

CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College.

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JANUARY 5, 1928

No. 5

Joint Recital by Mr. and Mrs. Piersol

A musical event of unusual interest will be the joint recital of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Piersol, which will take place at Beaver College shortly after the holidays.

The Piersols have promised to give one of their well-known costume recitals, which they are booking among the women's clubs and organizations in a number of cities, so the evening should be particularly enjoyable. The program will consist of several popular operatic numbers which Mr. and Mrs. Piersol sang while on the European operatic stage, groups of character songs, and a short musical skit, entitled "A Love Dream," which has been especially arranged for these singers.

A few days after appearing at Beaver College Mr. and Mrs. Piersol are booked to give a costume recital for the Philomusian Club of Philadelphia, and shortly after that they will appear at Woodbine, N. J., under the auspices of the Graphic Sketch Club of Philadelphia. Mary Miller Mount, the widely known artist will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Piersol.

New Year Resolutions Are Now in Order!

Well, fellow sufferers, it is my humble duty to inform you that the New Year is here again, good cheer and new resolutions are in order for all of us.

Last year we made a number of resolutions. Some we kept; others we did not keep. Let not your case be compared to our sad one. Keep your resolutions!

What, you make no resolutions? Sad indeed! We can waste no time upon you.

But to you who have said to yourselves, "I shall not" and then decided "just once," and then "just twice," and then—in briefer and more understandable terms—to those who have made resolutions and broken them, this message is addressed: Never lose hope! There is always another year and some time you may make a resolution and keep it. Then the chimes will ring out gladly and all voices will praise you—(the extent depending, of course, on what the resolution was.)

But if there should be a time when no resolutions were broken, there would be no occasion for resolutions. Such a state can never be. Observe the consequences—clever persons like ourselves who moralize upon these things would be entirely out of a job. We'll leave it to you. Be kind to us. Be yourself, and break all pesky old resolutions, and we can use this noble bit of prose in the January fourth issue next year!

Eleanor Tafel.

Are You in on the Hike?



Happy New Year

Basketball Team Wins From Osteopathy Five

The Beaver College basketball season started with a bang, exceeding all expectation, by defeating the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy 35-7 in the Beaver College gymnasium on Friday afternoon, December 13.

In the first minute of play Tommy Thomas broke away and shot a goal scoring two points for Beaver. After that nothing could hold either forward—Tommy or Helen Hall.

The combination of the good work of the forwards with the co-operation of the rest of the team showed Beaver to its best advantage. Prospects look very bright for this new basketball team in its heavy schedule of seventeen remaining games.

Helen Hall scored 17 points for Beaver. Tommy Thomas scored 18 points, Henrietta Peterson scored one point for Osteopathy in the first half. Isabel Johnston, substituting for Henrietta Peterson, shot the remaining six points for Osteopathy.

Mrs. Edward Smith of Hatboro was the referee. The line-up:
Beaver Osteopathy
T. Thomas F. H. Peterson
H. Hall F. V. Norment
N. Cooke (capt.) C. M. Ortheb
M. Shafer S. C. M. Nichol
D. Wuchter G. B. Kratz
I. Ried G. C. Nash

New England Club Is Santa to Refugees

It was a happy Christmas time in the New England flood district. All the kiddies from eight to eighteen wore the newest style in Paris hats, and mamma went to market in a pair of silver pumps.

The reason was that Santa Claus had come and his name was really "New England Club of Beaver College, Pennsylvania." Santa arrived with boxes and barrels of clothing and all the little boys and girls whose houses were ten feet under water, rushed out to greet him.

The girls got nice silk scarfs to keep their necks warm, nice silk stockings to keep their legs warm! Most of them wore blankets for the rest of their costumes. Big Sister got the most beautiful pair of blue suede slippers with heels that were high enough to keep her feet out of the flood. Big Brother got some soft silk shirts and he insists on going without his suspenders so he can show the shirts off to better advantage. Dad got the cutest leather belt—it's simple ducky. Now if he only had a pair of trousers to hang onto it! Each member of the family got the cutest things—mother looked sweet in her pink voile hat—and they all thank you very, very much for thinking of them in their needful time!

Send Campus Crier With Letters Home

What a place to study human nature is the piazza of a summer hotel! It seems as if people, especially women, were more unreserved in their self-revelation there than at any other time in the year. A stenographer might do a world of good by giving to certain women as they left for home a verbatim transcript of their idle-time conversations. As I write this I have just come in from one of these chatterfests. More than ordinarily it set me thinking seasonably, for the conversation was about the children's going away to school.

"Yes, my daughter goes away this fall," one woman said. "It is her first absence from home. I do hope she won't be homesick. It is a beautiful school, and she will have a splendid time after she gets started; with just enough study to keep the child busy and so much besides—dancing, music, art, and a fancy-dress party once a month. I dare say she will forget all about home after she gets acquainted."

"Of course you will write to her," some one said.

"Oh yes; but my letters are such stupid things, and I can't hope to keep her interested in our dull

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Campus Crier

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Rules of Happiness

Happiness they say is a state of mind.

I can't decide whether or not I have ever been happy. I've been properly thrilled on occasions—I've felt exalted, I've experienced emotions of great peace and contentment, but can that be happiness? The closest I have ever been to what must be the real thing, was, when in a dark house during a terrible storm outside.

But if I were to do a second "Mr. Brewster's Millions" act—if someone were to offer happiness as a means to an end and a successful end at that, independent of Correspondence Courses and Saxaphones which bring success overnight, if someone were to offer me happiness, I would first decide how I could get it by myself, before accepting another's gift of that intangible commodity.

I would lay down five rules, and they would be as follows:

1. Let me hold and keep forever my faith.
2. Let my sense of humor develop so that I can laugh at myself.
3. Let me keep my health.
4. Let me have a poker-face so that no one can see my emotions.
5. Let me have the personal satisfaction of success which is the altar where my vanity worships.

That will suffice, in general. If I knew you better I would tell you more. This is a newspaper article, not a moment of confidence.

IT'S YOU

If you want to be in the kind of a school

Like the kind of a school you like,

You needn't slip your clothes in a grip

And go for a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind,

For there's nothing that's really new.

It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school;

It isn't the school—it's you.

Real schools are not made by men afraid

Lest somebody else get ahead,

When everyone works and nobody shirks,

You can raise a school from the dead.

And if, while you make your personal stake,

Your neighbors can make one, too,

Your school will be what you want it to be;

It isn't the school—it's you.

—"Current Sauce."

Self-Discipline or Self-Expression

There are some fortunate persons who can do what they like to do and get paid for doing it. The reason they can get paid for doing it is that others want it done. In other words they perform a service that some one is willing to pay for. Most of us, in order to get paid, must do some things that we do not enjoy and would not do for fun. The people who pay us for what we do cannot be expected to pay us because we like to do it. They naturally prefer to pay for what they like to have done rather than for what we like to do.

