

NORMAL TIMES

At Central State Normal School

VOLUME 2

LOCK HAVEN, PA., APRIL 22, 1924

NUMBER 11

SHAKE BASKETBALL CHALLENGE PLAYED

Shake and Price Put on Peppy Game to Determine Might in Basketball

About a month ago Shake challenged Price to a double basketball game. The girls' game was accepted and played April 6. The result was a victory for Price, and a chance for Shake to show their good sportsmanship. Not only had the teams been doing their utmost to win, but every member of each society had been learning cheers and stunts appropriate for the occasion. One side of the balcony was reserved for Price and the other for Shake. The cheers that arose from this balcony were by far the best that has ever been heard there.

The first half of the game was very close, Price leading by a point or two. When the whistle for the first half had blown, the score was 12-16, favor of Price. But neither side would think of giving up. Shake came back with all the vim, vigor, and pep they had, and it was no small amount either.

Neta White played very well, her individual score totaling 29 points. Joe Beaujon was sure in the thick of every play, and her good passing gave Neta the advantage. As for the guards, well—it was their ball. Ask Edie Morrall, she knows. Shake players made the game hard and very interesting. The Johnston girls especially were everywhere at once. Faye Lord did not seem to mind the bumps, and her playing was proof of that fact. Although Price won, credit must be given to Shake

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Attend Y. W. Conference

Millersville Normal was the center of interest for Y. W. C. A. workers the week-end of March 28. Several normals were represented, namely: West Chester, Bloomsburg, Shippensburg, Stroudsburg, Keystone, Maryland, and Lock Haven. The three representatives from Lock Haven were Ruth Malone, treasurer; Helen Mizener, president, and Grace McKinney, secretary of the Junior Cabinet.

The conference was opened Friday evening by Miss Klink who spoke on the life of Esther and Morduai. The theme of her talk was derived from Morduai's words to Queen Esther, "Who knows but that we are come for such a time as this." Following the talk there was a "get acquainted" meeting. Every one enjoyed every one else. Refreshments were served, and every one retired to be rested for the conference Saturday morning.

The meeting was opened promptly at 8:30 o'clock, the next morning. Miss Neigel, the national secretary of the

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ONCE ON A COLD MORNING

Naturalists Hike to See the Beauties of Nature

About 4:56 A. M. I was awakened by the sound of my roomie's alarm. It's awful to be disturbed so suddenly in the dead of night. (You people who remained in bed, can only use your imaginations). Well, when my roomie refused to slam that alarm with a pillow, I had to crawl out. I happened to be the first one in the main corridor so I located in one of those comfortable rocking chairs in the blue-room until the next person appeared on the scene. This was Faye Lord (of course we did justice to the rocking chair until five or six more appeared). We soon learned and were pleased to know that some of the members had kindly consented to remain in bed. Our conscience was relieved because it wouldn't do for all of us to do such injustice to the beds. If we would get grades for sleeping, their isn't a doubt but what Amy Baker and Bee VanZandt would get a one plus, and Anna Mae Landis and Marg Larkin would give them a good second with a one.

Our first real Naturalistic scene was staged in the main corridor. Ruth Brehm called our attention to two cockroaches playing tag. They were having a wonderful time, and then some one said they saw Dora Detwiler coming. We knew what that meant. She treated them so unmercifully that death resulted in a very few hours. By this time our crowd was pretty well collected. Some one said there was a

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Girls' Rules

1. Never sign up when leaving the campus. It isn't being done in the best of families. Just leave any time you feel like it and come back when you please.
2. When down town talk with all members of the opposite sex you know, also those you don't know. Get all dates possible as the Blue Room is open every evening.
3. When starting for Church, be sure you don't go. Instead nab a fellow with a car and go for a ride. Don't bother about the consequences. (Just then).
4. After formal dances in the Gym be sure to walk your man up the Glen. Come in whenever you feel like it.
5. Go skipping any night in the week—no one cares. Only get in before breakfast next morning if possible.
6. Always use the main entrance. That's what it's for.
7. When going to the dining room, go as fast as you can in order to get a good seat.
8. Tennis courts are open to Normal students all hours of the night.

THE "SING-SINGERS"

Girls' Glee Club Gives Several Concerts on Extended Tour

Oh, there were forty little girls,
That all went out to sing,
They called themselves the Girls' Glee
Club

Of the Normal, (or Sing-Sing).

And all these forty little girls
Climbed in the old bus-car,
And after they had all climbed in—
Miss Whitwell, "Are ye thar?"

Now all these forty little girls
Each had a number, gay,
(They have these things in every place
Where convicts go, they say).

Then all these forty little girls
Got off at Jersey Shore,
And sang their song, and said their
piece
And—then got on once more.

But when these forty little girls
Came out the old school door,
All ready to embark on board,
And sing some place, once more—

Why all the forty little girls
Were ready near to faint,
When Mr. Drum popped in the door,
"Your driver, well—he aint!"

And now these forty little girls
Began to realize all
That their beloved driver, here
Was in the City Hall!

What? In the City Hall, you say,
Oh, yes, they clapped him in
For parking at the Hall doorway,
Which they had deemed a sin.

And now the forty little girls,
And poor Miss Whitwell, too,
All had the grumps, and said some words
That made the air go blue.

Then Mr. Drum, a valiant knight,
Strode to the City Hall
And rescued our poor driver dear,
But then that wasn't all—

They started off for Williamsport,
And looked the big town o'er,
Because they had a date in "South"
To sing their songs some more.

When they had reached the big hotel
And all went in to dine
They got into a Lion's den
And had a spiffy time.

Now, then, these forty little girls
Who all went out to sing
Had one de-grand and glorious time,
And didn't miss one thing!

Dorothy Moody says that if she can beat her marks home, she will get a "warm reception," but if they beat her, she will get a cold one. We know that marks are powerful, but—my gosh!—can they even affect the climate?

PRODUCTION CLASS PRESENTS PLAYS

The "Beau of Bath" and "The New Hat" Receive Much Applause

Two one-act plays were presented in chapel, Wednesday, April 9, by the Play Production Class.

The scene of the first play, which was the "Beau of Bath," was laid in the Beau's apartments on Christmas Eve, 1750. Beau Nash, an old man still erect, stately and very much a dandy, was discovered at a table. He was attended by his servant, a slightly stooped old man, who adored his master. On the wall was a life-sized picture of a lady, dressed in the fashion of the early Eighteenth Century.

After calling for his snuff box and cards, the stately old gentleman dismissed Jepson. As he sat looking at the portrait he fell asleep musing on the belief that old loves return on Christmas eve. Gradually he nodded and was soon in the land of dreams. The Lady of the Portrait moved smilingly and gracefully down from the picture frame, crossed to the table and caught up a handful of cards. Beau, waking at this moment, was astonished but she told him that she had come to spend Christmas eve with him. During their conversation they discovered that each had loved the other, but due to some misunderstanding they had drifted apart. When one o'clock drew near, she left him to his firelight, and silently stepped back into the portrait. Again Beau Nash dozed. When Jepson entered later, the dream was related to him by the mystified gentleman who thought he had been dreaming again.

