

THE BREEZE

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PRELIMINARY HYMN CONTEST MAIN FEATURE FRIDAY CHAPEL PROGRAM

TESTING KNOWLEDGE OF HYMNS PROVES INTERESTING TO QUITE A FEW

Mr. Chappelle conducted Chapel exercises last week, beginning Monday with a short talk on the importance and desirability of having charity always within the heart.

If there were more charity practiced in everyone's everyday life there would be more happiness and less cause for misunderstandings and unhappiness. However great one may be in the intellectual world, and however influential he may be, if charity is lacking, of what value is he?

The Reverend Mr. J. S. Garrison conducted the devotional exercises Wednesday and gave an interesting talk on the people in life who laugh.

There are people who laugh, and others who cry; there are people who are joyful, and others who weep; there are people who are hopeful, and others who despair. But of all the different classes and kinds of people the ones who are happy, and hopeful, and who look upon the bright side of life, are the ones who put the most into life and who get the most out of it. To be one of those who laughs instead of weeps, there must be a pure and Divine influence in the heart which will help make that one see the best in life and be strong enough not to give way to the little things which at times seem so large.

Something unusual, in the form of a "Hymn Contest", was presented by Miss Schaeffer, Friday. As a preliminary to a real contest which the student body may take part in later, each person was given a sheet of paper upon which the name of each hymn was written if it was recognized after hearing it played on the piano once. Twelve of the best known hymns were selected to be used in the contest. The contest as it would be given properly would require not only that the name of the hymn be known, but that the author and the first three verses be remembered also.

PROGRAM ON THRIFT WEEK

The Frances Sale Club held its regular meeting Tuesday night in Sheldon Hall immediately after dinner. After a business session the meeting was turned over to the chairman of the program committee.

January 17 marks the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, that great promoter of thrift, and in commemoration of him a Thrift Week was observed, beginning January 17 to the 23rd. Each day certain phases of thrift were emphasized as follows: Sunday—Share With Others Day Monday—Thrift Day Tuesday—Budget Day Wednesday—Life Insurance Day Thursday—Own Your Own Home Day Friday—Safe Investments Day Saturday—Pay Your Bills Promptly Day

The program consisted of: "Introduction to Thrift Week," Charlotte Turner; "Pay Your Bills Promptly," Gladys Shawen; "Thrift Through Simplified Practice," Louise Mahaney; Selection from the Kitchen Band.

Here's to Harrisonburg schoolma'ams,
The purple and the gold,
And the team of basketballers brave
Who fight as knights of old;
When this our Alma Mater
We'll still true and loyal be.
Hall to the spirit of Blue Stone Hill—
The fame of H. T. C.

HAWAII TO A TEACHER

"Hawaii" said Miss Kreiner, "is a modernized country. It is populated by Japanese, Portuguese, English speaking people, and a few native Hawaiians. They are gradually adapting themselves to American customs. The islands are divided into plantations, with a population of two or three thousand inhabitants. These plantations are organized under the Luna system. The chief crops are sugar cane, rice, coffee, and poi. Poi is their native dish, a thick grayish white mush. Sometimes I would see the older natives eat the one-finger poi; that is, they ate it by wrapping the poi around their fingers. Most all the people ate with spoons. Here is a bowl which is an example of the dish out of which the Hawaiians eat this poi. I bought it second hand," said Miss Kreiner as she walked to the table to get the odd looking dish.

"I suppose" continued Miss Kreiner, "that the reason the women get so fat is because they eat so much of this favorite food. Of course I did not eat it at all. (Here Miss Kreiner blushed but there are lots of H. T. C. girls who would not have eaten it either). "As for the men" Miss Kreiner went on, "I saw several tall ones with good physiques. Of course, you never see any other color of eyes except brown and as for their hair, it is both straight and kinky."

"I shall never forget when my friend and I arrived at the island of Chilo and then watched the ship sail back to America. I just know my heart fell to my feet. And really," said Miss Kreiner seriously, "it was the first and only time I was 'States sick.' After I had been over there a year I knew I wanted to stay another. I taught the two subjects, Physical Education, and History. Oh, yes, the schools are modernly equipped and are of a very high standard. The teachers are University or Normal graduates. There is one handicap in education, however. The child comes to school and learns to speak English, but when he gets home he speaks his native language."

"Hawaii" concluded Miss Kreiner, "is a very beautiful and interesting country. If you are ever so fortunate as to go there don't be surprised if the pigeon-English-speaking taxi driver says to you, "Do you want to stay stop here?" He is only asking you if you want to ride or not."

PAY EARLY

The Sophomore and Freshmen rings and pins are here and every purchaser is urged daily by black-board announcements to pay the business manager immediately. They cannot be gotten out of the post-office until every cent has been paid.

Keep in the straight and narrow path but don't slide down into the ditch.

Hitch your wagon to a star but don't let your star get away from you.

Calm yourself before you try to calm others.

Filling the Breeze is like filling the heads of some people. It takes lots of outside material.

Some typewriters when used make as much noise as some people's brains.

