

CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

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NO. 2

STUDENTS OPEN SERIES OF EVENING RECITALS

**Emma Ward Ryder Directs
Features by 15 Members
of Music Dept.**

The first of a series of Student Evening Recitals was given by the students of the Music Department of Beaver College in the Beaver Auditorium, Monday evening, October 17, at 7.30 o'clock before a large audience. The program was as follows:

Two Pianos: Aragonaise, Massenet, Evelyn Grenier and Helen Wenger.

Vocal: A Brown Bird Singing, Wood, Ethel Niederer.

Organ: Allegro molto, from Sonata No. 6, Mendelssohn, Ruth Hall.

Vocal: "Just a-Wearying for You, Bond, Evelyn Grenier.

Piano: Etude in A flat, Raff, Helen Rutter.

Vocal Duet: Autumn Song, Mendelssohn, Margaret Parry and Marion Codner.

Piano: The Fauns, Chaminade, Hazel Whelan.

Vocal: (a) Rain, Curran; (b) Early News, Terry, Charlotte Puff.

Two Pianos: Menuet a l'Antico, Seeboeck, Charlotte Kobacker and Miss Lewis.

Organ: Offertory in D minor, Batiste, Estelle Wolf.

Vocal: (a) Lascia Ch'io Pianga, Handel; (b) Love's Madrigal, Rae, Eleanor Steinbach.

Piano: Valse Impromptu, Von Wilman, Helen McClellan.

Vocal: Mattinata, Tosti, Katharine Marquette.

Organ and Piano: Grand Aria, Demarest, Gertrude Schwentker and Mr. Smith.

The first installment of the great mystery thriller, "Something-Other or The Madness that Follows the Mystery Mosaic" a serial to be developed spasmodically by members of the staff, appears in this issue of the Campus Crier on Page Five. Part Alpha was written by Florence Engelman, part Beta will flow from the pen of Elizabeth Ellen Matthews. No synopses will be furnished. You cannot afford to miss this first spasm!

A party of American tourists were hurriedly whirled through Paris which, of course, included a momentary visit to the palace at Versailles. As they passed through the Hall of Mirrors a flapper member of the party exclaimed:

"Pretty nifty place. Wonder what picture they are showing here this week."

FROSH ENTERTAIN UPPER CLASSMEN

**150 Frolic by Candlelight
in Transformed
Gym.**

Costumes, music, ghosts in the corners, dancing, pumpkins, corn-stalks, autumn leaves—Hallowe'en party in the gym.

There were clowns, darkies, and farmers, dancers, old fashioned girls and people from all the countries in the world. At eight o'clock the motley crowd began to shuffle through the dried leaves covering the floor. Impromptu acts were put on. Regina Larsen, as the stalwart husband, mounted a ladder to kiss



her spouse, "Shorty" Dalton. Lois Wallace gave an interpretive dance, Mary Frances Hedrick, appropriately costumed, danced to "Sweet Rosy O'Grady," Luelle Judson did the Black Bottom—and how! Josephine Rightmire gave an excellent Turkey-in-the-straw, and Ida Shelly and Mildred Shafer, Topsy and Eva, did a singing act.

There were other numbers on the program, all staged by the Freshmen, who were hostesses on this jolly occasion.

There was cider, there were apples and doughnuts, good Hallowe'en refreshments. There was dancing and there were jokes, until the "Good Night, Ladies" drove the merry-makers out of the old gym. The freshmen are to be congratulated upon one of the most successful parties of the season.

Poverty Party Enjoyed By Faculty Members

Members of the faculty frolicked at a "Poverty Party" in the Commercial department rooms on Thursday evening. Twenty-five members of the faculty, husbands and wives, assorted, were present. Miss Walton, Miss Hankey, and Miss Allen were the hostesses. The poverty evinced by the faculty was heart-rending. "Games made the evening pass quickly and pleasantly, and at a very late hour refreshments were served. A pleasant time was had by all."

STUDENT BOARD SPONSORS TEA PARTY

**Music and Readings Color
Occasion**

The Student Government Board was hostess at a tea in the green parlor for the students on Friday afternoon, October 21, from 4 to 6. The parlor was artistically decorated with pink roses, candles, and shaded lights, effectively carrying out the color scheme in pink and green.

Mrs. Zerbucken and Miss Lane poured tea. They were assisted in serving by Misses Dorothy Smith, Katherine Hart, Evelyn Granier, and Gertrude Myer.

Later in the afternoon an attractive program was given. Miss Hazel Whelan sang a lullaby accompanied by Miss Eleanor Steinbach. In the next number Miss Steinbach sang a solo. She was accompanied by Miss Whelan. Miss Doris Penfield gave a humorous reading entitled "Nora and the Twins" in which she skilfully portrayed the personality of an Irish woman. The delightful program was brought to a close with a duet, sung by Misses Marion Codner and Margaret Perry.

Student Government Board had the pleasure of having several guests of the faculty of the College. Among these were Miss Clark, Miss Harper, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Jones, and Mrs. Betts.

Y. W. C. A. Considers Current Problems

The Young Woman's Christian Association of Beaver College is planning to hold a meeting every Wednesday afternoon, it was announced at a tea given by that organization in the Green Parlors on October 19.

