

CAMPUS ERIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 3

FEBRUARY 15, 1928

No. 8

Summa Cum Laude



Beaver Rings Up Fifth and Sixth Victories

Beaver basketball team versus Moravian—and how!

Score? 38-22. You're in suspense? Beaver won.

Where was it played? Did you hear us yell—

What! From Bethlehem? Well, we were hoarse.

Who played well? Everybody! We mean, the whole team.

Come to think of it, the side-lines did help.

Helen Hall was the little star of Bethlehem.

Thelma Thomas helped win in her quiet way.

No one can surpass our guards and centers.

It was a good game—

This is how:

Beaver		Moravian
Hall	F.	Sames (capt.)
Thomas	F.	Lincoln
Cooke (capt.)	C.	Garrett
Shafer	S.-C.	Hairston
Wuchter	G.	Smull
Ried	G.	Hall

The sixth straight victory for the Beaver College sextette was scored when it defeated the Cedar Crest basketball team 28-17 on Friday, February 10, in the Beaver College gymnasium.

The game was a hard fight to the very last minute. Due to the splendid offensive work of the forwards and the outstanding defensive work of the guards Beaver's team re-

(Continued On Page 6)

Lincoln

We think of February as the month of great men. Perhaps a kindly fate decreed that this month which was so slighted in the matter of days should be appeased by being the birth month of great men.

On the twelfth we think of Lincoln, the most beloved of Americans. We see him first as a boy, always hoping, always planning, always doing. These three elements made up his life. He never worked aimlessly, but always with a definite goal. More important still, he never waited idly for the good fortune to come to him.

He strove mightily to overcome all obstacles.

What were these obstacles? His inheritance was nothing of which to boast. His parents had a generous portion of the wanderlust, and with them he migrated from one wilderness to another, always far from schools and the culture he craved. He eagerly devoured what literature could be had in the house, and from the Bible and a few other books he acquired that simple and beautiful form of expression which was his. It could not have been improved by schooling.

His awkward and ungainly physique was another handicap which he strove to overcome. From this supreme struggle of a beautiful soul to reconcile itself to dwelling in a caricature of a body came his unbounded sympathy for his neighbors and his humility.

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Washington

A tribute to George Washington by Abraham Lincoln, unearthed by the late Lucien H. Alexander, a Philadelphia attorney and student of Lincoln, has been brought to light.

This praise of the country's first President by the Great Emancipator is believed to have been the only tribute to Washington uttered by him. Lincoln was the final paragraph of an address. It follows:

"This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington," he said. "We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in the moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and its naked deathless splendor leaves it shining on."

While engaged in research work in Washington a number of years ago Mr. Alexander discovered the address in a copy of the Sangamon Journal, published at Springfield, Ill., February 25, 1842. The newspaper was hidden away in the files of the Congressional Library.

Commenting on the discovery at that time, Mr. Alexander said: "All of Lincoln's biographers, so far as I can discover, have missed this. I believe it is the only encomium

(Continued On Page 3)

Mrs. Ripley's Students in 4 Song Cycles

Two song cycles for four solo voices will be presented in costume and action at the Beaver College auditorium, Thursday evening, February 16, at eight o'clock, by pupils of Bernice Keach Ripley.

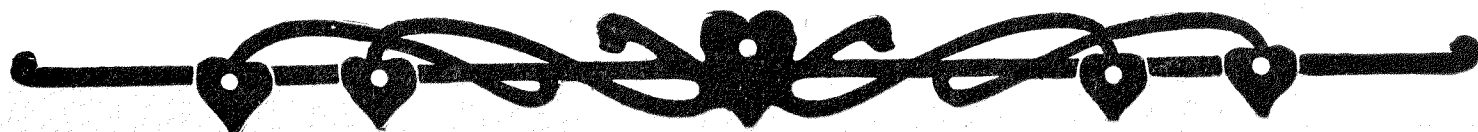
The Song Cycles are: "In a Persian Garden" by Liza Lehmann, the words selected from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam; and "Floriana," an interesting conversation of flowers from Oliver Herford's "Overheard in a Garden."

Those taking part are: Louise Perry, Eleanor Steinbach, Charlotte Puff and Eileen Steele; assisted by Mary Elizabeth McCormick as Dr. Bee; Edith Wilson, a maiden; Ruth Snyder, four-leaf clover; Mildred Lanzara, a dancer; and Edna May Allen, organist.

The public is cordially invited.

HOME EC SENIORS ENTERTAIN

The Home Ec Seniors entertained at a formal dinner in honor of Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Reaser, who will leave shortly for a trip abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Shannon C. Wallace were also guests. Miss Sarah Lightcap acted as hostess assisted by Miss Lane. Others to assist included Miss Thelma Sykes, Miss Dorothy Murtz, Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Evelyn Machall, Miss Ena Crichton, and Miss Beatrice Showell.





Campus Crier

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

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Patriotic Issue

February's Holidays

February is the month of three great days; Washington's birthday, Lincoln's birthday, and St. Valentine's Day. For weeks the store windows have been crowded with hearts, cupids and doves buried in frilly paper. Children have been making valentines in school and buying them out of school—silly scraps of paper with hackneyed verses printed or scrawled inside and out.

