

CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 4

NOVEMBER 17, 1928

No. 3

Dr. Ross Exhibits His Famous Bibles

Well Known Bibliographer Gives
Talk in Chapel

Dr. Eduard Ross, of Philadelphia, gave a very interesting and unusual exhibition of precious versions and editions of the Bible in Dr. Greenaway's Bible class last Thursday evening.

Dr. Ross discussed the first Bibles, and the monks who inscribed the letters on the skins of still born kids. He explained how twelve copies of each book were made at one time. The thirteenth monk read the original manuscript while the other twelve copied it. He showed a page of the first Bible to be printed in movable type, by John Gutenberg. The entire Bible was bought for \$176,000 by Mrs. Harkness and donated to the Yale Library where it is now.

He showed copies of Wycliff's New Testament in original manuscript; facsimile copy of Tyndale's New Testament of which there are only two copies in existence; first version of King James' Bible which took fifty-four scholars seven years of labor to complete.

He showed the Geneva Bible which was the first in roman type, and the first Bible with verses. Then the illustrated Bishop's Bible. Dr. Ross boyishly admitted that he prized those books most which Mr. Newton, the famous Philadelphia book collector had not been able to obtain. They have had friendly competition over several versions.

Among others Dr. Ross exhibited a small New Testament printed by the confederated Bible School during the time of the Civil War. Dr. Ross whimsically mentioned that this to him was a pathetic little book. The inscription in the front was, "We may fall out. We may all have our little differences, but we can't get along without our Bible." Dr. Ross folded the little book tenderly.

To Those Who Are Interested in Books

Edith Darrow Goldsmith, book reviewer and manuscript reader for Harper's Magazine, will give an informal talk at the next meeting of the Manuscript Club, Wednesday evening, Nov. 21 at 7.15 o'clock. She will discuss new books reviewing and what happens to your manuscript when it is sent to the publisher. Mrs. Goldsmith will have a number of new books with her to be sold at half price. All are cordially invited.

Open Meeting

At Manuscript Club next
Wed. at 7.15
Lounge—New Building
Speaker—Edith Darrow
Goldsmith, reader and book
reviewer for Harper's Mag-
azine.

CRIER'S STAR REPORTER



Wilbur Evans on Ensemble Program

The Lester Concert Ensemble gave a concert in the auditorium Wednesday evening, October 31, which was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the faculty and students. The Ensemble consisted of Jenó De Donath, violinist, Wilbur Evans, bass-baritone, Judson Eldridge, pianist, and Mary Miller Mount, who accompanied the messieurs De Donath and Evans on the piano.

The program was as follows:

- I
- (a) Aria Goldmark
 - (b) Prelude and Allegro Pugnani-Kreisler
 - (c) Menuetto Mozart
- Jenó De Donath
- (a) Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes Old English
 - (b) My Lovely Celia Munro
 - (c) Myself When Young Lehman
- Wilbur Evans
- (a) Berceuse Chopin
 - (b) Valse C Minor Chopin
 - (c) Rigoletto Verin-Liszt
- Judson Eldridge
- (a) Midnight Bell Kreisler
 - (b) The Bee Schubert
 - (c) Berceuse Schubert-Elman

(Continued on Page 6)

The Coming of Susie Snipkins

The highly advertised and close friend of Miss Taylor has sneaked into the college circle. She has come to gather news shots for the Campus Crier. As you do not know her, you may talk to her freely and without embarrassment.

Please understand now that she is hardly attractive—and much too dumb to talk. The best system will be to acknowledge her knock—and as she enters proceed in your best newsy state of mind. Above all things, don't stare at her or make childish remarks about her appearance.

She may confront you on the campus—(it will be at dusk). If you are favored with a tap on the shoulder—as she meets you—give her all the sport gossip, jokes, "heart-to-heart" chatter, campus comments—anything that filters through your mind. In case you are one that is actually out of the latest news, merely reply to her salutation with, "Sorry—I know nothing"—but don't reply in that manner often! Be warned.

(Continued on Page 3)

New York University Loses to Beaver

Rosemont is Victor in Return
Game

Beaver emerged triumphant in the game against New York University's hockey team played last Tuesday on the home field. The score was a close 2-1.

After having had to practice in Central Park, the New York girls we believe were inspired to play their best on a real field. The players were small and stocky, but fast. New York's strongest feature was its defense.

Etta Seymans, a freshman and right wing, dribbled down the field and scored the first tally for N. Y. U. in the opening period, and "Milly" Shafer, Beaver's right inside, evened the count.

In the second period the visiting team could not get past Beaver's defence. Alice Richards who went in for Miss Shafer, made Beaver's second goal.

Charlotte Boucher, captain of the Beaver team, and Marcia Williams, centre halfback, starred.

Beaver played a return game with Rosemont on the home field Thursday, November 8. The game resulted in a 3-1 victory for Rosemont. Both teams showed fine technique in spite of the cold weather and smatterings of rain.

Mildred Shafer rang up the first goal for Beaver, but victory was short lived. Mary Boyle, Rosemont's captain, also tallied a neat one in the first half. In the second half two more goals were made by the opposing team, by Angela Divers and one by Captain Boyle. Both teams were well fortified by rooters wrapped in fur coats and slickers.

The line-up was as follows:

Beaver	Rosemont
Orpha Ellis	R. W. Virginia Rhode
O. Ellis	R. W. V. Rhode
A. Richards	R. I. M. Boyle
	(Captain)
H. Watts	C. F. J. Smith
M. Shafer	L. I. A. Dives
C. Boucher	L. W. M. McMahon
	(Captain)
M. Williams	R. H. R. Impeak
N. Cooke	C. H. M. Nellis
E. Matthews	L. H. L. Quinn
I. Ried	R. F. M. McNiff
E. Krips	L. F. G. Fink
N. Belle Wise	G. P. Padden
	Referees—Miss Livingston, Mrs. Masson.
	Substitutes — Steele, Rose, Creamer.

CALENDAR

Monday, November 19
Shubert Recital
Tuesday, November 27
Hockey Game
Wednesday, December 5
Miss Lewis' Recital
Wednesday, December 12
Public Recital
Tuesday, December 18
3 Plays by Beclax Club
Tuesday, December 18
Musical Comedy, "Marrying Marian"



Campus Crier

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

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NOVEMBER 17, 1928

An Open Letter

In Answer to an Article Which Appeared in This Paper Under the Caption of "The Amazon."

After perusing and conning the ideas and views aired in that withering, smashing indictment of the Physical Ed girl depicted under the above entitled name, I have certain definite reactions. A spirit of candor compels me to admit that the arguments are specious, the logic well-nigh irrefutable and the conclusions final—but not quite. Must it follow as the night follows the day that a girl who majors in Physical Ed must be gigantesque, wear army shoes and woolen hose, be flat chested, have the biceps of a Greek wrestler, swear like an Army Private and chew Mail Pouch?