That preference sets before each one of us a problem that is not only common to all but is also one of the oldest problems in human behavior. Stated briefly and somewhat academically, it is the problem of self-expression versus self-discipline. They who insist on doing what they enjoy doing, whether anyone else wants it done or not are indulging themselves in self-expression. They who are willing to do some disagreeable things because others want them done are practicing self-discipline. Those who belong to one class are following their own inclinations exclusively, those who belong to the other are bending their own inclinations to conform to the inclinations of others. Members of the first group complain that the world is unjust because they cannot live by doing what they like to do; those of the other group acknowledge that the world is just when it pays for service, and they try to render service even when it is not in itself pleasurable. The one group is self-centered and unsocial, the other represents a higher state of social development.

The modern economic system is based on the law of service. It assumes that the individual shall be paid for doing what others want done or for producing what others want produced rather than for what he himself would like to do or to produce. Yet there are always rebels who revolt against the system and attack it because it compels so many to do work that they do not find pleasant.

Rodeo at 101 Ranch

The odor of frying meat fills the air, wafted across the Deep Fork from the Otoe Indian camp by the early morning breeze. Early though it is, the great Ranch is seething with activity; the final preparations being made for the big annual rodeo and roundup—the greatest of the Southwest.

The sun rises bright and clear, and a warm day is promised for the event. From the cattle pens, where the wild Brahma steers are corralled, come the sounds of stamping feet and clashing horns, as the untamed animals rebel at the unaccustomed confinement. They are wild—the wildest that could be found on the Plains of Texas, and several carloads have been shipped in for the event. The ranch hands are at work, for besides their readiness for the big day, parking spaces are marked off for automobiles of the spectators, and the grandstands and bleachers given the finishing touches.

Riders are here from all parts of the West, from Canada, Mexico, with several from Argentine. Russian Cossacks from the 101 Ranch Circus are here too, but not to take part in the contests for they have already learned that they can not compete with the American riders. Some of the riders have spent the night at the Ranch and are caring for their outfits, not trusting the task to anyone else, for their success in the rodeo, and even their lives depend upon the condition of their saddles and ropes, and the care of their mounts. Other contestants have spent the night at Ponca City, while the boys from the Osage Hills have only forty or fifty miles to come, and have been at home overnight.

About eight o'clock the first of the crowd begin to arrive, and by ten there are several thousand people on the grounds, walking about, buying Indian goods from the Ranch Store, and inspecting the ranch buildings. Cowboys sit around and place bets on their favorite riders, and amateur photo-

graphers are here and there, taking pictures of everything. Visitors from the North and East stare in wide-mouthed wonder at the blanketed Indians: Otoes, Poncas, Cheyennes, and Sioux, who regard the Easterners with equal interest. Osages are numerous, but these sit in their high-priced cars, while their white chauffeurs run around on errands for them.

The crowd begins to fill the stands just after lunch, and by two-thirty all the seats are filled and most of the standing room taken. Several shots are fired to still the crowd, and then the cowboy band strikes a lively march and the big parade begins. The band leads, followed by the Miller Brothers on their beautiful horses, and other noted Western figures all dressed in the picturesque fringed buckskin suits and big white sombreros, the jewels in the saddles sparkling in the sunlight. Then come the Cossacks, the riders, world's best rider performers, dressed in attire of the Old West, wide brimmed sombreros, silk shirts, bandanas of violent hue, and high-heeled boots with jingling silver spurs. Next comes the Indians, some mounted, some on foot. The parade circles the arena and makes it exit, and the rodeo starts.

This consists of the broncho riding, steer roping, steer riding, and bulldogging contests, and several ambulances stand ready to pick up any injured riders, and several trips are made during the day. There are relay races, Roman races, trick riding, and Indian dances. Usually there is a pageant—the stagecoach attacked by the Indians—staged by the skilled white riders and redskins. The effect is realistic. It is almost sundown when the rodeo is over and the crowd melts away knowing that they have witnessed the remnant of a rapidly departing empire—the Old West—and all true Westerners have much sadness in their hearts as they think of its passing.

MARGARET SHORTALL

TIRED, BUT TRUE

All day she walks the lobby
And three long flights of stairs,
Girls think it's her hobby,
As she brings them news of "affairs."

Half-past five's her busiest
My heart aches in despair,
For then her eyes seem mistiest
And the grey seems bright in her hair.

To that close and colorless retreat
After journeyings through the day
At last she turns with weary feet
To sleep her care away.

M. STORCH.

"Two No Trump"

"Two No Trump," by Gertrude Meyers is a story of New York hotel-apartment life.

The characters are four couples, and a spinster and a musician. The action of the story centers on the spinster. Her lover was shot accidentally on the eve of her marriage and since that time her life has been only monotony. Nothing interests her till she meets the young musician at the hotel and falls violently in love with him. She meets him variously at different bridge parties given by the couples and he takes her out on several occasions because he pities her loneliness. At the roadhouses to which he takes her they notice several love affairs and Blanche causes trouble among the couples by her gossip. The musician runs away with a former sweetheart of his and Blanche takes to dope. The harmony in the little circle is threatened.

Although the story is slightly disconnected, the intensity of the main plot holds the interest to the end.

M. Hartzell.

Failure

His right hand was raised above his head and in it he clutched with a death-grappling hold, an iron poker. His white teeth snapped together with a "come-near-me-I'll-kill-you" air. His face was purple. Blue-white lines stood out on his forehead. A thin streak which must have been his lips started with a smile on one side of his face and ended with a sneer.

"Get out," he shrieked in a voice that was peculiarly half low, and then ridiculously high. Slowly he lowered his arm and with it came the iron poker. And she toward whom it was being aimed, stood there motionless. Crash! Something flashed its way through the air and save for the falling of a heavy body on a wooden floor, there was silence.

"For twenty years I have struggled to make you better than you are," he cried. "But my work has been for naught. Tonight you go. Did you hear me?" But no answer came from the still white figure on the floor. He had tossed these words at her like a boxer who has a better right.

Because she said nothing, he became more infuriated. His white teeth cut through the dark air like one of Carl Van Vechten's "Firecrackers." The pulse in his neck fluttered in and out as soft dough does when the cook presses her finger on it. His eyes shot out of his head. He kicked her.

Broken, stepped on, he picked her up in his arms. For a moment his face softened. But her ugly distorted features stopped him and he threw her out of the door.

A few minutes later some children passing by remarked on the broken plaster figure.

Up and Down the Campus

M. T.



CAN YOU IMAGINE

Gert Meyer not laughing—
Katie Sheets not in ruffles—
Milly Storch without dimples—
Ginnie Rose going to class—
Wazzle not going walking—
And the campus without Reaser's red car!