The disappearance of snow reminds us that some of us haven't thawed out towards each other.

Mighty good movie; come over and see it to-night.

A Useful Animal

"Chickens, sah," said the old negro sage, "is de usefulest animals dere is. You can eat'em befo' dey born and after dey is daid."—Ex.

BRIDGEWATER-H. T. C. ORCHESTRA PLEASES AUDIENCE SATURDAY NIGHT

MALE QUARTET ALSO ENTERTAINS CROWD WITH SEVERAL CATCHY NUMBERS

The combined orchestras of H. T. C. and Bridgewater College gave a concert Saturday night in Sheldon Hall under the direction of Miss Trappe. The music was of the light and lively type which is particularly appealing to young people. "The Siren," "Arcadia," "Walty Dearest," were among the sweetest numbers. "Maryland, My Maryland," "Auld Lang Syne" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" gave a touch of friendliness to the program. The orchestra showed training, skill and cooperation.

The Bridgewater male quartet, which is well known in and around Harrisonburg, was also on the program and received with enthusiasm. Such songs as "Because I Had Nothing Else To Do" and "Some Folks Say A Negro Won't Steal" proved highly entertaining.

H. S. CLUB PLANS

The regular meeting of the High School Club was held in Sheldon Hall Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock.

Annie Council, president of the Club, brought several matters of business before the meeting for consideration. The flower, forget-me-not, and the colors, blue and white, were chosen. The motto selected is, "Do not stare up the steps, but step up the stairs."

As a beginning of the "travelogue" which Dr. Wayland is going to send the Club and which consists of cards from the different places of interest which he expects to visit on his trip west, he sent at this time a card relating to the historical sermon preached by the Reverend Mr. Muhlenburg in Woodstock in 1776. At the celebration of this event which was held in Woodstock January 12-14, 1926, Dr. Wayland was one of the most prominent speakers.

In order that there may be enough money in the treasury to pay for the representation of the Club in the Annual, each member is asked to contribute twenty-five cents as the dues for the year. If each member will do this promptly, it will eliminate a good deal of trouble for the officers of the Club.

After the business meeting was finished, the meeting was turned over to the program committee. A program on Longfellow included "Life and Characteristics of Longfellow" by Mary Fray; vocal solo, "The Village Blacksmith" by Augusta Chandler; sketch of narrative poems by Edna Phelps; and a reading, "Day Is Done" by Audrey Hyatt.

PRIZES OFFERED COLLEGE STUDENTS

South-Wide Contest Announced by Interracial Commission—All Students Eligible

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 19: The Commission on Interracial Cooperation, with headquarters in this city, announces the offer of three prizes of \$75, \$50, and \$25 each, for the three best papers on race relations submitted by students of southern white colleges during the present school year. The announcement says:

"Contestants will be free to choose any phase of the subject, though preference will be given to practical discussions of conditions in the South

(Continued to Page 2, Column 2.)

BLUE STONE VARSITY DEFEATS BRIDGEWATER 30-12 IN SECOND GAME

H. T. C. REGINS VICTORIOUS OVER LOCAL OPPONENTS IN INTERESTING GAME ON HOME FLOOR

MISS LOVELL FACULTY GUEST

The campus faculty gave a party in honor of Miss Gertrude Lovell, Friday night, January 15. Dinner was served in the Blue Stone dining hall. Besides the campus faculty, Miss Greenawalt, Miss Furlow, and Miss Shelton were present.

After the dinner, the guests retired to Mrs. Varner's apartment where they enjoyed talking and listening to the radio.

Miss Lovell, who is a nurse at Foxcroft School near Leesburg, was for three years resident nurse at H. T. C. The Harrisonburg girls were all glad to see her again. She returned to Foxcroft Sunday, January 16, to resume her duties.

SUPPLY ROOM REGIME

"The Supply Room Window certainly offers an opportunity for a study of human nature" says Margaret Switzer, who has been College Clerk, Postmistress, and telephone operator for almost a year. Possibly no one else in school has such a chance to observe human nature and know the girls as does the girl who stands on the inside of the window, selling books and supplies, handing out letters and packages, and answering the thousand and one daily questions she is supposed to know.

In answer to a question as to what the girls spend most of their money for, the prompt reply was, "Stamps and candy. They certainly don't spend much for books and then it is the Freshmen who buy most of them. We take in an average of \$15.00 per week on candy alone—and stamps—probably more than that. A girl will spend her last penny for a stamp."

Here, as well as at other colleges, the universal topic of interest is mail, and the girl who handles their mail holds a warm spot in their affections although she gets her share of blame and censure. At mail time there are revealing bits of information and original observations made supposedly behind her back but heard quite distinctly through the mail boxes. All of this the Postmistress takes as her share and goes on just the same as if she had a letter for every girl and had them all in their proper boxes.

"Every girl for one purpose or another comes to the supply room window and I say again that it is certainly a good place to observe human nature."

"Ten cents worth of stamps," in a brisk voice, and with a smile she turns to the drawer, hands out the stamps, gives back the change, marks it down in the book, and answers "hello" into the telephone.

