

CAMPUS CRIER

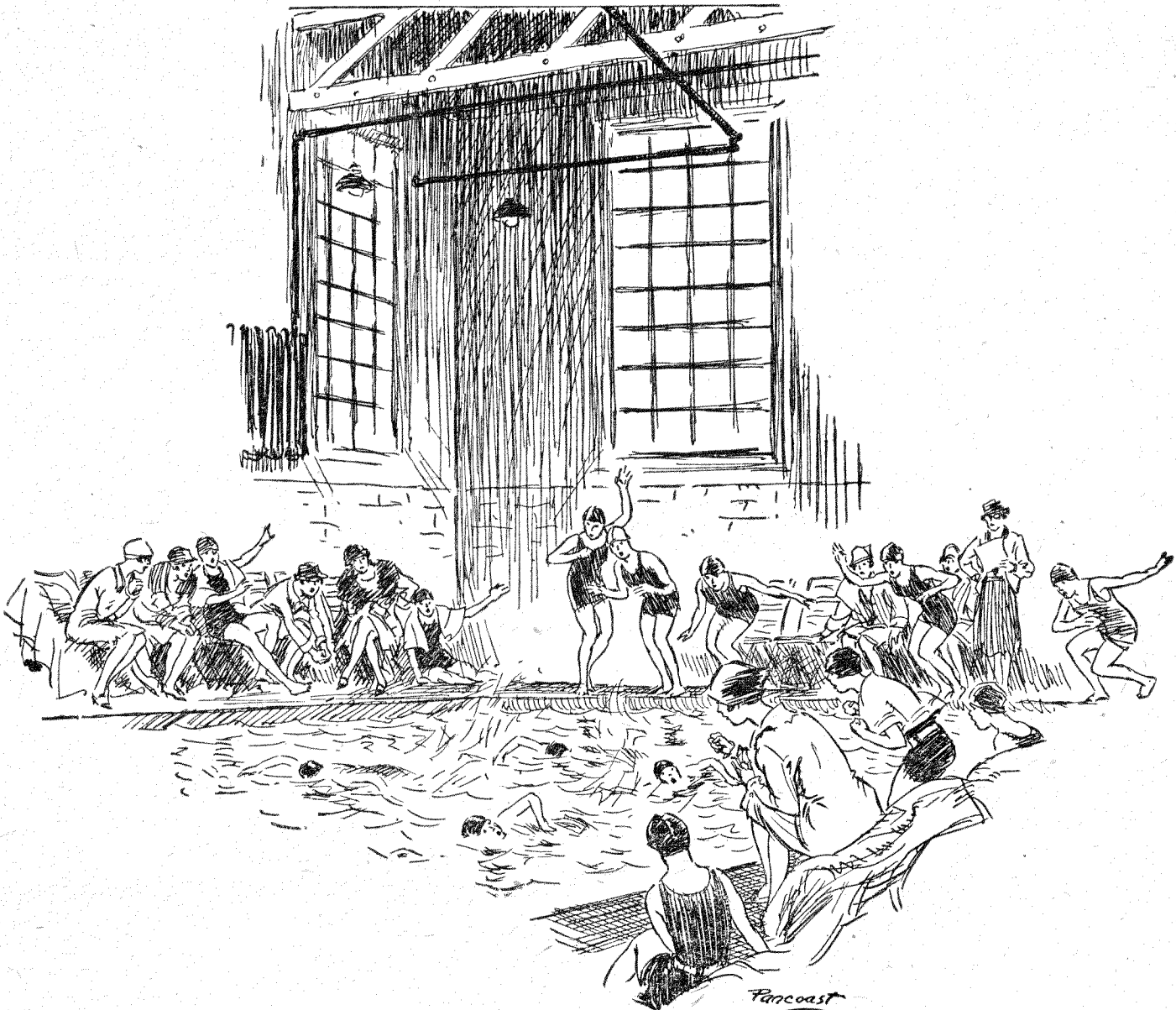
Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pa.

VOL. 2

MARCH 16, 1927

No. 10

SWIMMING TEAM CAPTURES TROPHIES AT INTERCOLLEGIATE MEET



—Courtesy of Public Ledger

Volkman Recital

Paul Volkman, tenor, of the Beaver College School of Music, accompanied by Edna Mae Allen, gave a song recital in the Beaver Auditorium, Wednesday evening, March 9. The program was as follows:

She Ne'er Believed it True, (Mignon), Thomas; In Fernem Land, (Lohengrin), Wagner; E Lucevan Le Stelle (Tosca), Puccini; Love's Springtime, Hammond; Indian Dawn, Zamecnik; Thou Art All to Me, Bradsky; Eliland, Song Cycle, von Fielitz; From Karl Stietler's Poems, Stilles Leid (Silent Sorrow), Frauenwoerth, Rosenzweige (Roses), Heimliche Gruesse (Secret Greetings), Am Strande (On the Shore), Kinderstimmen (Child Voices), Monnacht (Moonlight Night), Wandertraume (Dreams of Roving), Anathema, Ergebung (Resignation).

Mr. Volkman is well-known in Philadelphia music circles. He appeared with the Philadelphia orchestra in their Beethoven program and was formerly a member of the Aborn Opera company and teacher in the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music.

BEAVER PLACES THIRD

Penn A. C. Scene of Meet; Swimming Team Loses to Swarthmore

The Beaver College swimming team entered the Intercollegiate swimming meet held at the Penn Athletic Club on Friday, March 4th.

Miss Jessica Link surpassed her former records and captured two silver cups. Miss Link came in second in the 50 yard free-style race and took third place in the low-board diving.

The relay team composed of Elinor Krips, Ruby Willets, Irene Reid, (C.) and Jessica Link took third place in the 200 yard relay race. Net profit—another cup.