The other day Dr. Thomas was walking harmlessly and innocently along, reading his paper. A dignified-student, possibly the Powell House President, unable to resist it, snuck up and standing in his

path, "BEEPED-BEEPED" like a Bosch horn in such a realistic manner that Dr. Thomas—well, its a good thing he's Dr. Thomas!

Who said the Phy Eds. were helpless when it comes to "sissy things! Didn't their trousers in the Tin Soldier Parade show talent! We were thankful they didn't have a deep knee-bend in their drill!

Now that we have had a good rest and a change everyone expects everyone else to "get down to hard work."



On An Old Subject— The Old Fashioned Girl

Where is the old-fashioned girl? The cry of pessimists and reformers is being heard everywhere. What does it matter if the old-fashioned girl is disappearing? Our young girls are representatives of a new civilization. The girl of olden times was hindered by the pressure of the past on the present. The modern girl repudiates the past. The old-fashioned girl missed much that the modern girl experiences.

Someone called modern girls "Amazons of Freedom." The tendency of modern youth is toward freedom and frankness. The flapper possesses more honesty, if less attire. She is frank with others and with herself. Dr. Groves asserts that her attitudes of mind differ greatly from those of the old-fashioned girl. Public opinion counts nothing and the flapper has no sympathy with the curious attitude of mind. She has, however, high ideals, and although she would not always do as the criticized person does, her toleration causes her to state, "It's her business."

Life for the modern girl is established on a pleasure basis. The opportunities for recreation are very much more numerous now than in former days. Theaters, social centers, places for dining and dancing, and other sources of amusement have been built. Physical activities have been fostered by the erection of swimming pools, skating rinks, indoor tennis courts, and athletic centers. The automobile, subway, and other advanced means of transportation enable the modern girl to take advantage of these activities frequently. On the other hand, the scope of recreation for the old-fashioned girl was limited to those activities of a community covering about five square miles. Simple church affairs and mild athletics, together with cooking, sewing and embroidering comprised the life of the girl of former times. Parents were shocked then at the idea of a girl's working, but modern girls take up professions

and work beside their brothers. The lives of modern girls are broader, fuller, and more purposeful than those of their old-fashioned predecessors.

In spite of the many differences between the two, some bit of the old-fashioned girl seems to have its place in every flapper. Many a "jazz-hound" is profoundly touched by the sight of an endearing infant and becomes possessed with a desire to sew and embroider beautiful and dainty garments for it. The wildest and giddiest flapper can sometimes make the best of cakes, while the most modern girl has secret dreams of a sweet little home all her own. Although the gradual disappearance of the old-fashioned girl is sad to some people, the efficient modern girl who is taking her place is welcomed by most of the world.

R. C. C.

New Year's in Manila!

Most people think the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands are savages!

Did you know that there are six large army posts in and around Manila, the capital, and that a part of the U. S. Navy's Asiatic fleet spends half the year there?

What do they do on New Year's? The same as they do anywhere else in the world—celebrate.

Here is a brief sketch of the activities which last anywhere from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, depending on the endurance of the person. First on New Year's Eve you go to a dinner party—everybody gives a dinner party. In fact you have to send your invitation six months ahead of time if you expect to find anyone unengaged. About eleven o'clock the party goes to the Army and Navy Club to dance. As it is quite hot the tables are placed out on the lawn, which is decorated with colored lights and flowers. A boardwalk leads down to a small landing and the frequent chug-chug of a motor boat announces the arrival of another gay party from one of the destroyers in the harbor. All the cruisers are brightly lighted for the occasion and the bay looks like another city.

About one o'clock the crowd will probably move to the Manila Hotel. There the dancing and music seems better and the crowds grow livelier. If you are looking for something different you might try one of the cabarets along about 3 a. m. Santa Ana is supposed to be the largest cabaret in the orient. The floor is divided in half by a lattice work, the public dance floor on one side and the "balerinas" or dancing girls on the other. The soldiers, sailors and Filipinos pay about ten cents for a dance with one of these dusky maidens.

When the crowd has tired of

"slumming" they will go to the Polo Club and greet the dawn in the swimming pool. After a breakfast at the club it is time to go home and prepare for the day's activities.

Everyone holds "open house" on New Year's Day, from the high and mighty Governor-General down to the lowly lieutenant. You must call on everyone, stay long enough to drink a glass of egg-nog and then go to the next place.

By this time the day is over and you'll probably be ready to go home to go to bed.

Marjorie Murray.

The Reporter

Had I known what a cozy, cheerful room there was down at the Ableson house and what a charming and sweet personality pervaded it I would never have been so procrastinate about the interview to which I was assigned. Miss Ableson received me very graciously and soon made me forget what an inexperienced cub reporter I was. When my own small store of questions had given out she instantly supplied far more intelligent ones and gave their answers.

The Kindergarten and Primary Course at Beaver ranks highest in the state and is recommended by the authorities at Harrisburg as one of the most proficient. The department started with an enrollment of seven students. At the present time there are one hundred and twenty-five. Its growth and progress are largely due to the work and interest of Miss Ableson who has been with the school since its very beginning.

Forty-two of the students are practice-teachers. They visit the very best of progressive schools, both private and public. These students are not considered mere observers but assistant-teachers.

Very few colleges confer a degree for kindergarten and primary work. At Beaver, graduates of the four-year course receive the B. A. degree.

In Beaver, kindergarten is not an extension course, as in other colleges, but is combined with the rest of the college. Graduates have very little trouble in getting placed. There are schools which fill all their vacancies with Beaver girls when it is possible.

Miss Ableson says that Pennsylvania is very much behind in kindergarten work. It needs more propaganda either through the newspapers or the moving pictures.

Miss Gladys Evans, when interviewed on play producing at Beaver, said: "Beaver needs additional stage equipment.

"And further the proceeds of the plays just about pay for the costumes, royalty and the printing of programs, so there is no chance of a fund from that source. The Becler Club however is planning to give a dance, the proceeds to go towards new stage equipment. I think it would be a good idea if some teas were given by the girls. It would help us out very much, financially.

How about it? Don't you want to feel proud of Beaver's theatrical productions?

The girls and Miss Evans are working hard in their field and it is our part to help them out. The Expression Department has unusual talent. Why not put that talent to the best advantage? Put on little affairs, stunts,—to raise some money. You'll feel justly rewarded when you see our dramatic sketches go across in real stage fashion.

I hate heavy, slow-thinking people Who wade through beautiful thought In a tedious, monotonous way. They ought to be sentenced to the torture Of listening to their own labored words. When they pick to pieces a clear sharp thought. I hate stupidity.

Kay Clark.

"Breathes there a girl with a soul so dead, who never to her sheik has said—When do we eat?"

What do we eat?

Seven hundred pounds of sugar, two hundred and eighty pounds sandwich loaves, five hundred and ten pounds of butter and sixty pounds of coffee a week. And, think of thirty-six dozens eggs at one meal!