But what evidence do we find of the other two days? The schools provide a poem or two and a dry-as-dust biography, recited in sing-song monotones. Sometimes a half day vacation is bestowed on the student patriots. Is this what Washington and Lincoln mean to our modern children? To grown folks these days mean even less, for some of us recognize the dates as the days when the Jones family was put out because the mortgage was foreclosed, or Sally Jane got her divorce. Washington, who never told a lie! Honest Abe! What message have they for us?

Jo Timid

Old Saint Valentine

It was Rome in the days of Emperor Claudius!

Toga-clad sandaled men passed by with stately tread. White buildings with huge columns glittered in the sun. Few women were abroad and here and there were young men who listened eagerly to the sayings of an elder.

A tall, slender man passed down the street; he smiled gently at all who spoke to him. When he stopped to converse there was always a pleasant look left behind him.

We ran and caught up with him.

"St. Valentine, I believe?"

He looked puzzled. "No, I am merely a Roman priest. There is another of my name—the Bishop of Terni—do you mean he?"

No, we didn't mean anyone else. We meant a person who looked exactly as this Roman priest looked.

"You see" we explained, "the 14th of February is St. Valentine's day and every one sends love tokens on that date, so we decided to find out who this Saint was and how the custom originated." We ended rather breathlessly. Our man now looked faintly amused. "My birthday is the 14th," he admitted, "but I don't believe I ever sent any love tokens. It isn't in my line" and he beamed.

"Foiled" we decided, and turned to go, after thanking him.

"Wait a minute" said our informant, "Where do you come from?"

"From the Twentieth Century" we answered.

"What! do you mean to tell me that the world has lasted 1500 years longer? Every one here says it is going to end. Why, the younger generation is simply impossible, simply incorrigible. They listen to us old fogies respectfully enough, but they do just as they please afterwards," and the good old man became quite excited.

"Certainly the world has lasted that long" we said. "The world is all right—it's the people in it," we added.

But our friend objected, "People are fine," he said, "all people. I go out in the morning and help them plant and reap. I give them little presents. I like to see their eyes light up with joy, and I like to feel their gratitude. Oh yes, I like people."

"Except the younger generation," we suggested.

"But they don't mean anything by their conduct," he said.

"That is just the trouble," we said.

"Good-bye." "Good-bye."

We went out into the street. "But," said we, "it was easy enough to get back into the Fifth Century but how shall we get up to the Twentieth again? You don't suppose we'll have to live all those years over again do you?"

"Well, let's write our memoirs and sit down to wait."

We did.

Next Year?

Do you ever wonder where you'll be "about this time next year?" Shall you have passed on from these ranks into the crowd of the unknown? Shall you have stepped into poverty and distress? Shall you have forgotten your friends, fancies and many pleasures? Shall you be a care-free, joyous college girl, or a serious, pensive woman of the world? Shall you be a happy wife?

Can you shape your destinies? Can you tell what your fate will be "about this time next year?"

Louise Leidy.

Do You Cram?

A professor at Harvard has recently issued a statement concerning cramming. He considers it a waste of time, and since college—so he says—consists mostly of cramming (and athletics) we suppose that college is a waste of time.

There is another side to the subject of cramming. Cramming is a splendid mental exercise. The facts must be arranged in a logical manner; they must be associated with certain other facts and you must think of a dozen ways to memorize the subject easily. This exercise in itself is a valuable addition to one's mentality. It teaches logical memorizing. One can memorize by rote but that is a long and weary process and we would accuse no college student of making extra work for himself in this manner.

The professor at Harvard also says that the knowledge acquired by cramming does not stay with one after the exam is passed. This is no doubt true in some cases but depends in some measure on the type of mind. Many persons who have attended class regularly will remember no more than one who has crammed a whole term's work into a few night's study. Maybe the concentration necessary to do this is as great an asset as the knowledge would have been. The ability to concentrate is much lauded in all educational circles. If this ability can be developed by cramming, then cramming has its use, and if cramming teaches one to think and associate facts in a logical manner it has a greater benefit than suspected, maybe, by the Harvard professor.

IMAGINATION

Because you have "grown up" and are in college, have you lost imagination?

While we were children, our imagination was but those delightful stories known as fairy tales. We went giant-hunting, and magic-carpet-riding and we lived with those charming play-people. And now—because we have reached that stage of would-be sophistication, we have let those things drop from our make-up, and we believe that we have put them far from us forever.

But, they are only hiding. Imagination can never be cast aside. We live in it, we work with it, and it helps us to succeed.

It doesn't pay to grow up. If you must grow up, take imagination with you. It is the greatest doctor for discontent, and the finest carpenter for personality building.

Imagination is life. Live in it happily.

TO THE STAFF

Dear Staff:

From your note in last week's issue, I assume

That you wonder why I use a "nom de plume"

You see, it's just a joke
I'm no literary bloke

But a common ordinary sort of broom.

Now please don't judge me by the things you see

Because Jo Timid's just one side of me

If you'd like to know me more
Come and knock upon the door

Of room three hundred forty-eight—it's where I'll be.

Vox Fem

That was a wow of a Prom. Issue! Why don't we have more papers like that? Make each issue mean something.

A Bystander.

I notice that the student body seems to be taking greater interest in the paper, judging by the contributions. We all like to see different names appearing in our columns.

A Reader.

