

THE BREEZE

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EDITORIAL

WHAT IS CULTURE?

Is it to take off our shoes and tread with reverence the holy ground made sacred by the labor and suffering of the pioneer. Is it to mingle our sweat with the sweat of the 100,000 slaves who toiled thirty years on the Great Pyramid in producing some work, tangible or intangible, which shall be of permanent value and help to preserve the sentiments and thoughts of the present for the future. It is to memorize a lullaby with which a hundred million mothers have crooned their babies to sleep. It is to appreciate a picture which detaches and lifts out of the confusing, distracting details of everyday life some great ideal. It is to let the dock laborer or the lumberjack introduce us to that multitude of homeless, wifeless, childless men men who are ready to curse God and die. It is to walk the streets with the throng, and to find the meaning of life, vicariously at least, through sharing their purposefulness, even their desperation. It is to have a religious experience so sound that the gates of hell and the ministerial association combined cannot prevail against it. It is to read history and literature, and study science, and art, in such a manner as to find one's way into that great company, that apostolic succession of saints and martyrs, prophets and seers, tellers of tales and singers of songs, yes, and hewers of wood, and drawers of water, diggers of ditches.—Walter A. Terpenning, in the February Journal of the National Education Association.

THAT THANKSGIVING SPIRIT

The Thanksgiving season has passed. The foot ball, the collegiate array of coonskins and school colors flaunted from low-slung roadsters, the browned turkey, the holiday spirit are all gone for the time being.

However, the factor that makes Thanksgiving a holiday, a time observed nationally, should be still in our hearts. There it should remain—that spirit of Thanksgiving with which the holiday was incorporated. William Bradford and his hardy, sturdy, God-fearing Puritan Tribe sat down to their meal with praise and thankfulness on their lips. Time with its changes has brought a multitude of fortunes, hope, and good luck to the world. Thus, should we not, with a smile on our lips, understanding and sympathy and love and thankfulness in our eyes for the wonders wrought for us, go as we know best through life?

Let's remember that Spirit. Thanksgiving should be a national feeling of permanence, a spirit in which we shall be thankful, giving our best in return for the beauty and kindness and comfort that has been given us.

CHECKING UP

Organizations before the end of each quarter check up in regard to number of members, finances, and activities. This quarter serious consideration is to be given each one in particular reference to the worth of activities.

The worth of activities is a rather valuable consideration in regard to an individual also. We may have worked, accomplished a lot of work, apparently, but what have we gained is the vital point. Have we gotten anywhere? Have we attained that for which we set out?

Plodding along is said to be of value in the end, but the combination of plodding and looking ahead is the more sensible plan. In looking ahead, we naturally have to "check up" to see if we're going in the right direction and in the best way. As we journey on, and reach one, two, three milestones, we look back to see the way in which we have come.

Thus, as we reach the end of the quarter, let us look back for a milestone, and see what our accomplishment has been. Let's check up, so that we may measure our future efforts by our "checks."

HOW MANY "DOWNS"?

At the time of this issue we have exactly twelve more days before Christmas. In other words—"12 to go!" In football terminology, that "12 to go" sounds familiar, but so much "down" usually precedes the well-known phrase. How many "downs" do we have?

In football, after that certain number of downs, the ball goes to the other side, consequently, as much gain as possible is made in the allotted number of gains. In this game of "before Christmas," we have "twelve to go!" Let's make good that time in our number of downs—we must make that gain that means success for us. Work to be done, preparation for examinations, papers, reports and reviews to be written are our gain, if we accomplish what is set before us to do. Just as in football, every minutes counts.

This—just as in football, let's make that gain in good time, on our "twelve to go!"

CAMPUS

TOM SAYS

"Better respect my opinion. Santa Claus is a personal friend of mine."

Drunk (bumping into lamp post)—
"Excuse me, Sir."
(bumping into fire hydrant)—"Excuse me, little boy."
(bumping into second lamp post and falling down)—"Well, I'll sit here until the crowd pas-h-es."
—Frankling & Marshall Hulla-Baloo

Dad of one of the All-American football players—"I spent \$6,000 to put my son through college and I got a quarterback."
Yellow Jacket.

