

CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

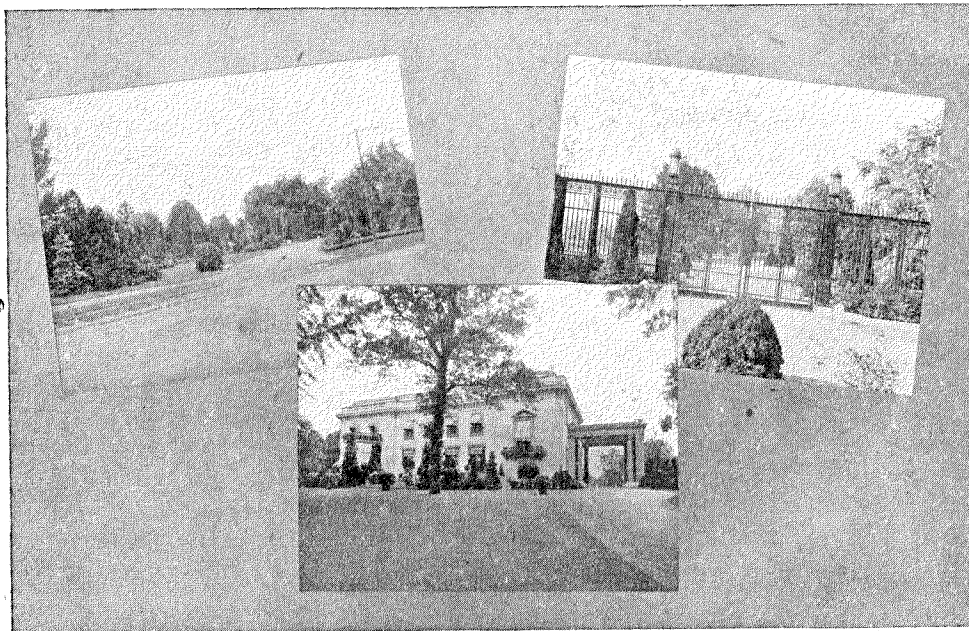
Vol. 3

JANUARY 18, 1928

NO. 6

Faculty Terms Varsity

For Hike See Page 7



Piersols Appear in Colorful Recital

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Piersol, well-known singers, gave an unusual costume recital before a large audience in the Beaver College auditorium, Tuesday evening, January 10.

The recital included a number of popular selections which Mr. and Mrs. Piersol sang while on the European operatic stage, groups of character songs and a small musical sketch which was arranged especially for them. Mary Miller Mount, accomplished pianist was accompanist.

The program was presented in a unique fashion.

"Si Puo? Si Puo?" You all must know,

The "Pagliacci" Prologo.

Fair "Urban," page to the Valois Queen,

From "Les Huguenots," now gives a scene.

Straight from "Old Ironsides" of yore,

Old "Bos'n Bill" comes rolling ashore,

With his songs of the sea and piratical lore.

Please hold your breath and close your eyes

To share in "Marguerite's" surprise As she views the jewels, so highly prized.

Immortalized by Kipling's pen, Brave "Tommy Atkins" lives again, To think of the East and Mandalay, And the little brown maid, now far away.

Ah what must "Rigoletto" hear From the lips of "Gilda," his daughter dear.

"Oh weep my child on thy father's breast, "And let thy troubled soul seek rest."

A moment's pause, and then the scene

Is in a garden of old "Wien." Where "Pauline" sings a little song To help the dragging time along.

A voice, 'tis "Heinrich's" serenade Addressed to his beloved maid.

Ah joy unbounded, joy divine, "A Love Dream" in Life's summer-time.

Mr. and Mrs. Piersol will repeat this colorful recital before the Philomusian Club of Philadelphia and shortly after will appear at Woodbine, N. J., under the auspices of the Graphic Sketch Club of Philadelphia.

Paul Kitchen, Ph. D. For Journalism Department

It is gratifying to know that the Journalism Department is growing to such an extent that enlargement of the faculty is necessary.

With this issue, the Crier takes particular pleasure in introducing to the faculty and student body Paul Cliff Kitchen, A.M., Ph.D., of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, who assumes the headship of the department having his field in the instruction in theory. Margaret E. Taylor will carry the practical side of the course.

Dr. Kitchen, assistant professor in the English Department at the University, is also senior professor of the School of Journalism with a long and varied experience in the technique of Magazine and Periodical writing. His courses in editorial writing and contributed articles have gained well deserved praise.

Miss Taylor, who established the course which is in its third year at Beaver, will continue with the Campus Crier, classes in newspaper practice, and will be in charge of the College News Bureau.

The new order will begin with the second semester, Dr. Kitchen meeting his classes for the first on Thursday afternoon, January 26.

Rosemont Bows to Beaver Sextette, 27-22

A second glorious victory was scored by the Beaver College basketball six when it defeated Rosemont 27-22 in Beaver gymnasium, Wednesday, January 11.

With the score 21-21 at the end of the third quarter, and both teams fighting furiously, Beaver broke the tie with a well-placed foul. Two other fouls followed by Beaver, but Rosemont, not to be denied added a point by a neat shot.

Helen Hall, Beaver's snappy forward, starred again, scoring 17 points, while Tommy Thomas ran a close second with 10 points to her credit.