Honesty

Honesty "is the cornerstone of character." That is the principal stone of moral excellence. If honesty were degraded in business, in politics, in diplomacy, where would we be? Even diplomacy has now come into the open, to be honest and ethical.

A true form of honesty may come through sincerity, veracity, frankness, thoroughness, faithfulness, and integrity.

If we would be genuine, we must be free from shams and any form of deceit. Honesty is hard to preach but not so hard to follow for in the end "honesty is the best policy."

Louise Leidy.

WEEK-END ODE

Little bank-roll ere we part,
Let me press you to my heart.
All the year I've worked for you,
I've been faithful, you've been true.
Little bank-roll in a day,
You and I will go away.
To some gay and festive spot,
I'll return—but you will not.

M. V. S.

The Editorial We

We hear that the Journey from Cairo to Bagdad may be made in one day under the new time-table of Imperial Airways. We imagine this will be received with joy by the week-enders of Beaver. We suggest a landing field immediately as an improvement on the Campus. Preparedness!

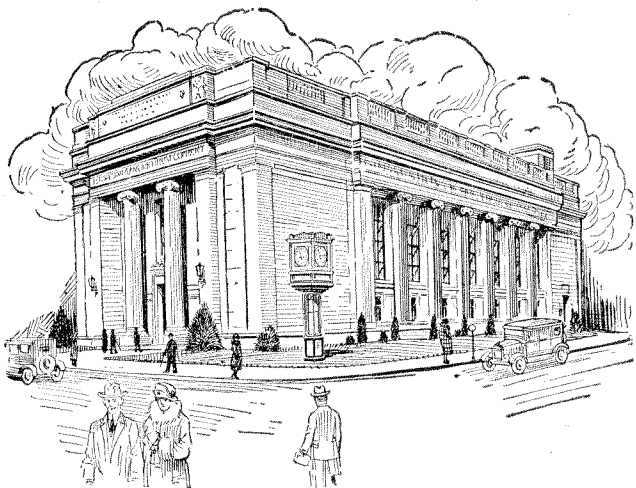
We are wondering just how soon Reaser will be wearing long trousers. "Good Lor", Missey, how de chillun do grow!"

We made a big discovery today: An awful lot of energy is wasted prying into other peoples affairs. We have heard that in these days unless a boy is a bit tomboyish he's put down as a sissy.

We pass this on to you—"Suspicion is the bane of friendship."

We find this thought quite true. Be what your friends think you are; avoid being what your enemies say you are; go right forward and be happy.

"Just One More Issue Is All I Need—"



Next to Last Hike to Win Beaver Banner

Just one more chance to win that Beaver banner which we know you want — that is, one more chance after you take advantage of the hike we have prepared for you this week. It's a great one, even if it did turn out sort of funny.

We started down to Jenkintown and decided to stroll down Greenwood avenue—on the other side of York road. We strolled into the telegraph office and sent a little greeting home and then blithely continued on our way. After a short distance we found ourselves passing the Abington Friends' School. We turned to the left here and meandered down Meeting House road. We were especially interested in the numerous Quaker places along the way.

Our first right turn carried us on to Fox Chase road, which we traced for sometime, thinking that eventually we would arrive back at the big city of Jenkintown—for haven't we been told that the world is round? At any rate, when our feet loudly proclaimed that they would stand the agony no longer we betook ourselves to a convenient fence by the side of the road and waited developments.

The first arrived in the form of a small brown and white terrier. He welcomed us royally and tried to persuade us to romp in the nearby woods, without success, however. A Dodge, somewhat the worse for wear, passed without even so much as "by your leave." A Ford, a Chevrolet, a Packard—and still we sat waiting! At last a kindly old horse pulling a wagon with "Bread" vividly displayed on its side, approached.

"Kind sir, prithee wouldst tell us where we will arrive if we follow yon road?"

"Hollywood—giddap", he replied—the first to us, the latter to his horse.

Hollywood—and we looked at each other—No, somehow, we didn't think we would make good movie material.

"Right about face"—and back we traiped to Jenkintown—of course, holding on to our picture.

A. Taylor
M. Murray

Manuscript Club Holds Luncheon

A low-ceilinged room, dimly lighted, bare wooden tables, crude furniture, and the floor sprinkled with sawdust—in such delightful atmosphere did the Manuscript Club of Beaver College entertain its new members at luncheon in the Little Chop House, at Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

A novel card with a phrase appropriate to the person was at each plate. Former Beaver students were present, among which were: "Pat" Alsopp, Marge Kennedy, Charlotte Hatton, Alma Espenschade and Ann Muntean. Music was rendered. Pat's delightful yodeling at the luncheon table was so infectious that Kay Clark and Rose Teplitz joined her. Great harmony (?) resulted. At the close of the luncheon, Miss Taylor gave these parting words:

"Five years from now we will meet in this Little Chop House—bring your husbands and children."

(Continued From Page One)

extant by Lincoln upon the Father of Our Country. If so, its importance from a purely historical and sentimental standpoint cannot be over estimated. This really wonderful quotation will be sure to ink their names together in a most unusual and beautiful way on every February 22."

Hahnemann Glee Club to Be Here Feb. 24

The Glee Club of Hahnemann College, a group of thirty singers, will give a concert in the Beaver College auditorium on Friday evening, February 24. The program will be augmented with numbers by the Hahnemann orchestra. There will be an informal dance in the gym afterward.

