

CAMPUS CRIER

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LITERARY NUMBER

ON UNWRAPPING THINGS

BY THE PROFESSOR

I extract ineffable joy from the unwrapping of the merest trifle. When I was a child I could be simply amused by "unwrapping." However, it was not as simple as it sounds. It required regiments of relations busily wrapping to supply my destructive needs, for to replace wrappings was to me as distasteful as putting back parts of a dissected mechanical toy is to the budding genius engineer.

Fond and doting parents proudly declared it was my "frank and open" nature. "The little lad just can't bear to see anything deceitfully, shamefully hidden. Isn't he sweet?" I find to my chagrin upon becoming an adult that although this trait in my character remains unchanged, not so the judgments of society.

Now my sterling, frank and open instinct brings upon my head, only condemnation. "Snoopy, prying, nose" are some of the most mild of the aspersions cast upon my virtuous fondness for investigation.

Myriad of queer little parcels: my landlady's bargains, a bulky bundle for my good archeologist across the hall, even groceries for the cook—all challenging, promising the delicious sensation of disclosure, discovery. They intrigue me. Is this idle curiosity or some low, bestial instinct that urges, incites me to sacrifice the respect of others to indulge my passion?

Some outlandish creatures I have known possess an uncontrollable passion for unraveling string, disentangling hopelessly snarled masses. They usually are females, unclaimed and "over 35." This predilection for rescuing balled up twine suggests to my mind a possible profession in which such individuals would certainly shine, that supposedly odious task imposed on humans "involuntarily confined," picking hemp.

I remember the queer habit of an aunt of mine. When anyone received a package—anyone from the cook to one of us children—there, looming above, peering over our shoulder, would be Aunt Elizabeth, crying, "Oh! Please do not break the string. Such nice paper. Here, be careful. Let me do it." You suggest scissors or—horror of horrors—your penknife. She gives a shudder, and you slink away as if you had suggested murder. The best thing for your nerves is to be resigned and leave Aunt Elizabeth alone gently coaxing the string—to watch is only for patient people. In perhaps half an hour you return. In a neat precise coil is the string unsoiled, intact, and the paper, wrinkless, neatly folded.

It is useless to try to avoid this procedure—a sixth sense seems to acquaint the woman the instant a package enters the house. Aunt Elizabeth is there ready to pounce.

When she is tatting, knitting, crocheting or performing any of those delightful, dainty and maidenly mysterious pastimes, I sometimes secretly think she snarled the threads on purpose.

Personally, my joy in unwrapping would be completely destroyed by any such regard and consideration. Half the delight is in rending the covering like an offending thing. In my mind lurks this prompting memory that people in books when approaching the crisis, the revelation, always snatch away the veil, tear away the curtain, ruthlessly seize the door-knob, rip the envelope.

Where would be the zest, the excitement, the interest, if he took the veil carefully between his first and second fingers and his thumb, and folded it to one side, or if he took the envelope and meticulously slit it with the paper-cutter?

Exponents of psychological and
(Continued on Page Five)

A REPORTER'S LIFE IS A LIFE OF JOY

"Joy! Say, I'm hungry! Haven't had a bite today. Newspapermen never eat," said Mr. Slick, "they can't afford to."

Carroll S. Slick, debonair Editor of the "Glenside News," (America's most up-to-date suburban newspaper) leaned back in his chair—so far back that the reporter gasped for fear "ye editor" would land on the back of his neck; took out a pack of Chesterfields, tapped one expertly on the back of his hand, struggled to light a match, and after the first joyful puff, he proceeded to enlighten the Reporter on the "Joys of Reporting."

"I don't believe that a reporter's life is a life of joy," he said. "It's more a life of glamour, I would say. Of course, there is lots of joy, but it turns mostly to thrills—not joy. Take for instance: would you call trying to please women's clubs, churchworkers and answering foolish questions a joy?"

It's a life of glamour—why, here for instance—where else in the world could you do this? One evening I had to interview a chap who had been accused of murder and who was afterwards electrocuted, from there I had to interview Senator Fess, of Ohio, who was visiting some prominent person in the city, and from there I had to cover a dinner being given at the Bellevue-Stratford. All this in the course of three or four hours.