The objects of these weekly meetings are to discuss school activities and to endeavor to solve campus problems. It is hoped that in these meetings more students of the school will enter into discussions and meditations on solutions of every day problems.

At last Wednesday's meeting, the first of the year, the three delegates Miss Waiva Harse, Miss Amelia Morgan, and Miss Dorothy Robinson, who were chosen and sent to the annual conference at Eaglesmere last year, gave their reports.

JOHN WESLEY'S RULE

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

VICTORY BALANCES RECENT DEFEAT

**Beaver Wins Rosemont Tilt
by Slight Margin**

A 3-1 victory was scored by Beaver College hockey team over Rosemont in a game played here Friday afternoon, October 28.

Spectacular playing was not in evidence on Friday. Neither team showed a great deal of cooperation; Beaver was only slightly superior to its vanquished foe.

The lineup follows:

Rosemont	Beaver
Butler..... R. W.	Willets
Bozle..... R. I.	Wilson
Reilly..... C. I.	Boutcher (Capt.)

Rhodes..... L. I.	Watts.
McMahon.... L. W.	Frank
Impink..... R. H.	Kearney
Nellis..... C. H.	Cooke
Quinn..... L. H.	Cross
Heiman..... R. F.	Ried (Capt.)

McCuff..... L. F. Krips
Paden..... G. Darby

Referee—Miss Webster.

Time of halves—25 minutes.

Goals—Willets 1, Kearney 1, Watts 1 for Beaver; Rhodes for Rosemont.

BEAVER VARSITY BOWS TO URSINUS ELEVEN

Regardless of any excuses or "ifs" that may be said about it, the Beaver varsity hockey team got beaten so badly when they played Ursinus on the Collegeville field on Friday, October 21, that it is high time to take stock and make a debit and credit side of accounts. The scoring when the final whistle blew was 9-2 in favor of Ursinus. Our two points were made toward the very end of the game. Where was the Beaver team in the beginning of the game? The line-up follows:

Beaver	Position	Ursinus
R. Willets....	R. W.	S. Sato
E. Wilson....	R. I.	G. Roth'ger
C. Boucher....	C. F.	J. Bowler
H. Watts....	L. I.	M. Witman
M. Jenks....	L. W.	Tower
M. J. Kearney	R. H.	Seitz
N. Cooke....	C. H.	Hoffer
E. Steele....	L. H.	H. Wismer
I. Reid.....	R. F.	Tethers
E. Krips....	L. F.	Sergeant
E. Darby.....	G.	E. Greager

Referee: Miss Mathilda Glover.

Time of halves: thirty minutes.

Goals: Beaver, Wilson 2; Ursinus, Rothenberger 2, Bowler 3, Witman 2, Hoffer 2.

**WRITE
for
THE CRIER**

and put your notes in the
box at the Post Office



Campus Crier

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NOVEMBER 7, 1927

AMICITIA

Some of us come to college for the purpose of acquiring knowledge; others to experience the thrill of living away from home for four years and still others to attain certain social success. But, unconsciously everyone of us strives for a more perfect goal than any one of these—the goal of friendship.

Choose the friends you like. Make your friendships something you will be proud to display as you would a trophy for scholarship.

Year after year the strong ties of comradeship become more evident in college life. We are fortunate in having as a medium for friendship, literary, athletic and social clubs, which exist only because of firm and unbroken friendships. These friendships should be cemented with the mortar of time and moulded by the mind and conscience of the individual.

"A friend is one with whom you may be sincere," says Emerson. Tell her your secrets that she may hold them close to her heart. Let her advise you when in trouble. Let her rejoice with you when happy. Share as one your achievements, and disappointments. Let nothing come between you to sever your friendship. For always remember that it is not only you who are making this bond but that someone higher and more spiritual is endorsing it.

HIGHER VALUES

A course at college has been variously compared to everything from a carefree sojourn under the wing of Alma Mater to a term in prison; but have you considered it from the practical standpoint of a business transaction?

There is a certain amount of risk to it. You invest from two to four years of valuable time and a sum of money. In return you receive a diploma or a degree—very important assets it is true, but far less important than the more tangible benefits of your education. You acquire more or less knowledge according to your application, and a certain prestige in being a college graduate.

For the present we will waive the question of the amount of knowledge obtainable. Whether you gain these assets in a greater or lesser degree depends as much upon you as upon your college.

Let us concentrate on prestige of a college graduate.

You are as much a representative of Beaver College to the outside world as our ambassadors are representatives of the United States. You have doubtless heard this before. It is a platitude so hackneyed as to become a truism. Nevertheless, at home, in the homes of friends, indeed everywhere, people judge Beaver College by you—by your conduct and appearance; they feel that all Beaver students must be like this one example. If they misjudge the college on your account it is not only unfair to the college but it hurts you also. When a certain type of girl is established as representative of a college it is taken for granted that you are of that type until you prove yourself otherwise.

Let us then make noteworthy the Beaver College type.

It is to our advantage. It will raise our dividends on the investment we have made in a college education. Incidentally it will raise our own self-respect. And our returns will be higher still if we invest ideals, thoughtfulness, application and good sportsmanship, as well as practicalities of time and money.

SISSY?

A girl can become a sissy to-day, according to Beaverites, as result of some remark. But any girl is a sissy as the result of an article by a well-known woman columnist, stating that "vanity does not send women to beauty shops, it is humility; that man is automatically superior, is confident of his charms and attempts at improvement are not necessary." How's that for an idea?