The Intercollegiate meet was won by Temple University, New York finished second and Beaver third.

Beaver College varsity swimming team fought fast and snappily in their meet with Swarthmore, at Swarthmore, on March 1. The meet may be said to have made a record in putting the whole thing over, (all the events won or lost), in the short time of thirty minutes. The final score was 29-21 in favor of Swarthmore. The relay team started the meet off with a first place for Beaver and Jessica Link of Beaver, came in second in the diving.

BASKETBALL SCORES

Varsity Team Wins Two Out of Three Recent Games

Beaver's winning streak was broken by the Ursinus basketball team by a score of 22 to 15, in the game played on the Beaver floor, Friday, March 4.

Ursinus scored the first goal and kept the lead throughout the game. Beaver played closely, keeping the Ursinus girls working for their points. It was not a good game—it was slow—the ball simply traveling back and forth; fumbles and wild throws kept it going from the forwards. The girls worked hard, but their efforts seemed useless. Ursinus kept the lead by a narrow margin at times but soon climbed to a safe lead. The final score was 22-15 in favor of Ursinus. Mrs. Brown was referee.

The lineup was as follows:

URSINUS		BEAVER	
Seitz	F.	Shafer	
McGarvey	F.	Dunn	
Leo	C.	Cooke	
Waltman	S. C.	O. Cross	
Johnson	G.	Wuchter	
Fritch	G.	Ried	

Another victory was added to the Beaver College score when the team defeated the West Philadelphia Club by a score of 26-21, on March 8. The game was played in the Beaver gymnasium.

(Continued on Page Six)

Notice to Students

As it works no hardship upon any to fill out and return to Mrs. Weston the questionnaire submitted to you several weeks ago, we again ask you to fill out and return at once the blanks furnished. It is important that we know through what channels your attention was called to Beaver.

Virgil Ryder

Dean

College Calendar

March 16—Student Musical.

March 17—Basketball, Rosemont, away.

Mar. 18—Chapel — Edward H. Skipper, Field Secretary of the Penna. Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, will speak on "Wild Birds and Their Songs."

Mar. 22—Glee Club to broadcast from WIP (Gimbel's).

Mar. 23—Basketball, Moravian, away.

Mar. 25—Basketball, Pottstown, away.

Mar. 30—Gym Demonstration.

April 1—Spring Vacation begins at noon.

SPRING VACATION

APRIL FOOL



THE CAMPUS CRIER

Published bi-weekly by the Students of Beaver College for Women, Jenkintown, Pa.

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Alumnae	-	Betty Matthews
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MARCH 16, 1927

ON MODERN DRESS

So much has already been said that is uncomplimentary concerning modern girl's dress, that a criticism not adverse is unusual enough to be interesting.

Woman dresses to please man, is the statement which we so often hear. Perhaps this is true for a minority, but not for the majority. Women dress to please woman. The young men of every generation admire the girls of their generation, whether they wear animal skins or trousers. When you wear an exceptionally pretty gown at a dance, it will surely be discussed at the afternoon bridge table but not at the stock market. Men have a sweet tolerance where woman's dress is concerned and all they ask is that she be up to date and are not a monstrosity.

This is an age in which anything that is daring and reckless is also

popular. The fastest motor-cars, the wildest parties, the most exotic dresses, all these have become attractive because forbidden. The modern girl is merely expressing the atmosphere in which she is living—by her clothes. In the past generation each member of the fairer sex strove to make her dress more charming than the others, and in this generation each one endeavors to make her costume more breath-taking.

Elderly women who remember the day when bustles and curves were in fashion, remark with disgust at the slim boyish lines of the girls of today. "If my figure was like that of the younger Jones girl," you can hear one of them exclaim, "I would certainly have used padding. Not that I needed it, my dear, because I really had the loveliest figure," etc.—etc. and ending much like this, "But that impossible Jones child wears clothes that actually accentuate her slimness. Really, they hardly reach below her knees!"

Remember—your grandmother wore pantaloons. But who would even dare to wear them at a dance at Beaver today?

DREAMERS?

You have often seen a vivacious person who seems to radiate life wherever he goes—a smile, a twinkle and a flutter! All pep! He is alive, we say—living and seeming to enjoy life.

But are we to judge everyone by these standards? How about the quiet people, the meek ones, who are frightened at their own shadow, it would seem? They really aren't—at least, we hope not; but they are so quiet, never speaking until spoken to, and seeming to be afraid of life and the things in it. Are they really frightened, or is that just their temperament?

When a big joke comes up they merely smile while the rest of the crowd shout with laughter. We wonder if they really see the joke, or are they just smiling to be polite? They are a problem. They make us stop to think—are they enjoying life as much as the those who radiate sparkling happiness? They are the passive instead of the active, do they enjoy life? They never say.

These people are dreamers—are they? We would like to hear about it if they are. People who dream sometimes dream something worth

while, but if they never talk about it, just keep it within themselves, they are no benefit to humanity. The vivacious person, who chatters along regardless of whether what he has to say is of value or not usually brings out some point occasionally to interest people. But the dreamers—hiding their light under a bushel, so to speak!

Mystery people; we feel sorry for them—though we should not, for they might be enjoying themselves. But, all the same, we would like to know it.

ADVERTISING

Someone asked the other day—"What is the value of advertisements?"

Now, leaving all uninteresting commercial sides of this question out—the statistics, the sales with and without advertising, the advanced sales with advertising, and the money spent annually for advertisement; the value of advertising is in the education of the public.

Have you ever stopped to think what advertising has done to educate us to life? It has done tremendous things—things which we would have never discussed without unusual cause, nor would have known if they had not been brought before us—sometimes beautifully done up with interesting colored pictures.