MISS AIKEN ENTERTAINS

Miss Alimae Aiken entertained her advisees at a tea Saturday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock at her apartment on South Main Street.

A salad course was served. Those present were: Mabel Ballard, Helen Bollinger, Genevieve Bailey, and Lucille Banner.

Roses, violets,
Lovely to see—
But much too expensive for
A girl like me!

The Harrisonburg Varsity with a 12-30 score, again triumphed over Bridgewater College when they met on the H. T. C. floor Saturday night, January 16. This was the fastest, peppiest game ever played between these two colleges.

From the moment the whistle blew, both teams played hard, neither being able to make a goal for several minutes. The first point scored was a free shot for Harrisonburg, by Kelly. The ball was played up and down the floor, seldom remaining near either basket for many minutes. Several pretty passes were made and good team work was exhibited, particularly by the H. T. C. Sextett.

Rosen, who made the first field goal for Harrisonburg, made five 2-point shots and two 1-point shots during the first half. While Humbert, with one 2-point shot, made Bridgewater's only score for the first half. Although Bridgewater's tall center had the advantage in practically every tip-off, Harrisonburg usually recovered the ball and kept it away from the opponents goal.

At the end of the first half the score stood 2-13, in favor of Harrisonburg.

The girls came back in the last half each fully determined to play better than before. Again Harrisonburg took the lead, with Rosen scoring four 2-point shots and three 1-point shots, Kelly two 2-point shots, and Hiserman one 2-pointer, making 17 points for H. T. C. in the last half. Bridgewater scored higher in the last half but at no time equalled H. T. C. Humbert scored three 2-pointers and one 1-pointer. Cline scored one 2-pointer and one 1-pointer, making Bridgewater's score for the last half 10 points.

When the final whistle blew, the score stood 12-30, with H. T. C. on top.

The lineup was:

Bridgewater	H. T. C.
Humbert	F. Rosen
Cline	F. Kelly
Trimmer	J. C. Miller
Ruebush	S. C. Nickell
Stump	G. Jackson
Hooker	G. Banks

Substitutes:
Harrisonburg,
Heiserman for Kelly; Bowers for Nickell; Gentis for Jackson; Kelly for Gentis; Weems for Banks; Jackson for Weems.

Referee: Suter
Umpire: Wright
Scorer: E. Lambert
Timer: Miller

DEATH OF FORMER STUDENT

The student body was grieved to learn of the death of Lucille Kneisley Saturday Night, January 16. She had been ill for quite a while, having spent the past six months in Blue Ridge Sanatorium. She was a former two-year graduate of this school, graduating in '22, and was loved by everyone who knew her. Since her graduation, she taught until bad health compelled her to stop.

The funeral was held in Woodstock Tuesday, January 19. Miss Hoffman and several of the College girls attended the funeral.

They do not serve in tennis who stand and wait.

THE BREEZE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

- Doris Persinger Editor, Hilda Blue Assistant Editor, Kathryn Pace Assistant Editor, Ethel Davis Assistant Editor, Kathryn Sebrell Business Manager, Ruth Wright Ass't. Business Mgr., Lucy Gilliam Ass't. Business Mgr., Elizabeth Mason Mildred Reynolds, Nancy Mosher Mary Fray, Hazel Mercer Virginia Blount, Lottie Cundiff Edna Bonney, Mary G. Smith Nina Frey, Helen Walker Virginia Harvey, Sarah Elizabeth Thompson

SLANG

Using slang is a habit we acquire very early in life and the unfortunate side of the matter is that it is one of our bad habits. Using slang keeps one from increasing the vocabulary. There are times when we must make statements in which we cannot use slang and we find ourselves at a loss to know how to express what we wish to say in correct English.

TO GET RESULTS

The Harrisonburg interest in Athletics has always been one of the most striking characteristics of the institution and one of the greatest joy-givers in the lives of the students. We pride ourselves on the fact that if every girl can not shoot a winning goal or make a clever pass she makes herself a necessary part of the whole by giving her undivided support to the activities of her school.

MINE AND THINE

Since this is not a socialistic group of people, there are certain distinctions about property which must be recognized. We recognize the right of individual ownership of material things. A thing which an individual owns is not the property of just anyone. It belongs to just that one person. And no one has the right to disregard the boundaries of property rights.

PLEASURES OF LOAFING

Some people have the idea that when you are not working you are loafing. Now work, lots of it, is as good in every respect as honest confession is for the soul. But the non-working hours can be used to just as much advantage and afford much pleasure. It isn't a matter of loafing, it's how you loaf. Play. Nobody wants you to work all the time. But let the word loaf drop from existence or better still change its meaning. The real pleasure of loafing will be known when you organize your work, take healthful walks, play a game, read a good book, dance or sew instead of stuffing candy, drinking dopes, and idly talking.