The characters were:

Beau Nash Alice Ryan
Jepson, the servant

Catherine Deveraux
The Lady of Portrait Anne Peters

The second play, "The New Hat" was a scene in a plainly furnished living room. The daughter of the house wanted a new hat for the school entertainment but her father refused to buy one on the plea that he could not afford it. Her mother, a timid woman, refused to take sides with either. When the grandmother discovered the state of affairs, she decided to fix the old hat over. Such a ridiculous looking hat was never before set on a child's head than the one now fixed and placed on the head of the little country girl. While father was studying a catalogue for some clothes for himself, grandmother slipped out to a neighbor's home, and called her granddaughter on the phone. By listening to his daughter's conversation, the father discovered that some one wanted to hire his daughter for ten dollars per week.

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The Rehearsal

The Rehearsal, a comedy in one act, written by Christopher Morley, was given in chapel, April 10. The setting was an unadorned stage—just several chairs and a small table.

Freda, a brisk young woman who enjoys her responsibility, and takes it seriously, enters. She then arranges the furniture. Several girls meet for a rehearsal and are very much disgusted with themselves, their director and their play itself. Freda does everything in her power to get the girls to go through their parts well. The players think the play is too quiet and they insist that they never heard of a one act play having no fun in it. Freda is rather disgusted and decides to let the second part of the play rest until the next rehearsal. The characters were as follows:

Freda, Director Anna Mae Landis
Christine Edythe Morrall
Barbara Frances Cook
Gertrude Kathryn Brosius
Senia Helen Dittmar
Marjorie, Manager Ann Peters

Attend Y. W. Conference

(Continued from page 1)

Y. W. spoke first. The point she brought out was happiness and how to get it. This led to a very interesting discussion of the different ways to get it. A final conclusion was drawn by which we could distinguish those things which bring real happiness, that is, things are only bad when taken out of proportion to the need of them. Miss Klink then spoke on the duties of the Y. W. or "all around girl." To be one of these, you must possess qualities that are mentally, socially, physically, and morally fit.

Saturday afternoon Millersville demonstrated the ideal Cabinet meeting. A great portion of the afternoon was used to criticize the meeting, constructively and destructively by the girls and Miss Neigel. Miss Klink took charge of the meeting then and discussed the duties of every cabinet. The four outstanding problems to make clear are:

1. The meaning of Christian Citizenship.
2. Christian Citizenship on the Campus.
3. Christian Citizenship in the Community.
4. Christian Citizenship in the World.

Saturday evening, Millersville gave us a banquet. The room adjoining the dining room was decorated with the daffodil as the center of color scheme. This added to the general cheerful attitude of all those present. Songs were sung, speeches were asked for from the different schools represented, and all in all this was a very lively and interesting gathering. The conference for next year will be held at the Keystone Normal at Kutztown.

After the banquet another social gathering was held. This was more of a farewell gathering as it was the last meeting of all. The students who attended as representatives feel as though they had gained invaluable knowledge to help them with their duties as Y. W. officers. Several ideas are to be tried out in C. S. N. S. at a future date.

Health of the Child

The Health of the Child was the subject of Mr. Drum's talk in Chapel, Monday, April 7. He explained to the students several types of physical examination notices which are sent to parents. One type of notice gives the child's name and states that a careful examination seems to show certain abnormal conditions. These conditions are then listed and a request made that the defects be attended to.

The exclusion notice is another type which gives the cause of the requested absence of the child from school, and states that he must be taken to a doctor or a clinic before returning.

In case the child has no physical defects, a notice to that effect is sent to the parents.

A short time after the first notices have been sent to the parents, a pink slip is given to the child to take home. This is to determine whether or not the child has received treatment. The slip is to be filled in by "yes" or "no."

There are also slips for specific defects. These often give advice as to the care of the child, and sometimes give prescriptions to be filled.

The seriousness of the child's physical condition is not always fully appreciated by either the parents or the teacher. Old age really begins at the age of twelve. From birth up to twelve years the death rate decreases, and from twelve up, it increases. Therefore, it is very important that the school should do all in its power to promote the health of the school child.

Newly Adapted Menu

With the final changing of tables in the dining room for this year, table number twelve adopted a menu to be served with every meal. At this busy time in the school year every one is more or less tired, and perhaps a little overworked. That's why Mr. Vonada suggested:

First Course—Goodfellowship soup. It is the essence of a spirit in tune with the world, providing it is served hot. If delayed or allowed to become cold, it is nauseating.

Entrees—Smiles. Garnished with the sauce of good-nature and sincerity, flavored with the herbs of good acts.

Second Course—Generous hospitality to all. Fill this with laughter, good stories, reminiscences, and serve in a setting of all our friends.

Dessert—Laughter. Pile high with good cheer. The best part of all—the good time—costs nothing extra and we want all tables to share with us. Let's keep our troubles in our books.

Alumni Note

George Apsley Reardon, graduate of Central State Normal, died at his home in Hudson, Massachusetts, May 4. He was born in Sunbury, Pa., May 12, 1861. His early education was obtained in the schools of Midlinburg, Pa., after which he attended and was graduated from C. S. N. S. For a time he taught school in Pennsylvania, then entered the employ of a concern in Chicago, and later moved to Hudson.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Blanche Harriman, and a son, Harriman A. Reardon.

Book Reviews

The Girl in the Fog—written by Joseph Gollomb and published by Boni and Liveright, New York.

In this book, Joseph Gollomb has created a novel that is unusually full of swift action. From the moment that a "death fog" envelopes London, in the opening scenes, to the final page there is a breath taking sequence of events and horrors that keep the reader enthralled. During the heavy fog, the heroine's father—on the way to join his daughter at Piccadilly Palace, is murdered. The daughter, Eileen, is in the ball room of the palace many squares from the scene of murder, yet she seems to hear her father crying out. Her companion of the evening disappears. Later strong evidence leads to the imprisonment of the lover. Fast upon the shadow of the double tragedy, the father's death and the lover's imprisonment, horrors follow that threaten to unbalance the girl. It is only by the aid of strong intellect and tenacious courage that she is able to struggle with the evil forces which are directed against her.

The author attempts no feat of style nor of philosophy. He has a story of thrills to relate, and he relates it in a simple and direct manner. His work of character creation, however, is not carelessly done. In Hutch, the highly intelligent beast; Dargan, the man of sinister nervousness; and Pete of the underworld, Mr. Gollomb creates characters that are the materialization of beastiality and crime. In contrast, are Eileen Goodrich, center of action; Hugo Garra, a man of sensitive nature; and Hawley the straightforward, clear thinking Scotland Yard inspector. The chief merit of the story is its rush from one thrill to another.

The Poor Man—written by Stella Benson and published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

This is a tragedy that awakens no sympathetic response, a satire without a dash of the bitters of humor to make it palatable. The central character is a man suffering from war neurosis, deafness, alcoholism, and perhaps arrested mental development and dementia praecox. Instead, however, of these afflictions making him pathetic, they made him merely annoying. He is sensitive, to be sure, with a marvelous eye for color; he suffers from unrequited love; but even these leave the reader uninterested. Perhaps the author did not wish to awaken interest in this character. Edward Williams, the fellow mentioned, is a young Englishman uncomfortable in the simple wilds of San Francisco's Bohemian quarter. He is disliked by all his acquaintances, but derives morbid satisfaction from his plight. While attending a party he meets his ideal mate, Emily Frere, another exiled subject of Britain. She is presented more as a stream of consciousness than a human being. These two unfortunates meet several times; then while Edward is recovering from a slight operation, Emily leaves for China. Edward has no money. How he ultimately succeeds in following Emily to China, and what happens when he finds her there,

constitute the main substance of the story. If a series of not very interesting case histories, with an occasional interpolated poem, comment or travel impression, is a novel, the book is classified.