From a purely physical standpoint: would you enjoy the personal knowledge - as to cleanliness, the function of the skin, hair and what is good for it and what not good for it, if it hadn't been for advertisements? You most certainly would not have gone to all the trouble to look it up in your own personal interest. The daintiness and cleanliness—articles have called our attention to things which years ago were suffered in silence. Brazen to advertise such things, you say, but think how much it adds to your personal comfort to have the people with whom you come in contact indulge in these niceties—and you become more appealing to them—for it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

Travel advertisements tell us little things about places of which we have heard all our lives, but they tell us the little intimate things with which geographies do not deal. An education in themselves.

Fashion advertisement—to the ladies, but the men look at them as well! For they most certainly want to know if their wives or sweet-hearts are in style! Women find therein the forecast in styles and materials and designs—comparison

with last year or twenty years ago—all education.

Food—would you know what is in a can by the label? No! yet you see the label and contents pictured attractively, and you decide that it might taste as good as it looks. But the recipes for housewives—the little things they tell about various foods and their benefits, and when they should be eaten and when not—more education.

Automobiles, labor saving devices, rugs, face powder, soap, hosiery, books, tooth paste, towels, cold cream and millions of things advertised. Looking through a magazine and reading the advertisements will prove an education in itself. Of course, every product is the best of its kind, according to the advertisement, but one must learn to discriminate. Each company boasts its own product as the one and only, and thereby tells almost in detail its worth and usefulness. Therein advertisements are educating.

Letters to the Editor

In these days when the impressions we make on others are so important, it is necessary that all observe how beneficial good discipline can be to us. When we, as graduates, go out in the world, people will be more favorably impressed with those of us who can best conduct themselves.

Who, then, should shoulder the responsibility of inculcating the principles of discipline? We doubt if the teachers should have to do this. It is our opinion that the chief responsibility lies within ourselves. Everyone is capable of taking care of herself in these respects, but one must exercise her judgment in the right direction.

Failure to be successful in conducting oneself properly makes one appear childish. The woman who contemplates a successful career should train herself constantly. She would do well to sustain her habits of good conduct once she had acquired them.

I. Min Ernest

Pentathlon Bridge

Fourteen ideal athletes gathered in room 204 Tuesday evening, March 1, with Evelyn Carbin as officiating hostess. There were several tables of bridge. A brief interval of business, the discussion of probable pledges, varsity players on the hockey and basketball teams and then refreshments: ice cream and gay little cakes, always in green and white, Pentathlon colors.

The party adjourned at a prim and decorous hour.

Miss Martha Baer and Miss Elizabeth Matthews edited this issue of the Campus Crier. They point with pride at the cuts!

TOLLED BY THE BELL

Dearest Suey:

Spring fever seems to have captured all of us—around every corner I hear "Yes, blue and white—black and white—is going to be worn." Spring fever—spring fashions.

A group of Amelia Morgan's friends gave a birthday party for her in the dining room the other night—those present at the table were Miss Harper, Carolyn Mulholland, Alice Wall, Waiva Herse, Ruth Hall, Ena Creighton, Charlotte Hatton and, of course, Amelia. Suey, the table looked lovely. It was decorated in green and white and the whole color scheme was carried out beautifully.

Evelyn McHenry visited her roommate, Mary Agnew, at her home in Titusville, N. J. Evelyn seems to like that particular state!

This afternoon "Dotty" Swearer went to see "Dotty" Wuchter—the funny part of the visit was that Dotty had just received a big box of fruit from her family who are in Florida. Dotty had gotten wind of this somehow—and remarked that she was just famished for some fruit. Did you know that "Dot" Swearer is particularly fond of green suits? Well, Suey, she is even willing to wear them to dinner—such is the fascination.

"Poofey" (sometimes known as Thelma) Ryder visited Peg Dunn in Salem, New Jersey—and then came back to school and has had Katherine Manns as her guest.

Mrs. Fiske is playing in "Ghosts"—of course a party of girls went into the city to see it—Emily Theis, Mary Theis, Helen Smith, Dorothy Mirtz, Ida Hughes, Elheurah Forrey and Miss Abelson went along to see that the girls behaved themselves as young ladies should! They are enthusiastic to the degree of wanting to see the play again! The plot is most unusual. I believe that I shall have to see it too. Why not run down, and you and I shall go to see it.

Regina Larson, whose uncle is Senator in New Jersey was made "Daughter of the House" last Tuesday—she received flowers and a little gold pencil. It must have been

exciting.

Do you remember Marie Hollinger, Suey? She was here visiting Charlotte Millard—and Sue Sharp has been here spending some time with Joe Anderson.

"Trudy" Davis took Leone Louffer home with her for Friday and Saturday. Leone does like Trenton, but there seems to be some other reason than the usual one.

Iola Ahlers and her roommate, LaRue Himes, have been visiting Sally Herring at Allentown. They attended a wonderful dance while they were there.

The school has been lost these last few days—because "Jackie" has left us—things do not seem the same without her. No one pulls her hair nor tears around just exactly as she did—it is lonely!

Mrs. Hughes came back with "Ginny"—we are glad to see her.

"Val" Chapin had Sunday dinner with us—she is still the same girl—laughing and full of fun and pep.

"Marty" Baer has been home for the past week, but today she came back to school—it is wonderful to have her with us again.

Pearl Preuss visited Alyce Shephard—she went through the mines in Scranton and has been in a "fog" ever since. She had an exciting time though.

Marian Chapman breezed in to say "Hello" to the girls last week—she didn't stay long, but she is the same Marian.

Mrs. Vandever came to school last Friday, and took Lois into Philadelphia to spend Saturday. Lois says that it was wonderful to have her mother here—and we most certainly wish our mothers could come over here too.

Marion Codner was fortunate enough to have her mother here for the week-end, and "Peter" Ried's mother motored down for the game last Friday.