Beaver is one of a very few colleges where meals are not standardized. Think of getting lamb stew every Monday, roast beef every Tuesday, chicken every Wednesday and so on throughout the week. Wouldn't it be killing! And yet, the Bryn Mawr girls, University of Pennsylvania girls, and many more colleges get along on it.

It requires much work and anxiety to vary meals in serving a large group of persons. Let's hear what Mrs. Rowena Harder, dietician at Beaver College, has to say about it.

"I try as much as possible to vary the meals at Beaver College. It's very monotonous to have the same thing each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and so on. I think it keeps many girls away from the dining room if they know what they are going to have to eat. My policy, ever since I have been at Beaver, has been to do away with monotony, and I am rewarded fully, by the appreciation of the girls. And, truly, that is my one desire—to please the girls."

Adventures For the Stay-at-Home Traveler

What a pleasure and a privilege to be a traveler to the garden spots of the world, the picturesque mountainous regions, ancient and oriental lands! Few diversions hold a fascination equal to that of traveling, and so throngs of people, who would appease their spirit of wanderlust, obey the urge. Some are satisfied to journey within their own country, others seek foreign atmosphere and beauty, while there are those who must be content to do their traveling at home.

Certainly the stay-at-home traveler must possess a vivid imagination and even a sense of humor, for he must find himself transported to a different clime through the medium of literature.

An imaginary trip to Switzerland could easily claim one's attention, for it is impossible to read accounts of that country without absorbing some knowledge of the various recreations in which tourists indulge, and also the scenic beauty of the environment. Mountain-climbing is one of the most popular sports, while many show a preference for the winter games and activities.

Another land of interest to study, or visit at home, is old Quebec. Quaintness prevails in this Canadian city. It is typically French and very old. The streets are paved with cobble stones and are on steep inclines. Automobiles are rarely seen unless they are the property of tourists. Quebec is the home of the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre where it is said thousands of invalids have been cured by their faith and left their canes, crutches, etc., as evidence.

The stay-at-home traveler may visit as many lands as he wishes and go as often as he desires.

There was a storm—

A massive storm.

A man said it is powerful;

A woman said it is chaotic;

An old man said it is life;

A child said—"It is God."

PEGGY McCONAUGHY.

Have you been following the Mystery Mosaic and the old man and the rose? Do you want to know what happened? What is it to you?

Faculty Notes

Mr. Shannon Wallace, business manager of the college, has been away for several days on a duck-hunting trip at Deal Island, Maryland.

Miss Hankey of the Spanish department, has been spending the week-end with friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Rowena Harder, college dietitian, entertained a small party at a luncheon and bridge on last Tuesday. Miss Isabel Hall, Mrs. Zerbuchen, and Mrs. Frederick Smith were among those present.

On Thursday evening a large party of the faculty saw "Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Broad Street theatre in Philadelphia.

Miss Isabel Sequine, a past faculty member, made a short call at Beaver last Saturday.

Miss Isabel Hall has been spending a few days with her mother and sister in Philadelphia.

Mr. Frederick Smith had charge of evening organ concert at the Mount Carmel Church on last Sunday. Among his selections was one of his own compositions. Misses Ann Hankey, Mary Evans, Dorothy Paige, and Virginia Walton of the faculty were among those present.

Seagulls

Seagulls are the souls of mortals who
 Labored through life on beating wings;
 Whose spirits were bound by earthly ties,
 Who would ever shake free from sordid things.

Each would leave the earth behind,
 Each new flight in hope it tries,
 Yet so long has it been chained below
 It still seems held by unseen ties.

A flight, a dip, and then a rest,
 Up and down on the swell of the waves;
 A beating of wings—and again the soul
 Strives to attain the height it craves.

Seagulls are souls and never die;
 They will break loose and one by one
 They will soar to their goal, high in the sky,
 Lost to sight, the battle done.
 Jo Timid.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
 Where danced the moon on the college Hill,
 Yet he lingered at the dance,
 Then all at once he met a glance—
 "My word," he cried, "it is the dean!"
 And thus is ended the first scene.

The next day begins the second act,
 When Collegiate Johnny awakes to the fact,
 That he will be sent home today,
 (The dean is anxious, there is no delay).
 Soon Johnny leaves the College halls.
 The climax has come, the curtain falls.

Once I had a room mate Peg,
 Now I know she was a good egg;
 She made my bed, dusted the room,
 An artist she was—at handling a broom.

Dick Steele is still trying to find out which would get to the North Pole first if Santa Claus and Lindbergh had a race. Henry Watts told her Lindbergh would because there ain't no Santa Claus.

Beaver Students don't just say "Work for the night is coming;" they say "Work for the night is coming and then keep working."

Powell Pennings

(With due apologies to Mr. Frederick Collins)

The other day some of us were discussing the pros and cons of living in the big dorm as compared with living in an outside house. Although I'm broadminded enough to admit all sorts of advantages in living in the main dorm, nevertheless, I, for one, am a firm and loyal advocate of dwelling in an outside house.

Dottie Brevoort, patiently calls "Quiet hour, girls, sssss" at least a hundred times each night.

The ingenue, Sarah Lightcap bobs in and out with her gold curls no more sunny than her smile.

Blonde Polly Kempe's image brings with it that of her dainty brunette chum and roommate, Mim Goodwie.

To do this thing according to good form I should have mentioned seniors first. But Mary Frances Hedrick is no less important here than at the beginning, for in either place I should write of having seen her grumble about doing her week's wash while she interperses snatches of the songs we'll hear at the next recital.

Mary Frances roommate, Lois Whitehouse, is that seemingly spiritual Lillian Gish type of girl, who turns out to be the merriest, most mischievous one among us, and whose funny remarks drift across the hall while she patiently types her notes.

Sophie Caprie—our fellow house member who is always so generous with the good things she brings back from her many week-end visits keeps Uncle Sam's postal business working to send her frequent and lengthy letters.

Our only Titian blond, Ruth Connolly, an earnest and hard-working little "Home-Ed" student, is the envy of us all by the frequent telephone calls she receives from her family.

Powell boasts of three prospective kindergarten teachers, not the least of whom is Peg Wooding whose wavy golden bob makes us green with jealousy, is always busy with handwork, or library work when she isn't eating peanut butter sandwiches.

Peg's roommate Ruth Comelson, is that good-looking one of us who is always busy with her studies, or else preparing for an exciting week-end.

Millie Sorch and Caddie Merriett are our other set of feminine Davids and Jonathans; the former who is heard quite frequently admonishing the latter on some subject when the latter isn't doing the same to the former. Millie, our only Phi-Ed, when she isn't visiting Dottie and Sarah, is trying to catch some beauty sleep while the journalistic genius of her roommate expresses itself on the typewriter.