The personnel of the musical organization includes Hunter S. Cook, director of the Glee Club, Ernest A. N. Seyfried, manager; Hugh S. McAdams, accompanist; I. Hayon Stouch, director of the orchestra, Julian S. Bodle accompanist, Paul J. Tomlinson, piano soloist; and W. Y. See, manager of the musical clubs.

The program is as follows: March, The Thunderer, Sousa, and Overture, Zampa, Herold, by the orchestra; Aloha Oe and The Song of Marching Men by the Glee Club, Simple Adieu and Loin de Bal by the orchestra, Little Bird of Happiness and the Viking Song, the Glee Club; Prelude in C. Sharp Minor by Rachmaninoff and Kanenai-Ostrow, piano solos; The World is Waiting for The Sunrise and Song of the Jolly Rogers by the Glee Club; Selections from My Maryland by the orchestra.

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CATHERINE MERRITT, Editor
FRANCIS BALLARD, Asst. Editor

Jersey seems to be the place
That's going to take up all our
space—

Jane Brownell visiting Lenore McClosky in Jersey City.

Ruth Kellogg visiting Edna Boyd in Montclair.

Sylvia Temple at home in Mount Clair.

Louise Perry in East Orange.

Mac Lomerson at home in Jersey City.

Katherine Knouss at home Jersey City.

Ruth Brown visiting Elsie Olsen in Montclair.

Virginia Babcock in Absecon.

Mary Calhoun visiting her home in Summit.

Thelma Sykes and Lyn Grenier in Trenton.

Ernestine Arnold and Dotty Huthsteiner visiting in Pennington. Irene Smith in Leonia.

Katie Sheets visiting Peg Dunn at Salem.

Dibbs Darby at home in Bound Brook.

Polly Kemp at home in East Orange.

Pennsylvanias' next in line,
The state that takes up all our
time.

Ruth Channel visiting in Northwood.

Helen Wenger in Pottstown.

Pudds Wells in Philadelphia.

Marjorie Maisch visiting in Jenkintown.

Ida Hughes at home in Wilkes Barre.

Milly Storch at home in Summit Hill.

Eleanor Brouard in Norristown.

Dotty Wuchter at home in Allentown.

Alice Wall visiting in Philadelphia.

Marion Codner visting Trudy Schwentker at Drexel Hill.

Mildred Gardner and Mable Stanton in Philly.

Filomen Console and Frances

Ballard visiting Peg Elrick in Avondale.

Mary Jane Kearney visiting in Philadelphia.

Peg Thomas and Winnie Burch in Mount Airy.

New York is last—its strange, not funny,
To travel there takes all our money!

Helen Kent, Jeannette Baldwin and Eleanor Monroe visiting in New York City.

Lil Castle at home in Brooklyn.

Phylliss Losee at home in Dobbs Ferry.

Kathleen Murphy in New York City.

Katherine Foster in New York City.

Helen Traubman at a sorority convention dance at Park Lane. New York City.

Campus week-ends are lots of fun. Study, Town, or just to bum.

A Valentine Surprise party was given in honor of Gertrude Schwentkers' birthday in the little dining room of the Main. The guests were Ethlyn Owens, Helen Geffen, Lillian Castle, Alda Walker, Florence Mahl, Filomena Console, Margaret Elrick, Frances Ballard, Mable Stanton, Mildred Gardner and Peggy Parry.

Pat Allsopp dropped in to see us from Old New York.

And Charlotte Hatton too came down from York, Pa. for the Manuscript Reunion.

New among the students now—
We wish to welcome them—and how!

Alice Koyen, Highland Hall, 142 High Street, Perthamboy, N. J.

Helen Randolph, Highland Hall, Jackson Heights, L. I. N. Y.

Eleanor Thorn, Highland Hall, Swedenville, Ohio.

Nancy Layhman, Highland Hall, Fayetteville, Pa.

Zilla Neville, Resser House, Pelnean, N. J.

Ora Erwin, New Dormatory, Maplewood, N. J.

Dr. Bartholomew Speaks

The Reverend Dr. Nevin D. Bartholomew of the Carmel Presbyterian Church in Edge Hill and his wife were guests at Beaver College recently.

At chapel services Dr. Bartholomew addressed the student body and the church choir, led by Frederick S. Smith, gave a concert of sacred numbers.

Dr. Bartholomew's subject was the two essentials in learning how to behave and how to live life. "The Bible," he said, "is a book of life. It deals with men, with conduct, not codes. Life is the word most used by Jesus."

By "learning how to behave" he means that we should know how to be simple with wealth, how to be patient and cheerful in trouble. "Life," he said, "is a journey. We all have destinations that we want to reach. As travelers we need guides to direct us. Let God be our guide and set us on the right road. It is God to whom we should turn."

"The first quality to be considered in the conduct of life is kindness. Kindness is greater than love and sympathy. When we are kind we are human. Kindness is the consideration and thoughtfulness for others and counts most in the world. It is a keen sense of unity and kinship among all people."

"Loving God, or reverence, is easily the second essential in the conduct of life. Beware of the man or woman who reverences nothing. Belief in something beside oneself, in a higher power beyond us, makes a nobler life."