Spring vacation is only a few weeks away now—and we are certainly looking forward to it. Then just a full month of school plus a little—and then a real vacation. Will see you during vacation, of course!

Lotta love

Chop.

Exchange

At McGill University, Professor W. D. Woodhead sat back in his chair and indulged in day-dreams to the delight of an afternoon class on "The Greek Drama."

"If only we had an Aristophanes with us now! What a comedy we could have made out of Dayton with a chorus consisting partly of apes and partly of angels, or again of prohibition in America, with a chorus consisting partly of accomplished Bootleggers and partly of Puritan Pilgrim Fathers!" exclaimed Dr. Woodhead in the course of his lecture on "The Greek Drama."

Imagine Falstaff and William Jennings Bryan playing the leading roles and the Wet and Dry Arguments debating for the soul of the college student. Or the modern interpreter of the Bible with his insistence that whenever the word 'wine,' appears in should be translated 'raisin cake.'

"What! Wine in the Bible! My friend, that's a libel!"

"You're making a ghastly mistake: 'For the word rendered wine in the writings divine,

"Means nothing but raisin-cake."

The New Student

Alumnae News

1921

Margaret Clarke, of Pittsburgh, was married to Mr. Sidney Sprinkle.

1922

Emilie Buchter, of New Haven, Connecticut, is teaching kindergarten there.

Dorothy Cooper, of Roselle, New Jersey, is going to be married in April to Mr. Arthur Patterson.

1923

Evelyn Brossman, of Wyomissing, Penna., is going to be married in May to Mr. Reh Richardson.

Virginia Black, of Roanoke, Va., was recently married to Mr. Linden Johnson Whitlock, Jr., of Portsmouth, Ohio. They are living in Portsmouth.

1926

Sara A. Buchanan, of Hickory, Pa., is supervising the music in the Ellsworth schools this season.

Lillian Richter, of Stamford, Conn., is substitute teaching in and around her home town.

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Faculty News

Dr. and Mrs. Harris entertained the Faculty Bridge Club at their home Friday evening. Mrs. Jones, Miss Hill and Miss Clark were hostesses.

Mrs. R. C. Sutton entertained friends at her home Thursday night.

Mrs. Ryder and Mrs. Weston will attend the last of a series of Sunday night concerts at the Stanley Theatre next Sunday night.

Mrs. Kirschner, who has been at home indefinitely, due to the severe illness of her little daughter, is expected to return soon.

Miss O'Day accompanied the swimming team to the meets at the Penn A. C. Friday night.

Mrs. Harder was a guest at a bridge party at the home of Mrs. James B. Merritt, York Road, Abington, last Tuesday.

Mrs. Marshall and Miss Dorothy Paige were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Blair, of Elizabeth, N. J., for the week-end.

Mrs. Lloyd attended the bridge given by Mrs. Tristan de Maurois, of Narbeth, Main Line, last Tuesday.

Miss Peck attended the annual Bradford County Reunion, Saturday night at the Hotel Stephen Girard. Many friends and members of Miss Peck's family from Bradford County were present.

Miss Peck spent the weekend in Philadelphia with Mrs. Walter Lyons.

Mrs. Weston, Miss Taylor, Miss Abelson and Miss Owens were among the members of the Faculty who saw "Pickwick" during its run in Philadelphia.

The law of gravitation seems to have overlooked the cost of living.

ESTABLISHED 1895

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—Courtesy of Public Ledger

Vartoohi Hovsepian and Gulunia Kehvaian, Armenians who are studying at Beaver College.



MUSIC

The Beaver College Glee Club, under the direction of Charles H. Martin of the Music Faculty, will broadcast from Gimbel Bros. store, Station WIP, Tuesday evening, March 22. The program which will be given, is as follows:

1a—"Land of Hope and Glory" (Elgar); b—"Trees" (Rasbach. 2a—"What's In The Air Today" (Eden); b—"Who'll Buy My Lavenders?" (German), Agnes Reaser Wallace. 3a—"Solvejg's Song" (Grieg); b—"Calm As The Night" (Bohn). 4a—"Waltz In A" (Levitski); b—"Dause Andaloine (MacDowell), Matilda Soper Fowles. 5a—"Boats of Mine" (Miller); b—"Desert Love Song" (Spross), Glee Club.

Edna Mae Allen pianist, Gertrude Schwentker, soprano and Margaret Moore, reader, of Beaver College, appeared on the program of Abington Civic Club at their regular monthly meeting given at the Abington parish house on Thursday afternoon, March 3. The program given was as follows:

"Improvisations" (MacDowell), Edna Mae Allen; "Leap Year Leap," Margaret Moore; "Cat Bird" (Cloyk) Gertrude Schwentker; "Brooklet" (Grieg) Edna Mae Allen; "Lovely Flowers" (Aria from Faust), "Happiness" (A. E. Mill), Gertrude Schwentker; "In the Usual Way," Pianologue; "Vespers" (A. E. Mill), Margaret Moore, accompanied by

Edna Mae Allen; "Little David, Play On Your Harp" (Burleigh), "Oh! Mister Piper!" (Curran, Gertrude Schwentker.

Edna Mae Allen is planning an organ recital to be given in the Beaver Auditorium shortly after Easter vacation.

The College Glee Club, under the direction of Charles H. Martin of the Beaver College Music Faculty, will give a concert at the Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, at a nearby date, it has been announced.

A Student Recital will be given by the students of the College of Music in the College Auditorium Wednesday March 16. Piano, organ, vocal and ensemble numbers will constitute the program.

Marie Ladue Piersol, soprano, and Barton Piersol, baritone, appeared before the New Century Club, of Philadelphia, in a joint costume recital in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the club Thursday afternoon, March 10. Mrs. Piersol is a member of the Beaver College Music Faculty.