"And variety! Why a million things happen. Reporters get into places where other people never even dream of entering. I was at dinner down at the Pen and Pencil Club, the other day, and Hugh Miller, the man who got his start through Gloria Swanson, came in. He is playing in "Pickwick" running in town now. We were introduced by a mutual acquaintance, and after the dinner he took us to the theatre, back stage, showed us all the workings of the theatre unseen from the front—we even sat in the orchestra pit for a part of the play. That was particularly unusual; and, of course, Miller talked. Seems funny how actors dislike movies. Even though he had his start in movies, he won't go to see the picture he played in.

"Speaking of movies, the most boring thing in the world—yes, one of the 'joys' of reporting—is watching the filming of a picture. The music goes on and on, over and over, every step is measured, then redone and sometimes practiced six to ten times before they 'shoot' the scene, even then this infernal music goes on and on! The lights are terrific—these Kleig lights, you know—one almost expects them to go through one and wither one up.

"Movies make me think of actors and actresses. Some of the actresses I've interviewed have been the dumbest people on earth, others are entirely different. However, the majority are terrible.

"Of course, one can't judge the profession by a few, but that's as is!"

"That's quite a recommendation for the life of a reporter—excitement," said the reporter. "How about the thrills?"

"Well, one of the biggest thrills I ever had was at the Indianapolis speedway with Ralph Mulford. He had promised to take me around in his racing car and a few days before the big event we went. I was doing it for a feature story. We went around the track at 115 miles per hour and it was as smooth as glass—never felt a single jar. Then we went around in an English car and tore around at 85 miles per hour, and I swear we could feel every stone on the track—just seemed like bumping over a corduroy road!"

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BEAUTY IS LIFE

ALMA ESPENSCHADE

Ah, they were lovely! She splashed them around in the soap-sudsy water. A bubble of gleaming pink silk would protrude among the iridescent soap bubbles; poked down, a yellow sphere would emerge. She loved this sort of washing. It was like a fairy land—these delicious colors—tinted bubbles, like all the inexpressible beauty of tears.

"Madeline, forever more! You're slow! You just sit and look holes through those clothes. Take 'em out of that water and quit puddlin' around with 'em before they rot. Hang 'em out to dry so they'll dry quick. Grace spoke about wearin' that rose dress of hers to the dance tonight, so I reckon she'll be wantin' them white undies. Hurry up now, so's they'll dry before noon, then you kin iron 'em right after dinner."

Preciously each dainty, lacey, be-ribboned, pastel silk garment was hung up in the breeze to dry. Madeline paused after having hung up the last piece and looked proudly at her handiwork. She, Madeline, had washed these exquisite things. They were the joy of her life. Though she knew nothing of reincarnation, there was nothing she would rather have been than one of these dainty blue or peach chemises that puffed in the breeze. Pale green teddies, like grass reflected in a still pool on a hot day; a white nightgown that made her think of brides; a pale blue slip trimmed with deep cream lace looked to her like clouds in a summer sky; shell pink things, and deeper pink ones, like a baby's skin, faint yellow, like yellow roses in the sun—beauty incarnate. Yes, they were beautiful. These colors, hung in a row—looked like a sunset—a pale beautiful sunset with a loveliness more wispy than new blossoms.

Madeline smiled and sighed as she went back into the house, the while her kitchen tasks kept her busy during the dinner hour, she always had time to stop and take a peek at the loveliness out on the line. As she washed the dinner dishes she gazed out at the fanning crepe-de-chines, and dreamed of them, not of her dishes. That is why the faint smile played at the corners of her mouth.

She was happy—just these delicate bits of silk were life to her—she loved them.

Hadn't Dan, the iceman, asked her to marry him? He was a handsome man, and she had liked him extremely well: everyone expected her to marry Dan. Yes, but Dan was just an ice man, he could never buy her things like these, and if she left this beauty where else would she find its equal? She asked if she might go on working if she were married—he said, "No; My wife'll not work fer no one but me! I kin keep a wife respectable. I ain't rich, but I kin give her a good home."