Entertain Civic Club

A group of students from the music department of Beaver College entertained at a meeting of the Women's Civic Club of Noble on Friday afternoon, February 10, at the home of Mrs. A. L. Bisbee.

Miss Marion Codner sang a solo "Break O' Day" by Sanderson, followed by "Saro Mio Ben" by Giordani and "Lullaby Lights" by Dichmont. Miss Codner and Miss Margaret Parry sang a delightful duet entitled "Just As I Am," an arrangement from Rubenstein's Melody in F. Miss Ruth Snyder gave a piano solo "In The Woods" by Gade, and "Eroticon No. 3" by Sjgren.

Alumnae

Margaret Panky was married in September to Mr. Thomas Marple and is living in Collingswood N. J.

Elizabeth Payes has announced her engagement to Mr. Louis Heicklen.

Helen Pigott is attending Rochester Normal School in New York.

Beatrice Porch is teaching home economics in a Greensburg, Pa. high school.

Virginia Schaeffer entered North Western University.

Club Holds Open Night

The Chemistry Club met Wednesday night in the Green Parlors with thirty-six in attendance. The Club held open house and invited other chemistry students of the college to be present.

Miss Gertrude Clark, president, read a paper on the life of Madame Cure, Miss Buhrmester talked on Perfumes and Flavors, and Miss Caroline Mulholland talked on celuloids and their uses. Miss Dorothy Huthsteiner gave several vocal selections and Miss Florence Dyer gave readings.

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Art Students Attend Annual Exhibition

The Fellowship of the Beechwood School of Fine Arts pledged eight new members on Tuesday, February 7, with the usual studio ceremonies. Those invited to join the organization were: Ruth Richardson, Mary Carl, Mary Louise Rosenbauer, Mary Anna Whitney, Nana Belle Wise, Mary Vallee, Ermina Johnson, and Eileen Steele.

Their initiation consisted mainly of being required to help with the decorations for the Prom. And this, by the way, is the time of year that tries an art-student's soul, for then they abandon their easels to become paper-hangers, carpenters, or what-have-you? They scramble about ladders, hit their thumbs trying to nail up decorations, and do fearful and wonderful things with crepe paper. The worst of it is, they cannot really enjoy the Prom, for they find themselves apprehensively watching the decorations and hoping that they may not ingloriously collapse before the dance is over.

Fellowship Pledges Eight New Members

The walls of the famous old Pennsylvania Academy beheld a familiar sight the afternoon of February first—Mr. Nuse guiding his flock of Beaver students through the Annual Exhibition.

From gallery to gallery he led them, commenting and criticizing painting and sculpture. As a whole, the latter was better than the former, which was of a rather conservative tendency. As usual, most of the best known American artists were represented, Mr. Nuse, by a landscape and a portrait of two of his children.

Students Entertain

Beaver College students entertained members of the Woman's Club of the Church of Our Savior, Jenkintown, on Wednesday afternoon, February 10. Marion Codner sang "Caro Mio Ben" by G. Giordani, "Break O' Day" by Winifred Sanderson, "Lullaby Lights" by Dichmont, and "Daddy's Sweetheart" by Lehmann. Margaret Parry was the accompanist.

GRAY SHOP

For Sweets

CANDY

ICE CREAM

SUNDAES

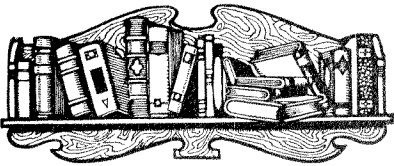
SODAS

HOT CHOCOLATES

QUICK LUNCH

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LITERARY PAGE

FLORENCE ENGLEMAN, Editor
ALICE RYDER, Assistant Editor

CLOSE-UPS

As a nation we seem to be addicted to carving our heroes out of marble and burning incense to their memory. Napoleon is still a demi-god and Lenin seems likely to out-hero all heroes not formally canonized and famed in religion.

The New Republic says: "It is refreshing to find how many great public Americans turn out, upon investigation, to have been really great all the time, underneath their burial mounds of pious wreaths. Instead of a very remarkable and human Washington, we have had an unapproachable shrine, littered with Athenaeum Stuarts and likenesses of an impossible periwigged great-aunt, who could not tell a lie, who crossed the Delaware, defeated the red-coats, feathered his country with prophetic wisdom, went to church, and never swore—the highest of political virtues. This figure is melting away and there is beginning to appear a vastly more human, and therefore, a really much greater character".

LOVERS

In 1758, an officer attired in military dress, attended by a body-servant, tall and militaire as his chief, crossed the ferry over the Pamunkey.

On the boat's touching the southern of New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who gives the beau-ideal of Virginia gentlemen of the old regime; the soul of kindness and hospitality, who requested the officer's company at dinner. The officer, though popular in the district, and recognized as a man of note, hesitated to accept.

However, when urged to do so, and upon being assured that he would be introduced to a dashing young widow, the bashful young fellow accepted. They met, the officer and the widow, and soon thereafter they married. May I present Colonel and Mrs. George Washington?

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The name Abraham Lincoln, should be spoken reverently, for no greater man was ever born. He stands in the history of the United States of America second to Washington. Wrestling from life, by force of his will and frankness, he gained all for that purpose.

Lincoln made an aim in his life and was not satisfied until he had reached his aim. There is more to a man than just his name, and whether he is a world's hero or not he can become great in his own world by giving willingly and asking little in return.