FUTURE LIBRARIANS

A new class, Library Management, has been organized this quarter and the members are receiving a vigorous initiation into the mysteries of making a stiff-jointed, clean-eared literary composition ready to take its place on the shelf with a number of gentle, limp, well-thumbed volumes which bear the librarian's various identification marks. The Dewey System of classification is being first learned and then confused, but the dim light of perception is reported just ahead.

So if these girls can't get married they can either be teachers or librarians.

Classmates See Classmates

Its the same old story but an entirely new play. Friday night the Sophomore class unfolded before the eager eyes of the student body the pleasures and novelty of "Classmates" with Richard Barthelmess taking the leading role. Sheldon Hall was animated with girls anxious to enjoy an evening of love and adventure.

Richard Barthelmess as a cadet at West Point carried the audience through school life and school love to the very jungles where he and his companions were surrounded by unknown dangers and fears. The final scene was to everyone's "liking," however, when the hero joined in celebrating the ringing of the wedding bells.

OVERDONE

Go West! Travel in sunny lands while the cold snow and sleet falls on the bowed heads of your friends back home. See the prehistoric villages and mountains. Enjoy the best of health and prosperity.

You read the advertisement and visions of fig trees, palm groves, and camel trains pass through your head. You inhale the incense of far away temples. Mysterious black eyes allure. Mail the coupon now. \$4000 for the round trip.

You take your feet off the cold radiator, pull your bathrobe around your ears, and disgustedly turn the page.

\$3.98 catches your eye. No fooling this time; the price is at the top of the page. Again you read through an enthralling description to find that this article you cannot live without is an illustrated calendar, a genuine straw whisk broom, or a hand painted bathing cap.

OPEN MEETING

The Page Literary Society gave an open program, Friday night, January 15, in the Music Room. The program was opened with a stunt by the new Pages, ten in all, who were in the midst of initiation. A welcome to all visitors was extended by the President, Jean Broddus. The program was in charge of Gladys Netherland and was as follows:

- Talk: "The Value of Debating." Stella Pitts, Piano Solo Marian Travis, Reading: "Rory O'Moore" Virginia Campbell, Page Song Society

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3.) with suggestions for their improvement. Papers should not exceed 2500 words in length and must be in the hands of the Commission on or before May 15. The contest is open to all college students in the thirteen Southern states, including Kentucky and Oklahoma, and is for the purpose of encouraging study and discussion of race relations. Full information as to the contest, together with a reading list will be supplied by the Commission to anyone interested.

Any H. T. C. student interested in the contest write to the Commission on Interracial cooperation, 409 Palmer Building, Atlanta, Georgia.

"A girl told me today that I am kittenish. Feature that." "She should have said catty, eh?"



TOM SAYS:

Wouldn't I be snappy in a cadet uniform? And popular!

Mr. Johnston: (As Elizabeth Rolston entered physics class) "Where is your partner?"

Elizabeth: Louise is coming. She said that I have an advantage of leverage.

Mr. Johnston: "Speaking in terms of physics, Miss Elliott has less leverage and more mass."

Emma: "Are you going to the fair?" Virginia: "What fair?"

Emma: "Why the paper says, 'fair today and tomorrow.'"

"There are loads of girls who do not want to get married."

"How do you know?" "I have asked them."

Helen Walker suggests limburger cheese for strength. Lesson in learning to eat the stuff: First, smell the scrapper for one half an hour; then six weeks later (or after complete recovery) wash the knife it was sliced with; last, eight months after (if you can) attempt the first mouthful.

"Are we to take this lying down?" squeaked the suffragette.

"No, my dear. The report 'll do that." called the only man in the audience.

Evelyn: You know at Military schools, the boys all have to march in the dining hall together and then march out together.

Lillian: Yes, it's a wonder they don't have to chew together.

Mr. Johnston: Spell Amide.

Mary Ella: Amdo.

Mr. Johnston: You mean Amdumb.

In History Class L: "Hows time getting along?" T: "Slowly."

Aw Gwan! Mr. Dingleline: "There were two men in Virginia last summer."

(In Mental Hygiene Class) Miss Seeger: "Who is an adult?" H. Walker: "In the movies you an adult if you are over twelve!"

Va. C. "Looks to me like there could be some way of classifying a book before it goes out."

Miss H. "Yes, Va., it would be nice if the Author would classify it before he writes it."

L: "Your hands are whiter than mine."

A: "Mine are clean!"

"That conceited girl thinks she is the bureau of information."

"Shucks! I know a girl that is the table of contents."

(N. rooms in 46 and R. in 45) N: You are the dumbest girl in the world.

R: I am not!

N: Well, you are next door to one then.

JOYS OF LIFE

Joys of life, what are they, Mother? Gaities and thoughtless pleasure? Lives of ease, and countless treasure? Are these the things by which we measure Happiness, my mother?

Not so, my daughter, list to me: The joys of life one cannot find By seeking for them.

Be not blind, For truest joys come from the mind

When souls are free. Helen Walker

WOOD-B WISDOM

The next time you get really horrified you will know how the young chemistry student felt when the teacher announced that people really eat NaCl!

One consolation about being bow-legged—you are not likely to be pigeon-toed.