Margaret Moore and Estelle Wolf, Beaver College Music Students, will appear on the program of the St. Patrick's Day Luncheon to be given by the King's Daughters of the Carmel Presbyterian Church in Glenside, Thursday, March 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Piersol gave a song recital in Woodbine, New Jersey, on Sunday, March 13. The recital was given under the auspices of the Graphic Sketch Club, of Philadelphia.

President's Reception

The Annual Reception was given to the students of Beaver College by the President, Dr. Lynn H. Harris, on Friday evening, March 11. About a hundred and fifty couples attended. Those in the receiving were: Dr. and Mrs. Harris, Dean and Mrs. Ryder, Mrs. Lloyd and Mr. Wallace. Following the reception the students and their escorts danced in the gaily decorated gymnasium. Refreshments were served.

"My young friend," he said, solemnly, "do you attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, sir, regularly every Sunday night," replied the youth. "I'm on my way to see her now."

The Little One: Gee! Judging from your description she sure must be a wonderful girl. What's her name?

The Taller One: Don't know yet. Goin' t' meet her tomorrow.

California Pelican

Campus Curios

Mae Wendkoe's glasses

Martha Baer's empty letter box

Alma Espenschade's Pittsburgh Slangue

Pat Allsopp's Thackeray

Dib Darby's "idear"

Alice Miller's hair cut

Rose Miller's Herman

Emily Theis' smocks

Jackie Rathborne's Prima Donna Temperament

Katy Scheetz's baby talk

Mr. Reaser's blue pencil

Prof.—"Can you give me the derivation of Auditorium?"

Pupil—"From Audio, to hear; and Taurus, bull; a place where—"

Prof.—"That will do, that will do."

Boston Transcript

EMBASSY
THEATRE

WEEK OF MARCH 14th

MONDAY-TUESDAY

George Jessel in

"PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY"

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

Madge Bellamy in

"SUMMER BACHELORS"

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

Colleen Moore in

"TWINKLETOES"

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"M'm! Look a' them there toys! Dogs what look like as if they was goin' to bark right out; an' dollies all dressed up fit ter kill in silks and that big-purty one with yaller curls! Why, my lands, I ain't never seen such things fer chillern, fer just ter play with! That ball there in yonder corner 's most as big as the little boy what lives acrost the street, what I seen playin' out on the street while I been laying up in my room sick all this time. I reckon he mus' be 'long about five year old. An' everything looks so new and shiny and purty-oh, so many toys-I never seen the like!"

People turned to look at the shabby old man in a tattered overcoat, who stood entranced before the glittering toy shop window. He was so engrossed in its splendor that he was unconscious of the idle curious stares of passersby, who looked in interested wonder at this old man mumbling to himself.

"n looka that boat—all done up like pitchers I seen of a real one. I kin remember one-I won't made fer Tad. Sorta out o' cigar box 'twas. I found a hanky on the street one day and waz goin' ter use it fer a sail, but ma seen it and says hankies 'round our house was too scarce fer me to be abusin' one perfectly good one fer a toy boat. So I used paper—poor Tad. I wisht he cud see this here'n. Bet he never saw nothin' like this. An' 'lectric trains—I kin see 'em goin' 'round and 'round the track there, but they goes so fast! To think a playin' with ones like them, and here I ain't never been inside a real one—yet!"

"Oh, there's a doll house back there! Why, it looks like what a fairy tale place mus look like. I kinda remember a teacher once tellin' about a grand palace, but I don't guess it could o' been much classier 'n that one. I kin recollect, onct, when Jim an' me was playin' in Hale's back alley, we seen an old chair that Hale's must o' throwed out—'cause 'twas astandin' in the alley amongst all the other rubbish; se's me and Jim took it home fer Ma to sit in when she was tired! Why, I remember how she laughed at us 'n asked us when we reckoned she'd have time to know when she was tired! We wuz sorta hurt, but it was a grand chair and the only one we had wit' cushions on. An' when little Margy acrost the way hurt her leg, Donovans borreyed it for her t' sit in while she got well. She had yeller curls like that big dollie 'way over there. Purty! Purty."

Twilight deepened and the crowds hurried by, jostling and pushing. Christmas was very near and almost time to prepare for Santa's visit. A light snow had begun to fall; night came through the twilight, lights shone brighter and the old man in the tattered coat still gazed in the window.

He drew a gnarled hand out of a gash, which served as a pocket, in the ragged coat, and rubbed a boney, grizzled chin as if wondering what to do.

"Gosh, it's Christmas; guess maybe—seems kinder silly I guess—but, I ain carin'" he added defiantly.

He opened his coat and after threading a precarious way through the shredded clothes he wore, he came to what must have still remained a pocket. Therefrom, he drew a small purse. Shakily he un-snaped the catch, peered into the opening and extracted a bit of silver. He sighed and returned the purse to its original resting place, and after gazing into the window again, he shuffled into the shop.

A dapper clerk looked at him suspiciously, and inquired politely, as he was paid to do, "Can I be of service to you?"

The old man was somewhat overwhelmed at this courtesy and mumbled, "Well, now, I just don't know! Fr—I want sompthin' shiney wit' red

and blue paint on't fer two bits—I don't care much——"

"If you'll step this way," interrupted the clerk, and led the old man to a table above which hung a sign saying, "25c." "Is there anything here you'd like?" he asked.

The old man gazed at the table full of bright playthings. He put out a timid finger to caress the hair on a doll's head. Growing a bit bolder he squeezed a fat rubber clown, but the unexpected whistle frightened him so, that he put it down and put his hands behind his back. His eyes roved, while the clerk's impatient pencil tapped the edge of the table.

"Lemme see one o' them sojers. Is they two bits?" he inquired.

"Twenty-five cents," answered the clerk, as he passed the gaily painted wooden soldier to the old man.

