

# CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pa.

VOL. 2

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No. 8

## RECORD ATTENDANCE AT ANNUAL PROMENADE

### Old-Fashioned Garden is Scene of Gaiety; Festivities Continue Thru Weekend

It's all over! The Prom is now past tense. The only thing left for the present—and possibly future—is the memory of it all. How short those hours seemed after the days of anticipation. But what a week-end it was—just full of fun and pleasure.

A garden on a summer eve replaced the familiar dining room. Blue sky and silver stars, pergola, lattice covered with hollyhocks and wisteria; two hundred couples dancing there. The Green Parlors were decorated in the same manner. The Sun parlors made a cozy nook—and the lobby was barely recognizable in its array of ferns and flowers.

The Vagabond Collegians provided extremely modern and captivating melodies and tunes—Jazz? Yes, and such Jazz!

The evening began in the right manner, after the receiving line had been passed, by a figure march led by Miss Roberta Shafer and Miss Lillian Allis and escorts. Dancing began at ten o'clock and lasted until two. Refreshments were served at twelve.

The tea dansant on the following afternoon was just as big a success, in a smaller way, as the Prom. The Vagabond Collegians played for that also. It began at three o'clock and lasted until six. Tea and cakes were served.

A buffet supper was served at six for all those desiring to stay. After this some went in groups to the movies in Jenkintown and Glenside.

Several of the escorts were guests of the students at dinner on Sunday. Quite a week-end.

## BECLIX PRESENTS TWO PLAYS

The Beclex Club of Beaver College presented two one-act plays directed by Gladys Evans, on Wednesday evening, February 5, in the college auditorium. The first, "The Maker of Dreams," was a fantasy of perfect love. The second, "The Pot-Boiler" was a satire in which the main character, an author, shows a novel rehearsal of his play.

Both plays were cleverly acted by members of the expression department: Katharine Weaver, Laura Weiner and Edith Carson, cast of the first; Margaret Moore, Charlotte Boucher, Betty Davenport, Charlotte Wiggin, Gladis Walgren, and Ruth Mattis took part in the second.

**BEAT**  
**Newark Normal**

## MAROON AND GRAY WINS AND LOSES; NEWARK NEXT

The Beaver College basketball team added its third consecutive victory when it defeated Ursinus College on the Collegeville floor on Thursday, February 3.

"Bert" Shafer began the scoring of the game in the early part of the first quarter. The Ursinus team soon got into action and with some pretty passing, caged enough goals to tie the Beaver score. During the second quarter, Ursinus temporarily gained the lead by a 10-9 score, through a personal foul on one of the Ursinus guards, but lost it when two fouls caged for Beaver by Margaret Dunn, finished the first half with a score of 11-10 in favor of Beaver.

The third quarter was very slow, and scoring was low. But in the last quarter both teams woke up and played some snappy basketball, Ursinus giving Beaver a run for points, but excellent work by the Beaver forwards soon put Ursinus out of the running and the game finished with Beaver triumphant, with a 22 to 13 score in her favor.

### BEAVER

Shafer	F.	Aldferer
Dunn	F.	Seitz
Cooke	C.	Lake
Rose	S. C.	Waltman
Ried	G.	Johnson
Wuchter	G.	Cornwell

### URSINUS

Referee—Mrs. Mentzer of Pottstown.

Beaver varsity fought hard but unsuccessfully in the fifth scheduled game of the season when they played Cedar Crest at Allentown, on February 9. The final score was 14-11, in favor of Cedar Crest.

The game, starting with Beaver on the defensive, continued so until the end of the first half, when the score was 5-10, Cedar Crest in the lead.

The Beaver defensive in the first half was splendid. The whole team pepped into swift and offensive action at the beginning of the first half. Beaver however failed to lead in the scoring throughout the game.

The lineup was:

### BEAVER

Dunn	F.	Hartman
Everhart	F.	Donin
Cooke	C.	Myers
Cross	S. C.	Cramer
Wuchter	G.	Trull
Reid	G.	Twigger

Referee: Marion Fenner, Allentown.

### Y. W. C. A. LEADER SPEAKS

Miss Edith Osborne, student secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at the University of Pennsylvania, gave an extremely interesting talk on "International Affairs" February 3. Her statement that England had declared war on China caused great excitement, even though later proved erroneous.

Miss Osborne sustained the reputation for charming speakers which the Y. M. C. A. has held at Beaver, and certainly the crowd around her in the lobby indicated an awakened interest in the subject of her talk.

## BETHANY CHOIR GIVES CONCERT AT BEAVER

Seventy-five members of the choir of the Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, under the direction of Charles H. Martin, of the Beaver College Music Department, assisted by Carrie Livingston, organist and accompanist, gave a concert in the Beaver College Auditorium Monday evening, January 31.

Added attractions of the interesting program were readings by Gertrude Cleveland Harring, and a short address by Rev. Walter B. Greenway, D. D., of the Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church. Louis Schenk, baritone, formerly of the Chicago Opera Company, sang two numbers and responded to an encore.

The concert was attended by a large appreciative audience. Following the concert an informal dance was held in the college gymnasium, to which all members of the Glee Club were invited. The program was as follows:

William Tell Overture ..... Rossini  
Organ and Piano (four hands)  
Edna May Allen ..... Adelaide Weller  
Mary Frances Hedrick  
Beaver College

Land of Hope and Glory ..... Elgar  
The Choir

Address  
Rev. Walter B. Greenway, D. D.  
(a) Valorous Knight (Lohengrin)  
Wagner

(b) Lolita ..... Buzzi-Peccia  
The Choir

Reading ..... Selected  
Gertrude Cleveland Harring

(a) Darkey Lullaby (Humoreske)  
Dvorak

(b) The Miller's Wooing ..... Faning  
The Choir

Reading ..... Selected  
Gertrude Cleveland Harding

(a) Moonlit Meadows ..... Czibulka  
(b) Greeting to Spring (Blue Danube)  
Strauss

The Choir

Mrs. Walter B. Greenway and Mrs. Jane Thomas were the accompanists for the choir.

An afternoon practice recital by members of the Beaver College Music Department was held in the auditorium, Thursday afternoon, February 9.

Mrs. Shannon C. Wallace, accompanied by Miss Edna Allen, of Beaver College entertained at the meeting of the Woman's Club of Glenside on Thursday afternoon, February 3.

A students' public recital will be given in the Beaver College auditorium Wednesday afternoon, February 16. The program announces piano, violin, vocal and organ selections, a two-piano ensemble and a piano and organ duet.

An operatic recital in costume will be given by the students of the music department under Bernice Keach Ripley in the Beaver Auditorium, Thursday evening, February 24. The program has not yet been arranged.