Prof—"What's your name, my boy?"
Stude—"John or Charlie Smith."
Prof—"John or Charlie? Which is it or is it both?"

Stude—"It is one or the other, I don't know which. You see, I had a twin brother, and while we were both very small he fell in the bath tub and drowned, and we ain't never been sure whether it was John or Charlie."
—Yellow Jacket.

Proud Father (showing triplets to visitor)—"What do you think of them?"
Visitor (pointing to one in the middle)—"I'd keep that one."

First sailor—"I'm in favor of bigger navies."
Second Sailor—"Yeh, and more ports."
—Minn-Ski-Ti-Mah.

Orchestra Leader—"What key are you playing in?"
Boob—"Skeleton Key."
O. L.—"Skeleton Key?"
Boob—"Yeh, fits anything."
—Pitt Panther.

Then there was the timid gentleman who preferred blondes because he was afraid of the dark.

And then there was the fat little darkey whose parents named him Prescription because it was so hard to get him filled.
—Pampon.

Youngster—"Father, there's a bug on the ceiling."
Absent-minded Professor—"Well, step on it and leave me alone."

"Smoke?"
"No."
"Swear?"
"No."
"Drink?"
"No."
"Pet?"
"No."
"Well, well, you would be perfect if you weren't such a liar."
—Yellow Jacket.

Absent-minded professor (after kissing wife and daughters good morning) "Well, girls, what's the lesson today?"
—Purple Parrot.

He—"You certainly are a fine swimmer."
She—"Yes, I used to be a street walker in Venice."
—Ranger.

"Do you suppose the money I got from that Scotchman is any good?"
"It ought to be; it's aged in the wad."
—Penn Punch Bowl.

AUNT PRUNELLA'S PRISMS

Dear Student Body,

In the absence of my dear sister Abigail I will be giving advice through this paper for several weeks. I assure you I am competent. I wrote poetry for the Toonerville Times and as for advice, I've buried four husbands and four mother-in-laws.

Please write me as I want have any letters to answer and my dear sister will loose her position. I am especially asking the freshman. If its only one question.

Address—Aunt Prunella, Box 137
H. T. C.

Lovingly,
Aunt Prunella

Dear Abby,

I can't bear to call you Auntie. Oh how I hate ants! I don't see why they don't change one or the other. The idea of calling you aunt and calling those detestable creatures that win everybodys food, temper and what not ants. When I became president of the Old Maids Home I shall certainly do my bit toward that desirable end. I suppose you would like to know why the sudden outburst, well, I have been living peacefully and not bothering to kill the ants on the basin, walls, window sills, etc. All nourishment was placed on a chair and each dog of the chair dutifully placed in a cup of water. Well—the ants have learned to swim. That sounds like a fish story but they have. Yesterday I went to the box expentantly, having rosy dreams of a breakfast of chicken salad, cake, fruit all the Thanksgiving box remains and everything was covered with ants. Each cup was filled with water and well. They just naturally know how to swim now. Please, please help me out of this, my most perplexing and creeping situation.

A. N. T.
P. S. They learned to skate too Friday night when the basin of water froze.

Dear A. N. T.

Why not T. N. T.? Perhaps you wish you could gently plan a little T. N. T. or nitro-glycerine under the forms of the ants, which haunt your boudoir-bedroom-kitchenette. It looks to me as though you've just going to have to buy them swimming suits and ice skates and tell them to go to it. If you wish to do your boy scout duty each day you might have special bowls of water and invite them to swim and skate to their hearts content. You might even serve bits of your choice boxes for refreshment. It would be such a pretty sight for all the ants to be swimming around in their gayly colored suits. You might sprinkly sand around the edges of the bowl where little Ruth Red Ant and Little Billy Black Ant could play.

Dear just give them a good time. Tell them to jump into their Bradleys and get out into the great outdoors (with emphasis on the outdoors) Who knows but that they may be so touched by your kindness that they will leave you forever.

Yours for more polite ants.
Love Aunt Prunella.