Due to the tireless efforts of Miss Shafer, the Beaver coach, the team work of the varsity six improves with each game and Wednesday's exhibition showed gratifying results. "Pete" Ried, varsity guard played a brilliant game and was later complimented by the referee, Mrs. Edward Smith, of Hatboro.

Mary Williamson scored 12 points for Rosemont and Mary Mallory the captain scored 10 points. Rosemont's passwork was a feature.

The line-up:

H. Hall F. M. Williamison
T. Thomas . F. . M. Mallory (capt.)
N. Cooke (capt.) . . C. . . A. Galvin
M. Shafer S. C. . . . A. Butler
D. Wachter G. A. Rielley
P. Ried G. A. Rielley
Substitutes—Beaver: Watts for Watcher. Rosemont: Prungle for Rhodes.

Beginners Luck Attends Faculty-Varsity Game

"It was Fate when I first met You"—Sang the Beaver College Varsity basketball team as it played the Faculty six on the stormy night of January 12 (which was just prior to Friday the thirteenth.)

The Varsity team was doomed before it even started, according to some news uncovered by the campus reported. It is alleged that the referee, Miss Lanzara, was unscrupulously bribed by players Walton, Taylor and Shafer, (we withhold the horrible details.) Thus the game started—and, "Wow!"

Of course Miss Shafer started out with her usual dash and made baskets and baskets! Before the quarter ended native characteristics of the players became evident. Miss Taylor showed a fondness for sitting on the floor, but aided by her partner, Miss Reid, she was kept on her feet. Miss Walton became too personal with her opponent and was asked to forbear. Miss Shafer had a case of hysterics, but relieved them by shooting several baskets. However the whole team got away with murder—but what could the poor referee do?

Nothing has been said about the Varsity team—Well, if they play with any degree of normalcy in their next game with Osteopathy they are to be forgiven.

Being a "Student" paper we do not choose to mention the score. There were many mighty snappy plays by both sides, however.

The line-up:

Varsity	Faculty
H. Hall F.	R. Shafer
T. Thomas (capt.) . . F. . .	M. Dunn
E. Krips C.	N. Cooke
K. Kearny C. S. . .	V. Walton
D. Wachter G. . . .	M. Taylor
H. Walts G. . . .	I. Ried (capt)





Campus Crier

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JANUARY 18, 1928

Who reads the Editorials?
 Do you?
 Why?
 Because you are determined to get your money's worth out of the paper?
 Because you have nothing else to do?
 Because the article began well; because you really want to know?
 —I doubt it!
 Do you want editorials, all you poor unresisting creatures who are our public? It is perfectly possible that we could find other things to do rather than write these bits of wisdom and moralizing.
 "But you couldn't have a paper without editorials!" Just you wait and see what we can do. If you want these editorials to keep on, read them and make some intelligent comments on them. We admit that the Crier staff is unusually clever but we really need your assistance in a little matter like this. And the meaning of all this "Blah" is that we would like to have some ideas from the student body for editorials on subjects that are dear to the heart of every college girl.
 How can you expect us to give you a paper that you like if you don't tell us what you like? Now we ask you! Snap into it, come along there. Put contributions in the Crier box or give them to anyone on the staff—and grow with us!

Say It With New Words

The Vocabulary

Was it Dean Ryder or President Coolidge who said there are 500,000 words in the English language? Anyhow, it set us thinking. Have you ever stood off and listened to yourself talk? No, probably not. You probably don't even know what you say half the time—mere forms—words!

Instead of using each word as a little picture to stand for some special thing, we have a few set phrases which we tack on to everything. It's like wearing an evening dress to breakfast, lunch, and dinner and then sleeping in it afterwards. There's something rather inconsistent in the way we take such pains in dressing up our bodies, and let our thoughts go clad in chewed-up rags of words—words mouthed over by countless other morons and idiots. Four out of every five college girls use exactly the same vocabulary and the fifth one probably can't get a word in edgewise.

If someone should publish a complete dictionary of phrases, guaranteed to pass in any situation and to last through a four-year course, such a volume would be small enough to tuck in a change purse.

No, this is not a plea for the intelligensia or an "ad" for The Standard Dictionary; it's merely a young wail over the state of affairs as it is. But who's going to do anything about it

My dear, I can't imagine!

JÓ TIMID.

Today

Every morning we enter upon a new day that carries an unknown future in its bosom. Thoughts may be born to-day which may never die. Hopes never expire. Feelings may awaken, to-day which may never be extinguished. Acts may be performed to-day, that will never be forgotten, for, it has been said that "No man's acts die utterly." It is an appalling thought to remember that nothing is forgotten.

Every act we do, or word we utter, as well as every act we witness carries within it an influence which not only extends over our whole life, but produces an effect on others, slight or important as it may be.

Let us take heed to our thoughts, for thoughts themselves, sooner or later, make habits. We weave a strand each day until it soon becomes a rope which may hang us. To think is to live. To-day is the day. Success depends upon the foundations of our character.

L. Liedy



Sportsmanship

Sportsmanship is chivalry of the modern age. It is helpful not only on the athletic field, in business or in the social field; but also tends to bring refinement in the class.

Cheating, one of the important factors, deprives the other party and hinders yourself. It conveys the wrong impressions to others and brings dishonor. It is too easy to glance at another's paper, to shirk your studies, and to wedge through with a low mark because you didn't accomplish your work.