Last but not least—Powell's imitable mimic and ever lively member, Ruth Marie Jones, who studies, plays, and enters into all activities wholeheartedly.

Moreover, I never missed the chance to see doctor Thomas comfortably smoking while he corrects our papers for which we prayerfully hope he'll have due consideration. Or Mrs. Thomas so painstakingly making gifts for those famous granddaughters. Finally Miss Buhrmester, who goodnaturedly asks us to be quiet, or joining in a hearty laugh with the rest of us over some funny incident.

Tilly: I'll never be happy because I have the inferiority complex.
 Topsy: Why I don't think you have it.

Tilly: But I do. Everyone knows I'm twice as attractive as I think I am.

Dear Ed: Why does a stork stand on one leg?

Ans.—If he lifts the other he'll fall.

Spotlight

The Daily Bruin, of the University of California at Los Angeles, has been prohibited from printing any stories relating to Judge B. Lindsey and his "Companionate marriage." This action was taken on the order of Director Ernest C. Moore and Regent Edward Dickson. College editors are rising to deny that regents have the right of news suppression.

It becomes a question as to how far the college officials should censor the campus paper.

Grinnell College's forensic department is instituting a system of exchange speakers with other colleges and universities. One who is qualified in point of information and oratorical ability, will be sent to other schools, there to discuss student ability, will be sent to other schools, there to discuss problems and matters of current interest.

This practice will benefit the students considerably by hearing from their own representatives reports of methods employed by other student bodies in the handling of problems.

"Experience derived from participation in student activities are considered least valuable by alumni, according to the results show in a survey taken by Prof. Charles E. Watkeys, director of statistics," reports the Campus of Rochester college. It is reported unofficially that several nervous breakdowns have occurred in the ranks of present student leaders.

Southern Club Elects

"Yo'-all can say what yo' please, but this heah Southuhn Club sho' is the best one on the campus!"

The Southern Club started this year with the same enthusiasm that has always marked it as one of the leading organizations in the past. They have had four meetings and have many plans for affairs throughout the year, among which are stealthy rumors of a minstrel. And if anyone can put on a minstrel successfully, it should be the "Southerners!"

At the first meeting officers for the year were elected: Mildred Shafer, president, and Margaret Bitterman, secretary and treasurer. With a lot of new girls taking the places of those that have graduated, the present enrollment is 30 members. They are, grouped according to states:

Virginia: Frances Ballard, Margaret and Virdie Bitterman, Filomena Console, Irene Dudley and Mildred Shafer; North Carolina: Lois Best and Elsie Fountain; Tennessee: Sarah Cass; Georgia: Helen Geffken; West Virginia: Mary Elizabeth Carwell, Eilene Steele, Harriet Thompson and Ireta Watson; Florida: Betty Fish, Texas: Helen Milburn; Mexico: Anita Murray; District of Columbia: Frances Wells; Maryland: Jane Bowser, Mary Elizabeth Carl, Dorothy Dady, Margaret Gressit, Pauline Lewis, Doris Strole, Henrietta Watts, and Ethel Woodbury; Delaware: Elizabeth Berry, Ella Ryan and Hattie Kline; Porto Rico: Eduvina Caballero. Miss Roberta Shafer is an honorary member and faculty adviser.

And collegiate humor from the Tennessee Polytechnic Oracle:
 "Whom did Captain Kidd?
 What made Oscar Wilde?
 What did Harold Bell Wright?
 Has Edgar A. Guest?"

Miss Clarke—What was the reason for the fall of Fort Sumter?
 Dot Smith—Not prepared.
 Miss Clarke—Correct.

When do leaves begin to turn?
 —The night before exams.

Resolved—Dissolved

I made a New Year's Resolution. I did! That's a fact! At first I thought I would not, for I remembered former experiences. "The bunk," I loudly cried—trying very hard to convince myself, you know—"The bunk! New Year's Resolutions are foolish, useless, absurd. Everybody makes them; nobody keeps them. I will not be caught in the net this year!" Dear, dear, such crass ignorance! The spirit is willing, but the flesh weak. I defy anyone to remain outside the pale in the matter of Resolutions. Said my mother on New Year's morning with a beaming smile—the smile belonged to her, not to New Year, you understand—"My dear child, I have firmly resolved to present to my family each morning a smiling countenance. I realize that I have been cross and unreasonable. Never again!" If she had been cross, I did not remember it. But then, I had been away since September. At any rate, so purposeful and delighted did she look that I beamed in sympathy. I immediately removed the smile and put it in my pocket, of course. I really should not have allowed it to appear in the first place.

Then my father appeared. If my mother's smile had been kindly, his was beneficent. "My darling child," said he, "I have resolved to be more patient with you. I have been a cross old man!" Shades of the past! Where had I heard those words before?

My sister informed me that she intended to stop teasing me for a whole year. Even my dog promised that she would take better care of her coat so that the hair would stay in place instead of falling out and giving me hay-fever.

Suddenly I was fired with a mighty enthusiasm for New Year's Resolutions. I made a doz. of them, yea, ten times a dozen. I decided on the spot to become a little sunbeam—to comfort the heartbroken and to dry the orphan's tear. When I finally touched earth once more, I concluded that my one true resolution would be saving my money. It gave me such a noble feeling. I would be very careful of my expenditures and I would keep a dime bank which would be opened at regular intervals and its contents given to the orphans. My dad would appreciate my heroism if no one else did.

Well—but need I go further? I was very provident, but the same old problem confronted me—the empty pocketbook and an expense account still unmade. As for the dime bank—listen carefully while I whisper in shame—the one, lone dime went for stamps. Ah me, ab uno disce omnes! (I think that means something about profiting from experience, but I am not sure. It sounds well, anyway.)

Seriously speaking, why do we make New Year's resolutions? Is it because we begin to wonder why people have lavished gifts upon us at Christmas time and we feel that perhaps we have not deserved them? Is it because we see the days of our lives as the pages of a calendar which are ours to do with as we please? Then why do we break them? Simply because it sometimes seems the popular thing to do?

The Christmas atmosphere wears off. It should not. Let us be thankful that we may always turn the page and start again. Why not make a resolution? If we make one today, it can not be in same category with that standing joke, the New Year's Resolution. Let us resolve to be just a bit kinder and more sympathetic. It helps, truly.

"So many sects, so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind,

When all this poor world really needs

Is just the art of being kind."

Letters Home

(Continued from Page 1)

round of home affairs."

"My two boys are going away, too" said another. "I am so glad to get them into a good school, where they will be looked after properly and be under some kind of discipline. They have been getting beyond my control lately. Of course I shall miss them. I can't hope that they will write to me; you know how boys are about writing letters."

"I should say so!" exclaimed the tall, thin one. "My son was away at college last year, and sometimes there were weeks without a letter between us."

"But you kept on writing to him," I assumed.