Dear Aunt Abby,

How glad I am to have a dear old advisor to go to. Darling Auntie what is one to do on a day life this past Monday? In the first place I started the day off with a bang. That is I banged down on the ice covered sidewalk and you know it wasn't at all soft like a luxurious divan. I speak truly when I say that it felt like the rock of Gibraltar. After the first fatal step and the fall thereof the rest of the day was a nightmare. Each stretch of pavempnt was an ordeal to be endured. What should I have done?

Yours for less ice.

THE POET'S CORNER

Garnet Hamrick-Editor

TO ONE LOVING

You do not understand my way!
How can I blame you, dear,
If you can't always see the things I see,
Or listen to the sounds I hear?
To you the moon is just a moon,
The stars were planets of the night;
But when I look—a fairy lamp,
And mystic silvery sparkles of delight.
You smile to hear me speak of mermaid songs
Within the hollow of a pearly shell,
And shake your head in doubt
O'er subtle tales the giant mountains tell.

Now—could you always live and love
A strange and foolish one like me,
Who'd probably leave the pies unbaked
In thinking thoughts about the sea?
And could your nerves endure the strain
If before the dishes had been done
I'd leave them all and hurry out
To glmpse the setting of the sun?

But if you want me—t's a go—
For somehow we belong—you know!
"Nesta"

FUTILITY

I raise my cry to the moon,
This longing that cannot be stilled,
This burden of love denied,
This ache of loneliness, terrible, unrelenting;
My grief I cry—
To a moon that is not there.
A. H.

A PROF'S THANKSGIVING LIMERICK

The next time Thanksgiving draws near
I expect to make plans to leave here,
For there's much extra work
For those who don't shirk,
And it's easier to go, that's quite clear.

HERE COMES ANOTHER TRIOLET

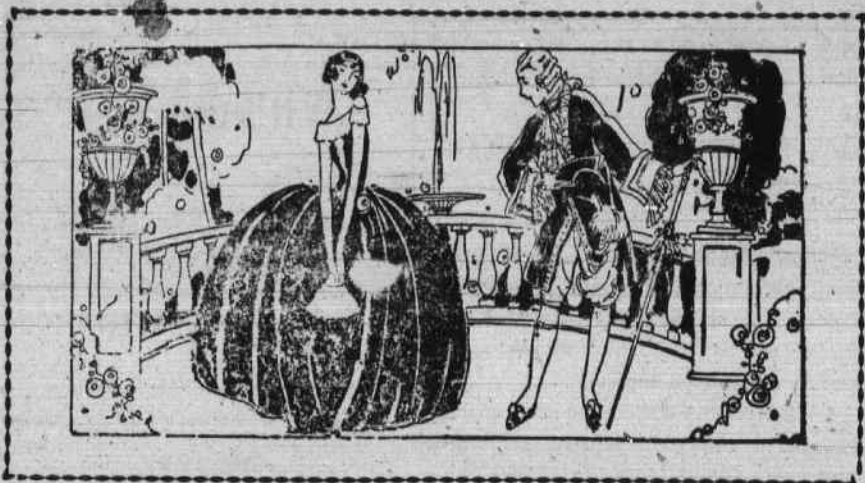
The girls rush out to catch the bus
When holidays arrive.
Even teachers cannot fuss
When girls rush out to catch the bus;
We're mighty glad to be alive,
We only wish that it was us!
But girls rush out to catch the bus
When holidays arrive.

LOVE SONG

Forgotten you—
I thought I had
Until I heard
A song we used to sing,
And saw
A flow'r you loved.
Forgotten you?
M.

Magician—"And now, ladies and gentlemen, the next is the most spectacular of all my repertoire. In this feat I make a human being dissolve into a puff of smoke and vanish before your eyes. Completely off the earth does the body journey to spend some time among the spirits. Is there anyone in the audience who would like to submit himself to this experience?"

Male Voice—"Can you wait a couple of minutes while I go get my mother-in-law?"
—Brown Jug.