The Glee Club will broadcast from Gimbel's store Tuesday evening, March 22, under the direction of Charles H. Martin, of the music faculty.

Matilda Soper Fowles, of the music faculty, it is reported, is planning a piano recital for a future date.

## JESSICA LINK, DIVER, FEATURES SWIM MEET

### Polly Hughes First in Free Style Event; N. Y. U. Team Includes Champions

Beaver College wrestled two first places from the crack New York swimming team Friday at a meet held in the Abington Y. M. C. A. The invaders' team, which included Ethel McGary and Esther Foley, national champions, outswam the Beaver girls 35 to 18.

The head of the Red Cross Life-saving committee once remarked that women by their natural grace made better fancy divers than men. The truth of at least part of this statement was well illustrated by the diving of Miss Jessica Link, of Beaver College, and Miss Esther Foley, of New York University.

The 80-yard relay won in short order by the N. Y. U. Miss Foley, who is an excellent speed swimmer as well as national diving champion, and Miss Ethel McGary, holds several speed records, captured the 40-yard breaststroke and the 40-yard freestyle events, respectively, for their alma mater in a twinkling before the numerous spectators who lined the sides of the pool had been able to shake the drops of water from their eyes.

Beaver College makes no boast of competing with speed champions, but it does pride itself on its well co-ordinated, agile divers. Betty Matthews, sophomore, who held Beaver diving honors last year without any close competition stepped aside for Jessica Link, enrolled as a freshman from York High School.

While the judges conferred on the order of the diving and scoring, Miss Matthews, Miss Nessa Orlinger, of N. Y. U.; Miss Link and Miss Foley bewildered their admiring supporters with an amazing series of intricate trial dives. The judges announced the order and they followed one after another with poise and grace that was rewarded with thundering applause when they left the board cleanly and cut the water with barely a ripple. The front, back and front jack, the required

(Continued on Page Seven)

## College Calendar

Feb. 16—Student Recital.

Feb. 18—Basketball, Beaver vs. Newark Normal, at Beaver.

Feb. 18—Faculty Bridge at home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace; Miss Lane, Miss Reed and Miss Evans, hostesses.

Feb. 22—Swimming meet at Temple.

Feb. 24—Costume recital, Operatic, by Mrs. Ripley's students.

Feb. 25—Basketball, Beaver College vs. Dickinson College, at Carlisle.

March 1—Swimming meet at Swarthmore.

March 2—Mr. Volkman's recital.

March 4—Basketball, Ursinus College vs. Beaver College, at home.

March 4 and 5—Interacademic swimming meet at Penn A. C.

March 22—Glee Club broadcasts from Gimbel Brothers.



# THE CAMPUS CRIER

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FEBRUARY 16, 1927

## ON BEING YOURSELF

There is a legend in France that the famous "Man in the Iron Mask" was the twin brother of Louis fourteenth. So that no one should see the resemblance, they welded over his head an iron hood, which he wore through life.

One wonders how many of the people about us are wearing masks. Masks that do not hide their features but keep their souls and personalities away from us who seek. Masks that keep the people in the bonds of the circumstances which placed the masks there.

How is it possible for any one to know when the manner and appearance of a friend are but the mask? How often have we heard some one say "I believe I could like that girl if I could only know her." But the mask hides her from us.

## CREATIVE ATMOSPHERE

It has been said that home environment determines greatly the growth of a child's ideals. In like manner the conclusion may be drawn that a college atmosphere affects the calibre of its graduates.

We all know our power to create a certain kind of atmosphere. We know the value of constructive as opposed to negative atmosphere. Let us all join forces and prove the worth of our individual personalities. Let us create for our college an environment of friendliness, thoughtfulness, and good-breeding.

An ideal is an idea enthroned. Well, why not fix an ideal firmly, and attempt a goal of creative constructive atmosphere. Forget the sand in the spinach. Think not of the fact that the light in the green parlors yellows your flawless complexion. Remember if you yourself think the best concerning everyone and every circumstance in your school life, you will have done much in assisting the college in maintaining an atmosphere of constructive thinking.

## FORTITUDE

We have all heard that fortitude is the quality which makes life unbearable. Easy it is to voice epigrams, but the difficulty of acting them out is what makes them so true. Those times of depression, when very recent moments of joy seem dreams, are the times which make us stronger or weaker; and we can only become weaker because of lack of courage.

Anyone who reads Hugh Walpole's "Fortitude" will not only absorb a feeling of renewed love for the very act of living, but realize the force that keeps this ignorant human race going. The hero of "Fortitude" had more than the average temptations to end it the easiest way, but innate courage sent him through all of it. He received a reward in the intensity, thoughtfulness, and keenness of his life.

## MEDITATION

Again the evening, and I light my candle,  
Pausing only, as I turn to climb the stair,  
Stooping, press my lips against the chair,  
Where once, a long time since, she rested,  
Hair,  
black and silver, brushed old tapestry.  
Precious to me,  
Memory,  
Material for dreams,  
And it seems to me, as I grow older  
and more bent,  
God lent,  
me dreams of love, that I might find,  
A dawning of the infinite, arising in my mind.

Helen Rathborne

## LETTERS

"Write and tell the news" you said;  
So I wrote today,—  
Told of gossip and of friends,  
A new dress—a play;  
But one page, telling all my heart,  
That I threw away.

"Write and tell the news" I said;  
So you wrote to-day,—  
Told of books and accidents,  
The weather, and a play.  
Did you too write all your heart  
And throw the page away?

—The New Student

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Once more I enter your columns— anonymously, of course. I wish to chant on "Personal Liberty" this time. Rules are necessary, and we seem to feel with the French, in that old expression of theirs—"Laws are made to be broken." We do not intend to break rules deliberately, but it seems that there are nothing but rules and more rules. We are lost in a forest of "Don'ts." No matter where we turn, we run into a "don't"—the more we try to escape from them, the more dense becomes this forest. In desperation we just sit ourselves down and think—concentrate on ways to "put it over on" this forest of don'ts and see with just how much we can get away. After a period of this sort of thinking we become absolutely resigned to our fate, outwardly; but, behind our mask, we know just how much we are putting over. Sometimes we are caught at this pastime, and more don'ts sprout as a result of our being caught.

With putting our deepest thoughts on ways and means to trick the forest, we lose our ability for constructive thinking. We are too busy wanting to find ways to be ourselves—and we cannot naturally be ourselves, and not waste our very precious time and thoughts on subterfuge.

Oh, Liberty! Only when we do not have it do we realize what is lacking—Oh, joyous land—not to do as we please—no—just to be ourselves, without being trapped in a forest of don'ts.

These don'ts are made for those who confuse liberty with license. Why must a few who insist on license, retard thusly our liberty?