"Hm! Purty!" The old man in satisfaction, smiled and wagged his head jauntily at the toy. "Guess I'll take this here," he said, passing the quarter to the clerk, and turning toward the door, toy in hand; the clerk's "don't you want it wrapped?" followed him out the door.

"Purty sojer—looks 'almost like what I useta look like in my sojer suit. Mine wuz blue, and yours is blue and red, but onct I could stand up straighter'n your standin' almost. Yes sir! I could!"

Many people saw a bent battered old man shuffling along the street clutching a brilliant red and blue painted wooden soldier. They thought the old man must be crazy, carrying a toy and talking to himself. But the old man was evidently happy, so they smiled and let him be. But, he wasn't crazy—he was just reminiscing—he was talking to the soldier, who had been himself.

Alma Espenschade

Blondes?

Do Gentlemen Prefer Blondes? Colin Clements, well known dramatist and author, believes there are two sides to every question, so he wrote a book which declared emphatically that gentlemen do not. That was where his troubles began. It is said Anita Loos flew to her lawyers and tried to get an injunction against the sale of the book. That failed.

Last summer, Clements went out to Hollywood to write his first moving picture scenario. While there he played and danced with the stars of Hollywood. When he returned East, his parody, "Do Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—They Do Not," was published. Now the fair-haired stars of Hollywood, including Eva Tanguay, Peggy Joyce, Mary Pickford, Marilyn Miller, Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, Clara Windsor, Marion Davies, and others have formed, it is said, a "Let's-dye-our-hair-black club."

Anne in Love

Anne was not beautiful but she had something that flowers have—something the moon has as it rides through the sky on the second night of a June house-party.

Anne was in love. She saw beauty in everything about her—she thought that the ugly kitten that the cat brought last week was adorable; she didn't mind the mayonnaise in the Oriental rug; nor did she mind her new husband's name syndicated throughout the country—Anne was ready to sacrifice anything for her love—and she smiled as she wiped mustard off a silver knife.

Florence Engelman

Some of "IT"

What is this indefinable something about which Elinor Glyn is making such a tremendous fuss? I have diligently read her books, noting each reference to this thing which she calls "It." I have perused her story and also viewed the motion picture of it. Everyone else seems to understand it and glibly runs over the people she knows, attributing to one this wonderful characteristic and thrusting others into the outer darkness where there is no "it." I must confess myself to be at a total loss despite all the information I have collected on the subject.

When I heard there was a picture by that name I thought, "Ah, at last I shall solve the mystery!" Gaily I set forth, and sat in the darkened theatre, with a high hope in my heart. What did I see? A man wildly running around a store looking for a person with "it" and finding only one. She was a perfectly normal person to all appearances and not a bit different from the rest. Eagerly I gazed at her. Her acting was mediocre, and because she had a poor vehicle for her ability, she made a very poor showing. Even the wonderful drawing card which was so greatly advertised, namely, the appearance of Elinor Glyn on the screen, failed to arouse my faded interest. Baffled and disillusioned I left the theatre—I would never learn what it could be to make John Gaunt take Alma into his office and pay her the munificent sum of one hundred dollars per week to cut out newspaper clippings—I would never know what makes some women sirens and others old-maids. Bitterly I derided my fate! I consigned Elinor Glyn to the bottomless pit! Conceive of a woman who has written at least one hundred thousand words on one subject and failed even to define it! Think of an intelligent "movie" company putting on a picture which had a certain slapstick humor about it, think of a fairly good leading lady and yet failing to let you know what it is all about! Am I unusually stupid or will someone else join me in the cry "Let Elinor Glyn and her IT be gone!"

Gladys Wallgren

While Swordhood
is in Beaver

Egad! The age of Romance has returned. On the ancient porch of Beaver, backed by the great, grey stone walls, stand two Beaverites in combat. On their Physical Educational physiques they wear the pad of the "Red Heart" and in their hands they hold the swords of vengeance. In the center stands the well—the Umpire to see that the cutting (?) ends of the swords hit not the other combatant in a vicious side swipe!

Clash—bang and one combatant screeches with a screech of terror, turns madly, dashes down the porch with the braver combatant in pursuit. Strike one. Order out of chaos and the voice of the Umpire shouting, "extend, parry and LUNGE."

A group of students gather, carrying great piles of books. The fencers become excited, nervous, the atmosphere is tense—Clash, the ring of steel and then, a bell sounds in the distance, 12.30, time for lunch. The hard hearted 'Ump' becomes Miss Hull and the two very expert young swordsmen unmask themselves, and—Dotty and Milly run for lunch, too!

Catherine Merritt

Can You Tell Them?

These two teasing brown curls just below each merry brown eye. And she's never too busy to stop and talk her baby talk and sing her piece about the little birdies!

Who is she? Where is she? Oh! she's in French class—what again? How trite! Sometimes looking for the "bone glasses," other times in mad pursuit for news.

That dear big-little girl, who doesn't love her? That brown hair, rolled in a soft knot, is as neat as her small, slim appearance. She's so tiny and yet she does go to reducing class on Monday and Wednesday nights—and oh! Johnny!

That slim figure, that famous lock of hair, that easy-going, indifferent day and that chewing gum—oh! where'd you get those great big eyes?

That deep mellow voice, those broad shoulders, manly stride, and that cheery grin—who hasn't heard her in basketball that well-known—slap—yes! She's Physical Ed. and was here when Beaver was a pup!

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PEACE LECTURER AT CHAPEL SERVICE

Mr. Bing Advocates Racial Tolerance

"War and Peace are the greatest problems of today. Europe is feeling the economic and political results of war," said Harold F. Bing, organizing secretary of the British Federation of Youth in London, England, when he spoke at chapel services in the Beaver College auditorium on Tuesday evening, March 8.