WEEK END TRIPS

WEEK-END TRIPS

Jane Herndon, Frances Snyder, Elizabeth Downey, Ernestine Lambert, Kennie ird, Geneva Firebaugh, Audrey Cline, Virginia and Mary Coffman, Elizabeth Durette, Elizabeth Coyner, Jennie Lind Hockman, Martha Funk, Lois Rivercomb, Ruby Drive, Ruby Powers, Margaret Martz, Elizabeth Wise, Catherine Crim, Christobel Childs, Jack Faulkner, Mildred Coffman, Lois Reeves, Hilda Pence, Mary Hopkins, Alma Baker, Phyllis Palmer, Pearl Scott, Mary Lee Bowman, Salome Kiser, Marie Pence, Sadie Finkelstein, Margaret Beck, Evelyn Chick, Lena M. Wolfe and Louise Coleman visited their respective homes.

Kathleen Lillard, Ruby Stewart, Louise Reynolds visited in Charlottesville.

Virginia Gilliam and Anne Trott went to Roanoke and East Radford.

Olivita and Lenore Thomas spent the week-end in Marbury, Maryland.

Nancy Price went to Ruckersville. Anna Belle Beazley visited in Burks-town.

Virginia Moss went to Higgsinsville, West Va.

Hawes White went to New Market. Mercia Cash visited in Verona, Virginia.

Esther Smith and Elizabeth Knight went to Middlebrook.

Ida Roach, Mary Haga, Estelle Le Prade and Arabelle Waller visited in Shenandoah.

Blanche Brumback went to Dayton. Elizabeth Rhodes visited in New Market.

Hazel Hudgins, Mary Morgan and Georgie Hudgins went to North River. Nell Vincent visited in Winchester, Va.

GUESTS ON CAMPUS

Fred Hull called on Ruth Maloy. O. Chew was the guest of Betty Marie Coffy.

Kenneth Campbell visited Ruth Miller.

William Morrison was entertained by Ruth Miller.

"Ace" Wilson was Grace Blalock's guest.

Bud Gwinn came to see Vivian Turner.

Raymond Seibe of U. of Va. called on Betty Douthat.

Charles Jester of U. of Va. called on Louise Land.

Carl Byers of U. of Va. was Dot Petty's guest.

Billy Ballard was entertained by Dot Townsend.

H. Thompson was the guest of Elizabeth Gatewood.

James Thornton came to see Martha Harper.

Earl Goldman visited Ruth Beeson. Bourbon Rowe was entertained by Kathleen Temple.

Bill Grandle called on Eunice Stephenson.

Joe Kagey was the guest of Ida Hicks.

Robert Jennings came to see Grace Blanks.

Louise Emerson was entertained by Mildred Dickerson.

W. J. Gimbert callen on Emma Gimbert.

Keith Meyers was Louise Coleman's guest.

Talfourd Shomo came to see Martha Mason.

James Showalter visited Clarinda Mason.

Clyde Koontz was the guest of Beth Zimmerman.

Bob Yager called on Mildred Dunn-avant.

Mclver Jackson was Elizabeth Oakes's guest.

Bill Perry Bluefield came to see Martha Martin.

Bowen Gillespie visited Elizabeth Russ.

SUNDAY NIGHTS IN ALUMNAE HALL

Do you know the time and the place to make the holiest day of the week more enjoyable? Surely it's the reception room in Alumnae Hall on Sunday night when the supper hour is over, and there's a feeling of homesickness, and dread of the approaching "blue Monday." Those of us who have picked up a pillow, and eased up, and snuggled in with the bunch around the fireside know. We find it the very place to think "Happiness until every little worry takes wings and flies away. We find just the cheerful peaceful atmosphere that even a casual visitor will appreciate, some writing letters, some reposing on the floor half asleep, half awake, dreaming as they listen to the victrola with its sad and sweet music, out of which grow hope, love, and aspirations.

Come to Alumnae on a Sunday. You'll find the things that make for real comfort and friendship.

NEW YORK COTTON INSTITUTE REPRESENTATIVE TALKS HERE

Miss Catherine Cleveland of the New York Cotton Institute, New York City, gave a lecture on cotton and its uses in Chapel, Monday.