The writer concurs with some of the ideas which were expressed but like an ingenious fallacious syllogism, a half truth seems plausible and is more damning therefore.

A more minute examination of the assertions made would not be mal-apropos. I quote, "Yes, she's good to look at, but I'm sort of afraid of her. Reminds me of the Amazon Woman. Gosh!" Personally I have never been afraid of any woman since I was in the second grade and that woman was the principal and had on her side a lethal weapon—a large leather belt that I once met in a social way.

And I will add that any man who finishes any remark with that blasphemy "Gosh" should take up crocheting and Flinch because after all "Post Office" is indulged in only by rowdies.

Again I quote, "Did you ever hear or read of one falling for her strong, sturdy build or her skill in athletic play?" Nay, nay and a gross of other negations. Men do not frantically clutch the Sports' Edition to see if Bryn Mawr trounced the Philadelphia School for the Blind in a heated croquet tournament. But how is this germane to the issue? When I stop to think of it, it is better to have a girl who knows something of sport than to be at a football game and have that clinging barnacle sweetly inquire why someone doesn't tackle that man in white knickers with the whistle when he carries the ball.

I have come to the inescapable conclusion that the normal girl no matter what her size, her figure, her face and her disposition, will be glad to develop her natural charm. I have also seen some women who have never seen a basket ball or parallel bars that have the attractiveness and appeal of a Mack Truck. If a girl is not compelling she may turn to athletics to keep her engaged as she may turn to typewriting, school teaching or any other thing. "Chacun a son gout."

But where do athletics spoil, mar, hinder or detract? Off-hand I can think of only one thing that has a decided tendency to overdevelop and that is toe-dancing.

Young women who indulge in athletics do not all belong to the school of indifference about men. Even here one finds an honest woman and there once was a dishonest woman in the middle ages who never got closer to sport than to watch the boys jousting out in the arena for a bit of lace. It seems that I remember that someone told me that the women of Sparta put in most of the day, after the housework was done and groceries purchased from the A. & P., in dashing about in bare feet and in athletic contests. And also that these same women who live today in the Louvre in marble have just enough charm to make Apollo rush to catch the 5:15 to get home.

Naturally I prefer a woman of charm, and I also prefer one who is honest, fun-loving and natural. The simpering, coy, artificial, peaches-and-cream, girlish, shrieking, lass of the nebulous nineties has gone the way of all flesh; also the anemic over-psychologized, ultra-candored, girl with the debutant slouch whose only breath of life and beacon is a risqué book, a fag, a slug of gin and a retinue of followers from the Alfalfa Delt house.

On with all the athletics the girls want for those that want them!

Millions for sport but not one cent for gin!

*An Earthbound Male
Chained to the
Wheel of Life.*

Our New College Yell

Remember it? "I want a bicycle—I want a bicycle!!!" The same yell at Vassar has culminated in 'steen bicycles rolling happily all over the campus and adjoining territory. So send a word to the parents to send up the bicycle you used to ride, no matter if it is not the product of recent years. The good word is for those who have them to start the spirit and the others will buy one. (Not the spirit but the "byc").

The Rev. H. Edwin Andrews, secretary of the Germantown branch of the China Inland Mission, led the prayer in Chapel on Tuesday night, October 30, in the Chapel.

In 1906 Rev. Andrews went to China as a missionary and stayed there for twenty years, teaching the Word of God to the Chinese. He was secretary of the China Inland Mission at Chesoo.

Vacation

For four days a short while ago the college was deserted. The dormitories were dark, the tennis courts longed for the swift rush of feet, the dining halls wore the air that must have permeated the halls in which that "certain rich man prepared a feast and invited his friends". However, there was a difference; that rich man sent servants out into the highways and byways "to ask them to come in", while we calmly walked in and gave thanks that there were no more here.

It was a funny feeling but it was delightful. We few had the whole college to ourselves; we could talk without a hundred listeners, we could be silent and not be thought queer, we could indulge our own idiosyncrasies without being thought either morbid or crazy. In short, we could live, and in all God's world there is nothing so rare or so sweet as to be actually allowed to live.

At night there was no strain in the air; there was none of that sudden silence that comes with the dread of being reported, and which is broken by a wild shriek of laughter. There was real quiet. The quiet that brings repose to tired minds, the quiet that has a living, vital quality about it, the kind of quiet that in itself is a rest.

As far as we are concerned, we would be willing to spend all our vacations at school, because now we feel that we really know and appreciate that subtle something that fills the whole campus and all the buildings all the time, but which is constantly being suppressed, lost, hidden, under the foolish, pointless chatter of groups of girls. College has something to give us beyond a place to eat and a place to sleep and a few rooms for study; it has a mellow kind of knowledge about it—not knowledge of the world but knowledge of life, and a broad appreciation of people—which it would be glad to impart if we could only spare an hour or so to listen.

Stay at college for one vacation—see the empty rooms—take the time to sit awhile and think—above all, stop talking for the space of a few short minutes and see if you do not find that the very walls of the room seem to be teaching you the great lessons of the past, and strengthening you for the trials of the future.

Complaint

I've tried real hard to do it—
But can't! That's all there's to it.
I've searched the Campus high and low,

And I don't know where else to go
To find some news.

I thought of almost everything.
I thought of birds, of songs they sing.
I watched the little squirrels play,
They looked at me and seemed to say,
"But ain't we news?"

I stayed awake 'most every night
To think of something good to write,
But when the dawn appeared at last,
Poor journalistic me was fast
Asleep. No news!

I thought I'd write a joke or two,
But knew darn well that wouldn't do.
The Crier calls for First Class
News:
Oh, dee me suz, I've got the blues.
There ain't no news!

I wish some one would climb a tree,
Or bite a dog, or train a flea;
I just simply have to rate
Or else with crepe they'll decorate
My Nose for News.

At a meeting of the freshman class on last Wednesday evening Adeline Dickey was elected to represent them in the Student Government Board. Miss Dickey hails from Maine.

Honor System

A short time ago at a Student Government meeting the question of an honor system was brought up. It met with an unfavorable response. An effort was made to determine the reason. A number of students were interviewed, as well as several members of the faculty.

Many of those interviewed we believe, thought the honor system a fine thing. Many of the leading colleges in the country uphold it with a great deal of success. It not only encourages honor and truth but it raises the morale of the whole institution, according to these.

In colleges where the honor system has worked the policy seemed to be for the Student Board to make the rules and put them before the student body for vote.

Beaver students have said, and rightly, that the honor system should find its beginning in the class rooms. "Cribbing" must be done away with before one can get the true spirit of the honor system.

An objection was the possibility of reporting a girl to even up a grudge, while one's friends would not suffer.

After all, conscientiousness and honesty are the key-notes of the honor system. What are your objections? Let us hear from you.