"We must solve this race problem," Mr. Bing continued, "if mankind is to progress, to prevent a clash between the white and colored races." According to Mr. Bing there are five points which must be considered, the first deals with communication for nations are being brought into closer contact by communication. Secondly, the development of industrial life increased the need of industrial civilization. The third point is the fact that education is spreading rapidly among the colored people. The fourth point, colored people are learning the scientific control of things and lastly, effect upon colored people by the war. They saw on the battlefield, the degradation of white civilization.

The result of these five causes work side by side, creates for us the race problem, calling for a solution if the world is to progress, he said.

A World Youth Peace Conference is to be held in Holland in August, 1928. The subject of the race problem will be discussed and a movement will be started to rid this generation of the superiority of the white race.

Flattery may be just as false as slander, but it doesn't have the backlash.

There would be more happy marriages if Mother Nature were allowed to officiate in place of the girl's mother.

Dear Faculty:

The studio has been much honored of late by Dr. Martin, who has been posing for the budding artists. Despite the difficulties encountered in drawing the masculine countenance after steadily drawing our classmates, we do wish the other members of the faculty would be less bashful and follow Dr. Martin's example. We never flatter, we do not even guarantee a resemblance, but think, members of the faculty, of the honor of having your portrait done by future feminine Sargents and Whistlers!

Yours hopefully,
Budding Brush-Wielders

A STRICTLY AMERICAN LEXICON

Culled from Various Sources, Authorities and the Vox Populi)
Yesdy, noun. Day preceding to-day.
t'morra, noun. Day following to-day.
ant, noun. Female relative.
gentman, noun. Generic term for ast, verb. Inquired.
the male.
pitcher, noun. A representation; tableau.
I, 1st per. pronoun, objective case.
"A gentman ast her and I to go to the pitcher-show."
wrench, verb. To wash out; as, wrench a cup.
french, adj. Off-color, immoral; as, a french play, a french joke, etc.
masoose, noun. A female rubber.
strenth, noun. Power.
"You godda (q. v.) have strenth to be a masoose."
Saddy, noun. Sabbath.
fith, adj. Following the fort.
sixt, adj. Following the fith.
avna, noun. A wide street; as fort avna, fith avna, sixt avna, etc.
roo, noun. 1. Street (French). 2. A gay old dog.
chew, 2nd per. pronoun; as, Doan chew? Can chew? etc.
jew, 2nd per. pronoun; as, Did jew? Would jew? etc.
fie, noun. A numeral.
twenny, noun. Four times fie; as twenny-fie dollars.

(To be continued)
Willard Huntingdon Wright.

Basketball

(Continued from Page One)

A fast start was brought to a sudden end when a foul caged by Davis, of West Philadelphia, opened scoring. This was immediately followed by a field goal by West Philadelphia. Beaver held the West Philadelphia team to this score and finished the quarter in the lead.

Shafer was substituted for Wells, of Beaver, and after some fast playing and scoring on both sides, the half-time score was 12-11 in Beaver's favor.

West Philadelphia opened scoring in the second half and regained the lead, but excellent team work and breathtaking field goals finished the game 26 to 21 for Beaver.

The teams were evenly matched and the team work and passing was especially good.

Mrs. Smith refereed.

The lineup was:

WEST PHILA.	BEAVER
Davis	F. Wells
Kuhl	F. Dunn
Sharp	C. Cooke
Margarm	S. C. Cross, O.
Newcomb	G. Wuchter
Farson	G. Ried

Beaver College beat Moravian Seminary by a score of 25-23 on the Beaver floor, Friday afternoon.

Moravian came to Beaver with confidence. They had never been beaten. But before the game they had a bit of hard luck. Their captain was hurt in an interclass game, so was forced to the sidelines for the

game with Beaver.

The game started off with fast playing and continued in that manner throughout the whole game.

The lineup:

BEAVER	MORAVIAN
Dunn	F. James
Wells	F. Murphy
Cooke	C.
Shafer	S. C. Meyer
Ried	G. Smull
Wuchter	G. Kirchner

Shavings From the Board

Students must keep seats assigned to them in chapel. No changes after roll-call will be allowed.

Hats should be worn in chapel on Sunday or any other night.

It is not known whether or not students will be given the privilege of walking on Sunday afternoons.

The Board

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For the

Phi Bete:—(midnight brand).
Popular:—dates.
Deb.—French dressing.
Drip:—prunes.
Social climber:—plenty of dough.
High hatter:—ice.
Freshman:—lemon crush.
Flatterer:—applesauce.
Athlete:—ginger.
Cute Young Thing:—kisses.
Girl who always does what she's told:—angel food.
Tired student:—a good, wholesome loaf.
Girl with the Cutex complexion:—lady fingers.
Hygiene major:—frog's legs.
Girl who says A's are easy:—bolognie.
Day-dreamer:—floating island.
Girls who crams:—sage stuffing for chicken.
Petter:—spoon bread.
Biology major:—deviled lobster.
Girl with many crushes:—mush.
Bride-to-be:—rice.

(Each item should be taken with a pinch of salt.)

Goucher College Weekly

The Inquiring Reporter

Answers to Questions Asked at Random on the Campus

The momentous question:

What about Sunday afternoon walking?

Members of the Faculty say:

Pro:

It would be a healthy and desirable diversion.

It would refresh the girls body and mind.

It would renew and increase the girl's capacity for activity.

Con:

It would tend to make the Beaver girls conspicuous.

The girls might neglect their studies.

It would tend to lessen Beaver's prestige.

Allow me to quote from the poets:

"One impulse from a vernal wood

May teach you more of man

Of moral evil and of good

Than all the sages can."

—Wadsworth.

"We look before and after
And pine for what is naught."

—Shelley

Nobody knows exactly when civilization began—or has it begun?