Some people are so dumb that they think the Turkey question is a barnyard matter.

A president of a university praises "the flapper age." Yes, the president is unmarried—and a woman.

Stores complain of soft coal soot. And the last article I read was about the price of hard coal.

The American Institute of Homoeopathy holds that Americans dig their graves with their teeth. Now we know! A gold digger has teeth of that precious metal.

The Russians are using aluminum teeth so they are not suited to be grave or gold diggers.

Whenever you feel just a little uncertain about the world in general just drop in a shoe-store and let the salesman declaim the merits of Bronsoris Black Brogues or Smithey's Silver Slippers.

FUN

What happened? The Student Council met in Room 41, Spotswood Hall, on Sunday night "just for fun." (Ellie carried her minute book.) Dorothy Clark and Lillye Hundley were the hostesses and such fun as the Council did have!

What did they do? They talked about everything which suited their fancy, that being everything in general and some things in particular such as styles and "scrumptious refreshments."

What did they eat? They ate roasted wild duck, cranberry sauce, celery, fruit salad, saltines, wafers, and mints with hot tea. Refreshments were served buffet style.

Don't you call this "fun?"

SPONSORS NEW DEGREE

Dr. Gifford says that, since a recent observation he has made he thinks a new degree should be given here. He thinks that some girls will be prepared to qualify for more than the usual teacher's position.

The new degree that he would like to see given, and which he will sponsor, is another B. S. Degree. This B. S. stands for quite a new thing in the realm of education. Dr. Gifford says that this Big Scrubbers Degree really should be given and that he will recommend Adreinne Goodwin and Virginia Wiley as first candidates for the honor.

KEEP THESE HEALTH RULES AND FIND HAPPINESS

- Drink milk. Brush your teeth night and morning. Eat more fruit and vegetables. Consume less candy. Breathe fresh air day and night. Remove diseased tonsils. Be vaccinated. Secure sufficient sleep. Treat your body as well as you treat your Ford.

WORK ON SCHOOLMA'AM

Work on the Annual for 1925-1926 has recently been begun. The staff will meet twice a week, and is preparing for hard work, in order to make this year's annual better in every way than any published before.

Most of the clubs have already chosen their representatives, and when the representatives from the Alpha Literary Society, Choral Club, Freshmen Class, and Student body are elected the staff will be complete.

PATIENT MONTH

The Institutional Management class is starting its various groups on some individual problems. One of these problems consists in preparing diets for the sick in the infirmary. Upon interviewing Miss Waples as to what time she could take the girls for practical work she replied thoughtfully, "I would like for you to come when someone is in the infirmary. Now—let me see—This is generally a good month for patients."

SOMETHING NEW

A new attraction has been added—or rather discovered—at H. T. C. for though this personage has long been well-known this latent power is just now coming to light and asserting itself. These—shall we say—seances are very educational, for the light thrown on character, habits, native traits, inborn tendencies, etc. Scene: Biology Laboratory. Time: Most any Biology period. Master of Ceremonies: Mr. Chappellear. Victims: Those in Biology 200.

A SAMPLE

"Come on, you're delaying the party!" "Aw right, be there in 'na minute." "The gang's waitin!" "Comin'!"

Six or seven knickered, sweated, stocking-capped and galoshed girls started out across the campus half carrying, half dragging a big sled. They were headed for a coasting place. Somewhere in the crowd was the chaperone but for this party she had submerged the teacher in the girl and was all set to have as good a time as any of her charges. Calls, gay laughter from the group made its way to the track.

Once there the fun began in earnest.

"I'm first!" "No, let's three go at once." "All right—here, pile on—there, now—give us a shove."

And away went three laughing girls. But it did not reach the end of the track—the girl steering got the giggles and in less time than it takes to tell—flop, went the sled into a nice soft drift. Followed a slight flurry of snow and a flying of legs and arms, seemingly disjointed from their owners' bodies. Next three snow covered, laughing faces made their appearance and in a few seconds the three girls were in conventional positions again. While one chased the truant sled the other two locked arms and when the third came up with the sled the three of them trudged back up the hill as happy as larks.

Thus the fun went on!

RESULT OF HYMN CONTEST

As a result of the "Hymn contest" which was held in Assembly last Friday under the direction of Miss Shaeffer, there were 326 papers handed in with 47 per cent correct.

Though practically all the hymns in the contest were familiar no one handed in an entirely correct paper. If H. T. C. is to take part in the contest which is to be given under the direction of the National Federation of Music Clubs, there must be requirements, for the National contest stipulate that one shall know not only the name and composer of the hymn but also the first three verses.

There is to be a meeting held in Bristol, Va. in the Spring, to which representatives from the Music Clubs of Virginia are to be sent. A prize will be given to the person playing a hymn in the best manner. H. T. C. also hopes to have a representative to take part in this contest.