Every time there is a dance at Beaver, do you run down to the Marinello Shoppe or to the Elite out of pure humility? How many men who attend the dances here, spend tiresome hours upon their toilets? Most of them spend the time in getting lost between here and Ogontz.

It's a woman's privilege to fuss and improve her appearance. Through the ages she has enlisted the aid of cosmetics. Men too are vain, and do not work for their personal attractions? We will all admit that woman works for her beauty and in nine cases out of ten she succeeds. But she does NOT do it because of humility. And she

is not necessarily a sissy because she does it!

Dr. Lewis, president of Lafayette College, gave a lecture on "Modern Education" at the Jenkintown High school last Thursday evening. The lecture was the first of a series to be given at the High school under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers association. Others will be given on Tuesday afternoons from four to six o'clock on November 1, 15, 29, and December 6.

The talks will be made by eminent professors of different colleges and universities, and should be of interest to the Beaver students taking Kindergarten and Educational work, as they will be on subjects pertaining to Child Study.

Head of Turkish College Addresses College

President Adams, head of the College for Women at Constantinople, gave a very interesting talk recently on the school which she has known so well for the last seven years.

This college, chartered by and under the jurisdiction of the state of Massachusetts, is run on American standards and English is the language spoken. The teachers, three-fourths of whom are American, represent the highest and best intelligence of American universities. The A. B. Degree that the college confers is equal to that degree wherever given.

President Adams told little stories of girls from Albania, Turkey, India, Armenia, Rumania and the Far East. "Students at the college are anxious to learn," said Dr. Adams, "anxious to prove themselves worthy. They have a Student Government Board governing them and by these rules they abide."

"Through their work they learn to forget racial prejudices, and one spirit prevades the atmosphere—World betterment and World

Do you go
to BEAUTY PARLORS
with humility
in your hearts?
A very famous
woman says:
YOU DO!
Do you know
Just
WHY you go?
Vanity, conceit
pride, curiosity
OR JUST LAZINESS.
Every girl has
a DIFFERENT ANSWER
And yet it all
amounts to this:
IT IS THE THING TO DO
and something to talk about.
If you are wise
you will save
YOUR pennies and
listen to
OTHER GIRLS WHO
rave about
BEAUTY PARLORS.
I THANK YOU.

P. E. X.

Reverend G. M. Ryall, of Saltsburg, conducted the chapel services Thursday evening.

A COLLEGE MYSTERY

You may think that I'm mistaken
But I've learned a thing unique
In class by knowledge I'm forsaken
All my Latin turns to Greek.
Peryll Preuss.

—The preemptory wail of the siren.
—The dazed sense of being in a nightmare.
—The coat fished from the depths of the closet.
—The shoes which do not match.
—The Roomie's muttered imprecations upon the utter uselessness of fire drills.
—The long stumble down interminable miles of stairs.
—The crowded lobby.
—Girls in weird pajamas.
—Girls in frilly nighties.
—The girl in the boudoir cap.
—Cold cream. Indignation.
—Hair curlers. Yawns.
—Studious souls with text books.
—Flippant souls with College Humor.
—The impromptu bridge game.
—The Board on the stairs, looking sleepily official.
—The roll-call.
—Names, names, names, names.
—At last—"Here!"
—The weary ascent of interminable miles of stairs.
—The sinking to a blissful moment of repose—
—The rising bell.

By the Fire in October

Oh, how I love to sit
Where the dusky shadows flit,
And the room is only lit
By the fire in October.
At the cold outside we jeer
As the howling wind we hear
For there's glowing warmth and cheer
By the fire in October.

There's a pleasant smell of smoke—
Not enough, though, to provoke
The jolly, chattering folk
By the fire in October.
Some marshmallows we toast
Perhaps some apples roast
Their taste delights us most
By the fire in October.

Then we think of camping days
When we sang around the blaze
As we sit and think and gaze
At the fire in October.
As the embers crack and fall
There are pictures in them all—
Oh, who can resist the call
Of the fire in October?

Peryll Preuss.

Nightmare

I want news. Give me news
—going to press. Got to have news.
What is the Southern Club doing? How about that Student Board meeting? Who covered the Y. W. C. A. Tea? Where is that person? Got to have news. Who went away last week? Find out. Oh, the name, yes. Quick—did your roommate go away? You don't know where! Why? We must have news. Get Faculty notes. How? Oh—just get them. Mr. and Mrs. Faculty will give me some social items. Ask Miss Walton about hockey, archery, anything—ask Miss Walton. Right away—must be in. Paper goes to press.

"I have just finished writing a modern novel."
"Great, does the heroine marry the right man?"

"She does; a different one in each chapter."
Colby White Mule.

Speaker (excited): Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you: Do I look like I descended from a monkey? Do I?

Back Seat Wit: No, ye don't now, for a fact. Tell us how it happened.

Virginia Reel.

Did You Know That--

Dorothy Wuchter, Jeannette Plummer and Virginia Rose seemed to have had a wonderful time in Chester, Pa. It's strange they won't tell us any more!

Peg Dunn spent the week-end at her home in Salem, N. J. Katie Sheets had a scrumptious time. She saw Lindbergh and her heart just went pitter patter!

