her husband frolicked over the country selling coffee. Yes, he longed to see her, and how the kids would shout and hug. Wearily he closed his eyes.

Funny, though. A man might not be so thrilled about going home, and Christmas, being thirty-seven years old, was not so exciting. But why did a fellow tire of selling and lose interest in the jolly people who are always to be found? Right now no doubt a friendly game was being played in the smoker. Winston's head dropped; a modish gray hat shaded his eyes; he slept.

Winston roused as the train lurched to a stop. This confounded day coach was getting crowded. Where did all these people come from, and why the bundles and smoky smiles? Oh yes, Christmas Eve. He moved over to make room for a tall, middle aged woman. She placed a sample case at her feet as she sat down. Spontaneously a look of greeting akin to recognition came to their faces. "What is it?" Winston asked without interest. "Soap. And yours?" Despite her reserved air the woman spoke with the ease that is part of a road worker's job.

"Coffee. Hectic life."
"Oh, I don't know. It has its good points."
"I'm tired of it."
"You'll be over that by time Christmas is over."

"I'm not interested in Christmas nor work either. Something's gone wrong. The road is getting on my nerves. I am going to open a store."

"Never," the woman smiled, "Train dust is like printers' ink. Once you get it on your fingers, it never comes off. For fourteen years my husband talked about going in business. Well he died, and here I have been in his work eight years. I used to get mighty tired of staying at home, and particularly if he did not look awfully glad to see us when he came."

"How many children?"
"Two. A married daughter in Canada and a son in the navy."
"And Christmas?"

"Oh, I'll spend the day in a nice hotel. My hair needs washing."

Winston thought of the apartment and the kids. Wonder if Anne had all the Santa Claus things. Gee, he wanted to see them.

"Say, that's no life for a woman."
"Well, I can't complain of getting tired of staying home. May I look at your paper?"

He would take Anne to a show. Poor kid. Bet she got tired of washing dishes.

Winston had dropped Anne a card telling her when he would be home. He stepped from the train and looked through the crowd, but no little group awaited him. Wild thoughts came to his mind aroused by the memory of sob stories in which a man would repent and go home to find his wife dying with pneumonia and the children ill with scarlet fever.

He jumped in a taxi and was shortly in the apartment house which towered high on a side street. Not waiting for the elevator he ran up

three flights of steps. He tried the door. Locked. He shook each one. Locked. Suppose they were in the hospital!

Winston was knocking at the door of an adjoining apartment when the elevator stopped.

"Clarence! There you are. We were just too late to meet the train. Fruit cake! Oh, I am so glad to see you. Billy, let go your Daddy and give me a chance." And Winston hugged a pretty little woman and three children as hard as he could at one time.

Santa Claus this and Santa Claus that. Winston let the children clamber over him and talk as much as they pleased, while Anne moved about putting dishes on the table.

At the Christmas entertainment in the Church that night, which Anne and the children had taken for granted that he wanted to see, Winston watched little Anne on the stage, one of a number of white tinsel angels, and knew that he was the happiest traveling man on earth. He was awfully tired, Ann was prettier than any flapper, and a thirty-seven year old Christmas was young and exciting. What were they singing? "Joy to the world." Yes, joy to the world.
Hilda Blue

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Cold and still outside the door. Have a plenty—then some more. Ready waiter—but who for? Isn't anybody mad. Some are quiet, but none are sad—Tryin' hard to be real glad. Ma is fixin' things to eat. All of us then take a seat. Say, you know—this can't be beat.

Days is cold, but I don't care—All is warm and friendly here. Yay for Christmas and New Year.

"Twas THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Evie awoke the morning of the twenty first of December with a feeling of elation. Today was the last day of school before Christmas! And oh! what fun she was planning for the holidays! She lay in bed and delicious little thrills chased each other up and down her spine as she closed her eyes and thought of the Christmas Eve dance she was invited to. Bill was to take her—and just now Evie was very much in love with Bill. Bill, tall and handsome, with such dark wavy hair and such merry blue eyes.

"Evie, are you up?" called her mother. "Yes'm" answered Evie and to herself added—"Upstairs." But she threw the covers back and hopped out of bed. She dressed, combed her short curly hair, powdered her pert little nose and tripped, singing, downstairs to her breakfast. "Evie, try to come straight home from school today. I want to fit your dress" called Mrs. Gilbert, as Evie and Lucy started to school. Lucy was Evie's chum and though the two girls were almost entirely different they had been the best of friends for years and still were—indeed had you suggested that they would not always be, both would have been hurt and angry.

