

## Senior Prom Is Knockout

The annual Senior Prom was a knockout. From the receiving line to "Home Sweet Home," it was one grand and glorious good time. The music was wonderful, the floor was not bad, partners were handsome or beautiful according to sex, gowns were gorgeous, the receiving line was cordial, the decorations were—oh, we'll leave the decorations until later.

And the music, oh, but the music! Ah! It surely was good. In fact, too good, for every time the saxophone players and other tooters of horns got a little excited and made the music a little too peppy, the leader waved his hands frantically, uttered a hoarse, "Sh-h-h," and eliminated the undesirable pep.

If it were not for the sticky black lines over which the dancers had to hop dexterously, nothing could be said against the gym floor.

The decorations were superga-lumptious. Fifteen rabs and a tiger for "Liver" and his gang. They got results worth all the compliments we can pay them. The four large hearts high in the center, from which the red and white streamers were draped, were seen and appreciated by all those who were not more concerned with other hearts on a lower level.

The thirst of the happy crowd was foreseen and well-prepared for by the faithful and ever-present refreshment committee. Another cheer for the punch.

And what else happened? Why, there were twelve whole dances, and the orchestra did not stop playing at eleven-thirty! They played on and on until long past the traditional stopping point. It was almost mid-

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## Russell Bowser "Shake" Pres.

Russell Bowser is now holding down the office of president of the Shakespeare Literary Society. He was elected to take Clyde Swoyer's place because Clyde did not expect to come back to school this semester.

## Patriotic Song Service

An attractive song service was the main feature of Vespers, Sunday evening, February 19. Helen Klepper read the Bible and Mowrie Ebner then took charge of the service. A group of about nine songs of a patriotic nature were sung. This was in honor of the proximity of both Lincoln's and Washington's birth-days.

## Y. W. Elects New Commanders

PEG BEESON    GERRY GREASER    EVELYN BOSWORTH    DOREE MATTERN  
Vice Pres.    Treasurer    Secretary    President



Captain Applejack and His Mates

STERL ARTLEY    JO VIERING    REBA JOHNSON    CY WILLIAMS  
Capt. Applejack    Poppy Faire    Anna Valeska    Borolsky

## Proud O' Their Dinks?

Rush to the look-room. Seventy-five cents! With utmost precision the little green felts were stuck on high-



held heads. With a new sense of importance each freshie swaggered through the halls. Proud o' their dinks? I'll tell the world! But—what a change a few weeks makes? (Continued on Page 3)

## Y. W. Election Held

The term 1928 was held Wednesday evening. The result of the ballot taken was: President, Doris Mattern; Vice-president, Peg Beeson; Secretary, Evelyn Bosworth; Treasurer, Gerry Greaser; Social Chairman, Dot Lawrence; Program Chairman, Chrissie Lambert; Social Service, Iva Thompson; Poster Chairman, Katherine Cook; Magazine Chairman, Gert Haight; Pianist, Astrid Johnson; Finance Chairman, Myrna Miller.

These offices were previously filled by: Kathleen Spengler, Dorothy Bastian, Catherine Warfel, Ver-na Mae Kurtz, Lucille Taylor, Julia Gibbons, Ruth Adams, Jerry Jones, Mowrie Ebner, Martha Maitland, and Christine Edler, respectively.

## WHEN SOMEONE'S MAN COMES

"Did you notice Jane's man? Just a minute! Don't look now, but they are over at the corner table. Isn't he clever looking? Reminds me so much of Jack, except Jack's hair curls and he is much larger. Oh, I'm anxious to have him here for Junior Prom. I know you will all like him.

"But, don't you like this man's smile? Jane seems to be enjoying herself, doesn't she? Only, I would not bring Jack into the dining room for dinner. My goodness, these men

are as scarce as an old woman's teeth around here, and whenever one of these rare articles appears, he is surely cross-examined by each and everyone.