Coffee Hour by Student Board

The Student Government Board held another of its sociable "coffee hours" on last Monday afternoon in the Green Parlors. Mrs. Zerbuchen and Miss Hall poured. An interesting program had been prepared, including a solo by Gertrude Schwentker, a duet by Peg Parry and Marion Cordner, a piano solo by Helen McClellan, a reading by Grace McConnell, and a number by Gerry Ruch on her merimba.

A. A. Play

The Athletic Association will give a musical comedy "Marrying Marian" on Tuesday before Christmas vacation in the college auditorium. Nancy Cooke, Grace McConnell, Eloise Page, Mildred Shafer, Irene Ried, and Sis Beaman will take parts in the play. Many other well known people will appear in the chorus. The play is under the direction of Miss Shafer, of the physical education department.

From Fielding

"Indeed, I have observed that this guard of prudence is always readiest to go on duty where there is the least danger".

"It is a secret well known to great men, that by conferring an obligation, they do not always produce a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies."

"Solicitations from superiors always savour very strongly of commands."

Freshman Philosophy

If you can be as interested in the tenth person who asks you the same question as in the first, that is the sign of true courtesy.

Some girls would go to the end of the world for you if you would pay their expenses.

Sophomore Philosophy

Freshman Philosophy is experience with Life.
Youth's comment on Life.
Knowledge is Sophomore's



Miss Eisie Miller, member of Beaver College faculty, and Nicholas Douty, of Philadelphia, gave a song recital in Beaver College auditorium on November 7. Miss Miller sang to an enthusiastic audience. She repeated "Song of Joy," by Douty, and also gave several encores. Mr. Douty who accompanied her is well known as a concert tenor and Bach interpreter. He has been the soloist at the Bach festival at Bethlehem for many years. He is also a composer and translator of song texts.

1. a. My Heart Ever Faithful
Bach
- b. O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me
Handel
- c. Shepherd, Thy Demeanour Vary
Wilson
2. a. Maria Wiegenlied
Reger
- b. Wiegenlied
Brahms
3. a. Song of Joy
Douty
- b. Will O' the Wisp
Spross
- c. Carissima
Penn
4. a. Were You There?
Arr. by Burleigh
- b. Water Boy
Arr. by Johnson
- c. Heav'n, Heav'n
Arr. by Burleigh

A students' recital, featuring the compositions of Schubert, has been planned by Emma Ward Ryder, Mus. B., Director of the Conservatory of Music, for Monday night, November 19, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Schubert's death. Excerpts from both piano and vocal literature will be given. The Glee Club will also make its first appearance at this recital.

Miss Agnes Reifsnnyder, contralto, member of Beaver College faculty, gave a song recital in Beaver College auditorium on Wednesday night, November 14. Helen Boothroyd-Buckley played the accompaniment.

1. O, Thou That Tellest (Messiah)
Handel
 2. a. Qui Vuol la Zingarella
17th Century
Schubert
 - b. Der Erlkonig
Schubert
 3. a. Plaisir D'Amour
Martini
 - b. Thrinodia
Holmes
 - c. Toujours a Toi, Tschaiowsky
 4. a. A Thought Like Music
Brahms
 - b. The Daffodils
Hammann
 5. a. A Little Song
Voorhis
 - b. The Americans Come!
Foster
- (A blinded Frenchman speaks to his son.)

SUSIE

(Continued from Page 1)

And as a parting admonition—be kind to her—fill her sheet with news—and don't keep her standing in one position too long—she might fall apart.

She'll be with you soon—near-sighted—temperamental—dumb if not dumber—Miss Taylor's old stand-by—"Susie Snipkins!"

One: Whaffo' yo' lookin' so unnecessary.. Glutinous?
Two: Ah feels lak a dumb owl, Predicament.
One: Reveal yo' meaning, man.
Two: Ah jes' don't give a hoot.

Fancy Bred

For those with a taste for oddities and a craving for hobbies a stroll along certain corridors in Main Dorm or a trip through some of the outside houses offers ample opportunities for collecting new and startling ideas.

Along these halls and tucked away under the eaves of some of the houses are rooms. Big rooms and tiny rooms, high rooms and low rooms, rooms with several big windows, and some with a single aperture through which air and light struggle, each expressing the personality of its occupant. While a few of these rooms have solitary owner, most have two, and certain of the most entrancing have three inhabitants.

To drop in some of these quarters is a most interesting and exhilarating experience. A glance around the walls reveals much to a careful observer. Pictures, banners, and almost anything that adapts itself to being tacked onto walls are an index to the lives and characters of those living in the rooms. For instance, elephants are manifestly one young lady's weakness. Little ones march stolidly across a tiny box of powder while a clock is imbedded deep in the side of a clumsy little black one. Still another favorite animal is the monkey. One room is practically infested with likenesses of these small beasts. Dolls evidently hold a high place in the hearts of some judging from the many collections that are to be seen, from the ultra-modern flapper doll who jauntily smokes her cigarette while perched on the chandelier, to the demure antique whose painted smile greets on from the midst of a pile of downy pillows.

The hope of finding something very much out of the ordinary leads one, perchance, to an outside dormitory. If one wishes to climb three flights of stairs he would be well repaid for his pains. A decidedly Bohemian atmosphere is exuded from a certain attic-room. Its exotic splendor rivals anything to be found in "the Village." The best way of describing this room is to say that it has "it." In contrast to this room is one whose fatal appeal lies in its utter homeliness. A battered but inviting easy chair is drawn up beside a shelf crammed with the most tempting books, and through casement windows warm little rays of sunshine sneak to lend their cheer to the general air of comfort.

Every room has a personality either its own or its owners, and these personalities are worth finding out. As a cure for homesickness, "blues," or boredom nothing is better than to get out and "discover" some of the fascinating places and hobbies that abound right here at Beaver.

MORE ROOM NAMES

This instalment of the Room Naming Contest contains some

originality,—and if you are in doubt as to a name for your room—look these over and get a bright idea.

1. "Sing-Sing" — (There is a sing in each of the rooms of the suite). The room number is 103-104 (Hazel Whelan-Augusta Robinson-Caroline Mulholland).
 2. "News Bureau" — (How the time must fly!) The room number is 352—(E. Darby—F. Sittley).
 3. "Twin-Tap" — (Two taps-in—they are twins). Room number 229—(Vivian and Virginia Neilson).
 4. "Week-End" — The room is in a high corner and is a bit shaky). Room number 242—(Alice Roof-Marie Campbell).
 5. "Hellindy" — (Helen and Indy—first names to Traubmaun and Rubin in No. 353).
 7. "The Berry Patch." — (we're the berrys—I'll say.) Room number 227—Betty Tucker and Grace McConnell).
 8. "Palace of Junk" — (Still attractive-however —number 342—Paulene L.).
 9. "Hell's Kitchen" — (And they are handicapped with quiet signs at their door! (Room number 43 (annex)—Adeline Dickey — Joan Boose).
- Name your room, place same (the name, not the room) in the Contribution Box in the Post office lobby, Main Building. First prize, a Beaver pillow.