Oh yes, and Miss Walton enjoyed a heavenly date with the dentist and expects another one next week!

Mary Ableson attended a bridge given by her sister, Mrs. Goodfriend in Germantown.

Dot Crozier week-ended at home. One of the lucky ones.

Nance Cooke had as her week-end guest, Helen Beckwith, of Framingham, Mass.

Dot Dana took a long, long train trip to Wilkes-Barre for the week-end, but we guess it was worth it.

This is a long one, and it sounds good. Bessie Singleton, Betty Morris, Marion Wells and Helen Wenger motored to Puxatawny for the week-end.

Midge Miller spent the week-end at her home in Chambersburg.

Janet Ellor and Alice Knouse spent the week-end at Nazareth, Pa.

Leane Lauffer had a wonderful time at Reading where she spent the week-end with her former room-mate at Penn Hall, who is now Mrs. J. Reed Fidler. Lee won't tell another thing!

"Dutch" Brown spent her usual week-end in Plainfield. Poor Dutch has the old limp back.

Dotty Reed spent the week end in Philadelphia with her sister.

Lil Allis, (still two LL's) and Kay Harte had a good time in Glenside Friday night and then they finished the week-end in Philadelphia.

Eunice Howell spent the week-end at her home in Newark, N. J.

Ruth Elberty, Jane Bowser, Florence Wingert, Elsie Fountain and Lois Best spent the week-end in Philadelphia. Ida Shelly was sorry, and perfectly furious, that she couldn't go.

Betty Evans had a wonderful week-end in New York.

Nanabelle Wise ran down to Washington, D. C., for the week-end. She saw "So to Bed," taken from Pepys Diary, and reports it to be very interesting.

Dot Brown spent the week-end with her aunt in Philly.

Bill McCormick had as her week-end guest from her home, Mary McCortney. Mary and Bill spent part of the time in New York.

Louise Quezner had a wonderful time at her home. There's no use asking what she did!

Oh, have you.

The Deuce.

Up and Down the Campus

(By M. T.)

The citizens of Jenkintown and visitors should be properly informed that 209 West Avenue "ain't what it used to was." We hate to disappoint all the people who ask us where the dining room is or "Are we too late for supper?"

From Highland House we have:

Ours is a nice house, ours is;
The front's in the front
And the back's in the back
And the lights go out when the showers is—

Student assembly was thrown into consternation by the announcement that someone had lost a green handled toothbrush. The Crier Staff extends its sympathy and hopes for a 'speedy recovery.

Ours is a nice house, ours is.

Dr. Thomas is a big help. He has now decided to answer his own questions, then he is sure to be answered correctly. On exams too, Dr. Thomas?

And still we can recall the look on the faces of the girls who had to return with food being smuggled out of the dining room for a sick roomie.

Off The Palette

The annual Fellowship dinner for the new students of the Art department was given in the small dining room Tuesday evening, October 17. Decorations were in red, blue, and yellow, the Fellowship colors; palettes and brushes were placed about to give the artistic touch. Old and new students were much better acquainted by the time the chapel bell sounded.

We feel a distinct sense of bereavement at the loss of one of the studio's best known inmates. Of course, we had known for a long time that her future was rather uncertain, due to lack of adequate support, but we were horrified when without warning she swayed, leaned and crashed to her tragic end. Regretfully picking up the pieces, Mr. Nuse pronounced her obituary, "Venus," he was heard to remark, "was one of our best casts," but sadly, "she was always a trifle off

A surprise party was given Miss Burmeister at her table on her birthday, Thursday, October 19. The guests were Mr. Volkman and Mary Carwell, Valmar Berhart, Libera Nardone, Helen Milburn, Irene Bayer, and Gladys Walgren.

A combined birthday party was held for Almana Martin and Dorothy Dana on Thursday October 19. Miss Martin's birthday was the 18th and Miss Dana's the 20th. The guests were Miss Streeter, Elizabeth Buckingham, Jean Templar, Catherine O'Donnell, Gert Jones, Frances Logan, Caroline and Elizabeth Schmertz, Olive King, Ellie K. Ryan, Lillian Dobson, and Rachel Trexler.

(Sign) Fellowship.



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Hockey Varsity Gets

New Twists on Plays

At Exhibition Movie

Members of the Beaver hockey team, with the coach, Miss Walton, enjoyed an illustrated lecture on hockey at the Germantown Friends school, on Friday evening, October 21.

Moving pictures were used, showing the various technical points in slow motion. The picture included parts of the English versus Scotch game held on an English field. There were illustrations of fouls, penalties, and methods of rushing and attacking by members of the All-American and Philadelphian teams.

In the audience were several notable hockey players and coaches; Miss Applebee, Bryn Mawr coach and head of the Hockey Camp in the Poconos; Miss Helen Ferguson, All-Philadelphia player; Miss Grant, English coach and Assistant to Miss Applebee at hockey camp; Miss Betty Cadburg, All-American player; Miss Bartlett, of Hockey camp and coach of Lacrosse at Bryn Mawr.

Miss Maris, of Germantown, rated as a National Referee, was the hostess.

Club Notes

The Western Club opened this season with twenty members from the states of Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, Indiana, and Oklahoma. Katherine Sheets was elected president, and Lillian Allis, secretary-treasurer. The next meeting will be held in the early part of November. No other plans have been made.