PERSONALS

WEEK-END TRIPS

Jessie Mathews went to her home in Bentonville. Louise Hedrick went to McGaheysville. Louise Cullen visited her home in Bentonville. Jessie Rosen visited in Charlottesville. Elizabeth Armstrong visited her home in Greenville. Marion Smith and Margaret Hamlet went home with Elizabeth Armstrong. Frances Borek went home to Lacey Springs. Norinne Shifflette went home to Parnassus. Frances Vint went home to Sangerville. Virginia Cole went home to Shenandoah. Velma Davis went home to Shenandoah. Kathleen Snapp visited her home in Elkton. Mary Burnette went home to Staunton. Sarah Milnes and Mary Armentrout went to their homes in McGaheysville. Katherine Trimble and Ruth Easthan visited Edna Terry in Dayton. Thelma Whitmer visited Mrs. Kreiter in Dayton. Frances Milton visited her home in Shenandoah. Martha Seebert and Florence Forbes visited Mrs. Stone in Dayton. Edna Terry visited her home in Dayton. Evelyn Rolston visited her home in Harrisonburg. Nancy Dyche visited her home in Dayton. Virginia Hayes visited in Stokesville. Bernice Jenkins went with Mary Phillips to her home in Waynesboro. Marietta Kagey went home to Dayton. Rhoda Simmons visited in Sangerville. Bill Porter and Olivia Malmgren visited in Buchanan. Virginia Abernathy visited Catherine Yancey at her home in Keezletown. Jewell Cummins visited her sister in Shenandoah.

VISITORS

Mary Wiseman had as her guest E. Thomas of Bridgewater College. Katharyn Sebrell had as her guest C. C. Critzer of University, Virginia. Mildred Alphin had as her guest J. R. Davis of University, Virginia. James Woodley of University, Virginia visited Alice Walker. L. E. Barton of University, Virginia visited Lucy Davis. Stuart Carter of University, Virginia visited Mary Edna McPherson. Bill Atchinson of University, Virginia visited Catherine Waters. Frank Haynes from Clifton Forge visited Helen Roche. Vincent Morris from Clifton Forge visited Evelyn Mosley. Aubrey Graham visited Margaret Shinburger. Virginia Oakes had as her guest A. T. Thornton of Washington D. C. Margaret Knott had as her guest Dick Esleek of V. P. I. Mary Cawthorne had as her guest Buck Caldwell from Clifton Forge.

COGITATIONS ON "BREEZES"

Breezes are funny things in the making. Often times they are easy to make. But alas, this is not always the case. Many are the times some poor reporter's brains are racked until they fairly scream for rest, but there is no rest for a reporter. A reporter must rush from one thing to another. And sad to say, if there is no news the reporter must make some. For that very reason this was written to fill this very space. The Varsity girls are doing their best. Are you?

NEWSPAPER NEWS

"Furious digging by a stray dog on the Katherine Lee Oil Company's lease near Muskogee, Oklahoma, led to the discovery of oil in a well that has been abandoned for eleven years." This dog must have a real friend to man though it didn't return to receive its reward for its valuable discovery. Even so, the dog isn't the only friend to man. Cats come in the same category, (though some think of them only as women's pets.) "A man went rabbit hunting one Thursday morning near his residence west of town, and soon located one under a fallen tree, but out of reach. He bethought himself of his maltese cat, and went after it. Returning, he headed the cat toward the burrow and soon saw Mr. Rabbit dash out and scamper away. He followed and the trail to another burrow under a large stone. Again he secured the cat, and started her after his quest. Soon there was a conflict heard, and puss appeared carrying the prize by the nape of the neck.

"Gordonsville Farmer Hurt by Flying Axe." Everyone has heard of "The Flying Dutchman." But this is a new one. A Flying Axe really must be remarkable. Wonder what kind of wings it has!

There is a white race, a black race, a yellow race, a brown race, and a red race. Everyone learns about all of these in the early school days. But a new one has just been brought to the attention of the public. This race seems to be almost extinct now; otherwise why this statement? "Former Orange Man Made District Agent." Maybe he is growing into a mixture of a "black-and-blue" race now.

Who still believes in the "Groundhog?" Some do and some don't. Evidently the "weather-wise" folks in Page County do believe in him for they are waiting for February 2 to see whether it will be necessary to replenish wood piles and restack coal bins or whether these precautions shall be thrown into the discard.

In some places the people still, believe that the groundhog is a weather prophet without a peer, a forecaster, without an equal, standing in a class to himself.

During the seventeenth century the suspicion of the murder of a young Berlin girl fell equally upon two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred. Both denying their guilt, Elector Frederick William decided that they should throw dice for their lives.

Ralph threw two sixes—the highest possible score. Alfred threw the dice with such force that one of them was broken in two pieces, one piece showing six, and the other, one, and the unbroken dice displaying six—a total of thirteen.

Considering this a sign from heaven, Alfred confessed his guilt and was put to death.

General Robert E. Lee's birthday, January 19, was celebrated in many parts of the South. Confederate veterans of Clinton Hatcher Camp were served a banquet by "Daughters of the Confederacy." Members of the camp delivered addresses.

BIRTHDAY EFFECTS

Umbrellas are used for various purposes but strange to say they are being used for no purpose, it seems. Follow closely this narrative and you will learn the new purpose.