BOOK REVIEWS

The River

by Tristram Tupper

Allen John said of Rosalee, whom many men loved, "I came to know her better than anyone else had known her," and he likened her to the river. Yet, finally in the clutch of the river, he was but semi-conscious, and in that state was again torn by the rapids and swept on toward the whirlpool. Did he know the woman better than the river?

As a background to the flashing Redbird,—Rosalee of the Commissaries, Katherine Carmichael is offered. Safe, sane Kitty—not unattractive. The story, in the poetic interpretation of the leading character, is an epic sung to the negro chanty, "Shovel-ugh—shovel—" as the gangs dig into the heart of a mountain. It has vivid pictures of the construction camps, factional fights and railroad warfare. The purity of a youth's first passion removes the story from the sordid, that and the deeper reading of the lives around Allen John. The author in his teens lived the role of rodman and later assitant resident engineer, from which he drew material for "Jorgensen" and for this new novel, "The River." Lippincott is the publisher.

Obadiah: "I think Peggy will make an ideal wife. Every time I go to her home I find her darning her father's socks".

Joshua: "That caught me too—until I noticed it was always the same sock.

PUBLIC OPINION

Why can't we make the honor system work at Beaver?

Is there anything peculiar about Beaver students, that we can't make use—and good use, at that, of this honor system? In the student government meeting, when Caroline Mulholland broached the subject, there were many dissenters. Why? When there's a chance of bearing responsibility, why don't we like the idea?

Of course, it seems to be practically the same thing to be made to report oneself as to be reported by another person. But on the other hand—Honor (it deserves a capital) rates highly anywhere. It would be admirable training for us—it's easy enough to "tell" on someone else, but it's an entirely different matter when it comes down to telling on ourselves. We may be ladies, but it can't hurt us a bit to try to be good sports too.

Naturally, it won't go so well at first. You can't start a train off at full speed, you know. But if the honor system were installed at Beaver, it would gradually sink in, until finally it would become an institution.

A Student.

This is an appeal which I know not how to phrase tactfully, for it is a plea for silent reducing. Reducing, of course, is the great indoor, and outdoor, sport at Beaver College, yet as a subject of conversation it falls a trifle at times. The girl who counts eternal calories, the girl who cannot take a piece of bread without calculating audibly the added ounces, the girl who—but why go on? Even the recent election paled as a topic of interest before the loss of a pound. Please, Mesdemoiselles de beaucoup embonpoint, if you absolutely must discuss the subject of pounds, tell me how to gain a few!

—SLIM JIM.

Interclass Swim

Miss Hedrick made a statement the other day that should be of interest to all Beaver girls who like to swim. While there will probably be no varsity team this year, Miss Hedrick says, if there is sufficient enthusiasm she is willing to lend her aid and cooperation to any girls who desire to start interclass competition. This sport is one which has been rather neglected in the past few years, and, as it is one in which many girls excel, there should be a good response to Miss Hedrick's invitation to "get in the swim".

History Prof: Girls, I find in your test papers that you are not very definite. Now what would you think of an artist who just took his brush and slapped the paint on the canvas, smeared it a little, then called it a painting

One of our very bright students answered, "Futuristic!"

First Goof: So he died, eh? What did he die of?

Second ditto: Heart failure.

First Goof: Did you ever hear tell of anybody dyin' whose heart didn't fail?

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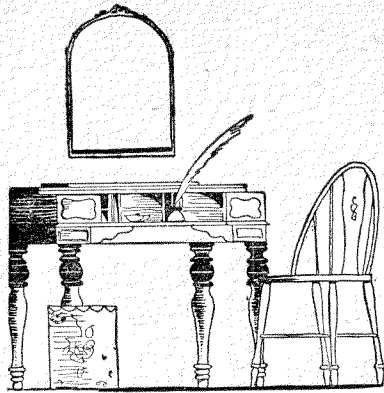
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**MONTGOMERY,
Inc.**
YORK ROAD



Pen and Inklings

"Going home for the holidays?"
"I? I should say so. I'm twenty-one and I'm not going to miss the chance to vote in this election."

Such was the conversation held before the holidays. At the sound of each bell, on Friday afternoon and Saturday morning, an enthusiastic little group came down swinging gay-colored hat-boxes and discussing plans for the holidays.

If this past election can be a test, the Beaver girls certainly are developing into enthusiastic young citizens. Of all the things they did during the holidays, they seemed most interested in the election. Of course, there were other interesting things to do such as football games, bridge, and dances.

Marion Wolfe is fast becoming a bridge shark. She attended several bridge parties while at her home in Mt. Carmel.

Mickey Carpenter bet some of the girls a banana split that she wouldn't see a certain friend from Cornell while at her home in Scranton. Mickey is now paying the debt.

Mary Harison had planned a motor trip from her home in Asbury Park to New York. The rain broke up the plans, but even rain couldn't keep Mary from voting.

Marie Campbell had a very novel experience in seeing a former friend of hers star in "My Maryland" while visiting her sister in New York.

Harriet Thompson had a very quiet week end in Glenside.

Babe Rodgers was the guest of Helen Whitney in Logan.

Dot Samuelson went to her home in Arlington, N. J.

Ruth Marie Jones and Doris Strole visited in Ocean City.

Janet Neafie spent the week end with her parents in Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.

Grace Bowker visited her home in Medford, New Jersey.

Kathleen Strassburger visited roommate, Edna Boyd in Montclair, N. J.

Others who went to their homes in Montclair are: Elsie Olsen, who had as her guest Ruth Brown, Phyllis Arnold, Louise Sawyer, and Sylvia Temple who entertained Ruth Kellogg.

Isabel Soper went to her home in Jersey City.

Bill McCormick visited at the home of her roommate Sis Beaman, at Woodmere, Long Island. They attended the New York University-Georgetown game.

Marjorie Maisch went to her home in New Rochelle, N. Y.

Buddy Groff spent the vacation with her parents in Elizabethtown.

Alice Gray was the guest of Helen Williams in Washington.

Elizabeth Rainbow visited Irene Bayer at her home in Reading, Pa.

Louise Perry and Joe Burgoyne both spent the vacation at their homes in East Orange, New Jersey.

Jane Hayes went to her home in Scranton.

Alice Knauss spent the week end at Nazareth, her home.

Helen Brown visited in Boyertown and Marie Barlow went to Mahanoy City.

Mary Mytton attended the M. H. S. Alumna Dance while at her home in Morrisville, Pa.

Edith Gleason went to Hackensack, New Jersey, her home.

Betty Carr was the guest of Gladys Cain in Englewood, N. J.

Isabel Gallagher visited her parents in Moore, Pa., at did Gladys Wallgren.