The Pennsylvania Club met with a large attendance and elected Thelma Sykes, president; Emma Haynes, vice-president, and Ameda Jenks, secretary-treasurer. A dance will be held some time in December, if the plans now in mind materialize.

The New England Club had a get-together meeting at which every one became acquainted. Ruby Willets is president, Pearl Pruss is vice-president and Jeannette Plummer is secretary-treasurer. A meeting will be held very soon to choose new officers and plan future activities.

The Southern Club met Monday, October 23. The president is, Mildred Shaffer, and the secretary-treasurer is Verdi Bitterman. They have planned to have a dance some time this winter.

At the New York-New Jersey club meeting Kay Hart was elected President, Arline Johnson secretary and Nance Cooke treasurer. There will be a meeting of the club soon to plan winter activities.

Decoyed

"Goodness, have you been in an accident?"

"Do you remember that play of mine that was produced the other night?"

"Yes."

"Well, they called for the author at the end, and unfortunately I didn't realize how much they wanted him."

Only a few ink bubbles now mark the spot of the great Navy struggle, Macgruder vs. Wilbur.

WITH APOLOGIES

Three Blind Dates—see how they come—the names on their cards are never right and they sit in the Lobby for half the night—did you ever see such fun in your life as Three Blind Dates?

Milkman, handing bride the morning bottle—"It looks like rain today."

Sweet Young Bride—"Yes, looks like rain, but sometimes it tastes like milk."

GRAY SHOP

For Sweets

CANDY

ICE CREAM

SUNDAES

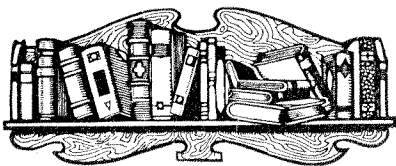
SODAS

HOT CHOCOLATES

QUICK LUNCH

71 WEST AVENUE

Jenkintown, Pa.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Something-or-Other or The Madness That Follows the Mystery Mosaic

A tall gallant youth strode bodily down a moon-lit cobbled street. His heavy boots heralded his coming. His red velvet jacket and knickerbockers were resplendent with silver braid. Oh, he was a very gallant knight who had distinguished himself in many a joust. This much could be learned from the haughty jaunt of his cocky feather.

It seemed as though nothing short of blood-curdling cries or stark murder could have hindered his progress down the street.

But a square object of Florentine mosaic art, about the size of his palm, shrieked at him from the pavement and its brilliance caught itself among the moon-beams. It was richly decorated with an insignia, an insignia that bespoke princeliness.

Bending gracefully, he picked it up and, having once fingered it, protected it carefully and tenderly between the red velvet of his jacket and the white satin of his blouse. His worldly goods thus increased, he set out for the nearest tavern. Here a group of his friends was already gathered and with his advent the gambling began. Ronald, the youth, played madly and won as much as he lost. All that night and into the early hours of the morning he played and drank and he sang of beautiful ladies—in-waiting and sweet bar-maids. The inn-keeper snored loudly by the fire-place but his shrewd wife put the gamblers out the door at two o'clock. Ronald called out a cheerful farewell and repaired to his sleepin-quarters.

Once there, he drew from his jacket the jewel-encrusted prize, and was surprised when his thumb, pressing a gold-edged corner of the insignia released a spring. The box-like piece opened and became a book—a diary or catalogue of past events. By the light of the fire from the hearth he read the following, dated October 18, 1708:

"I, Count Alexis de Porposi, found this objet d'art in the wilds of the Russian Steppes and I intend to record here exactly the circumstances under which this came into my possession.

"It was a bleak, mad night, that night I was driven from the palace by my irate father. I stumbled blindly forth into a storm-ravaged country, breaking my hands against trees and breaking my heart with horrible sobs. Exiled from the home of my forefathers, I was a desolate man in a desolate country. And as I blundered forth, and in the darkness the snow, as soft and cold as any woman, beat my hair with quiet insistence. On and on, ever on and on, was to be my fate.

"But soon my feet discovered under the snow a slight elevation, and my tired feet felt a warmth surprising. I bent down to see what this strang thing might be, and drew back sharply when I felt a soft stirring. Then calling to myself some courage, I tore off the blanket of snow and found there a thick black body. I could not see what manner of beast or what this might be. I knew only that the night was as bleak as a child robbed of its mother—and that I was

cold with bitterness and hatred—and that this oasis on a white desert was warm. So I lay down beside it and went to sleep.

"It was dawn when I awoke. I looked anxiously to see who had been my companion for the night. Imagine my surprise when I found there a huge ape. I dared not cry out, lest I should waken him, but I ran. In a few minutes I came upon tracks of a human being. Again I was frightened but I went on, until I came to an old man with a beard that was so white and long. I knew it to be his only worry. I asked him if he could help me find my way—to anywhere, just so there were people there. I had not the heart to ask him for anything to eat. He told me he had been waiting for me all night and said I must go back to where the black ape was lying. I assured him that no one was expecting me but that I must get out of this region at once. He told me I could not live if I did not follow his instructions. And as I had not yet gotten to that point where I preferred death even to this, I agreed to do whatever he said.