Maria Chapdelaine—written by Louis Himon.

A tame and fascinating picture of the life of the French in Canada is presented by Louis Himon in his late book. The story of the struggle of the Chapdelaines to wrest a living from this new soil is well told. In working this land, the people seem to possess supernatural powers and courage. The lonely life in the long winter, away from friends is depicted with unusual clearness. Maria's romance is incidental to the story, and the tragic end is the test of the heroine's mettle. The struggles are primarily important in the story.

Audubon News

The Audubon Bird Society held its monthly meeting Thursday, April 3. Geraldine Tietbohl gave a description of the Baltimore oriole, and its habits. This bird weaves its nest from strong fine grasses, bits of wood fibers, and weeds. The nest is about seven inches long and shaped like a pocket. It is well protected from cats, as it is usually not less than twenty feet from the ground and swings near the end of the twig. The oriole's throat, neck, head and parts of the back are black. The wings are edged with white, and the tail is edged with yellow. The rest of the bird is a brilliant orange. The female is marked much the same but is not so highly colored.

A talk on owls was given by Veronica Cauley. There are two distinct types. One is reddish brown and the other is grey. They are well adapted to get food at night. The owl is beneficial to the farmer because its food consists of field mice, grasshoppers and caterpillars.

Thelma Krumbine talked on the bluebird, which is a member of the thrush family. This is shown by the young as the breast is similar to that of the young robin. The nest is made in old orchards. The entrance is about two and one half inches across. The bluebird is a great friend to man, three-fourths of its food consisting of insects. The rest is made up of berries and wild fruit.

A reading, "Bird Architects and Architecture," was given by Margaret Heylmann. In building nests, birds do not strive for beauty, but for comfort, protection, and security. The outside is often covered with something similar to the surroundings. Birds usually build new nests each year except in the case of the hawk and the owl, who return year after year to the same nest. The oriole will use its old nest if it is secure. Keeping birds in captivity has proved that nests are built by imitation, not by instinct. The following have been found among birds:

Weaver—the oriole.

Basket Maker—the vireo.

Mason—the thrush.

Brick maker—the barn swallow.

Joiner—the chimney swift.

Tailor—the tail or bird.

Potter—the cliff swallow.

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Her Love Song Creates a Stir

From below came the strains of an Armenian love song. Oh! How the song did tremble and soar. First high; then low. You cannot blame the stranger at C. S. N. S. for wanting to know what was down there in the Day Room, now can you? The song went on to its tragic close. The end made more emphatic by Vi Agnew throwing a hair brush at the singer. The singer in her balcony, stood up and made a graceful bow to the audience, thanking them for the bouquet. Who was it and why did she sing thus, you ask? Oh, it was cuty Blanche Manger singing her farewell love song to a piece of her favorite apple pie which had just disappeared.

Our Campus

In the summer, when the grass is a velvety green carpet, each tree is a leafy rendezvous for sweet-throated warblers, and we long to be in the vast out-of-doors to drink in the inexpressible beauties of nature; then to us our campus is a haven of rest.

When the grass begins to lose its fresh green hue, and the leaves of the trees seem to endeavor to atone for this subdued state, by adorning themselves with brilliant orange, yellow and red foliage; then our campus is glorious.

But when mother nature wraps our lawn in pure blankets of snow, festoons our trees with layer upon layer of spotless down, and purges the world with immaculate whiteness, then our campus is indescribable.

It's beauty permeates our being; we are filled with a longing for the expression of feelings enjoyed by only the poetic.

Seeing the Point

The criticism of our modern American people is that we are not exact, we evade the point, we go around Robin Hood's Barn to get any place.

Presented with a question to discuss we cough three times, flourish a lavender tinted kerchief, gaze respectfully into the eyes of our questioner, and launch upon the subject of the weather. Finally, with a great "a-hem" the question is repeated by us, and since we have consumed many valuable minutes belonging to our patient examiner, we talk all around the point of the question, only giving facts that might shed some light upon the subject if thought out by some one who would take the time. Our thoughts may be good (and again they may not be so good) but they cannot be of any benefit to any one unless the point is brought out.

What can be done to remedy this fault which calls out so much criticism? The best place to start is in the school and with ourselves. If we train ourselves to think straight, we will in turn train the children whom we teach to think straight, which is very important because the children of today are the citizens of tomorrow. If they are trained to be straight thinkers, the present criticism will be done away with.

How to Pull a Bluff

Enter class as you would on a day you were absent. Don't show any signs of bluffing while studying, because the teacher might see you when she is not looking, and you would get caught. Never mind, it takes more than one look to get a glimpse. If you think of a new plan when the teacher is out of the room, don't use it but throw away the old one. When she asks you a question, you can't answer, answer it, and make believe you don't know it when you never did. After pulling this bluff for fifty-five minutes, you hear a bell that doesn't ring, and a sigh of relief leaves you as it comes, and to think that you have only five more minutes to bluff; then it is all over. But it isn't! If you leave the room while standing by your seat, the teacher will suspect something which is nothing, and it is all up with the bluff you didn't intend to pull.

Some Senior Girls

First in line comes Anna Mae, Noted for her loving way,
Then there's Ruthie, for her sweetness;
Matilda, noted for her neatness,
Then for beauty comes Miss Bracken,
Little Anne, who keeps us laughin',
About dear Helen, I won't tell
Except she rooms with Isabelle,
Then comes Alice, very small;
Hazel Barrett, very tall,
Mary Johnston, quiet this term,
Ruth Brehm who looks so stern,
Veronica Cuneo, large in size,
Margaret Beam's nice blue eyes,
Alice Kunes, Miss Larkin too,
We like them both, and Joanne too;
Erda Maurer, with flaxen hair,
And Helen Blackburn who is so fair.
Jessie Haven, quiet and good,
Bee VanZant acts as she should?
Kilmer, Malone will end this rhyme,
The rest you'll hear some other time.

Our Feathered Friends Are Here

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light" that the spring birds are here? If you cannot see them, then owing to late rising on your part, probably you can hear them, about sixty-three in the evening. The Goldfinch was the first to arrive for the simple reason that he has been here the greater part of the winter. He is a blithe little chap in a very dainty black and yellow coat. He tries to imitate Mr. Chickadee's habit of hanging downward by head from a slender twig. As he is not as well balanced as Mr. Chickadee, he often gets a tumble from which he recovers in hasty flight. Mr. and Mrs. Robin are here too. In fact they have been here since the middle of February. Mr. Red-shafted Flicker is one of "those present." We are sorry to say that he has not yet recovered from that terrible quarrel with his wife, for he still carries a bloody scar on the back of his head. Mr. and Mrs. Junco will not be here long any more as they are preparing themselves for flight to their summer home in Canada. The Bluebird family, too, has been here for some time. But all these birds are our good old friends. It seems that along with our friends have returned some of our enemies. Mr. Starling is one of them. Many, many years ago, his ancestors came to America. Since then, both he and his grandparents have become bad, cruel pirates. They are outcasts from the social whirl of the birds. He associates with Mr. Crow and Mr. Jay.