Pinkey Pinkus spent the week end in New York.

Paul Liner went to her home in Amenia, N. Y.

Paul Liner went to her home in Amenia, N. Y.

Hellen Grieco spent the week end in Bayonne, N. J.

Dove Moll visited in Philadelphia for the week end.

Betty Smith was called home from her vacation with Esther Schadt in Allentown by the death of her grandfather. She is now in Sanduskey, Ohio.

Janet Ellor visited her parents in Bloomfield, N. J.

Mary Martin spent Monday and Tuesday in Philadelphia.

Dottie Mundorf and Lois Whitehouse went to their homes in York.

Amelia Richards spent the week end in White Plains, N. Y.

Dottie Wuchter was at her home in Allentown and saw the Lafayette-Washington and Jefferson game.

Mary Patterson visited Alice Carr, a Barnard student in New York.

Jean Roy attended the Randolph Macon-Johns Hopkins game while visiting in Baltimore.

Christine Mather went to Mont Clair for her vacation.

Evelyn Johnson entertained us with accounts of the Sigma Chi and S. A. E. dances that she attended while at her home in Milton.

Millicent Underhill went to her home in Brooklyn.

Becky Mulkie visited her aunt in Easton.

Miss Reese, Margaret Alexander, and Jean Schwartz went to their homes in Johnstown.

Eleanor Tafel stayed at her home in Philadelphia during vacation.

Sonny Trowbridge went to Atlantic City over the week end.

Gladys Cain visited her parents in Englewood, New Jersey, over the week end.

Betty Matthews returned from her home in East Orange, New Jersey, with a big smile on her face. She attended the Rutgers football game at New Brunswick on Saturday.

Mildred Schwartz visited her home in Brooklyn during the holiday. Her guests, Nanabelle Wise and Mildred saw "Strange Interlude."

Pete Ried drove several girls to Johnstown and back. These girls were Betty Pierpont, who visited her home in Greensburg, Millie and Miss Roberta Shaffer, who visited their friends in Johnstown, Marion Alexander, who visited her parents in Pittsburgh, and Pete Rutledge who spent the week end at her home in Johnstown.

Pete Ried was the guest of her former room mate in Johnstown.

Marcia Williams had a wonderful time at her home in Cedarhurst, Long Island.

Dot Edwards visited Helen Conroy, in Burlington, N. J.

Among the girls who visited their homes in East Orange, were Dorothy Dady, Virginia Cardwell, and Virginia Blachly.

Isabelle Winter visited her aunt in Philadelphia. Goodie Good was her guest.

Ruth Morton visited her parents at her home in Salem, New Jersey.

Grace Jordan's cousin entertained Grace and Esther Smithies in Washington.

Perth Amboy welcomed a good many girls to their homes this week end. Among these were Mary Venezia, Virginia Dolan, and Stephania Duda.

Larry Woodbury entertained Sue Gallagher at her home in Mount Vernon, Maryland.

Florence Nigren visited her parents at her home in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Lucy Bloom was the guest of her aunt in New York City. Billie MacKinnon was also entertained there.

Adeline Dickey visited her home in Lewistown, Maine.

Lucille Harrison visited her home in Caldwell, New Jersey.

Louise Carlucci tells she had a marvelous week end which she spent at her home in Scranton, Pa.

Mildred Johnson visited her home in Brooklyn, New York.

Kay Hart returned from her home in Montclair, New Jersey with the biggest of smiles, and informed us that she had had the time of her life.

Winifred Tracy celebrated her birthday by entertaining Dorothy Schall, Bee Hart, Mae Groff, Betty Young, Joe Rightmire, Martha Moyer, Betty Mumma, Frances Brown, Rachel Espey and Roberta Pearson at a party on October 26 in the dining room of the new building. Roberta came from Philadelphia to be her guest over the week end.

Dotty Robinson visited in Newark and attended the Columbia-Cornell game.

Mary Jarrett visited Harrisburg during the vacation.

Emily Heddon visited her home in Wilkes Barre.

Elizabeth Kremer, Laura Belle Kaylor, and Francis Snavelly were at their homes in Hakerstown, Maryland.

Sally Fox visited in Lynbrook, Long Island.

Betty Berry spent the vacation with her parents at Felton, Delaware.

Billy Kane attended the Yale-Dartmouth game after which she went to her home in Deed River, Conn.

Grace Drum told us of her good time in Philadelphia and New York. She and Sally Fox saw "Naughty Cinderella" which they praised enthusiastically.

Frances Brown went to her home in Canadensis, Pa.

Carolyn Schmertz stayed at Atlantic City over the vacation.

Betty Young was in Atlantic City and also attended the Penn State-Notre Dame game.

Sis Strole and Rae Espey visited Sis' aunt in Baltimore.

Clara Wiles went to Paulsboro, New Jersey, and Kay Weaver to Woodbury, New Jersey.

Gert Jones visited her home in Wilkes-Barre leaving here on Thursday.

Fran Layman spent her vacation in New York.

Doris Prescott visited her aunt in Baltimore.

Lillian Bittinger was at her home in Hanover, Pa.

Betty Mumma went to her home at East Orange, New Jersey, and had a great time at the Yale-Dartmouth game.

Marie: My dear, what do you think of my poem?

Antoinette: Pretty good, though there's an escape of gas throughout the whole thing.

Marie: Escape of gas?

Antoinette: Why something's wrong with the meter.

Flapper: Dad, I've got to buy a tie, blouse, and a pair of sneaks for Gym.

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LITERARY PAGE

Poetry

Not many people would read a book entitled just "Poems." Samuel Hoffenstein probably knew this when he chose the catchy title "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing" for his collection of silliness and seriousness.

Among the table of contents are "Poems of Passion Carefully Restrained so as to Offend Nobody," "Songs of Fairly Utter Despair," and "Poems Intended to Incite the Utmost Depression."

And then there is "A Garden of Verses for the Little Ones, Including Orphans, and Step-children, and Their Parents and Guardians Also."

Then, under "Love Songs," Hoffenstein voices this bit of humorous cynicism:

Your little hands,
Your little feet,
Your little mouth,
Oh, God, how sweet!

Your little nose,
Your little ears,
Your eyes, that shed
Such little tears!

Your little voice
So soft and kind;
Your little soul,
Your little mind!"

A friend said he repeated that verse to no less than twenty girls, and out of that number only two were insulted!

Dorothy Parker in the "New Yorker" says, "Oh, I do think it's a great book. Were I to be cast alone on a desert island, there would be the book that out of all the libraries of the world I should wish to have along with me, and I shouldn't care if I never sighted a sail. I hope Mr. Hoffenstein gets regular exercise and eats lots of roughage and buttons up his overcoat well. America needs that young man."