If personal friends just wouldn't insist on getting too darned personal!

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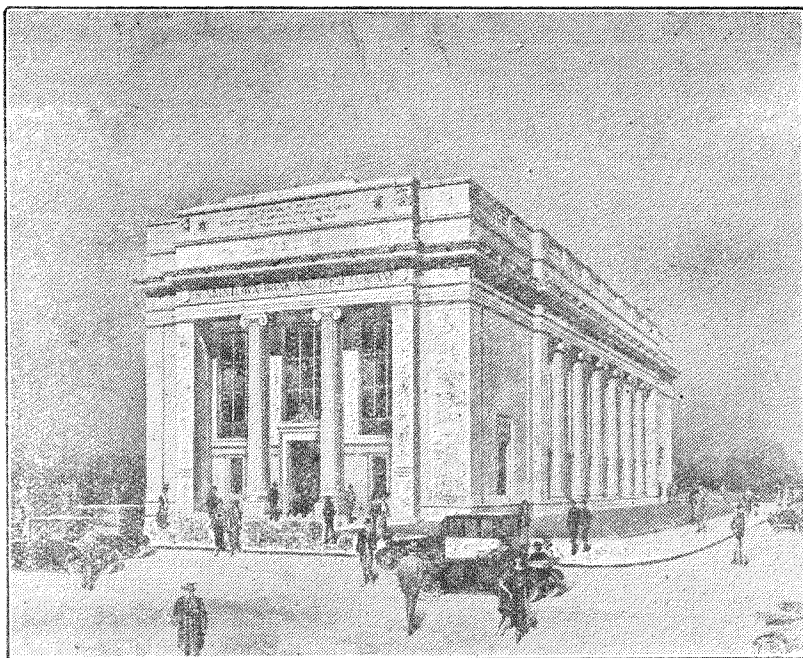
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Campus Crier

By C. M.

Class remark: "Can you imagine some girls at Beaver really believe that Jonah swallowed the whale!"

Pat: "What is a brief?"
Betty: "Referring to clothes."

Maid: "Shall I take this rug out and shake it?"

Stude: "That's no rug, It's my roommate's bath towel!"

Stude: "What's this peculiar odor around here?"

Mrs. Weston: "Probably the dead letters."

WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN KNOWS—
It all.

Heard in History of Education:
"Did Daniel Webster write the Dictionary?"

Southern Club: "So you're a Southerner, where were you born?"

New England Club: "Southern Vermont."

A Freshman stayed up all night to see the point of one of Dr. Martin's jokes, and then it dawned on her.

Milly, eating plums at breakfast:
"Oh, I slipped on my stone and fell!"

When you lose your self-control, you lapse your accident policy against stupidity.

Don't be so busy doing small things that you cannot see your opportunity to do large ones.

The difference between doing a right thing and doing it nearly right is all the difference there is.

Rage is the switch that turns off the light of intelligence and plunges the mind into darkness.

Exchange

"Whattisay Aliss shesa nisgoll annallat bashesa dum!"

"Tearibil dum Mojerry wasya ta ast me."

"Shesa dum shethink Verra Cruws wassa movie yactress."

"Jabaleevit! Anher inna lajittamit allese years."

"Whosinna lajittamit allese years?"

"Veera Crews."

"Hohoho yatryin takimme? Slawra Hope Crews inna lajittamit."

"Hohoho youwaint sadum awya Mojerry? Notlike herrImean."

"Honest shesa limmit. Shethink Sandyclawses wifs Sannabawbra."

"Anni saystaher 'Idunno' Isays 'shouldI gemme a ultermaroon dress or thisnow pearywinkle shade.'"

"Washee say?"

"Shesez 'Fyastmee Ithink bloosa nice culler.' Ohshesa dum!"

"Shesez tame 'Myyold mansgotta dawg upta ourhouse' anIsez Whak-kine izzit? anshesez 'Sbrowan an-wite.' Shesa cassankle."

"Howwnney bes dumman live huh?"

"Youseddit."

"Iwancha talookita letta shedone fatha boss. Ipinchit offha desk my Gawd—"

"Mechangepoise!"

"Joloose it?"

"Smatta Aliss?"

"Ileftit onna seatinna suwway whenna gotout melipstick."

"Fgossakes atstoobad. Ilenya-dolla tagethome wit. My Gawd Aliss iffatainta limmit—!"

"Wassappened tayou Mojerry?"

"Yanowat wop frootpeddla witha hawsanwaggin wawwe gotta plums-offa?"

"Wattaboutit?"

"Imusta giyvim afispat fra wun-dolla bill!"

Henry William Hanemann.

Men who pretend to understand women thereby convict themselves of being pretenders.

A woman is sure to do a little crooked work when she tries to drive a nail.

Soliloquy of a Librarian

The signs read SILENCE, but who reads the signs?

I wonder or, if they read who heeds them?

They think, perhaps they are for decoration

Like mottoes on the wall in their rooms

Used but to take up space—or, it may be

They're subject to hallucinations and

Think—if indeed they think at all—

They are but optical illusions.

O would that I could disillusion them

By some means—even to let them know that—

As Dr. Thomas says—those signs are to be

Useful as well as ornamental,

That they read SILENCE because there must be

SILENCE in the library.

Anne Muntean

When yesterday went out of business, today moved in with a brand new load of the finest opportunities the world has ever seen. Step up and help yourself.

Sophistication is the ability to appear bored when you are bursting with a desire to applaud.

Prof.—Is this wrong? "I have ate."

Stude—Yes.

Prof.—What's wrong with it?

Stude—You ain't et yet.

A pun is a joke at which every-one groans, because they didn't think of it first.

Maybe few, but probably more. It seems to me just only fair To turn my thoughts to dimples rare.

The Lost Chord

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