So Madeline had refused him. The neighborhood servants were amazed! "A good man like Dan, and she ain't got nothin' but her job!"

But could Dan's rusty corduroy trousers and water soaked flannel shirts have satisfied her longing for beauty? Would anything in the plain respectable home Dan wanted to give her compare with the weekly fairyland she visited when she washed Grace's dainty under-garments? Could Dan have given her anything to replace this rainbow that spoke enchantment to her? No! This was life—these lacey, be-ribboned "unmentionables." They were her "unattainables." Material for dreams. Give them up? Never! For life is a dream.

A REPORTER'S ACCOUNT

(Not for the Editor)

BY E. E. MATTHEWS

A. T. Stopem, introduced by the president of the Ladies' Society addressed a meagre bunch of feminine politicians at that Contented Country Club. I timidly inquired what the speech was about. "About fifteen minutes," cooed Mrs. Fatty, the chairman.

The place had the air of a luxurious school room, with Mister Teacher drumming civics into very smug pupils—only some force called etiquette made these pupils refrain from wiggling, although many of them had that worried look on their faces.

The biggest factor in the room was TEA. You may have some if you are good and listen to Mr. Stopem. Anyway, after the address there was a casual, but insistent, rush to the place where tea was being served.

Why do these over-confident women have to go into politics anyway? I know they haven't anything else to pry their self-satisfied faces into.

After fifteen minutes of the wonder speech I got the hiccoughs and took—the air!

THE NIGHT

Waves and waves of relief-giving darkness covered and protected a few poverty-stricken shacks with a mantle of blue and purple cob-webs. Directly above, three stars wept silver dust on their roofs. A moon, the color of a newly picked peach, walked with the gods across the heavens, at the same time stretching out her delicate golden hands to embrace the exquisite thoughts of a mortal poet.

Just then, the four winds raced up to Mount Olympus to greet their father and scattered on silver heels to their destinations. The East Wind alone paused for a few seconds on a majestic hill-side. He gracefully climbed a tree, holding court with a gallant bird, and upon reaching the top, stood on his tip-toes. He puckered his lips and made a sound as cool and as soft as the first green of Spring. At that sound a saucy star peacocked its way over to him and lightly dropped a cold immortal kiss on his gusty lips.

A precious bit of humanity turned over in her bed and cooed divinely, for Cupid had shot an arrow of peace and sweetness and love into her heart.

And a woman in a God-Enlightened church, prayed for her soul.

FLORENCE ENGLEMAN

BOOKS TO READ

Ben Hecht's "Count Bruga." ".....there is real humor, the inevitable mark of the maturity of Ben Hecht's genius."

Robert Herrick's "Chimes." "The inside story of university life woven into a kindly ironic novel of high excellence."

Alice Brown's "Dear Old Templeton."

"In this new novel Alice Brown's mellow humor and finesse in character portrayal reach a new and high level."

Helen Hull's "Islanders." "A brilliant novel in whose pages thousands of American women will find themselves reflected."



THE CAMPUS CRIER

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THE PUBLIC

The fickle mob following docily, meekly, the trend, the cult of the strongest, the fittest, the leader—like so many stupid sheep—they flock after him.

Bleating the same words and jogging along, contentedly, placidly they follow the leader. Dumbly, involuntarily, worshipping, and idolizing the tender and his crook; dreading the wolf and the cold and the wind; respecting the sturdy, shaggy sheep-dog; without question, without consideration ostracising, loathing, and repulsing the "black sheep," they continue.

Individuality is a thing scorned, repressed. They strive to be alike, to eat the same amount of grass, to bleat when everybody else bleats.

Every valuable nerve and energy and possible thought is devoted and engrossed to this end—"to be like the other sheep."

What, then, is their criterion; who sets the standard; who shapes their ideals?

In these modern times the highly perfected means of communication and transportation makes possible a universal brotherhood and exchange of ideas.

There are many influences that mould and, consciously or unconsciously, direct public opinion—books, plays, speeches, newspapers, and the greatest of these is the Press.