"Look at him right now. Isn't he polite? Wonder if he always acts that way. He is much better looking than Dora's man was, don't you think so? I didn't like his pug-nose and besides—well, he didn't come anywhere near my picture of the ideal man. Do you have an ideal? (Continued on Page 3)

## Big Doings Around Here

"Seven miles of pipe? Oh, you're just spoofin' me!"

"No, I'm not. It's true."

"Well, where the dickens would they put it all?"

"Somebody said they're puttin' it down in the basement. Didn't see 'em tho'."

"Gee-whiz, that's an awful lot—"

"Oh, say, did you hear what they are gonna make the frosh do? I heard one o' the fellows say they're gonna make the freshies crawl thro' it!"

"Lo, Kids! What's all the scandal now?"

"Oh, we're talking about how the fellas are gonna make the poor frosh crawl through that seven miles of new pipe—"

"Say, that's a good one. Did you see the pipe?"

"No!"

"Well, the jokes on you—that pipe is just 1/2 to 3/4 inches in diameter!"

"Hu-h-h-h!"

"Yeh! They got it for the wiring in the building. They gotta whole stack of other stuff, too. Sixteen miles of wire, and fifteen hundred outlets, a large fixture for the center of each room, side brackets, too. Then in the pressin' rooms on each floor they will have three ironing boards and five places for curling irons! Isn't that great? Yeh, and then they're gonna put the Deleo emergency lighting system all over the building so when the lights go off again, someplace besides the gym will be lit up!"

## Changes Made in Senior Play Cast

Several changes have been made in the cast for the Senior play which is to be given March 9. The part of Ambrose Applejohn will be taken by Sterl Artley; that of Lush by Ray Zaner; Borolsky by Cy Williams Pengard by Earl Smith; Anna by Helen Bengston; and Dennett by Pete Doyle.

## New Member Elected to Nor- mal Times Staff

Charles Dale was unanimously elected a member of the Normal Times staff at the weekly meeting on February 6. Charley will take charge of snap-shots and photographs with which it is hoped the paper will be made more attractive. Jake Ward formerly did this work.

## Pup Honorably Escorted From Chapel

Ki! Ki! Ki! Ki! It isn't my fault! It isn't my fault! Such a plea as this would have touched any man's heart on Tuesday morning, February 14, as Dr. Armstrong deserted his place on the platform to carefully and with much ceremony, escort a small, playful brown pup from the portals of the chapel, thinking it easier perhaps to carry out one pup than a half dozen females.

Show us one person who can tell what the Bible reading was while that same pup was racing up and down aisles, with an expression of extreme worry for our serious state written all over his puppy face. Finally, this little actor, finding himself on the platform, ignored us completely, and took to pounding upon feathers and prancing back and forth under the feet of those on the platform.

What human didn't wish he were anywhere but there, so that he could let out his pent-up feeling?

## Have You Been Snapped?

Louise Young has been sneaking around the campus seeing what she can, and doing what she can with what she sees. That is, she is taking pictures of worth-while objects, persons, and doings for the Praeco.

She took some pictures of the Art Club initiation, and also a picture of one of the stunts which are a special feature in Miss Rearick's gym classes. If you see Louise with her camera sometime make yourself conspicuous—maybe she'll snap you.

Charley Dale is busy now, too, with the camera. If Louise doesn't consider you, try Mr. Dale. He might take yours for the Times. You're assured of a wide circulation then.

## Art Classes Display Work

There were posters, and posters, and more posters. There were drawings in crayon and in poster paints, and there were Valentines. The artists whose work was thus displayed were the pupils of Miss DuBois and Miss Atherton.

The display was held in the Art room, the posters and drawings being hung on the exhibition boards at the front and back of the room.

The interest in art among students of the school was shown by the number of excursions made by ex-art students.

## Y. W. State Secretary Speaks In Chapel

Miss Grace Taylor, State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., who spent a few days in State Teachers College, spoke briefly in chapel, Friday morning, February 17.

Miss Taylor likened the attainment of success in life to mountain climbing. She urged a clear vision of the way and a knowledge of the direction in which the goal lies.