Show Girl

by J. P. McEnvoy

"Whoopee!" Here she is. "An eye-ful—an earful—and that means a houseful—Dixie Dugan, and none other." And there, in a nutshell, is the secret of the success of J. P. McEnvoy's "Show Girl." It begins with a bang and continues to spout sparks and sky rockets until the final word, with no dead places in between, which is rather unusual in even the most thrilling best sellers of this speedy era.

"Show Girl" may not give you any feelings that can be termed thrills, but it will keep you chuckling to yourself through several highly enjoyable and even educational hours while you go backstage with "Dixie Dugan" to "learn the racket." For "Dixie" is continually bubbling over with the kind of remarks that spice up an otherwise dragging conversation, and you will find yourself wondering just exactly how many of them you will be able to remember to spring on your friends. "Dixie" is the kind of girl who is never at a loss for words. Even "Ziggy" couldn't stump her, as she proves in one of her numerous notes to her card salesman boy friend.

"Ziggy says to me, 'Can you dance?' And I says to him, 'Just watch me!' Then he says 'Well, your face is all right, but who's going to look at your face in the Follies? How do I know but what you've got bowlegs?' 'Well,' I says, 'I could bring a letter from my mother'."

A girl like that deserves a medal and so does the book, because they are both so intensely human and enjoyable.

Palette Pains

The purchase of an artist's palette is attended by much the same solemnity as adopting a child. There is the same feeling that once you have acquired it, heaven only knows what faults, what eccentricities, it may develop, and it is your responsibility not to be lightly abandoned. It will require the same amount of care, coaxing, and occasional firmness as a particularly fractious child—and can be equally annoying, if not as noisy.

You enter, then, a store selling artists supplies, and request a palette, hoping you look like an artist instead of a mere student. You haughtily reject the already varnished and more expensive palettes the clerk offers. Why have a palette if you can't have the fun of priming it? You pick up several, balancing each with what you hope is a professional squint.

Then at last, the Palette is bought; the die is cast and the newly acquired companion of your working hours is wrapped and you quit the emporium dispersing artist's supplies. Now try to get it through a crowd without splitting it.

Once it is home, you introduce it to a bath of linseed oil, which it soaks up while you regard it dubiously, wondering if that larger one would not have been better after all. Too late now, though, so you proceed to rub huge quantities of flake white into it, giving a suddenly lightened appearance, like a child with its face newly washed. After repeating this process innumerable times you optimistically decide that it is ready to paint on—or off, which ever the phrase is—with the result that the paint sinks as into a sponge. More oil, more rubbing, till at last it is ready to use. Not that that means the end; you still scrape, massage and polish the thing, until the inevitable observant person remarks, "Heavens, you take more care of that palette than you would of a child!"

At last it begins to satisfy. It acquires a mellow glow, a satiny finish, and a band of colors where the paints were. People are beginning to comment on the mirror-like polish. You make the fatal decision; it is too small! A larger one must then be bought and broken in.

Small - Town

On a New York bound train the other day I overheard the conversation of two "natives" returning home from a long, hard journey to Philadelphia.

"You know," said the first one, "some people travel all over the world to see sights, when they could come to New York! There isn't a finer city in the world. If you want mountains—three hours out of New York you've got mountains. And if you want a river there isn't any river prettier than the Hudson."

I wondered if they had ever seen the glory of a tropical sunset—the sun sinking behind the perfect cone of a volcano, a sky stained crimson. Sudden dusk. Darkness. Then a cool, white moon slipping up over the palms and the shivering bamboo trees.

In New York there is no dusk. The sun does its duty until five o'clock, when the big signboards take up the job—also announcing that a certain brand of coffee is "Good to the Last Drop".

Had they ever heard the distant twang of steel guitars, voices raised in an old love song—plaintive, haunting? Or seen naked savages dancing around a fire? Flames leaping skyward, sinewy bodies—gleaming. Frenzied shouts, My perfume bottle is empty!

exaltation.

No, but there's a new cutie at Texas Guinans that does a mean song-and-dance act.

Had they ever traveled in a "dug-out" down an oily, winding river, with an impenetrable jungle on either side?

Probably not, but every day they safely navigate the traffic jam at Times Square.

Did they ever wander through smelly, exotic bazaars, fingering curios, haggling with the dealer?

Why bother? You can buy anything you want at Wanamaker's—if you have the money.

Did they ever spend night after night on a lonely ocean? Black nothingness on every side, only God's signboards overhead. Terribly lonely, yes, but a loneliness that thrills.

Well, you can be lonely in New York too, but it isn't very thrilling.

"Yes," replied the second one, "Give me New York any old time!"

Left-Overs

Suit cases, plastered with flags and tags, telegrams being received and sent, clothes borrowed and cleaned, train schedules, last minute remarks—"Have a good time"—"I'll see you Wednesday!"—"Oh no, not home, just to Philly"—I felt very desolate—each car leaving the campus affected me to such an extent that I consumed several chocolate bars in an attempt to appear nonchalant and indifferent.

Sunday—rain—the drenched campus—quiet, deserted. The Sunday dinner was much too intimate—but those left behind had nothing to say—we all scowled—we immediately lost that college spirit—we all felt like martyrs.

Monday—sun-flooded Monday—I would find something to do with the other "left overs"—A hike to the well-known castle—crispy trees—velvety lawns—late flowers—the hum of traffic—I was beginning to feel refreshed. Then back to school—hungry—a nice hot supper.

Tuesday—the martyrs now carried a humble but contented look. Tennis with the leaves blowing all over the court. A visit in Glenside—a hot chocolate—we were happy—for we realized that our hours of desolation were numbered. Tuesday night—much radio—"Kentucky goes Republican, Maine, Missouri, Nebraska—and on and on". The lobby boasted a few of the gradually returning girls—All Republican however.

Groups of happy and a little hysterical girls—fur coats drooped on their shoulders, bundles—a satisfied sensation—I was soon too sleepy to watch any longer for my own friends, who would be the last to arrive. I fell asleep in my room unintentionally—And then "Hello there—Sleeping Beauty"—My roommate—other voices in adjoining rooms—my misery was forgotten—"Yes I had such a nice restful weekend"—"Did Smith lose out?"

I have no more use for ruffles,

nor for handkerchiefs

of butterfly woof,

nor for flimsy, chiffon gowns;

Gone is all refreshment

in frivolous underthings

and slightly pinkened ears;

Great fur collars

and lacy cuffs and scarfs

hold no more charm for me.

Gone is my whole delight

in dressing.

My perfume bottle is empty!

To a New Moon

The moon is a silver scythe
hung on the limb of a haunted tree

Later I shall slide down the turret
and walk around my garden in bare feet

Perhaps I shall unlatch the gate
and go wandering through the night,
cutting my feet on sharp stones,
or soothing them on soft grass

I shall go seeking the moon
through long black lanes
and starlit meadows

I shall sit by a brook
and listen to the frogs sing bass

When I am rested I shall chose a
clanging star
and follow it until I find the
moon,
hung idly, waiting for the
harvest.