"They're a sight for sore eyes" thought Mrs. Gilbert as the two turned the corner and Evie waved to her. And indeed they were! Both were small, but not too small. Evie wore, on her short curly hair, a scarlet knock-about hat and her dark eyes danced underneath its small brim. Her lips were parted showing small pearly teeth. Her dress was simple, just neat school frock—as was Lucy's and both girls wore heavy white sweaters. Lucy was blond, very muchly so, with curly golden hair, china blue eyes and a doll like pink and white complexion. She too, was smiling. By the time the girls reached school the wind had kissed the color into their cheeks and made them look more than ever like vivacious spirits. Their conversation all the way to school had been about the dance. Lucy was going with Evie's brother Dick.

The teachers were considerate this last day and the classes were mostly just fun. No teacher assigned lessons for over the holidays, because they knew it would be no use.

School closed and every one after wishing all his friends a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," hurried happily home.

Finally December the twenty fourth came. Evie ran around "like a chicken with its head cut off," all day seeming to get nowhere. "Gracious," she exclaimed at six o'clock, "I'll never in this world be ready when Bill comes!"

But she was, and as she came down the stairs, Bill standing at the foot, caught his breath in admiration. She was lovely in a bouffant white evening gown, a jeweled band across her forehead, trying vainly to hold her short curls in some semblance of order, and silver slippers on her small feet. White set off her dark beauty to perfection.

"Am I all right, Bill?" she asked turning slowly around for him to appraise.

"You are perfect!" he answered. "Thanks, Bill, you look grand yourself tonight. But lets hurry and not be late."

Bill helped her into his coup and climbing in beside her he stepped on the gas and away they sped. And such a time as they had at the party. Evie was without question the "belle of the ballroom" and all the other girls cast envious glances at her when Bill, being chosen the best looking boy, walked over to her to lead the crowd to supper.

At three o'clock Christmas morning when all good children should have been long abed and dreaming of Santa Claus, the party broke up. Bill took Evie home and for the first time she seemed shy with him—but not so Bill with her. He knew now who was the one girl for him and his conviction gave him courage.

"Evie, I was so proud of you tonight. The other fellows simply raved about you," he whispered.

"But how could they rave about me when Lucy looked so darling? Why she looked like a big doll!" Evie whispered back.

"And her face has about as much expression. I like dark hair and dancing eyes much better. And I adore you in that dress!" Bill replied then suddenly—"Evie, do you think you are too young to be engaged? Do you like me just a little? Will you take a diamond from me when you graduate in June?"

"Wait a minute," gasped Evie, "One at a time, please."

"Who do you love?" said Bill impatiently.

"Don't you know by now, Silly?" answered Evie demurely.

"Well, will you take that diamond in June—I—er—darling?" this from Bill, rather breathlessly. And, forgetting he was in the car, he turned squarely to face her, thus letting go of the steering wheel. However he was soon reminded that he was in a car as it gave a sudden lurch to the left.

"Bill!" screamed Evie—"do be careful."

With a laugh Bill pulled over to the curb and cutting off the gas drifted to a stop before Evie's house. What happened then is Bill's and Evie's secret. Let it suffice to say that their Christmas was a very happy one.

Virginia Harvey

(Continued from Page 3, Column 1.)

When Sammy came in, rosy, tired, hungry and happy, he found a steaming dinner awaiting him. His joy was complete when he found both Mother and Dad using and enjoying his gifts so he went to bed to dream of plum puddings as big as the house and a moon of green cheese over which golden mice played.

NEW HUMORISTS

The Journalism class has written the Campus Cat for this issue. Even Tom's Saying, which is fast becoming an institution, was the brain-child of a new humorist.

FACULTY LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa,

Won't you bring me about 50,000 more History reference books? I find my red-headed students do not have enough to occupy their time.
Earnest always,
J. McIlwraith

Dear Santa Claus,

Please bring me five thousand roots and stems, also some bugs for next quarter's biology.

Yours truly,
Miss Wittlinger

Dear Santa,

Please bring some of these girls a sense of humor. I tell'em jokes and they don't laugh, and I know they're funny.

Yours truly,
Mr. Chappellear

Dear Santa,

Please bring me the book entitled "One Million New Jokes." I've used all the old ones.

Yours truly,
Mr. Johnston

The Special comes only on special occasions—such as December 22.

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AS CHRISTMAS DRAWS NEAR

Considerable excitement was displayed in the dining hall at lunch, Tuesday, when Mr. Gibbons, the College treasurer, brought blanks for the girls to fill out stating how they were going home and everything concerning the route by which they were to travel and other necessary arrangements for the Christmas vacation. These blanks were placed at each table, and each girl was required to furnish the information concerning her trip home for the holidays. Mr. Gibbons explained how the blanks were to be filled out and what arrangements should be made. Excitement reigned supreme in the dining hall, for with the sale of tickets and the other arrangements for the trip home, made, every one realized more keenly that the time was near to be off for the Christmas holiday.

Remember—exams are coming.

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