Now that all these friends—and enemies—are here, we would do well to cultivate their acquaintances. So, come on, let's go enrich our education by a few nature's study hikes.

Vesper Service

Reverend Miller, minister of the Baptist church, gave a very interesting talk on "Spirit" in vespers, March 30.

He spoke about the life of service with the right spirit. He told of an early pioneer, John Chapman, who devoted his entire life to the service of the pioneer people. "Be of service to mankind, and always serve with the right spirit," he said. It is not what you get out of it yourself; it is the good you can do for your fellowmen. The talk was concluded by "The Master gave his life for the people. We, in turn should do our share, paying the reward in other than silver or gold."

Shake Basketball Challenge Played

(Continued from page 1)

for their playing, and good sportsmanship, for during the whole game, they did not lay down on the job.

Shake	Price
Burgeson Forward.....	White
M. Johnston ... Forward.....	Beaujon
Morris Center.....	Staver
H. Johnston ... Side Center.....	Fisher
Lord Guard.....	Morrall
Heylman Guard.....	Bettens

The score: Burgeson 8, Johnston 15, White 20, Beaujon 8.

Fouls: Burgeson 2 out of 4, Johnston 1 out of 2, White 3 out of 6, Beaujon 0 out of 3.

Substitutes: Thall for Heylman, Heylman for Thall.
Final Score: Price 37, Shake 23.

Ten Minutes by the Clock

The play production class gave a short play, Ten Minutes by the Clock, in Chapel, Tuesday morning, April 8.

The scene was in the breakfast room of the palace. The Queen and her page were conversing. The Queen was very dissatisfied with her lot, and when she heard the alluring song of the gypsy, it made her long so very eagerly for the so-called freedom of the gypsy. At breakfast time with her husband, the King, she still further rebelled, and declared she wanted her egg boiled ten minutes by the clock. Such a thing in their well-regulated household was unheard of. Their actions were limited to the things that had been done before them for centuries. While at breakfast, she again heard the song of the gypsy, and decided she would no longer stay at the palace, so away she went out the window before any one could stop her. After the excitement of her escape had somewhat subsided, it was remembered the eggs were cooking. They had boiled ten minutes by the clock. Contrary to all previous custom the King ate them. They were so very, very delicious that he immediately proclaimed his discovery to his obliging butler, Pom Pom. At this moment the Queen reappears through the window, with the assertion that the trail of the free was too difficult for her untutored self. She was told of the wonderful discovery, and urged to eat one too. As the curtain fell, the faint song of the gypsy in the distance was heard.

The cast:

The Queen	Mary Mitchell
The King	Paul Vonada
The Butler	Jack Follmer
Ducks	Albert Hauke
Doeks	Carl Schrot
The Page	Julia Fisher
The Gypsy	Margaret Gledhill
The Maid	Emily Miller
The Cook	Carl Smoke

Are You Sure You're Lyin'?

Lost—A temper. Missed after a session with my Junior History class. Return to Mr. Sullivan.

Lost—My soprano voice. Liberal reward offered. Return to Miss Dennis-ton.

Lost—A full grown Latin pony. If found, return at once to Violet Agnew.

Lost—Thirty-five cents which my Mother sent me to get my hair cut. Marie Crain.

Lost—A pair of angels wings. Return to Marguerite Gschwendtner.

Lost—My last and dearest Beau. I am very lonesome. Large reward to finder. Margaret Ulsh.

Lost—The waves of my hair. Two cents reward offered. Ewald Erickson.

Lost—My last letter from "Gibbi." Cannot live without it. Pauline Schaffner.

Lost—My trusty shears. Return to the official barber. Thelma Krumbine.

Lost—My perfectly good powder puff. Has been used only fourteen months. Meriam Mervine.

A. W.—"Oh, look at that bird. I believe it's a bat."

J. I.—"That's all right; it's baseball season."

Our Nature Corner

REPLY TO SIM PLETON

My dear Sim:—

Your letter which was published in the Nature Corner of the Normal Times for March 2 has been brought to my attention and I am really glad that you took the time and trouble to write me. Boys like you learn by asking questions. It shows that they are thinking and that is what makes men. Just thinking, much plain thinking.

Your question: why are a rabbit's ears long and his tail so short? is not very difficult to answer; possibly several answers could be given. First, you know that a rabbit sits on its tail, and if his tail were long he could not sit on all of it, and in cold weather the rest of the tail would get cold. Now of course a rabbit cannot sit on his ears, so it makes little difference how long they are.

Then there is another reason: a boy told me the white tail of a rabbit was for the convenience of the hunter, to give him a place to aim at when he shoots; if the tail were large he really would not know where to aim. On the other hand, if the hunter aims at the ears it is probably not so dangerous for the rabbit to have the bullet go near the tips when they are long as it would if they were short like those of the squirrel. Besides it would be unpleasant, and it might frighten the rabbit.

Then there is still another reason: the head of a rabbit is so small compared with the posterior end that if he did not have large ears he would get light headed, which might be unpleasant.

There are many other reasons that might be given but I must hasten to your next question. Why does a rabbit wiggle its nose? This is probably nervous trouble due possibly to an improper functioning of the Pons Varolii, or possibly it may be due to an improper stimulus of the cerebral synapses, where they are in close proximity with the dendrites. This cannot be made clear to you without a semidia-grammatic longitudinal section of the entire nervous system. But you can probably now see the reason for your Mother saying that you would go crazy by showing the same symptoms as the rabbit.

Your last question as to why a rabbit's Mother washes only its face, can be answered by saying that its long ears keep its neck from getting dirty. Probably a better answer would be that the rabbit does not wear low necked clothing. I think however, that this question would better be referred to Mr. Sullivan in Sociology.

Very truly yours,

Nature Study Department.

P. S.—May I suggest that your orthography is slightly incorrect. If you will make application to the Kindergarten department they can probably help you. Possibly you can come to C. S. N. S. and take a course in English Fundamentals.

Helen B. (colliding with Mrs. Cresswell)—“Top of the morning to you, madam.”

Mrs. Cresswell—“If you had caused me to upset, you wouldn't be wishing me to be on top.”

Prices Cut in Book Room

The School is full of amateur economists who claim that prices are going to return to pre-war levels. That they are right in their assumption has been proven by the Book Room this week.

Beginning with some of the members of the faculty, they have made extraordinary attempts to reduce. Eggs reduced from thirty-five cents to thirty-four and three-quarter cents, and drawing paper one sheet for one cent or two for one and three-quarters cent. A rise of twelve degrees in temperature was attended by a brisk revival in fur trading, but still the management stoically held to its new prices. Lime remains slack, batter continues strong, cucumbers firm, and custard pie unsteady.

For a while during the afternoon of the price-reduction turn, when with a break in storage eggs expected any minute, Jake Ward created a sensation by announcing a corner on golf balls. Woody claimed that this was impossible. Bulls and bears alike were in a frenzy. The situation bid fair to a riot when Babe Smoke knocked a home run, which had a favorable effect and restored confidence. Sixty dollar suits are now quoted at \$59.99, and electric fans reduced to thirty cents.