Reveries

Hunger—Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger.

Let more people be hungry. Laugh at their cries for food, they who stuff tomato sandwiches and tea at lunch counters. Let them be hungry. So their eyes will be clear and their brains clear, ready for any impression.

Then let them see the still night—the fed satiety on other people's faces.

Rather frantic, oh poets, this chasing after names for beauty; beauty that is so incuriously content. Breaking your hearts over an idol that is not even aware of you. Renouncing things very precious to you, that beauty may live, beauty that has no desire.

Rather frantic, and rather futile. Let all beauty die in peace, and then go out and order a big supper.

IT WAS THE ONLY THING TO DO

I had been at school two months and hadn't heard from anybody in a long time; hadn't heard from my folks in so long that even a letter without a check would have been welcome.

And this was Tuesday and Tuesday was the day I would get a letter if any day. Mother always got an inspiration or something on Sunday. I even whistled with anticipation, which is difficult for me, and with high heart I sailed to the mailbox on the way to supper.

There! There was something in Mail Box 33. Thank goodness. There was the long looked for letter. My hands trembled. I pulled the letter out. It was a post card from some neighboring church, saying "Come and pray."

"Bundle up the days,"

I said,

"And hurry them off.

They're cluttering up the years

to—" Well, I knew not what.

There is a restlessness and

a weariness to youth

that will eventuate in a rhythm

played until death.

But now so short the number

of the hours

I come with nothing but humility

to cup in my two hands

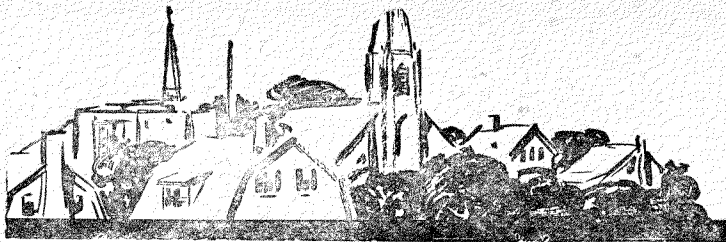
reverently

all the little variations

of their moods.

Oh, God, it will all be gone

tomorrow . . . all of life.



Up and Down the Campus

Nancy Lehman has started a new kind of eye exercise which is supposed to enable one to dispense with glasses. You stand in front of the mirror and roll the eyes from side to side. We asked Nancy how often to do it, and she said a good way to keep in practice was to just roll 'em every time a good-looking man appeared on the horizon, but it hasn't helped our eyes any, nor our social status.

Those odd noises that issue from the sun porch twice a week are merely the Freshmen Speech Art students learning how to laugh.

The Freshmen English classes decided that the most important murder and his marriage, (respectively). We wonder who he murder-

ed for we do know, who he married.

Kripsie sat on the floor for a whole hour in Bible class the other day; meek and lowly.

One of our faculty members has announced his aversion for looking upon futuristic art because as he aptly puts it, "Who can see into the future anyway."

Wet leaves. A slight raise. An unwatchful eye. There you have the ingredients of a bad accident. One of our administration force met her Waterloo and also the concrete facts of life with a sudden blow. Unfortunately it was not as funny as all that and now one smiling face is not with us. The college extends great sympathies and advice about non-skids and nose guards.

WHO'S WHO

Nancy Lehman is unconditionally considered by Beaverites to be an exceptional jazz pianist. Nancy has composed three very acceptable jazz songs: two fox trots entitled "How I Miss That Girl" and "A Cottage for Three," and a waltz entitled "I'll Be with You in Dreamland," which she has offered for publication. She will try out at the Radio Station W E A F in the near future as jazz pianist.

A recent order from Washington to Marine Corps recruiting stations has raised the height requirements from 65 to 66 inches. No person is given, but the Corp's quota is filled so that recruiting stations can afford to be more exacting in some particulars. Of course, in case of a national emergency, the smaller men may serve.

The flapper is the only fur-bearing animal that can be stuffed more than once.

Wanamaker Store Has Fine Exhibit

For thirty-six years the Wanamaker store has been bringing to this country annually a group of paintings chosen from that company of elect in Art, the Paris Salons. Some twenty-five of these paintings, selected from the galleries of the Salon des Artistes Francaises and those of the Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts, are hung in the gallery on the seventh floor of the store.

So, in effect, said the interesting looking green and silver catalogue we picked up, and we promptly decided that this would be an ideal way of killing time between trains. Entering the gallery, we were immediately attracted by one landscape which seemed to ring out from the wall, so brilliant was the color. Le Rayon d'Or (The Golden Ray) was its title, and the painter was a certain Mme. Ranvie-Charrier. She had depicted several vivid golden trees reflected in a deep pool. The handling of the water, its depth, reflections, and ripples, was exceptionally pleasing. The technique of the whole picture was worthy of mention; it was done entirely with a painting knife, an instrument not often employed with such satisfactory results. To us, this picture was the highlight of the exhibition, but there were others equally good if not so striking; a weird thing of dark pines against a yellowish-grey twilight sky, for instance. After the Dip at St. Raphael was brilliant in color and rather vital in subject, but should have been hung lower; as it was, one was obliged to look up over the surface of the bay, giving a strained and unpleasant effect. Le Pont-Marie, a realistic study of a bridge in

Paris, was done in drab tones, with dreary looking houses, and, in the foreground, the driver of a team of huge dray horses was leisurely lighting his pipe. Port-Saïd gave the atmosphere of the famous seaport, with its sunshine and vivid, colorful life. Somehow the artist had caught that peculiar feeling of expectancy which hangs over any harbor, so that all his figures seemed to be awaiting something. These, of course, were but a few of the canvases. Some did not have as much artistic merit as the others, but the exhibit as a whole amply repays a visit.

It was interesting to wander back for a moment into the permanent galleries containing the collection of old masters, which we had seen before, and note the contrast between their somber richness and the flaming vitality of the moderns, seen through the open door. Each was refreshing after the other. Here were examples of Rubens and Titian, as well as many lesser men of the Flemish and Italian schools.

From the Fine Arts we descended—literally—to the Applied Arts two floors below. Here was a replica of a small Spanish villa, furnished in the new modern style. We were not at first quite sure whether or not we liked it, but we left rabid enthusiasts. It's marvelous stuff; low and luxurious, yet the geometric lines give it a clean-cut simplicity in keeping with the spirit of the age. Exotic materials form new combinations, strange woods are inlaid with ivory and ebony, colors are unusual and rich. The small objects are fascinating. Scarlet satin pillows, shaped like melons, lamps of frosted glass, round as snowballs, deep sea fish and seaweed, of blue and crimson glass, to be used as ornaments—a catalogue would fill the page, but those cream-colored pottery figures must be mentioned. We nearly tucked a couple of somnolent cats under our coats, but thought better of it; we would have been sure to drop one, and one simply could not be nonchalant in a situation like that. We finally dashed off to make the train, vainly longing for a house to furnish in the modernistic manner, and the necessary coin of the realm to do it.