Hopelessly,  
"Lost"

Dear Editor:

It seems to be customary to bring to your benign eye discussion in condemnation of sports. So I shall call my contribution "The Editor's Game"—namely, clipping, trimming, revising, amputating and the like, our precious manuscripts. You dab your fingers in the paste-pot with the cold cream label, with a snip and with "a smear and a smooth—the deed is done.

Pause—please, and cogitate—before you snip. With a movement of those fateful shears and a disdainful airy sweep of your hand, the very choicest bits of our carefully composed work (!!!) descend wastebasketward—always the choicest bit; (those lines we contemplate with such a smug satisfaction. "Here indeed is a true genius.")

Dear Editor—consider the source before you snip! Thanking you, I remain, respectfully,

A Contributor

Dear Editor:

Confidentially, that is, between you and me, something is wrong. The other day I saw an awfully bright girl studying history UP SIDE DOWN! Ever notice the girls walking down the street with that blank expression on, lately?

Editor, perhaps you have never looked, but the stores are showing straw hats for ladies! That gets 'em, Sir. It makes them restless. They stir uneasily, just like dainty flowers after a long winter rest. Gosh, excuse me, but I've got it too. If Winter Comes—It is Spring Fever!!

Yours truly,  
E. E. Matthews

## Book Review

Dorothy Canfield has set before us in her new book, "Her Son's Wife" that old problem between mother and daughter-in-law. However, unlike most authors who have used the subject, she does not seek to weary us with an analysis concerning the causes of hatred between these two women. She treats those causes as if they were irrelevant, and concentrates her forces on the individual concerned.

Mrs. Bascomb, the mother, is admirably portrayed, and generally she carries the plot. She is a neat and well regulated woman with a natural dislike for disorder or squalor. Is it any wonder that she is repelled by her pretty, but careless daughter-in-law, Lottie. The silent battle starts when Mrs. Bascomb first sees Lottie's tawdry ruffled parasol and hat, and is continued throughout the book. It is in an atmosphere of this kind that Dids, Lottie's little girl is born. The struggle that Mrs. Bascomb puts up for the soul of her grandchild is more thrilling than a description of a physical combat could be. The style in which she prays for Dids is novel enough to be interesting, and energetic enough to be pathetic. Every night she quotes selections from the scriptures, in which vengeance is delivered on the wrong doer's head.

Dids is saved from a frivolous cheap life for a useful, healthy one in a way which is unusual and interesting. The climax occurs on the very last page and is a surprisingly beautiful one.

The book has a unity of purpose and theme from which it never severs. The character material is abundant and the humor is rich with just a hint of tragedy. Little Dids, before she has decided to follow her mother's or Grannie's course, is a peculiar mixture of sophistication and childishness which both tickles the funny bones and overflows in tears. Dids is charmingly shown when she says two rhymes. The first shows her mother's influence: "I should worry, I should care, I should marry a millionaire, He should die, and I should cry, And I should marry another guy."

The second is characteristic of the normal and healthy childhood that her grandmother wants her to have, "Simple Simon."

There is one character in this novel who was not sufficiently developed. Miss Canfield in her endeavor to preserve a continuity of purpose has rather neglected Ralph, the son. There are flashes here and there which show interesting glimpses in his rather intricate character. These, however, are only suggestive and merely occur to further the plot.

May Wachs

## BOOKS TO READ

"Galathea" ..... John Erskine  
Humor and satire of "Helen of Troy" transferred to King Arthur's court.  
"Silver Spoon" ..... John Galsworthy  
Extremely good story of English society.  
"Hard-Boiled Virgin" .....

Frances Mewman  
A girl with humor and sophistication. Well-written and human.  
"Beau Sabeur" .... Percival C. Wren  
Fully as interesting as "Beau Geste" and more surprising.  
"Dairy of a Young Lady of Fashion" .....

Cleone Knox  
Most deceiving in its realistic description of an eighteenth century belle's life.  
"Show Boat" ..... Edna Ferber  
One of the author's best plots. Extremely interesting.

Dr. Harris has been made a director of the Philadelphia branch of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Miss Charlotte Hatton as editor-in-chief and Miss Martha Allsopp, as assistant-editor, are issuing this number of the Crier.



## Lincoln, the Man

Genius has often been defined as the ability and disposition to do hard work. That is frequently the truth, but it is not always the truth. Abraham Lincoln did much of many kinds of hard work—his life, opening like a book, reveals pages on which are imprinted hardships, heartache, apprehension, sorrow, anguish, penury and toil—but that does not account for his extraordinary genius. Born of humble parents his only heritage was the wanderlust; migrating with them from one wilderness to another, and finally settling in an environment which offered no incentive for self betterments, he had little to boast of in his family inheritance. No man in the United States ever reached eminence and became perhaps the most respected and certainly the most beloved of all Americans. No exterior influence, but rather an innate craving for the better things of life was responsible for his groping upward from his squalid surroundings to the light.

The purpose of this little sketch of Lincoln is not to give in chronological order the events of his life or to deal with him as a politician, but to describe the big-hearted, whole-souled Lincoln or the simple manners and the beautiful speech, and to enumerate the traits of character which have caused his name to be enshrined forever in the hearts of his fellowmen.

Lincoln's honesty and sincerity were manifest in his every act. Pretense or chicanery had no part in his life. Because of the uprightness of his dealings he inspired men's confidence; they called him Honest Abe. One of the reasons which made men trust him so implicitly was also a reason for Lincoln's never becoming a rich man. He would never accept a case, during the time when he was practicing law, unless the client's cause was absolutely right. He may have lost many fine opportunities for wealth or prominence, but he gained much more—the respect of his neighbors.

Duplicity was as foreign to Lincoln's nature as was boastfulness. From his youth his words rang true; witness his first political speech which was reported as follows: "Fellow citizens, I am humble Abraham Lincoln. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a National Bank, of internal improvements, and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments. If I am elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same." This, like all his later utterances, was unaffected.

Lincoln's sad face, when in repose, touched a cord of sympathy in the hearts of those who knew him best. The supreme struggle of a beautiful soul to reconcile itself to living in a caricature of a body gave him unbounded sympathy for his fellow creatures. His human understanding was unexcelled. Although not demonstrative, the depth of his affection was incalculable. From this sensitive tenderness sprang the suffering which he bore both in his early life and during the period of his years in the White House.

Nowhere does one find recorded an account of unjust anger on the part of Lincoln. His patience was infinite. His fortitude may have been the result of a resigned nature, but a more probable cause is the events of his sad life which, following in quick succession, conspired to make him so: his early environment, his hard life, the death of his betrothed, his unhappy married life, the death of his son, and the cares which infested him during the Civil War. In spite of the incompatibilities in the tempers of Lincoln and in that of his wife, he avoided misunderstanding, and no husband was ever more gentle and considerate. Despite ridicule and abuse, he was able to harbor no malice toward any man.