Greatness then is only what you make it; for one's greatness lies in character and deeds in life.

You too may have that greatness But have you? Abraham Lincoln has shown us what the true definition of greatness is.

LEAP YEAR

"Oh ho! an extra day this year,"
Said good old Father Time,
"I'll toss it in with all the rest
To see which one will use it best
In all this world of mine,
'Twill be a goodly sign."

So twelve more hours of day slipped in
And twelve more hours of night;
But all his trouble was for naught
For not a single mortal thought
To grasp this day in flight
And do the things he might.

Jo Timid

ABE WAS NO BEAUTY

A. Y. Ellis describes Lincoln's appearance at the time of the Black Hawk War as follows:

"He wore a mixed jean coat, claw-hammer style, short in the sleeves and bob-tailed; in fact it was so short in the tail that he could not sit on it; flax and tow linen pantaloons and a straw hat. I think he wore a vest, but do not remember how it looked; he wore pot-metal boots."

NO VICES, NO VIRTUES

Lincoln always took pleasure in relating this:

Riding at one time in a stage with an old Kentuckian who was returning from Missouri, Lincoln excited the old gentleman's surprise by refusing to accept either of tobacco or French brandy.

When they separated that afternoon—the Kentuckian to take another stage bound for Louisville—he shook hands warmly with Lincoln, and said good-humoredly:

"See here, stranger, you're a clever but strange companion. I may never see you again, and I don't want to offend you, but I want to say this—my experience has taught me that a man who has no vices, has darn few virtues. Good-day."

"HE'S JUST BEAUTIFUL"

Lincoln's love for children easily won their confidence. A little girl, who had been told that the President was very homely, was taken by her father to see the President at the White House. Lincoln took her upon his knee and chatted with her for a moment in his merry way, when she turned to her father and exclaimed: "Oh, Pa! he isn't ugly at all; he's just beautiful."

FEW FENCE RAILS LEFT

"There won't be a tar barrel left in Illinois tonight," said Senator Stephen A. Douglas, in Washington, to his Senatorial friends, who asked him when the news of the nomination of Lincoln reached them, "Who is this man Lincoln, anyhow?"

Douglas was right. Not only tar barrels, but half the fences of the State of Illinois went up in the fire of rejoicing.

NEVER SUED A CLIENT

If a client did not pay, Lincoln did not believe in suing for the fee. When a fee was paid him his custom was to divide the money into two equal parts, put one part in his pocket, and the other into an envelope labeled "Herndon's Share."

THE DAY'S WORK

Is any one happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?
This day is almost over, and its toiling time is through.
Is there anyone to utter, now, a kindly word of you?
Can you say "good night" in parting with the day that's slipping past?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does a man, whose hopes were fading, now with courage look ahead?
Did you waste the day or lose it, was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think that God would say,
You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did to-day?

S'no Use

No less beautiful than the first fall of snow are the songs and essays concerning it which appear in the columns of our current papers.

Snow is white and calm, pure and innocent, we learn. Snow becomes soiled only in its contact with this terrestrial sphere.

Let us consider the snow as gently drifting down, making a fluffy carpet under foot. Let us say that it is gentle, soft and clinging. Snow underfoot is not so pleasant. It has a hard, and slippery nature. It is most annoying when one loses one's dignity by slipping, and most painful to sit down upon it violently—not on the dignity but the snow). We would rather not have the snow so cold and slippery; still, it is equally bad to have to wade through rivers of water which is the case if we wish the snow melted. But since the snow must either freeze or melt (it usually does both) we had better be cheerful about it anyway. Let us not think of such a lowdown thing as snow under foot, but let us think of it as it floats gently in the air—inspiring us and others to produce such as this.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT BEAVER

Cupids, bows and arrows, hearts, all a symbol of St. Valentine's Day.

At Beaver—the mail! "Who sent this comic valentine?"

And the package book! Candy for her and candy for her room mate. Did some one mention flowers? Young lady, the flower-giving custom has wilted. Never mind, though it's only a post card the spirit is the same!

Who said we are growing up?
K. C.

BENCH PLAYERS

Come on, Bee, let's go to the basket-ball game.

Who? Why we're playing X college.

We'll stand in front of the mob and see everything. I heard Jane say she was going to bring that cute man of hers (she says cute).

Pardon, please! What does she think she is—the president's daughter? She can't push me!

What's the score? Jenny plays a good game—yes? Look at that guard, she's rough. She tripped our forward; if she were on our team the referee would call a foul!

What's the score?

Pretty shot!

That's Mary's dress that Peg has on.

Bee, look at that plumber miss that ball—who ever told her she could play? Her room-mate, probably. I could do better than that, myself!

Foul!!! Some one ought to take her out.

Cute man, Bee, over there. Let's go over and talk to Jean—she seems to know him. Very well, if you won't go I suppose I won't go—you're always spoiling my chances.

What! the game all over! What's the score?

I love basketball—it is so broadening.

K. C. at the Bat

HISTORY

In its amplest meaning History includes every trace and vestige of everything that man has done or thought since first he appeared on the earth. It may aspire to follow the fate of nations or it may depict the habits of the most obscure individual. It is the vague and comprehensive science of past human affairs. The following is not a collection of data for contingent reference, nor a table of logarithms, but we cannot ever forget a great man.