Here in College Journalism we must so train ourselves in the habitual presentation of truth and high character in our work that now and hereafter, our influence will be only for the betterment and able leadership of the sensitive public whose pulse throb we may help to regulate.

WHY SHOULD I TEACH?

Four months ago, Dr. Albert Lindsay Rowland, superintendent of the Cheltenham Township schools addressed the student body on "Teaching As A Profession."

"One cannot teach without an educational philosophy just as one cannot live without a philosophy of life," he began. "It is, therefore, necessary to determine your philosophy in the beginning if you are going to teach." "But," he continued, "perhaps you are asking yourself 'why should I teach?'"

"Kirkpatrick in his book 'A Changing Civilization' says that women are responsible for the changing civilization. One of the most conspicuous evidences of this tremendous change is the fact that no girl grows up today with the idea that she is to be housed, clothed, and fed by a man—as did the girl of fifty years ago. Another economic theory prevails today. Every individual is under obligation to prepare himself or herself for service, and has no right to be housed, clothed, and fed without having rendered such service. Beaver stands for that philosophy. The courses she gives are practical—preparing for an earning capacity. The number of fields of service open to women today is as large as that open to men. There are women lawyers, women doctors, women preachers, women politicians. "Why should I teach?"

There are six touchstones you should consider in choosing your profession. In the first place, the thing you do should be profitable—profitable enough to insure you the bare necessities plus a few luxuries. Does teaching do that? Yes. Teaching measures up to anything else in regard to remuneration. Besides demanding that it shall be profitable, you have a right to demand that the job you prepare for shall be worthy, that it shall be something you can do and be respectable. Certainly there is no question as to the dignity and respectability of teaching. Thirdly, you have a right to question your profession as to opportunity. Is it a blind alley or is the way open for advancement? The teaching profession has great openings for promotion. The educational system has become rather complex, thus affording numerous super-positions to which one can aspire and attain. Furthermore, you have a right to ask that your profession provide you with some leisure time in which to follow your avocational interests. Leisure time is available richly in the teaching profession. Then again the thing you do must be a real service, something useful. Usefulness is the very essence of teaching.

"The important thing is that you decide to do with your life something which automatically provides you with a sense of satisfaction—satisfaction coming from an inward feeling 'I have been useful.' This is priceless—something which no one can ever take from you. Teaching abounds in a satisfaction which is an increasing illumination as the sun of life sets."

NOT HALF BAD

"This world is the worst possible place in which to live," says the pessimist. "It is abominable."

"No," says the optimist, "This is the best of all possible worlds in which to live."

"You are both wrong," insists the meliorist. "This is not the worst of all possible worlds, nor, on the other hand, is it the best of all possible worlds. My idea is that it is not a half bad place, after all, and that it is up to us—you and me and the other fellow—to make it better."

Right, Mr. Meliorist. You may come up front!

Indeed, life is basically worth living in this world as it is. Moreover, every individual can make life more worth living in this world as it should be.

According to Dr. Purdy, in order to make this world a better place to live in, we need three kinds of people: people who have faith; people who have courage; people who have a passion for friendship.

People who have faith—faith in themselves, in their potentiality to think, to do, to be; faith in others as to like capacities; faith in God as the primary moving urge drawing the world on to greater and better things. "Everything goes onward and outward, nothing collapses," said Walt Whitman.

Then, we need people who have courage—courage to supplement this faith; to substantiate it; to result in thinking, doing, being.

And thirdly, we need people who have a passion for friendship, who infuse their ideals into others, who can go fifty-fifty on the each-for-all all-for-each basis.

Think it over!

ENJOYMENT OF GOOD MUSIC

The statement is sometimes made that only an artist can appreciate good music. It's true that the appreciation of technique may be limited to a small circle of musicians.

However, the humblest peasant may be thrilled by the martial music of the military band; his eyes may become moistened at the plaintive notes of the violin; his very soul may be shaken by the majesty of the symphony orchestra.