After ambling about the upper halls of Spotswood for a while a quite sensible girl began to descend the steps. Absent-mindedly she raised her umbrella serenely over her head. In the dusky light of Spotswood at evening she walked with her umbrella as confidently as though she was protecting herself from the heaviest down pour.

Birthdays do have that effect sometime, don't they, Ida?

HOW THEY DID IT

One of the Breeze reporters has at last succeeded in discovering by closely observing the habits of certain students how they get on the honor roll. Students, take note and profit thereby!

Emma Dold—She knows what she knows and she knows it.

Thelma Eberhart—Her arguments can convince any professor he is wrong.

Louise Elliott—She makes use of long words and high sounding phrase to disguise her short comings.

Helen Walker—She manages to catch the teachers eye should she ever know the answer of some puzzling question, and thus makes an impression.

Nora Hossley—You just can't down a red head.

Thelma Taylor—"Oh, them eyes."

Elizabeth Ellmore—By looking wise and important.

Gertrude Younger—It runs in the family.

Madelene Whitlock—"Music hath charms."

Virginia Turpin—She just plays basketball most of the time and studies in between times.

OUR MISS LYONS

Miss Lyons, the Mistress of the linen at the Harrisonburg State Teachers College announced Tuesday morning in Ashby hall in her familiar voice which penetrates even the slumbers of the deep deepest sleepers, "Girls, why don't you put out your sheets? I haven't got all day to go pulling sheets right from under these lazy people." With that she walked into the rooms of girls who had not put out their sheets and took the clean ones she had given them the day before.

Miss Lyons says that she has the hardest work of any one in this school including the Dean and the President. "I have to make other people do things and that's just about impossible," she told me this morning when she was trying to collect the linen. "They won't put it out no matter how many times I tell them. It's not just one week. Its every week I have to make three or four trips up and down this hall to get all of the sheets. I won't do it again. If they can't put out the soiled ones they can't have any clean ones."

Another difficulty Miss Lyons has to cope with is that girls get ink on the towels and counterpanes. She said, "Girls, the state provides chairs for you to sit on so why do you insist on sitting on the beds and spilling ink all over everything? Girls, your age should have dignity enough to sit on the chairs. One of my greatest troubles is chasing after girls to make them pay for the ink spots. I haven't time to be chasing up and down stairs all day. I've been to room 62 five times today. Those girls spit ink all over the counterpanes and promised to pay me but I guess I'll have to catch them first," and with a cackling laugh she disappeared again through the door of room 62.

BRIDGE PARTY

A most attractive bridge party was given by Miss Greenawalt to the members of the faculty last Saturday night. One guest came on time; but the others really had excellent excuses for their tardiness. Some were kept back by the exciting basket ball game between Harrisonburg and Bridgewater; others went to the orchestra concert in Sheldon Hall. However, all were present by eleven o'clock. The only two guests who are not on our faculty were Miss Gertrude Lovell and Miss Grace Heyl.

The refreshments consisted of chocolate cream with cake to match, coffee and salted almonds.

The first prize was won by Miss Seger, and the consolation prize was captured by Miss Whitesel.

"Oh Girls, the prettiest slippers I've seen since I came to College are at

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LEAVE TEACHERS ALONE

This poem was written by William Reilly of the 8B1 English class in the Harrisonburg Junior High. Before nine in the morning I walk into the school And catch myself giggling and acting a fool. I'd laugh and joke and try to be smart, My name's on the book before school does start. I'd look at the teacher with a mean stare. Get all off and fly up in the air. I'd go up to the desk and say with a sneer, "Why in the heck is my name here." She replied with a mean like stare But I turned up my nose with a "I don't care."

LORD SUN

A quaker world, all brown and grey, A silver mist upon it— Until my Lord, the Sun, came out In flaming battle bonnet. He furnished smiles for all the land To fight the deepest worry— And shone and shone on every one And every sigh he'd hurry. And when he went to rest that night His Lady Moon was shining— And in the land, with maid and man There wasn't any pining.

CHASING RAINBOWS

I looked from my dormer window At the dreary world below; As the skies were filled with storm clouds So my heart was filled with woe. Then the sun was shining brightly And the raindrops disappeared; And my sorrows, it seems, were lightened, As a bird's song, faint, was heard. And then, on the far horizon, In scarlet and purple and green, Curved a bow of the Master's making And I gazed in awe at the scene. Then I hastened down the pathway And sought its golden sheen; I was filled with hope and longing, And my glad heart sang a poem. But disappointment bowed me, As I neared the journey's end, For the brilliant tints had faded I was lost—without a friend.