The second factor is attitude. Enter the classroom with the pleasant attitude and display interest in the work at hand. Consider the trials and tasks of the one who is explaining to all who are seeking an education. Quick thinking, continual attention, interest in the class discussions and a sincere desire to learn are but a few of the essentials necessary for the proper classroom attitude.

The third factor is effort. "If at first you don't succeed try, try again." If you put forth all the mental and physical exertion in you, you will not only attain success in the classroom, but through your future years in business and pleasure. Effort is one of the primary factors in receiving an education.

Sportsmanship in class is losing with a smile, a clear conscience and good efforts.

(Pen Points, exchange.)

How to Write an Article

Look for paper and pencil. In all probability you will have to borrow the room-mate's. Now, try to find a quiet spot—have you ever tried? Three valuable aids are; (1) The Halls; (2) the laundry room; (3) the hikes prescribed by the "Crier."

After all this preparation one of two things is bound to happen; either pencil point is broken or else your one bright idea has eluded you. Think! Think harder! Grab your pencil and see what it will scratch at random. Ah! Just as it is in full swing, if you are in the main building the lights will go off. Write right on as Miss Loyton will discard the results anyway in the end.

K. Clark



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- For Borrowers.....Touchstone
- For Most of Us.....Grindstone

Vox Fem

The cuts in the recent issue of the paper added greatly to my enjoyment of it. It is a good idea. Keep it up!

Jo Encourager.

Do we have to have advertisements? The last issue—a special one—was so much nicer without them.

Idealist.

I appreciate the Campus Crier hearty New Year wish. It is evident that while I was enjoying myself, the staff was hard at work.

Mary Sunshine.

What is wrong with Crier? Where is its pep, common sense, and natural intelligence? It needs a good knock to wake it up. It get's enough rotten ones!

Glum.

I think it is a good paper. I wish it would come out every week! (Ed. note. Don't please! We have a hard enough time as it is!)

A Creed

With laughter on my lips and in my heart
 I wake, each morn alert to do my part;
 To toil hard, if toiling be my share
 To bear such burdens as my strength can bear;
 To sing, no matter if the world be sad
 To share my blessings making others glad,
 To give the best of all I have to give
 In short, to live as Christ would have me live.

Variety in Moods

Our feelings throw us into a continual state of disturbance. One day we are cross, irritated, all "nerves." But the next day we have shifted into the reverse. We feel great! We have a smile for everyone. We feel that we could do anything and everything. And we think what a good place this world is after all.

Are not "moods" essential? If we always felt happy, and in good spirits, would not it eventually become boring? You may think otherwise. However, it is against the law of nature to ever be satisfied with our lot.

Pulsating, throbbing, every-changing—such is Life. And there is always something new which takes possession of our minds, hearts, and impulses. We are ever striving, pushing forward and reaching out for an ideal—the ideal which each of us possess in some shape or form.

We want variety. When we have had a streak of misfortune and suddenly everything clears up beautifully we have a mood, that "grand and glorious feeling" which makes us feel as though we were riding on the crest of a wave. Is not such an exalted feeling more delightful and comforting than a continual state of happiness?

Do not grumble and grieve at such things as our short-comings, our unhappiness and the unfair division of wealth. Do not be unreasonable and wish for the Utopian type of existence. Let us throw back our shoulders and take life as it comes—drinking the cups of joys and sorrows in a philosophical frame of mind.

Seeing Wheels Go Round

There was a thrill in it all;—in the gliding, rumbling presses; the fresh neat stacks of newspapers reeking of new ink; in the grinning, gaping printer's devils, and even in the rotund, jolly guide who delighted in referring to his previous career as a school teacher and to his own proficiency.

It was fun, too, to climb up on the statue in Independence Park and pose for the picture that was promised for Monday's edition of the Ledger. Then the curious passers-by were amusing the way they stood around and stared while our loquacious, beaming captain told how he was going to disregard the rules and take us up the back stairway.

Twenty-nine of us trotted after him like satellites, up dark steps where invariably you tried to step on air at the top; craned over little balconies and gazed down upon the workers who nudged each other and whispered we know not what.

We stared and embarrassed the linotype setters; we flattered the bald-headed old fellow's ability to read type backwards; we audibly envied the curly haired reporters speed on the typewriter; we marveled at the Associated Press service.

After a bit, however, the staircases seemed longer, the air more stifling, the odor more disagreeable, our coats heavier and we were so tired. Then with a commendable show of enthusiasm we thanked our good man, whose little wisps of black hair were now much beruffled and returned to the lobby of the bronze seal.

Out on the street the paper boys were already screaming the headlines we had seen received up on the tenth floor.

Oh, yes, there was a thrill in it all.

Peg Matthers

The Silent House

The Silent House is now playing at the Lyric Theatre. As the name implies, it is a mystery story and there are thrills galore. You may discount the fact that our big brother says he was disappointed in it because it was not as good as the Wooden Kimona. Our big brother is one of those critical, red-headed, cynical affairs.

We admit that there are a few places in the play where you can draw a natural breath, and that you know who the murderer is at the end of the first act. That takes some of the snap out of it. But if you are looking for thrills and heart-throbs, go and see the Silent House. We know you'll scream when the lights go out and the thirteenth murder is committed.

"Ten-inch Mustache Leads Owner to Jail."

A mere lock of hair.

"Goldfish Makes Noise Like Distant Thunder."

A goldfish with a bass voice.

"Card Party to Be Given by Ladies' Aid Society."