To illustrate her lecture she gave a style show displaying a beautiful variety of different cotton materials made into summer and winter frocks. Some of the materials featured were velvet, sateen, pique and organdies.

Miss Cleveland explained wherein the frocks were in harmony with the newest styles. The princess line was much in evidence. Many of the frocks were made interesting by their unique trimmings. Many prints were displayed in dark colors for winter as well as the lighter ones for summer.

Particularly striking outfits which were displayed were beach pajamas in a striking yellow and white pattern; a camping ensemble of tan and brown, and a quilted lounging robe. Some very distinct long organdie evening dresses were shown.

Miss Cleveland was brought here by the textile class of the Home Economics department.

One could not help realizing what great strides industry has made along textile lines to produce such a variety from an original product.

The girls used as models by Miss Cleveland were students in the Home Economics department.

(Continued from Page 1)

JACKSON GIRLS ARE "AT HOME" students from one charming room to another.

The "Open house" was only closed after all the visitors were forced to leave and go to their own dormitories.

CHANGES AND EXCHANGES

Iva Lou Jones—Editor

V. L. Grantville, the noted British actor, entertained the public on October 24 with his "Dramatic Interludes" in the Avertt College auditorium. His presentation ranged from Aedipus, King of Thebes and hero of Aedipus Rex, by Sophocles, to Svengali from Trillby, by Du Maurier.

Averett Chanticleer
Danville, Va.

DEFFAT

By R. Reeves

No one is beat till he quits,
No one is through till he stops;
No matter how hard Failure hits,
No matter how often he drops,
A fellow's not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise
Fate can slam him and bang him
around
And batter his frame till he's sore,
But she never can say that he's
drowned

While he bobs up serenely for more.
A fellow's not dead till he dies,
Nor beat till he no longer tries.

The Holy Leaf
Maryland State Normal School.

CAPTAIN OF MY SOUL

Do you feel that you hold the situations that come along in your life entirely in your own hands, or do you some times feel that if it were not for someone who stood behind you that you would have little or no idea of which way to turn? The purpose of education is to put tools into your hands that can be used in later life's more complex situations. Now we have come to college where we must begin to use these tools and to use them with more anre expertness. These situations where we find ourselves looking to something within for help, are going to prove, by the means in which they are met, whether we have learned to use what has been put within our reach. Let us meet our situations ourselves and cope with them with our own knowledge. It is in this way that we can say, "I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul."

The Export
Northern State Teachers College,
So. Dakota.

The above is a very good editorial in order to help us steer our ship along—Read again.

SENIOR CLASS TRADITION

As has been the tradition of graduating classes at William and Mary for many years, Senior men will carry canes at all collegiate functions, and women will wear sport scarfs in college colors.—The Critograph.

FRESHMAN PENALTY

Freshmen at Union College who do not buy their frosh caps on time are given a close haircut as a penalty for their delinquency.—The Critograph.

Rotunda.

Plans are being made today by William S. Gooch, Jr., director of athletics, for the installation of a section of a steel stadium to seat 1,500 persons at Cary field.

Flat Hat.
W. & M.

With the opening of the fall session of Wake Forest College, the "Shirt-Tail Parade" has been abolished forever from the traditional place it has occupied during the fall of each new term. Due to the ill repute resulting from this practice in time past, the present sophomore class voted unanimously last spring to discontinue this form of the initiation of the freshmen.

The Guilfordian
N. C.

"THUS LET ME LIVE—"

Modesty is a blossom which we had been pretty well convinced no longer grew in this day of vigorous publicity and press-agenting, or if it did exist, blushed unseen and unnoticed. It still thrives, however, and in the breast of America's favorite.

When the courage and idealism of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was immortalized in an eastern church in a stained glass window whereon was his likeness in flying togs, the aviator

was duly informed in an exhaustive, comprehensive letter that he had been given an honor which no living person had yet attained.

In his acknowledgment, Lindbergh said only: "Thank you for your letter of—."

The truly great are the truly modest.

The Journal
Western Reserve Univ.