## Inside Information—Down-town or Training School?

"Would I? I hope to tell you I would!"

"Would what? For goodness sake don't be so abrupt. It's too hard to follow your train of thought—if you could call it that."

"Now don't start that please. Teaching down-town was the original topic of conversation. Wouldn't you rather teach down-town than in the training school?"

"Well, I'll say! Just look how much easier you got out of things last semester than I did. You don't know what you missed. You didn't have half as many personal conferences, you don't have permanent supervisors, and you got better marks. Yes, and it wasn't easy to get hold of you kids when there was some extra work to be done. Up here we're too handy. It's so easy to give you just a little extra work. "It won't take but a minute, you know." Gee Whiz!"

"Oh, let up. I didn't intend you to let loose like that. I know all that dope as well as you do, and I have not got time to listen to any more now."

## The Book Agent Lands Another

I had heard of this young band of invaders who had descended on this peaceful little town, pestering people almost to death, but had listened as usual, excited at the time but soon forgetting it all. Really things don't seem very important until they begin to happen to yourself, and then you wonder why all your neighbors are not as concerned as you are.

Monday, and blue as usual. A good way to begin the week, perhaps. It is better to start in with not so much vigor and end up strong than do the opposite.

A sharp, quick knock at the door, followed by several others, and I jumped as if an explosion had rocked the building. Slowly and with much effort I walked to the door, hesitated a moment, decided it was the huckster, and proceeded. There front of me stood a young man, two magazines under one arm, and two books under the other. I realized my mistake, but it was made; I had to face the situation as best I could. I was fully engaged for the morning, and I needed all my power of speech to convince this young man that I did not want to subscribe to any magazines.

He started, and in one breath said more than I could think of saying in six.

"Good morning, madam. A beautiful day, isn't it? Are you the lady of the house?"

Here the right speech failed me; I said, "Yes," instead of "No."

"May I step in for a few minutes? I have something to present to you

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## Shoes, Old and New

Shoes usually are considered from many important viewpoints before purchased or while being purchased. The cost and demand figure largest. Then, the size must be considered and the family confronted.

Even though your old shoes are but two months old, you just must have new ones. Gosh, you wore those unspeakable patent and satin things to three dances already. (Do you recall your wanting them in this heart-breaking way you want these?)

Dad declares he never had so small a pay, bills were never higher, and then the sweet-sounding, crashing climax—he absolutely cannot and will not hand out thirteen more dollars!

You may or may not shed a few crocodile tears, thus attacking from a different angle. I find that the best method of approach, for then Dad invariably goes to the little vase on the chifferobe and drags out the desired cash.

Then you put forth some real tears over his blessed generosity. That hits harder than if you were refused six pairs of shoes; it does me. You think of all the nasty cracks you almost or did make and feel rather, well—brought down a peg.

When you finally get to the point of taking yourself to the shoe store, you don't know which grudge you nurse most carefully—the one against your old shoes, or the one against yourself. No matter: you are getting the shoes you want. Further more you anticipate a compliment from "him" at the dance. He usually makes a pleasing comment about your new shoes—same as you do about his pretty ties and scarfs.

Next, the shoes themselves are to be considered. The clerk gets them out, incidentally remarking that he is afraid he is out of two's and a half, but—the vamp is short and he is positive that they will fit beautifully. You fret and fume because you have already bought enough shoes to know that a three simply will not do the trick. Besides they are bound to crease and stretch full three sizes more. So, you hang everything from the accommodating clerk to the shoes themselves.

Ah—from among the innumerable boxes that he has gotten from the first to the tenth shelf, he pounces upon a box. Red-faced and puffing, he rushes to you, pulls up a stool and jams a shoe on your foot. Thank heaven! the day of miracles still is. The bloomin' thing fits and on closer inspection is found to be a two-and-a-half. The efficient salesman unnecessarily tells you that suede is the very latest word in shoes, especially brown; they could not fit better around the instep and ankles. For by this time you are drifting away to the waltzy strains of your favorite, sentimental, popular hit; you can hear "him" saying that you never looked lovelier and

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## Time Will Tell

Has Spring really come? Didn't the ground-hog know his shadows this year? The weather for the past week has made one wonder if Mother Nature and Sir Groundhog just got their signals mixed or if they had a disagreement and Mother Nature decided to make Sir Groundhog look like a false omen.