They must have something to think about while they talk.

"Laziest Man in World Dies."

Must have died of Counterpanes.

"Michigan Team Kicks Off."

Always thought they were a sick bunch.

"Stenographer Sues Boss."

She must use the touch system on her typewriter.

"Husband Says Wife Is Lunatic."

Probably told him she was boss.

"Boy Hit by Truck."

Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.

"Painter Falls From Roof."

Serves him right, the eaves-dropper.

"Girl Sues For Breach of Promise."

Some girls keep their love letters, others let their love letters keep them.

"Youth Takes Fifty Dollars Cold Cash From Bank."

Just another draft.

"What Is That to You"

Dr. Phillip J. Steinmetz, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church at Elkins Park, and an old and valued friend of Beaver College, addressed the students in chapel on Sunday evening.

He gave a practical and genuinely helpful talk on the application of religion to daily life.

He commenced with a defense of human nature quoting a truism known to all journalists: "If a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites a dog it is news." Dr. Steinmetz further asserted that it is the evil side of human nature that we hear most of, while the good is so common that it frequently goes unheeded. Therefore the human race deserves more credit than it receives. However, be it good or evil, Jesus said, "What is that to thee? Follow me!" And this was the keynote of Dr. Stienmetz's discourse.

He preached personal religion, that is, getting one's faith directly from Jesus' own words, rather than from other people, who could give but a warmed-over version. "We should not confuse human nature with God," Dr. Steinmetz said, "for he is good, regardless of the evil in the world."

Dr. Steinmetz's address was greatly enjoyed by all. He made of religion a vital thing to be used in every day life. Upon one of his points, however, we cannot agree with him. Few of us will hail the advent of examinations with any genuine inner joy.

Contest Editors

Announce Prizes

How would you like to have a Beaver pennant? Or a pedometer?

These will be announced as first prize and second prize in the Hiking Contest being conducted by the Campus Crier. Thursday, March 1, has been set as the closing day of the contest and the prizes will be awarded in chapel on that date.

Have you been following the contest? If not, now is the time to begin. Back copies of the Crier may be obtained in the News Bureau. Drop your name in the Crier box at the Post Office, to be listed. Start today! Locate the scene which accompanies each hike, send in your correct answers, and—who knows, you may be one of the lucky ones!

Marjorie Murray and Adelaide Taylor are conducting the contest. See them for further particulars—or any member of the Crier Staff.

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Have You Heard That--

Katie Sheets spent the week-end in Germantown. Katie never will get over her week-end habits.

Nance Cooke spent the week-end at her home in Maplewood, N. J.

Mary Kain announced her engagement to Harold King, of Chester, Pa. We wish you happiness, Mary.

Irene Dudley celebrated the new school year by spending the first few days in the infirmary. Irene is up and around again and we hope for better luck the rest of the year.

Mac Lomerson spent the week-end at her home in Jersey City. What's the big secret, Mac!

Elizabeth Stipp announced her engagement during Christmas vacation to Mr. Henry Vogt, of Philadelphia. Best wishes, Stippy.

Lil Allis spent the week-end in Philadelphia.

Rosebud Carlucci, Martha Burk, Marge Green and "Jimmy" Bernard spent the week-end in Philadelphia.

Lois Abrams is another one of the lucky ones. Lois is engaged to Hadly Stewart, of Weindber, Pa., and we are sorry we will lose Lois before the year is over.

"Little" Lanzara, sitting in the lobby listening to all the engagement tales, wishes to announce that she is engaged to Santa Claus.

And Eddie, not wishing to be out done, upon being asked where she is going for the week-end, wishes it to be known that she is going to heaven. Good luck, Eddie.

Gert Jones spent the week-end in Merchantville, N. J.

Dot Hazen spent the time at her home in Bethlehem, Pa.

Sophia Caprio spent the week-end in Philadelphia.

Joe Sigler has been ill in Washington.

Waiva Herse had a three-part vacation. Using Waiva's explanation, she "spent the front part in New York, the middle part at home in Watertown, N. Y., and the back part in Boston" where she visited Eleanor Magrame, who was a student here last year.

Meta Jenks spent the week-end in Drexel Park.

Jeannette Plummer and Helen Kent visited Kay Weaver in Woodbury, N. J.

Verdie and her mother, Mrs. Margaret Bitterman, spent part of the Christmas holidays at Natural Bridge, Va.

Almena Martin and Lillian Dobson spent the week-end in Philadelphia.

Dutch Brown is now attending Valdean School in Elizabeth, N. J.

Ella K. Ryan has announced her engagement to William L. Hill. We wish you all happiness, Ella K.

Alice Shepard visited Dotty McCormick during vacation.

"Peg" Shortall was guest of honor Tuesday evening, January 10, at a surprise birthday party given by a number of friends in the little dining room of the college. The table was attractively decorated with colored streamers and candles, and there were favors. Those present in addition to Miss Shortall were Misses Thelma Sykes, Lynn Granier, Betty Pierpont, Bertha Kile, Hattie Klyine, Mary Kane, Sylvia Temple and Dorothy Reed.

Miss Adelaide Taylor spent the week-end of January 19 visiting friends in Englewood, New Jersey.

Faculty Notes

The faculty had as gay a vacation as the student body.—And they deserved it we say, when we think of the terrible papers we passed in the two weeks before the holidays!