It has been noticed by some that there are a great many calls for those things which cannot be obtained. Among these are tobacco, chewing gum, snuff, playing cards, plow points, gasoline, oil, hay, straw, and face powder. It would certainly be advisable for the management to put these things in stock. Now since these radical changes have been made, you should inclose your check with your own ink, and not use that in the book room, for Mr. Ritter is apt to put a war tax on each bottle. It is the duty of every student to patronize the Book Room.

Ain't Nature Grand?

With all the pleads and pleases from the girls, Miss Denniston sent the 4:20 gym class back to the dorm to prepare their feet for a hike instead of the regular, “Right, face, forward march!” which is generally heard at that time of day. There was a wild hurrah from the girls, and soon there appeared boots and galoshes instead of sneakers.

After roll had been taken, they left the gym and started up the glen as far as the cottage. When they arrived at the flat upon the hill, poor Meriam was nearly swamped for she had no boots on. Up by the cottage the hikers left the road and began their climb up over the mountains. They found it quite slippery because the leaves are still very wet. Winnie thought she could lead all the rest in gym exhibitions, so she tried to skin the cat over a fallen tree which was across the path. But—what she really did was to extend feet in the air and to hug the ground.

On coming down the mountain everything seemed to be going O. K. until Gladys decided to slide instead of walk. Some girls found a few teaberries and arbutus buds which they gathered with the joy of small children. At the end of our journey all were rather tired, but hikes sure do beat work on the gym floor. More hikes for everybody!

To the Teacher of Youth

If a man finds pleasure in digging for fossils so that he may interpret the great story of prehistoric life; if a Thoreau by Walden Pond is delighted with the studies of bugs and beetles; if a John Burroughs, on his little patch of ground in the valley of the Mohawk, glories in his life among the birds and bees; if a Luther Burbank is pleased with his work of transforming a desert cactus into an edible fruit, or to produce a sweeter rose or fairer lily; if these and others, whose names are too numerous to mention, take great pleasure in their work, then by what term can we describe the joy which should be the teacher's. In her care are the most beautiful and the most wonderful of God's creations, the little child. You have assembled here to receive advanced instruction in order to go out and teach this most plastic being. Remember that you have chosen a vital problem. See that you put yourself into your work, and remember you will receive in return as much as you put forth.

Junior Class Meeting

There was a meeting of the Junior class on Wednesday evening, April 30, to make some arrangements for the Prom. Chairmen for the different committees were elected and were given the privilege of choosing their own helpers. It was decided that the dance should be formal in every thing except dress. The chairmen elected were:

General Chairman....Josephine Beaujon
Floor Committee.....Jesse Ward
Decorating Committee..Dorothy Savage
Orchestra Committee

Gertrude McDermott
Amusement Committee....John Follmer
Refreshment Committee

Grace McKinney
Program Committee.....Grace Startzel

With this able committee the Juniors are very likely to have a splendid success with their dance.

Sixth Grade Health Song

This is another instance which shows that health teaching at C. S. N. S. is no longer confined to the health class alone. The Chapel program on Friday, April 4, was in charge of Helen Baird who led her sixth grade music class in a number of health songs.

The songs, which were sung to familiar tunes, were:
Serub... (tune) Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
The Six Best Doctors
(tune) Yankee Doodle
Tooth Brush Song
(tune) Yankee Doodle
Health Song... (tune) Row, Row, Row
Long, Long Ago

Powder Puff Beauty Parlor

NEW FALLON HOTEL

BELL PHONE 604-J

Open evenings by appointment

Short Story Scribbles

Mr. Trembath, instructor in High Explosives and Diabolical Diatetics, almost put the finishin' touches on the Juniors the other day—the straw that broke the kangaroo's back, if you wanta express it classically. He says them Juniors must write some short stories henceforth. We therefore rush (about two weeks too late) to give the poor victims a few instructions in the science.

First of all, short story writing may be likened unto a box of face powder much in, little and light. But you gotta watch your step, for some of your unfortunate readers may be brunettes and demand something darker. Howsoever, follow in the footsteps of the masters. Par example:

“The lizard turns ashen in color and rolls over on its side to watch with dumb eyes the magnificent beauty that stalks uncontrolled over hill and mud-hole.”

Whata picture. Can anything that you can magazine be any more re-elastic and yet more touchingly ideal? Watch now how the author seems to wrap you up in the very atmosphere of the place. Strive to get his method of obtaining local color.

“Then, behold! All rapturous glory melts into the night. Comes the beat of hoofs—steadily, wearily through the shieky desert air * * * * The lizard creeps into his bungalow and watches the bold moon rise in defiance to the sun. Adolph, the wicked, approaches in scarlet knickers, and the sands tremble beneath him. Grasping his silver thermos bottle by the hilt, he sits down to await the dawn. At last the break of day, coming with it perhaps the success of our hero's project. For a moment the sun is in his eyes, and then in a sickening flash, he realizes that he cannot read his book today for he left his spectacles at home in his sewing-basket.”

This notice was seen hereabouts: “There will be a short girls' meeting this evening.” The tall ones were disappointed.

Tennis Weather

These invigorating Spring days beg to be spent on the court. Complete your equipment with one of our fine racquets at \$2.50 up. We have balls, shoes, and all necessities for Tennis and other Spring Sports—all fine quality and reasonable in price.

**Stevenson's Sporting
Goods Store**
E. Main St.

Members of
Federal Reserve

Lock Haven Trust Co.

Largest and
Finest Bank
in Clinton
County

Production Class Presents Play

(Continued from page 1)

Immediately he awakened to the realization that he could under no circumstances do without the help of the daughter. Grandmother returned in time to suggest that father hire the girl instead of having her go to a stranger's home. She suggested that he pay her money enough to buy suitable clothes and the hat she desired. He agreed to do this, for he knew that a hired man would ask more and would do less than his daughter had been doing right along. Needless to say that the daughter received her new hat and was very well pleased. The cast was:

Grandmother Esther Wardrop
Mother Edith Morrall
Father Helen Buffington
Daughter Gladys Mooney

**SAVE TIME—SAVE STEPS—
SAVE MONEY**

Go to

The Griffith Store

5—10—25 and Variety

- Stationery
- School Supplies
- Toys and Games
- Party Favors
- Candy
- Notions
- Hosiery
- Millinery

Reminiscences of Spring

In the spring, a young girl's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes;
Sheer and dainty underthings,
And lots of silken hose.
Cloaks and gowns and chic spring hats
To shame a French modiste,
Jewelry and rare perfume—
These are not the least.

In the spring, a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of girls;
Slim and dainty, fair and painty,
Starry eyes and curls.
When the moonlight works its wonders
Hitting hard romantic hearts—
When the evening casts its shadows
That's when Cupid shoots his darts.

Once On a Cold Morning

(Continued from page 1)

stranger in our group, for some mysterious character was standing with its hands over the radiator at the far end of the hall. It wore an ear-lapped cap, heavy galoshes, and two overcoats. It issued no sounds. Veronica Cuneo investigated and who should it be but Mr. Ulmer!

We had planned to start at 5:30 but Carolyn Wein lost her voice and it took her fifteen minutes to find it. Reaching the summit of Susquehanna Avenue, we heard a faint voice of some one calling in the wilderness, or rather back of us. We could see nothing until Helen Mizener was on the job with her field glasses. After scrutinizing the horizon carefully, she said Ina Kilmer was sliding back down the avenue. The hill was slippery, and we suggested that some one lend Ina a helping hand. The lot fell to Faye Lord, and our journey continued.