Anyway, if winter comes again now, after that week of spring weather, there is bound to be some mix-up. Some of the trees were so encouraged by the warm rain and sunshine that they were brave enough to start a few buds.

And marbles! Wherever you look you see boys shooting glassies and k'mmies, perhaps at a dent in the sidewalk or more likely at a hole in the mud.

It may have come—but will it stay?

## Senior Prom is Knockout

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night before the strains of "Home Sweet Home" were heard.

Then the too-short walk in the crisp, wintry air to the main hall, a few minutes chat, the warning lights, good-nights (sad, fond and otherwise), and it was all over until the next time.

But what, oh, what, was the reason for the "shushes" on the part of the orchestra director? If so, why?

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### Us and Others

Emma Fran Fry was visited by her mother last week.

Irene Herzog and Kathryn Shipman spent the week-end of February 18, at their home in Altoona.

Volna Potts had her mother and sister as guests for several days.

Adeline Elchler spent the week-end at her home in Johnstown.

Stella Phillips was at her home in Bradford this week-end.

Ethel Hartssock was here for the dance and to spend the week-end with her former room-mate, Pat Thornton.

Mary Grier was here with the Scranton gang and also attended the dance.

Edna Mae Turney spent the week-end at her home in Altoona.

Mary Albaugh was at her home in Warren over the week-end of the 18th.

Little bits of nonsense

Little grains of verse,

Keep this pessimistic world

From growing any worse.

When you have to study hard

Don't get up and say you're through

Get right down and gnash your

teeth,

There'll be a chance in life for you.

Emilie Johnson

### When Someone's Man Comes

(Continued from Page 1)

Good grief. I don't believe there are such things in this hemisphere anyway. You remember how Belle raved about her ideal that night about a month ago? And, look what she took!

"Sh, here they come. He certainly walks as if he had all the confidence in the world. If Jack were not so far away he might come oftener. I guess I'll persuade him to choose his college nearer mine next year. Here, Lucille, stop your dreaming and pass this ice-cream along."

## Editorials

### Why--Late For Meals?!

Why so much lateness to the dining-room? Is it that we are always so busy we can't get there in time? Oh, is it that no one thinks it important that we should be there on time? Rather unlikely, the first reason, for none of us seem too busy to take a night out every chance we get, or to eat study-hour short to indulge in a "feed."

This is more likely. It seems quite a fad to make a late appearance. You surely would never think of being late to a dinner party to which you had been invited. It isn't likely that you are in the habit of being late to meals in your own home. Why Here?

### Who's Going to Write the Alma Mater?

"Music aims not only to charm the ear, but to touch the heart." Some such idea must underlie the feeling in a true Alma Mater song. The need for such a song must have prompted the various organizations to enter so heartily into the plan for awarding a suitable prize to the successful writer.

The accomplishment of such a goal will require real effort. It is hoped that many will be written which can be retained as school songs, and that there will be one at least, which will be our Alma Mater.

### So Stiff

"Oh-h-h! Uu-g-h! G-e-e! Whiz! Golly, I'm so stiff and sore from Gym I can hardly sit down! You'd think to see me it was some old man trying to sit down! Gee—but I'm stiff."

"Oh, keep quiet You make me tired-er, than I am now. I'm just as stiff as you are-u-ugh!! Jimminy whiskers isn't it hard to sit down tho'?"

"Ha!! Oh, you make me laugh at the way you screw your face up. Oh, boy! Ha-a-a!!"

"Well, smarty, your face was just as crazy-looking as mine, so there!"

"Its a wonder those teachers wouldn't take pity on us and make those kids give us a little rest instead of each one of the six trying to tire us out so we won't be able to do one other thing."