Miss Clark visited her sister who is connected with the psychology department at Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio. On her return trip she stopped off at Washington, D. C. and attended a meeting of the American Historical Society.

Miss Light deserted Pennsylvania for Texas, where she spent three weeks with her sister.

Miss Taylor and her sister spent five days of the vacation doing New York. We wonder if they visited Grant's tomb or Chinatown.

Dean and Mrs. Ryder also made a trip to the big city. They were there during the New Year season when the bright lights of Broadway became much brighter.

Doctor and Mrs. Martin worked a commuter's line between their home in Forest Grove and the college.

Mrs. Zurbuchen spent her time at her home in New York and at West Winfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Dodge were fortunate in having their older daughter, who is at school in Minnesota, with them for two weeks.

Miss Hankey had a great time at her home in Gettysburg, Pa., while Miss Evans spent Christmas at her home in Rome, N. Y.

Miss Paige devoted her time to friends in Newington and New Britain, Conn.

The Smith family were at their home, at Haeger, Pa.

Miss Malton was at her home in Moylan, Pa.

Miss Hall spent the vacation at Atlantic City.

Miss Palmer divided her time during the holidays, with an enjoyable trip to the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Weston stayed right here during the vacation, but we know she had a good time.

Miss Peck spent part of her vacation in Manor, Pa., and part in Washington.

Miss Shaffer spent her vacation at her home in Roanoke, Va.

Mme. Walton took a fine trip to Havana.

Surprise Party

Pentathlon is busy again. Tuesday night the society gave another dinner party for its members as a surprise for Meta Jenks and "Peter Ried," whose birthdays are in January.

Pentathlon colors, green and white, were used for decorations and of course there were two huge chocolate cakes. Every member enjoyed herself to the utmost.

Many are working hard to become members of this honorary athletic organization.

Alumnae News

ALUMNAE

1927

Mary Belle Mellor is employed in a bank in Rochester, Pa.

Dean West is teaching kindergarten in Charlestown, South Carolina.

Jo Anderson is now Mrs. Jeffory Carqueville and she is living in Highland Park, Ill.

Marian McHose is teaching kindergarten in Piquoy, Ohio.

Lois Mingle is teaching but expects to be married soon.

Mary Everhart is spending the winter with her father in Miami, Florida.

Anne C. Brown is teaching Home Econ. in a high school in Charlestown, W. Va.

Mary Theis is studying at the School of Ethical Culture in New York.

Anne Welch is teaching in Chestertown, Maryland.

Helen Stender is teaching kindergarten in Scranton, Pa.

Thelma Ryder has a position in the Y. W. C. A. in York, Pa.

Alma Espenschade is social editor of the Pennac News, Philadelphia.

Virginia Shaeffer is studying at the North Western University.

1926

Dot Studwell is teaching Physical Education in the Port Chester, N. Y., schools.

"Doe" Beegle is teaching kindergarten in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gert McMasters, Jeannette Anderson, Joyce Prince and Willa Morefield are all working.

Lula Belle Paris is married and has a little baby.

Velma Stone is married and lives in Mexico.

Yoshi Kasai has returned to Japan.

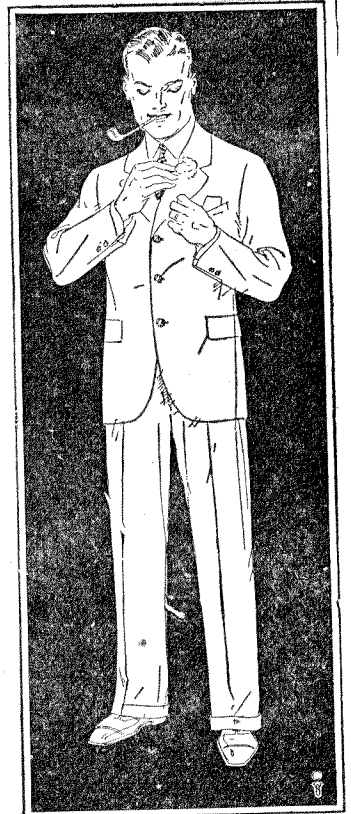
Chemistry Club

Miss Buhrmester, a member of the faculty, entertained twelve members of the Chemistry Club at the Powell House Saturday evening January 7. The girls were extremely amused by the pseudo fortune-tellers. Refreshments were served.

The Chemistry Club includes 17 members. A meeting is held the first Wednesday of each month in the Physics laboratory. Chemistry reports are read and scientific problems are discussed. The object of this club is to further interest in chemistry.

The officers are: Gertrude Clark, President, Carolyn Mulholland, Vice president, Edith Carson, Treasurer and Secretary.

The Beechwood-Beaver Alumnae Association of Pittsburgh sent a gift of pillows for the lobby divans.



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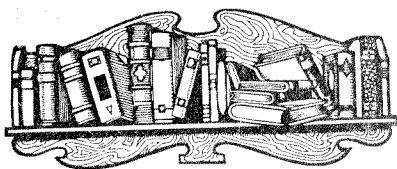
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Locust Valley Item

"But those mountaineers hang onto the principles they do have," said Agnes in discussion. "Their principles are few and far between, we think, and very elemental, but they are iron-bound and as sturdy as the old oaken bucket.

"Take their 'deeds of violence.' Usually we make the required inquiry, but the very simplicity of the deed shuts it out of our understanding and we put the mountaineers down as untutored, animalish, vicious—and mysterious.