"Indeed I did not!" she snapped. "Just told him to begin with that I wouldn't write to him unless he wrote to me. He didn't seem to care at all."

I wondered how much she cared herself. And I hadn't much difficulty in understanding why he might care less.

All of these women—oh yes, there were some of the other kind, who were as much disgusted as I was at this sort of talk—had taken utmost pains to see that the children should be provided with the right sort of clothing, that they should have comfortable rooms, and meals as good as the place afforded; some of them had given careful thought to arrangements for church attendance, courses of study, and other matters of that general nature. But few seemed to be thinking of the tremendous thing that had happened or was about to happen to their chicks in this their first departure from the home-nest. I wondered, too, how much of a "nest" such women could make.

Even if a child has been very much "nested" at home, he or she will get out of touch very quickly unless the line of communication is kept open. It is the principal business of young people to adapt themselves to their environment, and they get along best who adapt themselves most quickly and most easily. Children live their lives in the Here and Now, and school is a very interesting and absorbing place. Its doings and values swiftly replace those of the home unless something is done by the home to keep itself in the foreground. Believe me, if you lose touch with your son or daughter now, you will never recover it. And you will be the loser; for the child will not long really miss the mother or father who suffers the absence to become spiritual as well as physical. It is up to you and to nobody else. This thing requires definite and purposeful attention, and bears fruit in direct ratio to the pains you take with it.

To begin with, write often and regularly, and insist upon frequency and regularity in return. Let your letters come to the children with the same punctuality as their recitations; so that Monday and Thursday mornings (let us say) bring your letter as certainly as breakfast or daylight.

How to make your letters interesting? Easiest thing in the world. Keep before them the continuous story of the home life. It may seem dull enough to you; but remember that the child is away from home and that everything that happens helps to fill in the memory-picture of the dear old place. Every member of the family, including the cook and the cat, and the clink of the milk bottles as the milkman goes his round, lives somewhere in that memory, and the doings of each are of interest.

A child away from home should write not less than twice a week—a fairly long letter on Sunday and a note, or perhaps only a postcard, in midweek. This is about all that can be reasonably required of a child. I know one dear woman who demanded a letter every day and made the duty a nuisance to the poor lad. And above all do not permit either end of the correspondence to degenerate into a

bargain—a letter-and-answer affair—"You write me and I" write you."

Never let your letters take the form of periodical scoldings. I remember one poor girl at college who dreaded her mother's letters like a summons to the principal, because they were invariably either a wail of distress about mishappenings at home or a sour complaint about something the child had or hadn't done.

Every little while send something that will be welcome—a gift of some kind—a book, a picture, a new game, a decorative poster, a half-dozen tennis balls. If you never went away to school or college yourself, you have at least seen pictures. I know a father who from time to time, sends his boy a sign—"Keep off the grass," "Safety first," "Four of this kind for fifty cents"—that sort of thing; you've no idea how school boys and girls prize these, and either hang them up in their own rooms or exchange them with chums.

Well-managed schools usually deprecate or forbid boxes of food, for obvious reasons, but simple cakes, figs or dates, and other things, may be permitted, and if they are not there are plenty of other things with which to remember a birthday or other anniversary—Thanksgiving, Hallowe'en, St. Valentine's Day, and so on.

I speak especially to mothers, but what I say applies just as well to fathers. A busy doctor in the town where I live writes once a week to each of his boys at school as regularly as the day comes round. And he gets letters from them, and carries them round in his pocket, and reads them to appreciative patients.

After all, the bottom is consideration for others. It will be hard to get this sort of thing out of a selfish home. There is such a thing as a boy's getting away with relief, and caring very little. But even in such a case letters from home atke on a new interest—absence does "make the heart grow fonder," and it may be that in the correspondence which you will begin when your son or your daughter goes away you can restore or even create a bond that has grown thin or perhaps never existed before.

PRUDENCE BRADISH.

(This article was contributed from an outside source with the expression of how much one particular parent enjoyed receiving news of College doings as recorded in the Campus Crier, sent regularly to her by her daughter. It's an idea. After you have finished reading your copy, slip a wrapper about it and send it to the folks at home.—The Editor.)

Modern girls are fond of nice clothes, but they are not entirely wrapped up in them.

The Seven Ages of Woman

The infant
The little girl
The miss
The young woman
The young woman
The young woman
The young woman.

The fellow who stays out all night is generally a day dreamer.

Dorothy Reheard Isabel Hollerin' to come MacGahan to our Household? Sure!

Breathes there a girl with a soul so dead
Who never to her shiek has said:
"When do we eat?"

First Student: How far are you in Economics?

Second Student: In the last stage of consumption.

If fish is a brain food, how about noodle soup, head cheese or cocoanut pie?

Pick-ups

"Leaps Into Furnace and Dies." That's putting the cart before the horse.

"Fiance Six Hours Too Late For Chicago Wedding."

Another big holdup.

"Held For Shooting Wife."

Here's one time he can't plead insanity.

"Twenty-five hundred Boys View Show."

A sure bet it wasn't the "Toy Shop."

"Talks Self Into Arrest."

A case of the silver tongue, twisted.

"Lindy Leaves Wednesday for non-stop flight to Mexico City."

Now there's a lad who goes places and does things.

"Out of Work, Inhales Gas."

Poor fool, that kills people.

"Who Are Democrats?"

Can't stump us. They're jackasses.

"Wife of Chiang Yat Sen Missing in Storm."

Darn clever, these Chinese!

"A School For the Best Children."

One of the cultural and practical, we think.

"Thieves Break Into School. Get Only Fifteen Cents."

Couldn't have been Beaver.

"Children Five and Six Start Cross-Country Hike Home."

My, what a long ride!

"The Road Under the Hudson."

How about one under the St. Lawrence now?

"Where will the novel end?"

Now stop that.

"Helping Cotton Growers."

We can't, we don't wear it.

Alumnae Notes

Helen (Jackie) Rathborne, who was for a time in the historical department of the New York Times, is now with a woman's magazine in New York.

Martha (Pat) Allsopp is studying Journalism at Columbia.

Alma Espenschiede has a position in Philadelphia in connection with newspaper work and publicity.

Arolyn (Su) Knoderer is at home in Fairfield, Connecticut, due to the illness of her mother.

The Return

How joyfully we returned to pursue our favorite studies! Once more the halls resounded with the cadences of "amo, amas, amat." Once more the girls gleefully said, "hooray, another paper due in logic!" We could hardly wait to return; we could hardly wait to see the dear old place again.

Somehow right now we are not so happy. Of course, we will get over our brief spell of sadness and homesickness and "trip the light fantastic" to our classes. But just now something has happened to our spirits!

A tribute to the woman of rarely perfected poise, of a regal social grace, sophisticated, assured—delighting in subtle elegancies and soft luxuries. Coty's L'Origan.