"Hey! What are you kids moaning about up there? I've taken Gym for two years now so I guess you don't know what's coming yet."

"Ye-h-h! but you didn't have to do what we do. Gee, its as bad getting up again as it is sitting down."

"What's 'at'?"

"There are six different kids each day and each takes ten minutes to teach."

"Well—?"

"Well, then, each kid-teacher gives us a program of exercises that will develop our muscles—mind you—develop our-r-r- muscles, and will give us, and them, too, methods in teaching gym! U-u-g-h! O-h-h-h me! I'll never get up those steps to go to Gym class!"

"There is a common belief that style is like a top hat, something everyone may like to possess but can very well do without."

"Who does not attempt to form a style, does not try to write as well as his subject demands and his intellect permits."

—"Better Writing"

### Ten P. M. at C. S. T. C.

"Is that the last bell? It can't be ten bells yet can it?"

It was the bell, and there began to be some hurried "good nights" and some that were not so hurried. Figures scurried back and forth along the corridor garbed in the prevailing mode in normal school evening dress. A head popped out of a door at one end of the hall and a voice called, "Don't bring that fudge pan back until you wash it Ruth."

"Its hard to tell when you'll get it back under those circumstances." This answer came from a figure standing away at the other end of the hall.

"Can I borrow your pink dress to wear tomorrow, Midge?"

"You can if you don't spill anything on it or tear it. I lent a dress once, and—." There followed a lengthy description of what happened to that particular dress.

In the midst of this tale there came a soothing voice, "Quiet, girls." The hall chairman on parade so soon!

"Is there an all night light in here? Well, please put it out. Lights were out five minutes ago." The proctor's firm, but gentle voice was heard quietly reprimanding someone who could stand it to study after lights were out. Her, "Good night, girls" could be heard all along the corridor as she went from room to room. At least partially subdued whispers and a good many giggles came from behind the doors which the proctor had just closed. After the last door was closed the tired proctor literally tumbled into bed with the words, "Thank goodness ten P. M. only comes once a day!"

"We have produced a race of would-be literary writers who learn to imitate a great style badly, when they might develop an honest, if modest, style of their own."

### Because of the Dance

You couldn't find a room that looked a bit different. There were the beds two of them and almost to walk. Garments of most every sort strung from top to bottom and cushions and rag dolls found a place between. Below was a score of different sorts of slippers strewn carelessly about.

The chairs were well draped with stockings, gowns and many other borrowed garments for she must look her best.

Wardrobe doors swung wide open revealing the emptiness. Even the hangers were decked on the table among the program sheets.

Now for the bureau the most interesting of them all. Drawers had been pushed shut with half of the contents squeezed between edges. On the top were the powders and paints and perfumes, lipsticks, creams, cutex and eye-brow pencils, mixed with the mirrors, brushes, combs, nail-files, buffers, and trays.

Then "Mrs. powder-puff" had a very important place. She was on the top. Because of her a thin coat of dusty powder veiled everything on the dresser. We can't forget the jewelry and the stray coins. What a feast for the stray thief but he rests well for the owner doesn't miss the lost for a day or so.

And this was the way the room was left when someone called, "Betty, Peggy. He's there!"

Now he's gone and they come back up the stairs, perhaps in stocking feet and they treat it like this: "My, this room's a wreck."

### Proud O' Their Dinks?

(Continued from page 1)

The freshies no longer run around grinnin' at all the strange girls. They do run around with a hang-dog expression on their faces, speaking to the girls only when quite sure—after hurried side-glances in every direction—that no upper classmen are around to hasten the use of that worn paddle.

General appearances are somewhat changed! The "dear boys" may be seen all around the campus with phooey signs on, with baskets on their heads, boxing gloves on their hands, and even with skirts on!!!

"What's on his sign?" "Who's the kid with the jall hair-cut?" Does that kid have to wear that peach basket on his head all the time?" "Oh, I think the upper-classmen are mean—they're too smart!" These remarks come from the girls' section. Well, boys, don't take it too much to heart, there's always a little good comes out of everything even though you can't see how it is possible.