"Up at Locust Valley where we were camping this summer we heard a story from the old woman who lived on a farm nearby. Her husband was a guide; name was Jesse Lehman. Everybody called her 'Mother.' We got our provisions from them. Nice old couple, thin and vigorous—both of them. Lived in a comfy little place and grew just enough on the rough hillsides to call it a farm. He was making a decent sum yet with guiding and with lumber—buying up pieces of timber and lumbering them off.

"Then Mother told this story. To the campers. Oh, yes, there are a lot of them in the mountains of Pennsylvania in the summertime. She told it often. The Boy Scouts loved it!"

Jesse and Mother were on a prospecting trip for lumber. He was taking her this time and they were well back in the mountains. They had a horse and buggy of course, and it was coming on nightfall and they had not found a place to spend the night. It was too late in the Fall to sleep outdoors and there seemed to be no house in miles. Well, they kept on, upgrade and down, over the narrow winding road through the woods and finally at dusk they came to a little low hovel, almost hidden in the scrub oak. They hesitated.

"Are you a-feared to stay here?"
"Not with you, Jesse."

So Jesse climbed down and knocked at the door. Shadows and the mountains crowded around them. A tall man with big whiskers,—never been shaved—answered the knock. He said yes, he could put them up for the night. He showed them where to put their horse and then across the small yard at the house door stood another tall man with a beard, holding a candle. They were shown through a little low room with a bed in it, into the room in back that was living room, dining room and kitchen in one. The second man, brothers they were from their looks, set the candle on the table and disclosed a shy homely woman at the fireplace.

They hardly spoke but they all ate a good meal of ham and corn bread and such-like, the woman working in the dim shadows and the men sitting in shadows except when forward motions brought them into the circle of the candlelight. Big grizzled men they were, with wee half-hidden eyes. After

supper one brother, still in silence, took the candle and led them into a third room, off the kitchen. It was low and small like the rest. The brother walked straight to the further corner, held the candle over a splendid four-poster bed, moved the candle about so that his guests could get the full dimensions of the bed, and departed, leaving Jesse and Mother in stygian darkness.

They undressed and got into bed and Jesse was so tired that he was asleep almost immediately, but not so Mother. They were unarmed and except for this one piece of furniture she had no idea what was in the room. The man had not given them a chance to see more than the bed. She lay and thought of all sorts of things until finally she heard footsteps. They approached the door, paused, and went away.

"Jesse," she poked him in the ribs and told him about it.

"There's nothin' we can do. I ain't got a gun." Jesse was a deeply religious man. He believed his religion. He added "We must have faith," and went to sleep again.

Still Mother's faith wouldn't let her go to sleep and she lay awake and heard the footsteps that came cautiously to the door, paused and went away. Minutes passed. Minutes? Hours! And then Mother heard the footsteps and this time the door was opened a crack and a head and beard was outlined in the opening, the candle light behind. But the door closed slowly. Mother poked Jesse in the ribs.

"Pop!" she begged and when he woke she told him. He still insisted there was nothing he could do. They would just have to wait till morning.

"If it happens again pretend you're sleepin'. We ain't armed and they won't hurt us."

So when she heard the footsteps Mother pinched her eyes shut, leaving a little crack through the lids. She saw the door open and the light behind the big head; and then, so she said, "I saw the door open wider and one brother came into the room. In his hand was a knife. The other brother came close behind, a-holdin' the candle high. They came on. It took seconds and I lived a thousand years. I was sick with fear. The men came on. Still Jesse didn't move. I felt my throat cut and the hot blood on my shoulders. The men paused; their tall figures were taller and awful in the wavering light. They peered at us, satisfied themselves that we wuz asleep, then turned aside. I sweat with relief. The shadows crept after them as they went to the other corner of the room and there I saw the first brother reach up, the second raise the candle, and as the light flashed on the bright knife the first brother slashed the cord that held a ham tied to the rafter!"

At daylight Mother saw that the rafters of their room were strung with drying meats, herbs, and grasses.

After a big breakfast, and they had extras of honey and apple-sauce, Jesse and Mother set out. Jesse held forth at great length on Faith and Glory. He said he had wakened when the men came into the room, and—"Had I bin a fightin' man, had I had a gun, I woulda sure shot them, first one then tother, when they come at us that-a-way. 'Stead o' that, here they wuz, a-settin' up till all hours of the night a-waitin', and a-cuttin' their best hams instead of a-cuttin' our throats!"

Myself

I have to live with myself, and so I want to be fit for myself to know I want to be able as days go by To always look myself in the eye I don't want to stand at the set of sun Hating myself for the things I have done.

I don't want to keep on the closet shelf A whole lot of secrets about myself And fool myself as I come and go Into thinking that nobody else will know The kind of a woman I really am; I don't want to dress myself in show.

I want to deserve all men's respect But here in this struggle for fame and self I want to be able to like myself; I see what others may never know. I can never hide from myself, and so Whatever happens I want to be Self-respecting and conscience free.

Charity

Huge women with huge incomes died and left their money to homes for sick cats.

And their husbands donated sums for the buildings of additions to clubs for wayward dogs.

But a child with an old man's face and a cough purple with terror, read comic strips he picked out of ash-cans.

Florence Engelman.

What's Become of Winter

If I am not mistaken, today is the fifteenth of January, and yet when I inquiringly put my head out of the window this morning, I exclaimed in great joy, "Hurrah, Spring has come!" I immediately shook the moth balls from my light coat and straw hat and wore them to church.