Unlike many men before the public eye, Lincoln ever maintained his simplicity of manner, a quality which no doubt played a large part in endearing him to everyone. Never did he endeavor to appear sophisticated, nor did he ever forget the

common people who had been his neighbors. No trace of pride because of his elevation to the highest office in the land could be found in his money. His only thought was the responsibility resting upon him as the "shepherd of the People." Sincere and true love for his fellow-men filled his heart so "he suffered long; he envied not; he vaunted not himself; was not puffed up; he sought not his own; was not easily provoked, thought no evil."

Lincoln loved laughter; he loved to laugh himself and liked to hear others laugh. He was ever ready, even in the darkest moments our country has ever known, to illustrate his arguments and to make his points by narrating some amusing story. His humor never failed him and through its help he was able to bear his great burden. Although on certain occasions when solemnity was in order, he was very grave, at every possible opportunity he found time for a laugh. His sense of humor saved many embarrassing situations and smoothed over several cases of strained relations. How fortunate that this man, bearing upon his shoulders the burdens of his country, should be gifted with a whimsical sense of humor, which at times when he nearly collapsed under his load, bubbled forth, relieving the tension and enabling him to carry on!

Such a man was Abraham Lincoln: honest, sincere, sympathetic, patient, modest, laughter-loving. Homely virtues all. Wherein lay his genius, then? I only know that it was not of form or figure, of erudition or culture or professional skill; no, nor even of mental brilliance or attainment. I only know that these homely traits were fused in the great soul of Lincoln to produce a genius of the first magnitude, which, like the stars, shall shine forever.

How marvelous are the works of God! With how loving a hand does He apportion that divine spark which makes a genius! With what wonderful foresight did He implant that spark in the heart of Abraham Lincoln, and with what care did He mold and fashion him in preparation for the time when he should rise supreme and, entrusted with the destiny of a nation, guide that nation through its time of stress safely in-

to port! Lincoln's task is finished, but his name has stood the test of time. How truly was it said of him, "Now he belongs to the Ages!"  
*Alice Ryder*

8:30—11:15—3:00

It is a grave thing to receive no mail—a sure sign of miserable unpopularity at home. The following hints may help those cursed with an empty mail box to evade the pitying glances of those importantly pushing their way out with a dozen or so letters.

1. Hasten away from your box with an elated, radiant expression, carefully clasping a note-book which might hold six or eight thick letters in its neat inside pocket.

2. Collect your mail only once a week, or if necessary once every two weeks; in this way you will accumulate a satisfying package of letters to flaunt before your friends. Always manage to be accompanied by as many people as possible on these occasions.

3. While walking to chapel with Dorothy, who is absorbed in ripping open envelopes and making pleased exclamations to herself, casually remark that people who spend all their time writing letters always get a lot.

4. Save several of your choicest letters, decorated with handsome fraternity seals, to re-read every morning in the basement of Goucher hall at 8.30 and 11.15.

5. When the girl who shares your box with you is sorting out the mail—five letters for her, none for you—say in an impatient tone that you wish your friends wouldn't send all your letters special.

6. Always look at the package list. After all, they may have "said it with food."

—Goucher Col. Weekly

Those old-fashioned people who never complained are no longer old-fashioned and now do their share.

Applause doesn't necessarily mean approval. It is frequently a physical means of relieving a mental strain.

The best index of a man's character is the kind of work he does when he isn't watched.

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## TOLLED BY THE BELL

Dear Suey:

Why haven't you written to me? It seems as though I spend all my spare time writing to you, and yet I never receive any answer. But honey, I'm not scolding—just hinting. You're excused Suey, because if I remember rightly you were always one of that rare type of individuals, who detests letter-writing.

I haven't much news for you this time. Most of the girls are busy getting ready for the Prom. The whole school is in a state of anticipation and excitement. Everywhere I go I hear chatter and talk of frilly dresses and wonderful dates. I suppose by the time you receive this the Prom week-end will be over and we'll all be drifting around in a daze thinking of the wonderful time we had.

Suey Knoderer is back with us again? Haven't you heard? She came back Sunday night, February sixth. We're all glad to have her back again 'cause we missed her very, very much.

You remember Isabel Patnode, don't you? She was in the infirmary for a while until she received permission to go home. Now she's there—supposedly resting up. I wonder if she is?

Mrs. Paul, Janet Grier and James (Mac's brother) visited Mac February seventh. During that time Mac had a birthday party in the dining room at dinner time. The honored guests were: Dotty Mertz, Emily and Mary Theis, Lill Allis, Mary Bell Mellor, Evelyn Smith, Bea Hanger, Grace Peacock, Marian Wasley and Betsey Roth.

Oradell wasn't contented with a party. Mercy No! She spent the week-end at Noble, during which time she saw "The Vagabond King" in Philly.

Bert Shafer expects Joyce Price, of Tampa, Fla., to visit her sometime in the near future.

Leah De Garve and Emily Cranford, two old girls, are planning on

attending our Prom. Oh yes, "Pinky" Hansel motored over from Phoenixville to attend the Basket Ball game at Collegeville.

Nancy Cook went to her home in Maplewood, N. J., for the week-end of February fourth. (She and Mary Everhart have moved to Room 114 in case you don't know.)

Isabel Soper, Betty Cole and Betty Foster spent the week-end in Jersey City. Don't get excited—they went home!

Betsey Roth and Ida Hughes visited Marion Wasley in Kingston, Pa. Adrene Boker visited Janet Wood in Orange, N. J.

Dot Merwin visited a friend in Springfield, N. J.

Regina Larson went home again to Perth Amboy, N. J. Wonder what the attraction is? Villa Nova or otherwise!

Jeanette Plummer, Virginia Rose, Ruth Mattis and Martha Greer spent the week-end with friends in Chester.

Meta Jenks went home to Drexel Hill, Pa. The next time you see her Suey, don't forget to ask her how Carl is!

Helen Traubman, a new girl, spent last week-end at her home in Elizabeth, N. J.

Lois Van Deveer and Hazel Totten went home last week-end. Lois saw "Rosemary" in New York, on Saturday.

Pat Allsop went home with Sis Beaman to Long Island last week-end.

Pearl Preuss's Dad came up from Sarasota, Fla., to see her last Friday. Alyce Shepherd is going home with Pearl the week-end of February 18. During that time they will attend a theatre party in New York. We wonder who 'Peryll' expects to see then!