"He told me I must go back to where the ape was lying. I was to kill him and roll his body over. There I would find a small jeweled case. I was to bring this back at once, or my head would come off. Feeling that in spite of it all, it was more like a dangerous adventure, I entered into the spirit of the gruesome matter more readily than I would have suspected. I killed the ape. It was so much awfulness to be performed before arriving at a definite conclusion. I rolled the ape over, and there found the case as the old man said it would be, and without more delay I hurried back.

"In the same place that I came upon the father of the snows before, there I found him again. He stretched forth hands as brown and hard as hemp, and I shuddered to see them close upon the delicate piece of artistry. He opened it with a key from his pocket. Therein was a piece of parchment on which was written the following:

"To the first person who, on the nineteenth day of October, meets the Old Man of the Russian Steppes, and who kills the black ape, on that person there will be forced any duty to perform that the Old Man desires. This is the recompense that the Old Man has been given by the Tzar for his distinguished service to His Royal Highness in time of need."

"I wondered what the old man would ask me to do. I realized of course, that any hesitation on my part in complying with his orders, would bring me to the attention of the Russian government, and this was the least of my desires. He handed to me from a cloth that he held in his hand, this book which had been a Florentin Art Bible but which was now a diary. 'Record in this,' he said, 'the account of your future travels. I will now tell you what to do.'

"It is now the ninth of June, 1711, and I find myself in England. The past three years have been torture to me. According to the Old Man's instructions I reached England two years ago, only to be warned by the government there that I was a suspicious character and was not wanted. I left of course. Those two years have been a hardship. But I have not the desire to discuss that here. However, now I am back in England and tonight when the clock strikes twelve, I shall perform my duty and my story will end."

Ronald, glancing up, saw that it was almost dawn. He rubbed his eyes, for the writing had been hard to decipher.

And now his only desire was to learn what Count Alexis de Porposi had done at twelve o'clock on the night of June the ninth, 1711.

Local Color

We sit and wait, pen in hand, for the inspiration which does not come. We hear the clock tick. At least it is busy. Rain drips outside. It is cold, sticky, chilly, Philadelphia rain, and it drips outside. But this isn't helping us any.

We are seeking for an idea, an original idea, that might introduce that ever inspiring subject "My Home Town" to an austere and exacting English teacher. "And make it interesting," she had said. What could make that bloomin' place interesting. The streets are full of kids and the lots are full of cans and there is a storage plant on the other side of the railroad tracks. You can't tell where the clouds end and the smoke and dust begins. The streets are full of water, bricks and ruts. The neighbor's dog makes a garden impossible, but we have trees, so do the caterpillars.

Inspiring prospect—Yes?

We might begin with a view of the town in spring time with all the little birds singing and the flowers opening their pearly petals. But no, that is painfully trite. Besides, sparrows don't sing and posies had ceased to grow on the railroad tracks in 1888 we understand.

How about a little poetry?—

Coming home once more upon the
5:42,

I see the fields and flowerettes fade
from view,

And I see the city in the setting
sun

And I know I'll soon be home again
before the day is done.

That really isn't bad. We think we'll begin with that. Let's see now. That shows our affection for the town as a whole. Next, we should describe the house and elucidate upon dear mother and those long-legged brothers (One of them wore our favorite necktie the day we left home. We'll get him!)

Now:

A little white house with green
blinds,

With a room where the sun always
shines

And a ma, and a pa, and some
brothers so sweet

Are waiting for me on St. Bernard
Street.

Here endeth the lesson—But doggone it! How about the theme? Oh dear, good, kind English teachers, have mercy, pity, compassion, etc., on your needy freshmen. Be kind to them and help them, be merciful unto them and excuse them, even the least of these—ourselves.

We did not choose our theme and how can we help it if our "home town" is not that kind of a "ta-own."

Princeton versus Airdales

Football weather—big fuzzy fur coats, gaily colored hats—unrestrained cheers, careless good fellowship — Princeton! Princeton! Princeton!

Whistle — first quarter — ah! — bang! Good kick. Applause, reaching the ear a little strangely amid the shouts and laughter. And on, and on—boys straining every muscle and nerve to win. Whistle—quarter up.

Second quarter—tension, felt by every spectator, from the dumbest little flapper to the last years graduates—"We want a touchdown, we want a touchdown"—thump goes the pigskin. A pause of stillness—like a prayer sweeping through the

audience. Referee throws up his hands. An outburst of triumph, a storm of exalted superiority—egotistical Princeton asserts itself.

Third quarter—even football cannot always hold the attention of American enthusiasts. Somewhere down the field a miniature fur coat appears, but it wags a mean tail. The funny thing get wind of the game and starts barking at stadium roars. "Shoo!" says the stadium roared. "Shoo!" said the referee. "Wow," yelps the purp. "Ha, ha," cries the spectators. The game goes on, but attention is focussed on the little mutt and he knows it too. He performs all sorts of tricks for them. The cheer leader leads him to the gate—Think he'd goes? He plays "hide-and-seek" and "around the mulberry bush." Finally the tables turn. The little dog is firmly grasped. He lets out a muffled yelp. His dignity is wounded. But out he must go. And the game goes on—

Fourth quarter—drags a wee bit—people are restless. Game's over.

"Of course Princeton won, but say, wasn't that dog the cutest little thing you ever saw?"