Poetic, illusive, stirring the soul to exquisite longings. Community Plate Silver.

Sweet coquetry that invites and repulses. Radiant and persuading. Fleischman's Yeast.

It reflects the elf-like sprite living in a world of fantasy and illusion, with all the wild sweetness of the woodlands. Valentine's Temple Incense.

Tribute to stately radiant beauty that recalls the goddesses of ancient Greece. Congoleum Rugs.

F. E.

She—"Who taught you to dance?"
He—"My step-sister!"

Dear Ed: How can I drive a nail without hitting my finger?

Ans.—Let someone else hold the nail.

Flip and Flop

Two little freshmen, Flip and Flop, were just going home for the first time since they had come to college. Flip still couldn't understand how she could have stayed away from mamma and papa—and the little spotted calf, for three whole months.

"Gee," she said to Flip, "I'll just run up to mamma and surprise her when I get home."

Flip was the freshman who occupied the other three-fourths of Flop's room. Flop was a freshman too, but she thought she knew enough to be a sophomore.

It was funny how the two of them, out of five hundred girls, happened to be room-mates. Flip still read "Goldy Locks," but Flop got a huge kick out of reading Dorothy Dix.

As they approached their home town on the train, Flip became more and more excited.

"When I get home, I'll just run up and kiss everyone. There will be mamma, papa and—Oh Flop, I wonder how much the calf has grown."

"Oh you silly" sighed Flop, "don't act so babyish. When I get off the train, I'll be mistaken for Mrs. Astor. I'm going to act very cool and quite sophisticated."

In a few minutes the train was slowing down for Drakesville. Flip picked up her luggage and ran to the end of the car. "Hurry, Flop," she called "I see mamma, papa, and there's Uncle John!"

But Flop jumped and got off the train before Flip. She ran as fast as she could to her family who was waiting for her. Flop forgot all about her baggage—and her sophistication. After all, Flop was no more than any other little freshman.

Basketball Schedule

Jan. 11, Rosemont, Wed., here.
Jan. 18, P. C. of O., Wed., there.
Jan. 27, Pottstown D. L., Fri., here.
Feb. 2, Moravian, Thurs., there.
Feb. 7, Pottstown Y. W., Tues., there.
Feb. 10, Cedar Crest, Fri., here.
Feb. 17, N. Y. U., Fri., there.
Feb. 18, Neward Norm., Sat., there.
Feb. 22, Swarthmore, Wed., there.
Feb. 24, Drexel, Fri., here.
Feb. 28, Ursinus, Tues., here.
Mar. 2, West Phila., Fri., here.
Mar. 7, Rosemont, Wed., there.
Mar. 9, Cedar Crest, Fri., there.
Mar. 16, Moravian, Fri., here.
Mar. 23, Ursinus, Thursday, there.

Getting By

Being a journalism student is proving to be one big adventure. But the best part of the course is the Reporter's Pass, which "requests that the bearer be given the courtesies usually extended the press."

My first attempts with my pass were not "so hot." You see I was green. However, being refused admittance did not dim my hopes. I was determined to get by somehow. And I sure did get by! Listen closely:

Scene: Fox Theatre. The manager, Mr. Taylor, confronting "poor me." Thank goodness! Mr. Taylor was pleasant looking. So, taking a deep breath, I started.

My "line" struck home. I was never so amazed in all my life. Here was Mr. Taylor, the manager, mind you, taking me by the arm and telling the ticket man to let me pass. It was great! But, once seated, I had an awfully guilty feeling. I had told Mr. Taylor that I was going to review the show, but honestly, I know my weak points, and reviewing shows is one of them. However, the manager was so kind to me—why shouldn't I play up? Then, to relieve my guilty conscience, I got out my yellow paper. And the whole time I sat in the theatre, I felt as though I was getting something for nothing! Perhaps, as I become a veteran in the critic game, I will see the thing in its proper light.

A FROSH.

A Day With Our Modern Debutante

Our particular young lady arises at nine to keep an engagement, as chairman of arrangements for a coming charity bazaar.

She dresses with more or less precision in a dark blue, two-piece gown of flat crepe. The blouse, which is fitted at a low waist line, has as its chief features, a V-shaped neck and long sleeves caught snugly at the wrist. The skirt, following Lelong, is a mass of inverted pleats both back and front, pleated, however, to appear quite tailored and not at all amateurish and full. Accessories are in the form of black patent slippers, ornamented with cut steel buckles, gun-metal, chiffon hose, huge black antelope bag, envelope style, with rhinestone monogram, and a black velvet tailored hat on extreme lines. To complete the ensemble, she wears a black Russian pony coat with black fox border.

After an informal luncheon with the committee, she returns to dress for bridge and tea at a fellow-conspirator's debut. For this occasion, a gown of black chiffon velvet, made on extremely slenderizing lines, is chosen. Long tight sleeves and a princess silhouette, flaring from the hips accentuate the simple elegance. The neck is cut in a simple boat shape, rounding well out on the shoulders. The entire creation, according to the princess mode, is one piece from shoulder to hem. The flare at the skirt is accomplished by goring at the hip and waist. To complete this outfit, she wears black chiffon hose, plain black silk velvet opera pumps, a black velvet turban and earrings and necklace of crystal. A wrap of black caracul and skunk is also added.

Returning at six, to dress for dinner at the Ritz, finds milady discussing the subject of a dinner dress of such a versatile type, that it will qualify for the entire evening, consisting of dinner, opera and supper dancing. At length a gown is approved. This creation is of a supple, gold silk-lace gown with a topaz and amethyst girdle in antique design. The over-blouse of lace in bolero effect is rounded ordinarily low in front, but changes its form in back to a deep V decollete. The skirt is formed by three tiers of lace, ending well below the knees complying with the change in skirt length. The addition of antique chain and bracelets in topaz and amethyst complete the adornment of the frock.

Gold chiffon hose and gold flowered kid shoes are a matter of importance in the ensemble. As a crowning glory to the gown, she wraps a cloak of gold and amethyst metallic fabric lined with velvet and bordered luxuriously with golden sable, around her and departs enthusiastically into the night.

R. E. R.

Junior (to Freshman): "You are a green tomato."

Freshman (peevd): "You are a ripe one and ought to be canned!"

QUESTION BOX

Dear Ed: What can I do to avoid falling hair?—Nit wit.
Ans.—Jump out of the way.

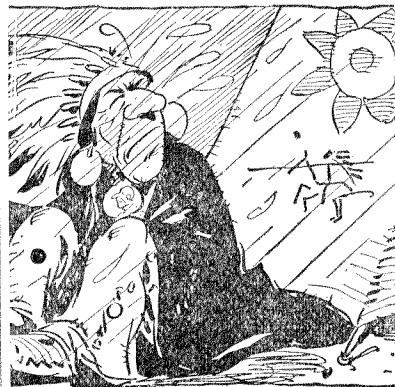
CHURCHES

Wyncote
Calvary Presbyterian,
All-Hallows' Episcopal.
Jenkintown
Grace Presbyterian,
Baptist.
Church of Our Savior
(Episcopal)
Methodist.
Church of Immaculate Conception. (Catholic)
Friends' Meeting.