We stopped to rest, and Peg entertained us by imitating a Lilly Lieu Bird. Ella Forcey accompanied her with a shoe horn (taking charge of the foot notes). By the way, they say Ella holds an important position in the recently organized rubber band. It surely was a difficult task to get Peg started again. She insisted on building a snow man and as her powers of persuasion are fully developed, we complied with her request to bring snow while she performed a work of art.

The next sight of interest on our trip was an old barn filled with timothy hay and clover. Mr. Ulmer thought that it would be wise to gather some hay seeds for bacteria culture, which we did. Ella insisted on carrying it, for she says she is always happy near "Timothy."

Our trip home was less exciting. Peg gathered several snowballs for souvenirs, but was disappointed to find that the snow on the campus was of the same quality. At the top of Susquehanna Avenue, we found two bob sleds awaiting us, and this enjoyable state of affairs was due to our president, Veronica. At breakfast, they say that Ina Kilmer ate four heaping dishes of rolled oats, and was still hungry. The toast ran out, and Miss Love was notified of the situation. She referred to her files and found that seven pieces were still in stock, dated Sept. 23, 1922. Miss Love said that she preferred us to take hikes during vacation, but we are sorry we cannot comply with her request.

EXCHANGE

The Senior class at Teachers' College, Cleveland, Ohio, has decided to celebrate Senior Day by taking a boat ride. They are planning to take their families with them.

The Senior class of Kearney College is taking rapid steps toward the clearing of the names of their classmates who have been charged with being leaders of the Red House Klan. If the name of the class is not cleared at the trial, which is to be held May 10, graduating exercises will probably be held up.

Whittier College has just had a new men's dormitory donated to them by Mr. and Mrs. Wardman, of Whittier. Whittier has been for some time in need of a new dormitory and the gift is very much appreciated by the students.

It is expected that a large number of the summer school students at Spearfish will make a trip to Yellowstone Park this summer.

The Senior class at Cape Girardian, Missouri, has chosen Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" for the annual senior play this year.

The entire student body at Cape Girardian was dismissed from classes recently to attend the christening of the new steamer, Cape Girardian, belonging to the Eagle Packet Company. More than 5,000 persons were gathered on the levee to welcome the steamer.

Lila Robeson, former singer in the Metropolitan Opera Company, will give a concert at Teachers' College, Cleveland. Miss Robeson is the greatest artist that Cleveland ever produced.

Mrs. Harriet Ballard, teacher of Hygiene at Cleveland, informs us through the Junior College Journal that school teachers who remain unmarried do so not from lack of proposals but because of their high ideals of the sort of man they wish to marry. That at least is a consolation.

The newspaper men and women of Western Kansas met at State College, Saturday, for the annual meeting of the Golden Belt Editorial Association.

A Student Relief Fund has been planned at Kansas State Teachers' College by which contributions can be made in the form of worn clothing. By this fund, which last year amounted to \$150, many needy students in Europe are helped.

The list of honor students, at the East Central State Teachers' College, Oklahoma, is steadily growing. More than one hundred were on the list last term. If the increase continues, this institution will soon rank with the very highest in the land.

*During These Warm Days
Visit*

The Sugar Bowl

DAINTY SERVICE
DELICIOUS CANDIES
DELIGHTFUL SUNDAES

The Glee Club of Geneva College just returned recently from a western tour. Concerts were given at various points along the route as far west as Chicago.

The Senior class of Geneva College has erected a tablet to the memory of the late Prof. H. H. Wylie. Besides serving Geneva College, Prof. Wylie served as captain of the Educational Corps in the World War.

Ernest Davies, noted tenor of the Boston Opera Company, gave a concert recently at Kansas State Teachers' College.

Side-Lights on the G. G. C.

Say, brothah, theah sho' was a wicked lot of noise around hyah about eight o'clock on Friday Mo'ning. The gals had been fussin' up ever since five o'clock, an' they all sho' did look sweet when they sta'ted on that Glee Club trip—with theah hyar all primped up and drolled in those middy blouses.

I heered a lot of scandal 'bout that trip, too. When they got to Je'sey Sho' theah drivah was pinched! Mistah Drum was along, too. That sho' was a good one. In Williamsport they ran into a den of Lions, but they cha'med them with theah singin' and they all came out alive. The Lion's "roar" however 'h nearly raised the roof off the Lycopodium.

They sho'llly did enjoy themselves those little gals. If they all don't root foah and boost the Central State No'mal School, they a're sho' po' spo'ts. They all agreed that they were treated royally.

The Mystic Three

There are three words, the sweetest words,

In all the human speech,
More sweet than all the song of birds,
Or pages, poets preach.

This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad and dreary thing,
Three words and trouble disappears,
And birds begin to sing;
These words, and all the roses bloom
The sun begins to shine;
These words will scatter all the gloom
And water turn to wine.
Three words which cheer the saddest days;

"I love you?"—wrong, by heck!
It's another sweeter phrase,
"Enclosed—find—check."

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Book Reviews

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Cook's Surprise.....Margery Clark

If you liked the old nursery rhyme, "This Is the House That Jack Built," you will be sure to think highly of this little book, "The Cook's Surprise," which is just the book for a little boy or girl of about four or five. All it's about is the most greedy little girl named Jane Small. There are the most fascinating pictures of bowls, spoons, and cook-books, for you see the very secret of the whole story is "Jane Small ate it all." It is very well recommended for both the home and the kindergarten.

Honey Bear.....Willson

This book was written for children from eight to ten, but can easily be read to five or eight year old folks. In this story there is a big black bear who lives in a hollow tree, and who has the most wonderful adventures. The pictures are especially attractive, and offer much entertainment to the little readers.

Kidnapped.....Robert L. Stevenson

In "Kidnapped," Robert Louis Stevenson gives a very good idea of the life and customs of the Highlanders in Scotland. The story concerns a young lad, David Balfour, who is kidnapped and cast away in a desolate part of Northern Scotland because of an eccentric uncle's orders. While here he met Allan, an accused but not convicted murderer. Their experiences make up the main part of the story. The story is again taken up in another book, David Balfour. Both of these books are full of excitement, and make good reading for boys especially.

Jo Ellen.....Alexander Black

Alexander Black has made the character of Jo Ellen stand out as a distinctive one in modern literature. This story of an ambitious girl and her struggle with poverty is brilliantly told. Jo Ellen, surrounded by all that family love and family goodwill can give, goes out into the world—or into New York, which is much the same thing—seeking liberty and happiness for the satisfaction of a restless spirit. There is something heroic about Jo Ellen. She is one of the few heroines of modern fiction who doesn't go down in the battle of life. She is original, distinctive, and yet grippingly real. There is very little sentiment about her. She looks out at the world with clean, challenging eyes; and the tragedy of her marriage, the intensity of her love for her husband's cousin, the courage of her own ideals and ambitions, combine to strengthen and mature her instead of wiping out the chal-

lenge. This is a powerful portrayal, and is decidedly worth reading.