George Washington observed "that it was not in the pages of history to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within a musket-shot of the enemy for six months together without ammunition, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another, within that distance of twenty-odd British Regiments, is more than ever was attempted".

He lamented the dearth of public-spirit and want of virtue. And in the face of all that he took over the reins of the government and faced consequences bravely. We all know of the hardships entailed, the serious dangers faced. The end of the war came at last. Washington wrote to the governors of the states on disbanding the army. "They will disband or fall; and by their confirmation or lapse there is yet to be decided whether the revolution must ultimately be construed as the blessing or the curse".

But the end was the day of bitter humiliation for George III, and the men who had been his tools. It was the courage of Washington and the steadfast valor of the men who suffered with him at Valley Forge that carried them all through to a crushing victory at Yorktown.

OLD VIRGINIA'S VALENTINE

No one can lose faith in the love and beauty of humanity if he has ever been in Virginia on a St. Valentine's day.

When February fourteenth comes in Old Virginia the sky is a beautiful blue, everywhere buds begin to peep out of their winter hiding place, the violets bloom and every living thing gives an appearance of love, beauty, and fresh life.

The ocean is as placid and blue as the sky. The murmur of the sea together with the soft rustling of the wind through the pine trees sounds like Cupid playing on the lyre. It is a time of dreams. On St. Valentine's day graceful maidens in colonial gowns step out of the little miniatures which have been preserved through the years. Gallant, courageous cavaliers step out of their dingy picture frames. Again the young man woos the charming maiden in the rose gardens and again they walk between the rows of box bushes. The picturesque lady blushes warmly as the gallant gentleman begs for the rose from her hair.

Everything lives again on St. Valentine's day in Virginia. St. Valentine's day makes dreams come true and romance blooms anew.

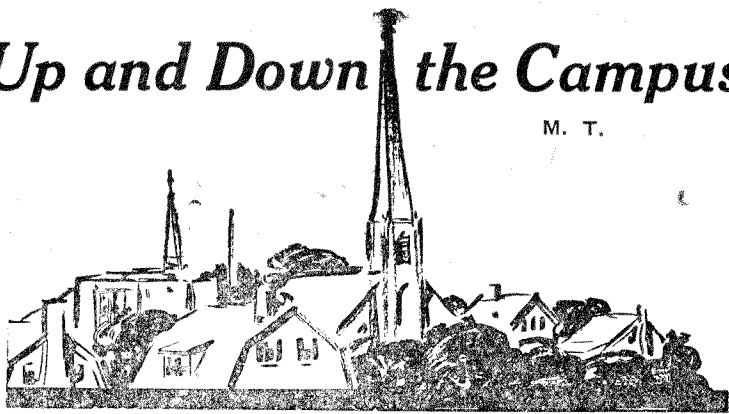
ON FEBRUARY 29

"I'll sleep," said the Sluggard;
"I'll eat," said the Glutton;
"I'll dance," said the Flighty;
"I'll pray," said the Pious;
"I'll work," said the Drudge;
"I'll live," said the Youth.

Jo Timid

Up and Down the Campus

M. T.



We notice how dignified Juniors enjoy spreading themselves all over the sidewalk on West avenue on the ice. It may be necessary, if it keeps on, for Juniors to carry a little bucket of sand.

Young Reaser has a terrible time keeping his red sled all to himself. The other day he hid it in the callar, but his mother found it and lent it to the young ladies who were craving a toboggan ride on the aforementioned sled.

We are again impressed with the flexibility of our native tongue. Miss Buhrmester had a headache. She said, "I think I'll read to take my mind off my head."

And Dotty Wuchter, she's kicking about a hole in her shoe. We

mean that it's a hole in her shoe that she is kicking about.

When you see all the serious-looking students buying children's magazines, think nothing of it. They're studying Child Literature.

Dr. Martin says Deborah was the first prophet because the Lord decided to use the energy a woman spends in expelling hot air and turn it to His purpose. But how many more prophets were men? Answer that!

The basketball team is still bemoaning the fact that they missed the Rapsody in Blue—but they would eat, and we don't sympathize with them at all!

(Continued From Page 1)

He was honest among unscrupulous men, and because of this, men trusted him implicitly.

He made a great effort to become a lawyer, even borrowing books and studying by himself in lieu of attending college, which for him was impossible, and from this firm foundation came his ability to cope with the situations arising later.

Always hoping, always planning, always striving to rise above his anything but edifying environment and somehow reach the light, he was elevated to the highest office in the land and enjoyed the companionship of our country's greatest men. Yet did he consider his goal attained? No, he never ceased to aim just a bit higher.

All this reminds us once again of the existence of a Divine Plan which prepares the way for human struggles. We often wonder whether a certain person has succeeded because of, or in spite of, his handicaps and we reach the conclusion that it was in spite of them. It seems to have been Lincoln's case, too. Perhaps if the obstacles had not been in his path to serve as an incentive to struggle, Lincoln might never have reached the heights which he did. He fought instead of passively accepting the inevitable.

Another significant thing is that the qualities and attributes for which we admire and love Lincoln were not the things for which he was striving but came as a result of this. He had a firm purpose and aim, his glory being merely the result of channels which he opened in an attempt to realize a greater purpose.