Well, Suey, dear, I think I've just about exhausted my supply, so I'll sign off with lots of love and kisses, and please write to

"Chop"

### Fellowship Pledges

On January 31, nine much impressed Freshmen were pledged to the Fellowship of the Beechwood School of Fine Arts, at a solemn pledging service conducted in the studio. Having affirmed their desire to enter the Fellowship and sworn to uphold its standards, the girls received their red, blue and yellow pledge ribbons. They are now on probation awaiting with fear and trembling the mystic ceremony which will make them full-fledged members of the Fellowship. The nine pledges chosen, not only for their artistic ability test, also for their spirit of good sportsmanship, are: Meta Jenks, Olive Cross, Meredith Scott, Jessica Link, Margaret Thomas, Ruby Willetts, Janet Ellar, Hazel Totten and Charlotte Puff.

The Fellowship surprised Oradell Geibel with a studio luncheon on her birthday, February 4. Tables were set up in the inner studio and hastily decorated with flowers from the Prom. Sandwiches, chocolate and candy were served as well as the birthday cake. The pledges washed the dishes as part of their initiation.

#### On Becoming Collegiate

The Mount Holyoke News of October 29 expressed its idea in an editorial on becoming collegiate. We have come to college, so says the article, for an education, but in the process something else happens. We become collegiate—or at least, we try desperately hard to be like every other pea in the pod. We cut classes, we cut our locks, our ward robes must be similar to the thousand other wardrobes, and we use up-to-the-minute slang. We are trying so hard to be individual that we become members of a type of individuals.

The only hope, the editorial continues, is, that we lose our trade mark while we are still very young alumnae and regain our temporar-

ily lost individualistic individuality.

### Alumnae Notes

Leona Seymour, of Westernport, Maryland, will enter the Church Home Hospital, Baltimore, as a student dietitian.

Eleanor Partridge, of Noble, Pa., is attending the University of Pennsylvania.

Martha Lininger, of Westernport, Maryland is visiting Inez Brainard at her home in Hartford, Connecticut.

Tommy Raub, of Scranton, Pa., is home from Skidmore with appendicitis.

Frances Thompson, of Rochester, N. Y., is teaching in Scotch Plains, N. J.

Elizabeth Close is residing at her home in Dalton, Pa.

### Shavings from the Board

No one may leave campus before three-thirty without special permission from the Social Office.

Students are required to wear hats when going to Jenkintown.

The Student Board recently elected the house-presidents for the second semester. They are: Thelma Sykes, main building; Regina Larson, Annex; and Elizabeth Wells, New Building.

Any student found loitering in the halls, talking or making any unnecessary noise, will have her name handed to the Board. Do as the Proctor wishes and avoid trouble.

The Beechbark will be out May 20. Any suitable material may be handed to Mary Theis or Mary Everhart.

The Board

Tennyson said: "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," which is surely right—if you do your losing after Prom.

### Wrestles

Clara was practicing her music lesson while Mother counted, "One, two, three, four. One, two, three four. Just a minute, Clara. There's the phone again," and Mother ran quickly to answer it.

"Yes? Willie is here. Will—ee! Will—ee!"

Willie, stalking into the room, lazily picked up the receiver. Immediately a broad grin spread over his face. While mother resumed her counting, "One, two, three, four;—"

"Hello—Yes—Hello—What number did you want?—Hell—O—(Mother, can't you keep that kid still a minute?) Hello!" Calmly. Mother and Clara keep on practicing, softly at first, but gradually getting louder and louder. "Hello," disgustedly.

"Yes—this is one' two, three, four—O no! This is 828—Yes, this is Bill—OH—," satisfaction beamed forth from his countenance. "Mm-hm—Yes—T'nite—Gee—Don't know, Jack, I'll see tho—Call you later when Pa get's home—Yeh—S'long."

"Now Clara, you may start that

all over again. I want you to know that 'Rustles Of Spring' so you can play it when Ccpany comes."

Willie, fixing his mirror to shave, mumbled to himself, "Wrestles with Spring' I'd call it."

Mary Theis

The snow so gently falls on hills and dales;

It hides the world beneath it's whitening trails.

Each tree is garbed in ermine sort and white,

The world, by magic, changes overnight,

And old familiar sights, which once were ours,

Are strangers now, 'neath beds of crystal flowers.

Mary B. Staples

Beatrice Porch and Pauline Lewis have gone "into residence" for a week at the Wallace House. They are looking forward (?) to a-rising at six a. m. to prepare a worthy breakfast for Miss Lane and Miss Reed.

## EMBASSY THEATRE

WEEK of FEBRUARY 14TH

MONDAY-TUESDAY

Lew Cody in

"THE GAY DECEIVER"

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

Thomas Meighan in

"THE CANADIAN"

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

"Thunder" in

"WINGS OF THE STORM"

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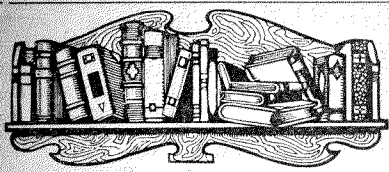
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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

## Marcia Stratton, Individualist

Marcia Stratton mechanically waved the feather duster here and there about the parlor. A critical observer would have said that this dusting was a pose, for the room was meticulously neat. The ponderous plush chairs with ubiquitous tidies, the antiquated piano, big and lumbering, looked as if they had been there since time immemorial. The piano keys were yellowed and reeked of dirge and hymn. Marcia, herself, attenuated, with a long cadaverous face, seemed to have acquired the very shade of the pian okeys. Her black silk dress rustled. She always wore black—no, she wasn't old—forty, one might say. Black wasn't her color—decidedly not—it emphasized the faded skin and the ghastly boniness of her. Her hair was meagre, rather nondescript, serving but one purpose—that of supporting an elaborate jet comb—her one adornment, and that entirely out of keeping; for in spite of her appearance she created an atmosphere of intense activity, businesslike, briskness—no time for fol-de-rols.

To divulge the secret; occupying a prominent place, was a long black casket. Marcia touched it lovingly, stroking its shining surface with her emaciated fingers. No, it did not contain the remains of her father, mother, or other near and dear one. Her home was being used, by a mere acquaintance who lived in too mean and inadequate hovel to house such an event, for a funeral. Marcia loved funerals. They were her vocation, her very life. During the war, during the "flu," during the infantile paralysis she had been ideally content.

All the years of her life she had been an unusual child. Her sisters, paragons of propriety, dutifully read "The Young Lady's Book," a manual for elegant recreation, exercise and pursuits. They learned the formula for entering a ballroom, the latest embroidery—and most important of all the intricacies of that difficult performance. How to swoon gracefully and opportunely.

In due time they mastered the art, they could swoon to a nicety and commanded the admiration and love of nice young gentlemen—whom they then married.