The Old Order Changeth

We were in a hurry, Aunt Emma, having belonged to that day and age when a woman was considered most fashionable if she had never anything to do but trip gently down the street with a small hat and pert parasol, as I say, Aunt Emma was not in any hurry whatsoever. It is much to our credit then that we went far out of our way when Aunt Emma let out a little gasp of joy and called in jerks and gasps from the back street (the street we had chosen may have been a good one in its day—but its day was gone and it was merely a narrow pavement of bumpy bricks) but as I was saying Aunt Emma thrilled from the back seat, "Catherine, if thee keeps straight on thee will go right by Aunt Mary's cowpasture again. Now, if thee'll just turn up here two blocks and then over Maple street for two blocks and then we'll be right where we used to live.

"Miss Martha, does thee see that old house? Well, that is where Mr. Dobson used to live. Why, there were six or eight families of us living in this one block! How I remember when I used to walk down this street with a small stick and a penny for candy. And, Catherine, I haven't been back here for years! I am so glad I came along with you today. And see, Miss Martha, that house on the corner! That was where Uncle Henry lived and Mother lived here in this house next and then Aunt Mary lived next and next was—why where is Aunt Mary's cow pasture? It came over as far as this corner! They've built up Aunt Mary's cow pasture! Why we used to play in the cow pasture." Aunt Emma's excitement died suddenly. We hurried along. Aunt Mary's cow pasture was a row of sordid looking apartment houses.

I think that when I am old and want to recall the places that were my playgrounds and my own sacred play houses and cherry tree cottages—I think that I'll not go back to see them. Time does not improve them.

Witnesses

The courtroom resembles a country school house, no need to describe that well-worn rustic scene. The men resemble fidgety country lads, whispering, hitting each other, telling silly jokes—all because the judge is out. "Sh! here comes teacher"—might be the cry when the owl-like J. P. appears. Silence—well—if you must have it—then the dropping of a pin could be heard. It wasn't awesome silence, or the pause after a death sentence. These men couldn't comprehend a silence so deep.

So we pass on to the trial. Witnesses! "Do you solemnly swear"—they answer before the question is finished. Yes, the truth—but as they see it. Witness Number 1. "Tell your story." First on one foot—the kind to whom you would like to shout: "Sit down—my nerves!" Non-committal, vague, indistinct, after which, everyone sighs and sits back. Nothing startling here.

Witness Number 2. A few words—a little rustle. People are sitting up. Facts, facts, facts. The lawyers fondle them reverently. Clearness. Oh! what a joy to the maltreated reporter. Nothing matters after that.

Other witnesses turn up with "imaginities." People look sinister. "Sit down, you'll spoil the case"—Others—"Oh, shut-up. Who cares how you feel about it."

Writing—silence—whispering. The judge arises. "The court finds you 'not guilty!'" Oh! that sweet witness—and yet he has necessarily made an enemy of someone! Funny World!

Second: Connoisseur?
First: Yes; kinda sore.
Oregon Orange Owl.

The Reporter

"A new sport will never take the place of hockey, but archery will be a runner-up at Beaver," states Miss Virginia Walton, Physical Education Instructor. Miss Walton is becoming a crack shot with the bow and her enthusiasm is spreading through the school, making archery a popular sport.

"Archery is related closely to golf," she said conversationally, as she sat filing an arrowhead to smoothness. "There is the same point in cutting down strokes and placing the arrow with the same accuracy as the golf ball. I won't attempt to give the seventeen important points in archery, but the four main ones are necessary for everyone to know. The placing of the body and the feet are the most important. The same thing applies to golf. The holding of the bow and the arrow is equally as important as the grip on the club. Point of aim is the most difficult and the release must be timed for an accurate shot."

Upon being questioned if archery might become more popular than soccer and basketball, Miss Walton replied: "There is a possibility, and the opportunity for the Beaver girls to show their skill against outside organizations will tend to bring it to the fore. Without any exception archery will be on a par with tennis in the spring sports. The material for this year is good and with co-operation I am sure we will have a successful archery season."

Teacher: Use statue in a sentence.

Abie: Ven I came in last night my papa says, "Statue, Abie?"

M. I. T. Voo Doo.

Egregious Blunders

Excerpts from Case Records of the Charity Organization of New York City.

Naturally, Quite a Struggle!

One visitor sends this bit from a record:

"Miss M. sat on the bed which broke down while she was talking. Mrs. M. says it fell apart before and she has been having a struggle to make both ends meet."

Haven't You Often Felt That Way?

Research Department sends this: "Mrs. S. stated she knew the dentist knew she wasn't paying for treatment by the way he dug at her gums." Non-Supporting

K. Q. (Harlem) sends this bit from a case record.

"His second wife has trouble with her leg and has some difficulty in supporting him. She has a daughter who lives with them and helps out occasionally."

Candle

That was the name of the family and it took the visitor a few minutes to see what was funny about her entry:

"Called on the Candles but they were out." See J. A. B.

Lady—"Well, I'll give you a quarter, not because you deserve it, mind you, but because it pleases me."

23rd St. Vagrant—"Thank you, mum. Couldn't you make it a dollar and thoroughly enjoy yourself?"

Peck's Bad Boy

Entry from record:

"The doctor could not examine William's chest because he refused to breathe."