More Ghosts

The lobby door opened
And a white line
Blew in.
A line of ghosts
In aprons and rubber soled shoes,
Carrying candy or muffins
In wax paper.
The lobby door closed
And the ghosts scurried
Toward the Post Office
Because the bell had
Just rung and the mail
Was out.
And after they were out
Of class
And out of their ghost clothes
They were real humans because
They were just Home Ecs after all.



Gasping Truth for Beaver

Lobbist: "I wonder why everybody is coming down the stairs."
Ditto: "Because they can't come down in the elevator."

First Stude: "Do you know Ida?"
Second Ditto: "Ida who?"
First Stude: "I dunno?"

WHO ARE THEY?

Big browneyes that blinkety-blink,
Twinkley eyes that like to wink.
Another Home Ec. with a whale of a way,
We hope she'll make Johnny happy some day.

A trail of smoke and an ancient pipe
A quick gruff voice and a head of white.
A twinkling eye, a kindly hand
A funny felt hat with a ribbon band.

Heard—most any morning
At any time—
A thumping on the porch
And a bumping thru the lobby.
Dark ghosts with white feet
Dropping exhausted and puffing on The divan.
Dark ghosts on the hockey field
And always around where there is work to be done.
Lots of noise and
Lots of strength.
But impossible to
Do without.
Picture Beaver without
The Phy Eds!

Flash Lights Thru the Fog

Blue Tuesday at Beaver.

Deep, heavy fog enveloped the campus on the morning of the thirteenth. Who was to suspect that Beaver would be on the map before moon-down!

Girls waded thru the fog to classes and beeped-beeped at poor, helpless professors reading the morning papers. Noon passed, the fog cleared, and the time drew near for the first basketball game of the season. The time came, and the time passed, but the team didn't come.

By the time the team did arrive the campus and lobby and gym were swarming with photographers and newspapers people, and the students were squirming with uneasiness at the thought of the flash-light powder.

The game started, so did the flashlight powder.

Needless to say, Beaver won the game. For the first game, there was an enthusiastic crowd, and the faculty, or the usual group of them, and even the President with his frock coat for dinner, cheered the team on to victory! By the time the game was over, it was pouring, and the gym simply had to be decorated for the Top Shop, so, the kind-hearted Physical Eds and others, became soaked for the noble cause, and by dinner time, everything was in readiness.

That is, all but the cast, who kept the audience waiting for an unmentionable time, but as that seems to be the polite thing among casts in general, no remarks will be made.

Miss Shafer, in her charming red wig and Raggedy Andy make-up, started the Toy Shop on another program of success and even the long-suffering audience admitted it was worth the wait. Reaser and Lois Wallace must have enjoyed themselves. They had a most terrible time getting arranged in the front row and all thru the performance they sat in open-mouthed wonder, watching the toys perform.

After the kiddies in the Top Shop had been made happy, all the photographers from Philadelphia apparently were still here, and more pictures were taken. By that time, the fog grew thicker and the campus was once more enveloped in the white blanket. Far, far into the night, that is the morning of the fourteenth, the excitement continued, and the fog continued, and so did the Christmas pep. And by that time it was Wednesday.

CHRISTMAS TIME

I'm bein' good as I kin be,
'Cause Ma and Pa, they said to me
That if I ain't real good they bet
When Christmas comes, that I won't get

No presents, so I'm bein' good—
Just as a regular fellow should.

At night I say my prayers, and I
Don't shout when sissy boys go by,
And I don't tease my sis no more,
An' goin' out I close the door
An' clean my feet when I cum in,
You oughter see my folks all grin!

I spose when Christmas time is o'er
I won't be anxious anymore
To see how clean I keep my face
And then I'll scrap, an' fight and chase
The kids that don't do what they should.

But, gee, it's tuff to be so good!
Peryll Preuss.

Problem—To prove that the less one studies the more one knows.

First—The less one studies the less one forgets.

Second—The less one forgets the more he knows.

Therefore—The less one studies the more he knows.

A STUDENT'S PRAYER BEFORE EXAMS

Now I lay me down to sleep
Before I take tomorrow's test
If I should die before I wake
Thank God, I'll have no test to take.
Ruth M. Jones.

News Heads

Man dies in the cold,
Count's daughter is bold.
Beach given ten years.
Mrs. Lilliendahl in tears.
Penn meets Haverford,
Cornell's half-back no good.
Alla Nazimova ill,
Girl hurt in mill.
Jazzmania's last word,
Have you seen the new Ford?
Student's suicide,
Governor's daughter becomes bride.
Ruth Snyder in death-house
Burglar scared off by mouse.
Coolidge does not choose to run,
Boy accidentally shot with gun.
Big cyclone in Washington,
Car skids, kills one.
Prince of Wales is a sport,
Col. Lindbergh leaves air-port.

The Little White List



It was week-ending time, the day was beautiful to behold, but Susie Beaver's pocket book was too flat for anything. She paced up and down before Mrs. Weston's cage. She tore her hair and her brow was damp. The little white list by the bulletin board was full of Smiths and Browns and Jones' but Beavers seemed to be scarce.

Ha! The mail truck; confusion, more ripping up and down outside the cage, ripping up from within the cage—and on the Magic List came—"Susie Beaver." With a long sigh and a "thank you" for Papa Beaver's permission, Susie grabbed that precious registered letter—and ran for the Rolls-Royce!

Highland House Hop

The Highland House was the scene of a Christmas party given by its girls on the Friday evening before the holidays.

The hallways flaunted green and red streamers while bits of evergreen (no doubt, salvaged from Baeder Wood) and wreaths were arranged conspicuously about the rooms. On the sun-porch a small tree decorated with silver, held numerous and mysterious gifts. Even Bobs, the puppy, and Tommy, the parrot, were dressed up in gay red ribbons for the occasion. After dancing and games—and by the way, Mrs. Reaser's stunt, the hyena's laugh, was well worth hearing, Janet Smith, a tall and thin Santa Claus, deliverel the gifts. The girls presented Mrs. Reaser with an electorate percolator, while Mrs. Green and Mr. Reaser were remembered with a plant and cigars.

And then, of course there were refreshments, in charge of Eleanor Frank and Phyllis Lossee.

New Library Books

The Manuscript Club recently purchased four books which will be presented to the College Library in the name of the Manuscript Club of 1926-1927. The books are The King's Henchman, Edna St. Vincent Millay; The Royal Road to Romance, Richard Haliburton; Rupert Brook's Poems, and O Rare Ben Jonson, Byron Steele.