Marcia however, was a trial and her poor mother's plaint was, "Land sakes, what'll I ever do with the child?" The aforementioned young gentlemen, foppish, belaced were puzzled by the eccentric creature of the opposite sex—who, marvel of marvels, never fainted and had a predilection for dead things.

More than one conscientious, but superstitious gardener had handed in his resignation to the Strattons, rather unnerved and enraged by this proceeding; down the main paths of the garden would come a mournful procession. Little Marcia, as minister, pall bearer and the bereaved combined, officiating at the burial of a dead bird, dog or cat—no discrimination. If nature failed to provide a deceased, Marcia was not above perpetuating some foul crime or murder—some reptile, perhaps even worms—she wasn't squeamish. Sometimes her sisters' dolls were purloined, decapitated or died of small-pox and were laid to eternal rest. Once a statuette of the Venus de Milo mysteriously disappeared, Marcia probably considered it sufficiently dismembered to warrant burial.

So many ruthless excavations were made in the gardener's priceless dahlia beds.

Thus did this strange child develop her personality.

Perhaps the presence of this strange spirit was responsible—anyhow, both Mr. and Mrs. Stratton died early in life. Marcia was in her element—do not misunderstand me, I do not cast aspersions on Marcia's love for her parents, on the contrary she excelled in mourning, in lacrymosely prostrating her pros-

trating grief. She composed elaborate eulogies of the deceased.

She became a regular fiend—not a funeral did she miss. Almost a sixth sense seemed to acquaint her with the "slightest sparrow's fall"—almost before the breath was out of the body, she was there, overjoyed to have this opportunity to be sublimely sorrowful.

Here indeed is an exhibition of that fantastic theory—reincarnation. Marcia must have previously been a "hired mourner" in China.

Suffice to say that her gaunt figure had become concomitant in the minds of the townspeople with DEATH. Look at her now, as she arranges the ghoulsh hair wreaths. We see her black length in the waveling funeral mirror. She is not exactly happy, yet, the suspicion of a smile hovers about her eyes. Some smirking satisfaction in her skill in dispatching the dead to eternal rest.

Poor creature, you say—she has a complex—but no! She is a successful woman, Miss Marcia Stratton, the first lady undertaker!

Mary Prentzel

## Impressions

I walked up the steps to the broad veranda of "Beavers" Main Building and nervously but expectantly neared the door.

As I entered, trying to make myself as insignificant as possible, I looked around for the terrifying atmosphere that I was sure every college owned. The room was full of girls, laughing and talking. Some were dignified, some jolly, some vivacious, and others vicious, but they all possessed a comradery which was even evident to my ignorant eyes. I do not know what I expected but I was relieved and excited at seeing a group as eager to enjoy themselves as I was. I approached one girl and inquired for the Dean's office with an attempt at an air of sophistication which I did not feel. She instructed me with such a charming and easy manner that I felt ashamed of my assumed and extremely uncomfortable dignity, and immediately dropped it.

At a conference with Dean Ryder I proceeded to show how much I did not know. I went in with all the confidence in the world that I knew everything about Latin that anyone should learn, but Dean Ryder dispelled all of this self-confidence in a few words. It was not till I left his office, that I realized that I had been plainly, but pleasantly told how ignorant I was.

I entered a few classes which left but vague impressions. I learnt to say "Yes" when Dr. Thomas lifted his eye brows and said "No?" I saw that Miss Light had a sweet tolerance for freshmen that left them quite at ease. I tasted the informality of Journalism classes and found them pleasant and energetic.

The day passed with just a few mishaps which go to make up the life of a new student. A helpful senior prevented me from dropping some change into the box which held the "Contributions to the Campus Crier." At the station where I hunted fruitlessly for the post-office to which a teacher had sent me, I took the train to Philadelphia.

These are but the cursory impression of a day student who has merely obtained a glimpse of Beaver. I am still looking forward to knowing the students and taking part in school activities. Yet, I have the same thought that I expect every student at Beaver has after her first day. I do like Beaver, will it like me?

May Dorothy Wachs

## Ghos's

The strangest things happened about nine o'clock the other night. An ominous "ratter, clatter" that-

doesn't-matter sound was heard, and like a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay, it gathered cumulative power until one thought the roof was coming down. Strange figures were to be seen. There were shadows on the wall.

Oh, what hideous shadows! Awful faces of wild-headed mulattoes; cruel faces of cynical priests; shadows of eyeless women; figures of earless Indians; statues of blood-streaked bodies; a nose; a foot; an eager death-grappling hand; "tick-chick-ick"—iron pinions rattling against glass; twisted tree trunks and twisted bodies; motherly faces contorted with sickening fear and grief. Panes of glass like bottles of wine—! Gruesome flashes of bare black branches swaying like inebriates of Forty-second and Broadway. "Ratter clatter, that doesn't matter." Well, go down to the studio any windy night!

## It Happens

The people I am going to tell you about lived in the poor district in any city at all. Let's imagine it's your home town. Their name was Joyce. The family consisted of Mike Joyce, the usual type of big broad-shouldered father; "Ma" Joyce, a broad-hipped wabbling woman whose face just oozed generosity; and the kids. Twin devils if there ever were. Their names were Clara and Mike, Jr., respectively.

Now in case there aren't any iron and steel mills in your town like there are in mine, build a few just for a night. For Mike Joyce worked in one. Every morning he walked to work, armed with a tin bucket. He fought with fire and iron and steel. You've seen the Saturday Evening Post ads. of men with huge muscles and whose arms the serpent-tongued fire made gorgeous shadows of tan and brown and red. That's where Mike slaved and fumed and coughed and choked his way through life. But everything comes to him who waits, as they say in the best of restaurants.

"Ma" had her troubles too. Clara was one of those dainty things. She picked up a cleaning rag once, but she just raised a little dust. Mike took after his father when he didn't take anything else. He was a strong boy and could pick things up easily.

But to make a long story interesting, as H. C. Witwer says, Some thing Happened. Imagine the surprise of the Joyces when a long, official looking envelope made its appearance on the red and white table cloth in their kitchen. This is what Mike read, in his slow, monotonous voice: The firm of X and X, Any City at all, Dear Sir, It is with great pleasure that we inform you of an inheritance left you of forty thousand dollars. We are to keep the name of the person hidden from you, but if you will call at our office before midnight we will turn the money over to you at once. Yours truly, The Firm of X and X. Mike went.

Mike returned with the money less than an hour later. And this is what he said: If any person in my family wishes to have his or her share of the money he or she may have it on this condition—let that person leave immediately and never return again. Exit Mike and Clara

Five years later, if you happened to pick up a paper, your local paper probably, you would find on the sporting page this headline: Mike Joyce declared light-weight champion of the world. And in the same paper if you were very observant, you would see tucked down in the corner an article that told about Hiram Smith who went in swimming the other day and found floating down the current the body of a

young woman. No one could identify her, but she wore a bracelet with the initials C. J.