Butterfly.....Kathleen Norris

"Butterfly" is the old story of the love of two sisters for each other. Hilary Collier is left at an early age to carry on the great purpose of her parents, which is to give to the world the finished violinist which Dora, the little sister, shows such rare promise of becoming. Dora, "Butterfly," is a sweet person, but sometimes thoughtless, with an inborn genius beyond her own understanding. It is without conscious cruelty that she adds to the difficulty of her sister's task by restless impatience with her lot. Hilary's devotion and service are beautiful, without that obnoxious servility often ascribed to unselfishness. In herself she contains the dignity and poise of character necessary to the artistic achievement she desires for her sister. When she is called upon to sacrifice her own small dream of happiness, she does so without flinching. It is all for Butterfly, of course, but she fails to profit by it and presently demands another sacrifice, which Hilary refuses to make, thus assuring her own happiness and that of her little sister, at last. This story, which preaches a great sermon in so simple a manner, makes a very direct and profound appeal to the heart.

Pleasant Prospect for Summer Sessionites

We understand the Summer course is to have "eleven unique features." We reprint them with the pleasure of good news bearers for the benefit of nobody:

1. Grass, flowers, and bugs on the campus.
2. Natural heating and shower system.
3. Accessibility to eat-houses and ten-cent stores.
4. Ladies' barber shops.
5. A recently arrived carload of fresh unadulterated fives.
6. A course in Home Debating and Scrapology.
7. New numbers for the class room doors.
8. Barnum and Bailey chapel performances.
9. Nut Specialty Company located in the day room.
10. Aquarium and zoo located in the dorm.
11. Nine weeks of work, pretzels and noise.

Hasty Pudding

Mr. Sullivan's class-room is not an art room as you might suppose when you pass the door and see the numerous decorative features. 'Tis only this, the Juniors have been making projects for history. Some were made by paper cutting, some with clay, and some by posters. The object of this work is to show how plain and clear this subject can be made to pupils.

The Y. M. held its regular monthly business meeting on Wednesday evening, April 2. The new officers who had been elected the month before were installed. The new president, Jack Follmer, then took charge, and the usual program was given. The other two men who were put into office were Tim Ferguson, vice president, and Jake Ward, secretary-treasurer. There was an unusual amount of co-operative spirit shown among the members. Under Follmer's leadership, the coming year should be a successful one, not only for the organization but for the individual members.

The excitement caused by the Bald Eagle Creek's overflowing its banks was felt even at C. S. N. S. A special hike was arranged for those students who desired to go to Flemington to see the flood. About fifteen girls started from Normal at four ten with Jo Beaujon as leader. When they got to Flemington, the water was rapidly receding, but the road between Mill Hall and the Creek was still partly covered. The girls returned to the school at 6:15. The pedometer showed that they had hiked seven miles. No one was more surprised than the girls from Lock Haven and Flemington who thought it was only a mile and a half!

Mr. Ulmer Speaks in Vespers

Mr. Ulmer gave a talk in vespers on Lent observance. Lent means self-sacrifice, or paying the price. It means giving up the trivial things for those which are more worth while to us. Each day we give up many pleasures for the purpose of accomplishing some desired end.

Friends are one of the most precious possessions we have in this world. In order to have friends it is also necessary for us to give up some of our pleasures. We should think not only of our own happiness, but also of the happiness of others, and in this way we will get joy from their contentment.

Them Meet!

Will we be glad when the "Meet" is over? "O no, John, no John, no!"

Some of the remarks one hears about the dorm—and elsewhere:—

"Will you go down to my mail box for me? I'm so stiff I creak."

"Go yourself, you old stiff. You can't be as sore as I am."

"Let's go to the Arbor for breakfast. I couldn't get up this morning."

"You ask me to walk up and down all those steps for a mere breakfast? I always thought you had such a sympathetic nature."

"Would that I could sit and sit, or stand and stand, but not sit and then stand."

"Have pity on my bones in agony."

This from the athletically inclined—
"I don't understand why you girls are all so stiff. Why, I haven't felt it a bit. I walked twenty-one and a half miles and played three sets of tennis today, besides."

"O, would I a bird were."

Now What?

On Saturday Night,
We were all dolled up and—

Went to the gym

To see what?—

Price-Shake games.

Then we were goin' to get

A grand surprise.

—Well.

We saw the "Sheiks"

Drag in all kinds

Of instruments.

They were mostly unstrung,

But badly worn;

And we all stood aside

And watched——

Then what do you think?

They all got prepared

To operate each

And every thing.

Well, they knock these

Things together, and

Everybody began to strut

Yes, it was the

Boys' Orchestra at C. S. N. S.

—Now what?

Diverted Sentences

Mr. McDougall (giving special topics in Psychology class)—"But all this is not accomplished without"—Gschwentner.

"Few things, in fact, illustrate more clearly the growth of"—Vonada.

"The simplest explanation of play seems to be this"—Herr, Weakland.

"Another factor in determining"—Heylman and Westley.

Ione—"You think you are a flourish, don't you?"

Vi—"No, my dear, I consider myself a compound curve."

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Observation Tower

The co-ends of the east dorm gave a concert on Sunday evening. Miraculous as it may seem, we are all still living.

'S funny how easily those who can't get up at six to study rise with alacrity for tennis. Oh, well, love affairs always were strong attractions.

Lydia Gross, smelling gasoline—"Just listen to that smell."

We bet Alta wishes that they would not have refloored the dining room. It never was the custom to say grace on our knees, so she seems to argue.

Mr. Mac, reading test instructions—"Do you see a mouse? Look at me."

Alice W.—"Something tastes like varnish."

Jean I.—"Maybe it's the enamel off your teeth."

E. W.—"I took a shave yesterday."

P. S.—"Whose did you take?"

Say, did any one miss hearing Nellie sing, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be that Johnnie's so long in the face?"

Mary Bair—"Oh, Peg, there he was carrying his old brain around with him!"

H'm, that's funny; most people don't.

Miss Denniston—"Face your front."

Now, how in the world—? Oh, well, she's not the only one demanding rash things.

Imagine our surprise on returning from vacation to find the dining room so transformed that even Tremmy took it for a skating rink.

Mr. Ulmer (in Biology class)—"Miss Gregory, how does a frog breathe in the water?"

Helen—"Well, from what I've read, he takes in enough air in the summer to last him during the winter."

Mr. Ulmer—"Hm! Must have balloon tires."

Shoes and Hosiery

KAMP'S

The Best is Always the Cheapest

Seniors—

You write your letter of application on excellent letter paper, unlined, and in your best writing, because it represents YOU

Your Photograph Speaks for You

The better the Photograph, the better the messenger you will send to school superintendents

Brion's
New Studio
21 S. Fairview St.

Pauline (telling a dream)—"I saw a man, and then I opened my eyes."

Lucy—"Yes, it was a man who opened my eyes, too."

HEARD AFTER VACATION

"My dear, what a stunning outfit and you look perfectly wonderful in it." Oh thanks, I'd just love to wear it some time and I'll take perfectly good care of it."

"Oh, Joe, you got your hair shingled, didn't you? It's absolutely adorable."

"Didn't I always tell you, Nellie Moore, that you would look well with your hair cut? What did the family say?"

"G'wan, please let me shingle your hair. I just love to cut somebody's hair and I'm sure I could do it all right. Besides you would look fine with yours shingled."