It was a bit chilly about the edges, I'll admit, but just the sound of the birds merrily singing and the sight of the blue sky kept me warm. It made me think of other Januarys I have known when I used to be completely covered with a layer of nice warm red flannel to protect me from the cold breezes and the snow drifts that were higher than my head.

What has become of winter, anyway? We have had only a touch of it this year. I can account for it in only one way. Scientists tell us that there has always been a complete revolution of the climate before all the big glaciers. You probably recall the passages in the history of man when he was almost completely annihilated by great sheets of ice which slowly but surely covered certain parts of the earth. Well, I think that we are going to have another glacier.

There is only one grain of hope that I can offer. I have found that the average glacier moves not more than a mile in a year. Therefore I see no reason why we can not move along before it. Even the average moving moves faster than that. Why, we would even have time to build a series of houses in its path. If it gets cold we could all go to our attics and resurrect the red flannels.

Peace

Hands that at last lay quiet
Hands that had toiled.
Hands that had commanded
And now
They lay idle
Cold.
Beautiful hands, comforting hands,
These hands of an old white-haired lady.
Hands that were mine
They are at rest.
Peace.

C. C. M.

Laugh

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fasten each part with care,
Fit it with clasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then—sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one its contents,
Never its secret share,
Drop in your cares and worries
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
The world will never guess half;
Fasten the top down completely,
Then—sit on the lid and laugh!

Reverie

Bring not bright candles, for his eyes
In twilight have sweet company;
Bring not bright candles, else they fly
His phantoms fly
Gazing aggrieved on thee!

Bring not bright candles to those eyes
That between earth and stars descry,
Lovelier for the Shadows there,
Children of air,
Palaces in the sky!

Walter De La Mare

In the Garden

The grass is beneath my head;
And I gaze
At the thronging stars
In the aisles of night.

They fall—they fall—
I am overwhelmed,
And afraid.

Each little leaf of the aspen
Is caressed by the wind
And each is crying.

F. S. Flint

Night

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

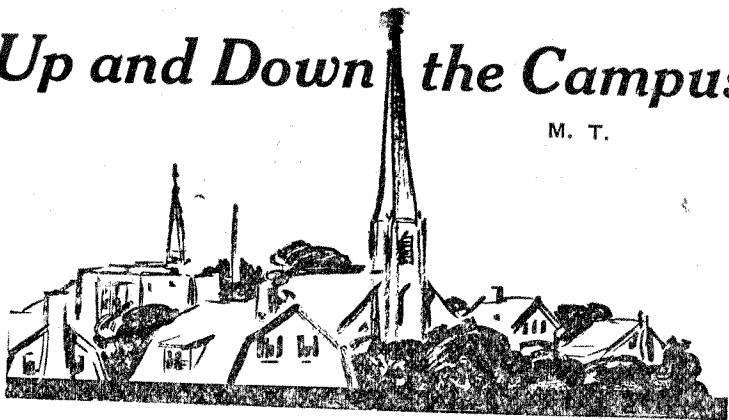
The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
When love is done.

(Signed)

Francis William Bourdelllet

Up and Down the Campus

M. T.



We do not wish to mention names if we can avoid them, but when a person is not a student or an instructor or a bell-girl what would you call such. This is only one of the difficulties encountered in the editing of this column.

The freshmen are still struggling with their 2000 word themes. We hope their worried looks will disappear when the themes are in but we fear that they have begun to worry about men for the prom.

If the ground were not so wet it would be pleasant walking, but

when the ground is frozen it is too cold to walk. Therefore—Oh! draw your own conclusions.

Miss Taylor came dashing back from New York in the middle of the Christmas recess to go to Florida, but didn't quite get there—just "almost went."

On second thought the ground is wet and sometimes it is cold, but they are offering a pennant or a pedometer in this Hike contest—so here we go! We wish to ask the contest Editors before we start this hike, why they didn't label this picture for us as they did the last!

Mary Jane Elizabeth Tea Room

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Mary Pickford

She walked down the street in a raggedy dress and a pair of torn stockings.

People looked at her and pitied this poor little girl.

And she smiled for she knew that with one scratch of her pen their pity would turn, to envy and their kind glances to adoration.

Florence Engelman

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Lindbergh's Remarkable Tour

In his 3-months air tour of the country Colonel Lindbergh flew 22,500 miles, visited 82 cities in 48 states, attended 69 dinners in his honor, was seen by approximately 30,000,000 persons and comported himself like a modest, well-bred American young gentleman all the way round.

United States Has Most Doctors.

America leads the world in doctors. We have 133 to every 100,000 persons, and seem to need all we have. Great Britain has 92, Germany 51 and France 35 per 100,000 persons.

Senator Presidents Few.

For generations no nominee for the presidency who was elected was chosen from the Senate. This year at least five senators have their hats in the ring, either tentatively or actually. Neither has a vice president ever been elected president until Roosevelt, from John Adams' time. But of the last five presidents two vice-presidents have been elected president and one senator.

No Street Cars.

Nevada hasn't a single street car. Reno, which had the only line in the state, has just junked it.

Navy's Big Breakfast.

Uncle Sam's Navy consumes sixty-two tons of food every morning at breakfast.