F. Engleman

## "The Drahma"

"Oh Hey" the anticipated musical show of the season, opened at the Payhouse, Friday evening, January 13, 1932. A large enthusiastic audience attended the opening performance. The music of the show was written by Betty Matthews, was fittingly worded by Caddie Merritt. Martha Baer, producer, predicts a long run for this show, for, due to the best of material used in the costumes, though attractive, will last a long time.

The story is of Susie Snipkins, played by Charlotte Hatton, an S. S. and G. country lass, who is wooed and won by Harry Rassedale, the villain, played by Jackie Rathborne, and is rescued from her fate by the hero, Doer Dare played by Pat Allsopp. A Bevy of Broadway Brats trip gaily behind the footlights to the melodious strains of "Tiddledewinks," the feature song of the production. This song will go down in history—yes, way down—the farther the better.

Anyone who goes to see "Oh, Hey" will never forget it—nor forgive it!

Alma Espenshade

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## Campus Crier

By C. M.

"Have you the 'Silver Spoon' by Galsworthy?"

"No, but you can get one in the dining room. Don't let the maids catch you!"

Intimate glimpses. J. Ceaser  
(The Burr)

Business man of Rome and the Mediterranean is a bit bald. No wonder; he wore a steel hat all his life. Was a commander of the Roman Legion, and a member of the Rotary Club, W. O. O. F., and Veteran of the Nile, Post 36. In his balmy days he played right guard on the Phalanx team. Also made history—several volumes. Was a gambler and engineer; first man to cast a die, (even now a difficult engineering feat). Received a tablet and three pills for his achievement. Author of that saying, "Join the navy and see the world." He got around in his time. Was a very poor talker. In fact, he was killed making a speech.

She shrieked! She screamed! She was all steamed up! The engineer throttled her down.

Under the swinging street car strap  
The homely maiden stood,  
And stood and stood and stood and stood,  
And stood and stood and stood.

Speaking of jokes. 'Alls well that girls tell."

The sandwich business is doing nicely, thank you. Who said the Beaver girls weren't business women! High prices are out of the question around here!

If at first you don't succeed, shoot, shoot, again!

## The Inquiring Reporter

Answers to Questions Asked at Random  
on the Campus

The question of "blind Dates" at the Prom:

What did they say?

Mary Everhart's said:  
It's all right, I'm here.

Isabel Soper's said:  
I just can't get located.

Evelyn Mackall's said:  
I wasn't dressed up last night, either.

Beatrice Showell's said:  
Raise the roof.

Betty Matthews' said:  
Are the holihoeks real?

Jo Sigler's said: (blind?)  
What are we going to do with the chaperones?

You are probably saying:  
I don't know what you're talking about, but I guess it's all right. Certainly. That's what every reporter thinks when the editor speaks.

Tough Luck

To go to breakfast or to stay in bed  
Is the question puzzling my poor head.

I finally decide I need breakfast most,  
I go and find we are having milk toast.

And so that always is the way  
Omelets served when in bed I stay.

"Wouldn't it be fine," I've often said  
"If they'd only serve our breakfast in bed?"

Campus Reflector

## Book Review

Louis Joseph Vance literally makes the "Dead Ride Hard" in his new novel. The story is laid in Budapest during the Red Revolution. It opens with a clap when Denise Vay, the heroine, is rescued from bandits by a young American who poses as a Hungarian soldier and conducts her safely to the castle where her king and queen await her. Only Louis Joseph Vance could have pictured so vividly the experiences of Denise as she obtained from the revolting hunchback leader of the revolution the jewels which she was honor bound to steal.

The story of how the hunchback gained a horrible revenge, how Denise escaped his terror and turned the revenge back upon him, the love story of Denise and the American, all go to make up a thrilling plot.

The story catches the feeling of the times, the horror and adventure the unjust and terrifying reign of the Reds.

Vance in this novel employs his usual striking words. It is a book you will not forget. It is published by the Lippincott house.

Martha Baer

Jill: What's your new editor like?

Bill: Tough. He fired a reporter for mentioning the unknown soldier without giving his name and address.

—Michigan Gargoyle

There are two sides to every question—her side and the wrong side.

—Missouri Outlaw

## BITS OF LIFE

Bits of life! How small they are when taken separately. How large when taken collectively. For instance, we have a man walking, a horse running, a nurse getting into an ambulance. Let's add them together. Now multiply them. Multiply them threefold—Then there are houses; flat ones, square ones, huge ones, yet all alike. How many doors are there in those houses? How many houses are there in a city? Where is everybody going? Do they know? That girl—what is she thinking about? That ditch-digger—what joy does he get out of life? I must be blind—I can see only nurses and horses and ditch-diggers. Those houses look like drunkards embracing each other. It is night now. Night, so cruel and friendless. Why is there no beauty in the things around me? Now I know. One must seek it in the Bits of Life; and seeking, the beauty of it and will live with one like strains of a haunting melody—Bits of life.

Florence Engelman

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## Book Review

After I had finished reading Ninth Avenue, I was pleased, as well as perturbed over the discovery that Maxwell Bockenheim is beginning to write like a normal being. He attained his end by an unusual usage of words; for under his hand words have unexpected growths; plain nouns and sober adjectives bear fantastic fruit; he packs metaphors so closely that they become inextricably mixed.

In the beginning of the book I thought that surely something of Ben Hecht had been printed under a false name, but in the last half of the book I felt that the author was attempting to write like Carl Van Vechten. It was quite confusing.

Ninth Avenue badly escaped being commonplace, in spite of a group of daring characters and daring assaults against feminine virtue; in spite of the most glamorous of settings of night clubs of Broadway and Harlem. He portrays a New York family—composed of a prize fighter, shiftless father, a mother broken in spirit, and sisters degraded with life's cheapnesses. The one sister who tries to break away from her environment is the bright light in the story. She discovers how to write, and as a consequence falls in love with a poet who has negro blood in his veins.

The theme of the story is cheap, but it is shrouded with some real

warmth such as, "The late spring evening extracted lights from the twilight on Ninth Avenue, like some pacing conjurer producing tiny, molten rabbits from his trailing, unseen sleeves."

Up until now Bockenheim has been considered a promising novelist only because of his beautiful and unusual style, but now he has proven himself capable of even more, for he has put quiverings and shimmings in his words. This may mark the first decade of an artist who will be remembered longest as a glorious barbarian.

C. B. Hatton

## SWIMMING MEET

(Continued from Page One)

dives, were quickly over.