BLANK VERSE

SCHOOL DRAMATICS

Fortunate is the reporter who can interview Miss Ruth Hudson between Spotswood and Sheldon halls on her way to class. But don't be discouraged if your first attempt to find out the prospects of a little Theater here is unsuccessful and she says, "It'll never happen," and walks on leaving you standing there. Try the Stratfords as a topic of conversation and you will get a response and maybe her next class will have to wait for her. "Yes, of course, the Stratfords will lead this movement and the expression classes will further it in their study and presentation of the drama," said Miss Hudson. The Little Theater movement was started in this country by Stuart Walker, who has produced many of his own plays in a Little Theater. The purpose of this movement is to popularize the one-act play and to create in the public a love for drama. Miss Hudson, more willing to talk about the Little Theater movement, said, "We have made a step this year toward the movement in organizing the expression classes into the Marionettes." The Marionettes are making a specialty of one-act plays which characterize the Little Theater idea. The town is planning to cooperate with the school in this movement by opening a Little Theater. In the same breath (Miss Hudson has perfect breath control) she said, "No, No, we can hardly hope to have a Little Theater here on the campus. But the new building, which may be built next year, will have an auditorium planned for the plays that are given here." This will be a great step toward the advancement of this movement. Heretofore the college has been handicapped in giving plays as there isn't enough room to accommodate the crowd and it is inconvenient to take a play down town. The final words on the topic, heard as Miss Hudson made her way into the classroom where: "There is a distinct advantage in the use of the Little Theater. Very little scenery is used and that is usually portable, so the expense is lessened." Nothing else was understood as many other voices entered into the conversation at this time.

IT MAY BE YOU

When you're feeling a bit uncertain And just a trifle blue, When nothing just seems to suit you And there's everything to do— When you feel all alone and neglected The skies all lose their hue When no one bothers about you And your friends are few—so few. Just smile through it all—forget it, Your joy in life you'll renew. If you'll sometimes stop and remember That the fault may lie in you! Mary G. Smith

THE LATEST

Fads, or "latest wrinkles," are extremely queer things. As a usual thing, most of the people who follow fads do not know who started them, nor how they originated. Nor do they care. But it is usually a "somebody" who is responsible, whether consciously trying to do it or not. Now everybody knows that a "nobody" could not possibly start a new thing in styles. So the "somebodies" must be responsible. The latest wrinkle, and one which doesn't seem to have gotten here yet, is that of having young men's pictures on the buttons down the front of my lady's dress. One of New York's young ladies is responsible for this. This may be artistic or it may not, my ladies friends would determine that. But she surely would be in a sad state, or rather, her friend's pictures would be in a sad state should she be caught in a sudden shower.

CLASSY ADS

town at night. Wanted—The privilege of going down town at night. Freshmen. For sale—Several Fords in rotten condition. Practice Teachers Wanted—A kennel for my bet calico pup. Va. Wiley For rent—A very orderly office in which I no longer feel at home. C. T. Logan Wanted—A naturally curly wig. Mildred Reynolds To hire—A roommate who doesn't have anything to do. Margaret Coleman and Elizabeth Bloxom Wanted—A legible book on sarcastic sallies. J. Mac. For sale—Two bottles of frogs and a stone that gathers moss. Geo. W. Chap. Wanted—A portable smoking stand Dr. Converse Wanted—Some enthusiasm. Bernice Jenkins For rent—The non-used parking space in front of H. T. G. Students

STARTLING OCCURENCE

It is reported that Marion Kelly studied her lessons for a whole of one half hour on January 13, and much comment has been made about the unusual event. It is estimated that of the 24 hours in the day Marion spends 13 sleeping, 5 eating, and the other 5 talking. If she had studied one hour the result would have been fatal. Of all the girls dying last year 66.2 per cent succumbed to over study. 31.7 per cent died from insufficient nourishment in the way of candy. The other 12.1 perished from lack of sleep. Marion enjoys the best of health and as a suffragette, desires to serve her fellow sisters with a long and useless life. In upholding her ideal of decreasing the death rate she has determined to pursue the policy of thoroughly enjoying and pleasing herself. Fortunate is Marion in having escaped the ire of professors who are ever on the look-out for negligent students. It is her custom to spend the last two minutes in each class preparing for the next one. She claims that spaced learning is the best. The rest of the period she spends in gazing out of the window counting the birds that are flying south. Occasionally she glances at the instructor with a very knowing and wise expression on her face. Should he happen to ask her a question she mentally flips a coin to decide on 'yes' or 'no' as a answer. Her luck never fails.

ONLY A DREAMER

Sometime I think a dream so gold. Must somehow have an end; And wonder what the magic is, That puts the dream in men. I wonder why the poets sing, Of regions sweet and fair; Because the morning always leaves, The cold realities there. Somehow it always seems to me, That poets only know, The way to fashion fragile things. And golden dreams that glow. The way to touch the fairy wand, And turn the world about, And bring to life their golden dreams With all the world left out. O why did God make such a man, And suffer him with birth? 'Twould kinder far have been for him If he had shunned the earth. And so it seems a cruel thing, To hold within his grasp, The things of which he dreams and sings, Then let them go at last.

RECOURS

So give me a land to myself—alone— Away from the world of men; I'll build me a castle beside the sea, And I'll live in it then. I'll have me a garden of pure delight, Of flowers, of fountains old; For the only place that a poet can build, Is within a poet's soul. Ex.

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