Patronize Your Advertisers!

(Continued on Page 1)

mains undefeated this season. The line-up:

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Shafer S. C.	Cramer
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Abie—Vot is de idea of raising de price of gasoline all de time?

Garage Man—What do you care? You haven't got a car.

Abie—No, but I got a cigar lighter.—Wampus.

Rastus—"I done read in the paper yistiddy where dey has found Columbus's bones."

Sambo—"Oh, my lawdy. Ah never knew dat he was a gambler man!"

"How do you play hookey from correspondence school?"

"I send them an empty envelope."

"Do you know what it is to go before an audience?"

"No, I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did."

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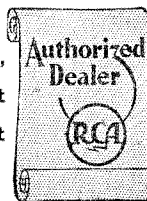
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Louise Leidy.

"Lux like it's gonna rain."
"Well, let soap it doesn't."
—Buccaneer.

American Composers

A recital of the work of American composers was given by the Beaver College Music Department on Thursday evening, February 2, in the College Auditorium before a large and an appreciative audience.

Special features of the program were a vocal solo, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," and "Reverie" for the violin, composed by Frederick Stanley Smith of the Beaver College Music Faculty.

The program presented was as follows:

"Country Dance," for two pianos, Ethelbert Nevin, Evelyn Grenier and Helen Wenger.

"O Let Night Speak to Me," George W. Chadwick, Mary Elizabeth McCormick.

"Witches' Dance," Edward MacDowell, Helen McClellan.

"The Moon Behind the Cottonwood," Charles Wakefield Cadman, Dorothy Huthsteiner.

"Juba Dance," Nathaniel Dett, Mary Frances Hedrick.

a. "Ma Li'l Batteau," Lily Strickland; b. "Rain," Pearl Curran, Evelyn Greiner.

"Rhapsody," for organ and piano, Clifford Demarest, Ruth Hall and Estelle Wolf.

"Stella Viatoris," Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Eleanor Steinbach; (violin obligato, Emily Comfort).

"The Fountain of the Aqua Paola," Charles T. Griffes, Elizabeth Weir.

a. "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," Frederick Stanley Smith, Gertrude Schwentker; b. Anthem. "Mary Sat at Even," Frederick Stanley Smith, Margaret Parry, Eleanor Good, Dorothy Huthsteiner, Mary Frances Hedrick, Amelia Morgan, Gertrude Schwentker, Marion Codner, Mildred Bernard, Ethel Harnish.

"Reverie," for violin, Frederick Stanley Smith, Emily Comfort.

"The Lark Now Leaves His Watery Nest," Horatio Parker, Hazel Whelan.

"Sea Gardens," for organ, James Francis Cook, Edna May Allen.

"The Nightingale," Ward Stephens, Charlotte Puff.

"Rhapsody in Blue, Part II," George Gershwin, Matilda Soper Fowles.

(Orchestral parts on the organ, Edna May Allen).

The Gershwin "Rhapsody in Blue," brought forth thundrous applause as it was interpreted on this occasion. It is hoped that the number will be repeated in the near future.

City Chap—"I say, is that bull safe?"

Farmer—"Well, he's a dang sight safer than you are right now!"

"Wonder what time it is. I'm invited to dinner at 6:30 and my watch isn't going."

"Why, wasn't your watch invited too?"

Lawyer—"For the last time I am asking you for that \$3.00."

Debtor—"Thank Heaven, that's over!"

"If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up."
—Wabash Caveman.

Half a loaf is better than no rest at all.

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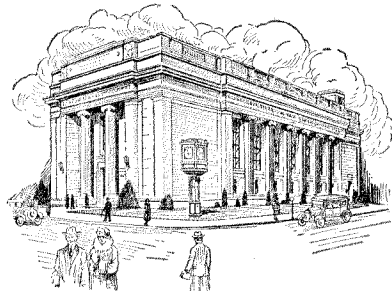
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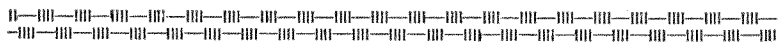
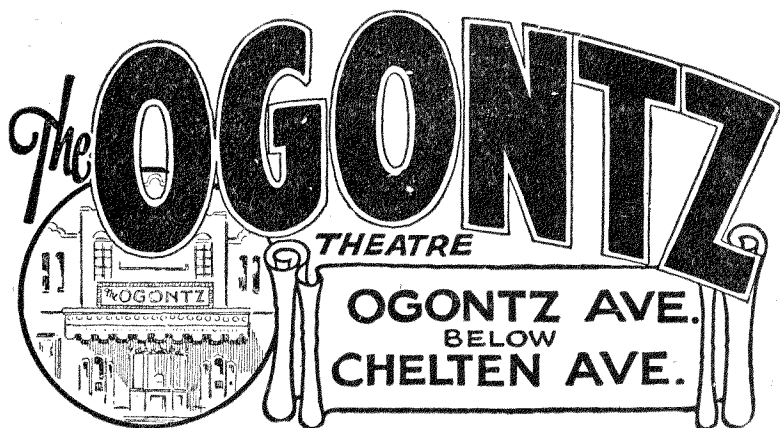
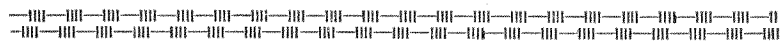
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