For the optional dives, Miss Matthews' back jack, executed so close to the board that an involuntary gasp of fear escaped the spectators, won her third place. Miss Orlinger and Miss Link chose the same optionals, a dolphin and a front pack with a quarter twist. When Miss Colinger rose from the water, few thought the dives could be improved, but Miss Link surpassed her. Miss Foley won second honors.

Tension ran high while the judges computed the score. Enthusiastic applause greeted the announcing of the winners. These two will meet again in all probability at the inter-collegiate swim meet in March and the second act of the diving drama will take place.

Funny how ambitious some people are to save time and how utterly helpless they are to use it to advantage after they save it.

A firm chin is helpless without a stiff upper lip.

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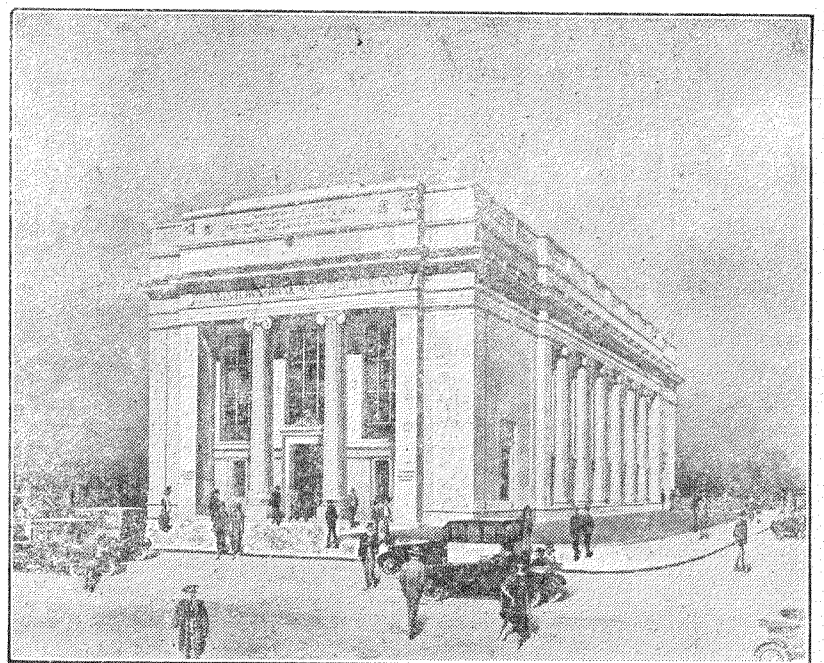
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### College Publicity

During recent years various kinds of College Publicity have been read by unsuspecting citizens. They read it, not realizing it is college publicity, and either raise their hands in horror and say, "My! I'm glad our John and Mary ain't going to college. These young people are awful in this day and age;" or they complacently lay down their paper and declare, "Now that's worth while."

Anything that brings the name of the college before the public eye—good, bad or otherwise, is all publicity—accordingly, good, bad or otherwise.

There has been so much publicity that it has almost become a source of daily news. The much discussed Harvard-Princeton squabble has advertised these two schools. "Red" Grange of the University of Illinois, did more for his school in publicity than they could probably have gotten in any other way. The world famed scientists and noted faculty of Columbia University, and the oft-quoted Nicholas Murray Butler, president, advertise that school. Loeb and Leopold, though of the "other-wise" group of publicity agents, advertised Chicago University. The planned "Cathedral of Learning" of the University of Pittsburgh aroused so much comment and so many gasps of awe that it almost paid for itself in publicity. The magazine, College Humor, with its makeup completely adopted from collected college humorous periodicals, brings the funny side of the colleges into view. The fires at Westminster and Mercersburg were disastrous and costly, but were publicity all the same. Radio broadcasting, such as the University of Kansas and Penn State use for the entertainment of their hearers, is exceptionally good publicity. Big dances and even the brawls, the free-flowing liquor, which frequently bring the names of several indulgers to the front page, is advertising for that college—though by far not the best. Liberty magazine has been running a series of writeups of various college athletes and athletics, which have blaz-

oned their names high and wide. Collier's magazine has also done this. The Ladies Home Journal spent many issues on schools and colleges; Vassar, Holyoke, Smith, Wellesley, Goucher of the girls schools, and Princeton, Harvard and Yale among numerous mens colleges. Famous men from various colleges advertise their Alma Mater, and professors, or those who have become famous through some literary work, advertise their college. Even the little brief in the society column of the town paper telling those interested that "Susie Snipkins has returned to Blank Blank College, after having spent a delightful vacation at home," is college publicity.

Advertising is wide-spread—it has touched every sphere. In father's time education was not advertised, but now every little thing that happens is gobbled up by the newspapers and magazines; and it's all school publicity. The College News Bureaus supplement this information in conjunction with local papers dealing with honorary, social or athletic events and with free publicity unconsciously given (subtly sought for, however.)

More power to the college with the most publicity!

*Alma Espenschade*

### Character Color

Who can tell how a car will run by looking at it on display in a show window?

Who can tell how a car will wear by seeing it run up a difficult hill? Can the machine of a person's mind and body be gone over and built up in a day or two—as can the strength of a machine?

Why do people misjudge—so many take one look and say "That person does not interest me." The outside of a person is his show window. Just because you are not interested in blondes does not say that there is no character to them. Give them a chance to show the material of which their minds and courage and soul are made—and then feel at liberty to judge them. And if the opportunity is not immediately at hand

bide a while and watch for the opportunity.

No one is perfect. What good is it to say that so and so does not do this right? He can't do every thing wrong, and he probably does something which his critic would sacrifice everything to be able to do.

Why do people judge and pass sentence when they are only of the great mass of people who have been allowed to see only the exterior? Let only those judge who have had the fortune to see into a person's inner soul and character.

It takes courage to go through this world—and prove to the world that you are able to do something that the ordinary person can not do. It is from this few that men of strength and courage and women of depth of character arise. It is from this class that friends are found.

It is from these friends that we who are not gifted gain the strength and courage to fight and win in the struggle for character, with its countants of success and happiness.

### LITTLE JOHNNY AGAIN

A patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where-are-you-going?" read Johnny, laboriously, with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher. "Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment, and an idea seemed to dawn upon him. Then he read triumphantly:

"Where are you going, little button hook?"

A girl's decision between marriage and a career is largely a question of making a name or acquiring one.

There may be some truth in the accusation that all the girls do when they get together is utter nonsense.

If you get the thing done, the world spends but little time inquiring why and how.

When a woman is keeping a secret everybody knows it.

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## GLENSIDE THEATRE

WEEK of FEBRUARY 14TH

MONDAY-TUESDAY

Thomas Meighan in  
"THE CANADIAN"

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

Florence Vidor in  
"THE POPULAR SIN"

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

Colleen Moore in  
"IT MUST BE LOVE"

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