Hey, Kids, come down quickly! Hurry! As one walked quietly (?) down the hall, a crowd of admirers have gathered about a certain door, so large indeed that it is impassible for a thin girl. The observer need not stop to inquire, but sees in the doorway Thelma busily clip-clip, clipping away. A number of towels hide the mirror's silvery face. After inquiry, one learns that the mirror has been concealed in order that the victim of Thelma's clippers will not be able to look at her countenance until the operation is completed. Alas! the noble work is done, hair curled and all. Then the victim looks in the glass and yells loudly, "Kids, how do I look? Tell me quickly."

The optimists say, "Dearie, you look charming. Why didn't you have it done before?"

THE JUNIOR PROM

Before

Scrub, scrub, scrub, and dig,
Which dress? How in thunder!
Hole in sock—holy gee!
'Fraid of social blunder.

After

Lovely time—nice chap,
Dark hair, eyes bright.
Golly, gosh—um, um!
Oh, hum! G'night.

PRAYERS?????

Now I lay me down to sleep,
A stack of papers at my feet.
If I should die and forget to dip,
'Twas all because of Penmanship.

Oh, Father, while we kneel and pray
On every blessed night and day,
We ask if you could kindly ban
Those everlasting lesson plans.

Is It So or Otherwise That:

1. Iva Livingston came to school a day too soon after Easter vacation? (So)

2. Lydia Gross fell and broke some boards in the dayroom floor? (So twice—once for the boards and once for Lydia).

3. Follmer caught five twenty-five inch trout? (Otherwise, but not a lie—just a line).

4. Some people around here are ready to make good in the roofing business, judging from the amount of shingles they have accumulated? (Emphatically so).

Twila (going home)—"We're going through the tunnel."

Erickson (disgustedly)—"Yes, but the lights are on."

At Millersville Normal the girls and boys are allowed to walk together on the campus.

E. Erickson—"May I serve any of you girls?"

Girls—"No."

Evald—"Then I will eat myself."

Yea! Baseball!

Just because it is unusual to give the line-up of a game at the beginning, is why we must do so in order to adequately describe this most unusual one. Those who participated were: Ruth Gibson, Jo Beaujon, Tat DeWalt, Evelyn Ross, and Nellie Moore. (It is not necessary to give their respective positions because this was an unusual game). With a great shout from the bystanders, the great strong arms performed a battle of dexterous throws and swings. And—let me tell you—that was a clean game; they used a cake of Palm-olive soap for the ball. It was necessary to explain that fact, because many thought it was unusually hard when the ball (versus soap) hit the gloveless hands. However, what cared they for such trifles, when they were out to "Keep that School-girl complexion?"

There's only one more thing to tell. That is—the game ended. Did any one wish to know the date? It was April 27, 1924, but an unusual game needs no date, and we would not mention the fact if it were not for press criticism.

May Book Review

My Fair Lady.....Dorothy Lynds
Uneanny Stories.....John Follmer
Children of the Age...Ed Tyson and Ruth
The Boy With Wings

Elbridge Woodward

Beauty.....Helen Gregory
Innocent.....Nellie Moore (?)
The Heights.....A-1 at report time
The Garden of Peril.....Girls' Glen
The Man of the Forest.....Carl Hayes
Jude, the Obscure.....Judy Fisher
Age of Innocence.....Albert Hauke
Pride and Prejudice.....Mary Mayes
The Open Road.....After June
Rough Hewn.....Jake Ward
The Flaming Jewel.....Hazel Barrett
A Lady of Quality....Helen Blackburn
Man Size.....Victor Haney
The Tryst.....The Library
Valley of Silent Men.....The Library
Pollyanna.....Pauline Schaffner
Empty Pockets..Always, after vacation
In Another Girl's Shoes..Ask East Dorm
The Judgment House...The Book Room
The Beloved Bachelor.....Tremmy
Real Life.....During Easter Vacation
Silk.....Elverda Richardson

Senior—"Who stand highest in your class?"

Junior—"Brown Bessert."

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Alpha Sigma Tau Banquet

The Alpha Sigma Tau held its third annual banquet, Saturday evening, April 5. The banquet was served in the large dining room of the New Fallon House.

The table was beautifully decorated in ferns and yellow roses, the sorority flowers, to carry out the colors of the organization. The programs which were in the shape of a pin, were tinted with emerald and gold. The place cards were the same as the programs, having the names written in gold. The favors were tiny corsages, made of tiny gum drops and lace mats.

The menu was as follows: cream of tomato au crouton, celery hearts, queen olives, roast native chicken, celery filling, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, browned sweet potatoes, French peas, Alpha Sigma Tau fruit salad a la Fallon, brick ice cream, assorted cakes, salted almonds, mints and coffee.

The program of the evening was:
 Toastmistress.....Gertrude Harper
 Welcome.....Isabel Watson
 Vocal Solo.....Jean Ingham
 Senior Member.....Anna Mae Landis
 Junior Member.....Edna Fitzsimmons
 Piano Solo.....Margaret Farwell
 Charter Member.....Grace Brooks
 Alumnae.....Margaret Miller
 Faculty.....Geraldine Lockhart
 Alpha Sigma Tau Song....Zeta Chapter

Those who were present were: Patronesses, Miss Geraldine Lockhart, Mrs. Roy S. McDougall; Faculty Member, Miss Jessie Scott Himes; Alumnae Members, Mrs. Ivan Mechtly, Mrs. Guy Cummings, Florence Strayer, Alma Miller, Edith Paul, Gertrude Harper, Grace Brooks, Margaret Marsh, Betty Bowser, Mary Mowrer, Margaret Farwell, Jean Patterson, Margaret Miller, and Gwendolyn Glise, and the Junior and Senior active members.

Miss Raffle—"None of you girls know how to make Ps."

You're wrong there, dear teacher, for we can surely use our optics wicked.

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Robbers Loot Normal

The Normal was robbed last Sunday morning, robbed of all its worn out pianos, and the precious hunks of marble from the third floor in the music studio. Three pianos, or the parts that make the inside of these grand old relics, were discovered missing after much investigation by Mrs. Cresswell. It was finally discovered that Belvie and Mr. Walk had forgotten to lock the door, Saturday evening. However, they are not to be held responsible for their lack of duty performance. They had attended the program of the Glee Club that morning, and were found in the balcony still unconscious, Monday noon. No trace has been found of any of the missing articles though every second-hand store has been visited. It is expected that all will be found as soon as the students can investigate the Bank's Junk Yard at Mill Hall.

Economic Class Endures Orator

On the morning of Monday, April 26, Mike Smoke, lightweight orator, debator, and extemporator of C. S. N. S. opened and closed his mouth in Economics class. Words of unwanted wisdom slipped from his tongue and fell heedlessly upon the inattentive ears of enraptured listeners for he spoke on the subject, "A swelled head only occupies a small space." Our famous Mike unflinchingly applied the question. Quotations from noted scientists and mathematicians of the day were fluently and appropriately applied by this blooming young orator.

This speech was broadcasted from C. S. N. S. broadcasting station, B. V. D. eastern standard time, 9:20. Cablegrams and telephone calls of congratulations and sympathy interrupted the continuous flow of eloquent thoughts which issued forth from the very sole of this Polyhymnium devotee.

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