We Think a Lot of Coffee

An average of nearly 500 cups of coffee per capita was consumed in this country in the last 12 months.

From the Mid-West Review.

New Gym Schedule

Probably you are wondering why the gym schedule has been completely changed. Let us have Miss Walton tell about it.

"Well, our main object is to conform to other college gymnasium work. For another thing, we do not have the facilities to continue with basketball and swimming as class work. The groups are much too large to accommodate everyone.

"The new gym work will be decidedly advantageous. It will consist largely of recreative work such as folk dances and games. There will be little monotony as there will be very little formal work. The girls will look forward to their gym classes because of the attractive programs made possible by this change."

Pleasure combined with routine gym work! Delightful! There will be more gym enthusiasts than ever before.

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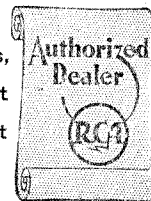
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Hike No. Three

Station H. I. K. E. broadcasting again—this time a three mile program.

We start for the Wyncote Pharmacy. After the necessary delay we turn to the left on Glenside avenue (which runs directly in front of the store) and continue on it until we reach a large white bridge on the left side of the road. Upon crossing this we come into Washington Lane. On both sides of us is a view parallel to very few that we have seen. About five hundred feet beyond, on the right side of the road we discover a well-kept driveway.

As we turn in we feel that we have found fairyland. A miniature lake with the daintiest of dainty bridges, small pagodas, a marble deer, and natural beauties everywhere! You will want to wander around in this fascinating place for hours!

At length, however, we must turn out to Washington Lane again and follow it in the opposite direction from that on which we came. At Township Line we turn to the left and soon find ourselves back from where we started—And did you locate the picture?



Rock-a-bye, senior, on the tree top.
As long as you study your grades
will not drop,
Bus if you stop digging your stand-
ing will fall
And down will come senior, diploma
and all.

Denison Flamingo.

"Walking to the game?"
"Practically."
"What do you mean, 'practically'?"
"I'm going in one of the brother's
Fords."

—U. of Wash. Columns.

"How do so many boys get killed
in football games?"
"They kick off."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

"Hey, mister. Call your dog off."
"Nothin' doin'. I've called him
Towser ever since he was a pup."

Webfoot.

CHICAGO

Bandit: Pardon me, have you a
refill to spare?

Cop: Fountain pen?

Bandit: No. I've just shot my last
bullet.

—Boston Beanpot.

"What makes you think that Cha-
teau is an old cheese factory?"
"Look at the molding on the
wall."

Wisconsin Octopus.

"Use Euripides in a sentence."
"Euripides pants, I killa you."

Virginia Reel.

"Bizz: Tite hasn't much cold
cash, has he?"

Ness: No, he doesn't let it out of
his hands long enough to cool off!

—Stanford Chaparral.

Hockey

This hockey is a wondrous game
At least they tell me so—

Perhaps some day I'll think the
same—

Maybe, but I don't know—

The games, the rules, the don'ts,
the dos,

The treacherous hockey stick,
The falls, the fouls, the set-back
too,

They nearly make me sick—

If I'm in luck I hit the ball,
If not, somebody's shin
And when I hear the coach's call
"Sto—stop!"—I feel like sin.

First up the field, then down the
field.

I run till out of breath,
Pains in my side that will not
yield—

Where is thy sting, Oh Death?

"Stick to the game just as you
should—

You'll get it at last," they say—
If ever that sweet coach says
"You're good,"

Then's my Red Letter Day!

The shades of night are falling fast,
The breakfast time is here at last.
Before me Shredded Wheat is
placed.
What gives it such a funny taste?
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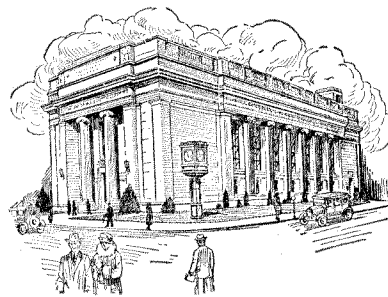
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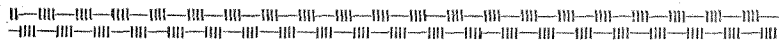
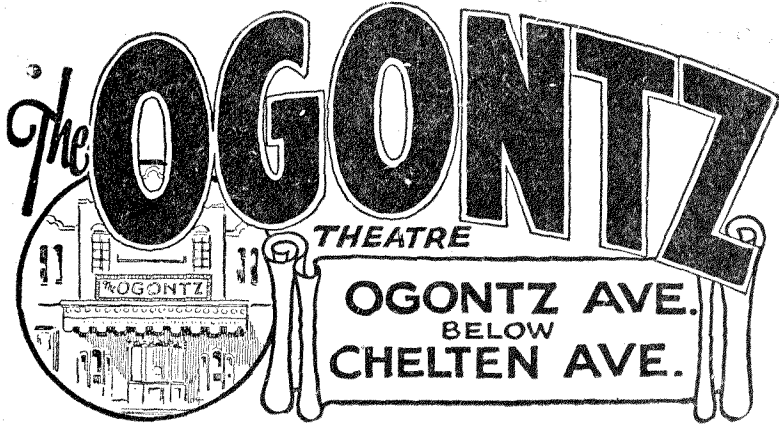
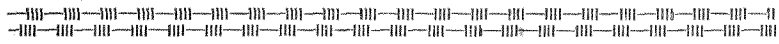
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