Wealth and fame cannot bring love of harmony. It is not the people in box seats who arrive late at the theatre and leave early who appreciate the opera, but rather, the poor man who stands hour after hour in the streets outside the theatre, too enraptured by the music to realize that he is shivering with cold.

Good music is not necessarily the so-called, "classical" music. It includes the songs of home, patriotic songs and hymns, as well as the opera and symphony. Good music is harmony and accent; these qualities can be found in the simplest songs. Harmony is a combination of sounds which is pleasing to the ear. Jazz is often pleasing to the ear, but its characteristic accent, if long continued, grates upon the nerves.

To enjoy good music, one must have a true sense of harmony and an appreciative soul.

THE POET

By Anne Muntean

My inspiration comes in fleeting darts—
It glows a little in my hand, departs
Before it e'er could burn my fingers,
or
At least bring forth a spark—I ask
no more—
To light the paper with its blazing
thought.

To see the halo 'round the common-
place,
Yet not perceive—as often is the
case—
That halo to bedim the nature of
The thing in essence; to feel that
from above
Comes to the earth a touch divinely
wrought—

How few there are with power to
vision thus—
And fewer still that vision paint
for us!
'Tis not a whit within the common
role
"To see life steadily and see it whole"
With, through it all, a ray of glory
caught.

These privileged few must hand the
vision down—
A sacred duty, owed, not for re-
nown—
Be they not blest with gift of fluency
They needs must learn, somehow, to
make one see—
If but a glimpse—it will not be for
naught.

The inspiration comes to me anew—
I see—but O for power to show it
you!

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. Perhaps that's why we all flunk.

Whatever connotation Elinor Glyn may have given to "It"—conceding that she has added any—it still spelled I—T.

Now that "IT" is a quality of the mind, will the Intelligence Quotient be higher?

"She does not have the soul of a poet, but she has a poet's heart." Evidently that can be acquired.

She was a bridge fiend; she didn't believe in ferries.

Since Beaver's Spring vacation did not include Easter Sunday, Jenkintown people expected a dress parade. We fooled 'em.

A person with a delicate sense of humor is so annoying when we don't feel that way.

A mutual friend is one we can both talk about.

"We are so misunderstood," cries the Youth of the Modern Age. What is there to understand?

They sing about "when love shines in." When loves dies out, it's a divorce.

Anticipation is greater than realization. That's why we all fall for the movie stars.

People usually get condemnation when they want commendation. Is it just typographical error?

Run around with your head in the clouds, if you will, but first make sure that your legs are long enough to reach the ground.

Collaboration is the thief of time. You can do it more quickly by yourself.

Successful writing, proverbially speaking, requires inspiration plus perspiration. What about aspiration and the editor's blue pencil?

Education is the shoemaker of life—putting in souls.

There are those who consider thinking a futile pastime. We are inclined to say that their thinking apparatus is on the blink. Your brain is one thing which improves with age and use.

Perhaps he who tells the truth constantly has not the ingenuity to lie.

Try attending Y. W. C. A. meetings. Y-you W-ill C-ome A-gain.

"Animals never think: men seldom." What about the women?

'Tis better to have learned and have forgotten—after the examination—than never to have known at all.

Everything comes in to the "city desk"—even tips.

This issue was edited during the spring vacation with Mary Prentzel (editor-in-chief) and Anne Muntean (left-hand-man) as the sole occupants of the editorial room.

SKETCHES

GODS AND MEN

By Catherine Merrill

Gods of the earth are of the past. Myths grow into abstractions, but man remains concrete. Man will wear his mask thru the ages. It may be penetrated by some; it may remain masklike to others. There is a mask of determination, on the surface for some; mask of discouragement, underneath, for others. It either dogs your life, or it dogs the lives of your fellow men. Your mask is your own to use as you will. Make it beautiful, if you must; make it ugly if you try.

There are thousands of cry-baby men in this world. Men who have built their walls and closed their gates; who have fought their own battles, and have lost; men who have not the backbone to carry on after that losing fight.

Are men gods? On the surface, perhaps, to some. Take off their masks and find behind them whimpering, mongrel-like images of what God intended men to be. Put on their masks and you have men as they are and will remain.