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Valley Book Shop

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

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College pillows, \$1.00
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Our motto. Quick, Courteous Service.

Call an be convinced

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Hot buttered toasted
Sandwiches
No dish over 10c
Delicious Coffee
The best Home Made Candies with the lowest price
College girls this is your first stop and first up to date store down town.

When in need
of

Ladies Ready-to-Wear

Visit

RALPH'S

Harrisonburg's only Exclusive Ladies Shoppe

Blue Bird Tea Room

Room rate reasonable for week-end guests
Parties-Course dinners-Pies

S. BLATT'S



Harrisonburg, Va.
Phone 5 5

ESCAPADE

By Helene Duvall

(Continued from last week.)

Part Six.

ESCAPADE

Part Seven

Ted followed Bill Graham, debating her action. Was she making a mistake? Should she have laughed it off, called him a liar, asked him what he meant? Suppose he had called her bluff right there, in front of a hall full of boys. No, the only thing for her to do was to follow him. Maybe she could bluff through. Bill offered no conversation. He was as deep in thought as Ted. He was going towards the lawn—a bench—the relief of it. She could talk freer and feel freer out in the open. They sat in silence for a few minutes, Ted waiting for the attack and Bill studying her face. She was like a child, he thought, who has been naughty and is under the admonition of a parent who can not make up his mind as to the punishment.

"Now that we are alone, and if there is no objection on your part we'll drop your alias and call you Miss Saume. Please do not interrupt—nothing you can say right now is important—you will wait until I have finished and then you may say what you like." Ted was defiant—but also silent. Bill went on.

"I am convinced that you are pulling some big stunt that is not entirely singlehanded. There is some motive in your disguise and it is not from a purely adventurous standpoint. I feel sure. My convictions are that you would not put yourself in such a position out of mere adventure or girlish curiosity. There is more to you than that." Ted listened intently. Bill was talking of his convictions as the were, strong, true clear. She forgot that she had been caught, she detected praise instead of blame in his words.

"I am not asking you to tell your motive, somehow it is not the important thing now. What I want to know is what you intend to do about the bid my frat sent to you. I'm thinking of that first. You see there must be honor among our pledge." This made Ted angry.

"Since that is the most important thing, I suppose I shall give it back as soon as you convey the news of my discovery to your dear brothers if you have not already done so." Bill looked at her steadily, he could not help but think of the gorgeousness of her mouth and eyes as hard as he was upon the subject.

"I hope that you take what I am about to say in the only way I can say it. I have no intentions of disclosing your identity—I ask only that you play square with the boys that are the closest to me and that you get out of this—in time—" Ted reached out to touch his hand. It was part of her gratefulness.

"Thank you," she said, "I shall leave to-morrow." Bill arose. "But would you mind very much telling me how you knew?" she asked hesitatingly. He reached in his outside pocket and took out a bit of folded newspaper and

handed it to her. Ted unfolded it and—

"Oh, I see" she said, as she looked at her picture which had been printed in one of the large city newspapers with the announcement that she was to attend Chalane college in the fall. "Where did you find it?" she asked and handed it back to him. Bill folded it again and put it back in his pocket.

"I found it last summer," he said. "I shall see you off in the morning." He left Ted alone. At least she thought she was alone, but a slap on the back and a loud "Hello" proclaimed Nat Urquhart's arrival. Nat was Dave's roommate and had lately made Ted's room a lounging place as some upperclassmen are prone to do when there isn't so much objection on the part of a timid freshman. Dave had noticed it though and suggested in an offhand way that they let the boy alone for a while. Ted wondered why Dave did not stop by anymore.

"You're going to be late to Prof. Wren's class Ted," he said, and Ted remembering her previous experience and the fact that Bill was in that class got up mechanically and went towards the Administration building. She did not see Bill nor Dave, however, again that day and her classes were a burden to her. There really wasn't any sense of going to them but then if she stayed in her room there was nothing to do and almost anything could happen to make things worse.