Treatment

From another record:

"Woman feeling ill—hasn't kept anything down all day—gave her 1-2

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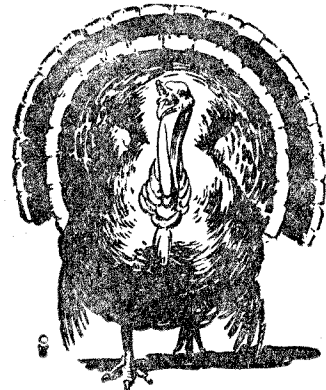
Let me live grandly, seek the things that last,
And when earth's past,
Stand—a crowned soul!—
And give thee back thy years, well lived
For man and God.
—Henry Hallam Tweedy.

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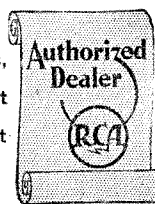
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And Then Again

The clock ticks. How slowly the minutes go by. A student prays for the ten-thirty bell to ring, fearing that the instructor will ask her a question any minute. She spent all her study hours the night before on Journalism instead of French. Questions are asked her neighbors. She sits nervously watching the hands of her watch. Even life and death waits on the ticking of a tiny watch. At last the bell rings. The student sighs, "Ten-thirty at last and I haven't been asked a question. I'm lucky."

She hurriedly goes to her Journalism class. Well at any rate, she has prepared for this. Her face glows with genuine smiles. The little watch ticks on. Suddenly like a cloudburst in a clear sky she actually hears the instructor say, "Get me a story in by the end of the hour."

The student rushes out madly. There is no news. She begs a classmate to give her an idea. The idea is given but the pathetic little figure doesn't know how to develop it. Again the young reporter looks nervously at the hands of her tiny watch. There are only ten more minutes in which to write her story. How swiftly the minutes glide by.

F. Ballard.

"Do you know what happened when the ancient mariner stopped one of three?"

"The other two were insulted."

N. Y. Medley.

Sometimes the only thing a man gets out of college is himself.

Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

Bryn Mawr Promotes Archery

Bryn Mawr has offered an inducement to those interested in archery. The scores made during the class periods as well as those of the outside periods are to be kept by Miss Walton, the coach. Sometime before November 15 the highest of these scores are to be included amongst the highest of those from other women's colleges in the east and published in the Bryn Mawr journal with the names of the scorers.

And so the Beaver College archery team may be found vigorously "hitting the bull's eye" almost any afternoon in the back of the main building. Several of the old girls, including Eleanor Krips and Nancy Cooke, are again backing up the sport this year as well as numerous little green freshmen, whom—we are proud to say—show that they "have the stuff."

Adeladie Taylor.

Coy Young Thing: I hate to think of my twenty-fifth birthday.

The Brute: Why, what happened?

Wet Hen.

Joe: What killed that aviator?

Jim: A severe sinking spell.

She: What did Shakespeare mean when he said, "The evil men do lives after them?"

He: You must remember, dear, that statistics show that most men die before their wives.

Reserve Red Cat.

Chicago ain't what it used to be. It's all shot now.

Lehigh Burr.

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Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil.—Benjamin Franklin.

The mode of bestowing a kindness if often of more value than the thing conferred.—James T. Fields.

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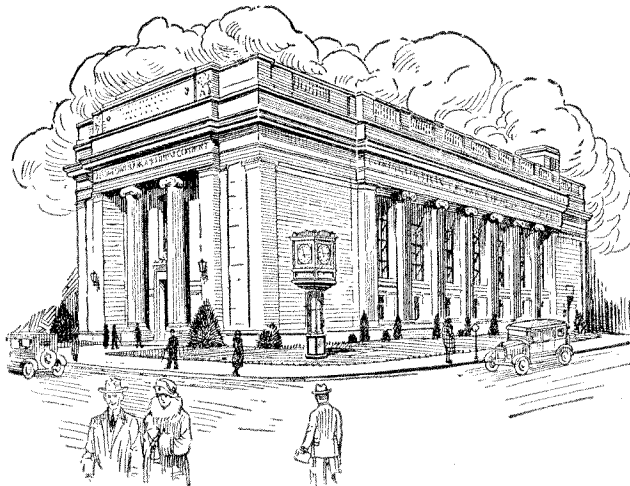
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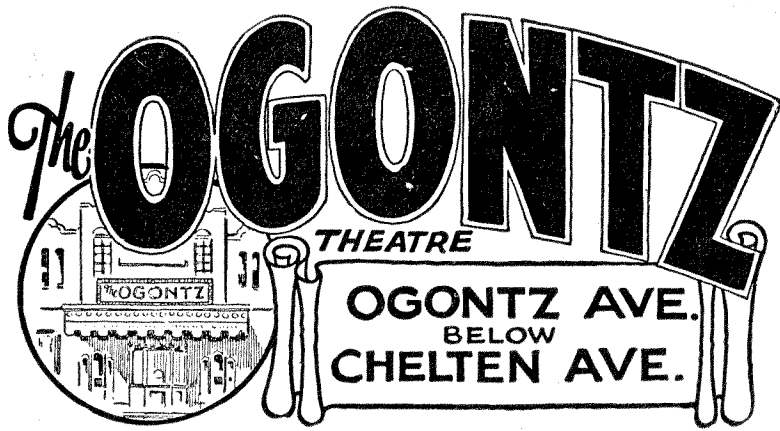
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