Man has accomplished his purpose. His mask has remained and his true self lives beneath the surface. It thrives on the jealousies, the torments and the gladness of life. It becomes miserable with the hardships, the sufferings and the heartaches of the world. Lift the mask and the spirit beneath cannot stand the forces against it. The spirit beneath becomes impoverished and the connection between the mask and the man is lost.

Keep your head up; your mask straight and the man that you were meant to be will outrun any Greek god on the race track of life.

FOOLS RANK HIGH

By E. E. Matthews

"Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Isn't that a good motto? Fools laugh. People laugh with fools.

Yet, who wants to be one? I do. It is a splendid occupation. You do not lose your self-respect. You do a good turn daily; you save someone from himself. Many tense situations which might bring unpleasant results are smoothed over by the "poor nut" in the crowd. However, it is not an easy task to be a fool. You must know people, know life, sense the atmosphere, be witty, be on the alert for opportunity.

How many times have people said, "O ask him too, he's such a fool!" People love you. They cannot do without you. Who was it said, "It takes a wise man to be a fool?"

A fool is not selfish, he cannot be conceited, he cannot talk of himself. He is not supposed to have feelings.

Indeed, the great test of a successful fool is to have other people's feelings, to know their moods, and yet not to display his own sensitiveness. A fool ranks next to the philosopher.

May I die with a joke on my lips!

WANDERLUST

I want to be a gypsy. I want to sit on the highest mountain when the Huntress of the Skies, as she rides by, scoops full hands of kisses from the overflowing crescent moon and flings them down on the silver moon-paths. I want to know what the gypsies know comes up from the smouldering twilight fires in a clinging robe of silver gray, I want to see what the gypsies see: the white road straight and beckoning on and ever on, with houses set far back to steel themselves against that haunting call; and brown roads cool and coaxing with the tingling living woods beside.

I want to hear the bell-note bird-calls in the early morning and hear the silence and the stillness creep on the soft-padded feet of the dusk: to feel small soothing drops of rain, and my skin turn brown under the caressing fingers of the sun.

And, Oh, I long to show the streets of dull gray souls how my happy heart shines through in the bright colors of my full blown skirts.

A MEMORY

I wonder now if it was the picture or the silence I remember.

I had often climbed the foresters fire-tower, sixty feet into the air, above the tallest of the living trees. I had climbed the slender ladder that reminded me of the ladder on Grandmother's windmill, and looked for the blue smoke of a far away forest fire, felt the heat of the afternoon sun, found in the blur of trees and hills and fields the road that twisted thru all like a ribbon thru a lace insertion and led to home.

But at twelve o'clock, midnight, I walked three miles on silver leaves, thru silver trees, under silver-frosted purple sky—back to the tower. It startled me as I came around a turn and full upon it—it looked so very

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bare and black and bony.

The moon hung out over the valley and little furry clouds were racing across it.

On every side blue-black hills rolled up to mountain tops and down to silver silent mists that made a blanket for the trees and moved as if the trees were restless in their sleep. On one mountain hill, charred black trees made naked scare-crows against the silver purple sky. Poor charred black trees!

And everything was silent. Trees and sky and earth rested—only the children of men refused to use the night for rest. All was quiet, hemmed in by the quiet—and I felt the stillness that seems to flow around me, silent as the clouds slipping across the sky, silent as the veils of mist waving in the little valleys; and still—still as the sleep-

ing trees.

I wanted to snatch a piece of the stillness and keep it to rest me—but the stillness stayed with the mountains and the trees and the mists. I have only my memory picture.

Dr. Dorothy Galbraith

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THE POETS' CORNER

UTTERANCES

By Anne Munlean

Love—a dream, a fantasy—
Glorious, perhaps, but yet a dream,
A fantasy—and Truth eluding!

Youth—a dreamer, idealist—
Awakening, at times, yet a dreamer,
Idealist—and Truth evading!

Fate—a fake, a mockery—
Mysterious, perhaps, but yet a fake,
A mockery—and Truth concealing!