"It is the increasing determination to say it right which makes the good writer."

"The time to say what you mean is when you are first saying it."

—"Better Writing"

## New Alpha Sigma Tau's Entertain

A surprise party was the Valentine given to the Senior members of the Alpha Sigma Tau sorority by their new members. The party was held Tuesday evening, February 14, in the sorority rooms which were decorated with many mangled, bleeding hearts. Games, dancing and chatting were of highest interest until—well, the eats were honey rolls, hot chocolate and salted peanuts.

Peggy Martin, Doree Mattern, Peg Beeson, Helen Lear, Sal Wilson, Al Read and some more of the gang are said to have been Cupid's anxious assistants.

Do you know  
that I believe  
they



could  
please  
even a  
confirmed grouch  
with the pleasant  
way of waiting  
upon you they  
have at—

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## The Book Agent Lands Another

(Continued from Page 2)

which I know will mean much in your life." And he stepped in and sat down—uninvited. While he sat there, I thought of all the things I could do and ought to be doing instead of listening to this outburst; I felt all the worse.

"I have two magazines here which no doubt you have heard of before and perhaps have read many, many times. The Cosmopolitan and Good Housekeeping magazines are known to all the world. Young people read them for their novels, housewives for the articles concerning the home fathers for the editorials and also for the stories. Even the little children love to look through these books at the pictures and verses written for them. In fact there is something in them for each member of the family. Baby derives benefit from them, for mother finds out how to take care of her children in the latest scientific way. People going to start on long trips by automobile, railroad, and steamship find in them a source of enjoyment when other things have become tiresome. A good magazine rests your body and mind and broadens your knowledge. Madam, you do not know what you are missing by not having this magazine come to your home every month!

I took another deep breath, feeling that he needed one more than I did, and prepared to pour out my excuses to him.

"Oh, I simply could not think of it now. We are getting so many magazines at the present time; besides—" He was off again.

"And the most wonderful thing about this magazine is that you are getting it free."

Free! I never knew that anything in this world could be gotten free, I had always paid the full price for everything, if not more. This sounded interesting.

"Now, if you will only examine these books that come with the magazines you will realize how valuable they are to you. The cook book contains all the very best recipes which have been tested and approved. The other book contains short and interesting accounts of

some of the latest novels. The one book you can use while you are working and the other at your leisure. Now what do you think of that offer? All you need to do is pay me a dollar, sign this small slip of paper and this slip of paper and this wonderful magazine will be yours."

I really could not think. Unconsciously I signed the paper and paid him the dollar, feeling relieved to think that everything was over.

He got ready to leave and walked towards the door. Turning to me he said; "Madam, I cannot thank you enough for the subscription. You are helping to make it possible for me to return to college for another year, which otherwise would have been impossible. I appreciate your kindness. The remaining amount of two dollars does not have to be paid until you receive the book which is given with your magazine. I trust you will receive it in due time. Good day."

So this is what you call getting things free. I had rather pay the full price in the beginning, and escape that foolish feeling.

Nevertheless I must give them credit for working their way through college. May they never run out of breath!

## Shoes, Old and New

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never danced better. "He" is positive that Mercury is not the only one who wears wings on his sandals.

"In the young, fluency is a virtue and usually indicates a congenital ability to write, but in maturity it is often the enemy himself."

"Cultivate fluency as you adjust for speed in an automobile, but the instant you feel fluent, put on the brakes."

"The art of oratory is suffering from a decline in real eloquence just at the moment when the radio promises to make eloquence again important."

"No one can pile up words on his idea without danger of burying it."

"A dry writer is not one you cannot understand, he is one who is dull when you understand him."

—"Better Writing"

"Not to have what little there is of English grammar at your command (even if you remember not three rules) is as disgraceful as a typhus epidemic in a civilized city."

"I am not disparaging an education in rhetoric. Among Americans, especially, there are nine professional writers who show the results of too little discipline in analysis, for one who has been spoiled by too much teaching."

—"Better Writing"

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