U. Henry

59,948 ENROLL IN COLLEGES

Attendance figures received at the Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg show that there are 59,948 students enrolled this year in the fifty-four accredited colleges reporting. In view of the higher scholastic standards and exacting entrance requirements demanded at many of these institutions, these aggregate figures are considered remarkable by department officials. The University of Pennsylvania leads with 13,679 students. The University of Pittsburgh ranks second with 9501; Temple University third, with 9465, and Pennsylvania State College fourth, with 3754. Ursinus College is listed with 460 students. Beaver College which is the largest women's college in Pennsylvania, ranks fifth with 510 students.

WILBUR EVANS ON ENSEMBLE PROGRAM (Continued from Page 1)

(d) Hejre Kati Hubay
Jeno De Donath

(a) Slow, Horse, Slow Telowicz
(b) Nocturne Curran
(c) Boots Felman

(d) Thank God for a Garden
Del Rido

Wilbur Evans

May: I see you're wearing your gym togs. Where're you goin'?

Belle: I'm gonna soccer.

May: Who're you gonna sock?



"Oh, Beth...

what does 'reversing the charge' mean?"

"If you're reading one of those ...

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"You just give the operator the number, tell her to reverse the charge and your Pater does the rest!"

"My DEAR... hand me that telephone, quick!"

Charges on calls by number may now be reversed without additional cost...

Arrange with the folks at home to telephone them this week-end



MOTHER KNOWS BEST
by Edna Ferber

Of an entirely different type is Edna Ferber's story "Mother Knows Best". This is a story of the show world it is true, but no two people could be so utterly unlike as the dashing "Dixie Dugan" and the timid little "Sally Quail". She was talented. She was the pride of Broadway. She was so famous that all the world knew of her. And she had money—enough money to ride around in "a proud and insolent car that said, 'I am a bibelot. I am a luxury. I am practically no good at all except when the sun is shining—but not shining too hotly. When it is fair but not too cool. I am only to be used at special times by special people. I am the special kind of a car for people who don't have to care'."

But "Sally Quail" cared, even while she rode about in her limousine that denied it, even while she sat there in the back seat with her mother, who had always dominated her. For "Sally Quail" was in love, and "Ma" Quail didn't approve of love for a young girl who was an actress with a long career before her. Mother always knows best, but sometimes love knows better, as Edna Ferber proves, though in an entirely different way from any you will expect.

"Mother Knows Best" is essentially a sob story, but it is not a sentimental sob story, and while you may not chuckle over "Sally Quail" or try to remember the things she says to show off with at your next party, you will remember her—and she will leave you just a little wiser and a little better for having known her. The acquaintance of "Sally

Quail" may be made for only seventy-five cents at J. F. McDonnell's on York road, while "Dixie Dugan" does her stuff in a special two-dollar edition with photoplay illustrations at Sherry's stationary store on West avenue.

PLAY REVIEW

The "Trial of Mary Dugan" is now playing at Kieth's Chestnut Street Theatre. The outside of this theatre is now changed to represent the entrance to a court and there are signs "Supreme Court State of New York Part 31", "No Smoking" and a few handbills stating "The Trial of Mary Dugan". You are charged a "Jurors Fee" for sitting in the audience.

There is no change of scene and no curtains are rung, the court simply convenes and adjourns. The first scene is that of dusting the court room. This lasts about twenty minutes and during this time the lawyers, reporters, witnesses and other people wander in and out and no one says or does much. When the audience feels ready to die of boredom the court is called to order and then things happen.

The play contains some well drawn types, bits of fine acting, not much repartee but great emotional appeal and fine dramatic moments.

First instructor: "How come your wife seems to dislike your best girl student?"

Second ditto: "Well, you see my wife used to be my best student, too!"—Malteaser.

"Can I get a room for three?"

"Have you got a reservation?"

"What do you think I am, an Indian?"—Lord Jeff.

Plans European Tour

Miss Zeeb the new Language instructor, is attempting to stimulate interest in a European tour for this summer. A sufficient number of students will enable them to get the special rates accorded to touring students. If the plans, now rather hazily sketched by the company can be carried through it will mean a delightful summer for all those who are fortunate enough to belong to the party.

Miss Zeeb has been abroad several times and would make an interesting and pleasing chaperone for such a trip.

Keeping Step

"I am as optimistic of the youth of today as with the youth I grew up with. I find in it both the earnestness of purpose and a willingness to serve." These were the words of Doctor Walter Edge, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Lancaster, South Carolina, in a talk he gave to the student body on last Wednesday evening.

After a short talk on the text "All these that could keep rank came to Hebron to make David king over all Israel," a reception, sponsored by the Southern Club, was held in the Green Parlors in honor of the guests. Light refreshments were served.

Ring-a-round the roste is a great old game.

Telephone rings are never just the same.

Engagements rings mean weddings, and weddings bring divorce.

But the rings of rings' the class ring, and a classy ring, of of course.

New Telephone System

Improvements are being made constantly at the college. Among the most recent is the installation of an enlarged telephone system. Many more telephones have been installed in the smaller dormitories as well as in the main and new buildings. All telephones are connected with a central switchboard in the main building. A special arrangement regulates incoming and outgoing calls. All this greatly facilitates the system and fills a long-standing need of the school.

Club News

At a meeting of the Manuscript Club on last Wednesday evening the following officers were elected:

President Peg Matthers
Vice President .. Elaine Wegener
Secretary Adelaide Taylor
Treasurer Marjorie Murray

The Manuscript Club was organized three years ago for those of the student body who showed literary ability. It is in no way connected with the "Campus Crier," as some students think, but is open to all students. The custom has been to pick new members from those submitting three articles to Crier. At the last meeting this was changed and now would-be members are to submit articles to the Crier and the club is to pick its members not only from the contributors that appear in the Crier but also from the Freshman English classes and wherever else on the Campus literary effort is shown.

A party will be held in the near future to welcome the new members elected this year.

Roberta: "I have fallen in love".
Aileen: "Again? When are you going to rise in love?"

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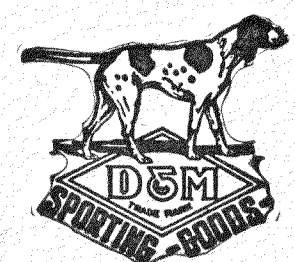
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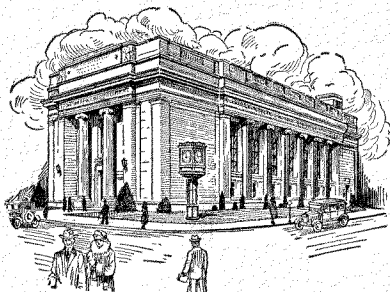
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