Life—a play, a comedy—
Challenging, perhaps, but yet a play,
A comedy—and Truth revealing!

MY LOVE

By E. E. Matthews

Her warm, red, lips sing a sweet
refrain,
Her body sways in rhythm.
Her sparkling eyes, are worldly wise;
She sins and is forgiven.

To live and learn is her aim in life,
The world is hers by right.
She plays the game both fair and
square,
But her morals are dark as night.

She loves with a passion that turns
to ice,
She speaks with the tongue of a
sage.
She has a line, but she's mine, all
mine—
She's Youth in our Modern Age.

DAWN

By Pearl Preuss

Light, light, light,
As the dawn breaks through the
night
The wall of dark is lifted
By a wondrous glistening light.

The world is soon a-stirring
At the breaking of the day,
Awakened from its slumbers
By a wondrous glistening ray.

MY MOTHER

By Peg McConaughy

My mother
has given me my heart, my soul.
My heart
she has tried to make white
like the lilies in our garden
My soul

she has wished to make clear
like silvery water that splashes
revealing beauty and depth.
All this

to me she has given.

And I—
What have I given her?
Worry and anguish and despair.

But now
sunshine is gleaming through
for I am kneeling in prayer.

SUPPRESSED DESIRES

By Peg McConaughy

Deep within one lie desires
Hidden far away,
Much like little flowers springing
On a summer day.

Sometimes desires are broken,
Deadened, crushed alive;
And seeds that might have been
flowers
No longer survive.

But within their death there perish
Lovely, carefree things,
Lofty aims that might arise,
Joys that triumph brings.

The Wooing of a Mouse

By Pearl Preuss

The big, black cat with handsome
eyes
Went strolling round the house,
A mandolin hung by his sides
To woo the lovely mouse.

Tuning his instrument so fine
He sang a sweet love song;
He gazed but saw no sign
Of one he craved so long.

But then his heart did in him jump

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As at the tiny hole
He saw the dear one's face so plump,
His eyes—how they did roll!

She ventured nearer, drunk with joy,
Toward the singer gay,
And stood enraptured at the sound,
To hear him sing and play.

Then in this moment of delight,
From out the darkness came
A big fat rat, who thought she might
Join Mousie in her game.
The poor black cat looked all con-
fused—

Anxiously watched the play—
Cave men he knew should look
amused,
But how could he be gay?

Disheartened, sad, his hopes all
turned,

With sighs and sobs forlorn,
From tricks of love well soon he
learned
The art of being alone.

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A Reporter's Life is a Life of Joy

(Continued from Page One)

"Let me tell you this, the most interesting part of reporting is the feature writing. It gives one an opportunity to delve into the unusual. Interviewing, meeting people, one gets the real thrills and glamour of the newspaper man's life. The most gruesome thing I experienced, was on my way to Chicago; we were stopped along the road. A wreck! The passenger train of the Hagenback-Wallace Circus train had been telescoped by a freight train and nearly a hundred people had been killed or very seriously injured. A fire had started and conditions were terrible. We were stopped about 40 minutes after the wreck. Being a reporter, I managed to hop on one of these hospital emergency first-aid trains that was rushing to aid, and got there in the midst of the chaos. Bodies of people piled up like match sticks, charred, broken and—well, the most bloodcurdling thing I ever hope to see. Ghouls, robbing the dead, and picking up scattered valuables, were in the crowd. If they were seen doing this by any of the guards stationed about, they were shot—not killed, but shot with the purpose of being maimed sufficiently to stop their thieving.

"The strong man of the circus held up the axle of one of the trucks of a Pullman car until two children were rescued. This broke his neck. I interviewed him in the hospital. He couldn't move even a fraction of an inch, and was in constant danger of death, but miraculously he pulled through and the last I heard of him, he was farming somewhere in the west.

"Another terrible thing was a dope raid I covered once. Men and women, and the most terrible looking—"

Here Mr. Slick was interrupted by a small boy coming in with a nickel to purchase a copy of the Glenside News.