Ted did not leave her room after dinner—somehow she had a feeling that all was not as it should be. No one had been near her room that day. She sat down and wrote the whole thing to Jim. He must know and she could tell him more clearly and reasonably now than later. About eleven o'clock Ted went to the mail box on the corner to mail the letter to Jim. The night was beautiful. Just cool enough—starry bright—no moon, a typical autumn night. What do people like moons for?, thought Ted. Clear bright moonless nights like these are the only kind we need. Lovers don't need moons—but lovers use them—Ted had never been in love. She meditated on her state of mind now—for after all wasn't love just a state of mind?—Her mind was in an unusual state now. Could it be love? The past two weeks vanished—the world was again peaceful and calm. The beauty of it all left Ted enrapt as she climbed the stairs to her room. To-morrow life would again be on the level. She opened the door—

Confusion and faces met her. Five men sat around her table facing the door—waiting. Ted backed up. People always brought bad tidings when they came to see her in groups of five. She remembered the five seniors who visited her room the first night at Chalane. No one spoke. Ted ventured—"Hello, I am honored."

"Hello, st down." Spoke the middle one. Ted recognized him to be Sam Nagel, president of the Deke's. She sat down and looked. A sudden wave of disappointment and hopelessness swept over her as her eyes rested on Bill. So Bill was there—he had told and brought these others to witness.

She must confess now. What an egg he had turned out to be. The president spoke—

"We have been informed and are convinced that you are playing a part that is not your own. Your motive has not been included in our information, but we have come to find it and to deal with you accordingly. You will please be brief, it will save you a great deal—it may save you some embarrassment." The five were too serious, they were mad. Ted was mad too. Imagine anyone doing a thing like this. It was cowardly. She hated Bill. Her eyes told him so. They did not meet the eyes of a coward though. They met appealing, understanding even slightly sympathetic eyes that looked like they wanted badly to tell her something—some kind of warning. How could he look like that after doing all he had done. Ted looked away from him.

"I'll admit I'm not a boy," she said. Bill raised his head but she kept on. "I am Theodora Saume from Chalane. You may deal out your punishment now. Nothing could be worse than these past two weeks," she paused. "I shall not disclose my motive however as I am not at liberty to do so." The five boys looked at each other and the president leaned towards her. They knew of things like this before.

"Then do you know what we will do, Miss Saume? It will be publicly announced before the students and the faculty to-morrow and they shall be the ones to judge. One of your sort can not and will not go absolutely free after such a deed. The motive is clear enough. You meant to bring shame to Elmerston in the name of Chalane!"

The color left Ted's face. Anger mounted in her, the same spirit that had been her doom before arose in her. Damn it—if they couldn't be decent about it she wouldn't either. She'd spring her line of attack and watch them retreat. She looked at Bill directly, with anger and triumph in her eyes.

(To be continued next week)

VIRGINIA NEWS

PLEDGE APPROPRIATIONS

The general education board announced on Nov. 30 the presentation of \$50,000 to Randolph Macon College for construction of a science building on campus. As yet the location of the building has not been determined, but plans for its construction will be begun soon.

This will be the fourth building added to the R. M. W. C. campus this session. Presser Hall the music school

building, the new library and the new power house are the three other buildings completed or nearing completion.

NEW TEACHERS PENSION PLAN

A new plan placing the teachers pension system on a firmer basis was voted on by the Virginia Education Association at the final session Nov. 30, of the twenty-third annual convention held in Richmond.

The plan provides for deducting five percent annually instead of the present one percent from the 16,000 public school teachers for the teachers pension. This will go through provided the state match the fund.

The association also expressed the opinion that "Inequalities in educational offerings and opportunities must continue unless the State provided the means of correction."

(Continued from Page 1)

Y.W.C.A. WELL ATTENDED

Choir made its first appearance on the year at a meeting and gave the call to worship and the response to the prayer. Margaret Tate sang a solo "Open Mine Eyes."

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NATIONAL NEWS

the latter was appointed ambassador by President Hoover.

Mr. Baird will leave for Washington shortly to hold office until such time as Morrow shall return from London. He will then resign and Mr. Morrow will be appointed for the unexpired term.

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