"The waterfront, about two in the morning is a lovely place. Dark corners, dingy streets and gangs parked about. One gets plenty of thrills there."

"Now, Mr. Slick, you've told me all about the gruesome things—what are some of the jolly things about reporting?" asked the reporter.

"Attending anywhere from five to six banquets in one evening! Being assigned to cover the lot—one can just about make it—a course here, one there, and so on down the line from soup to nuts! Sometimes it doesn't work out that way, though."

Mr. Slick sat up, leaned on his desk, and seriously frowning, said, "The reporters can always be relied on. They are trustworthy. Think of these fellows in Washington, the newspapermen; sometimes they are called into conference with the officials, even the president, who tells them things or programs which may not be made public for weeks or even, maybe, a year, yet the reporters are worthy of the reliance placed in them and do not give away any secrets nor violate any confidences. They obey their editors (attention Miss Muntean) and do not talk back

to their superiors (attention Miss Knoderer). The city reporters have entre to many things, and people are generally nice to reporters. Big men who rely on reporters for publicity are especially nice in expectation of favors from them, and so it goes.

"But, the real joy of reporting is payday; when you wear your 'other suit,' go to the pay window, draw your cash, turn around to find all your creditors waiting, pay them, and you go 'way broke—as usual—which brings me back to the fact that I've not eaten today, so must rush up to the house and dress and then over to Tommy Costain's for dinner. Good-bye!"

On Unwrapping Things

(Continued from Page 1)

realistic narrative will naturally be inclined to take violent issue with me upon this point, but here I speak of the healthy, simple, "thriller," which does not contend to portray truth necessarily, or possible people or experiences, but on the contrary—"relates impossible or improbable events so as to make them seem plausible and natural."

But I digress. Why do bazaars have "grab-bags," ladies with a thousand pockets, orange trees, "fish ponds?" Because of this very phase of human life—"curiosity"—interest, all devouring interest in the hidden, the occult, the cryptic. Some writers have gained a great following by taking advantage of this quality. The publicity starts. "This is a recondite work—a veritable masterpiece of subtlety ending with a question. Each man must puzzle and answer for himself. The sales mount up into thousands. Curiosity.

So we all have our quandry about the ultimate end, but according to our natures, varies our preference for the solution: To die slowly, winding string or to die with a grand rip and rending of paper.

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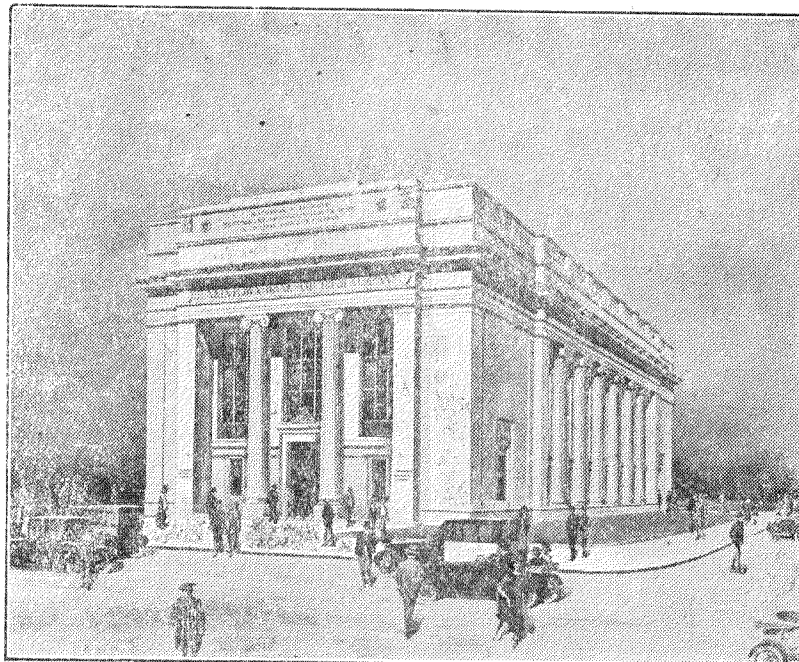
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WEEK OF APRIL 18th

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